

PS 635
.29 C57
Copy 1

BAKER'S DARKEY PLAYS



PS 635
.29 C57

BADLY SOLD

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
NO 23 WINTER STREET
BOSTON

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER,

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.

DRAMAS.

In Four Acts.

Better than Gold. 7 male, 4 female char. 25

In Three Acts.

Our Folks. 6 male, 5 female char. . . 15

The Flower of the Family. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

ENLISTED FOR THE WAR. 7 male, 3 female char. 15

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

The Little Brown Jug. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In Two Acts.

Above the Clouds. 7 male, 3 female char. 15

One Hundred Years Ago. 7 male, 4 female char. 15

AMONG THE BREAKERS. 6 male, 4 female char. 15

BREAD ON THE WATERS. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

DOWN BY THE SEA. 6 male, 3 female char. 15

ONCE ON A TIME. 4 male, 2 female char. . . 15

The Last Loaf. 5 male, 3 female char. . . 15

In One Act.

STAND BY THE FLAG. 5 male char. . . . 15

The Tempter. 3 male, 1 female char. . . 15

COMEDIES AND FARCES.

A Mysterious Disappearance. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

Paddle Your Own Canoe. 7 male 3 female char. 15

A Drop too Much. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

A Little More Cider. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

A THORN AMONG THE ROSES. 2 male, 6 female char. 15

NEVER SAY DIE. 3 male, 3 female char. . . 15

SEEKING THE ELEPHANT. 6 male, 3 female char. 15

THE BOSTON DIP. 4 male, 3 female char. . . 15

THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN. 6 male, 4 female char. 15

THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

We're all Teetotalers. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

Male Characters Only.

A CLOSE SHAVE. 6 char. 15

A PUBLIC BENEFICATOR. 6 char. 15

A SEA OF TROUBLES. 8 char. 15

COMEDIES, etc., continued.

Male Characters Only.

A TENDER ATTACHMENT. 7 char. 15

COALS OF FIRE. 6 char. 15

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. 8 char. 15

Shall Our Mothers Vote? 11 char. . . 15

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. 12 char. . . . 15

HUMORS OF THE STRIKE. 8 char. 15

MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN. 6 char. 15

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN. 6 char. . . . 15

THE GREAT ELIXIR. 9 char. 15

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC. 3 char. 15

The Man with the Demijohn. 4 char. 15

THE RUNAWAYS. 4 char. 15

THE THIEF OF TIME. 6 char. 15

WANTED, A MALE COOK. 4 char. 15

Female Characters Only.

A LOVE OF A BONNET. 5 char. 15

A PRECIOUS PICKLE. 6 char. 15

NO CURE NO PAY. 7 char. 15

THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX. 8 char. . . . 15

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE. 8 char. . . 15

THE GRECIAN BEND. 7 char. 15

THE RED CHIGNON. 6 char. 15

USING THE WEED. 7 char. 15

ALLEGORIES.

Arranged for Music and Tableaux.

LIGHTHART'S PILGRIMAGE. 8 female char. 15

THE REVOLT OF THE BEES. 9 female char. 15

THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH. 1 male, 4 female char. 15

THE TOURNAMENT OF IDYLCOURT. 10 female char. 15

THE WAR OF THE ROSES. 8 female char. . . 15

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE. 8 female char. . . . 15

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN ORIGINAL IDEA. 1 male, 1 female 15

BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING. 6 male, 1 female char. 25

CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED. 3 male, 1 female char. . . . 15

SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS. 15

SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE. 3 male, 1 female char. 25

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. 15

THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE. 7 male char. 15

THE SEVEN AGES. A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. . 15

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN. 2 male char. . . 15

THE VISIONS OF FREEDOM. 11 female char. 15

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., 23 Winter St., Boston.

BADLY SOLD

A Negro Act in Two Scenes

ARRANGED BY

GEORGE H. COES

84



BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

428584

1893

1

PS 635
.29 C 57

CHARACTERS.

TIMOTHY SORROWFUL, *a victim of bad luck; married; thirteen children, five of 'em twins.*

JOHN JOLLYCOVE, *always on the sell, who finally gets badly sold.*

ORLANDO GRIGGS, *a merchant; sells everything.*

SAM LIGHTFOOT, *a waiter.*

CLERKS, LABORERS, ETC.



COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

TMP92-008867

BADLY SOLD.

