

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION  
OF PLAYS

PS 635  
.29  
W575  
Copy 1

The Private Tutor

Price, 25 Cents



# A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

---

**THE AMAZONS** Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

**THE CABINET MINISTER** Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**DANDY DICK** Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

**THE GAY LORD QUEX** Comedy in Four Acts. Four males ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

**HIS HOUSE IN ORDER** Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE HOBBY HORSE** Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

**IRIS** Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**LADY BOUNTIFUL** Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

**LETTY** Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

---

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

**Walter H. Baker & Company**

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

# The Private Tutor

A Farce in Three Acts

By  
E. J. WHISLER

Copyright, 1907, by E. J. WHISLER

---

BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1912

PS 635  
Z 9 W 575

# The Private Tutor

---

## CHARACTERS

FRED SPENCER, *who believes that experience is the best teacher.*

GEORGE CAROTHERS, *his chum, who also seeks experience.*

MR. SPENCER, *his father, who owns an oil well.*

HANS DINKLEDERFER, *his undoing, the leader of a little German band.*

RICHARD, *servant at the Spencers'.*

MRS. SPENCER, *Ned's mother, who feels the responsibility of the oil well and has social aspirations.*

DOLLY SPENCER, *his sister, who has a mind of her own.*

MISS SNAP, *a detective.*

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Fred Spencer's rooms at Clearfield College.

ACT II.—The Spencer home. One week after Act I.

ACT III.—The Spencer home. Ten minutes after Act II.



COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

TMP 92-007525

©CLD 28754

# The Private Tutor

---

## ACT I

SCENE.—FRED SPENCER'S rooms at Clearfield College. Doors R., L. and C. Window in flat. College flags, posters, etc., hung about the walls. Chairs R., R. C. and L. Tabourette beside chair R.

(A little German band is playing off stage as curtain rises. Discover FRED seated R. smoking a pipe.)

FRED. Plague take that band! The so-called music they make is enough to give a man the horrors, and I am nearly desperate now. As though it were not enough that I should be caught coming away from that prize-fight, the fates have decreed that while I live in hourly dread of the inevitable notice of expulsion from school, it shall be with an accompaniment of creepy music by a little German band. (*The band stops playing.*) Thank heaven they've stopped. (*Rises and paces about.*) I wonder where Carothers is. If he doesn't come pretty soon I'll die of sheer nervousness. This suspense is killing me.

*Enter* GEORGE CAROTHERS, D. F.

GEO. Good-morning, Fred.

FRED. Oh, here you are, at last.

GEO. Any news?

(*Goes to tabourette R., takes pipe, fills and lights it.*)

FRED. Not a word. Have you heard anything?

GEO. I've heard nothing.

FRED (*seated R.*). I wonder what's keeping old Moriarty so quiet. It has been three days since he caught us coming away from that prize-fight, and he is usually very prompt—especially in matters of this kind.

GEO. (*seated R. C.*). If he knew what mental anguish he is causing us by holding us in suspense, I don't believe he would ever communicate with us.

FRED. Don't talk about it! I haven't slept a night since.

GEO. Oh, Spencer, why did we ever go to that prize-fight?

FRED. Don't ask such fool questions. We *did* go, and got caught too—worse luck. The point to consider now is how to get out of it.

GEO. I don't see how we can get out of it, for old Moriarty himself saw us coming away, and you know what the penalty is for going there.

FRED. Expulsion! I know what will happen to me when the governor learns of this.

GEO. What is that?

FRED. The bread plate will no longer be passed in my direction.

GEO. I don't understand.

FRED. I have been expelled before, you know. Twice. (*Quickly.*) Altogether a mistake in both cases, I assure you. Mistaken identity in the first instance and circumstantial evidence in the second case.

GEO. (*knowingly*). Precisely so. I understand. Been there myself. The innocent party always suffers.

FRED. Don't you believe me?

GEO. Didn't I agree with you?

FRED. Yes, but I don't altogether like your tone of voice.

GEO. I give you my word, I believe you. Go on with your story.

FRED. Well, the last time it occurred the governor at a private session told me he was going to send me here to school and assured me, kindly—but firmly, that in case I got into any further trouble our hitherto cordial relations would cease and that I would be under the necessity of providing my own maintenance.

GEO. You don't mean to say that he threatened to cut you off!

FRED. That's just what I do mean to say.

GEO. Pretty straight talk.

FRED. I should say so. And the worst of it is that he *meant* it. Carothers, can you imagine me earning my own living?

GEO. Well, Fred, I have a pretty strong imagination, but it won't reach that far.

FRED. Why, I can't even sprinkle the lawn without getting more water on myself than the grass.

GEO. We surely are in for it. Now, what are we going to do?

FRED. I leave it to you. You got us into this scrape; now, you can get us out of it.

GEO. *I did!*

FRED. Yes, *you* did.

GEO. I did nothing of the sort.

FRED. Well, you did.

GEO. Well, I didn't.

FRED. Well, you did.

GEO. Who was it proposed going to the fight?

FRED. You did.

GEO. (*hotly*). I beg your pardon, I never —

FRED (*easily*). I accept your apology. I think it is due, considering the trouble you have gotten me into.

GEO. I *never* proposed going.

FRED. Well, I declare. Carothers, I always thought you had a monumental nerve; now I am convinced of it.

GEO. Who was it came down to my rooms last Monday night with the information that there was to be a fight?

FRED. I. But that doesn't prove that I proposed *going*.

GEO. Who was it volunteered the information that he had two tickets?

FRED. I. But that doesn't prove that I *proposed* going.

GEO. Who was it said, "Do you want to go along, Carothers?"

FRED. George, we have always been good friends, too good friends to quarrel over trifles at such a crucial moment as this. We got into this scrape together, we will be expelled together, let us stick together to the end. (*Holds out his hand.*)

GEO. (*folding his arms*). Who was it proposed going to the fight?

FRED (*walking to window in flat*). Oh, I did; I did, of course. By Jove, there's the postman. I wonder if he has a letter from Moriarty; I'll go and see.

(*Exit, D. F. The little German band begins to play outside.*)

GEO. Shade of Mozart, hear that band! It isn't enough to have one's fondest hopes of a brilliant academic future rudely shattered, but they must be interred to a requiem, played in

staccato, by a little German band. (*The music stops suddenly. Enter FRED D. F., with a letter.*) What's the matter with the music?

FRED. Nothing, now; it has stopped. I gave them a dollar.

GEO. A dollar! Why, man, they'll play all afternoon. (*FRED starts out.*) Come back. Wait until they begin again. I want to see that letter.

FRED. Do you know, I think that of all the fiendishly contrived tortures of this modern civilization of ours, the little German band is the chief.

GEO. (*anxiously*). Yes, yes. Did you get a letter from Moriarty?

FRED (*holding it up*). Here it is.

(*Looks toward window anxiously.*)

GEO. Never mind. They'll not play again until they spend your dollar, and the nearest saloon is in the next block. Is that letter from Moriarty?

FRED (*reading envelope*). "Clearfield College. A. D. Moriarty, A. B., LL. D., Ph. D., President." (*Shakes his fist.*) D—

GEO. A—M—N.

FRED. It ought to have a black border two inches deep all around.

GEO. That wouldn't leave any room for the address.

FRED. So much the better; he couldn't send it to us.

GEO. Open it.

FRED. Open it? (*Fumbles with it a moment.*) I don't feel very well. You open it.

GEO. (*opening envelope and taking out letter*). Ready?

FRED. Go ahead.

GEO. (*reading*). "Mr. Fred Spencer. Sir: —"

FRED. Doesn't he say, "dear sir"?

GEO. No.

FRED. I know what that means. Read on.

GEO. (*reading*). "On Monday night last you, in company with Mr. George Carothers, were observed in attendance at a prize-fight, held in the club rooms of the Jolly Boys' Athletic Club. As you well know, attendance at this club's affairs is prohibited by the college authorities under penalty of expulsion."



FRED. O-h! I know what follows; but read on.

GEO. (*reading*). "However, in consideration of your previous good behavior, and the fact that your misdemeanor is not generally known, the faculty has decided not to expel you ——"

FRED. Three cheers for old Moriarty. He has a heart, after all. Read that again; it sounds better than a love letter.

GEO. (*reading*). "The faculty has decided not to expel you, but to suspend you for a period of thirty days. Your reinstatement at the expiration of that period will be determined by your conduct during the intervening time. Yours truly."

FRED. "Your reinstatement will be determined by your conduct." Carothers, if you want to know how an angel behaves, watch me for the next thirty days.

GEO. And here's another candidate for wings. I suppose he has sent me a letter just like that.

FRED. Of course. (*They shake hands enthusiastically. Bell rings off stage. FRED goes to window in flat.*) Heavens, there's father and mother at the door. Of all the times they could have selected to come here, this is the worst. I'm lost now!

MR. SPENCER (*outside*). Never mind going up, madam. We can find the room. (*Enter MR. SPENCER, MRS. SPENCER and DOLLY SPENCER, D. F.*) Well, Fred.

FRED. Why, dad! How are you?

MR. S. Surprised to see us, eh? Our visit is a little unexpected—to all of us.

FRED. And mother too—and Dolly—I am awfully glad to see you. Mother, this is my friend Mr. Carothers; my sister, Mr. Carothers, and my father. (*GEO., MRS. S. and DOLLY talk aside, L. FRED, R. C.; MR. S., C.*). When did you arrive?

MR. S. About ten minutes ago. Last night I was unexpectedly called to New York. Your mother and sister came with me to do some shopping, and we stopped off to see you. How are you?

FRED. Enjoying the best of health.

MR. S. That's good, that's good. But you look worried. Anything the matter?

FRED (*nervously*). Oh, my, no! I never was happier in my life.

MR. S. That's good, too. Health and happiness; what

more can a man ask for? How are you progressing in your studies?

FRED. Very well.

MR. S. (*looking at him sharply*). No more scrapes, I hope.

FRED. No indeed, dad. My past experience has taught me a valuable lesson. Experience is a great teacher.

MR. S. That's the way I like to hear you talk. I am glad you have settled down. Like your teachers?

FRED (*nervously*). Oh, yes. How—how long are you going to stay, dad?

MR. S. We leave on the next train, in about half an hour.

FRED (*aside*). Thank heaven for that.

MR. S. So you like your teachers?

FRED. Yes, sir. This—this is fine—fine weather for a trip to New York, isn't it?

MR. S. Very pleasant. How do you think you are getting along in school?

FRED. Well, dad, I—I ——

MR. S. Because, my boy, I want you to get a good education. I never had no schooling myself. All the learning I ever got I picked up, sort of miscellaneous. I am what you might call a self-made man—and not all proud of the job, either. When I was your age I had to dig potatoes and plow corn when other fellows was goin' to school. And many's the time I said to myself, if ever I have a son he's going to have a good schoolin'. That forty barrel well in the ten acre lot enabled me to keep my promise to myself—and here you are. Now, make the best of it. (*Crosses to L. C.*) So you are a classmate of Fred's, are you, Mr. Carothers?

FRED (*aside*). Make the best of it. Oh, if Moriarty were to come in here now. (*Mrs. S. and DOLLY cross to C.*)

MRS. S. Fred, who is your friend Mr. Carothers?

FRED. He is a classmate, mother.

MRS. S. I know, but *who* is he? Is he a person who would make a desirable acquaintance at home? He seems to be a very gentlemanly young man.

DOLLY. I think he's perfectly splendid!

FRED. You're right, Dolly. He's a bully fellow, mother. He is from Boston.

MRS. S. Ah, from Boston!

FRED. Yes, he belongs to one of the oldest families there.

DOLLY. One of those families that is so old that it is

covered with moss and even the furniture has rheumatism in its joints.

MRS. S. Dorothy! (*To FRED.*) I am glad to see that you are choosing your acquaintances. Persons in our position in the social world cannot be too careful with whom they associate.

