

635
528
y 1

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

A Suffragette Town
Meeting

Price, 25 Cents



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

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

A Suffragette Town Meeting

An Entertainment in One Act

By

LILIAN CLISBY BRIDGHAM

Author of "The Famous Brown vs. Brown Separate Maintenance Case"



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1912

PS635
.29B8528

A Suffragette Town Meeting

CHARACTERS

MRS. MANCHESTER, *Moderator.*
MRS. BRIGGS, *Town Clerk.*
MRS. SMART, *Tax Collector.*
MRS. GRAY, *Chief Constable.*
MRS. EATON, *Fence Viewer.*
MRS. CASH, *Tree Warden.*
MRS. JONES, *Superintendent of Streets.*
MRS. WHITE, *Overseer of the Poor.*
MRS. PROUTY, *Chairman Board of Assessors.*
MRS. SNOW, *Milk Inspector.*
MRS. DRAKE, *Highway Surveyor.*
MRS. HOLMES, *Auditor.*
MRS. PLAIN, *Chairman Board of Health.*
MRS. BLUNT, *Town Treasurer.*
MRS. CATE, *Chairman Board of Selectmen.*
MRS. SEARS, *Chairman School Committee.*
BRIDGET.
MAGGIE.
NORA.
MR. MANCHESTER.

Plays one hour.



TMP92-008699

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WALTER H. BAKER & Co.

✓
© Cl.D 31691

no 1

A Suffragette Town Meeting

SCENE.—*Ordinary hall with door right and left of rear of stage; desk in centre of rear for moderator, smaller desk in front of that for clerk. Settees at right and left of stage facing centre. Use local names and places where blanks are left.*

Enter MRS. SMART, MRS. GRAY and MRS. EATON.

MRS. SMART. What do you think I have decided to do?

MRS. G. Give it up. Do tell.

MRS. E. Yes, do. I'm just dying for some really new news. This town has been as dead as last year's calendar lately.

MRS. SMART. Well—I am going to be moderator of this town meeting!

MRS. G. } (*disappointed*). Oh!
MRS. E. }

MRS. SMART. I knew you'd be surprised; but I just made up my mind in bed last night. You see I was president of the (*local*) Basket Ball team, and am well posted on running public affairs, so while *personally* I might prefer to be a silent on-looker, *duty* forces me to be willing to become a leader of my people—for the sake of our beloved town—and—of course you must vote for me. I'm going to give the loveliest party next week for all who are on my side.

MRS. G. Why, I suppose we might as well then.

MRS. SMART. Won't you, Mrs. Eaton?

MRS. E. (*hesitating*). Well, I—er—er —

MRS. SMART. Do you know, dear, I thought to-day when riding by your place that perhaps you would like some nice long rides in our new touring car? Um—you will vote for me, won't you?

MRS. E. Oh, I always stand by my friends!

MRS. G. (*aside*). Wasn't I a donkey not to hold out longer?

(*The three talk together in whispers.*)

Enter MRS. CASH, MRS. JONES *and* MRS. WHITE.

MRS. CASH. I guess I have got a surprise for you this time all right. You can never imagine what *I'm* going to do.

MRS. J. } What is it?
MRS. W. }

MRS. CASH. *I'm* going to be moderator of this meeting and you two can be my — Oh, what *is it* the men call them?

MRS. J. Well, I rather guess we women have brains enough to think up a name for ourselves.

MRS. CASH. We will say aides. You two be my aides and buttonhole the ladies and get them to vote for me.

MRS. J. And in return?

MRS. CASH. Oh, yes—let me think.—I'll have you both at my summer cottage in Beverly for two weeks next summer.

MRS. W. Oh, that would be delightful—let us plan our gowns now.

Enter MRS. PROUTY, MRS. SNOW *and* MRS. DRAKE.

MRS. PROU. Oh, ladies, I am just dying to tell you something. Do you know I tried and tried to think of some woman who could run this town meeting—and finally decided I'd simply have to do it myself, so if you will kindly nominate me I am sure all the ladies will be delighted to vote for me.

MRS. D. Why—I kinder thought I'd run for that job myself.

MRS. PROU. You? A stay-at-home-mind-the-baby sort of woman like you moderator of a town meeting! You wouldn't know how to call a meeting to order. *My* husband was chairman of the Board of Health for seven years and in the summer time they met in our barn and I listened to the proceedings. Every other minute it would be something like this: "See here, Tom Jones, if you don't shut up this everlasting chewing of the rag I'll pitch you out of that window heels over head before you can say Jack Robinson." Oh, I'm the one for that job all right.

MRS. SNOW. Well, but what is there in it for us?

MRS. D. Yes, where do we come in?

MRS. PROU. Why—let me see.—Oh, I'll tell you.—Mrs. Snow, you nominate me for moderator, and I'll appoint you tellers to count the votes, then you can fix them just as you like.

(The three whisper together.)

Enter MRS. HOLMES, MRS. PLAIN *and* MRS. BLUNT.

MRS. H. I called for Mrs. Manchester, but she had company, so I didn't wait. There was an auto at her door.

MRS. BLUNT. An automobile at the Manchesters'—well, it must have been the doctor, for nobody else who is anybody calls on that faded out Mrs. Manchester.

MRS. D. That's true all right. Do you know she lets her children associate with that drunken Taylor family on (*local*) street.

MRS. PLAIN. Well, they are real nice little children, and it is not their fault that their father drinks. I don't see but Mrs. Manchester is just as good as some other people, and they do say her husband's uncle is a Duke. She never speaks of it though.

MRS. PROU. They do say indeed! Well, you may be sure that's all it amounts to—imagine that ordinary little woman who lives in a hired house related to a Duke—ridiculous!

MRS. H. (*to* MRS. PLAIN). Well, I hope to goodness they will have a short meeting, for I've got to get home early to get Charles' supper.

MRS. PLAIN. Well, *my* husband has his supper when I'm ready to give it to him; but do stay until the moderator is elected, for I am going to run for that job and want your vote. Will you nominate me?

MRS. H. Oh, I'll nominate you all right, but you must enjoy hornets' nests to want to run this shooting match.

MRS. PLAIN. Who is it runs a town meeting before the moderator is elected anyhow?

MRS. BLUNT. Why, the town clerk, of course.—I'll bet she is late. She always is, wherever she goes, and *I think* it's just because she wants everybody to stare at her. Ssh! Here she comes now.

Enter MRS. BRIGGS, MRS. CATE *and* MRS. SEARS.

MRS. CATE. I don't care if I am chairman of the Board of Selectmen, I can be elected moderator too, can't I?

MRS. SEARS. You ought to be satisfied with what you have got now and not try to be the whole push. Now I had this new gown made expressly to wear here to-night, and I'm just going to run for moderator, and if you'll nominate me I'll (*aside to* MRS. CATE) give you that pair of colonial candlesticks you admire so much.

MRS. CATE. Well, I should smile—I'll nominate you all right.

MRS. BRIGGS. Well, I was thinking of nominating Mrs. Manchester if she came. *I* think she is really quite a brainy little woman.

MRS. SEARS. Oh, dear me! What shall I do? Oh, I'll get John to give your husband the job of repainting our house.

MRS. BRIGGS. All right, I'm with you.

