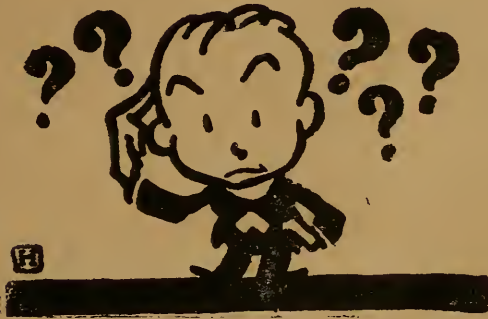


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# Who's Guilty?



BY

LESLIE JAMESON



# WHO'S GUILTY?

A DRAMATIC COMEDY



BY LESLIE JAMESON

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PRICE \$5.00

(10 Copies \$10.00)

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McNUTT PRINTING COMPANY  
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO



# WHO'S GUILTY?

A Dramatic Comedy By Leslie Jameson.

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Scene 1.—The Drawing Room of the Crestline Country Mansion, near New York City. Time,—morning.

Scene 2.—Same as scene 1. Late evening of the same day.  
Time of play about one and one-half hours.

## CAST

Raymond Dawson ..... Out for Adventure  
Tom Grey ..... A Secretary  
Frank Taylor ..... From Headquarters  
James Highler ..... The Butler  
Tim Hawkins ..... The Gardener  
Mr. Richfeller ..... Known in Wall Street  
Virginia Madison ..... A House Guest  
Mrs. Philip Crestline ..... Lady of the House  
Violet Crestline ..... Her Daughter  
Mrs. Green ..... The Housekeeper

## SETTING

An "Interior set" is required with center door (C. D.), right door (R. D.), left door (L. D.). Room should be elaborately furnished to represent millionaire's home. Telephone on stand near C. D. Draperies, lamps, etc.

## COSTUMES

Raymond Dawson wears chauffeur's uniform. Butler wears butler's uniform and he should have left forearm bandaged. Gardener wears jacket to denote his position. in first scene but should be "all dressed up" in second scene. Tom Grey wears dress suit in second scene. Taylor wears ordinary business suit. Mr. Crestline who is listed on program as Mr. Richfeller so as not to give the secret away to the audience, wears golf clothes and has head bandaged, left arm in a sling and should walk with a limp, Mrs. Green dresses to suit the part and also should be "dressed up" in second scene. The other three ladies wear evening gowns in the second scene.

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# WHO'S GUILTY?

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Curtain—(Mrs. Green and James Highler are tidying up the room). Mrs. Green:—"My, my, this strange affair is setting me wild. For the last two weeks since Mr. Crestline's strange disappearance, the place has been topsy-turvy. I wonder where the poor man is? Anyway, Mrs. Crestline has telephoned to Pinkerton's for a detective, cause I heard her, and it will be worse than ever, everybody under suspicion, and hardly daring to breathe." (Stops for breath).

James:—"Yes mum."

Mrs. Green:—"What with Tim Hawkins the gardener trying to make love to me all the while I'm so upset,—you can't blame him of course for making love to a pretty widow,—but he is so slow, and not half as handsome as Mr. Green was when living."

James:—"Yes mum." (Fidgets about and looks around furtively).

Mrs. Green:—"Well, I hope they find Mr. Crestline well and happy, though no doubt in my mind but what he is now mouldering in his grave—gone two weeks and not a sign of him. The Misses doesn't want any publicity for stocks would drop down and what not—he is such a big man on Wall Street, you know—and oh, so rich."

James:—"So I've heard mum." (Starts to leave).

Mrs. Green:—"Why James, what is wrong with your wrist, it is all swelled up?"

James:—(nervously) "It is nothing mum, a mere bump."

Mrs. Green:—(Haughtily) "Well, it looks more than a bump to me and bandaged too, but I suppose its none of my business—(then confidential) But James, couldn't you make Tim Hawkins a little bit jealous by making love to me?" (Grabs him by coat).

James:—(Irritated) "No mum, I wouldn't care to."

Mrs. Green:—"Oh, you're afraid that you might fall in love with me yourself,—I don't blame you—so many men have done that since Mr. Green went to his just reward."

James:—(Again trying to get away) "Can't say, didn't know him mum." (Mrs. Crestline enters suddenly from R. D., and misunderstands the situation.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"That will do James." (Very dignified).

James:—(With a great start, bowing) "Yes mum." (Exits L.D.).

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Mrs. Green:—"Excuse me mam, but I was just fixing his tie. You see he was so upset, and all, he just couldn't do it himself."

Mrs. Crestline:—"That will do also, Mrs. Green."

Mrs. Green:—"Yes mam, I hope you're not angry with me?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Please don't talk any more, Mrs. Green, I'm upset enough over this affair as it is."

Mrs. Green:—"Yes mam, but this great detective—he will clear up the mystery—same as the one did in the book I just finished reading."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Kindly refrain from too much listening in the future, Mrs. Green, that will do now."

Mrs. Green:—"Yes mam, and I do hope you won't find poor Mr. Crestline horribly mangled." (Exits L. D.).

Mrs. Crestline:—"Oh, these snooping servants will set me wild—and this suspense is terrible. Poor Philip, what could have happened to him?" (Violet Crestline enters from R. D.)

Violet Crestline:—"Dear mother, please do control yourself, everything will come out alright, I am sure."

Mrs. Crestline:—"No, no, no, I believe your father is dead, foully murdered—by one of his enemies."

Violet:—"But I didn't know dear daddy had an enemy in the whole wide world, mother?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"A man of your father's standing is bound to have many enemies as well as friends. His big Wall Street deals would bring that about."

Violet:—"But surely—they would not murder him?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"If he was held for ransom—we would have heard from him during the past two weeks,—no I fear it is murder."

Violet:—"Don't talk that way—please,—mother—or I will break down too. He was such a good daddy."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Good to you indeed Violet, he has pampered you with every kind of luxury, but I must say he was a man of violent temper."

Violet:—"I know mother about those things—but he just couldn't help it, he had so many worries—he was a great financier—a big man in the world and you know he fought every foot of the way up the ladder of Success."