DOLLY. Since the forty barrel well came in.

MRS. S. Dorothy, I wish you would be less flippant. Your attempts at jesting are very crude.

FRED. Dorothy! Why, mother, we've always called her Dolly.

MRS. S. I know, but she is older now, and for a young woman in her position, Dorothy is a more dignified name.

MR. S. Fred, where does Mr.—Mr.—the president of the college—what's his name?

GEO. Dr. Moriarty?

MR. S. That's it. Where does he live?

FRED (*aside*). Great Scott! (*To his father.*) Oh, it's a long walk from here. (*GEO. and DOLLY talk together L.*)

MR. S. I'll take a car.

FRED. We have no street cars (*aside*) fortunately.

MR. S. I would like very much to see him and learn how he thinks you are getting along.

FRED. But, dad, I don't think you will have time before your train goes.

MR. S. (*easily*). Well, we will take the next one.

FRED (*aside*). Murder will out. It's all up with me. (*To his father.*) Well, dad, you see—you see the—the fact—the fact is—— (*Quickly.*) The fact is that I am not going to school.

MR. S. (*in a voice of thunder*). Not going to school!

FRED (*rushing over to GEO.*). For heaven's sake, let my sister alone and help me lie. (*To his father.*) Now, wait a moment, dad, and let me explain.

MR. S. Explain! Explain!! Explain!!! What explanation can there be? Here, I send you to school on probation, after you have been expelled from two other schools, give you money, all the money you want.

DOLLY. Made by the forty barrel well.

MR. S. And this time, instead of trying to make amends for your past misdeeds, you have not even enrolled.

FRED. Dad, you are mistaken. Allow me to speak. It is because I am endeavoring to make amends for my past misdeeds that I am not attending school.

MR. S. Yes, that's quite likely. I am through with you—done with you. You never would study, you never will study.

FRED. But, dad, I am studying, day and night.

MR. S. You are what?

FRED. Studying. Studying—a—studying under a private tutor. When I came here to school I found that, owing to my previous misbehavior, I was so far behind that I must study up before I could matriculate.

MR. S. Matriculate. What's that?

FRED. Enter school; enroll as a student.

GEO. (*to FRED*). Bully for you! It's great! Keep it up!

FRED (*to GEO.*). No thanks to you. (*To his father.*) George was in the same predicament (*GEO. glares at FRED*) so we engaged a private tutor to coach us until we caught up in our studies.

MRS. S. (*aside*). So Mr. Carothers is inclined to be *wild*. He *must* belong to the best circles.

MR. S. That's a good plan. How are you going?

GEO. Very nicely, sir. The Thanksgiving vacation begins to-morrow and at its conclusion, in thirty days —

FRED. Yes, in thirty days —

GEO. We expect to enter school (*aside*) again.

MR. S. Capital, capital! A good idea! Fred, my boy, you must pardon my temper of a moment ago, but I thought you were up to your old tricks again.

FRED (*waving him aside*). Tut, tut, don't mention it, dad. Everybody makes mistakes.

MR. S. But you mustn't study too hard; you look haggard now. What is your tutor's name?

FRED. His name? (*Short pause.*) Oh, yes, his name. His name is—now isn't it singular? I can't think of his name. (*Aside to GEO.*) For mercy's sake, name him!

MRS. S. Perhaps Mr. Carothers can remember the name.

GEO. The name is—is—his name is—it's a very odd and uncommon name—a name one hardly ever hears. His name —

FRED. Oh, I remember. His name is Smith.

MRS. S. Do you know anything about him?

FRED. Not yet—I mean very little.

MRS. S. Is he a nice person?

FRED } (*together*). Oh, very nice.  
GEO. }

MRS. S. Where did you learn of him?

FRED (*crossing to L. C. ; to GEO.*). It's your turn ; I told the last one.

GEO. (C.). Right here in Clearfield. It was rather curious the way we engaged him. In fact, he seemed to force himself upon us. We had hardly thought of a private tutor when we found we had one.

MR. S. I would like very much to meet him.

GEO. (*crossing to L. C. ; to FRED*). It's your turn, now. Produce him.

FRED (C. ; *clutching GEO.'s coat*). Don't leave me.

MRS. S. Does he live far from here ?

FRED. No, just around the corner. George knows where it is. He has been there several times. George, go around the corner and tell Mr.—Mr. Smith to come over.

(*Mops his forehead.*)

GEO. With pleasure. [*Exit, D. L.*]

DOLLY. What a pleasant young man Mr. Carothers is.

MRS. S. (*at window in flat*). You have a very nice view from here, Fred.

FRED (*going to window*). Yes, the view—the view is very nice. That large building over to the right is the county jail, and the stone building to the left is the reform school. The grounds are well laid out. Wouldn't you like to walk about the grounds and get a little fresh air ? It is very close in here.

MRS. S. (*as they all exit D. F.*). I hadn't noticed it.

FRED. Hadn't you ? I am nearly smothered.

*Enter GEO., D. L., cautiously. After a moment FRED appears at D. F. He stumbles against a chair and GEO. rushes out D. L. In a moment he looks in cautiously, finds FRED, and enters.*

GEO. I thought you were your father, waiting for me to come back with the tutor.

FRED. He is out on the lawn, admiring the reform school. We are safe for a few minutes. What shall we do ?

GEO. I leave it to you. You invented the tutor ; now produce him.

FRED. It's pretty hard to reincarnate a man who never existed, but that is just what we must do.

GEO. I'm not a magician myself.

FRED. No, that's a profession that requires brains. Oh, why did we ever go to that prize-fight?

GEO. Couldn't we get one of the fellows to play the part until your people go?

FRED. I'm not acquainted with half a dozen of them, and I don't know any of them well enough to ask. Besides, they are all too young.

*(A noise is heard, and the boys rush together. Short pause.)*

GEO. I thought that was your father.

FRED. So did I.

GEO. What will we do? If we don't produce a tutor in about five minutes the game's all up.

*(The little German band begins to play off stage.)*

FRED. There's that damn band again!

GEO. They have evidently spent your dollar.

FRED. What have we done that we should be tortured by them in this — Eureka! I have an idea!

GEO. Hold on to it; they're scarce around here.

FRED. That band is our salvation.

GEO. I fail to follow you.

*(FRED goes to window flat and calls out.)*

FRED. Hey, there. *(The band stops playing.)* You with the trombone; come up here. No, no, I don't want you to play. Come up—up. Up here. That's it.

*(FRED comes down stage.)*

GEO. Fred, are you losing your mind?

FRED. Not much; I'm just finding it. It's an inspiration, Carothers; that's what it is, an inspiration. I don't know how I ever happened to think of it.

GEO. Would you mind telling me what you are talking about?

*Enter HANS DINKLEDERFER, D. F., trombone in hand.*

HANS. You vant to see me? Yes?

FRED. How would you like to earn ten dollars to-day?

HANS. Yah, I like ut.

FRED. Well, I'll give you ten dollars if you will do something for me.

HANS. So? Dot's nice.

FRED. You never were a tutor, I suppose?

HANS. Yah.

FRED. You were! By Jove, Carothers, this is luck! Where were you a tutor?

HANS. On der trombone.

GEO. That's one on you, Spencer.

FRED. You misunderstand me. I mean, were you ever an instructor, a teacher?

HANS. I never struck no preacher.

FRED. No, no. Teacher—teacher. Do you know what a teacher is?

HANS. Yah. He's der feller vot licks der kids in der school.

FRED. That's the idea. How would you like to be a teacher for one day?

HANS. Und lick somepody? Yes?

FRED. No. Listen and I will explain. I am supposed to be going to school here, but I am not.

HANS. So? (*Rising inflection.*)

FRED. You see, I was going, but I was suspended.

HANS. So. (*Falling inflection.*)

FRED. When I came here to school my father threatened to disinherit me if I got into any trouble—and he has come here to-day to visit me.

HANS. Dot's nice.

FRED. Not so very. Now, if you will pretend to be a teacher or private tutor to that man (*indicating GEO.*) and me until my father goes home, I'll give you ten dollars.

HANS. How long?

FRED. Just one day.

HANS. Shust von day? Yes?

FRED. Just to-day.

HANS. Und I do noddings?

FRED. You do absolutely nothing, and the less you say, the better.

HANS. Und lick nopody?

FRED. Nobody.

HANS. Den tollars for von day—und I do noddings. Sure, I'll do ut. (*A noise is heard.*)

GEO. Here comes your father, Fred. Take him and put some respectable clothes on him.

FRED (*pushing* HANS). Here, Germany, this way. Hurry up. [*Exeunt* FRED and HANS, D. R.]

*Enter* DOLLY, D. F.

DOLLY. Well, Mr. Carothers, did you succeed in finding Mr. Smith?

GEO. No, he was not at home. Fred has gone to look for him.

DOLLY. How provoking.

GEO. That Fred has gone?

DOLLY. No, that Mr. Smith is not at home.

GEO. I think Fred will be able to find him. He knows more about Mr. Smith's movements than I do.

DOLLY. Do you enjoy studying under a private tutor?

GEO. Y-e-s. Though of course there is not much pleasure connected with it. We have to work so hard.

DOLLY. Does he make you work hard?

GEO. I should say so. He has caused me more hard work than I did in a whole year before we had him.

DOLLY. He doesn't get cross with you, does he?

GEO. Oh, no, he doesn't get cross. (*Aside.*) I would like to see him try it. (*To her.*) Of course, he has his peculiarities and eccentricities. All scholars and deep students have, I think. You will be surprised when you see him. He doesn't look at all like a professor.

DOLLY. I should think his eccentricities would annoy you. "Queer" people always make me fidgety.

GEO. He does annoy me very much. I will not be comfortable until he is gone.

DOLLY. But, on the other hand, think how much you are learning from him.

GEO. That's a fact. I have learned a great deal since he came.

*Enter* MR. and MRS. S., D. F.

MR. S. Well, Fred, did your friend—ah, Mr. Carothers, did you find Mr. Smith?

GEO. No, sir. Unfortunately he was not at home. However Fred has gone in search of him, and I think they will both be here shortly.



MRS. S. It is too bad we put you to so much trouble.

GEO. It was no trouble at all. I am only sorry that I did not find the professor. In fact, I was afraid at first that we wouldn't be able to find one—I mean him.

*Enter FRED and HANS, D. R. HANS is attired in a dress-suit several sizes too small for him.*

FRED. Well, dad, here we are at last. I had a hard time getting Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, this is my father.

HANS. How do do?

FRED. My mother, Mr. Smith.

HANS. How do do?

FRED. And my sister.

HANS. How do do? (*Aside.*) U-m. Dot's nice.

MR. S. Mr. Smith, I would like to talk to you about my son's studies.

HANS. All r-r-right.

(*They talk aside, L. MRS. S. stands C., eyeing HANS.*)

GEO. (FRED R.; GEO. R. C.). You've put my dress-suit on him!

FRED. I know it.

GEO. Why did you do it?

FRED. Well, I had to put *something* on him, and the only thing I have that would fit him is my night-shirt.

GEO. I wonder what in the world he's telling your father.

FRED. The Lord only knows. I tried to stuff him as much as possible in the short time I had.

DOLLY (*crossing to R. C.*). What a funny-looking man your tutor is, Fred. Does he always wear a dress-suit during the day?

GEO. Didn't I tell you you would be surprised when you saw him?

FRED. Yes, he never wears anything else. He's very peculiar.

MRS. S. Fred, I think Mr. Smith is a very odd-looking person.

FRED (*crossing to R. of his mother*). S-s-s-h, mother; don't let him hear you. He's very sensitive.

MRS. S. Who is he?

FRED. His name is—Smith.

MRS. S. But who is he? Is he well connected?

FRED. Why? Does he rattle?

MRS. S. (*sternly*). Now, Frederick, no jesting. You know what I mean. Did he come to you well recommended?