Enter MAGGIE, BRIDGET *and* NORA.

MRS. CASH. For the land sake there's my Bridget!

MRS. SMART. And if there isn't my Nora!

MRS. D. And my Maggie. Did you ever see such nerve?

(Ladies spread skirts occupying more space.)

MRS. CASH. It is too bad, but *really* there isn't a bit of room for you.

MRS. PLAIN. If I had *my way*, only women of real estate would be allowed to vote.

MAG. Sure and was that the rason you made your husband put your \$200 down-ten-dollars-a-month-house in your name? Come on, girls, here's room.

(They squeeze into front seat. MRS. PLAIN takes back seat.)

MRS. H. Well, girls, I am glad you are interested enough in the government of our town to come out to-night, but I'm very glad my Molly didn't want to come, for my husband would go wild if there was no one at home to wait upon him.

BRID. Faith, it wasn't interest in the givunmint, but we wanted to see who sthartered the first row.

MRS. E. It does look as though the men were to let us run this meeting alone after all. I was scared blue for fear some would come, as it was the first one since women were elected town officers. I told my husband if he dared to come I would leave him on the spot. That settled *him*.

MRS. G. I told mine that the price of his coming would be two new gowns, and he concluded it would be too expensive.

MRS. CASH. Well, I told mine I wouldn't cook baked beans, boiled dinner, or doughnuts again for six months if he came, and that fixed *him* all right.

MRS. SNOW. I just told Ed I should invite mama to come and live with us if he came, and you should have seen his face.

MRS. SMART. Well, Mr. Smart said he wouldn't miss the show, as he called it, for a good deal, and I had pretty hard work thinking up something that would be sure to keep him away.

ALL. What was it?

MRS. SMART. Well, he thought my last parlor maid was pretty nice and I discharged her. Now, she was extremely fond of the color and odor of violets, so I got some violet paper and perfumed it pretty high and wrote him a letter. "My dear Mr. Smart:—I am in dreadful, dreadful trouble and in great need of your wise advice. Will you meet me by the restaurant door of the South Station (*insert the present date*) evening at 8:45, please? I will not detain you long. Beatrice." I guess he is waiting there now. Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. PROU. That was clever all right; but my husband didn't want to come. He said—— Oh, I guess I won't say what.

ALL. Oh, please do.

MRS. PROU. No, I can't. Really, I shouldn't have referred to it.

ALL. But you must tell us.

MRS. PROU. Well, if you will have it, he said it was all he could do to stand the cackling of one hen, let alone a whole flock.

ALL. Oh, how dreadful! The villain!

MRS. PROU. Well, you just made me tell. What did you do to keep your husband at home, Mrs. Blunt? He told John he was coming, live or die.

MRS. BLUNT. Oh, I just simply told him not to come. That was enough.

MRS. CATE. Well, my husband didn't say anything hateful, but he had an important engagement, otherwise he wouldn't have missed it for anything.

MRS. PLAIN.	MRS. SEARS.	} That's exactly what my husband said.
MRS. J.	MRS. W.	
MRS. H.	MRS. BRIGGS.	

Enter MRS. MANCHESTER.

MRS. M. How do you do, ladies? I have the most wonderful thing to tell you.

(All talk and ignore her.)

MRS. BLUNT. What is it, dear Mrs. Manchester?

MRS. M. It is simply too wonderful—too surprising.

MRS. SMART }
 MRS. CASH } (*aside*). I do believe *she* is going to run
 MRS. PROU. } for moderator. The very idea!

MRS. M. (*to* MRS. BLUNT). You know, Mr. Manchester is only nephew of the Duke of Waterbury.

ALL (*sitting up and gasping*). Yes?

MRS. BLUNT. Oh, *you* are all interested now. Go on, my dear.

MRS. M. Well, His Grace had two lovely sons, eighteen and twenty years old, so of course we never dreamed that there was the least chance of succession for Albert.

ALL. Well!

MRS. M. Well, we got a message Monday that the two boys were both drowned, and the shock killed their father. Oh (*crying*), that poor, poor mother!

ALL. And now?

MRS. M. Why, Albert is Duke of Waterbury. But how I do pity that afflicted woman.

ALL. Oh! Your Grace!

MRS. M. You needn't "Your Grace" me. I am still Emma Manchester to all my friends, and—I fear you won't believe me—but I would be just too happy for anything if only that poor woman could have her loved ones back again—it is so terrible.

MRS. SMART. My dearest—er—Your Grace, I meant—I was going to tell you before—but I give a garden party next week Friday, and you must be sure and come —

MRS. M. But we shall be in mourning!

MRS. SMART. Oh! but I will make it very quiet and dignified, and I will send my limousine for you and Mr.—er—His Grace at eight. Now promise me you will come.

MRS. M. Very well, thank you most kindly.

MRS. SMART. Oh, the pleasure is all mine, and I'll be sure and send the limousine.

MRS. CASH. And, dearest, I want you to spend the whole month of July down at our summer place.—You promised Mrs. Smart, so you won't refuse me, will you?

MRS. M. If you put it on that ground I can't very well. But why are you all so kind to me?

MRS. PROU. And we take a trip for two weeks along the coast of Maine in our new steam yacht in August, and there will be just room for your family.

MRS. M. Really, my dear, we go abroad in the fall, for good. My husband will probably go before, and I must spend some time in getting ready.

MRS. PROU. Well, but I shall steal you for our August trip.

MRS. BRIGGS (*rapping for order*). The meeting will please come to order. The first business is the election of a moderator by ballot. Will some one please nominate?

MAG. I nominate Bridget.

MRS. G.	} I nominate	{	Mrs. Smart.
MRS. J.			Mrs. Cash.
MRS. SNOW.			Mrs. Prouty.
MRS. PLAIN.			Myself.

MRS. BRIGGS. You have heard the nominations. You will prepare your ballots. Slips will be handed you. I appoint Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Cate as tellers to receive and count the ballots.

(Each candidate tries to get friends to vote for her.)

MRS. G. I have no pencil.

MRS. BRIGGS. Well, I have a fountain pen, but it will take forever for all of you to use it.

MRS. SMART. I have several of my visiting cards you may each have for your ballots.

MRS. CATE. Thanks awfully, but I guess each lady can prepare her own. (*While they are marking out ballots BRID. takes MRS. CATE'S coat from back of her chair and tries it on.*

MRS. CATE catches her.) Oh, you vile upstart you! Take off that coat this instant! It's lucky for you that you don't work for me. I'd dock your pay two weeks for that.

BRID. Yer couldn't do it. I belong to the Work-ladies' Union. (*Makes faces at her.*)

MRS. BRIGGS. Have all voted who wish? If so —

NORA. Please, mum, I can't write —

MRS. W. There, now, listen to that. A woman who can't write trying to vote at a town meeting.

NORA. Aw, yez didn't let me finish. I can't write with nothing to write with. (*MRS. CATE hands her pen to her.*) Biddy, how does ye spell yer last name?

BRID. R-i-l-e-y. Shure how would ye spell it?

(MRS. SEARS and MRS. CATE collect votes and carry them to a high desk to sort them out.)