Mrs. Crestline:—"I realize that, but he should have learned to control those awful outbursts of his—that is why I fear for his life.— And to think we quarreled that last night,—Life has not been so happy these last few years since that big Northern mining deal started Philip on his sudden rise to fame and fortune."

Violet:—"Well, let us hope for the best, mother. But why don't you ask the police to solve this mystery?"

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Mrs. Crestline:—"The publicity for ourselves for one reason, the calamity which would occur in Wall Street for another—the estate would be overrun with New York newspaper reporters if it was allowed to leak out that 'Philip Crestline, the millionaire mining king has mysteriously disappeared.' Then too, Violet, I have sent for a private detective from Pinkerton's who is due here now, he may be able to find "Who's Guilty" and clear up the mystery at once."

Violet:—"You are right mother darling." (Bell rings off stage, James the butler passes across rear of stage and exits C. D.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"There is the bell, it must be my man, already." (James re-enters and hands Mrs. Crestline a card.)

James:—"A gentleman to see you, mum."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Mr. Frank Taylor, oh yes, show him in James."

Violet:—"Oh—it is——"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Ssh! An old friend of your father just back from Europe."

(James re-enters with Frank Taylor, the detective, who approaches Mrs. Crestline. James exits L. D., looking back nervously at Taylor)

Frank Taylor:—"Good morning, Mrs. Crestline, I presume?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Correct, and you are Mr. Taylor—from Pinkerton's—very prompt, I see."

Frank Taylor:—"A detective is always prompt, Mrs. Crestline, Speed is my motto."

Mrs. Crestline:—"This is my daughter, Violet, Mr. Taylor."

Frank Taylor:—"This is indeed a pleasure, Miss Crestline."

Violet:—"How-dee-do Mr. Taylor, I hope you will be able to find the guilty person or persons who have abducted my father and bring him back to us, safe and sound."

Frank Taylor:—"Now there, Miss Crestline, don't worry, when I'm told to 'go and get 'em' I usually track 'em down, count on me to find "Who's Guilty" of this crime and bring him to justice." (Very boastful — shows star.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"We hope so."

Frank Taylor:—"Now to get down to business, Mrs. Crestline, will you please give me all the facts concerning your husband's disappearance. When was he last seen?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Two weeks ago last night, late in the evening."

Frank Taylor:—"Who was the last person who saw him?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Hawkins, the gardener, he told me that he observed Mr. Crestline walking about the grounds until late in the night. The next morning his bedroom was found undisturbed. We

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did not become alarmed until he had been missing several days and his Wall Street office informed us that he had not been there."

Frank Taylor:—"Who all knows about this? Has the police been notified?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"No, we desire no publicity. The immediate family and servants alone know of his disappearance."

Frank Taylor:—"How many servants and members of the family?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Let's see, you saw James the butler, then there is Hawkins, the gardener and Mrs. Green, the housekeeper, and Mr. Grey, my husband's secretary and oh yes, Miss Virginia Madison, a house guest and college chum of my daughter's."

Frank Taylor:—"Now is that all."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Yes,—no, I had forgotten the new chauffeur, just hired today, Dawson, I believe is the name. A friend of the gardener's who recommended him to us. We were in need of a chauffeur at once and didn't take time to investigate him."

Violet:—"You—don't suspicion anybody in the house, sir?"

Frank Taylor:—"I must gather my clues Miss, it looks like an inside job, I'll get acquainted with everybody and then make my conclusions."

Mrs. Crestline:—"You have the freedom of the house, do your best."

Frank Taylor:—"You can depend on that, Madam and the one "Who's Guilty" will suffer, no matter who it may be." (Virginia Madison enters from C. D., and runs up to Violet)

Virginia Madison:—"Oh, Violet, have you heard anything yet?"

Violet:—"No, Virginia, not yet—Miss Madison meet Mr. Taylor, a———"

Mrs. Crestline:—"An old friend of Mr. Crestline, he has come to help us find poor Philip."

Frank Taylor:—"Pleased to meet you Miss Madison, I have often heard of your father."

Virginia Madison:—"How-do-do Mr. Taylor—it seems—I have seen you before—but I don't know where?" (Distrustful).

Frank Taylor:—"Perhaps, I am well known in New York City."

Virginia Madison:—"Well, I hope we hear some word of Mr. Crestline's whereabouts soon. This suspense is dreadful."

Frank Taylor:—"Don't worry, Miss Madison, I'll investigate thoroughly."

Violet:—"Let's go out into the garden, Virginia, perhaps we may see the new chauffeur."

Virginia:—"Fine, Violet, I am anxious to look him over myself. Will see you later, Mr. Taylor."

Frank Taylor:—"I hope so, Miss Madison." (Both girls exit C.D)



## WHO'S GUILTY?

Mrs. Crestline:—"At least your suspicions do not fall on either of those girls, Mr. Taylor?"

Frank Taylor:—"I am unable to say at this time."

(Enter Tom Grey from L. D.)

Tom Grey:—"Ah, those bonds are all intact, Mrs. Crestline, and nothing in Mr. Crestline's private office has been disturbed."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Very good, Mr. Grey, this is Mr. Taylor,—an old friend of my husband's, he will have full charge here, give him every confidence."

Tom Grey:—(Frowning) "Glad to know you sir, I suppose you wish to know all about Mr. Crestline's disappearance."

Frank Taylor:—"Yes, you are Mr. Grey, Crestline's secretary. How long at that position, may I ask?"

Tom Grey:—"Why, er—let's see—about a year, sir."

Frank Taylor:—"Um,—any idea as to this disappearance and who may be behind it?"

Tom Grey:—"No sir, can't find that he had any special enemies."

Frank Taylor:—"What were Mr. Crestline's daily habits, did he have any special hobby?"

Tom Grey:—"He was mostly devoted to his business affairs, sir, and usually remained in seclusion, a man of violent temper when antagonized. Recently he had acquired a desire to learn golf and spent quite a little time on his private links at the far end of his estate here."

Frank Taylor:—"Do you know whether Mr. Crestline was worried over any business matters just before he disappeared?"

