

JAN 15 1916

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

Souvenir Spoons

Price, 15 Cents



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Souvenir Spoons

A Comedy in One Act

By
IRVING DALE

Notice to Professionals

This play is published for the use of amateurs only. Professional companies are forbidden the use of it in any form or under any title, without the consent of the author, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1915

Souvenir Spoons

CHARACTERS

WALTER VARNELL.
CLEO VARNELL, *his wife.*
LYDIA VARNELL, *his sister.*
THE HOTEL MANAGER.

SCENE :—A small reception room in a fashionable hotel.



COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY H. L. DALE
As author and proprietor

All rights reserved.

PS
3507
. A36
86
1915

AFC-1709

Souvenir Spoons

SCENE.—*A small reception-room in a fashionable hotel. There is a telephone.*

Enter WALTER VARNELL and the two ladies. The ladies are in their best bib and tucker, and carry muffs.

WALT. This room is empty. You had better wait in here.

CLEO VARNELL (*throwing herself into a chair and giving a sigh of perfect content*). Oh, I'm too full for utterance. I just hated to leave that frozen pudding. I'm a teetotaler, but I love frozen pudding.

LYDIA VARNELL. Wasn't it good? I'll say this for you, Walter, you're not stingy. When you do a thing, you do it up brown.

WALT. Leave it to me.

LYDIA. The check must have been enormous.

WALT. (*pulling out some change*). Sixty cents left out of a ten-dollar bill.

LYDIA (*sitting down aghast*). Nine dollars and forty cents for a luncheon for three people!

CLEO. Good heavens, that would buy a ton of coal! What did we have to eat that cost all that?

WALT. Search me! I didn't look at the bill; I was ashamed to; the waiter was so haughty.

LYDIA. Nine dollars and forty cents! Why, that's robbery, Walter!

WALT. Oh, hang the expense. We don't have you with us often, Sis. When we do, we treat you right, don't we, Cleo?

CLEO. Oh, I suppose so. But I do wish I hadn't left that frozen pudding. They'll probably put it back into the freezer and serve it to some one else.

WALT. Now, you two girls make up your minds what show you want to see and I'll go and get the tickets.

LYDIA. Let me pay for them, Walter. That will be my part of the treat.

WALT. Tut, tut, my dear, this is on Cleo and me.

CLEO. Oh, let her pay for them if she wants to. She's your sister.

WALT. Look here, wife, we won't scrap about it; this whole blow is on me, see? Now hurry up and decide what show it is.

CLEO. Let Lydia choose; she's company.

LYDIA. No, you choose, Cleo.

CLEO. I don't know what's in town.

WALT. Well, here's a paper. We'll look and see. (*Takes newspaper out of his pocket.*) Um—er. Where are the amusements? Oh, here they are. Want something funny?

LYDIA. Let's go to a vaudeville show.

CLEO. I hate vaudeville; it's nothing but hash. Isn't there a musical comedy somewhere?

WALT. Montgomery and Stone at the Park.

CLEO. Let's go there. Montgomery is awfully funny—or is it Stone?

LYDIA. Stone is the funny one.

CLEO. Is he? Are you sure? Now, I thought it was Montgomery. Why do they put him first if it's the other way around?

WALT. What's the matter with you? Has the pudding gone to your head? Would you like to see them, Lydia?

LYDIA. I'd love to.

WALT. All right, it's a go. You two can amuse yourselves for five or ten minutes, can't you?

LYDIA. Oh, surely. I've got some postal cards of the hotel that I found down-stairs. I'll address them and send them home.

(WALT. goes out.)

CLEO (*calling after him*). Hurry back! Don't pay over two dollars apiece, Walter. It would be just like him to be silly and buy them of a speculator, or something. Did you say you had some postal cards? Where did you get them? I didn't see them.

LYDIA. They were in a basket near the door as we came in. Just pictures of the hotel, you know. Want one?

(*As she takes them out of her muff, a spoon drops on the floor.*)

CLEO. What was that? It looked like a spoon.

LYDIA (*trying to conceal it*). Oh, nothing.

CLEO (*running to LYDIA*). It is a spoon! Let me see it. Why, Lydia, it is one of the hotel spoons!

LYDIA (*looking around*). Ssh! What of it? I wanted a souvenir.

