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**THE GOLDEN
AGE**

*A play in four acts
by Sidney Toler and Marion Short*

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by Samuel French
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*Samuel French, Agent
28-30 W. 38th St., New York, N.Y.*

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August, 1919**



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SEP 15 1919

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CAST.

LLOYD HENDERSON	}	Of New York's Social 400.
"TEDDY" FARNUM		
WILLIAM BARCLAY		
RICHARD STANHOPE		
CHARLIE MASON		
MRS. DREXEL KIRKLAND		
ELAINE JEWETT		
TRELLA WEBB		
PATTY ELLISON		
SARAH APPLGATE SLISSY	}	Of Farmdale. Conn.
BETSY SCROGGINS		
MRS. JOHN SIMMONDS		
MARY ANNE SIMMONDS		
ROGERS - - - - -		A Butler.
FELICE - - - - -		Mrs. Kirkland's Maid.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.

Sitting Room in the Simmonds Home, Farmdale, Conn.
June, 1916.
(The Bud)

ACT II.

Parlor of the New Hotel at Farmdale. That evening.
(The Blossom.)

ACT III.

A Room in Mrs. Kirkland's Home, New York. June, 1917.
(A full blown Rose.)

ACT IV.

Same as ACT I, June, 1919.
(The perfume of Romance.)

TIME—1916-1919.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Sitting room in the Simmonds' home in the country near Farmdale, Conn.*

Up C. stands an organ, on either side are windows which look out onto the yard and landscape. Doors are R. and L. in 2. R. leads to the stairs and dining room, etc. L. leads to the porch. This stands open with a stone to hold it. Outside on the porch may be seen the edge of a tea table and chair. Through the window L.C. a sign on a post reads Tea Room.

The furniture is of the old fashioned mixed horsehair and Mission. The floor carpeted. A fireplace R.I. with a large armchair before it. Table C. with two chairs and oil lamp with fancy shade. L. a sofa or settee. Old fashioned crayon family portraits on the wall and bric-a-brac in general keeping. A whatnot stands up in the R. corner. A curio case in L. corner. On the mantel of the fireplace, a clock, several pieces of ornaments and an old fashioned stone tobacco jar.

AT RISE—*It is afternoon of a bright sunny day in June, 1916.*

DISCOVERED—*Mrs. Simmonds and Betsy with sleeves rolled, are dusting the furniture and putting things to rights.*

Miss Slissy, the village milliner and dressmaker is seated on the sofa L. putting the finishing touches to a rather garishly trimmed hat which she has designed especially for Mary Anne. She is dressed rather extravagantly herself and carries her sewing bag with her.

MRS. SIMMONDS—*(Continuing the conversation)*—*And she gave me no warning at all, just telegraphed this morning she'd be here this afternoon; and I'd calculated to house-clean for a whole week.*

MISS SLISSY—*Dust is terrible this time of year, especially with the automobiles. No sooner does it settle from one when another comes along.—(She holds the hat up viewing it critically.)*

MRS. SIMMONDS—*(Attacking another piece of furniture)*—*You'll excuse me for going right ahead, won't you, Miss Slissy?*

MISS SLISSY—*Certainly, I didn't come over to set for the afternoon, although I have been here a couple of*

hours. I'm glad I got this hat done in time for Mary Anne—there, that ought to look real cute on her.

MRS. SIMMONDS—My sister will be here most any-time now and—

MISS SLISSY—Well, you ain't askin' me to go 'home, be you?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Of course I ain't.

MISS SLISSY—Besides, I know your sister and I want to see what she's wearin'. In my business I try to keep up with the New York styles right along.

MRS. SIMMONDS—She'll be right glad to see you, I'm sure.

MISS SLISSY—I like to hear the news too. I think it's folks duty to find out what's goin' on in this world. How're you goin' to have anything to talk about if you don't.—(*Betsy carries off a filled scrap basket L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Yes, I suppose.

MISS SLISSY—(*Gazing at the hat*)—There, that's finished. Where's Mary Anne?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Gatherin' some lilacs for her Aunt's room. Mariah's dreadful fond of them.

MISS SLISSY—Dear me, suz! All that decoration just fer a relative, though I s'pose her aunt havin' so much money does make a difference.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Resents the idea*)—No, it does not. We'd fix up just the same if she didn't have a penny.

MISS SLISSY—Well, I didn't mean to be snipity.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Mary Anne simply worships her Aunt Mariah—and she her,—Land! Why, why don't Betsy come back to help me?—(*Moves over L. a little, looking off French window*)—Betsy!—(*Turns to Miss Slissy*)—That girl's the laziest mortal that ever drew the breath of life.—(*Calls again*)—Betsy!

BETSY—(*Drawls off L.*)—Ye-es, 'm!

MRS. SIMMONDS—Come here!—(*Betsy slouches in from L. carrying the empty basket*)—What do you mean settin' on that porch as if there was nothing to do but gaze at the woodshed?

BETSY—(*Lazily*)—I wasn't gazing at the woodshed.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Then what was you looking at, please?

BETSY—The hired man.

MRS. SIMMONDS—What's the matter with him?

BETSY—He's got new boots.

MISS SLISSY—(*Giggles*)—He IS real nice lookin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, I reckon if I set you to dustin' the hired man, for once in your life you'd stick to your work.

BETSY—Ye-es, 'm!

MRS. SIMMONDS—He's the only article you seem to be able to keep your mind on. Wipe off that tea table. (*Betsy wipes the table on the porch just outside the door L.*)

MISS SLISSY—Have many customers today?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Some, but most of the trade comes on Saturday.

MISS SLISSY—Howd'ye suppose your rich sister will take it, you runnin' a tea shop? Most wealthy folks is kind of high and mighty.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes my sister's got sense. Just cause she's rich, she ain't goin' to blame us for trying to make a little somethin' out of the summer visitors.

MISS SLISSY—They say her husband made his money out of cattle, is that so?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Cattle? No such thing. He didn't.

MISS SLISSY—Well, I heard he speculated in Bulls and Bears, I just included them both in one name so as to be more elegant.

MRS. SIMMONDS—He was a broker in Wall St. and made his livin' buyin' and sellin' on the installment plan.

MISS SLISSY—Oh!

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes, Betsy, don't keep on rubbin' like them legs had a case of rheumatism. They're clean by this time. Drop them curtains at the windows and then straighten the mantlepiece.—(*Betsy rises and slowly attacks the lace curtains which hang at either side of the organ L.C. and R.C.*)

MISS SLISSY—Is she comin' for quite a stay?

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Now at the organ up C.*)—Yes. She's tired and needs the rest.

MISS SLISSY—Shouldn't think she'd get tired; they say she keeps three hired girls.

BETSY—(*At the window L. drops one curtain*)—Um—and she wears silk night gowns, silk all over.

MISS SLISSY—Mercy me!

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*To Betsy*)—Let down that other curtain and dust off the mantle. Looks like the dirt's been there since Noah occupied the Ark.

BETSY—Well, I saw 'em once—and felt 'em.

MRS. SIMMONDS—If that girl could just roll up in a silk night-gown, I don't think she'd mind bein' turned into a caterpillar.

MISS SLISSY—I wouldn't have thought the sister of a good church goin' woman like you would be indulgin' in such Babylonian extravagancies as silk night gowns.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Some foulks likes 'em.

MISS SLISSY—I wear seersucker ones that don't even have to be ironed. I calculate she ain't any better than I am.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, it's her money and I guess she can do with it as she feels like. Anyhow you don't have to be sittin' up nights worryin' about her bein' Babylonian.

MISS SLISSY—Dear me, to think of you flyin' off the handle like that; just because I was quotin' scripture.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Slightly apologetic*)—I recon I'm nervous; gettin' cleanin' done so late.—(*Betsy is standing L. looking out of the window*)—Betsy! What in the world are you starin' at?

BETSY—(*Turns from the window*)—The hired man.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Good Land! Is the hired man on all sides of the house to once.

BETSY—(*Move to door L.*)—Shall I go out and see?

MRS. SIMMONDS—No, you'll not. Come away from that window.—(*Betsy sighs and moves over to the mantel*) That girl's got no more sense of humor than a guinea hen. (*To Betsy*)—Go out in the kitchen and scour up them pans I left in the sink; and if you find the hired man on that side of the house, ask him to take off his boots so you can put 'em on the mantel shelf as an ornament for you to look at.

BETSY—Yes, 'um!—(*Exits off Right quicker than usual.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—I do believe she thinks I mean it. That girl's got no more sense of humor than—(*Mary Anne enters L. through the door L. She carries an armful of lilacs, she comes center back of the table.*)

MARY ANNE—Here they are mother, aren't they beautiful? Hello Miss Slissy, did you bring the hat?

MISS SLISSY—Yes, and if I do say it myself, it's one of my grandest creations.—(*She holds it up for inspection. Mary Anne looks at it doubtfully.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Don't you like it, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE—Well, isn't it a little gay?

MISS SLISSY—Nonsense, flowers and fruits is all the style. And it just matches your new party dress. Are you going to the party at the Hotel tonight.

MARY ANNE—Maybe.—(*Holds up hat*)—Which is the front?

MISS SLISSY—It's reversible, that's the latest style.

MARY ANNE—(*Doubtfully*)—When I'm dressed I'll try it on. Will you have a posy?—(*Gives Miss Slissy a stalk of lilac.*)

MISS SLISSY—Thanks, they say flowers brings out the complexion if you have any, and I always did pride myself on havin' considerable.—(*She rubs the lilac on her cheek.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Puts some of the lilacs in a vase on the mantel; the rest stay on the table.*)—Dear Aunt Mariah. I can hardly realize that in a few minutes she'll be right here in this room with us.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Nor me.

MISS SLISSY—Well, goodness knows I should think you would, after all the fussin' around you've been doin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*To Mary*)—She's comin' in the automobile, ain't she?

MARY ANNE—(*Putting some flowers on the organ C.*)—Uh-huh.

MISS SLISSY—There's a whole crowd of city folks expected at the hotel tonight. Billy Barclay's bringing some of 'em in his motor car.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Snaps*)—Yes, we knew it.

MISS SLISSY—And that Elaine Jewett who was here two summers ago, she's with 'em.

MARY ANNE—(*Turns at the organ suddenly*)—Elaine?—(*Mrs. Simmonds glances at Mary Anne apprehensively.*)

MISS SLISSY—Mr. and Mrs. Barkley ain't comin' down this summer and the Jewetts are goin' to occupy their cottage soon as it's ready. They say young Billy's just crazy about Elaine.

MARY ANNE—(*Trying to cover her confusion*)—Aren't these lilacs beautiful?

MISS SLISSY—They say his Pa's made so much money out of the war that he may never come here to live no more and rememberin' Billy used to be kind of sweet on you Mary Anne, I thought maybe you'd like to know it.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Indignantly*)—That's been more than two years ago, Sairy Applegate Slissy, and neither me nor Mary Anne is carin' to have you talk about it.

MARY ANNE—(*Proudly*)—Miss Slissy may talk about it all she likes, mother, as far as I'm concerned, why shouldn't she?

MISS SLISSY—Why, Mrs. Simmonds, you surprise me; you ain't got nothin' serious against Billy Barkley, have you?

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Her voice trembling*)—Nothin' except—

MARY ANNE—(*Warningly*)—Mother!

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Impulse overcoming her*)—Except I don't think he's quite an honorable as some young men I've known. There, I will say that much, Mary Anne, even tho' I do know Miss Slissy'll be sure to repeat it.

MISS SLISSY—Repeat it? The idea!

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, I thought maybe—

MISS SLISSY—Not honorable? Um—that'll interest some folks I know.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Dusting furiously*)—Dear me, I'd like to get rid of this dust, and—some other things I could mention.

MISS SLISSY—I can remember that barn dance at the Hilsby's, and Mary Anne wearing that pretty white and blue dress I made for her. Billy danced with her the whole evening and all the other girls settin' around so jealous they almost had a fit.—(*She pauses to see the effect of her words*)—He wasn't here last summer at all, was he?

MARY ANNE—(*With dignity*)—No, he wasn't, Miss Slissy.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Bursting with indignation*)—And it's nothin' against Mary Anne if he wasn't.

MISS SLISSY—Course not. I don't mean no offense. Rich young 'fellows are often apt to trifle with us country girls, not meaning anything you know. We oughtn't to take 'em too serious.—(*She pauses again*)—That Elaine Jewett engaged me by letter to do some sewin' for her at the hotel, beginnin' tomorrow.

MARY ANNE—Indeed!

MISS SLISSY—Shouldn't wonder, considerin' the way they say she and Billy Barkley have been carryin' on in New York last winter, it might be the weddin' trousoo. And that's where I shine.—(*Mary Anne, absently minded, puts a stalk of lilac in the lamp shade. Miss Slissy observes it.*)—Goin' to leave that there like that Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE—(*Removes it*)—I—I didn't notice what I was doing.

MISS SLISSY—(*To Mrs. Simmonds*)—Seems to me Mary Anne's looking kinda droopy.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Snaps*)—No one else says so.

MISS SLISSY—(*To Mary Anne*)—Get yourself another bean. Ain't nothing like it to chirk you up, tho' I must say it's easier said than done.

MARY ANNE—(*Coldly*)—Thank you for the interest.

MISS SLISSY—Oh, I'm always interested. I think most kind hearted folks generally are. Well, I must be goin'.—(*She rises, the others show visible signs of relief*) Ain't got no tea already made, have you? I don't mind if it's stood awhile.

MARY ANNE—Well.—(*Nervously.*)—We're expectin' Aunt Mariah almost anytime now and—

MISS SLISSY—Oh, well, don't bother; but seein' that you'd opened a tea shop I was just going to patronize you some—I'll drop around in a few days and call on your sister if I get time from the sewin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Don't interrupt yourself to do it, Sairy. If it's a weddin', it'll no doubt take most of your time.

MARY ANNE—Mother!

MISS SLISSY—(*To Mary Anne*)—If it wasn't that your Ma's run down and nervous I'd think she was takin' that weddin' to heart some.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, let me tell you this, Miss Slissy, if any man on earth thinks he's good for my Mary Anne—

MARY ANNE—(*Desperately*)—Mother, PLEASE.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Excuse me, Mary Anne, I'm goin' out and make some beat biscuits for dinner, so if you hear me hammerin', you'll know what it is.—(*She glares at Miss Slissy.*)—Good afternoon, Miss Slissy.—(*She exits off R. taking Mary Anne's hat with her.*)

MISS SLISSY—(*Goes to the door L.*)—If it is Miss Jewett's weddin' things, Mary Anne, I'll let you look at them on the Q.T.

MARY ANNE—I don't care to do things on the Q.T., Miss Slissy.

MISS SLISSY—Well, you and your Ma needn't act so high and mighty even though you have got a rich relation comin' to visit you.

MARY ANNE—You've been paid for the-hat?

MISS SLISSY—Yes. I hope you'll like it.

MARY ANNE—So do I.

MISS SLISSY—(*Offended*)—Humph.—(*She exits off L. through the door. Mary Anne standing R. of the table C. slowly sinks into the chair and buries her head in her arms. Betsy enters through the door L., she has the hired man's new boots in her hand, she carries them over and carefully places them on the mantel R. Mary Anne moves to a sitting position and Betsy looks at her.*)

BETSY—Ain't you feelin' well, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE—(*Tries to smile*)—Just a little tired, I think.—(*From the kitchen off R. comes the sound of pounding. Betsy listens, then goes to door R. and looks off.*)

BETSY—Your Ma's whoopin' mad about somethin' an' she's takin' it out on the dough.—(*A motor-horn is heard off L.*)—Maybe that's your aunt now.

MARY ANNE—(*Rises to the door L.*)—Yes, I'm sure it is. It's Aunt Mariah. Tell mother, Betsy.

BETSY—Yes, 'um.—(*She exits off R. Mary Anne stands at the door a moment, then waves her hand to the car which comes nearer, then she runs across the porch and exits L. Mrs. Simmonds comes in from R. followed Betsy. She wipes her hands on her apron.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes, and me all over flour, Run out and help her with the things, Betsy.—(*She gives Betsy a gentle shove toward the door and Betsy exits L. Outside L. Mary Anne is heard.*)

MARY ANNE—Oh, you dear Aunt Mariah!

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Outside*)—Just the same sweet Mary Anne, only sweeter.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Calling off L.*)—There, Mariah, beginnin' to spoil her before you're here two seconds; altho' she is the best girl in the world, I ain't denyin'—Betsy! Bring them things into the house—the hired man's not there, I sent him down to the pasture.—(*Mrs. Sim-*

monds exits to edge of the porch to greet her sister. Mrs. Kirkland, a handsome, well groomed woman three years younger than her sister, enters L. with her arm about Mary Anne.)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*To her sister*)—Amanda, what is the matter with our Mary Anne, she doesn't look like her own bright self at all?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Mebbe she's studyin' too hard. Take off your things.—(*Betsy enters with some rugs. Felice, Mrs. Kirkland's French maid, follows with a satchel and some golf sticks. Mrs. Simmonds speaks to Betsy*)—Betsy, help sister off with that coat. How do you do, Felice.

FELICE—Well, thank you, Madame.—(*Betsy drops the rugs and goes to Mrs. Kirkland, takes her coat, then returns to rugs.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Noting the lilacs*)—For me, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE—Yes, auntie.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Smells some that are still on the table C.*)—Um—the sweet old fashioned things.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Betsy, show Felice where the rooms are and help her with the things.—(*Betsy starts R. with Felice.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Glancing about the room, sees the boots on the mantel, she bursts out laughing.*)—What are they, Amanda, antiques?

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Following her gaze*)—Land sakes if that girl ain't literally took me at my word. Betsy, has that hired man gone down to the pasture without his boots?

BETSY—Well, you told me—

MRS. SIMMONDS—Never mind what I told you, mebbe he ain't gone yet, take 'em out to him, he might run a thorn in his foot and get lockjaw.

BETSY—I think he's already got it.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Never mind what you think, take them out of here and show Felice them two front rooms upstairs.—(*Betsy takes the boots tenderly and exits R. with Felice.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Sits L. of the table C.*)—Well, thank goodness, I'm here and now for a complete rest and a little real country life. Sometimes I envy you, Amanda.

MRS. SIMMONDS—You wouldn't long, when you'd see all the work that's to be done.

MRS. KIRKLAND—What's the idea of the tables on the porch?

MARY ANNE—Why, Auntie, didn't you see the sign? "Tea Room" on the post at the gate?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Tea Room? No, you don't mean to say, Amanda, that you've turned your house into a Tea Shop?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, so many automobile tourists got in the habit of stoppin' for one thing or another and askin' for it—and me givin' it to 'em for nothin',—we thought we might as well increase our income—if there was increasin' to be done.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Mary Anne, I'm ashamed of your mother. If it wer'nt for that "Willowby pride" that's so strong in her, she'd have let me help her and you a long time ago. I feel ashamed myself; just rolling in wealth, not a chick nor a child and you running a Tea Shop.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes, can't a body—

MARY ANNE—We've been happy. Oh it's lots of fun, auntie. And after all, happiness is the thing that counts.—(*There is a sound off L. as a trunk being dumped on the porch.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Looking L.*)—What's that?

MARY ANNE—(*Moves up looking off L.*)—It's your trunk, Auntie. Your chauffeur just brought it to the porch.

MRS. KIRKLAND—My what?

MARY ANNE—Your chauffeur, the man you introduced me to at the car. I didn't catch his name.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Laughs uproariously*)—My chauffeur! Good heavens, I'd almost forgotten him.—(*She rises and moves up calling off L. Humourously*)—Oh! Bring it in here, Watkins.—(*Richard Stanhope, son of one of New York's multi-millionaire's, a tall, athletic youth of 18 years, a boy with a wonderful sense of humor, a quality which Mrs. Kirkland admires and shares with him, enters the door L. with the auto trunk.*)—Place it there, Watkins.

DICK—(*Mystified*)—What's the "Watkins" idea?

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*To Mrs. Simmonds*)—Amanda, this is Watkins, my chauffeur.—(*She laughs again heartily. Dick grins.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Looks at him critically*)—Pretty well dressed for a chauffeur.

MARY ANNE—(*A trifle embarrassed*)—Aunty, you're joking. I've made a mistake.

DICK—(*Good humoredly*)—Not technically, Miss Simmonds. Anyone is a chauffeur; who really "Choffs."

MRS. KIRKLAND—This is Mr. Richard Stanhope of New York who picked me up about 20 miles from here when one of the rear wheels of my car got hopelessly stuck in a frost hole. This hero brought us bag and baggage into town. I have sent a rescuing party from the local garage to look after Randolph.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Pleased to meet you. I was going to tell you to take it upstairs but now I'll wait till the hired man gets back.

DICK—There is no hired in the world can carry this trunk as I can. Besides Mrs. Kirkland promised me a quarter and I want to earn the money.—(*He picks up the trunk and swings it to his shoulder.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, seeing that you're bent on it. Mary Anne, show Mr. Stanhope the front room.—(*Mary Anne moves over to R. followed by Dick.*)

MARY ANNE—(*To Dick*)—Funny—my calling you—the chauffeur.

DICK—Miss Simmonds, you may call me anything you like, even to hard names.—(*Mary Anne smiles and holds the door open R. They exit.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—He's a comical cuss, ain't he?

MRS. KIRKLAND—My dear, his father is worth millions and millions.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes!

MRS. KIRKLAND—He's my pet of all the younger set in New York. He has the greatest sense of humor and not a bit affected, just—a real boy.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Is he with that crowd that are giving the hop at the hotel tonight?

MRS. KIRKLAND—I think he did speak about the hop.

MRS. SIMMONDS—They say the new hotel is the last word in sumptuousness.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Farmdale has needed it sorely I'm afraid.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Goodness I should say so. I've heard the Automobile folks talk about the other one.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why are the young folks from the city particularly interested in Farmdale's new Hotel?

MRS. SIMMONDS—I think it was Billy Barkley's Pa's money that built it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Indeed! Well, that's something to his credit. The Barkley's have made a lot of money in the last two years.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Yes, and there's an old sayin' that some folks can't stand prosperity.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Farmdale a little too small for them now, eh? Has it affected them much?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Some. Especially their son.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Laughs*)—Well, that's one thing they'll never be able to say of Dickie Stanhope.

MRS. SIMMONDS—He's a nice appearin' boy. Real kind of him to give you a lift.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I did the same thing for him one day last summer so we're even.—(*Dick and Mary Anne enter R.*)

DICK—(*To Mrs. Kirkland*)—Any further orders, ma'am?

MRS. KIRKLAND—You're not going back to town tonight are you?