SCENE I. — *Dining-room in 2. Screen at D. in F. SAM discovered cleaning furniture and singing. Looks off L. H.*

SAM. Hello, there's old Griggs the merchant on one side of the street, and Mr. Jollycove on the other. They've had a row, I guess; they're looking daggers at each other. Mr. Jollycove is a drummer who stops here, and a right jolly cove he is, too; but there's some trouble between him and old Griggs. I wonder what it's all about? (*Enter GRIGGS, and sits at table, L. H.*) Ah, Mr. Griggs, what'll you have to-day? Soup, fish, roast, boiled, fried, fricasseed —

GRIGGS. Oh, dry up!

SAM (*aside*). I am dry. If he asks me anything about Mr. Jollycove, mum's the word.

GRIGGS. Sam.

SAM (*goes to him*). Yes, Mr. Griggs.

GRIGGS. You have a drummer staying here by the despicable name of Jollycove?

SAM. A hightoned and elegant gentleman, sir.

GRIGGS. Gentleman? Sam, he's a most —

SAM. Liberal Jollycove I ever saw. Always gives me a half a dollar every —

GRIGGS. Sam, that man's a fraud, a swindler, a viper in my path. Here's a dollar for you, Sam; keep it.

SAM. You are a perfect gentleman, Mr. Griggs. (*Pockets the dollar.*) As you were saying, and justly remarked, that Jollycove is a regular out-and-out — what did you say he was?

GRIGGS. A snake in the grass.

SAM. Yes; just so.

GRIGGS. I want you to do me a favor.

SAM. I've no objection so long as the contributions are voluminous and forthcoming.

GRIGGS. Sam, once a month for the last two years that fellow has called on me to sell a bill of goods. When I refused him, he has slandered me, saying that my sugar is half sand, corn-meal mixed with sawdust, and my coffee, half beans.

SAM. You don't go for to say so.

GRIGGS. I do. And he has shook his fist in my face, and threatened to put a head on me. Now, Sam, I don't wish to have another head, nor do I wish it punched, therefore I want to get even with him.

SAM. Just so — just so.

GRIGGS. Now, I want you to tell him, confidentially, mind, that when I'm mad, I'm a bad man.

SAM. Just so. (*Aside.*) And I won't tell no lie, neither.

GRIGGS. Tell him I was formerly a prize-fighter. (*Spars around.*)

SAM. Oh, I'll tell him.

GRIGGS. And tell him that I belong to the secret order of U. R. A. D. B. S.

SAM. You are — what's that again, please?

GRIGGS. U. R. A. D. B. S. Now, don't forget.

SAM (*repeats*). All right; I won't forget it.

GRIGGS. Tell him I don't deal with any one but duly initiated members of that order. Tell him all this, and if ever you want a friend, call on me. (*Shake hands, and exit GRIGGS D. in F.*)

SAM. Ha, ha! I'll have some fun out of this. U. R. A. D. B. S. I wonder what that means? U. R. A. (*To himself.*) Well, Sam Lightfoot, you are a darned big snoozer if you don't make a few stamps out of this.

(*Voice outside calls "waiter."* SAM *exit R. H.* Enter JOLLYCOVE *with carpet-bag; sits at table.*)

JOLLYCOVE. Ah! Glorious day's work. Let me see. (*Takes book from pocket.*) Eighteen calls, seventeen orders; very good for the 18th. That sour-faced, crabbed old Griggs (*shakes fist at shop opposite*) — there stands the galoot, but I'll be even with him yet. I'll return his insults with interest. I'll write him an insulting letter. (*Stops.*) Hold on! He may be too much for me in a personal encounter; I'll inquire. (*Rings bell.*)

SAM (*enters*). Coming, sir. What will you please to take?

JOLLYCOVE. I want to take you.

SAM. Where?

JOLLYCOVE. Into my confidence. (*Gives him a dollar.*)

SAM. You do me proud. (*Aside.*) Sam, honors and dollars await thee.

JOLLYCOVE. Sam, do you know old Griggs over the way?

SAM. Yes, I does.

JOLLYCOVE. You does?

SAM. I does. (*Aside.*) He's going to pump me about old Griggs.

JOLLYCOVE. Do you know, Sam, of all the men I ever met, he is —

SAM. A very respectable —

JOLLYCOVE. Respectable! Why, he's the meanest most con-

temptible and unsociable old curmudgeon I ever met. I hate him. I want to put up a job on him, and I want you to help me. There's a couple of dollars for you. (*Gives money.*)

SAM. Thank you. You're one of the boys. Solid, too, you bet. As you say, old Griggs is a—what did you say he was?

