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The Bird Family.

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WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,
DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE
STAGE BUSINESS; CAREFULLY MARKED FROM
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The Bird Family And Their Friends.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

— BY —

Verna M. Raynor.

— O —

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

— O —

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THE BIRD FAMILY AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

GUSTAVUS ORIOLE,.....	A gentleman from Boston.
HIRAM GULL,.....	In search of a fortune.
BLUSTER CROW,.....	Manager of the Warbler Opera Co.
TIMOTHY QUAIL,.....	A bashful young lover.
CHOLLIE BIRD,.....	The son, a dude.
LAWYER EAGLE,.....	Of the bald species.
ROBIN BIRD,.....	A mischievous youngster.
SERVANT, }	Double.
OFFICER. }	
NIGHTENGALE THRUSH,.....	An Opera singer.
MAGPIE BIRD,.....	The innocent.
LUCRETIA PEACOCK,.....	The maiden aunt.
MRS. POWELL BIRD.....	
MRS. GOLDFINCH,.....	A wealthy young widow.

—x—

2581

TIME—The present.

—x—

PLACE—New York.

—x—

TIME OF PLAYING—2 hours.

—x—

COSTUMES.

GUSTAVUS ORIOLE.—Act 1st., fashionable street dress. Act 2nd., mask of Romeo. Act 3rd., evening dress.

HIRAM GULL.—Act 1st., street dress. Act 2nd., any appropriate mask. Act 3rd., evening dress.

BLUSTER CROW.—Act 1st., street dress, bright tie. Acts 2nd. and 3rd., evening dress, display of jewelry.

TIMOTHY QUAIL.—Act 1st., linen suit. Act 2nd., harlequin. Act 3rd., evening dress.

CHOLLIE BIRD.—Act 1st., dressing gown. Act 2nd., costume of a Greek. Act 3rd., evening dress.

LAWYER EAGLE.—Plain black suit.

ROBIN BIRD.—Act 1st., linen suit. Act 3rd., black pants, white waist and sash.

NIGHTENGALE THRUSH.—Act 1st., fashionable street dress. Act 2nd., costume of red velvet to represent a Prince, Queen or other appropriate character. Act 3rd., handsome evening dress.

MAGPIE BIRD.—Act 1st., muslin dress, sash, big hat. Act 2nd., short dress, representing dancing girl or flower girl. Act 3rd., pretty evening dress.

LUCRETIA PEACOCK.—Act 1st., muslin dress, trimmed with gay colored ribbons. Act 2nd., pink dress, should look altogether ridiculous. Act 3rd., gay colored evening dress.

MRS. POWELL BIRD.—Act 1st., dark dress, apron and cap. Act 3rd., black dress, cap.

MRS. GOLDFINCH.—Act 2nd., appropriate mask. Act 3rd., dinner dress.

The Bird Family and Their Friends.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Interior of the home of the BIRD FAMILY—doors R. and L., curtained archway C., left of C. E. a large easy chair, mirror L. of sofa, window L. of C., screen R. back near R. door, writing desk R. of C. door, table R. front with decanter of wine and glasses, also a bell and book, chairs R. and L. of table, sofa L. front—CHOLLIE BIRD discovered sitting L. of table, MRS. BIRD dusting furniture with feather duster.

Mrs. Bird. I'm sure I don't know what is to become of me. I have enough to drive a woman distracted. There's that lazy Sarah, she isn't worth a row of pins, and that old dragon, lawyer Eagle, pestering me about the estate every day or two. And then there's Robin—he's a dear little innocent cherub, but somehow he's always upsetting something by mistake, or innocently getting into some mischief, which keeps me picking up after him. And you—you didn't get home till two o'clock this morning.

Chollie. (*sighing*) Yes, quite twue. 'Twas indeed vevy late ere I quitted the scenes of gayety and sought relief in the arms of gentle slumber. (*pouring out a glass of wine*) But alas! what are such empty joys to such as I?

Mrs. B. Empty? No, empty joys don't seem to be much to such as you, that's a fact.

Chol. But I mean, I care not for the gweat idle fwivolous world. I mingle with the washing thwong, but my heart is not there. There is always an aching void in my heart. I would that I could wetire to some sequestered nook, and there sit and ponder over the gweat mysteries of life.

Mrs. B. (*snappishly*) Better go to a convent then. It's all very well to talk, but you can't pull the wool over my eyes. You and Magpie together will drive me crazy.

Chol. Why, what has Magpie done to incur your displeasure?

Mrs. B. Done! Why, she is just determined that she'll marry that Timothy Quail, a poor milksop, with nothing to recommend him, when there's Mr. Crow, with lots of money, who, I'm sure, would ask her to marry him in a minute, if she'd but give him a bit of en-

couragement, but she won't look at him.

Chol. But, mother, she hasn't known Mr. Cwow but two weeks.

Mrs. B. That may all be, but she snubs him every time they meet, and she does make such eyes at that silly Quail, but I say, she shan't marry him—she just shan't. And I shall tell her this morning that he can't come here any more. But I can't stop here and talk—such a dwdling set of servants as I've got. I wonder where that lazy Sarah is. (*calling*) Sarah! Sa-rah! (*exit, R. E.*)

Chol. Oh deah! What a queeah world this is any way; and what queeah things these women are, and yet some of them are so delightful. How chawming Nightengale was last night. She's a stunner, she is, and I'd just like to mawwy her. Ba jove! I'll do it, I'll wite to her this vewy mawning and pwopose and we'll have the wedding next week. (*strikes bell on table*)

Enter, SERVANT, R. E.

Bwing me the ink and some paper. (*SERVANT bows and exit, R. E.*) Yes, I will wite to her, I'll pour out my feelings in a passionate epistle. Oh deah! (*sighing*) How ecstasically she did sing last night, but what a dweadful void it left behind.

(*pours out glass of wine and drinks*)

Enter, SERVANT, R. E., with pen, ink and paper.

Set them on the table and then leave me. (*SERVANT sets them on table, takes decanter and exit, R. E.—CHOLLIE takes up pen, arranges paper*) Now, how shall I begin it? Let me considah. My most precious Nightengale—no, that would sound as if I had two or three Nightengales—Sweet Delicious Flower—deah me, that sounds like an advertisement for Woller Mills. Oh deah! How shall I commence the epistle? I wondah what is the mattah with my head this morning, I haven't an idea in it. Let's considah.

Enter, ROBIN BIRD, R. E., with a large bottle containing a white liquid, and a smaller one with a red liquid.

Robin. Oh, jiminy, what fun! I've got Aunt Lucretia's two bottles of face paint, and I'm going to have a regular circus. Gee! there's Chollie. (*runs and hides bottles under chair L. of C. door*)

Chol. Ah! I have it at last! (*dips pen in ink and writes*) My darling adored Night—(*finds difficulty in writing, dips pen again*) engale. I cannot—(*can't get pen to write, traces over it again*) cannot—

(*wipes pen and looks at it*)

Rob. (*stands c. with his hand over his mouth and looks at CHOLLIE out of the corners of his eyes—aside*) I bet a nickel he's got that bottle I filled with blackberry juice. I wanted to black my shoes, and that ink just made them look jimmy slicker. (*holds out foot*)

Chol. My darling adored Nightengale, I cannot—(*tries to write again*) express my—(*big blot goes on paper*) Confound that ink! What's the mattah with it. It's just wuining that sheet. I'll wewire to the sanctity of my own apartment and there pour out my heart's gweat passion. (*exit, R. E.*)

Rob. (*goes to table, takes up ink*) Guess I'd better throw this out or they might suspect me of having something to do with it. (*goes to C. E. with ink and looks off L.*) Just the thing! There's a 'normous

great big cat. So here goes! (*throws bottle off L.*) Gee! look at her run! (*comes back, takes bottles out from under chair*) I'll take these down to the woodshed and use them to paint my sail boat. I've got something that will do just as well for Aunt Luke. (*exit, R., 2 E.*)

Magpie. (*outside*) Ha, ha, ha! Good joke, wasn't it? Well, good-bye girls. See you later.

MAGPIE appears in c. doorway, from L., waves her handkerchief, throws a kiss then enters.

Such a time as I have had! A regular picnic! And what a glorious joke we played on Bluster Crow, (*pompously*) Manager of the Warbler Opera Co. Ahem! Oh, it was fine! We girls and (*demurely*) a few gentlemen were having just the nicest time in the Park, when, who should come up but Bluster Crow, Esq. He immediately fastened upon me to bear his odious company, and I just couldn't get rid of him. I gave him all sorts of hints, but they didn't work, and finally I got desperate. I told him there was a man motioning to him and pointed out the place, then just as soon as his back was turned, every mother's son of us took to our heels and ran. We went into Mrs. Goldfinch's, (she lives right near the Park) and pretty soon he came walking by, looking in every direction, and we all sat up there watching him out of the window. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! it was too delicious to see the expression on his face—so lugubrious. After he had been gone some time, we came out, by a side street, and here I am safe and sound.

Enter, ROBIN, R., 2 E.

Hello! mischief.

Rob. Hello! Mag. Say, ma is going away at 12 o'clock. I heard her say she was.

Mag. Where?

Rob. To see old Bald Eagle on business.

Mag. Really! (*aside*) There's a chance for Timmy. I'll write to him and have him come up while she is gone. Won't we have a gay time here all by ourselves. Where's the ink? Ah! here is a pencil, that will do. (*sits at table*)

Rob. (*aside*) Now what's she going to do?

Mag. (*aside*) How shall I commence it. It wouldn't do to be too affectionate. (*writes*) "Dear Timothy—ma—is going away at noon. Come—and—we—will have a fine time—just us two. Be sure—and come—at twelve—o'clock sharp. Yours—Magpie." There! (*folding it*) Dear me! I wonder if that fellow will ever get up the courage to ask me to marry him. (*to ROBIN*) Robin!

Rob. Well?

Mag. Will you take this letter to Timmy? You know where he works?

Rob. Yes, I know. I don't go for nothing, though.

Mag. (*gives him letter*) When you come back, there's a five cent piece—

Rob. All right, I'll go. (*runs out L., 2 E.*)

Mag. Oh! won't we have a picnic while ma is gone! Wouldn't she be mad if she knew what I've done. Ha, ha! but can't help it. I must see Timmy.

Enter, LUCRETIA PEACOCK, R. E.

Lucretia. (affectedly) What a perfectly delicious morning! The soft fleecy clouds are sailing languidly through the ethereal blue; the flowers are nodding their heads in the salubrious atmosphere and the birds— *(looks out of window)*

Mag. (aside) I wonder if she feels very bad.

Luc. Why, who is that gazing at the house in that—that strange manner?

Mag. I don't know.

Luc. Why, he is coming in! *(aside)* It must be one of my admirers.

Mag. (aside) Supposing it was one of my beaus.

Enter, HIRAM GULL, L. E., with memorandum book.

Gull. (pretending to look at book) Yes, this must be the place— *(looks up)* Beg pardon, ladies, but, *(to MAGPIE)* may I ask if this is the residence of Mrs. Powell Bird?

Mag. Of course.

Gull. (after a pause) Well, might I ask—

Mag. Why certainly.

Gull. (after another pause, impatiently) Of course you needn't tell me unless you feel quite so disposed, my dear young lady.

Mag. (demurely) You haven't asked me yet.

Gull. Well then, will you please tell me—

Mag. Certainly.

Gull. Pshaw! Does Mrs. Powell Bird at present take up her abode on these premises?

Luc. (aside) What beautiful language?

Mag. She does.

Gull. I am an old friend of your father's.

Mag. Who says so?

Gull. Why certainly you would not doubt my word. My name is Hiram Gull. And yours?

Mag. Magdalena Clementina Bird, if it please you. *(with a low bow)* This is my aunt, Lucretia Peacock.

Gull. (aside) The very one I'm after.

Luc. (simpering) So happy to meet you, Mr. Gull. *(aside)* How very distinguished looking he is!

Gull. Could I speak with your father, Miss Bird?

Mag. My father! Why, my father has been dead for five years.

Gull. (in astonishment) Dead! Is it possible! I never dreamed that my dear old friend was dead.

Mag. (shrewdly) Then why did you ask me if this was the residence of Mrs. Powell Bird?

Gull. (aside) I put my foot in it that time. *(aloud—embarrassed)* Why—you—see—I—er—why you see the fact is, we boys always had the greatest respect for Mrs. Bird, on account of her superior intellect and many excellent qualities, and got in the habit of speaking that way out of compliment to her, you see.

Enter, ROBIN, L., 2 E.

Rob. (*aside to MAGPIE*) He's got it. (MAGPIE *nods*)

Mag. Well, Mr. Gull, I'll inform my mother of your presence. (to ROBIN) Robin, go and tell ma that Mr. Hiram Gull is here and wishes to see her. Of course she will be delighted to see such an old friend of my father's. (*aside*) I don't believe he ever saw my father. (exit, ROBIN, R. E.)