Tom Grey:—"Yes sir, he told me that he was looking for a man, preferably a young man with an adventurous spirit to direct a certain new business venture of his in Alaska, but so far had been unable to find the right party."

Frank Taylor:—"Has any will of Crestline's been found?"

Tom Grey:—(Startled) "Why, er—yes sir, one was found."

Frank Taylor:—"What were the provisions of this will?"

Tom Grey:—"I believe two million dollars was bequeathed to his daughter, Violet, on her wedding day and the bulk of the estate was left to Mrs. Crestline with some conditions attached."

Frank Taylor:—"So I see, was worth considerable, eh?"

Tom Grey:—"Yes sir, away up in the millions—that is the reason we wish to keep the matter quiet—no hue and cry in the newspapers."

Frank Taylor:—"Does this daughter, Miss Violet, have any affairs—that is, is she engaged?"

Tom Grey:—"That is rather a delicate subject to discuss, Mr. Taylor."

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Mrs. Crestline:—"Violet is not engaged, Mr. Taylor, but she and Mr. Grey are very intimate friends and I am inclined to look with approval upon a possible match between them."

Frank Taylor:—"Thank you, Mrs. Crestline, that answers my question."

Tom Grey:—(Appearing bored) "That reminds me, Mrs. Crestline, where is Miss Violet? I haven't seen her today."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Out in the garden as usual, Mr. Grey, with Virginia Madison. Those two girls are inseperable."

Tom Grey:—"Then if you will excuse me, I will saunter out there too, that is—if Mr. Taylor is through questioning me."

Frank Taylor:—"That is all for the present, Mr. Grey, you are excused." (Tom Grey exits C. D.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"Surely, you don't suspect him, Mr. Taylor."

Frank Taylor:—"My dear Madam, I am not at liberty as yet to state my conclusions, a detective must use discretion. Will you kindly call in the servants."

Mrs. Crestline:—"I will send them in one at a time, I feel very fatigued and will retire to my room. I will send James first."

Frank Taylor:—"Yes, do so, Mrs. Crestline, thank you very much." (Mrs. Crestline exits R.D.—Taylor lights cigar and settles back in his chair and muses to himself.)

Frank Taylor:—"A very wise woman, I am thinking,—huh—nearly prostrated with grief over her husband's disappearance,—and this secretary,—a very intimate friend of the daughter, who has been bequeathed two million dollars when she marries, of course that is only a small sum, a mere trifle."

(Enter James the butler from L. D.)

James:—"You sent for me sir?"

Frank Taylor:—"Yes, you are James Highler, the butler?"

James:—"Yes sir."

Frank Taylor:—"How long have you been employed in that position here?"

James:—"Only three months sir."

Frank Taylor:—"Did anything occur before Mr. Crestline disappeared to arouse your suspicions?"

James:—(Hesitates) "Yes,—sir—the master and his wife had a violent quarrel the evening before he disappeared. He had a terrible temper,—goes almost mad when in one of his fits of temper,—I would say, sir."

Frank Taylor:—"Ah, so far so good! Was there any secret affairs with other women that you knew of, James?"

James:—"Well, sir, a young woman, one of his stenographers called here one evening, presumably to take some dictation from

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Mr. Crestline here at his home. Some time later I overheard high words between them, then Mrs. Crestline came home suddenly and caused a scene."

Frank Taylor:—(Rubbing his hands gleefully) "Good, James, now this secretary, Tom Grey, what do you know about him?"

James:—"Not much sir, except that he is in love with Miss Violet and is urging Mrs. Crestline to consent to an early marriage. She more than approves of the match, I would venture to say sir."

Frank Taylor:—"Fine, James, is that all?"

James:—"Yes sir, I shouldn't have said so much sir."

Frank Taylor:—"You may go now, and have Mrs. Green the housekeeper come in."

James:—"A regular chatterbox, sir, its little but scandal you will get from her sir."

Frank Taylor:—"Send her in and let her chatter." (James exits L. D.)

Frank Taylor:—"Just what I suspected, the wife and secretary are in on this thing together. Leave it to me to turn the servants inside out to get at the truth." (Enters Mrs. Green L. D.)

Mrs. Green:—"You sent for me sir, you are the detective I have heard so much about and you wish to question me. All I know is that I'm worried half sick over this affair. I know you will be able to find Mr. Crestline for us, sir."

Frank Taylor:—"That is what I am here for. Tell me Mrs. Green, did you ever hear Mr. and Mrs. Crestline quarreling?"

Mrs. Green:—"Yes sir, several times, but I never stoop to scandal."

Frank Taylor:—"I realize that, Mrs. Green,—but the night before your master's disappearance, what happened?"

Mrs. Green:—"That was my night off, sir, and me and Tim Hawkins, the gardener had went to the movies, the best picture I ever saw, you ought to have seen it sir. There was such a handsome man in it. just reminded me of my former husband, Mr. Green and not a bit slow like Tim Hawkins. Its six miles to the village sir, but we went in a machine and me and Tim enjoyed the movies so much sir."

Frank Taylor:—"I'm not interested in movies at present, Mrs. Green. Tell me, did you ever overhear any conversation between Mrs. Crestline and Mr. Grey?"

Mrs. Green:—"Oh, yes, just yesterday, sir, they were talking about large sums of money. it was beyond me, and he was urging her to consent to his immediate marriage to her daughter, Violet, but of course I didn't stop to listen much, I am no gossip sir."

Frank Taylor:—"That will do now, Mrs. Green, you may go—and send in Hawkins the gardener."

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Mrs. Green:—"I will sir, and also the new chauffeur, Hawkins brought him here, and a bright one he is, sir."

Frank Taylor:—"Very well, send them both in."

Mrs. Green:—"Yes sir, and are you in command here sir?"

Frank Taylor:—"I am for the time being."

Mrs. Green:—"Would you mind making love to me, Mr. Detective, so as to make Tim Hawkins jealous? He is too slow to pop the question without help."

Frank Taylor:—"Surest thing you know, Mrs. Green, anything to accommodate a charming woman like you."

Mrs. Green:—"Oh, Mr. Detective, you are such a flatterer."  
(Exits).

