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WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BY

B. L. C. GRIFFITH



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What Happened to Braggs

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

BY

B. L. C. GRIFFITH

Author of "BETWEEN THE ACTS,"
"THE RECKONING," etc.



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no. 1.

What Happened to Braggs

CHARACTERS

TOM SCOTT	<i>Of the "Independent"</i>
ARTHUR ST. JOHN	<i>His chum while at college</i>
WILLIAM BLIGHT	<i>Editor and proprietor of the "Independent"</i>
HON. ALEXANDER BRAGGS	<i>Candidate for judge</i>
AARON CUTTER	<i>A costumer</i>
DAN	<i>Martha Murphy's man servant</i>
MARTHA MURPHY	<i>Tom's aunt</i>
LILIAN BLIGHT	<i>Blight's daughter</i>
KITTY BRAGGS	<i>Braggs' daughter</i>
MRS. SUSANNA BIRD	<i>A widow, and Miss Murphy's intimate friend</i>

TIME OF PLAYING :—Two hours and a half.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Colonel Braggs, a candidate for county judge, visits the home of his old friend, Martha Murphy, who is in love with him. Her nephew, Tom Scott, persuades Arthur St. John, a friend, to impersonate the Colonel at a military ball where he does some things that make the basis of a spicy newspaper article by Tom in the "Independent," of which Blight is editor. The actions of the supposed Colonel at the ball also bring the real Colonel two challenges to duels.

Arthur St. John falls in love with Kitty, the Colonel's daughter, is sorry that he has stirred up the trouble, and disguises himself again as the Colonel to fight the duels for him. After some shots are exchanged, Miss Martha

STORY OF THE PLAY

rushes in, embraces the supposed Colonel, pulls off his whiskers, and the secret is out. Those who have made the trouble are forgiven, and everything ends happily.

ACT I.—The sitting-room at Miss Murphy's. Martha is delighted at the Colonel's proposed visit. Tom isn't. Arthur St. John's bulldog trees colored Dan. "I apologize, sah!" The Colonel quarrels with Tom, and with Arthur's dog. "This is no zoological garden." Tom persuades Arthur to impersonate the Colonel at the ball. "Go as far as you like." Kitty catches Arthur without his wig, and he puts a scrap-basket over his head. Arthur tries on the Colonel's clothes. "You're the Colonel himself." Tom and Blight. "We can turn the laugh on the Colonel."

ACT II.—Scene same as Act I. Seven A. M. Tom is awaiting Arthur's return from the ball. Loud crash heard. "Ah, you cucumber beds." The Colonel's trousers, that Arthur wears, are cut by the glass. Mrs. Bird has met the Colonel at the ball. "I knew you'd remember your Birdie!" "Never saw her in my life!" Lilian and Tom. "The Colonel kissed me. You must fight him." Braggs reads the account of the ball in the paper. "It's a base libel." Braggs confronted by three ladies at once. "You old villain!" "Monster!" "You have broken my heart." Mrs. Bird and Blight. "And you'll die for me?" "I'm afraid so." Braggs and Blight. "You wish to fight me?" "Oh, no, I'm very forgiving." Cutter's famous bullet-proof vests. "Meet me in the garden at five!" Braggs attacks Blight. "I'll kill you right here!" Kitty screams. "Will no one stop them?" Arthur to the rescue. "Yes, I will."

ACT III. The garden. Kitty and Arthur. "I depend on you to help me learn the truth about this ball." Mrs. Bird and Blight. "Wear a bold front." "I'm going to—if it gets here in time." Arthur disguises as the Colonel, finds the bullet-proof vest, intended for Braggs. "This comes in handy." The Colonel finds Dan willing. A message to Martha. Tom and Lilian. "I hope your father will blow the Colonel's head off." "He will; papa's an awful blower." The duellists. Braggs wants the bullet-proof vest. "He'll shoot me like a dog." Braggs goes to look for the vest, and

COSTUMES

Arthur disguised, takes his place. Cutter gives the word. "It's a beautiful way to die, really. One—two—fire!" Arthur wounded slightly in hand. Martha rushes in. "Oh, Colonel, has he killed you?" She pulls off Arthur's disguise. The fat is in the fire, but Cutter makes peace.

COSTUMES

- TOM.** About twenty-five. Act I, business suit, and may wear same suit throughout, except at beginning Act II, when he should wear a lounging jacket and slippers. His "making-up" of Arthur should be carefully rehearsed.
- ARTHUR.** About twenty-seven. Well dressed, in morning suit, at entrance Act I; carries small traveling bag, wears cap, and leads dog by chain. He should be smaller than Braggs. He must be made up to show partly bald head, although he wears small second wig (toupee) over bald spot. During Act I he is made up on stage to resemble Braggs, with bald head and side whiskers. He assumes this make-up again in Act III. During Act I he puts on Braggs' clothes, which are too large for him. He enters disguised as Colonel at beginning of Act II. The same costume is assumed again in latter part of Act III.
- BLIGHT.** About fifty. Business suit, or frock coat, with hat and gloves. Same throughout.
- BRAGGS.** About fifty-five. Must be larger than Arthur. At entrance Act I wears dark sack suit, and light overcoat, with hat and gloves. Acts II and III same suit, or may wear frock coat and light trousers. A second pair of trousers, similar to those Braggs wears in Act I, is to be worn by Arthur while he is disguised as Braggs. He is choleric and pompous.
- CUTTER.** About forty. Dresses very loudly, with red tie, large diamond pin, striped socks, etc. He talks in a theatrical way. Same costume throughout.
- DAN.** About forty, or may be older if desired. Make-up and costume of negro servant, neat dark clothes. Wears apron in Act II.

PROPERTIES

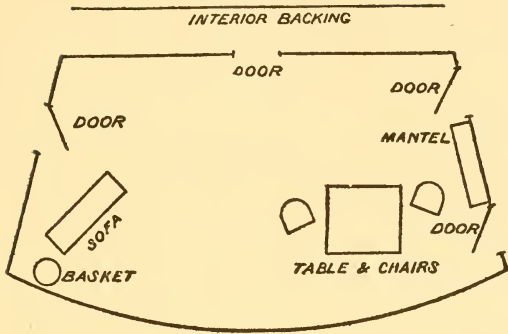
- MARTHA.** About fifty. A plump person, with gray hair and a nervous manner. Well dressed, always in gray, white, or black.
- LILIAN.** About twenty-two. Stylishly dressed in street costume, with changes in Acts II and III if desired. In Act III carries parasol and light shawl.
- KITTY.** About eighteen. Stylishly dressed. At entrance Act I wears hat and light coat or automobile wrap, and carries umbrella, etc., as though coming from train.
- MRS. BIRD.** About forty. Handsomely dressed, but rather overdressed, in street costume, with pronounced colors. She is coquettish and excitable.
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PROPERTIES

- ACT I.**—Photo and make-up materials for Tom. Cap, dog, traveling bag, wig (toupee), shawl, sofa-pillow, waste-paper basket, photograph, cigar-case, letters, for Arthur. Spade for Braggs. Letters, two small tables, two large bolsters, potted plant, traveling bags, coat and trousers, for Dan. Letter, book, album, photograph, for Martha. Gloves for Mrs. Bird.
- ACT II.**—Book for Tom. Piece of glass and wig for Arthur. Two newspapers, handkerchief, for Dan. Newspaper for Blight. Card for Cutter. Writing materials for Braggs. Handkerchief for Martha. Big stick for Kitty. Sofa-cushion for Mrs. Bird.
- ACT III.**—Money for Arthur. Wig for Dan. Shawl and parasol for Lilian. Paper for Kitty. Card and pencil for Braggs. Knife, package containing two "bullet-proof vests," box containing two revolvers, for Cutter. The bullet-proof vests are simply wide padded bands of cloth that go around the waist like life-preservers, with loops to go over shoulders, and strings to tie them on behind. The one for Braggs is obviously bigger than the one for Blight. On each "vest" is a white square that looks like a label.

SCENE PLOTS

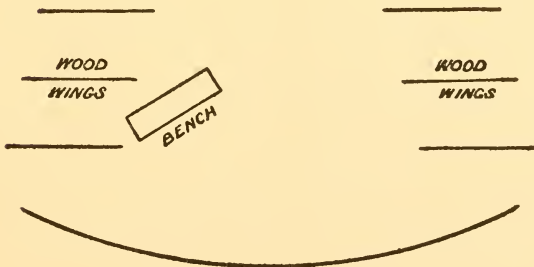
ACTS I AND II



SCENE.—Miss Martha Murphy's sitting-room. Door up c., with interior backing, leads to front door. Doors up L. and down L., lead to house. Door R. (covered with curtain), leads to garden. Mantel and mirror between doors L. Clock and photographs on mantel. Table L. c., with chairs each side. Sofa down R. Other furnishings as desired.

ACT III

LANDSCAPE DROP



SCENE.—Foot of Miss Murphy's garden. Wood or landscape drop. Wood wings. Bench R.

What Happened to Braggs

ACT I

SCENE.—*The sitting-room at MISS MURPHY'S. Table L. C. Sofa down R. Mantel with clock, L. (See Scene Plot.) Doors C., interior backing. Curtained door R., leads into garden. Door up L., into hall. Door down L., into library. Curtain rises upon empty stage. Loud talking heard off L.*

(*Enter LILIAN BLIGHT, down L., putting on hat. TOM SCOTT follows.*)

LILIAN. Very well, then, I'll leave.

TOM. Oh, please don't.

LILIAN. Since it makes so little difference to you whether I stay.

TOM. But it does make a difference.

LILIAN. Oh, it does? Then I'll go. I would not have come—only your aunt asked me to lunch.

TOM. Didn't you want to see me?

LILIAN. Well—I—you've been so horrid ——

TOM. But I didn't do anything.

LILIAN. That's just it—you didn't.

TOM. Oh, ho! Well, it isn't too late.

(*Attempts to embrace her.*)

LILIAN. Yes, it is.

TOM. But you know Aunt Martha has been around all the time.

LILIAN. It's easy enough to make excuses. You didn't want to—to—to—you know.

TOM. Ah, now, Lillian, don't be cross. You know I love you. (*Leads her toward sofa down R.*) Come, let's sit down here and have a nice, long talk. (*LILIAN hesitates.*) Please do. Do you know, you haven't

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

smiled since lunch time. If you only knew how pretty you look when you smile —— (LILIAN smiles.) That's right. (*They sit.*)

LILIAN. But you were horrid, weren't you?

TOM. I am always horrid. A regular brute. But show that you forgive me, won't you? (*Puts his finger under her chin and raises her face to kiss her.*) The idea of your making such a fuss just because I didn't kiss you.

(*Stoops to kiss her—she springs up, insulted.*)

LILIAN. Oh, if you didn't want to, I'm sure I didn't.

TOM. But I did.

LILIAN. You needn't think it makes the slightest difference to me.

TOM. I don't. I know that simply because you are the most generous, the sweetest, the loveliest —— (LILIAN smiles.) That's a dear. Now —— (LILIAN lifts her head to be kissed. Enter DAN, c., with letters. TOM sees DAN and draws back. LILIAN does not see DAN. TOM, embarrassed.) Oh, is that you, Dan? Were you—were you looking for ——

DAN (*interrupting*). No, sah, I was'n' lookin'.

TOM. I mean for me. Were you seeking me?

DAN. No, sah. Miss Murphy. (*Indicates the letters he carries. Chuckles.*) I was'n' lookin', sah.

(*Exit DAN down L. As DAN exits LILIAN puts on her hat very decidedly.*)

TOM. You're not going?

LILIAN. Of course I am. Do you think I am going to stay to be laughed at? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom Scott—making me appear so ridiculous.

TOM. It wasn't my fault.

LILIAN. Yes, it was. Everything's your fault. If you really loved me, you wouldn't want to keep our engagement secret.

TOM. But you know I am only waiting until I can do something to please your father.

LILIAN. Then why don't you do something?

TOM. I'm trying hard enough. If I wasn't in his employ, it might be different. But what can a reporter do to please an editor?

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

LILIAN. Well, all I have to say is, if you don't do something soon —

TOM (*interrupting—pleadingly*). You wouldn't break it, would you?

(*Enter MARTHA MURPHY down L. She carries an open letter.*)

MARTHA. Oh, Tom! Lilian! Colonel Higgins—Cousin Alexander writes that he is coming.

TOM. Why, of course—since the Smiths' reception this evening is given for him.

MARTHA. I mean he is going to spend the night with us. Isn't that good of him?

TOM. Good? He gets his board and lodging free. It is surprisingly thoughtful of him, though, to spend one night only.

MARTHA. Oh, Tom! Why don't you like him?

LILIAN. I think it is perfectly lovely.

MARTHA. Isn't it? And his daughter is coming, too.

LILIAN (*with a change of manner*). Oh!

MARTHA. Won't that be nice for you, Lilian?

LILIAN (*without enthusiasm*). Awfully nice.

MARTHA. You know, the Colonel is my third cousin—and I have not seen him for over a year.

TOM. I thought he was going to stay at the Butlers'.

MARTHA. Yes, he accepted their invitation when the committee notified him that the reception was to be given in his honor; but he has heard that the Butlers keep two dogs and a parrot, and so he has written asking if he may come here. (*To LILIAN.*) Cousin Alexander is so sensitive to noise, and he detests animals.

TOM. Yes, that is one of his many peculiarities. Ever since he has been seeking the nomination for senator, the "Independent" has been full of stories illustrating his eccentricities.

MARTHA. No one seems to know him.

TOM. They know him too well—even though it is by reputation only. He needn't expect to get many votes in this neighborhood.

(*Enter DAN, down L.*)

DAN (L.). 'Scuse me, ma'am, but does you 'spect any bundles by de train? I hear it comin'.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

MARTHA (*quickly*). Not the Pittsburg train?

DAN. Yas'm.

MARTHA (*flurried*). Why, the Colonel and his daughter are coming on that train. And there will be no one to meet them. I shall hurry and put on my bonnet—but I must see that their rooms are made ready. Oh, Tom, won't you go?

TOM (R. C., *hesitating*). Well, I——

MARTHA (C., *with embarrassment*). It might not seem exactly proper for me to meet him—he might think——
Ah, do go!

TOM. Oh, all right, aunt, to please you.

(*Exit DAN, up L.*)

MARTHA. That's a dear boy. Lilian will go, too, I am sure.

LILIAN (R. C.). Oh, no—I—I must go home.

TOM (*to LILIAN*). Please come.

MARTHA. It will be so much better for you to be there, too, since the Colonel's daughter is coming.

LILIAN (*half aside—significantly*). Yes, that's true.

MARTHA. That's a dear girl! Now make haste.

TOM. All right, aunt.

(*LILIAN and TOM go C.*)

MARTHA. It would seem so inhospitable if no one should be there when they arrive.

TOM. We'll be in time.

(*Excunt TOM and LILIAN, C.*)

MARTHA (*bustling about, calls*). Mary! I am so afraid things won't be in readiness. (*Calls.*) Mary! Oh, how ashamed I would be! (*Calls.*) Dan! If I did not welcome him as he deserves, he would think I had forgotten his affection for me. (*Kisses letter.*)

(*Enter DAN, up L.*)

DAN. You call me, ma'am?

MARTHA. Yes—where's Mary?

DAN. Fixin' de rooms, ma'am. I told her de Colonel's comin'.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

MARTHA. That was right. But there are no tables in the spare rooms. Bring the little ones from the storeroom. Make haste!

DAN. Yas, ma'am. (*Hurries c.*)

MARTHA. And Dan —

DAN (*stopping*). Yas, ma'am.

MARTHA. Take the pillows down to be aired.

DAN. Yas, ma'am. (*Starts for door c.*)

MARTHA. And Dan —

DAN (*stopping*). Yas, ma'am.

MARTHA. Get some potted plants from the garden.

DAN. Yas, ma'am.

(*Exit, c.*)

MARTHA (*reflectively*). He has always been so fond of flowers.

(*Enter MRS. SUSANNA BIRD, c.*)

MRS. B. Good-morning.

MARTHA (*startled*). Oh, good-morning.

MRS. B. The door was open, so I walked right in. I hope you don't mind.

MARTHA (*continuing to arrange the room nervously*). Oh, no, not at all.

MRS. B. (*after slight pause*). You seem very busy, my dear.

MARTHA. Yes—I—I want to arrange the room a little.

MRS. B. You are such a model housekeeper, aren't you? It's so nice to be always occupied. Do you know, I have often wondered why you never married.

(*Up L. c.*)

MARTHA. Oh, I—I have never even thought of such a thing.

MRS. B. Really? How strange! But then, of course, opportunities mean everything. By the way, I've been told your nephew is engaged to Lilian Blight.

MARTHA. Oh, no. They are good friends, that's all.

MRS. B. Of course. What gossips people are! Tom and Lilian seem to be together all the time, though. They nearly ran over me just now — (*Enter DAN, c. He carries a table before him and does not see MRS. B. Bumps into her, up L. c.*) Oh!

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

DAN. 'Scuse me, ma'am. 'Scuse me.

(Exit, down L.)

MRS. B. (*continuing*). They were hurrying as if after a train.

MARTHA. Yes, I sent them to meet one.

MRS. B. Indeed! Are you expecting company?

MARTHA (*with embarrassment*). My cousin, Colonel Higgins.

MRS. B. Really? Why, how nice that will be for you! I mean to have a man around. (*Sits L. c.*) But I should think you would find it such an undertaking to entertain him. Of course, if you were accustomed to men's society it would be different—let me help you, my dear.

(Enter DAN, L., and exit, C.)

MARTHA (*hesitatingly*). Well—I ——

MRS. B. Oh, it will be no trouble at all. But I thought he was going to the Butlers'.

MARTHA (*not wishing to explain*). He had intended to do so, but—but he wrote me that—I can scarcely explain ——

MRS. B. I understand perfectly. He is your cousin ——

MARTHA. Yes.

MRS. B. And you felt that the honor of having him as a guest would be great ——

MARTHA. Of course, but ——

MRS. B. So you wrote entreating him to come here ——

MARTHA. Oh, no, no.

MRS. B. Ah, my dear, you are very sly. No one would imagine it. (*Enter WILLIAM BLIGHT, R.*) Why, good-morning, Mr. Blight.

MARTHA. Good-morning, Mr. Blight.

BLIGHT. Good-morning; good-morning.

MRS. B. What an unexpected meeting.

BLIGHT. Yes, I—I didn't know that I would find you here ——

MRS. B. Or you would not have come.

