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PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

By W. D. EMERSON.

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,

CHICAGO.

PETTICOAT PERFIDY

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT

BY

SIR CHARLES L. YOUNG, BART.

AUTHOR OF

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Dreams; The Late Sir Benjamin; Baron's Wager;
Drifted Apart; Etc.

CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

PETTICOAT PERFIDY

Produced at the Court Theatre, London, May 21, 1885

CHARACTERS

	Court Theatre. May 21, 1885.	Chicago Opera House; December 5, 1888.
MRS. MOUNTREVOR	Lady Monckton.	Miss Lucia Gale
MRS. NORWOOD JONES [<i>a widow</i>]	Mrs Beerbohm Tree.	Miss May Vokes
JULIETTE [<i>Lady's Maid</i>]	Mrs. Labouchere.	Miss Mildred Holland

SCENE.—Drawing-room in Mrs. Mountrevor's Flat in Albemarle-street.

PETTICOAT PERFIDY.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room in the flat occupied by MRS. MOUNTREVOR in Albemarle street. Prettily furnished. As curtain rises MRS. MOUNTREVOR is discovered on sofa reading the "Morning Post."*

MRS. M. Nothing in the paper, positively nothing, and I have read through every line of it, advertisements and all. [*electric bell heard*] Ah! [*rising and throwing down paper*] Somebody is coming at last. I wonder who it is. [*listening*] Somebody who wears thick boots. Oh, it's Lady Lovibond—her footsteps always remind me of a policeman's tramp along the pavement. Well, she'll talk for twenty. [*seats herself at the piano, and runs her fingers over the keys*] Eh? Nobody after all. Really, this is too bad! I have been back in town for three weeks—left cards at all my acquaintances, bores, frumps and all, and let them know that I am at home on Wednesday afternoons, dating from to-day—it's nearly five and not a soul has been near me! What is the meaning of it? [*rises*] And what will my new butler, Blossoms, think of it? I told him there would be at least thirty people calling by four o'clock. He will think me a miserable imposter! [*knock at the door*] There he is—come to give warning, I suppose—come in. [*sits by fire. Enter JULIETTE with tea service on a tray*] Oh! it's you, Juliette.

JUL. [*at table*] *Oui, madame.* [*placing tray on tea-table*] I thought Madame would not wait longer for her tea. Madame ordered it at four o'clock for her visitors.

MRS. M. [*hastily*] Did I? I meant five. Nobody

comes before five.

JUL. Madame said quite a little crowd would come at three.

MRS. M. You misunderstood. But why does not Blossoms bring in the tea?

JUL. Ah—M. Blossoms—he looks so noble waiting in the hall to announce the friends of Madame, and assured me that when there is only a *maitre d'hotel* like himself and a *femme de chambre* like myself, it is the duty of the *femme de chambre* to bring in the tea.

Mrs. M. Indeed!

JUL. *Oui, madame*—it is the English custom, he says. [*taking up the paper*] Has Madame finished with the journal?

Mrs. M. Yes—why?

JUL. M. Blossoms is a little *ennuye*, what you call weary—that is all.

MRS. M. [*aside*] Yes—and so am I. [*aloud*] Who rang the bell just now and was admitted?

JUL. [*comes to table*] A visitor for the cook, madame.

MRS. M. Oh—my cook receives on Wednesdays, does she?

JUL. As Madame does not go out on Wednesdays, cook thought she would choose the same day as Madame, and it is more convenient for M. Blossoms.

MRS. M. [*aside, angrily*] Well, upon my word—I—[*seeing JULIETTE pouring tea into several cups*] What are you doing, Juliette?

JUL. If all the cups are clean the first visitor that comes may think that Madame has been neglected this afternoon, and I wish to preserve the self-respect of Madame.

MRS. M. Nonsense! As if anybody would look into the cups, and draw such a conclusion.

JUL. Probably Madame would herself at the house of another. See these chairs, their order is too manifest, each say, "Nobody has sat in me." If Madame will permit me. [*places chairs in disorder about the room*] *Voilà*, that is better. Has Madame any further orders?

MRS. M. No, thank you, Juliette, you have done quite enough for my self-respect, I assure you.

JUL. [*goes to couch*] Madame is so good. And the newspaper for M. Blossoms ?

MRS. M. Take it, by all means.

JUL. *Merci*, madame.

MRS. M. I hope the *Morning Post* is good enough for him.

JUL. Ah, *oui*, madame—Madame has not noticed anything *un peu risqué* social intelligence?

MRS. M. Good heavens, Juliette! What in the world do you mean? [*crosses to R.*]

JUL. M. Blossoms is so impressionable.

[*she goes out, D. R.*]

MRS. M. What next, I wonder? Juliette is a very extraordinary young woman. [*bell heard*] Is this somebody for me or for the cook? I am sure it is my turn next. [*seating herself on sofa*] Ah—my work. [*takes up piece of embroidery*] Always looks so well to have some work in hand—dissipates any notion of frivolity, and makes one's idle friends feel uncomfortable.

MRS. N. J. [*outside*] Oh, never mind about announcing me. [*enter MRS. NORWOOD JONES*] Dearest Mrs. Mountrevor, I am so delighted to see you—

MRS. M. [*as they shake hands very warmly*] As I am to see you; I was sure you would pay me a visit this afternoon.

MRS. N. J. Oh, but this is not a visit, oh no; I have only just looked in to see how you are, that is all; just a kind of flit in and out. [*sits on sofa*]

MRS. M. [*laughing*] Like the Transit of Venus.