Luc. It must seem delightful, Mr. Gull, to think of meeting such a dear old friend as my sister, after so many years.

Gull. Extremely, madam. She used to be a very charming woman. You are her sister, are you not? Ah! one need not ask.

Mag. (*aside*) Taffy!

Luc. (*simpering*) Yes, it was always said that we were very much alike.

Mag. (*aside*) Alike! Did you ever!

Gull. Yes, I always liked Mrs. Bird, and she really seemed quite fond of me. (MAGPIE *makes a wry face*)

Luc. (*giving him such a look*) I am sure she must have been.

Gull. (*aside*) Hello! The old lady is getting rather lively.

Enter, ROBIN, R. E.

Rob. My ma says she ain't got any time to see any man, and 'sides she says she never knew any one by the name of Gull, and doesn't want to, neither.

Gull. Is it possible that she has forgotten me? I am indeed grieved. I had anticipated such a delightful time talking over old times.

Rob. And say, aunt, the man has come with your new wig.

Luc. (*gives a scream*) Oh! I—why—it must be a mistake. I—really—Mr. Gull, excuse me just a moment till I go and see what it is the dear boy means. (exit, R. E., ROBIN *runs out R., 2 E.*)

Gull. (*aside*) Yes, I'll marry the old lady, wig and all. She's got lots of money. I've ascertained that much. Of course Mrs. Daw—I mean Gull—might object if she knew—but—she needn't know. (*aloud*) I think I'll not wait for your charming aunt, but tell her I must see her again soon. Au revoir. (exit, L. E.)

Mag. Don't mind me. (*runs to door and looks after him*) He's an old deceiver, that's what he is.

Enter, MRS. BIRD, L. E., *hat and shawl*, MAGPIE *comes down*.

Mrs. B. And now, I suppose, I've got to go and see that plague of a man. But first, I've got something I want to say to you, and I want you to pay strict attention.

Mag. (*demurely*) Yes, mamma, I'm listening.

Mrs. B. I notice that, notwithstanding, my repeated requests to the contrary, Quail still comes here, and that you complacently receive his attentions. Now I say, this thing must be stopped.

Mag. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. And I say, you must never have him come into this house again. Do you understand?

Mag. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. If he does come here again, there will be serious conse-

quences. (*in a loud voice*) Do you hear?

Mag. (*putting her hands to her ears*) Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. And if Mr. Crow should come here, you are to treat him nicely, and try to be agreeable.

Mag. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. And should he ask you to go to the Opera or drive, you are to accept?

Mag. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. (*going to door*) Understand—if I ever catch that Quail here again I'll—I'll scald the hide off of him.

Mag. Yes, mamma. (*exit, MRS. BIRD, L., 2 E.—MAGPIE runs up to door, looks after her, makes a low bow*) Yes, mamma. (*watches a moment*) There, she has turned the corner, and now I wonder if Timmy is anywhere in sight. (*turns and looks off* R.

Enter, SERVANT, R. E., with rugs.

Servant. The rugs have come, ma'am. Where shall I put them?

Mag. Down on the floor by the wall, anywhere. (*SERVANT places them on floor by wall, R., opposite table, then exit, R. E.*) And here is Timmy.

Enter, TIMOTHY QUAIL, L. E.

Timothy. (*laying hat on table*) Magpie, I don't like to come here when—when your mother's here. She looked at me like a thunder cloud the last time I was here, and I'm afraid of her.

Mag. Afraid of her! Ha, ha, ha! What a coward you are! I believe you are afraid of your shadow.

Enter, ROBIN, L., 2 E.

(*MAGPIE takes him by arm*) Here, Robin, (*leads him to c. E.*) you go down there (*points L.*) and watch, and if you see ma coming, you just let me know.

Rob. All right. (*turns at door*) Good-bye, Timmy. She didn't give me time to say, hello! (*exit, L. E.*)

Tim. Why, what's that for?

Mag. Well, you see, Timmy, ma told me never to have you come into the house again.

Tim. The d—euce she did!

Mag. Yes, and she said if she ever caught you here again, she was going to scald the hide off of you, and use it for a bed quilt.

Tim. Oh! by Jove, where's my hat? (*snatches up hat and starts for door*) I ca—can't stay here any longer. I—I've got business over town.

Mag. (*runs after him and brings him back to c.*) Now see here, sir! behave yourself and put your hat back on the table. (*he does so*) Don't be frightened at such a trifle. I'm here and (*folding her arms, mock heroic*) I'll protect you!

Tim. (*looking in every direction*) Supposing she should come. I—I don't see why she hates me so.

Mag. I don't either. She has very bad taste. She don't like you a bit. But don't you care, I like you ever so much. (*aside*) There! that ought to fetch him.

Tim. Oh! but it's awfully good of you to say so. (*she turns away*)

impatently) Don't you think I'd better go now?

Mag. No, don't you go till I tell you to. (*aside*) I'm going to see if I can't make him propose.

Tim. Well, but—

Mag. By the way, do you know there's going to be a grand masquerade ball at Mrs. Golefinch's three weeks from to-night, and Nightengale is going to sing, and there'll be cake and ice cream, and oh! just lots of good things. Admission free—children half price—if you have an invitation.

Tim. I'm going. Are you?

Mag. Of course, if you do. (*aside*) There!

Tim. Will you go with me?

Mag. Yes, I will. (*looks up at him tenderly*) I'd go anywhere with you, Timmy. (*aside*) That ought to be plain enough. (*aloud*) Well?

Tim. (*aside*) Oh! if I only dared. But I'm afraid to. (*aloud*) Well?

Mag. (*aside*) Drat the man! Why don't he ask me to marry him. (*aloud*) Well?

Tim. Well what?

Mag. (*pouting*) Nothing—only—

ROBIN *appears at c. e.*

Rob. (*dancing up and down*) She's coming! she's coming! Hide, Timmy, hide!

Tim. (*runs around distractedly*) Hide! Where the deuce shall I hide? Oh! Magpie, what shall I do?

Mag. (*runs to rugs*) Here, get under these, quick. I'll cover you up good.

TIMOTHY *crawls under rugs, leaves hat on table, MAGPIE hurriedly arranges rugs so that he is completely hidden.*

Rob. (*at door*) She's pretty near here! (*runs off R. E.*

MAGPIE *hurriedly ssts L. of table, snatches up book and pretends to be reading.*

Enter, MRS. BIRD, C. E.

Mrs. B. There! that's settled, and I do hope that man will let me alone for a while. (*takes off caps*) Magpie, has anyone been here while I was out? (*pause, MAGPIE pretends to be reading and does not answer—a little louder*) Has anyone been here, Magpie? (*MAGPIE does not answer—very loudly*) Magpie! are you deaf!

Mag. (*starting*) Eh? Why mamma, when did you get back? Were you speaking to me?

Mrs. B. Speaking to you! I've been shrieking at you for the last five minutes.

Mag. And I was so interested in my book that I didn't hear you.

Mrs. B. What book have you got? Some novel I presume.

Mag. Oh! no, not a novel. It is—(*looking hurriedly at title—aside in consternation*) Best Family Cook Book. (*aloud*) It is a treatise on the collaboration of ingredients for mastication and absorption.

Mrs. B. What's that? Give it here. (*snatches book and looks at title*)

A cook book! You little gormand! Can't you think of anything except something to eat?

Mag. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. Aren't you ashamed of yourself to be so interested in a cook book that you can't hear your own mother speak to you? Aren't you ashamed, I say?

Mag. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. Don't ever let me catch you reading a cook book again. You'll never need it. Mr. Crow's wife will never need to study a cook book. (*aside*) Getting ready to marry that idiot, Timothy Quail, I suppose. (*aloud—going to table and picking up hat*) Who's hat is this?

Mag. (*aside*) Timmy's hat. (*aloud*) Why—I don't know—it—it must be Robin's that he has left here.

Mrs. B. I'll take care of it for him. (*takes up hat, going toward door, sees rugs*) Oh! my rugs have come, have they? I think I'd better take them up stairs with me. (*starts for rugs*)

SERVANT appears at c. e., announces.

Servant. Mr Crow.

Enter, BLUSTER CROW, L., 2 E.

Mrs. B. (*going toward CROW*) Why Mr. Crow, I'm so glad to see you.

Mag. (*aside*) That was a close call.

Crow. And I you. Miss Magpie, yours devotedly. (*bows*)

Mag. Delighted to see you, I'm sure, Mr. Crow. (*aside*) For once in my life.

Mrs. B. I should like to remain with you, but I have somethings which must be attended to, but Magpie will entertain you. (*aside*) I'll leave them along. (*exit, R. E.*)

Crow. Miss Magpie, why did you all run away from me, this morning?

Mag. Run away? Why, Mr. Crow, how could you think it of us. We got lost in the crowd, and when we got out, we couldn't find you anywhere.

Crow. I didn't find that man who was motioning to me.

Mag. No? Now strange!

Crow. No, I didn't. Oh! by the way. (*takes invitation from pocket*) Here is something for you. (*reads*) "You are cordially invited to attend a grand masquerade ball, given at the residence of Mrs. Goldfinch, Sept 5th., under the superintendance of Bluster B. Crow, Manager of the Consolidated Warbler Opera Co." Ahem! "A selection will be rendered by Nightengale——" I don't think I'll read the rest. (*hands it to her*) I wrote up those invitations myself. Ahem!

Mag. And it is so well done too. (*lays it on table, aside*) I must get rid of him some way.

Crow. Thank you, thank you, Miss Magpie. You cover me with confusion.

Mag. (*aside*) And poor Timmy is covered with rugs.

Enter, ROBIN, R., 2 E., CROW stands looking at rugs.

(*aside to ROBIN*) Go out and scare Mr. Crow's horses. Play on a tin pan, hit them with something, anything so they will run away.

(*exit*, ROBIN, L., 2 E.) I've got you fixed.

Crow. What pretty rugs! And what a large pile of them. They are almost as beautiful as those I use in the oriental scene of my new opera that I wrote myself. Ahem!

Mag. Yes, they are very valuable (*aside*) just now.

Crow. I used to see some very fine ones in my extensive travels East, and became quite oriental in my fondness for them. I think a number of them make a more comfortable seat even than a fauteuil. Ahem! (*sits on rugs*, *MAGPIE gives a scream*, *CROW jumping up*) My dear Miss Magpie, what is the matter?

Mag. It—it was just a pain—a crushing pain in my heart, that's all.

Crow. (*anxiously*) Are you better? Did you ever have it before?

Mag. Never! It was like a terrible weight upon my heart. (*aside*) And upon Timmy. (*aloud*) It almost took my breath away. (*aside*) And I guess it must have taken Timmy's quite away.

Crow. Is there nothing I can do for you? Depend upon it, my life is at your service.

Mag. Thanks, no nothing. The—the pressure is removed now. (*looks at CROW and laughs*) Don't look so desperate, Mr. Crow, I'm not dying, I'm quite recovered.

Crow. But if you only knew the anxiety, the—(*great noise outside*) Good heavens! what is that?

Enter, ROBIN, C. E., *hastily*.

Rob. Oh! Mr. Crow, Mr. Crow, your horses have run away, they—

Crow. What! my horses! The deuce! (*exit*, C. E., *hastily*)

Mag. Ha, ha, ha! That was a good trick. I say Robin, you'll find another five cent piece on the mantle in the dining room—

Rob. All right. (*exit*, R. E.)

Tim. (*sticks head out*) Is he gone?

Mag. Entirely. You can come out now.

Enter, ROBIN, R. E., *and runs out* C. E.

Tim. (*creeps out*) Then I'm off, but my hat is gone. By jove! I'll get sun burned; can't stay here though. Good-bye.

(*exit*, R. E., *hurriedly*)

Mag. Ha, ha, ha! Look at him run! like a lunatic, and everyone turns to look at him. I'm going up stairs and watch him out of the window.

(*exit*, L. E., *on a run*)

Enter, ROBIN, R. E., *with the two bottles*.

Rob. There! I've got them fixed. That red and white paint is just the thing for my sail-boat. I'll have white with red stripes on it. (*holds up bottles and looks at them*) These will do just as well for Aunt. I got some flour and put in the white bottle, it's just as good as the other for her. And I got some of Chollie's red ink for this other bottle. It won't fade out near so quick as that she had. Gee! won't it be a picnic though!

(*exit*, L. E.)

Enter, LUCRETIA, R. E.

Luc. It's perfectly heart-rendering that he should have gone before I could get back. And I am sure he admired me. I could see

it in his every glance. Heigh-ho! I wonder when I will see him again.

Enter, SERVANT, L., 2 E.

Servant. A letter, ma'am.

(exit, L., 2 E.)