JOLLYCOVE. An old flipmagilder.

SAM. Just so—just so.

JOLLYCOVE. I've tried to sell him a bill of goods fifty times, and he refused to negotiate. Said my goods were damaged goods; that I couldn't shut his eye up with any second-hand auction trash. I'll pitch into him—I'll punch his head—I'll put a mansard roof on his head—I'll—why don't he deal with me as well as other people?

SAM. Why, he belongs to a secret order.

JOLLYCOVE. What is it?

SAM. U. R. A. D. B. S.

JOLLYCOVE. I am a what? (*Goes to SAM menacingly.*)

SAM. No, no; that's the name of the order,—U. R. A. D. B. S.

JOLLYCOVE. I never heard of that before.

SAM. He don't trade with anybody but the members of it.

JOLLYCOVE. U. R. A. D. B. S. Some new society it must be. Sam, do you think old Griggs is much of a miller?

SAM. Oh, no; he keeps a grocery.

JOLLYCOVE. I mean, can he scrap,—put up his hands? (*Spars around.*) Can he fight?

SAM. I hear his record stands A No. 1 as a prize-fighter.

JOLLYCOVE (*weakens*). You don't say so?

SAM (*aside*). He don't want to punch his head as much as he did a while ago.

JOLLYCOVE. Sam, bring me a hot brandy toddy.

SAM. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

JOLLYCOVE. What an escape! I was going to send Griggs a letter by Sam. If I had, he'd broke every bone in my body.

(SAM *enters with drink, sets it on table, and exits. Enter TIMOTHY SORROWFUL, walks to table, places hat, sighs; goes to front, sighs, takes off gloves, sighs, places them in hat, comes forward, groans, takes out ragged handkerchief, covers his face.*)

TIMOTHY. Misery of miseries! Why did I leave my quiet little situation at home, at ten dollars a week, to become a drummer? I, a married man, with thirteen children, five of 'em twins. (*Takes paper from pocket.*) Oh, fatal advertisement! (*Reads.*) "Wanted, a middle-aged, respectable man, of good address, to undertake the situation of drummer. Liberal salary, expenses paid." Alas, 'twas the vanity of Mrs. Sorrowful and myself (*picks up JOLLYCOVE'S drink*); the rotundity of drummers generally, the rubicund hue of their faces, the hilarity of their spirits (*stirs brandy and*

water) attracted me. Two months have passed, and "my occupation's gone," as I could exclaim with the great bard. (*Drinks.*) This is very good brandy.

JOLLYCOVE (*looks around; aside*). Hello, that snoozer is drinking my brandy and water. That's an insult. Well, if that ain't cheek. (*To him.*) Say, do you know what you're doing?

TIMOTHY (*very melancholy*). I'm thinking.

JOLLYCOVE. Thinking! You're doing more.

TIMOTHY. I wish I could. (*Drinks.*)

JOLLYCOVE. Here, stop! That's my brandy.

TIMOTHY. Yours? Oh, yes, I'm afraid it *is* yours. It's very good, ve-ry — good, indeed.

JOLLYCOVE. Well, I think it's very bad.

TIMOTHY. Yes. Misery of miseries.

JOLLYCOVE (*aside*). He's a perfect picture of misery. (*To him.*) Oh, man of misery, what do you travel in? Hardware?

TIMOTHY. I have known only hard wear lately.

JOLLYCOVE. May I inquire your name? (*TIMOTHY searches his pockets for a card; gets in every pocket but the right one; finally finds card in the lining of his hat. Enter GRIGGS unseen, D. in F.*)

GRIGGS (*aside*). Hello! Jollycove and that bummer in conversation. I ordered them both out of my store this morning. They're putting up some job; I guess I'll listen.

TIMOTHY (*hands card*). There it is.

JOLLYCOVE (*looks at it*). A very nice firm. (*Aside.*) This fellow is a stranger in this place, and may be of some service to me. I'll ask him what his troubles are. (*To him.*) I say, I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, but your appearance has interested me. I should be happy to hear about —

TIMOTHY. My miseries? My name is Timothy Sorrowful — married — father of thirteen children, five of 'em twins. In an evil hour I became a drummer. For the last two months I've wandered from town to town, enduring misery. I ask for an order for a bill of goods, and the only one I get is an order to "get out." I am on my last legs — down in spirits — dead broke. One package of goods have I sold, and on the door of that store is the fatal word — bankruptcy. Poverty stares me in the face. Thirteen little Sorrowfuls, pictures of sorrow, are waiting to hear my sorrowing tale of misery. Could you — if you could — put me in the way of selling a bill of goods, it would put up my spirits and make Timothy Sorrowful, Mrs. Sorrowful, and all my little Sorrowfuls ever grateful. (*Finishes brandy.*)

JOLLYCOVE. But you're putting my spirits down — you've drank all my brandy.