CLEO (*lowering her voice*). Oh, Lydia, I shouldn't have thought you'd dared!

LYDIA. Why not? No one saw me. I'm making a collection. I've got over thirty—all from different hotels and restaurants.

CLEO. Oh, my! Isn't it—isn't it stealing?

LYDIA (*sharply*). Stealing! Of course not. The hotel people lose a lot of these things—they expect to. If I'd known the bill was to be so big, I'd have taken the table-cloth. I was sadly tempted to take one of those little brass finger bowls. (CLEO *starts*.) Weren't they the dearest little things! Russia stuck out all over them. It would have been perfectly easy to tip out the water, and to drop my muff over it—so—like that.

CLEO. Oh, Lydia! I—I—

LYDIA. What's the matter?

CLEO. Er—er—nothing. But suppose the hotel people should—should miss anything?

LYDIA. What if they do? They're hardly likely to hold us up and search us. We're respectable, aren't we? (*She puts the spoon in the front of her waist*.) There, it's out of sight.

CLEO. It hadn't occurred to me before, but it's awfully like stealing, isn't it?

LYDIA. Ssh! Some one will hear you! You mustn't say a word to Walter, he'd be horrified.

CLEO. Oh, I won't, I won't!

LYDIA. Promise.

CLEO. Oh, I promise.

LYDIA. Now, I'm going to address these cards before he gets back. Do you want one?

(*She sits at a desk and is back to CLEO.*)

CLEO. No, thanks.

(*Takes a little brass finger bowl out of her muff unseen by LYDIA, and tries to find a place about her clothing to hide it.*)

LYDIA. Every time I think about that luncheon check, it makes my blood boil. Oh, here is a picture of the hotel dining-room. Wonder what I'll put on that? Oh, I know. (*Writes.*) "Den of the Forty Thieves." (CLEO *nearly drops the bowl.*) Mother won't know what that means, but I can tell her when I get home. Here's one of the main entrance of the hotel. Let's see. (*Writes.*) "All hope abandon ye who enter here." The folks will think I've got a grudge against this place. (*Clenches her fists.*) Nine dollars and forty cents! (*She turns around suddenly and catches CLEO leaning over, still trying to find a place to hide the bowl.*) What are you doing?

CLEO. Pulling up my stocking.

LYDIA. That reminds me, I have a hole in mine.

CLEO. What did you say about bowl?

LYDIA. I said I have a hole in my stocking. I'll have to be careful. Oh, here's Walter, back so soon. Hello, what luck?

(*She gets up as WALT. enters. CLEO, finding no better place than her muff, conceals it there again, unseen by WALT. and LYDIA.*)

WALT. Didn't keep you waiting long, did I? Got the tickets down-stairs. Well, there's nothing doing for Montgomery and Stone. I had to get seats for the Broadway.

LYDIA. What are they playing there?

WALT. Oh, a crook play, "My Lady Raffles."

CLEO } (*together*). "My Lady Raffles!"
LYDIA }

CLEO. I don't want to see that. I don't like the sound of it. I'm sure it's something unpleasant.

WALT. No, it's a farce. One of the roaring kind.

CLEO. Couldn't you get anything at all for Montgomery and Stone?

WALT. Not a thing. All sold out.

CLEO. Why didn't you try the speculators?

LYDIA. Oh, come, Cleo, be a sport. What do you care what you see as long as it is entertaining.

CLEO (*with meaning*). Well, I guess I can stand it if you can.

(*She gets up and puts her muff on a table while she adjusts her hat.*)

WALT. We've got plenty of time to walk. Don't you want to? We can look in the shop windows on the way.

CLEO. Oh, yes; let's. Perhaps Lydia will see some spoons she likes.

LYDIA. That will be fine. (*Under her breath.*) Cat! (*CLEO looks as if she were going without her muff, and LYDIA reaches for it.*) Don't forget your muff, Cleo dear.

CLEO. I wasn't forgetting it, thank you.

(*Just as they are going out THE HOTEL MANAGER heads them off.*)

MAN. (*to WALT.*). Pardon me. I am the manager of this hotel. May I speak with you a minute?

WALT. Certainly. (*To the ladies.*) You will excuse me?

(*They speak apart as the ladies walk away.*)

CLEO (*nervously*). What can be the matter?