FRED. The best of recommendations, mother. The fact is that Smith is not his real name. He is a German count, banished from his own country by political enemies. (*Aside.*) That wasn't such a bad one.

MRS. S. Are you sure of this?

FRED. Positive. (*Crosses to L. C.*)

MRS. S. (*rapturously*). A real count! Oh, if I could only arrange a match between him and Dorothy. A real count!

MR. S. So you think the boys are getting along well, Mr. Smith?

HANS. Yah. I nefer saw such nice poys.

MRS. S. What a distinguished appearance he has.

MR. S. Well, Maria —

MRS. S. John!

MR. S. I beg your pardon, mother. Marie. I meant to say Marie.

FRED (*crossing to R. C. ; to DOLLY*). So it's Marie now?

DOLLY. Since the forty-barrel well came in.

MR. S. It's getting on toward train time. Mr. Carothers, you had better come down and spend your Thanksgiving vacation with Fred.

GEO. Thank you, Mr. Spencer, I would be delighted, but I fear —

DOLLY. Oh, can't you come?

GEO. Do you want me to come? (*She nods assent.*) But I fear I will not be able to refuse your kind invitation.

MRS. S. The very thing. I'll venture it. (*To HANS.*) Mr. Smith, I am afraid it will be very dull here for you during the Thanksgiving vacation, and we would be very happy to have you spend the four weeks with us.

HANS. Und I gedt den dollars a day?

MRS. S. I don't understand.

FRED. Mother, it will be out of the question for Mr. Smith to go. He means that his literary work will keep him very busy during vacation time; in fact, he will make ten dollars a day at it.

MRS. S. But my dear count, you don't know how glad we would be to have you come.

HANS. Count! Does dot old voman dink I vos a adding machine, yes?

FRED. But mother, I am sure Mr. Smith can't go. You can't go, can you, Mr. Smith?

*(Shakes his head violently at HANS.)*

HANS. Den dollars a day--und I do nodding. Sure, I'll go.

MRS. S. Oh, thank you. We will be delighted.

MR. S. Well, Maria, I mean Marie, we must be going. Come, Dolly. Good-bye, boys; we will expect you in a day or two.

*[Exeunt all, D. F., but HANS.]*

HANS. I vonder vere iss id dose fellers put my trombone.

*[Exit, D. R.]*

*Enter FRED and GEO., D. F.*

FRED. Phew! Thank goodness, that's over.

GEO. Over! Over! It's only just beginning. Four weeks of it.

FRED. True; I had forgotten. Twenty-eight days of it at ten dollars a day. *(Drops into chair R.)*

GEO. And my dress-suit. *(Drops into chair L.)* Oh, why did we ever go to that prize-fight?

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE.—*The Spencer home. Doors down L. and down R. Stairway up L., running off to L. French window up R., opening on lawn. Cluster outside of window. Table down R. with chair on each side. Pedestal with empty vase upon it up R. C. Extremely ornate furniture about room.*

*Enter GEO., stairway L.*

GEO. (*looking around*). Humph! Nobody seems to be up yet. (*Looks at watch.*) Nine o'clock; I'm about ready for breakfast; I wish the family would come down. This is beyond a doubt the most peculiar visit I ever made. We have been here one week to-day, and every day, from early in the morning until late in the evening, Fred has had that Dutchman off horseback riding, leaving me at home. I never saw anybody so infatuated with equestrian exercise as those two seem to be. I wouldn't so much mind Fred's leaving me all alone if Dorothy were around to entertain me. By George, there's a girl worth while! I wish I were through school and settled in life. Heigh ho! But what's the use of idle dreams? Not much chance there. She is absolutely unapproachable; at least it would appear so. About the only opportunity I have to see her is at meal time. The rest of the day she seems to avoid me, or at least whenever we chance to meet, she is always too busy to talk and hurries away on some pretext. It's strange, deucedly strange; the girls usually are not so indifferent to me, and I can't believe that I have done anything to incur her displeasure. (*Enter RICHARD, R. I E., with newspapers.*) Good morning, Richard.

RICH. Good-morning, sir.

GEO. Is Fred down yet?

RICH. I don't think so, sir; I haven't seen him.

GEO. Has Miss Dorothy come down?

RICH. Miss Dorothy? Oh, you mean Miss Dolly.

GEO. Yes.

RICH. No, sir. Nobody seems to be up but you, sir.

GEO. Have you the morning papers there?

RICH. Yes, sir.

GEO. Give me one.

RICH. What kind, sir?

GEO. What kind?

RICH. Yes, sir; Democrat or Republican, sir?

GEO. Oh! I don't care; any but a prohibition paper.

RICH. Here's the *Morning Star*, sir.

(*Hands GEO. paper and exit stairway L.*)

GEO. (*opening paper*). Nine o'clock; the *Morning Star* is late in rising this morning. I wonder if there is anything in the paper beside (*local*). I have read nothing else for the last week. I will have this paper memorized by to-night, advertisements and all, if Fred goes out again with that Dutchman and leaves me alone.

*Enter DOLLY French window R., her arms full of chrysanthemums.*

DOLLY. Good-morning, Mr. Carothers.

GEO. Dorothy! Good-morning, Miss Spencer.

DOLLY. What made you jump so?

GEO. You surprised me. Richard told me that you had not come down-stairs yet.

DOLLY. Not up at nine o'clock! The idea! Who could lie abed on such a beautiful morning as this is, with the sun shining so brightly and all nature calling to one to come out-of-doors. I have been in the garden for the last hour.

GEO. Lucky garden.

DOLLY. See the chrysanthemums I have gathered. Aren't they beautiful?

GEO. They never seemed half so beautiful before as they do at this moment.

DOLLY. I am afraid you are an arch flatterer, Mr. Carothers. Now, I must arrange them in this vase.

(*Crosses to vase, R. C.*)

GEO. Can't I help you?

DOLLY. Perhaps.

GEO. Thank you.

(*Crosses to DOLLY. During following dialogue she places the flowers in the vase one at a time and as she does he*

*abstractedly takes them from the vase and lays them on the table.)*

DOLLY. I hope you are enjoying your stay with us.

GEO. Every minute of it.

DOLLY. It is a change from school, at any rate.

GEO. I should say it is.

DOLLY. You must grow very tired of studying so hard all the time.

GEO. I can't say that I enjoy it as much as I do arranging flowers in a vase.

DOLLY. And I suppose the work is especially hard when you are studying under a private tutor.

GEO. I must admit, Miss Spencer, that our tutor has caused me more hard work than I ever knew before.

DOLLY. Still, it is an advantage. You will learn faster under him.

GEO. Yes, and more. I have learned to do things since I knew him that I never dreamed of doing before.

DOLLY. How long have you been studying under him?

GEO. How long? (*Aside.*) I wonder if she's asked Fred that, and if so, what he told her.

DOLLY. How long, did you say?

GEO. About a month.

DOLLY. About a month?

GEO. Yes, about a month. (*Aside, destroying flower as he speaks.*) I wonder why she's asking these questions; I am beginning to feel uncomfortable.

DOLLY. I am afraid Fred is not proving himself much of a host, to go off and leave you every day.

GEO. Oh, I don't mind that; in fact, I don't care for horseback riding.

DOLLY. Fred didn't use to like it, either, but now he seems to be wild about it.

GEO. Perhaps Professor Smith likes to ride.

DOLLY. He does. Fred says the professor wants to ride all the time, that's why they are out so much. But I can't understand why Fred should give a paid instructor preference over an invited guest who is a personal friend. His obligation is to you, not to that old fossil.

GEO. Perhaps Fred thinks his sister will entertain me while he is absent.

DOLLY. Now, that isn't fair.

GEO. What isn't fair?

DOLLY. I don't doubt that you think I am slighting you, but—but—it is not my fault. I would like to see you more, but—but——

GEO. But what?

DOLLY. Please don't ask me.

GEO. Why?

DOLLY. Because I can't tell you.

GEO. Will you let me ask you one question?

DOLLY. What is it?

GEO. Is your failure to see me more frequently because you are unwilling? (DOLLY *shakes her head negatively.*) Are you busy all day long? (DOLLY *shakes her head again.*) Then why can't I see more of you?

DOLLY (*confused*). Well, really, Mr. Carothers—you know—I am—very busy—and I have many things which require my attention—and—and—and I must go now and put these flowers on the breakfast table. You will excuse me, won't you?

[*Exit, R. I E., hastily.*]

GEO. By Jove, that's deuced queer. She seemed very much confused by my questions. There's something in the air beside the delectable odor of coffee, and I must find out what it is. In the meantime I shall go into the garden and look over the paper.

[*Exit, French window R.*]

*Enter MRS. S., stairway L.*

MRS. S. I thought I heard voices in here. I wonder if Dorothy was talking to Mr. Carothers again.

*Enter DOLLY, R. I E.*

DOLLY. Good-morning, mother.

MRS. S. Good-morning, Dorothy. I heard somebody talking in here just now. Who was it?

DOLLY (*confused*). N-nobody.

MRS. S. Nonsense! It would be impossible for "nobody" to talk. Who was it?

DOLLY. It was—it was—just Mr. Carothers, mother.

MRS. S. Now, Dorothy, I have told you before that I don't want you to have any more to do with Mr. Carothers than is absolutely necessary. You must treat him politely, but no more.

DOLLY. But, mother, he is our guest.

MRS. S. Very true, but so is Professor Smith.

DOLLY. But Fred is entertaining Mr. Smith.

MRS. S. Entirely too much. I wish he would keep the count at home more.

DOLLY. But Fred says the professor likes to ride.

MRS. S. What of that? Fred doesn't need to take him out riding all day long, day in and day out. He ought to give us a chance.

DOLLY. A chance? I don't understand.

MRS. S. Dorothy, I find that I am unable to impress upon you by hints and suggestions what I mean, and therefore I am obliged to speak plainly. I desire to arrange a match between you and Professor Smith.

DOLLY (*aghast*). Professor Smith! Oh, mother!

MRS. S. Professor Smith is a most estimable gentleman.

DOLLY. But, mother, he is impossible.

MRS. S. He will be, if you don't pay more attention to him and less to Mr. Carothers. Dorothy, it is the chance of your life. Think of it; a German count.

DOLLY. A title isn't everything.

MRS. S. Nor is his. I have been asking Fred about him, and he tells me that Professor Smith is immensely wealthy.

DOLLY. Then why does he dress so shabbily and act so boorishly?

MRS. S. The eccentricity of genius.

DOLLY. I suppose Fred told you that also.

MRS. S. Yes. Consider, Dorothy—a title, the Countess Smith of Germany. Think where such a union would place us in society. Think of a palace on the Rhine.

DOLLY. Has he a palace on the Rhine?

MRS. S. So Fred says. And even if the count were peniless, we have enough to keep you both in affluence. (*DOLLY holds her nose.*) What is the matter?

DOLLY. I smell oil.

MRS. S. Now, Dorothy, stop your jesting and think over what I have said. Mr. Carothers may be a perfect gentleman, but he has no title. I shall sound the count and find out how he feels.

DOLLY. But am I not to be considered?

MRS. S. You are too young to know what is best for you. You will thank me for this some day. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

DOLLY. I shall never live to be that old.

[*Exit stairway, L.*]



*Enter GEO., French window, R.*

GEO. The morning is perfect, the garden is beautiful, and the paper appears to be filled with interesting news, but I am too hungry to enjoy any of them until after breakfast.

*Enter FRED, stairway L., in riding outfit.*

FRED. Good-morning, George.

GEO. Good-morning, Fred.

FRED. Did you sleep well?

GEO. Very well, thank you. And you?

FRED. Do I look as though I had slept well?

GEO. No, I can't say that you do. What was the matter?

FRED. You have been in this house with me for the last week, and then have the nerve to ask "what is the matter?"

GEO. Oh, I understand that you can't sleep for worrying about that Dutchman; you haven't slept a night since we have been here. But I thought perhaps he had gotten you into some fresh trouble.