BLIGHT (*placing hat upon the sofa down R.*). Exactly. (*Quickly.*) No, no. (*Crosses L. c.*) Your being here would make no difference at all.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

MRS. B. Oh, really !

BLIGHT. I just walked in through the garden, you know—
for two reasons—first, because I knew Lilian was here
—and second because—well —

MRS. B. The gate happened to be unlocked.

BLIGHT. Exactly.

(*Enter DAN, c. Carries second table. Does not see
BLIGHT and bumps into him.*)

DAN. Pardon, sah. Sorry, sah, 'deed I is.

(*Exit, L.*)

MARTHA. Lilian left only a few minutes ago. She and
Tom went to the station together.

MRS. B. To meet Colonel Braggs. He is to stay here.
Won't that be delightful for Miss Murphy ?

BLIGHT. Here ? I thought the Butlers expected him.

MARTHA. Yes, but —

MRS. B. (*interrupting*). Oh, Miss Murphy explained it
all to me. And she has asked me to help her entertain
him—wasn't that sweet of her ? Colonel Braggs must
be such an interesting man.

BLIGHT (*L. c., jealously*). I don't know why he should
be. Just because he wishes to run for senator is no
reason —

(*Enter DAN, up L. Carries two large bolsters. Bumps
into BLIGHT.*)

DAN. Land o' goodness ! Hope you'll forgive me, sah.

(*Exit, R.*)

MRS. B. (*c.*). Now I must go.

BLIGHT. Eh ?

MRS. B. It's such a pity you didn't come earlier —

BLIGHT. I would have if I had known that you —

MRS. B. (*interrupting*). Then you would have found
Lilian.

BLIGHT (*c.*). Oh—well, it makes no particular difference.
I—I think I must go, too. Perhaps—perhaps we are
going in the same direction.

MRS. B. (*sweetly*). It's very likely. Which way do you
take ?

BLIGHT. Well, I—I—are you going to the library?

MRS. B. Oh, no.

BLIGHT. Neither am I.

MRS. B. I must go to the post-office.

BLIGHT. So must I.

MRS. B. How very strange! Do you mind carrying my parasol? (*To* MARTHA.) Good-bye, my love. Shall I get your letters, too?

MARTHA (*R., quickly*). Oh, please don't—take the trouble.

MRS. B. Nonsense! I can leave them on my way home. (*To* BLIGHT.) Can you put my gloves in your pocket?

(*Gives him gloves.*)

MARTHA. But Dan has just brought the letters.

MRS. B. (*disappointed*). Oh—very well. (*Quickly.*) But some may come by the Pittsburg train. I'll stop in and let you know, my love. Then I can meet the Colonel before the reception this evening. It will be so much pleasanter for him to know some one.

(*Exit, C.* BLIGHT *takes up his hat from the sofa R., and goes up C.*)

(*Enter* DAN, *R.* *He carries a large potted plant in his arms. Bumps into* BLIGHT.)

DAN. Oh, I beg youah pahdon, sah!

(*Exit* BLIGHT, *C., hurriedly.* *Exit* DAN, *up L.*)

MARTHA. I was so afraid they would stay until he arrived. I want to be sure that everything is quiet and homelike. Let me see — (*Looks about. Takes up book from table and puts it down again.*) “Essays on Political Economy.” The cushion in the armchair. The evening papers. Oh! His photograph. (*Opens album upon table, takes out a photograph and stands it upon the table.*) There! Now I shall see if the rooms are in order and put on my silk dress. (*Bell rings.*) The door-bell! (*Enter* DAN, *up L.*) Dan! That must be the Colonel. (*Bell rings again.*) Make haste.

(*Exit down L.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

DAN. De Colonel seems in a mighty hurry.

(Exit, c. A slight pause.)

(Enter DAN, c., hurriedly, as though frightened. Enter ARTHUR ST. JOHN, c. Carries small bag and leads a bulldog by a chain.)

ARTHUR (to the dog). Come along, Grip, come on. What's the matter, old boy? (Sees DAN behind the sofa R.) Oh, you take him for that steward you didn't like on the steamer, eh? (Shows to the audience that he is enjoying himself at DAN'S expense.) Oh, no, not the same gent at all. (To DAN.) He thinks you are the cabin steward on board ship. You happen to be of his—his persuasion, you know. One day the steward thought he would like to have a little game with Grip, but when he let go the steward's legs—well, they looked like thirty cents' worth of Hamburg steak.

DAN (behind the sofa, R.). You don't say, sah!

ARTHUR (in pretended anger). But I do say. How dare you say that I don't say! (Takes a step forward.)

DAN. But I don't say so, Colonel. You do say; I'm sure you do. I apolomogize, Colonel.

ARTHUR. Very well—Captain.

DAN. Miss Murphy am 'spectin' you.

ARTHUR. Who?

DAN. Miss Murphy, sah.

ARTHUR. Miss Murphy—that sounds interesting. Where's Mr. Scott?

DAN. Mr. Tom, sah? Didn't you meet him?

ARTHUR. No, where?

DAN. At de station. He went to meet you.

ARTHUR. Nonsense! (Takes a step toward him, and DAN in fear of the dog crosses L.) Went to meet nothing.

DAN. Yes, sah! Jes' as you say, sah! But——

ARTHUR. Say—who do you think I am?

DAN. Ain't you Colonel Braggs, sah?

ARTHUR. Never heard of him. So Miss Murphy is expecting the Colonel, eh? What's she look like?

(Arranges his cravat.)

DAN. Dere's her picture, sah.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

(Points to photograph on mantel. ARTHUR goes to look at picture. DAN still showing fear crosses R.)

ARTHUR (looking at picture). This one? I pass. (Sees picture of TOM.) Why, Tom, old man! Dear old chum! You haven't changed a bit!

DAN. I hear Mr. 'Tom comin' now, sah.

ARTHUR. That's good.

DAN. Guess he's wid de Colonel.

ARTHUR. That's better.

DAN. An' Miss Blight an' de Colonel's daughter.

ARTHUR. That's best of all. (Crosses R. DAN goes around the sofa and then up C.) How I will surprise him! By Jove! I'll hide. (Designates the garden R.) I'll step out here. Don't tell him.

DAN. No, sah.

ARTHUR. If you do, Grip may invite you to a little game. (Steps toward DAN.)

(Exit DAN, C., hurriedly. Exit ARTHUR, R., with dog.)

(Enter LILIAN and KITTY BRAGGS, C.)

KITTY. That would be perfectly lovely. But I didn't bring any ball dress.

LILIAN. I'll lend you one of mine.

KITTY. Will you, really? But I'm sure daddy won't let me go.

LILIAN. Why? Our military balls are awfully fashionable. All the nice people go.

KITTY. Will there be lots of men?

LILIAN. There always are.

KITTY. Oh! I just must go. No—daddy will say I'm too young, I know he will. I'm always too young. He didn't even want to let me come with him to the reception. Tell me, is Mr. Scott going to the ball?

LILIAN (hesitating). Yes—I guess so.

KITTY. I think he's awfully nice, don't you? Do you know, I think he would flirt just awfully if he had the chance.

LILIAN (provoked). Well, you better not give him one. (With change of manner.) I—I mean it wouldn't pay. He knows nothing about such things. He is very dignified and—and proper.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

KITTY. Oh, isn't that a pity? He is so good-looking.

LILIAN. But you'll meet lots of others far better looking and much nicer.

(Enter MARTHA, down L.)

MARTHA. Why, Kitty, my dear. (*Kisses her.*)

LILIAN (*aside*). I know I am going to hate her. Designing thing!

MARTHA (*to KITTY*). Where is your father?

KITTY. Oh, he's coming. We hurried ahead. He'll be here in a minute, I guess. I'm horribly dirty.

MARTHA. Then suppose we go to your room at once. (*Goes L.*)

LILIAN (*aside*). She had better not try it with Tom.

(*Exeunt MARTHA, KITTY and LILIAN, down L.*)

(*Enter COLONEL BRAGGS and TOM, C.*)

TOM. What you say may be true, sir, but it won't bring votes.

BRAGGS. You know nothing about it, young man. When you are a little older, perhaps, you will understand politics better. And as for that man, Black, he is an imbecile —

TOM. Mr. Black is a personal friend of mine.

BRAGGS. That doesn't make him any less of a fool.

TOM (*angrily*). You will learn who the fool is at the primaries.

BRAGGS. Do you mean to insult me, sir?

(*Enter MARTHA, down L.*)

MARTHA. Oh, I am so pleased to see you, Cousin Alexander.

BRAGGS (*indifferently*). Well, Martha.

MARTHA. It has been so long since we met.

BRAGGS. Six months, perhaps.

MARTHA. Oh, cousin! Over a year.

BRAGGS. Eh? No doubt, no doubt. (*More pleasantly.*)

I hope you will pardon my seeming forgetfulness, but the fact is I am irritated—I may say justly irritated.

MARTHA. I am so sorry. What has happened?

BRAGGS. I came here, seeking rest and quiet, and immediately upon my arrival I am led into an argument with—with—no matter — But I was insulted.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

MARTHA. Oh, how terrible!

TOM. You should be careful of your statements, sir.

MARTHA. Why, Tom! When the Colonel states that he is irritated——

TOM. Oh, there was not the slightest doubt of that.

BRAGGS. I was as pleasant as possible under the circumstances.

TOM. As pleasant as you could be, I dare say.

MARTHA. Tom! Remember the Colonel is our guest.

TOM. That's no reason for him to——

MARTHA. Tom!

TOM (*after slight pause*). Oh, well, I don't want to be disagreeable.

MARTHA. There, Cousin Alexander—I was sure Tom did not mean anything he said.

TOM. But I did.

MARTHA. But you are sorry, aren't you?

TOM (*hesitating*). Well—I think——

MARTHA. I knew you were. Please forgive him, Cousin Alexander.

BRAGGS. I shall try, Martha.

TOM (*disgusted; half aside*). Try!

(*Exit, up L.*)

MARTHA. You are always so generous. Tom is a dear boy, but he is so impulsive.

BRAGGS. No doubt, no doubt.

MARTHA. He is like a son to me. (*Sits right of table.*)

BRAGGS. Perhaps. What he needs is a father.

MARTHA. Oh! (*Both embarrassed. A pause.*)

BRAGGS. Very warm for this time of year. (*Crosses L.*)

MARTHA. Yes—we need rain.

BRAGGS. Yes—it's very dusty.

MARTHA. Yes—and—and so warm.

BRAGGS. But it is so restful here. Think of the noise at the Butler house that I have escaped! (*Sits left of table.*) I am not naturally sensitive, but dogs and parrots drive me to distraction.

MARTHA. We do not keep even a cat.

(*A pause.*) MARTHA *secretly places BRAGGS' photograph on the table so that he will see it.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*clearing his throat ; with determination*). Martha !
(*Sees the photograph, and is pleased.*) Ah ! You keep
this in a very prominent place.

MARTHA. I always have it—on the table.

BRAGGS. I hope you give the original as prominent a place
in your thoughts.

MARTHA (*bashfully*). I have always known that you were
my friend.

BRAGGS. Friend ! Much more than a friend, Martha.
You remember the confession I made to you ten years
ago ?

MARTHA (*coolly*). How could I forget it ?

BRAGGS. Of course, how could you ? If you had not re-
fused me —

MARTHA (*interrupting*). I was forced to do so, cousin.
Had you been strictly temperate, you know that —

BRAGGS (*interrupting*). Now, Martha, that's impossible in
politics. One must be sociable—especially when votes
depend upon it. But I have left all excess in the past.
(*Impressively.*) Believe me, it was all for you. (*Rises.*)

MARTHA (*softly*). Oh, cousin ! And have you really re-
formed for my sake ?

BRAGGS (*taking her hand*). For your sake, Martha. (*Enter*
DAN, C., *carrying satchels and bags. Dog barks off R.*
BRAGGS *lets go* MARTHA'S *hand.*) What was that ?

MARTHA (*rising*). It sounded very much like —

BRAGGS. You said you did not keep even a cat.

MARTHA. I'm sure that wasn't a cat.

DAN. No, sah—dat ain't no cat. Dat's one of de worstest
brutes — (*Dog barks again. DAN springs for-
ward, stumbles and falls, with great noise. Hastily
gathers up the things. Frightened.*) It's comin'.
You-all had better run. It'll tear you to pieces, sure.
It certainly am de worstest brute —

(*Exit, up L.*)

MARTHA. Why, what is the matter with him ?

BRAGGS. That was a dog.

MARTHA. Yes, I heard it, but —

BRAGGS (*excitedly*). It's in the house.

MARTHA. Oh, no, it can't be.

BRAGGS. But it is. You heard what he said. It's coming
here. Quick ! Where shall I go ? I abhor dogs.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

(*Reproachfully.*) And you said you did not even keep a cat.

(*Exit, R., hurriedly.*)

MARTHA. But Cousin Alexander! Listen to me!

(*Exit, R.*)

(*Enter LILIAN and TOM, down L.*)

TOM. Say, that Kitty's a jolly sort of a girl, isn't she?

LILIAN. She's a forward, impertinent thing.

TOM. Oh, come, that's rather severe.

LILIAN (*jealously*). Just because she smiled at you once or twice you think her an angel.

TOM. Oh, no, my dear; you mustn't imagine I judge all others by your standard.

LILIAN. I suppose you mean that because I am not so coquettish as to smile at you. Oh, you are perfectly horrid!

TOM. Now, Lilian, what's the use of trying to misunderstand me?

LILIAN. I'm not.

TOM. You know what I mean.

LILIAN. I don't.

TOM. You remember what I told you an hour ago.

LILIAN (R.). And you remember what I told you. If you don't care enough about me to find some way to—to make it possible to speak to papa——

(*Enter KITTY, down L.*)

KITTY. Oh, here you are.

(*Great noise in garden, R.—barking, shouting and screaming.*)

(*Enter MARTHA, R.*)

MARTHA. Help! Cousin Alexander is being killed!
Help! Oh, Tom! Quick!

(*Enter BRAGGS, R. His trousers are dirty. Carries a spade which he has used in defense. Enter ARTHUR, R., holding dog.*)

BRAGGS. That horrible beast jumped right up on me.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR (*up c.*). I'm sorry, governor, but you shouldn't take a hand in a game you don't know how to play.

TOM (L.). Why, Arthur St. John!

ARTHUR. Hello, Tom, old man!

TOM. What are you doing here?

ARTHUR. Well, I seem to be chiefly engaged in making myself disliked. I'm sorry, I am sure. You see, if he hadn't drawn that spade—it was his own fault, you know—spades weren't trumps.

BRAGGS (*waving spade*). Take it away.

ARTHUR. Don't you like pets?

TOM. Aunt Martha, this is Arthur. You have often heard me speak of Arthur.

ARTHUR (*going forward, extending the hand with which he is holding chain attached to the dog*). Delighted!

MARTHA (*retreating L.; afraid*). Oh!

TOM. And Arthur, this is Colonel Braggs—the great Colonel Braggs.

ARTHUR (R.). Oh, this is the great Colonel Braggs? Charmed. (*Goes forward.*)

BRAGGS. Don't let that brute come near me, sir.

ARTHUR. Oh, Colonel! Love me, love my dog. I fear you judge by appearances. I assure you Grip's bark is very much worse than his bite.

BRAGGS. Then don't let him bark.

TOM (*designating KITTY*). And this is the Colonel's daughter.

(KITTY, L., *nods her head and turns her back.*)

ARTHUR (*shivering; half aside, to TOM*). Very cold for this time of year, isn't it?

TOM (*designating LILIAN*). And this is Miss Blight.

(ARTHUR *hesitates and nods as though uncertain as to his reception.*)

LILIAN (*heartily; R.*). I'm very glad to meet you. (*Shakes ARTHUR'S hand. Looks at dog.*) What a cunning little dear! I do so love dogs.

ARTHUR (*pleased*). Do you really? I wish I were a dog.

(*They talk together up R.*)

BRAGGS (*to MARTHA, aside, down c.*). You may not be to

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

blame, Martha; but the effect upon my feelings and my—my clothing is the same. I shall go at once.

MARTHA (*down c.*). Oh, please don't. I would die of mortification.

BRAGGS. But there is not room for me and a—a menagerie in the same building.

MARTHA. Of course not. But that man will leave presently and take his animal with him.

ARTHUR (*to LILIAN*). Isn't he a beaut? I bought him from an Italian sailor. Watch him walk.

(*Walks backward and bumps into BRAGGS.*)

BRAGGS (*believing it to be the dog*). Help! Pull him off! He'll kill me! Help!

(*Exit BRAGGS, down L., hurriedly. Exit KITTY, down L.*)

MARTHA (*beckoning to TOM; in a low voice*). Tom! Tom! You must get rid of that young man at once.

TOM (*down L. c.*). But aunt——

MARTHA. Yes, at once. This is no zoological garden.

TOM. I can't send him away.

MARTHA. You must make some excuse. I will leave you alone together.

ARTHUR (*to LILIAN*). He confused me with the dog. I consider that a great compliment.

MARTHA (*going L.*). Lilian! I want to speak with you a minute.

(*LILIAN goes L. and MARTHA speaks to her in pantomime.*)

ARTHUR (*c., to TOM, c.*). Well, Tom, old chum, how have you been all this time? It certainly is a treat to see you. (*Shakes hands with him again.*)

MARTHA (*to TOM and ARTHUR*). I am sure you must have a great deal to say to each other—we will leave you alone together.

ARTHUR. That's very good of you. (*Exeunt MARTHA and LILIAN, down L. TOM looks after them, angrily.*) Come, old fellow; tell me you are glad to see me.

TOM (*with forced manner*). Why, of course I am, Arthur.

ARTHUR. I've been away for two years, you know. Brazil and Mexico, chiefly. Fact is, I just landed from the Brazil boat yesterday. I looked up some of the old

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

crowd right away, and they said you lived out here, so I thought I would run out and stay a day or two.

TOM. Eh? Oh—yes—that's—that's very nice.

ARTHUR. Of course, if you have anything particular on hand —

TOM. Oh, no, nothing at all—except a reception to-night for Colonel Braggs.

ARTHUR. Cheerful old party. Not fond of pets, is he?

TOM. No—that's just the trouble. Aunt Martha wanted me to tell you—he's an old fool, you know —

ARTHUR. Oh, any one can see that—but your aunt was thoughtful in wishing me to know.

TOM. No, no—she thinks him perfect. But his nerves or something are weak, and he detests dogs. He is going to spend the night here, and—and—you understand.

ARTHUR. You mean —

(Points to the dog and himself, and then to the door.)