Frank Taylor:—"Looks like I might make a matrimonial catch myself and perhaps the old girl has a neat sum tied up in her stocking, too." (Enter Raymond Dawson and Tim Hawkins C. D.)

Raymond Dawson:—"Well, you sent for us, no doubt you are a detective?"

Tim Hawkins:—"Mrs. Green told me to come in and her word usually is law with me."

Frank Taylor:—(Sarcastily) "So, you are the handsome young chauffeur the young ladies are raving about?" How did you know I was a detective?"

Raymond Dawson:—"Because of your bull dog, hard boiled manner, I know the type."

Frank Taylor:—"A pretty wise guy, I see. Now then Hawkins, what do you know of this mystery?"

Tim Hawkins:—"Nothing at all sir, I am kept busy in the garden most of the time, sir."

Frank Taylor:—"I see,—never heard the master and missus quarrelling, then?"

Tim Hawkins:—"No sir, my fights with Mrs. Green is about all I can attend to sir."

Frank Taylor:—"And I think you need some help there, I've taken rather a liking to Mrs. Green myself."

Tim Hawkins:—(very disturbed) "Please don't cut me out sir, its the only chance I've got, sir."

Frank Taylor:—"We'll see about that, Hawkins,—Now then young man, how did you get here?"

Raymond Dawson:—"On my two good legs, Mr. Gumshoe man; Hawkins landed me the job of chauffeur; I heard about this mysterious disappearance of Mr. Crestline, and while I am here, I intend doing a little detective work, myself, anything for a little adventure."

Frank Taylor:—"Ah, a rival, well young man, you butt out,—I have my clues and I'll find "Who's Guilty" without your help."

Raymond Dawson:—"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Taylor from Pinkerton's."

Frank Taylor:—(Alarmed) "How did you know that?"

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Raymond Dawson:—"That's easy, ask me something harder?"

Frank Taylor:—"Suppose that I tell you to get out?"

Raymond Dawson:—"Then I'll telephone Police Headquarters at New York and spoil your little game."

Frank Taylor:—"Well, I guess you can fool around—you won't be in my way much."

Raymond Dawson:—"And you won't be in my way much either. Let's see, I've found out about the quarrels between Mrs. Crestline and her husband, also this affair between the daughter and this secretary, Tom Grey, and I know there is a Miss Virginia Madison visiting here,—think I met her once."

Frank Taylor:—"Huh,—I suppose you have it all doped out?"

Tim Hawkins:—"He's such a nice young feller sir, that he got it all out of the servants."

Frank Taylor:—"Well, find out all you like, young man, and see what good it does you."

Raymond Dawson:—"I can tell you your conclusions right now. You think that Mrs. Crestline and the secretary are jointly guilty in this affair."

Frank Taylor:—(Surprised) "Well—I'll be D--Dog Gunned!

Raymond Dawson:—"Am I right?"

Frank Taylor:—"Mind your own business, Mr. Chauffeur, and I'll form my own opinions."

Tim Hawkins:—"I hope Mr. Crestline aint' dead, sir?"

Frank Taylor:—"If he isn't, he's a mighty sick man." (Snappy).

Raymond Dawson:—"Hawkins here doesn't know much of the affair, so we will leave him out of it."

Frank Taylor:—"Oh, you don't say so? I'll suspicion anybody I feel like."

Raymond Dawson:—"Alright, go ahead Sherlock Holmes,—use a magnifying glass and I'll use the naked eye and beat you to it. (Mocking) Hsst! Quick, Watson the needle!"

Frank Taylor:—"I haven't worked two years out of Pinkerton's to be fooled by anybody."

Raymond Dawson:—"Did you bring a Ouija Board with you?" (Enter Mrs. Green L. D., and rushes up to Taylor).

Mrs. Green:—"Oh, Mr. Taylor, you must come down to the kitchen and sample my pies."

Tim Hawkins:—"Er,—I say, Mrs. Green, my appetite hasn't given out yet."

Mrs. Green:—"I am asking Mr. Taylor, not you Tim Hawkins. You're too slow to catch the spring fever, snails travel like express trains 'longside of you, I'm thinking."

Tim Hawkins:—"No use being in a hurry, if ye aint going no place in particular."

Mrs. Green:—"Hump, you wouldn't run after the last street car at midnight.—Oh, Mr. Taylor, wasn't that a funny story you was telling me about an old man proposing to a widow?"

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Tim Hawkins:—"What will ye be telling her after you know her a couple of weeks, Mr. Taylor?"

Frank Taylor:—"Ho, hum, Mrs. Green and I are fast friends and we run from no one. That suggestion as to refreshments hits me in the right spot."

Mrs. Green:—"And my tarts can't be beat, Mr. Taylor. I learned to make them from an English lady. Maybe you will be wanting a wife to be a good cook, eh, Mr. Taylor?"

Tim Hawkins:—"Would you mind me coming along, Mrs. Green?"

Mrs. Green:—"I'll see you later, Mr. Tim Hawkins,—In the meantime Mr. Taylor and me will sojourn to the kitchen, there to partake of a slight repast.—My arm, Mr. Taylor."

Raymond Dawson:—"Eat pie now and humble pie later, Mr. Pinkerton."

Frank Taylor:—"But not from your hand, busybody. Don't get hold of too many clues while I am busy with the pie."

Raymond Dawson:—"Like the pie, you certainly have a crust, Taylor, see you later." (Taylor escorts Mrs. Green out L. D.)

Tim Hawkins:—"Reckon I'll be going to keep an eye on her anyway. You see, I almost proposed to her last week,—I had my courage all screwed up to speak but she talked so much, I didn't get a chance." (Exits L. D.)

Raymond Dawson:—"Now's my chance to call up the boss, while they're all out—When I got wind of this Crestline millionaire disappearing, Mack told me to hustle out here and write it up; he said I'd been getting stale lately and this was my last chance if I failed to make a big "scoop" out of it.—(Talks in phone) Central, give me Manhattan 67-J, Hello, the Times?—McPherson there?—you Mack?—Dawson speaking, well I'm here at the Crestline estate, masquerading as a chauffeur,—the place is upset—no clues, but looks like something will develop soon, perhaps within two days, yes will call you,—what's that?—Yes, you told me that before, but I'll make good this time, don't worry—(Hangs up phone as he hears someone coming.)

