

BAKER'S

Specialties

How the Story Grew

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Boston, Mass.

W A R N I N G

I m p o r t a n t

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BAKER'S PLAYS

BOSTON 11, MASSACHUSETTS

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How the Story Grew

A Novelty Entertainment in One Act
For Women Only

By

O. W. GLEASON

*Author of "A Modern Sewing Society," "How the Club
Was Formed," "How the Ladies Earned Their
Dollar," and "Rummage Donations"*

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

How the Story Grew

THE CAST

MRS. BROWN.	MRS. DOOLITTLE.
MRS. GREEN.	MRS. SNOW.
MRS. BEAN.	MRS. TAYLOR.
MRS. RICE.	MRS. WHITE.

COSTUMES. Old-fashioned.

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PRODUCTION NOTES

It is not at all necessary to make a change of scene for the different kitchens that the progressive plot story calls for. Effective results can be obtained in merely moving the stage furniture about just a bit. For instance, Mrs. Green's kitchen may have a table placed at left center of the stage with a dish pan on it and various bits of soiled dishes ready to be washed. In making the change of setting to Mrs. Bean's kitchen, the pan and dishes should be removed and Mrs. Bean be found at the rise of the curtain either sitting or standing at the table, visibly engaged in paring apples and seemingly getting ready to make a pie. Comparatively few properties are called for and the essential ones can easily be taken care of by the person using them. It is advisable to drop the stage curtain between each episode and to keep it down for a full minute. If it is necessary to give the entertainment on a bare platform and where no curtain is available the various "kitchens" can be described by an announcer just before Mrs. Green and Mrs. Brown begin their conversation. Another suggestion is to have painted in black, large cardboards with the words "Mrs. Green's Kitchen," or "Mrs. Bean's kitchen," and place them on an easel at one corner of the stage or these placards can be held by a child and carried across the stage from left to right and then off. Simplicity is the keynote in the success of a play of this type and care should be taken to keep the stage atmosphere homey. The ladies of the cast should, if possible, wear old style clothes of the exaggerated type but in no ways should any part of the entertainment be burlesqued. Facial make-up should be used sparingly unless bright footlights are employed. Play the dialogue with increasing excitement, keeping in mind that the plot story starts mildly enough but rolls itself into a huge snowball of gossipy misrepresentation.

How the Story Grew

SCENE I.—*Old-fashioned kitchen; MRS. GREEN washing dishes at table in c. of stage.*

35 (Enter MRS. BROWN, who drops into chair; MRS. GREEN goes on with her work.)

22 MRS. BROWN. Land sakes alive! I'm so frustrated, Mrs. Green, that I don't know which end my head is on. I've run every step of the way over here to tell you the news. I was so afraid you'd hear of it before I could get here. Hain't heard anything, have you?

MRS. GREEN. Mercy, no! I hain't heard no news never. What is it? I'm dying to hear it.

MRS. B. And I'm dying to tell it to somebody. I'm that mad that I don't know but that I'll burst a blood vessel.

MRS. G. Do go on. What in the world is it?

MRS. B. Well, you know the house opposite ourn that has stood empty so long, don't you? The Smith house, I mean.

MRS. G. Of course I do. Old Smith charges such high rent that he'll never get anybody to take it. Ten dollars a month! I never heard the beat of it!

MRS. G. Well, high rent or not, he *has* rented it.

MRS. G. How you talk! You can't mean it.

MRS. B. It's a fact. That's what I've raced clean over here to tell you.

MRS. G. Well, I never! Who are they? When are they going to move in? How many are they in the family? Where do they come from? Where do they go to meetin'?

MRS. B. That's the provoking part of it. I don't know one thing about them. I tell you I am mad clean

through. When I rolled up my curtains this morning if there warn't an empty moving team driving out of the yard.

MRS. G. And you hadn't seen a thing?

MRS. B. Not a blessed thing. They'd got all moved in and I not knowing the first thing about it. I could have got up an hour earlier, just as well as not, if I had known of it.

MRS. G. I call that a drefful mean thing to do, moving in so sly like.

MRS. B. So do I. Now I don't know what kind of furniture they've got, how many young ones there are, how either he or she looks. In fact, I don't know nothing.

MRS. G. I don't wonder you're upset about it. It's a burning shame. Hain't you seen anybody round the house?