MRS. N. J. How you flatter, my dear. A gentleman told me at Floreuce that I reminded him of the Venus of Mile End—

MRS. M. Milo, I think you mean.

MRS. N. J. Well, same thing, I believe. I told him that several other gentlemen had made the same remark. Then I went to look at tee Venus of Milo—and—

MRS. M. You were gratified with the compliment?

MRS. N. J. Not much; the Venus of Mile End—Milo, I mean, well, there, she had no milliner's bill, anyway. But what I was going to say was that I was going along Picadilly on my way to the concert at the Princes Hall,

and I thought "I'll just look in on Mrs. Mountrevor; it's her afternoon at home, and I'll have just a few minutes' quiet chat with her, as I shall be sure to find her—alone.

MRS. M. Alone! Oh, my dear, if you had come ten minutes sooner there would not have been a chair for you to sit upon. Indeed, ever since three o'clock the room has been crowded, positively crowded. Why, my throat is quite sore with talking.

MRS. N. J. Ah, I thought your voice sounded a little shaky.

MRS. M. Shaky?

MRS. M. J. Dreadfully tired, I mean. You ought to take more care of yourself, my dear. Keep your feet warm and your head cool; that's my way. And who has been here this afternoon?

MRS. M. Oh, almost everybody. The French Ambassador, the President of the Board of Commerce, Mrs. Happyrock, Lady Smith Kensington, the Duchess of Dorset—

MRS. N. J. The Duchess of Dorset—are you quite sure! [rises]

MRS. M. [rises] What do you mean by sure?

MRS. N. J. I thought the dear Duchess was at Nice.

MRS. M. [crosses, L.] Oh, so she was, but she only stayed there a short time, and has just come back.

MRS. N. J. A very short time; she only left London for the South of France the day before yesterday.

MRS. M. [confused] One travels so quickly now-a-days. Do have some tea.

MRS. N. J. Thanks, let me help myself.

[taking up tea-pot]

MRS. M. I hope there is some left.

MRS. N. J. Oh yes—it's quite full. [sits L.]

MRS. M. Blossoms has filled it up so many times, I am afraid it's rather weak.

MRS. N. J. Weak! [pouring out tea] Not at all, just as strong as if it had never been touched. What wonderful tea yours must be.

MRS. M. Just what everybody has remarked this afternoon.

MRS. N. J. I am not surprised to hear it. What a

pretty piece of work you are engaged on, dear.

MRS. M. Yes, it is for a bazaar.

MRS. N. J. You actually work for the poor, you angel of charity. By-the-way, dear, I have a thousand apologies to make to you.

MRS. M. Apologies?

MRS. N. J. Oh, yes, dear. You remember the other evening when I lent you my box at the opera?

MRS. M. And promised to join me and never came. Really, dear, I ought to scold you; you placed me in a most awkward situation.

MRS. N. J. Compelled you to spend the evening *tete-a-tete* with a strange gentleman. Too bad, wasn't it? But I had such a dreadful headache.

MRS. M. So your friend told me. But of course we expected you every moment. Who in the world was he?

MRS. N. J. Herr von Wolfhausen. Did he actually remain in the box?

MRS. M. All the evening. As I say, expecting you to come in every moment.

MRS. N. J. My headaches are so inconvenient. And did he make himself very agreeable?

MRS. M. More agreeable than most men. He never said a single unpleasant thing of any lady in the house, and he seemed to recognize most of them. What is he?

MRS. N. J. What is he? Yes, what is he? Well—he is an artist.

MRS. M. An artist? Do you often see him?

MRS. N. J. Oh, constantly. I saw him this morning, and he never stopped talking about you, dear.

MRS. M. What! he had the impertinence to—

MRS. N. J. To admire you, indeed, from the artistic point of view.

MRS. M. Ah, well, I suppose I must forgive him. To tell you the truth, dear, there are *days* when one feels, without any nonsense, that one does look excessively nice.

MRS. N. J. Evenings generally, I think.

MRS. M. I am bound to say that everybody was looking at me in a way which would have been very confusing if—

MRS. N. J. If you had not been accustomed to it. What delicious tea this is.

MRS. M. Have another cup.

MRS. N. J. [*rises; gets c.*] No, thanks. By-the-bye, what has become of that pretty Japanese cabinet of yours?

MRS. M. Oh, I gave that to my husband.

MRS. N. J. With all its contents?

MRS. M. [*rises*] My dear!

MRS. N. J. Yes, I know you kept your secrets in it.

MRS. M. I took out my secrets—as you choose to call them—and substituted cigarettes. And just let me give you a hint. Don't trust to those Japanese cabinets.

MRS. N. J. I don't trust anything much. But what is the matter with these particular cabinets?

MRS. M. My husband was always envying me the possession of mine, so I thought I would give him a similar one on his birthday. When it came from the shop I had the curiosity to see whether the resemblance extended to the locks. It did extend. My key fitted his lock, and *vice versa*. You can understand at once that *that* was a fatal objection.

MRS. N. J. Oh, yes, I quite understand that.

MRS. M. I took the new one back to the shop and asked for one with a different lock, and was told that all Japanese cabinets were made upon the same model, locks and all.

MRS. N. J. Ah, my dear, they are no fools, those Japanese husbands.

MRS. M. [*goes up L.; going up to bureau and bringing down a pretty brass-bound box*] So I bought this, with a Brahma lock for myself and gave my husband the one he wanted.

MRS. N. J. Having previously transferred all your secrets.