Luc. *(snatches letter and looks at it)* A letter—from him! Oh rapture! I knew I should hear from him soon. *(reads)* "My dear madam, I hope you will pardon my hasty departure to-day. But I find that your charming personality has made such an impression upon my heart, that I cannot rest until I see you again. I implore you to send me a favorable reply. Awaiting your answer with burning impatience, I am yours devotedly. Hiram Gull." The dear man! I knew he loved me. I'll answer at once. *(sits at table and seizes pen)* Just to think of it! Such a distinguished gentleman! "My dear Mr. Gull, it will give me the most exquisite pleasure to receive you. Come at four o'clock. Your own Lucretia. *(rings bell)*

Enter, SERVANT, L., 2 E.

Take this letter to Mr. Gull. *(SERVANT bows and exit, L., 2 E.)* And now I must go and touch up my toilet a bit. *(exit, L. E.)*

Rob. *(sticks head in door)* Touch up her toilet! It's put on an extra coat of whitewash she means. *(disappears)*

Enter, NIGHTENGALE THRUSH, R. E.

Night. At last I have escaped them all! And now to read this letter which came an hour ago, and which I have not had a chance to look at till now. *(sits on sofa and reads)*

Enter, MAGPIE, L. E., tiptoes softly up behind NIGHTENGALE.

Mag. Reading a love letter?

Night. *(springing up, puts letter behind her, is a little embarrassed)* Ah! Magpie.

Mag. Yes, at your service. Oh! you needn't hide your letter now. I've seen it, and you needn't blush so about it either. *(shyly)* I—I get them sometimes myself. It is a love letter, isn't it? I know it is.

Night. Oh! if you know it, there is no use of denying it. I've half a mind to tell you all about it.

Mag. Do! I'll never tell a soul.

Night. This isn't exactly a love letter, because I—well I never saw the gentleman who wrote it.

Mag. You didn't! That's strange. Why is he writing to you then?

Night. Why, you see, in a spirit of jest, I began writing to him through a correspondence Bureau. I called myself Skylark, and he wrote to me under the name of Mr. Primrose. I have been writing to him nearly six months, and his letters are delightful. He is a Boston gentleman and seems very well educated.

Mag. My! It sounds like a story book!

Night. And now listen! He is to-day in this city, staying at the Victoria, and he wishes to see me.

Mag. What's his real name? Do you know?

Night. (looking at letter) Gustavus Oriole.

Mag. Of course you'll see him?

Night. I do not think so, for I do not wish him to know who I am. He has some very straight laced ideas about women. He hates public singers, and detests all actresses heartily, and I, as you know, am both.

Mag. Dear me, that's akward. (suddenly) I've got an idea.

Night. Really!

Mag. Yes, and it's all my own too. I'll tell you how to manage it. You write to him and I'll have the servant take the note and bring him back with him, and when he gets here, I will be Skylark and receive him, and he will never know the difference.

Night. But I scarcely think that would be right.

Mag. Who's straight-laced now? It won't harm a flea—

Night. But he would discover the deception, for he knows I am twenty-one, and you are only seventeen, and young for your age at that.

Mag. I'll be very demure and dignified. I'll deceive him too nice for anything. I'll put my hair on top of my head and—

Night. Very well. It shall be as you say. (goes to table and takes pen, writes) "Mr. Oriole, dear sir"—

Mag. Oh! dear me, how formal.

Night. You must remember we have never met. (writes) "I shall be pleased to see you at my home this afternoon. Will send this by my servant. You can return with him. Hoping to see you soon, I am—"

(pauses)

Mag. (dictating) Yours until death.

Night. Oh! no, not at all. (writes) "Yours truly"—sign this and you can put Skylark after it in parenthesis.

(MAGPIE signs)

Mag. There! that's done.

(strikes bell)

Enter, SERVANT, L., 2 E.

Take this note to the hotel across the way, inquire for Mr. Oriole, give it to him, and bring him back with you. Go quickly. (*exit, SERVANT, L., 2 E.*) And now to prepare for the great event—the arrival of the Hon. Gustavus Oriole, Esq.

(gathers hair up on top of head)

Night. I am almost sorry I consented.

Mag. Now Gaylie, don't. It's no harm. When he comes, I will receive him, and you will be in the other room with mamma. After a while you can come in and I will introduce my friend, Miss Thrush, so you can have a chance to see and talk to him.

Night. That will be delightful.

Mag. And I'll call myself Magdalen Bird—not Magpie, mind, and I'll call you Gaylie. And now, Nightengale, (shaking her finger) there's just one thing, don't go and fall in love with this Mr. Oriole.

Night. Ha, ha, ha! I fall in love! I, who have traveled the world over, who has seen nearly every type of man under the sun, and escaped unscathed. Oh! no, impossible.

Mag. Not at all. Now, he may be the very one—

Servant. (outside) This way, sir!

Night. I declare, here they come already. I must become invisible for a time. Remember your part.

(*exit, R. E.*)

Mag. Now Magdalen, don't forget that you are twenty-one years old. *(sits at table)*

Enter, SERVANT and GUSTAVUS ORIOLE, L., 2 E.

Servant. (announcing) Mr. Oriole. *(exit, L., 2 E.)*

Mag. (rising quickly and offering her hand) Mr. Oriole, so glad you came. *(aside)* My! Isn't he handsome!

Gustavus. (taking her hand) My delightful correspondent. *(aside)* What a sweet innocent face!

Mag. I have enjoyed your letters so much.

Gus. (both sit at table) And I yours. But I can scarcely realize that this is indeed my correspondent.

Mag. *(aside)* Neither can I.

Gus. You look so very young for twenty-one.

Mag. Yes, everyone takes me for about seventeen. *(aside)* Strange too. *(aloud)* I suppose it is because I'm so inexperienced. I have seen so little of the world.

Gus. Why, I thought you said you traveled.

Mag. *(aside)* Never was outside of New York in my life. *(aloud)* Oh! yes, I traveled with a charitable institution. But I see little of the gay thoughtless world. *(sighs)*

Gus. *(aside)* So young and yet so thoughtful.

Mag. And I'm always so glad to get home again.

Gus. You seem to be a very great home bird. You will make someone a good wife some day.

Mag. (rising) Yes, so Timmy says. *(suddenly remembering)* I—I mean so my brother says, and my mother.

Gus. (starting up in amaze) Your brother! And your mother! Why, did you not tell me that you were an orphan and alone in the world?

Mag. Oh! I forgot to tell you sir! It is the strangest thing—like a fairy tale. Until two weeks ago, I thought I was alone in the world, but through an unforeseen chain of circumstances, I found I had a mother and two brothers living. *(aside)* Pretty near put my foot in it then.

Gus. You were fortunate.

Mag. Yes, my younger brother is a dear little pet.

Gus. And the other one?

Mag. He's out of sight—*(quickly)* in his room you know.

Gus. *(aside)* How strange she acts! *(aloud)* Did you read that book I sent you? *(music outside)*

Mag. You mean—

Gus. II Penseroso. *(sits at R. of table)*

Mag. *(aside)* Eel poundser oh so. What is that? Must be that new eel soup, they're talking so much about. *(aloud sweetly, leans across table)* Oh! yes, and I've eaten it, too. *(sits L. of table)*

Gus. Eaten it? *(rises)*

Mag. *(rises)* Yes, isn't it delicious?

Gus. Beg pardon, I was speaking of Milton's II Penseroso. *(aside)* She doesn't seem a bit like her letters.

Mag. Oh! pardon me. I know now what you mean, that music outside distracted me so, that I didn't know what you were saying to me. I am passionately fond of music.

Gus. You sing, do you not?

Mag. Oh! no, I can't sing. (*turns upon him suddenly with arms outstretched*) But I can dance! I can dance the sk—(*starts to illustrate, then remembers and draws herself up with a jerk, demurely*) the kermis and the waltz

Gus. But I thought you said you loved to sing.

Mag. I do! But then (*shyly*) nobody likes to listen to me.

Night. (*off' r.*) Very well, I shall do so. (*appears at door R.*) Good-bye, Mrs. Bird. Magdalen, I—(*pauses at door*) I—I beg pardon—I—

Mag. Come in Gaylie.

Enter, NIGHTENGALE, R. E.

Mr. Oriole, my friend, Miss Thrush.

(*they bow*)

Night. So glad to meet you, Mr. Oriole. (*aside*) How very handsome.

Gus. And I you. (*aside*) What a beautiful girl!

Mag. Miss Thrush is my dearest friend, and I assure you she is just as good as she is beautiful.

Night. (*laughing*) Isn't she a sweet little flatterer, Mr. Primrose?
(*sees her mistake and makes a gesture of dismay*)

Gus. (*astonished*) Mr.—Primrose?

Mag. (*quickly*) I have told her of our innocent little correspondence, Mr. Oriole, and she sees no harm in it. Do you Gaylie?

Gus. You—you have read my letters to her?

Mag. (*emphatically*) Oh! no, I wouldn't do that.

Night. And I would not ask her to, Mr. Oriole, you may be sure.

Mrs. B. (*outside*) Magpie! Mag-pie!

Mag. Excuse me just a moment, Mr. Oriole. My mother is calling me. Yes, mamma.

(*exit, R. E.*)

Gus. A very sweet little girl. (*picks up invitation*) What is this? A grand masquerade ball at Mrs. Goldfinch's. She is an old friend of mine.

(*they sit at table*)

Night. Then you will be there?

Gus. Perhaps. (*reads*) "A selection will be rendered by Nightengale."
(*NIGHTENGALE watches him closely*)

Night. You have heard her, perhaps?

Gus. No, never. They say she is as celebrated for her beauty as for her voice. Have you seen her?

Night. Yes. (*aside*) Once or twice.

Gus. And is she as beautiful as they say?

Night. (*embarrassed*) I—I scarcely like to give an opinion on that subject, Mr. Oriole.

Gus. Because she is not beautiful in your eyes, I see. That type of woman is never attractive to such as you.

Night. Why so? What do you mean by "that type of women"?

Gus. A woman who leads a life of publicity. A woman who flaunts her beauty before the eyes of the world. In a word, an actress.

Night. You seem very much prejudiced against the poor actresses.

Gus. Because I know what they are—the life they lead. An actress is a degradation to herself and a disgrace to society.

Night. (*momentarily forgetting herself*) Sir! (*rises*)

Gus. (*also rising*) I beg pardon if I spoke too emphatically. But

of what possible interest can it be to you?

Night. (*recollecting herself*) None, except you—you were a little severe, that is all.

Gus. (*aside*) Perhaps some relative of hers is in the profession. (*aloud*) I am very sorry that I spoke as I did. But my opinion of such women is very poor. You will pardon my rudeness?

Night. (*quickly*) Yes, oh yes, of course, it is nothing to me.

Gus. (*holds out hand*) Then shall we be friends?

Night. (*places her hand in his, slowly*) If you wish it.

Gus. Then that is settled.

Night. (*aside*) Ought I to accept his friendship, leaving him in ignorance? Ah! well, it is only a joke, any way. (*aloud*) Yes, it is settled, and we are friends until you yourself break the compact. But I cannot wait for Magdalen any longer. I have a rehearsal—some work on hand and must go.

Gus. Allow me to escort you.

Night. But Miss Bird—

Enter, MAGPIE, R. E.

Mag. Doesn't object in the least.

Night. Very well, then. Good-bye, dear.

Mag. Good-bye.

Gus. I shall see you again, soon, I hope, Miss Bird.

(*GUSTAVUS bows—exit, GUSTAVUS and NIGHTENGAL, L., 2 E., talking*)
Mag. (*looking after them*) There they go like twin turtle doves. He looks down in her face and she smiling up into his. Oh! aren't they just taken up with each other though! (*LUCRETIA heard shrieking outside—she continues louder and louder, till her entrance*) What on earth is that? Sounds like a hyena!

*

Enter, CHOLLIE, L. E.

Chol. What dreadful deed is being perpetrated in our view midst?

Luc. (*outside*) Oh, oh, oh!

Enter, ROBIN, R., 2 E.

Rob. (*aside*) Aunt's been trying some of her new face paint.

Enter, MRS. BIRD, R. E.

Mrs. B. Where's that dreadful howling? Sounds like a screech owl.

Omnès. What ever can it be?

(*all search under the table, behind sofa, etc.*)

Enter, LUCRETIA, L. E., on a run, shrieking, her wig is on crooked, a large bright red spot on each cheek, face covered with flour.

Luc. Oh, oh, oh! It won't come off! It won't come off! (*scrubbing at cheek*) Oh, oh, oh! (*scrubs again*)

Rob. What's the matter, aunt? Got a pain?

Luc. It won't come off, I say. Oh, oh, oh!

Enter, GULL, L., 2 E.