MRS. E. Doesn't it make you tired the airs Mrs. Cate puts on, just because she is chairman of the Board of Selectmen? And there's Mrs. Manchester, a duchess, and not a single bit of airs does she sport. I don't think I'll vote for Mrs. Cate again.

MRS. W. What do you imagine possessed those servant girls to come here?

MRS. SMART. I'm sure I don't know. Goodness knows what the world is coming to if kitchen girls try to run our town affairs.

MRS. CATE. Madam Clerk, we are ready to report.

MRS. BRIGGS. Very well. Attention, ladies, to the report of the tellers.

MRS. CATE. Number of votes cast, nineteen; necessary for a choice, ten. Mrs. Smart has one vote. (MRS. SMART *nearly collapses.*) Mrs. Prouty has one vote. (MRS. PROU. *scolds those about her.*) Mrs. Cash has one vote. (MRS. CASH *very indignant.*) Mrs. Plain has two votes. One is in Mrs. Manchester's writing. Miss Bridget Riley has three votes. (NORA *cries, "Hooray!"*) Mrs. Manchester has eleven votes, and is elected.

MRS. BRIGGS. I declare Mrs. Manchester, the Duchess of Waterbury, elected moderator of this meeting.

BRID. Well, begorra, I came out second. What do yez know about that?

MRS. BRIGGS. The ladies present will preserve order.

MRS. M. But—er—why—er—why, ladies, this is a great surprise, and I feel wholly unfitted for the honors you bestow on me.

BRID. (*rising*). Very well, mum. It's me for the job, then, for I'm next. Hand over that hammer, Mrs. Clerk.

MRS. J. (*pulling her back*). Will you sit down and be quiet?

MRS. BRIGGS. My dear Mrs. Manchester, we are only too proud to be presided over by so gracious a lady. Allow me to escort you to your throne.

(*All but the other candidates applaud.*)

MRS. M. You are very kind, and since you insist, I'll do my best, but you must be patient if I make mistakes or displease you in any way.

(MRS. BRIGGS *escorts her to seat.*)

MRS. PLAIN. That's all right, my dear. You have a good level head, and I'm sure you will get along all right.

MRS. SEARS. Yes, your ladyship, we are most delighted to have a woman of your natural keenness of perception to lead us.

MRS. D. And we feel sure that your sense of justice will permit all questions in dispute to be settled most amicably.

MRS. G. And your infinite tact, Your Grace ——

MRS. M. Pardon me, ladies, but we must give our closest attention to the business of the meeting. Let us give the affairs and finances of our town the same careful consideration that we would give our homes and pocketbooks. The clerk will now read the warrant which has brought us here, and will give us in detail the matters to be considered.

MRS. BRIGGS (*reading*).

“Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

(*Insert name* }
of county.) } ss.

To either of the Constables of the town of in the county aforesaid,

GREETING :

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required and directed to notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of (*local*), aforesaid, who are qualified to vote at elections and in town affairs therein, to meet in town meeting at the Town Hall in said (*local*) on the day of A. D., 19..., at eight o'clock, P. M., then and there to act upon the following subjects and business, viz :

Article 1. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

Article 2. To listen to the reading of the records of the last meeting.

Article 3. To listen to the reports of officers and committees elected at the last annual meeting, and special meetings.

Article 4. To proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Article 5. To appropriate money for town expenses for the ensuing year.

Article 6. To act upon any other matter that may legally come before the meeting.

And you are hereby commanded to serve this warrant by posting up at least six attested copies thereof in public places in said town, not less than seven days before the day appointed for said meeting, and by leaving a printed copy thereof at every

occupied dwelling house and tenement in said town at least three days before the day appointed for said meeting.

HEREOF fail not and make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon to the town clerk.

GIVEN under our hands at this day of
 A. D., 19... (Local names.)
 (Local names.)
 (Local names.)

A true copy. Attest :
 Selectmen of the town of (Local.)
 (Local name,) Constable
 of the town of (Local.)"

MRS. M. We will now take up the second article of the warrant. The clerk will read the record of the last annual meeting and the special meetings.

(MRS. BRIGGS *stands up with a very long paper in her hands.*)

MRS. SMART. Goodness me! if it is that long I move that we dispense with the reading of it, and that it be accepted, and that we pass on to the next solo on the program.

MRS. CASH. I second that motion.

MRS. M. It is moved and seconded that we dispense with the reading of the records, and approve them unread. Is there anything to be said on the subject?

MRS. G. How do we know that she has everything, if she don't read it?

MRS. J. Well, judging by the length of her report, she has everything and a little more.

MRS. W. Question!

MRS. M. Those in favor of the records being accepted unread will signify it by the uplifted hand. (*All vote "yes."*) Those opposed. It is a unanimous vote, and the records are approved unread.

MRS. BRIGGS. Well, I don't just fancy that seeing that I spent a dozen evenings working it up, and could have spent the time in much pleasanter ways.

MRS. H. Well, you know you would have to have it ready to place upon your town clerk's book, anyway.

MRS. BRIGGS (*slapping paper on the desk*). Oh, any old thing would do for that.

MRS. M. Never mind, dear. We are sure it is a very correct and interesting record, and we shall be proud to have it placed upon the books. (MRS. M. *may declare recess here,*

during which refreshments may be sold.) Next come the reports of town officers for the past year. First I will call on our beloved town clerk, Mrs. Briggs.

MRS. BRIGGS (*jumping up quickly and reading*). "Report of the town clerk of the town of, for the year ending A. D., 19... The number of marriage licenses issued by the clerk during the year, thirty-six and one-half."

MAG. Sure and phwat's the one-half for?

(MRS. BRIGGS *looks* MAG. *over very superciliously*.)

MRS. M. Yes, do tell us about that one-half, Mrs. Briggs.

MRS. BRIGGS. Well, Mary Stone came and got hers, but Bob White, whom she was to marry, found out that she was fourteen years older than she claimed, so didn't get his, but left the country. Maggie, I hope your curiosity is gratified. (*Continues*.) "Nineteen male children, twenty-one female children, and one pair of twins, one of each were born. Thirty-seven dogs were licensed, and twenty-seven people died —"

MRS. BLUNT. I should think she would put deaths before dog licenses. That woman doesn't have any sense of the eternal fitness of things.

MRS. BRIGGS (*continuing*). "Thirty people were placed on the jury list; twelve men and eighteen women. (*Cheers*.) Four subordinate town meetings were held, and I did everything else a town clerk should do in the interests of her beloved town. Respectfully submitted, Mary L. Briggs, Town Clerk."

NORA. Shure and don't they be after doing anything in this town but just be born, married, license their dogs and die?

BRID. Hush, Nora, dear, there's lots more folks got to toot their horns.

MRS. M. You have heard the report of our esteemed town clerk. What is your pleasure to do with it?

BRID. I move and second that it be filed. I call it pretty dull.

NORA. I thirid it.

MRS. E. There ought to be some way to quiet those persons.

MRS. M. It is moved that we accept the report and place it on file. Those in favor raise their hands. (*All do so*.) Those opposed? It is a vote. We will now hear the report of the town treasurer.

