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No. 417

The
Taming of Horrors

A GIRL SCOUT PLAY

IN

FOUR ACTS

By

GLADYS I. YOUNG

Captain of Troop 1, Grand Haven, Mich.

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SCENE: HORRORS' room, "Mess," in Miss Lewis' School for Girls.

Act 1—The beginning of the school year.

Act 2—One week later.

Act 3—End of second school month.

Act 4—Graduation week in June.

CHARACTERS

SHIRLEY MASON (HORRORS), careless and spoiled.

MRS. LIPKINS, the matron of the school.

JESSIE JAMES and CAPTAIN KID, roommates who live in Paradise Alley.

PATRICIA KENT, a Girl Scout from a Michigan troop.

MRS. KENT, mother of Patricia, and Captain of a Girl Scout troop.

FLUFFY OWL and SNOWY OWL, more roommates in Paradise Alley.

AIRY, who rooms up in the tower.

DUCKY, the swimming enthusiast.

SIX BASKET BALL GIRLS.

THE TAMING OF HORRORS

ACT I

HORRORS' room, "Mess," living up to its name. Two cots, table, bureau and chairs littered with clothing, books, tennis racquets, Indian clubs, ukelele, chafing dish, etc. A large sign "Mess" hangs over bureau. A large picture of a man stands on the table. Absolute disorder. HORRORS sits at table writing letters.

HORRORS. (*Reading her letter*) "And so, dear Auntie Ruth, just tell father that he had better double it for next month, one never can tell what may happen. We might adopt a French town or something, and besides, everything I own is a sight. Clothes never stay nice with me. Much love, Shirley." There, I guess that is all. I surely hope Auntie Ruth doesn't censor this before Dad gets it. Now, where did I put my geometry?

(*Rap at door. Enter MRS. LIPKINS, who stops suddenly at sight of the room and drops into first chair.*)

MRS. LIPKINS. Shirley Mason! Your room has never been in a worse condition. It is always bad enough, goodness knows, but this surpasses any-

thing in my experience, and to-day of all days! I just came up to tell you of it. You are to have a roommate, such a nice girl. Patricia Kent, a perfect lady. I am so in hopes that she may have a good influence on you. She's from Michigan, such a nice girl. And here your room looks as if a cyclone had struck it. Clean this up at once, she must have half of all space.

HORRORS. (*Who has been staring, open-mouthed*) But, Mrs. Lipkins, where shall I put my things? Everything is full, and oh; truly, Mrs. Lipkins, I just know she won't care to room with me. She would be so unhappy, and besides I might get a nightmare or something catching and it would be so dreadful for her. Can't you find another room for her? Oh, please, Mrs. Lipkins, for her sake!

MRS. LIPKINS. Yes; I dare say, for her sake. Shirley Mason, put down that geometry and get to work on this room. You are not going to class until this room is fit to bring a young lady into. She shall room with you and you are to see that she is not annoyed. She and her mother are down in the office now. I shall bring her up in fifteen minutes and I want this place presentable. (*Exit MRS. LIPKINS*)

(*HORRORS sits on cot, picture of despair, gazes around room and finally goes to door and cautiously calls: "JESSIE JAMES! CAPTAIN KID!" Enter JESSIE and CAPTAIN, carrying books and Indian clubs.*)

JESSIE. What's up? What was Lippy in here for?

CAPTAIN. Hurry up! We're almost late now and my shoes are in the locker at the gym.

HORRORS. Captain Kid! Jessie James! I'm to have a roommate again, A perfect lady! A nice

girl! Her mother brought her. She's to influence me. She's to be here in fifteen minutes. Girls, this is the third time we have had to take a new girl into Paradise Alley. What shall we do? Hurry, say something.

JESSIE. Well, Horrors, give us a chance. Why the worry? We made all the others ask to be moved. This one won't stay long. Where are you going to put her, anyway?