MRS. B. No. Not a soul could I see anywheres, so I just put on my bunnit and started over to ask if there wasn't something I could do to help them.

MRS. G. Say, that was a fine idea.

MRS. B. Yes, but I couldn't raise a living soul. I rung the bell, I rapped and pounded on the door, but not a person could I raise.

MRS. G. Couldn't you peek in at the windows and see what they were doing?

MRS. B. See in! Land sakes, they'd got their curtains pulled down as tight as a vise.

MRS. G. You don't mean it! I always have my suspicions of people who keep their curtains down.

MRS. B. So do I. I don't know what to make of it. I don't know but what there's something wrong about them.

MRS. G. I wouldn't wonder a mite but what there was. What are you going to do about it?

MRS. B. Well, I'll tell you. I'm all out of molasses and saleratus and I'm going to have one of the boys harness up old Dobbin and drive me over to the village this afternoon.

MRS. G. Do you expect they'll know anything about them there?

MRS. B. Well, you know that John Jones has the letting of the place and I thought maybe he'd be hanging round the store and I could ask him about 'em. I sha'n't sleep one wink to-night if I can't find out all about 'em.

MRS. G. No, nor I nuther. You be sure and drop in on your way home and tell me what you find out.

MRS. B. Sure I will. I left my bread a-risin' on the stove, so I'll have to hurry. (*Rises.*) Don't tell anybody what I've told you, 'coz I never meddle with my neighbors, and I just hate gossiping. Good-bye. Now be sure and don't tell.

MRS. G. Of course I won't. Good-bye. (*Exit MRS. BROWN.*) It does beat all. I wonder who they be. There, I've got these dishes washed at last, and I'll run across to Mrs. Bean's and ask her if she has heard anything about it. She most allers hears everything that's going. (*MRS. GREEN puts on sunbonnet and goes out.*)

SCENE 2.—MRS. BEAN'S kitchen. MRS. BEAN *paring apples.*

19 (*Enter MRS. GREEN. She takes chair and sits beside MRS. BEAN.*)

MRS. G. Good-morning, Mrs. Bean, have you heard the news?

MRS. BEAN. News! No, I hain't heard nothing. You must know something pretty important to come rushing in here at this time of day. What is it?

MRS. G. Well, 'tis the funniest thing I ever heard of. You're sure you hain't heard about it?

MRS. BEAN. Not a word. Do tell it quick and not keep me danglin' so.

MRS. G. Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not. Mrs. Brown just run in and told me. I don't know as she'll want me to tell you.

MRS. BEAN. Now, Mrs. Green, don't be so mighty mysterious. Out with it.

MRS. G. Well, I suppose I may as well tell you. You know the Smith house? Somebody has moved into it and nobody knows anything about them. They moved in in the night.

MRS. BEAN. Heavens on earth! In the night! Did you ever?

MRS. G. Strangest thing I ever heard. When Mrs. Brown got up this morning they had got all moved in, with their curtains down all over the house and *pinned* down so that nobody could see a wink. Mrs. Brown went over nice and polite like and asked if she could help them any.

MRS. BEAN. What did they say?

MRS. G. They wouldn't let her in!

MRS. BEAN. Wouldn't let her in? Mercy me!

MRS. G. No, they wouldn't. They didn't want anything to do with their neighbors and wanted to be let alone. I tell you Mrs. Brown is hopping mad.

MRS. BEAN. Did she say what kind of looking folks they were? How many are there? Any young ones?

MRS. G. Now I don't just remember what she did say, but I guess she thought there were some young ones. Three or four, probably. Most likely the man is a big, black, ruffian looking sort of fellow. I guess he must be to act so strange.

MRS. BEAN. I declare, it's too bad to have such a man move into our place, and we all so well-behaved and quiet like. Most likely the young ones are as sassy as their father.

MRS. G. Well, I guess I'll be going back. I've got salt mackerel to fry for dinner. Now don't mention what I've told you to anyone, will you?

MRS. BEAN. Of course I won't. I'm no gossip.

MRS. G. Good-bye. Run in when you can.

MRS. BEAN. Yes, I will. Good-bye. (*Exit* MRS. GREEN.) There, I've got these apples pared and I am that flustered that I can't get dinner for the men folks till I have told Mrs. Rice all about it. I guess I'll run over there just a minute. (*Looks out of window.*) If

she ain't coming up the walk this minute. I'm so glad, for I sha'n't have to go over there.