TIMOTHY. Yes, it's all gone. Misery of miseries!

GRIGGS (*who is watching; aside*). That's good — capital! Ha, ha, ha!

JOLLYCOVE. I never met with such cool impertinence, but I'll

get even. I always make it a point to retaliate. (*To him.*) Mr. Sorrowful, did you laugh at me? (*Shakes fist at him.*)

TIMOTHY. Laugh? I wish I could. (*Looks in glass, and finds it empty.*) Misery of miseries!

JOLLYCOVE (*aside*). An idea strikes me. I'll carry it out instantly, and get even with this "misery of miseries" for stealing my brandy, and old Griggs at the same time. (*To him.*) Ah, Mr. Sorrowful, I feel for you, unfortunate man!

TIMOTHY. Do you? Ten thousand thanks. I saw it in your face — so full of brandy and —

JOLLYCOVE. What?

TIMOTHY. Gin — gin —

JOLLYCOVE. Full of what, sir?

TIMOTHY. Full of generous sympathy.

JOLLYCOVE. Oh, but tell me — where were you made?

TIMOTHY. Do you mean where I had the misfortune to be born?

JOLLYCOVE. No; where did you join the craft?

TIMOTHY. The craft?

JOLLYCOVE. Yes; where were you initiated?

TIMOTHY. Initiated?

JOLLYCOVE. Yes; where did you get the secrets and signs of the Order?

TIMOTHY. Made? Order? Craft? Secret signs? I'm in the dark. Misery of miseries!

JOLLYCOVE. Come, now, Timothy. U. R. A. D. B. S., you know.

TIMOTHY. Am I? Well, I never knew that before. What do you mean?

JOLLYCOVE. Astonishing! So for the last two months you've been going from town to town, calling on different merchants, and endeavoring to push a business, without knowing the signs of the craft. No wonder you are a failure.

TIMOTHY. Yes, a miserable failure.

JOLLYCOVE. If merchants and drummers were not acquainted with the signs of a secret order, what protection would they have against thieves and impostors?

TIMOTHY (*to JOLLYCOVE*). U. R. A. D. B. S.

JOLLYCOVE (*threatening him*). What am I? (*Catching himself.*) Why, do you think I'd travel if I was not?

TIMOTHY. Of course not. Kind sir, benevolent being, can you give me the signs of the Order, enable me to sell a bill of goods, and cheer the hearts of a Sorrowful family, thirteen children, five of 'em twins?

JOLLYCOVE. You will never divulge the secret?

TIMOTHY. Never, oh, never!

JOLLYCOVE. Then for the sake of you, Sorrowful, and your little Sorrowfuls, I will give you the signs. When you enter a store, wink at the clerk, so. (*Shows attitude.*) Then say, in as

loud a voice as possible, "Governor in, eh?" When the head of the firm approaches, you say, "U. R. A. D. B. S. Say you will — say you will."

TIMOTHY. Do you always say that?

JOLLYCOVE. Certainly. I couldn't sell a bill of goods if I didn't. Then he'll say, most likely, — but, mind you, all don't repeat the same words, — "Who are ye — what are ye — what d'ye want?" Then you put one finger (L. H.) to your eye, so (*shows*), and say, "Put her there — put her there!" (*With the R. fist motioning as if going to hit him in the eye.*) He'll then, most likely, call you a fool, madman, and send for the police; but you must stand your ground and show no fear.

TIMOTHY. What wonderful signs!

JOLLYCOVE. Then you must get close to him, and with your right fist poke him in the ribs, and say, "Let me have it — let me have it!" Do you think you can do it?

TIMOTHY. I'll try, my generous friend; I'll have to try or starve.

JOLLYCOVE. Very good, so far. Now, mind, the merchant may fly in a passion, and threaten to kick you out of the shop. At this juncture lose not a moment; put the thumb of your left hand to your nose, stretch out your four fingers, so; describe a circle with your right hand, so, and say, "U. R. A. D. B. S. I want it now! I want it now!"

TIMOTHY. Oh, what a wonderful Order! what mysterious signs! If ever I did want, I want it now; but what is the meaning of U. R. A. D. B. S?