HORRORS. I can't be nasty to her. Lippy said I was to see that she was not annoyed and in return she is to influence me. Tame me, I suppose. Girls, I shall be eating out of her hand in six weeks. I know I shall. My personality that we just learned of is to be submerged. And, anyway, girls, this room is too small for two.

CAPTAIN. Any room is too small for two if you are one of the two. Fix it up, Horrors. You got rid of the others. Why don't they put her over in the Poet's Corner? They are all students and nice girls over there. Why must Paradise Alley always take the newcomers? Well, so long, I'll surely be late. (*Exit* CAPTAIN)

JESSIE. (*With sudden idea*) Well, if you have to give her half of the room why not go half on everything like this. (*Pulls open drawers and shoves contents to one side, scoops off half of the table and piles the surplus on the floor*) There, isn't that easy? So long. I'll tell Miss Norcross that you are detained from geometry. You can't have another skip this month, you know. (*Exit* JESSIE)

(HORRORS *continues to put her things into one-half of the room, mostly under the bed. Finally she gives up in despair, throws herself on the cot, sobs angrily and pounds the pillows. Enter* MRS. LIPKINS, MRS. KENT *and* PATRICIA.)

MRS. LIPKINS. Yes, this is the room, Mrs. Kent. Shirley has been doing some hasty moving, so her things are a bit chaotic as yet. (*She sees HORRORS lying on the cot*) Shirley Mason, get up off that bed. This is Shirley, Mrs. Kent. Patricia, this is your new roommate. I know you girls will be great friends. Shirley is one of our finest girls, leads in all er-er-er enthusiastic meetings. Go right on with your settling, Shirley. You have classes this morning, you know. (*To MRS. KENT*) I will see you in the office when you wish to come down. (*Exit MRS. LIPKINS*)

(*PATRICIA and MRS. KENT, who were at first shocked, now ignore the room and HORRORS' stormy face. MRS. KENT crosses to HORRORS and puts her hands on her shoulders.*)

MRS. KENT. So you are the one who is to take care of my Patricia. I think I am well pleased. Mrs. Lipkins said that you were going to be a fine woman some day. I think you are a fine girl now. (*Turning to PATRICIA*) We don't like to say good-bye, do we? Never mind, summer will come again soon and back to the birds and pine needles we will go. Here is a little gift you may open before you go to bed to-night. It is yours and it is mine and it belongs to Shirley, too. It stands for brave deeds, and tender hearts and steady faith. Always protect it. Good-bye, little private. (*Hands her a parcel and salutes*)

PATRICIA. Good-bye, Captain Mother, I know what the gift is right now. I shall treasure it all year and bring it back to the birds and pine needles with me. (*They kiss and then salute, exit MRS. KENT. PATRICIA stands very still gazing at the door. She suddenly turns and busies herself with her large pasteboard box which she puts under the bed.*)

HORRORS. (*Who has watched it all*) Say, do you always act like that? Is that the way your mother always is? Why did you call her Captain? Aren't you going to cry because she is gone?

PATRICIA. (*Who has been unpacking her bag*) No, I'm not going to cry. I do feel queer inside, though. But it was so good of mother to come with me that I mustn't be horrid about her going. Yes, mother is like that with all of us seven children, and she is just the same with her forty-eight girls, too. We all call her Captain.

HORRORS. (*Dropping into her chair*) Seven children! Forty-eight girls! Say, does your mother run an Orphan Asylum?

PATRICIA. (*Laughing*) Oh, no! The seven of us are not orphans. We have daddy and mother. The forty-eight are in mother's—well—they are friends of mother's. (*HORRORS tries again to put her things away, but finally stops to watch PATRICIA carefully putting her things in the drawers. As she puts her mother's picture on the table she sees the photograph of a man on HORRORS' half*) Oh, is this your brother?

HORRORS. Nope! Don't know who it is. Belongs to a Freshie on the third floor. She found it in a hotel room on her way here and swiped it. I rent it from her for ten cents a week. Isn't he spiffy?