FRED. No, nothing new. It is bad enough as it is.

GEO. Where is he now?

FRED. He isn't up yet. I hope he will sleep all day, for I am growing mighty tired of these horseback rides.

GEO. It is too bad the German is so fond of horseback riding that you have to go out every day with him.

FRED. Fond of it! Fond of it! Why, man alive, that old Dutchman doesn't know a horse's head from its tail, and he is so stiff and sore from riding that he can hardly walk. I have to pay him an extra dollar a day to get him to go at all.

GEO. But I don't see the necessity of taking him into the country every day.

FRED. Perhaps not. And you aren't living in constant dread of being disowned by your paterfamilias, either.

GEO. Well, what has that to do with the horseback riding?

FRED. Simply this: My mother, for some reason that I can't begin to understand, has taken a very sudden fancy to this old music mummy, and when he is in the house she never lets him out of her sight. The result is that every moment they are together I am in holy terror for fear he will say something that will let the cat out of the bag.

GEO. So that is the reason you take him into the country every morning and keep him away all day?

FRED. Precisely. Oh, it's a lovely vacation I'm having!

Off into the country every day, all day, with an old Dutchman whose knowledge of the English language is so limited that about the only thing he can say so that you can understand it is, "I'll take the same."

GEO. I must admit it isn't a very pleasant way of spending a vacation.

FRED. No, you can bet it isn't. Say, Carothers, don't you think it is about time that *you* took him out for a day's airing?

GEO. No. You know the roads around here better than I do. I'm afraid I might lose him if I took him out.

FRED. I wish you *would*.

GEO. By the way, Spencer, didn't you tell me that you had a nightshirt that would fit him?

FRED. When did I tell you that?

GEO. Back at college, the day we engaged him.

FRED. I believe I did.

GEO. Then why, in pity's name, don't you give it to him?

FRED. What do you mean?

GEO. I mean that, from the condition of my dress suit, he is evidently sleeping in it.

FRED. Oh, no; no, he isn't. He wears a nightshirt all right. At least I gave him one. The wrinkles in your suit are caused by riding horseback in it.

GEO. Good Lord, man, do you mean to tell me that he is wearing my dress suit to ride horseback in?

FRED. Well, he has to wear *something*, you know.

GEO. That suit cost me seventy-five dollars, and I haven't worn it four times.

FRED. Well, you've worn it the last time, all right. They wouldn't admit you to a dog fight with that suit on now.

GEO. This is going to be a pretty expensive business.

FRED. Going to be; just going to be! It has cost me seventy-seven dollars already. Dutchy is afraid I will cheat him, and every night I have to hand over my little eleven dollars. Seven days so far, at eleven dollars a day, is seventy-seven dollars—and there are twenty-three more days of it. You ought to be ashamed to kick about a paltry little thing like a dress suit.

GEO. Oh, I don't know. It's none of my doing. I didn't bring him here.

FRED. I'm sure I'm not responsible for his presence.

GEO. I would like to know who is, if you aren't.

FRED. My mother; she invited him.

GEO. Fred, what do you suppose has caused your mother to take such an interest in this Dutchman?

FRED. You can search me. Mother is subject to fads, and he seems to be one of them. Sis is rather strong on him, too; at least she is with him a good deal.

GEO. By the way, Fred, speaking of your sister, do you know if I have done anything to offend her?

FRED. Offend her! What do you mean?

GEO. I mean that about the only opportunity I have of speaking to her in the whole day is to say good-morning at the breakfast table. The rest of the day she seems to most diligently avoid me. In the evening, if I chance to get near her, your mother immediately corrals her and trots her off to Germany.

FRED. Trots her off to Germany; that's a long trot. But you mustn't mind mother. I suppose she considers Germany her guest, having invited him here, and that it is Dolly's duty to help entertain him.

GEO. But what about *my* entertainment? Am I not a guest also?

FRED. Certainly. But I suppose she thinks that is up to me.

GEO. But why should she avoid me in the day time, when the Dutchman is away?

FRED. Now look here, Carothers, if you are trying to understand the workings of a woman's mind, you are endeavoring to solve the one problem in this world that never has been solved. A woman's mind is like a conundrum; you guess the answer and—you're wrong. I don't know why she should avoid you any more than you do. Maybe you look like somebody she loved once, or something like that.

GEO. (*anxiously*). H-h-has she—has she ever loved?

FRED. Great Scott, I don't know! Suppose we go and get some breakfast. Perhaps we will feel better.

[*Exeunt both, R. I E.*

*Enter HANS, stairway L.*

HANS (*walking slowly and with great difficulty, stopping suddenly and clutching his leg*). Ach himmel! Dose horse-back ridings vill of me an invalid yet make, yes. If dot feller makes for anodder ride go, by golly I'll kill somepody! I vonder don't nopody vas up yet. I vas so hungry I a pain haf got. (*Walks a few steps and then stops again.*) Donner und

Blitzen! Dose ridings, dose ridings; dey vill kill me yet. Maybe on der outside iss somepody, yes?

(*Exit French window R. Just as he leaves Mr. S. enters stairway L.*)

MR. S. Good-morning, count. Humph! Didn't hear me. (*Looks at his watch.*) Half-past nine and nobody seems to be up yet. I declare this family of mine is growing lazier every day. I wonder where the count was going. I don't altogether like the looks of that fellow. He may be all right, but—I haven't any too much confidence in Fred, either. That private tutor story of his sounded pretty good the day he told it to me, but the more I see of that Dutchman and the more I hear him talk, the more I am inclined to be a little bit suspicious of that story. The fellow talks and acts more like a butcher than the count Fred claims him to be. I think I will do a little quiet investigating. (*Enter RICH., stairway L.*) Good-morning, Richard.

RICH. Good-morning, sir.

MR. S. What have you there?

RICH. The morning papers, sir.

MR. S. Give me one.

RICH. Yes, sir.

(*Hands Mr. S. paper. False start to R.*)

MR. S. Richard!

RICH. (*stopping and turning*). Yes, sir.

MR. S. Have you seen anything of Fred this morning? Is he up yet?

RICH. Yes, sir.

MR. S. Good! Tell him I want to see him.

RICH. Yes, sir. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

MR. S. (*unfolding his paper and watching RICH. exit*). By Jove, it's worth while owning an oil well when it enables a man to have an ornament like that in the house. That fellow has more style about him in a minute than Maria can put on in a month. Oh, Lord, I said it again! I never will get used to Marie. It's a good thing she didn't hear me.

*Enter FRED, R. I E.*

FRED. Good-morning, dad.

MR. S. Good-morning, Fred.

FRED. Richard said you wished to see me.

MR. S. Yes, but I hardly expected to. You are late getting started this morning.

FRED. Getting started? I don't ——

MR. S. On your horseback ride. You are usually gone when I get up.

FRED. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) Now what the deuce is he driving at?

MR. S. Perhaps you are not going to-day.

FRED. Oh, yes, yes. We—we go every day.

MR. S. So I've observed.

FRED (*aside*). I don't think I am going to enjoy this conversation at all.

MR. S. You must have cultivated quite a taste for riding while you were away at school. You didn't use to like to ride.

FRED. I don't yet; that is, not particularly. You see, dad, the fact is ——

MR. S. That's what I'm after; facts.

FRED (*aside*). I knew I wasn't going to enjoy this conversation.

MR. S. Perhaps Professor Smith is fond of riding.

FRED (*with emphasis*). I should say not.

MR. S. You both seem to spend a good deal of time at it.

FRED. Well, you see, dad, I don't mean that he dislikes to ride exactly, but he isn't what you would call infatuated with it.

MR. S. Well, if *he* isn't fond of riding and *you* don't like it, why the devil do you do it? It's a great way to spend a vacation after you have been away from the family for eight months.

FRED. Well, you see, dad, I've been studying hard lately and riding is very good exercise. Then, there's another reason.

MR. S. And what is that?

FRED. As I told you, I am behind in my studies and have a lot to catch up before I go back to school. So every day I take my books with me and when we get out into the country I work hard all day. (*Aside.*) That ought to melt his heart.

MR. S. Why don't you study at home? You don't have to leave the house to do that.

FRED. Yes I do. You see, mother has taken a great fancy to the count; I don't know why, but she has. And the minute she discovers he is in the house she takes him out driving

with Dolly, or off to the matinee with Dolly, or to somebody's pink tea with Dolly, and leaves me without my tutor. Not having my tutor, naturally I can't toot — (Mr. S. *starts.*) I mean work.

MR. S. I think I understand your mother's attitude. Didn't you say your tutor was a German count?

FRED. Yes, sir.

MR. S. Well, you know how anxious your mother is to break into society. I suppose she thinks it will make quite an impression to be seen leading a member of the German nobility around at all the social functions you just mentioned.

FRED. By Jove, dad, you're right! (*Laughs.*) And I've been telling her all about his castle on the Rhine and his immense fortune and all that. (*Laughs.*) That's the best joke on mother. (*Laughs heartily.*)

MR. S. A joke on your mother! What do you mean, sir?

FRED (*aside*). Oh, good, kind lightning, strike me.

MR. S. Kindly explain, sir.

FRED. Why, you see, dad—don't you see the joke—why anybody can see what a joke it is. (*Aside.*) I wish I could.

MR. S. I fail to see any joke at all, sir, and I demand an explanation of your hilarity.

FRED. Why, you see, mother, she, that is, mother you know, she wants to show him off, and all unconscious of it, I've been keeping him hidden in the woods. Good joke, isn't it? (*Laughs weakly; aside.*) That was a close call.

MR. S. Oh, I see what you mean. It is a good joke. But to get back to the subject: how are you getting along with your studies?

FRED. Very well. (*Quickly.*) Father, have you had your breakfast?

MR. S. No, but I must; it is growing late. I should have been at the office two hours ago. (*Starts out R.*) Tell Professor Smith I want to see him before you leave this morning.

FRED. Y-y-yes, sir.

MR. S. I want to see how he thinks you are getting along. Is your friend Carothers studying now, also?

FRED. Oh, yes. He—he stays at home when I go out. We—we keep apart, because we are not so likely to interrupt our studies by talking.

MR. S. I see. It's a good idea and I am glad you are working so hard. Don't forget to send Professor Smith in.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

FRED. It's no use. I've lied until I can no longer tell the truth, and so far I have succeeded in keeping them apart, but the moment dad gets hold of Germany the game is up. That Dutchman thinks psychology is a new drink and political economy the name of a race horse. Perhaps George can help me out.

*Enter HANS, French window, R.*

HANS. On der oudtside iss nopody; on der inside iss nopody. I vonder vere iss everypody?

FRED. Ah, there you are, Germany! So you are up at last, are you? I thought you were going to sleep all day.

HANS. Schleep! How can a man schleep yet, ven he so sore iss dot he can nodt turn ofer?

FRED. So you're feeling a little stiff, eh? Another ride or two will limber you up.

HANS. Anodder ridings vill kill me.

FRED. Now, Germany, it is most ungrateful of you to talk that way after all the pains I've taken to entertain you.

HANS. Pains?

FRED. Yes.

HANS. You took pains?

FRED. That's what I said.

HANS. You didn't took many; I godt der most of dem.

FRED. Well, Germany, if you are ready, the governor wants to see you for a minute and then we'll start.

HANS. Start? Vere?

FRED. Out to the country.

HANS. Mitoudt breakfast?

FRED. Haven't you had your breakfast? Well, you can get that along the road somewhere. A little ride before breakfast will give you an appetite. Come along.

*(Seizes HANS' arm; HANS draws back.)*

HANS. Ride, did you say?

FRED. Sure. R-i-d-e, ride. We are late now; hurry up.

HANS. Riding on horses?

FRED. Of course; the same as we do every day.

HANS. On horseback ridings I vill go again nodt.

FRED. What's that?