(Enter MRS. RICE.)

MRS. RICE. Good-morning, Mrs. Bean. I've just run in to see if you can lend me a couple of spoonfuls of corn-starch. I'm making a soup for dinner and I hain't got nothing to thicken the gravy with.

MRS. BEAN. Yes, I've got a brand new paper. But do set down, Mrs. Rice. I've got the *awfullest* thing to tell you. You hain't heard about it, have you? (*Both sit.*)

MRS. R. No, I dun no as I've heard anything very *awful*, that is lately. What is it?

MRS. BEAN. Well, it's this: There has a horrid family of persons moved into the Smith house.

MRS. R. You don't say. What have they done?

MRS. BEAN. Done enough, I should say. They moved in last night about midnight. Load after load of boxes and queer-looking furniture. Nobody knows what was in those boxes. When Mrs. Brown got up this morning there were heavy curtains *nailed* over all the windows, both inside and out.

MRS. R. Well, of all things! What are they? I'll bet they are a gang of robbers or bootleggers.

MRS. BEAN. I shouldn't wonder a bit. But you hain't heard half of it yet. Mrs. Brown stepped across the street to see what she could see, and a big black-faced man put his head out of the door and told her to go into her own house and mind her business, that he and his folks didn't want nothing to do with the neighbors.

MRS. R. Lord-a-massy! What did she do?

MRS. BEAN. She was so frightened that she just turned and run. She most likely expected every minute that he would throw something at her or shoot her.

MRS. R. Did she see any women folks about the place?

MRS. BEAN. Probably *they* were peeking out of the windows. I guess she thought she heard some young ones yelling and quarreling inside. Most likely she did.

MRS. R. Mercy on us! I am so used up that I don't know as I can get home, but if you'll get my starch I'll try it.

MRS. BEAN. (*Getting starch*) Don't say anything about it, for I don't want the story told from me.

MRS. R. (*Taking starch*) No, you can bet your life I wouldn't *dare* speak of it. Good-bye. [*Exit* MRS. RICE.]

MRS. BEAN. (*Going to door*) Wait a minute and I'll walk a piece with you. [*Exit* MRS. BEAN.]

SCENE 3.—MRS. DOOLITTLE'S kitchen. MRS. DOOLITTLE *paring potatoes.*

(*Enter* MRS. RICE.)

93 MRS. DOOLITTLE. Good-morning, Mrs. Rice. I'm drestful glad you run in. Heard any news lately?

MRS. R. Well, I just have, the awfulest thing I ever hearn tell of. Hain't you heard of it?

MRS. D. No, I hain't heard nothing, I tell you. For the land sakes, what is it?

MRS. R. Then you hain't heard how poor Mrs. Brown almost got killed this morning?

MRS. D. Sakes alive! No, I hain't heard one thing about it. How did it happen? Do tell me quick.

MRS. R. Well, do let me set down and catch my breath, for it's a pretty long story. (*She sits.*)

MRS. D. I shall die, I know I shall, before you get ready to tell me. Poor Mrs. Brown!

MRS. R. Yes, poor Mrs. Brown, to be shot at by a low nigger rascal!

MRS. D. Shot by a nigger! I didn't know there was a single nigger in our village.

MRS. R. Well, there is. A whole family of them has moved into the old Smith house, opposite Mrs. Brown's.

MRS. D. You don't say so! What did they shoot Mrs. Brown for?

MRS. R. For just nothing at all. You see they moved in, in the dead of night, frightened her most to death with the noise and racket they made. She got up just

as soon as 'twas light to see what was going on. They had got all moved in and had got the windows, every one of them, *boarded* up so that a ray of light couldn't get in.

MRS. D. How you talk! Isn't it too terrible for anything?

MRS. R. Of course it is. Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Brown opened her door and stepped out into her yard. She had barely sot her feet on the walk before a great black nigger opened the door of the Smith house and shot at her.

MRS. D. Don't it beat all? You are sure 'twas a nigger?

MRS. R. Of course I am. Mrs. Bean told me about it, and she said 'twas a black-faced man, so of course 'twas a nigger.

MRS. D. Did it hit her?

MRS. R. Land, no, but it might have.