LYDIA (*equally nervous*). I'm sure I don't know. Walter seems to be getting hot under the collar.

CLEO. You don't suppose the hotel people have discovered anything, do you?

LYDIA. How silly; of course not. They wouldn't make a fuss about so small a thing.

WALT. (*angrily*). It's an insult! An outrage! To pen us up here like a lot of thieves! Search us and be done with it!

MAN. It is not intended as an insult, neither do we mean to pen you here like thieves. We simply ask you, as a courtesy, to remain in this room until we can locate the guilty person.

LYDIA. Guilty person! What do you mean?

MAN. We have just discovered a theft in the dining-room, madame, and we wish no one to enter or leave the hotel until we find the culprit. We have good reason to believe that he, or she, is still on the premises.

CLEO. But we can't stay; we are going to the theatre.

MAN. I am sorry to insist—to cause you inconvenience. It will be but a short time I am sure. A taxi is at your disposal.

(*He goes out.*)

WALT. (*calling after MAN.*). Why don't you lock us up? Lock us up, I say! (*He storms around.*) This is an out-

rage! An outrage! To keep me here like this. Me, a business man, director in three banks, known from one end of the city to the other! They shall suffer for this! I'll sue them for libel! I'll write a letter to the *Tribune!*

CLEO. It seems to me, Walter, that you are mightily concerned about yourself. You don't think how unpleasant it is for me.

LYDIA. Well, I think it is a big fuss over nothing.

WALT. You think it nothing to be detained here, to be under suspicion?

LYDIA. I mean I think the hotel people are making a great fuss over a very small —

(Realizing that she has said too much, she claps her hand over her mouth.)

WALT. *(turning on her)*. Small! Small! Who told you it was small? How do you know it is small? What do you mean?

(LYDIA begins to whimper.)

CLEO. She means that probably what has been taken is of very small value.

WALT. How do you know it is of small value? He didn't say what had been stolen. *(At "stolen" LYDIA bursts into tears.)* What's the matter with you, anyway?

CLEO. She's nervous—excited.

WALT. What's happened to her to make her nervous? Why should she be excited? She looks guilty!

LYDIA *(crying louder)*. Oh! Oh! Oh!

WALT. What do you two know about this affair? It begins to look mighty suspicious.

LYDIA *(crying)*. Oh! Oh! Walter—I've—I've got what they're looking for. I took it.

WALT. You've got it! You took it! What do you mean?

(He takes hold of her wrist.)

LYDIA *(shrinking)*. Don't! Don't kill me, Walter!

(CLEO tiptoes to the door and closes it.)

WALT. What do you mean? Out with it!

LYDIA. The spoon. Here it is. (*She brings forth the spoon, and then sinks on her knees at his feet.*) Don't kill me! Don't kill me!

WALT. You—stole—this—spoon!

CLEO. Oh, Walter, she only took it as a souvenir.

WALT. Souvenir! Did you take one, too?

CLEO. No, I didn't know anything about it until we got upstairs. Don't be angry, Walter. You'll give it back, won't you, Lydia?

LYDIA (*getting up from the floor*). Oh, yes, yes.

WALT. (*covering his face with his hands*). My sister a thief!

LYDIA (*bursting forth again*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

CLEO (*putting her arms about LYDIA*). Lydia! Lydia!

WALT. Come away from her, Cleo, come away. You'll contaminate yourself. It makes me shudder to see you together. Oh, the disgrace of it! I could stand almost anything but that—a thief!

(*He is overcome again.*)

CLEO (*patting his arm*). Oh, Walter, don't. I am sure it isn't as bad as you think. She isn't mean—wicked; you know she isn't.

WALT. My poor little lamb, my dove! Because you are pure yourself you think the whole world good.

(*LYDIA dries her eyes and sniffs.*)

CLEO. It was only a teaspoon, Walter—such a little thing!

WALT. (*shaking his head sadly*). Feminine logic! If she'd take a teaspoon, she'd take a silver service—the principle is the same. Besides this may not be her first offense. For all we know she may have taken a hundred spoons.

LYDIA (*crying again*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

WALT. See, she weeps! A guilty conscience! Oh, Lydia, this is awful—awful! I can't understand why you took it. Do you lack spoons?

LYDIA. No, no, I'll give it back, I'll give it back.

