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A Bit O' Heather

by

Marion Lamont Davidson

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41 Winter Street,

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A BIT O' HEATHER

A Comedy in One Act

By
MARION LAMONT DAVIDSON



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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A BIT O' HEATHER

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A BIT O' HEATHER

CHARACTERS

JEANIE BIGGER, *housekeeper. A gentle speaking, red-cheeked woman of middle age. Neatly dressed. Scotch accent.*

JOHN WILSON, *a retired middle west farmer. Well off, stout, rather bald, about fifty-five. Scotch dialect.*

REV. CAMERON, *minister. A delicate, dapper, cheerful, birdlike little man.*

MAGGIE MARTIN, *the bride. A thin, wrinkled, combative, sour old maid. Dressed unbecomingly in stiff, ugly clothes. Past fifty. Very broad Scotch.*

DR. GRAY, *a jolly, capable, friendly man. About fifty.*

TIME. About 11 o'clock on a spring morning.

PLACE. Home of John Wilson—town in middle west.

A BIT O' HEATHER

SCENE.—*The living-room of JOHN WILSON'S house in a small country town. The room is simply furnished, neat, clean and cheerful. It is a homey room with comfortable chairs and a sofa and pretty silk curtains at the windows. A portrait of a woman over the mantel. There is one outside door, one door leading to the kitchen, and two doors to bedrooms.*

JOHN. (*Dressed in stiff, new clothes, pulling at tie, enters from bedroom, calling:*) Jeanie! Jeanie!

JEANIE. (*Off*) Ay, Mr. Wilson—I'm comin'! (*She enters, her arms filled with flowers.*)

JOHN. (*Awaiting her inspection*) Hoo do I look? Is my tie a'richt?

JEANIE. (*Straightening tie, her voice very gentle*) Ye look fine, Mr. Wilson.—I'll juist brush ye aff a wee bit.

JOHN. Hoo do ye like the fit o' my coat, Jeanie?

JEANIE. (*Admiring him as she brushes*) It fits pairfectly, Mr. Wilson. I was juist wishin' Miss Wilson could see ye the day.

JOHN. (*Chuckling*) Weel—it's no exactly the day I'd want to be seein' Ellen. It wad mak' it a bit com-pleecated, ye ken, Jeanie.

JEANIE. Ay, it wad that! (*She sighs.*) She was a saint.

JOHN. (*Rather pompously*) Weel—she's had her day, Jeanie. The Lord saw fit to tak' her. We mauna grieve.

JEANIE. (*Piously, wiping her eyes*) Ay, the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh awa'! Ha ye a pocket nip-kin, Mr. Wilson?

JOHN. (*Feeling in pocket*) No, I havna.

JEANIE. I'll get ye one. (*She goes out.*)

JOHN. (*Taking things out of his pocket*) There's the license—and the rring.—(*He holds it up.*) I could 'a' used Ellen's if she hadna had those letters put in it. (*JEANIE returns with handkerchief.*) Can ye think o' anything mair, Jeanie?—The license and the ring——

JEANIE. Ha' ye yer railroad tickets? Ye canna git far wi'oot them.

JOHN. (*Takes out case and looks*) Ay, I ha' them. (*He pulls out a picture.*) Here's her picture, Jeanie. Ta'en on her birthday,—juist thirty years ago.

JEANIE. She's rale nice lookin'.

JOHN. (*With enthusiasm*) Ay, she is that, Jeanie. She was the prettiest girl in Bannockburn. (*Hopefully.*) I dinna think she'll have changed much. (*He puts the picture on mantel and stands looking at it.*)

JEANIE. (*Doubtfully*) It's a lang time.

JOHN. Ay? Weel,—we'll soon be seein'.

(*Clock strikes eleven.*)

JEANIE. I dinna want to be hurryin' ye, Mr. Wilson, but it's no airly. I think ye'd ought to be startin'.

JOHN. Ay,—I maun be goin'.

JEANIE. Arre ye no takin' a cab?

JOHN. Na, na, I'll walk. I'll mebbe ha' ta be takin' one comin' back.

JEANIE. I'm thinkin' ye'll ha' ta hurry, then. Ye wouldna want ta miss her.

JOHN. (*Emphatically*) I would *not*. I'll gae the back way. It'll no tak' me lang.

JEANIE. (*Brushing his hat*) Here's yer hat.

JOHN. Jeanie, air ye sure I look a'richt?

JEANIE. (*Admiring him*) Ay, ye look fine, Mr. Wilson.

JOHN. I wadna want ta disappint her, Jeanie. (*He goes.*)

JEANIE. (*Calls after him*) Ye willna!

JOHN. I'm off!

(*JEANIE stands watching him longingly, and then she turns back into the room and stands in front of the large crayon portrait of the first Mrs. Wilson. She*

wipes a tear from her eye and turns to the flowers she had brought in earlier and begins to arrange them. The MINISTER, a dapper little man, puts his head in the open door.)

CAMERON. Good-morning, Jeanie!

JEANIE. (*Turning quickly*) Oh, good-morning, Reverend Cameron! Hoo's a' wi' ye, the day?

CAMERON. I'm very well, Jeanie. Are you almost ready for the wedding?

JEANIE. I'm juist puttin' a few flures aboot ta brighten the room a bit.

CAMERON. You are surely succeeding, Jeanie. It looks very nice. I want to speak to Mr. Wilson for just a moment, if he's not too busy.

JEANIE. Oh, but he's na here! He's gone to the train ta fetch her.

CAMERON. Already? (*Looks at watch.*) It's later than I thought. (*Whistle blows.*) There's the train now!

JEANIE. (*With concern*) He'll never mak' it! I tolt him to hurry. The clock must be wrang.

CAMERON. (*Looks at the clock and then at his watch*) Yes, it is—ten minutes. But she'll wait for him. (*Smiles.*) I'm thinkin', Jeanie. There were a few questions, Jeanie, I wanted to ask Mr. Wilson before the ceremony—regulation questions, you understand. Ah—ah—I don't suppose you could tell me——?

JEANIE. I dinna ken. What is it ye're wantin' to know?

CAMERON. Are you acquainted with the bride?

JEANIE. No. I've never set een on her.

CAMERON. You know her name, of course. (*Takes out pencil and paper.*)

JEANIE. Oh, ay, I know her name. Maggie Martin.

CAMERON. Miss Maggie Martin?

JEANIE. Ay,—Miss.

CAMERON. You are quite sure, Jeanie, that she is a maiden lady?

JEANIE. Oh, ay! I'm sairtain.

CAMERON. She has never been married before?

JEANIE. Na. She hasna.

CAMERON. You are absolutely sure, Jeanie? The church demands the statistics, you know.