Gull. My dear madam, I—

(stops in amaze

LUCRETIA seeing him, shrieks and faints in CHOLLIE'S arms, he supports her with difficulty—all stand looking at her in amaze—ROBIN, L., laughing.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Room at Mrs. GOLDFINCH'S home—evening—rich furniture, curtains c. door, backed by interior; door R. back, leading to conservatory, door L. table L. with large plants, tete L. front, chairs, etc., large mirror R. front.

Enter, NIGHTENGAL and GUSTAVUS, R., 2 E., with long cloaks on, concealing costumes.

Night. I am afraid we are late.

Gus. I think we are a little. Then you will not let me know what your costume is?

Night. (gayly) Oh! no, I couldn't think of telling you. Besides, isn't turn about fair play? You have not told me what you represent.

Gus. (eagerly) If you will—

Night. Thanks, no. (goes to door and looks off L.) I wonder who all is here.

Gus. (sarcastically) I wonder if the much advertised Nightengale, queen of song is here yet.

Night. (comes to tete and sits, aside). I think she is.

Gus. She sings to-night, does she not?

Night. I—I believe so.

Gus. I wonder what she is like. Have you ever spoken to her?

Night. Oh! yes, I have talked with her several times.

Gus. Is she such a fine singer?

Night. (after a slight pause) Her voice is very well trained.

Gus. She is married I have heard.

Night. Oh! no, you are mistaken. She is no more married than I am. But, by the way; if you should be introduced to her, what would you do?

Gus. I would treat her politely, but would excuse myself as soon as good breeding would permit.

Night. Ah! (aside) I shall know what to expect. (aloud) Supposing, Mr. Oriole, that I should be, that is, become an actress, what then?

Gus. You would not be an actress.

Night. Why not?

Gus. You would not lead the life they do.

Night. (leaning toward him, impetuously) And yet I am—(pauses, aside) No, I cannot tell him.

Gus. What is it?

Night. Nothing now. Go and prepare yourself to join the motley throng.

Gus. I shall anxiously await unmasking time, when I may return to you.

Night. Ah! when you have heard this Nightengale sing, you will desert me (*aside*) I fear.

Gus. (*catching her hand, reproachfully*) Gaylie! (*she draws herself up haughtily*) I beg pardon, Miss Thrush. I forgot myself. Will you pardon me?

Night. Yes—this time,

Gus. I promise not to offend again. (*going*) Adieu, till unmasking time. (*aside, at door*) She little knows how dear she has become to me. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Night. (*rises, throws off cloak*) Strange that he should not have discovered my identity long before this. We have met at Mrs. Bird's nearly every day; it is unaccountable that no one has told him. And to-night he will know me for what I am—an actress, a public singer. It will be a good joke to see his aristocratic nose elevated in disgust—to see the look of polite horror on his face; and yet—somehow I—I cannot bear to think of it. (*exit, L. E.*)

Enter, MRS. GOLDFINCH, L., 2 E., mask in hand.

Mrs. G. Dear me! I must say that the position of hostess at a mask ball is no sinecure. I am tired already. (*goes to tete, listens*) Someone is coming. (*puts on mask, sits*)

Enter, GULL, L. E., masked.

It's that arrant flatterer that I danced with half an hour ago.

Gull. Ah! my delightful partner, I am most happy to find you.

Mrs. G. Thanks. (*aside*) I wonder who he is anyway. (*aloud*) Do you know I can't make out who you are. I am acquainted with nearly all the guests, but really, I don't recognize you.

Gull. I will tell you this much. I was a great friend of Mrs. Goldfinch's deceased husband.

Mrs. G. Indeed! (*aside*) I don't remember any such a friend. (*aloud*) Then of course you are acquainted with Mrs. Goldfinch?

Gull. Not to any great extent. In fact, I was not formally invited to this ball, but being such a great friend of Mrs. Goldfinch's husband, I made free to come any way on the strength of that friendship.

Mrs. G. (*aside*) Rather a cool proceeding. (*aloud*) Ah! yes, I see. By the way, do you know who I am.

Enter, LUCRETIA, L. E., masked, steps behind plant and listens.

Gull. I do not. I only know that you are a beautiful woman.

Luc. (*tears off mask and glares at him—aside*) Oh! the vile deceitful wretch!

Mrs. G. How do you know that?

Gull. (*gallantly*) If your face is as charming as your manner, and I feel sure it is, it must be indeed lovely.

Luc. (*aside*) I shall evaporate!

Mrs. G. You are flattering me, Mr. who-ever-you-are.

Gull. Not at all. I assure you I never enjoyed anyone's society so much in my life.

Luc. (*aside*) After all his protestations of undying adoration to me. The heartless deceiver!

Mrs. G. (*rising*) Ha, ha, ha! Oh! that is too much.

Gull. But really—

Mrs. G. No more, please. I can't endure it. No, I shall be obliged to leave you, sir! Too much taffy is liable to make one ill, you know. (*at c. e.*) Au revoir, sweetmeats. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Gull. A very strange woman, but decidedly charming. (*LUCRETIA comes out and confronts him*) Lucretia! you here! (*aside*) The deuce!

Luc. Yes, I've heard all—all! Oh! you deceitful, wretched, base, vile—

Gull. But my dear—

Luc. Silence! Don't say a word! (*shakes him*) You dreadful, awful, horrible man! You false perjured sinner! After all your protestations to me—

Gull. My dear Luc-retia—

MAGPIE appears at c. door, mask in hand, runs behind plants and listens.

Luc. (*giving him another shake*) Keep still, I say. After you swore you loved me alone—

Gull. I assure you—

Luc. Don't try to excuse yourself. Didn't I see you with that—that creature's hand in yours? Didn't I hear you tell her she was beautiful—

Gull. But—(*aside*) She's shaking the life out of me.

Luc. Didn't I hear you say you never enjoyed any one's society so well in your life—you wretch!

Gull. Except yours, my Lucretia. (*aside*) Especially at the present moment.

Luc. Haven't I told you to keep silent? (*gives him another shake*) You contemptible worm!

Gull. I swear to you—

Luc. Not another word! I'll never forgive you. Oh, Hiram! you have broken my poor heart!

(*puts handkerchief to face and hurriedly exits, R. E.*)

Gull. (*draws a long breath*) Am I all here? If that wasn't a hurricane. I'd like to know what is. Well, I suppose I must go and effect a reconciliation with the old lady. (*exit, R. E.*)

Mag. (*comes out*) My! What a tempest in a teapot—and all on account of a little jealousy. It seems to make people very eloquent. (*as if struck by an idea*) I'll do it! I'll flirt with Crow till Timmy is so jealous he can't see straight. May be then he will get up spunk enough to propose. (*puts on mask*)

Enter, CRGW, L., 2 E.

Crow. (*rubbing his hands*) Everything is moving along smoothly. I flatter myself that my management has been a success.

Mag. How d'ye do, Mr. Crow.

Crow. Who speaks? Ah! I see. But I do not recognize you. It is strange too, as I flatter myself that my powers of divination are extensively developed.

Mag. (*aside*) I wonder how many dictionarys he ate for dinner.

(*aloud*) No matter who I am. Why are you not masked?

Crow. Well, you see, I am the manager, the director, the—(*waving his hands*) the general superintendant of this brilliant enterprise, and the attendant responsibilities which devolve upon me, would render a costume an inconvenient and superfluous incumbrance.

Mag. Oh! is that all?

Crow. I think I begin to get an inkling of your identity.

Mag. Do you though?

Crow. I think you are my little Magpie.

Mag. You are mistaken, Mr. Crow.

Crow. Why, aren't you Miss Magdalen Bird?

Mag. Yes, but that doesn't give you any claim to me.

Crow. Unkind as ever, Magpie.

Mag. Of course. (*takes off mask*) But I say, Mr. Crow, aren't you afraid some of those revolving responsibilities may get away, if you don't attend to them?

Crow. Scarcely, I think.

Mag. But I'm sure I see Mrs. Goldfinch searching for you. Of course she's afraid everything will go to smash the minute you are out.

Crow. Perhaps you are right. Ah! me, it is a great responsibility, such an affair. Au revoir, my dear. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Mag. "My dear!" listen to that, will you.

Enter, NIGHTENGALE, L. E., masked.

Mag. Ah! here you are.

Night. (*takes off mask*) Yes!

Mag. How are you enjoying yourself?

Night. (*going to tete*) Oh! very well. I'm very tired.

Mag. And a little low spirited too, eh?

Night. (*nervously*) Oh! no, I think not.

Mag. But you are, just because you've got to sing to-night. Does Mr. Oriole know who you are yet?

Night. No. I feel as if I ought to have told him long before this, but somehow I—couldn't bring myself to do it.

Mag. (*leaning over tete and looking into her face*) Say, you aren't falling in love with him, are you?

Night. (*quickly, turning away a little*) Oh! no.

Mag. Well, that's a good thing. (*aside*) But I don't believe it, just the same. (*aloud*) By the way, I witnessed a cyclone a little while ago.

Night. A what?

Mag. Cyclone, hurricane, tornado. Aunt Lucretia saw Mr. Gull talking to another woman.

Night. Mr. Gull? The one I saw with her nearly all the evening?

Mag. The very one.

Night. Why should she care?

Mag. Why, they're engaged, goosie.

Night. Engaged! Impossible!

Mag. But it isn't. They've been engaged for three days.

Night. And he calls himself, Mr. Gull?

Mag. Yes. Why?

Night. Nothing, only the name suits him.

Mag. So I think. Listen! I hear some one coming. (*goes L., looks off*) It's that Gull. I'm going to run, Nightengale. I don't want to see him. I detest that man.

Exit, MAGPIE, L., 2 E.—NIGHTENGALE rises, puts on mask, goes to mirror and arranges her hair.

Enter, GULL, L. E.

Gull. At last I have escaped her. The reconciliation was worse than the shaking. (*sees NIGHTENGALE*) Ah! what a beautiful woman, or rather, what a handsome costume! I wonder who she is. (*NIGHTENGALE starts to go back toward L., drops fan, GULL picks it up*) Allow me to return your fan, madam.

Night. Thank you very much.

Gull. Not at all. It is a pleasure to serve the fair. Pardon me, but are you engaged for this dance?

Night. I am not.

Gull. Will you dance it with me?

Night. I think not. I am too tired, Mr. Gull.

Gull. Mr. Gull! You know me then?

Night. I know you call yourself Mr. Gull. I also know, that it is not your name.

Gull. Who are you, madam?

Night. It matters not. I know you. You leave your helpless wife and children to starve, while you live in luxury, how obtained, heaven only knows. In no honest way, that is certain.

Gull. How do you know this?

Night. That I know it, is enough. I know, even now, you are planning a new alliance; in a word, you intend to marry the wealthy Lucretia Peacock, leaving the wife you promised to love and cherish, to die in the streets. But your change of name has not protected you; I know you, Hiram Daw.

Gull. And what if that is my name? What will you do?

Night. Do! Put a stop to your infamous plan.

Gull. You cannot do it.

Night. Cannot! I can send you to prison.

Gull. To prison!

Night. Ay, to prison. Forgery is a sufficiently serious charge to take you there. Did you think for one moment, I would not find out that you forged my name?

Gull. Your name! Then you are—

Night. (*removing mask*) Nightengale Thrush, at your service.

Gull. Great heavens! But you will not betray me?

Night. For the sake of your wife, my poor friend Lucy, I will keep silent—on one condition.

Gull. And that?

Night. That you at once relinquish this scheme, and return to your wife.

Gull. As it must be then, I will (*aside*) not. (*aloud*) Shall we shake hands?

Night. (*coldly*) I should prefer not.

Gull. Just as you say. Au revoir, my beautiful enemy. (*aside*) You shall pay dearly for that stroke, my lady. (*exit, R. E.*)

Night. Will he keep his promise? I doubt it. But I have him in

my power, and should he play me false, not even my affection for poor Lucy will keep me silent.

(*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Enter, MRS. GOLDFINCH, L. E., masked.

Mrs. G. I'm tired to death, and I'm going to rest a few moments now before the musicale. No matter if the whole thing collapses. (*sits on tete*) Dear me! A ball is a very nice thing, but it gets monotonous after awhile.

MAGPIE and CHOLLIE appear at L., 2 E., both masked.

Mag. (*pointing to MRS. GOLDFINCH*) There she is! (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Chol. (*coming forward, hastily*) At last, my twarehouse, I have found you!

Mrs. G. (*looks up*) Eh?

Chol. I said, at last I have found you.

Mrs. G. Well! What of it?

Chol. What of it! I have been searching for you all this long long weary evening.

Mrs. G. For me? (*puts hand on bosom*) Me?

Chol. Yes, for you, dahling. Oh! you can't deceive me, Nightengale.

Mrs. G. (*aside*) Nightengale! Chollie Bird, I'll wager. (*aloud*) Who art thou, O Apollo! Disclose thyself.

