

OUIJA

A Farce Comedy in One Act

By
MORRIS MCNEIL

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS

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



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1920

OUIJA

CHARACTERS

MR. ALLEN DRAKE.

ALDEN DRAKE, *the son of the household.*

LAURA DRAKE, *the daughter.*

MRS. DRAKE, *their stepmother.*



COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY MORRIS MCNEIL
As author and proprietor

All rights reserved.

812
m234c

OUIJA

SCENE.—*The living-room of the DRAKES' house in New York. It is richly furnished, and carries all the marks of wealth. At the back of the room two low steps lead to what might be a wide hallway, except that it is not partitioned off from the living-room. In the very center at the back of this raised portion is a French window opening out into a garden. There are also exits up R. and L. The R. exit leads to the outside door of the house, and the exit L. goes to another part of the house. In the left wall near C. is a fireplace with only a small blaze in it, for it is early spring. Down L. there is a good sized davenport, and back of it a long narrow table. There is a masked telephone on the table. Back R. is a baby grand piano, and a piano bench before it; while down R. is a small square table with a chair on each side of it, and on the table is a Ouija Board.*

(*At rise LAURA and MRS. DRAKE are sitting opposite each other at the table down R., deeply engrossed in a Ouija Board which is between them. LAURA is one of the nineteen-year-old flapper type, while her stepmother is a fashionable society woman who has reached about the age of forty. They are both leaning eagerly over the board in breathless excitement as the indicator under their fingers moves across the board. At last the message they are waiting for is revealed. LAURA squeals with delight.*)

LAURA. Isn't a Ouija Board wonderful? I asked who I had dates with four times last week, and it spelled out "Robert." That's just right. Then I asked whether I

would have another soon, and it answered "Yes." Oh, I think it's simply grand.

MRS. DRAKE (*almost reverently*). Yes, Laura, we should be glad that we are living in such a wonderful age—when people are beginning to realize that it is actually possible to converse with the world beyond; to know the secrets of the future, and to learn to direct one's life with the guidance and help of the spiritual world, and through the mental transmission of thought from others.

LAURA. And there are so many things I want to know. I can find out everybody's secrets and everything.

MRS. DRAKE (*reprovingly*). You shouldn't look at it in that manner, Laura. Dr. Mirrason says that we should study this wonderful new science with a more serious purpose, and with a view to helping all mankind in the great struggle for truth. Dr. Mirrason is such a wonderful man; I am sure that his ideas and theories are going to revolutionize the world. I do wish that your father and brother were not so set against the spiritualistic movement. In the five years that Allen and I have been married, this is the first thing on which we have not agreed.

LAURA. I know it, and that brother of mine is so cynical about it all, and tries to make fun of me about the Ouija Board. He makes me just furious sometimes.

MRS. DRAKE. I often think, Laura, that your father feels that I have not filled the place of a wife and that of a mother to you and Alden so very well. I know that I could not be what your own mother would have been to you, but I have tried, and —

LAURA. You mustn't talk that way; daddy feels nothing of the sort. We all think you're just wonderful.

MRS. DRAKE. Still I wonder why your father so firmly refuses to have anything to do with spiritualism or the Ouija Board. It is so unlike him not to appreciate the possibilities of any new movement of this kind. There is something strange about it, Laura, and I'm going to ask the Ouija Board for advice.—Let me

see — (They both lean across the board with their fingers on the indicator as MRS. DRAKE thinks of a question which she utters half aside.) Will my husband ever change his ideas about spiritualism?

(They watch the board intently. At last the indicator moves and then stops.)

LAURA. It says "No."

MRS. DRAKE. I was afraid it would, Laura. There is something sinister about all this, as if there were some outside influence working to make Allen discredit me and my belief in spiritualism. I wonder—I wonder what it all means.—Well, if the Ouija Board has told us this much it will disclose the rest, so I am going to ask it some other questions. (They prepare for more Ouija-ing.) What is it that causes my husband to take this attitude toward spiritualism?

(There are the usual maneuvers, and the Ouija spells something out.)

LAURA. W-O-M-A-N. Oh, it says a "Woman."

MRS. DRAKE (surprised). A woman! Why what sort of a woman can it mean?

(Their hands are still on the indicator of the Ouija and it executes a couple of jumps and starts to move around the board.)

LAURA. Oh, it's starting to spell something more.

MRS. DRAKE. Sh-h-h-h-h. (LAURA nods.) D-A-R-K. (As the indicator moves.) That's "Dark."

LAURA AND MRS. DRAKE (together; excitedly). B-E-A-U-T-I-F-U-L.

LAURA. That spells "Beautiful," and all together it says "A Dark Beautiful Woman." Why, what does it mean, mother?

MRS. DRAKE. I am sure I can't imagine, unless—unless — Do you suppose *that* is what it means? Oh, it would be too awful.

LAURA. What, mother?

MRS. DRAKE. Wait, let me ask the Ouija another

question. It will tell me the truth.—Is this woman going to come between my husband and me?

(More agitation of the Ouija. Suddenly they both look up.)

LAURA *(awed)*. It says "Yes."

MRS. DRAKE. This is terrible, Laura; I never expected to find out anything like that.

LAURA. Oh, don't you believe that old Ouija Board, mother.

MRS. DRAKE. I don't want to believe it, Laura, but the Ouija always speaks the truth.

LAURA. I just wouldn't believe it anyway.

MRS. DRAKE. We must, Laura. We have already proved to ourselves that it does tell the truth, and besides, Dr. Mirrason *says* that it is one of the best agents for the mental transmission of thought, and for communication between ourselves and the spirit world.

LAURA. And Dr. Mirrason surely must know.

MRS. DRAKE. It all comes so suddenly and from a perfectly clear sky to spoil the happiness of our home. Who can this woman be?—I almost wish that I had never asked the Ouija those questions; for even though this terrible thing does not happen for a long time, my life will be a misery of anticipation.

LAURA. I'm sure the Ouija must have made a mistake, but even if it is true, why—why——

MRS. DRAKE. I am sure that it's true, Laura. And to think that after five years this should happen; it's unbelievable, but the Ouija Board has spoken, and we must accept its word without question. Oh, Laura, tell me that whatever happens you will go on loving me.