TOM. I'm awfully sorry.

ARTHUR. Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you.

TOM. I wouldn't have had it happen for the world.

ARTHUR. It isn't your fault. I can go to a hotel, of course.

TOM. Oh, I hate to have you go there. I have it! It's only your dog that makes you so objectionable—why not leave him at the livery stable and stay here yourself?

ARTHUR. I fear I would be in the way.

TOM. Not at all—you will stay a few days at any rate, won't you?

ARTHUR. Thanks, but — *(Hesitates.)* Well, until to-morrow.

TOM. That's right.

ARTHUR. I'll take Grip down-town now.

TOM. But we have scarcely shaken hands. Put him in the garden a while.

ARTHUR. All right—for a few minutes.

(Exit, R., with dog.)

TOM. Dear old Arthur! I wonder if I had better tell him about Lilian. His advice was always worth having.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

(Enter ARTHUR, R.)

ARTHUR. There! Now out with it. You never could do without worshipping some one—who is the angel you're in love with at present?

TOM. In love? I? Nonsense!

ARTHUR (*quickly*). You are surely not married?

TOM. Of course not.

ARTHUR. That's a good thing for your wife, old man. (*They sit upon sofa, R.*) But if you are not married, you are thinking of it. Who is the lady?

TOM (*hesitating*). I can't tell you.

ARTHUR. Oh, then there is a lady. I thought so.

TOM. Well—I ——

ARTHUR. Don't be bashful.

TOM. You see it isn't announced.

ARTHUR. Oh, ho!

TOM (*disconsolately*). And perhaps it never will be.

ARTHUR. How so?

TOM. Well, we have been engaged for almost a year—secretly, you know—and she thinks I ought to speak to her father.

ARTHUR. Well, why don't you?

TOM. I would have long ago, but he has always boasted he would never allow his daughter to be engaged unless the man was in a position to support her.

ARTHUR. And she thinks you ought to be?

TOM. Yes.

ARTHUR. So do I. You should have had enough practice by this time to be able to support her.

(*Puts his arms around TOM and hugs him.*)

TOM. I am in earnest, Arthur. She talks as though I could find a fortune in the street. What can I do?

ARTHUR. Go into the street and look. You always had a lot of great schemes—they were never very practicable, though. What do you do with your time?

TOM. I am on a newspaper—the “Independent.”

ARTHUR. Not much chance in that. Ever try politics?

TOM. No.

ARTHUR. Your friend, the Colonel, might help you.

TOM. He is no friend of mine.

ARTHUR. You could use him as one, at any rate.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

TOM. But I favor his opponent, Black.

ARTHUR. Does your paper favor Black, too?

TOM. Oh, yes.

ARTHUR. Why, then, it's easy. You can do the very best kind of electioneering. Look into the Colonel's past life. Dig out all the old tales and lies and color them highly.

TOM. By Jove! I'll do it. But the primaries come off in a week.

ARTHUR. Then something decisive must be done at once. You say there is to be a reception for him to-night?

TOM. Yes.

ARTHUR. And I suppose the papers will be full of it to-morrow. You must have something to offset what may be said in his favor.

TOM. But what?

ARTHUR. Ah, that is for you to find.

(*Enter DAN, down L. Carries BRAGGS' coat and trousers.*)

DAN (*to TOM*). 'Scuse me, sah, but Miss Murphy says will you kindly take dese here t'ings to de tailor's.

TOM. But I haven't time now —

DAN. Dey am de Colonel's, sah, an' dey am mighty dirty.

TOM. I am very busy.

DAN. Yas, sah—but dey certainly do need attention, sah. Miss Murphy says dat —

TOM. Oh, all right, all right—don't bother.

DAN. No, sah. (*Puts them on chair and goes up c.*)

TOM. Dan!

DAN. Yes, sah!

TOM. Did Mr. Cutter, the costumer, call for that wig and other things he lent me for the theatricals?

DAN. No, sah!

TOM. Dear me, I promised to return them yesterday. (*Exit DAN, c.*) You always had a great head, old fellow. You haven't changed a bit. (*Rises.*)

ARTHUR. Think not?

TOM. Not a bit. The same old dare-devil. You talk the same, act the same, and look—I don't know though—now I think of it—you don't look altogether natural. What is it?

ARTHUR. Nothing, I guess.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

TOM. You never did wear a moustache, so it isn't that. Nose, hair, mouth — (*Picks up album quickly and opening, examines a photograph.*) Why, of course, it's the hair. I should have remembered. How did you do it?

ARTHUR. Do what?

TOM. Why, in our senior year your hair was so thin the fellows called you Garibaldi—and now—whose restorer do you use? (*Starts toward him to examine.*)

ARTHUR. I never used any.

TOM. Ah, come, don't be selfish. My hair is getting thin on top, and if you know what's good—let me look —

ARTHUR. What's the use?

TOM. Why, it's as thick as a hay field. Don't be so foolish. (*They struggle and TOM pulls toupee from ARTHUR'S head.*) By Jove! I'm sorry, old man. I didn't mean to scalp you like this.

ARTHUR. Well, I'd like to know what nerve food you use. (*Rises.*) Now you see the kind of hair restorer I've had, I hope you're satisfied.

TOM. Great Scott!

ARTHUR. What is it?

TOM. The Colonel! (*ARTHUR looks around; TOM runs to table and snatches up photo of BRAGGS.*) You look enough like him to be his son.

ARTHUR. Ah, hold on—that's not very flattering.

TOM. But it's true. Look at yourself in the glass. If your hair were gray —

ARTHUR. My hair?

TOM. I mean on the sides of your head—and a few heavy wrinkles here and there, you would be his perfect image.

ARTHUR (*looking in mirror*). The deuce! I never dreamt I was as ugly as that.

TOM. Why, you could pass for him anywhere. Arthur! Let's try it.

ARTHUR. Nonsense.

TOM. Yes, yes. Just for sport. I can make you up beautifully.

ARTHUR. But what's the use? What would I do?

TOM. Why, impersonate the Colonel, of course. Some place where he's not likely to be. At one of the town stores, or the post-office—I have it—the Military Ball.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR. When?

TOM. To-night.

ARTHUR. Ah, no, that's too big a contract.

TOM. Not for you. Why, this is the very chance I've been looking for. Think of it! The Colonel goes to Smiths' reception and gets back here at midnight when every one is asleep. He'll be the last to leave, you know, since the affair is given for him. Well, just as soon as he returns, you start for the ball. There you dance, flirt, go the pace. Go as far as you like, but get home before breakfast. I'll be up to let you in. And the next morning in the paper will be half a column about the Colonel at the reception and a column and a half about the Colonel at the ball.

ARTHUR. A column and a half without a word of truth in it!

TOM. The more reasons for it being believed. I shall simply report how Colonel Braggs behaved—or rather misbehaved. I am not supposed to know that the real Colonel Braggs was not at the ball at all.

ARTHUR. It sounds very easy. But it can't be done.

TOM. Why?

ARTHUR. I could never act the part.

TOM. You don't have to act.

ARTHUR. Well, you want me to play the fool——

TOM. Yes—just be natural.

ARTHUR. Eh?

TOM. I don't mean that. But you see, I'll make you up so that the Colonel himself would think he was looking in a mirror. All you'll have to do is to enjoy yourself.

ARTHUR. What! Looking like the Colonel?

TOM. Won't you help me?

ARTHUR. Well, if I do——

TOM. I knew you would——

ARTHUR. You may be sorry.

TOM. I couldn't be that.

ARTHUR. I'll push the thing for all there's in it.

TOM. That's right. Oh, what sport! You wait a minute.

(Exit, L.)

ARTHUR. Well, of all the dangerous sprees! It promises

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

well, though. (*Looks at photo.*) - Am I really as ugly as that?

(*Enter* KITTY, L. ARTHUR *snatches shawl from table and puts it over head.*)

KITTY (*seeing him*). Oh! (*With dignity.*) I—I merely came to—to ———

ARTHUR. Oh, no apologies necessary.

KITTY. Why, daddy's clothes haven't gone to the tailor's yet.

ARTHUR. No. (*Hides toupee at right end of sofa under pillow.*) You see Tom was so greatly occupied ———

KITTY. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—you and your beast.

ARTHUR. Oh, come now, you shouldn't call Grip a beast.

KITTY. Yes, I should.

ARTHUR. And it wasn't my fault that your father proved attractive.

KITTY. Yes, it was.

ARTHUR. Oh—no ———

KITTY. I say it was—it was.

ARTHUR. Oh, well, just as you say. I am anxious to be agreeable. And really I am very sorry for what happened. Particularly sorry, now that I know the Colonel is your father. (*Pause.*) Won't you forgive me, and try to like me?

KITTY. Well, how can anybody like a man who looks that way?

ARTHUR. What way?

KITTY (*laughing*). You look so silly!

ARTHUR. Eh? (*Remembers shawl over head.*) Oh! By Jove!

KITTY (*laughing*). So lunny.

ARTHUR. Well, you see—I—there is such a draught here—and my constitution is so sensitive. I have felt chilly ever since you treated me so icily when we were introduced.

KITTY. Really?

ARTHUR. Really. (*KITTY laughs and turns up R. C. ARTHUR snatches off shawl and quickly takes cap from table; puts it on as KITTY turns.*) I feel warmer now.

KITTY. Take your cap off, sir. (*Comes down R. C.*)

ARTHUR. I'm very sorry, but ———

KITTY. How dare you wear it in the presence of a lady?

ARTHUR. I daren't—I never do——

KITTY (*insulted*). Do you mean?

ARTHUR. Really, if you only knew——

KITTY. I know that you are no gentleman——

ARTHUR. Don't say that——

KITTY (*by sofa, down R.*). I mean it. (*Stamps foot.*)

Take off your cap at once.

ARTHUR (*approaching R.*). I would if I could, but——

KITTY. You can—you must. Do you hear? At once.

Very well, then. I shall wait until you do. (*Sits middle of sofa.*) And don't dare say a word to me.

(*Takes pillow from right end of sofa and puts it behind her, exposing toupee. ARTHUR sits down quickly on toupee.*

KITTY moves left end of sofa. ARTHUR cautiously moves toupee from under him and drops it over end of sofa toward audience, into waste-paper basket. Leans far over, takes off cap and tries to put on toupee. KITTY, showing impatience, rises with exclamation. ARTHUR, rising, lifts basket quickly over head, scraps of paper falling around him; holds out hands toward KITTY.)

ARTHUR. I'm really awfully sorry, but if you only understood—— (*KITTY screams.*)

KITTY. I hate you!

(*Exit up L.*)

ARTHUR (*not knowing she has gone*). Oh, please, please forgive me. It isn't my fault. (*Goes L., with hands outstretched. Enter LILIAN, down L. ARTHUR puts arms about her. LILIAN utters low scream and exits C. Enter TOM, L., carrying make-up materials.*) I must look like a blamed fool.

TOM. You certainly do. Are you rehearsing for a part as the man in the iron mask?

ARTHUR (*lifting basket cautiously*). Has she gone?

TOM. Who?

ARTHUR. The Colonel's daughter. She almost caught me bald-headed.

TOM. So that's why you hid your head like an ostrich. I'm glad she did not see you. Now come, let me show you my skill as an artist.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR. But if I'm not to impersonate the Colonel until midnight —

TOM. But, my boy, we must have a full-dress rehearsal. Come, sit down (*drawing chair to table*) and look pleasant. (*Stands photo on table before him.*) We'll stand the model there. Let me see. Two heavy lines on each side of the nose over the mouth. (*Draws lines on ARTHUR'S face.*) That's it. (*Looks at photo.*) A few lines around the eyes. Nothing characteristic about them. They belong to fifty-five. There! you look twelve years older already. Now for the gray hairs. (*Powders hair on sides of head, standing off and viewing work.*) Wonderful case of hair whitening instantaneously. You look simply great. You're the Colonel himself!

ARTHUR (*looking in mirror*). The deuce! But how about my clothes?

TOM. That's so. And the Colonel's so stout, too. (*Struck with an idea.*) Why, of course. (*Turns and takes BRAGGS' coat and trousers from chair.*) Was there ever such luck? Put on these.

ARTHUR. Now?

TOM. Yes, just to see how they fit.

(*Goes to door, down L. and looks out, taking off coat and vest.*)

ARTHUR. How they don't fit, you mean.

(*Is about to take off trousers, slipping suspenders from shoulders.*)

TOM. Hold on! That won't be necessary. His are twice too big, anyhow. Slip them on over yours.

ARTHUR. Oh, all right. (*Puts on trousers, designating looseness around waist.*) There seems to be a tremendous aching void here. Think of a man with an appetite large enough to fill that.

TOM (*snatching a pillow from sofa*). Here, this will make one good meal at least. (*Puts pillow into trousers.*) Now put on your vest.

ARTHUR (*putting on vest, showing that trousers and vest do not meet*). There don't seem to be a very cordial relationship between them.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

TOM. No. That meal was too hearty. (*Pulls out pillow.*)
I'll fix you O. K. to-night even if I have to steal one
of the Colonel's vests. Now for the coat. (*Looks L.*)
Great Scott! Some one's coming. Get back of the
curtains.

(ARTHUR *grabs the two coats and running hides behind
door curtains R.*)

(*Enter MARTHA, L.*)

MARTHA. I'm so glad, Tom, that your friend has gone.
Cousin Alexander was so incensed.

TOM. That was all his own fault.

MARTHA. His fault? You know how afraid he is of ani-
mals, and when that awful dog destroyed his peace of
mind and ruined his clothes, it is little wonder that he
was angry. Did Dan give you his clothes?

TOM. Oh, yes—

MARTHA. And when will the tailor have them ready?

TOM. Well—they will be returned to-morrow, I think.
(*Exit MARTHA, L. TOM follows her L., and looks
after her. To ARTHUR.*) All clear. (*ARTHUR comes
from behind curtain wearing BRAGGS' coat and carry-
ing his own.*) The Colonel's coat is not much of a fit,
is it?

ARTHUR. No; but the Colonel would have a good fit if he
saw me in it.

TOM. We must have the tailor fix those things up before
to-night. (*ARTHUR lets cigar case and letters fall
from his coat pocket, puts coat on chair and picks things
up.*) Well, the rehearsal is over. Better return to
your normal condition. Some one will be coming—
(*Enter MRS. B., C. ARTHUR, embarrassed, sticks
cigar case, etc., in BRAGGS' pockets.*) Great Punk!

MRS. B. (*cooly*). I just called on my way from the post-
office to leave Miss Murphy's letters. But there weren't
any.

TOM (*embarrassed*). Yes—of course—so kind.

(*Pause; all embarrassed. ARTHUR takes step backward,
treads on trousers.*)

MRS. B. (*aside to TOM*). Introduce me to the Colonel.

TOM. Eh? Oh! You—you mean you wish to meet—

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

(Points to ARTHUR.)

MRS. B. Of course.

TOM. Colonel Braggs ——

(ARTHUR looks toward door expecting to see BRAGGS enter.
BLIGHT appears c.)

ARTHUR. Colonel Braggs —— (Sees that TOM means him.)

TOM. I take great pleasure in presenting you to Mrs.
Bird.

MRS. B. Delighted! (Holds out hand.)

ARTHUR. Enchanted!

(Steps quickly forward and trips over trousers.)

MRS. B. I have so often heard your praises sung.

ARTHUR. That you even remember the tune is too great
an honor.

(MRS. B. seems greatly flattered. ARTHUR stoops and
kisses her hand, offers his arm and they walk R., look-
ing lovingly at each other. ARTHUR holds up leg of
trousers with left hand to keep from treading on it.
BLIGHT up c., watches them angrily.)

TOM. Mr. Blight, what would you give to be able to turn
the laugh on him?

BLIGHT (eagerly). What, in the "Independent"?

TOM. Sure. Mr. Blight, I think we can put it all over
him.

BLIGHT (delighted). If you can do that, I'll make you my
assistant editor.

TOM. You will!

BLIGHT. I will.

TOM. It's as good as done! The Colonel goes down, and
go up! (They shake hands.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. The sitting-room at Miss MURPHY'S.*

(*Curtain rises. TOM discovered seated right of table L. C., asleep, an open book in his hand, a lamp burning low upon the table. Clock strikes seven. TOM slowly awakens.*)

TOM (*yawning*). What time is it? (*Slowly arises, yawns, stretches and looks at the clock—utters an exclamation.*) What! Seven o'clock! Impossible. (*Looks at his watch hurriedly.*) Yes. By Jove, if it isn't morning! I must have been asleep for several hours. And Arthur? Surely he has returned. (*Hastens to door R., and tries it.*) No, it's locked. What in the deuce has detained him? He was to be home from the ball by four o'clock at the latest—and it is almost breakfast time. They'll be coming down-stairs in a few minutes, and if Arthur is discovered disguised as Colonel Braggs, there'll be no end of a row. (*Looks out door R.*) Perhaps he couldn't get over the garden wall. It isn't so difficult. (*Goes to table L. C.*) Dear me, I never told him to look out for those glass cucumber beds. They are regular traps. But if he looks before he leaps — (*Stoops and blows out the lamp. There is a crash as of breaking glass off R.*) By Jingo! (*Hastens to door R.*) He didn't look. (*Opens door. Enter ARTHUR, R., laughing. He is disguised as BRAGGS—wearing side-whiskers, a wig, BRAGGS' clothes, etc.*) Are you hurt?

ARTHUR. I haven't had time to examine.

TOM. What in the thunder kept you so long?

ARTHUR. Well, I took a lady home who lives a long way out—a widow, I believe—lost my way, and —

TOM (*interrupting*). All right. Tell me another time. Hurry and take off that disguise. Some one will be coming in a minute.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

(Helps ARTHUR off with his coat and vest and side-whiskers and wig.)

ARTHUR. I never had so much sport in all my life. Ouch!

(Puts his hand to his mouth.)

TOM. What's the matter?

ARTHUR. A piece of glass. Oh, you cucumber beds!

TOM (*carrying coat, vest, etc., to table L. C.*). Judging from the crash, you must have collected enough glass to make you transparent.

ARTHUR (R.). I slipped, you know.

TOM. I didn't suppose you jumped into the cucumber bed intentionally.

(*Is about to place ARTHUR'S disguise upon the table L. C. Enter DAN, down L., hurriedly. TOM quickly hides the disguise under the table, the cloth of which comes to the floor. ARTHUR catches a shawl from the back of the sofa and wraps it around his legs and sits on the sofa down R.*)

DAN. Oh, sah! 'Scuse me, but—but am he injured?