DICK—No, staying over at the new hotel. Billy Barclay is giving a little party there. There's a whole crowd down from town. Henderson, Farnum, Patty Ellison, Trella Webb, Elaine Jewett.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Um—the butterflies. Well, thank you ever so much.

DICK—Not at all. Charmed to have met you Mrs. Simmonds, Miss Simmonds.—(*Dick exits off L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—There, I might have asked him to have a cup of tea.

MARY ANNE—Yes, why didn't we?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oh! some other time will do, but I'll have some, Amanda—no not in here, let's go in the kitchen and I'll help make it. Come on, Mary Anne.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*As they all move to R.*)—Now Mariah, you never will let me help you—

MRS. KIRKLAND—No, and you never shall. I'm here to help myself.—(*Mrs. Simmonds exits R.*)—Mary

Anne, it was sweet of you to pick all these lilacs for me and I love them so.

MARY ANNE—The yard's just full of them Aunty, wait till you see, and a fine bed of tulips—and the nasturtiums are coming along too; they'll be blooming in another week—*(They exit R. closing the door. After a brief pause Elaine Jewett enters at door L. followed by Trella Webb. They are both ultra fashionable girls, about 18 and 19. The stand in the doorway.)*

ELAINE—Doesn't seem to be anyone here.

TRELLA—Isn't there a bell or anything?

ELAINE—I don't see any. I wonder who that was drove away as we came up.

TRELLA—Looked like Dick Stanhope. He's coming down you know.

ELAINE—But what was he doing here?

TRELLA—I don't know. It says tea room on the sign post there.

ELAINE—I wonder if this IS the girl?

TRELLA—This is where Billy said she lived. He's coming up as soon as they fix that tire for him.

ELAINE—"A little country Rose," he said she was—um, and to think he came near marrying her.

TRELLA—I don't think you need worry; Billy Barclay's no fool; he'll marry his social equal, you can be sure of that. Why—*(the door R. opens and Mary Anne enters.)*

MARY ANNE—Why, Miss Jewett, I didn't know that you were here.

ELAINE—Goodness it's the girl I met here two summers ago. My dear, the sign said a "Tea Room" we looked for a bell to call someone—oh—this is Miss Webb.

MARY ANNE—*(To Trella)*—How do you do?

TRELLA—I'd be better if I had some tea.

MARY ANNE—*(Sweetly)*—I'll call Betsy.

ELAINE—And don't forget to come back, I'd like to speak with you for a moment.

MARY ANNE—Certainly.—*(Mary Anne exits R.)*

TRELLA—She certainly is pretty.

ELAINE—Let me talk to her alone will you?

TRELLA—What are you going to say?

ELAINE—I want to find out for sure about Billy.

TRELLA—Why you don't think he'd prefer this little country thing to you, do you?

ELAINE—Then what's he coming up here for?

TRELLA—What does any boy do anything for? He used to live in this town, they went to school together. Naturally he must say how do you do to some of his old friends.

ELAINE—Yes, but she was more than a friend, she was.—(*Mary Anne enters R.*)

MARY ANNE—Tea will be here in a moment.

ELAINE—Thank you, Miss—Miss—I beg your pardon, I have forgotten your name.

MARY ANNE—Mary Anne Simmonds.

TRELLA—(*Laughing*)—Don't they have the oddest names in the country!

MARY ANNE—(*A little offended*)—Oh! Is it odd?

ELAINE—Trella, stop. Don't pay any attention to her Miss Simmonds, she'd laugh at anything. Come over and sit with me on the sofa I want to ask you something.

TRELLA—(*Looks out the door L.*)—That hammock looks cute and cosy! Please serve my tea out there when it comes.—(*She exits L. Mary Anne goes and sits L. with Elaine. Elaine is beautifully gowned and Mary Anne forms a poor contrast to her.*)

MARY ANNE—What was it you wanted to ask me, Miss Jewett?

ELAINE—How did you come to remember my name so well?

MARY ANNE—It's only been two summers since you were here, and then I've heard your name often since—

ELAINE—Since when?

MARY ANNE—Since I heard you were coming here to spend the summer in the Barclay cottage.

ELAINE—(*Innocently*)—Oh, you know Billy Barclay then?

MARY ANNE—Quite well. We used to go to school together. I've known him all my life.

ELAINE—Then I imagine you're just the one to tell me what I want to know.

MARY ANNE—Why, what?

ELAINE—It's something I can't very well ask Billy about myself—Was there anyone around here he used to be—well in love with? A chum of his hinted as much.

MARY ANNE—(*A little coldly*)—Why do you wish to know that, Miss Jewett?

ELAINE—Well, naturally before a girl makes up her mind to accept a young man, she wants to find out all she can about his former affairs.

MARY ANNE—(*In a low voice*)—Oh! I understand.

ELAINE—Then there WAS a girl he was fond of?

MARY ANNE—There was a girl who thought he was fond of her, but she knows better now.

ELAINE—Oh!

MARY ANNE—(*Reflectively*)—But she hasn't any hold on him; none in the least. There'll never be any scenes, no reproaches; I suppose that's what you wanted to feel sure of, isn't it?

ELAINE—Of course. This other girl—who was she?

MARY ANNE—I hardly think I ought to tell her name.

ELAINE—But at least you can tell me what she looks like.

MARY ANNE—You'd call her a little country bumpkin I suppose. She wore gingham dresses and her hair in pigtails, when he first knew her. When she believed every word he said to her as if it were the gospel truth.—(*Out side on the porch can be heard a soft gurgle as if Trella was suppressing laughter. Mary Anne hears it and rises to C. past the table.*)

ELAINE—(*Tries to make it appear she has not heard this*)—Poor little thing. Pigtales and gingham, eh? Well, things have changed for Billy since then. His people have become so very rich, she can't expect him to notice her so much, now that his father has a home in Newport, as when they were just the Barclays of Farmdale.

MARY ANNE—No, I suppose not.

ELAINE—What became of this little country bumpkin. Did she fall in love with some farmhand in overalls and a blue flannel shirt?

MARY ANNE—That's what she should have done, perhaps, but she didn't. She just kept on loving him and believing in him and hoping that someday—(*She breaks off to hide her emotion*)—But she knows now that it's over. She doesn't laugh quite as much as she did in the pigtail days but outside of that you'd scarcely notice any change in her at all.

ELAINE—Of course she won't like the idea of losing him. A fellow with his money isn't picked up every day.

MARY ANNE—She never thought of his money, not once. Besides when they were engaged, he didn't have a penny, he—

ELAINE—Oh, you're getting quite excited over it.

MARY ANNE—(*Realizing that she is and flustered*) Oh, that's natural. You see, she was quite a good friend of mine.

ELAINE—Indeed.

MARY ANNE—(*Looking for a chance to escape*)—I'll hurry Betsy with the tea.

ELAINE—Make it three, Billy Barelay is going to join us here in a few minutes.

MARY ANNE—(*Panic-stricken*)—Mr. Barelay—he—he's coming here?

ELAINE—Yes, you have no objections, I hope.

MARY ANNE—Yes—no—that is—of course not. I'll hurry Betsy.—(*Mary Anne exits R. Trella enters from L. She has overheard it all.*)

TRELLA—She's the one all right.

ELAINE—I just wanted to be sure. He's talked of her all winter, I've been crazy to see what she looked like, Humph! A "Rose" he called her.

TRELLA—Yes, she is, a "Tea Rose."—(*Trella laughs loudly. Betsy enters with tea tray, service for three and biscuits. Trella looks at her.*)—Goodness! What's this?

BETSY—Tea.

ELAINE—(*Points C.*)—Serve it there.

BETSY—Ain't going to have it in here are you?

ELAINE—Why not?

BETSY—Cause the tea table is all on the porch. We only bring 'em in when it rains.

ELAINE—But we prefer it here.—(*They pause looking at each other.*)

BETSY—Going to eat it standin' up or sittin' down.

TRELLA—(*Laughs*)—Isn't she funny.

ELAINE—(*Points to the center table.*)—Put it there.

BETSY—Yes, 'um.—(*Betsy puts the tray on the organ stool and moves things from the center table, then takes a small cloth from the tray and lays the table center with the simple service. The two girls stroll to the door L. look-*

ing off. There is a pause. Then Betsy speaks.)—This tea is made just the way HE likes it.

ELAINE—He? Who?

BETSY—The hired man.

TRELLA—*(Laughing)*—I'll die. I know I shall.—
(An auto horn is heard off L.)

ELAINE—*(To Trella)*—I think he's coming.

BETSY—No'm he ain't. He's down in the pasture.

ELAINE—*(To Betsy)*—Who?

BETSY—The hired man.

ELAINE—*(Haughtily)*—I wasn't referring to any hired man. I haven't the honor of one's acquaintance.

BETSY—Would you like to meet him?

ELAINE—No. Good Heavens!—*(Trella nearly collapses.)*

BETSY—No. I suppose not. He wouldn't either. He's as bashful as you are—Mary Anne told me to ask if there was anything else you wanted.

ELAINE—No, thank you.—*(Betsy pauses, not going. Elaine thinks she will get rid of her.)*—You'd better go back to the kitchen I think I smell something burning.

BETSY—Mebbe it's that cake I'm bakin' for dinner.—*(She goes slowly to door R.)*—Ain't that too bad after all my work.

TRELLA—Isn't she killing.—*(Goes to the table and looks at the food)*—These biscuits look good.—*(Elaine joins her. Pours tea. Henderson enter L. Henderson first.)*

HENDERSON—*(Calling off L.)*—Come on, Billy, here they are.

TRELLA—*(Playfully)*—YOU are just in time, but not expected.—*(Barclay enters L.)*

HENDERSON—*(Back of the center table)*—My nose not counted?

ELAINE—Only three cups.

BILLY—I don't want any.

HENDERSON—I'm for it.

BILLY—*(To the girls)*—See Mary Anne yet?

ELAINE—She was here a while ago.

BILLY—Did you tell her I was coming?

ELAINE—Yes, and she ran away.

BILLY—Ran away? What for? Hmm! It WILL seem a little strange to meet her again.—*(The others are partaking of the tea by this time.)*

ELAINE—Oh, you expect to meet her?

BILLY—Naturally, of course. Why? Doesn't she want to see me?

ELAINE—(*Shrugs her shoulders*)—She didn't say.

BILLY—(*Walking about at back*)—The old house looks just the same. There's the old fireplace and the organ.

ELAINE—(*Sarcastically*)—Where she used to sing "Sweet Genevieve."

TRELLA—(*Laughing*)—No, I'll bet it was "Marguerite." Marguerite, The Star of Hope—

BILLY—Well, if you want to know just what it was, it was "In the Gloaming," and Mary Anne could sing it too.

ELAINE—Can she play the Eukalala?

BILLY—No.

HENDERSON—Is she pretty?

BILLY—She used to be—eyes like violets.

ELAINE—(*Pettishly*)—If you want to see the violets eyes again, you'll probably find them out in the kitchen.—(*Billy hesitates, the situation becomes awkward.*)

BILLY—Well, we used to have some good times together.—(*He knocks on the door R. Betsy opens it.*)

BETSY—Yes, sir.

BILLY—Is Mary Anne at home?

BETSY—Yes, she's puttin' on her new clothes, she's going to the store.

BILLY—Tell her to come down as soon as she can.

BETSY—Yes, sir.—(*She exits.*)

ELAINE—(*Uppishly*)—All in your honor.

BILLY—What?

ELAINE—The change of costumes.

BILLY—Absurd.

TRELLA—Where do these country people get their ideas of style?

BILLY—I wish she'd hurry up.

ELAINE—What are you going to do?

BILLY—See if she won't come to the party tonight.

ELAINE—With US?

BILLY—Of course.

ELAINE—You're crazy.

BILLY—Why so?

ELAINE—Why she's waiting on the table here.

BILLY—(*Astonished*)—Waiting on the table?

ELAINE—What do you think we are? I'm sure I can't meet a girl like that on terms of social equality.

BILLY—(*Looking about*)—Why, what IS this?

TRELLA—They're running a Tea Shop—

BILLY—I don't see why—

ELAINE—Don't be silly. It's out of the question.

TRELLA—She's a "Jay," my boy. Wait till you see her.

BILLY—Why she used to be—

ELAINE—(*Pleading*)—Aw, now Billy, you don't want to ask her—

BILLY—But—

ELAINE—Oh, all right. I'm going then, and you can do as you please.—(*She rises and goes L. Henderson lays a bill on the table in payment of the check, moves L. with Trella and Elaine.*)

BILLY—Aw—wait, Elaine! If you think I'd better not, why—

ELAINE—Of course not. Why it's only for her own good. The poor thing wears the most atrocious dresses. She'd be mortified to death. I'm sure I would.

BILLY—Well, I hadn't—(*The door R. opens and Mary Anne appears in her new dress which is a trifle country though not exaggerated, with the terrible Slissy Millinery creation on her head. Trella bursts out laughing, but immediately smothers it.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Drawing back*)—Oh, I thought the others had—

BILLY—(*Going to her awkwardly, afraid of the others*)—Hello, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE—(*Shyly*)—I was afraid you had forgotten me—Mr. Barclay.

BILLY—(*Stammers*)—Well, hardly—

TRELLA—(*Aside to Elaine*)—Isn't that dress the funniest—

ELAINE—Sh—

BILLY—(*To Mary Anne; embarrassed*)—Er—how is your mother?

MARY ANNE—She's quite well.

ELAINE—(*Aside to Trella*)—And the hat, did you ever see such a—

BILLY—(*Confused, looking about*)—Everything looks just the same as it always did.

MARY ANNE—Yes.

BILLY—Charlie Westgate and the girls still live across the street?

MARY ANNE—Yes. Only Charlie's accepted a position with his Uncle in Bridgeport; and Annie, that was the oldest girl, you remember, she's gone away to boarding school. Edna's still here with the folks.

BILLY—How's Peggy, your old horse? Still ride as much as you used to?

MARY ANNE—No, not as much. Peggy's getting too old. Mother still drives her to the buckboard, to town and back.—(*Trella allows an audible giggle to escape her which she tries to smother; Mary Anne looks across at her in embarrassment.*)

TRELLA—I don't think we ought to listen to all this gossip.

ELAINE—(*Aside to her*)—Sh—Billy will be furious if he sees you laughing at her.

TRELLA—Well, you've been doing it yourself.

BILLY—(*To Mary*)—Seems awfully good to see you again Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE—Yes, doesn't it.

BILLY—What's become of your chum, Fanny Merton?

MARY ANNE—Fanny went to New York a year ago. Her father died and she and her mother have gone into the Salvation Army for—(*Trella explodes at this and Elaine tries to cover it*)

ELAINE—We'll wait for you in the car Billy.

BILLY—I'm coming right along. Well, goodbye Mary Anne, I'll see you again before I go back and—(*Dick Stanhope enters the door L. He carries a small silk handbag.*)

DICK—Hello, people.

TRELLA—Oh, hello Dick, I thought I saw you a while ago.—(*Dick goes across to Mary Anne.*)

DICK—(*To Mary*)—Where's Auntie "Kirk," she left all her wealth in the car.

MARY ANNE—She's in back with mother; here I'll show you.—(*She opens the door R. and Mary and Dick exit. The others staring after them in amazement.*)

ELAINE—(*Questioning*)—Auntie Kirk???

HENDERSON—Has he an Aunt by that name?

BILLY—That's funny.

TRELLA—I never heard of her.

ELAINE—Come on, I've had enough of this place anyhow.

TRELLA—Did anybody pay the check?

HENDERSON—Yes, I did.

TRELLA—Good for you.—(*They stroll off L.*)

BILLY—Left her wealth in the car? What did he mean by that?

ELAINE—I'm sure I don't know, and care less. Come on, Billy.—(*They exit. They have disappeared by this time. After a pause Mrs. Simmonds appears R. preceded by Betsy.*)

BETSY—(*To Mrs. Simmonds*)—Yes, they're gone.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I ain't objecting to trade, except when it's trade you ain't looking for, and don't want, then it's upsettin'.

BETSY—Yes, um.

MRS. SIMMONDS—What did that Jewett girl want to come up here for after what Miss Slissy just told us about her.

BETSY—What did Miss Slissy tell you?

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Take money on table*)—Betsy, I ain't talkin' to you.

BETSY—Yes, um.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I was talkin' to myself. Take away these tea things.—(*Betsy gathers them up. Betsy takes the tray up on the organ stool. Mrs. Kirkland and Mary Anne enter R. Mrs. Kirkland has her arm about her. Mary Anne is crying.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Now, Mary Anne, you tell me what's troubling you. Don't say there's nothing, for I felt it the moment I came into this house, Amanda, I found her crying in the pantry.

MARY ANNE—(*Sobbing. She sits R. of table C.*)—I was feelin' a little downcast over—something. But I didn't mean to show it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—No, you're not—much.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I think it was that Jewett girl comin' here, that upset her.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Elaine Jewett?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Yes, and Billy Barclay too—

MARY ANNE—Mumsey, dear, please let's not talk about him any more.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, Miss Slissy—

MARY ANNE—Miss Slissy is the worst gossip in the neighborhood, she'll repeat what you said, everywhere.

MRS. KIRKLAND—High, ho! High, ho! What's all this? Billy Barelay? and Elaine Jewett? What's in the air?—*(No one answers, Mrs. Kirkland continues)*—Well, what is it Amanda, can't you speak? Mary Anne, what is all this about Billy Barelay? Are you crying on account of him.

MARY ANNE—*(Nods, still sobbing)*—Um—

MRS. KIRKLAND—What!

MARY ANNE—I was engaged to Billy Barelay once.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why you never told me. When?

MARY ANNE—Summer before last. We made a sort of boy and girl compact to keep it secret, I don't know why.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Um—so he's here on your account.

MARY ANNE—No, Auntie, he's forgotten all about me and I didn't want everyone to find it out.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I recon mebbe he's got it in his head that Mary Anne's beneath him.

MARY ANNE—No, mother, I'm sure it isn't that.—*(To Mrs. Kirkland)*—Something happened, and he stopped writing little by little, then altogether. I don't know why. And when he was here just now—*(Betsy has remained unnoticed up by the organ.)*

MRS. KIRKLAND—*(Indignant)*—You mean to tell me, Amanda, that any man has had the effrontry to jilt my niece?

MARY ANNE—You forget, Auntie, he is William Barelay of New York and Newport, now.

MRS. KIRKLAND—And I am Mrs. Drexel Kirkland of New York and Lennox, and you are my sister's child.

MARY ANNE—Perhaps it was natural that he should grow tired of me.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I resent anyone growing tired of my relations.—*(To Mrs. Simmonds)*—But he was here just now—Why did he come; if—

BETSY—He came to ask Mary Anne to go to the party tonight, but the others wouldn't let him.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Wouldn't let him?—*(To Betsy)* How do you know?

BETSY—I was list'ning at the keyhole and I heard 'em talkin' about it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—What did they say?

BETSY—That Jewett girl said she couldn't meet Mary Anne as a social equal, 'cause she was waitin' on the table here—and that was a lie, 'cause I do it myself.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Boiling*)—Oh, she said that, did she?

BETSY—And they made fun of Mary Anne's clothes.

MARY ANNE—There you see, that's the whole trouble. When I look at Elaine Jewett and myself, I realize how hopelessly countrified I am.

MRS. KIRKLAND—You're worth four of her.

MARY ANNE—She's beautiful. Look at me with my brown arms and face. My country made dresses—this hat.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Mrs Kirkland is fussing*)—Miss Slissy should get twenty years for making that hat.

MARY ANNE—Elain's hats and gowns come from Paris.—She is beautiful, cultivated. No, I've no right to expect him to think of me now, and I'm a fool to care.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Cultivated? I'll bet she don't know a thing more than you do. Professor Saunders of the High School, says that when Mary Anne gets started there ain't a finer conversationalist in Farmdale.

MARY ANNE—Auntie, I'm sorry. You must think I'm silly. I know, but it did upset me a little especially after what happened two summers ago. But what hurt me the most was, I KNEW they were laughing at me.—(*She bursts into tears again and buries her face in her arms on the table C.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*At a tip from Mrs. Kirkland*)—Betsy, I think I hear the hired man a callin' you.

BETSY—Yes'um. He wants his boots I recon.—(*She exits R. with the tea tray.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—So, Billy Barclay came up to ask you to go to the party and then lost his nerve because they twitted him, eh?

MARY ANNE—I couldn't go anyhow, Auntie, I woudn't go.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I know the Jewetts like a book. She's just like her mother.

MARY ANNE—"Mary Anne," I suppose he even thinks the name is ridiculous and out of date, while "Elaine" is beautiful and poetic.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Contemptuously*)—Fiddlesticks.

MARY ANNE—I don't blame him now that I have seen her again. I'm homely, dowdy in comparison.

MRS. KIRKLAND—My dear, you imagine you care for Billy Barclay, just because you've never seen anyone else.

MARY ANNE—No. It was just because—

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well?

MARY ANNE—Just because—it was Billy.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Um—I'm afraid It's a bad case. Well, there's no reason you can't have him if you want him.

MARY ANNE—How can I? He doesn't want ME. He's HERS.

MRS. KIRKLAND—How do you know he is?

MARY ANNE—She said so.

MRS. KIRKLAND—They're not engaged.

MARY ANNE—But—

MRS. KIRKLAND—Nonsense, I know the Jewetts. If they were, Elaine's mother would be megaphoning it to the whole outside world. What did he say, when he wrote breaking it off with you?

MARY ANNE—He didn't write, that's just it. If he had, I would have known, and not been kept waiting like a silly little fool. I don't think he meant to be cruel. It was just as though I were a little mouse he wanted to drown, but didn't have the courage.—(*Betsy enters R.*)

BETSY—That foreign French girl wants to know—

MRS. KIRKLAND—You tell that foreign French girl to come here at once.

BETSY—Yes, 'um.

MRS. KIRKLAND—And is that nice gentleman who gave you the dollar still playing with the dog in the back yard? Tell him to come.

BETSY—Yes, um. It was two dollars.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, tell him to come twice.

BETSY—Yes, 'um.—(*Betsy exits off R.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes, don't tell her to say that, she'll do it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'll see about this jilting business.

MARY ANNE—Aunty, what do you intend to do?

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'm going to New York.

MARY ANNE—You're surely not going to let my foolish trouble drive you away; I'll brace up and be cheerful, I promise. Mother, make her stay.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Alarmed*)—I'll kill the best chicken on the farm for your dinner and we'll have—

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'm going to New York and Mary Anne's going with me.

MARY ANNE—(*Astounded*)—Me!!

MRS. KIRKLAND—You.—(*Felice enters R. She is followed by Dick, who goes over I. and Betsy.*)—Felice! Don't unpack, we are going away the first thing in the morning.