(She bursts into tears.)

LAURA. Of course I will, mother dear.

(Goes around the table and tries to comfort MRS. DRAKE.)

MRS. DRAKE *(smiling sadly through her tears)*. That is some consolation, at least, for I should never be able

to stand it if you too were to turn against me. You know, Laura, ever since I met Dr. Mirrason and began to believe in his wonderful doctrines, I've had an unbearable feeling that something terrible like this was going to happen. I've felt it all along, but have been afraid to believe it. Now that the truth is revealed to me, however, a strange sensation of calmness has come over me. Perhaps it is best, for at least I shall be ready and waiting, come what may.

LAURA (*not fully understanding*). Yes, I suppose that is best.—But do stop crying, for daddy and Alden may come in from the garden any time now. (*With a sudden inspiration.*) I am going to take that old Ouija Board and throw it away.

MRS. DRAKE. No, Laura, you must not do that, for the Ouija and the beliefs which I have learned from Dr. Mirrason will be my only comfort in the long days which I see stretching before me through a bleak life. We shall keep the Ouija Board, for it is symbolic of all that life means to me.

(*MR. DRAKE and ALDEN enter at back from the garden.*

MR. DRAKE *is a successful self-made business man.*

ALDEN *is twenty-two years old, good looking, and likeable. His father thinks that ALDEN views life too flippantly.*)

ALDEN. We finished our smoke long ago, and have been waiting for you to join us in the garden.

MRS. DRAKE. We were just going out.

LAURA. But we've been having such a delightful time with the Ouija Board that we almost forgot to.

MR. DRAKE. Helen, have you been fooling with that thing again?

MRS. DRAKE. Laura and I have been using the Ouija Board to receive messages from the spirit world, if that is what you mean, Allen.

ALDEN. Aha, communing with the spooks.

MR. DRAKE (*disgustedly*). Spooks!

(*He turns away with a grunt of disdain.*)

MRS. DRAKE. I wish that you and Alden would not make fun of the efforts Laura and I are making to discover the truths of spiritualism. We are trying to help the world in the rapid strides that science is making in this most vital of questions. Your scoffing only makes it harder for us.

MR. DRAKE. My dear Helen, I don't mind your playing around with these spiritualism bunko games, but I do hate to see Laura growing up and assimilating these freakish fads.

LAURA (*hotly*). The Ouija Board isn't bunko, nor is it a freakish fad. It is one of the best agents we have for the mental transmission of thought, and also for communication between ourselves and the spirit world. Dr. Mirrason says so.

MR. DRAKE. There, you see, Helen. The impressions these things make on her mind are much greater and more lasting than on yours. When Laura might be doing something useful to train her mind she is, instead, spiriting with a Ouija Board, and going with you to hear lectures by some Bolshevik grafter, whose only knowledge of spirits is probably the kind he got in a saloon.

MRS. DRAKE. Allen, if you are going to go on insulting Dr. Mirrason in that manner, I shall leave the room. Dr. Mirrason is one of the most wonderful men I have ever known, and some day he will be recognized as one of the world's greatest scientists.

LAURA. You've never even tried to believe in the Ouija Board, father. I'm sure that if you just asked it one question and saw how wonderfully it works, you wouldn't make fun of it. (MR. DRAKE *groans*.)

MRS. DRAKE. If you would only come with us to the lecture to-night, and hear Dr. Mirrason, or give the Ouija a test, then you might be able to see what a truly wonderful cause this is which we are working for.

MR. DRAKE. I wouldn't waste my time in any such impossible way.

ALDEN (*smiling mockingly at his father*). You might try the Ouija to learn how the stock market is going.

(MR. DRAKE *snorts with disgust.*) It's very simple, pater; all you do is to ask your question, and little Ouija does the rest.

MR. DRAKE. I have a hard enough time making money enough to keep this establishment going without daddling with Ouija Boards to see whether the market is going bear or bull.

LAURA. But, daddy, it is simply wonderful the things that the Ouija can tell you. It answered all the questions I asked it just beautifully, and it told mother that a dark beautiful woman was going to come between you and her, and that —

(She stops suddenly, realizing that she has said too much.)

MR. DRAKE. What's that!

LAURA. Oh, nothing, it didn't say just that, but —

MR. DRAKE. Helen, what is this child raving about?

MRS. DRAKE. It's nothing, Allen. Laura should not have mentioned it.

MR. DRAKE. That's not the question. You've been overdoing this Ouija Board business with Laura, and I want to know what it is all about.

MRS. DRAKE. I can't tell you.

MR. DRAKE. Do I have to get Laura's version of the thing?

MRS. DRAKE. Laura, don't you say another word about that!

LAURA *(meekly)*. I shan't.

MR. DRAKE. Laura, you had better leave the room. *(Exit LAURA, out L.)* Now, Helen, will you tell me what all this foolishness about a dark-haired woman is?

MRS. DRAKE. Are you going to force me to tell something I don't wish to?

MR. DRAKE. I don't want to force you to do anything; but I will not have this Ouija Board tommy rot going on if it is going to disrupt the whole household.—Alden, there's no use in your staying here. You had better leave too.

ALDEN. Me leave? Father, you pain me; I'm the only one that is going to get any pleasure out of this;

why should I go? I won't bother you, go right ahead, —don't pay any attention to me.

(MR. DRAKE *gives ALDEN a brutal look, but he already has too much on his hands to bother with him, so he turns again to his wife.*)

MR. DRAKE. Please don't make me lose my temper, Helen; tell me who or what this is all about.

MRS. DRAKE (*coldly*). Well, I suppose you may as well know now as later on. While Laura and I were working the Ouija Board we received a message which intimated that a dark beautiful woman is going to cause trouble between us.

MR. DRAKE. Between who?

MRS. DRAKE. You and I.

MR. DRAKE. Well of all the fool —

ALDEN (*is sitting musingly in the big chair before the fireplace*). Dark and beautiful,—let me think,—oh, yes, father's new stenographer answers very well to that description.

MR. DRAKE. Shut up, Alden.

MRS. DRAKE (*now assuming the offensive*). Have you a new stenographer, Allen?