TOM (*feigning not to understand*). Injured? Who? What are you talking about?

DAN. I seen him from de window—Colonel Braggs, sah. He precipitated into de glass beds and den——

TOM (*interrupting*). Sh! Some one might hear you. Colonel Braggs was out very late last night—but probably he would prefer it kept secret. Mr. St. John and I heard the crash also and hurried down.

ARTHUR. Yes, I didn't have time to clothe myself decently.

DAN (C., *grinning*). Ain't you got no raiment on your legs, sah?

ARTHUR. None to speak of.

(DAN laughs and turns up C.)

TOM. Dan, you had better say nothing about this adventure of the Colonel's.

DAN. Oh, I'll keep it perfectly obscure, sah. But de way he precipitated into dat glass bed——

(Bursts into laughter.)

(Exit DAN, down L.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR. Yes, it's awfully funny—till you've tried it. That was the only unenjoyable feature of a very enjoyable evening.

TOM. Did you do everything as I directed?

ARTHUR. Everything (*half aside*), and a great deal more.

(*Folds the shawl and puts it on the sofa.*)

TOM. I wrote a column and a half for the "Independent." Wait until you see this morning's paper.

ARTHUR. Rather hard on the Colonel, don't you think?

TOM (*sitting on sofa R.*). No, a man has no right to enter politics if he doesn't expect to run the gauntlet of public opinion.

ARTHUR. But there won't be a word of truth in your article.

TOM. Oh, yes, there will. I have simply reported how Colonel Braggs behaved himself at the Military Ball, and I am not supposed to know that the real Colonel Braggs was not there at all. By the way, I roasted him for not appearing in evening dress.

ARTHUR. But don't you think he will be able to prove an alibi?

TOM. Certainly not. He was the last to leave Smiths' reception—it was given for him, you know—and when he got back here at twelve o'clock, every one was asleep. Now, since you didn't go to the ball until after he left Smiths', how is he going to prove that he came home?

ARTHUR. That's so. Besides, my make-up was so good that every one at the ball took me for the Colonel, and when I was wandering around this morning trying to find my way, I met a little man who said he had met me at the reception and insisted upon showing me home.

TOM. Wonder who that was? But by Jove! Arthur, we oughtn't to sit here. (*ARTHUR rises. TOM points out L.*) Go through the library and up the back stairs.

ARTHUR. How about the Colonel's clothes?

TOM (*taking the clothing from under table*). You had better take them with you —

ARTHUR. All right.

TOM. — and when he comes down to breakfast, I'll slip across to his room and put the things where we found

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

them. (*Exit* ARTHUR, *down L.*) It's very fortunate that Arthur enjoys a joke. (*Sits left of table.*) Perhaps it is a little rough on the Colonel, especially as he is Aunt Martha's guest, but I would give anything to defeat him for the judgeship. He is so pompous and so sure of being elected. My article in the "Independent" will create a great sensation. By Jingo! I shall be able to ask Blight if I can marry Lilian. But suppose my conspiracy should fail? I don't like to think of the consequences. (*Enter* MARTHA, *C.*) Good-morning, Aunt Martha.

MARTHA (*looking around room*). Hasn't he—hasn't he come down yet?

TOM. No; Arthur didn't sleep well, and he —

MARTHA (*interrupting*). I—I mean Cousin Alexander.

TOM. Oh, the Colonel. No, I haven't seen him. Probably he feels exhausted after last night's dissipation.

MARTHA. Dissipation! (*Severely, to TOM.*) Cousin Alexander is a model of temperance and moderation.

TOM. Oh, yes, of course. That is what all his constituents say.

MARTHA (*as if to herself*). He is so noble! so good!

TOM (*aside*). So conceited and egotistical!

MARTHA. Always so courteous and even-tempered!

BRAGGS (*out L., angrily*). Get out of my way, you black, cocoanut-headed monkey!

MARTHA. His voice!

TOM (*aside*). Judging from its tones, his temper is not in its normal state this morning.

(*Enter* BRAGGS, *down L.*)

BRAGGS. These impudent servants are a confounded nuisance!

MARTHA. Why, Cousin Alexander! What has happened?

BRAGGS (*shortly*). Nothing. Nothing whatever.

TOM. Didn't you have a restful night?

BRAGGS. Didn't sleep an hour.

TOM. Oh, you must —

BRAGGS (*interrupting*). Not a half hour.

MARTHA. I am so sorry.

TOM. Perhaps you were out too late.

BRAGGS. Not after midnight.

TOM. Drank too much coffee, then.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS. Coffee? Rubbish!

TOM. You prefer tea?

BRAGGS (*suspiciously*). Eh! (*Aside.*) I wonder if he means that for impudence. (*Sits right of table L. C.*)

(*Enter DAN, down L., with newspapers.*)

DAN (*going to table*). De mornin' papers, sah.

MARTHA. Is breakfast ready, Dan?

DAN. It am very imminent, ma'am.

(*Exit MARTHA, C. D.*)

TOM (*aside*). By Jove! I wonder how he will enjoy my article.

(*DAN gives BRAGGS papers, and then bursts into suppressed laughter.*)

(*Exit DAN up L. BRAGGS takes up a newspaper and is about to read. Singing heard out L. Enter KITTY, C., singing and skipping.*)

KITTY (*curtseying to TOM*). The top o' the mornin' to yez.

(*Runs up behind BRAGGS, and putting her hands over his eyes, kisses his bald head.*)

BRAGGS (*severely*). Kate!

KITTY. Right. Good guess.

(*Tickles the crown of his head.*)

BRAGGS (*throwing down the newspaper upon the table*). Katherine! How often have I told you never to touch that spot?

KITTY (*gaily*). Oh, a couple of million times, but it's so tempting.

BRAGGS. You are very disobedient.

KITTY (*sitting on the arm of BRAGGS' chair and putting her arm around his neck*). Ah, was my old Daddy Longlegs in a temper?

BRAGGS. Let me go. (*KITTY rises and tickles BRAGGS on the crown of his head. BRAGGS springs to his feet.*)

I'll — (*Exit KITTY, up L., laughing. BRAGGS, aside.*) She is becoming perfectly unmanageable.

TOM. You have a charming daughter, Colonel.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*shortly*). Think so?

TOM. Undoubtedly. One would never imagine you to be her father.

BRAGGS (*sharply*). Eh!

TOM. I—I mean —— You are so different, you know—that is to say ——

BRAGGS (*interrupting*). You had better say nothing, young man.

TOM (*aside*). There seems to be no use in trying to explain. I'll go and see if Arthur has returned that suit of clothes.

(*Exit, down L.*)

BRAGGS (*sitting by table L. C.*). Yes; Kate is certainly spoilt. The best thing for her will be a governess. After the election, when I am firmly established as county judge, I'll have plenty of time to look for a sensible woman. (*Thoughtfully.*) Perhaps some day—but no; I fear Martha would never consent. If she had not refused me twenty years ago—(*sighing*) but she did, and perhaps her reasons were good. But why should a man be strictly temperate? It would be impossible in politics. One must be sociable and reply to toasts—especially when votes depend upon it. Champagne doesn't agree with me, though. It never did. I knew last night that I'd have a headache this morning ——

(*Enter DAN, up L.*)

DAN. 'Scuse me, sah. (BRAGGS *pays no attention.*)
Colonel!

BRAGGS (*indifferently*). Eh!

DAN. 'Scuse me, Colonel, but ——

BRAGGS (*interrupting*). Well, what is it? What is it?

DAN. Breakfast, sah.

BRAGGS. Why didn't you say so before?

DAN. I was preparin' to, sah, but ——

BRAGGS (*interrupting and rising*). You're an impudent rascal.

DAN. Yas, sah. (*Goes up L.*)

BRAGGS. By the way, did you move a suit of clothes from a chair in my room?

DAN. I'd never transport nothin' without your instructions, Colonel.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*aside*). Perhaps I didn't unpack it, after all.

DAN. Was it de clothes you wore last night, sah?

BRAGGS. No; of course not.

DAN. I was considerin' that they were probably tore, sah.

BRAGGS. Torn! What do you mean?

DAN. When you scrambled across the garden wall and precipitated into the glass bed, you must have ——

BRAGGS (*astonished*). Eh!

DAN (*chuckling*). I observed you, Colonel, but I'll keep de information entirely confidential, although de situation was mighty rediclus.

BRAGGS (*angrily*). Why, you insulting blackhead!

DAN. Yas, sah; but 'scuse me ——

BRAGGS (*interrupting furiously*). I'll punch your confounded head!

DAN. But, Colonel, you don't understand.

BRAGGS. I'll make you understand. (*Exit DAN, up L., hurriedly.*) That man's insolence is unendurable. Such insulting language is beyond the bounds of all patience. (*Breakfast bell rings.*) Can it be that I took enough of anything last night to —— But no; impossible. I have taken the greatest care of myself ever since the last presidential campaign.

(*Exit, up L.*)

(*Enter TOM and ARTHUR, down L.*)

TOM. He's as cross as a bear this morning.

ARTHUR. He'll be as mad as a hornet when he finds the condition his trousers are in.

TOM. No doubt. I wish you had not fallen off that wall.

ARTHUR. So do I.

TOM. But the Colonel will never suspect.

ARTHUR. I hope not.

(*Enter DAN, up L.*)

DAN. Breakfast, sah.

TOM. All right, Dan. By the way, you didn't say anything to Colonel Braggs about —— (*Hesitates.*)

DAN. 'Bout last night's 'speriences, sah?

TOM. Yes.

DAN. I just briefly mentioned de incident wid de glass bed, sah, an' 'peared as if he was mighty cut up 'bout it.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR. Well—it was enough to cut up any man.

DAN. Reckon it must have been.

TOM (*winking at ARTHUR*). Perhaps the Colonel had been drinking.

DAN (*chuckling*). He had one drop too many, dat's sure. (*Bell rings.*) Dere's de door-bell. (*Goes up c.*)

TOM. Dan, don't say anything to my aunt about the Colonel's frolic.

DAN. Not a syllable, sah. (*Bell rings again.*) Comin' ! Some one's in a preposterous hurry.

(*Exit, c.*)

ARTHUR. Perhaps it's fortunate that Dan saw me climbing over the wall.

TOM. Yes—for he will be another witness against the Colonel.

(*Exeunt TOM and ARTHUR up L.*)

(*Enter MRS. B. and DAN, c.*)

MRS. B. Oh, I wouldn't disturb them for the world. I was passing and thought I would just stop a moment to see—see Miss Murphy.

DAN. I—I'm sure she'll be mighty happy to see you, Mrs. Bird. Please be seated.

MRS. B. Will she be long ?

DAN. Not unreasonably so, ma'am. Just occupy a chair and I'll inform her dat you'se present.

(*MRS. B. sits R. C. DAN goes up c.*)

MRS. B. Oh—Dan !

DAN (*stopping*). Yas, ma'am.

MRS. B. (*hesitatingly*). Did—a—has—a—that is to say, is—a—is Colonel Braggs still visiting here ?

DAN (*chuckling*). Y-yas, ma'am.

MRS. B. What are you laughing at ?

DAN (*chuckling*). N-nothing, ma'am.

(*Bursts into laughter, which he tries to suppress. Exit, c.*)

MRS. B. Why—what is the matter with the man ? Surely—surely he intends nothing personal. Can he have heard of the Colonel's attention to me last night at the

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

Military Ball? But no—who would tell him? What a dear, delightful man the Colonel is! And such an exquisite dancer! Why, he never appeared to tire. I wonder—I wonder if he really meant everything he said while escorting me home. If Mr. Blight should hear of it, he would be awfully jealous. But then a widow has a perfect right to accept the attentions of any one. In fact, it is what is expected of widowhood. (*Enter MARTHA, L. MRS. B. rises and goes to meet MARTHA.*) My dear Martha, how sweet of you to leave your breakfast just for me. (*Kisses her.*)

MARTHA. Oh, I had quite finished.

MRS. B. I was passing, you know, and I couldn't resist the temptation to call as usual. How is—the Colonel this morning?

MARTHA (*surprised*). You know him?

MRS. B. (*sitting*). Intimately.

MARTHA. Indeed!

MRS. B. I met him last night.

MARTHA. Oh! (*Sits.*)

MRS. B. He is such an affable, merry man, that after one has known him an hour or two, it seems almost as if he were a lifelong friend.

MARTHA. I had always imagined it rather difficult to become acquainted with him.

MRS. B. Difficult! Why, my dear Martha, it is the personification of ease. He has such a wealth of jokes.

MARTHA. Jokes!

MRS. B. Oh, perfectly proper ones—except perhaps one or two, and they were excusable, considering the quantity of champagne he consumed.

MARTHA. Did he drink champagne?

MRS. B. Of course. What else would he do with it, my love?

MARTHA (*aside*). And I thought he had reformed for my sake.

MRS. B. I've been wondering just how old a man the Colonel might be—he looks fully fifty.

MARTHA (*with dignity*). I am not at liberty —

MRS. B. (*interrupting*). Oh, I didn't ask, you know. But he behaves in such a boyish manner —

(*Enter BRAGGS and TOM, L.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*to TOM*). Yes, sir; I won my rank through heroism during the war.

MRS. B. (*rising and going toward BRAGGS with hand extended*). Good-morning, Colonel. (*Shakes hands vigorously.*) I hope you are rested after last night's exertions.

BRAGGS (*of course not recognizing her*). Oh, yes, quite rested, thank you, Miss—a——

MRS. B. Oh, Colonel—Mrs.——

BRAGGS. Oh, yes, yes—of course—Mrs.—Mrs.—I have such a poor memory for names, you know.

TOM (*prompting him, aside*). Mrs. Bird.

BRAGGS. Mrs. Bird.

MRS. B. I knew you'd remember your Birdie—eh, Colonel?

(*Laughs merrily and turns to MARTHA.*)

BRAGGS (*aside*). Never saw her in my life. (*To TOM.*) Who the deuce is she?

TOM (*aside to BRAGGS*). An intimate friend of aunt's. Probably you met her last evening.

BRAGGS (*half aside*). Probably at the reception.

(*Enter KITTY and ARTHUR, L.*)

KITTY. I'll bet you a dozen pairs of gloves he will be elected.

ARTHUR. I'll take you. (*Sees Mrs. B.*) Why, how are you? I didn't expect to have the extreme pleasure of—— (*TOM punches him.*) Eh?—Oh—I—I—beg your pardon. I—I'm not supposed to—I—I mean I mistook you for—for a friend.

MARTHA. This is Mr. St. John, Mrs. Bird. And this is Miss Braggs.

MRS. B. The Colonel's daughter? Is it possible? Sweet child. We shall become very dear friends, I'm sure.

(*BRAGGS, MRS. B., KITTY and MARTHA talk aside.*)

TOM (*aside to ARTHUR*). Don't make any more blunders, or you will ruin everything.

ARTHUR. I'll be careful, old man; but considering the sweet confidences Birdie and I exchanged only a few hours since, it seems rather peculiar not to recognize

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

one another. Why, she actually gave me a piece of her hair.

MRS. B. (*Leading BRAGGS aside*). Colonel—tell me, what did you do with that curl?

BRAGGS (*feeling his hair*). Curl, madam?

MRS. B. The one your Birdie gave you.

BRAGGS. My Birdie? (*Aside*.) This female is—is demented.

MRS. B. Oh, you naughty boy.

(BRAGGS *retreats toward R.*, and MRS. B. *follows, shaking her finger and talking in pantomime*. He *backs into a chair—then into MARTHA, who is talking to KITTY.*)

(*Exit BRAGGS, R., followed by MRS. B.*)

KITTY. Why, what is the matter with daddy?

MARTHA. I really cannot imagine. It's extraordinary!

(KITTY and MARTHA *go to R. and look out.*)

(*Exeunt MARTHA and KITTY, R.*)

TOM (*to ARTHUR*). By the way, where did you put the Colonel's trousers?

ARTHUR. In the closet.

TOM. Oh, you should have left them on a chair, where they would be found. There's nothing like circumstantial evidence in such matters. I'll go do it now.

(*Exit, down L.*)

ARTHUR (*sitting by the table*). I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life. I'm afraid the Colonel will have reason to remember his visit, though. It seems rather unkind to play such a joke upon him, for she—she is such a jolly sort of a girl. Kitty! Pretty name. Kitty Braggs. That doesn't sound so well. Kitty—Kitty St. John. By Jove! That's beautiful. If she would—but nonsense! I've known her only a few hours. (*Takes up paper from table.*) The morning "Echo." I wonder if it contains any echoes from last night's ball. But Tom is on the "Independent." (*Lays paper on right side of table. Takes up another paper from table.*) Ah, this is it! The —— "In-

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

dependent"—William Blight—editor and—— By Jingo! That was the name of the little man who escorted me home last night, or rather this morning. (*Enter KITTY, R. ARTHUR rises.*) Ah, Miss Braggs, have you returned to renew our discussion?

KITTY. No—I bet you a dozen pairs of gloves that daddy would be elected——

ARTHUR. And I said I would take you.

KITTY. Take me?

ARTHUR. For better, for worse—— No, no, I don't mean that. Yes, I do; I do. That is, you know, if I take you and you take me, why then we—we both take each other. Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*) What in the deuce am I talking about?

KITTY. Daddy is received with enthusiasm everywhere.

ARTHUR (*aside*). Especially at balls.

KITTY. Committees of leading citizens welcome him in every town with brass bands. (*Marches up and down.*) Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom, hurrah! Is there anything in the paper about last night's reception? Let me see.

ARTHUR. Oh, no, no—nothing here at all. But the "Echo" has a long account. (*Picks up paper from right side of table and gives it to her. Aside.*) The account in the "Independent" would break her heart.

KITTY (*sitting by table and reading paper*). Oh, this is simply fine! Splendid! (*Reads.*) "Miss Braggs, the Colonel's attractive and accomplished daughter, looked charming in a gown of——." Isn't that too nice for anything! My dress was only white muslin. (*Reads to herself.*) "Miss Braggs, the Colonel's attractive——"

(*Enter BLIGHT, C.*)

ARTHUR. Why, good-morning, Mr. Blight.

(*Goes up stage.*)

BLIGHT. I—I don't remember your face, sir.

ARTHUR. No? You were kind enough to—— (*Aside.*) By Jove! I keep forgetting that I am no longer the Colonel. (*To BLIGHT.*) I—I had the pleasure of meeting you some time ago at—at——

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BLIGHT. Oh—yes—where did you say?

ARTHUR. At—(*mumbling*) Mr. St. John.

BLIGHT. At Mr. St. John's?

ARTHUR. No, no. St. John is my name.