FELICE—Oui, Madame.

MARY ANNE—But I don't understand.

DICK—(*To Mrs. Kirkland*)—Want me.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes.—(*Then musingly*)—What a hardened old sinner I've been; I've loved Mary Anne so, as she was, a little country blossom, I hated to see anything different. Forgetting all the while, that a girl sees things with other eyes. I shall DO something now.

MRS. SIMMONDS—But Mariah, you said you were all run down and needed a rest.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Did I? Well I was mistaken, what I need is excitement.

MARY ANNE—What do you mean, Auntie?

MRS. KIRKLAND—The excitement of backing you against Elaine Jewett and seeing which will come out ahead.

MARY ANNE—Why, Auntie!

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, and we'll have one good fling at them before we go. Dick, you're going to the party at the hotel tonight.

DICK—I know I am.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, but what you don't know is, you're going to take Mary Anne and me.

DICK—(*Grins*)—Fine.

MARY ANNE—But Auntie, I have no clothes—this—

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'll fix that.—(*To Dick*)—What time is it?

DICK—(*Looks at his watch*)—Four o'clock.

MRS. KIRKLAND—How long would it take a careful driver to bring a motor car full of gowns down here?

MARY ANNE—(*Gasps*)—Oh!

DICK—(*Calmly*)—About three hours.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Get Madame Blanche on the long distance for me, like a good boy. The number is Plaza 3800.

DICK—Sure.—(*He goes up stage and takes the phone which stands on the organ.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'll give Elaine Jewett something to talk about.—(*Contemptuously*)—Waiting on the table indeed!

MARY ANNE—Auntie! I can't realize that you—

MRS. KIRKLAND—Wait till they see you at that party tonight on the arm of Dickie Stanhope. Dickie, you make love to Mary Anne tonight all you know how.

DICK—(*At phone grinning*)—Fine.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Violent love.

MARY ANNE—(*Embarrassed*)—Oh Auntie!

MRS. KIRKLAND—We'll make Billy Barclay so jealous he'll want to fight; and Elaine Jewett so envious, she'll want to scream.

DICK—(*In phone*)—Toll operator, I want to get 3800 Plaza, New York City.—(*The following scene between Mrs. Kirkland and Felice is spoken in rapid French, both gesticulating wildly with their hands. Mrs. Kirkland places a chair C. and seats Mary Anne between them.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Felice! Regardez—

FELICE—(*Coming down*)—Oui, Madame.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Je voudrais que vous vous chargiez complètement de la toilette de cette jeune dame. Nous choisirons les robes les plus belles et a la mode, sans regard au prix.

FELICE—Ah! Mademoiselle, en crepe de chine de soie blanche, seulement avec un collier de perles. Sa coiffure a la Rosaire, Ah! Madame, elle serait charmante.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oui, oui, et les escarpins, il ne faut pas oublier les escarpins. Et le manteau, le manteau. Seulement un peu de bleu Tourquoise dans quelque part. Ne pensez-vous pas?

FELICE—Ah! Oui, Madame, Oui.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Je vais demander une douzaine de combinaisons et nous choisirons les plus appropriées, blanc et rose qui sont toujours jolies ou bien blanc et bleu avec un peu de rose.

FELICE—Ah! Oui, oui.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Who has been listening in open-mouthed amazement now breaks in*)—Land sakes, Mariah, what ARE you jabberin' about in that foreign tongue?

DICK—(*In the phone*)—Is this 3800 Plaza?

MRS. SIMMONDS—And a body not understandin' a word you're sayin'. I declare I never heard such goin's on in all my life.—(*Mary Anne has been listening in amazement looking from one to the other. Mrs. Kirkland touches Mary Anne's hair, paying no attention to her sister, continues the conversation with Felice.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Sa coiffure a la Rosaire? Je ne suis pas sure si cela me plairait. Sa figure est un peu legere, peut etre quelque chose de plus simple irait mieux. (*Felice expostulates in a loud burst, Dickie is speaking at the phone, and amid this babble of French and English the curtain descends. Mrs. Kirkland going to phone.*)

CURTAIN.

NOTE—The following is the English translation of the foregoing scene between Mrs. Kirkland and Felice.

TRANSLATION OF THE END OF ACT I.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Felice!

FELICE—Yes; Madame.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I want you to take full charge of this young lady's toilet, we will select the most beautiful and becoming frocks regardless of expense.

FELICE—(*In ecstasy at the thought*)—Ah, Mademoiselle in white crepe de chine, with just a necklace of pearls; her hair, a la Rosaire; Ah, Madame she would be exquisite.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Rapidly with a shrug*)—Yes yes, and the slippers; we must not forget the slippers; and the cloak, the cloak. Just a touch of turquoise blue somewhere, don't you think?

FELICE—I shall order a dozen combinations and we shall select whatever will be most becoming, etc., etc.—(*Mary Anne stands listening entranced. Mrs. Simmonds in open-mouthed amazement. Finally she can't stand it any longer and breaks in.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes, Mariah, what ARE you jabbering about in that foreign tongue?

DICK—(*At the phone*)—Is this 3800 Plaza?

MRS. SIMMONDS—And a body not understandin' a WORD, you're sayin'.—(*Mary Anne goes to Mrs. Kirkland and kneels listening*)—I DECLARE. I never heard such goin's on in ALL my life.—(*Mrs. Kirkland unmindful of her sister's words continues her conversation with Felice. She touches Mary Anne's hair and suggests a suitable coiffure, etc., etc. and amid this babble the curtain descends.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—Parlor of rather pretentious Summer Hotel at Farmdale. Up Center is a large arch to hall which leads off to the office R. and to the diningroom L. On the L. is an arch with folding doors which leads in to the diningroom, which has been cleared for the dance. The lighting is modern electric.

On either side of the arch C. are ladies writing tables with lamps, etc. A fireplace R. down stage. A divan near it. A table stands at L.C. with chair.

There is music and dancing in the room L.

TIME—It is about 9 o'clock of the same evening as Act I.

DISCOVERED—Trella and Henderson. Trella is just seating herself on the divan L. and Henderson is with her. They have just finished a dance.

The music has stopped.

Patty Ellison and Teddy Farnum enter from arch L. arm in arm.

TRELLA—Godness gracious, I believe I'm tired.

HENDERSON—I was just beginning to strike my pace. You'll save the supper dance for me?

TRELLA—You bet I will. Don't I always?—*(She smiles at him. Henderson strolls up to C. where he is joined by Teddy. Patty goes to Trella.)*

TRELLA—That's a pretty gown, Patty.

PATTY—You don't think it too extreme?

TRELLA—Oh, no. With your figure you can wear anything. Where's Elaine?

PATTY—Sitting this one out with Billy Barclay, on the porch. She's danced with no one else so far.

TRELLA—It's what they call "confiscation."

PATTY—"Stingy" I would say. He's the best dancer here.

TRELLA—What's the matter with Teddy?.

PATTY—Well he IS light on his feet for one so robust; but he doesn't impart that delightful sensation of manly strength that Billy Barclay does, when he puts his arm about you.

TRELLA—Oh, it's a heavenly feeling—*(Sits up)*—But you'd better be careful Elaine doesn't hear you, she'll have her fingers in your hair.

PATTY—Is she jealous?

TRELLA—Jealous? “Oh, Sister Lucy.”

PATTY—Well, I don’t want him.

TRELLA—Let’s sneak off and have a cigarette with the boys.

PATTY—Can’t, I promised Teddy I swear off.

TRELLA—Swear off? Why you just started.

PATTY—I know but Teddy has scruples.

TRELLA—Strikes me Teddy is “Little but, Oh, My!”

PATTY—Now Trella if you’re going to be disagreeable, I’m—

TRELLA—Aw—silly, I was only kidding.—(*Miss Slissy, in much finery appears at the arch center from the office. She speaks to Teddy and Henderson who are smoking in the hall.*)

MISS SLISSY—Good evening.

TRELLA—(*Looking at Miss Slissy*)—Oh! Goodness! Look who’s here.—(*Patty rises and crosses to L. Teddy comes down. Miss Slissy comes down C. Henderson to the back of the divan.*)

MISS SLISSY—I was looking for Miss Jewett.

TRELLA—She’s in there somewhere.—(*She points L.*)

MISS SLISSY—(*Sizing up the men*)—You’re having a lovely party, aint you?

TRELLA—Almost.—(*Music.*)

MISS SLISSY—I do love to see the young folk enjoy themselves, you are enjoying it, I suppose?

TRELLA—(*Looking at Slissy’s hat*)—I wasn’t, but I am now.

MISS SLISSY—I love parties.

TRELLA—Do you indeed?

MISS SLISSY—Oh, yes. Everyone says I’m always the life of every party I go to.

TRELLA—I can understand it.—(*To Patty*)—Patty, isn’t that a lovely hat she’s wearing?—(*Patty moves away with a sign to Trella not to tease her.*)

MISS SLISSY—(*Pleased*)—Do you like it?

TRELLA—I never saw anything like it.

MISS SLISSY—It’s my own design. I’m Miss Slissy, the dressmaker and milliner of Farmdale.

TRELLA—Oh, yes, isn’t that nice.

PATTY—(*Referring to the hat and sorry for Slissy*) I think it’s quite pretty and simple.

TRELLA—(*Innocently*)—It's SIMPLE all right.

MISS SLISSY—Didn't cost over \$4.00.—(*Takes it off*)—Look at them ribbons—and that bow, isn't that saucy?

TRELLA—It's impertinent.

MISS SLISSY—I do work for the very best people in town.

TRELLA—Are you doing anything for Miss Jewett?

MISS SLISSY—Well, I hope to start tomorrow.

TRELLA—(*Smiling*)—Heavens, I don't see how that girl expects the rest of us to keep up with her. The way she spends her money—

HENDERSON—It's frightful.

MISS SLISSY—(*To Trella*)—My store's on the main street, right next to the Post Office. Come in and see me sometime.

TRELLA—I wouldn't miss it.

MISS SLISSY—I have two girls working for me, keeps 'em busy most of the time.

TRELLA—I should think it would.—(*Elaine and Barclay enter L.*)—Here's Miss Jewett now.

MISS SLISSY—Oh, how de do, Miss Jewett. I'm Miss Slissy.

ELAINE—(*Annoyed*)—I can't be bother'd now, come and see me tomorrow.

MISS SLISSY—Well, I thought I'd drop around tonight and see what time you wanted me to come tomorrow, I can leave the store anytime, one of my girls I made forelady and she waits on the customers when I'm out.

ELAINE—Come right after breakfast.

MISS SLISSY—About half past six?

ELAINE—Good gracious. Half past eleven.

MISS SLISSY—Land sakes, I'm ready for dinner at that time.—(*The music starts*)—Isn't that a lovely tune they're playing?—(*Elaine and Barclay stroll up stage. Slissy comes to Trella.*)

TRELLA—Do you dance, Miss Slissy?

MISS SLISSY—Mercy, I should say I do. I was up to Bridgeport three weeks one winter, and took the whole course.

TRELLA—You ought to be good.

TEDDY—(*To Trella*)—This is where you dance with the "Teddy Bear."

MISS SLISSY—"Teddy Bear," ain't that cute. He looks just like one.

TEDDY—Thank you.

TRELLA—(*Rising*)—Teddy, I'll never forgive you. Such opportunities come but once in a lifetime.—(*With ill concealed mirth Trella goes off L. with Teddy.*)

MISS SLISSY—(*Turning up to Elaine*)—Well, I suppose I'd better see you tomorrow, Miss Jewett.

ELAINE—Yes, do.

MISS SLISSY—(*Who is loathe to go*)—Are there any extra young gentlemen at the party?

ELAINE—No, we're pretty well matched as far as I can see.

MISS SLISSY—How de do, Billy.

BILLY—Good evening, Miss Slissy.

MISS SLISSY—Ain't seen you down here in a long time.

BILLY—No.

MISS SLISSY—Not since the Barn Dance at the Hillsby's, when you and—(*Elaine has gone down R. to the divan. Billy leaves Miss Slissy and goes to Elaine.*)

BILLY—(*To Miss Slissy*)—Excuse me.—(*To Elaine*) Shall we try this one or are you going to sit them all out?

ELAINE—Everyone seems to know you quite WELL in Farmdale.

MISS SLISSY—(*Down C.*)—Lord! I've known Billy Barclay ever since he was knee high to a duck. I remember once when he was about 10 years old—

BILLY—Oh, excuse me, Miss Slissy, but I'm engaged just now—(*To Elaine*)—Shall we try this one or are you going to sit them all out?

ELAINE—Let's rest here for a moment.—(*To Miss Slissy.*)—Good night, Miss Slissy. See you tomorrow.

MISS SLISSY—(*Looking into the room, L.*)—I wonder if they'd mind if I sat and watched 'em for a spell.

BILLY—Perhaps not. But be careful of those naughty boys, some of them are heart breakers.

MISS SLISSY—(*Giggles*)—Oh, go on, you always was such a joker.—(*She timidly exits into room L.*)

ELAINE—I'm not sure I'll be able to stand her.

BILLY—There's one goes with every town this size.

ELAINE—Oh, well, no doubt she can give me the gossip, and some of it might interest me.

BILLY—For instance,

ELAINE—You seemed to find it hard to tear yourself away from the tea shop this afternoon.—(*Billy sits on divan with her.*)

BILLY—Well, I've known Mary Anne ever since she was born. We were quite good friends.

ELAINE—Yes, so I've heard.

BILLY—I wonder why they had to open that tea shop? I thought her father was quite well off when he died and—

ELAINE—Gives them something to do. I should think they'd need it.—(*Shrugs.*)—Ugh! Must be terrible to live all your life in a town like this.

BILLY—They have a nice farm.

ELAINE—But no theatres, no dances, except country ones. I should go mad. And the clothes they wear.

BILLY—She used to wear more becoming clothes.

ELAINE—Doesn't speak well for Miss Slissy, does it. Thank goodness it's only some plain work she's to do for me.—(*The music stops.*)

BILLY—(*Looking L.*)—That's another one gone.—(*Teddy Farnum crosses the stage at back toward the office. Trella and Patty, with Henderson and Charlie Mason come on L.*)

TRELLA—(*To Elaine*)—You people are having a lovely party, aren't you. You danced the last one on the porch and this one in the parlor.

ELAINE—I'm tired.

TRELLA—Well, you needn't monopolize Billy if you are.

HENDERSON—Yes. These girls get tired dancing with us beginners all the time.

PATTY—Now Lloyd. I said you dance beautifully, you know I did.

HENDERSON—I only stepped on your toe twice, didn't I.

PATTY—No, it was three times. But the last one didn't hurt very much.

TRELLA—Has anybody seen "Dickie" Stanhope? I promised him a dance.

HENDERSON—Not I.

BARCLAY—I wonder where he is?

ELAINE—(*Looking at her wrist watch.*)—It's nine o'clock. He'd better hurry up.

PATTY—I had that second dance with him and sat it out like a tulip stuck against the wall.

TRELLA—No, a carnation! And a red one at that. Every time I looked at you, you were blushing with indignation to the roots of your hair.

PATTY—(*Peeved*)—Um—aren't you expressive!—
(*Teddy Farnum enters C. from R.*)

TEDDY—(*Estatically*)—Oh boy! Oh Baby Boy!

BILLY—What's the matter with you?

TEDDY—(*Not seeing Patty*)—Talk about your stunning "Doll Babies" wait till you see the limpid queen Dickie Stanhope's brought to the party.

MASON—Who is she?

TEDDY—I don't know, but she's a bird.

PATTY—Teddy Farnum, I'm surprised at you.

TEDDY—(*Goes to her*)—Why Patty, I—

TRELLA—You say she's pretty?

TEDDY—Pretty? She's wonderful.

PATTY—Teddy!

TEDDY—Well, Pat, she is.

ELAINE—Who can it be?

BILLY—Where are they?

TEDDY—He just led her in from his car. I got one flash from those violet eyes and—

BILLY—Violet?—(*Elaine gets this and so does Trella.*)

ELAINE—(*Sarcastically*)—Billy's favorite flower.—
(*To Teddy*)—How is she dressed?

TEDDY—Like Cinderella at the ball.

ELAINE—Oh, then it couldn't be—(*Dick Stanhope C. from R. enters, with Mary Anne upon his arm. Dick is immaculate in evening dress and Mary Anne a vision of loveliness, in a white evening dress of most exquisite material and design. She wears a light evening wrap also very costly. She is followed by Felice. The whole thing has been staged and arranged by Mrs. Kirkland. Felice remains up stage.*)

DICK—(*Grinning*)—Hello, people. Little late, but better than never. You all know Miss Simmonds I'm sure—no, I'm mistaken. There are some who haven't had

the pleasure.—(*Introduces.*)—Miss Ellison, Mr. Mason, Miss Marion Simmonds of this city.

BILLY—(*Stunned.*)—Mary Anne!

DICK—Sounds the same only the spelling is different.

ELAINE—Why—why—

TRELLA—(*Coming to her rescue.*)—It's the young lady we met this afternoon.

DICK—Yes, Miss Simmonds is Mrs. Kirkland's niece, I brought "Aunty Kirk" down in my car this afternoon and—

ELAINE—Mrs. Drexel Kirkland?

DICK—Yes. She isn't really my aunt you know. I just call her that. But she's Marion's aunt and—

TRELLA—(*Effusively. Going over to Mary Anne.*) Why how do you do.—(*Shakes hands with her.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Sweetly.*)—I'm quite well, thank you.—(*She passes on to Patty L.*)

PATTY—(*Sweetly.*)—Strange we haven't met before. I know Mrs. Kirkland very well—(*Patty and Mary Anne take to each other instinctively. Teddy and Mason move about trying to be noticed. Dick joins Billy and Elaine R. and Trella comes to them.*)

DICK—(*To Billy.*)—Sorry to be so late but we were chatting up at Mrs. Simmond's and didn't notice the hour, having a good time?

BILLY—(*Still dazed.*)—Splendid.

DICK—(*Coolly.*)—That's nice. Marion and I expect to have a good time. Though nothing to what we will have this winter. She'll spend the winter in New York with Aunty Kirk and—(*Teddy has been in a considerable fidget because he has not been introduced now breaks forth.*)

TEDDY—(*To Dick.*)—Oh, I say, haven't you forgotten to introduce a certain party?

DICK—I beg your pardon, Teddy, So I have.—(*To Mary Anne*)—This is Mr. Teddy Farnum, our mascot.—(*All the boys laugh.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Shaking hands with Teddy*)—Pleased to meet you.

TEDDY—Delighted, Miss Simmonds.

MARY ANNE—Thank you. Just what is a mascot?

TEDDY—I don't know exactly, but whatever it is, I'm one. Though they do say I'm a bad one.

HENDERSON—A mascot, Miss Simmonds, is a thing carried around by a lot of idiotic foot-ball players, when

they want to put a "Jinks" on the game. And if ever there was a "Jinks," he's it.

MARY ANNE—Jinks ? That's worse.

MASON—Nothing could be worse than he is, when he's rooting for a team.

MARY ANNE—Oh, I know what he is now. He's the one who leads the crowd on your side. The chief "Yeller" isn't that it?

TEDDY—(*The music starts L.*)—That's me. I'm the little fat Indian from Slewfoot Canyon when it comes to a wild whoop in a football match.

DICK—(*To Mary Anne*)—Well, now that you have tho'roly met "Chief Rain In The Face," shall we try a war dance of our own?

MARY ANNE—(*Trying hard to keep in the character she is assuming.*)—Certainly, Felice, my cloak.

FELICE—(*Coming down.*)—Oui, Mademoiselle.

MARY ANNE—(*In a very careful French to Felice*) Aimeriez-vous regarder les danseurs?—Do you care to watch the dancers.

FELICE—Ah, Mademoiselle, je l'aimerais bien.—Ah, Mademoiselle. I should love to.

MARY ANNE—Alors, asseyez-vous dans la salle du bal. Peut ere j'aurais besoin du manteau, s'il ferait trop chaud.—Take a seat in the ball-room. I may want the cloak if it gets too warm.

FELICE—Oui, merci.

MARY ANNE—(*To Dick*)—Are you ready?

DICK—(*Offering his arm.*)—You bet.—(*To the other boys.*)—The supper dance is mine, boys, but I won't be stingy; you may help yourselves to one or two of the others.—(*Mary Anne and Dick start for room L. when they meet Miss Slissy who enters L. Mary Anne pauses with Dick.*)

MISS SLISSY—(*Looking back*)—That feller that plays the bass fiddle is lovely; he's new this summer.—(*She sees Mary Anne.*)

MARY ANNE—Good evening, Miss Slissy.—(*Mary Anne pauses for a moment while Miss Slissy stares at her in uncomprehending amazement, then they pass on into the ball-room.*)

MISS SLISSY—(*Looking after them*)—Dear me, I never had such a funny feelin' in all my life.—(*To others*) Was that or was that NOT Mary Anne Simmonds?

TEDDY—It was.

MISS SLISSY—Well, I've heard TELL of miracles, but this is the first time I ever seen one.—(*She moves up stage a little unsteady*)—I'll come to Mary Ann tomorrow, Miss Jewett—(*She turns and looks L. a little dazed then exits C. and R.*)

TRELLA—I can't blame her much it's the way I feel.

PATTY—I don't see what all the excitement's about, I think Miss Simmonds is lovely.

TEDDY—Ah! You uphold me?

PATTY—I certainly do.

BILLY—She's wonderful.

ELAINE—(*Angry*)—It was certainly well done.—(*To Henderson*)—This is ours I think Lloyd.

HENDERSON—Right.—(*Henderson and Elaine exit L.*)

TRELLA—(*Going L. with Mason*)—Talk about a transformation?

PATTY—Come on Billy, I've been dying all evening to dance with you.

BILLY—(*Dazed*)—Excuse me Patty, will you? Take me on the next one.

PATTY—Crushed again.

TEDDY—(*To Patty*)—Never mind little one, you have me to fall back on.

PATTY—Oh, well, but one hates to dance with one's fiancée ALL the evening.—(*The exit L.*)

TEDDY—That's what fiancées are for.—(*Billy sits on the divan R. Mrs. Kirkwood enters from the C. and R. She goes L. and watches the dancers for a moment then sees Billy L.*)

MRS. KIRK—(*Pleasantly*)—Well, Billy Barclay. How do you do.

BILLY—(*Rising*)—Why, good evening, Mrs. Kirkland.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Aren't you dancing?

BILLY—Not this one.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oh!—(*She turns and watches the dancers again. Billy thinks a moment then calls to her.*)

BILLY—Mrs. Kirkland.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Coming down a little*)—Yes.