(Enters C. D., Violet Crestline and Virginia Madison.)

Virginia Madison:—(Very cordial) "Why, how do you do, Mr. Dawson,—how on earth did you get here?"

Raymond Dawson:—"Why, Virginia,—er—I mean Miss Madison. Its great to see you again. (They clasp hands).

Virginia Madison:—"Violet, this is Mr. Dawson I told you so much about, Mr. Dawson,—Miss Crestline—he saved my life last summer in Central Park,—my horse bolted and would doubtless have killed me if he had not risked his life—just in the nick of time."

Violet:—(Aristocratically) "How do you do Mr. Dawson, I have heard much from Miss Madison about you,—And you are here—?"

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Raymond Dawson:—"As your chauffeur, and I hope I will prove satisfactory."

Virginia Madison:—"You are sort of an adventurer and I'll wager this awful mystery has brought you here."

Raymond Dawson:—"Yes, I must admit a great curiosity, Miss Madison, as to Mr. Crestline's strange disappearance and I will do all I can to clear up the mystery."

Violet:—"Please do, Mr. Dawson—this suspense is terrible, you see mother refuses to call in the police and we have no clues."

Raymond Dawson:—"You can depend on me, Miss Crestline. Do you suspect anyone?"

Violet Crestline:—"No, I cannot understand it at all. He was such a good father to me but mother says he had many enemies in the business world."

Virginia Madison:—"It must have been some outsider who has a reason for all this but I sincerely hope we find a solution to the mystery soon."

Raymond Dawson:—"Let us hope so, but I shall look for clues hereabouts. Were any strange persons seen about the estate previous to your father's disappearance, Miss Crestline?"

Violet:—"Not a soul, there is absolutely nothing to work on,—Virginia had just arrived the day before and we had planned such good times but she won't leave me in this time of distress."

Virginia Madison:—"Certainly not Violet."

(Tom Grey enters C. D., and approaches group).

Tom Grey:—"There you are Violet, I have been searching the place for you. You and Miss Madison are forever skipping about on some lark or other."

Violet:—"You look worried, Tom, this is our new chauffeur, Mr. Dawson, an acquaintance of Virginia's and he is going to help find poor Father—Mr. Dawson meet Mr. Grey, my father's secretary."

Raymond Dawson:—"Glad to know you, Mr. Grey."

Tom Grey:—(Cooly) "How do you do, So you are our new chauffeur, and an acquaintance of Miss Madison's and also somewhat of a detective, so Violet tells me?"

Raymond Dawson:—"Not exactly, Mr. Grey, while acting in the capacity of chauffeur I hope I may be of service in the search for Mr. Crestline. Perhaps you can give me some light on the matter?"

Tom Grey:—"There is little to learn from me, Mr. Dawson. Mr. Crestline completely disappeared two weeks ago today, just as though the ground had opened up and swallowed him. We do not wish any publicity. Not a ray of light has been thrown on the mystery since, so if you can clear it up you're a wonder."

Virginia Madison:—"I have great faith in Mr. Dawson—he saved my life at the risk of his own and I know he has grit enough to succeed in anything he undertakes."

Raymond:—"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Madison."

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Virginia:—"Don't thank me,—I have never been able to thank you enough, you offered your life to save mine and you know that kick you received in consequence put you in the hospital."

Raymond:—"Yes, but your tender care brought me around in good time as well and strong as ever."

Tom Grey:—"So you are enacting a new role, Miss Madison, as champion of distressed chauffeurs. Well you have my best wishes. Now Violet, I would like permission to speak to you alone in the library."

Violet:—"Certainly, Tom."

Virginia:—"You two go right ahead, I will remain here with Mr. Dawson."

Violet:—"Now, now, Virginia remember what you told me about being heart free."

Tom Grey:—"I may wish you to drive me to the village, shortly Mr. Dawson, and I would advise you not to let your sleuthing interfere with your duties as chauffeur."

Raymond:—"I will have the car ready for you, sir."

(Tom Grey and Violet Crestline exit L. D.)

Raymond:—"Gee, but the secretary is awful affectionate.—I must clear up this mystery—it means so much to me, Miss Madison,—I can't explain why now but may be able to later."

Virginia:—"Its alright, Mr.—er Dawson."

Raymond:—(Sitting beside her) "Won't you please call me, Raymond,—as you did at the hospital?"

Virginia:—"Alright Raymond, and you said Virginia, that—last day—when you held my hand—and bid me goodby. Do you remember?"

Raymond:—"Do I remember?—I have never ceased to think of you since that day."

Virginia:—"I lost track of you after that,—you went out of my life, why,—Raymond?"

Raymond:—"Because,—well because your father is so wealthy and I am just a poor adventurer, drifting from one job to another."

Virginia:—"Do you really think that makes much difference?"

Raymond:—"I have always thought so."

Virginia:—"No, Raymond, it doesn't with me."

Raymond:—(Eagerly) "Virginia! If I clear up this mystery, will you—will you——?"

Virginia:—"Solve the mystery first, Raymond, then we'll see."

Raymond:—"I'll work like a trojan to find Crestline, dead or alive. The guilty must suffer."

(Here the butler enters and walks across rear of stage toward R. D., with a tray of medicine bottles, appears somewhat nervous when he sees Dawson and lets a bottle fall to the floor, Raymond stoops to pick it up and as James reaches for it, Dawson suddenly notices the butler's bandaged left arm).



## WHO'S GUILTY?

Raymond:—"Here you are James, you have a load."

James:—"Yes sir, Mrs. Crestline is feeling very much indisposed, sir, due to the excitement and I am taking her some restoratives." (Exits R. D., and Dawson gazes after him).

Virginia:—"Just who is this Mr. Taylor, it seems I have seen him before."

Raymond:—"A punk detective out of Pinkerton's Office, sent for by Mrs. Crestline, very much stuck on himself."