Chol. (*tears off mask and kneels on one knee*) Your devoted slave, Chollie Bird.

Mrs. G. You are sure it's me you mean?

Chol. Suah! Ah! did you suppose I would not wecognize you? Why, my heart tells me that you are my own Nightengale.

Mrs. G. Ah! you love me then?

Chol. I adore you. And you?

Mrs. G. I love you as well as you do me.

Chol. (*catching her hand and kissing it rapturously*) Dahling Nightengale!

Mrs. G. (*smothering a laugh*) And you are quite positive that I am Nightengale?

Chol. (*springing up*) Positive! I would stake my head that you were she.

Mrs. G. (*taking off mask*) Behold!

Chol. (*exclaims*) Mrs. Goldfinch!

Mrs. G. Ha, ha, ha! Where's your head now? (*blows a little whiff to the tips of her fingers*) Vanished! Gone up in smoke. (*CHOLLIE stands looking at her in amaze*) So you adore me, do you, Chollie? Well, there's some chance for you, for I'm a widow, and—

Chol. Confound it! I'll annihilate that Magpie when I see her. I couldn't have believed that anyone could make such a fool of me.

Mrs. G. (*following*) See here, my gallant Knight, that's not the way to desert your liege lady. Dear me, here comes Mr. Crow.

(*exit, L. E.*)

Enter, CROW, L., 2 E., and two SERVANTS.

Crow. And now, my dear madam, it is unmasking time. You (*to 1st. SERVANT*) stand on this side of the door, and you (*to 2nd. SERVANT*) stand here, to take the masks as the maskers come in.

They take positions—maskers come in couples, each taking off mask and handing it—some of them recognize each other and converse in dumb show.

Enter, GUSTAVUS and MAGPIE, L., 2 E., and cross R.

Mag. (aside) Now for the grand finale!

Gus. (aside, looks around anxiously) Where can she be?

Enter, TIMOTHY and LADY, cross to L.

Mag. Hello! there's Timmy. I wonder how he's enjoying himself. He doesn't look quite perfectly happy. (*laughs, observes GUSTAVUS looking around*) Have you lost something, Mr. Oriole?

Gus. (*slightly embarrassed*) Yes—that is, no, I was merely looking around to see if I could find any one I knew.

Mag. (*aside*) You won't find her yet a while.

Enter, GULL and LUCRETIA, cross to L.

There comes the spoons—sugar spoon and mustard spoon. I wonder where Chollie is. Didn't I play a good joke on him though. Brought him to the door and said, "There she is," but I didn't say what she. He thought it was Gaylie. He's been hunting for her all the evening, but hasn't found her. Trust an actress to conceal her identity. Here he comes now.

Enter, CHOLLIE, L., 2 E., with LADY, they unmask.

Chol. (*aside*) The deuce! this isn't her? I thought I had found her this time sure. Wheah is my Nightengale?

Tim. She has hardly looked at me the whole evening. She's flirted with that Crow all the while. But I'll make her choose between us before the evening is over.

Crow. We will now have our musicale, after which refreshments will be served in the dining-hall. (*pompously*) And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the queen of song, the divine Nightengale. (*all look toward door*)

NIGHTENGALE throws back curtain of C. E. and enters—she pauses at door and looks at GUSTAVUS, who starts violently—all applaud.

Chol. (*aside*) Theah she is! Theah's my dahling Nightengale!

Gus. (*aside*) Great heavens! She!

NIGHTENGALE comes slowly to front of stage, keeping her eyes on GUSTAVUS face—GULL watches her.

Gull. (*aside, as if struck by an idea*) Ah! I have it.

Gus. (*aside*) She—a notorious public singer—an actress!

(*folds arms and turns away*)

Mag. (*aside*) His nose has elevated sixteen inches already.

Night. (*aside*) My fate is sealed.

NIGHTENGALE sings song—as she proceeds, GUSTAVUS turns and watches her—as she sings last few bars of song she turns and looks at GUSTAVUS, who looks at her haughtily, then crosses to L. and exit, L. E.—at close of song, all move toward C. E., NIGHTENGALE starts hurriedly toward R. E.—song can be omitted if necessary.

Chol. (intercepting her eagerly) Will you allow me to escort—
Night. No!

Chol. But weally you—

Night. (imperiously) Stand aside, sir! and let me pass!

(he moves hurriedly aside, she exits R. E.)

Chol. (looking after her) Well, if I evah! Now what's the mattah with her? Heah I've been searching for her all the evening, and now that I've found her, she won't even look at me and tells me to get out of the way, as if I was a common servant. What an aching void her absence leaves in my heart. I believe I'll go to supper. Nightengale, you are a heartless girl. But I'll be wevenged, I'll take some one else to supper.

(exit, with LADY, L., 2 E.)

Crow. Miss Magpie, will you allow me to escort you to supper?

Mag. Certainly, Mr. Crow.

Tim. (crossing to MAGPIE) Are you engaged—

Mag. Just engaged to Mr. Crow.

Tim. Mr. Crow be hanged!

(exit, L. E.)

Mag. Excuse me, Mr. Crow, I've changed my mind. I don't want any supper just yet. I've an important matter of business to settle. Ahem! (aside) I'll go and smoothe Timmy down.

(exit, L. E.)

Crow. Well, I must say, that is a nice way to serve the Hon. Bluster Crow, the manager of the Warbler Opera Co. Ahem!

(exit, L., 2 E.)

Gull. (offering his arm) Lucretia, dear.

Luc. Yes, Hiram. I don't feel as if I could eat common food now, but to please you I'll go.

Gull. (aside) Won't it be a caution though the way the victuals will disappear.

(exeunt, L., 2 E.)

Enter, MAGPIE and TIMOTHY, L. E.

Mag. Now Timmy, you know I never flirt.

Tim. I don't. You've been flirting with Crow all the evening. I tell you, it's abominable, it's shameful!

Mag. Now Timmy—

Tim. And as if that wasn't enough, you've been making all sorts of eyes at that Parson from Boston, that straight-laced puritanical Gustavus Oriole.

Mag. (aside) I do believe he's jealous of Mr. Oriole. (aloud) My! how eloquent you are! Now I see I shall have to tell you all about it.

Tim. About what?

Enter, GUSTAVUS, L. E., stands and listens.

Mag. About Mr. Oriole and Nightengale. Well then, Gaylie corresponded with Mr. Oriole several months before she ever saw him. Now you know, he hates actresse3.

Tim. Like rat poison.

Mag. She never told him she was an actress. 'Twasn't any of his business anyway; at least she thought so. When she got his letter saying he was here and wished to see her, she didn't know what to do. So she and I played the greatest joke on him you ever heard of.

Tim. What!

Mag. When he came, I met him and made believe I was the one he'd been writing to instead of her. He told me I was a beautiful writer—just think of those hen scratches—you know, you've seen them. Oh, it was a good joke!

Tim. Capital! (*laughs*) Go on.

Mag. Well, you see—let's go into the supper-room. I'll tell you there. I'm just starving.

Tim. So am I. (*exeunt, L., 2 E.—GUSTAVUS comes forward*)

Enter, GULL, L. E.

Gus. Can it be possible? Have I heard aright? Is it true that Miss Thrush would wilfully deceive me thus?

Enter, MRS. GOLDFINCH, L. E., goes behind plants.

Gull. Not only possible, but true.

Gus. What's that? What do you know about it? What do you mean?

Gull. You have been nicely duped by a very clever woman.

Gus. What do you mean, I say?

Gull. This Nightengale Thrush is an adventuress!

Gus. What!

Gull. It is quite true, though few people are aware of the fact. She is too subtle for them.

Gus. How do you know?

Gull. I have myself suffered at her hands.

Gus. You!

Gull. Yes, and I could tell you of dozens that she has lured to their destruction with her beauty and her voice. With you she adopted the artless innocent role.

Gus. You think then that she—

Gull. She discovered you had money. She thought to gain a rich husband, that failing, to get as much of your wealth into her possession as possible.

Gus. Sir!

Gull. It is true; I could prove her character, if necessary. (*aside*) Fortunately you are too proud to ask for proofs. (*aloud*) She would have fleeced you finely, had I not luckily been on hand to warn you.

(*exit, MRS. GOLDFINCH, L. E.*)

Gus. (*aside*) Can it be true? And I thought her so good and pure, so near perfection. I cannot believe it, and yet—she deceived me. (*aloud*) Sir, excuse me. I must have quiet and a chance to think. I will return shortly. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Gull. I think I have settled your hopes in that direction, my charming Nightengale. (*exit, R., 2 E.*)

Enter, TIMOTHY, L., 2 E.

Tim. I can't stand it any longer. I shall propose to her the moment I see her alone again. We had no more than got into the

other room than she went to flirting again with that Crow. There they sat like a pair of idiots—

Enter, MAGPIE, L., 2 E.

Mag. What's that about idiots?

Tim. Oh—ah—I saw a pair once.

Mag. (*walks over and looks at plants*) Where?

Tim. At a dime museum. (*aside*) Here goes! (*goes up behind her, stretches out his arms and bends over her—aloud*). *Mag—*
(*she turns suddenly, he backs to R. of stage, and stands trembling*)

Tim. I didn't mean—I—

Mag. What disease is that, Timmy? St. Vitus dance?

Tim. No, it's—I—I—was just—just—thinking—

Mag. Well, don't do it again, if it's going to have such an effect on you.

Tim. (*sidling up to her*) Magpie, I—I—want—I want—

Mag. What?

Tim. (*jumping*) N—nothing!

Mag. (*aside*) Well, that isn't me. (*aloud*) Is that all?

Tim. No, I—I—(*dancing round her*) wouldn't it be nice—ah—wouldn't it be lovely—wouldn't it be—why—wouldn't it—

Mag. Can't say.

Tim. But wouldn't you like—wouldn't you really like—a—a—

Mag. Well.

Tim. A—nother piece of cake?

Mag. What for?

Tim. Oh—ah—h'm—you might get hungry, you know.

Mag. You seem greatly concerned about it.

Tim. I am. I feel strongly—I—I can't tell you all I feel—

Mag. (*aside*) I should think not.

Tim. I know I—that is I know you—I mean I know we both—I know—there is—there is a man motioning to me in the other room.

(*exit, L. E., hurriedly*)

Mag. Oh, dear, isn't it awful! I shall go and take suicide—I mean poison, as sure as the world. Was there ever such a idiot. Timothy Quail, you shall not escape me. I'll have you yet, so help me Queen Kokohemia.

(*exit, L. E.*)

Mrs. GOLDFINCH and GUSTAVUS appear at C. E.

Mrs. G. I am so sorry, and I don't see any sense in it.

Enter, NIGHTENGALE. R. E.

Will nothing I can say, induce you to change your decision?

Gus. Nothing. To-morrow I leave New York.

Night. (*aside*) To-morrow!

Mrs. G. I shall expect you over before you go, to bid me good-bye, (*aside*) and I've a few things to say to you too, sir! (*aloud*) Au revoir, then until to-morrow.

(*disappears*)

Enter, GUSTAVUS, C. E., sees NIGHTENGALE, bows stiffly and starts to retreat.

Night. (*extending hand*) Mr. Oriole.

Gus. (*haughtily*) I beg pardon, madam, did you speak to me?

Night. (*aside*) Madam! (*aloud*) Yes, I—I—wished to say—to explain—

Gus. Surely there is nothing left to explain—

Night. Only that—surely the mere fact that I am an actress, cannot make such a difference.

Gus. Madam, you knew my feelings in regard to actresses long before you ever saw me.

Night. (*starts*) I—

Gus. (*aside*) Ah! that shot told. (*aloud*) You knew that I would never knowingly address such a one on terms of equality. And yet, you knowing this, deliberately kept me in ignorance of your identity.

Night. I never told anyone to conceal my identity from you.

Gus. Perhaps not, though I rather doubt it. (*NIGHTENGALE draws herself up*) Yet even then, if you had not intended to deceive me, you would have told me yourself.

Night. I—I—did not intend to deceive you.

Gus. Explain then why it is you never revealed your profession.

Night. (*aside*) Explain to him why I could not tell him—confess my weakness. Never! (*aloud*) I have nothing to say.

Gus. Ah! you cannot give any explanation. No, it was a systematic deception from first to last.

Night. I do not understand.

Gus. No? Listen! Know then that I am aware of the trick you played upon me. I know that it was you, and not Miss Bird who was my correspondent. I know you inveigled that innocent little girl into your scheme, persuaded her to take your place—

Night. You—you—mistake—

Gus. I do not mistake. No, madam, you can deceive me no longer. You thought by your infamous scheme to lure me into an alliance with yourself—because I had wealth. But my eyes have been opened in time—I have been saved from being trapped by an adventurer!

Night. (*drawing herself up haughtily*) Sir!

