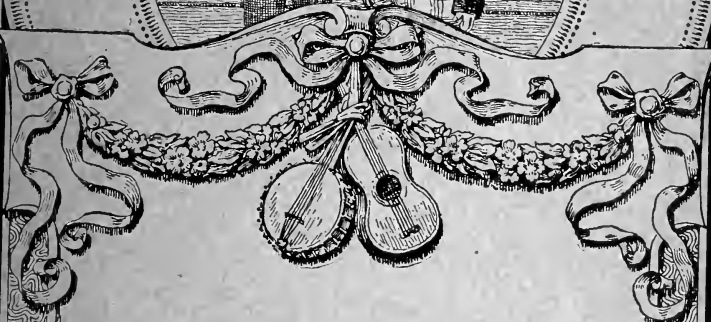


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THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE



A Bride from Home
Price, 15 Cents

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

A. 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.

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

A Bride From Home

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

By

WILLIS STEELL

*Author of "Brother Dave," "The Morning After
the Play," "The Fifth Commandment,"
"Faro Nell," etc.*

NOTE

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1912

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1912

A Bride From Home

CHARACTERS

MAXOFF, *a young Jewish merchant from Russia.*
AN OLD WOMAN, *from Russia.*
MRS. ROSENSTEIN, *an East Side Jewish matron.*
IKEY, *her little boy.*



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NO. 1

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A Bride From Home

SCENE.—*A room in a tenement in Division Street, New York. Plain chamber with an entrance c. and door l. Down r. is a simple mantel on which is a cheap mirror and a few brass ornaments, cups, etc. A deal table in front of this has a samovar and small candy box standing on it, and a long strip of cloth lettered "Welcome to the Bride." There are three chairs, each an "auction find," and on the walls are tacked four or five gaudy calendars.*

(*Discovered, MRS. ROSENSTEIN and IKEY. MRS. R. wears a short black skirt with a white woolen shawl pinned across her shoulders and has her hair elaborately dressed. She is short and fat. IKEY is seven years old with face and hands dirty.*)

MRS. R. (*throwing down dusting cloth*). All righd. The brite should come and see her face in everything.

IKEY (*picking up scroll from table*). Ain't you goin' to tack this up, Mom?

MRS. R. That boy forgets nothings. His het is as good as his father's—gif it here, Ikey.

IKEY. I want to put it up.

MRS. R. (*snatching cloth from him*). Gif it here. You get the latter and holt it for your moder.

(*IKEY holds a short step-ladder for his mother to climb up to door c. It creaks and trembles with her weight.*)

IKEY. Look a little out, Mom.

MRS. R. (*getting off ladder*). Go up there and tack it, Ikey, as I tolt you. (*He goes up. MRS. R. reads the lettering as he spreads it out.*) "Velcome to the brite!" Grant!

IKEY (*tacking the cloth*). What is a bride, Moder?

MRS. R. A brite is something generally what isn't. Before she is married she isn't a brite and after she is married she is something else alretty.

IKEY. Is Mr. Maxoff's bride something else already?

MRS. R. Come down, Ikey,—you talk too much. Mr. Maxoff's bride comes by the steamer from Russia where your father goes an hour ago to bring her; Mr. Maxoff he goes for the Rabbi, then they are marrit.

IKEY (*going to table and finding a box of candy*). Can I see them marrit, Mom? Can I? Can I?

MRS. R. If you're goot. What's that you fint?

IKEY. Mom, see—candy!

MRS. R. Lay it down, Ikey—that is for the brite. You put the latter in the hall out, where the brite don't fall on it.

(IKEY *takes the ladder out of door C. and MRS. R. stuffs some of the candy in her dress pocket and puts box back on the table.*)

IKEY (*running in from hall*). Mom, Mom, Mr. Maxoff!

Enter MAXOFF, C.

MAX. (*putting hat on chair*). The Rabbi is coming—yes, Mrs. Rosenstein! Sol goes for the steamer to bring my bride, yes, Mrs. Rosenstein?

IKEY. Can I see you marrit, can I, can I, Mr. Maxoff?

(MAX. *pats him on the head.*)

MRS. R. (*putting IKEY behind her, where he finds the candy in her pocket and begins to eat it*). What will the girl say when she sees this grant new house?