BILLY—I never knew that Mary Anne Simmonds was your niece.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oh, dear, yes. Her mother is my sister. I was born in this town—I'm not going to tell you how many years ago—But I met and married Drexel Kirkland and—

BILLY—(*Looking L.*)—She—she looks awfully pretty tonight.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Innocently*)—Yes, doesn't she?

BILLY—I—never saw her dressed so bewitchingly before.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Carelessly*)—No, she's such a quiet little thing it's seldom we can get her to dress. This gown isn't as chic as some she has but we thought it would do for for this affair seeing that it IS half informal.

BILLY—I was—quite well acquainted with your niece, a few years ago.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Indeed! She's a dear little girl. The only niece I have in the world.—(*Looking L.*)—Isn't "Dickie" Stanhope an excellent dancer?

BILLY—(*Not looking*)—Yes.

MRS. KIRKLAND—What a charming picture they make together.

BILLY—It's terribly warm in here.

MRS. KIRKLAND—It has been sultry today, for June.

BILLY—(*Looking L.*)—Dick Stanhope acts as if he owned her.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Nice boy "Dickie." Will you take me in? I don't want to dance, just watch them.

BILLY—Surely.—(*Billy moves over L. and they stand just outside the arch L. watching the dancers. Teddy and Patty enter from L. at the C. Just as the music stops. There is applause and the dance continues.*)

TEDDY—(*To Patty*)—Phew—that was a swift one.

PATTY—You'll have to go into training again, Teddy.

TEDDY—That's coming to me soon anyhow from the looks of things across the water.

PATTY—You think the United States will go in?

TEDDY—So they tell us.

PATTY—Oh, Teddy, that means the National Guard—

TEDDY—We'll settle it, if we ever get there.

PATTY—Oh, Teddy!

TEDDY—There don't worry I'm not going tonight. Not till I've had at least one dance with that pretty Miss Simmonds anyhow.

PATTY—If it weren't that I like her so much, I'd be jealous, Teddy Farnum.

TEDDY—(*Comes near her*)—Now, Patty, my angel, don't be cruel to me. You know there is only one star in the firmament for me.

PATTY—(*Holding him off*)—Now—don't ask me for a kiss. It disturbs my complexion.

TEDDY—I wasn't going to.—Last time you came off on my coat.

PATTY—Then for once I made a visible impression. Well, what DID you want? You looked as if you were about to grab me.

TEDDY—I was about to whisper a great cosmic truth into your shell-like ear.

PATTY—What?

TEDDY—(*Mysteriously*)—Did you notice Elaine Jewett, when she got her first glimpse of Miss Marion Simmonds tonight?

PATTY—No. What did she do?

TEDDY—Looked as if'd been struck by lightning. And Barclay too; there's been something up, there.

PATTY—Nonsense. You're always doing some amateur detective work. I wouldn't mind if it turned out for someone's benefit.

TEDDY—It shall. Didn't you tell me a moment ago that you were thirsty.

PATTY—I did. And am.

TEDDY—(*Takes her by the hand.*)—Then—hist—

PATTY—Where?

TEDDY—To the cloak-room in the hall. Me thinks there is a punch-bowl.

PATTY—There is not.

TEDDY—How do you know?

PATTY—I looked.

TEDDY—Never mind, I know of a chemist just across the street whose Ice Cream Sodas are said to possess the least amount of Ptomaine germs of any in the village.

PATTY—THAT sounds good to me.

TEDDY—Then come and we will annex a couple.

PATTY—(*Looking L.*)—There's Mrs. Kirkland talking with Billy.

TEDDY—Yes, and look at Billy. Note the convulsive opening and shutting of the right hand.—(*He illustrates*) Denoting anger and peevishness. He used to know Miss Simmonds real well.

PATTY—He's watching Marion and Dickie Stanhope now.

TEDDY—Exactly. Come on, let's fortify ourselves at the chemists, there may be a "Fray" when we get back.

PATTY—(*As they go up C.*)—A what?

TEDDY—Fracas—Melee—Hors de Combat.—
"Scrap." Er! A fight.

PATTY—Between Dickie Stanhope and Barclay?

TEDDY—Of course.

PATTY—Don't be silly.

TEDDY—I can't help it, when I'm with you, darling.—(*They exit C. and R. The music stops. Mary Anne and Stanhope join Mrs. Kirkland and Billy at the arch L. Dick takes Mary Anne to R. where she sits on the divan. Billy and Mrs. Kirkwood follow inside the room a little.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Now a complete master of herself and all timidity gone in the exhilaration of the dance.*)—Oh, dear, that was wonderful.

DICKIE—You dance beautifully.

MARY ANNE—Thank you. It's been so long since I've tried, I was afraid I had forgotten how.

BILLY—(*Comes over*)—May I be favored with the next one?

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Quickly*)—Now Marion, dear, don't tire yourself, but as Mr. Barclay is an old friend I suppose he HAS a claim upon you. Why didn't you mention your early acquaintance with him, my dear.

MARY ANNE—It was such a long time ago. Nearly two years—we were just boy and girl and—(*Billy doesn't know exactly how she means this but he goes over to the divan to her. Dickie meets Mrs. Kirkland at L.C.*)

BILLY—Why it only seems like yesterday to me. We danced together at the Hillsby's barn dance. You wore a funny little dress that didn't fit. Your hair all tumbled about your face.

MARY—I must have looked funny to you?

BILLY—(*Dreamily*)—You haven't changed a bit.

MARY ANNE—(*To Mrs. Kirkland*)—Auntie, Mr. Barclay says that my dress doesn't fit and my hair needs combing.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Laughing*)—Oh, surely—

BILLY—No, I didn't mean that—you have changed Mary Anne. Changed since this afternoon. Awfully.

MARY ANNE—I'm sorry it's AWFUL.—(*Mrs. Kirkland and Dickie turn to go L.*)

DICK—(*Smiling to Billy*)—Oh, take good care of her for me old man, won't you? Be careful Marion, don't sit in a draft, or anything.

MARY ANNE—No, I won't.—(*Dick and Mrs. Kirkland exit L.*)

BILLY—(*Annoyed a little at Dick's words*)—It seems so strange meeting you again today, and—like this. Let me fan you.

MARY ANNE—(*Surrenders her fan*)—It IS quite warm this evening.

BILLY—Yes, isn't it?—(*Takes the fan and in his embarrassment fans himself, he sees what he is doing*)—I beg your pardon, I'm rattled. Mary Anne, little Mary Anne is this really you?

MARY ANNE—(*Smiling*)—Why, I think so, Mr. Barclay. Yes, I'm quite sure of it.—(*Billy forgets and fans himself again, she reaches over and directs the breeze towards herself.*)—You were saying?

BILLY—So I was! What was it?

MARY ANNE—Perhaps we'd better join the others.

BILLY—And spoil these wonderful moments? Oh, please!

MARY ANNE—Are they wonderful?

BILLY—I don't know whether I just imagine them, or whether they're true. When I think of you as I saw you this afternoon, and now—

MARY ANNE—Really, I don't feel in the mood for personalities, Mr. Barclay.

BILLY—I beg your pardon. But a fellow's got to speak out if he's human. When he meets the girl who was his first little sweetheart, and finds that the bud has blossomed into a beautiful rose—

MARY ANNE—(*Pretending*)—Oh, dear! Such flattery.

BILLY—Flattery? I—

MARY ANNE—(*Rising to L.*)—I think I'd rather dance.

BILLY—(*Rising and follows*)—I meant every word of it.

MARY ANNE—Oh, they say boys always do, for the moment.

BILLY—Don't be cruel, Mary Anne. You were always the dainty sort of creature that made a fellow feel all hands and feet, but you were gentle and kind.

MARY ANNE—Stand without hitching.

BILLY—Why he'd just talk his heart out to you before he knew what he was about.

MARY ANNE—And never mean a word of it.

BILLY—But I did. I did. Do you remember that last dance we went to together, and coming home by moonlight—the wild roses by the roadside?

MARY ANNE—(*Still teasing—pretends to think deeply.*)—Let me see, did we walk, or did we ride?

BILLY—Oh, you won't be serious.

MARY ANNE—(*Laughing*)—Serious! Why one would almost think you had been serious yourself.

BILLY—I was serious. I acknowledge you did grow a bit dim in my mind after we stopped writing—

MARY ANNE—“We” did you say?

BILLY—(*Hastily*)—I've always wanted to explain that. Dad thought we were both so young, and asked me to drop the correspondence until I was through college. I thought a few years wouldn't make so much of a difference and I meant to come back when my probation was up—

MARY ANNE—And find me waiting—?

BILLY—I know I deserve it. I suppose I can hardly make you understand why I didn't.

MARY ANNE—I'm afraid that WOULD be difficult. But after all why should you try?

BILLY—(*Impulsively*)—Because I'm crazy about you all over again.—(*Starts toward her—she eludes him and moves R.*)—Mary Anne, little Mary Anne, can't we go back to where we were?—to the wild roses and the moonshine?

MARY ANNE—Back on that country road? In this gown? Horrors?

BILLY—(*Unmindful*)—No. No, back to where we were—

MARY ANNE—(*Gravely*)—I'm afraid that's impossible NOW, Mr. Barclay.

BILLY—“Now”? Impossible? You mean that you and—

MARY ANNE—You couldn't expect me to keep sacred such a childish romance any more than you have done.

BILLY—But Mary Anne, I swear—(*Dick Stanhope enters L. with Mason.*)

DICK—(*Smiling to Barclay*)—Sorry, old man, I'll have to take her away from you now. I promised her to Mason for this next one.

MARY ANNE—Yes, and I'm dying for a dance. Come along Mr. Mason.

MASON—Book me for one every night this winter—(*Mary Anne skips across to Mason and drags him off L.*)

BILLY—(*Angry—to Dick*)—I don't like the way you said that.

DICK—(*Innocently*)—What?

BILLY—“YOU'VE promised her.”

DICK—What's the matter with it?

BILLY—There seemed to be a subtle note of possession in it.

DICK—Didn't know I could DO it. What's the idea?

BILLY—(*Sarcastically*)—While you are handing her around so promiscuously, what's the matter with me.

DICK—I let you have her for a while, didn't I?—(*Patty and Teddy enter C. from R.*)

BILL—Yes, but where do you come in to—

DICK—Now, don't be a pig. Don't be a pig.

BILLY—(*Threateningly*)—Say, look here—

TEDDY—(*Who thinks his predicted “Fracas” has arrived, comes down between them in alarm*)—Now boys—boys—

DICK—(*To Teddy*)—What's the matter with you?

TEDDY—(*Dramatically*)—No quarreling now—no quarreling. Remember where you are.—(*Elaine and Trella enter from C. From L. Patty comes down L.*)

DICK—(*Laughing*)—I know where I am all right.—(*To Patty*)—This one with me, Patty?

PATTY—Surely.—(*Patty and Dick exit off L.*)

TEDDY—(*Looks off L.*)—That's cool.

TRELLA—Cool? It's positively chilly.

TEDDY—This is MY dance with Miss Simmonds.

TRELLA—Not this one, she's dancing with Charley Mason.

TEDDY—Well, I wonder where I come in?—(*Teddy exits off L.*)

ELAINE—(*Looking at Billy*)—That's what everyone seems to be wondering.

BILLY—(*Gruffly*)—I'm not, if that's what you mean.

ELAINE—I didn't say "You."

TRELLA—I think it's a shame we let Miss Slissy go. She would have been more popular than some of us girls.

ELAINE—"Dickie" Stanhope seems to have taken complete charge of Miss Mary Anne Simmonds this evening.

TRELLA—Did you ever see anything like it?

BILLY—That's a habit the Stanhopes have.

ELAINE—(*Spitefully*)—Cheer up, perhaps your turn will come again.

BILLY—(*Bitterly*)—I had my turn and I threw it away.—(*He turns upstage.*)

ELAINE—(*Sarcastically, moving down to R.*)—How careless.

BILLY—Excuse me.—(*He exits C. to R.*)

TRELLA—(*Looking after him but speaking to Elaine*)

I ASK you?

ELAINE—(*Beside herself*)—He's acting like a perfect fool.

TRELLA—A fool my dear—perfect or imperfect.

ELAINE—And perhaps she isn't the sly little minx. "Pig Tails and Gingham"!

TRELLA—And now she turns out to be the niece of Mrs. Drexel Kirkland and trotted about by "Dickie" Stanhope. There's some class to that little country maiden.

ELAINE—Runs a tea shop by day, and a leader of fashion by night. You can't tell me it isn't "fishy."

TRELLA—Just what is the inference?

ELAINE—Mrs. Kirkland is the inference. That girl never wore a gown like that in her life before—and the maid.

TRELLA—"French."

ELAINE—Mrs. Kirkland's. I've seen her in New York.

TRELLA—The fairy Godmother's—you're right.

ELAINE—Look what she was this afternoon, a frumpy little country bumpkin, now queening it over us all. And going to New York with her aunt, her social position will be better than mine, her gowns more beautiful, I believe that nasty old aunt has worked this out on purpose.

TRELLA—To slap Billy Barclay in the face. He almost lost his balance when Dickie brought her in.

ELAINE—All the boys have gone off their heads about her.—(*Mary Anne enters. She draws back when she finds the two girls alone.*)

MARY ANNE—Oh, I beg your pardon.

ELAINE—(*Sweetly*)—Not at all, come in. We've hardly had a word with you since you came.

MARY ANNE—I've been having such a good time, Miss Jewett.

ELAINE—I feel that I owe you an apology.

MARY ANNE—(*Sits in the armchair L. Trella remains up C.*)—Indeed! For what?

ELAINE—For my questions this afternoon. They must have been embarrassing.

MARY ANNE—I didn't find them so.

ELAINE—I thought you might have, considering—

MARY ANNE—That I was the little country bumpkin?

ELAINE—It seems you don't ALWAYS wear "Pigtails and Ginghams."

MARY ANNE—One can't remain a country bumpkin forever, Miss Jewett.

ELAINE—I hope you don't misunderstand our conversation of this afternoon.

MARY ANNE—Misunderstand? How?

ELAINE—Why I thought perhaps I might have lead you to believe I was engaged to Mr. Barclay.

MARY ANNE—If I remember correctly, you did say that.

ELAINE—I didn't mean that it had been settled, positively.

MARY ANNE—Oh, and isn't it?

ELAINE—No. It's not settled.

MARY ANNE—It's very kind, but WHY are you telling me?

ELAINE—I only wished it to be clear to you that I—

TRELLA—(*Coming forward*)—If you will pardon the remark, that's a beautiful gown, Miss Simmonds.

MARY ANNE—(*Rising—pleased but still on guard*) You like it?

TRELLA—Exquisite. Who, may I ask, is your modiste?

MARY ANNE—Madame Blanche, Fifth Avenue—I don't know the number, what the telephone is —

TRELLA—(*Easily*)—Oh, I know the place well. She deals in nothing but imports. Pacquin of course, or is it Froquard?

MARY ANNE—(*Has it from her aunt*)—Pacquin—can't you see it in the lines?

TRELLA—I believe I can, now that you mention it. Er—have you known her long?

MARY ANNE—Mrs. Pacquin? No, not so very.—(*Trella laughs.*)

ELAINE—How is it we have never seen you in New York with your aunt, Miss Simmonds?

MARY ANNE—(*At a loss*)—Well, I—I haven't come out yet, that's why.

ELAINE—Oh, I see. Well, lets hope it will be soon, we shall be glad to welcome you.

MARY ANNE—Thank you.

TRELLA—It was rather a good joke you played on us this afternoon.

MARY ANNE—Joke?

TRELLA—Yes—the costume you wore when you wore when we called at your mother's for tea. The—hat, you know.

MARY ANNE—The hat? Oh, yes; that's a wonderful hat to wear when one milks.

ELAINE—(*In horror*)—Milks?

TRELLA—(*In surprise*)—Cows?

MARY ANNE—Certainly. Harmonizes with the surroundings, attracts the cattle's attention, makes them gentle and subdued.

ELAINE—Oh, I see.

TRELLA—Is it a new idea?

MARY ANNE—Oh, yes, very new, I was just trying it for the first time today?

TRELLA—Do you really milk the beasts?

MARY ANNE—The cows? Of course I do—it's lots of fun—but the hired man helps me sometimes. He wears the same kind of a hat too.

ELAINE—Really?

MARY ANNE—Only for him, the trimming is different.

TRELLA—I believe she's stringing us.

MARY ANNE—Stringing?

TRELLA—Yes, kidding.

MARY ANNE—(*Innocently*)—Why in the world should you think that? You see there is a certain psychology in the management of a farm, if you want to study it out, you—

ELAINE—(*Stiffly*)—I must come up some day and have you show me how it's done.

MARY ANNE—Yes, do—I'll be glad to have you.

TRELLA—Psychology in cows and chickens? I never heard of such a thing.

ELAINE—Nor I. Still some queer things happen in the country, I'm told.

MARY ANNE—Oh, that's not the only place. Country people think the city folks are queer sometimes.

TRELLA—Yes, I suppose so. It takes all kind of people to make a world.—(*Barclay enters C., Mary Anne sees him.*)

MARY ANNE—(*To Elaine*)—I really had forgotten your remarks, really I had.

ELAINE—Then you must have forgiven them.

MARY ANNE—“Pigtail and Gingham romances, Miss Jewett, are seldom bonafide. Please don't think I took mine too seriously.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Enters L. She sees Mary Anne and goes to her*)—Here you are dear, where have you been? Dickie's worried sick.—(*Calls off L.*)—She's here, Dickie. (*Dick enters L. to Mary Anne.*)

DICK—(*Playfully*)—How dare you stay away from me so long?

MARY ANNE—I was being entertained by Miss Jewett and Miss Webb.

TRELLA—(*Aside to Elaine*)—Entertained! Oh!—(*Mrs. Kirkland relieves the situation caused by Billy's apparent glaring at Dick.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Rounding up the others*)—Oh, Elaine, Billy, do let's have a look at the charming little hotel. What an innovation for Farmdale. Your father deserves credit.—(*They move up C.*)—I can remember, when I was a girl, the only hotel in this town was the Mansion House. Of course in those days we thought it pretty good, etc. Is this the office up this way?—(*Billy, Mrs. Kirkland, Trella and Elaine exit C. to R.*)

DICK—(*To Mary Anne*)—Well, how am I doing?

MARY ANNE—Splendidly.

DICK—Billy was so mad he nearly lost his head a moment ago.

MARY ANNE—Better not make him TOO mad.

DICK—It's great fun though.—(*He looks at her*)—My, you do look stunning in that gown.

MARY ANNE—(*Pleased*)—You think so?

DICK—I should say I do.

MARY ANNE—I think it's pretty too.

DICK—Gee! Makes me feel great to kind of boss you around this way, in front of the other fellows.

MARY ANNE—Why, Auntie says you have hundreds of girls, just falling over themselves, wishing to be bossed around by you.

DICK—Never saw one yet—I care much about. That's what makes this great. Bossing somebody who doesn't care for me you know. I mean,—that isn't really in earnest.

MARY ANNE—(*Archly*)—Are you so afraid of being grabbed up by somebody?

DICK—It isn't that. But you have no idea what being a rich man's son means. You never know whether a girl is really on the level or not.

MARY ANNE—And YOU want one on the LEVEL?

DICK—You bet I do. I'd want to be sure she loves me, money or no money.

MARY ANNE—That's the right way to feel.

DICK—(*Confidentially*)—Billy's a nice fellow; I've known him a long while. He's just easily influenced, that's all.

MARY ANNE—You think so?

DICK—Sure. Elaine and Trella and that bunch, they have biased his view point.

MARY ANNE—He has spoken to me already as if he were quite willing to renew our acquaintance.

DICK—(*Enthusiastic*)—Then it's working?

MARY ANNE—(*Seriously*)—But somehow it didn't sound quite sincere.

DICK—We'll lead him such a merry dance, it will make him sincere.

MARY ANNE—There's no one you may offend?—no—

DICK—(*Laughing*)—Girl, you mean? No.

MARY ANNE—Haven't you ever been in love?

DICK—No!—I thought I was once, but—

MARY ANNE—(*Interested*)—Oh, tell me.

DICK—It was my first year in high school. She was about seven years older than I was. I used to ride out to her house on my bicycle; sit on her front porch, sing songs to her and look at the moon.

MARY ANNE—Where is she now?

DICK—She's married—mother of three children and lives in Elizabeth.

MARY ANNE—Oh, good gracious.

DICK—*(Poetically)*—Ah, what a romance that was.

MARY ANNE—And what a finish.—*(Mary Anne laughs. The waiter enters with a tray of punch in glasses. Teddy and Patty enter from L.)*

TEDDY—Ah, liquid provender and refreshment, My treat, I bribed the local chemist across the street to mix it for us.—*(Waiter puts the tray on the desk up L. Mason and Henderson enter from L. and Trella, Elaine, Billy and Mrs. Kirk stroll on from C. and R.)*

DICK—Fine idea, Teddy.

TEDDY—It's all to the good, I sampled some a while ago.—*(Dick takes some to Mary Anne.)*

MARY ANNE—*(Taking the glass)*—Thank you.—*(Teddy serves Barclay who offers it to Elaine.)*

ELAINE—None for me thank you.—*(The other boys serve the other ladies. The waiter exits.)*

MRS. KIRKLAND—*(To Mary Anne)*—Having a nice time dear?

MARY ANNE—*(Sipping the punch)*—Heavenly!

MASON—The only trouble is, Miss Simmonds, is too popular. Danger of duels and all that sort of thing before the evening is over.

MARY ANNE—*(Laughing)*—Be sure and have the duels by moonlight, they'll be so much more picturesque.

HENDERSON—*(Mockingly heroic)*—Miss Simmonds, how can you be so heartless?

TEDDY—Have you no pity for your unfortunate victims?

MARY ANNE—*(Laughing)*—Men are happiest when fighting for their lady-loves. Why pity them?

DICK—*(Proudly)*—Happiest moment in MY young life. Anybody want to fight?—*(Everyone takes in this egotistical remark. The men have gradually drawn about Mary Anne who sits in arm chair L. Mrs. Kirkland and Patty are L. of her. Elaine and Trella are seated on the*

Divan R. Billy stands behind them. Dick's remark is a "poser" of possession.)

HENDERSON—(*Looking at Dick*)—Lucky dog.

TEDDY—(*Also at Dick*)—"Him that hath, GIT-TETH."

MASON—(*Regarding Dick*)—A natural born trouble maker.—(*The music begins, Mary Anne rises, Dick takes her glass and puts it up on desk L.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Clapping her hands*)—Who's going to dance with me?—(*Everyone tries to be first.*)

MASON—I am.