Gus. You need not put on that air of injury—it will not serve you, I know you for what you are, a creature utterly lacking in those virtues which go to make up a true woman—who uses her beauty to lure the unwary to their ruin. (*NIGHTENGALE essays to speak*

Enter, TIMOTHY and MAGPIE, L. E.

Do not speak! I will not hear you! You are utterly unworthy any man's esteem. I leave New York to-morrow, and my only wish is, that I may never look upon your face again! (*exit, R., 2 E.*)

Night. (*stretches out arms*) Gustavus!

(*staggers, is caught by TIMOTHY and MAGPIE*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Sitting-room in the home of the BIRD family, (not same as Act 1st.)—C. E. with curtains, backed by interior; doors L. and R., table R. of C., with vase of flowers, books, etc.; chairs R. and L. of table, also other chairs in convenient positions, sofa L. of C. front, mirror back L. of C.—NIGHTENGALE is discovered sitting on sofa, MAGPIE leaning over back.*

Mag. Isn't it strange? He doesn't blame me a bit for changing characters with you. He just seems to think I am a regular little lamby-lamby, that's been led into mischief by a cunning old wolf—you being the wolf.

Night. Yes, I know.

Mag. But I'm going to tell him a thing or two to-night.

Night. (starting) To-night!

Mag. (aside) There! I've let the cat out of the bag.

Night. Will he be here to-night? I thought—

Mag. Yes, he intended to leave New York the night after the ball, but some business kept him here. And I asked him to come. (aside) He doesn't know she'll be here though.

Night. (aside) And I shall see him once more.

Mag. So I'm going to give him a piece of my mind.

Night. It will be useless. He thinks I am everything that is unworthy. He believes me to be an adventuress.

Mag. A what?

Night. An adventuress!

Mag. Well, I declare! You don't really mean that?

Night. I do indeed!

Mag. Well, I never! Why, he doesn't know much, does he? I tell you, if I were you, I'd never look at him again. Of course he'll find out his mistake, all right, but I'd never forgive him. I suppose you would, though?

Night. I—I think not.

Mag. (looking at her) Why Gaylie! what is the matter? I hadn't noticed it before, but—why what have you been doing to yourself?

Night. I—why?

Mag. You look as if you'd died about twenty years ago and had just been resurrected. Are you sick? (aside) Heart disease!

Night. (nervously) Oh! no, I am quite well. It—it must be your fancy.

Mag. Fancy! (takes NIGHTENGALE by hand and drags her to mirror) Look at that! Survey that reflection. See for yourself. Call it fancy if you dare!

Night. It is only the effect of—I'm a little tired from hard study, that's all.

Mag. Oh! that's all, is it? (knock outside, holds up finger) Listen! Someone is coming.

Night. If it should be—I could not meet him now, Magpie. (quickly) You understand—it would be so awkward, so—

Mag. I don't think it is he, but here! go in there! (points to L. E., NIGHTENGALE exits, L. E., MAGPIE looks after her) Well, if ever any one was dead in love, it's her. I suppose she thinks I don't know it though. Humph! Ain't such a geese as that. People don't faint

away when any one leaves them for nothing, and they don't get pale as a ghost, because of his adverse opinion for nothing either.

Enter, TIMOTHY, L., 2 E.

Why Timmy, you! How did you get up the courage to come?

Tim. (startled) Why—I—I—thought I saw your ma go away.

Mag. You are mistaken, but don't worry, she is busy in the other part of the house.

Tim. But—but she might come.

Mag. Oh! but she won't. You're the biggest coward I ever saw. Mr. Crow doesn't see that way.

Tim. Mr. Crow! Does he come here?

Mag. Often.

Tim. And you receive him?

Mag. No, I pitch him out of the window every time.

Tim. That's just an excuse to get out of answering. Do you like him?

Mag. N—not exactly.

Tim. Do you dislike him?

Mag. N—no.

Tim. (angrily) Then what do you do?

Mag. I hate him.

Tim. (runs and takes her hand) Oh, Magpie, I'm so glad! I—

Mag. (eagerly) Why?

Tim. (drops her hand and backs off) I—I think he—he—isn't a very nice man, that's all.

Mag. (aside) So near and yet—so far.

Enter, ROBIN, L., 2 E.

Rob. (looking out door R.) Here comes ma!

Mrs. B. (outside) I'll kill that man yet.

TIMOTHY crouches down under table, pulling cloth over R. and back, to conceal him—books, vases, etc. almost full off.

Mag. Goodness gracious! She's got us this time I'm afraid—
(*stands back to table to hide it*)

Rob. You're in for it now.

Enter, MRS. BIRD, R. E.

Mrs. B. I never did see such work as that gardener makes.

Mag. Why so?

As MRS. BIRD starts to cross to L., MAG moves round L., MRS. BIRD starts toward chair L. of table.

Rob. (quickly) Your cap's on crooked, ma,

Mrs. B. (running to mirror) Dear me, is it? Why no, it's all right.

Rob. Well, it looks crooked from down here.

Mrs. B. (arranging hair) It isn't though. But as I was saying, I never saw such a gardener. He's so careless. The flowers are disappearing every day. I just believe someone is hiding—(MAGPIE

gives a little cry, Mrs. BIRD turns around quickly) What's the matter?

Mag. (stammering) I—I—why—I—

Rob. She thinks maybe it's burglars that'll kill us all some night.

Mrs. B. I think it's someone that's thieving the flowers. (*ROBIN goes to c. e.*) And if I ever catch him— (*starts to go toward table*)

Rob. (suddenly) Oh, ma! Quick, what's that? Look!

(*points off L., Mrs. BIRD runs to c. e.*)

Tim. (whispering) M—Magpie—

Mag. (aside to TIMOTHY) Keep still, Timmy!

Tim. I—I—am—b—but—

Mag. Sh—!

Mrs. B. Why, I don't see anything.

Rob. I thought it looked like a fire.

Mrs. B. It's only the reflection of the lights. (*goes to mirror*) There, my collar's come unfastened. Come and pin it for me, Magpie.

Mag. (aside) It'll be a tight squeeze now, I'm afraid, but I'll save him yet, so help me Queen Kokohemia. (*aloud*) Yes, mamma. (*crosses L., pins collar*) It's all right now.

Mrs. B. (turns suddenly round and sees table cloth all on one side) Why, how on earth did that table cloth get all twisted like that?

(*starts for table*)

Mag. (quickly) Never mind, mamma dear, I'll fix it. (*goes to table, pretends to arrange it*) You—you see Rover—he was in here and he—he—grabbed the cloth—in fun you know, and gave it a jerk, so it nearly came off. (*exit, ROBIN, L., 2 E.*)

Mrs. B. And I can't see as you are bettering it much. Let me— (*starts for table*)

Mag. (gives a scream) Look! There's a mouse! (*points near table*)

Mrs. B. (screams, runs and jumps on chair) Where! Where is it? (*gathers up skirts*)

Mag. There! He went into the other room. (*points R.*)

Mrs. B. (getting down) Well I'm glad, I hate them. But I just thought—(*MAGPIE knocks book on floor*) Look at you! You're knocking everything on the floor. (*starts for table, a crash is heard outside and ROBIN screaming*) Massy me! what has happened! My precious child is killed, I know. (*exit, L., 2 E., hastily*)

Tim. (jumps up, runs to c. e.) Goo—good-bye Magpie.

(*exit, R., 2 E., after seeing that Mrs. BIRD is out of sight*)

Mag. (strikes an attitude) Ha, ha! The field is won!

Enter, Mrs. BIRD and ROBIN, L., 2 E., ROBIN limps.

Mrs. B. The dear boy had accidentally knocked the hat-rack over, and it must have hurt him dreadfully.

Rob. (aside) Wasn't within ten feet of it.

Mrs. B. Come, Robbie, let us go and get some linament now.

MAGPIE arranges table, they cross L., Mrs. BIRD exit, L. E., ROBIN turns at door.

Rob. (gives a jump, kicks up heels) Do I look as if I'd been smashed? (*exit, L. E.*)

Mag. Ha, ha, ha! Bless the boy!

Enter, Crow, L. E.

Crow. (coming down) At last I find you alone. At last I have the opportunity, long and eagerly sought to reveal to you my heart.

Mag. Don't trouble yourself.

Crow. Magpie, I have discovered that I can no longer live without you.

Mag. (aside) Wonder if he's ordered his coffin.

Crow. That my only happiness is in your presence.

Mag. (aside) Sounds like the last seven cent novel I read.

Crow. And so to-night I have come to throw myself at your feet—

Mag. Poor feet! Ha, ha, ha!

Crow. What are you laughing at?

Mag. I was thinking of the spectacle of your throwing yourself at my feet. How would you go about it?

Crow. Can you not be serious for one moment?

Mag. Certainly, an hour if necessary.

Crow. Listen, adored one, I offer you my hand, my heart, my fortune.

Mag. All right. Leave them on the hall table.

Crow. (aside) Confound her! If she wasn't so pretty, so altogether bewitching, I'd give it up. *(aloud)* But you fail to understand me. I have come to honor you by asking you to become my wife. Ahem!

Mag. (aside) Honor me! *(aloud)* Is that all? *(imitating him)* Then Mr. Crow, I must beg to do myself the honor of declining the honor that you would do me the honor of honoring me with. Ahem!

Crow. (amazed) What! You don't mean to say you refuse! Absurd!

Mag. H'm! Well yes, I should rather say I did mean it.

Crow. But think! Why, my very heart is knit with yours.

Mag. And so is mine—nit—with yours. Sorry! Can't help it tho'.

Crow. Then you really won't marry me?

Mag. No sir, I won't! I shall not marry till I can find someone I like better than I do you.

Crow. I suppose you mean Quail.

Mag. Does that concern you?

Crow. Certainly. I should hate to see a charming young lady like yourself, throw herself away on a low cowardly vagabond like Timothy Quail.

Mag. Mr. Crow!

Crow. Yes?

Mag. (points to door) Will you please perambulate with an accelerated motion to the exterior atmosphere?

Crow. I—don't understand.

Mag. (still pointing) In plain words then, get out!

Crow. Very well, I go. Unfeeling girl, you have broken my heart.

Mag. Pick up the pieces, they'll be good for the next one. *(exit, CROW, L., 2 E.)* Call my Timmy a vagabond! If ever he comes here again, I'll—I'll an—annihilate him, so help me Queen Kokohemia.

(exit, R. E.)

* Enter, GULL and LUCRETIA, R., 2 E.

Luc. And just think, in a few days we will be married. How delightful!

Enter, NIGHTENGALE, L. E., stops and listens.

Gull. And it is about that, that I wish to speak.

Luc. Yes, Hiram.

Gull. Now my dear, I have good reasons for not wishing any one to know of our marriage at present?

Luc. Why not?

Gull. I cannot tell you yet, but I will later. Now I think it would be best if we would go to some little village without saying anything to any one.

Luc. An elopement. Oh, won't it be romantic!

Gull. It will indeed. There we can be married, then we can embark for Italy—

Luc. The land of poetry—and I do so love poetry. Yes!

Gull. Or we can go to Spain—

Luc. The land of romance! Won't it be delightful!

Gull. You will go then, my own Lucretia?

Luc. Go! Of course. Oh! I'm so exquisitely happy!

Luc. Not more so than I. I felt you would do as I wished.

Luc. Always, Hiram. (*aside*) An elopement, and a secret marriage. Just like a poem! (*exeunt, R., 2 E.*)

Night. (*comes down*) So that is your game, Hiram Gull. But I think I shall have a hand in it also. Scoundrel! After his promise to me! How dare he?

Enter, MRS. GOLDFINCH, L., 2 E.

Mrs. G. Just the person I wanted to see.

Night. Me, and why?

Mrs. G. I have something to tell you of vital interest to yourself. That man, that Hiram Gull, as he calls himself, is trying to do you harm.

Night. (*startled*) How so?

Mrs. G. The night of my ball I accidentally overheard a conversation between him and Mr. Oriole.

Night. Mr. Oriole! Go on.

Mrs. G. I heard him telling Gustavus, that you were a fascinating, but scheming woman—in a word, an adventuress.

Night. Merciful heaven!

Mrs. G. Any one hearing him, would have thought that you were Circe herself.

Night. (*passionately*) Villain! Coward! This then is the reason he called me adventuress—the reason he would not listen to me! This is why he believed I was trying to entrap him, for his wealth—I, who would die to save him one instant's suffering. Oh heaven! To think that he believes that of me—that he could believe me capable of it. Oh! Gustavus, why could you not trust me? I would not believe aught against you, though all the world accused you!

Mrs. G. Gaylie, Gaylie, what does this mean?

HIRAM GULL *appears at R., 2 E.*

Night (aside, in dismay) I have betrayed myself.