JEANIE. Ay, I'm sairtain, because when he wrote her that his wife was deid, she answered back, "I've been true to you for thirrtty years, John. I ain't never thocht o' anither mon in my whole life."—He juist left the letter oot on his desk so ony one could ha' seen it. (*Apologetically.*)

CAMERON. (*Meditatively*) Ah,—I see. I see.—Then he's known her for thirty years?

JEANIE. Ay, thirrtty years. They were sweethearts. I suppose they were gaein' to be married, but they had an awful fuss—Mr. Wilson has quite a temper when he's roused, sir,—and he went awa' frae the town where she lived and in a bit o' a while he mairit Miss Wilson and they cam' awa' to America.

CAMERON. And he hasn't seen her in all these years?

JEANIE. No, he ain't never been back. He's often spoke o' gaein' but it's a terrible expense, sir.

CAMERON. Yes, it is.

JEANIE. But he says he can remember juist hoo she looks. (*Sadly.*)

CAMERON. (*Sweetly*) He must have a very good memory. Isn't it romantic, Jeanie? A wedding is always so romantic! Well, I'll be going along.

JEANIE. I was thinkin' the place for them to stand is here in front o' the mantel. I'm gaein' to put these flowers here.

CAMERON. That will be very nice, Jeanie—very nice.

JEANIE. (*Much troubled*) But Reverend Cameron, do ye think — I hope ye'll na mind me speakin' aboot it, but it seems to me—do ye think his first wife's picture ought to be hangin' here richt in the room where he's gaein' to be married to anither woman?

CAMERON. (*Hesitating*) Well, I don't know, Jeanie. She's dead, you know.

JEANIE. Ay, she's dead, but oh, Reverend Cameron, she was sich a guid woman! (*Wipes away a tear.*) They got on fine taegither, I thocht—but I suppose he's

always been a-hankerin' after this one back in Scotland. He hasna waited ower lang, ye ken.

CAMERON. Perhaps you'd better take it down, Jeanie, if you feel that way about it. I believe it would be better to take it down. Did I understand that the happy couple are going away to-day?

JEANIE. Ay, they arre. To Niagara Falls.

CAMERON. Niagara Falls! After such a long journey, I should think the bride would be tired and like to stay at home.

JEANIE. He's been wantin' to go for a lang time, and there's excursion rates to-day.

CAMERON. Oh, I see! Of course that makes a difference. The wedding will be at twelve, then?

JEANIE. Ay.

CAMERON. Then I'll hurry along so I can be back in time. Good-bye, Jeanie.

JEANIE. Good-bye, Reverend Cameron.

(He goes out. JEANIE gets a chair and takes down the portrait, dusts it carefully. There appears at the door a woman, old, wrinkled, sour, gray-haired, in ugly clothes. She carries an old-fashioned hand-bag and umbrella. She has on a hat with ostrich feathers. She knocks loudly. JEANIE turns sharply.)

MAGGIE. *(In a deep, rough voice)* Whose hoose is this?

JEANIE. *(Quietly)* This is the home of Mr. Wilson.

MAGGIE. John Wilson?

JEANIE. *(With dignity)* Ay.

MAGGIE. *(Sharply)* Weel, wheerr is he?

JEANIE. He's no here, at present.

MAGGIE. Weel, wheerr is he? I'm askin'.

JEANIE. He's gone to the station, on business.

MAGGIE. Weel, Miss—I'm the business.

JEANIE. *(Indignantly)* He'll no ha' time for ony o' your business the day. He's gaein' ta be mairit.

MAGGIE. *(Contemptuously)* Is he? I micht ha' something to say aboot that.

JEANIE. *(Smiling)* You? I dinna think what you'd say would mak' muckle difference.

MAGGIE. I could stop it a' richt if I'd a mind ta.

JEANIE. What da ye mean?—That ye've got something on him?

MAGGIE. (*Looking wise*) I could stop it.

JEANIE. Stop yer bletherin'! Ye couldna ha' onything on Mr. Wilson. He's one o' the best men in the whole world.

MAGGIE. Weel, I'm glad to hear it. I havna seen him in thirrtty years. Why was he no at the station to meet me?

JEANIE. Meet ye? Meet ye?—It canna be that ye're—ye're no—(*the truth dawns on her*) ye're no—ye couldna be Miss Martin!

MAGGIE. I am *that*.

JEANIE. (*Mouth open*) Maggie Martin o' Bannockburn——!

MAGGIE. (*As JEANIE stares*) Ay! What ails ye? Arre ye daft?

(*JEANIE continues to stare, much disturbed.*)

JEANIE. (*Quietly*) I—I wasna' expectin' ye sae airly.—Will ye come in? (*MAGGIE walks in stiffly.*) Will ye be seated? Will ye be carin' ta tak' aff yer bonnet?

MAGGIE. I'll wait juist as I am, for John.

JEANIE. He'll no be lang, I'm thinkin'.

MAGGIE. Who arre you?

JEANIE. I'm his hoosekeeper.

MAGGIE. Hoosekeeper! I didna ken he had a hoosekeeper.

JEANIE. Oh, ay! *Mrs. Wilson* wasna ower strong.

MAGGIE. Hoo long ha' ye been here?

JEANIE. It's gaein' on three years.

MAGGIE. Oh, ye have! That's a lang time. What does he pay ye?

JEANIE. (*Hesitates—then with great dignity*) He pays me what I'm worth.

MAGGIE. (*Gets up and walks around the room*) None o' yer impidence! Wha's that? (*She points to picture of Mrs. Wilson.*)

JEANIE. That's a picter o' Mrs. Wilson.

MAGGIE. (*Looks at it a long time*) No beauty.

JEANIE. No beauty—but verra kind and guid. It was a sair affliction when the Lord pairted twa folk sa well suited to ane anither.

MAGGIE. Dinna be worritin' about the Lord. He kens His ain affairs wi'oot interference from you. (*Looks around.*) So this is the hoose—where I should ha' been for thirry years!

JEANIE. Do ye like it?

MAGGIE. Silk curtains!

JEANIE. Miss Wilson had uncommon taste. She was very dainty.

MAGGIE. Ower dainty, I'm thinkin'. Extravagant.

JEANIE. Ye'll be havin' plenty o' chance to change it if ye dinna like it.

MAGGIE. (*Positively*) Ay, I wull that! And I'll na be needin' a body waitin' on me. I'm na ane o' the weak ones —

(*JOHN'S voice is heard at the back, calling.*)

JOHN. Jeanie! I've missed Maggie! She'd gone awa' frae the station.

MAGGIE. What'll I dae? (*She jumps up and runs behind a big overstuffed chair.*)

JOHN. (*Appears at the door. Sees the baggage*) Wheer's Maggie? Is she here, Jeanie?

(*JEANIE says nothing.*)

MAGGIE. (*Comes from behind the chair, simpering*) Ay, I'm here, John! (*She holds out her arms.*)

(*JEANIE goes out but cannot refrain from looking back as JOHN stands looking at MAGGIE.*)

JOHN. (*Aghast*) You! Maggie!