HANS. I vill nodt do ut. Dose ridings vill kill me.

FRED. Oh, come now, Germany, don't be foolish; it won't hurt you; we simply *must* go.

HANS. I vill nodt do ut.

FRED (*aside*). Oh, here's a lovely mess! I guess dad won't have any difficulty getting an interview before we leave this morning. (*To HANS, taking his arm again.*) Come on, Germany, don't be mean; that's a good fellow.

HANS. I vill nodt!

FRED. I'll give you another dollar a day, think of that; twelve dollars a day.

HANS. For a dhousand dollars a day I vill ride again nodt.

FRED (*growing angry*). Now see here, Germany, you've got to go!

HANS (*also angry*). Den I vill go und I vill stay also. Vere iss my trombone und my clothes?

FRED (*soothingly*). There, there, old man, don't get excited.

HANS. Vere iss my clothes? Gife me my clothes! I vant my clothes! (*Starts to take off his coat.*)

FRED (*aside*). Talk about getting an education under difficulties! (*To HANS.*) Come now, Germany, I was only joking. (*Helps him put his coat on.*)

HANS. I vant my clothes und I vant my trombone. In dhis house for anodder minute vill I stay nodt. Id iss nodding but ridings, ridings, ridings, all der time. I vill nodt do ut!

FRED (*pleadingly*). Now, Germany, if you'll only ——

HANS. Vere iss my trombone?

FRED (*on his knees*). Germany, please ——

HANS. Vere—iss—my—trombone? (FRED *slowly rises to his feet.*) I vill ride nodt, und I vill stay nodt, und I vill haf my clothes.

[*Exit French window R. FRED drops into chair L. C.*]

*Enter GEO., R. I E.*

GEO. Fred, old man, what is the matter? Are you sick?

FRED (*rising quickly*). Sick! Sick! I wish to heaven I were dead!

GEO. Why, what in the world is the matter?

FRED. Oh, nothing; nothing at all. I always behave this way after breakfast.

GEO. Something must have happened. What was it?

FRED. I wonder how you found it out.



GEO. I don't like the look in your eyes; tell me what's wrong.

FRED. Simply this: our German friend is gone.

GEO. Gone!

FRED. Precisely.

GEO. But wasn't he here last night? Did you look in his room?

FRED. Oh, he hasn't disappeared; it isn't that bad—though I don't see how it could be much worse. He has simply grown tired of his job and quit.

GEO. Quit! What for?

FRED. He refused to go horseback riding any more and when I pressed him a little strongly he exploded. Now, how am I going to explain his absence to the governor? I think he is just a little bit suspicious as it is.

GEO. Can't you tell your father that the Dutchman was unexpectedly called away?

FRED. Oh, yes, I could *tell* him; but I don't think I could convince him.

GEO. I don't see why not. It is a very common occurrence for a man to be suddenly called away by a telegram.

FRED. That's no doubt true, but you don't understand. You see, just about fifteen minutes ago dad told me he wanted an interview with Germany before we went out this morning. Now, if I should tell him that Germany has been unexpectedly called away he would be suspicious. And beside, there isn't a train out of town until four o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. S. (*off stage; calling*). Fred!

FRED. Oh, Lord, there's dad! He'll be in here in a minute and want to see Germany. Carothers, you've got to help me.

GEO. What do you want me to do?

FRED. I don't know. What do you want to do?

GEO. I want to go home.

FRED. Oh, talk sense.

GEO. I'm only emulating you.

FRED. I must get that fellow back.

GEO. Where did he go?

FRED. I don't know. I suppose he went to the station; he has enough of my money to charter a special train.

GEO. Can't you go after him?

FRED. I might not find him for a week, and dad will be here waiting to interview him. (*Suddenly.*) I have an idea!

GEO. What is it?

FRED. There are some wigs and make-up material in my room that I used last year in some amateur theatricals. You dress up like Germany, give dad the interview he wants, and I'll go in search of the real article.

GEO. Oh, no, you don't!

FRED. It is the only thing to do.

GEO. Why don't *you* dress up?

FRED. Wouldn't you rather dress up than chase all over the country, trying to persuade Germany to come back? For my sake, George. It will be only for a little while; just until I can find Germany.

GEO. Fred, I would do a whole lot for you, but this is carrying matters too far. You can stretch friendship a long way, but it will finally break. *You got me* into this scrape, and I've done all I could to help you out, but this is too much. I refuse to be a Dutchman for any man! [Exit, D. L.]

FRED. Now what am I to do? I don't blame George; I wouldn't have done it for him. But I must have *some* sort of a Dutchman for dad to interview. This affair is growing serious, and if dad ever discovers the deception the game's up. Now that George has deserted me I don't know what to do. I ought to be out trying to locate Germany and persuade him to come back, but instead of that I must stay here and face the music. (*Enter DOLLY, stairway L., sobbing, her face in her hands. FRED turns.*) Why, what is the matter, sis?

DOLLY. N-n-nothing.

FRED. Oh, come now, you wouldn't cry about nothing; I know you better than that. Are you in trouble?

DOLLY. Uh huh.

FRED. Shake!

DOLLY. A-a-re y-you?

FRED. Not yet, but I expect to be.

DOLLY. W-w-what d-does she w-want *you* to do?

FRED. Who?

DOLLY. M-mother.

FRED. I don't know. You see, I haven't seen *her* yet this morning; I have been so busy with dad.

DOLLY. I expect she w-will want *you* to m-marry the *c-cook*.

FRED. Marry the —! (*One step back.*) Say, Dolly, what's the matter with you?

DOLLY. N-nothing.

FRED. It seems to me you can raise an awful disturbance about nothing. You are just like dad, that way. (DOLLY sobs anew.) There, there, sis, I didn't mean that. (Puts his arm about her shoulder.) Tell me, what is the trouble?

DOLLY. Why, mother—she—mother—mother ——

FRED. Yes, mother?

DOLLY. She—she wants—she—she wants me ——

FRED. Just like dad; always wanting something.

DOLLY. Oh, I *can't* do it.

FRED. Well, then, I wouldn't.

DOLLY (looking up). Wouldn't you?

FRED. Certainly not—whatever it is.

DOLLY. But—but—she says it is best for me.

FRED. What does she want you to do—get vaccinated?

DOLLY. If she compels me to do it I will commit suicide.

[Exit, R. I E.]

FRED. Girls are the limit. She says she won't do it, but I'll be hanged if I can find out what she is talking about. (Faces L.)

Enter RICH., R. I E.

RICH. Mr. Fred.

FRED (turning). Here's more trouble coming, I'll bet. What is it, Richard?

RICH. Your father told me to tell you, sir, that he would like to see Professor Smith in the breakfast room, sir.

FRED. He would?

RICH. Yes, sir.

FRED. So would I—or in any other room. (To RICH.) You may say to father that Professor Smith is dressing at this moment, but that he will see father in the breakfast room in a very few minutes.

RICH. Yes, sir.

[Exit, R. I E.]

FRED. It is up to me. I'll have to impersonate the Dutchman myself until dad gets that interview he seems so anxious for; there's no other way.

[Exit stairway, L.]

Enter GEO., D. L.

GEO. (is made up to represent HANS as nearly as possible). I don't know whether I look more like a German or an impressionistic painting. My knowledge of the art of make-up is somewhat limited. Poor Fred, he looked so wobegone when

I refused to help him out that after thinking it over I have decided to make a stagger at it. There is no telling what may happen, but I feel that I ought to try to help him. One thing is certain; if I get out of this scrape alive I will never tell another lie as long as I live. (*Sound of footsteps.*) Here comes Mr. Spencer for his interview.

(*Stands down L., with his back to R.*)

*Enter* MRS. S., R. I E.

MRS. S. Good-morning, count.

GEO. (*turning*). Great Scott, it's Mrs. Spencer!

MRS. S. I have been looking for you.

GEO. Iss dot so?

MRS. S. Yes. I want to have a little talk with you. Won't you sit down?

GEO. (*aside*). There's no escape. (*To her.*) Dank you.

MRS. S. (*sitting R. of table R., and GEO. L. of table*). I trust you are having a pleasant visit, count?

GEO. (*aside*). What shall I do? I can't talk like that Dutchman.

MRS. S. I beg your pardon?

GEO. I said, yes, dank you, I vos hafing a fine dime.

MRS. S. I am so glad to hear it. I was afraid that in comparison with the social life in Europe you would find this neighborhood very quiet.

GEO. (*aside*). Quiet! (*To her.*) Dis blace—und—dis blace is von lofely blace. I haf had von lofely dime r-riding around der beautiful country.

MRS. S. Are you fond of riding, count?

GEO. (*forgetting*). No.

MRS. S. Then why does Fred take you out so much?

GEO. (*aside*). Oh, Lord, I forgot! (*To her.*) Oxcoose, blease. Your language makes for me von confusion mixup, von—vot you call id—von scrambled eggs. Ven I say no, den iss id I mean yes, aind id?

MRS. S. (*aside*). What a droll man the count is. (*To him.*) My dear count, I understand you perfectly. But I regret that you find so little attraction here at home. Dorothy and I would be delighted to see more of you.

GEO. Iss dot so?

MRS. S. Yes. Dorothy has often expressed her regret at not being able to see you oftener.

GEO. Den vill I nefermore go riding again yedt.

MRS. S. It is very kind of you to say that, count, but I wouldn't for the world deprive you of your riding when you enjoy it so much.

GEO. I vould radder see Miss Dorothy dan ride any day.

MRS. S. Pardon my question, count, but—I believe you are a single man?

GEO. Yah.

MRS. S. Have you ever thought of marrying?

GEO. Yah. My fadder vos a married man, und my grand-fadder also. Id runs in der family.

MRS. S. I wonder that you have remained single so long.

GEO. Vell, you see, I vos nefer in lofe but vonce, und den anodder man cut me oudt.

MRS. S. Was he an American?

GEO. No, a German. Dot vos before der day of American monopoly.

MRS. S. It seems incredible to me that any girl would refuse you. I know of one who would be only too glad to accept you.

GEO. Iss dot so? Who vos dot?

MRS. S. My daughter, Dorothy.

GEO. (*forgetting himself and jumping up*). The deuce! (*Suddenly remembers.*) Oxcoose, please. You haf give me such a joyfulness in my heart in, I get a excitement.

MRS. S. You astound me, count. I did not think you had even deigned to notice her.

GEO. Ach, yah. I haf notice her; I haf dink of nopody else; I haf dream aboutt her.

MRS. S. But you have paid her no attention whatever.

GEO. Because I haf noddt consider-r myself—vot iss id?—vorthless of her. She iss von distant star, beautiful, but impossible.

MRS. S. My dear count, you are mistaken. Dorothy is not impossible for you at all, and I believe you to be perfectly worthy of her. Do you love her?

GEO. Lofe her! Ach Himmel, I crystallize her. (*Aside.*) That's the first time I've told the truth for a week.

MRS. S. My dear count, I am overjoyed. Nothing would make me happier than to see you two united. You have my full consent and my blessing.

GEO. Dank you.

MRS. S. Dorothy will be delighted when I tell her what

you have said. I will send her to you. Do not be afraid to speak; I will see that no one interrupts. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

GEO. Well! That explains why Dolly had no time to entertain me; she is stuck on that Dutchman. I wouldn't have believed it possible, but there is no accounting for a woman's taste. (*Enter DOLLY, R. I E., with an air of deep dejection. GEO. starts toward her.*) My darling!

DOLLY. Stop! Please remember, Mr. Smith, that no sentimental consideration whatever enters into this contract.

GEO. Don't you lofe me?

DOLLY. Love you! (*Laughs.*)

GEO. Vy, your mudder said —

DOLLY. Mr. Smith, you may have misunderstood my mother, or my mother may have misunderstood me, but I tell you plainly that I do not love you.

GEO. Den vy vill you marry him—I mean me?