MRS. BLUNT. "Balance on hand at beginning of the year,	\$.18
Received from taxes and assessments,		202,739.48
Received from licenses, police department, etc., etc.,		4,821.10
		<hr/>
		207,560.58
Paid out: support of schools, care of highways, support of poor, fire, health and police departments, etc., etc., etc., etc.,	\$202,760.42	
Expense of running the office,	4,800.16	\$207,760.16
		<hr/>

Making the books come out exactly even. Respectfully submitted, Ellen M. Blunt, Treasurer."

MRS. BRIGGS. Well, no wonder they have a new automobile. Nearly \$5,000 for expenses of running the treasurer's office. I move you, Madam Moderator, that *this* report be investigated.

BRID. Shure! show the grafter up.

MRS. BLUNT. Oh, you needn't bother; the auditor has already done so, and finds it all right. (*To* BRID.) So now, smarty.

MRS. PROU. Ah! I see a light. Mr. Blunt is in the iron fence business, and Mrs. Blunt's dear friend, Mrs. Auditor, has an expensive iron fence about her home—um—hum.

MRS. SEARS. Well, it does look rather grafty, doesn't it?

MRS. BLUNT. Now just see here, you fuss budgets—my husband is the largest taxpayer in this here town, and if you don't accept this report—we move bag and baggage, and will sell our place to a family of Italians with sixteen children—so there!

MRS. SEARS. Oh, well, I move to accept the outrageous report.

MRS. W. I second it.

MRS. M. I think I had better not put that motion, for fear some one might vote against it, so you (*to* MRS. BRIGGS) may just say it was read and accepted.

MRS. J. Put it that it was accepted for just what it was worth, while you are about it, Madam Clerk.

MRS. M. Now we will hear the report of the chairman of the Board of Selectmen.

MRS. H. Don't you think we should say "select-women"?

MRS. M. Just as you say—so long as we get the report.

MRS. CATE. Well, I was too busy to write it out, but we have done every blessed thing we were asked to do but paint the town hall yellow to match Mrs. Skinner's house next door. (*Sits down, then bobs up.*) Respectfully submitted, Anna Cate. (*Aside.*) Hurry up and move to accept it.

MRS. J. I move we accept it with thanks.

MRS. BRIGGS. But it should be in writing.

MRS. CATE. Well, aren't you smart enough to write that?

MRS. M. Well, I'm sure our chairman of selectmen has done good work, so of course we will accept her report. Now will the collector of taxes give her report?

MRS. SMART. I've got my report all written out. It isn't very long, but I'm going to read it, every word of it, or else know the reason why—so there! "Due on past taxes and uncollected by the male tax collectors during the past five years, \$5,117.59." And I'll say here that our *largest* taxpayer (*looking at* MRS. BLUNT) owed \$1,900 of that, but he doesn't now. "To paid out for advertising for sale all of this property upon which taxes were due, \$52.

The first week the 'ad' ran there was paid \$1,010

" second " " " " " " " 1,200

" third " " " " " " " 2,700 \$4,910

leaving due on past five years' taxes, \$207.59." And all I can say is it is a blessed good thing for the town, seeing it costs so much to run the treasurer's office. "Collected taxes for the present year, \$110,219. Taxes and assessments still due, \$11,876." But they won't be due long, for I am going to have another séance with (*name some local paper*) this week, and a few "ads" will soon bring the balance in. I will say this, though—I don't have much trouble with the men, but I do believe the women had rather pay out money for anything else on earth than taxes, and that's all. "Ellen Blunt."

MRS. M. You have heard the report of our collector of taxes; what will you do with it?

MRS. CASH. Well, if you will exclude the parentheses, I'll move to accept it. My husband says the one great good that has come to this town under woman's control is the work Mrs.

Blunt has done, and she has no new iron fence about her lawn either.

MRS. M. Those in favor of accepting this report please raise your hands. It is a vote. The school committee will now give its report.

MRS. SEARS. "Well, I've had a horrid time. I collected the very prettiest teachers I could find for our schools, and out of nine six have already become engaged, and I guess the others will soon follow suit. I shall advise my successor to hire freaks. Then Miss (*name some local teacher*) was complained of for having pets; she just let the (*local*) children do about as they wanted to, and mothers of the other children kicked high because Miss (*local*)'s young man called on her at school much too often. Miss (*local*) wore such pretty clothes the children couldn't keep their eyes off of her long enough to study their lessons. Miss (*local*) had no discipline. Miss (*local*) made the girls sit on one side of the room and the boys on the other, and that made trouble all right—and, oh, dear! it was nothing but complaints from morning to night, and but for the fear of my husband's 'I told you so,' I should have resigned long ago. I certainly wouldn't take the job another year for ten times the salary. Yours truly, Sally Sears."

MRS. M. Poor thing, you certainly have had a hard time, and deserve a good rest. We will accept your report all right. Now we will hear from the chairman of the Board of Health.

MRS. PLAIN. Madam Moderator and townswomen. When I was elected to this responsible position I determined to make good or die in the attempt—and—well, I am not dead yet, you see. (*Reads.*) "It was evidently the impression of my townspeople that my efforts were to be directed toward (*name the lowest section of the town*), but a public officer can be no discriminator of persons or caste, so the first one I talked to was (*name some leading citizen*). He has a beautiful home, you all know, but when I learned that he had five cats I was convinced that something should be done. Not only are five cats a public nuisance because of the evening recitals, but we all know how they drag bones about, leaving them to breed disease. Well, I had a hard fight with him and was obliged to make twenty-seven calls upon him before I was successful. Now he has one inoffensive old tabby cat, and the neighborhood is quiet and healthful once more. Next I learned that our chief of police keeps in his home money, valuables and keepsakes, that are put into his care by men sentenced to imprisonment for

wilful wrong-doing. Think, fellow citizens, of the millions of microbes in that home spreading disease germs broadcast and liable to result in an epidemic of smallpox or something equally disastrous. It took seventeen calls to persuade him to transfer them to a vault in the basement of the police station. I wanted him to burn them, but finally had to compromise. Next I learned that our street signs were never cleaned, but stood year after year catching all the deadly germs that blew upon them, and the faintest breeze could blow them into the faces of passers-by. I organized a gang of workmen from the street department, and had every one washed in an antiseptic solution, and well rinsed and dried. Now they stand monuments of health and strength."

MRS. W. Not unless you have them dusted three times a day.

MRS. PLAIN (*not heeding her*). "That was but the beginning. It would take too long to tell of all my labors, but I have been town cleaning, and although abuse has been poured upon me time and again, I have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that through *my* tireless efforts, we now live in a veritable spotless town. Respectfully submitted, Eliza Plain, Chairman Board of Health."

MRS. SMART. She actually made my kitchen girl throw away a lot of good dish cloths.

BRID. Shure, didn't she come nosing into our back yard, telling me to pick up this and fumigate that? The big nuisance!

NORA. Yes, and she came to our house and made me wash our attic walls inside.

MAG. Well, she did worse than that to me. She ordered me to wash out the coal bin. I up and towld her that if she objected to the looks she could wash it herself, as I had other fish to fry. And then she had the sauce to tell me that fish should be boiled and not fried, as pork was unfit to eat, and she never allowed it in her house.

BRID. Shure and her husband looks it—skinny.

MRS. BRIGGS. Order in the room. Well, I'll file the report, but I hope she fumigated it first.