MRS. M. If you choose to call them so. Everyone has some private papers not intended for publication. You have some, I am sure, widow though you are. You have shown me the *outside* of your secret repository.

[*puts cabinet back*]

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Oh, if I look inside it, I should find

what I want! [*aloud*] I admit that I have a little casket [*suddenly*]^{done}—but good gracious! I am forgetting all about the concert. Good-bye, dear; I shall see you to-morrow. It's my afternoon to-morrow, you know. Good-bye. [*goes to door and then turns*] Ah, by-the-bye, did you tell Herr von Wolfhausen that you are at home on Wednesdays?

MRS. M. No, certainly not.

MRS. N. J. Oh, but you ought ~~to~~ have ^{done} ~~it~~. He is a very valuable acquaintance, I assure you.

MRS. M. Very well. Bring him with you next week.

MRS. N. J. [*sits*] I'll do more than that, I will take you with me to call on him.

MRS. M. Oh, there is a Frau, you know—I mean, is he married?

MRS. N. J. I am sure I don't know. I never dreamed of asking the question.

MRS. M. What are you thinking of? You don't know whether he is single or double, and you would actually call on him?

MRS. N. J. But he may be treble for all I know. What does it matter? Everybody goes to see him, except you apparently. Why, he has a world-wide reputation.

MRS. M. It's very odd. I don't remember ever to have heard of him before.

MRS. N. J. Ah, well, he is better known by his 'Christian name.

MRS. M. His Christian name?

MRS. N. J. Of course, Frederic.

MRS. M. Frederic?

MRS. N. J. Yes, Frederic, the finest fitter of riding habits in London.

MRS. M. [*rises, with a scream*] What, Frederic, the Ladies' Tailor?

MRS. N. J. That's the elegant and amusing gentleman with whom—

MRS. M. I passed the evening in a box at the opera—oh, I shall die! [*throws herself on the sofa*]

MRS. N. J. [*with a malicious smile*] Oh, no, dear, don't die. Have some more tea, there is plenty left.

MRS. M. Oh, it's abominable—horrible! [*rises, comes to chair*] Mrs. Norwood Jones, I shall never forget nor forgive this disgraceful act of treachery.

MRS. N. J. No, my dear, I hope you won't.

MRS. M. It was an act of vengeance, then; what for?

MRS. N. J. What for? [*rises*] My love, I determined to pay you out for having supplanted me in the affections of Lord Fabian Fitznoodle.

MRS. M. Lord Fabian! What in the world do you mean?

MRS. N. J. I confided to you that Lord Fabian was paying the greatest attention to me; and during my temporary absence from London, you, my most familiar friend, try your hand at a flirtation with him, and you actually invite the silly old fop down to your house in the country.

MRS. M. I did nothing of the sort. It was my husband who invited him.

MRS. N. J. Of course! I thought you would say that. And it's your husband who encourages him to write to you, I suppose.

MRS. M. Write to me?

MRS. N. J. Certainly. His valet brought you a letter yesterday.

MRS. M. What! I swear I received no letter from Lord Fabian yesterday.

MRS. N. J. Swearing, dear, goes for nothing now-a-days. [*crosses, R.*]

MRS. M. But how can I convince you?

MRS. N. J. By a proof positive.

MRS. M. What proof?

MRS. N. J. [*pointing to cabinet*] That desk, love; that box that contains your private correspondence; give me the key.

MRS. M. Ah, you are asking too much.

MRS. N. J. I thought so!

MRS. M. If I put you to such a test, would you accept it?

MRS. N. J. Willingly! Come to Berkely-square and I will show you; it's close by.

MRS. M. How can I? I am at home this afternoon.

MRS. N. J. Oh! don't be afraid, nobody will come; that little adventure at the opera.

MRS. M. [*angrily*] Mrs. Norwood Jones!

MRS. N. J. Well, then, I'll go home and fetch my cabinet here, and we will open the boxes together.

MRS. M. I dare say! Before you bring it here, you will have taken care to sift the contents.

MRS. N. J. How wickedly suspicious you are! Here is the key, I will leave it with you. [*gives key*]

MRS. M. Well, that is fair. Here is my key. [*handing it*]; MRS. NORWOOD JONES *instantly makes for the cabinet, but MRS. MOUNTREVOR gets hold of it first*] No, no! The two together; you said so yourself. And if when you search my cabinet you find no letter from Lord Fabian—

MRS. N. J. My sweetest, we will be dearer friends than ever.

MRS. M. [*comes down*] Thank you. And how do you propose to atone for the ladies' tailor affair? [*business*]

MRS. N. J. Easily. I will tell everybody that it was my German cousin who is so ridiculously like Frederic, and there is an end of the matter. I shall be back in a moment. [*goes to door, holding up key*] I have got her now! [*goes out*]

MRS. M. German cousin! Cousin german, more likely! If I could but pay her out in her own coin! What can I do? Let me think. [*sits on sofa*]

Enter JULIETTE.

JUL. Madame want any fresh tea made?

[*takes up teapot*]

MRS. M. No, thanks, Juliette; there's quite enough.

JUL. [*at table; pouring out a little and tasting*] Ah, but this is so strong and bitter. I should make some fresh. I so understand tea, madame, when I was in the service of the great Russian lady, Madame la Princesse Borodinski—

MRS. M. Princess Borodinski, the lady who has been making such a sensation in Paris, whom everybody is talking about, and who is expected in London?

JUL. *Oui*, madame, she said I prepared *chai*, as they call tea, in a tumbler with a slice of lemon.

MRS. M. Juliette, I want you to do me a little service.