MAX. I vish I vas comin' to see it myself first. (*Looks at scroll over door.*) "Welcome to the bride." You think my Katia likes that foolishness?

MRS. R. I tell Sol your wife will be the happy womans.

MAX. (*patting a chair joyfully*). I gif you my word I do not feel the moneys I send to Russia to bring my Katia here. It is fifty dollars I send for her ticket, but I do not feel it, I gif you my word!

MRS. R. You are rich mans, Mr. Maxoff.

MAX. (*picking up duster and rubbing chair*). Rich? No, no. I am too 'stravagant. I buy three chairs—one, two, three, and Katia and me are only two. But I work!

MRS. R. I hope the girl comes.

MAX. (*throwing down duster*). What?

MRS. R. If your Katia there in Russia gets your moneys and puts it in her stockings?

MAX. (*puzzled*). You say?

MRS. R. I say—coult you have her pinched?

MAX. (*horrified*). Take my moneys and not comings? My moneys she puts her stockings in? Abraham! Isaac!

MRS. R. (*discovering IKEY eating the candy. She threatens him—motions him down-stairs. He sidles slyly out. She feels her pocket and finds it empty. She starts after IKEY. He runs out door c.*) I gif you, Ikey — (*Catches herself and turns; down c.*) Don't mint me, Mr. Maxoff—your Katia comes sure.

MAX. (*sitting L.*). Sure, my Katia is honest girl. Since before I come from Russia I say: "Katia, vill you be Mrs. Maxoff?" and Katia says "Yes." But I says, "First I vill go to New York und make much business: vait und I sent for you," and Katia vait. Five years I vork—push cart, fish, shoe-strings—matches—anything for mazuma—all for Katia. Now she is coming. My house is ready, you see—table, looking-glass, one, two, three chairs—and we are only two! My Katia is going to blaze her eyes!

MRS. R. (*near door c.*). Grant, I tell Sol. I hear Sol now.

(*Both listen. MAX. stands up. Cello outside starts softly off c. the "Letter Song" from "La Perichole."*)

Ah, mon cher amant je te jure
Que je t'aime de tout mon cœur,
Mais vrai cette misère—etc.

MRS. R. (*calling as if down-stairs*). Sol!

MAX. (*hushing her*). Hsh, Mrs. Rosenstein—listen! "Mais vrai cette misère." It is Katia's answer when I say, "Vait for me in Russia!"

MRS. R. (*calling again*). Sol brings her now from the steamer. Sol, Sol! are you down there alretty?

MAX. (*excited*). She is come—my Katia! Go, Mrs. Rosenstein, go down you and send her up by herself coming. She shall see by herself that "Velcome." Go, Mrs. Rosenstein —

MRS. R. (*excited*). She is coming—the brite!

MAX. I tell you—leave the door—go—Katia by herself coming.

MRS. R. (*going*). All righd! (*Calls down.*) Wait for me down there, Sol. Sol!
[Exit.]

MAX. (*running to mirror, fixing collar, etc.*). Katia's song! (*He hums the words.*)

Oh, mon cher amant, je te jure
Que je t'aime de tout mon cœur,
Mais vrai cette misère est trop dure,
Et nous avons trop de malheur.

Katia's song! I love Katia always. Not for me is there another girl. There is no lack of women courting me in New York:—Etinka Brunner, Sophie Traubwein, Paula Hengelmugger,—all send the schatzen—all would be Mrs. Maxoff. My head is stuffed mit something else. Would I lose my word to Katia? I send fifty dollars to bring her here from Russia. Yes! fifty dollars. I send it! She is coming—that is her step. Ach, how my heart shakes in me! I hide one moment. Katia! Katia! (*He steps behind the open door and stands waiting, showing joyful expectancy. A pause. Cello plays last bar of "Letter Song."* Enter an OLD WOMAN, dressed as a Russian peasant, a Jewess with wig over her brow. MAX. comes out, staring at OLD W. Shuts the door behind him; to L. C.). Vell? (OLD W. looks around.) Who are you yet? (OLD W. hands him a letter; without looking at it.) Katia—is coming?

OLD W. (*pointing to letter*). Read.

MAX. (*nervous*). Hoi gewald! As I am an orphan—Katia dead yet?