DOLLY. Because my mother thinks it is best. I feel that I could never be happy with you, but she says I am too young to know my own mind.

GEO. Den you don't lofe me?

DOLLY. The idea is absurd.

GEO. (*suddenly*). Do you lofe anodder?

DOLLY. I feel that since I can be nothing else, I must at least be honest with you. I do.

GEO. You lofe anodder! Ach Himmel! (*Suddenly.*) I vill kill dot man!

DOLLY. Mr. Smith, pray calm yourself. To kill him would do you no good. I have consented to marry you (*breaking into tears*), and I will never see him again.

GEO. Who iss dot man? I haf a r-right to know.

DOLLY. Mr. Carothers.

GEO. (*exhibiting signs of extreme pleasure*). Mr. Crudders! Oh, Mr. Crudders! Dorothy!

DOLLY. Well?

GEO. You have been very brave und very noble to tell me der truth. Now I vill make for you a bromise. If you vill marry *me* I don't care *how* much you lofe Mr. Crudders.

DOLLY. Why, Mr. Smith! (*Astounded.*)

GEO. Oh, I am a very gener-r-rous man.

DOLLY. Mr. Smith, you have been very kind and while I do not and never can love you, I shall always respect you. Will you excuse me? [*Exit, R. I E.*]

GEO. Hang that old cat! Oh! To think that she would

force Dorothy against her will into a union with a man like that Dutchman! I will put an end to that funny business mighty quick. It was a lucky thing for Dorothy and me that the interview was held with me instead of with the real German. And to think that she loves *me*! I never dreamed it possible.

MR. S. (*off stage; calling*). Fred!

GEO. There's Mr. Spencer calling. He hasn't had *his* interview yet. I think I will let somebody else give it to him. Two interviews to-day are all I want; I don't think I could stand any more revelations. [*Exit*, D. L.

*Enter* FRED, stairway L., made up to represent HANS as nearly as possible.

FRED. This impersonating somebody else is not all it is cracked up to be. I have spent the last half hour fixing myself up and I resemble my esteemed tutor about as much as he resembles Adonis. It was a mean trick of George to refuse to do this for me. I might have had Germany back by this time, but he has secured such a start now that I don't suppose I will ever see him again.

MR. S. (*off stage; calling*). Fred!

FRED. Oh, there's dad; I would know his voice any place. (*Starts toward R. I E., hesitates and then stops.*) I think I will wait until he sends for me again. [*Exit*, stairway L.

*Enter* MR. S., R. I E., followed by RICH.

MR. S. Richard, tell Fred that I want to see Professor Smith at once. Fred told me half an hour ago that the professor was dressing. Tell Fred I want to see Professor Smith now—do you hear—now! I don't care whether he is dressed or not.

RICH. Yes, sir. [*Exit*, stairway L.

MR. S. (*pacing about*). It is a strange thing if a man can't be master in his own house. I have been trying to get an interview with that tutor of Fred's ever since I got up this morning, and all I have succeeded in securing so far is promises. I have made up my mind that this fooling must stop. I will see that man or know the reason why. He may be dressing, but I doubt it. He may be Fred's tutor, but I am a little inclined to doubt that also. (*Stands up stage L. C.*)

*Enter RICH., stairway L.*

RICH. I couldn't find Mr. Fred, sir, but here is Professor Smith. (*Stands next to MR. S., on R.*)

*Enter FRED, stairway L. He stands R. of RICH.*

FRED. You want to see me? Yes?

MR. S. I certainly do, sir; I have wanted to see you for some time. There are several questions I want to ask you.

*Enter GEO., D. L., and MRS. S., and DOLLY, R. I E.*

GEO. You want to see me? Yes?

MR. S. What! Another!

*Enter HANS, French window R.*

HANS. I want my trombone und I want my clothes!

MR. S. Three of them! (*Falls into RICH.'s arms.*)

DOLLY. Mother, must I marry all of these?

*(Falls into her mother's arms.)*

CURTAIN



### ACT III

SCENE.—*The same.*

(MRS. S. discovered seated R. of table R., sewing. MR. S. seated L. of table, holding newspaper upside down and turning it over nervously.)

MR. S. (*suddenly*). Maria!

MRS. S. (*startled*). John!

MR. S. Marie, my dear; I meant to say Marie.

MRS. S. What is the matter? You seem all upset.

MR. S. There is something wrong with my nerves. I have been trying to read this paper for the last ten minutes, and I can't make head nor tail of it.

MRS. S. No wonder; you are holding it upside down.

MR. S. (*looking at paper*). Am I? It is a good illustration of my condition of mind.

MRS. S. Is your mind disturbed?

MR. S. Tell me, how many of those Germans did you see?

MRS. S. Three.

MR. S. You saw three?

MRS. S. Yes.

MR. S. (*with a sigh of relief*). Ah, you relieve me.

MRS. S. (*severely*). John, have you been drinking?

MR. S. I never drank a drop in my life; you know that. But if I see those three Germans a second time I shall begin.

MRS. S. I wonder what it all means.

MR. S. Oh, it's some new deviltry of Fred's. He's always up to something.

MRS. S. Perhaps he meant it for a joke.

MR. S. No, he didn't mean it for a joke. Fred never plays any jokes that he is obliged to explain afterward, and he will surely have to explain this—if he can.

MRS. S. Then what do you think it *does* mean?

MR. S. I think that the appearance of three Germans at the same time was an accident, and anything but what Fred desired.

MRS. S. Where did the other two come from?

MR. S. I don't know, but I intend to find out. There is

something mighty suspicious about that private tutor story of Fred's; I have not had much confidence in it ever since I saw the tutor, and one or two things have happened lately that have increased my doubts.

MRS. S. You don't think ——

MR. S. I don't think the man is what Fred represents him to be.

MRS. S. You think he is not a count?

MR. S. I don't think anything about that. I don't care whether he is a count or not.

MRS. S. Then what are you suspicious of?

MR. S. That private tutor story. I believe Fred told me that in order to conceal something else, and what that something else is I intend to find out. (*Disgustedly.*) Private tutor! Why, that Dutchman doesn't know the difference between a cow and a can of condensed milk.

MRS. S. I think you do him an injustice, John. I have found him quite engaging in conversation, and he is an excellent horseman.

MR. S. There is another story I don't believe. Fred told me this morning that the reason they have been away from home every day for the last week is that they go into the country to study. Imagine Fred studying that hard.

MRS. S. Did Fred tell you that?

MR. S. Yes. If it is the truth, it is more work than he has done in all his life before.

MRS. S. That is not what he told me.

MR. S. It isn't?

MRS. S. No. He told me the reason they rode every day was that the count was passionately fond of riding.

*Enter FRED, stairway L. He walks to c., suddenly discovers his parents and starts to tiptoe out D. L., taking long strides, very cautiously.*

MR. S. Ah, ha! His stories don't agree, you see. I thought there was something wrong; now I am convinced of it. (*Discovers FRED.*) Fred!

FRED (*stopping and turning*). Hello, dad; I didn't know you were here.

MR. S. What are you doing?

FRED. I was—I was—just measuring the room for a new carpet; this one looks so shabby.

MRS. S. Shabby! This carpet is only a month old.

FRED. Is that so? There must be something the matter with my eyes. Excuse me; I didn't mean to interrupt.

(*False start to D. L.*)

MR. S. One moment, sir.

FRED (*stopping*). Yes, sir.

MR. S. I want to have a little talk with you. Sit down.

FRED. Yes, sir. (*Sits L. C.*)

MR. S. About fifteen minutes ago, in response to my demand for an interview with your tutor, *three* Germans appeared, together.

FRED. They did?

MR. S. Yes, they did. Can you explain it?

FRED. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) I can explain anything.

MR. S. I am waiting.

FRED. Well, you see, dad, it was this way. You see—you see —

MR. S. But I don't see.

FRED. No, but you see—you see, dad, it was a bet.

MR. S. A bet?

FRED. Yes, sir. I was one of those Germans.

MR. S. } (*together*). You were?

MRS. S. }

FRED. Yes. Funny, wasn't it? You see, it was this way: I bet Carothers that I could make myself up to look more like Mr. Smith than he could. He bet me I couldn't. So we both made up and came in with Mr. Smith to have *you* decide. Which of us won?

MR. S. I don't know. But I *do* know which was the real article.

FRED. You do? Which one was it?

MR. S. The one who wanted his trombone and his clothes.

FRED (*aside, looking L.*). I wish George were here.

MRS. S. Fred, what did he mean by that? It is a most unusual remark for a German count to make.

FRED. Yes, that's the reason he made it.

MRS. S. I don't understand you.

FRED. Why, you see, mother, we arranged with him to say that when he appeared so that you would think it was not he—and that would—mix you up in deciding the bet.

MR. S. But it didn't.

FRED. No, it didn't. Is that all? (*Rises.*)

MR. S. No, there is something else.

FRED (*aside ; looking L.*). I wonder where George is.

MR. S. You told me this morning that the reason you went riding every day was that you could study better away from the house.

FRED. Yes, that is the reason.

MRS. S. And you told *me* that you went because the count liked to ride.

FRED. D-d-did I ?

MRS. S. You certainly did.

FRED (*after a short thoughtful pause*). Well, that's right. You see, the count wanted to ride and I wanted to study, so we combined business with pleasure, and there you are.

*Enter GEO., D. L.*

GEO. Fred, I wish you would come out and quiet Germany. He is raising Cain because you haven't paid him his eleven dollars to-day. (FRED *looks at his parents and then at GEO. significantly.*) Oh, I've done it now.

FRED. All right, George, I will attend to him.

[*Exit, D. L.*

MRS. S. Mr. Carothers, did I understand you to say that Fred owed the count eleven dollars ?

GEO. (*nervously*). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. S. I don't see why he is obliged to go into debt. His father gives him all the money he asks for.

MR. S. And that's no small amount.

GEO. Oh, it is very simple. You see, Mr. Smith purchased some text-books for Fred yesterday. That's all.

MRS. S. But you said the count was "raising Cain" about the money. I don't see why he should be so anxious for payment of such a small sum, for Fred says he is very wealthy.

GEO. Oh, well, when I said he was raising Cain that was simply a figure of speech. He merely inquired about it; that's all.

MR. S. Oh, that's different.

GEO. I hope you will pardon my breaking in upon you. I didn't know you were here or I would not have interrupted.

MR. S. That's all right; you don't interrupt. We were just talking about the appearance of those three Germans a few minutes ago.

GEO. (*one or two steps to L., nervously*). Oh, yes.

MR. S. Great joke, wasn't it ?

GEO. (*laughing weakly*). Yes, wasn't it ?

MR. S. I have a great curiosity to know how you managed to have them all look just alike.

GEO. Didn't Fred tell you? Well, then, I will explain it to you. You see, Mr. Smith has two cousins and they all look as much alike as three peas. Now, these cousins were visiting Mr. Smith this morning and we were all out in the billiard room when you sent word that you wanted to see Mr. Smith. I thought it would be a good joke to send the three of them in at once, and that is how it happened.

MR. S. Oh, *that* is how it happened?

GEO. Yes. Great joke, wasn't it? (*Laughs.*)

MR. S. It certainly was, though I haven't decided yet whom the joke is on. But I won't detain you any longer; I know you are anxious to get back to Fred.

GEO. (*starting*). Thank you.

MR. S. By the way, Mr. Carothers, you might explain to Fred how it happened. (*Chuckles.*)

GEO. All right, sir; I will. [*Exit, D. L.*]

MR. S. If that young man were not a guest in this house I would tell him a few things that would open his eyes. I suppose he thinks he is helping Fred out, but they ought to compare notes before they start to lie like that.

MRS. S. It is very mysterious.

MR. S. Not at all, my dear. It is as plain as a convention of school teachers. That German is no more a private tutor to those boys than I am, and what he really is I intend to learn within the next hour. [*Starts out R. I E.*]

MRS. S. John, where are you going?