MR. DRAKE. Why—er—yes, I did forget to mention that I have a new stenographer.

MRS. DRAKE. A brunette?

ALDEN. Rich, lustrous coils of jet black hair.

MR. DRAKE. Keep still.

MRS. DRAKE. What sort of a looking person is she, Allen?

ALDEN. Wonderful, absolutely wonderful. One must give father credit: he certainly knows how to pick out good-looking stenographers.

MR. DRAKE. Don't listen to that young fool, Helen.

MRS. DRAKE. Allen, how long have you had this new stenographer, without telling me a thing about it?

MR. DRAKE (*impatiently*). I don't remember—a week, maybe two.

ALDEN. Miss Taylor has been in the office just thirty-three days to be exact, father.

MRS. DRAKE. For over a whole month and you haven't said a word to me about this woman! Allen, this distresses me very much.

MR. DRAKE. Good Lord, Helen, do I have to tell you everything that goes on in my office?

MRS. DRAKE. You used always to tell me your business affairs. I cannot understand why you should change.

MR. DRAKE. That was when we were first married. You never seemed to take much interest in them, so I naturally stopped; I didn't wish to bore you.

MRS. DRAKE. Very considerate, I'm sure, but you hardly expect me to believe that in this case, do you?

MR. DRAKE. Helen, you really don't think I have any interest in this stenographer of mine?

MRS. DRAKE. I only know that I have implicit faith in the Ouija. It said that a woman would come between us. Now *this* woman appears and all evidence would indicate that she is the one.

MR. DRAKE (*becoming exasperated*). You must be out of your mind, Helen. I hardly know what she looks like; she is nothing more than part of my business organization. What on earth has come over you anyway?

MRS. DRAKE. That's right, abuse me now that you see I know the truth. Don't think that I shall stand in your way, though; that has never been my intention. I have tried to be the best kind of a wife that I could, and have tried to be a good mother to your children; but I might have known that you would be ungrateful when the end came. You haven't even a kind word for me.

(She begins to cry softly.)

MR. DRAKE. A kind word! You haven't given me a chance to say anything yet. You stand there talking about things that were never even in my mind. You take everything for granted, and like a woman leave me judged and damned in your own eyes, and before the whole world in your own imagination. You can make more fuss about less than any one I ever knew.—I often

wonder which are the biggest fools, women or the men who marry them.

MRS. DRAKE (*now sobbing copiously*). I was prepared for the worst, but this is too much.

[*Exit MRS. DRAKE with a final wail.*]

(ALDEN *from where he sits looks up at his father with an impudent smile. MR. DRAKE turns and sees him.*)

MR. DRAKE. That's right, laugh, you young ass. You've gotten me in a pretty mess, haven't you?

ALDEN. Your own fault, pater. The rule on the subject is this: Never force a woman to tell a secret, because she may have one, and then there is the devil to pay.

MR. DRAKE. That's not the question. If it hadn't been for you sitting over there making those absurd remarks, Helen would never have gotten such foolish ideas into her head about my being in love with my stenographer. It was the things *you* said that caused all the trouble.

ALDEN. They were rather telling, weren't they? Clever, I should say.

MR. DRAKE. That isn't my idea of cleverness. But now you've got to help me think how I can convince Helen that I am not in love with Miss Taylor.—She's too good—er—a typist to discharge.

ALDEN. *That* is where my college education comes in handy. I have always tried to convince you that you did wrong in taking me out of school. You know, it *is* surprising, the ability I have to understand the peculiarities of the feminine sex.

MR. DRAKE (*drily*). I'm glad you got something out of college,—it cost enough. But that isn't telling me how I am going to straighten out this tangle.

ALDEN. I have already started to do that.

MR. DRAKE (*sourly as he indicates the door through which MRS. DRAKE has just gone*). If that was it, you have surely made a good start.

ALDEN. For such a successful business man your lack of intelligence is surprising, pater.

MR. DRAKE. Stop that damned pater business, and talk sense. Can't you see what a devil of a fix I'm in?

ALDEN. That's just it. I have seen, and have already started to mend matters.

MR. DRAKE. What do you mean?

ALDEN. Now just what would you say has been wrong with this household for the last few weeks?

MR. DRAKE. Too much Ouija Boards and spiritualism!

ALDEN. Exactly.

(He carelessly flicks the ashes from his cigarette.)

MR. DRAKE. Don't throw ashes all over the rug. Well, well, go on.

ALDEN. Impatience has ruined many a carefully laid plan, father, so don't hurry me. I have been formulating a means of ridding us of that impossible spiritualistic pet, the Ouija Board, and at the same time extricating you from your present predicament. When mother just left in tears and anger, you saw the first development of my plan.

MR. DRAKE. Perhaps I am dense. At least I don't see what you are driving at.

ALDEN. Well, to cut it short, the idea is this: Mother is up in arms because this infernal spiritualistic bunk and a few well placed remarks of mine have made her think that you are inclined to look with too much regard on your stenographer, Miss Taylor. I can easily show her that she is mistaken, and then you must not forgive her for mistrusting you, until she promises to have done with Ouija Boards and spiritualism. Do you see? All very simple.

MR. DRAKE. Sounds too simple to suit me. What I want to know is how you are going to convince Helen that I am not in love with my stenographer. Let *me* tell *you* something on that subject. If there is one thing that wives don't like, it's good-looking stenographers.

ALDEN. Yes, so I noticed.—However, that will really be very simple, as you will find later. You see, father, you will have to be in the dark to a certain extent in this

matter. I have decided that for the best interests of my plan I cannot tell you all the inside workings. Besides that I must obtain a promise from you.

MR. DRAKE. I knew there was a catch somewhere.

ALDEN. Oh, it isn't so bad. I just want you to promise that you won't object to any means that I may have to use in carrying this plan through.

MR. DRAKE. How do I know that you are going to be able to carry it through?

ALDEN. Don't worry, I shall.

MR. DRAKE. If you do, it will be the first worth while thing you have accomplished that I know of. I suppose I'll have to promise.

ALDEN. Good! And by the way, don't try to keep mother and Laura from going to that spiritualist lecture to-night. They'd go anyway, but I just thought I'd tell you. That is part of the plan too.