MRS. D. What did he do it for? Did he say anything?

MRS. R. Yes, indeed, he yelled and swore at her. I can't begin to tell you the vile names he called her.

MRS. D. Well, I'm scared to death. How many are there of them?

MRS. R. From what Mrs. Bean told me, I should imagine there were a dozen or more. There were lots of nigger women looking out between the boards over the windows. From what she said I guess there were five or six young ones inside crying and yelling.

MRS. D. You don't suppose that the young ones were white children that they had stole, do you? You know niggers *do* steal white children.

MRS. R. Maybe they was. Mrs. Brown didn't see them, but I sha'n't let my young ones out of the house after this.

MRS. D. No, nor I nuther.

MRS. R. Well, I'll be going home. I don't know but what I'll get killed before I get there, though. Good-bye. Don't mention a word of what I've told you.

MRS. D. No, I shouldn't *dare* to. (*Exit* MRS. RICE.) Oh dear, I wish it warn't so late and I'd tie on my bunnit

and run over to Mrs. Snow's, to tell the news to her. It's a shame she don't know it. Perhaps, though, Mrs. Snow has heard of it.

(Enter MRS. SNOW.)

19 MRS. SNOW. Heard what? It seems I'm just in time.

MRS. D. Have you heard about poor Mrs. Brown?

MRS. S. No, I hain't. What about her?

MRS. D. Why, a pack of niggers shot at her this morning and hurt her awfully. *four*

MRS. S. For heaven's sake! Where was she and how did it happen?

MRS. D. Why, you see, a lot of niggers have moved into the Smith house and Mrs. Brown just stepped out into her yard this morning when five or six niggers ran across the street and fired at her. *four*

MRS. S. Oh dear, dear me! Where did they hit her?

MRS. D. I don't know as I heard just *where*. Maybe 'twas in her arm, maybe her leg. Anyway she's hurt awful bad.

MRS. S. Have they arrested any of them?

MRS. D. No, they hain't. I don't suppose the perlice dare go nigh them. I shouldn't, if I was one.

MRS. S. Are they all men?

MRS. D. No, there are ten or a dozen great, ugly women among them, who carry clubs and throw things at everybody that goes by.

MRS. S. I suppose there ain't any young ones, is there? *none of their own but*

MRS. D. No black ones, but they have three or four white ones. People think they have stole them. Most probable they keep them tied up in the cellar. *some*

MRS. S. Oh, the poor dears! What can we do?

MRS. D. Nothing at all. It's the worst ever, but don't you tell anything from me.

MRS. S. No, of course not. Well, it's dinner time and I'll be getting back home. Good-bye.

MRS. D. Good-bye. (Exit MRS. SNOW.) I guess I'll run down to the well and get a pitcher of fresh water.

[Exit MRS. DOOLITTLE.]

SCENE 4.—MRS. TAYLOR'S kitchen. MRS. TAYLOR setting the table.

(Enter MRS. SNOW.)

MRS. TAYLOR. Why, how do you do, Mrs. Snow?

MRS. S. Do? Why, I'm almost frightened out of my wits. I actually don't dare to go home.

MRS. T. What on earth's the matter? You take my breath away.

MRS. S. Then you hain't heard about poor Mrs. Brown, lying at the point of death, shot down by a nigger and set upon by a crowd of nigger women and pounded until she was black and blue?

MRS. T. Horrors! How you scare me. Where did they come from and when did it happen?

MRS. S. Didn't you know that a gang of them had taken possession of the Smith house and that they shoot at everybody that goes by? They have stolen dozens and dozens of white children and have got them shut up in the cellar. I suppose they feed them on bread and water.

MRS. T. Why don't the police do something?

MRS. S. They are afraid of their lives. Darsen't go near the place. There's a whole gang, fifty or sixty of them.

MRS. T. And poor Mrs. Brown is dreadfully hurt?

MRS. S. Yes, awfully. Body full of buck shot and pounded to a jelly. Most likely she's dead by this time.

MRS. T. Whose children did you say they had stolen?

MRS. S. Well, I didn't just hear. Most probable they are the Higginses, the Perkinses and the Joneses. They live near the house. Well, I guess I'll hurry home before I get killed myself. You can't tell what will happen next. Don't say a word that I have told you. I don't want to get mixed up in it. Good-bye.