Virginia:—"These private detectives are always so positive about any clue that they pick up and you know clues are sometimes misleading."

Raymond:—"I know that, Virginia, that is why I'm going to dig in for the truth. I'll go out now and scour around the grounds, perhaps I may discover something."

Virginia:—"I hope so, good luck to you Raymond."

(He squeezes her hand and leaves suddenly C. D., Sound of motor leaving grounds. Enters L. D., Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Green).

Frank Taylor:—"Those pies were delicious, like mother used to bake, Mrs. Green."

Mrs. Green:—"Oh you flatterer, and you only ate three of them at that. My, how poor old Hawkins was on edge all the time."

Frank Taylor:—"Don't worry, he'll be proposing to you soon."

Mrs. Green:—"I hope so, you know a husband is kind of a convenience sometimes, someone to talk to."

Frank Taylor:—"Ah, how do do, Miss Madison, alone I see."

Virginia:—"Was alone, you mean."

Mrs. Green:—"Well I must be going and looking after Hawkins, the poor man is liable to hang himself if I don't give him some encouragement, will see you later, Mr. Taylor." (Exits L. D.)

(Enter Tom Grey and Violet Crestline L. D.)

Violet:—"No, Tom, I cannot give you my answer at this time. I must hear what has happened to my father, first, and besides I don't like the idea of a hasty wedding, just think of the clothes I would need and you know on account of our position in society, it would look strange not to have a large wedding and invite all our friends."

Tom Grey:—"You should not allow these so called society friends to interfere with your happiness, however, since you insist, I will wait awhile for my answer.—Ah, Mr. Taylor, have you been able to secure any information as to Mr. Crestline's whereabouts?"

Frank Taylor:—"Nothing definite yet, Mr. Grey, but I have been very busy looking over the grounds and expect to soon solve the riddle. But don't worry, a detective usually has a few cards up his sleeve ready to play at the opportune moment."

Virginia:—"Violet, your mother has taken ill and James has just taken her some medicine. Perhaps you had better go to her."

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Violet:—"I will, Virginia, poor mother, this thing may kill her yet." (Exits R. D)

Tom Grey:—"By the way, Miss Madison, what has become of your chauffeur friend, I am in a hurry to go to the village?"

Virginia:—"Mr. Dawson left in the car a few moments ago but he will probably be back soon."

Tom Grey:—"Perhaps,—he seems a little too independent for a servant. Well, I'll go and see if Mrs. Green can hustle me up some lunch." (Exits L. D.) (Taylor again approaches Virginia).

Frank Taylor:—"Let's become better acquainted, Miss Madison, there is no reason why you should be so cool with me."

Virginia:—"Oh is that so, Mr. Pinkerton man."

Frank Taylor:—"And how did you know that?"

Virginia:—"A little bird told me."

Frank Taylor:—"If I catch that bird, I'll wring it's neck."

Virginia:—"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Taylor, eating pastry isn't solving mysteries."

Frank Taylor:—"Oh there's plenty of time—Don't be nasty with me Miss Madison."

Virginia:—"And don't you get too intimate with me."

Frank Taylor:—"And if I should?" (Sneeringly).

Virginia:—"You shall suffer."

Frank Taylor:—"Oh, ho, you fiery one—I'll have one kiss anyway." (He grabs her and she struggles to get free—she gives one scream—Mrs. Crestline, Violet Crestline rush in from R. D. while Mrs. Green and Hawkins enter from L. D., just as the sound of a motor is heard and Raymond Dawson enters from C. D., and hurls the detective to the floor.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"What is the meaning of all this?"

Violet:—"Virginia! What has happened?"

Raymond Dawson:—(To Taylor on floor). "You cheap detective, don't ever lay hands on her again."

Virginia:—"Don't worry, Raymond, he won't."

Raymond Dawson:—(Advances to center of group and holds up a man's golf cap dirty and blood stained). "Look I have found a clue."

Tim Hawkins:—"It is the master's golf cap and bloody too!"

Raymond Dawson:—"Yes, I found it near the golf links three miles from here. quick Hawkins, telephone for Johnston's bloodhounds, I'm going back to find out "Who's Guilty" of this crime."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Poor Philip!—He's dead! He's dead!"

(Screams and falls in faint—Violet and Mrs. Green rush to her)

Raymond:—"And I'll come back for your answer, Virginia."

Virginia:—"I'll be waiting Raymond." (She clasps his hand and he exits C. D. Sound of motor is again heard. Tom Grey with coat and satchel in hand, rushes in, too late for him. Hawkins is using phone. Taylor is trying to rise to his feet.)

(CURTAIN)

## WHO'S GUILTY?

SCENE 2—(Late evening of the same day. Lamps are lit.

Mrs. Green and Tim Hawkins "all dressed up" are sitting close to each other on divan.)

Tim Hawkins:—"And are you sure Mrs. Green that you care for no other man but me?"

Mrs. Green:—"Yes, Timothy, dear—no one but you."

Tim Hawkins:—"Not — even this detective?"

Mrs. Green:—"Why, Timothy, I'm surprised at you, after the way Mr. Taylor acted with Miss Madison. —And he tried to force his attentions on me but I certainly gave him a piece of my mind which he will remember for awhile."

Tim Hawkins:—"I'll bet he will."

Mrs. Green:—"What did you say, Timothy?"

Tim Hawkins:—"Er, I say you are always right, Mrs. Green."

Mrs. Green:—"And just think, Mr. Taylor called you a slow piece of cheese and said he would make me a better husband."

Tim Hawkins:—"Eh, whats' that? So he called me a slow piece of cheese, just wait till I get him alone. I'll show him."

Mrs. Green:—"Oh, Timothy, you are so brave, please don't hurt him, you know we don't want to offend Mrs. Crestline. I wonder at her letting him stay here after his affair with Miss Madison, but he smoothed it over with her."

Tim Hawkins:—"Well I'll let him go this time for your sake, my dear."

Mrs. Green:—"You are so affectionate, Timothy."

Tim Hawkins:—"I'm asking you to be my wife, Mrs. Green, but I know you are too good for the likes of me."