Mrs. G. Why should this thing agitate you so? (*goes and puts arm around NIGHTENGALE*) After such treatment as he has vouchsafed you, why should you care for his opinion? (*NIGHTENGALE turns away and is silent*) Tell me, Nightengale, why is it? What is Gustavus Oriole to you?

Night. (turning around impetuously) He is everything to me, because I love him. But he—despises me.

(*weeps—GULL makes gesture of triumph and disappears*)

Mrs. G. (caressing her) Poor girl! I am so sorry.

Night. (recovering) There is no time for idle repining. Not even for his wife's sake will I spare that villain longer. I shall pay him back in his own coin. (*goes to table, takes writing material and writes*) "Dear Mr. Eagle—I—have—found Hiram Daw. Come—as soon—as possible. Bring—police with you. Nightengale Thrush." (*folds it*)

Mrs. G. What does this mean?

Night. That justice shall take its course. (*goes up stage*) And now for a messenger. (*at L., 2 E.*) Hiram Daw, you shall bitterly rue the day you so basely maligned me. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Mrs. G. I wonder what she means.

Enter, CHOLLIE, R. E.

(*airly*) Ah! how d'ye do, Mr. Bird.

Chol. (shortly) Quite well, thank you. (*aside*) I wish I'd stayed away.

Mrs. G. And how do you feel since the ball? You enjoyed it?

Chol. Immensely.

Mrs. G. By the way, Mr. Bird, when do I get that head?

Chol. Oh! now, give us a west.

Mrs. G. When I get the head. I always insist upon having all debts paid.

Chol. Oh! now, I—

Mrs. G. Besides, as you love me so dearly, you should be glad to pay your obligations to me!

Chol. I won't listen, I'll wotire to my apartment.

Mrs. G. But my dear Chollie—

Chol. I tell you, I won't listen. I won't be chaffed so. Deuce take it anyway. (*exit, L. E.*)

Mrs. G. Ha, ha, ha! What a silly boy he is! And yet I rather like him. (*looks at watch*) Bless me, is it as late as that. I must go or I shall be late at Mrs. Kingsley's reception, and that would never do. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Enter, MAGPIE, R. E.

Mag. Oh dear! I wish Timmy was rich, so ma would let him come here too, and I wish he would hurry up and ask me to marry him, I'm getting so old. (*goes to c. E. and looks off L*) Why, I declare, there he is now, standing over there on the corner. (*makes signal*) Ah! he sees me and is coming. (*arranges things on table*)

Enter, TIMOTHY, L., 2 E.

Tim. What do you want?

Mag. I've got some news to tell you. Don't look so frightened. Ma's up—stairs.

Tim. But the news?

Mag. I had a proposal a little while ago.

Tim. (*sharply*) Who from?

Mag. Mr. Crow, manager of the Warbler Opera Co.

Tim. The deuce! Did you accept him?

Mag. No, I didn't want to marry him.

Tim. Why not?

Mag. (*shyly*) I don't want to marry a rich man.

Tim. No! (*aside*) If I wasn't such a coward.

Mag. I should like to get married though—awfully well.

Tim. Well, why don't you?

Mag. Because you won't ask me. (*aside*) There!

Tim. Magpie! do you mean it?

Mag. Well, rather.

Tim. And you will marry me?

Mag. To-morrow, if you want me. (*they embrace*)

Enter, MRS. BIRD, L. E.

Mrs. B. Ah! so I've caught you, haven't I?

MAGPIE screams and runs L., TIMOTHY goes R. and makes a dash for the door.

Enter, EAGLE, L., 2 E.—TIMOTHY runs against him as he enters.

Eagle. Sir! do you not know any better than to run against any-one like that? (*looks at TIMOTHY*) Why, it's Timothy Quail. Just the person I've been looking for, for the last three days. I have to inform you that your uncle, Erastus Quail died some little time ago, and has left the bulk of his fortune to you.

Mag. (*aside*) Then I shall marry a rich man after all.

Tim. Are you quite sure?

Eagle. Quite.

Mrs. B. (*holding out hand*) I hope you will pardon my rudeness, Mr. Quail, but—you—see—really—

Tim. Don't speak of it, madam. And you consent to my marriage with Magpie?

Mrs. B. Certainly, Mr. Quail, certainly.

Mag. (*looking out of C. E.*) There's Mr. Oriole out in the garden with Chollie. Come on Timmy. (*aside*) I want to see him about Gaylie. (*exit, MAGPIE and TIMOTHY, R., 2 E.*)

Eagle. Is my client, Miss Thrush here?

Mrs. B. Yes, she is here somewhere. Come with me and we will find her. Mr. Eagle. (*exeunt, L. E.*)

Enter, LUCRETIA, R., 2 E.

Luc. Oh dear! I don't see what is the matter with Hiram. Ever since the folks came into the garden, he has scarcely noticed me at all—me, his own Lucretia!

Enter, NIGHTENGALE, L., 2 E.

Night. Madam, I wish to speak to you.

Luc. Very well, my dear.

Night. First, will you allow me to ask you one question; are you going to marry Hiram Gull?

Luc. (simpering) Well I—he has asked me, and I—yes, I have accepted.

Enter, GULL, R., 2 E.

Night. Miss Peacock, he cannot marry you. He already has a wife.

Luc. (screams) What?

Gull. (coming forward) Do not believe it, Lucretia.

Night. Hiram Daw, do you dare!

Luc. Daw! What do you call him that for?

Night. That is his name. Gull is only an alias.

Luc. Can you prove it?

Night. I can.

Luc. And you say he has a wife?

Night. A wife and two children.

Luc. (screams, turns to GULL) Sir! is that true?

Gull. (aside) The game's up. There's no use of trying to get out of it now. (*aloud*) Yes, madam, I regret to say it is. And the children are really strappers.

Luc. Deceived, deceived! How dared you come here and pass yourself off as a single man, you wretch! And I believed you loved me. You monster! Oh! how can you look me in the face, you vile man. And we were to be married so soon. To think of it. My poor heart is broken! (*exit, L. E.*)

Night. So you see, Hiram Daw, that your elopement plan was a failure. Did you suppose you could escape me like that?

Gull. I had hopes of so doing, but you—you have outwitted me.

Night. Aye, I have.

Gull. But my revenge will be all the sweeter.

Night. What?

Gull. You too have a secret.

Night. I—

Gull. Which I shall make use of.

Night. You mean—

Gull. That Gustavus Oriole will be delighted to learn that the famous queen of song loves him dearly.

Night. You cannot. You have no proof.

Gull. Haven't I? I happened to hear you make a little confession to Mrs. Goldfinch a short time ago.

Night. So you are a spy too, are you? Your virtues increase upon acquaintances truly. Well, tell him, I shall not try to prevent you. You will but disprove your own former assertion, that I was trying to entrap him for his money, you would but show out your own evil nature.

Gull. (aside) Confound her tongue!

Night. Go to him if you will, with the story of my affection on your lips. There is nothing debasing in a true steadfast love, noth-

ing to blush at. Tell him, I almost wish you would.

Gull. (aside) Confound her! I'd like to throw her in a well.
(aloud) The gentleman in question, knows your true character, and despises you for it.

Night. It is false! He knows the character you have given me, he has given credence to the vile story you have set afloat; but he does not know my character, nor do you either. You fancied I would quail at your threat, but you have made a great mistake. Mr. Daw, or Gull, whichever you like best, don't you think you've made a slight mistake?

Gull. If you weren't a woman—

Night. But I am. Don't look so fiendish. You won't make anything by it. (*GULL starts for door*)

Enter, EAGLE, L. E.

Don't go yet, Mr. Gull. See, here is a dear friend, waiting to see you.

Gull. (sees EAGLE, aside) The deuce!

Eagle. So, Hiram Daw, I have found you at last.

Gull. So it would seem. Very glad to see you, I am sure, but as I have some pressing business on hand, allow me to wish you a very good morning.

Eagle. Not so fast, my fine fellow. (*steps to c. E. and motions*)

Enter, OFFICER, C. E.

There is your prisoner.

Gull. (starts) What does this mean?

Officer. Hiram Daw, I arrest you on a charge of forgery.

Gull. (aside) It's all up with me now. She evidently got onto my little game. She isn't such a fool as she might be, if she is a woman.
(*OFFICER handcuff's GULL.*)

Enter, GUSTAVUS, R., 2 E.

Eagle. You should have tried something where the chances of escape were not so few. On behalf of my client, Miss Thrush, I vowed to find you, and with her help I have succeeded.

Gull. And yet you must confess that I have kept clear of you for a long time, considering my crime was forgery.

Gus. (aside) A forger—great heavens!

Eagle. Too long, by half. Officer, remove the prisoner.

Gull. Very well, I'm ready any time. *(turns at door)* Farewell, my charming enemy. *(sees ORIOLE)* Ah! Oriole, you here? Sorry to leave you, but business must be attended to. Had I the time, I should tell you something of interest, but you see, my friend here, is anxious for my departure. Perhaps, as I will not see you again, it will give you some satisfaction to know that little adventuress story I told you in regard to Miss Thrush, was not true—just a little bit of fiction out of my own head—quite original, I assure you. Au revoir.

(exit, OFFICER and GULL, L., 2 E.)

Night. (coldly) Mr. Oriole, you see of that, at least, I am innocent.
(*exit, L. E.*)

Gus. (aside) Innocent! And Magdalen has already told me how blameless she was in that little joke, how averse she was to changing

parts. Will she ever forgive me? I fear not.

Eagle. Mr. Gustavus Oriole, allow me to say that you are a fool.

Gus. Thanks.

Eagle. You don't know a good thing when you see it.

Gus. May I ask what you mean?

Eagle. Most certainly, I have heard of your treatment of my client, Miss Thrush, sir! You met her nearly every day and had an opportunity to study her character, yet just as soon as you discovered her profession, you turned your back upon her, as though she were some criminal, giving her no chance to justify herself. A man that will do that sir—I say, a man that will do that, is not worthy that woman's notice.

Gus. I beg your pardon—

Eagle. I have been her attorney, her confidential man for three years, sir! and never in all that time, have I known her to be anything but a lady, and more, a pure, true, noble woman.

(*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Gus. I have been a fool, a dotard, to allow myself to suspect her of being anything other than she is a true, pure woman. How I have wronged her! And can I ever hope to be forgiven? Ah! no, never.

(*exit, R., 2 E.*)

Enter, NIGHTENGALE, L. E.

Night. (*looks around*) Gone! gone, and perhaps forever. (*sits at table*) What is there left me now? Nothing but a memory, nothing but the reflection of what might have been. What a mistake it all was. How wrong of me to consent to Magdalen's plan. He thinks me utterly unworthy, because I am an actress, and he believes I deceived him wilfully. Oh! if he would only tell me he did not believe me entirely unworthy, I would be so happy. But he never will, never!

(*weeps*)

Enter, GUSTAVUS, R., 2 E.

Gus. (*aside*) She is here alone, and weeping. (*comes hurriedly down. aloud*) Nightengale!

Night. Mr. Oriole! You?

(*rises*)

Gus. Yes, I. Miss Thrush, I have come to you as a penitent.

Night. You mean?

Gus. I wronged you deeply. I spoke to you as no man should speak to a woman. I confess my error. I know now that you are as true and pure as I first thought you.

Night. (*coldly*) And yet, Mr. Oriole, I am still an actress.

Gus. I care not what your profession is, I love you.

Night. Love me! And yet you could believe me to be an adventurer, you could not trust me, but judged me by appearances only. Do you call that love?

Gus. Forgive me Gaylie, I was blind.

Night. (*passionately*) Forgive you! forgive you the pain, the humiliation you have caused me! No, no! I cannot. Leave me, I have suffered enough at your hands already. Go!

Gus. I have done what I could. I have confessed my fault. If you cannot forgive me—(*sadly*) I can do no more. I will go, and forever.

Night. (*aside*) Forever!

Gus. Farewell, Gaylie. I shall never forget you, but you have bidden me leave you and I go. I shall leave New York to-night.

(*going*)

Night. No, no! You must not go!

Gus. (*turns*) Why not? Remain here when my love is hopeless, when you cannot even forgive me for misjudging you. Why—why should I stay?

Night. Because I love you!

(*runs into his arms*)

Gus. Gaylie!

(*clasps her—after a short pause*)

Enter, MAGPIE, R., 2 E.

Mag. Tableau! (*GUSTAVUS and NIGHTENGALÉ separate*) Oh! don't mind me, I'm harmless, beside I am in the same boat myself,

Enter, MRS. BIRD, CHOLLIE, ROBIN and TIMOTHY, R., 2 E.

for Timmy and I are going to get married too, aren't we, Timmy?

Tim. That we are.