PATRICIA. Oh, how badly someone must feel over losing it. Someone must love him dearly.

HORRORS. Well, I do. I'm crazy about him. (*Sensing PATRICIA's disapproval, HORRORS slyly puts the picture in a drawer*)

HORRORS. Well, if I don't go to class, I will be counted as skipped again. Nothing I can do for you before I go, is there?

PATRICIA. No, thank you. You have done so

much already that I would not dare ask for more favors.

HORRORS. (*Just before disappearing*) Humph! Influence, taming!

PATRICIA. (*Saluting her mother's picture*) A friend to all. Yes, Captain Mother, I'll try. When I open my gift to-night, it will be easier. It stands for brave deeds, tender hearts and steady faith. I'll need lots of faith to live in Mess with Horrors.

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II

(One week later)

SCENE: "*Mess,*" much neater, although very full of personal belongings. PATRICIA'S side perfect. HORRORS, JESSIE JAMES, CAPTAIN KID, FLUFFY and SNOWY OWL and AIRY are having a spread of sandwiches, olives and fudge.

FLUFFY. Truly, Horrors, this sandwich dope is wonderful. Where did you get it?

HORRORS. It's Patricia's.

FLUFFY. How does it happen that you are eating it? By the way, where is Patricia?

HORRORS. Oh, she is down in the library studying. She has just loads of stuff like this in her trunk but she won't eat a bit of it. She says after she brought it she decided to win a health badge, whatever that is, and she won't eat between meals. I don't know how or where she wins it. She never mentioned it but once.

AIRY. Humph, she's crazy!

HORRORS. No, she isn't, Airy. I'm not keen about her as you all know, but she really isn't crazy. She does a lot of funny things, though. Every day she salutes that flag that her mother gave her. She wears a funny pin that looks like a clover, and every morning she ties a little knot in the end of her tie. It is always out by night but she always ties it. I don't know what to make of her. And girls, she

has a pasteboard box that she has never opened. I am dying to know what is in it, but she won't open it. It is this big. I offered to unpack it once for her and she said, "No, that won't be opened yet." Isn't it mysterious? And yet, she is sort of nice. She told me once to help myself to her jam and marmalade because she wouldn't eat any for three months. I asked her if she were ill and she said, "Mercy, no!" Now, why don't she eat it?

CAPTAIN. Maybe she has found out that it is poison and wants to kill us off.

HORRORS. (*Laughing*) No, I can't believe that, but girls, she hasn't tried to civilize me at all. If she does, she shall leave. And girls, she had the jolliest letter from her mother. She read it to me. She had just got home to Michigan, you know. She said her whole troop met her and they had taken good care of her house and family while she was away. What do you suppose she meant? Troop sounds like an army.

JESSIE. Oh, let's give her up. Maybe you are not getting tamed, Horrors, but you surely are influenced. I'm so sick of hearing of the Honorable Pat. You gave her whole history last night in our room; we never before heard of such an angle, and I might add that "Mess" was never before known to have an empty seat for each guest. I think, dear, Pat is doing you good. You will positively be orderly by the end of the year.

HORRORS. Jessie James, you are horrid. Captain Kid tries to pretend I am different, too. I'm not! I won't be. I have always been the horror of the school and I shall continue to be. Now, don't another one of you dare to suggest such a horrid thing again. If you do I shall tell Pat that she has——

(*Enter PATRICIA.*)

PATRICIA. Pat has what? Did I interrupt?

HORRORS. Oh, no! (*Gasps*) I was just saying, "Pat has such a nice, a nice, er—such a nice way of doing her hair."

PATRICIA. Daddy asks me why I don't try combing it some time.

HORRORS. Have some sandwiches, Pat?

PATRICIA. No, thanks.

AIRY. Why don't you eat, Patricia? You wouldn't last a week up in my tower room.