MAGGIE. (*Sweetly*) Ay, John. Dae ye no ken yer Maggie?

JOHN. Ye're na Maggie.

MAGGIE. (*In astonishment*) I am that!

JOHN. (*Solemnly*) I wadna ha kenned ye from Adam. My God, Mag! Hoo ye've changed!

MAGGIE. (*Sharply*) Ye've changed yersel', John. But why was ye no at the station?

JOHN. I wouldna ha' kent ye if I had been there. But what ails ye, Mag? Were ye seasick?

MAGGIE. I was that. It was a terrible crossin'. Cauld and blawy!

JOHN. (*Beginning to worry*) Is it that, da ye think, makes ye look so auld, Mag?

MAGGIE. (*Angry*) Auld! What ails me looks? I'm na so auld.

JOHN. (*In despair*) God knows,—but ye look awfu' auld. Ye're mair like yer auld Aunt Hetty.

MAGGIE. I was thinkin' the same o' you, John. Yer hair's fairly gone. Ye didna tell me ye were bauld. Ye look like yer auld fayther.

JOHN. I'm na a bit like my fayther.

MAGGIE. He was na verra handsome, if that's what ye mean.

JOHN. (*Rubbing his head*) I'm na bauld, either. It's only a bit thin.

MAGGIE. Why did ye no meet me? Hoo did ye think I'd be gettin' here?

(*Enter JEANIE.*)

JOHN. I kent ye'd find yer way, Mag.

JEANIE. (*At door*) Mr. Wilson, Reverend Cameron called while ye were oot and said he'd be back soon. Ye're to ha' this room, Miss Martin. (*Points to door.*) Will ye be needin' ony help?

MAGGIE. I will not. I'm not the kind that has to be waited on.

JEANIE. As ye please, Miss.

(*MAGGIE goes to door and turns to JOHN.*)

MAGGIE. What time's the thing comin' aff, John?

[*Exit JEANIE.*]

JOHN. What thing?

MAGGIE. The weddin'. That's what I'm here for.

JOHN. (*Shrinking*) Oh, ay! I dinna ken. There's na hurry. (*Hopefully.*) If ye're feelin' too weary the day, we could put it aff.

MAGGIE. I'm na feelin' too weary—and we've put it aff lang enough a'ready.

JOHN. A body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' this kind.

MAGGIE. I've gi'en it a great deal o' conseederation, John. I've been thinkin' aboot it for thirrtty years.

(JEANIE *reappears.*)

JEANIE. The minister said he'd be here at twelve o'clock and it's a'most that a'ready.

MAGGIE. Weel, he'll no be havin' to wait on me. Is this the room? (*Exit MAGGIE. JEANIE follows, helping to carry the luggage.*)

(JOHN *paces up and down the room in awful perplexity. Finally he sits down with his head in his hands and groans.*)

JOHN. I canna do it!—I canna do it!—What'll I do?—What'll I do? It's terrible! (*He sinks back in the chair, groaning. Enter JEANIE. She hesitates. JOHN does not see her.*) Oh, oh! God help me!

JEANIE. (*In alarm*) Why, Mr. Wilson! What is the matter? Arre ye sick?

JOHN. (*Looking up helplessly*) What did ye say, Jeanie?—Sick? (*The idea dawns.*) That's it! I'm sick! *I'm awfu' sick, Jeanie. Help me, Jeanie! I think I'm gaein' ta dee!*

JEANIE. (*Gently*) Don't be frightened, Mr. Wilson. Ye're a' richt. Ye're juist a bit nairvous. Lie doon on the couch for a few minutes and I'll get ye something.

JOHN. No, Jeanie—I'm no nairvous. I'm sick. I'm terrible sick, Jeanie. Ye're to get the doctor quick. I think I'm gaein' ta dee.

JEANIE. Don't tak' on so, Mr. Wilson. Ye're juist excited, that's all. I've heerd that men get awfu' nairvous and want to back oot at the last minute. Ye're a' richt. Come and lay doon on the couch. (*Helps him to couch.*) I'll get ye a wee drap o' something. It'll settle ye. (*She starts toward kitchen.*)

JOHN. (*Sharply*) Naething'll settle me noo.—There's

only one hope. Get the doctor and get him quick! I can't live through this. I'll dee first.

(JEANIE goes to cupboard and gets whisky bottle and a glass. She pours a drink and takes glass and bottle over to JOHN.)

JEANIE. Here, drink this. (JOHN takes the glass.) I'll telephone the doctor. (She sets down bottle and goes out. JOHN takes one drink and is about to pour himself another when JEANIE returns.) Doctor was at hame and he's comin' richt over. He's always jokin'. He didna want ta tak' me seriously at first. Air ye no better noo, Mr. Wilson?

JOHN. (Groaning) There is na hope. I'm done for, Jeanie. I'm done for.

JEANIE. Here,—ye'd better have anither. (She is pouring it out when there is a knock at the door. She puts down glass.) It'll be the minister! What'll I do?

JOHN. Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—Tell him I'm deein'.—I am! Oh, my God! (He turns and twists as though in agony. JEANIE goes to the door and admits the REV. CAMERON, dressed for the ceremony.)

CAMERON. (Gaily) Well, here I am, Jeanie! Has the bonnie bride arrived? (Hearing groans from JOHN.) What has happened?

JEANIE. It's Mr. Wilson. He's been taken awfu' sick.

CAMERON. Indeed? This is unfortunate. What seems to be the matter? Is it serious, Jeanie? (He sees the bottle and glass. Sniffs.) This is indeed unfortunate! (Shakes his head sadly.) The curse of the Scotch. What's to be done?

JEANIE. He was taken awfu' sudden juist after he came from the train. I've sent for Dr. Gray. He's comin' richt over. I think ye'll be mair comfortable waitin' in this room. (Opens door.) I'll call ye when ye're needed.

CAMERON. (Shaking his head piously) Very well. This is indeed unfortunate. (He goes out.)

JOHN. (Rising and looking after him) It sairtainly is, Reverend Cameron—but I'll dee first! She's mair

than I can stand, Jeanie.—Who took doon my wife's picture? Did she?

JEANIE. No—I took it doon, Mr. Wilson.—I ——

JOHN. Weel, put it back.

JEANIE. I thocht ——

JOHN. Dinna think. Do as ye're telt.

JEANIE. Reverend Cameron thocht ——

JOHN. It's none o' his business. We dinna pay him for thinkin'. We pay him for prayin'. I tell ye I want it back.

JEANIE. Verra weel, Mr. Wilson. I'll put it back. (*She starts to get it, but the DOCTOR enters.*)

DOCTOR. (*Jolly*) Hello, Jeanie! Well, what's the matter here? Is the bridegroom needing a tonic?—Umm—I see he's had one.