OLD W. Read the letter.

MAX. (*tearing open letter and looking at signature*). I am shaking myself! From Katia. She was not coming! (*Reads.*) "My own dear darling Maxy: The money come as you did write, and you are keeping your word. I will keep my word also but not now." (*He looks up.*) No! When? (*Reads.*) "My father is dead and my brother has troubles in his business; he can no longer give bread to my poor old mother. So I stay with my brother to help and my poor old mother will come." (*He looks up.*) You are Katia's mother?

OLD W. Yes.

MAX. Take a sit-down, Katia's mother, please. (OLD W. remains standing by the table. MAX. reads.) "I have my ticket gave to my poor old mother; you will treat her as you would treat Katia." (*He looks up.*) But that cannot be so! (*Reads.*) "She will live happy with you till you are sending more money and I come." (*Looks up.*) When I send more money she gives it to her brother who has troubles! (*Reads.*)

"I love you, Maxoff, so no more this time from Katia." (*He looks up.*) No more? It is enough! (*He crosses and stands in front of OLD W.*) So—Katia is not coming!

OLD W. (*stolidly*). I am coming.

MAX. My money! My money! I send it for Katia, for Katia, do you know?

OLD W. I am coming mit it.

MAX. You are coming—mit my money that I send by the post-office for Katia?

OLD W. A good girl, Katia, and kind to her poor old mütter.

MAX. Kind mit my money! It is easy to be kind mit other men's money! So Katia is not coming. (*He catches sight of the scroll over door c.*) "Welcome to the bride!" The bride! I couldn't stood it no longer. Come down—you! (*He grabs the scroll and throws it on the floor.*) I couldn't stood it; I will go crazy! Oh, Katia! Katia, oh!

OLD W. You haf pains—somewheres?

MAX. (*walking up and down*). I haf pains all over me. My fifty dollars—Katia. Oh! Oh!

OLD W. (*looking about her*). It is good here.

MAX. (*stopping suddenly*). You find it good—yes?

OLD W. It is good. I am glad I am coming.

MAX. (*striding to her*). You are glad you are coming—and I am glad you are going.

OLD W. What?

MAX. What you think, you and Katia? That I am a silly fool that you shall come and live mit? No, I am a man, a business man—who cheats me must wake himself. You shall wake up—yes! Out you go!

OLD W. What you say?

MAX. (*pointing to door*). Katia cheats. Out!

OLD W. He turns me out—he—oh! oh! It is not so Katia says her Maxoff will be!

MAX. But look at me! What do I get?

OLD W. (*weeping*). My Maxy is not mean, Katia says. He will take you, mütter, as *his* mütter.

MAX. (*interrupting her*). I am an orphan!

OLD W. (*sobbing*). He turns me out! God of Abraham, what am I—so old and friendless—what am I to do?

MAX. (*worried*). It is not just—no, I say it is not just. What do I get?

OLD W. (*going up c.*). A stranger—out I go—to starve!

MAX. Vell—is my fine new house a charitys?

OLD W. (*near door*). I go—I go!

MAX. (*doggedly*). Yes. Go!

OLD W. (*fumbling with latch*). Katia will ask, “Where is my poor old mütter?”

MAX. Stop!

OLD W. (*opening door*). Katia vill weep!

MAX. Stop—I say! (OLD W. *turns*; MAX. *goes to her*; *draws her back into the room.*) Come back, mütter; take a sit-down. I am foolish, I guess—but to go out there to hunger, while Maxoff— Come back, mütter; take another sit-down.

OLD W. You do not turn me out?

MAX. (*shaking his head*). No! No! that was my disappointments. I look for Katia, but you are coming. Never mind. You are Katia’s mütter; you shall be my mütter. You stay. One day Katia will come to us. See, I will light the samovar. I will make you comfortables.

(*He pushes her gently into a chair by the table and lights the samovar, brings cups from mantel.*)

OLD W. (*wiping her eyes*). Ach Gott! but you are good!

MAX. (*cheerfully*). You are hungry—yes, mütter? Here is the loaf. Cut what you will. Here is the good Russian tea—eat and drinks. (*He serves her kindly.*)

OLD W. (*sitting and eating*). Katia shall rejoice when she hears.