JOLLYCOVE. Ah, yes; that means, "Universal Rights Among Drummers' Benevolent Society."

TIMOTHY. Wonderful! How shall I ever repay you for your kindness?

JOLLYCOVE. Now, don't mention it. The moment you have said the words, "I want it now," his whole manner will suddenly change. He will take you by both hands, shake them heartily, so, take you into his private office, and give you an order. And if you are in want of funds, he will supply you.

TIMOTHY. Oh, I feel elevated, renovated, invigorated.

JOLLYCOVE. I say, now, for practice — you see the store opposite — Griggs's — rich man — safe man.

TIMOTHY. Why, I was turned out from there this morning.

JOLLYCOVE. So much the better — it will prove to you the real value of the signs. Now, perfect yourself in them, go to Griggs, give him the signs, and I'll bet fifty dollars you'll get an order and meet with a very warm reception.

TIMOTHY. Oh, sir, you have raised me from my misery of miseries, and you have made a man of me.

JOLLYCOVE. Oh, never mind now. To business, and I'll wait here until you come back. (*Pushes him off*; TIMOTHY *thanking him, etc.*)

JOLLYCOVE. Ha, ha! That's a hot job. That fellow is as green as a yellow cabbage. Old Griggs will pound the life out of him. I'll go over and get behind the tea-chests and see the fun. Oh, man of misery, drink my brandy toddy, will you? Won't I get even? (*Rubs his hands with delight and exit D. in F.*)

GRIGGS (*who has overheard the plot comes forward rubbing his hands with glee*). Yes, indeed, Mr. Jollycove, it is a hot job; but I'll make it red-hot for you before I get through with you. (*Exit R. 2 E.; clear the stage and change to*)

SCENE II.—*A stove, boxes, barrels, counters, etc., discovered.*

CLERK *behind counter*. Enter TIMOTHY, D. in F., with bundles; business of winking at shopman, etc.

TIMOTHY. Governor in, eh? (CLERK, *thinking he's a mad-man, retires frightened*, L. 2 E. Enter GRIGGS, when TIMOTHY commences the business as JOLLYCOVE has directed, when GRIGGS takes his hands, shakes.)

GRIGGS. I see you are one of the craft,—U. R. A. D. B. S. Welcome! You shall have a heavy order. I have been waiting two months for a brother; I'm right glad to meet you. Before we proceed to business, I will hand you the customary twenty-dollar note for your personal expenses.

TIMOTHY (*takes note; aside*). Am I awake?—is this a good bill? Yes, good as gold. Oh, what a fortune for me! (*To GRIGGS.*) Ten thousand thanks for your kindness.

GRIGGS. Nonsense, it is nothing but your due as a true brother,—U. R. A. D. B. S. Come, step into my private office, produce your samples, and to business. (*During this time JOLLYCOVE has entered and stands behind barrels watching proceedings.*) Your hand once more. (*They shake hands and exit.*)

JOLLYCOVE (*comes forward*). Well, I wish I may be shot, if I ain't a thick-headed fool. Jollycove, You Are A Damned Badly Sold Drummer. Oh, I could tear my hair out by the bushel. By accident I have discovered this secret order, and guessed the sigs, and given them to that "misery of miseries," who drank my brandy under my very nose, and enabled him to sell a bill of goods and get a twenty-dollar note from old Griggs. I must get even some way. I'll go and get my samples; I know the signs now, and I'll get an order out of old Griggs, and a twenty-dollar note. I'll go at once, and as soon as Sorrowful comes out, I'll strike old Griggs myself. (*Exit.*)

TIMOTHY (*enters*). Oh, happiness of happiness! No more misery of miseries. Jollycove is my benefactor. I am as happy as a bird and as buoyant as a cork. Mrs. Sorrowful and thirteen little Sorrowfuls, five of 'em twins, shall be happy too. A twenty-dollar note! I'll have a new coat, vest, and—a new hat. (*Kicks it around stage.*) New togs from top to toe, and a glass of brandy toddy with my benefactor. (*Exit.*)

(Enter JOLLYCOVE with bundles; winks at CLERK, who does as before. Enter GRIGGS; JOLLYCOVE goes to him and says.)

JOLLYCOVE. Say you will — say you will?

GRIGGS. No, I won't. Didn't I tell you this morning to keep out of my store?

JOLLYCOVE. U. R. A. D. B. S. Put her there.

GRIGGS. Are you a fool, or a lunatic, which?

JOLLYCOVE. Let me have it — let me have it!