MR. DRAKE. That wonderful plan of yours gets worse, the more I hear of it. If it does turn out all right, though, I'll begin to think that maybe you have a little brains after all. [Exit.

(ALDEN chuckles to himself, walks down stage c. and draws a letter from his pocket. It is a very feminine looking envelope; long and narrow, and pink in color. He takes out the letter and glances through it, smiling as he reads. He slips it back in his pocket as LAURA enters with coat and hat on, ready to go out.)

LAURA. Alden, tell me what happened between mother and father. Mother came up-stairs crying, and wouldn't say anything except to ask over and over again, "You still love me, don't you, Laura?" Oh, I'm afraid it's all my fault, and I'd just feel terrible if anything should happen.

ALDEN (assuming a very serious tone). It is very serious, Laura. Mother and father have quarreled over a woman. It is really quite shocking the way father has been carrying on,—it's his stenographer, you know,—and

mother didn't have the least idea that anything like that was going on. This woman has father entirely in her power.

LAURA (*in an awed voice*). Oh-h-h-h-h —

ALDEN. Now, Laura, as far as I can see, you can help matters very much if you will do as I tell you to.

LAURA. I'll do anything and everything I can. Tell me, what is it?

ALDEN. This: You and mother must return home to-night pretty nearly as soon as you get to the lecture. Do you understand? Get sick, or something else,—anything to get back here. It is absolutely necessary that you do this.

LAURA. I shall, Alden. I'll do just as you tell me to.

ALDEN. I'm depending on you, Laura.

LAURA. All right.

Enter MRS. DRAKE from L.

MRS. DRAKE. Are you ready, Laura?

LAURA. Yes, mother, and I've had John bring the car around.

MRS. DRAKE. Some other time, Alden, I want to have a long talk with you about what has happened this evening. I am too weak now to talk about it. Good-night.

ALDEN. Very well, mother, good-night.

[Exit LAURA and MRS. DRAKE up R.]

(ALDEN hurries across to the table back of the davenport. He picks up the newspaper lying there, glances carefully down one of the columns, then throws the paper in the fireplace. He then wanders across the room to the table where the Ouija Board is. He stops and looks at it, smiles and starts to finger the indicator. While he is thus engaged MR. DRAKE enters.)

MR. DRAKE. Have they gone?

ALDEN (*not looking up*). Just left. (MR. DRAKE begins to pace the floor. ALDEN looks up and watches him for a minute with an amused expression on his face.)

Really, father, to watch you one would think that you have a guilty conscience.

MR. DRAKE. Don't try to be funny. This has gone too far to joke about. If Helen keeps on going to those spiritualistic lectures, and trying to convert me into a Ouija Board charmer, along with believing the phony messages it produces, I'll go crazy. I haven't had any peace or quiet in this house since she got that fool Ouija Board.

ALDEN. It is surprising the amount of trouble a little thing like this can cause. And there doesn't seem to be any sense to it. Look at it,—just a lot of letters and numbers, and up in one corner it says "Yes" and in the other "No." It looks to me more like a puzzle than anything else.

MR. DRAKE. The biggest puzzle to me is how any intelligent person can waste their time playing with it.

ALDEN. Oh, I don't know, I suppose it might prove quite engrossing when one understands all its intricacies. It looks very interesting, and although I have never tried to learn any of its mysteries I should like to see how the thing works—that is, if I could do it without mother finding it out.

MR. DRAKE. And here I've been giving you credit for a little common sense.

ALDEN. Oh, come now, you know it isn't as bad as that.

MR. DRAKE. In another week I'll have a family of raving spiritualists.

ALDEN. Don't be narrow minded, dad. Why, I'll bet that you have never even looked at a Ouija Board.

MR. DRAKE. No I haven't, and if it would have the same effect on me that it has on all the rest of you I hope I never do.

ALDEN. Please don't put me in mother's class yet. I'm only looking at the thing in the light of an observer. If there is a possibility of there being any truth in this Ouija Board stuff, there is no use in being so narrow minded as not even to experiment for oneself. My policy is to never entirely doubt a thing until I prove that

it is invalid. You are taking the wrong attitude when you condemn the Ouija Board without even investigating for yourself.

MR. DRAKE. I don't need to investigate.—To me it is all impossible enough on the surface; and I don't intend to make a fool out of myself by juggling this parlor toy around to discover whether it works or not.

ALDEN. Well, of course if you are going to take that stubborn attitude there is no use trying to talk to you about it. But if I had a wife who was as enthusiastic about something of this kind as mother is, and if I were trying to persuade her to leave it alone, I'd find out first what it was all about, and then look for the remedy. That is the way any sensible person usually goes about solving a troublesome situation.

MR. DRAKE. Huh, I thought that you had some clever little scheme up your sleeve to do all the solving for me. What has happened to that?

ALDEN. Well, of course, without coöperation on your part it becomes rather difficult to go ahead. I might be able to do it alone, but I was depending on you, and part of the idea was to see just what there is about the Ouija that holds so much attraction for mother and Laura. But it doesn't matter; I suppose I had better drop the idea of trying to do anything about it. Everything will probably clear up eventually by itself.

MR. DRAKE. Eventually! Good Lord, how long do you think I can stand it? You can't back out now and not help me. Besides you were the one that got me into this muddle.

ALDEN. If you won't help any I don't see what else I can do. I thought that if we two unprejudiced men were to attempt to see what there is in all this Ouija Board bunk, that perhaps together we could determine a permanent cure for Ouijaing and spiritualism. You refuse to have anything to do with the Ouija, so that ends it.

MR. DRAKE. I didn't absolutely refuse. I just said that I didn't *want* to have anything to do with it. If you had only been a little more explicit in your explana-

tions, I would have seen your point at the very first. If it is absolutely necessary I'll try my hand at spiriting with the thing.

ALDEN. It is absolutely necessary. (MR. DRAKE is still hesitant about Ouijaing, but he crosses to the table where ALDEN is already seated at the Ouija. ALDEN places his fingers on the indicator.) Now you see, we must both put our hands on this indicator, like this.

(MR. DRAKE hesitates, but finally puts his hands in the same position as ALDEN's, but much in the same manner that he might have handled a cactus.)