MRS. T. No, I won't say a word to a living soul. Good-bye. (Exit MRS. SNOW.) Well, I declare! If there ain't Mrs. White coming up the street. I guess I'll call her in and tell her about it. (Goes to door and

calls.) Mrs. White, Mrs. White, come in a minute. (*Enter MRS. WHITE.*) Isn't it terrible, Mrs. White? I thought I must call you in and talk it over. So poor Mrs. Brown is gone.

MRS. WHITE. Gone? Gone where?

MRS. T. Why, she's dead! Didn't you know it?

MRS. W. Know it? No. When did she die and what did she die of?

MRS. T. She didn't die of anything, she was murdered in cold blood by a furriner of some kind.

MRS. W. Why, how you talk! Where was she?

MRS. T. At home in her own bed. Besides killing her he's caught all the Higgins', Perkins' and Jones' young ones and has got them all shut up in the cellar where he is starving them to death.

MRS. W. Shut up in what cellar?

MRS. T. Lord-a-massy! Didn't you know that a gang of furrin robbers had taken possession of the Smith house and were doing the worst things imaginable?

MRS. W. I hadn't heard a thing. Why don't the police arrest them?

MRS. T. They *have* tried, but they can't get near the house. They think there must be about a hundred in the house, and they darsen't go very nigh for fear of getting shot. I suppose they'll call out the militia from the city next.

MRS. W. Yes, they'll have to. So they have murdered poor Mrs. Brown. I suppose her husband is heart broke. Where was he when she was killed?

MRS. T. He'd gone down to the village like enough. Seems to me he goes down pretty often. I don't know as I think he will be heart broke. Men are queer critters at the best.

MRS. W. Land me! I thought Tom Brown was a model husband. You don't suppose he goes down to the village to see——

MRS. T. I don't suppose nothing about it. What I know, I know.

MRS. W. Well, I'm dumb struck with it all!

MRS. T. So am I. This is a very peculiar world. Very.

MRS. W. When is Mrs. Brown's funeral? I'll go to it if I never go anywhere else in the world.

MRS. T. Let's see; to-day is Wednesday. Most likely it will be on Friday at about three o'clock. That's the usual time.

MRS. W. Well, I'll go just to see how Tom Brown feels.

MRS. T. Now, I don't know as they can have a funeral at all, with that gang of robbers in possession of the town and the people not daring to move out of doors.

MRS. W. Sure enough! You don't suppose I'll get killed before I get home, do you?

MRS. T. Well, if I were in your place I'd go round the other way and hurry along right smart.

MRS. W. (*Rising*) Good-bye. You've scared me 'most to death.

MRS. T. Good-bye. If you don't mind I'd rather you wouldn't say anything about what I've told you. I am afraid to say my soul's my own.

MRS. W. No! I'm going right straight home and lock my doors. [*Exit* MRS. WHITE.]

SCENE 5.—MRS. GREEN'S *sitting-room*. MRS. GREEN *mending stockings at table*.

MRS. G. I wonder what time Mrs. Brown will get back from the village. I do hope she'll find out who those folks be that has moved into the Smith house. Land sakes if there ain't Mrs. White coming in. (*Enter* MRS. WHITE.) Good-afternoon, I'm real glad to see you. Sit down and make yourself comfortable.

MRS. W. I thought I'd just run in and see if you knew whether they had decided to have a funeral over poor Mrs. Brown's remains or not.

MRS. G. (*Drops work and jumps up*) What in the world are you talking about? Is Mrs. Brown dead?

MRS. W. Didn't you know it? Where have you been that you hain't heard of it?

MRS. G. Why, Mrs. Brown was in here about nine o'clock this morning, and I saw her drive past here just after dinner.

MRS. W. After dinner? Why, she was murdered this morning. No, I guess it was last night.

MRS. G. I tell you I saw her with my own eyes going past here since dinner.

MRS. W. Well, I don't know what to make of it. Mrs. Taylor came to the door and called me in when I was a-going by there this morning and told me that Mrs. Brown had been murdered in her bed by a great, ugly Spaniard, and that a gang of about two hundred of them had marched into the village and gone into the Smith house. They had stole forty or fifty children and killed and buried them in the cellar, and that Mrs. Brown couldn't have no funeral, for the perlice and the men were afraid to stir out of the house, 'coz these Spaniards were going to kill everybody in the town.