GRIGGS. You impertinent scoundrel, I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget.

JOLLYCOVE. I want it now — I want it now.

GRIGGS. You do, hey! Here! (Calls, "Tom, Dick, and Harry;" they come on.) Now give it to him good. (They let fly at JOLLYCOVE, bundles, etc., beat him with clubs, general row, and close in, or)

CURTAIN.

Baker's Monthly Bulletin.

TO MEET MR. THOMPSON. A Farceical Sketch in One Scene. By CLARA J. DENTON. Eight female characters. Scene, a parlor, very simple; costumes modern, and all requirements very easy. An admirable drawing-room piece. Plays fifteen minutes. (1890.)

PLACER COLD; OR, HOW UNCLE NATHAN LOST HIS FARM. A New England Drama in Three Acts. By DAVID HILL. Ten male and five female characters. Scenery, not difficult; costumes, modern. This comedy-drama of New England life is of the general class to which "Old Jed Prouty" and "Joshua Whitecomb" belong. Its scenes, characters and humor are rustic; its interest, simple but strong. Uncle Nathan is a strong part. Gipsy, the waif, is an admirable soubrette, as good as "M'liss." Mike and Joe, good Irish comedy characters. (1890.)

Price, 25 Cents.

MRS. WILLIS' WILL. A Comic Drama in One Act. Five female characters. Scene, a rustic interior, very easy. Costumes, everyday and eccentric. This piece has an excellent plot, and is very funny. Few plays for female characters only are as satisfactory in performance.

INNISFAIL; OR, THE WANDERER'S DREAM. A Drama of Irish Life in Four Acts. By RICHARD QUINN. Seven male and three female characters. Scenery not difficult; costumes of the period. This piece is interesting in story and depicts Irish patriotism, sentiment and humor, with truth and vigor. The character of Felix is an admirable one, the player assuming many disguises in course of the action. Effie (lead) and Mary Anne (soubrette) are both good parts; Benner (heavy) and Con o' the Bogs (heavy comedy) very effective. (1889-1890.)

CHUMS. A College Farce in One Act. By the author of "Class Day." Three male and two female characters. Scenery and costumes, very easy. Tom Burnham wears ladies' costume throughout the piece, and all the characters may be played by men, if desired, as in the original performance by Graduate Members of the Pi Eta Society, of Harvard College, at Beethoven Hall, Boston, February 29, 1876. A very funny piece and a sure hit. (1890.)

Price, 25 Cents.

WHEN THE CURTAIN RISES. A collection of short plays for parlor performance. By CLARA J. DENTON. The plays in this collection are short, bright and easy to get up, just the thing for the "Home Theatre." No scenery is needed, and no costumes that do not hang in every one's closet. Contents: THE MAN WHO WENT TO EUROPE. A Comedietta in One Act, for four males and two females. ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE. A Drama in Three Scenes, for three males and two females. "W. H." A Farce in One Act, for one male and three females. A CHANGE OF COLOR. A Drama in One Act, for two males and three females. TO MEET MR. THOMPSON. A Farce in One Act, for eight females. (1890.)

Price, 25 Cents.

BOUND BY AN OATH. A Drama in Prologue and Four Acts. By DAVID HILL. Six male and four female characters. Scenery, not simple, but easily simplified; costumes, modern. This is a strong and stirring melodrama of modern life and times. The comedy element is furnished by a negro and a quaint old woman's part. Elias, the "oath-bound," is a strong part; Seth is a good light comedy villain, and Jacob a strong "heavy" part. (1890.)

Price, 25 Cents.

THE GRANGER; OR, CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP. A Comedy in Three Acts. By DAVID HILL. Eleven male and two female characters and superns; six male characters only being important. Costumes modern and eccentric rustic. Scenery may be made elaborate or simple, according to circumstances. John Haymaker is a good character, new to the stage, and full of rustic humor and shrewdness. Alvin Joslyn, as played by Mr. Davis, comes nearest to it in flavor. The other characters are excellent, generally rustic types and those of low life in the city, where the incidents of "The Granger's" second act occur. The story is original in idea, and of great humorous possibilities. Just the thing for a Grange entertainment. Can be played with the simplest accessories, yet will amply repay care in getting up. (1890.)

Price, 25 Cents.