MRS. M. We will now hear the report of the Board of Assessors. Well, did you have a picnic too, Mrs. Prouty?

MRS. PROU. Well, I should say I did. (*Reads.*) "When I began my labors I little knew what I had run up against, and it was only by putting forth herculanian efforts that I was able

to straighten things out. I found that every blessed relation and friend of our former assessor had his property assessed for just one-third of its valuation. Mr. (*local*)'s fine estate was assessed for \$2,000; Mr. (*local*)'s for \$1,500; Mr. (*local*)'s for \$3,000, and Mrs. (*local*)'s for \$800, and so on. But my little \$2,500 place was assessed for \$3,800, and several others at a similar rate. I quietly ascertained just the amount each property owner would sell his estate for and assessed it for just his own valuation. There was some tall howling, but the deed was done, and now if the town don't owe me a vote of thanks I miss my guess. Yours very sincerely, Mary Prouty, Chairman of Board of Assessors."

MRS. M. Fine! Splendid! You did a grand thing for our town, and I am delighted to accept the report.

MRS. SNOW. Well, I am not one bit stuck on it. My husband knows perfectly well no one would pay \$5,000 for our place.

MRS. PROU. Well, he considers it worth that much, for he said he wouldn't sell it for one cent less.

MRS. D. I am not smitten with Mrs. Prouty's work either. My landlord raised my rent sixty dollars a year because she put his taxes up fifty dollars.

MRS. W. Mine raised the rent too.

MRS. M. We must expect it to cost us something to have our town run properly. The superintendent of streets will please report now.

MRS. J. "Fellow citizens: My report is not long, but is full of meat. (*All the streets she names are in the immediate neighborhood.*) I had a street cut from (*local*) street to (*local*) street. (*Local*) street has been repaved and (*local*) street has been widened. I had a granolithic sidewalk laid on (*local*) street. A tunnel has been dug through the hill on (*local*) street and an escalator put up the hill on (*local*) street. I wanted to do more but the money gave out, so I had to stop. Respectfully submitted, Amelia Jones (her X mark). P. S.—I cut my hand, so had to have my daughter write this."

MRS. CATE. Well, I never! She managed to fix up her own neighborhood all right, didn't she?

MRS. BRIGGS. If she has the job next year I think I will hire her to move up on (*names her street*). Well, here goes her report with the others, I suppose.

MRS. M. We will now hear the report of our highway surveyor.

MRS. D. Well, "The town neglected to supply me with surveying instruments, so I was obliged to trust to my eyes alone. I visited the highways of our town, that is the highest streets, such as (*local; name some streets on high land*), twice during the year, and so far as I could see the sidewalks were laid out on parallel lines and the telegraph posts were equal distances from each other. Very truly yours, in haste, Mary R. Drake."

MRS. M. Next comes the report of the overseers of the poor.

MRS. W. "Officers and ladies: As this has been a specially busy year with me, club work, committee work, church work, company, sickness, and what not, I just turned over the funds appropriated for this work to (*name some philanthropic lady*), who is admirably fitted to perform it. Now, it was enough for her to do the work without having to make a report, so I take the liberty of saying that the funds have been judiciously expended and a great deal of good accomplished. In addition to spending the town's money our (*name some woman's club*) club held a rummage sale on (*local; name some street in lower part of town*) street, thus enabling the poor of our town to clothe themselves with our out-of-date clothing for a mere nothing. Your obedient servant, Ella R. White."

MRS. BRIGGS. Well, what did you do with the proceeds of the sale?

MRS. W. Oh, we used it to go on an outing to (*some near-by resort*).

MRS. M. Well, that report is a little out of the ordinary, but I suppose we will have to accept it. Will the tree warden give her report?

MRS. CASH (*reading*). "Know all men by these presents that I, Henrietta V. Cash, tree warden of the town of (*local*), have superintended the spraying of all trees in our town and have planted twenty-six beautiful new poplar trees on (*local*) street (*the one she lives on*) and removed eighteen old unsightly trees in different sections of the town. Mrs. (*local; name well-known woman*) did a lot of complaining because a large branch of a maple tree in front of her house shut off her view of her neighbors across the street; so I had the offending branch removed. Mrs. (*local; some popular woman*) was so modest and retiring that she objected to passers-by seeing her hang out clothes, so I planted three trees in front of her home, and I think that is all. Respectfully submitted, Lucy R. Cash, Tree Warden."

MRS. SEARS. Well, what do you know about that? Next thing people will want the town to build a ten-foot screen about their houses so people can't see what kind of window draperies they have.

MRS. M. Well, we will accept the report. It shows that Mrs. Cash tried to please everybody. Mrs. Gray, what have you to report for the constables?

MRS. G. First, I don't like the job and won't take it again. I think dirty work like arresting people should be left to the men. (*Reads.*) "Report of the constables for the town of (*local*): Made ninety-seven arrests during the year. Thirty-nine for intoxication, seven for breaking and entering, eighteen for swearing (you know it is against the law), sixteen for street walking. And I would like to have arrested about twenty young fellows who loaf about street corners making remarks about passers-by. As it was, I broke up several crowds of them. Eight arrested for Sunday card playing, fourteen for selling goods on Sunday, and made eighteen raids for liquor. Now, if any other woman has worked harder than I in the interests of this town the last year, I'll wear my last winter's hat another season. Susan Gray, Constable."

MRS. M. A splendid report; you have done a great service to our beloved town, and I take great pleasure in accepting the report. The milk inspector will now report.

MRS. SNOW (*reading*). "To whom it may concern: I have thoroughly tested milk from every dealer selling in the town, and find that the only one whose milk is always above standard is (*local; some popular milk dealer*)'s. Signed, Eliza H. Snow."

MRS. CATE. H'm! I've *wondered* how she could afford to take a quart of cream every day from (*local; name same dealer*).

MRS. M. Will the fence viewer give her report?

MRS. E. Most delighted, Your Grace. (*Reads.*) "This is to certify that twice each month I have ascended to the top of (*local; name some hill, tower, or high building*) and carefully viewed for the space of one-half hour the fences of our town, and so far as I could see they were in excellent condition. While making my last trip I was caught in a shower and ruined my new foulard gown, and I herewith present a bill against the town for a new dress—twenty-five dollars. Yours truly, Arabella R. Eaton, Fence Viewer."

MRS. M. But, my dear, we didn't tell you to wear a new

silk gown on a rainy day. It is hardly the regalia of a town officer on duty, and I fear you will have to stand the loss. Why don't you dye the whole dress yourself? It would probably come out lovely; mine did.

MRS. E. Boo-hoo! Then I'll never be fence viewer again, and I guess you'll have a time getting any one else for so hard a position. Boo-hoo!

BRID. Shure, I'll take the job, and a shnap it is.

MRS. M. We will accept the report, all excepting the part about the dress, and will now listen to the last report, that of our beloved auditor.

MRS. H. "My dear Duchess and ladies: (*With great impressiveness.*) I have faithfully examined the books of the town and found all words spelled correctly and nearly all punctuation marks right. Most cordially, Emma R. Holmes, Auditor."