MRS. G. There ain't one word of truth in it. I don't see how people can tell such lies.

MRS. W. I wouldn't have thought Mrs. Taylor would have said so if 'twan't so, would you?

MRS. G. Well, I know for a fact that Mrs. Brown is *not* dead.

(Enter MRS. BROWN.)

MRS. B. Dead! Of course I'm not dead. Who said I was?

MRS. W. (*Holding up hands*) Heavens! Mrs. Brown, is it really you or your ghost?

MRS. B. Mrs. White, I allers thought you were a sensible woman. What ails you, anyway?

MRS. W. Land sakes, Mrs. Brown! It is all over the village that you are dead; murdered by somebody or nuther and that you couldn't have no funeral nor nothing.

MRS. B. Well, I ain't dead, and I should just like to know who started such a story. How people do talk nowadays!

(Enter MRS. TAYLOR.)

MRS. T. Mercy on us! Here's Mrs. Brown! I thought you were dead!

(Enter MRS. SNOW.)

MRS. S. Why, Mrs. Brown, are you here? I thought you were at home plum full of shot and pounded to a jelly!

(Enter MRS. DOOLITTLE.)

MRS. D. Why, Mrs. Brown, I am glad you are able to be out. How is your arm—or leg? Which was it you were shot in?

(Enter MRS. RICE.)

MRS. R. Why, Mrs. Brown, you here? I am so glad that you warn't hit by that nigger this morning, but you had a narrer escape.

(Enter MRS. BEAN.)

MRS. BEAN. Good-morning, Mrs. Brown, warn't you drefful scairt when that nigger swore so at you this morning?

(During the entrance of MRS. TAYLOR and the others, MRS. BROWN stands completely amazed and listens to what they say.)

MRS. B. Well, where am I, in a crazy-house, or what? What are you talking about? I hain't seen a nigger for five years. I hain't been swore at. I hain't been shot at. My arms and legs are all right. I hain't been pounded, nor I hain't dead. Where did you get a!l this nonsense?

MRS. W. (Meekly) Mrs. Taylor told me.

MRS. T. Mrs. Snow told me.

MRS. S. Mrs. Doolittle told me.

MRS. D. Mrs. Rice told me.

MRS. R. Mrs. Bean told me.

MRS. BEAN. Mrs. Green told me.

MRS. G. And you yourself told me.

MRS. B. I told you! What did I tell you?

MRS. G. That a family had moved into the Smith house.

MRS. B. What critters you women be! Each of you added a little and a little until you had me dead and almost buried. I'll never tell you anything again, Mrs. Green.

MRS. G. Say? Did you find out who the family was?

MRS. B. Yes. It was our new minister. His goods have all come, but the family won't be here till next week.

MRS. W. And nobody's dead? No young ones stolen? No niggers in town? Well, I 'most wish there was; it kinder gave us something to talk about.

ALL. (*Bowing to audience*) And women *must* talk, you know.

CURTAIN

charity ball

COMEDY

By ELIZABETH MONTAGUE BIRDSALL

ROYALTY, \$5.00

Price, 40 Cents

THREE MEN • THREE WOMEN • INTERIOR • 30 MIN.

PETER JOHNSON is just a kid but one of the very nicest of that species. And now we find him all agog because at fifteen and a half he's having his first formal date with tux 'n' everything. Oh, yes, Mother saw to it that he was properly dressed for the occasion. She took Dad Johnson's tux to the tailor and had it cut down to fit but—without telling Dad about her plans. The Johnson household is a bedlam and when it is at its worst Dad arrives home from a wearisome day to find a stray dog in his kitchen, a drummer practicing in his attic and his son in his pants. And Dad is a bit too old to remember when . . . Here's a play packed with the comedy of youth and sizzling with the flare-ups of a t.b.m. (tired business man).

it happens each spring

COMEDY

By MINOTT L. COOMBS

and LEON B. STEVENS

Price, 40 Cents

TWO MEN • FOUR WOMEN • INTERIOR • 30 MIN.