BLIGHT. Oh, yes, yes; of course. Stupid in me not to remember you. (*Shakes hands with him.*) Glad to meet you again, sir, very. (*Fearfully.*) Is Colonel Braggs anywhere about?

ARTHUR. He's in the garden.

KITTY (*who is still reading paper*). Oh, this is grand.

ARTHUR. That's the Colonel's daughter. I'll introduce you. (*To KITTY.*) Miss Braggs.

BLIGHT. His daughter! No, no!

(KITTY turns, and BLIGHT hides behind a chair.)

KITTY. Well?

ARTHUR. I—I merely wanted to—to ask if you were enjoying yourself.

KITTY. Immensely. I must show this to daddy; he will be so pleased. You had better buy those gloves.

(*Exit, R.*)

ARTHUR. She's gone, sir. Have you any particular antipathy to the fair sex?

BLIGHT (*coming from behind chair*). No, no—not at all. I—I preferred to avoid an introduction at present, because I—— Well, you see—for two reasons, first because I——

ARTHUR. I understand. Being the editor and proprietor of the "Independent"——

BLIGHT (*interrupting*). That's it precisely. (*Draws a copy of the "Independent" from his pocket.*) Miss Braggs seemed rather pleased with the account of the Colonel's merrymaking.

ARTHUR. She was reading the "Echo."

BLIGHT. Oh! A miserable sheet, sir. Miserable. A perverter of truth. Always behind the times. Constantly in trouble over libel cases. An editor—I say it boldly—who was born to carry a hod—yes, sir, a hod. But the "Independent"? (*Looks fearfully R.*) Has the Colonel read this morning's issue?

ARTHUR. I think not.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

- BLIGHT. Ah! Were you at the ball last night?
- ARTHUR. I? Oh, I'm a stranger here, you know.
- BLIGHT. Then you do not know of Colonel Braggs' shameful behavior?
- ARTHUR. I saw something about it in the "Independent."
- BLIGHT. A true account. (*Raps paper he holds in his hand.*) By one of our most reliable reporters. After reading of the Colonel's disgraceful conduct, what do you think of him as a candidate for county judge?
- ARTHUR. It is an insult upon the community.
- BLIGHT. Of course it is. I tell you, sir—and I say it boldly—there are two reasons why the Colonel should be defeated. First, because he is an insult to the community, and second — You—you said the Colonel was in the garden?
- ARTHUR. Yes.
- BLIGHT. The—the other end?
- ARTHUR. I imagine so.
- BLIGHT (*speaking defiantly and loudly*). Then, sir, as I was remarking—I escorted the Colonel home early this morning in a horrible condition.
- ARTHUR. Oh, no!
- LILIAN (*without*). I must see her, Dan.
- DAN (*without*). Yas'm.
- LILIAN. Immediately.
- DAN. Yas'm.
- (*Enter LILIAN and DAN, C. LILIAN stops embarrassed, DAN exits down L.*)
- BLIGHT. Why, Lilian!
- ARTHUR (*aside*). Great Scott! My other victim.
- LILIAN. I—I did not know — I—I thought I would call to see Miss Murphy.
- BLIGHT. This is my daughter, Mr. St. John.
- ARTHUR. Charmed, I'm sure.
- LILIAN. I think we have met before.
- ARTHUR. Eh? No, oh, no—I think not.
- LILIAN. Perhaps not. The name is unfamiliar, but there is something about your figure—or voice—yes, I think it must be the voice.
- ARTHUR (*talking in a deep voice*). Oh, you must be mistaken.

(*Enter TOM, down L.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

TOM. Why, Lilian. Good-morning, Mr. Blight.

BLIGHT. Let me congratulate you, Tom. Your article was excellent, sir,—excellent. (*Shakes his hand.*)

TOM. Thank you, sir.

BLIGHT. It has created a great stir throughout the town, I may say, the county. It does you credit, sir,—and we'll talk over that matter of the editorship at the office to-day.

TOM. You are very kind, sir.

BLIGHT. I have come, thinking it would be well to interview the Colonel, and see what he has to say in defense —

TOM. He is in the garden, sir.

BLIGHT. Yes, I—I know—but you—you had better see him, I think. You wrote the article, you know.

TOM. Very well, sir.

LILIAN (*aside to TOM*). I must speak with you alone.

TOM (*aside to LILIAN*). I shall be delighted.

LILIAN (*aside to TOM*). At once.

TOM (*to BLIGHT*). Mr. Blight, since you must go so soon —

BLIGHT (*interrupting*). I am in no hurry.

TOM. Perhaps—perhaps you would like to see Aunt Martha and Mrs. Bird.

BLIGHT (*eagerly*). Mrs. Bird?

ARTHUR. They are in the garden.

BLIGHT. Oh! Well, I—I am sorry, but —

ARTHUR. I will tell them that you are here.

BLIGHT. Oh, no, no. Don't trouble yourself. I—I must be going. I've a little errand down the street. Perhaps I shall return when Mrs. Bird is leaving, and escort her home.

(*Exit, c.*)

TOM (*aside to ARTHUR*). Arthur, Miss Braggs is in the garden also, you know.

ARTHUR. Eh? Oh, I understand. Three is a crowd.

(*Exit, r.*)

LILIAN. Tom, I have been insulted—grossly insulted. You must fight him.

TOM. Certainly! I'll kill him. Who is the scoundrel?

LILIAN. Colonel Braggs.

TOM. What! Were you at the reception?

LILIAN. No, it was at the Military Ball.

TOM. By thunder!

LILIAN. We were dancing together, and he proposed —

TOM. Proposed?

LILIAN. Yes; proposed that we should go out upon the balcony.

TOM. Oh!

LILIAN. He seemed so—so entertaining that I consented, and we—we went out and leaned over the railing together—you know the place.

TOM. Yes, yes. Where we have so often gazed at the moon together.

LILIAN. Moon! I hate the moon. (*Begins to cry.*)

TOM. Why, Lilian!

LILIAN. He—he asked me to look at the—the man in it, and when I raised my head he—he—he—the Colonel —kissed me.

TOM. What! I'll break Arthur's head.

LILIAN. Arthur?

TOM. Yes—that is—no—no—I—I mean for not telling me that he—that the Colonel was so attentive. Arthur was at the ball. (*Aside.*) Confound his impudence.

LILIAN. But why didn't you interfere? You must have noticed —

TOM. Oh, I wasn't there.

LILIAN. Not there? Then how did you write the account for the "Independent"?

TOM. Eh? Oh—I—I mean I wasn't there—at the time—when the Colonel was so attentive. I—I didn't see him with you.

LILIAN. You didn't come near me.

TOM. I was busy, you know. Very busy, taking notes of the ladies' dresses and—and things. I'll thrash him.

LILIAN. I knew you would defend me.

TOM. Of course I will.

LILIAN (*putting her arms about his neck*). I felt sure that you loved me.

TOM. With all my heart.

(*Enter BRAGGS, R., paper in hand.*)

BRAGGS (*looking out R.*). That crazy woman won't give me a moment's peace. (*Turns and sees TOM and LILIAN*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

in each other's arms.) How very interesting. Ahem!
(*TOM and LILIAN separate hastily.*) I didn't intend to interrupt.

LILIAN (L.). How dare you! You nasty, horrid, mean, contemptible —

TOM (C.). Why, Lilian!

LILIAN. Challenge him.

TOM. Eh? Oh, but I —

LILIAN. Challenge him.

BRAGGS. Is the young lady addressing her remarks to me?

LILIAN (*to BRAGGS*). Oh, you insulting old villain! You reprobate!

BRAGGS. Eh?

TOM. Don't mind her, sir. She's excited.

LILIAN. Not mind me? He must! He shall! (*To TOM.*)
Do you refuse to challenge him?

TOM. I—I can't.

LILIAN. Can't!

TOM. You see —

LILIAN (*interrupting*). Oh, yes, I see. Coward! Hypocrite! You don't care for me, you know you don't. Deceiver!

TOM. Lilian!

LILIAN (*to BRAGGS*). Scoundrel!

(*Goes up, followed by TOM.*)

TOM. But Lilian —

LILIAN. I won't listen. You don't care for me.

(*Exeunt LILIAN and TOM, C., the latter vigorously protesting.*)

BRAGGS (*throwing himself into chair by table*). Whew!
(*Takes out handkerchief and wipes his face.*) She must be the crazy woman's daughter. Villain! Reprobate! Scoundrel! I never experienced such an ordeal in all my life. But what does it all mean? (*Reads paper.*
Enter MRS. B., R. Tiptoes up behind him and puts her hands over his eyes.) Kitty! Stop that!

MRS. B. (*aside*). He calls me Kitty.

BRAGGS. If you don't remove your hands immediately, I'll — I'll slap you.

MRS. B. Oh, Colonel!

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*springing to his feet and dropping paper*). Great heavens! (*Retreats left of table.*)

MRS. B. How can you speak so to your Birdie?

BRAGGS. Madam, I—I mistook the hands.

(*Takes up the "Independent" from left side of table and begins to read.*)

MRS. B. Oh, why are you so cold? So distant? What has caused such a change in you since last night?

BRAGGS. Madam, you are talking nonsense—perfect nonsense.

MRS. B. Oh, Colonel! You were not with me last night?

BRAGGS. Most certainly not. I was busily occupied at the reception until ———

MRS. B. But the Military Ball?

BRAGGS. I was not there. (*Reads paper.*)

MRS. B. Oh, Colonel!

BRAGGS (*reading*). What's this? What's all this mean?

MRS. B. You mean to tell me that you didn't waltz with me?

BRAGGS (*springing to his feet, referring to paper*). Why, it's scandalous. (*Reads.*)

MRS. B. You didn't escort me home?

BRAGGS (*walking up and down*). Outrageous!

(*Strikes paper with hand.*)

MRS. B. You did. You know you did. You said my hair was like gold, my eyes like stars, my teeth like pearls. You praised my appearance, my voice, my manner.

(*Enter ARTHUR, R.*)

BRAGGS. I deny everything.

MRS. B. You can't. You shan't.

BRAGGS. It's a base libel.

MRS. B. It's the truth. Why, you actually held my hand.

BRAGGS. It's a lie!

MRS. B. Ah!

(*Enter MARTHA and KITTY, R.*)

MARTHA. Something has broken the glass cucumber frame by the garden wall. What can it have been, Colonel?

BRAGGS (*excitedly*). Oh, rats!

MARTHA. Not rats.

BRAGGS. Cats, bats—what in thunder do I care!

ARTHUR. No doubt the Colonel could inform us if——

BRAGGS (*interrupting*). What do you insinuate, sir?

ARTHUR. That pride sometimes has a fall.

BRAGGS. You mean——

ARTHUR. That you fell.

KITTY. Not into the frame?

ARTHUR. Yes. Returning from the Military Ball.

BRAGGS. It's false, sir! Absolutely false!

(*Enter DAN, L., carrying pair of trousers.*)

DAN. 'Scuse me, sah. But what'll I do with these pants?
Dey am full of glass.

BRAGGS (*astounded, then enraged*). Why, why—it's a plot, that's what it is—a plot. I'll find that editor, and have it out with him! It's a vile plot.

(*Rushes out L.*)

MARTHA (*following*). Oh, Cousin Alexander!

(*Exit, L.*)

KITTY. It's a plot to prevent father's election.

MRS. B. He can't explain it that way. There are too many witnesses against him. Your father is a scoundrel, miss. He shall pay for his actions. He—shall—pay!

(*Exit, C.*)

KITTY. You hateful old thing! (*Bursts into tears.*) Oh, it's not true. It's not true.

(*Exit, L.*)

ARTHUR (*aside*). Whew! The fat's in the fire now, for sure. I'm rather sorry I did it. (BRAGGS and TOM heard off L., talking loudly. DAN stands C., holding trousers.) Dan, where's Mr. Scott?

DAN (*confidentially, pointing L.*). He's in dere, sah, quarrelin'.

ARTHUR. Quarreling? With whom? (*Angry voices heard off L.*) Ah! with the Colonel.

DAN. He has a mighty powerful temper, sure 'nough, sah.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

(Enter TOM, down L. He is evidently in a temper.)

TOM (*not noticing the others*). Well, if he refuses to be interviewed, it's not my fault. (*Sees ARTHUR.*) Oh, there you are. (*Sees DAN.*) What are you grinning at, you blockhead?

DAN. At nothin', sah —

TOM (*interrupting*). Leave the room.

DAN. Yas, sah. (*Aside.*) De Colonel seems to have spoiled his disposition.

(*Exit, c.*)

TOM. What in thunder did you mean by your outrageous conduct last night?

ARTHUR. What conduct?

TOM. Oh, you understand. How dare you kiss the girl I love?

ARTHUR. I did it to please you.

TOM. I can please myself in that respect. I don't require a substitute.

(*A somewhat lower conversation between TOM and ARTHUR. Everything at peace.*)

(*Enter BRAGGS and KITTY, down L.*)

BRAGGS. Ah! So you have decided to carry my message?

TOM. Certainly not. If you wish to interview the editor, go find him yourself.

(*TOM turns as though to exit c.*)

BRAGGS (*following up c.*). But, young man; young man —

(*They join in a heated controversy up R. c.*)

ARTHUR (*looking at KITTY; aside*). She seems greatly depressed. Doubtless she is mortified on her father's account. Too bad! And all my fault. (*To KITTY, approaching her down L. c.*) Miss Braggs, I—I would like in some way to convey my sympathy —

KITTY (*sharply*). Mind your own business.

ARTHUR (*greatly taken aback*). I—I beg pardon?

(*Pause.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

TOM (*to BRAGGS*). No; of course I won't tell you who wrote that article. It was well done, deserves the highest praise, and proves conclusively —

BRAGGS (*interrupting*). Nothing.

TOM. Everything.

(*Exeunt TOM and BRAGGS talking excitedly, c.*)

ARTHUR (*to KITTY*). I simply wished to say that I feel there must be some mistake about—about this unfortunate newspaper account —

KITTY. You know nothing whatever about it.

ARTHUR (*offended*). Oh, I don't? You seem very ready to deny my right to speak as an authority. I feel confident that —

KITTY (*interrupting, sarcastically*). I admit your self-confidence. I can't deny your claim to that.

ARTHUR. Oh, very well. Enjoy your disagreeable mood to the fullest extent, for no one else does. Should you give offense, a half dozen enemies added to your father's list will be of no consequence.

KITTY (*angrily*). I have told you that father has no enemies.

ARTHUR. Last night's behavior will hatch out a large brood. Such actions as his at the Military Ball —

KITTY. He was not there.

ARTHUR. I can bring witnesses.

KITTY (*crossing to R.*). I don't care if you do. I won't listen to them.

ARTHUR (*following*). But they will prove —

KITTY (*interrupting*). Nothing.

ARTHUR. Everything.

(*Exeunt KITTY and ARTHUR, R.*)

(*Enter BRAGGS, C.*)

BRAGGS. Headstrong! Self-willed! Stubborn! It's a pity—a great pity, for he seems an intelligent youth. (*Sits.*) I fear he does not admire me, which is certainly lamentable, for he may have considerable influence with Martha. And just at this time I need her counsel and encouragement. (*Enter MARTHA, L. BRAGGS rises.*) Yes; if I knew that Martha cared for me — (*Sees MARTHA.*) Oh! I was not aware of your presence.

MARTHA (*with embarrassment*). I wished to see you, dear
—dear Cousin Alexander—

BRAGGS. Ah, yes—of course. (*Takes her hand.*)

MARTHA. To say how very grieved I am that such a false
report should have been circulated.

BRAGGS (*eagerly*). Then you believe it untrue?

MARTHA. How could I do otherwise—after what you have
told me this morning?

BRAGGS. Ah, yes—of course. Ah, my dearest Martha.

MARTHA. Oh, Alexander!

BRAGGS (*putting his arm about her*). Will you be mine?

MARTHA. Will you become strictly temperate?

BRAGGS. Absolutely.

MARTHA (*breaking away from him*). Oh, I must have
time. I have so long accustomed myself to single hap-
piness that the thought of marriage agitates me. Leave
me, dear cousin, and when you return I shall give my
reply.

BRAGGS. But Martha—

MARTHA. Yes, yes—I beg of you. I must collect my scat-
tered thoughts.

BRAGGS. Ah, yes—of course.

(*Exit, down L.*)

MARTHA (*kissing her hand after him*). All the pent up
devotion of my life is centered in that man. But it
would not be modest or—or maidenly for me to yield
to him too easily.

DAN (*without*). Yas'm. I thinks Miss Murphy's at home.
(*Enter DAN, MRS. B. and LILIAN, C.*) Am you visible
to comp'ny, ma'am?

MRS. B. Martha, my love, I am so glad you are in. I
wish your sympathy.

LILIAN. So do I.

MRS. B. (R. C., *laying her head on MARTHA's shoulder and
beginning to cry*). I—I need your advice.

LILIAN (L. C., *following MRS. B.'s example*). So—so do I.

MARTHA (*with an arm around each*). Why, what is the
matter?

LILIAN. I—I've been insulted.

MRS. B. So have I.

LILIAN. He—he—he kissed me.

MRS. B. He—he called me a—a liar.

MARTHA. Oh, how terrible. (*Endeavors to restrain her emotions.*) Really, you—you quite overcome me. (*Bursts into tears. All three cry and DAN, up R. C., who has been making faces for some time, gets out his handkerchief and howls loudly. Exit DAN, up L. MARTHA dries her eyes.*) There, there; don't cry. Tell me all about it. (*Sits.*) Who is this—this monster that so insulted you?

MRS. B. Colonel Braggs.

(*Enter ARTHUR and KITTY, R., and stop up R. ARTHUR restrains KITTY from interrupting during the conversation.*)

MARTHA (*springing to her feet*). What!

LILIAN. Yes; Colonel Braggs.

MARTHA. Impossible!

MRS. B. He is a base deceiver.

LILIAN. A villain.

MARTHA. I cannot believe it. You shall not speak so.

MRS. B. But it is true. He paid me the greatest attention at the Military Ball, and spent the entire evening at my side.

LILIAN. Except while he was with me.

MRS. B. He danced almost every number with me.

LILIAN. And took me to supper. And to-day he acts as though I were a perfect stranger.

MRS. B. Vows that he has never seen me before, and hopes never to see me again. Imagine!

MARTHA. But—but—he asserts that he was not at the ball.

MRS. B. It's false.

LILIAN. Every one there saw him, and the newspapers are full of it. For some reason of his own he was not in evening dress, but he was there all right. The old scoundrel!