MRS. M. That ends the reports of the year's work and I am proud of the earnest, thoughtful efforts of our noble town officers, that have given us so clean and well governed a town. (*Looks at warrant.*) The election of officers for the following year comes next. Is the nominating committee ready to report?

MRS. G. We are, and I will read our list of nominations. Board of Selectmen: Mrs. Cate, Mrs. Cash, Mrs. Eaton.

MRS. CATE. I am very sorry, but we move from town next month, so I shall be obliged to decline the nomination, and I move you, Madam Moderator, that Her Grace the Duchess of Waterbury be nominated to serve you in my stead.

ALL. Second the motion.

MRS. M. But I shall only be here for a few months.

MRS. G. Well, you can serve for the time you are here. As you are somewhat modest I will put the vote. Those in favor of Her Grace the Duchess of Waterbury being nominated to serve as chairman of the Board of Selectmen for the coming year, rise.

(*All rise.*)

MRS. G. I will begin again. "Board of Selectmen:—Duchess of Waterbury, chairman. Mrs. Cash. Mrs. Eaton. Collector of taxes, Mrs. Smart. Treasurer, Mrs. Blunt. Town clerk, Mrs. Briggs. Constables (*name three well-known men*). School Committee, Mrs. Sears (*name two well-known women*). Superintendent of streets, Mrs. Jones.

Assessors (*name three wealthy women*). Milk inspector, Mrs. Snow. Overseers of the poor, Mrs. Drake (*name two others*). Auditor, Mrs. Holmes. Board of Health, Mrs. Plain (*name local women*). Tree wardens (*local, if desired*). Fence viewers (*local, if desired*). Highway surveyor (*local, if desired*)."

MRS. H. Madam Moderator, I move that the clerk cast one ballot for the entire list.

MRS. PLAIN. I second the motion.

MRS. M. It is moved and seconded that the clerk cast one ballot for the entire list. Those in favor of that motion will hold up their hands. (*All do so.*) Please hurry, Madam Clerk; it is getting late.

(*Clerk casts ballot and MRS. M. declares the officers elected.*)

MAG. Shure, and I object to it.

MRS. M. Why, my dear, what is the trouble?

MAG. Shure the Oirish contingent is lift out intirely.

MRS. M. But those who have no special position are to help in all, you see.

MAG. Shure. If you say it's all right, why it goes, your Dukes—er—phwat do they call a Mrs. Duke anyway?

MRS. M. Now for the list of appropriations.

MRS. SMART. Oh, make it the same as last year to save time.

MRS. D. Same here.

MRS. M. It is moved and seconded that the appropriations be the same as last year; those in favor of that motion will hold up their hands. (*All do so except MRS. E.*) It is a vote.

MRS. E. Hold on a minute. I think last year's appropriation for the maintenance of schools was much too large. We overpay our teachers. Just think, they only work five hours for five days a week for thirty-eight weeks, and get paid for fifty-two weeks' work of six days each. *I think it is outrageous.*

MRS. J. Well, that's all you know about it. I was a teacher, and speak from a long experience. I was in school from 8:30 to 12:15 A. M., and from 1:15 to 4 P. M., and sometimes until five, and between then and 8:30 the next morning spent three or four hours correcting work of the previous day and preparing work for the day to come, so now! The folks up-stairs in your house do say that you are everlast-

ingly kicking over the noise of their two nice little children. I wonder how you'd like to have forty little imps under your nose all day. Huh!

NORA. Squelched!

MRS. W. Gracious! but there's a hornet's nest for you! Madam Moderator, the appropriation has already been voted, so Mrs. Eaton is out of order.

MRS. M. Mrs. White's point is well taken; the discussion is out of order. Now we come to the last number on our program, New business. Has any one any new business to bring before this meeting?

MRS. PROU. Yes, I have. I wish the town would have some new steps built in front of this building. The present ones are so high that women with fashionable skirts have to come up the stairs sidewise.

MRS. W. And the front door is much too narrow for picture hats, so we may as well have a wider door built while we are about it.

MRS. G. I want the (*local*) railroad company to be compelled to burn hard coal. The cinders from that horrid soft coal gets all over my clean washing every Monday.

MRS. E. Well, I want a clock placed in the tower of this building—one that strikes. Every clock in my house tells a different hour, and as a result I got to church five minutes too early last Sunday, and the next day my Evangeline was late to school, because I set the clock too far ahead.

MRS. CASH. Well, I want milkmen prohibited from making so much noise with their bottles in the middle of the night. It always wakes my baby up.

MRS. J. Well, I want them to stop putting that pesky oil on the streets; my hall rugs are a sight. I have half a mind to make the town buy me some new ones.

MRS. SNOW. Well, I want street car conductors to be instructed to look up and down each street, to see if some one is running for the car. It is outrageous the way they whiz past our street when I am nearly to the corner, and half killing myself with running.

MRS. D. Well, what I want is to have our public libraries compelled to buy at least twenty copies of every new novel. I never can get them until they are nearly worn out and quite out of date.

MRS. H. Well, I want our teachers to just stop giving so much home work to our children. My Ellen doesn't have a

chance to wipe dishes, or even make her own bed nowadays, she has so many lessons to get. We pay our teachers to teach the children, not to keep them up half the night to teach themselves.

MRS. PLAIN. Good for you. My sentiments entirely. I think they ought to begin half an hour earlier and keep half an hour later, and have no home work and sensible lessons. It would do my Mattie much more good to learn to make a loaf of bread and to sew a straight seam than to know how many flowers grow in swampy ground, and how many miles away the nearest planet is.

MRS. BLUNT. Well, what I want is to go home right straight off, so I move to adjourn, and to lay all these matters on the table until the next regular town meeting.

MAG. I second the motion.

(Motion is put and carried by one vote. As soon as the moderator declares the vote, MR. MANCHESTER enters.)

NORA. A man!

MRS. M. Albert!

MR. M. I've had a cablegram.

ALL. Well?

MR. M. *(to wife)*. It was a mistake. It was two other boys that were drowned, and uncle, although prostrated, will recover.

MRS. M. Oh! Oh! Oh! How glad I am. How perfectly splendid. Why, ladies, those dear boys weren't drowned after all.

ALL. What?

MR. M. It was a mistake. It was two other young men, and we are greatly rejoiced.

MRS. SMART. Then you aren't a Duke.

MR. M. *(smiling)*. No, lady. Only a common ordinary man.

MRS. SMART. Well, I think your wife has played a very shabby trick upon us. *(To Mrs. M.)* You may consider my invitation revoked, Mrs. Manchester.

[Exit.

MRS. CASH. And mine also, woman!

[Exit.

MRS. PROU. And mine, you common carpenter's wife.

[Exit.

MRS. SEARS. I shall denounce her as a public impostor.

[Exit.

MRS. G. I am going to read up the law on such matters and see if I can't arrest her. [Exit.]

MRS. E. Really, I can't breathe the air in the same room with such a wholesale fraud. [Exit.]

MRS. J. Well, I shan't ever speak to her again. [Exit.]

MRS. D. I think it was just a put up job to get elected moderator. [Exit.]

MR. M. Why, what *does* this mean?

MRS. H. It means that just the minute those snobs thought your wife was a Duchess, they almost brushed off her boots with their handkerchiefs.

MR. M. Oh! I see. And they really made you moderator of the meeting?