JEANIE. He's awfu' sick, Doctor. Thinks he's dyin'.

DOCTOR. Dying! *Is he?*—No chance of that yet, John. (*He puts down case and hat. Takes JOHN's hand, feels pulse. Smiles mischievously.*) Jeanie, get me a glass of cold water. (*Exit JEANIE.*) What's the idea, John? Cold feet? All you need is a hot water bottle!

JOHN. (*Desperately*) Doc! If ye've never saved a life—now's yer chance!

DOCTOR. (*Laughing*) What's the matter?

JOHN. Wait till ye see her! My God, Doc!

DOCTOR. Is it as bad as that?

JOHN. She's parboiled.

DOCTOR. I told you you were taking a whale of a chance.

JOHN. It's terrible! Doc ——

DOCTOR. Well, what do you want *me* to do?

JOHN. (*In desperation*) I'm to be mairit in five minutes if I dinna dee. Doc, I'd rather dee. Do something, Doc! Cut aff a leg, or anything, but save me! My God, Doc, save me! And I don't care what the fee is!

DOCTOR. Whee! Is it as bad as that? A Scotchman who doesn't care what the fee is?

JOHN. I'm desperate, Doc! I'm desperate!

(*The door opens and JOHN begins to roll and groan as MAGGIE comes in. She is dressed to look like a*

bride, in a white dress of some stiff material. Cotton gloves. She has a stiff white veil put on awkwardly. She is thin and wrinkled, sour and old, and the DOCTOR at first glance feels sympathy for JOHN and decides to save him.)

DOCTOR. (*Very professionally*) Can you take a deep breath? (JOHN *tries but groans with pain.*) Um! This is serious. Have you made a will, John?

JOHN. (*In a sick voice*) No, I havna. Am I deein', Doctor?

DOCTOR. I wouldn't say that, John. While there's life there's hope. But you are awful sick.

(MAGGIE, *who has been standing with mouth open, comes up.*)

MAGGIE. (*Abruptly*) What ails him?

DOCTOR. (*Looking up*) Terribly sick, Miss. Heart, I think. Very sudden.

JOHN. (*Groans*) Oh, I'm deein'! Oh, I'm deein'! Oh! Oh!

MAGGIE. (*Incredulously*) Is he deein', Doctor?

DOCTOR. He thinks he is, Miss. He's very sick.

MAGGIE. (*In alarm*) Weel, what'll we do about the weddin'?

DOCTOR. I'm sorry, Miss—but—he's in no condition.

MAGGIE. (*In panic*) I've come a' the way frae Scotland. I'm here ta be mairit. He should 'a' mairit me thirrtty years ago. Can't something be done?

DOCTOR. I'm sorry.

MAGGIE. (*Eagerly*) He's no unconscious, is he? (*Bending over JOHN.*) John! Do ye no ken me, John? John! It's Maggie. Speak to me. I'm your bride, John. Your bride!

DOCTOR. He's sinking into a kind of coma. See how queer his eyes look!

(JOHN *acts on the DOCTOR's hint.*)

MAGGIE. He's awfu' auld, ain't he? Who'd 'a' thocht thirrtty years wad mak' sich a differ?

DOCTOR. You see how quiet he's getting.

MAGGIE. (*In great alarm*) But he's no deein', is he?

DOCTOR. It is very hard to tell.

MAGGIE. (*Wringing her hands*) Oh, I'd like to be a mairit woman before I dee! If the minister was only here—it wadna tak' a minit!

JEANIE. (*Looking in from the kitchen, where she has evidently been listening*) Was ye wantin' the minister?

MAGGIE. Ay. Wheer is he?

JEANIE. He's here—in that room.

MAGGIE. (*Much excited*) Weel, get him quick, then.—Rouse John, Doctor. Can't ye rouse him? John,—my bonnie John—ye'll ha' your Maggie yet! Rouse yer-sel', John! Look at me.—Can ye no gie him somethin' to stir him, Doctor? The license'll be in his pocket, I'm thinkin'. (*Enter CAMERON.*) Hurry, hurry!

DOCTOR. Too late.

MAGGIE. (*Shouts in horror*) Is he dead?

DOCTOR. No, he's not dead, but he's unconscious.

MAGGIE. Oh! Oh! (*She walks up and down.*) Is there naething ta be done? I've waited thirrtty years and noo I'm fooled again! Oh,—the auld bletherskite!

CAMERON. (*Coming up to her*) Calm yourself, my dear lady. I feel very sorry, but maybe it is all for the best. Providence has strange ways of working out our destinies. Pardon, Doctor—I must speak out. It is my desire to comfort our dear sister. I am of the opinion that you have been saved a great deal of misery. I think Mr. Wilson is suffering from delirium tremens.

MAGGIE. (*Relieved*) Then he'll no dee.

CAMERON. (*Horried*) Would ye marry a man with delirium tremens?

MAGGIE. It's na sa uncommon in Scotland.

DOCTOR. Sorry, Reverend Cameron. Your diagnosis is wrong. Not delirium tremens. Fits.

MAGGIE. (*Screams*) Fits! Fits!

DOCTOR. (*Bluntly*) Yes. You might as well know the worst. He is subject to them.

MAGGIE. (*Horried*) Fits!

DOCTOR. Yes. When he has them bad it's dangerous to be around him. I've seen him very bad. Vicious, in fact.

MAGGIE. Vicious! Who'd 'a' thocht it? The auld devil! Fits!

DOCTOR. Better keep back. It's dangerous to be too near him.

MAGGIE. (*Backing away*) Do you mean he's crazy?

DOCTOR. (*Shrugs*) We don't call it that.

MAGGIE. Crazy! Daft!

DOCTOR. Didn't you know anything about him?

MAGGIE. I havna seen him in thirrtty years. Who'd 'a' thocht he could 'a' changed so?

DOCTOR. Of course you wouldn't want to marry him now, and I'd advise ye to get away as quietly as possible.

MAGGIE. (*In surprise*) Get awa'? Wheer wad I be gaein'?

DOCTOR. Back to your home in Scotland. I'd advise it, Miss.

CAMERON. (*Edging away*) Yes, Miss—er—Martin. It would be better. I'm sure it would be better. If you'll get your things, we'll try to get you away quietly before he wakes up.

MAGGIE. (*Bravely*) Ye'll do naething o' the kind. I'm na gaein' awa'. I've come a' the way frae Scotland and I'm gaein' ta stay. I'd be the laughin' stock o' the toon!

DOCTOR. Well, I've warned you, Miss. I've seen him awful bad. I think it's dangerous.

MAGGIE. Dangerous or no dangerous, I'm gaein' ta stay richt here wheer I belong. (*JOHN twists on the couch and groans. They all exchange glances.*) I ha' richts here that na ither woman ever had. I'm his first love and I've been true to him a' these years. I'll stay richt here and tak' care o' him.