JUL. [*comes, c.*] Oh, with pleasure, madame.

MRS. M. That lady, Mrs. Norwood Jones, who just went out has often said how anxious she is to get into the society of Princess Borodinski when she comes to London.

JUL. [*with a shrug of her shoulders*] Madame la Princesse is very particular; I am afraid she will not accept my introduction. *C'est bête, mais c'est comme ça.*

MRS. M. I don't go so far as to ask you to do that. I want you to put on one of my dresses, and when Mrs. Norwood Jones comes back I will gratify her desire by presenting her to the Princess. Do you understand?

JUL. I understand; but it's a risk, I am afraid.

MRS. M. Juliette, if you pass yourself off upon Mrs. Norwood Jones as the Princess Borodinski, and successfully give yourself the airs of so fashionable a personage I will give you a ten pound note.

JUL. A ten pound note! Madame may make herself quite easy. I was always clever at acting and wished to go upon the stage, but my family thought the profession was unworthy of me.

MRS. M. [*rises*] Be quick, then, Juliette. I reckon upon your cleverness.

JUL. I place my talent at the disposal of Madame. [*assuming a dignified air*] In this case, Madame does not reckon without her host. They shall see how I can play the role of a *grande dame*.

[*sails out of the room with the air of a grande dame*]

MRS. M. [*rises*] Now—for further precautions. The Jones creature never dreamed that I had two keys to my cabinet—she thinks me too great a fool for that. [*opening cabinet with second key; comes down to table, c.*] Here's Lord Fabian's letter—I have kept it because I couldn't make up my mind whether I should show it to my husband and tell him to go and kick the writer. It's a perfect master-piece of impertinence, written in the most vulgar style—full of slang—suggesting a visit to the Crys-

tal Palace—the man must be mad. [*Puts it in her pocket*] These other letters—I don't think it's fair to let Mrs. Jones see these—or these photographs—recollections of the past—but I must leave something for her to find. Oh, I know. [*opens drawer in writing-table; takes out several letters and photographs*] A temporary exchange. Ah, these photographs of my husband, all in different positions. How fond that man is of being photographed, to be sure. I wonder if it is always for my sake. Oh! I can't put them all in; Mrs. Jones will think that too good to be true. Two will be enough. Letters from mamma, some from my brother Tom, bills from my dress-maker. Of course, I should hide them. Ah! a letter from Mrs. Jones herself. It will flatter her to find that there. In they go. [*places them in cabinet, puts the others into drawer of writing-table, which she locks, and puts key into her pocket; locks up and replaces cabinet*] Now I am ready for the tortures of the Inquisition.

[*sits on sofa, and resumes work*]

Re-enter MRS. NORWOOD JONES, with a small casket in her hands.

MRS. N. J. [*putting down casket*] There, my precious darling, there is my Bluebeard's chamber.

MRS. M. A chamber of horrors, or a Pandora's box?
[*sits, R.*]

MRS. N. J. Of course, you will understand, that as regards anything you may see inside you will preserve the strictest discretion.

MRS. M. Oh, my dear, how can you ask such a question? Do I not equally rely upon you? *got married.*

MRS. N. J. [*goes up*] Very well, then. *got married.* One, two, three, and away.

[*they open the caskets simultaneously, and search curiously*]

MRS. M. Three receipted bills.

MRS. N. J. Yes, I wish there were more of them. Bills for boots, bonnets, gloves.

MRS. M. Ah! I wish there were fewer of them.

MRS. N. J. Ah! a photograph—two photographs. Oh, dear! [*disappointedly*] Only your husband.

MRS. M. A miniature portrait of the late Mr Norwood Jones.

MRS. N. J. M.P. Don't forget his M.P.; he always was so particular about it. Poor dear! he gave me this casket.

MRS. M. Little dreaming of the use you would make of it.

MRS. N. J. [*off her guard*] He was always of such a confiding nature. [*hastily*] I mean he knew how thoroughly he could trust me. But why have you two portraits of Mr. Mountrevor?

MRS. M. You see, dear, one of him as he is—and the other as he ought to be.

MRS. N. J. Yes, the other is in Spanish costume, looking perfectly lovely, and not a bit like him.

MRS. M. No, not a bit. [*hastily*] I mean it was like him when I married him.

MRS. N. J. Oh, yes, he's very much gone off since then—

MRS. M. Ah, yes; he has had a great deal of anxiety.

MRS. N. J. Of course, I can quite understand that. What are these? Some of my letters to you? [*rises*]

MRS. M. And some of my scribblings to you. [*rises*] Oh, my precious Mrs. Norwood Jones!

MRS. N. J. [*they come c. and kiss*] My darling Mrs. Mountrevor!

MRS. M. You are satisfied that there is no trace of anything whatever from Lord Fabian?

MRS. N. J. Not the faintest suspicion of such a thing. [*aside*] She has another key. [*down L.*]

MRS. M. [*aside*] See has changed the contents of her casket. [*down, R.*]

MRS. N. J. You will forgive me, dear, that little affair of the opera, won't you?

MRS. M. Well, it wasn't quite fair; but I must forgive you. It really was so clever of you that I almost wish I could have invented the joke myself.

MRS. N. J. And played it off on me! What a dear, good, kind creature you are!

Another embrace. At this moment, JULIETTE, in a handsome

toilet, with bonnet on, looks in at door.

JUL. May I come in? [entering]

MRS. M. Oh, you! Of course. I am delighted to see you.

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] What a nice bonnet! Who can she be?