MR. S. To get a drink. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

MRS. S. John! John! [*Exit, R. I E.*]

*Enter GEO., D. L.*

GEO. I wonder what has become of Fred? He is not in the billiard room.

*Enter FRED, stairway L.*

FRED. Say, I want to see you!

GEO. And I want to see you. Look here, Fred, this business has gone far enough.

FRED. Too far to suit me.

GEO. I have lied to your father and mother until I am ashamed to look them in the face. I have dressed myself up

in such ridiculous garments that I had to be introduced to myself. I don't mind that; I was trying to get you out of this scrape. But now matters have come to the point where your sister is seriously concerned and this thing has got to stop.

FRED. My sister! What do you mean, George?

GEO. After I refused to play the Dutchman for you I reconsidered the matter, and in order to help you out made myself up and came in here so your father could interview me. Instead of your father, your mother appeared and, thinking I was Germany, tried to arrange a match with Dorothy.

FRED. Great Scott!

GEO. Fortunately, Germany doesn't know anything about it. Now, listen to me: either you go to your father and make a clean breast of the whole business—or I do.

FRED. But, George, it is impossible. Think what I have at stake.

GEO. Think of your sister. Think of the danger that threatens her. And, Fred, old man, while you are at it, you might think a little bit about me, too, because—well, I—you see—ever since the day I first saw your sister—well, I——

FRED. George! Is it possible?

GEO. Worse than that; it is actual.

FRED (*taking GEO.'s hand*). That is the best news I ever heard, old man. What does she say?

GEO. Well, you see, when I was trying to court her I was a Dutchman.

FRED. Then you haven't spoken to her?

GEO. Not directly. But she dropped a remark or two that encourages me a little.

FRED. Go in and win, old man. She will have you—she's *got* to have you; I'll make her. You are the one man I would want to have her.

GEO. Thank you. But what do you think your father will say?

FRED. Leave that to me. I will explain it to dad. You know I can explain anything to him. You should have heard me explaining those three Germans to him.

GEO. Did he ask you about them?

FRED. Yes, and mother asked what he overlooked.

GEO. W-w-what did you tell him?

FRED. I told him that it was done to decide a bet between you and me as to which of us could make up to look most like Germany, and that *we* were the other two Dutchmen.

GEO. You told him that?

FRED. Yes; pretty clever, wasn't it?

GEO. Oh, yes. But, you see, he asked me how it happened, and I told him that the other two were cousins of Germany who had come to visit him.

FRED (*sitting down slowly and looking at GEO. for a minute; then rising*). Let's go and get a drink.

GEO. Just a moment, please. Are you going to confess to your father—or must I? This can't go on, Fred. Your mother is liable to get hold of Germany at any time, and then think what might happen.

FRED (*reluctantly*). I'll tell him.

GEO. When?

FRED. Oh, you're so sudden! Give me a half hour.

GEO. It will be harder to do in a half hour than it is now.

FRED. Well, fifteen minutes, then.

GEO. No, tell him now.

FRED. But something might turn up in fifteen minutes to get us out of this.

GEO. Very well, I will give you fifteen minutes, but no longer than that. Remember, no longer.

[*Exit, French window R.*

FRED (*going to table R., and picking up newspaper*). I wonder why people ever read dime novels. If they want genuine excitement with plenty of action they ought to get a private tutor. (*Looks at paper.*) Great Guns! (*Reads.*) "Mysterious Disappearance! Leader of little German band suddenly disappears, and foul play is strongly suspected." I wonder if dad has seen that? (*Reads.*) "The members of a little German band that has recently been playing in and about Clearfield have reported to the police the disappearance of their leader. According to their story he was last seen to enter the rooms of one of Clearfield's most prominent young men seven days ago, and a thorough search from that time until yesterday, when the matter was reported to the police, has failed to reveal any trace of his subsequent movements or present whereabouts. The sudden disappearance of the young man, together with an intimate friend, at the time the German disappeared, gives rise to dark suspicions. Detectives are now working on the case."

(FRED *stands L. C., facing front, gasping.*)

*Enter GEO., French window R., suddenly, a paper in his hand.*

GEO. Have you seen this morning's paper?

FRED (*jumping and coming down facing R., the paper held behind him*). If you come into my presence again without knocking I—I won't let you marry my sister. You frightened me half to death. Yes, I've seen the paper. (*Holds it out.*)

GEO. Oh, why did we ever go to that —

FRED. George! Don't you ever say "prize-fight" again.

GEO. What are we going to do?

FRED. What do you think I am—a prophet? I don't know one minute what I will be doing the next, any more.

GEO. If your father sees this article we are lost.

FRED. He mustn't see it. We will cut it out. (*Starts to cut a clipping from the paper.*) You cut it out of that paper.

(GEO. *does so.*)

GEO. Why not destroy the paper?

FRED. Because if dad hasn't read the paper and can't find this one, he will buy a new one—and I haven't time to gather up the entire morning edition.

GEO. What shall I do with the paper?

FRED. Lay it on the table.

(GEO. *places paper on table.* FRED *stands L. C., and GEO., L., both looking at clipping.*)

*Enter MR. S., R. I E.*

MR. S. I wonder what I did with this morning's paper? (FRED *hastily puts clipping in his pocket.*) Did you see it, Fred?

FRED. No, sir. I haven't seen the paper this morning.

MR. S. (*at table*). Ah, here it is. I had not finished reading it. Oh, look at this. (*Holds out paper, showing hole in it.*) Some one has cut a piece out of the front page, and I haven't looked at the front page yet. Where is Richard? Tell Richard to get me a new paper. (*Crosses to c.*)

FRED. Why, dad, now that I come to think of it, I—I cut that piece out of the paper.

MR. S. You did?

FRED. Yes. It was something that wouldn't interest you, I am sure.

MR. S. What was it?

FRED. It was—it was—it was—what was it, George? I gave it to you.



GEO. Yes, but I gave it back.

FRED. Oh, yes. (*Takes clipping from his pocket.*) It was an account of—of—of the Thanksgiving football game.

MR. S. What football game?

FRED. Why, the game between our college and—and the other college.

*Enter DOLLY, R. I E.*

MR. S. Not interested! Why, my boy, I used to be a great football player myself. Who won the game?

FRED. Oh, we did.

MR. S. Read the account of it.

FRED (*after a short pause, trying to read, facing front and nervously wrapping clipping around his finger*). The game between—between the two schools was—was a very close one. There was plenty of excitement although the—the first few innings were slow. The visitors were in good condition, while the home team was crippled by the absence of Crothers, the right fielder. (*Business of GEO. imitating football game, and trying to attract FRED'S attention.*) In the—the—in the eighth inning the score was five to one in favor of the visitors, but when Johnson went to the bat with two men on bases and after fanning twice, knocked the ball so high it hasn't come down yet, and scored three runs, it took six policemen and a stone wall to restrain the joy of the Clearfield rooters. It was the greatest ———

MR. S. Just a minute, Fred. You told me that game was football, and you are reading the account of a baseball game.

FRED (*after a pause*). That's right. You see, nowadays, when they play football, they always play a game of baseball first to warm up the players.

DOLLY. How did the football game come out, Fred?

FRED. Clearfield won.

MR. S. Whom did they play?

FRED (*looking at clipping*). Yale.

DOLLY. Yale! Why, no, Fred. Yale played Harvard on Thanksgiving.

FRED (*looking at clipping*). Oh, yes, yes. It says, "The game which Clearfield tried to arrange with Yale had to be given up because of Yale's game with Harvard."

MR. S. Does it say who *did* play?

FRED. Yes, oh, yes. (*Looks at clipping.*) Stanford University.

MR. S. Do you mean to tell me that the Stanford club came all the way from California to Clearfield, over two thousand miles, to play a game of football?

DOLLY. Why, Fred, I saw in a California paper yesterday that Stanford had played and defeated a southern California team on Thanksgiving.

FRED (*looking at clipping*). Yes, here it is. (*Reads.*) "The Clearfield boys then tried to arrange a game with Stanford University, but that also was called off, and a game was arranged with the Oshkosh high school."

MR. S. Well, the fellow that wrote that account was a scrub reporter. Dolly, I wish you would see if you can find me a newspaper that isn't all cut up.

DOLLY. Yes, sir. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

MR. S. By the way, Mr. Carothers, how are Mr. Smith's cousins?

GEO. (*nervously*). Quite well, sir.

MR. S. Fred, tell Mr. Carothers how those three Germans happened to appear at the same time.

[*Exit, French window R., chuckling.*]

GEO. Did you hear that?

FRED. I was nearer to him than you were, and you heard him.

GEO. Your father is on to us.

FRED. Why don't you say something that everybody doesn't know? Did you hear him tell Dolly to get him another paper?

GEO. Yes.

FRED. That shows how much he believed my little story about the football game, and the moment he gets that other paper, it's good-bye Freddie. I'm going out to hunt a job.

[*Exit, R. I E.*]

GEO. (*crossing to R. C.*). Poor Fred!

*Enter HANS, D. L.*

HANS. Oxcoose, blease. Do you know vere iss der feller vot owes me dose elefen dollars?

GEO. He has just gone to the bank to get it for you. He will be back in a few minutes.

(*Walks to French window R., and stops as MRS. S. enters R. I E.*)

MRS. S. Ah, my dear count. This is the first time I have seen you since our little talk this morning.

HANS. Since vot, please?

MRS. S. Since our little conversation after breakfast. Don't you remember?

HANS (*aside*). Dot old voman iss crazy. (*To her*.) I haf had breakfast to-day nodd, und I haf conversated mit you already yedt to-day nodd.

MRS. S. But you saw Dorothy?

HANS. Yah. I see her in der garden in.

MRS. S. In the garden? And did you speak to her?

HANS. Yah.

MRS. S. What did she say?

HANS. Goot-morgen.

MRS. S. Was that all?

HANS. Yah.

MRS. S. What did you say to her?

HANS. Goot-morgen.

MRS. S. But what about the marriage?

HANS. Marriages? Vot marriages?

MRS. S. Why, you and Dorothy.

HANS. Me! Me! Oxcoose, please. I am a married man.

MRS. S. You are married! Why didn't you tell me so this morning?

HANS. Vy didn't you ask me, yes?

MRS. S. I did, and you said you were *not* married.

HANS (*aside*). Dot oid voman iss crazy. (*To her*.) I don't talk mit you dis morgen; I don't see you dis morgen already until now yedt. Vere iss my trombone?

MRS. S. My dear count, there must be some mistake.

(*Advances toward him.*)

HANS (*backing up*). Go vay! Go vay! Vere iss my trombone? For anodder minute I vill stay nodd in a house mit robbers und crazy people. Vere iss my trombone?

[*Exit, D. L.*]

MRS. S. I wonder what in the world is wrong with the count. He must have been drinking. [Exit, R. 1 E.]

(*GEO. comes forward.*)

GEO. I *knew* this would happen. Whether or not Fred confesses to his father I don't care, but I intend to see that Dorothy learns the truth. (*Stands L. C.*)

*Enter DOLLY, R. 1 E.*

DOLLY. Mr. Carothers.

GEO. (*turning*). Miss Spencer.

DOLLY. One or two things have happened to-day that I don't altogether understand.

GEO. Just one or two?

DOLLY. I wish you would explain —

GEO. Miss Spencer, if there is anything you wish explained I would suggest that you go to Fred. Explaining is his speciality.

DOLLY. It seems to be. But it is some of his explanations that I do not understand. Now, for instance, I know as well as you do that they don't play baseball games before they play football games, in order to warm up the players. Do you know why he told father that?

GEO. Yes.

DOLLY. You do? Would you mind telling me?

GEO. No, I wouldn't mind. In fact, I had decided just before you came in that you ought to know.

DOLLY. I am so glad. This house is fairly saturated with mystery, and it isn't very pleasant, for I know something must be wrong.