HENDERSON—No, this one's mine.

TEDDY—(*To others*)—Wait—wait—where do I come in? Like the little gentleman that I am I have waited patiently—silently, unobtrusively.—(*The hubbub becomes confusion among the boys, quarreling about this dance, when Dick breaks in coming down in the midst of them.*)

DICK—Boys—Boys—I'm sorry to disappoint you, but THIS is the dance which I have ESPECIALLY reserved for myself.—(*He offers his arm to Mary Anne, she accepts and they move to L. followed by the protesting mob, Teddy is especially sore. The remarks from these young gentlemen are as follows*)—Aw—don't be a "goop." "What do you want? The earth?" "Where do I come in?" "Have a heart, Dickie, have a heart." Pause! Pause! etc., etc.—(*Dick and Mary Anne exit L. the crowd goes far as the door. Barclay stares after them in sullen silence. Trella is too surprised to speak. Elaine bites her lip in anger. Patty and Mrs. Kirk are amused.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—A room in Mrs. Kirkland's home in New York. June, 1917. Afternoon.

Up C. a huge fireplace. A small arch L. of it with part of a staircase showing. A small arch R. of it leads to the front part of the house. A bay window with window seat L.I. overlooking 85th St. E., R.I. is a small arch leads to other parts of the house.

C. a huge divan with table and lamp behind it. Large armchair L.C. Bookcase L. above the window. Desk R. above the arch. The room is a private den or sitting room.

AT RISE—There is music out R. on the Victrola.

On the divan C. are four hat boxes with hats for Mary Anne.

Billy Barclay is standing at the window L. looking down the street. Mrs. Kirkland and Trella enter R.I.

TRELLA—Billy, Elaine's asking for you.

BILLY—Yes, I'm coming.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Were you watching the boys?

BILLY—Yes. There's quite a bunch of them. That's the 73rd Regiment, isn't it? The crowd that Dickie Stanhope and Mason and the others are going with?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes. They form at the corner of 85th St. there, and fall into position when their time comes. They're not due to start till 5.

BILLY—What became of Mary Anne?

MRS. KIRKLAND—She rushed up to her room and put on her riding suit a while ago. She and Dickie took Prince and Hunter out for one last mad dash through the park before he left.

BILLY—He's running chances if the C.O. hears of it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oh, the boys are not standing on much ceremony today. The officers don't expect it. Their last day you know. They're everywhere with relatives and friends. So long as they are in their place when the command is given to move, it's all right, they go to Canada, you know—

BILLY—Taking a last fling, as it were.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Exactly. As my house was so near their starting point I told all I knew to make themselves at home. Trella wanted to see Lloyd, and I thought you'd

like to say goodbye to some of them too. Some you may never see again.

BILLY—Oh, of course I want to wish them luck.

TRELLA—Come on, Billy, I promised Elaine I'd bring you.

BILLY—Why don't you give this dance to one of the soldier boys?

TRELLA—Two or three have asked her but she said she promised you.

BILLY—Well, a civilian has no right butting into a soldiers' farewell party.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Nonsense. It's all right—perfectly informal. Besides you'll be a soldier yourself before long.

BILLY—You mean if the draft goes through. Well, it's the only way they'll get me.

MRS. KIRKLAND—You'll be as crazy to fight as any of them before long. I know boys.

BILLY—I'll be crazy all right.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, come along now and help to give those who are going a royal good send off.—(*They exit R.I. The Victrola is still playing. A bell rings R.C. Felice enters L.C. and exits R.C. She returns in a moment followed by Miss Slissy.*)

MISS SLISSY—(*Stops R.C. and looks R.*)—Sounds like there's a party going on.

FELICE—Oui, madame. A tea dansant in honor of the boys who go to France.

MISS SLISSY—If they're giving a party to all that mob I saw in the street they're got their hands full.

FELICE—Just a few acquaintances of Madame.

MISS SLISSY—She's at home, I think you said. Will you please take her my card.—(*Fishes in her bag for a card*)—I had one somewhere—Oh, here it is.—(*Finds an envelope from which she extracts a large card written by hand with a silver dove in one corner. This she hands to Felice.*)—After Mrs. Kirkland gets through seeing who it is, you can bring that card back to me, if she ain't noticin'.

FELICE—Oui, Madame.—(*She represses a smile and exits R.I. Miss Slissy looks out of the window and then comes back to the arm chair L.C. and fussing with her gown sits. She holds the position looking about the room, then sees the hat boxes. Curiosity gets the better of her and she rises and goes over. She lifts the lid from the first one and*

takes out the hat looking it over critically. She expresses her opinion contemptuously.)

MISS SLISSY—Humph!—(She peeps into the second box after replacing the first hat and is just putting the cover on the third when Mrs. Kirkland enters R. of the fireplace. The maid follows and exits to R.I. Miss Slissy clears her throat and tries to assume a careless manner.)—Pretty coverin' on these boxes! Sort of wall-paperish!

MRS. KIRKLAND—(Looking at the card she holds) Miss Sarah Applegate Slissy?

MISS SLISSY—Yes, Mrs. Kirkland. How do you do?

MRS. KIRKLAND—(Accepting her hand politely)—I'm very well, thank you. You are from Farmdale?

MISS SLISSY—I kinda thought you'd remember me, being as how I'm the milliner and dressmaker there. That's why I was interested in the hat boxes.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I believe I've heard my sister speak of you, quite favorably.

MISS SLISSY—She ought to mention me favorable after all the fuss I had turnin' her old black dress last winter; and tho' I do say it, which I s'pose I shouldn't, I wasn't paid by half for that dress, which I should have been.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I presume my sister paid all you asked.

MISS SLISSY—Yes, I s'pose she did. I always was too easy goin' for my own good, but she might have added a little, as a present or somethin'—Do you mind telling me if them beads you're wearing are real or imitation?

MRS. KIRKLAND—(Smiling)—Real, I hope.

MISS SLISSY—I s'pose they must be. Foolish of me to ask, rememberin' how rich you are.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Won't you sit down?

MISS SLISSY—Thanks. Don't mind if I do. Have been standing for quite a spell.—(She sits L.C.)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Are you in the city on business?

MISS SLISSY—Always try to get to the city once a year to buy goods. Mostly I go to Bridgeport, but I thought maybe the styles in New York would be more cosmopolitan.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(Smiling)—I'm SURE you'll find them so.

MISS SLISSY—Would you mind givin' that card back to me?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Certainly.—(*Hands it to her.*)

MISS SLISSY—Visitin' cards like these is very expensive. Written by hand. Look at them flourishes, and that shiny dove, ain't that cute?

MRS. KIRKLAND—It's beautiful.

MISS SLISSY—Charlie Watson, the barber in our town done 'em. He's awful artistic.—(*She looks at the card critically and fingers the edge.*)—I've only used this one twice.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I hope it's uninjured.

MISS SLISSY—Little crack across this corner, but no one would notice it much. He charges sixty cents a dozen. I got 'em last Christmas.—(*There is a slight pause. Mrs. Kirkland not wishing to be impolite, yet not wishing to encourage her too much. Finally Miss Slissy enquires*) Mary Anne at home?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Not yet. She's out riding.

MISS SLISSY—She must have a lot of time on her hands, livin' here with you, an' doin' nothin'.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oh, Marion is never idle. She has her social duties and her studies.

MISS SLISSY—She goin' to school again?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Private studies. French lessons, dancing lessons, later into the hands of the hair dresser and the manicure. Then there are afternoon teas; dinners sometimes at Sherry's or the Ritz—the Opera—

MISS SLISSY—Land! She does go it. And to think she used to be a Sunday School teacher at Farmdale Methodist Church.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, she's still eligible for that position. Lately most of Marion's time has been devoted to war and charity work.

MISS SLISSY—Of course, we're all doin' that. But still I think she ought to be comin' home soon. Her Ma ain't well.

MRS. KIRKLAND—There must be some mistake about that. I had a letter from my sister this morning saying she never felt better in her life.

MISS SLISSY—Well, all I know is that when I was sayin' to her yesterday that I didn't suppose Mary Anne would ever be the same girl she was before Billy Barclay jilted her, she answered me in such a snappy way anyone could see her nerves were givin' away.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Sweetly*)—Some people give way so EASILY to little things.

MISS SLISSY—Anyhow Mary Anne's got no business stayin' on up here with things the way they are at home.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Don't you think we are the best judges of that?

MISS SLISSY—Yes, I spose' but durin' the storm last week, the rain broke through her poor Ma's roof and spilled the ceiling in the spare room.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Sweetly sarcastic*)—Well, now, that is too bad. Perhaps if Marion had been there she might have spread herself over the roof in such a fashion it would have prevented a catastrophe of that kind.

MISS SLISSY—I don't know what that is, but she would have been some comfort to her mother. She's gaddin' around considerable with that Mr. Stanhope, ain't she now?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Really, Miss Slissy, I'm afraid I shan't be able to furnish you with any gossip to carry back to Farmdale.

MISS SLISSY—Oh, it ain't gossip exactly; but there are folks'd just like to know, that's all.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Mr. Stanhope and my niece are just good friends as they have always been. And since he has been in uniform has had little time to gad anywhere with anyone. He leaves with his regiment today.

MISS SLISSY—Yes, there's a lot of boys from our town goin' too.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Perhaps you will find Marion at home the next time you are in the city.

MISS SLISSY—Is that a hint?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Certainly not. I hope you don't think I'd—

MISS SLISSY—Oh, that's all right, I'm used to 'em. I don't know but what it might be seein' you got a party goin' on in the front parlor. They seemed to be enjoyin' themselves.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Just a few of the boys who are leaving this afternoon.

MISS SLISSY—Well, I couldn't stay anyhow, even if you asked me. I've got to be goin' if I expect to catch that train that gets me in before dark.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Don't you think you might possibly wait?

MISS SLISSY—(*Rising*)—No, thank you, I'm afraid not. You see, the next train won't get me home till after eleven and I couldn't think of walkin' up from the station unprotected.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Marion would be glad to see you and—

MISS SLISSY—Thank you, there ain't of course nothin' I would like better, but it's too risky. You can tell Mary Anne I was here to try and cheer her up a bit.

MRS. KIRKLAND—It's too bad she's missed it.

MISS SLISSY—Would you mind my peekin' in that other hat box, seein' as I am here to get the styles. I saw all the others.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Not at all.—(*Miss Slissy opens the fourth box and takes out the hat. She holds it up critically.*)

MISS SLISSY—You'n?

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Shakes her head*)—Marion's

MISS SLISSY—(*Smiles knowingly*)—Thought it looked a little "pert" for you. Which one's your'n?

MRS. KIRKLAND—They're all Marion's.

MISS SLISSY—All four?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes.

MISS SLISSY—Land! I suppose you give about \$40.00 for this.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Eighty-five.

MISS SLISSY—(*Shakes her head pityingly*)—How they do cheat you people in the city. I can duplicate it for eighteen.

MRS. KIRKLAND—With difficulty, I'm afraid.

MISS SLISSY—Well, the silk IS a little better than I'm used to usin'. What's she want with four hats all to once?

MRS. KIRKLAND—She never wears more than two at the same time.

MISS SLISSY—You mean to say she wears a couple of hats on her head to once?

MRS. KIRKLAND—I said she never wore MORE than two.

MISS SLISSY—Well, the more I see of city folks and their ways, the less I understand them. I'm thankful I don't live in the city.

MRS. KIRKLAND—We all have much to be thankful for.

MISS SLISSY—Now, that's the first comfortin' thing I've heard you say since I been here—that sounds natural and makes me feel to home.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'm sorry.

MISS SLISSY—It's just what our preacher says when he's visitin' around. "We've a lot to be thankful for" he says, "TOO much, I'd think HE'D think. Seein' as how he's got ten children now and goin' on eleven. Well, I guess I'd better be startin'."

MRS. KIRKLAND—Don't you think you can possibly stay for tea?

MISS SLISSY—No, I don't think.—(*Mary Anne enters R.C. in a very stylish mannish riding suit with breeches, her hat off and flushed with exercise.*)—Land Sakes!

MARY ANNE—Hello! Miss Slissy.

MISS SLISSY—Mary Anne Simmonds! What on earth have you got on?

MARY ANNE—My riding suit, of course. Don't you think it's pretty?

MISS SLISSY—Pretty? It's shockin'. Do you mean to say you ride straddle?

MARY ANNE—I ride a man's saddle, it's much easier and safer. How's every one at home and mother and the chickens and—

MISS SLISSY—If you'll wait till I get my breath after seein' you in them clothes, I'll answer. I suppose you know you're showin' your—My Goodness! Your mother's well as could be expected, seein' she has all the work to do. Betsy not bein' any help at all she's so head over heels in love with the hired man.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*To Mary Anne*)—I received a letter from your mother this morning. I left it on your dressing table. She's well and happy. Misses you, of course, it's only natural.

MARY ANNE—I've been too happy to be homesick, but I've missed her a lot too.—(*To Miss Slissy*)—Won't you take off your things and—

MRS. KIRKLAND—I've asked Miss Slissy to remain to tea, but she's in such a hurry to catch her train.

MISS SLISSY—My visit's almost up seein' I've been here nearly a half hour already, waitin'.

MARY ANNE—I'm sorry. If I had known—

MRS. KIRKLAND—Have you a taxi?

MISS SLISSY—Land! No, I can't ride in them things. It gives me heart failure to watch the meter.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Presses a button over R.*)—I'll send you to the station in the limousine.

MISS SLISSY—You'll—

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'll have Randolph take you to the station in the limousine.

MISS SLISSY—I never rode in one of them things in all my life.

MARY ANNE—Give my love to Mumsey—and everybody who cares, and to "Skeeters"—how is Skeeters?

MISS SLISSY—That dog of your'n? About the same. He always is.

MARY ANNE—Kiss him for me, on his old wooly head.

MISS SLISSY—Kiss a dog's head? I will not. Mary Anne, you're runnin' wild.

MARY ANNE—Figuratively, I mean.

MISS SLISSY—I won't kiss a dog anyway.—(*Rodgers enters R.I., a servant of 60. Male.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Rodgers, tell Randolph to bring the limousine around, and take Miss Slissy to the Grand Central Station.

RODGER—Yes, ma'am.—(*He exits R.I.*)

MISS SLISSY—That's awfully kind of you.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Not at all, I'm delighted.

MISS SLISSY—(*Going R.*)—I never rode in a limousine before.

MARY ANNE—I hope you have a pleasant journey home.

MRS. KIRKLAND—And a SAFE one.

MISS SLISSY—Oh, I ain't afraid when I get there in the daytime.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Give my love to everybody. Rodgers will put you in the car.

MISS SLISSY—Thanks. I always did mention you to the folks at home as being real nice.—(*She pauses at the door*)—Mary Anne, I say your hats—some of 'em's real chic and ought to be becomin' but that ridin' suit!!!!—of course, I won't say a word to anybody else—but WAIT I tell your mother. Good-bye.

MARY ANNE AND MRS. KIRKLAND—Good-bye, etc., etc.—(*Miss Slissy exits R.I.*)

MARY ANNE—(To her aunt, laughing)—Dear me, and I walked right into it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I've had a trying quarter of an hour, but she's so funny I can't be angry with her.

MARY ANNE—She's almost tormented mother to death with questions about me, ever since I've been away, now she'll pester her with my riding suit. I'll have to write at once and forestall that. I'm afraid, Auntie, you've found it difficult to keep from saying things not printed in the book entitled "How to be polite."

MRS. KIRKLAND—She's the most exasperating female I ever met in all my life. However, I took the wind out of her sails when I sent her to the station in the car. The village will get a good report of me when she gets back.

MARY ANNE—You're so wise.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Did you enjoy the ride?

MARY ANNE—Oh, Auntie, it was wonderful. I've known how to manage a horse ever since I was a little tot, so high, and I love it. I love it. And Dickie said—

MRS. KIRKLAND—That was rather daring of you to steal Dickie away right under our very noses for a horseback ride. He has such a short time—

MARY ANNE—But it maybe our last ride for a long time, Auntie. And besides Dickie himself proposed it. But it was such fun. We sneaked away and not a soul but you knew it. Dickie said I'm riding now like one born to an English saddle. But who couldn't ride on Hunter? He's just kind of a mount I like. He prances like a half broken colt with the spirit of youth and recklessness in his blood. A rush down the Bridle path, the wind blowing in my face, my hair tumbling down my back, my heart keeping time with the rythm of his leaps—Oh, it was glorious, glorious.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Billy Barclay's here.

MARY ANNE—Yes, I know—he was here before I left. (She giggles).—Auntie—he's so jealous of Dickie he can't see straight.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, that's quite obvious.

MARY ANNE—I'm a little disappointed in Billy that he's not in uniform.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Give him a chance, he will be.

MARY ANNE—Yes, when they make him. Dickie does look so wonderful in his.

MRS. KIRKLAND—You had your French lesson this morning?

MARY ANNE—Oh, yes, indeed. Mon. Devoe says I am improving wonderfully. I can say “What color is the hat of my Father” so perfectly, that he can ALMOST understand me.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Smiling*)—Hum!

MARY ANNE—Dickie can understand my French. Almost everything I say.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Indeed.

MARY ANNE—(*A shadow on her face*)—Oh, Auntie! Do you suppose they will be comfortable over there in France? They’ll have to live in tents and all that sort of thing, won’t they?

MRS. KIRK—I think you will find comfortable quarters have been provided when not on active service. There’s little luxury there I’m told.

MARY ANNE—(*Musingly*)—It’s terrible. And now that we’re in it, so many will be going.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Don’t forget your music lesson.

MARY ANNE—(*Brightly, not suspecting Mrs. Kirkland is leading her away from the subject*)—Oh, I won’t forget that, I’m crazy about it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—And the dancing.

MARY ANNE—“Dickie’s” a better teacher than Mr. Porter.

MRS. KIRKLAND—“Dickie’s one of the best dancers I ever saw.

MARY ANNE—(*Sadly*)—There won’t be many dances soon, with all the boys away. Henderson, Charlie Mason, even Teddy Farnum is going. Who knows when we shall ever see them again.—(*Sadly*)—“Dickie” told me this morning they leave from a port somewhere in Canada. That’s all he knows.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well cheer up now. You must hurry and change. All your friends are here, and Billy’s waiting. Your time may come this afternoon who knows. The chance you’ve been waiting for so long.

MARY ANNE—Chance?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, Billy Barclay.

MARY ANNE—Oh—Oh, yes.

MRS. KIRKLAND—You’re not regretting the step you’ve taken? You’ve been happy here with me, haven’t you?

MARY ANNE—Happy? Auntie, it's been wonderful. I'll never forget all you've done for the crude, awkward little country "Jay", I was.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Crude and awkward? Nothing of the kind. You were a bit dowdy in your dress, and no wonder, with that brainless Miss Slissy in charge. But you don't make as much of your beautiful hair as I should like. Stand off there and let me look at you. Take off your hat.

MARY ANNE—(*Moves as she is told*)—Wait. Like the mannikins do it.—(*She moves gracefully about like the girls in the big shops when showing off a costume.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Splendid my dear, among other accomplishments you're a mimic.

MARY ANNE—(*Humorously*)—Ncte.—perfect poise and command.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Laughing*)—Charming.

MARY ANNE—Look, Auntie, I'll give you an imitation of Trella Webb, buying a gown. Exhibit A.—the model.—(*Mary Anne moves gracefully about as a Mannikin displaying a gown. Mrs. Kirkland smiles.*)—Exhibit B.—Trella.—(*She alters her attitude to one of lazy indolence and looks at the place where she formally stood thru' imaginary lorgnette. Then turns and speaks to an imaginary companion.*)—Did you ever see such a mess? My dear, it's a "Ford" creation, with a Limousine price.—(*Mrs. Kirkland laughs and Mary Anne joins her.*)—Oh, that girl; I don't believe I was ever half as funny to her as she is to me.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Not even when you wore the Slissy hat

MARY ANNE—I'll take it back Auntie, I must have been.

MRS. KIRKLAND—It made me laugh that day when I came in and found you crying in it, in the pantry.

MARY ANNE—I'll never forget that day, how foolish I was. That's the day I called Dickie your Chauffeur.—(*Both laugh*)—He looked so funny when you said, "Place it there, Watkins."—(*Her laughter fades*)—Poor old Dickie, he's been so good to me, and now he's going—(*She pauses*)—Auntie, I saw Sally Merton again this morning.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Your little Salvation Army friend?

MARY ANNE—Yes. She too is leaving soon to go over seas. She looked so sweet and wistful in her little uniform. She made me feel, somehow—so small beside her. I wish I could do something big to help.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why child, you are. Doing all that's expected of you. You're devoting hours to Red Cross work and—

MARY—But that seems so little to what she is doing. She's devoting her whole life. She's going over there, to be with them, near them.

MRS. KIRKLAND—They'll never let the Salvation Army into France, I'm afraid.

MARY—She says they are going to try. If they allow the others, they must allow them.

MRS. KIRKLAND—It's man's work.

MARY ANNE—But aren't women needed too?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Of course, nurses and the like of that, but the Salvation Army is a—is a—

MARY—What?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, I'm blest if I know. I've contributed funds to it whenever they ask, but I always thought they worked in the slums and among the lower classes.

MARY ANNE—Sally says they work everywhere, where others fear to go. They are not afraid to go into the blackest hole in the slums of a city to help the fallen. they will not be afraid to go into the darkest trench to bring comfort to the dying.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, I know they've done a worthy work here. and in every large city, but I never thought of them as doing anything on the field of battle.

MARY ANNE—Sally seemed very much in earnest, and knowing she was to be over there with—with so many of the boys whom I knew—it sort of made me cry—a little.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oh, come, come, all your friends aren't going, and most of those who are, will be back before you know it.—(*Dick enters R.I. He is in uniform.*)

DICK—Hello, haven't you changed yet?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Oh, you bad boy, stealing her away like that.

DICK—We had a great ride, didn't we Marion?

MARY ANNE—Wonderful.

DICK—Last chance I'll have for sometime. I can see myself riding in a box car in a month or two.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, I must see how the young people are getting along. Don't monopolize Marion too long, Dickie, she must change and dance with at least one of the boys before they go.

DICK—Billy Barclay's been watching like a hawk ever since we came back. If you see him, Auntie Kirk, tell him where I am.

MRS. KIRKLAND—You wretch, you're making that boy's a life a burden.

DICK—Well, you put me up to it. I'm trying to do my best.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I know I did. Well, don't keep her too long.—(*She exits R.I.*)

MARY ANNE—Was he following you?

DICK—He was but I lost him. He thinks I went into the dining room.