JUL. How good of you. Oh, my dear Madame Mountrevor, you look so nice; you must let me kiss you. [MRS. MOUNTREVOR *draws back*] You must, indeed. [*aside to her*] A Russian custom. [kisses her]

MRS. M. You must let me present you to my dearest friend, Mrs. Norwood Jones—the Princess Borodinski.

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Lor! [*aloud*] The Princess Borodinski—the Russian lady whom we have heard so much of lately.

JUL. [*sits, l. c.*] Ah madame, you flatter! You have not heard so much of me as I have of you—the celebrated beauty, Madame Norwood Jones.

MRS. N. J. Oh—really! What a lovely cloak. I wonder if that is Russian, too.

JUL. Madame Mountrevor has said, “You will find her a perfect miracle of elegance.”

MRS. N. J. Ah! I don’t deserve such a compliment as that.

JUL. Certainly not. [MRS. NORWOOD JONES {*starts back*}] It is not a compliment, but the truth.

MRS. N. J. Ah!

MRS. M. (*aside*) My last new jacket, and a bonnet I have not yet worn. (*sits on chair by fire*)

JUL. (*seating herself by* MRS. MOUNTREVOR) Do you know, *ma chere*, that I am extremely angry with you?

MRS. M. Indeed! may I ask why, Princess?

JUL. You have not been to one of my evenings.

MRS. M. I have just come to town, and my new toilettes are not ready.

MRS. N. J. I was not aware that the Princess Borodinski had arrived in London. I knew she was coming, but—

JUL. Oh, I have been here a week, and I receive Mondays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and there is dancing—

all *sans cérémonie*, you know—low necks but no diamonds. (*turning to* MRS. MOUNTREVOR) You ought to have come; the Duc de Montepulciano has been quite unhappy at your absence, *chère belle*.

MRS. M. *Chère belle*—what impudence!

MRS. N. J. (*aside*) Duke de Monte—what?

JUL. You have inspired him with a *grande passion*—and if you are not kind to him you will drive him to despair, my beautiful naughty lamb!

MRS. M. (*rising, aside*) This is too much.

MRS. N. J. (*aside*) Gone in for a duke! Then I'm wrong about Fabian—the Princess has let the cat out of the bag.

JUL. Sit down, my treasure; I have so much to say.

MRS. M. Will you excuse me for one moment? You have reminded me of a letter I must write. (*crosses, c.*)

JUL. To the Duke?

MRS. M. No; to the Duchess.

JUL. Pray go and write, *chère mignonne*, if Madame Jones will stay with me.

MRS. N. J. Oh, charmed, I am sure.

MRS. M. [*goes to door*] *Chère mignonne*, indeed! she is as impudent as the lady she pretends to be.

[MRS. MOUNTREVOR *goes out*]

MRS. N. J. How delightful to be alone with a Princess! [*aside*] Now if I can only get her to ask me to her evenings! [*aloud*] You have known Mrs. Mountrevor for a long time, Princess?

JUL. [*rises, and goes to sofa*] Oh, yes, chance brought us together some months ago, though perhaps we are not altogether in the same society.

MRS. N. J. Of course not. [*aside*] Always thought she hadn't so many grand acquaintances as she pretended.

JUL. [*looking about as if searching for something*] We thought we should suit each other—and so—I accepted her invitation, and passed some time with Madame Mountrevor at her home in the country.

MRS. N. J. Did you, indeed? You are looking for something, Princess?

JUL. *Oui*. [*still looking about*] My feet are tired, and

I am searching for—what do you call it?—*un tabouret*?

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Tambourine! Feet tired, and wants a tambourine!

JUL. Feetstool—that is the word—feetstool.

MRS. N. J. Oh, of course—[*rising*] here, let me fetch it for you, Princess.

JUL. *Merci, mon enfant.*

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Calls me her infant! Ah, she can't help asking me to her parties. [*puts down footstool*] There, Princess; what charming little shoes you wear.

JUL. Oh, they are too large; Madame's feet are much larger than mine.

MRS. N. J. , Madame's!

JUL. Ahem, Madame, my companion. A Russian custom. We never trouble ourselves about matters of toilette, we leave these trifles to our *dames de compagnie*. Madame believes that my hands and feet are the same size as her own, and so I suffer for her vanity.

MRS. N. J. What an odd idea. Our custom is just the contrary. Our ladies' maids receive our frocks, boots, &c., as perquisites—and, it's a very strange thing to have exactly the same figure as their mistresses.

JUL. Ah, yes, some ladies' maids are so clever. Would you be so good as to ring the bell and tell Madame's people to give me some tea?

MRS. N. J. Oh! let me give you some tea, my dear Princess. [*goes to table, pours out cup of tea, and hands it to JULIETTE*] Cream?

JUL. If you please.

[MRS. NORWOOD JONES *hands cream*]

MRS. N. J. I will have a cloak made like hers if I have to send to Russia for it. And sugar?

JUL. Three large pieces.

[MRS. NORWOOD JONES *gives sugar*]

MRS. N. J. Very pleasant society at the Mountrevors' country house, I suppose. [*gives tea*]

JUL. Oh, yes; but rather *triste*.

MRS. N. J. Yes. [*aside*] What beautiful French she speaks, too. [*aloud*] I always find the country so dull. But you meet very nice people; people in good society,

I mean?

JUL. Ah, no; very nice, but common-place and vulgar.

MRS. N. J. [*sits, L. C.*] You surprise me. Was not Lord Fabian Fitznoodle there? You don't call *him* vulgar, I hope.

JUL. Oh, no, he is quite a gentleman; very generous with his money, and excellent taste.