MR. DRAKE. It's all damn foolishness.

ALDEN (*not heeding him*). Now one of us must ask the Ouija Board a question, and then we both concentrate deeply on the question and the indicator will point out the answer.

MR. DRAKE. Of all the impossible contraptions,—how can this thing answer questions?

ALDEN. That is one of the things that we are going to find out. Now you ask a question.

MR. DRAKE. You'd better ask one, you seem to know more about how to run the thing.

ALDEN. On the contrary I know as little as you do about it. I just happened to read the directions on the back.

MR. DRAKE. I can't think of any questions I want to ask it.

ALDEN. I think the best way for you to do, is to ask it some question which you know the answer to, and I do not. In this way we can see if the thing will tell the truth, or if it works at all.

MR. DRAKE. Um-m-m-m, not a bad idea. I wish that you would show as much intelligence in my office. Let me see, what'll I ask it?

ALDEN. Ask something about the market. I wasn't down to-day, and don't know what happened.

MR. DRAKE (*nodding assent*). How much did Midland Copper advance to-day? (*They both bend over the board.*) The darned thing isn't doing anything.

ALDEN. Give it time, dad; you know this board isn't used to giving market quotations. You're way out of its line, and it probably takes time for it to get adjusted to a new line of thought. (*The indicator begins to move.*) See, it's starting now.

MR. DRAKE (*who can hardly believe his eyes*). Sh-h-h-h-h!

ALDEN. It's heading for the numbers. It got the question all right.

MR. DRAKE. It's stopped at two.

ALDEN. Well, is that right?

MR. DRAKE (*nods in a dazed manner, then as a new idea comes to him he turns to ALDEN accusingly*). Have you been watching the market to-day?

ALDEN. Can you imagine me bothering my head about the stock market when I wasn't near the office to-day?

MR. DRAKE. I don't know,—but maybe you saw the quotations in the evening paper.

ALDEN. It's not very likely that I'm worrying about what Midland Copper is doing, is it?

MR. DRAKE. Well, if you ever intend to amount to anything in my business you had better start taking an interest in the stock market.

ALDEN. I make it a rule never to let business matters worry me out of business hours.

MR. DRAKE. I can't understand this thing giving the right answer. It's either a coincidence, or it's damned uncanny. Let's try it again.

ALDEN. Sure, we must give it a fair test.

(*They bend over the board.*)

MR. DRAKE. What made the biggest advance to-day? (*They watch closely.*) T—and—P.

(*They both look up. MR. DRAKE'S eyes are wide with wonder. ALDEN is all innocence.*)

ALDEN. Texas and Pacific,—Is that right?

MR. DRAKE. It is, and I know very well that you've been reading the market quotations. This thing can't tell things like that.

ALDEN. Well, since you are so positive that I am crooking the deal, why don't you ask something that I couldn't possibly know? Ask something that happened at the office to-day.

MR. DRAKE. I will, and if it answers right I'll know there is something to this Ouija Board after all.

ALDEN. I guess little Ouija is either a good guesser or blamed intelligent.

(They once more lean across the board.)

MR. DRAKE. Some one of my office force became sick to-day and went home. Who was it?

(The Ouija Board begins to move.)

MR. DRAKE AND ALDEN *(together)*. T-A-Y-L-O-R.

ALDEN. What, was Miss Taylor sick to-day?

MR. DRAKE. Yes, she was, and how that Ouija Board knows it is beyond me.

ALDEN. Your beautiful stenographer is once more named by the Ouija. I guess this little Ouija Board has the dope on Miss Taylor.

MR. DRAKE. Be serious for once in your life. This Ouija Board is no toy; it can actually answer questions, and answer them correctly.

ALDEN. Well, what are you going to do about it? You don't expect me to weep over it, do you?

MR. DRAKE. No, but things are getting worse the further we go. Now if Helen ever finds this out we never will get any peace. What are we going to do? We've got to get rid of this thing now.

ALDEN. The Ouija is before you. You need only to ask it.

MR. DRAKE *(as he gives the table a resounding pound)*. I'll do it. We'll get at the heart of this thing right now. *(There is a gleam of triumph in ALDEN's eye; and he seems to be mentally patting himself on the back as he places his hands near his father's on the indicator of the Ouija Board.)* Tell me where to start in to clear up this mess I am in? *(As the indicator moves.)* M-I-R-R-A-

S-O-N. That damned Dr. Mirrason again. Say, what does this thing mean anyway?

ALDEN. Why ask me? I'm no Ouija Board.

MR. DRAKE. It's got me all mixed up. That answer doesn't mean anything. Do you know this Mirrason? What sort of a bird is he?

ALDEN. Don't know him personally, in fact I've never even met him. I've seen his picture and heard a lot about him. That's all.

MR. DRAKE. What have you heard?

ALDEN. Well, he's one of these typical lounge lizards. Got his start somewhere in Greenwich Village along with the rest of the freaks. He's a handsome devil, and hands out a gushy line of talk to these society women, like mother, that fall for this spiritualism stuff. I've heard, too, that he's not averse to an occasional love affair on the side. I guess he is quite a charmer with the ladies.

MR. DRAKE (*he is thinking deeply*). Do you suppose this Ouija means that — No, no, that's impossible, I'm crazy to think of such a thing — It's the most—I wish — Say, what does that Ouija mean anyway?

ALDEN. Your mind functions as well as mine on such subjects.

MR. DRAKE. Mine isn't functioning now. (*He is on his feet now.*) If I thought that damned Mirrason was —

ALDEN. —making love to mother.

MR. DRAKE. So you thought of that too?

ALDEN. It was the first thing I thought of.

MR. DRAKE. By God, that is what it means. The woman has been blinded by this spiritualism guff. I thought that she talked rather intimately of him to-night. Called him one of the most wonderful men she had ever met. Don't you remember? Those were her very words . . . and here I've been sitting still like a fool letting some long-haired Bolshevik make love to my wife. Why, I'll—I'll — Where is this lecture to-night? Where can I find this home breaker?—Where was it Helen went to-night to see that man?

ALDEN. He speaks at a reception at Van Vlack's to-

night. I believe his subject is "The Inter-relation of the Soul and the Subconscious Mind to the Spiritual World."