THE BOOK OF DRILLS; PART FIRST. A group of entertainments for stage or floor performance. By MARY B. HORNE, the author of "The Peck Sisters," etc. Containing: A NATIONAL FLAG DRILL (as presented by children in Belmont, Mass., at a Fair given by the Arachne, in December, 1888. Also as given by ten young ladies of the Unity Club in Watertown, Mass., Feb. 22, 1889); THE SHEPHERD'S DRILL; THE TAMBOURINE DRILL (as given at a Rainbow Party by twelve little girls of the Third Congregational Society, Austin St., Cambridgeport, May 2, 1889); THE MOTHER GOOSE QUADRILLE (as danced at the Belmont Town Hall, May 10, 1889). (1889.)

Price, 30 Cents.

Baker's Monthly Bulletin.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HUSKING BEE. An Old Folks' Entertainment in One Scene. By NETTIE H. PELHAM. For eleven male and five female characters, and as many more as desired. Scene, the interior of a barn, easily arranged; costumes old fashioned. Plays forty minutes or more, according to number of songs and specialties introduced. Very easy to get up, and very funny. An excellent introduction for a dance, supper, or sociable, where a mixed entertainment is desired. (1891.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

A VISION OF FAIR WOMEN. A Dramatic Paraphrase in One Scene. Based upon Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." By EDITH LYNWOOD WINN. Thirty-nine girls are called for, besides the "Dreamer" who has the vision; but a smaller number may be used, at pleasure, by simply reducing the number of tableaux. No scenery is required, and the costumes can be easily contrived by home talent. This is a very picturesque and enjoyable entertainment, and by giving a large number of pretty girls a chance to look their best, is sure to please them and every one else. (1891.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

JOINING THE TINPANITES; OR, PADDY McFLING'S EXPERIENCE. PART I. A Mock Initiation for the amusement and instruction of Secret Societies. Adapted to all orders, and containing nothing to offend any secret organization. By DAVID HILL. For thirteen male characters and supers. Scenery unimportant, the stage representing the interior of a lodge-room. Costumes, burlesque regalia. Plays forty-five minutes. This is an uproariously funny travestie of the forms of initiation, and is just the thing for a lodge-room entertainment. Any number of men can assist as members, etc. (1891.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

JOINING THE TINPANITES. PART II. The second Degree of this popular Burlesque Order. Characters, scenery, and costumes same as in Part I., of which it is a continuation. Can be played independently, or in connection with Part I., which it naturally follows, but without in the least depending upon it. (1892.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

JOINING THE TINPANITES. PART III. The Third and Highest Degree of this laughable "side" Order. Characters, scenery, and regalia, the same as in Parts I. and II. Like the other two, can be given as an independent Mock Initiation, or as the third part of a more elaborate ritual. (1892.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

THE CHAPERON. A Comedy in Three Acts. By RACHEL E. BAKER. Fifteen female characters. Scenery not difficult. Costumes, tennis gowns and modern street and evening dresses, with picturesque Gypsy costumes for Miriam and Jill. Time in playing, two and a half hours. This clever play of life at school and in society continues the series of plays for ladies so admirably begun by "Rebecca's Triumph," and is deservedly popular. It unites refined fun with a strong dramatic story, and is at once amusing, interesting, and picturesque. (1891.) **Price, 25 Cents.**

THE SPY OF GETTYSBURG. A Drama in Four Acts. By CHARLES TOWNSEND. Eight male, three female characters. Time of playing, two hours and thirty minutes. Scenery, two interiors. Costumes, modern and military—easily arranged. This is one of the best war dramas ever published, and is especially suitable for amateurs. It is full of bright fun and soul-stirring incidents. The interest is awakened at the outset, increases with each act, and the final climax brings a whirlwind of applause. The characters are all first-class. *Solomon*, the negro, is one of the most laughable darkey characters ever seen in any play. The incidents of this play cluster about the tremendous struggle at Gettysburg, and depict the adventures of the hero while acting as a scout for General Meade. The book contains a chapter of special interest, giving careful instructions regarding the style, make-up, and costuming of each character. (1891.) **Price, 25 Cents.**

PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION; OR, OLD MAIDS MADE NEW. A Farce-Comedy in One Act. By MARY B. HORNE. For three male and three female characters. Modern every-day costumes. Scenery of the very simplest character. Plays about an hour, or longer, according to specialties, songs, etc., introduced. This entertainment is a decided novelty, and is exuberantly funny. First-rate Irish soubrette part, and capital comic old man. Prof. Baxter's patent process for making old people young again suits everybody, both on the stage and off. (1891.)

AN ENTIRE NOVELTY.

THE GREAT MORAL DIME SHOW

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE SCENE.