(*Exeunt ARTHUR and KITTY, R.*)

MARTHA. But—I—I thought it must be some mistake. He said so.

MRS. B. Of course he did. To save his reputation.

MARTHA. And did he take—anything—more than would give him a little headache?

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

LILIAN. Gallons.

MRS. B. Barrels.

MARTHA. Oh, how cruelly I have been deceived!

MRS. B. }
LILIAN. } So have we.

(Enter BRAGGS, down L. In the following scene he turns protestingly to each lady as she speaks.)

LILIAN (to BRAGGS). Here he is. (They gather around him. MARTHA and LILIAN, R. C., MRS. B., L.) To think that such an ugly mouth kissed—ugh!

MRS. B. To think that such a hideous hand held—ugh!

MARTHA. To think that I listened to words from such a deceitful tongue—oh!

BRAGGS. Martha!

MARTHA. It should be plucked out by the roots.

LILIAN. Your lips should be burnt with a hot iron.

MRS. B. Your hand should be dismembered.

LILIAN (beginning to cry). You have insulted me. You old villain!

MRS. B. (beginning to cry). You have insulted me. Monster!

MARTHA (beginning to cry). You have broken my heart.

BRAGGS. But Martha ———

MARTHA (interrupting). I won't listen to you.

(Moves L.)

BRAGGS (following her). I can explain all.

MARTHA. You have broken my heart.

(Exit MARTHA, slamming door in BRAGGS' face.)

BRAGGS. Martha! Martha!

(Exit.)

MRS. B. We must have revenge.

LILIAN. Yes, yes. But how?

(Enter BLIGHT, C.)

MRS. B. Ah, Mr. Blight—dear Mr. Blight ———

LILIAN. Father ———

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

(MRS. B. and LILIAN, as though struck with the same idea, make a rush for BLIGHT and lead him down stage, talking to him excitedly all the time.)

MRS. B. You will be my champion.

LILIAN. You will defend your daughter.

(Lead him to sofa, down R., and forcing him down, sit one on either side.)

MRS. B. You heard the vile epithet he applied to me.

LILIAN. And I have told you of his outrageous behavior.

(Reënter TOM, C. LILIAN sees TOM.) Tom!

MRS. B. My dear Mr. Scott!

(MRS. B. and LILIAN make another rush up stage and lead him down—repeating former business.)

LILIAN. You will not allow me to be insulted.

MRS. B. You will protect a friend.

(Forces him upon sofa.)

LILIAN (sitting beside TOM). Won't you be my vindicator? (They talk in pantomime.)

MRS. B. (sitting beside BLIGHT). You will challenge him to mortal combat?

BLIGHT. Who? Colonel Braggs?

MRS. B. Yes.

BLIGHT. But my dear Mrs. Bird —

MRS. B. Wipe out this black stain from my character.

BLIGHT. I—I am not an ink eraser, you know.

(They talk in pantomime.)

TOM. But Lilian, if you understood matters, you would see that there is really nothing to challenge him for.

LILIAN. Nothing? When he has insulted me? Oh, Tom!

MRS. B. (to BLIGHT). He speaks of you with the greatest contempt.

BLIGHT. How dare he? (Looks about as though fearful of BRAGGS' presence.) I repeat—and I say it boldly—how dare he?

MRS. B. You will fight him?

BLIGHT (hesitating). Well—I can't say that I will exactly fight him.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

MRS. B. You are surely not afraid?

BLIGHT. Afraid! Madam, would you insult me? (*Hits his chest.*) Gaze upon that chest. Beneath it beats a heart. Afraid! Never!

MRS. B. Valiantly spoken. Come; send the Colonel your card; let us await him in the garden.

(*Exeunt* MRS. B. and BLIGHT, R.)

LILIAN (*springing to her feet*). You do not love me.

TOM (*rising*). But Lilian —

LILIAN. You have never loved me.

TOM. Yes, yes; I have. You know it. I will do anything to please you.

LILIAN. Then challenge the Colonel.

TOM. All right.

LILIAN (*throwing her arms around his neck*). My true knight!

TOM (*to LILIAN*). Let's adjourn to the garden, where we can talk about this quietly.

(*Exeunt* TOM and LILIAN, R.)

(*Door-bell rings. Enter* DAN, *down* L., *hurriedly.*)

DAN. 'Pears as if just as soon as I leave de door, de bell rings. (*Bell rings again.*) Yas, I'se comin'.

(*Exit, c. A pause.*)

AARON CUTTER (*without*). Not in? Sure?

DAN. Yas, sah. (*Enter* CUTTER and DAN, C. CUTTER *speaks in a theatrical manner throughout.*) Mister Tom didn't say where he was goin', sah.

CUTTER. I'll await his return.

DAN. Yas, sah. Just occupy a chair, sah. (*Aside.*) What a splendiferous gen'leman that Mr. Cutter am!

(*Exit, up* L.)

CUTTER (*sitting upon sofa, R.*). Dear, dear; twelve o'clock. I hope he won't detain me long. But I must get that old man's make-up, or those amateur theatricals this evening will prove a failure. Young Scott promised to return it early this morning.

(*Enter* BRAGGS, *down* L., *holding* BLIGHT'S *card in his hand.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*angrily*). So you have come, have you?

CUTTER (*starting up*). Eh! (*Thinks it is TOM in disguise.*) Why—why—— (*Laughs heartily.*) Excellent—excellent. Such a disguise! I would never have known you.

BRAGGS. What do you mean, you insolent puppy?

CUTTER. Capital! You are a born actor.

BRAGGS. How dare you! (*Approaches him furiously and CUTTER retreats behind the sofa.*) How dare you insult me, sir—me—Colonel Alexander Braggs!

(*Chases him around the sofa.*)

CUTTER. Eh! (*Retreats to table L. c.*). Oh! Beg pardon—all a mistake—a thousand pardons. I thought that it was Mr. Scott in——

BRAGGS (*interrupting*). Ah, he told you to come.

CUTTER. Oh, no. He promised to bring the things himself. Must have forgotten it, I suppose. Do you know anything about it?

BRAGGS (*furiously*). I know far more about it than you do, sir. I know that every one of your statements this morning is a malicious falsehood.

CUTTER. Oh, draw it mild—draw it mild.

BRAGGS (*interrupting; slowly advancing upon CUTTER, who retreats from table to sofa*). I, Col. Alexander Braggs, have vowed that when I should meet William Blight face to face, I would challenge him to fight a duel.

CUTTER. A duel? (*Aside.*) Oh, ho, he takes me for Blight, and wants to fight me. (*To BRAGGS.*) A duel, eh?

BRAGGS. I require satisfaction.

CUTTER. Quite so. I admire your spirit. (*Rubs hands together.*) And so you wish to fight a duel, eh?

BRAGGS. To the death.

CUTTER. Exactly. Fun for you, but death to the frogs, eh? Hah-hah-hah! I think I can be of service to you. (*Draws a card from his pocket.*) One of my business cards. (*Holds out card.*)

BRAGGS. I have one too many already, sir.

(*Waves CUTTER's card aside.*)

CUTTER. Indeed! Yet I am well known. Now, I have a

bullet-proof vest which is worn directly beneath the coat—my own invention. I shall be pleased to have you give it a trial.

BRAGGS. Why, you insulting ——

CUTTER. The cost is but nominal, and it is well known that William Blight is a dead shot.

BRAGGS. Humph! A dead shot sure enough when I finish with you. How dare you taunt me?

CUTTER. Oh, pardon me. No offense.

BRAGGS. Enough of this. Meet me at the foot of the garden.

CUTTER. Certainly. What hour?

BRAGGS. Five o'clock.

CUTTER. I shall be on hand.

BRAGGS. What shall be the weapons?

CUTTER. Pistols are quite in order. I'll bring mine. You'll find my vest all I claim. Good-morning, Colonel. Very pleased to have met you. Foot of the garden, you say? Five o'clock. I'll meet you by the little gate at four-thirty.

(*Exit, c.*)

BRAGGS. The brazen newsmonger! Bullet-proof vest, indeed! I'll fill his insolent carcass full of holes. But suppose he should shoot first? Some men are unprincipled enough to take such an advantage. I cannot afford to run any risks. I owe my life to my county. Besides, if the community should learn that I was mixed up in a duel,—why—it would ruin my chances. What's to be done? (*Sits at table.*)

(*Enter BLIGHT and MRS. B., R. MRS. B. is shoving BLIGHT. BRAGGS does not see them.*)

MRS. B. There he is. Challenge him.

BLIGHT. Sh! He will hear you.

MRS. B. I want him to hear me. (*To BRAGGS.*) Sir!

BRAGGS (*looking up—aside*). Oh, the tigress again.

(*Writes and pays no attention.*)

MRS. B. (*to BLIGHT*). What did I tell you? He heaps insult upon me. Speak to him.

(*Shoves him forward.*)

BLIGHT (*hesitating, clearing his throat, and at last speaking hoarsely*). My dear sir. (*To MRS. B.*) You—you have no—no cough lozenges, have you? I think I have taken a very severe cold.

MRS. B. Speak boldly. Remember who you are.

BLIGHT. Oh, yes; so I am. I had forgotten. (*To BRAGGS, with an attempt to be fierce.*) Sir!

MRS. B. (*to BLIGHT*). Bravo!

BLIGHT. I repeat—sir!

BRAGGS (*wheeling quickly*). Well, sir?

BLIGHT (*hesitating, meekly*). I—I merely wished to say that you shouldn't—that is, do you think it was exactly the proper thing? Now, really——

BRAGGS. What do you mean, sir?

BLIGHT (*to MRS. B.*). Oh, what do I mean?

MRS. B. That you wish to fight him.

BRAGGS. Fight me? And pray for what cause, madam? I do not know this—gentleman.

MRS. B. (*indignantly*). For what cause, indeed!

BLIGHT (*interrupting*). You see we can't fight; he doesn't know me. You can't expect him to fight a stranger.

MRS. B. But I say you shall fight. Challenge him.

BLIGHT. Really, you know, I——

MRS. B. Challenge him.

BRAGGS. This gentleman has nothing against me, and I decline to meet him.

BLIGHT. That's fair enough.

BRAGGS (*turning to table*). You must excuse me; I am busy and wish to be alone.

MRS. B. Coward!

BRAGGS (*with his back toward her*). Madam!

MRS. B. Here! Throw the cushion at him.

(BLIGHT *hesitates* and MRS. B. *throws cushion*. BRAGGS *turns and finds BLIGHT in foreground as if he had thrown it.*)

BRAGGS (*furiously*). How dare you!

BLIGHT (*retreating*). I—I——

BRAGGS. You are afraid to meet a man face to face; but you creep up behind him like a—an Indian—I repeat, sir, an Indian, and strike in the back. You wish to fight me, sir?

BLIGHT. No, oh, no—I—I am very forgiving.

BRAGGS. But you must—I say you must. I don't know you, but I'll kill you as I would a—a dog. Meet me at the lower end of the garden at five. Want to challenge me, do you? I'll kill you, sir, I'll kill you!

(*Exit, R. BLIGHT sinks upon the sofa with a groan and covers his face with his hands, MRS. B. not noticing his depression.*)

(*Enter MARTHA, L.*)

MRS. B. Oh, Martha, have you heard? But of course you haven't. Mr. Blight and Colonel Braggs are going to ——

BLIGHT. Don't tell her.

MRS. B. Why not? But she might interfere.

BLIGHT. Eh? Perhaps she ought to know.

MRS. B. Of course not. I was simply going to say that Mr. Blight and the Colonel have had a little misunderstanding.

MARTHA. Yes, I know about that unfortunate newspaper article. It is to be greatly regretted. (*Enter CUTTER, C. MARTHA, to BLIGHT.*) You do not know his good qualities.

BLIGHT. Yes, I do. Just as well as I know yours. He's a pigheaded fool.

MARTHA. You would learn to love him.

BLIGHT. Love him? Why, he's a perfect ass. We don't agree on a single point.

MARTHA. He is so misunderstood.

(*CUTTER coughs.*)

CUTTER. Excuse me—this is really very embarrassing. I didn't mean to interrupt. Very interesting, though. Highly dramatic. (*MARTHA holds her handkerchief to her eyes. Exit MARTHA, L.*) Make a capital stage scene. An anti-climax. The wife begs and entreats, but in vain; and breaking into hysterical sobs, exits L. The husband is left alone with the adventuress, and ——

MRS. B. Sir!

CUTTER. Oh, beg pardon. Nothing personal intended, I assure you. The dramatic instinct, madam. I might

add that in my time I have graced the stage in many parts.

MRS. B. (*stiffly*). What is your business, sir?

CUTTER. Costumer, wig-maker and stage manager, for amateurs. Have a card. (*Holds out his card.*)

MRS. B. I mean your business here.

CUTTER. Well, candidly, I suppose you might say I have no business here, especially during such a scene as that I just witnessed. But Mr. Blight always had a way with the women. (*To BLIGHT.*) I wish to see you a moment, sir. They told me you were here.

BLIGHT. Me? What about?

CUTTER. Privately, sir.

BLIGHT. But this lady —

MRS. B. (*interrupting, haughtily*). I'm sure I have no wish to remain. (*Walks L.*) I have no need for wigs, even though you may have.

(*Exit, L. CUTTER laughs.*)

BLIGHT. What are you laughing at? Why do you come here and make a fool of me?

CUTTER. Oh, my dear sir, there's no cause for me to do that. I don't wish to take your time,—but—a—I assure you it is a delicate topic—I understand that Colonel Braggs and you —

BLIGHT. Colonel Braggs and I!

(*Looks around as though fearing BRAGGS to be near.*)

CUTTER. I beg your pardon—you and Colonel Braggs, of course. Well, you and Colonel Braggs have had a little—how shall I put it?—a little—fracas—that's it—fracas, and he has called you out—beg pardon—you have called him out; am I right?

BLIGHT. I am not quite sure who did the calling. But I don't think there'll be any fight.

CUTTER. No fight? Oh, too bad! What a great disappointment it must be to you! Of course, he apologized for all the hard things he said about you? Strange, though, that he should consent to do so. Why, when I met him here a few minutes ago, he impressed me as being a regular fire-eater. He ranted around here and swore that he would make you eat sawdust for all the lies you had printed —

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BLIGHT. What!

CUTTER (*aside*). Looks as though there might be a fight after all.

BLIGHT. I'll kill him!

CUTTER. So you wish to fight?

BLIGHT. Of course. This afternoon at five. I am going to kill him.

CUTTER. Of course; but they say the Colonel's a dead shot.

BLIGHT. Is he? I notice he does a great deal of blowing about it. (*After a pause.*) Perhaps it would be—more genteel to fight with swords.

CUTTER. Oh, he had the reputation of being the best swordsman in the army. He'd stick you right through as he would a—a —

BLIGHT (*swallowing*). Yes, I know. A dog.

CUTTER. I have patented a bullet-proof vest which is worn out of sight, under the coat, and with it on, one is absolutely safe.

BLIGHT. And would you—do you mean that you will be so kind —

CUTTER. Why, certainly. I would do anything for a friend. Of course, there will be a slight cost, just to cover wear and tear, but —

BLIGHT. I won't object to paying for the wear, but I —

CUTTER (*interrupting*). Don't want any tear, eh? Very clever!

BLIGHT. All right. If your vest is any good I'll probably find it out. Meet me at the end of the garden at five o'clock. And meanwhile — (*Holds up finger.*)

CUTTER. Oh, not a word, sir, not one word. That's business!

(*Exit, c.*)

BLIGHT (*going c.*). I'll just make sure he gets out without seeing any one.

(*Enter MRS. B., l.*)

MRS. B. Mr. Blight, are you running away?

BLIGHT. Running away? From what?

MRS. B. From Colonel Braggs.

BLIGHT. Certainly not.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

MRS. B. Then from me? First you sent me out of the room —

BLIGHT. Oh, Mrs. Bird!

MRS. B. Yes, you did. You were glad to get rid of me. You know you were.

BLIGHT. Oh, no.

MRS. B. I say you were.

BLIGHT (*aside*). And I am going to fight for that woman.

MRS. B. You needn't try to deceive me. But I must say that a gentleman would not allow himself —

(*Cries heard out R. Enter LILIAN, R.*)

LILIAN. Tom! Tom! She'll kill me! Where's Tom?

MRS. B. What's the matter?

LILIAN. That Braggs girl! She's the nastiest, horridest girl I ever saw. I told her that father and Tom were going to fight the Colonel, and that I hoped they would kill him one after the other, and she slapped my face.

MRS. B. Oh!

KITTY (*angrily, out R.*). You had no business to hold me.

ARTHUR (*without*). But I couldn't allow you to murder her.

(*Enter KITTY and ARTHUR, R. KITTY is armed with a big stick.*)

KITTY. I hate her! And if I ever catch her, I'll —
(*Sees LILIAN.*) Oh, there you are. (*Makes a rush at her. MRS. B. and LILIAN run L., screaming. KITTY swings the long stick, sweeping it along the floor; and BLIGHT, who cannot cross to L. quickly enough, is hit upon the heels. KITTY swings the stick from right to left. MRS. B., LILIAN and BLIGHT run R. Enter TOM, C., and is hit by the stick. Exit MRS. B., LILIAN and BLIGHT, R.*) It serves you right, and I'm not a bit sorry. You have no right to say such things about my father. You're a hateful, spiteful thing.

ARTHUR. Oh, Miss Braggs!

KITTY. I've had a perfectly horrid time ever since I came, and I'm not going to stay any longer.

TOM. But your father?

KITTY. I'll make him leave.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR. Oh, please don't go.

KITTY. I shall. So there!

(Exit, L.)

ARTHUR. Now you've done it.

TOM. It isn't my fault.

ARTHUR. Not your fault? You were the originator of the whole deception.

TOM. Certainly. You would never have had the brains to think of such a scheme. If you hadn't acted so outrageously at the ball——

ARTHUR. You told me to play a part.

TOM. Yes, and you played the fool.

ARTHUR. Well, I am sick and tired of the whole business. I think it a shame to treat Miss Braggs' father this way, and——

TOM. And I think it's an outrage the way you have stirred up discord. You will have blood on your hands, first thing you know.

ARTHUR. What do you mean?

TOM. That some one is going to be killed. That's all. As a result of your behavior, the Colonel has two duels to fight—Mr. Blight and myself.

(Enter KITTY dragging BRAGGS, L. She has put on street clothes hurriedly, as though taking flight.)

KITTY (helping him on with his coat). Here, put your coat on. We have only a few minutes to catch the train.