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Generous with his money! What does she mean? [*aloud*] I suppose you observed that he—well—that he paid great attention to Mrs. Mountrevor?

JUL. Not at all, not at all. [*holds out tea*]

MRS. N. J. I certainly heard that he did. [*putting her hand out*] Allow me—[*JULIETTE places her empty cup in it*—oh, pray allow me.

JUL. Will you put it down for me?

MRS. N. J. With pleasure. [*puts down cup*]

JUL. Thank you; Lord Fabian is a handsome man, a little *passé* perhaps; but, did you ever see his valet? Ah! his valet, *mon Dieu*, is a remarkably handsome man.

[*rises*]

MRS. N. J. No, I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. [*aside*] Rather an odd remark for a Russian princess!

JUL. It is very warm. Tell me, dear friend, do you see a fan anywhere about?

MRS. N. J. On the chimney piece

JUL. Would you kindly?

MRS. N. J. Oh, charmed, I am sure. [*rises; fetches fan from mantelpiece and gives it to JULIETTE*] There, Princess.

JUL. Thanks very much.

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] She is accustomed to be waited on, there is no mistake about that. [*aloud*] And how do you amuse yourself in London, Princess? You go to the theatre?

JUL. Whenever I can, but it is not often, I have so few evenings to myself, only one or two in the course of the month. Sundays, of course, but in this stupid London there are no theatres on Sundays.

MRS. N. J. Only one or two evenings—Oh, you mean

you are so overwhelmed with your duties?

JUL. Exactly; always hard at work.

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Exemplary creature! [*aloud*] And are you fond of music?

JUL. Oh, *mais oui, j'adore la musique!*

[*sings a few lines of French song*]

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Ah, how thoroughly Russian. [*aloud*] I am on my way to a concert now, and if the Princess would allow me to get her a place—

JUL. All right! What is it

the black faces in St. James' Hall?

MRS. N. J. Not exactly! Quite the contrary, Schumann and Mendelssohn!

JUL. Oh, how nice! Dear Madame Jones, you are the most adorable person that I ever met. May I kiss you? [*kisses her*] Thank you, my child. I hope I shall have the pleasure and honor of seeing you on my Saturday evenings?

MRS. N. J. [*aside*] Just what I wanted! [*aloud, with a deep curtsy*] Oh, Princess, you are too kind.

JUL. I shall send you a card to remind. When shall I find you at home, charming Madame Jones?

MRS. N. J. On Thursdays. But we must be quick, or the concert will be over. My carriage is waiting, pray come.

Enter MRS. MOUNTREVOR.

MRS. M. (*to* MRS. NORWOOD JONES) You are going so soon?

MRS. N. J. Yes, my dear, I am going to take the Princesse Borodinski to the Princes' Hall.

JUL. If Madame will excuse me for a short while.

MRS. M. Excuse you! I am only too delighted that you are going.

MRS. N. J. (*aside*) Oh, isn't she furious!

MRS. M. (*crosses L. to* JULIETTE) Princess, here is the ten pound note I promised you. (*gives note*)

JUL. Oh, *merci, madame, mille fois, merci!*"

MRS. N. J. Oh? (*taking out purse*) For some pet charity of yours, Princess? Oh, you must let me add my widow's mite. Here, twenty— (*gives note*)

JUL. (R.) I really don't know whether——

(*looking at* MRS. MOUNTREVOR)

MRS. M. Oh, accept, Princess; accept by all means.

JUL. (*to* MRS. NORWOOD JONES) If you knew what you are doing.

MRS. N. J. Oh, pray don't thank me; I know what I am about. (*aside to* MRS. MOUNTREVOR) Do, dearest, ask me to dine here with her this evening.

MRS. M. (*same tone*) Certainly. You shall sit next to her. (*sits, L.*)

MRS. N. J. Now, Princess, we must really tear ourselves away.

JUL. I am quite ready, my dear child. (*aside, to* MRS. MOUNTREVOR) How long am I to play Princess?

MRS. M. (*aside, to her*) Till after your return from the concert.

MRS. N. J. (*opening door with great ceremony*) Dear Princess——

JUL. (*same manner*) After you, madame, I beg——

MRS. N. J. I could not think of it.

JUL. Oh, if you insist, madame— (*sails out of the room with burlesque dignity*) Thirty pounds! *C'est magnifique*

MRS. N. J. Good-bye for half an hour, darling. To-morrow all London will know that I am the intimate friend of Princesse Borodinski.

MRS. M. (*throwing herself into a chair and laughing heartily*) Tit for tat! I think I am revenged for the ladies' tailor—Herr von Wolfhausen indeed! The concert is at the Princes' Hall—not three minutes' drive! Oh, if my sweet friend, Mrs. Norwood Jones, only finds some of her friends there—or, better still, some of mine who know Juliette by sight. She deserves it, richly deserves it all! (*sits, sofa*) I knew she had a second key to her casket. (*taking up* MRS. NORWOOD JONES' casket) And suppose I had been such a fool as to believe in her good faith! And then if she had found (*taking note from her pocket*) Lord Fabian's extraordinary letter. Of course I have never answered it, and if ever he dares to mention the Crystal Palace in my presence, I'll—I'll tell my husband! And as for Mrs. Norwood Jones——(*re-enter* MRS.

NORWOOD JONES) Why, my dearest, back already?