MARY ANNE—(*Giggles*)—Isn't it funny.

DICK—He always tries to appear so innocent when he catches us too, so. "Oh, I beg your pardon I didn't know you were here" kind of an attitude.

MARY ANNE—(*Laughs again*)—Let's wait up here and see if he'll find us.

DICK—Oh, he will, trust him.

MARY ANNE—And Elaine, too, it's kept her busy watching Billy.

DICK—(*Laughs*)—Poor Elaine; she little knew what was coming to her.

MARY ANNE—(*Wondering*)—You don't think I'm wicked to do this?

DICK—Not at all. You were first by rights. She's the one who is wicked, if any. What she did was deliberately planned.

MARY ANNE—(*Apprehensively*)—She might come up too.

DICK—I hadn't thought of that—sh—(*He looks R. and whispers to Mary Anne*)—Someone's coming up the stairs now, maybe it's Billy.—(*They both move quickly to the Divan C. and sit close together, he in a very attentive attitude. They hold this for a moment especially posed for Barclay's entrance. No one enters. Dick turns his head slowly and looks R. then rises and looks down the stairs.*) No, I was mistaken, it's no one.

MARY ANNE—(*With a sigh of relief*)—Phew—don't give me a fright like that again.

DICK—(*Sitting beside her*)—What was I saying?

MARY ANNE—About Elaine,—

DICK—Oh, yes. It will be all the better if she does come looking for Barclay; I'll leave you alone with him and—then—(*A good thought strikes him*)—I'll BRING her up.

MARY ANNE—(*Alarmed*)—Oh goodness, no! don't do that.

DICK—Why not?

MARY ANNE—It—it looks so deliberate.

DICK—Yes, she might suspect something. Sometimes I think she does already. We went some until I had to go to camp, didn't we?

MARY ANNE—(*Musingly*)—Indeed, we did. I've felt sorry for you sometimes.

DICK—Sorry for me? Why?

MARY ANNE—You made yourself such a martyr to the cause.

DICK—(*Smiling*)—Don't mind me, I like it.

MARY ANNE—It's been theatres, dances, Country Club dinners, horseback rides; you've taught me to skate, Oh, it's been glorious, but hard on you.

DICK—Never had so much fun in all my life.

MARY ANNE—And now you're going away. It's cruel—this war—spoiling all our—Do you think you'll have to stay over there a long time.

DICK—You can never tell. They may leave me there.

MARY ANNE—Oh, don't say that—

DICK—Well, you never can—(*Looking R.*)—Sh—here he comes. Sure this time.—(*They assume positions once more on the Divan in intimate conversation.*)

MARY ANNE—Oh, wait a minute.—(*She gets up and runs to the mantel and gets an eukala—Hawaiian musical instrument—and brings it to Dick who sits with her idly strumming. Billy enters R.I.*)

BILLY—(*Apologetically*)—Oh, I beg pardon, I didn't know anyone was here.

DICK—(*Briskly*)—Oh, hello Billy, come in. Just sneaked up for a cigarette. Have one?—(*Offers a case.*)

BILLY—No, thank you.

DICK—Marion of course doesn't smoke.

BILLY—I'm glad of that. I don't approve of it in women.—(*He moves across to L. back of the table.*)—Pretty room this, isn't it.

MARY ANNE—This is Auntie's den. You've been here before haven't you.

BILLY—(*Looks at her*)—Not often. Looks comfortable.

DICK—This sofa's lovely.

BILLY—It looks it.

DICK—Oh, it is. You must try it sometime.

BILLY—I hope to.

MARY ANNE—Aren't you dancing?

BILLY—Isn't anybody to dance with. Some of the boys have started a bridge game. I thought maybe you'd like to play, Marion.

MARY ANNE—I understand it so little.

DICK—Why you were doing finely the last time that we—

MARY ANNE—I make so many mistakes, and I never can remember what's trumps.

DICK—I don't remember so many mistakes.—(*To Billy*)—I gave her lessons—privately. All last winter.

MARY ANNE—But I liked to be out of doors, skating or riding the best.

BILLY—(*To Mary Anne*)—You've been booked up pretty well all season.

MARY ANNE—(*With a sigh of happiness*)—I've had a wonderful time.

DICK—It certainly has been a glorious winter.

BILLY—Colder than usual, I think.

DICK—(*Innocently*)—Did you find it so? I didn't. Did you Marion?

MARY ANNE—No, I thought it was lovely.

BILLY—Little too much snow to suit me.

MARY ANNE—I love the snow.—(*Suddenly to Dick*) That snow-shoeing party—at Catskill!

DICK—Wasn't it wonderful?

MARY ANNE—And the dinner at the log cabin in the woods, what a dinner that was.

DICK—I ate so much I could hardly snow-shoe back. Do you ever snow-shoe, Billy?

BILLY—(*Slowly*)—I didn't last winter.

DICK—(*Rises and puts his cigarette on the ash tray on the table*)—Well, don't lose sight of it all together it's

great sport. If you two will excuse me, I think I'll go see if the others are behaving themselves properly. You'll excuse me Billy?

BILLY—Oh, just a minute.—(*Dick stops.*)

DICK—Well?—

BILLY—I want to ask you a question Dick, before you leave the U.S.A.—a question I wouldn't ask except that you ARE leaving and that the answer's important to a fellow I know.

MARY ANNE—Then I'll skip away and leave you two together.

BILLY—Stay—please—it concerns you too.

MARY ANNE—(*Puzzled*)—Concerns me?—(*Returns*)
Oh!

BILLY—Elaine Jewet made the statement to me just now that all the other fellows except you, Dick, that have been hanging around Mary Anne have been making bally fools of themselves—that you're secretly engaged to her—

MARY ANNE—(*Frightfully embarrassed*)—Oh, but he's not! Billy—how can you? Why, Dick and I are just good friends—splendid friends—Elaine shouldn't say things like that—it's—it's dreadful.—(*Puts hands to her cheeks and turns away.*)

BILLY—(*To Dick*)—Then—on the level—there's nothing between you?

DICK—Mary Anne has just answered your question—hasn't she? She's told you we are just friends—splendid friends. I'm glad she has spoken out—It is only fair to the fellow she might really care for and—and to other fellows to know just where she stands. I'll go hunt up Auntie Kirk.

MARY ANNE—(*As he starts away*)—Oh, Dick—in these last few minutes you have to remain, I don't want you running away—Please stay.

DICK—Oh, that's all right. Don't mind me.—(*Affected gayety*)—You see—we've put it across—splendidly—YOU know—that's the important thing—Don't mind me. I'll see you again—after you've had a little talk with Billy.

MARY ANNE—(*Starts to follow him*)—But Dick—

BILLY—Mary Anne—please!—(*Dick exits. She turns back.*)

MARY ANNE—Oh, how could you ask Dick a question like that—if—if we were engaged—right before me—

I—I thought I'd die. Oh, what do you think a girl is made of?

BILLY—What do you think a fellow's made of—that's what I'd like to know. I'm glad I said what I did and got at the truth. Better late than never!

MARY ANNE—The truth?

BILLY—Yes—that you've been “putting across” something—you two—a little game. In other words he was in cahoots with you to wake me up—coax me along—I've suspected what was back of your great friendship more than once—

MARY ANNE—I—I've loved my friendship with Dick for itself—

BILLY—Come now—no more playing with me, Mary Anne. We're down to brass tacks now. You care for me and he knows it.

MARY ANNE—(*Low voice*)—I—I haven't said I cared—

BILLY—Long ago, you said it, you little tease—and Dick said it again for you just now. You'll promise to marry me, won't you? I want his congratulations before he goes—From what he said—

MARY ANNE—You—he—I'm dazed—Billy—let me think.

BILLY—Here's a nice little ring for you while you're thinking—Tiffany's latest—(*She turns away*)—I don't wish to boast, but a certain other girl I could mention wouldn't have to be coaxed to put it on—but you're the girl for me! You've played for me and got he—Here—(*Tries to take her hand.*)

MARY ANNE—No, not now.

BILLY—Well, you ARE a cold one. You don't deny do you, that you and Dick deliberately tried to make me jealous—keep me on the frying pan—

MARY ANNE—No—I don't deny—anything—but—

BILLY—You want to play fair, don't you?

MARY ANNE—Yes, yes, to myself—to everyone!

BILLY—Then you're mine and I'm going to kiss you!

MARY ANNE—No, no!

BILLY—Yes, yes!

MARY ANNE—Don't you dare—or I'll never speak to you again!

BILLY—Now stop fooling—(*He kisses her in spite of protest. Mary Anne breaks away angry.*)

MARY ANNE—Oh, how dare you do that to me? How dare you, you've no right, you—(*Trella is heard out R.I.*)

TRELLA—Oh, come on Elaine—just one.

MARY ANNE—Trella!—Elaine!—Oh—(*She starts for the arch L.C., but sees she won't have time so changes her mind and hides back of the curtain at the window L.I. Billy is looking R. and thinks Mary Anne has left the room. Trella enters R. followed by Elaine.*)

TRELLA—(*To Elaine*)—Come on, there's no one here and I must—(*Sees Billy*)—Oh, no, here's Billy.

ELAINE—Oh, I wondered what had become of you. What are you doing here all alone.

BILLY—I haven't been alone. Dickie Stanhope and Mary Anne were here but—

ELAINE—(*Spitefully*)—But Dickie took her away as usual. I should think you'd be tired by this time of making a silly of yourself. You promised to dance with me and you promised to play Bridge—(*He moves to R. She goes to him pleading*)—Aw—Billy, now listen.

BILLY—Oh, let me alone. You're always saying something nagging Elaine. If you can't say anything good, don't talk.

ELAINE—Well, aren't you going to dance?

BILLY—No, I'm sick and tired of this place, I'm going home.

ELAINE—Billy—(*He brushes her aside—exits. She flounces on the divan C. Trella lights a cigarette from her case with a match at the table C. Elaine continues.*)—Oh, I hate him sometimes so I do. He's always doing something to make me look and feel so ridiculous.

TRELLA—You don't hate him.

ELAINE—I do. I do. And I hate myself too.

TRELLA—Sh—don't talk so loud, someone might hear.

ELAINE—He treats me like a fool. And it's all that Marion Simmonds fault. She tries to turn his head every time he comes near her.

TRELLA—Well, if he wants to go—why don't you let him?

ELAINE—Because—Because—

TRELLA—Because your mother won't let you, is that it?

ELAINE—(*Buries her face in the pillows sobbing*)—Sometimes I wish that I were dead, it would be better than this

TRELLA—Your mother wants you to marry Billy Barclay. Must it be the Barclay money? There are plenty of other men who would be glad of a chance to—

ELAINE—Yes, old Dryfuss. Or that brainless young Ridgeway—no thank you, I'd rather take the consequences.

TRELLA—Is it as bad with your father as they say?

ELAINE—Oh, Trella, it's only a question of days, mother says. The war has ruined him. I could see it coming myself, for a long, long time. First it was Father's worried look; then night after night he stayed at the office instead of coming home; and next morning when I'd meet him at breakfast—he'd look—pale and haggard and worn out. Oh, I feel so sorry for him; and we'll have to give up everything, home, society, friends, everything.

TRELLA—I'm sorry Elaine.

ELAINE—Mother said I could get Billy if I tried hard enough. And I was willing to try because—

TRELLA—Because you loved him a little too.

ELAINE—And he loved me—he told me so. I thought I was going to win for Father's sake—but I'm not. I'm going to lose, Trella, I'm going to lose. Now that Dickie's going away it will be worse than ever.

TRELLA—(*Hears someone coming R.*)—Sh—(*Mrs. Kirkland enters R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—What's this, deserted the party—Now Trella, dear, you're not smoking?

TRELLA—Oh, Mrs. Kirkland, I had to. I was dying for one. And I knew you would object to it down there.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Trella, I had to. Some of the girls were indulging one day when the minister was announced.

TRELLA—His wife smokes.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Good gracious, you don't tell me.

TRELLA—Did before they were married. Mother said so.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, let's hope she's been cured. Has anyone seen Marion?

TRELLA—Not I.

ELAINE—She was here just before we came.

MRS. KIRKLAND—In her room, I suppose. Better go down; they're asking for you. The boys are getting ready.

TRELLA—Don't want to miss the Grand Finale.—
(*She goes R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Noticing Elaine's manner as she rises*)—Don't you feel well, Elaine?

ELAINE—A slight headache, that's all.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'm sorry. Can I get you anything?

ELAINE—No, thank you. It will pass.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Go down and help entertain the boys, I'll be there presently.

TRELLA—Righto.—(*Elaine and Trella exit R. Mrs. Kirkland moves to door L.C. as she passes the fireplace. Mary Anne parts the curtains and Mrs. Kirkland sees her. Mary Anne is a picture of misery and sadness.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why, Mary Anne, what is it? What in the world are you hiding for, like that?

MARY ANNE—I couldn't help it, Auntie, I didn't mean to. 'It was an accident.—(*Mary Anne sways a little—Mrs. Kirk comes to her anxiously.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why, Marion, what's the matter?

MARY ANNE—Dick had left me alone with Billy Barclay—and he—well—then I heard Elaine coming—I couldn't bear to see—to meet—Well, before I knew what I was doing, I ran back of the curtains.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, of all things!

MARY ANNE—I wouldn't have done it for the world if—but I'm glad now that I did.

MRS. KIRKLAND—You must have heard some lovely things about yourself from those two.

MARY ANNE—I'm not thinking of that; I'm thinking—Oh, Auntie, I wonder if you would do something for me?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why, anything child, in reason, you know that. Anything possible.

MARY ANNE—I think it's possible, and it would make me feel so much better.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why, what in the world is it?

MARY ANNE—Elaine's father is facing some terrible financial trouble; couldn't something be done to help him?

MRS. KIRKLAND—If it hasn't gone too far. He

was on the wrong side of the copper market several months ago.

MARY ANNE—Oh, Auntie, if you could only do something, for my sake, I'd try to make it up in other ways; I'll do without—without the wonderful future you had planned for me, without hats—and fine gowns and all—

MRS. KIRKLAN—Good Heavens! That girl as much as slapped you in the face, and yet you—

MARY ANNE—I'm sorry for Elaine. Sorry that I have been wicked and teasing her.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Sorry you have been teasing Billy Barclay too?

MARY ANNE—I don't know what's the matter with me, I don't feel the same about him as I did—I don't like—

MRS. KIRKLAND—You don't feel the same about Billy Barclay?

MARY ANNE—No, he—(*Dick Stanhope bursts into the room from R.*)

DICK—Mary Anne Simmonds. If you don't hurry up and change those clothes, I'll be dancing down 5th Avenue with a gun on my shoulder and then you'll be sorry—

MARY ANNE—Oh, Good Gracious, Dickie—I'll hurry, I'll hurry—(*Mary Anne hurries out L.C. and up stairs.*)

DICK—Excuse me, Auntie Kirk, won't you, I'm a very busy man.—(*He dashes off R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Good Gracious! What is all this.—(*Patty enters R.I.*)

PATTY—What on earth is the matter with Dickie?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Excited, the time is growing so short. Well where did you come from?

PATTY—(*Smiling*)—Washington.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I understand your mother to say the family wouldn't follow for at least a month.

PATTY—Mother never knows what we're going to do until I tell her.—(*She moves over L.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Casting her eyes heavenward*)
The Modern girl.

PATTY—Any how, Washington is as lonesome as the Catacombs without Marion. And Teddy was becoming fractious.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Meaning—?

PATTY—Jealous. Since he's donned the uniform I can't do a thing with him. Accused me of staying on there,

just for the fun of making "goo-goo" eyes at the Washington celebrities.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Laughing*)—You???

PATTY—Remembering that there are stacks of girls just waiting around the corner to console a jealous soldier-man, I thought I'd better hurry back and interrupt the proceedings.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Of course, I had forgotten. Are you sorry he's going?

PATTY—No, I'm proud of him. I think it's wonderful. I bet papa a box of candy he wouldn't go, but he is.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Laughing*)—One of the first too.

PATTY—He looks two inches taller since he's going to war. I'm so proud of him, I just stand off and gasp. I can't realize it's Teddy at all.

MRS. KIRKLAND—It's in the blood my dear. His Grandfather was with Grant, his Great-Great Grandfather, a General in the war of 1812.

PATTY—Um—How's Marion? I'm crazy to see her.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Splendid.

PATTY—How is the Billy Barclay affair coming along?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well, she puzzles me sometimes. I don't see why she keeps Billy waiting—and dangling so long. Still I suppose she knows what she's doing. She's had him on the point a half dozen times, I know it.

PATTY—(*Laughing*)—What fun.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I think something will be settled very soon. When a girl wants to do something very pleasant for another girl, it's a pretty good sign she wants to soften A BLOW to that OTHER girl—You know what I mean.

PATTY—(*Smiling*)—I think so.

TEDDY FARNUM—(*Outside R.*)—What Ho, What Ho, within.

PATTY—There's my Teddy Bear. Come in Army.

TEDDY—(*Enters R.I.*)—Hello, Mrs. Kirkland, I'm awful late but I had so much to do and—(*He glares at Patty*)—I've been hanging around the Penn. Station waiting for you for two hours.

PATTY—Have you Teddy darling?

TEDDY—(*To Mrs. Kirkland*)—What do you think of her? Going to allow a perfectly good fiancee to go to

France without the joy of pressing her to his heart for the last time.

PATTY—Couldn't reach your heart, you're too thick.

TEDDY—You'll be sorry when I come back all covered with medals.

PATTY—Honest, Teddy, I missed the Penn. and had to come on the Reading.

TEDDY—No wonder I waited.—(*Henderson, Mason and Trella enter at R. Henderson first.*)

HENDERSON—May we come in?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Certainly.

MASON—It's a foraging party of late comers in quest of tea and things to eat.

TEDDY—I feel like an empty ship.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why you poor boys of course you shall have it.—(*She presses the button on wall up C. three times*)—Come in and make yourselves comfortable, everyone. Where's Dick?

HENDERSON—Smoking on the verandah when I saw him last. We've only a few moments left.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Then we must hurry.

TEDDY—Where is the radiant Marion Simmonds?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Changing her dress.

HENDERSON—She needn't have changed on my account. I think she's stunning in that nifty little riding habit.

TEDDY—Tell her to keep it on, I didn't see it.

HENDERSON—Isn't it grand we fall in at the corner of 85th?

MASON—Just a step away.

PATTY—(*Looks at her wrist watch*)—You have 15 minutes yet.

TRELLA—Why are none of the girls allowed at the station?

TEDDY—Our tender hearts cannot stand their tears.

MASON—You can watch us depart from yonder window.

HENDERSON—Yes, and see that you are all there. The Overseas Glee Club is in charge of the music.—(*Henderson takes a tuning fork from his pocket, strikes it and puts it to his ear, then emits a tone. Teddy, Henderson and Mason crowd together. In harmony, they sing a chorus of "Merrily we roll along, etc."*)

PATTY—If we have to listen to that, I won't be there.

TEDDY—Oh, we have others, that are far worse.

MASON—Why doesn't Marion come?—(*With Teddy leading the three boys, all chorus together in college yell.*)

TEDDY, MASON, HENDERSON—Why doesn't Marion come? We want Marion!—(*Marion enters L.C. She is in a dainty afternoon frock.*)

MARY ANNE—Who's taking my name in vain?—(*The boys all crowd about her.*)

(*In Chorus.*)

Ah!—(*Teddy.*)

I am the guilty party.—(*Mason.*)

We have been wishing for you.—(*Henderson.*)

We bow before you.—(*Teddy.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Sees Patty*)—Patty.

PATTY—(*Running to her.*)—Marion dear, I'm so glad to see you.

MARY ANNE—We were afraid you weren't coming.

TEDDY—Yes, WE were. She brings great news, Marion, the White House is still white.

PATTY—I got here just as soon as I could, dear.

MARY ANNE—I'm sorry I wasted so much time dressing.

MRS. KIRKLAND—The boys only have a short time, Marion. We are going to have tea up here.—(*Teddy and the boys have been making bows, etc. and otherwise trying to attract Mary Anne's attention.*)

TEDDY—(*Still salaming*)—As I have said—we bow before you—

MARY ANNE—(*Taps him on the head*)—Where's Dick?—(*The boys howl in mock rage.*)

TEDDY—That's what WE get.

MARY ANNE—What time does the train leave?

MASON—Six.

MARY ANNE—(*Looking at her wrist watch*)—You leave at the corner at 5, it's 15 minutes of that now. Where's Dick?

TEDDY—Why the anxiety about Dick?

MARY ANNE—Well, I—

MRS. KIRKLAND—They've been such good friends—she has—a little gift for him on leaving, that's all.

TEDDY—Lucky Dickie.

PATTY—Teddy Farnum, didn't I give you a wrist watch?

TEDDY—Bless your little heart, so you did.—(*Shows it to the company.*)—Behold.

MASON—I got one too.

HENDERSON—So did I. A year ago I'd have been afraid to wear it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Nonsense, the most useful thing a man can have.—(*Rodgers enters R.I. with Felice and the tea service.*)

MASON—Ah!

TEDDY—The eats.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Rodgers bows and exits R.I.*)—Boys, pile those hats underneath the table.

HENDERSON—Right.

TEDDY—We rush.

MASON—(*Takes one out*)—Dainty confection, eh, what?

PATTY—Yours, Marion?

MARION—(*Nods*)—Um—(*Teddy takes the hat from Mason and puts it on his head.*)

PATTY—Teddy Farnum, take that hat off, this instant.

TEDDY—Am I not an alluring creature?

PATTY—Yes, you are—not.—(*All laugh at this. Teddy puts the hat back in the box, the boys have stacked them behind and under the table.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Tea is ready. Teddy, give that to Patty.

TEDDY—(*Takes a cup to Patty*)—Gracious lady.

PATTY—(*Accepts it*)—Thank you.—(*As Teddy takes the cup to Patty, Henderson goes over with one for Mary Anne.*)

TEDDY—(*Points to the cup in her hand where a small sandwich rests on the side.*)—Arrow points to the sandwich.

MARY ANNE—(*To Henderson*)—I'm not a bit hungry, you have that.—(*Dick Stanhope enters R.I.*)

DICK—Am I missing something.

TEDDY—You never miss anything.

DICK—(*Goes L.*)—I missed a dance that was coming to me.

MARY ANNE—I'm sorry—it took me so long to dress.

DICK—I'll forgive you this time.

MARY ANNE—I'll get you some tea.

DICK—Thanks.—(*Mary Anne goes over for tea and sandwich. Her manner full of suppressed excitement. Dick is with Patty at the window. Far away in the distance a band is heard playing. Dick looks out of the window*)—It's getting close to us.—(*Outside a low murmur as of the crowd of boys growing impatient. Some cheering.*)

PATTY—Jolly crowd.