PATRICIA. Well, I surely didn't mean to be rude, but you see if I don't eat between meals and do a few other things, according to a certain plan, I may win a Health Badge in an organization to which I belong.

CAPTAIN. What organization is it that thus tries to starve its members, the Anti-Fat Association?

PATRICIA. (*Laughing*) No; it's the Girl Scouts.

ALL. Girl Scouts! What's that?

PATRICIA. It is a nation-wide organization for girls. In fact, you may find members in England, France, Russia and many other foreign countries. They may not be called Girl Scouts but the idea is the same. In England they call themselves Girl Guides.

JESSIE. But what do you do in your Girl Scout Organization?

PATRICIA. We try to live up to a promise which we make. We have ten laws to guide us in our daily life. We help people whenever we find someone needing help and we study.

CAPTAIN. Study. No thanks. I hate geometry; Latin makes me sick; French is developing my adenoids. No Girl Scouting for me!

PATRICIA. But, my dear, we don't study geometry, or French, or Latin. We learn about our Country and our Flag; we learn to signal and tie knots like the sailors; to send telegraph messages

like the telegraph operators and to march like the soldiers. We camp out-of-doors in the deep woods. Oh, girls! Did you ever sleep by a lake in the moonlight? Were you ever awakened in the night by the whip-poor-will? Did you ever lie in the woods for an hour watching a squirrel gather nuts? Did you ever paddle a canoe right into the path of the moonlight? And then, did you ever hear some woman whom you love tell you stories by a campfire, stories of great people, of wood-lore, of Indian legends? Oh, girls, that is what Scouting means! You forget yourself; you learn to be friends with others; you find wonderful hearts under horrid conditions; you grow better and nobler every day. Oh, I know I am not noble, but I try to be good. When I am in my uniform and saluting my flag I can just feel goodness creeping over me. Oh, you girls are good to me, but I miss my Scout friends so. I see them all in uniform, marching with Captain Mother, marching off into the country, resting by the roadside, frying bacon over a campfire, swimming in our favorite lake, and then marching back in the twilight. And I haven't been in my uniform since I left home.

FLUFFY. Where is your uniform?

PATRICIA. Oh, I have it here in a pasteboard box, but——

ALL. (*Glancing toward HORRORS*) A pasteboard box!

PATRICIA. Yes; would you like to see it?

ALL. Yes.

PATRICIA. All right, I'll put it on. (*PATRICIA takes box from under bed and exits*)

SNOWY. Say! Wasn't that just like going to church? Do you suppose she has done all those things? Wouldn't it be sport to do them?

HORRORS. Girls, I believe she has done these things. That is why she is different. She is a nicer

girl than any of us. Look how she spent her holiday last week down in the laundry helping Mrs. Flynn while her burned hand was so bad. Just yesterday she helped that horrid Newton youngster pack her trunk. She had to go home to her sister's funeral, you know. And Pat was the only one who would help her to get ready to go. She is nice and we might as well own up to it. None of us are so nice. We are willing to eat her jam and marmalade, but we are not willing to profit by her example of lady-like behavior and just plain goodness.

SNOWY. Do you suppose we could be Girl Scouts? I suppose we couldn't be as good as she is, but we could try and maybe I would become noble.

FLUFFY. No, you wouldn't. You have roomed with me so long, my dear Snowy Owl, that you could never be noble. Besides, what would the Owls' Nest be like with a noble inmate? Owls may look wise, but they are never noble.

SNOWY. Never mind being funny, Fluffy. Let's try to improve Paradise Alley. We all are horrid and we know it. The rest of the girls hate us and call us snobs. The teachers hold special meetings to see what they can do to make us behave. We have caused more than one girl to cry herself to sleep at night. Do you remember when we made fun of that Ruth-what's-her-name, because she walked so funny and we found out later that she was lame? If we try to improve right away then we can be better before Patricia tries to influence us. You know Mrs. Lipkins said she hoped she would. And we don't want Lippy to think her wish has come true.