(*embraces*)

MRS. N. J. (*seizing* MRS. MOUNTREVOR'S *hands effusively*) Oh, my precious sweet! Such a triumph for me! And I am going to her Saturday evenings. (*sits, R.*)

MRS. M. But where is the Princess? (*sits, R. C.*)

MRS. N. J. She is just taking off her bonnet in your room. Well, we got to the Princes' Hall, but the concert was just coming to an end; so all we could do was to stand in the doorway and see the people come out.

MRS. M. Well, yes?

MRS. N. J. There were plenty of people I knew, and I took good care to let them know with whom I was. Lady Mary Galloway and others saw me with the Princess. They laughed.

MRS. M. Oh, they laughed, did they? (*laughs*)

MRS. N. J. Yes, dearest; because I told them I had carried the Princess away from you.

MRS. M. Oh, I am so glad you told them that.

MRS. N. J. Of course you are. (*aside*) Isn't she furious! (*aloud*) And then—Lord Fabian appeared.

MRS. M. Lord Fabian himself! (*aside*) Good luck, indeed!

MRS. N. J. I whispered to him; and then he laughed more than the others; but as he did not appear to be acquainted with the Princess, I took the liberty of introducing him to her.

MRS. M. You did that! (*rises, laughs*)

MRS. N. J. (*rises*) Yes, and as I did so he became so nervous at being introduced to a princess that he laughed more than ever.

MRS. M. Dear me, how rude! (*crosses L.*)

MRS. N. J. I am afraid the Princess would think so, but her good tact saved the situation; she laughed more heartily than he did, and poor Lord Fabian was so overcome that he left us without saying another word. Now, if I am to stop and dine here, I must take off some of these things. May I ring for your maid? (MRS. NORWOOD JONES *rings bell*)

MRS. M. Of course, she is entirely at your disposal.

Enter JULIETTE in her ordinary dress.

JUL. Did Madame ring?

MRS. N. J. Eh? What? No! Yes—it can't be!

MRS. M. It is Juliette, my maid, ci-devant Princesse Borodinsky. (MRS. NORWOOD JONES *collapses onto sofa*) I owed you one for that opera-box, and you have given me a receipt in full.

MRS. N. J. Oh, terrible, terrible! the Lady Mary Galloway's laughter!

JUL. I waited on Lady Mary one year and two months.
(*crosses c.*)

MRS. N. J. And Lord Fabian, did you wait on him too?

JUL. (*modestly*) Oh no, madame; it is Lord Fabian Fitznoodle that waits on me.

MRS. M. What do you mean?

JUL. It is not my fault, madame, if I am attractive and if my lord has fallen in love with me. My lord was pleased to say that I was the only woman of distinction when we were all down in the country.

MRS. M. In the country! But this letter that I found in my room? (*taking letter from her pocket*)

JUL. (*taking it*) Oh, *merci*, madame, I have been looking for that letter of Lord Fabian's everywhere.

MRS. N. J. Then there was a letter. (*pointing to MRS. MOUNTREVOR'S casket*) And you deceived my confidence!
(*rises*)

MRS. M. Of course I did, and you guessed it!

MRS. N. J. And this letter brought me yesterday by the valet?

JUL. Another little *billet-doux* for me!

MRS. N. J. Oh, abominable! To be trifled with like this!

MRS. M. Ah, you did arrange your casket for my inspection.

MRS. N. J. Certainly, how could you doubt it? (*she falls into a chair*) Its thoroughly shocking! (*business*)

MRS. M. (*same business*) Its perfectly disgraceful!

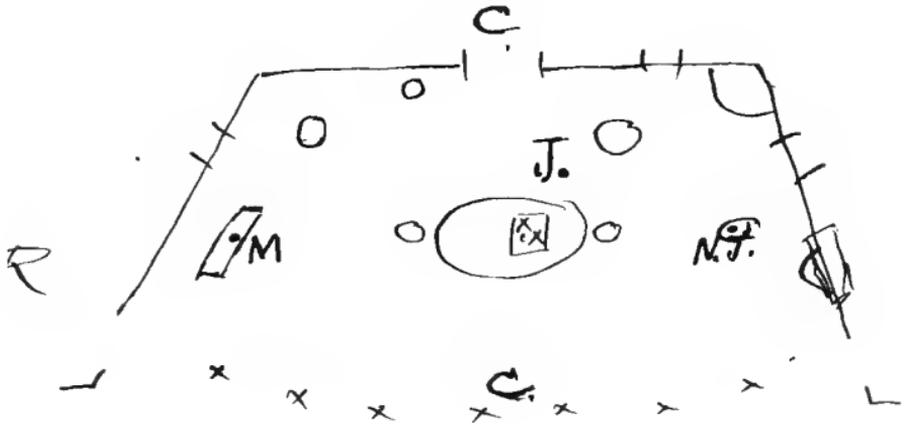
MRS. N. J. Shameful!

MRS. M. Abominable!

JUL. Will the ladies take any more tea?

MRS. M. Leave the room.

CURTAIN



THE OUTCAST'S DAUGHTER.

DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By **MARION EDDY.**

Price, 5 cents.

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Play, two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of fire arms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Carl Faber.....	<i>An ex-convict</i>
Howard Ross.....	<i>A manufacturer</i>
Dennis Hogan.....	<i>Servant to Ross</i>
Abel.....	<i>Gardner to Ross</i>
Judge Havens.....	<i>Of the police court</i>
Recorder.....	<i>Of the police court</i>
Lettner.....	<i>Clerk of police court</i>
Second Court Clerk.....	<i>Clerk of police court</i>
Two policemen.....	
Little Hugo.....	<i>Agatha's child</i>
Agatha Steme.....	<i>Ross' book-keeper</i>
Ida Rhlenhold.....	<i>A retired singer</i>
Mrs. Wilmuth.....	<i>A washer woman</i>
Katie.....	<i>Factory girl</i>
Frances.....	<i>Factory girl</i>

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act 1. Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

Act 2. Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I would lie, if I say she was anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them—" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

Act 3. Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

Act 4. A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It was dark und Mrs. Steme was that scared, she was faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you. I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

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UNCLE RUBE

AN ORIGINAL HOMESTEAD PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

By CHARLES TOWNSEND.