Chol., (aside) What! My Nightengale going to marry him! And now I have no one to love. I—I can't stand it. It leaves such a dewadful void in my heart. Ah! I have it; Mrs. Goldfinch! She's the vewy one! I'll seek her now, and tell her how I love her.

(*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Mag. So, Mr. Oriole, you have found out your mistake at last.

Gus. Yes, I have indeed, though almost too late. And I have found that it is not safe to judge by appearances—that whatever a woman's profession, whatever circumstances may seem to indicate her, could we but know the truth, we might still find her as I have, "A perfect woman, nobly planned."

CURTAIN.

THE END.

THE BIRD FAMILY AND THEIR FRIENDS.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Mrs. Bird—Chollie and his mother—He endeavors to write to Nightengale Thrush, but is too exhausted to collect his thoughts—Robin plays a trick on his Aunt Peacock—Magpie returns from a stroll—Her opinion of Bluster Crow—Robin and Magpie—She sends a letter to Timothy Quail, her timid lover—Arrival of Hiram Gull—Lucretia falls in love—Mrs. Bird, who is about to call on lawyer Eagle, forbids Magpie receiving Mr. Quail—Timothy calls—The rug man with rugs—Return of Mrs. Bird—Timothy hides under the rugs—Robin comes to his rescue—Magpie and Bluster Crow—Robin helps Magpie to get rid of Mr. Crow—Lucretia receives a letter from Hiram Gull—Nightengale and Magpie's plot—Gustavus Oriole, Nightengale's unknown correspondent—The interview—His opinion of actresses—Lucretia, a victim of Robin's jokes.

ACT II.—The masquerade at Mrs. Goldfinch's—Gustavus and Nightengale, an actress, but unknown to Gustavus—He expresses his opinion of her—Lucretia overhears Hiram Gull making love to Mrs. Goldfinch—A scene in which Hiram Gull gets the worst of it—Nightengale learns of the engagement of Lucretia and Hiram Gull, a base scoundrel—Hiram Gull recognizes Nightengale—"I'll let you go on one condition"—Chollie and Mrs. Goldfinch, the wager lost—Gustavus recognizes Nightengale as the singer and actress—His disgust—"My fate is sealed"—Magpie and Timothy, he resolves to propose, but is too timid—Gull overhears Nightengale's confession—Magpie and Timothy—"He'll never propose"—Gustavus accuses Nightengale of deception—"I hope I may never look upon your face again."

ACT III.—Nightengale and Magpie—She decides to give Mr. Oriole a piece of her mind—Magpie and Timothy—Mrs. Bird arrives on the scene—Timothy hides under the table—As usual, Robin comes to the rescue—Magpie refuses Bluster Crow—"He insulted my Timothy"—Lucretia and Hiram Gull propose an elopement, overheard by Nightengale, who exposes Mr. Gull—Lucretia in hysterics—The arrest of Hiram Gull, or Daw, for forgery—Timothy Quail receives a fortune and Mrs. Bird welcomes him as her future son-in-law—Lawyer Eagle enlightens Gustavus Oriole regarding Nightengale—Nightengale receives Gustavus confession coldly, but relents and confesses that she loves him—Magpie and Timothy, Gustavus and Nightengale happy at last.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; c., Center; s. E., (2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center,

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

* * * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

Katie's Deception;

—OR—

The Troublesome Kid.

Farce in 1 act, by W. L. Bennett, 4 male and 2 female characters.

Costumes modern. Time of playing, 30 minutes. A bright sparkling farce for amateurs. Good negro character. Farmer from "Way back" answers

Katie's matrimonial advertisement.

Characters are all good.

Price 15 cents.

Our Family Umbrella.

A Comedietta in 2 acts, by E. E. Cleveland, 4 male and 2 female characters. Scenery interior. Costumes modern. The old man character is excellent, is always buying umbrellas, but never has one when needed. Amateurs will find this a good after-piece.

Price 15c.

Yacob's Hotel Experience.

Farce in 1 act by B. F. Eberhart, 3 male characters. Time of playing 20 minutes. This will make a good after-piece. The dutchman is immense. His experience in a first class hotel is uproarously funny—

HOME RULE.

A Charade in 2 scenes, by the author of Yacob's Hotel Experience, 8 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 20 minutes. Price 15 cents.

Joan of Arc Drill.

A Spectacular Shepherd drill for 8 to 16 girls, by B. F. Eberhart. This drill is simple and easy to get up, requiring no scenery, can be produced indoor or out, no special music is needed in the march. Costume, Shepherd girls dress—girls carry Shepherd's crook. A diagram gives the line of march, so it is easily understood. Ends with a tableau of Joan of Arc at the stake.

Price 15 cents.

16

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M. F.	NO.		M. F.
134	Our Awful Aunt.....	4 4	8	Better Half.....	5 2
62	Out in the Streets.....	6 4	86	Black vs. White.....	4 2
71	Rescued.....	5 3	22	Captain Smith.....	3 3
72	Saved.....	2 3	84	Cheek Will Win.....	3 0
102	Turn of the Tide.....	7 4	287	Cousin Josiah.....	1 1
63	Three Glasses a Day.....	4 2	225	Cupids Capers.....	4 4
62	Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.....	7 3	317	Cleveland's Reception Party.....	5 3
58	Wrecked.....	9 3	249	Double Election.....	9 1

COMEDIES.

284	A Day In A Doctor's Office.....	5 1	19	Did I Dream it.....	4 3
132	A Legal Holiday.....	5 3	220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3 0
189	A Pleasure Trip.....	7 3	188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3 0
124	An Afflicted Family.....	7 5	42	Domestic Felicity.....	1 1
57	Caught in the Act.....	7 3	148	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3 1
248	Captured.....	6 4	218	Everybody Astonished.....	4 0
178	Caste.....	5 3	224	Fooling with the Wrong Man.....	2 1
176	Factory Girl.....	6 3	233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....	2 1
207	Heroic Dutchman of '76.....	8 3	154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4 2
192	Home.....	4 3	184	Family Discipline.....	0 1
174	Love's Labor Not Lost.....	3 3	274	Family Jars.....	5 2
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.....	1 1	209	Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5 3
149	New Years in N. Y.....	7 6	13	Give Me My Wife.....	3 3
37	Not So Bad After All.....	6 5	307	Hallahoola, the Medicine Man.....	4 3
237	Not Such a Fool as He Looks.....	6 3	66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.....	3 1
838	Our B'ys.....	6 4	271	Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5 0
126	Our Daughters.....	8 6	116	Hash.....	4 2
265	Pug and the Baby.....	5 3	120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1 1
114	Passions.....	8 4	50	How She has Own Way.....	1 3
264	Prof. James' Experience.....	4 3	140	How He Popped the Quest'n.....	1 1
	Teaching Country School.....	4 3	74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4 2
219	Rags and Bottles.....	4 1	35	How Stout Your Getting.....	5 2
239	Scale with Sharps and Flats.....	3 2	247	Incompatibility of Temper.....	1 2
221	Solon Shingle.....	14 2	95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5 3
262	Two Bad Boys.....	7 3	305	Jacob Shlaff's Mistake.....	3 2
87	The Biter Bit.....	3 2	299	Jimmie Jones.....	3 2
131	The Cigarette.....	4 2	11	John Smith.....	5 3
240	\$2,000 Reward.....	2 0	323	Johanes Blatz's Mistake.....	4 3

TRAGEDIES.

16	The Serf.....	6 3	99	Jumbo Jum.....	4 3
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FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.

129	Aar-u-ag-ooos.....	2 1	82	Killing Time.....	1 1
132	Actor and Servant.....	1 1	182	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1 3
316	Aunt Charlotte's Maid.....	3 3	127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2 2
289	A Colonel's Mishap.....	5 0	228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise.....	3 0
12	A Capital Match.....	3 2	302	Locked in a Dress-maker's Room.....	3 2
303	A Kiss in the Dark.....	2 3	106	Lodgings for Two.....	3 0
166	A Texan Mother-in-Law.....	4 2	288	Love in all Corners.....	5 3
30	A Day Well Spent.....	7 5	139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1 1
169	A Regular Fix.....	2 4	231	Match for a other-Min-Law.....	2 2
286	A Professional Gardener.....	4 2	235	More Blunders than one.....	4 3
80	Alarmingly Suspicious.....	4 3	69	Mother's Fool.....	6 1
320	All In A Mud ile.....	3 3	23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4 3
78	An Awful Criminal.....	3 3	208	My Precious Betsey.....	4 4
313	A Matchmaking Father.....	2 2	212	My Turn Next.....	4 3
31	A Pet of the Public.....	4 2	32	My Wife's Relations.....	4 4
21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3 3	186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0 1
	Thrilling Item.....	3 1	273	My Neighbor's Wife.....	3 3
	ticket of Leave.....	3 2	296	Nanka's Leap Year Venture.....	5 2
	ickets, Mistake.....	5 4	259	Nobody's Moke.....	5 2
	ay in a Doctors Office.....	5 1	340	Our Hotel.....	5 3
	ey Baker.....	2 2	334	Olivet.....	3 2
			41	Obedience.....	1 2
			33	On the Sly.....	3 2



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Ames' Plays---

NO.	M.	P.	NO.	ETHIOPIAN PARCELS.
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	234 Academy of Stars.....
217	Patent Washing Machine.....	4	1	35 A Catechism.....
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3	65 An Unwelcome Visitor.....
195	Poor Pilicody.....	2	3	15 An Unhappy Voyage.....
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4	172 Black Shoemaker.....
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3	98 Black Statue.....
180	Ripples.....	2	0	22 Colored Senators.....
267	Room 44.....	2	0	214 Chops.....
309	Santa Claus' Daughter.....	5	4	145 Cuff's Luck.....
48	Schnaps.....	1	1	190 Crimps Trip.....
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5	27 Fetter Lane to Grayson.....
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3	153 Haunted House.....
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2	230 Hamlet the Dainty.....
327	Strictly Temperance.....	2	2	103 How Sister Paxy got her Child Baptized.....
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2	24 Handy Andy.....
241	Struck by Lightning.....	2	2	236 Hypochondriac The.....
270	Slick and Skinner.....	5	0	319 In For I.....
1	Slasher and Crasher.....	5	2	47 In the Wrong Box.....
326	Too Many Cousins.....	3	3	77 Joe's Visit.....
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix.....	2	2	88 Mischievous Nigger.....
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1	256 Midnight Colic.....
328	The Landlords Revenge.....	3		128 Musical Darkey.....
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3	3	90 No Cure No Pay.....
315	That Rascal Pat.....	3	2	61 Not as Deaf as He Seem.....
40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2	244 Old Clothes.....
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	234 Old Dad's Cabin.....
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1	150 Old Pompey.....
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	246 Othello.....
291	The Actor's Scheme.....	4	4	109 Other People's Children.....
308	The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge.....	4	2	297 Pomp Green's Snakes.....
285	The Mashers Mashed.....	5	2	134 Pom's Pranks.....
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	258 Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....
295	The Spellin' Skewl.....	7	6	177 Quarrelsome Servants.....
54	The Two T. J.'s.....	4	2	96 Rooms to Let.....
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	5	0	107 School.....
292	Tim Flannigan.....	2	1	133 Seeing Bosting.....
142	Tit for Tat.....	3	1	179 Sham Doctor.....
276	The Printer and His Devils.....	6	2	94 16,000 Years Ago.....
263	Trials of a Country Editor.....	3	1	243 Sports on a Lark.....
7	The Wonderful Telephone.....	0	8	25 Sport with a Sportsman.....
281	Two Aunt Emilys.....	4	3	92 Stage Struck Darkey.....
312	Uncle Ethan.....	6	2	238 Strawberry Shortcake.....
269	Unjust Justice.....	2	2	10 Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....
170	U. S. Mail.....	5	3	64 That Boy Sam.....
213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	3	3	253 The Best Cure.....
332	Which is Which.....	2	1	282 The Intelligence Office.....
151	Wanted a Husband.....	5	3	122 The Select School.....
56	Wooin' Under Difficulties.....	2	8	118 The Popcorn Man.....
70	Which will he Marry.....	4	5	6 The Studio.....
135	Widower's Trials.....	1	2	108 Those Awful Boys.....
147	Waking Him Up.....	0	4	245 Ticket Taker.....
155	Why they Joined the Re- beccas.....	3	1	4 Twain's Dodging.....
111	Yankee Duelist.....	7	3	197 Tricks.....
157	Yankee Peddler.....	216		198 Uncle Jeff.....
		206		216 Vice Versa.....
		206		206 Vikings and Dinah.....
		210		210 Virginia Mummy.....
		203		203 Who Stole the Chicken.....
		205		205 William Tell.....
		156		156 Wig-Maker and His Servant.....
				Happy Franks Songster.....

GUIDE BOOKS.

17	Hints on Elocution.....
130	Hints to Amateurs.....

CANTATA.

215	On to Victory.....	4	6
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