MAX. (*drawing up a chair near her*). Speak to me of Katia. I don’t hear too much. Is she well?

OLD W. She is well.

MAX. Goot! Your son has bad troubles in his business?

OLD W. He has troubles.

MAX. Grant he may prosper soon to give Katia the ticket to come. It is five years, mütter, since I ask Katia—five years, and many women they court me here in New York. Yes, when they learn Katia is not coming all the girls will send the schatzen to me—Etinka Brunner, Sophie Traubwein, Paula Hengelmugger,—they haf sent alretty; but I say no, I lose Katia. See, mütter, all these things I buy for Katia—the table—I pay three dollars for the table, by himself—the looking-glass—the chairs, one, two, three chairs—three chairs, and we are only two!

OLD W. You make good business—Maxoff?

MAX. Um—pretty good. I make better when Katia is coming and I have her advisement. But I do pretty good. (*He draws a jewel-case out of his pocket and holds it open for OLD W. to see.*) See, mütter!

OLD W. (*half rising*). Ear-rinks! Diamonds!

MAX. Diamonds! Yes,—I buy the ticket cheap—for Katia.

OLD W. (*to herself*). Alretty diamonds! She was a silly girl!

MAX. Who vas a silly girl?

OLD W. Katia—not to wait.

MAX. (*suspicious*). For what not to wait?

OLD W. Schwartz the shoemaker ask her and she promise.

MAX. (*on his feet*). What you say—you? Katia, my Katia, has promised Schwartz—broke her pledge to me—Maxoff!

OLD W. My son has troubles—Schwartz is rich; he has two cows.

MAX. Schwartz has two cows—so? Ha! ha! ha! (*He laughs bitterly.*) She will be rich mit her two cows. She vill nefer come now, nefer, nefer! Katia vill not come! (*He begins to laugh and breaks down, burying his face in his hands on the table.*) Ach, mütter, mütter, mütter!

OLD W. Poor Maxoff. You love her so?

MAX. (*lifting his head; rising*). Do I lofe her? When I show you I haf thought of no other,—when I work for her—buy this for her, that for her, all these furnitures that now I vill break, I vill tear, I vill destroy!

(*He brandishes a chair as if to hurl it down.*)

OLD W. (*catching his arm*). No, no, no!

MAX. Why shall I keep what I haf bought for Katia? She is false—a traitor—

OLD W. No, no—your Katia!

MAX. Nothing vill I keep to make me think of her—and I swear—

OLD W. (*interrupting*). Swear not—Maxoff; you will grieve—

MAX. (*lifting his arm*). I swear I vill vork twice so hard, night and day, I vill vork; I vill make me rich, I vill marry rich, and my bride sparkling mit gems I vill take to see the false Katia, and together vill we spit on her poverty!

(*A pause. OLD W. turns to MAX., who stands with his arm raised on high, up stage near door c.*)

OLD W. (*solemnly*). Now must I go. Katia is my blood!

MAX. (*dropping his arm*). Katia breaks her word—but I keep mine. I have said it—stay! (*Goes up.*)

OLD W. Where do you go?

MAX. Shall the Rabbi come for this foolishness? I go to tell him there will be no weddings. No, but if I had Schwartz the shoemaker here there would be a fine funerals!

[*Quick exit, c.*

OLD W. (*watching him off and laughing and clapping her hands*). Ho, ho! Maxy! No wedding! You are wrong. There will be a wedding, there will be a wedding!

(*She runs to mirror on mantel down R., and begins to take off wig. MRS. R. puts her head in door.*)

MRS. R. Hist—Katia!

KATIA. Come here; he has gone. Like a charm it worked. He goes in a rage—poor Maxy half crazy with jealousy.

MRS. R. (*coming in*). Such chumps are men. He dakes you for an old womans?

KATIA (*laughing*). For my mother—he takes me. But he is good—he does not turn her out. There! (*She throws wig on the table and arranges her own hair.*) Yes, Mrs. Rosenstein, I try Maxy, and he is pure gold.

MRS. R. (*helping take off shawl, etc., of disguise*). Now, you look like a young girl again, pretty too, my dear.

KATIA (*laughing*). Will Maxy say I am worth the passage money?