Author of more than seventy successful productions.

The Finest Rural Drama Ever Published.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS.

RUBEN RODNEY, (Uncle Rube) Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and a Master hand at "swappin hosses".....	<i>Character lead.</i>
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain.....	<i>Character heavy.</i>
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal.....	<i>Straight heavy.</i>
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist.....	<i>Juvenile lead.</i>
UPSON ASTERBLT, an up-to-date New York dude.....	<i>Character comedy.</i>
IKE, the hired man. "I want ter know!".....	<i>Eccentric.</i>
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic.....	<i>Low comedy.</i>
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable.....	<i>Comedy.</i>
MILICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher".....	<i>Juvenile tudy.</i>
MRS. MARIA BUNN, a charming widow.....	<i>Character comedy.</i>
TAGGS, a waif from New York.....	<i>Soubrette.</i>

TIME.—Mid Autumn.

PLACE.—Vermont.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.

ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.

ACT III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.

ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION.

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A WOMAN'S HONOR.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

By JOHN A. FRASER.

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "Santiago," "Modern Ananias." etc , etc.

Price, 25 cents.

Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either professional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years War.....	<i>Lead</i>
Pedro Mendez. His half brother.....	<i>Heavy</i>
Dr. Garcia. Surgeon of the Madaline.....	<i>Straight</i>
Gilbert Hall, M. D. In love with Olive.....	<i>Juvenile</i>
Robert Glenn. A Wall Street Banker.....	<i>Old man</i>
Gregory Grimes. Lester's Private Secretary.....	<i>Eccentric Comedy</i>
Ebenezer. Glenn's Butler.....	<i>Negro Comedy</i>
Olive } Glenn's }	<i>Juvenile lead</i>
Sally } Daughters }	
Maria. Wife of Pedro.....	<i>Character</i>

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double.

Act 1. The Glenn Mansion, New York City.

Act 2. The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.

Acts 3 and 4. Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4, one day elapses.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1. Handsome drawingroom at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't impudent, no, no, Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

Act 2. Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home today." "You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind?" "It means I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine; don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

Act 3. Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened? Is my husband safe?" "Break away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

Act 4. "The illness of the general has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave, my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

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BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

By JOHN A. FRASER.

Author of "A Woman's Honor," "A Noble Outcast," "A Modern Ananias," "Santiago," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

Eight male, four female characters. Plays two hours. Modern costumes. This is probably the strongest drama written of the modern romantic style. It is a pure love story and its sentiment and pathos are of the sterling, honest kind which appeals to every man and woman with a human heart. The stage business will be found extremely novel, but easily accomplished. The climaxes are all new and tremendously effective. One climax especially has never been surpassed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Imogene Courtleigh. Willful, wayward and wealthy.....*Juvenile lead*
Ginger. A Gypsy waif.....*Soubrette*
Nance Tyson. Her supposed mother.....*Character*
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relation.....*Old maid comedy*
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man.....*Juvenile lead*
Dink Potta. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.*Eccentric comedy*
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardian.....*Heavy*
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinker.....*Character comedy*
Elmer Van Sittert. Anglomaniac, New Yorker.....*Dude comedy*
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederata veteran.....*Irish comedy*
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlord.....*Character old man*
Lige. A gentleman of color.....*Negro character*

Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's the-ayter-" "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lover's Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

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TOMPKIN'S HIRED MAN.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

Author of "Diamonds and Hearts," "A Pair of Artists," "Through a Matrimonial Bureau," "Their First Meeting," "Comedies for Children," "Socials," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm-house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS.

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.

Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.

John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.

Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.

Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.

Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.

Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.

Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

PLAYS ABOUT TWO HOURS.

SYNOPSIS:

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minnie, child, and I'll jist give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's ber father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince-meat. The letter. Louisa faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you? You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never give my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two propositions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things haint so dangerous when everybody's got his stummleck full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh drove her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal, an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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DIAMONDS AND HEARTS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts.

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

Price, 25 cents.

This new play has bounded at once into a wide popularity. The good plot, the strong "heart" interest, and the abundant comedy all combine to make a most excellent drama. "Bub" Barnes is a fine character of the Josh Whitcomb type, and his sister is a worthy companion "bit." Sammy is an excruciatingly funny little darkey. The other characters are good. Fine opportunity for introducing specialties. The play has so many good points that it never fails to be a success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic.....
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun.
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother.....
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....
DR. BURTON, a young physician.....
SAMMY, the darky bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.....
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF.....

Time of playing, two hours.

Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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CHARACTERS.

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time..... *Comedy Lead.*
OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea."
TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money and is sorry for it. *Comedy Old Man.*
MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, a jolly old cove..... *Juvenil' Man.*
HOBSON, a waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion. *Eccentric.*
CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful"..... *Utility.*
MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit..... *Comedy Lead.*
KATY, a mischievous maid..... *O d- Woman.*
TOOTSR, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch..... *Soubrette.*
..... *Props.*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: The same. Time: Evening of the same day. More mischief. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

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SYNOPSIS.

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