MR. DRAKE. I hope he knows his subject well, because, believe me, his soul is soon going to be frolicking in the spirit world.

(MR. DRAKE tears madly out of the room. ALDEN stands smiling after his father for a few seconds. He then hurries to the telephone.)

ALDEN. Give me Bryant 4872—yes—Hello, may I speak to Miss Taylor—yes, thank you—Hello, is that you, Louise?—Fine, everything is coming out great. This Ouija Board craze that has struck mother and Laura came to our rescue nicely. I have mother thinking that dad is in love with you, and ——— What, oh, I had to, but it will come out all right.—Then I made dad promise that he wouldn't object to any means I used to clear him with mother. That'll come in handy, won't it?—That wasn't enough so I inveigled dad into trying the Ouija Board; then I manipulated it to suit myself, and now he thinks that mother is in love with Dr. Mirrason, the spiritualist lecturer.—They're both out of the house now and I'm coming right over to get you.—By the way, you know that note you gave me to-day? Well, the way you write my name it looks like Allen. I'm going to drop the note casually in the middle of the room before I go. When mother finds it she'll think it belongs to dad, and there will be an awful rumpus.—(He laughs as he hears her accompanying laugh over the wires.) That will be good, won't it? (There is a sound of heavy brakes outside as a car draws up to the curb.) There's mother and Laura back now. I'll have to slip out through the garden to miss them. Good-bye, I'll be right over.

(He hangs up the receiver with a smile on his face. He hurriedly takes the letter from his pocket and places it conspicuously in the middle of the floor, glances around the room, and then runs out through the French windows at the back.)

Enter MRS. DRAKE and LAURA, R.

MRS. DRAKE. Why did you have to get sick to-night, of all nights, Laura? I did so want to hear Dr. Mirrason's lecture to-night.

LAURA. So did I, mother. I'm sorry. You shouldn't have come home with me. But you don't need to stay; you can go right back, because I'll be all right just as soon as I can go to bed. (*LAURA sits in a chair feigning a headache. MRS. DRAKE has already spied the letter lying in the middle of room. She picks it up and starts to put it on the table, but she stops upon noting the size, shape and color. She hesitates for a second, but her curiosity is too much for her. She takes the note from the envelope and reads it. It is short, and at the end of it she sinks into the davenport with a moan, for she is nearly fainting. LAURA has taken all this in.*) What is it, mother?

MRS. DRAKE. Here, Laura, read this to me. I can't believe my own eyes.

(*LAURA takes the letter.*)

LAURA (*reading*). My own dear Allen —

(*She looks up startled at what she has read.*)

MRS. DRAKE. Yes, yes,—oh, hurry, and read on.

LAURA (*reading*). I shall see you this afternoon at luncheon, dearest, and until then I shall be thinking of you every minute, longing for your arms and kisses. With all my love, your little Louise.

(*LAURA looks up horror-stricken at what she has read.*)

MRS. DRAKE (*furiously*). Oh, that terrible woman, that unspeakable hussy; and to think that she has been Allen's stenographer for over a month. My husband's stenographer—his *private* stenographer.

LAURA. There must be some mistake, mother.

MRS. DRAKE. Mistake! My dear child, how could a letter like that be a mistake? It is too obvious. And the way Allen denied having anything to do with her. Why, he must have gone to lunch with her this very afternoon, and no telling how many other afternoons.

Taking lunch with her is bad enough, but the wording of that note—"your loving arms and kisses"—that is too significant. Oh, it is all too dreadful to think about. I suppose these nights when I thought Allen was at the club, he has in reality been with this woman. It's simply shocking—it's —

LAURA. That is just what Alden said.

MRS. DRAKE. What did Alden say?

LAURA. Oh, I shouldn't have said anything, but I suppose it doesn't make any difference now.—He told me that the way father had been carrying on with his stenographer was shocking, and that he wanted me to help him stop it all. That is the reason I pretended to be sick to-night—so that you would come home with me.

MRS. DRAKE. Pretended to be sick! What do you mean? What has Alden been telling you?

LAURA. Well, just before we started for Van Vlack's, Alden said that if I wanted to help him get father out of the clutches of this woman, I had better get you home from the Van Vlack's just as quickly as I could, and to use any excuse at all to make you come. He wouldn't tell me why, but he said that he depended upon me implicitly, and he seemed to have some definite plan.

MRS. DRAKE (*changing her tone entirely*). Dear, dear Alden. He must have seen this going on, and to save me from any pain has been trying to prevent the worst from happening.—But what could have been his reason for wanting me to be here at this particular time?

LAURA. I don't know. Alden wouldn't tell me a thing.

MRS. DRAKE. That's just like Alden, to take everything on his own shoulders, and try to keep me from learning that anything of this kind was going on. He realized that I had no idea of all this, and has been attempting to settle matters quietly by himself.—That is just the trouble with me, Laura. I am too trusting. I never see these terrible things until they are upon me. I suppose this very minute Allen is out with that woman, and when he returns he will say that he has been at the club all evening.

(MR. DRAKE *enters madly from R. He is angry and excited.*)

MR. DRAKE. Well, I've been chasing around over half the town trying to find you. I thought you were going to Van Vlack's. Where have you been?

MRS. DRAKE. I don't see that it matters particularly where we have been, as long as you have found us. However, if you *had* gone to Van Vlack's you would undoubtedly have found us there, for we have just returned. In reality I think you have probably been having a clandestine meeting with your pretty stenographer.

MR. DRAKE. My stenographer! Can't you get her out of your mind? I haven't seen her since noon to-day.

MRS. DRAKE. At luncheon, I presume.

MR. DRAKE. At luncheon! Hardly; I don't usually take my stenographers out to lunch.

MRS. DRAKE. Laura, I'm afraid there is going to be a scene; perhaps you had better go up-spairs.

LAURA. Yes, mother. *[Exit LAURA.]*

MRS. DRAKE. Now that I know everything, you may as well tell the truth, Allen.

MR. DRAKE. The truth! What have I said that isn't the truth?

MRS. DRAKE (*with a resigned air holds the letter before her husband*). This will explain what I mean. To me it tells a very clear story. (MR. DRAKE *takes the letter in a puzzled manner and reads it.*) Well?