YOU MUST MEET the Williams family. First and foremost there is the adolescent son, Sherman, and then come his parents, as long-suffering a pair as ever one did see. Add to the family group the three "women" in Sherman's life and you've really got something. Here's the set-up: Jackie, the cute high school girl next door; Colette, the girl from out of town, mature, sophisticated and with plenty of oomph; Mary-Belle, a fragile flower from the South. It's hard to know, at times, how Mom and Dad manage to hold their sanity, but there's always an avalanche of fun to progress the plot to just the climax you'd expect.

Baker's Plays

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2 ONE-ACT THRILLERS

Dark Light

By ESSEX DANE

Two Men, Two Women

INTERIOR. 30 MIN. ROYALTY, \$5.00

Price, 50 CENTS

- INTO A DARK and eerie basement apartment Kathie comes to meet some fellow members of a secret society. She has just been initiated into the order and feels she is dedicating her life to right the wrongs of the world. Her sincerity of purpose is all the more touching, knowing the trap into which she has so innocently fallen. Having been a governess in the home of the state's governor, she has been induced into the organization under false pretenses, that she might be used as a tool in a kidnapping plot involving the young son of the chief executive. Through her love for the boy and his for her, she is to lure him into this dreary hideout. Kathie finds, too late, that instead of putting herself, through membership in the society, into "the hands of God" she has walked into more sinister hands.

The Wraith of Wrath

By P. A. M. LONG

Four Men, Three Women

INTERIOR. 30 MIN. ROYALTY, \$5.00

Price, 40 CENTS

- A DRAMATIZATION of a legend of the Highlands of Scotland. As midnight strikes the gust of the Wraith swings open the great door and there stands framed the Wraith of Wrath clothed in the body of a lassie's future mate. For twenty heartbeats he watches her. Then—if she has proved worthy—he draws his Skean d'hu—the black knife! And what does he do with the knife? That's the play! "Let those who laugh at such legends, do so in the glen yonder. They will hear their own mirth repeated and repeated until it ceases to be mirthful, and mingled with the laughter of Power which is not a pleasant thing to hear."

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Booth Tarkington One Acters:

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case of each play
is \$10.00*

BOOKS, 50 CENTS

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BIMBO THE PIRATE. Romantic comedy. 4m., 1w. 30 min. Lydia, Robert and Driscoll are captured by Pirate Bimbo's crew. They are fearful but soon discover that pirates are very religious and unwilling to keep captives against their will.

THE GHOST STORY. Comedy. 5m., 5w. 40 min. Int. George, home from college, wishes to be alone with Ann and, trying to frighten her friends away, tells a ghost story with a startling result. All ends happily.

STATION YYYY. Comedy. 4 m., 4w. Int. A typical Tarkington play in which an enterprising boy gives his own radio program and manages to help his sister's cause as well as his own.

THE TRAVELERS. Farce. 7m., 4w. Int. 35 min. An American family, traveling in Sicily, spend a terrifying night in an apparently mysterious hotel. Morning brings the logical explanation that sinister remarks were only Sicilian pleasantries.

THE TRYSTING PLACE. Comedy. 7m., 4w. Int. 35 min. Four couples simultaneously carry on rendezvous in the same hotel lounge, but the situation is humorously complicated before each man meets his proper partner.

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A Fellow Needs a Friend

By KATE CREHAN and PAUL SCOTT

12 MEN, 5 WOMEN

INTERIOR

ROYALTY, \$25.00

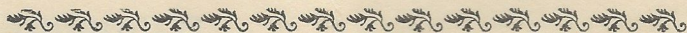
Price, 75 Cents

YOU THINK YOU HAVE PROBLEMS? Then listen in on Father Madden, a young curate in a small parish, who has been given the problem of keeping his young parishioners off the streets. Father Madden didn't know what trouble was until he decided to have his youngsters give a play, and youth turned out en masse. The pastor, although against the idea of show business, agrees to having a play if they keep out of trouble and if Chuck Connelly, a young lad on the wrong road, is given a part. Father Madden also gets Chuck a position so that he can help out at home. The young boy is then approached by Tip Owens, leader of his old gang, to help them on a "job." Chuck refuses, and unknown to the others, puts up a fight to protect his employer's store, but is blamed for the robbery.