Mrs. Green:—"Oh Timothy! This is so sudden, I'll accept you with pleasure."

Timothy:—"When will the wedding take place, my dear?"

Mrs. Green:—"Just as soon as this mystery is cleared up. Poor Mr. Crestline, I know he has been murdered. But depend on that new chauffer to find "Who's Guilty." He is such a bright young chap." (Enter Virginia Madison—C. D.)

Virginia:—"So you were speaking of Mr. Dawson, Mrs. Green. I was thinking of him myself."

Mrs. Green:—"So its you, Miss Madison, poor child. How are you feeling after all the excitement?"

Virginia:—"Very well, thank you, but I'm rather worried because Mr. Dawson hasn't returned yet. He's been gone since before dinner and its now nearly bedtime."

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Mrs. Green:—"Don't worry, child, he may return soon."

Tim Hawkins:—"You need have no fear about Mr. Dawson, Miss Madison, a clever young man. Miss. I'm sorry I couldn't get Johnston's bloodhounds to help him in the search."

Mrs. Green:—"I have some news for you, Miss Madison. Timothy has just asked me to marry him and I've accepted."

Virginia:—"Well, you have my congratulations, Mrs. Green, so you are going to try the matrimonial game, again."

"Mrs. Green:—"Yes, husbands are like olives, Miss, the first one is not so good, but by the time you have eaten seven, the better you like them."

Timothy:—"But—my dear, I hope you are not thinking of having seven husbands?"

Mrs. Green:—"Certainly not, Timothy. Well, let us go out in the garden, my beloved, you know I must plan my wedding trousseau."

Tim Hawkins:—"I don't know what that is, but I hope it's something good to eat." (Both exit C. D.)

(Enter Violet Crestline.)

Violet:—"I have been looking for you, Virginia, how are you feeling?"

Virginia:—"I am alright, Violet; but how is your mother this evening?"

Violet:—"She is not well, Virginia, and she is convinced that poor father has been murdered, since Mr. Dawson found his cap. Has Mr. Dawson returned yet?"

Virginia:—"No, I am anxious to hear from him. Perhaps something has happened to him."

Violet:—"Oh, I hope not, Virginia. I know how you feel about him." (Enter Tom Grey.)

Tom Grey:—"Violet, I find you two chatting again."

Violet:—"Yes, Tom, we were just discussing Mr. Dawson."

Tom Grey:—"A very interesting subject for discussion, I am sure. Have you heard from him, Miss Madison?"

Virginia:—"No, I am expecting him any moment. He has been gone since noon."

Tom Grey:—"On a wild goose chase, I imagine. He should have left the detective work to Mr. Taylor. He seems to have forgotten he was hired as a chauffeur. I had some very important business in the village, and I was compelled to walk half the distance before

## WHO'S GUILTY?

I could hire a man to drive me in, and I just returned a few moments ago."

Virginia:—"Well, I'll leave you two to yourselves. Oh, Violet, I had forgotten to tell you that Mrs. Green and Hawkins, the gardener, are engaged to be married."

Violet:—"Really, at last, I wish them happiness."

Tom Grey:—"So the old hen brought him around at last. He has my sympathy if he has to live with that human parrot. She would soon run the newspapers out of business."

Violet:—"Why, how you talk, Tom."

Virginia:—"Well, I'll run in and see your mother, Violet."

Violet:—"Yes, do, Virginia, will see you later." (Virginia exits R. D.)

Tom Grey:—"It is very important that I have my answer, now, Violet."

Violet:—"But Tom,—at this time;—Oh, I can't talk of such things now."

Tom Grey:—"The more reason that you should, Violet, since you are left without a father's care."

Violet:—"Why, Tom, it has not been proven that father is dead yet, Mr. Dawson may find some trace of him."

Tom Grey:—"Very improbable; you too, seem unusually interested in this young chauffeur."

Violet:—"Only in a friendly way, Tom. He has such a breezy, do something style about him."

Tom Grey:—"He's just an adventurer, a ne'er-do-well, no doubt he will return empty handed."

Violet:—"But he has at least tried and that is more than I can say of you, Tom."

Tom Grey:—"There you go again. Well, since you are bound to praise him to the skies, we will change the subject. Now Violet, don't you think you could give me a little encouragement,—something to hope for." (Enter Mrs. Crestline.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"You two are love making again. Well, I hope you may be happy as long as you can."

Violet:—"Mother, you should not have got up, your nerves are overworked."

Mrs. Crestline:—"I could not lie in bed another moment. I must be up and about. Has not the chauffeur returned yet?"

Violet:—"No, mother."

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Mrs. Crestline:—"I'm on edge to see if he has found any further news of Phillip,—strange how he came here from nowhere apparently and found out these things so quickly."

Tom Grey:—"Perhaps it will lead to nothing, Mrs. Crestline. Are you sure the cap he found was Mr. Crestline's?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Hawkins identified it and the fact that it had bloodstains on it leads me to fear the worst for Philip."

(Enter James Highler, the butler, L. D.)

James:—"Hawkins tells me, mum, that a cap supposed to have been worn by Mr. Crestline, was found by the new chauffeur."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Yes, James and he is out now running down further clews."

James:—"Yes, mum, I wish him luck, mum."

Mrs. Crestline:—"You seemed so attached to my husband, James, always at his beck and call, you must feel lost now?"

James:—"I am that, mum. I was very much devoted to the master." (Exit R. D.)

Tom Grey:—"The best butler we have ever had."

Mrs. Crestline:—"A perfect jewel. I don't know where Philip picked him up from. He's so intelligent." (Enters Taylor C. D.)

Frank Taylor:—"Good evening, everybody, any news?"

Mrs. Crestline:—"None, Mr. Taylor. You seem to be doing very little to find my husband."

Frank Taylor:—"Ho, ho, I may have a surprise for you before long."

Violet:—"You have discovered the guilty ones, then, Mr. Taylor?"

Frank Taylor:—"Perhaps, Miss, but the time is not ripe yet to spring the trap."

Tom Grey:—"You seem very confident, Taylor, may I ask have you arrived at anything definite as to the identity of the guilty party?"