MRS. R. You are worth it. He has gone to the Rabbi, but Sol goes to the Rabbi first, the Rabbi knows what you haf done. Mr. Maxoff vill go crazy when he finds the mütter gone and Katia here.

KATIA. The girls, he says, sent him the schatzen.

MRS. R. It is the truth.

KATIA. I believe it. Maxy has bought diamonds!

MRS. R. Alretty! (*She listens.*) Hist, he is coming!

KATIA. Don't let him see us. When he comes in go——

(*She pushes MRS. R. behind door c., and stands there with her.*)

Enter MAX.; crosses over to door down L.

MAX. I must make the bedroom for the mütter. Ach, Katia! Katia!

(*He goes in L. KATIA, with her fingers on her lip, pushes MRS. R. out C., and crosses to L. Stands by door listening. Sounds are heard from L. of furniture being shifted. KATIA smiles and sings softly the "Letter Song" from "La Perichole"—four bars.*)

KATIA.

Oh, mon cher amant, je te jure
Que je t'aime de tout mon cœur,
Mais vrai cette misère est trop dure,
Et nous avons trop de malheur.

(*She draws back as she sings and stands partly behind door as MAX. comes out of room L.*)

MAX. Sorrow bites my ears. I hear a voice like a silver dollar—Katia's voice—— (*Turns and sees KATIA'S back.*) Mütter, are you hearing, too, Katia's song? (*KATIA turns.*) Katia?

KATIA (*coming forward smiling*). Yes, yes.

MAX. The old mütter?

KATIA. Was Katia.

MAX. I am not crazy? I haf not got 'em—it was all foolishness—Schwartz?

KATIA. I try my Maxoff, and he is pure gold.

MAX. Mein Gott! I guess I am going to die mit so much happiness!

(*He takes her in his arms as the orchestra plays softly the "Letter Song" from "La Perichole." MRS. R. and IKEY seen laughing in door C.*)

CURTAIN

New Plays

THE SAWDUST QUEEN

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Dana F. Stevens

Author of "Plain People," "Old Acre Folk," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. A play of circus life, very picturesque and effective and not difficult to get up. Unusually rich in character parts and comedy. Soubrette lead; ladies' parts especially strong. Can be recommended. Free for amateur performance. *Price, 25 cents.*

CHARACTERS

DEACON MATTHEW STERLING.

NED STERLING, *his son.*

MISS PRUDENCE PRUE,

MISS PATRICIA PROSSITT, } *three maiden ladies, his cousins.*

MISS PATIENCE PROUTY,

MR. SILAS HANKUM, *his solicitor.*

ADANIRUM GEORGE WASHINGTON HOBBS, *proprietor of "The Great Forever Circus."*

TONEY O'HARA, *an old clown.*

THE HERR PROFESSOR, *acrobat and flying trapeze man.*

HULDA SCHWARTZ, *strong lady and snake charmer.*

STARLIGHT, *the sawdust queen.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Inside the dressing tent of "The Great Forever Circus."

ACT II.—Three days later. The living room in the Sterling homestead.

ACT III.—Several days later. Inside the dressing tent again.

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An Entertainment in One Act

By Frank Towslee

Twenty-one males, thirty-one females are called for, but this number can be greatly reduced by "doubling" or by curtailing the length of the entertainment. No scenery required; costumes, modern. Plays about an hour with specialties introduced when called for. This is a humorous picture of a church sale, depending upon its characters and incidents, which are home thrusts in almost any community, for its success. It ends with a sale by auction which may be made a real one, if desired, to actually end up a fair. This entertainment will serve as an admirable frame for a vaudeville entertainment, being designed to introduce songs, dances or recitations at intervals in its action, but may be played wholly without them, as a straight entertainment, if it is preferred. *Price, 25 cents.*

New Rural Plays

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Six males, six females. Scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Costumes modern. This play is powerfully emotional, but is relieved by plenty of humor. An admirable play for amateurs, very sympathetic in theme, and with lots of good parts. Hetty is a strong lead, and Perry Deane and Silas great parts; while Azariah, Lizy Ann Tucker and Verbena are full of fun. Plays a full evening.