WALT. Of course, you must, and shall. (*There is a knock at the door.*) Hello! (*Enter MAN.*) Oh, it is you. Well, we have the culprit. My sister has confessed!

MAN. Confessed?

WALT. She took the spoon.

CLEO. As a souvenir.

MAN. Spoon? Souvenir?

WALT. It will be returned, of course; and I hope the matter can be hushed up.

MAN. But we have the thief in custody down-stairs. It was one of the porters.

WALT. }

LYDIA. } What!

CLEO. }

WALT. Weren't you looking for a spoon?

MAN. No, for a lady's purse.

(The two women sink into chairs.)

WALT. *(after a pause)*. Well, as long as you know so much, you may as well know more. My sister had the bad taste to take one of your spoons.

LYDIA. }

CLEO. } As a souvenir.

MAN. Oh, yes. You will find, I am sure, that the—er—souvenir was charged on the bill.

WALT. Charged for on the bill!

MAN. Yes, the waiters are instructed to charge for any of the table furnishings that may be taken as—as souvenirs. Do you care to see the bill?

WALT. Indeed I do care to see the bill.

CLEO. Oh, let's not bother. Let's take his word for it and get out of the mess as gracefully as possible.

LYDIA. I want to see the bill. I want to see what they're getting for spoons these days.

MAN. *(going to telephone)*. Were you in the main dining-room or in the grill?

WALT. In the main room.

MAN. *(calling up)*. Hello. The cashier in the main dining-room, please. *(To WALT.)* Do you happen to remember the amount of the check?

LYDIA. Remember the amount of the check!

WALT. Around nine dollars.

MAN. Hello. Is that you, Miss Floyd? This is Mr. Davis. Will you see if you have a check for nine dollars, or thereabouts? *(To WALT.)* What time were you in the dining-room?

WALT. About half an hour ago.

MAN. *(to MISS FLOYD)*. About half an hour ago. You have? Will you send it up-stairs? Yes, to the small reception

room on the second floor. Right away, please. Thank you. (*Hangs up receiver.*) We have had so many losses, we found that the only way to protect ourselves.

WALT. And the bills are paid without question?

MAN. (*with a smile*). As a rule, yes. Once in a while a gentleman will protest, but for the sake of the lady—it is usually a lady who takes—er—souvenirs—he will pay the bill. We try to avoid unpleasant situations. (*There is a knock at the door, which MAN. answers.*) Yes, thank you. Here is the bill. (*They gather around him.*) “Three Manhattan cocktails; oysters; er—er——” (*He runs down the list.*) “Frozen pudding——” Here it is, “One silver teaspoon—two dollars.”

LYDIA. Two dollars apiece! (*Looks at the spoon.*) Two dollars a dozen!

MAN. Here, hold on; what's that after the spoon? “One brass finger bowl, a dollar and a half!” Did you take a finger bowl, too?

LYDIA. I didn't. I didn't. I took only a spoon.

MAN. Perhaps there is a mistake. I will have the waiter come up-stairs. Let's see, you had waiter number five. He is usually very accurate.

(*He starts toward the telephone.*)

CLEO (*stopping him and speaking in a small voice*). Please don't. I took the—the finger bowl!

(*She takes it from her muff.*)

WALT. (*sinking into a chair*). You, too!

LYDIA (*clenching her fists*). Hypocrite!

(*MAN. gives a smile and a shrug.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

MASTER PIERRE PATELIN

A Farce in Three Acts

Englished from an Early (1464) French Play

By *Dr. Richard T. Holbrook*

Of Bryn Mawr College

CHARACTERS

PIERRE PATELIN, *a lawyer.*

GUILLEMETTE, *his wife.*

GUILLAUME JOCEAULME, *a draper.*

TIBALT LAMBKIN, *a shepherd.*

THE JUDGE.

Four males, one female. Costumes of the period, amply suggested by reproductions of contemporary cuts; scenery, very simple and fully explained. Plays an hour and a half. A popular edition of this well-known French farce for schools. Its literary and historical interest very great, it is perfectly actable and absolutely modern in its dramatic appeal to an audience, and uproariously funny in its effect if presented with even slight skill. Altogether an ideal offering for schools and colleges. Professor Holbrook's version, here offered, has been acted with distinguished success at Bryn Mawr College and at The Little Theatre in Philadelphia, and a version adapted from the Holbrook text by Professor George P. Baker was successfully given at his "Workshop 47" in Cambridge. Strongly recommended. Free of royalty for amateur performance.