BRAGGS. But our trunks?

KITTY. They can follow later. We must go.

TOM. You're not going?

BRAGGS. Oh, no.

KITTY. Oh, yes.

BRAGGS. But I have a—a—an engagement this afternoon.

TOM. Yes, with me.

(Enter BLIGHT, MRS. B., and LILIAN, R.)

BRAGGS. No, sir; not with you.

TOM. But I repeat——

BRAGGS. And I say no. My engagement is with that infernal scoundrel Blight.

MRS. B. How dare you speak so?

BLIGHT (meekly). Yes, how dare you?

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*angrily*). What is it to you, sir? I'll attend to you afterward—you puppy.

MRS. B. You will be sorry you ever talked so of Mr. Blight.

BRAGGS. Blight? Blight? He's an imbecilic ass; but I was speaking of this—(*pointing to BLIGHT*) this——

ALL. That is Mr. Blight.

BRAGGS. What! You!

BLIGHT (*R., badly frightened*). H-how dare you?

BRAGGS (*C.*). You! I'll kill you right here on the spot.

(*Lifts a chair above his head and brandishes it threateningly. The others interfere.*)

TOM (*coming down L., pulls down chair that BRAGGS has lifted*). No you won't!

BRAGGS (*turning furiously on TOM*). I will. I'll kill you, too!

KITTY (*screaming*). Oh, stop them! Will nobody stop them?

ARTHUR. Yes, I will. Watch me. (*Comes down between BRAGGS and TOM.*) That will do. (*To BLIGHT.*) At what time were you engaged to meet this gentleman?

BLIGHT (*nervously*). At five o'clock. But——

ARTHUR. Can you conveniently wait till then?

BLIGHT. Why—er—— (*Looks at Mrs. B.*) Certainly.

ARTHUR (*to BRAGGS*). You are a man of your word, Colonel. Keep your engagement at five.

BRAGGS (*furiously, to ARTHUR*). This is none of your affair, sir!

ARTHUR. Ah, isn't it? I rather thought it was. (*To TOM and BLIGHT.*) Let me settle this.

MRS. B. (*rushing down to BLIGHT*). My hero!

(*Draws him up R., talking in pantomime.*)

LILIAN (*rushing down to TOM*). Oh, Tom!

(*Draws him up L., talking in pantomime.*)

(*Exeunt MRS. B., BLIGHT, LILIAN, TOM, C.*)

BRAGGS (*to ARTHUR*). Sir, you shall answer to me for this!

ARTHUR (*wearily*). All right. At five o'clock.

(*Exit BRAGGS, L. KITTY comes down C.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

KITTY. Oh, Mr. St. John, father mustn't kill anybody, and nobody shall kill him! You said you'd stop it.

ARTHUR. Would it please you to have it all stopped?

KITTY. Oh, yes.

ARTHUR. Then it shall be, if I can do it.

KITTY. When?

ARTHUR. At five o'clock! (*Takes her hand.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*At foot of garden. Time—4 P. M.*

(KITTY discovered seated upon bench up R. She is reading paper.)

KITTY. The horrid, mean things, to publish such a lot of stories about papa, when he wasn't at the ball at all! But I don't understand it. And now how is it going to end? What is Mr. St. John going to do? (*Thoughtfully.*) I wonder—I wonder—but every one ought to know papa ——

(*Enter ARTHUR, up L.*)

ARTHUR. Oh, there you are, Miss Braggs. I've been looking for you everywhere.

KITTY. Have you got things all fixed? Is it all cleared up? Is papa ——

ARTHUR. Now, Miss Braggs, you know I said ——

KITTY (*interrupting*). Are you going to stop them from fighting?

ARTHUR. Yes; don't worry. I will protect him.

(*Sits on arm of bench.*)

KITTY (*haughtily*). Protect him! He will protect himself.

ARTHUR. But you don't want him to fight?

KITTY. I don't want him to lose his honor!

ARTHUR. My, but you are cross.

KITTY. I'm not cross.

ARTHUR. You're not? Just a trifle abrupt, then.

KITTY (*snappishly*). I'm not.

ARTHUR (*jumping up*). By Jove! You frightened me. You know, Miss Braggs, I think it's a pity you and I are not better friends. I enjoy talking with you so much. (*Earnestly.*) From the very first time I saw you I—that is to say I—(*hesitating*) oh, hang it, you know what I mean. (*Sits down beside her.*) You know, I can't say how sorry I am that I—that your father has kicked up such a dust.

KITTY. Papa never kicked up a dust.

ARTHUR. Well, perhaps dust isn't exactly the word, since he certainly wasn't very dry.

KITTY (*insulted*). Do you mean to say ——

ARTHUR. No, no—of course not. You misunderstood me.

KITTY. Then you don't believe that papa was at the ball?

ARTHUR (*cautiously*). Well ——

KITTY. Neither do I. Do you know what I think? Somebody else must have been mistaken for him.

ARTHUR. Eh? Oh, no.

KITTY. Why not?

ARTHUR. Well—you see—in the first place, it would be very difficult for any one to disguise himself ——

KITTY. I don't mean that.

ARTHUR (*suddenly struck with what he was saying*). By Jingo! (*Rises.*)

KITTY. But some one might have done even that—though no gentleman ——

ARTHUR. Oh, I say ——

KITTY. Only some disreputable coward.

ARTHUR. No, no—not that.

KITTY. Yes, just that—a coward. And I would tell him so, too.

ARTHUR. Maybe you won't have the chance. But really, it might have been your father. You know Dan saw him fall off the garden wall.

KITTY. But he couldn't have seen him.

(*Enter DAN, up R.*)

DAN. Pardon, Miss Braggs, but dey am lookin' for you up at the house.

ARTHUR. Ah, Dan, you are just in time. Miss Braggs doesn't believe that you saw the Colonel fall from the wall this morning.

DAN. Certainly I sawed him. Right into de cucumber bed. Why, you sawed him you'self, sah.

ARTHUR. I? Oh, no.

DAN. But Mr. Tom tole me you did. An' you said you was dah, sah.

ARTHUR. Well, I may have been there, but ——

KITTY. You mean you were in the garden when papa—when some one fell from the wall? How is it you were there so early in the morning?

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR. Well, you see—I was late, you know—that is to say —

DAN. It was just this way, mam. I heard de crash an' I looked out my room winder quick. An' dar I sawed de Colonel —

KITTY. It was not he.

DAN. It looked characteristically like him, mam, sure. He was scrambling out of de cucumber beds like as though it wasn't restful. Well, soon as I sawed him, I hurried right down, an' I found Mr. Tom and Mr. Arthur in the library; didn't I, sah?

ARTHUR. Yes; you see we had heard the crash also.

DAN. An' you didn't have no gahments on your legs, had you, sah?

ARTHUR. That has nothing to do with it, Dan.

DAN. No, sah. Den you know I found dem trousers in his room.

KITTY. They couldn't have been his.

ARTHUR. Why not? He wears them.

DAN. They certainly didn't belong to Mr. Tom—nor to Miss Martha. I found somethin' else, too. Looked like a false wig an'—

ARTHUR. Eh? How very funny. (*Laughs extravagantly.*) But we must go to the house. (*To KITTY.*) They will wonder where you are, won't they?

KITTY (*to DAN*). Did you say you found a wig in papa's room?

DAN. Yas, miss. It is just de color he wears, but I didn't like to say anything —

ARTHUR. No, of course you didn't. (*Laughs again. Aside, to DAN.*) Shut up, you fool! (*To KITTY.*) What a lovely afternoon it is, aren't it? I mean amn't it? (*Aside, to DAN.*) If you bring that wig here, I'll give you five dollars. (*To KITTY.*) Did you say rain? No, I think not. These misty mornings seldom mean wet afternoons. (*Aside, to DAN.*) Hurry! Quick!

DAN. Yas, sah.

(*Exit, up R.*)

KITTY. Why, how strangely you are acting!

ARTHUR. Oh, no—you see it's just my interest in this—that is to say — (*Hesitates.*)

KITTY. You mean your anxiety on papa's account?

ARTHUR. Yes, precisely.

KITTY. Oh, thank you. I depend on you to help me learn the truth about this ball.

ARTHUR. Eh? Why—why——

KITTY (*holding out her hand*). Thank you, again—so much. Now we must go.

(*Exit, up R.*)

ARTHUR. If she looks at me that way again, I'll confess everything.

(*Exit, up R.*)

(*Enter CUTTER, up L., followed by TOM. CUTTER has package under his arm.*)

CUTTER. But I tell you, Mr. Scott, I need that make-up to-night.

TOM. I'll have it there in lots of time. I have been too busy. I don't see why you had to come after it.

CUTTER. Anxiety, sir, anxiety. Natural—hereditary from a great aunt. But I may have had another reason for coming this afternoon. I don't suppose you have happened to see Colonel Braggs anywhere, eh?

TOM. No.

CUTTER. I thought not. A little early perhaps,—I mean for him to be going to the train.

TOM (*eagerly*). He might be going. That path goes to the gate by the road. If you wish to see him——

CUTTER. Thanks. I'll just saunter that way (*aside*), and back again.

(*Exit, L.*)

TOM. I wonder what he's prowling around for. It will never do for him to be here while the duel is in progress. We don't wish a scandal.

(*Enter ARTHUR, up R.*)

ARTHUR. Have you seen Dan?

TOM. No, not since he went on an errand for Aunt Martha at eleven o'clock this morning.

ARTHUR. I have. He found the wig and the other things.

TOM. Where are they?

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

ARTHUR. I offered him five dollars to bring them here at once.

TOM. Good. Probably five dollars more will close his mouth.

ARTHUR. By Jingo! I'll be glad when this affair's over. I would like to wash my hands of the whole matter.

TOM. Of course you would. And leave mine dirty. But you can't do it. You've got blood on your hands.

ARTHUR. Oh!

TOM. Or you will have.

ARTHUR. You don't mean that there's really going to be a fight?

TOM. Don't I? Here comes one of the principals now.

(Enter BLIGHT, timidly, led by MRS. B. and LILIAN, up l.)

MRS. B. This is the spot.

BLIGHT (seeing TOM and ARTHUR—TOM pointing at him). Hold on! Don't shoot! Oh! It's only you.

LILIAN. Father, be brave!

BLIGHT. I am brave. Who says I'm not brave? But it isn't fair for any one to shoot me in the back—now, is it? (Sees ARTHUR and dodges.)

MRS. B. You should wear a bold front, at any rate.

BLIGHT (half aside). I'm going to. That is, if he brings it in time. (To LILIAN.) You said it was only four o'clock, didn't you?

ARTHUR. Half-past four, I think.

BLIGHT. No, only four. It can't be later.

ARTHUR. Look for yourself. (Points off r.) You can see the church clock through the trees.

BLIGHT. Then it's time he was here. I—I won't fight if he doesn't come in a few minutes.

MRS. B. But the meeting was not to be until five.

BLIGHT. I don't care. I'm here. He can't expect me to wait all afternoon. I shan't wait, either.

TOM. I'm afraid the meeting won't have a quorum present unless you do.

BLIGHT. Why don't you fight—if you're so anxious for some one to wait?

LILIAN. Oh, he's going to.

BLIGHT. When?

TOM. After you.

BLIGHT. After me?

MRS. B. (*to* BLIGHT). He gives you the preference, of course. Think of the honor of killing such a man.

BLIGHT. Yes. (*To* TOM.) And after I've killed him, you — I say, suppose I resign the honor in your favor.

TOM. Oh, I couldn't think of depriving you.

MRS. B. Be brave! The man I marry must be a hero.

ARTHUR (*aside, to* TOM). The man who marries her will be a hero.

MRS. B. What a lovely secluded spot! I hope no one will interrupt. Of course, Tom, your aunt knows nothing of this?

TOM. Oh, no. She has such a high-strung nature, we thought it best to keep this secret from her. Of course, you ladies can't remain.

MRS. B. (*sighing*). No, I suppose not. (*To* BLIGHT.) I would so love to see you shot, my dear—I—I mean shoot. Keep up a brave heart, my lion. Remember that you are dying for me. Farewell.

(*Kisses his brow.*)

LILIAN (*sadly*). Good-bye—dear, dear father.

BLIGHT (*gulping*). Good-bye.

LILIAN. If I never see you again—if I never see you again — (*Bursts out crying.*)

TOM. Don't cry, Lilian. Don't cry.

(*Exeunt* LILIAN, MRS. B. *and* TOM, *up* R.)

BLIGHT. That's a nice, bracing adieu to give a man who needs a steady hand.

ARTHUR. They seem very deeply moved.

BLIGHT. They ought to be. I'd never have been in this mess if it hadn't been for them. It's manslaughter, that's what it is. It's worse than manslaughter—it's premeditated murder.

ARTHUR. No, no—don't say that. If any accident should happen, we would all end in jail.

BLIGHT. Jail? Say, can't you manage to lock me up for two or three days? I'll assault you, if you think it will do any good.

ARTHUR. No, I don't think it will.

BLIGHT. It's not that I object to fighting, you know—only

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

—well, it's been so long, that I'm a little rusty. If I could wear—I mean——

ARTHUR. A bold front?

BLIGHT. Precisely. Do you know if a package has been left for me at the house?

ARTHUR. I haven't heard of it.

BLIGHT. I'll go see. If I can wear—a bold front—I think I will rather enjoy fighting.

(*Exit, up R.*)

ARTHUR. This is awful—simply awful. To think of that poor man being shot, and all because—oh, it's all my fault. And suppose he should kill the Colonel, or even wound him only—she would never forgive me. Yes, she would hate me. How can I prevent this duel? If only I could fight in her father's place——

(*Enter BRAGGS, up L.*)

BRAGGS. It's five o'clock. He's not here, so I shan't wait. (*Sees ARTHUR.*) Oh! It is five, isn't it?

ARTHUR. Not yet, sir. (*Looks at clock.*)

BRAGGS. He ought to be here, at any rate.

ARTHUR. Mr. Blight was here a few minutes ago, sir, and went away again.

BRAGGS. Eh? Went away? (*With contempt.*) Of course he did, the coward! I knew he wouldn't fight.

ARTHUR. Oh, he will return in a few minutes, sir.

BRAGGS. But he has no right to do that. Why—why—it's a breach of the code for a man to come and go at all hours. I would have a perfect right to refuse to fight with such a—such a jack-in-the-box.

ARTHUR. But if he comes——

BRAGGS. Eh? (*Disappointedly.*) Yes—yes—of course. Well, if I have to fight—I—— By the way, did you see anything of a package addressed to me?

ARTHUR. No, sir. It's terrible to think of your standing up to be shot without any protection.

BRAGGS. Protection? I don't desire protection, sir. (*Aside.*) Who was that man who offered me the vest? Will he bring it? (*To ARTHUR.*) By the way, has any one been asking for me?

ARTHUR. Not during the past few minutes.

BRAGGS (*aside*). He said he would come at 4:30. Let's

see. He told me he would meet me at the little back garden gate. (*Aloud.*) I think I'll saunter around a little—just to—just to pass away the time.

(*Exit, L.*)

ARTHUR. Dear little Kitty! To think that her father is going to be murdered. Horrible! Oh, it must be prevented. But how—how? If I could only — (*Struck with an idea.*) By Jove! I shall! (*Enter DAN, up L.*) You brought them?

DAN. Yas, sah. Here it an. (*Holds out wig.*)

ARTHUR. Good. But where are the whiskers? (*Takes wig.*)

DAN. You didn't ask for dem, sah. How did you know dere was any whiskers?

ARTHUR. Eh? Why—why, whiskers always go with wigs, of course.

DAN. Does dey, sah?

ARTHUR. Certainly. And wigs with whiskers. But hurry! I must wear them. I—I mean, I wish them.

DAN (*not going*). Yas, sah.

ARTHUR. Why don't you go?

DAN. You remarked dat as a slight reward you would give me —

ARTHUR. Oh, you want the five dollars. (*Takes out money.*) If you keep your mouth shut, I'll make it five more. (*Hands DAN money.*)

DAN. Can't I talk, sah?

ARTHUR. Not about finding these things.

DAN. Oh, no, sah. I won't say an epithet, sah. Not an epithet.

ARTHUR. Very well. There you are. Now, hurry. But I'll go with you. Come on! Come on!

(*Enter TOM and LILIAN, up R.*)

TOM. Where are you going?

ARTHUR (*hesitating*). To change my clothes.

(*Exeunt ARTHUR and DAN, up L.*)

TOM. At last, Lilian, we are alone. Come, sit down here. I am so glad that you are no longer provoked with me.

(*They sit on bench up R.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

LILIAN. I could not be, now that you have confessed.

TOM (*frightened*). Confessed! W-what have I said?

LILIAN. Of course, now that you have told me that out of respect for papa, you could not fight the Colonel—until after he had, I honor your restraint. It was very brave in you, Tom, to thus control yourself when you were so anxious to fight.

TOM. I fear your father does not appreciate my seeming hesitancy.

LILIAN. That is only generosity on papa's part. He would like you to be shot at, too. You know he has always been very fond of you.

TOM. But if he should once suspect — (*Stops.*)

LILIAN. What?

TOM (*hesitating*). My—my fondness for his daughter.

LILIAN. I think he knows.

TOM. He does? And he is not angry?

LILIAN. Why should he be? You have never done anything to be ashamed of.

TOM. Eh? No—no. (*Quickly.*) But if he should once find out—that is—if I ever should do something —

LILIAN. You couldn't.

TOM. But if he should hear of something—just for fun, you know—let's pretend—would you still believe in me?

LILIAN. Always.

TOM. But suppose it were true?

LILIAN. Then I would forgive you.

TOM. And continue to care for me?

LILIAN. I couldn't help myself.

TOM (*throwing his arms about her*). You angel!

LILIAN (*rising*). Oh, Tom! Not here!

(*Leaves shawl and parasol on the bench.*)

TOM. Then let's go to our secluded spot by the garden gate. I want to talk all about the future.

(*Takes her hand and draws her L.*)

(*Enter BRAGGS and CUTTER, down L.*)

CUTTER. Ah! (*TOM and LILIAN separate.*) Oh, don't let us interrupt.

LILIAN. Ugh!

(Exit L., hurriedly, followed by TOM, walking with great dignity.)

CUTTER (*laughing*). They seem to be slightly enamored. Sorry to disturb them, but glad they left us alone. (*Looks at watch.*) Great Cæsar! You will have to move quickly to have your chest protector on by the time the game is called. (*Undoes package which he puts on ground L.*) Off with your coat, Colonel.

BRAGGS. Eh?