DOCTOR. We're not doubting your rights, my good woman, but John is a very sick man—desperate, in fact.

CAMERON. And we want to save you.

MAGGIE. Ye can save yer breath to cool yer porridge. I'm no gaein'.

DOCTOR. Of course, if it's the expense ye're thinking of, you understand Mr. Wilson would want you to *have* something. He'd be willing to pay your way back to

Scotland, I'm sure, and —— (*He pauses to see how she receives the idea.*)

MAGGIE. I'm pairfectly content juist to stay here and tak' care o' him. (*Under her breath.*) The auld divil! Fits!

CAMERON. Didn't he tell you anything about himself?

MAGGIE. He did not.

DOCTOR. Got you here under false pretences, did he?

MAGGIE. He did! The auld loon! Told me he felt as young as he ever did. There's no fule like an auld fule.

DOCTOR. I think he ought to do something for you—a substantial sum, I should say, to compensate you for your long journey and the disappointment. (*JOHN groans. They all turn to watch him.*) He seems to be coming to. I'm afraid he is going to be vicious. Better stand back—er—Miss Martin, where he won't see you at first. (*MAGGIE moves back toward the bedroom door. JOHN continues to make more fuss.*) You'd better get out of here as soon as possible, Miss. I don't like the look of this. (*MAGGIE hesitates. JOHN grows more violent. The DOCTOR speaks to the minister.*) Are you strong? We may have to use force.

CAMERON. (*Fearful*) Oh, I hope it won't be necessary! I'm not very athletic.

(*JOHN is waking up.*)

DOCTOR. I advise you to leave, Miss Martin. I can't be responsible for the consequences. I'll try to get a settlement for you. I think it is only fair since you've come all this distance. I'll see that he treats you fairly. I'll get some money for you even if he has to sell the farm.

MAGGIE. (*In surprise*) The farm? Has he a farm?

CAMERON. Oh, yes! Don't worry about that. He's well off—he'll not miss it.

(*JOHN groans louder and louder.*)

MAGGIE. And who'll be gettin' the farm when he's deid?

DOCTOR. I don't know how he's made his will.

MAGGIE. He hasna made one. He said so.

CAMERON. Oh, I'm sure he has done right by you. He's been looking forward——

MAGGIE. I'm quite sure he hasna, the auld divil! Them stuck-up cousins in Bannock'll get it.

(JOHN, *unable to control himself, jumps up.*)

JOHN. So, Miss, it's my money you're after?—My money, is it? Weel, ye'll na get a penny!

DOCTOR. (*To MAGGIE*) Don't mind him, Miss Martin. It's the *disease*.

JOHN. (*To DOCTOR*) It's naething o' the kind! I'm pairfectly sane!

(DOCTOR *nods to MAGGIE and speaks to her aside.*)

DOCTOR. One of the symptoms. They always think they are.

JOHN. Ye've come awa' over here with the idea o' gettin' my money, have ye? Ye wizened-up, moth-eaten, parboiled auld maid,—but ye'll na get it!

MAGGIE. (*Screams*) Oh! Did ye hear him? Oh, ye—ye——! Didn't ye ask me to come? Didn't ye say ye'd always regretted our quarrel? Didn't ye write ye could hardly wait for the steamer to arrive?

CAMERON. (*Shocked*) This is very unfortunate. Can't you do something, Doctor?

DOCTOR. It will have to run its course.

JOHN. I must 'a' been oot o' my senses.

DOCTOR. You see, Miss—he admits it.

MAGGIE. Weel, I'll sue ye for breach o' promise.

DOCTOR. (*Quickly, to JOHN, aside*) Better settle, John.

MAGGIE. I'll mak' ye suffer for this! Lurin' an innocent girrl here!

JOHN. Ay,—ye're that a' richt! Ye never had the chance ta be onything else.

MAGGIE. Ye're a lee-er. Mony's the chances I've had, but I've always been true to my first love. (*She wipes away a tear.*)

CAMERON. (*Trying to comfort her*) Don't forget, Miss, he's not himself. He's a very sick man. I've never heard a bad word said of him before.

DOCTOR. (*Aside*) It's cheaper to settle, John.

JOHN. (*Muttering*) Never heard of sich impidence—after my money! (*He sits on the couch.*)

DOCTOR. (*In undertone, to all of them*) He's quieting down. It's passing. Better all get out. (*He motions for them to leave.*)

JOHN. (*Muttering*) My cousins in Bannock! My money she's after—auld maid!

DOCTOR. Lie down, John. Lie down. (*He motions the others out. They all go.*) John, you've got to give her some money.

JOHN. I'll be hanged first.

DOCTOR. She's got you for big damages. Take my advice and *settle* to-day.

JOHN. It's my money she's after!

DOCTOR. Well, if it's your money she's after, wait till some shyster lawyer gets a-hold of her! She's got ye, John. She's *willing* to marry you, you know.

JOHN. God forbid!

DOCTOR. Give her a couple of thousand and get rid of her.

JOHN. (*Aghast*) Twa thoosan' dollars! She never heard of sich a lot o' money in her whole life!

DOCTOR. You haven't seen her in thirty years. Maybe she's changed.

JOHN. (*With finality*) A thoosan's enough.

DOCTOR. Well, I'll see what I can do, but *I hae my doots*. She's canny! Like yourself, John. But you've got to stay unconscious,—do you understand? If you come out of it again, I'll stick you with a pin. Now, are you asleep? Deeper breathing—mouth open. That's better! (*He goes to the door and calls JEANIE.*) Jeanie! Tell Miss—what's-her-name—to come here. Better have the minister, too, as a witness.

JEANIE. Ay, Doctor. She's changin'. I'll tell her.

(*Enter REV. CAMERON.*)

CAMERON. Is he better, Doctor?

DOCTOR. He's quiet—sleeping.

CAMERON. Poor man—what an affliction!

DOCTOR. Yes. The Scotch affliction.

CAMERON. What? Fits?

DOCTOR. No! Tight! (*Enter MAGGIE, who has put on travelling coat.*) He's dropped off again, Miss Martin. Before he quieted down he said that owing to the fact you didn't know about his fits, he'd be willing to give you some remuneration. He is very generous—and he thought—well, he thought about two thousand dollars would——

JOHN. (*Half rising, calls*) One!

(*The others all turn toward him.*)

DOCTOR. Talking in his sleep—he often *counts* that way in his sleep. One, two, three, and so forth. The Scotch are good at figures even in their sleep.—I take it upon myself, Miss Martin, to offer you two thousand dollars (*looks toward JOHN*), in the name of John Wilson, incapacitated.