Frank Taylor:—"You will learn soon enough, I imagine, Mr. Grey."

Violet:—"Mr. Dawson is now out working on the case."

Frank Taylor:—"Oh, that young upstart, little he'll find. I may have a thing or two to say to him myself when he returns." (The sound of a returning motor is heard and Raymond Dawson enters C. D. just as Virginia, hearing the noise, enters R. D.)

Virginia:—"Raymond,—at last!"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Why, it's Dawson. Have you any news?"

Raymond Dawson:—"Good evening, folks, I see you're waiting for me. Mrs. Crestline, will you kindly call in the servants?"

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Mrs. Crestline:—"Why, certainly." (Just here Mrs. Green, Hawkins, and James enter, all excited.)

Tim Hawkins:—"It's my friend, Dawson."

Raymond Dawson:—"Mrs. Crestline, I have found "WHO'S GUILTY" of causing your husband's disappearance."

Mrs. Crestline:—"Tell us. Don't keep us in suspense any longer."

Raymond Dawson:—"It is James, the butler!" (Confronts James.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"James! Surely you are mistaken."

Raymond Dawson:—(To James.) "James Gordon, alias James Highler, your little game has been discovered. It will be best for you to make a clean breast of it. Tell these people the facts."

James:—"Good God! I am Guilty. I followed Mr. Crestline to the golf links, sir, and catching him off his guard, I— struck him in the head and then threw his body into the creek—"

Mrs. Crestline:—"Then he is dead—" (Violet weeps on Tom Grey's shoulder.) Violet:—"My daddy my daddy!"

Raymond Dawson:—"Just a moment! I'll let somebody speak for me." (Goes to door and brings in Philip Crestline, who is dressed in a golf suit and has his head bandaged and left arm in a sling and walks with a limp.)

Mrs. Crestline:—"Phillip!"

Violet:—"It is father!"

Phillip Crestline:—"Emily, my wife; Violet, my daughter. I am safe with you at last. Well, James you didn't make a good job of it—that blow on the head stunned me but luckily the water in the creek was not deep and I managed to scramble out, but not before I had broken my arm and injured my leg in the fall. I managed to stagger to the roadside and saw a wagon approaching, then I fell unconscious. This young man can tell you the rest."

Raymond Dawson:—"I found him in the home of a Polish family, five miles from the estate; it seems the man found Mr. Crestline and took him to his home and cared for him. Not being able to speak English and fearing he would be blamed for the accident, he kept quiet about it and Mr. Crestline being unconscious for several days was unable to tell them who he was. He was known only to them as Mr. Richfeller, who in his delirium raved constantly about Wall St, I discovered his whereabouts through a Polish doctor who had attended him. I knew he was the man I was looking for through a picture Hawkins had given me. I suspicioned James on account of his swollen arm which was caused when Mr.

## WHO'S GUILTY?

Crestline struck him with a golf club. That is all. Here is your man, Mr. Detective."

Frank Taylor:—"Just the man I've been watching all the time."  
(Gets out handcuffs.)

Philip Crestline:—"One moment, please. James, tell me why you made this attempt on my life?"

James:—"You ruined my father, Arthur Gordon, in a mining deal, Sir. He died penniless. I swore to avenge him—"

Philip Crestline:—"What! You are the son of Arthur Gordon. I have always regretted that deal—It seems you are more sinned against than sinning. I am willing to forgive. Release him officer.  
(Butler exits.)

Frank Taylor:—"It seems I am not needed around here, guess I'll be going."

Raymond Dawson:—"So sorry to see you leave, Mr. Pinkerton, when you need any assistance, call on me."

Frank Taylor:—"I will settle with you later young man."  
(Exits C. D.)

Tom Grey:—"It seems that I have misjudged you, Mr. Dawson, and I wish to apologize. I am glad you were successful in finding Mr. Crestline."

Raymond Dawson:—"That's alright old man. I'm sure we'll be fast friends from now on."

Tom Grey:—"Violet, now that I have been cleared of suspicion, will you say Yes? Will you marry me tomorrow?"

Violet:—"Yes, dear Tom, anytime you wish."

Tom Grey:—(Kisses her) "Now I'll tell you why I was in such a hurry,—My Uncle had left me a fortune, provided I married by the 10th of this month which is tomorrow and my attorneys would not allow me to disclose this secret. I wanted to be wealthy in my own name in order to claim you."

Mrs. Green:—"I'm so glad you're back with us, Mr. Crestline, I felt sure that you was still alive and I did my best to keep the family cheered up. Timothy and I will now feel free to get married, sir."

Philip Crestline:—"Thank you for your interest in me, Mrs. Green. I know you must have been a great help to my wife. I'm sure Hawkins is to be congratulated for his wise choice."

Mrs. Crestline:—"My dear husband, let us forgive and forget the past and start life anew."

Philip Crestline:—"Emily, this has been a lesson to me, I will hereafter not be so greedy for money but with God's help will devote my life to Charity and to the happiness of my wife and daughter."

Raymond:—"Virginia, I have waited a long time for my answer."



## WHO'S GUILTY?

Virginia:—"Can't you see the answer in my eyes, Raymond? Yes."

Raymond:—"Excuse me, Virginia but I must call up the boss. Just in time to get my story on the front page! The big scoop at last! (Telephones), Manhattan—67-J."

Virginia:—"Please, don't let us have any publicity, Raymond."

Raymond:—"As you wish Virginia, (In phone) Hello, Mack?—Yes, this is Dawson speaking,—Yes the mystery is unraveled—Crestline's been found—Sorry no story boss—No publicity—What?—Yes, I know I'm a Chump—Fired,—You're too late, boss, I have already quit, got a better job—So long. (Hangs up receiver) —Virginia! Mr. Crestline has offered me the job as superintendent of his new concern in Alaska. It will mean hardships perhaps, but plenty of adventure—Will You?—Can You—marry me at once and leave tomorrow for Alaska?"

Virginia:—"Yes, yes, Raymond, to the end of the world if necessary, Whither, thou goest, I will follow. (Embrace).

Mrs. Green:—"Oh, Timothy! If you would only love me like that."

( C U R T A I N )



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