BRID. Shure, and she made a dandy one too.

NORA. And they made her chairman of the Board of Selectmen for the next year.

MR. M. What!

MRS. PLAIN. Yes, thank goodness *that* can't be revoked.

MRS. CATE. I move that the proceedings of this meeting be declared null and void, and that we hold another meeting one week from to-night.

MRS. W. Second the motion. Hurry up and put it, Mrs. Briggs.

MRS. BRIGGS (*sarcastically*). I am *so* sorry, ladies, but the meeting has already adjourned, and your motion is too late, and would be out of order anyway. Nora, put them out. (*Goes out.*)

(NORA, BRID. and MAG. chase MRS. CATE and MRS. W. out.)

MRS. M. But how did you know about the boys being alive?

MR. M. I got a cablegram just now. They got our cable of sympathy yesterday, and were so pleased with it that they are going to make us a gift of ten thousand pounds.

ALL. Oh!

BRID. Shure, that's \$50,000.

MR. M. (*continuing*). In appreciation of our sorrow for them and a thank offering for their boys being spared, and they are coming to visit us next summer.

NORA. Oh! Mrs. Smarty! Mrs. Smarty! Let me hurry home to tell her.

BRID. Shure, let's all of us go and get ready for torch-light parade in honor of our chairman of selictmin.

MAG. Three cheers for Mrs. Manchester, who is good as a Duchess if she ain't one.

(They give three cheers while going out.)

CURTAIN

Plays for Colleges and High Schools

The following plays have been given successfully in many of the High Schools and Colleges in all parts of the United States, and can so far be recommended to other institutions of this sort.

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
All Tangled Up	Comedy	3	5	3	2h
Bachelor Hall (25c.)	"	3	8	4	2h
The Bigelows' Butler	"	3	9	3	2½h
The Blundering Mr. Brown	"	3	4	4	1¾h
A Box of Monkeys	Farce	2	2	3	1h
Comrades (25c.)	Drama	3	4	3	2h
The Cool Collegians (25c.)	Comedy	2	3	4	1½h
The Doctor (25c.)	"	3	4	3	2½h
The Elopement of Ellen (25c.)	"	3	4	3	2h
Down by the Sea	Drama	2	6	3	2h
For One Night Only	Comedy	4	5	4	2½h
Higbee of Harvard	"	3	5	4	2½h
His Last Chance	"	3	5	3	2½h
A Lion Among Ladies	"	2	4	4	1½h
Me an' Otis	"	4	5	4	2h
Mose	College Comedy	3	11	10	1½h
Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard (25c.)	Comedy	3	4	7	2h
Mrs. Compton's Manager	"	3	7	6	2½h
My Cousin Timmy	"	2	2	8	1h
Our Folks	Drama	3	6	5	2h
Out of Town (25c.)	Comedy	3	3	5	1½h
A Rival by Request	"	3	6	5	2½h
Tommy's Wife (25c.)	Farce-Comedy	3	3	5	1½h
Up to Freddie	"	2	3	6	1¾h
Valley Farm (25c.)	Drama	4	6	6	2½h
Chums (25c.)	Farce	1	3	2	45m
Class Day (25c.)	"	1	4	3	45m
Her Busy day	"	1	7	5	1h
My Lord in Livery	"	1	4	3	45m
The Revolving Wedge	"	1	5	3	1h
Two College Tramps	"	1	2	3	20m
A Class Day Conspiracy	"	1	2	3	40m
Quits	"	1	2	3	40m
The Obstinate Family	"	1	3	3	30m
The Peacemaker	"	1	3	3	40m
Paddle Your Own Canoe	"	1	7	3	40m
The Flying Wedge (25c.)	"	1	3	5	45m
A Romantic Rogue	Comedy	1	2	3	40m
A Rice Pudding (25c.)	"	2	2	3	1¼h
A Rank Deception	"	2	3	3	1h
Old Acre Folks	"	2	6	4	2h
Nephew or Uncle (25c.)	"	3	8	3	2h

Price fifteen cents each unless otherwise stated.

SENT, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE,
BY
BAKER, 5 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

New Plays

THE SILVER SPOON

A Character Sketch in Four Parts

By Joseph S. Jones

Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern; scenery varied but not difficult. Plays a full evening. A revised and reconstructed version of this old play. Jefferson Scattering Batkins, by William Warren, was one of the notable theatrical achievements of its time. The satire of the old piece is as fresh to-day as in its youth, and a revival would be full of interest.

Price, 15 cents.

CHARACTERS

JEFFERSON SCATTERING BATAKINS, *member of the General Court from Cranberry Centre.*

GLANDON KING, *a young gentleman of fortune.*

EZRA AUSTIN, *a Boston joiner.*

COL. JEROME SPLENDID SILK, *a speculator.*

SIMON FEEDLE, *a lawyer.*

TOM PINFEATHER.

MR. FRANCIS PERKINS.

BILES, *a cabman, No. 1982.*

BITE, *a sheriff's officer.*

WAITER.

MISS HANNAH PARTRIDGE.

SARAH AUSTIN.

ABBY BACON, *a girl from Cranberry Centre.*

MISS ASIA GREENWOOD, *a city belle.*

MISS NIGHTINGALE (*with song*).

MRS. CHAUNCEY SHADY.

MISS SWALLOW.

MISS RIGHTING.

MISS BIRD, *of "The Saints' Rest Society."*

Waiters, Dancers, Policemen, etc.

LONDON ASSURANCE

A Comedy in Five Acts

By Dion L. Boucicault

Ten males, three females. Costumes may be modern or of the period, as preferred; scenery, two interiors and one exterior. Plays a full evening. The Boston Museum version of this famous comedy, which is so full of movement and of life, and so absolutely well suited to the actor's ends that it never grows old in effect. Strongly recommended for school performance, as well as for amateur acting in general. This version contains all the usual cuts, alterations, and "gags."

Price, 15 cents

A SCRAP OF PAPER

A Comedy in Three Acts

By J. Palgrave Simpson

Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. The Boston Museum version of this delightful piece with all the usual cuts and "gags." A perfect play for practiced amateurs, high in tone, sprightly in movement, vividly interesting in story and offering good parts to all.

Price, 15 cents

New Farces

THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Four males, three females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

TOMMY'S WIFE

A Farce in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Three males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Originally produced by students of Wellesley College. A very original and entertaining play, distinguished by abundant humor. An unusually clever piece, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

An Original Farce in Two Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Free for amateurs, but professional stage rights are reserved by the author. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

OUT OF TOWN

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Bell Elliot Palmer

Three males, five females. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts; costumes modern. Plays an hour and a half. A clever and interesting comedy, very easy to produce and recommended for amateur performance. Tone high and atmosphere refined. All the parts good. A safe piece for a fastidious audience, as its theme and treatment are alike beyond reproach.

Price, 25 cents

New Recitations

BAKER'S HUMOROUS SPEAKER

Readings and Recitations for School or Platform, including pieces
in Yankee, English, French, German and Scotch dialect.

One hundred and sixty-four selections in prose and verse by Mark Twain,
Will Carlton, R. J. Burdette, O. W. Holmes, Betsy Bobbitt, M. Quad, Bill Nye,
Max Adeler, John Phoenix, Artemas Ward and others. 307 pages.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

BAKER'S PATRIOTIC SPEAKER

A Collection of the Best Patriotic Selections for
School or Platform.