This is only one of Father Madden's problems. Never before did he have to contend with a temperamental actress such as Liz Grant, who has agreed to help him produce the play; Claudius Mathews, an embryonic stage manager, and his two mischievous followers, Butch and Binky, the twins, who take Liz "for a ride" in Father Madden's car one Thursday night, in search of a wheelchair of all things. They stall the car, tying up traffic, and the police order Father Madden to come and get his car, calling him out of the confessional, on first Friday, too. Just at this inopportune moment the pastor enters, demands to know where Father Madden is, why Chuck has a warrant sworn out against him, and what Liz Grant and the three youths are doing with Father Madden's car. Add to this confusion Steven Wilson, a young school teacher in love with Liz, who is very much decided on a stage career, and various teen age boys and girls who are determined to put on their play, even though the odds are against them, and you have an idea of Father Madden's dilemma. How the young curate straightens out everybody's problems is told in a fast-moving entertaining manner.

Baker's Plays

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BOSTON 11. MASS.



SUGGESTIONS FOR *E*aster

The MAGDALENE

By RUTH LAYMON KOCHER

4 MEN, 3 WOMEN, 3 EXTRAS (M.). 2 EASY INTERIORS

The story centers around the colorful personality of Mary Magdalene. It concerns the arrest, trial and crucifixion of our Lord, culminating in the resurrection. While the play is written in modern language it has a directness of appeal for both audience and actor, retaining, however, the feeling of Biblical times.

WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD?

By EDITH H. WILLIS and EDITH ELLSWORTH

To be presented by seven young men who speak the parts they portray, or pose as a narrator reads, and Solo Voice or choir. Or, it may be presented by Narrators who read while slides are shown on a screen. Time: 1 hr. An interpretation from the New Testament of the events of Passion Week, and of the persons whose lives were last touched by Jesus Christ as he was sent to the cross.

Books, 40 Cents Each Play

Baker's Plays

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Comedy. By KURTZ GORDON
Five Men, Eight Women, Living-room set.
Royalty, \$25.00. Books, 75 Cents.

Throw away your cook book! If you are looking for a recipe for laughs, here is a recipe to end all recipes. Get out your big mixing bowl and follow through with this one. First: Take one Letty Madden, spinster and major stockholder of the Madden Department Store, add Agatha, her prim and oh-so-proper sister who thinks that Adolf, their cousin, and manager of the store can do no wrong; add a generous portion of Rita Norris, his secretary, who is accused of stealing \$5,000.00, throw in a dynamic pinch of Steve Harmann, a good looking young lawyer, who represents Rita in the theft charge, dissolve these last two ingredients with Julia Madden, Adolf's daughter, a sweet, young ten karat phoney; season well with Miss Arnold, Miss Powell and Miss Kent, minor stockholders, who insist upon making their own hats. What hats! And when no one is looking, spice it up with a heaping tablespoon of Maimie, the cook and housekeeper. Mix well and what have you got? Inhibitions! Letty has jumbled dreams that trouble her all because she is positive that Rita is innocent. She consults Dr. Jordan, the new psychiatrist in town, who diagnoses her case and tells her the only way to be a healthy, normal woman is to yield to her every impulse regardless of the consequences. And does she? You bet! She runs the gamut from roller skating to shoplifting. With Steve's help she exposes Adolf as responsible for the theft and when he tries to prove her incompetent so that he can assume full control of the store, Letty handles him in her own uninhibited fashion that will leave unquestioned the high voltage of this laugh provoking comedy. Her mad antics are a riot and at the peak of it all, she gets her man and when Maimie and Agatha give in to their suppressed desires, it's the last word in laughs for any audience.

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As a producer of amateur plays, you naturally want the best. And the best play is usually the royalty play. First of all, they are better written. That means that they are more worth working on. It takes weeks of effort to put on a play, and you owe it to yourself to see that so much energy is expended on something as worthwhile as possible. If you want your play to repay your cast and yourself for the labor you put into it, use a royalty play.

Audiences, too, are quick to detect and appreciate quality. We are impressed with the fact that audiences very seldom find a good play is too good, but many groups, using cheap and inferior plays, have lost the good will of the play-goers of their communities. Use royalty plays because the audience will like them better, will pay more to see them, and will keep on coming to them.

Using royalty plays will enable the publishers to pay authors more adequately for writing good plays. This is important, for the more worthwhile it is to write for the amateur theatre, the more good plays will be written for it. All play publishers are anxious to discover new writers of talent, to bring out new plays in greater numbers, and to offer the widest possible selection of excellent plays. You can help to make this possible by the use of royalty plays.

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