Price, 25 cents

WILLOWDALE

A Play in Three Acts

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Seven males, five females. Scenery, two easy interiors; costumes modern. This is a play of exceptional interest and power. Its combination of humor and emotional interest makes it almost certain to please any audience. Admirably suited for amateur performance, all the parts being good. Godfrey is an admirable heavy part, Joel, Lem and Simon capital character parts, Mis' Hazey a novel eccentric bit, and Oleander a part of screaming comedy. Plays two hours and a quarter.

Price, 25 cents

DOWN IN MAINE

A Drama in Four Acts

By Charles Townsend

Eight male, four female characters. This charming play is Mr. Townsend's masterpiece. There are no villains, no "heroics," no tangled plot nor sentimental love-scenes; yet the climaxes are strong, the action brisk, and the humor genial, and the characters strongly drawn. Can be played in any hall; scenery, of the easiest sort. No shifting during any act. Properties, few and simple; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. Strongly recommended.

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A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gordan V. May

Six males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior, not difficult. Plays two hours. An excellent piece, cleverly mingling a strongly serious interest with abundant humor. Offers a great variety of good parts of nearly equal opportunity. Admirably suited for amateur performance, and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

New Plays

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts

By Robert Elwin Ford

Seven males, six females. Costumes modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant-girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

EDWARD MASON, <i>a wealthy stock-broker.</i>	MRS. MASON, <i>socialist and æsthetic.</i>
LORD CURTON, <i>in search of a wife with money.</i>	ELEANOR MASON, <i>her daughter.</i>
WARD LEIGHTON, <i>lieutenant of the 176th Regiment.</i>	BRIDGET, <i>the cook.</i>
MIKE McSHANE, <i>driver of a milk-cart.</i>	JOSIE RILEY, } <i>housemaids.</i>
JIMMY MACRAE, <i>page at Mr. Mason's.</i>	EMMA HONE, }
	MARY MACRAE, <i>Jimmy's sister.</i>
	TIMOTHY ROUKE, <i>house painter.</i>
	WILLIAM, <i>butler at Mr. Mason's.</i>

THE ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN

By M. N. Beebe

Twelve males. Costumes modern; scenery unnecessary. Plays fifteen minutes. An up-to-date and popular entertainment for boys in one scene, sure to please both the boys and the audience. Characters: Football Boy, Baseball Boy, Tennis Boy, Office Boy, Messenger Boy, Country Boy, Chinese Boy, Jewish Boy, Irish Boy, Indian Boy, Negro Boy and Trainer.

Price, 15 cents

TAKING THE THIRD DEGREE IN THE GRANGE

By A. C. Daniels

Seventeen males. Costumes eccentric; scenery unnecessary. Plays ten minutes. A burlesque initiation in one act, especially adapted for a Grange entertainment. Very simple, very clean and wholly lacking in horse-play and acrobatics. Well suited for its purpose.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts

By *C. Leona Dairymple*

Author of "The Time of His Life," "The Land of Night," etc.

Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

COLONEL ROBERT RUDD, *a widower of North Carolina* }
COLONEL RICHARD BYRD, *a widower of South Carolina* } *mortally antagonistic.*
MARJORIE BYRD }
BOB RUDD } *not so antagonistic as their respective fathers.*
MRS. J. JOHN CARROLL, *a widow, and Colonel Rudd's sister-in-law.*
JULIA CARROLL, *her daughter.*
NED GRAYDON, *a young gentleman of exceedingly faulty memory.*
MR. JAMES BASKOM, *Colonel Rudd's lawyer.*
CHING-AH-LING, *the Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but by far the most important individual in the cast.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Early morning in the kitchen of the Rudd bachelor establishment.

ACT II.—The Rudd library, five days later.

ACT III.—The same. Evening of the same day.

BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT

A Farce in One Act

By *W. C. Parker*

Two males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. A quick playing little piece suitable for vaudeville use. Very bright and snappy and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A PAPER MATCH

A Farce in One Act

By *E. W. Burt, M. D.*

Two males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. Four rustic characters, all good. The heroine advertises for a husband and gets her aunt's old beau to their mutual horror. Very funny, easy and effective.

Price, 25 cents

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

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Price, 50 Cents Each

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

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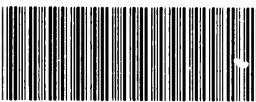
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