CAPTAIN KID. Fine; I solemnly promise to try to live down my name of Captain Kid and be less piratical. I shall try to make Horrors a neat, law-abiding citizen, make Fluffy and Snowy keep their

rooms clean, make Airy turn the radiators off when she raises the windows in her Tower and make my own roommate, Dear Jessie James, more motherly.

JESSIE. (*Resisting her sudden embrace*) Idiot! Keep still! Lippy will hear you!

SNOWY. Oh, let us sing while we are awaiting Pat in her regimentals. Here, Horrors, play on your uke.

HORRORS. All right. (*Breaks into a popular air which they all sing. Just as they are finishing PATRICIA enters, salutes her flag*)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT III

SCENE: "*Mess*" in perfect condition. HORRORS studying at a table. Several large reference books piled near her. Sounds of hilarity outside. HORRORS puts her hands over her ears and continues studying. Enter a group of six girls in blouses and bloomers carrying a basket ball.

FIRST GIRL. Horrors Mason! Studying on Saturday morning! Come on out to the field. We are going to have a game just for fun. Ditch your library!

SECOND GIRL. Yes, come on, Horrors. You haven't been out with us for ages and you are getting to be a regular old drudge.

THIRD GIRL. Candy! Do I see candy? (*Helps herself from the box*)

HORRORS. Pass it to the girls. Father sent it to me, but I am not eating candy for three months. No, thanks, girls, I guess I won't go out and play this morning. Say, do any of you girls know in what battle the American flag was first carried? I simply can't find it.

FOURTH GIRL. No, I don't and I don't care. But I do know that this is too glorious a morning to stay inside and we can't get anybody out. The Owl's Nest sounds about as cheerful as a morgue, the Last Chance, ditto, Mess is a regular Quaker meeting. Where's Patricia?

HORRORS. In the infirmary. You know the school nurse is ill and Patricia has been up all night with that little freshman, Marjorie Newman. She's very ill with tonsilitis. I just took Patricia's breakfast to her and she ought to be in bed herself. But Marjorie thinks she is going to die and won't let Pat leave her. Patricia says that she will use it for her good turn so she may take the knot out of her tie.

FIFTH GIRL. Well, hope she doesn't die. Funerals are so tiresome, you know. So long. We'll find someone to play with us or die in the attempt.

SIXTH GIRL. And if we do die, we shall ask Pat to help us and that may be another good turn for her.

(Exit the GIRLS, calling back their good-byes. HORRORS goes back to her studying, but is interrupted again by DUCKIE in swimming togs.)

DUCKIE. Why, Horrors! This is Saturday morning. Aren't you going swimming? Hurry, there are six girls in the tank already and you know Lippy only allows twelve at a time.

HORRORS. Well, run along and don't wait for me. I have some work to do and I don't expect to have time for swimming this morning. I'm going to mend Pat's gym suit for her, because she is working in the infirmary to-day. Never mind me, Duckie, but have a good swim.

DUCKIE. What makes Pat work there? She isn't hired to be a servant in this place. Well, good-bye, you old drudge. Get your work done. I have seven pairs of stockings to mend. You may start in on those any time, now.

(Exit DUCKIE. HORRORS starts once more to study. Enter PATRICIA, holding her head, as though it ached. Sits down wearily on the bed.)

HORRORS. Pat, are you ill? What is it?

PATRICIA. No, I'm not ill, but I am so tired I can't see straight and I guess my head sort of aches.

HORRORS. (*Fixing pillows and putting her comfortably on the bed*) Well, you just rest for a couple of hours and you will be better. Here, have a cold drink.

PATRICIA. No, I don't want one. It hurts so to swallow. It has all night.

HORRORS. (*Springing to her feet in dismay*) Hurts to swallow! Oh, Pattie, you are ill. I'm going for Lippy. Oh, this is awful!