Price, 50 cents

JOLLY PLAYS FOR HOLIDAYS

A Collection of Christmas Plays for Children

By Carolyn Wells

COMPRISING

The Day Before Christmas. Nine males, eight females.

A Substitute for Santa Claus. Five males, two females.

Is Santa Claus a Fraud? Seventeen males, nine females and chorus.

The Greatest Day of the Year. Seven males, nineteen females.

Christmas Gifts of all Nations. Three males, three females and chorus.

The Greatest Gift. Ten males, eleven females.

The plays composing this collection are reprinted from "The Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia and other popular magazines in answer to a persistent demand for them for acting purposes. Miss Wells' work requires no introduction to a public already familiar with her wit, her humor and her graceful and abundant fancy, all of which attractive qualities are amply exemplified in the above collection. These plays are intended to be acted by young people at the Christmas season, and give ample suggestions for costuming, decoration and other details of stage production. These demands are sufficiently elastic in character, however, to make it possible to shorten and simplify the performance to accommodate almost any stage or circumstances. The music called for is of the simplest and most popular sort, such as is to be found in every household and memory. This collection can be strongly recommended.

Price, cloth, post-paid by mail, 60 cents net

A NEW START

A Comedy in Four Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Seven males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A very funny play intended for performance by boys or young men.

CHARACTERS

MR. W. WRIGHTUP, *alias* } *a medical*
DR. PHIL GRAVES, R.S.V.P., P.T.O. } *student.*
MICHAEL SPOWDER, *his servant, from Tipperary.*
COLONEL AILMENT, *a patient.*
MISS O'PHEE, *a patient.*
THOMAS WROTTER, *an ambitious youth.*
MRS. LANGWIDGE, *his aunt, of British origin.*
MR. PERCY VEERING, *an attorney.*
A LABORING MAN.

Price, 15 cents

TOO CLEVER BY HALF

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Six males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a quarter. Very lively and funny; intended for performance by boys or young men.

CHARACTERS

JUDGE SIMEON ADAMS, *a well-to-do, kindly, pompous old bachelor.*
MISS BURGESS, *his housekeeper. With matrimonial schemes.*
NATHAN DEAN, *the village constable. Fat-witted, and gullible.*
HOWARD FOSTER, *a Pinkerton detective. Too clever by half.*
MONSIEUR GASPARD, *a Chef d'Orchestre.*
B. FLAT } *musicians. Britishers.*
A. SHARP }
MRS. WORDY, *landlady of the village inn.*
Price, 15 cents

THE FIRST DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Six male characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. An exceptionally brisk and humorous piece intended for male characters only.

CHARACTERS

PROF. B. WILLDARD, *a naturalist. A short-sighted old man.*
JOB SHIRKER, *a shoemaker. Envious of other men's success.*
JOSEPH SHIRKER, *his son. A tramp.*
HENRY COPPER, *a police officer and a duffer, born in England.*
TOM BOUNDER } *schoolboys. Impertinent and full of high spirits.*
JIM BOUNDER }

Price, 15 cents

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for high school performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche. Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up to date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

Price, 25 cents

THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Allan Abbott. Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours and a half. A play of rural life specially written for school performance. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and the piece is full of laughs. Easy to produce; no awkward sentimental scenes; can be strongly recommended for high schools.

Price, 25 cents

THE TEASER

A Rural Comedy in Three Acts by Charles S. Allen. Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country postman, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if desired. Plenty of incidental fun.

Price, 25 cents

COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for schools. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE MISHAPS OF MINERVA

A Farce in Two Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Five males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays one and a half hours. An exceptionally bright and amusing little play of high class and recommended to all classes of amateur players. Full of action and laughs, but refined. Irish low comedy part. Strongly endorsed.

Price, 25 cents

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

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

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

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

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

And

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

THE COMING OF ANNABEL

A Comedy in One Act
By *Alice C. Thompson*

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

Price, 15 cents

THE MISSES PRINGLES' LEAP YEAR

A Comedy in Two Acts
By *Amaryllis V. Lord*

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

Price, 15 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

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

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

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