DICK—They won't be so jolly two days out on the ship. I know I won't.

HENDERSON—I'm ready now for anything.

TEDDY—I've been ready for a month.—(*Mary Anne brings the tea to Dick at window L. Patty joins Teddy. Trella is with Henderson. Mason near Mrs. Kirkland.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Dickie, you must take good care of all my boys.

DICK—Trust me.—(*To Mary Anne for the tea.*)—Thank you.—(*Dick sits on the arm chair. Mary Anne on the window seat beside him.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Sadly*)—You haven't much time.

DICK—Not a great deal.—(*They lapse into silence. It is taken up on the other side.*)

TEDDY—These sandwiches are great.

PATTY—How many have you had?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Let him have all he wants.

PATTY—That's his usual number.

MASON—We won't have this again for some moons you know.

TEDDY—Speaking of moons; I wonder if the moon over there is as white and round as the one over here.

PATTY—Yes and makes men just as silly, so you be careful.

TEDDY—(*To Patty*)—Don't you trust me?

PATTY—I do. But I'm going to have the boys watch you just the same.

HENDERSON—We'll see that none of those little dark-eyed French girls steal him Patty.—(*Outside there is a cheer and a hum of noise, a muffled order given as though distant. A far away band is heard.*)

DICK—That's it.—(*The boys move, so does everyone.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—And don't forget to drop a line whenever you can, all of you. We shall be interested in every step you take.

MASON—We will.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Where are your kits?

TEDDY—My folks took mine to the station in the car.

HENDERSON—Mine too.

MASON—Me too. My mother insisted on saying good bye at the train.

MARY ANNE—The boys are getting into line.—*(Mason goes over to Mary Anne and shakes hands.—(Henderson says goodbye to Mrs. Kirk. Patty to Teddy.)*

PATTY—Now remember Teddy, you telegraph me from wherever that boat leaves.—*(Folice and Rodgers have rolled the tea service up stage and exit R.I. Dick says goodbye to Trella.)*

MASON—Goodbye, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE—Good bye, and God speed.—*(Henderson goes over to Mary Anne, Mason, Patty and Teddy form group R.)*

HENDERSON—I want to be in on that, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE—I almost wish I were going with you.

HENDERSON—I guess we all wish that too.—*(Teddy comes over to Mary Anne, Henderson to R.)*

MARY ANNE—Come back all covered with medals, Teddy.

TEDDY—Wait till you see me. I'll look like the hero of a Mexican revolution.—*(They shake hands.)*

MRS. KIRK—We'll go down with you.

TEDDY—Coming Dick?

DICK—I'll be right behind you.

HENDERSON—We'll walk on slow.

TEDDY—Gee! I feel funny.

HENDERSON—So do I.

MASON—I hope nobody cries at the station.

TEDDY—So do I, I'm too close to it myself.—*(By this time, Patty, Teddy, Henderson, Mason and Mrs. Kirkland are out the door R., leaving Dick and Mary Anne. She is at the window L. Dick moves near the Divan up C.)*

DICK—Well, Mary Anne, our little make-believe romance has come to an end; I've got to go too.

MARY ANNE—*(Sadly)*—Yes, I know.

DICK—At any rate we've had great times together.

MARY ANNE—Yes.—*(Mary Anne and Dick both pause and then start to speak together.)*—Well I—

DICK—Do you think—

(Together.)

Excuse me—you were saying—

MARY ANNE—No, I—I interrupted you—didn't I—

DICK—No. Of course I'd like—(*Pauses, choking awkwardly.*)

MARY ANNE—There's so much one wants to say.

DICK—Isn't there.

MARY ANNE—Yes.

BOTH—(*Simultaneously*)—So much.

MARY ANNE—So MUCH—one can't think of—of anything.

DICK—But the bully good times we've had, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE—And how kind you've been.

DICK—No, how kind—how—how kind you've been.

MARY ANNE—You'll take good care care of yourself?

DICK—Yes—oh sure! Thanks.—(*Pause*)—I can't realize I'm really going to war, can you?

MARY ANNE—No, I can't realize it.—(*Pause. Mary Anne is turning away a little. Dick comes near her.*)

DICK—Of what are you thinking?

MARY ANNE—Of that war—

DICK—Oh, I'll be all right.

MARY ANNE—But it's real—there are no dreams—no fancies. The danger is real—hideous.—(*She pauses*)—We've been such good friends—I shall be thinking of you over there.

DICK—(*Earnestly*)—And I shall be thinking of you, Mary Anne.

TEDDY—(*Outside R.*)—You've got just three minutes, Dickie.

DICK—I'm coming.

MARY ANNE—Oh, wait—they mustn't go till I've given you your presents.

DICK—For me?—(*She runs to the small table L. of the fire place and brings down the boxes unwrapped. They sit on the Divan C.*)

MARY ANNE—A sweater, see? I made it myself.

DICK—Oh, that's great.

MARY ANNE—And the muffler—and mittens. I hope the trunks are large enough.—(*Hands each separately.*)

DICK—Oh, sure.

MARY ANNE—(*Disclosing the big surprise*)—And here, a little kit bag and medicine chest combined. See

there, needle and thread. A pair of scissors. Things to shave with.—(*Points to bottles*)—That's quinine, this is flaxseed—for poultices, you know. And put in your eye if you get anything in it. This is Peroxide, Antiseptic. Isn't it complete?

DICK—This is great. You did all this for me?

MARY ANNE—Of course. I tried to think of everything.

DICK—(*Softly*)—There's only one thing you forgot! Something I would like above all these.

MARY ANNE—What?

DICK—Your picture—This wouldn't be complete without a picture of you.

MARY ANNE—(*Flustered*)—A picture of me? Good gracious. Really?—(*She looks about helplessly. She sees an ivory miniature of herself on the mantel up C. She gets it.*)—Here, you may have this one. It belongs to Auntie, but she won't mind.

DICK—(*Looks at it tenderly*)—Thank you Mary Anne, I—I shall keep it with me for good luck.—(*He puts it in his breast pocket, she gathers the things together and ties them quickly. Dick rises*)—We won't say goodbye—just Au Revoir.—(*Mary Anne rises and hands him the package.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Trying to smile*)—Yes—just Au Revoir—(*She puts her hand in his. A nearer band begins "Over There."* There are cheers.)

TEDDY—(*Outside*)—Come on Dick.—(*Dick looks at Mary Anne. He resists a desire to crush her in his arms and bends over and kisses her hand instead, turns and exits out of the door R. quickly, taking his presents with him. Mary Anne stands dazed looking at her hand which he has kissed. The sound of the music becomes louder, the parade is nearing the corner. Outside R., Mrs. Kirkland is heard as Dick passes her.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Au Revoir, Dickie boy, better hurry, you'll be court martialled.—(*Mary Anne turns and at the window L. Patty and Mrs. Kirkland enter R. Mrs. Kirkland speaks to Mary Anne as she passes to the window L.*)—Come dear, we can see them from here.

PATTY—(*Puts her arm about Mary Anne and takes her to L.*)—Isn't it wonderful?—(*"Over There" is now quite Forte, a strong stirring march tempo, as the Trio stand at the window.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Excitedly*)—There's Henderson. He's waving his hand at us.—(*The trio wave their handkerchief in return.*)

PATTY—(*After a pause. Excitedly.*)—There's Teddy. There's Teddy.—(*They wave their handkerchiefs frantically. Then Patty wipes a tear from her eye.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Suddenly excited.*)—There goes—(*She pauses*)—There goes—(*She moves a little C.*)—Dick! Oh, my God!—(*Mary Anne falls C. in front of the Divan. Mrs. Kirkland turns and sees her, goes to her quickly.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Marion.—(*Looks out of window, then back to Mary Anne, then the meaning of it all comes over her—she utters one word.*)—Dick!—(*Patty is still waving at the window—the music is Forte.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—Same as Act I. June, 1919.

At rise Betsy is standing at the window R.C. looking out R. She has a rag in her hand and a pail of water stands on the floor. Miss Slissy enters the door L.2. She has her sewing bag on her arm with materials, etc.

MISS SLISSY—Where's Miz Simmonds?

BETSY—Out to the hen house I think.

MISS SLISSY—I came to finish that new waist I'm making for her. Do you know what she done with the pattern?

BETSY—It's on the sewing machine in her room upstairs.

MISS SLISSY—What you lookin' at?

BETSY—(Staring out R. at the window)—Nuthin'.

MISS SLISSY—(Goes up to the window L.C. and looks out R.)—Humph! Henry'd be flattered if he could hear that.—(She comes down)—Mary Anne's expected home today, ain't she?

BETSY—Yep.

MISS SLISSY—Toll Operator stopped in a moment on her way from lunch and she said that Mrs. Kirkland had a long distance call from New York sayin' Mary Anne was on her way down here by automobile. Her ship got in from France early this morning.

BETSY—(Nodding)—Uhhuh.

MISS SLISSY—It's about time she was comin' home. She ain't writ her mother very often since she's been away. The Rural Delivery was tellin' me only yesterday, that he's only brought her Ma seven letters from France in a year and a half, and three of 'em were censored.

BETSY—She had eight.

MISS SLISSY—Well one more or less don't make much difference. Of course I ain't sayin' it wasn't patriotic of her to go over with that Salarmy unit and help nurse, but I do think she ought to have writ her Ma oftener and given her more news.

BETSY—She ain't nursin'.

MISS SLISSY—What's she doin' then?

BETSY—She's in a Canteen or somethin'.

MISS SLISSY—Well, it's all the same thing. One gives 'em medicine to make 'em well and the others gives 'em chocolates to make 'em sick again. It's funny her

goin' with that Salarmy unit. I can't find anybody who ever heard of it. What's the matter with you Betsy you're lookin' kinda droopy lately?

BETSY—I dunno, I guess it's because I'm sleepy. I had to sit up till half past nine last night waiting for Mrs. Kirkland to get here.

MISS SLISSY—Yes, there's nothin' like losing sleep to cause a girl to fade. You'd better be careful cause you're the kind that fade early.

BETSY—What are the kind that don't?

MISS SLISSY—Well, take me for instance. I look just the same now as I did ten years ago.

BETSY—I didn't see you ten years ago.

MISS SLISSY—Of course you didn't but I do just the same. Where did you say Miz Simmonds left the pattern.

BETSY—On the sewing machine.

MISS SLISSY—Well, I'd better get started if I expect to get anywhere.—(*She goes to door R.*)—Tho' I must say it ain't the kind of sewin' I prefer.—(*Miss Slissy exits R. Betsy looks out of the window and smiles and nods to someone, and coyly wipes the window ledge with the rag. Mrs. Simmonds enters L. The door stands open, set back with a stone.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—I do nothing but drive that speckled rooster out of the geranium bed. There he was struttin' through it for the seventh time today. I made a grab for his tail and scared him as bad as if I had pulled some of the feathers out.—(*Loks at Betsy.*)—Mary Anne hasn't telephoned again, has she?

BETSY—No'm.

MRS. SIMMONDS—She ought to be here by now, I declare I'm getting so nervous I can hardly keep still a minute.

BETSY—Miss Slissy's upstairs.

MRS. SIMMONDS—What did she want?

BETSY—That new waist she's makin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Oh. If she could only make it without havin' to try it on me so much, I'd be thankful. She nearly talks me to death when she gets me standin' so I'll listen.

BETSY—I suppose she wants to be here when Mary Anne comes.

MRS. SIMMONDS—There's no supposin' about that. I wonder how she found it out.

BETSY—Telephone operator told her.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land! Little chance to have any secrets in this town. Wipe off that chair Betsy, sister Mariah will be down in a minute and if she noticed there was a speck of dust on anything it would give me nervous prostration.—(*Betsy jabs at a chair standing R. corner, misses it and hits the whatnot.*)—The chair I said, child. What does possess you to fuss around that window. You'd think there was a circus parade or something.

BETSY—The hired man—

MRS. SIMMONDS—Oh, Goodness, about every so often you have these mooning spells. Is it the hired man again?

BETSY—Yes 'um.

MRS. SIMMONDS—What's he doin' that you can't even turn your head this way when I'm talkin' to you?

BETSY—Smilin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Um—stopped work to show his teeth I s'pose. He's got just about enough brains to keep that speckled rooster from fallin' off the fence and no more. Will you wipe off that chair or won't you?

BETSY—Yessum.—(*She wipes the chair kneeling but manages to keep an eye out of the window.*)—A speckled rooster ain't so bad, scratchin' around makin' a livin' for a family.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Sometimes Betsy, you say things so idiotic that they almost sound sensible.—(*Betsy continues rubbing, Mrs. Simmonds watches her.*)—Do you realize that you keep rubbin' just ONE leg of that chair as if it was all the poor thing had.

BETSY—(*Pulls the chair to her and rubs the top part and the seat.*)—I'm absent minded in the spring of the year.

MRS. SIMMONDS—'Taint only in the spring, child. Tho' I do notice that you're slacker than usual in the last few days. What's the reason?

BETSY—(*Drawls, staring out to R.*)—I dunno.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I think you're lookin' at it now, and I don't intend to stand any more of it.—(*She moves to window L.C. and calls off R.*)—Henry! Stop the hoen' and go out to the barn and clean off the horses till I tell you to stop. An' if the horses is cleaned off already, clean

off the cows. Do somethin' to take you out of sight of this house.

VOICE—(*Off L.*)—Yes'm.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*To Betsy*)—Now mebbe you can tend to your work.

BETSY—Yes sum.—(*She rubs again. Then pauses thinking.*)—Mrs. Simmonds, if it was the spring of the year and you was a single girl, and you had loved the hired man for three years and he had loved you, and wouldn't ask you; what would you do?

MRS. SIMMONDS—That hired man loved you for three years?

BETSY—Yes'm and he's too bashful to pop.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Then I'd take him by the ear and souse his head in the rain water barrel until he did.—(*Betsy stops and stares at her*)—For the land's sakes, don't look at me as if you was thinkin' that over. You've got no more sense of humor than—(*Mrs. Kirkland enters R. 2.*)—That's enough Betsy, take the scrubbin things outside.—(*Betsy picks up the pail and exits R. 2. Mrs. Kirkland moves to R.C. and sits in the arm chair.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—No sign of Mary Anne yet?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Not a thing, and she ought to have been here at least a half hour ago.

MRS. KIRKLAND—We must allow a reasonable time for stops—gasoline—a tire sometimes.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land! How I have missed that child. I'll never let her go away from me so long again, war or no war.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Mary Anne deserves great credit for what she's done, and some day I'm going to ask her pardon for speaking disrespectfully of the company she went over with.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Do you know, Amanda, that's one of the things I am dying to find out. I've read of most every kind of service over there in France and I've never yet met a person except you who ever heard of the Salarmy Unit.

MRS. KIRKLAND—The what?

MRS. SIMMONDS—The Salarmy unit. That's what you wrote me she went with.

MRS. KIRKLAND—The Salvation Army.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land sakes, is that it?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Of course, I thought you understood.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well, you wrote just Sal Army and I thought it was one word. She's written me about Sal so much and I thought all the time it was the name of some girl chum or something. Well, of all things, how'd she come to go with them?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Did she ever mention Billy Barclay to you after she came home.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Only once.

MRS. KIRKLAND—What did she say?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Nothing, except that he'd asked her and she'd refused him. I can't understand that child, she don't know her own mind. Carried on for months to get him to ask her, then when she can have him, don't want him.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Slowly*)—And did Mary Anne never hint that someone else had come into her life instead?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Never! My land, was that it?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, and I felt it was all my fault—having thrown them together in every possible way—beginning with that foolish game I put them up to playing. Yes, it was Dick Stanhope—but not until the day he marched away with his regiment and Marion went to pieces, did I realize it was he she had cared for all along.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I noticed she seemed sort of dreamy when she came home on that visit, but she never told me a word about a sweetheart. She talked of nothing but the war.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Because Dick was in it—more than for any other reason. Why, when he was reported wounded and among the missing—she cried for days—until it came out they'd got the wrong name. And even then I thought the child would die—she missed him so. Then the Merton girl came along.

MRS. SIMMONDS—The Merton girl?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Of the Salvation Army forces. She was just about to go overseas and Mary Anne thought the quickest and best way she could get there herself was to go with her. It couldn't be arranged right at once, however, but one day Marion received a letter from London. If she could manage to join here there she could arrange for her to go to France with the Salvation Army. Marion jumped at the chance. Of course there was no use

arguing, the girl was broken-hearted, I wired you and then arranged transportation.

MRS. SIMMONDS—The Salvation Army. Well, I declare.

MRS. KIRKLAND—They've done wonderful work.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Yes, I've read about the doughnuts they made for the boys. Well, if I do say it myself, if Mary Anne made doughnuts for those boys like the kind she used to make at home, no wonder they talked about 'em in the papers.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Amanda, no doubt it was the very same receipt and I expect Marion furnished it.

MRS. SIMMONDS—What about this Dick Stanhope. Did she ever see him over there? She's never written me a thing about it. Letters have been scarce, goodness knows, and if it hadn't been that I knew the war was over last November and she was no longer in danger of bein' killed, I couldn't have stood it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—After she arrived in France she learned that he had only been wounded and was out of the hospital. Of course she was overjoyed—then she wrote me another time that she had heard from him, but after that not a single word—(*Miss Slissy enters R. 2nd noiselessly. Mrs. Kirkland warns Mrs. Simmonds.*)—Sh—(*It is apparent from Miss Slissy's attitude that she has been trying to listen at the door but has been unsuccessful.*)

MISS SLISSY—Talkin' about Mary Anne?

MRS. SIMMONDS—No, we wasn't, Sairy Applegate Slissy, we were talking about Betsy and the hired man.

MISS SLISSY—Goodness knows, I'll be glad to see Mary Anne when she gets here. I s'pose she'll have a wonderful lot of tales to tell.—(*To Mrs. Simmonds*)—Do you mind seein' if this waist is the right width across the back?

MRS. SIMMONDS—I reckon not, tho' you measured me twice yesterday—(*Miss Slissy moves over to Mrs. Simmonds who rises and turns to her.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Do you wear those felt slippers for comfort, Miss Slissy or merely for the pleasure of slipping in unobserved?

MISS SLISSY—(*Putting with the waist*)—Well, I always was too kind-hearted and considerate to interrupt folks when they're tellin' anything interestin' and confi-

dential. Gracious me, Mrs. Simmonds, I believe you grow broader through the shoulders right along. I'm afraid I'll have to set a piece in.—(*Pins the waist to Mrs. Simmonds as she measures.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Ouch! You needn't puncture my spine. I need it.

MISS SLISSY—Excuse me.—(*To Mrs. Kirkland*)—I'm so used to stickin' myself I think other folks don't mind it.—(*Continues her work.*)—I hope Mary Anne's goin' to France wasn't on account of some serious set back.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Nothing that need worry the village, Miss Slissy.

MISS SLISSY—Please stand still Miz Simmonds, I almost stuck you again. Of course personally I always thought it was on account of Billy Barclay, him being engaged now to be married to that Elaine Jewett; there are folks as have been unkind enough to say so. But then I don't think we ought to believe all we hear, do you?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Not always. Some say that you have an unfortunate habit of interesting yourself in affairs which don't concern you but then I wouldn't believe it for the world without proof.

MISS SLISSY—Now that's right. I'm glad to hear you say it. I s'pose you heard that Elaine Jewett's pa came near losin' all his money winter before last.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Ignoring her*)—I like the way you laid out those nasturtium beds this summer, Amanda.

MISS SLISSY—Sometimes I wish I lived in New York, where you can get the news first hand. Some say that Billy Barclay's money helped Old Man Jewett to start up again.

MRS. KIRKLAND—The lilacs ought to be out in a week, don't you think?—(*Betsy enters from L. over the porch; she is wet and excited.*)

BETSY—(*Breathlessly*)—It's all right, Mis Simmonds, it's all right.

MRS. SIMMONDS—What's all right?

BETSY—The hired man says he'll marry me, but I had to duck him in the rain-water barrel twice before he'd promise.—(*Wrings the water out of her sleeve. Mrs. Kirkland laughs.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Horrificed*)—For the land's sakes, she did it. She actually went and did it, just be-

cause I told her to! She ain't got any more sense of humor than a motherin' duck tryin' to teach a two day old chicken to swim.

BETSY—He kicked somethin' awful, but I held him. Don't you reckon I'd ought to have a new dress to get married in?

MISS SLISSY—(*Folding up Mrs. Simmonds waist*) If you're askin' my opinion, I do. Time was when I wouldn't sew for hired girls, but work is slack just now, and trooso's is my specialty.

BETSY—Thursday is my afternoon off, if you want to fit me then?

SIMMONDS—Betsy, if you'll take Miss Slissy to your room to finish bastin' my waist, you can have the rest of her time for the afternoon or until she's ready to go.

MISS SLISSY—Dear me, Mis' Simmonds, that certainly does prove you're kind-hearted, in spite of most everybody sayin' you're growin' cranky in your old age.

BETSY—Come on, Miss Slissy, I'm goin' to plan a wedding dress, a goin'-away dress and a stay-at-home dress. An' mebbe a silk nightgown, that's all crawly when you put it on.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'll furnish that, Betsy. Come up to my room after supper, there are several things you may have.

BETSY—Oh, thank you, Mis' Kirkland.—(*To Miss Slissy.*)—An' you can make a necktie as my weddin' present to the hired man.

MISS SLISSY—Betsy, where is that rain-water barrel?

BETSY—Back of the house. Why?

MISS SLISSY—It's not a bad idea, I want you to show me how you done it.

BETSY—What do you want to know for?

MISS SLISSY—Well, the Rural Delivery has been hanging fire for—is it a little barrel or a big one?—(*They exit off R. 2.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—I do believe that woman had her ear to the keyhole listening to everything we've said.—(*A motor horn is heard out L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—There's a motor now.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Perhaps it's Marion.—(*They rush to the door L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—They've stopped at the gate.

MRS. KIRKLAND—There's Patty and Teddy Farnum, Billy Barclay and Elaine—Trella and Jack Henderson, but I don't see Marion.

MRS. SIMMONDS—What's Billy Barclay coming here for?

MRS. KIRKLAND—I hope nothing's happened.—*(She exits out the door. Mrs. Simmonds stands in the door. There are confused sounds of greeting outside L. Then Mrs. Kirkland enters with Patty, Elaine and Trella.)*—What on earth is it all about?

MRS. SIMMONDS—Where's my Mary Anne?