(*Exit HORRORS. PATRICIA sits up on the bed with her hand at her throat, tries to swallow and makes a face as though it hurt.*)

PATRICIA. I guess I have caught Marjorie's tonsillitis, all right. Oh, I am so ashamed to be ill. After all my Good Health habits, it's disgraceful to give up.

(*Enter MRS. LIPKINS and HORRORS.*)

MRS. LIPKINS. My dear Patricia, this is too bad. I'm just sorry that I let you stay with Marjorie. Let me see your throat. Um! That is pretty bad. You can't stay here. I'll put you right to bed in the infirmary. Land sakes! I hope it doesn't spread. Shirley, bring Patricia's night wear and then come back and gargle your throat. Come, Patricia, I hope you have taken it in time. Dear child! I hope you will be spared to us.

(*Exit MRS. LIPKINS and PATRICIA. HORRORS finds PATRICIA'S robe and exits. Enter SNOWY, FLUFFY, AIRY, JESSIE JAMES and CAPTAIN KID. CAPTAIN carries a Scout Handbook and JESSIE a coil of rope.*)

AIRY. Well, where is everybody?

SNOWY. Pat's working, you know. But where is Horrors? (*She glances at the books on the table*) The History of Our Nation! Well, Horrors has been studying, but where is she now?

JESSIE. Well, let's do the ones we can and leave that one. What is the first one, Captain Kid?

CAPTAIN. (*Reading from the handbook*) Reef knot. You tie, Jessie. Take an end of rope in each hand. Cross the end in the right over the end in the left. Twist, cross the end in the left over the end in the right. Twist. Pull. There, that isn't a granny. Now, let Fluffy Owl tie the half-hitch.

(FLUFFY OWL *ties the knot around the handle of the ukelele.*)

CAPTAIN KID. Pass the end under and around the pole, around the standing part and under itself. Good, Airy, the sheep shank. Cross the hands and grasp the rope. Take up the slack by drawing the hands past each other. Make a bight in the standing part between the fold and the end. Slip it over the fold. Do the same at the other end. Fine! Let's test it.

(JESSIE and AIRY *are testing the knot when HORRORS rushes in.*)

HORRORS. Oh, girls! Pat's awfully ill. She caught tonsilitis from Marjorie and now she is in the infirmary and Lippy's awfully scared and she sent word to Miss Lewis and she sent for a doctor. Lippy said that she hoped Pat would be spared to us and they only say that in the church when people are dying. Oh, girls, it's horrible.

JESSIE. And we came to ask Pat to help us tie the Bowline. As usual, asking Pat to help us.

Always doing something for somebody. Girls, she can't die. She is needed so much. Just look what she has done here in the school and she has only been here two months. I think that God sees we need her here and He won't let her die.

CAPTAIN. And we have been so horrid. We just wouldn't be nice to her. We've eaten her jam and marmalade and we've had her help us with our lessons.

AIRY. Yes, and she mended my skirt when I tore it on that loose handle on my bureau.

HORRORS. Girls, we haven't always been horrid. She told me just yesterday that she was proud to write to her mother that eight of us were now studying Scouting and that Miss Lewis was in favor of a big troop here. She liked us for becoming Scouts. If she dies we may be glad that we pleased her in that way. But oh! I don't want her to die. I don't want her to die.

(Throws herself on the bed sobbing. All the GIRLS show grief.)

Curtain

ACT IV

SCENE: "*Mess.*" Table, chairs, etc., pushed back to wall. PATRICIA piling books and talking to someone off stage.

PATRICIA. This is one of the nicest things about graduation week. I shall miss this year's Seniors when I come back next year, but I mustn't think of that now. I must just think that this is the last Scout meeting of the year and you have come all this way to be here for it and to take me back, back to the birds and pine needles!