MR. DRAKE. Do you think this thing belongs to me?

MRS. DRAKE. You surely don't deny it?

MR. DRAKE. Yes I do; I never saw the letter before.

MRS. DRAKE. Don't be foolish, Allen. I found it lying there on the floor where you dropped it. It is all so very evident. You are in love with your stenographer, and that's all there is to it. Why can't you admit it, and then tell me what you are going to do about it.

MR. DRAKE. I'm not in love with my stenographer, and I never saw this letter before, *that's* all there is to it. It's very evident to me that you are trying to use this excuse to cover up your own love affair with Dr. Mir-rason.

(MRS. DRAKE *is too astonished to speak for a minute.*)

MRS. DRAKE. My love affair with Dr. Mirrason! Why, what do you mean? I never heard of such a thing. I hardly know Dr. Mirrason. How can you dare to suggest such a thing?

MR. DRAKE. You surely aren't going to deny it, are you?

MRS. DRAKE. I certainly do!

MR. DRAKE. Don't be foolish, Helen; there is no use trying to deny it. We have learned the truth, and it's all too evident.

MRS. DRAKE. We! And who, may I ask, is we?

MR. DRAKE. Alden and I, and—the Ouija Board.

MRS. DRAKE. Alden! *You!* The Ouija board! (MR. DRAKE *nods a silent assent.*) Tell me instantly what you mean by these things you are saying.

MR. DRAKE. I mean that Alden and I decided to ask the Ouija Board a few questions, and the Ouija told us that you and Dr. Mirrason are in love with each other. Other existing facts prove it.

MRS. DRAKE. Do you mean to say that you are going to stand there and tell me that because a Ouija Board says that I am in love with some one, you believe it?

MR. DRAKE. Of course I do. I didn't go at this thing blindly. First I found that it *would* tell the truth, and then when it told me this, there was nothing to do but to believe it.

MRS. DRAKE. It is the most foolish thing I ever heard of in all my life.

MR. DRAKE. Is that the best excuse you can think of? If you would admit it all it would be much simpler for us both.

MRS. DRAKE. Simpler?—Oh, I believe I begin to see, now. This is something you have invented to divert my mind from your affair with your stenographer. But it doesn't work, Allen Drake, for I have something material to base my suspicions on. I am not using the Ouija Board, I can —

MR. DRAKE. Not using the Ouija Board. What about that "Dark Beautiful Woman" stuff? Oh, no,

you're not using the Ouija, you've just got it acting as a private detective trailing every move I make.

MRS. DRAKE. But the letter,—that letter is surely proof enough; and I don't see how you can accuse me of a love affair on such a flimsy pretext as the information you get from a Ouija Board, while I read with my very eyes a love letter from the woman you have been ——

MR. DRAKE. How many times must I tell you that I never saw that letter before?

(ALDEN enters from R. with a happy smile on his face, and surveys his father and stepmother gayly.)

ALDEN. Ah, here you are.—Just been having a quiet little chat, I suppose. (*He fairly beams upon them.*)

MR. DRAKE. No, we haven't been having a quiet little chat. We've been having a deuce of a rumpus. Your clever plans to keep peace and quiet in the family have certainly run amuck some place along the line.

ALDEN. Why, what is the trouble?

MRS. DRAKE. Alden, you will understand. I found this letter which your father lost. It is from his stenographer, but he denies that it belongs to him.

MR. DRAKE. It doesn't belong to me. Alden, your mother absolutely refuses to admit that she is in love with Dr. Mirrason, in spite of the fact that I have told her all about what the Ouija said. You tell her what it said. (ALDEN cannot restrain himself. He bursts out laughing.) Well, what's the big joke?

ALDEN. Everything. It has all worked out so beautifully that I can hardly believe it. Father, congratulate your little son; he's a genius.

MR. DRAKE. I can't appreciate the joke, and I've seen geniuses before.

MRS. DRAKE. For heaven's sake, Alden, what are you talking about?

ALDEN. Well, first of all, mother, dad is not in love with his stenographer.

MR. DRAKE. That's no wonderful revelation.

ALDEN. And let me say for your benefit, dad, that mother is not in love with Dr. Mirrason.

MRS. DRAKE. There is no need to tell us that.

MR. DRAKE. But how about the Ouija Board? You saw what it said.

ALDEN. You fell too easily, dad. I manipulated it for your benefit. I *did* know what happened on the market to-day.

MR. DRAKE. But how did you know that Miss Taylor was sick?

ALDEN. She wasn't. I spent the whole afternoon with her.

MRS. DRAKE. Then she didn't go with Allen to lunch.

ALDEN (*laughingly*). No.

MRS. DRAKE. But how about this letter?

(*Holding out the letter accusingly.*)

ALDEN. That's a bona fide letter from Miss Taylor all right, but you see Louise makes funny "D's" that look like "L's," so that when she writes the name "Alden" it looks like "Allen." The letter is really mine.

MR. AND MRS. DRAKE (*together*). Yours!

-ALDEN. Oh, yes; we were married this afternoon.

MR. DRAKE. Married!

MRS. DRAKE. Without telling us a thing about it.

ALDEN. Yep, we're married, so everything's all right. You remember, dad, you promised that you wouldn't object to any means I used to square you with mother. Getting married was the means I used.

(*LAURA dashes into the room from the L. entrance.*)

LAURA. Isn't it wonderful?

MRS. DRAKE. Laura, I thought I told you to go upstairs.

LAURA. But I didn't want to go, so I've been outside listening. It's more exciting than the Ouija Board.

ALDEN. Ah, the Ouija Board, everything's settled but the fate of the Ouija Board. What about the Ouija Board? We can't neglect the root of all this evil.

MRS. DRAKE. I'll never have another thing to do with Ouija Boards or spiritualism.—I was beginning to tire of it all anyway.

MR. DRAKE. But what have you done with my stenographer, I mean your wife?

ALDEN. Louise is outside in my car waiting for me to tell her that everything is all right. I'll go right out and bring her in.

MRS. DRAKE. Oh, I know she's just a dear, Alden.