Seventy-six selections in prose and verse by Will Carlton, F. H. Gassaway,
Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, T. W. Higginson, John L. Swift, John G. Whittier,
Gen. Sherman, H. B. Sargent, T. DeWitt Talmage and others. Reprinted from
The Grand Army Speaker. 149 pages.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Selections from Standard Authors

For School and College.

Nearly one hundred selections from standard authors, comprising gems
from such writers as Shakespeare, Tennyson, Macaulay, Irving, Scott, Dickens,
Browning, Byron, Shiel, Leigh Hunt, Poe, Hazlitt, Hood, Bayard Taylor,
De Quincy, Lowell, Owen Meredith, Longfellow, Bryant, Trowbridge, Victor
Hugo, Sumner, Webster, and many others. 240 pages.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Co., 5 Hamilton Place
BOSTON, MASS.

New Plays

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

For Female Characters only

By *Helen Kane*

Author of "A POINT OF HONOR," etc.

Sixteen female characters. Scenes, two interiors; costumes modern. Plays two hours. A very exceptionally dramatic and effective play for all women, high in tone and quite above the average in quality. Calls for strong acting by three of its characters, has several good character parts and a number of minor parts that call for handsome dressing. An excellent play for a woman's club, easy to stage and absorbing in interest. Confidently recommended to the best taste.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

Mlle. SANNOM (*Olga Petrovna*), a
Russian refugee.

MADAME IGNATIEFF, *wife of the Rus-
sian Ambassador.*

MADAME LUVOFF *wife of Attaché,
Russian Embassy.*

MRS. WILLNER, *wife of Senator,—
kindly and inconsequent.*

ASENATH, *her daughter, aged eighteen;
romantic but loyal.*

LORNA, *her "Baby," aged six; rebel-
lious—"enfant terrible."*

MRS. TREMAINE, *cousin to Mrs. Will-
ner; a "manager."*

LADY GRAY, *wife of English Amba-
sador.*

MADAME DE FAYEUSE, *wife of French
Minister.*

MRS. WESTON, } *Calls at Sen-
ator Willner's*

MRS. ELLETT, } *This number may*

MISS DE LORME, } *be increased if de-
sirable.*

MISS FAIRFAX, } *MISS DE PEYSTER, } *SASHA, maid at Russian Legation.**

HULDAH, *maid to Mrs. Willner.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. SCENE 1. — At Senator Willner's. Olga (Mlle. Sannom) arrives in America, in search of her brother.

SCENE 2. — The same. She "manages" the "unmanageable."

ACT II. SCENE 1. — "Calling day" at Senator Willner's. Olga meets an old friend, and is seen by her enemy.

SCENE 2. — At the Russian Embassy. Story of the escape from Siberia. The enemy threatens.

ACT III. SCENE 1. — At the Embassy again. Olga meets her enemy.

SCENE 2. — At Mrs. Willner's. The enemy conquered.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

A FAIRY PLAY

By *W. B. Yeats*

Three male, three female characters. Scenery, a plain interior; costumes, Irish peasant. Plays half an hour. An excellent example of this author's work. It has been extensively used in this country by schools of acting, and the present edition was made for this purpose. Perfectly actable, but most unconventional in form and treatment. Offered to students rather than for acting.

Price, 15 cents

DEC 13 1912

NEW CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

Kriss Kringle's Panorama

Of Pantomimes, Tableaux, Readings, Recitations,
Illustrated Poems, Music, etc.

This is a compendium of material for the celebration of Christmas in school, hall, or at home. The selections are carefully made and skilfully employed and arranged, so that variety and novelty may be given to almost any length of programme made up from its matter.

Price 25 Cents

CONTENTS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. (<i>Concert Exercise</i>).....	Rev. A. J. Ryan
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.....	J. G. Holland
A CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE.....	M. M.
A CHRISTMAS PARTY.....	Will Carlton
A DISTANT CAROL.....	K. Van Harlingen
ANGELIC SONG, THE.....	Ivy English
AN OLD ROUNDSMAN'S STORY. (<i>Pantomime</i>).....	Margaret Eytinge
AROUND THE WORLD WITH SANTA CLAUS.....	
CHILDREN'S DAY, THE. (<i>Tableaux</i>).....	
CHILDREN'S GIFTS, THE.....	
CHRISTMAS BELLS.....	H. W. Longfellow
CHRISTMAS BELLS.....	
CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.....	L. R. White
CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE STREET. (<i>Pantomime</i>).....	
CHRISTMAS GUEST, THE.....	Helen Angell Goodwin
CHRISTMAS MORNING.....	
CHRISTMAS MORNING.....	
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING. (<i>Pantomime</i>).....	
DRIVER'S CHRISTMAS, THE.....	Mrs. M. L. Rayne
FILLING THE STOCKING. (<i>Pantomime</i>).....	
JACK FROST AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.....	S. J. Burke
KITTIE TO SANTA CLAUS.....	
LADY JUDITH'S VISION, THE. (<i>Tableaux</i>).....	Mrs. E. V. Wilson
LAMENT OF A LEFT-OVER DOLL, THE.....	
MERRY CHRISTMAS.....	
ON THE QUIET. (<i>Pantomime</i>).....	
PRINCE OF LIFE, THE.....	Fred W. Ross
SNOW ANGEL, THE.....	Wallace Bruce
STORY KATIE TOLD, THE. (<i>Pantomime</i>).....	
SWIPSEY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER. (<i>Statuary</i>).....	Edward Marshall
TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS, THE. (<i>Tableaux</i>).....	Sarah Keables Hunt

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

BAKER, 5 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

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.

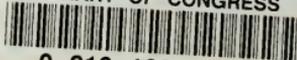
THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

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



Recent Popular Plays

THE AWAKENING Play in Four Acts. By C. H. CHAMBERS. Four males, six females. Scenery, not difficult, chiefly interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

THE FRUITS OF ENLIGHTENMENT Comedy in Four Acts. By L. TOLSTOL. Twenty-one males, eleven females. Scenery, characteristic interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Recommended for reading clubs. Price, 25 Cents.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR Farce in Three Acts. By R. MARSHALL. Ten males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Acting rights reserved. Time, a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND Comedy in Four Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Nine males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Acting rights reserved. Sold for reading. Price, 50 Cents.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST Farce in Three Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenes, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Acting rights reserved. Price, 50 Cents.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN Comedy in Four Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Seven males, nine females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Acting rights reserved. Price, 50 Cents.

NATHAN HALE Play in Four Acts. By CLYDE FITCH. Fifteen males, four females. Costumes of the eighteenth century in America. Scenery, four interiors and two exteriors. Acting rights reserved. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

THE OTHER FELLOW Comedy in Three Acts. By M. B. HORNE. Six males, four females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Professional stage rights reserved. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS Comedy in Four Acts. By C. H. CHAMBERS. Four males, three females. Scenery, an interior and an exterior; costumes, modern. Acting rights reserved. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE Comedy in Four Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Stage rights reserved. Offered for reading only. Price, 50 Cents.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts