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No. 587

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# BOMBITO

*A PLAY IN ONE ACT*

BY  
CLARENCE STRATTON

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## CHARACTERS

SENOR FELIPE Y BENLIEURE, *manager of bull ring.*

ENRIQUE, *a picador.*

BOMBITO, *a matador.*

DONA ISABELLA, *his wife.*

MARIANELLA, *their daughter.*



# BOMBITO

SCENE: *When the curtain rises it discloses the quarters of the matador's family, a bare room built beneath the sloping tiers of the bull ring. At the rear the ceiling slopes down toward the single door, which is at the top of a couple of steps. Outside this door a passage conducts to the arena itself. In the wall toward the spectators would be two large windows through which a yellow light would pour to tone up the apartment. The plastered walls are smoke marked. Artistically inclined bull fighters have tried to decorate their surfaces with sketches of bulls, flying capes, heads of matadors, pointed banderillas, swords, short ugly knives. A couple of posters announce bull fights. From a few pegs hang old clothes, frayed capes, several squares of red cloth. A shake-down bed is upon the floor in one corner. Another protrudes from behind a screen at the other rear corner. A couple of wicker baskets have clothes dragging over their sides. A dilapidated old table bears two or three long straight swords. Two rickety chairs and several stools complete the furnishings.*

*In spite of the squalid quarters the scene is bright. The two women are brightly dressed. Old brown-skinned ENRIQUE is gorgeous in red handkerchief bound round his head, and brilliant yellow costume. Later BOMBITO comes in from the ring in full matador splendor, with which his worn face contrasts markedly.*

(ENRIQUE is sitting upon a stool facing the audience deliberately rolling a cigarette. DONA ISABELLA is standing in the center of the room anxiously watching the doorway in which MARIANELLA stands straining her ears toward the silence of the arena. There is a tense pause. Suddenly ENRIQUE strikes a match under his stool. The spurt sounds like crashing lightning. Both women start apprehensively. DONA ISABELLA motions him to be silent.)

ISABELLA. Hush-h-h-h!

MARIANELLA. (*Drawing a deep breath*)  
Ah-h-h-h!

ENRIQUE. What's the use of listening?

ISAB. Hush! We must hear!

ENR. What you don't hear won't hurt you. Silence is the best noise in the bull ring.

MAR. (*Straining more tensely*) Perhaps Father will—make one good stroke.

ENR. Yes; a miracle may happen at any time—by accident. (*A tense pause.*)

MAR. (*Covering her ears*) Oh!

ISAB. What is it?

MAR. (*Coming down into the room*) He must have struck——

ENR. And missed again!

MAR. They shouted "Butcher."

ISAB. Poor fellow!

ENR. (*Who has risen, seating himself slowly*)  
No, decidedly, this is not the day for miracles.

(*In the distance sounds the Toreador music from "Carmen."*)

ISAB. He's done it now!

ENR. (*Shaking his head and holding his fingers*)  
It was too quick. See, I counted only five. No



bull will put his two feet square in that time. It cannot be expected. Bombito should not hurry the bull. He should help him to deliberate end. A bull fight is a serious ceremony. It's not a dance, or a wrestling match. Soberly, and gently is the way to kill, I say.

(BOMBITO *appears wearily in the doorway. He carries in his left hand a dark red piece of cloth, in his right his long straight sword. He stops for just an instant, then steps down into the room, moves to the table, where he deposits his hat and sword. Then he sweeps a challenging glance around.*)

BOMB. Well, why don't you say something?

(ENRIQUE *comically shrugs his shoulders, and spreads out his hands. MARIANELLA moves quietly toward the corner where the bed is.*)

ISAB. (*Timidly*) How did that one go? (*Then she realizes she ought to know.*) It wasn't very good —

BOMB. Good? Not by a thousand saints! What luck!

ISAB. Just how was it this time?

BOMB. Why, didn't you see? But of course, you don't watch me any more. To you they're all the same. Bad strokes! And that means failure! Oh, yes, I know!

ENR. If you could have played the bull until you had all this feeling ready to come out in the ring, you could have lunged right now, and pierced the circle.

BOMB. Wait until now! With all those thousands of eyes watching me? All those heads won-

dering what I was going to do? Why, if they had begun to hiss me—I couldn't have done a thing.

ENR. Didn't you hear 'em hiss? We did, in here.

(ISABELLA moves to stop him, but he has finished.)

BOMB. Wait? There he was; after the first thrust when he tossed my sword half across the arena, he just stood in the same place, I didn't even have to make him move a step. Both forefeet on a straight line, head down, all I had to do was to meet him as he plunged.

ENR. But did you?

BOMB. Sure as Easter. But as he charged he twisted to the right, and before I could stop or change—I'd only spoiled the sport.

ENR. Then what did the crowd yell?

BOMB. (*Bitterly*) Butcher.

ENR. (*Casually*) It's a pity you're not a butcher.

(*Start of keen astonishment from the three others.*)

ISAB. What do you mean, Enrique?

ENR. (*Calmly*) A butcher would know whether the weight was more on one foot than on another, and not depend on straight feet only.

BOMB. Yes, I've been told that, too.

ENR. Are you sure you know even a straight line? When you were a railroad switchman your whole day was spent in sending trains off the main line straight track.

BOMB. You're back at that, are you?

ENR. Well, it's my opinion, if you want it, that switching in a junction railroad yard's not a first-class training for the delicate and refined science of killing noble animals on Sunday afternoons.

FELIPE. (*Calls off stage, as he approaches door*)

Bombito! Where is he? (*He appears in the doorway. He is boiling over with anger.*) So, Bombito! You call yourself a matador. After that exhibition! That was rotten—rotten! (*He chokes for words.*)

ENR. (*Drawlingly*) Practice on him, Bombito, he's madder than any bull he ever sends into his fifth-rate ring.

FEL. (*Sputtering, shaking his fist*) You keep out of it!

ENR. (*Quietly*) Your ring? You bet your mother's picture I will, until you pay me my price.

BOMB. Felipe, you came to talk to me, I suppose.

FEL. How can I advertise you for my arena next Sunday after that mess you just made? How can I, I ask you? And I counted on a big crowd;—first coro of the spring, new paint, new decorations; and Villafeliche's price has gone up over winter. Why, I shall lose money on the day.

ENR. Good matadors live on real money, Felipe.

BOMB. Well, just what do you mean? Why all this to me?

FEL. Because I came to tell you that I can't afford to risk anything next Sunday. You got a chance with me, but by all the Holy Saints, no court in Spain can make a manager dispense charity.

ENR. You're right. Not you.

BOMB. You mean——

FEL. Yes, I do. I'll tear up the contract.

ISAB. Oh, Bombito!

FEL. You have one more chance. Show yourself a real matador with your other bull today, and things will stand. Give us another exhibition like the last one;—and zip! goes the contract. (*BOMBITO moves as though to answer, then turns aside and sits down dejectedly. Rattling on.*) You ought to do better. We all think it is in you. But you

won't let it come out. You don't lack the nerve, do you? (BOMBITO *shakes his head negatively.*) Of course not. Yet look at young Villafeliche out there now. He hasn't had nearly as much experience as you. But he has the makings. Why, already he's raised his price.

ENR. Yes. He won't make more than one appearance under your terms.

FEL. You and he have been engaged a lot together, but don't you realize that unless you get better, his price will go on up and yours will drop? It's bound to happen that way.

ENR. Oh, never doubt what Señor Felipe y Benlieure says. He knows all about the noble art—from the money side.

FEL. He's in the arena now. (ENRIQUE *goes out quietly.*) Why don't you watch him to get a few hints? Come on, man, for the sake of next Sunday.

ISAB. Come, let's go look over the barrier. (*She touches BOMBITO'S shoulder. He picks up his hat mechanically and follows her out.*)

FEL. Marianella!

MAR. (*Darting to him*) Felipe!

FEL. Care for me still?

MAR. You know how I love you!

FEL. (*taking her in his arms*) And I'm mad about you. (*She snuggles a little closer.*) Happy?

MAR. (*Murmuring*) Uh-um! (*Pause.*) Almost.

FEL. (*Astounded*) Almost? Why, what's the matter?

MAR. (*Brightly*) When are we going to be married?

FEL. (*Hesitating*) Why—soon—sometime——

MAR. (*Insisting*) No, that's not sure. When? (*Like a child.*) Tell me, tell me, tell me!

FEL. (*Stepping back*) If you insist, I shall have

to hurt you, my dear, much as I hate to. Your father —

MAR. (*Wailing*) Oh, I was sure that had made the difference in you! But you won't do that, will you?

FEL. Do what?

MAR. Destroy his contract to fight next week for you.

FEL. I don't know what to do. But you couldn't expect me to risk all my future marrying into the family of a matador who had never done a good day's work in the ring? You see that, Marianella? The Spanish people put such skill above everything else in the world. He must succeed! For his own sake, and mine, and yours, Marianella!

MAR. But you must not tear up his contract at the beginning of the season. He might not get another engagement in Spain the whole year! And the season in France is so short! Oh, what can we do, what can we do, Felipe?

FEL. There's South America and Mexico.

MAR. How Mother and Father would hate that. They did it once. It was horrible!

FEL. (*He has been thinking*) No, he couldn't do that.

MAR. Do what?

FEL. Go back to the railroad?

MAR. It would break his heart. What, after being a real matador? Why, he wouldn't consent to be even a picador. And he's not active enough to be a banderillero. Besides, would that help us? You and me? It seems too awful to be true!

FEL. You are right, Marianella. What can we do?

MAR. But you do love me?

FEL. (*Drawing her to him*) You know I do, Marianella. Only I don't know what to do.

MAR. Felipe! (*They stand gazing into each*

*other's eyes when ENRIQUE saunters into sight. The lovers move apart.)*

ENR. (*Coming down into the room*) You're a graceful banderillero at that game, Señor Felipe y Benlieure. Great sport, eh?

FEL. Aw, hold your tongue.

ENR. After this one remark. It's easier to jab something into the back of a man than through the little bone circle in the neck of a plunging bull.

(*BOMBITO and ISABELLA appear at doorway. As they come down FELIPE takes up his hat.*)

FEL. Has he given the thrust?

BOMB. Not yet.

FEL. Then I shall go to see him do it.

MAR. Hasta la vista.

FEL. (*Meaningly to her*) Que sea muy pronto! Bombito, good luck this time! Good luck for both of us.

(*The other characters, except ENRIQUE, acknowledge his departure.*)

ISAB. But, my dear, why won't you stay and watch Villafeliche?

BOMB. What's the use, anyway?

ISAB. Can't you do it his way?

BOMB. You know I can't. That's the way to do in your twenties. I'm beyond that. We older men have to drop into the other school entirely.

MAR. But you know, something must be done. I'm not so young as I once was. I ought to be getting married soon. But where is my dowry to come from?

BOMB. Oh, I don't know. I think of that, too!

ISAB. Don't bother your father with that now, Marianella.

MAR. Well, we'll have to face it some time, I suppose.

BOMB. Yes; but not now, not now!

ISAB. (*Near door*) The music's stopped.

BOMB. Yes, you heard this is a tame beast. It will be over soon. That means a fierce one will be sent in next.

MAR. (*Snatching up a mantilla*) I'm going to see Villafeliche get this one. (*She exits quickly.*)

BOMB. Just my luck, I always get a fierce one. That's the kind I always get. No luck at all!

ENR. Yet it might be worse. You have to face a fierce bull only every once in a while. Suppose you had to face a fierce wife all the time. Oh, Santa Maria Purissima!

BOMB. You're right, old fellow. What would I do without Isabellita?

ISAB. The burst of music!

BOMB. He's done it! That soon! He knows how! He has the luck.

ENR. The next will be a wild one. You're right. I must go to see if I can get a horse with four good legs under him. A blind one, if I can. So he won't know what's going to strike him. It's a great thing not to see the thing that's going to knock you out. (*He hitches up his trousers, picks up his hat, and exits.*)

(BOMBITO and ISABELLA stare at each other moodily for a few seconds. Finally she shrugs her shoulders, turns up her hands, and moves to a seat by the table.)

BOMB. (*Beginning very quietly*) I have a new plan of attack for this bull.

ISAB. (*Not interested, she heard such things before*) Yes. (*Pause.*)

BOMB. I know it's hard to keep interested in me.



ISAB. Oh, it's not that. It's just hard luck.

BOMB. Partly. Not entirely. But—you don't mind if I talk, do you?

ISAB. No; not if it relieves your mind.

BOMB. This is the next to the last bull. You know what that means. The people are growing tired and restless. This animal must not be played as long as early ones. This one must be gone through with as quickly as I can. They want the big thrill of the last fight. (*Pause.*)

ISAB. Well, what of it?

BOMB. I can't do what I should like to do.

ISAB. What's that?

BOMB. Take my time. Get him just as I want him. Not to hurry. To take the time. I wanted to use all the science I have on this one. But it's better not to. I'd only lose again. And now that's too costly.

ISAB. What do you mean?

BOMB. Well, you —

ISAB. What about me? What do you mean?

BOMB. Oh, I am not blaming you. You have just about reached the end, I know. I can see it, even though you don't admit it to yourself. I don't reproach you, but you won't stick to me much longer.

ISAB. (*Starting up*) Why, what do you mean by such things?

BOMB. We weren't so bad off when I was a railroad switchman, but bull fighting hasn't brought all the advance we expected.

ISAB. (*Feebly*) Oh, we get along.

BOMB. Yes, so far. But you know what Felipe threatened to do this afternoon. Let that happen just once, and I'm all done for.

ISAB. It must not happen.

BOMB. That's not the worst.

ISAB. What else now? (*BOMBITO jerks his*



*thumb toward the arena.*) You mean Marianella? (*He nods.*) Then you've seen it? I hoped there wasn't any danger. I thought I was overafraid. But if you saw it, too ——

BOMB. Felipe is after her.

ISAB. She's wildly in love with him. But will he marry her?

BOMB. No, not yet. Certainly not if he tears up my contract. He couldn't marry a girl whose father fails in the ring. Don't you see the danger?

ISAB. What can be done? For her? For you? For all of us?

BOMB. Perhaps you'd better not know.

ISAB. I must, I must!

BOMB. It really concerns me alone. (*He starts toward the table to get his sword.*)

ISAB. You must tell me! We've never had any secrets from each other.

BOMB. Good-bye, Isabellita.

ISAB. Good-bye? Why, what do you mean?

BOMB. Just that.

ISAB. I don't understand. You must explain to me. Why are you so excited? You are reckless ——

BOMB. (*Breaking out*) That is it. Finally I am reckless. I'll show them all that even though I am not so young as the others, I have the same spirit in me as they have.

ISAB. What can you mean by such speeches?

BOMB. The money of last week's work and today's is in the bank. With our other savings it will make a little dowry for Marianella. Marry her to Felipe. I won't disgrace her. That will fix you both. (*Pause.*)

ISAB. You mean you are going to —— (*She shudders.*)

BOMB. I am at the end of my rope. I must cut

it or strangle. And now is the only chance I shall ever have.

ISAB. You shall tell me!

BOMB. (*Forcing himself to quietness*) As soon as I have played this wild one just as much as the crowd will stand to get him into position. I shall play for the bull only;—center, front of Presidente's box, along the barrier, makes no difference to me.

ISAB. I understand. Go on.

BOMB. (*Rising*) I shall stand in close.

ISAB. (*In a low voice*) At last! After all these years.

BOMB. I shall hold my sword tighter than ever before. I may even pull his horns. But his front feet must be even!

(*This deliberate plan inspires confidence in ISABELLA.*)

ISAB. That's splendid!

BOMB. Then when he lunges at me I shall take slow, careful aim, and as I strike I shall shut my eyes tight!

ISAB. (*Springing up*) No! You do not mean that!

BOMB. Tight closed!

ISAB. But if you strike a bone how will the sword fly from your hand?

BOMB. I shall not let go. The sword will not be jerked away from me.

ISAB. If you do not pierce the spot you must throw yourself down on the ground.

BOMB. I am determined to keep my feet.

ISAB. But if you roll on the ground the bull will not gore you. You will be safe.

BOMB. I shall meet the bull in his attack.

ISAB. No, no!

BOMB. Yes.

ISAB. NO!

BOMB. This is my plan!

ISAB. I won't allow it! I'll tell Marianella! I'll warn Enrique!

BOMB. Would you have me disgraced? If I fail now, there are only long years of disappointment, bitterness, poverty before us. And Marianella? I shall be disgraced. Felipe will never marry her unless I retrieve myself.

ISAB. But you, my husband!

BOMB. An honorable death in the ring! But I may come through all right.

ISAB. You must! You will, if you only give up this insane idea! Promise me you will use your eyes!

BOMB. I shall shut them tight!

ISAB. I sha'n't allow you. This can't go on. I'll stop the fight! I'll appeal to the Presidente! He'll debar you for today!

BOMB. (*Near the door*) Can you say such things? You, a matador's wife? You have more courage than that. Hush! Here's Marianella! (*He picks up his red cloth from a corner and moves to his swords on the table as MARIANELLA appears.*)

MAR. Almost ready, Father?

BOMB. Certainly, my girl. Is it time already?

MAR. Yes, the banderillero was just ready to go in. He wasn't in any hurry, I can tell you. This fellow is a beauty. He tumbled Enrique over the fence right off. It was funny to see his long yellow legs waving in the air. That kind of start seems to put a damper on all the men. They seem listless and dispirited. It's up to you, Father, to tone things up a bit.

BOMB. Oh, I'll do that all right this time. Go take another peep for me, and as soon as old Angel

Mariano Pepe Pina, as he calls himself, plants his second pair of banderillas, run in to tell me.

MAR. Yes, I'll do that. (*She exits.*)

ISAB. You intend to do this thing?

BOMB. More now than ever. Don't you see how happy she is? Dare I save myself at her risk! Good-bye, wife. (*He takes her in his arms.*)

ISAB. Good-bye, my husband! After all these years!

BOMB. You've made me supremely happy.

ISAB. You must come through!

BOMB. I intend to.

ISAB. (*Suddenly breaking out*) Oh, no, no! I can't let you go like this! This must not be! Give up your reckless idea! You must keep your eyes open, do you hear, wide open!

(*BOMBITO has moved away. He silences her with a gesture as MARIANELLA appears.*)

MAR. Mother's right, Father, you must keep your eyes wide open, for this bull is livelier than any you've met in many a day.

ISAB. (*Excitedly*) You see, wide open!

BOMB. Until I see you again, Isabellita! Here, Marianella, give your old father a kiss for good luck. (*He holds her in his arms, then seizing the red cloth, his long straight sword, and placing his three-cornered hat upon his head he springs up the steps. At the door he turns and salutes.*) To the best women in the world!

(*ISABELLA stretches out her arms appealingly, MARIANELLA throws him a kiss. He disappears.*)

MAR. I'll have to go have a look at him this time, Mother.

ISAB. Yes, go—go!

(*MARIANELLA exits. ISABELLA stands tense. She is trying to force herself to follow, but she can drag herself to the doorway only. There she stands for an instant. MARIANELLA runs back. From the top step she calls out.*)

MAR. Oh, Mother! What has come over Father? He's so different! He's so cool! He's almost reckless. Everybody has noticed it. All the men are hanging over the barrier watching. It's great! Quite like the big rings at Cordova and Sevilla. You ought to come look.

ISAB. Is the music playing still?

MAR. Yes. Can't you hear it? (*ISABELLA nods.*) There, it's stopped. He has the bull in position! I must go see!

ISAB. (*Hoarsely*) Yes, go—go! (*MARIANELLA hurries off. There is a tense, agonizing pause. A very long silence ensues. ISABELLA's face and body display all the agonies she experiences as she listens. Hearing something off stage. In a low tone.*) What's that? I cannot hear the music! I must hear the music! It's a roar! What does it mean? What can it mean? The music!

MAR. (*Beginning off stage*) Oh, Mother, Mother! Wonderful! He did it! At the first stroke! Straight in the neck! A marvelous stroke! A masterpiece!

ISAB. (*Seizing her before she finishes*) Your father! Your father! Is he alive? Is he alive? Tell me, tell me! (*As MARIANELLA stops to listen.*) Is your father alive?

MAR. Why, of course, he's alive! And at the last a real matador!

(*Outside a confused rumble has grown to a mighty wave of sound, with music bursting through at times. The shouts of voices crowd along*

*the passageway until with a triumphant burst BOMBITO is pushed into view upon the steps. Close behind him is ENRIQUE.)*

BOMB. Isabellita! I did it! (*He rushes down to embrace her. A cheer goes up from the people outside. FELIPE elbows his way through.*)

FEL. I knew he could! Didn't I engage him for next Sunday? Tell everybody. At my arena next week. He'll do it again. Of course he'll do it again! Congratulations all around. Right in mid-air when he reached his heart! Right in mid-air, Señora Isabella! You saw it, Señorita Maria! Here's your contract. (*He puts it on the table.*) I must go see the newspapers about next Sunday. I'm a made man! Come along, Señorita Maria.

*(The crowd has melted away. FELIPE bustles out. MARIANELLA follows him.)*

ISAB. Oh, I'm so happy, my husband.

ENR. (*Showing a long rip in his yellow trousers*) That's the way in love and life. The bull that made your fortune tore the best pair of breeches I have! (*ENRIQUE exits ruefully.*)

ISAB. (*Radiantly*) Oh, I went through agonies for you! You see, I was right to make you keep your eyes open. What did you see?

BOMB. (*Quietly*) I saw death plainly. For my eyes were shut tight. (*ISABELLA totters and is about to fall. He holds her in his arms. Tenderly.*) But, dear, now that I have faced death with my eyes closed, I can face it always in the future with my eyes open!

CURTAIN

## ON THE HIRING LINE

Comedy in 3 acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. 5 males, 4 females. Interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Sherman Fessenden, unable to induce servants to remain for any reasonable length of time at his home, hits upon the novel expedient of engaging detectives to serve as domestics.

His second wife, an actress, weary of the country and longing for Broadway, has succeeded in discouraging every other cook and butler against remaining long at the house, believing that by so doing she will win her husband to her theory that country life is dead. So she is deeply disappointed when she finds she cannot discourage the new servants.

The sleuths, believing they had been called to report on the actions of those living with the Fessendens, proceeded to warn Mr. Fessenden that his wife has been receiving love-notes from Steve Mark, an actor friend, and that his daughter has been planning to elope with a thief.

One sleuth causes an uproar in the house, making a mess of the situations he has witnessed. Mr. Fessenden, however, has learned a lesson and is quite willing to leave the servant problem to his wife thereafter. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

## A FULL HOUSE

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. One interior scene. Modern costumes. Time, 2½ hours.

Imagine a reckless and wealthy youth who writes ardent love letters to a designing chorus girl, an attorney brother-in-law who steals the letters and then gets his hand-bag mixed up with the grip of a burglar who has just stolen a valuable necklace from the mother of the indiscreet youth, and the efforts of the crook to recover his plunder, as incidents in the story of a play in which the swiftness of the action never halts for an instant. Not only are the situations screamingly funny but the lines themselves hold a fund of humor at all times. This newest and cleverest of all farces was written by Fred Jackson, the well-known short-story writer, and is backed up by the prestige of an impressive New York success and the promise of unlimited fun presented in the most attractive form. A cleaner, cleverer farce has not been seen for many a long day. "A Full House" is a house full of laughs. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

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# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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# DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The *New York Times* reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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## MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

Comedy in 3 acts. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. 6 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

The characters, scenes and situations are thoroughly up-to-date in this altogether delightful American comedy. The heroine is a woman of tremendous energy, who manages a business—and she manages everything—with great success, and at home presides over the destinies of a growing son and daughter. Her struggle to give the children the opportunities she herself had missed, and the children's ultimate revolt against her well-meant management—that is the basis of the plot. The son who is cast for the part of artist and the daughter who is to go on the stage offer numerous opportunities for the development of the comic possibilities in the theme.

The play is one of the most delightful, yet thought-provoking American comedies of recent years, and is warmly recommended to all amateur groups. (Royalty on application.) Price, 75 Cents

## IN THE NEXT ROOM

Melodrama in 3 acts. By Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. 8 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

"Philip Vantine has bought a rare copy of an original Boule cabinet and ordered it shipped to his New York home from Paris. When it arrives it is found to be the original itself, the possession of which is desired by many strange people. Before the mystery concerned with the cabinet's shipment can be cleared up, two persons meet mysterious death fooling with it and the happiness of many otherwise happy actors is threatened" (Burns Mantle). A first-rate mystery play, comprising all the elements of suspense, curiosity, comedy and drama. "In the Next Room" is quite easy to stage. It can be unreservedly recommended to high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents

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## MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

Price, 75 Cents.

## THE FOUR-FLUSHER

Comedy in 3 acts. By Cæsar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

## PALS FIRST

Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominie, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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