MAGGIE. (*Stands thinking*) He got me here under false pretences. It's twice he's fooled me. He can mak' it three thoosan'. (*JOHN shows signs of violence.*) And buy me a first-class ticket. I'm na a guid sailor. (*She stands with her head in the air and a look of triumph on her face. Unable to control himself as he sees his money going, JOHN jumps up from the couch. He grabs articles and begins to throw them.*)

JOHN. Get oot o' here, ye hussy! Get oot o' my hoose, I tell ye! (*They all dodge. The minister gets behind a chair.*) Jeanie, get her traps. Her hand-bags and umbrellas and bird cages. Get her oot o' my sight, or I'll gae daft! (*He turns to MAGGIE.*) I'll give ye one thoosan' dollars and it's a' ye'll get. Do ye hear me? It's a' ye'll get. Ye can tak' it or leave it—but get oot!

MAGGIE. I'll have the law on ye, ye doddering auld skinflint! I've got yer letters. Dinna forget that!

JOHN. (*Shouts*) A thoosan' dollars or naething, I tell ye!

MAGGIE. (*Firmly*) I willna budge for thot.

DOCTOR. But you'll go for two thousand, won't you, Miss?

JOHN. (*Stubbornly*) I will na gie it her.

DOCTOR. Oh, yes, ye will, John!

JOHN. I tell ye I willna! Ye can keep oot o' this. Mind yer ain business!

MAGGIE. I'll no budge for less, I tell ye. Two thousand, or I stay richt herre—and I'll hae the law on ye!

CAMERON. (*Agitated*) Can't we compromise this in some way, Mr. Wilson? It's very unfortunate in your nervous state.

JOHN. Dinna fash yersel' aboot me. My nairves are a' richt. (*JEANIE returns with the luggage. JOHN is storming and raging around the room.*) Three thoosan' dollars and first-class passage! Whoever heard o' sich impidence! (*He grabs the picture of her from the mantel and throws it.*)

DOCTOR. John, control yourself!

MAGGIE. I'll ha' the law on ye, ye auld ——

CAMERON. (*Frightened*) Mr. Wilson, I am amazed!

JOHN. Amazed, arre ye? Amazed or no,—ye can tak' her to the parish. Ye can pray over her. Ye can do onything ye like—but get oot o' here! I'll send ye the check. I'm through wi' her.—After my money, is she?

(*The REV. CAMERON and JEANIE gather up her bundles. They almost force her out. JOHN storms and rants.*)

MAGGIE. (*Calling back*) Two thoosan', ye auld skinflint, or I'll have the law on ye!—Fits!

(*JOHN throws things as she puts in her head for this final remark. The DOCTOR, laughing, begins to sing, "I lo'e a lassie—a bonnie, bonnie lassie."*)

JOHN. (*After a long pause*) Ye're awfu' generous with ither people's money.

DOCTOR. Would ye rather have her back, John? (*Continues to hum, "I lo'e a lassie."*)

JOHN. God forbid! (*He walks to desk solemnly.*) What do I owe ye?

DOCTOR. Write hers first, John. Two thousand dollars.

JOHN. (*Hesitates—but writes*) It's an awfu' lot o' money—but (*hesitates*)—it's worth it! (*Hands check to DOCTOR.*) Weel—what's yours?

DOCTOR. I think a donation of five hundred dollars to the hospital is about right.

JOHN. My God! Wha do ye think I am? Rockefeller?

DOCTOR. (*Sings*) "I lo'e a lassie ——" (*His movements suggest the Highland Fling. JOHN writes the check laboriously and hands it to the DOCTOR.*) Thanks. There's another thing, John. Write one for Jeanie. Helps a woman to keep her mouth shut. Give her a hundred dollars, John. (*JOHN hesitates.*) Go on, John. Write it! Forget you're Scotch!

(*JOHN writes the check. The DOCTOR reaches for it.*)

JOHN. I'll gie it to her mysel'. (*He folds it up and puts it in his pocket.*)

DOCTOR. (*Assuming professional air*) Well, I'm off. Should you feel a return of your old trouble, Mr. Wilson —— (*JEANIE enters.*) Jeanie, look after the patient. If you see any signs of *fits*, send for me. (*Laughs.*)

JEANIE. Think shame o' yersel', Doctor—giein' him sich a bad name!

DOCTOR. Don't you think it's worth it, Jeanie? Well, good-bye, John. (*Exit, singing "I lo'e a lassie."*)

(*JEANIE goes and gets the picture of Mrs. Wilson. She has it in her arms to hang.*)

JOHN. Dinna bother to hang that noo, Jeanie. (*She faces him.*) I was thinkin' when I was lyin' there—it's a great pity to waste those tickets to Niagara Falls.

JEANIE. (*Kindly*) Ay, it is that, Mr. Wilson. Could ye no turn them back, or somethin'?

JOHN. It's too late for that, noo, and I don't know when there'll be another excursion. I was juist wonderin' hoo ye'd like to go yersel'.

JEANIE. (*Surprised*) Me—Mr. Wilson?

JOHN. Ay!

JEANIE. (*Shyly*) I dinna ken juist what ye're meanin', Mr. Wilson.

JOHN. I mean that we're very comfortable juist as we arre.

JEANIE. (*Eagerly*) Ay, we arre thot, Mr. Wilson!

JOHN. We could maybe call on a Justice o' the Peace at the Falls. This license is na guid to me noo. (*Tears it up.*) But we could use this ring.

JEANIE. (*With joy*) Oh, Mr. Wilson! Do ye really mean it?

JOHN. (*Solemnly*) Ay. Hoo lang would it tak' ye to get ready?

JEANIE. Oh, it wouldna tak' me lang,—John! (*It is the first time she has said it and she lingers over the name. She looks at him lovingly, but he has no intention of kissing her.*)

JOHN. Weel,—hurry then. We'll catch the twenty.

JEANIE. (*Joyously*) I'll hurry, John! I'll hurry! (*She goes out, glancing back lovingly at him.*)

(JOHN slowly takes the check out of his pocket and after reading it, slowly tears it up.)

JOHN. (*Solemnly*) She'll no be needin' *this*, the noo.

CURTAIN

ADAM APPLEBUD'S NEW FARCE COMEDY

Salt Water Taffy

By Adam Applebud
(Carl Pierce)

A Breezy Bit of Banter in Three Acts, 4 m., 5 w.

2 extremely easy interiors

One can always expect the unusual in a new play from the pen of Adam Applebud, but this time he has surpassed any previous effort in putting together in play form as breezy a bit of banter as will be offered to amateurs this season. The cast is made up wholly of young people, the spirit of the play is youth and the plot story is teeming over with action of the sort that young people of to-day engage in. The love affair of "Sugar" and "Chickie" will make the grouchiest grouch forget his troubles. "Chickie" is going to the Cape for his vacation and "Sugar" delegates her best friend Irma to just happen down there at the same time to keep an eye on this eligible young man. She does and with results. The fun of watching the antics of the boys keeping house will not soon be forgotten. The third act is a mirthquake of riotous clean farce and can be put over successfully even by inexperienced players. Expect a clever play and then double your expectations and you'll have some notion of what a clever playwright can turn out for amateur groups.

CHARACTERS

CHARLOTTE BANCROFT, "*Sugar.*"

IRMA HASTINGS, *her best friend.*

CHARLES DUDLEY, "*Chickie.*"

EDWIN ROWLEY, *a bashful beau.*

ANITA THORNDIKE, *the cause of Ed's worry.*

JANE OXFORD, *chilly and much the high-brow.*

JACK BELMONT } *two-thirds of an irrepressible trio.*
RIPLEY BROOKS }

BILLY FLOOD, *who covers a lot of territory.*

Act I. The Bancroft living-room in Boston.

Act II. Interior of a summer camp on the sand dunes near Provincetown.

Act III. Same setting as Act II.

NO ROYALTY

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

YOUTH — ROMANCE — SPRINGTIME

Apple Blossom Time

A Refreshing Comedy in Three Acts

By Eugene G. Hafer

Author Of

“Climbing Roses.” “It Happened In June.” “Take My Advice.” “The Big Cheese.”

A Cast of Five Men and Seven Women

You will find this a delightful, swiftly moving comedy with rapid-fire dialogue, a bright and merry plot, and uproarious comedy situations. When Bob Matthews flees to the crossroads village and assumes the guardianship of a girl, Betty Ann Stewart, whom he supposes to be about ten years old he steps into a beehive of trouble. His first experience in the village is a violent encounter with an eighteen-year-old “impudent whirlwind of a girl” who upsets his dignity, rouses his ire to the boiling point, and then laughs derisively at his threats. Imagine his horrified dismay when he finds that this is the girl over whom he is expected to act as a guardian. With this beginning the plot spins merrily on, laughs and thrills piling upon one another in rapid succession. Cal the village constable’s attempts to court Polly Biddle, the cook; Spud McClosky and Mickey Maguire’s race for the hand of homely Malvina Kurtz; the loud-mouthed Charlie Lawrence and coy Nancy Loretta Harris, the prettiest girl in the village; Annabel Spriggins, the village old maid; haughty Mrs. Forrest; Bob and whirlwind Betty Ann — all these scenes and characters furnish laughs and excitement in abundance.

CHARACTERS

BOB MATTHEWS, *an unwilling visitor at the crossroads.*

CHARLIE LAWRENCE, *his go-getter friend.*

SPUD MCCLOSKEY, *direct from Sunshine Alley.*

MICKEY MAGUIRE, *also from Sunshine Alley.*

CAL PICKENS, *the village constable.*

BETTY ANN STEWART, *a human tornado.*

NANCY PRESCOTT, *a pretty neighbor.*

LORETTA HARRIS, *the prettiest girl in the village.*

POLLY BIDDLE, *caretaker of Tad Forrest’s home.*

MALVINA KURTZ, *whose ambition is to have a beau.*

MRS. FORREST, *the haughty sister-in-law of Tad Forrest.*

ANNABEL SPRIGGINS, *the village old maid.*

Time: The present. The month of May.

Place: Room in the home of Tad Forrest at the crossroads.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

A JOYOUS FARCE OF GAY ADVENTURE

YES, YES! GO ON

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts
by Eulalie Andreas and Jane Hurrell

Arranged for the Amateur Stage
by Albert Lang

Jasmine Deane and her mother have been quite unexpectedly reduced to genteel poverty and as a means to an end, inaugurate a mail order business, conducted from their home. Jazz has as many male admirers as there are component parts in a boarding house hash, and these she presses into service to keep the wheels of farce-fun well greased. One in particular, Bobby, a sort of jellyfish good fellow, tries to the breaking point the not altogether good disposition of Jazz. She puts it over on him in scandalous fashion. In comes Mrs. Pat Deane, Jazz's flapper grandmother and with her arrival things perk up in the mail and male order enterprise. Seemingly she is not financially well off but in the denouement she has oodles of coin and saves the business, Bobby's independence and Jazz's happiness. A professional success revamped for amateurs and complete with every conceivable production help.

CAST

MRS. DORIS DEANE, *a widow.*

JASMINE, *her daughter, better known as "Jazz."*

MRS. PATRICIA DEANE, *Jazz's grandmother.*

COUNT ROMA BERRA, *a romantic Italian in love with Jazz.*

ROBERT STUYVESANT, *better known as Bobby. Also in love with Jazz, but is looked upon as a jellyfish and used as a doormat.*

JUDGE SHOREY, *a bachelor. Bobby's guardian, and life-long friend of Doris Deane.*

MOSES KRAFT, *a dealer in ready-made dresses.*

DON,

REGINALD, } *admirers of Jasmine.*

JOHN,

MARY DOWNEY,

MISS BROWN,

MISS SMITH,

MISS JONES,

} *shoppers.*

Act I. A room in Mrs. Doris Deane's home converted into an office.

Act II. The same. The following morning.

Act III. Scene 1. The same. Two weeks later.

Scene 2. Three A.M. the following morning.

Place: New York City.

Time: Today. Autumn.

ROYALTY ONLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Seventy-Five Cents Each

A PLAY WITH THOUSANDS OF PERFORMANCES TO ITS CREDIT

Be An Optimist

By Adam Applebud

The Quintessence of Nonsense in Three Acts. 6m., 7w., 2 ints. Adam Applebud certainly blossomed forth with as many original situations and bits of business as a centipede has pedal extremities when he wrote "Be An Optimist." Funnier things happen than you ever dreamed of after a midnight encounter with a welsh-rarebit. For instance, can you imagine manufacturing a mummy with a love-sick swain, surgical bandages and a pail of coffee as the chief ingredients? Also, why are shot-guns and baseball bats vital to the antique business to say nothing of sledge-hammers and tooth-brushes? Would you stand within three feet of your best pal and listen to him make love to your girl and hear her ask him for a kiss? Our hero does, and he is helpless under the prevailing circumstances. The property man won't be worried as the "props" most important to the play are found in every home. The characters are more assorted than the component parts of boarding house hash, and they will keep the laugh center in your medulla working livelier than a cash register in a bargain basement. Warning! If you yearn for "Culchaw" or have a burning desire to aid in the uplift of the "drahma," don't open a copy of "Be An Optimist"; but if you want the rafters of the old town hall to ring with laughter, hop to it!

THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAY AS YOU MEET THEM

ISAAC GOLDITCH, *antiquer, of the Golditch Art Shop.*

BECKY, *his daughter.*

PIETRO D'ANGELO CACCIALINO, *expert worm-holer.*

JIMMIE MAYNARD, *"the poor stiff."*

MILDRED CLINTON, *who is in love and likes it.*

MRS. CLINTON, *"why mother-in-law jokes are true."*

MIKE, *just what his name suggests.*

RAY HUDSON, *a friend in need, but scarcely in deed.*

MISS HULL, *interior decorator.*

MAGGIE, *not green—for "greenness" wears off, so call her stupid.*

ETHEL PEABODY, *who defies love to affect her.*

SPENCER, *a paid guest.*

MADAME GOOPHER, *dispenser of spirits.*

GUESTS AT THE BALL.

They Are Seen

During Act I — In the Golditch Art Shop. Morning.

During Act II — In Mrs. Clinton's Home. Afternoon.

During Act III — Still at Mrs. Clinton's. The next evening.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

A MIRTHQUAKE OF LAUGHTER

When A Feller Needs A Friend

By J. C. McMullen

A Farce In Three Acts For Five Men and Five Women
One Easy Interior Set. Plays a Full Evening

Tom Denker and Bob Mills, trying to break into New York, have reached the point where their furniture consists of soap boxes, their diet what they can steal from the dog's milk and the parrot's cracker, and where one suit between them is the best they can do. How they climbed out of these social depths and what side-splitting complications arose from their efforts to do so form the plot of a mighty funny play which provides ten parts of about equal opportunity and is as easy to produce as it is effective.

CHARACTERS

TOM DENKER, *an artist.*

BOB MILLS, *a magazine writer.*

MRS. REESE, *their landlady.*

JERRY SMITH, *just returned from "Over There."*

LIZ, *Mrs. Reese's stepdaughter.*

"BING" DICKSON, *Liz's steady.*

WILLIAM DENKER, *Tom's uncle.*

ALICE KING, *Tom's aunt.*

ELAINE LYNNE, *Alice King's ward.*

ANGELA SCOTT, *Bob's fiancee.*

Act I. A room in Mrs. Reese's apartment house, 10.00 A.M.

Act II. The same 11.00 A.M.

Act III. The same. 12.00 M.

Time: A Friday morning in November.

Place: New York City.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

A PLOT STORY AS BIG AS
The Heart of Humanity

ACE HIGH

A Comedy Drama In Three Stirring Acts

By J. C. McMullen

Five Men

—

Five Women

One Interior Scene

Mr. Jones was a plain unvarnished American. So was his wife and family — until they became rich. Then Mrs. Jones changes father's name, tries to marry her daughter into the English nobility, insists on "bossing" everybody about the place and makes everyone generally miserable. The wealth and jewels of the family attract the attention of several crooks whom Mrs. Jones entertains unawares. The resultant mixup produces a sparkling comedy with ten star parts. As a play of family life, showing the little petty things that come up from day to day, it is without a peer. Father eventually asserts himself, stands on his dignity and straightens things out, but you have two and a half hours of good, rollicking fun before he does it.

CHARACTERS

PARKER JONES, *the retired fertilizer king.*
CATHERINE, *his wife.*
GLADYS, *their eldest daughter.*
KIT, *their youngest daughter.*
MOREY, *their son.*
MRS. MAXFIELD, *a guest in the Jones home.*
BLAIR CHALLMAN, *the garageman.*
MACK, *the ace.*
FULTON, *the butler.*
DORA COWAN, *the gardener's daughter.*

Scene: Living-room of the Jones country home in Connecticut.

Act I. Scene 1. A delayed dinner.
Scene 2. Two hours later.

Act II. Two days later.

Act III. A week later.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

AN EXCITING COMEDY

Chintz Cottage

By Beulah King

A Three-Act Comedy, 2 m., 5 w.

Easy stage set

A plot which fairly bristles with exciting events. It tells the story of what happens up at Minty's place. Minty, a charmingly attractive girl of 20, bored with society, comes from the city to rusticate in the remote village of Meadowbrook. She brings with her a maid and settles down for a state of peace and quiet. Then the lid blows off and as in plays only, one exciting event piles on another to startling climaxes. Minty does not rest, but she gets a "change" and incidentally falls heir to a husband. The cast is an interesting one with Minty topping the group. Following as a close second, is the maid "skeered all the time," a rich comedy part. Then there is Minty's aunt a "boss" with a matrimonial eye on Mr. Kent (poor man he needed a manager and he got one). Peter is an innocent cause for most of the trouble while his sister, Grace, helps him in and out of several predicaments. Mrs Dean's part is short but an excellent bit. An attractive play for amateurs, easily got ready for production. Few props to puzzle over, a simple interior setting and possessing a good yarn dramatically told.

THE CAST

MINTY

PETER

FANNY

MRS. TILLINGTOP.

GRACE

MR. KENT

MRS. DEAN

Act I. At Minty's Cottage. A June morning.

Act II. The same. Early evening of the same day.

Act III. The same. Later the same evening.

The right of one performance issues only with the purchase and payment of eight copies or more; a special license for repeat performances will be issued on receipt of \$2.50 for each such performance.

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

THE LAUGHING HIT OF THE YEAR

Oh, Kay!

By Adam Applebud

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts interlarded with mystery and thrills. 6 m., 5w. Three of the male characters have little to do. One easy interior. Plays a full evening. Here is another corking play by the author of *BE AN OPTIMIST* which will make as big a hit as that has. It will be fun to watch it, fun to act it and fun to rehearse it. It's a sort of mystery play with something doing every minute in the way of thrills, surprises and laughs. There are no dead bodies falling out of closets, no gorillas, bats, spiders or other repulsive things running around but there's plenty of excitement and strange things happen before your eyes. "Gramp" with his flivver and its never-ending accessories and "Gram" with her habit of trying every patent medicine on the market are a couple of comedy roles which will furnish a couple of hundred laughs. Kay Millis, the girl detective, is a strong part calling for good acting while Art and Edith are juvenile parts of much appeal. Then there are other good parts and as the plot moves all are enmeshed in the "tangled threads of mystery." Oh, yes, we must mention the Black Terror himself, who is the cause of all the trouble. Can it be . . . ? Do you suppose . . . ? He is . . . ? But the secret must be kept. If you have pleased audiences before you will certainly retain their good will by offering them OH, KAY!

THE PLAYERS

Edith Whitman.
Evelyn Whitman, her mother.
Arthur Whitman, her brother.
Captain George Whitman, her father.
"Gram." Pembroke.
Alice Borden.
The "Black Terror."
"Gramp" Pembroke.
Jim Hayes.
Kay Millis, of the Millis Detective Agency.
Fred Alden.

The entire action of the play takes place in the living-room of the Whitmans in the course of one evening.

A few minutes elapse between Acts I and II.

Acts II and III are continuous.

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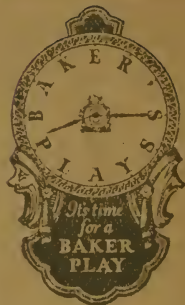
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