(*Enter many GIRLS and MRS. LIPKINS. GIRLS fall into patrols facing PATRICIA and MRS. LIPKINS sits in chair.*)

PATRICIA. Girls, I have a wonderful surprise for you. You know, I am really not eligible to act as a captain as I have been doing. I sent all of your Tenderfoot papers to my mother and she corrected them and graded you. I couldn't present your pins, so I wrote to mother and said that I saw no way out of it, she would just have to come and present them, and here she is. (*Draws her mother into room. GIRLS all gasp and salute. MRS. KENT smiles and returns the salute*)

MRS. KENT. I surely need not tell you how delighted I am to be here with you once more. All year I have wished that I could invent some excuse

for coming to get acquainted with you girls whom Patricia has learned to love, and now that I am here, I can think of no other way to show my pleasure than to immediately give you your Tenderfoot pins. Attention! Flag! (TWO GIRLS bring PATRICIA'S flag to position in front of the troop) Salute!

ALL. (*Standing at salute*) I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

MRS. KENT. Inspection!

(PATROL LEADERS *inspect their patrols and come to Mrs. Kent to be inspected.*)

MRS. KENT. All the Scouts of this troop have faithfully passed all the tests necessary for claiming the title of "Tenderfoot Scout." I now name the girls of Troop I of Miss Lewis' School for Girls, Tenderfoot Scouts. In recognition of their rank, I present them with the pin of that rank. Will you repeat with me the promise which is symbolized in our pin?

ALL. (*Standing at salute*) On my honor, I will try to do my duty to God and my country—to help other people at all times, to obey the Scout Laws.

MRS. KENT. I shall ask Patricia to act as lieutenant. (PATRICIA *steps forward and hands Mrs. Kent the pins as she fastens one on each girl's dress. They then step back facing the troop*)

MRS. KENT. Quite outside of Scouting, I want you girls to know how I appreciate your kindness to Patricia. She came here a stranger. She was thrust into the happy family of Paradise Alley. You girls were acquainted with each other and, of course, you didn't want a new one who was a stranger to you all. Yet, you were all kind to her.

Horrors gave up half of her room and made my little girl feel at home at once. She introduced her to all of her friends and they in turn made her feel as one of them. I know what it meant to Patricia for her letters were filled with accounts of your kindnesses. When she was so ill with tonsillitis, you girls kept her cheerful and happy. Your little notes and messages did more to help her recover than the doctor's medicines. And, of course, best of all is your interest in Scouting. We are so proud of our organization that we want others to realize its worth. When I look at you girls and recall that my little girl was the one to bring you into Scouting I am proud to be Patricia's mother. She has done well. When you girls graduate and scatter, I hope you will always remember that Patricia and I still love you and we will always be glad with you in your successes and grieve with you in your troubles. And back of our friendship will stand the great movement, "The Girl Scouts," holding us together and sealing our friendship with an unbreakable seal.

HORRORS. (*Who has been having pangs of a guilty conscience*) Oh, please, Mrs. Kent, it is wonderful of you to say that we were kind! But, we were not. We said horrid things of her. We said she was silly and even crazy. We ate her jam and were glad that she wouldn't stay to eat some, too, for it gave us a better chance to talk about her. Mrs. Lipkins said that she hoped Patricia would have a good influence over me and I vowed she wouldn't. I made the girls promise that they wouldn't say that I was improving. But Patty did improve me. She tamed me just as the girls said she would and I'm glad she did. I am a better girl than I was last September. I haven't been so frivolous; I have given a part of every allowance to someone who needed it; my clothes have lasted

longer because I have taken better care of them, and Patty did it all. She never preached once, but she was just all that was good herself and she made me ashamed of myself. I am improved and influenced and tamed and all by my Scout sister, Patricia Kent.

(HORRORS *steps forward and gives PATRICIA the Scout-shake. All GIRLS give salute. MRS. KENT smiles and salutes. MRS. LIPKINS shakes her head as if to say, "I told you so."*)

Curtain

THE END

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce. Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents.

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The Touch-

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellows prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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