PATTY—She's a mile or two behind us. Charley Mason is bringing her in his car. She doesn't know we're coming. We took a short cut and speeded up so as to get here ahead and give her a surprise.—*(Teddy, Billy and Henderson enter L.)*

MRS. SIMMONDS—Well of all things.

BILLY—Hello, Mrs. Simmonds.

MRS. SIMMONDS—How do you do, Billy, I haven't seen you in a long time.

MRS. KIRKLAND—This is Miss Jewett and Miss Webb, Amanda.—*(Introducing Elaine.)*—This is my sister, Mrs. Simmonds.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I'm pleased to meet you.

ELAINE—Thank you.

MRS. KIRKLAND—And Mr. FARNUM and Mr. Henderson.

TEDDY—Delighted Mrs. Simmonds. Hope you'll forgive this little surprise party but we couldn't resist the temptation.

MRS. KIRKLAND—How does Marion look?

PATTY—I haven't seen her but Jack and Trella have.

HENDERSON—She's a dream in that Khaki uniform.

MRS. SIMMONDS—She ain't wearin' a poke bonnet, is she?

TRELLA—Not a bit. The cutest little overseas cap you ever saw.

BILLY—She just landed early this morning, we fixed it with Mason to bring her down and the rest of us would come on ahead and surprise her.

MRS. SIMMONDS—She'll be awfully surprised, but goodness me I haven't got a thing in the house fit to eat for a surprise, except a—

HENDERSON—Don't worry about that Mrs. Simmonds. Marion will be here in a little while. You let the girls hide in the kitchen. We'll run the car in behind the barn, then when Marion's in the house we'll sneak down to the village and get a couple of gallons of ice cream and some cake, just enough for sociability's sake, that's all the party will want. We'd better hurry if we want to get that car out of sight.

TEDDY—All right, excuse us Mrs. Simmonds.—(*They exit L. 2. Billy, Ted and Henderson.*)

MRS. KIRK—(*To Elaine*)—So you and Billy are engaged.

ELAINE—Oh, yes. Have been for nearly a year.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I'm delighted. Has anyone seen or heard anything of Dick?

PATTY—(*Hesitates*)—Oh, yes, Dick's in New York, been here for four days.

MRS. KIRK—Have you seen him?

PATTY—Yes—we saw him—for just a few moments—

MRS. KIRK—Did he—(*A horn is heard in the distance.*)

PATTY—There's Marion now, that's Charley's car, I know the horn. The boys will just about make it.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Good gracious, I'm so excited, I don't know if I'm standin' on my head or my heels, come on girls if you want to hide.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Don't come till I give the signal.

TRELLA—Don't give the signal till the boys get back.—(*The whirr of motor is heard L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—You can stay in the dining room there.

PATTY—We'll go into the kitchen, then we can watch for the boys out the back way.

ELAINE—(*To Mrs. Kirk*)—Don't you let on now.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Not a word.—(*The girls exit R. Mrs. Simmonds rushes to door L. and out on the porch. Mrs. Kirkland stands C.*)

MARY ANNE—(*Outside*)—Oh, Mumsey—Mumsey—

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Outside*)—My little chicadee—

my little lambkins.—(*They enter L. Marion is in the Khaki uniform of the Salvation Army.*)

MARY ANNE—Auntie!—(*She runs to her.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Well you poor dear little darling. It seems like you have been gone for years and years.

MARY ANNE—Two years Aunty—two wonderful—terrible years. An experience I wouldn't have missed for anything in the world—that I hope never happens in the world again.—(*She goes to her mother.*)—You dear old Mumsey, I could almost eat you alive.—(*Mrs. Simmonds begins to cry.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Mary Anne how could you go away and leave your mother all this time?

MARY ANNE—(*Consoling her.*)—Now, Mumsey, I know you wished me to be where willing hands and hearts were needed most.

MRS. SIMMONDS—But, if anything had happened to you—

MARY ANNE—(*Smiling*)—Danger?—I felt so little compared to the Great Big Work going on around me. I just knew a bullet or a piece of shrapnel would have hard work to find me, why the helmets of some of the lassies were all dented with hits. Mine has only a little, ploughed scratch from a bullet—wait till it gets here, Ill show you.

SIMMONDS—Child, you were near the bullets?

MARY ANNE—Sometimes I was—but it was mostly the ones older than I who were the luckiest and got the chances to serve the most. I've seen them do some wonderful things Mumsey, and make some great sacrifices. The watchword of the Salvation Army was, no task too hard, no duty too unpleasant, no hours too long. They were not afraid of storms or cold, hunger or darkness—fire or blood. They went nearer to the front than any others in the war zone. They cooked sometimes within one half mile of the firing line, standing in mud up to our ankles.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Softly*)—You were there, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE—Oh, it wonderful, Mumsey. Wonderful! If we were in danger and suffering, think what the boys had to endure, and we were helping them. Once—with four other girls I passed one entire night in a half-

flooded cellar, our gas masks adjusted—it was a terrible night, I thought it would never end.

MRS. SIMMONDS—And you didn't catch a cold?

MARY ANNE—Not a bit. In the morning we were out in a tent again, the Bosche having blown our hut to atoms.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I can scarcely believe it's my Mary Anne talking.

MARY ANNE—Oh, but it is Mumsey. It is and I'm safe and home with you again.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Thank God.

MRS. KIRKLAND—We've been so proud of you.

MARY ANNE—Not of me, Auntie, I really did so very little. I saw the others doing so much and all I could do was try and help them a little. None of the really great things happened to me.

MRS. SIMMONDS—You just say that.

MARY ANNE—Oh, but it's true, Mumsie, and such heart breaking things happened sometimes.—I saw one little girl crouched on the ground beside a wounded soldier, his head in her lap. He was GOING WEST and she knew it. She told me afterwards, it was her own brother and she hadn't even known he was in France till she found him—there.

MRS. KIRKLAND—The pity of it all.

MARY ANNE—(*Brightening*)—I was too small they said to bear many of the heavier burdens except when necessity compelled. I spent much of my time at the sewing machine—mending shirts and patching pants—

MRS. SIMMONDS—Mary Anne!

MARY ANNE—Oh, I did, Mumsey, great big patches, sometimes within the reach of the poison gas and the booming thunder of the guns.

MRS. KIRKLAND—And we used to make fun of the Salvation Army. It always has been a wonderful institution but the world has just awakened to the fact.

MARY ANNE—The world in which we live, Auntie, but the world of the poor and unfortunate have known its greatness for many years.

MRS. KIRKLAND—You're right, child. I'm sure of it.

MARY ANNE—Mumsey, I'm hungry. May I have some bread and jam? Good gracious, I've forgotten all about Charley Mason, he drove me here and—

MRS. KIRKLAND—He'll be in soon. I saw him driving around into the yard as you came in the house.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*Looks at Mrs. Kirkland*)—I'll get you a slice of bread and preserves. I just opened a jar of quince this morning. You talk to your Aunt, I'll bring it to you. Bless your little heart, but it's good to have you home again.—(*Mrs. Simmonds embraces Mary Anne and exits R. 2.*)

MARY ANNE—Well, Auntie, how is everybody and everything. I've talked so much about myself, I've given you no chance at all.

MRS. KIRKLAND—The world is normal once more. Teddy Farnum and Jack Henderson have been home a long time and mustered out of service.

MARY ANNE—Yes, Charley told me. He came back with them.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Teddy and Patty are married.

MARY ANNE—Bless their hearts—I'm dying to see them.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Trella Webb and Lloyd Henderson are engaged to be married and so are Billy Barclay and Elaine Jewett.

MARY ANNE—Yes, I knew that. And I'm so glad.

MRS. KIRKLAND—All your old friends have been accounted for but—Dick.—(*She pauses.*)—He has been back in New York four days—You wrote me you had heard of him or from him once.

MARY ANNE—(*Sadly*)—Yes I heard from Dick once. I received a letter when I was near Chateau Thierry. Auntie, that letter almost killed me.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why, child! What could he say—

MARY ANNE—I loved Dick and no matter what he thought of me, I couldn't live knowing that he was in danger and I not near to help him. I didn't know if he wanted me—I didn't care, I had to go, something made me. I was in France a long time before I had news of him. I had heard he was wounded and dead, but I wouldn't believe, I watched and waited and searched—questioned everyone I met until some thought I was mad—

a little. I always had a fear that perhaps I should find him as that little girl had found her brother. I pictured myself holding him in my arms and whispering words of comfort to him—even—love. Sometimes again, I would imagine our meeting on a dusty road, and I would cry out, *Vive l'America*—and he not knowing who I was, would come over and speak to me in the kind French we used to practice, when we rode together in the park, then I would turn and laugh and say—don't you know me—It's Mary Anne—(*Sadly*)—We never met, Auntie—But I did receive a letter. If it hadn't been that my life just then was filled so much with the suffering of others, I don't believe I could have endured the humiliation of that letter.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Why child. What did he say?

MARY ANNE—He wrote that he had learned of my presence in France, and thought he understood the reason. That by accident he discovered I was near Chateau Thierry and he was then in hospital some twenty-five miles distant. He was sorry our little game had turned out so unfortunately for me. He said he knew I had quarrelled with Billy and refused him and feared that he had been the cause of it.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Marion!

MARY ANNE—I never answered the letter. The next day we moved on twenty miles or more and I never heard of him again. Here is the letter, I don't know why I've never burned it.—(*She takes a well worn letter from her locket and gives it to her aunt.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*Opens the letter and reads it aloud, yet in tone to herself.*)—I learned that you and Billy have split for good, after all, and I am afraid I have deliberately been the cause of it. Not having heard from you, I presume there is nothing I can do to square it with Billy, or to restore myself your esteem. I'm sorry, deeply sorry, and ashamed, I'm sorry I acted as I did.—(*To Mary Anne.*)—Well that's a funny letter.

MARY ANNE—It isn't strange if you consider the circumstances. Everyone thinks I refused Billy, hoping Dick would ask me. But I'm not going to blubber, don't think it. To anyone who has been in the thick of that great war, private griefs seem unworthy of consideration. There are so many things to do for others, so much to live for outside of self.

MRS. KIRKLAND—But my dearie, Auntie don't want to see you go through life alone. You were made to be loved and cuddled—

MARY ANNE—No, I was made to hand out doughnuts to the boys. I did it, I'm proud of it. And there it all ends.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Do you mind if I keep this letter? I want to study it. It's puzzling.

MARY ANNE—Keep it Auntie, I never want to see it again.—*(Mrs. Kirkland gets up and goes to the door R. Mary Anne turns to the window L.C. her back to R. and talks to the bird in a cage.)*—Hello little birdikins! Are you going to sing for Mary Anne.—*(Mrs. Kirkland motions out R.)*—Are you glad to have Mary Anne back home with you again? I wonder what's keeping Mumsey with the—*(In the meantime the crowd have started in. They begin to sing. Teddy is at their head bearing a floral piece made in the shape of a doughnut and bearing the emblem of the S.A. worked in roses. All are in single file hand on each other's shoulder. They march in a circle around Mary Anne who is now C. They are followed by Mrs. Simmonds, Mrs. Kirkland, Betsy and Miss Slissy who stand up stage.)*

THE SONG.

We're looking for a shell
 We're looking for a shell
 We don't care,
 If it's round or square,
 Or if it hits the parapet or bursts up in the air.
 We're looking for a shell
 Please listen to our song.
 It will send us back to blighty,
 Where the nurses fix our mighty,
 When the right shell—Whee—
 Comes along.

(At the end of the song they break into a yell and crowd around Mary Anne. As they sing she stands looking from one to another in amazement uttering little "Oh's" and ejaculations of astonishment, when the yell and break comes, she clasps Patty in her arms on one side and the others crowd about her.)

MARY ANNE—Oh!—Oh!—Patty!—Billy!—Elaine!
 —Teddy!—*(Then comes the yell and the rush to her.)*

CHORUS—Welcome, Marion, Welcome home again, etc.

MARY ANNE—Oh, you dear, dear, sweet friends every one of you.

TEDDY—(*Bearing the floral offering*)—Allow me on behalf of these few members of the old dancing class and others—to present the little doughnut girl with a floral doughnut, in appreciation and in memory of the many doughnuts we have received at your hands and those of your lovely sisters in France. Said doughnuts coming as they did at a time when we did not have the dough to buy a nut of any kind.

HENDERSON, MASON, BILLY—Hear! Hear!

MASON—The nut is mixing his doughnuts.

TEDDY—With our love and the love of every boy who went to France.—(*He hands her the floral piece.*)

MARY ANNE—Oh, it's just too sweet for words.

THE CROWD—Speech! Speech!—(*Cries of yes—speech, etc.*)

MARY ANNE—Oh, I can't make a speech, my heart is too full—(*Her Mother comes down.*)—Mumsey, isn't it beautiful.—(*Showing her the emblem.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Goodness, child, I'm so choked up I can't say a word.—(*She takes it.*)—I'll put it on the organ where everyone can see it.

MARY ANNE—(*To Mrs. Kirkland*)—Auntie, why didn't you tell me?

MRS. KIRKLAND—And spoil the surprise?

MARY ANNE—(*To Patty*)—Patty, you dear. I want to congratulate you and Teddy.—(*Teddy is now R. with Patty. Mary Anne gives each a hand.*)—I'm just as pleased as I can be.

TEDDY—Congratulate her Marion. It was a hard struggle for her.—(*Mary Anne laughs and goes over to Billy and Elaine who are together L.*)

MARY ANNE—And Billy and Elaine. I'm so glad you both came. I knew you were in France, Billy. You were billited within a quarter of a mile of "Old Sal" once, I found it out next day after you had gone on.

BILLY—If I had known it, Mary Anne—I'd have risked being shot at sunrise just to shake your hand—(*Mary Anne laughs and pauses looking at Elaine. There*

is a moment's hesitation and then both girls fling themselves into each other's arms and kiss.)

TEDDY—Hear, hear!—(*All laugh. Mary Anne moves a little up to Trella and Henderson.*)

MARY ANNE—I saw you both when I got off the boat. I felt then as if I wanted to kiss each of you—

HENDERSON—(*Shouts*)—Do it now.

TEDDY—(*Shouts*)—Obey that impulse.—(*All laugh and Mary Anne kisses Trella and pecks at Henderson's cheek. Miss Slissy comes down, Mary Anne sees her.*)

MARY ANNE—And Miss Slissy—and Betsy, it isn't complete without you.

MISS SLISSY—Thanks, Mary Anne. I've done my best to keep your mother perked up while you was away.

MRS. KIRKLAND—The young people have brought their own banquet with them, Mary Anne.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I had plenty of eggs and bread and jam, but—well, it's all spread out on the dining room table. If you'll go in and have chairs, Betsy and me'll do our best to wait on you unless—(*To Slissy*)—Sairy, you care to help out some, seein'—

MISS SLISSY—Nothing would give me greater pleasure Miz Simmonds. Goodness knows I've had experience enough at church fairs and one thing or another.—(*She follows Mrs. Simmonds and Betsy out R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*To the boys*)—Put the floral piece in the center of the table.

TEDDY—I'll do that.

BILLY—No, let me.—(*They rush to it all of them.*)

TEDDY—I am the master of the ceremonies.

MARY ANNE—(*Watching them*)—Be careful of it boys.

HENDERSON—I drove it all the way from New York without losing a single petal.—(*Patty and Trella make signs to Elaine, who nods and comes to Mary Anne. The boys are moving to R. with the floral piece ad libing a little badinage.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Come everyone.—(*She exits R. The boys following. Patty and Trella go R. Elaine detains Mary Anne.*)

ELAINE—We'll be there in a moment girls.

PATTY—Don't be long.—(*Mary Anne looks at Elaine*

curiously.)

ELAINE—We won't be.—(*Patty makes signs to Elaine that someone is outside L. Elaine gets this and the girls exit R. After they are off Elaine speaks.*)—Marion I just wanted to tell you how sorry and ashamed I was when I learned the truth.

MARY ANNE—The truth?

ELAINE—About my father. I thought at the time it was Billy who helped him, but I found out afterward it was your Aunt, Mrs. Kirkland and you had asked her to do it. You did that for me. Oh, Mary Anne, I have been so sorry and ashamed.

MARY ANNE—I never felt any bitterness toward you Elaine. Everything is all right with you now and you're going to be happy. I'm glad.

ELAINE—And our one wish, Billy's and mine—is to see you happy, Marion.—(*She moves up a little and looks off L.*)—Someone came with us who wants to see you very much—(*Dick enters the door L. He is in full uniform, a Lieutenant.*)

MARY ANNE—Dick! I—you—this—

DICK—Surprised you, did I?—(*Elaine exits L.*)

MARY ANNE—Why, I didn't know—

DICK—Didn't think I'd come. Well, I'm here, I've taken the initiative, even though you wouldn't answer my letter.

MARY ANNE—I didn't know what to say.

DICK—Of course I suppose you did feel bad at first Marion, and I blame myself for it, really I do, and—

MARY ANNE—Oh, but you mustn't do it. It wasn't your fault. I didn't do what I did on account of—

DICK—Oh, I know. It's kind and generous of you to let me down easy. But after I had gotten myself into the mess, I tried—

MARY ANNE—Oh, please, please. If you came here to talk like that, I'd rather you had not come at all.

DICK—(*Softly. Coming near her.*)—I tried to come to you over there in France, but you had gone. Oh, Mary Anne, if you would only let me—

MARY ANNE—Oh, don't say any more—I beg of you. Don't—Don't—I can't bear it. You're only saying it because you pity me, and I can't listen, I can't—I can't—

(*She runs out of the door R. Mrs. Kirkland enters almost at the same time and Mary Anne runs past her. Mrs. Kirkland looks at Dick and enters the room.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*To Dick.*)—Well, what in the name of all that's good, Dickie Stanhope, where on earth did you come from, and what are you doing here?

DICK—Fine. I appear to be about as popular as a Polar bear at a picnic.—(*Mrs. Simmonds and Betsy and Patty enter.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—What do you expect from Mary Anne after writing her the way you did.

DICK—I've apologized a hundred times, I can do no more. I said I was sorry.

MRS. KIRKLAND—But the more you said that, the worse it got.

DICK—The worse what got? Why is Marion so—She knows about Billy and Elaine now. What—

MRS. KIRKLAND—They had nothing to do with it. She and Billy had settled their difficulties before she left for France.

DICK—Then why didn't she answer my letter?

MRS. KIRKLAND—What could she say to a thing like that?—(*Hands him the letter Mary Anne gave her.*)

DICK—(*Looks at it.*)—No, not this one—the other one.

MRS. KIRKLAND—What other one?

DICK—Why the one that caused the trouble. You mean to say she never received it—Why, Auntie, I wrote her a letter from Canada just before we sailed, I told her—I thought that letter—I thought Billy had seen it. I told her things I shouldn't have said perhaps, but I couldn't help it—

MRS. KIRKLAND—Where did you send it.

DICK—Here. Teddy had a wire from Patty that Marion was at home. I remember it well, it was written on Hotel stationery, Chateau Frontenac, at Quebec. It was a patent sort of an affair, looked like a card, the whole sheet folded together and—

BETSY—(*Coming down*)—Did it have a pretty picture of a waterfalls on the back of it?

DICK—Yes.

BETSY—I got it, I thought it was just an advertise-

ment. It's in the tobacco jar.—(*She points to the shelf R. Mrs. Kirkland goes for the jar.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—What in the world did you ever put it in there for?

BETSY—You told me too.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I did.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, here it is.

MRS. SIMMONDS—(*To Betsy*)—What do you mean? I told you to?

BETSY—One day I got that from the box at the front gate, and I came to you and I said, here's an advertisement post card for Mary Anne, shall I give it to her? And you said, certainly not, stick it in Mr. Simmonds old tobacco jar on the mantel shelf, that's where it belongs, and so I did.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land Sakes, that girl will be the death of me. I can't say a thing to her that she don't take me literal.

DICK—That's it all right.

MRS. KIRKLAND—(*To Dick*)—And you said—you told her—all you've told me?

DICK—More Auntie—much more.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Then you clear out. Hide around the corner of the porch, I'll send for Marion and see if this letter will clear the atmosphere somewhat. Betsy, run up to Mary Anne's room and say that Mr. Stanhope has gone and I want her at once. Don't say anything else.

BETSY—No'm.—(*She moves R.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS—Mind you get it right. Say that Mr. Stanhope has gone.

BETSY—Yes'sum.

MRS. KIRKLAND—And don't come back.

MRS. SIMMONDS—Don't say that, she'll stay away forever.—(*To Betsy*)—She means right away.

BETSY—Yes 'um.—(*She exits R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND—Patty, you go in with the others, and don't let on that anything has happened.

PATTY—Trust me.—(*She exits R.*)

DICK—(*Going L.*)—If there's no hope after she'd read that letter, Auntie Kirk—step to the door and give me the tip. I'll climb the hedge and vanish.

MRS. KIRKLAND—I believe there will be.

DICK—I'll be right at the corner, by the rain water barrel.—*(He exits L.)*

MRS. SIMMONDS—Land! I wonder if he knows about Betsy?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Perhaps Mary Anne should have given him that treatment, long ago.—*(She laughs.)*

MRS. SIMMONDS—Don't talk foolishness.

MRS. KIRKLAND—Amanda, when Marion comes down try to look innocent and unconcerned, as though nothing had happened.

MRS. SIMMONDS—I'll go back to the young folks in the dining room, I don't know a thing.—*(She exits R. Outside R. she meets Mary Anne.)*—Go on in the sitting room child. Your Auntie wants to talk to you. No, it's all right. He ain't there.—*(Mary Anne enters R.)*

MARY ANNE—Has he gone?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Yes, child, and I've found out what puzzled me about his letter.

MARY ANNE—What?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Dick wrote you on leaving Canada. It was this letter he thought had caused the trouble between you and Billy. But you never received it. Betsy, thought it was a post card and stuck it in the tobacco jar and there it's been ever since.—*(She hands her the letter.)*

MARY ANNE—A letter from Dick—to me?

MRS. KIRKLAND—Postmarked Quebec, Can., June 28th, 1917.—*(Mary Anne sits R. of table C. reading the letter. Mrs. Kirkland steals out of door R. Mary Anne's face brightens as she proceeds—Dick enters L. and watches her. She, delighted with the letter gives an exclamation without knowing he is there.)*

MARY ANNE—*(Looking at letter. Delighted.)*—Oh, Dick.

DICK—Yes, ma'am.

MARY ANNE—*(Rising)*—Good Gracious.

DICK—*(To her.)*—Am I forgiven?

MARY ANNE—Of course you are.—*(He takes her in his arms and kisses her. The crowd, headed by Teddy, enter R. singing—"We're looking for a Shell." They circle about the pair, who hold embrace C.)*

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