LAURA. I can't wait to see her; come along, mother.

[ALDEN, MRS. DRAKE, and LAURA exit.]

(MR. DRAKE is left standing rather dazed in the middle of the room. Things have been moving too fast for him. He sees the Ouija Board lying at an impish angle on the table. With vicious strides he crosses, picks it up, walks to the fireplace, thrusts it into the dwindling flames and watches it burn for a minute, then turns toward the audience wagging his head resignedly.)

MR. DRAKE. Now, damn it, I'll have to support two families, and I've lost the best stenographer I ever had.

CURTAIN

THE ADVENTURES OF GRANDPA

A Farce in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Four males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays a full evening. No royalty. Monte Ray gets word from his grandpa, Otis Hammerhead, from whom he receives an allowance, that he is about to pay him a flying visit. As one of the excuses that he has made to secure an increased income is that he has married, he has to have a "wife" to show, and borrows for the afternoon Lucy, the wife of a close friend, Tod Hunter, much against Tod's will. This answers very well for an hour or so, but when the house is quarantined because the cook has smallpox, and nobody is allowed to leave, matters get a little complicated. A screaming farce introducing dancing, if desired. Very easy, funny and up-to-date, and strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

MONTGOMERY RAY ("MONTE"), *Grandpa's grandson.*

TOD HUNTER, *a young dancing master.*

OTIS HAMMERHEAD ("GRANDPA"), *from Yellow Bud, Ohio.*

OFFICER McCORMACK, *who seen his duty and done it.*

LUCY HUNTER, *our little wife.*

DOROTHY MAY, *just out of college.*

MRS. PANSY HOPSCOTCH, *fair, fat and forty.*

MARIE RIBEAU, *the girl from Paris.*

KLOOMPY, *twelve days from Copenhagen over.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—That afternoon. Grandpa arrives. Quarantined!

ACT II.—That night. Pansy almost breaks out, so does Grandpa. Smallpox!

ACT III.—The next morning. KloompY spills the beans. Good-bye, Grandpa!

THE BURDEN

A Play in One Act

By Elma Ehrlich Levinger

Three males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. This admirable little play won the first prize in The Sinai Center Prize Contest, in Chicago, and is strongly recommended to persons in search of high class material. Mendel Rabinowitz, a "good Jew," who has always obeyed "the law," is dependent upon his daughter, Sarah, and his son Isadore, who, emancipated by their "American" bringing up, find the law a burden and seek to be rid of their inconvenient parent, the one to marry, the other to better his business chances. The old man's struggle against these changes and the abhorrent conditions that they involve is intensely dramatic. A play of unusual power and pathos, strongly recommended to the best taste. Particularly recommended to Jewish societies. Royalty, \$5.00 for each performance.

Price, 25 cents

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

THE CONJURER

A Dramatic Mystery in Three Acts

By Mansfield Scott

Author of "The Submarine Shell," "The Air-Spy," etc.

Eight male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 each for subsequent performances by the same company. Free for school performance. George Clifford, incapacitated for service at the front, employs his great talents as a conjurer to raise money for the soldiers. He is utilized by Inspector Steele, of the U. S. Secret Service, in a plan to discover certain foreign spies. The plan goes wrong and involves seven persons in suspicion of a serious crime. Clifford's clever unravelling of this tangled skein constitutes the thrilling plot of this play, the interest of which is curiously like that of the popular "Thirteenth Chair." This is not a "war-play" save in a very remote and indirect way, but a clever detective story of absorbing interest. Strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

INSPECTOR MALCOME STEELE.	DRISCOLL WELLS.
GEORGE CLIFFORD.	DOCTOR GORDON PEAK.
CAPTAIN FRANK DRUMMOND	DETECTIVE WHITE.
GLEASON.	MARION ANDERSON.
LIEUTENANT HAMILTON WAR-	EDITH ANDERSON.
WICK.	ELLEN GLEASON.
COLONEL WILLARD ANDERSON.	DOROTHY ELMSTROM.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The home of Colonel Anderson (Friday evening).
ACT II.—The office of Inspector Steele (Saturday afternoon).
ACT III.—The same as Act II (Saturday evening).

THE OTHER VOICE

A Play in One Act

By S. vK. Fairbanks

Three voices, preferably male, are employed in this little novelty which is intended to be presented upon a dark stage upon which nothing is actually visible save starlight. It was originally produced at Workshop 47, Cambridge, where its effective distillation of the essential oil of tragedy was curiously successful. An admirable item for any programme seeking variety of material and effect. Naturally no costumes nor scenery are required, save a drop carrying stars and possibly a city sky-line. Plays ten minutes only; royalty, \$5.00.

Price, 25 cents

Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	3/4 "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	1/2 "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	1/2 "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
Camp Fidelity Girls	11		2 1/2 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial	11	2	"	35c	"
The Farmerette	7	2	"	35c	"
Behind the Scenes	12	1 1/2	"	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls	15	2	"	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes	10	1 1/2	"	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane	6	1 1/2	"	25c	"
Her First Assignment	10	1	"	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes	14	1/2	"	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain	4	1/2	"	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money	4	1/2	"	25c	None
The Original Two Bits	7	1/2	"	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club	10	1/2	"	25c	"
Leave it to Polly	11	1 1/2	"	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor	7	1/2	"	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.	10	2	"	35c	"
A Modern Cinderella	16	1 1/2	"	35c	"
Theodore, Jr.	7	1/2	"	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph	16	2	"	35c	"
Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzoury	8	14	2 1/2	35c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		1/4	25c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		1/2	25c	"
The Boy Scouts	20	2	"	35c	"
A Close Shave	6		1/2	25c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1	25c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		3/4	25c	"
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4	35c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		3/4	25c	"
On the Quiet	12		1 1/2	35c	"
The People's Money	11		1 3/4	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1 3/4	35c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1 3/4	35c	"
Schmerekase in School	9		1	25c	"
The Scoutmaster	10		2	35c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1 1/2	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2	25c	"
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		1/2	25c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1 1/4	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1 1/2	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number	2	"	35c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	3/4	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1	25c	"
Taking the Census in Bingville	14	8	1 1/2	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit	12	8	1 1/2	35c	"

- BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.