CUTTER. My vest goes right on over yours, you know. (*Holds out vest.*) How is that for a life saver? See my card—right here on the belt? "Cutter's bullet-proof vest is known as the best." Hurry off with that coat. It's ten minutes of five.

BRAGGS (*hurrying off with coat*). I didn't imagine it was so late. Your watch must be fast.

CUTTER. No, sir. Slow, if anything. It's old, and the springs are dry. (*Tries to put vest on BRAGGS, but finds it too small—half-aside.*) Great Jupiter! I have the wrong one.

BRAGGS. Eh? What's the matter?

CUTTER (*edging toward package*). Nothing, nothing—except that you are too large.

BRAGGS (*anxiously*). Do you mean that it won't fit me?

CUTTER. Not as it is. It will have to be changed first.

(*Still edges toward package, but sees that BRAGGS is watching.*)

BRAGGS. What shall we do? Tell me! Quick! It must be almost the hour.

CUTTER. Well—I—I need a—a little string.

BRAGGS. String? (*Makes movement toward package.*) Here! Use this.

CUTTER (*reaching package first*). Yes, of course. But this won't be enough. Suppose you get some.

BRAGGS. I?

CUTTER. Yes, while I let out a few reefs. (*Carries package to bench R. Sits down and takes out knife.*) Hurry!

BRAGGS. I'll return at once.

CUTTER. Yes, if not sooner. The church clock will strike in a few minutes.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS (*aside*). I won't fight now. It's too late.

CUTTER. Hurry! Hurry! (*Pushes BRAGGS L.*)

BRAGGS. I—I'll return immediately.

(*Exit up L.*)

CUTTER (*as BRAGGS exits*). Large bodies certainly do move slowly. (*Rises and takes the proper vest from package.*)

That was a very stupid blunder of mine. It is fortunate Mr. Blight is late. I wouldn't wish them to meet until after they were properly dressed. But great punk! I mustn't waste time. I can probably find that other mighty warrior before the Colonel returns. (*Takes small vest from package and hides package behind the bench up R.*) If the mountain won't come this way, Mohammed will have to——

Signifies that he is going to grab BLIGHT. Exit up R.)

(*Enter ARTHUR up L., disguised as BRAGGS.*)

ARTHUR. By Jove! That was a narrow escape. I dodged back of that tree just in time. If the Colonel's daughter hadn't stopped him, he would have seen me sure. (*Looks out up L.*) I wonder what they are arguing about. (*Turns R.*) Fortunately no one suspects as yet. If Dan will only earn that extra ten dollars by telling the Colonel the police have been informed regarding the proposed fight, that will keep my double out of the way. (*Sees parasol and shawl on bench.*) Hello! Some one has a poor memory. Parasol, shawl (*picking them up and in stooping sees package behind bench*), and package. (*Unwraps package.*) What in the world—? Looks like a life belt. What's this? (*Reads on back.*) "Cutter's bullet-proof vest is known as the best." (*Sits on parasol and shawl on bench, completely hiding them with package, etc.*) Why, I believe that old codger—or does this belong to my friend, the editor? No, I should say it was much too large. Anyway, it comes in handy. (*Enter TOM and LILIAN, L. ARTHUR sees them.*) By Jingo!

LILIAN (*not seeing ARTHUR*). I don't know where I could have left them. (*Sees ARTHUR.*) Oh!

ARTHUR. Are you looking for——

TOM. Mind your own business, sir. (*To LILIAN.*) Come, Lilian; your things are not here.

LILIAN. But Tom——

ARTHUR. I think——

TOM. It makes no difference what you think. Come, Lilian.

(*Exeunt TOM and LILIAN, R.*)

ARTHUR. Oh, it doesn't. And to think my own confederate didn't recognize me. I'll soon begin to believe that I am running for County Judge and start in to buy votes. But since I am going to represent the Colonel in this fight, I had better use the precautions he provided. (*Takes off coat and puts on the vest.*) A feather pillow doesn't make such a bad bay-window after all. I should have been an architect. It has always been my ambition to be prominent, but I never imagined I would ever be the manager of such a large corporation. (*Puts on coat.*)

(*Enter BRAGGS and KITTY, up L.*)

KITTY. But papa——

ARTHUR. The deuce!

KITTY. Think of your honor!

(*ARTHUR snatches up parasol and, opening it, shields his head.*)

BRAGGS. Yes, but think of my—my life; think of the judgeship; think of my constituents! I belong to my country.

(*ARTHUR snatches up shawl and holds it so as to hang around his legs and resemble a dress.*)

KITTY (*seeing ARTHUR*). Who's that? (*ARTHUR walks quickly, taking girl's steps toward L. BRAGGS stands watching him. Exit ARTHUR up L., still hiding behind parasol. KITTY, who has not watched him closely.*)
It's that horrid Blight girl.

BRAGGS. I don't see why I should be expected to fight.

KITTY. But you surely wouldn't run away?

BRAGGS. Well, no—not exactly run.

(*Enter TOM, down R.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

TOM. Miss Braggs, have you seen Miss Blight's shawl and parasol about here? (KITTY turns away and won't reply.) I beg pardon.

BRAGGS. Miss Blight was here just now. She had the parasol with her, I believe.

TOM. You are mistaken, sir. Miss Blight left the things here—upon that bench, she thinks—and since you were sitting there, I thought——

BRAGGS. Sitting where?

TOM. On the bench, of course.

BRAGGS. I was not sitting there.

TOM. What!

BRAGGS. I have never sat there.

TOM. Do you mean to tell me——

KITTY. He means to tell you just what he tells you. If you are so stupid——

BRAGGS. Do you doubt my word?

TOM. Oh, no; of course not. But if you were not sitting on that bench——

BRAGGS. I was not sitting on that bench.

TOM. Phew! and I don't suppose you saw Miss Blight and me pass, either?

BRAGGS. Of course I did.

TOM. Well, I don't know what your game is, but you've got the most convenient memory known in history. (*Sarcastically.*) But of course Miss Blight had her shawl and parasol with her?

BRAGGS. Not then, I think.

TOM. But you said she had.

BRAGGS. When she passed alone.

TOM. Alone? Where was I?

KITTY. How does papa know? He's not your nurse.

TOM. I advise you to be his—he needs one. (*To BRAGGS.*) So you mean to tell me that you were not sitting on——

BRAGGS. Yes.

TOM. You said "no" before. You didn't speak to me, nor I to you? You saw Miss Blight and me together, and yet she was alone? She had her shawl and parasol with her, and yet—— Oh, this is too much. Well, I'll find her and ask her.

(*Exit, R., running.*)

BRAGGS. That young man is acting very peculiarly.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

Haven't I enough to worry me? (*Church clock strikes five.*) The hour has arrived.

KITTY. Good-bye, dear papa. Remember your honor. Farewell! (*Kisses him, and begins to cry.*)

(*Enter DAN, up l.*)

DAN. Beg pardon, sir; but Mr. Arthur asked me to tell you—(*KITTY passes him sobbing*)—he asked me to—to—— (*Begins to cry also.*)

BRAGGS (*aside*). What's to be done? That fellow has deserted me. I have no means of protection. If some interruption should occur just before the duel! I might write to the police. No—that won't do. I have it! Dan!

DAN. Yas, sah.

BRAGGS (*taking card and pencil from his pocket*). One moment. (*Writes.*)

DAN. Yas, sah. Mr. Arthur wanted me to tell you——

BRAGGS. Don't interrupt. (*Writes.*) Give this card to Miss Martha. You understand?

DAN. Yas, sah.

BRAGGS. At once, and I'll give you five dollars.

DAN. Correct, sah. But Mr. Arthur——

BRAGGS. Quick! (*Aside; goes r.*) I'll try to find that vest man as a last hope.

DAN. But Colonel——

BRAGGS. Hurry! Don't lose a moment.

(*Exit up r.*)

DAN. He seems in a preposterous hurry. (*Chuckles.*) To-day certainly am a great financial jubilee for me. (*Enter ARTHUR, L., carrying shawl and parasol. DAN turns to exit l., and sees ARTHUR, and is greatly surprised to see BRAGGS, as he thinks, on that side.*) I'se goin', sah; I'se goin'.

ARTHUR. Have you done what I told you?

DAN. I ain't had time, sah. It ain't been a minute.

ARTHUR (*aside*). By Jove! I keep forgetting that I am disguised.

DAN. I was trying to tell you that Mr. Arthur wanted you to know de police was informed.

ARTHUR. Eh? Oh, yes. All right.

DAN. Dat's all, sah.

ARTHUR. Thanks. That's very nice.

DAN. Don't forget I told you.

ARTHUR. Oh, no. You are very kind. (*Exit DAN, up L.*) Well, that's ten dollars wasted for the elevation of the colored race.

(*Goes to exit up R. Sees BRAGGS coming and hides quickly behind bench.*)

(*Enter BRAGGS, up R.*)

BRAGGS (*looking about*). Cutter! Cutter! I was sure I saw some one here. Cutter!

(*Exit up L. ARTHUR crosses after him.*)

(*Enter TOM and LILIAN, R. TOM dashes across stage and snatches the shawl and parasol from under ARTHUR'S arm.*)

TOM. So you were trying to steal them, were you? (*ARTHUR retreats before him, R.*) And you thought to deceive me? You miserable, thieving——

LILIAN. Hit him, Tom—hit him!

(*Exit ARTHUR, up L., hurriedly.*)

TOM. I hope your father will blow his head off. If he doesn't, I will.

LILIAN. Oh, he will. Papa is an awful blower when he tries.

(*Exeunt TOM and LILIAN, L.*)

(*Enter CUTTER and BLIGHT, up R. CUTTER has box containing two revolvers, which he lays on ground, L.*)

CUTTER (*fastening patent vest*). There you are. A perfect fit. I might say that you are invested with protection. Ha, ha, ha! What's the matter?

BLIGHT. Nothing. (*Puts on coat.*)

CUTTER. You're looking pale.

BLIGHT. I—I was just wondering what time it was.

CUTTER. Oh, it's after the hour.

BLIGHT (*quickly*). And he hasn't come. Let's go.

CUTTER. Oh, he was here a few minutes ago. No doubt he is prowling about somewhere. (*BLIGHT dodges as*

though BRAGGS would shoot from behind a tree.)

Surely you are not afraid?

BLIGHT. Of course not.—Are you? You don't think I am, do you? (*Crosses L.*)

CUTTER. My dear sir, I have no hesitancy in saying you are the bravest man that ever wore my bullet-proof vest. (*Aside.*) I must find a chance to rig out the Colonel. (*Looks for package.*) Hello! He must have got it and put it on!

BLIGHT (*taking revolvers from box*). Is there any difference in the length of these?

CUTTER (*looking for package*). Eh? The length?

BLIGHT. Yes. Which shoots the farthest and the biggest bullet?

CUTTER. Oh, they're just alike. (*Still looks. BLIGHT aims pistol as though unaccustomed. CUTTER finds paper without vest. Aside.*) Great Cæsar! Some one has—— I wonder if the Colonel returned and put it on. Yes, it must have been he—— (*Comes into range of BLIGHT's aim.*) Hold on!

BLIGHT. I was just practicing.

CUTTER. That's not the way to stand. Draw your legs together. More still.

BLIGHT. How can I keep still when I'm going to——

(*Swallows hard.*)

CUTTER. I mean more yet. Now stand erect. Face sideways.

BLIGHT. I can't face sideways.

CUTTER. Yes, you can—this way. Draw your elbow close into your body. Your arm serves as a protection. Come, get ready.

(*Enter BRAGGS, hastily, L.*)

BRAGGS (*to CUTTER*). Oh, here you are, at least. Where's the—— (*Sees BLIGHT, and pauses in dismay, then draws himself up swaggeringly.*) I was about to ask if you had seen my contemptible opponent. But I see he is here, after all.

BLIGHT. Sir! (*Trembles.*)

BRAGGS (*to CUTTER, whispering agitatedly*). The vest, man, the vest!

CUTTER. Why, you have it on. You got it, didn't you?

BRAGGS. No! Where is it?

CUTTER. I don't know. I left it by the bench.

BRAGGS. Great Scott! Some one has it. You don't think he (*pointing to* BLIGHT) has it on?

CUTTER (*smiling*). Oh, no. I'm sure of that.

BRAGGS. Delay him a minute. I must try to find it. (*To* BLIGHT.) One moment, sir.

BLIGHT. Yes, one moment—or even two moments.

CUTTER. No, no—it's growing late. Take your places.

BLIGHT. I say, this is not a square dance.

(*Handles the two revolvers as though trying to choose.*)

CUTTER. I took the liberty of bringing two revolvers, Colonel, since I imagined —

BRAGGS (*to* CUTTER, *aside*). Look here. I must have that vest. (*Looks about nervously.*)

BLIGHT (*handling revolvers gingerly*). Which is mine?

CUTTER. Either.

BLIGHT. Er—haven't you something—er—bigger?

CUTTER (*taking revolvers*). No, no. Take your choice, sir.

BRAGGS (*aside*). Suppose a bullet should hit me. Why, I'm committing suicide!

BLIGHT (*aside, to* CUTTER, *taking a revolver*). Which is the best? (*CUTTER turns toward* BRAGGS.) Hold on! (*CUTTER turns back.*) I don't like the trigger on this one.

BRAGGS (*aside*). Martha hasn't come. (*Edges up c.*)

CUTTER. They are exactly alike.

BRAGGS (*aside*). No one will interrupt.

BLIGHT (*carrying other revolver over to* R.). I like this one.

BRAGGS (*aside*). He'll shoot me as he would a dog. I must find that vest.

(*Exit, up L., hurriedly.*)

(*Enter* ARTHUR, *down L.*)

CUTTER (*giving revolver to* ARTHUR). There you are, sir. (*Paces off distance.*) This is your spot. (*Paces again.*) You stand here. Now, gentlemen, we're all ready. Don't be nervous. It's a beautiful way to die, really. Now when I give the word—fire —

BLIGHT. Hold on. I'm not ready.

(*He stands down R., ARTHUR down L.*)

CUTTER. Neither was I.

BLIGHT. Then what did you say fire for?

CUTTER. I wasn't giving the word. I'll count three.
Are you ready? One moment.

BLIGHT. Oh, I say.

CUTTER (*aside, to BLIGHT*). Aim for the body, sir. Now,
ready. All ready? One—one moment.

BLIGHT. My nerves won't stand this sort of thing, you
know.

CUTTER (*aside, to ARTHUR*). Hit him in the chest, sir.

ARTHUR (*aside*). I don't want to kill him. I'll shoot in
the air.

CUTTER. Once more. Are you ready?

BLIGHT. No—no. I can't cock this trigger.

CUTTER. It is cocked.

BLIGHT. Eh? Why, so it is. But are you sure I can pull
it?

CUTTER. I'm sure I could. Now. One—two—fire!

(*ARTHUR fires into the air. BLIGHT jumps around.*)

BLIGHT. I say—no fair. I saw you whisper to him. I
saw you.

CUTTER. Why didn't you shoot?

BLIGHT. You said you would count three.

CUTTER. My—my, but you are hard to please. Now this
time—(*BLIGHT aims*) when I say one—two—fire—

(*BLIGHT fires.*)

BLIGHT. No you don't; I wasn't going to be fooled a sec-
ond time.

ARTHUR (*aside*). By Jove! I'm hit. The vest saved me
that time, sure.

CUTTER. Now, gentlemen, you have each had a free shot.
Suppose we follow the code. Three shots at the word.
Get ready. One—two—fire! (*BLIGHT fires three
times at ARTHUR, who again fires into the air.*) Stop!
Stop! (*To ARTHUR.*) Are you hurt, sir?

ARTHUR. I don't know. (*Holds hand out of sight.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

CUTTER (*to* BLIGHT). How dare you! Why, it's a gross breach of the code.

BLIGHT. You said to fire three times.

CUTTER. Not in succession. (*To* ARTHUR.) Sure you're not hurt, sir?

ARTHUR. I think my hand —

CUTTER. Why, yes, it's bleeding, sir. Too bad.

(*Enter* MARTHA, *up* L., *hurriedly*, *followed* by KITTY.)

MARTHA. Oh, Colonel, how could you? (*Throws her arms around* ARTHUR'S *neck.*) Are you hurt? Has he killed you? Speak! (*Accidentally pulls off whiskers.*) Oh! (*To* BLIGHT.) See what you have done?

CUTTER. Why, what's this mean? (*Enter* BRAGGS, L. MARTHA *turns toward* ARTHUR *again, sees* BRAGGS, *and utters a scream.* CUTTER *snatches off* ARTHUR'S *wig.*) Ah! I understand. So this is the use my old man's make-up was to be put to.

KITTY. No, no—don't you see?—It was at the ball. I suspected it all the time. He disguised himself as poor papa.

BRAGGS. Disguised? What's this? What's this?

(*Enter* TOM *and* LILIAN, L.)

TOM. What's the matter?

KITTY. Oh, you thought you were very clever, didn't you? You and your old paper—writing such stories.

BLIGHT. Do you mean to say I haven't been fighting the Colonel, after all?

ARTHUR. Let me explain. I will acknowledge that I disguised myself as the Colonel.

BRAGGS. You? But why?

TOM. Because I asked him to—since the cat must out.

LILIAN. Oh, Tom!

ARTHUR. And I was so ashamed of myself afterward, that I determined to repeat the disguise and fight in his place.

BLIGHT (*to* TOM). And you mean to say that your article —

TOM. Was simply a fake, sir, because I wanted a raise, sir; because I loved your daughter, sir.

BLIGHT. Loved my — Why, it's infamous. But I'll make you suffer.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BRAGGS

BRAGGS. And I'll make you suffer, sir.

CUTTER. Oh, no—let me be peacemaker. Colonel, a word in your ear. (*Leads BRAGGS aside.*) It's the chance of your life. A bigger "ad" than having a box full of diamonds stolen. Forgive them.

BRAGGS. What!

CUTTER. Upon the condition that they publish a contradiction and apology. Think of the revulsion of feeling in your favor.

BRAGGS. That's true. I'll do it. Friends, I forgive you.

ALL. Oh!

(The men, except BLIGHT, gather about him and he shakes hands.)

(Enter MRS. B., R.)

MRS. B. (*to BLIGHT*). Did you kill him?

BLIGHT. No.

MRS. B. Wound him?

BLIGHT. No.

MRS. B. Why not?

ARTHUR. Because he is going to be elected judge, and I need him for a father-in-law!

(Goes to KITTY, who turns her back on him—then relents and gives him her hand.)

CURTAIN

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