By MARY B. HORNE,

Author of "THE PEAK SISTERS," PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION,"
"THE BOOK OF DRILLS," "THE CARNIVAL OF DAYS,"
"PLANTATION BITTERS," ETC.

Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes simple; scenery an ordinary interior, or may be dispensed with altogether. Plays from half an hour upward, according to the number and character of additional specialties introduced. Printed exactly as first performed by the Unity Club, Watertown, Mass., on Friday evening, February 5, 1892.

This most amusing entertainment is a burlesque of the ordinary "dime-museum," so-called, but is entirely devoid of the vulgarity of its original, and perfectly adapted to church or home performance. The characters are, save the lecturer and her assistant, a wonderful collection of "freaks" of nature (some-what assisted by art) who sing, dance or recite, according to their special abilities, in illustration of the explanatory lecture. It is most elastic in its requirements, can be played on any stage or platform, with or without scenery, and with a greater or smaller number of characters, according to taste or necessity. It can be made uproariously funny, and is in character as well as fact

A SEQUEL TO THE PEAK SISTERS.

Price, - - - 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

SCENE.—The exhibition hall of Sister Keziah's Show. Sister Keziah's introductory lecture. Johnathan, the bashful assistant. Introductory hymn. Introduction of the "freaks." DANIEL MCGINTY *redivivus*. Daniel's song. LUCIA ZARATE, the celebrated Mexican dwarf. KIOTO, the shortest man alive, *not financially*. The wonderful MERMAID. The Mermaid's song. CASSIUS WHITE, the ossified boy. A "rocky" recitation. KALLULU, the only specimen of his kind in captivity; illustrated by cuts. SIGNOR GALASSI, the celebrated Glass-Eater. Galassi sings. ALLEGRO PENSEROSO, the wonderful two-headed girl; not to be confounded with the more common two-faced girl. Two ways of eating a pickle. IDA and IONE, the Grecian maidens. RAPHAEL TINTORET, the blind painter, who paints blinds in full view of the audience. AH CHIN and WUN LUNG, the Chinese twins, extremely well connected from birth. "The Land of Tea." KA-FOOZLE-FUM, the Turkish vocalist. Grand finale and curtain.



BAKER'S SELECTED LIST OF JUVENILE OPERETTAS

Designed especially for Church, School, and other Amateur Organizations. Complete, with all the music and full directions for performance.

- Grandpa's Birthday.** In One Act. Words by DEXTER SMITH; music by C. A. WHITE. For one adult (male or female) and three children; chorus, if desired. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
- Jimmy, The Newsboy.** In One Act. Written and composed by W. C. PARKER. For one adult (male), and one boy. No chorus. Very easy and tuneful. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
- The Four-leafed Clover.** In Three Acts. By MARY B. HORNE. For children of from six to fifteen years. Seven boys, seven girls, and chorus. Very picturesque. PRICE, 50 CENTS.
- Beans and Buttons.** In One Act. Words by WM. H. LEPERE; music by ALFRED G. ROBYN. Two male and two female characters; no chorus. Very comical and easy. PRICE, 50 CENTS.
- Hunt the Thimble.** In One Act. Words by A. G. LEWIS; music by LEO R. LEWIS. Two male, two female characters and small chorus. Simple and pretty. PRICE, 50 CENTS.
- Red Riding Hood's Rescue.** In Four Scenes. Words by J. E. ESTABROOK; music by J. ASTOR BROAD. Three male, four female characters and chorus. PRICE, 50 CENTS.
- Golden Hair and the Three Bears.** In Five Scenes. By J. ASTOR BROAD. Three adults (2 m., 1 f.), eight children and chorus. Music is easy, graceful, and pleasing. PRICE, 75 CENTS.
- R. E. Porter; or, The Interviewer and the Fairies.** In Three Acts. Words by A. G. LEWIS; music by LEO R. LEWIS. Six male, six female characters, and chorus. Very picturesque and pretty. PRICE, 75 CENTS.
- Gyp, Junior.** In Two Acts. Words by EARL MARBLE; music by D. F. HODGES. Two males, one female (adult), three children and chorus. Very successful and easily produced. PRICE, 75 CENTS.
- Alvin Gray; or, The Sailor's Return.** In Three Acts. Written and composed by C. A. WHITE. Ten characters, including chorus; can be made more effective by employing a larger number. PRICE, 75 CENTS.

Catalogues describing the above and other popular entertainments sent free on application to

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHERS,

No. 23 Winter Street, - Boston, Mass.