GEO. Will you be seated?

DOLLY. Thank you.

*(She sits l. of table ; GEO. sits on table.)*

GEO. Miss Spencer—Dorothy—may I call you Dorothy?

DOLLY. Oh, will you?

GEO. I know that after I have said what I am about to say you will despise me, and yet I feel that you should know.

DOLLY. What is it?

GEO. Simply this. Fred and I have been deceiving your father in regard to our private tutor.

DOLLY. Deceiving him! How?

GEO. Mr. Smith is not our tutor, but the leader of a little German band. His real name is Hans Dinklederfer and not Smith.

DOLLY. What!

GEO. The truth of the matter is that, on account of a little escapade, Fred and I were suspended from school for thirty days, on the very day that you, with your father and mother,

came to see Fred. When your father insisted upon learning how we were getting along we had to invent the tutor to protect ourselves, and then when he insisted on seeing him we hired the German to play the part.

DOLLY. Then he isn't a count?

GEO. No, he is not a count.

DOLLY. Thank you! I would forgive anything after learning that. But why have you told me this?

GEO. Because I know what your mother has been trying to do and I know how you must feel.

DOLLY. Well, Mr. Carothers, as I remember, it was Fred who invented the private tutor story, and who also hired the German. I can't see where you are to blame.

GEO. Because I entered into the deception and became a part of it.

DOLLY. But it was loyalty to Fred that prompted you, and I can't blame you for that.

GEO. Yes, it was loyalty, but the next time I think I won't be quite so loyal.

DOLLY. Let us hope there will not be any next time.

GEO. I give you my word there won't be.

DOLLY. Honest?

GEO. Cross my heart.

DOLLY. Mr. Carothers, I ——

GEO. Do you know I have a front name, too?

DOLLY. It has been very kind of you to tell me this—George—and you can never know what a relief it has been to me to learn that Mr. Smith is not a count.

GEO. I know *just exactly* how you feel.

DOLLY. You seem very positive.

GEO. I am.

DOLLY. May I ask why?

GEO. Because *I* was the German you talked with this morning.

DOLLY. You were?

GEO. Yes. Mr. Smith had disappeared and Fred asked me to play the part until he could get Dutchy to come back. (DOLLY covers her face with her hands.) Dorothy, please forgive me. I didn't know what you were going to say or I would never have done it.

DOLLY. I forgive you for doing it, but never for allowing me to say what I did.

GEO. Wasn't it true? (*Short pause.*) Wasn't it?

DOLLY. Yes, that's the worst of it. I told you before you asked me.

GEO. Then I ask you now. Do you? (DOLLY *nods her head.*) And will you? (DOLLY *nods her head again.* Enter RICH., R. I E.) Dorothy!

RICH. Ahem! Excuse me, Miss Dorothy, but your mother would like to see you.

DOLLY. Very well, Richard. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

RICH. I know it's none of my business, sir, but I couldn't help seeing a little bit of what just happened, and I want to say that I won't tell a soul, sir.

GEO. Thank you, Richard, thank you.

RICH. And if you will pardon me, sir, I would like to take the liberty of congratulating you, sir.

GEO. Richard. (*Holds out his hand with coin in it.*) There's my hand. Shake it!

RICH. Thank you, sir. (*Takes GEO.'s hand and discovers coin.*) Oh, no, sir, I didn't mean that. I like you, sir, and I spoke as man to man. (*Hands coin back.*)

GEO. Richard; shake again.

RICH. Thank you, sir.

(*Shakes GEO.'s hand and exits R. I E.*)

GEO. Who would have imagined that a butler had a heart? Why, that man acted almost like a human being.

[*Exit, French window, R.*]

*Enter MR. S., R. I E., with newspaper in his hand.*

MR. S. Richard!

*Enter RICH., R. I E.*

RICH. Yes, sir.

MR. S. Tell Fred I want to see him at once.

RICH. Yes, sir. (*False start.*)

MR. S. And, Richard!

RICH. (*stopping*). Yes, sir.

MR. S. Tell Mr. Carothers I want to see him.

RICH. Yes, sir. (*False start.*)

MR. S. And, Richard!

RICH. (*stopping*). Yes, sir.

MR. S. Tell Professor Smith that I want to see him, also.

RICH. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, R. I E.*]

MR. S. They always play a game of baseball first to warm up the players! Humph! I wonder if Fred really thinks I am that easy. I thought at first this affair was only a joke, but this item in the paper about a mysterious disappearance looks serious. There is no doubt in my mind that Professor Smith is the missing German they are looking for and I intend to find out why Fred has him here. He is no tutor, that's certain.

*Enter FRED, R. I E.*

FRED. Do you want to see me, dad?

MR. S. Yes, but it is nothing particular. I just wanted to inquire who recommended Professor Smith to you as a tutor.

FRED. Oh! Why—why—Dr. Moriarty, the president of the college.

MR. S. Oh! Dr. Moriarty?

FRED. Yes. You see, when we found we could not matriculate, I asked the Doctor what he thought was the best thing to do, and he advised getting a tutor. Then I asked him to suggest somebody, and Professor Smith being a warm, personal friend of his, he suggested him.

MR. S. Oh, I see.

FRED. Is that all, dad?

MR. S. That is all.

*(FRED crosses to upper L.)*

*Enter GEO., R. I E.*

GEO. Richard said you wished to see me, Mr. Spencer.

MR. S. Yes, I do. I want to ask you about Professor Smith. How did you happen to engage him as a tutor, Mr. Carothers?

*(During the following dialogue FRED makes the most frantic efforts to attract GEO.'s attention.)*

GEO. How did we happen to engage him?

MR. S. Yes. Where did you hear of him?

GEO. I hardly remember. Oh, yes, it was through an advertisement. When we found that we could not matriculate we hardly knew what to do, because we were so far behind in our studies. And one morning as I was looking over the paper I noticed a little ad. in the want columns which Mr. Smith had inserted, offering his services to private pupils. So Fred and I went to see him, and that is the way it happened.

MR. S. So that is the way it happened?

GEO. Yes, that was the way.

MR. S. That is all, Mr. Carothers. I was just curious to know how you discovered Mr. Smith.

(GEO. crosses to L., discovers FRED and both exeunt, D. L.)

*Enter HANS, R. I E.*

HANS. Der man mit der brass buttons said you vished to see me, yes?

MR. S. I do. How did my son come to hire you, Mr. Smith?

HANS. Hire me? For vot?

MR. S. To be his private tutor.

HANS. Oh! Vy, der feller said if you vill be a brivate tutor for von day, und lick nopody, und say nodding, I vill give you ten dollars. Und den ven dot old voman say come down und stay, he gife me elefen dollars a day because I ride on der horses on.

MR. S. Ah, that is why you were riding?

HANS. Yah, for a dollar a day.

MR. S. And what were you doing before he hired you?

HANS. I vos blaying der trombone in der bans. Do you know vere iss my trombone?

MR. S. No, but if it is in the house I will see that you get it. That is all, Mr. Smith.

HANS. You vill gedt for me my trombone. Oh, dank you!

[*Exit, D. L.*]

MR. S. So Fred's tutor *is* the missing German, it seems. Now I shall confront Fred with these conflicting stories and demand the truth.

*Enter RICH., French window R., followed by MISS SNAP.*

RICH. A lady to see Mr. Spencer.

[*Exit French window R.*]

MISS S. Mr. Spencer?

MR. S. At your service, madam. Won't you be seated?

MISS S. Thank you. (*Sits L. of table R.*)

MR. S. What can I do for you?

MISS S. I am a person, Mr. Spencer, who is usually very unwelcome, except to persons in your intellectual class. I am a book agent.

MR. S. (*taking one step to L.*). Oh, yes.



Miss S. I see that you have been reading the morning paper and I know that a man of your broad financial and social interests must naturally be very much interested in current events. I have two or three propositions that cannot fail to be of interest to a wide-awake man, such as I know you to be. Now, if you will permit me, I will show you ——

MR. S. Pardon me, Miss—Miss ——

Miss S. Snap is my name.

MR. S. Pardon me, Miss Snap, but I don't think you have anything that will interest me this morning. I am too busy a man to spend much time reading.

Miss S. Of course. And the proposition I have is for men just like you. A condensed epitome of current events in tabloid form for busy people, as it were.

MR. S. No, I don't think so.

Miss S. Now, for instance, take the mysterious disappearance of the little German bandmaster in Clearfield that is causing the whole country to wonder—I see by your face that you have been reading about it.

MR. S. Yes, I—I have glanced at the article.

Miss S. Very strange, is it not? There was a young man, the son of wealthy parents, with apparently not a care or worry in the world, and what could lead him to do such a thing? Think how his father must feel. Perhaps *you* have a son.

MR. S. Yes, I have.

Miss S. A college boy, it may be.

MR. S. Yes, worse yet—a Clearfield college boy.

Miss S. Really? Then he may know something about the disappearance—the parties concerned.

MR. S. No, I am sure Fred knows nothing about it.

Miss S. (*aside*). Fred! That's the right name. (*To* MR. S.) Is your son here?

MR. S. Yes, he's somewhere around.

Miss S. (*aside*). Then he hasn't escaped yet. This is easy. (*To* MR. S.) Now, Mr. Spencer, in this magazine ——

MR. S. Pardon me, Miss Snap, but you will have to excuse me. I—I—I am not feeling at all well.

Miss S. (*rising*). Why, Mr. Spencer, are you ill? You are deathly pale.

MR. S. No, no; I will be all right in a month or so—I mean a minute.

Miss S. Let me ring for the butler!

MR. S. No, no, don't ring; don't talk; don't do anything. And don't for heaven's sake mention that Clearfield case again!

MISS S. Why, Mr. Spencer, what makes you so agitated? Do you know anything about it?

MR. S. No, no, I don't know anything about it; how could I?

*Enter HANS, D. L.*

HANS. Oxcoose, please; did you godt my trombone, yes?

MISS S. There he is! Mr. Spencer, that is the missing man!

MR. S. Woman, who are you?

*Enter FRED, French window R.*

MISS S. Mr. Spencer, it becomes my painful duty to advise you that I am a representative of the Blueington Detective Agency and that I hold a warrant for your son's arrest, charged with the murder of Hans Dinklederfer. (FRED *drops on the floor, unnoticed.* MR. S. *staggeres and HANS catches him.* MISS S. *to HANS.*) Come, take him outside; fresh air is what he needs.

(*They take MR. S. out D. L. Enter GEO., French window R. He stumbles over FRED.*)

GEO. What's this? Great Scott! Fred, old man, what's the matter? Fred, speak to me. Are you hurt?

FRED. There they go, don't you see them? Thousands of them. Detectives! Look, there is the jailor; hear those keys rattle. Don't let him get me! I didn't kill him, I tell you, I didn't kill him. Don't you see that? It is a warrant, a warrant, do you hear? Let me out of here; I didn't kill him. Oh, these bars, these bars, I can't move them!

GEO. It seems to be a case of too many bars for you, old man.

FRED (*recovering*). Hello, George! Where am I?

GEO. Where are you? Oh, I see, you have fainted.

FRED. Did I faint?

GEO. You must have; I found you lying on the floor.

(*Helps him to rise.*)

FRED. I remember now. (*Excitedly.*) George, do you know who is in this house?

GEO. Anybody might be, from your actions.

FRED. A female arrest, with a detective for my warrant!

GEO. A warrant! What for?

FRED. For killing Germany!

GEO. For killing Germany?

FRED. That was the last I heard her say. Let's go outside, where there is more fresh air.

[*They exit French window R.*]

*Enter MR. S. and MISS S., D. L.*

MR. S. So you see, madam, it was all a mistake.

*Enter DOLLY, R. I E.*

MISS S. But what in the world would your son want with a man like that?

MR. S. That is what I have been trying to find out for the last week. Dolly, let me introduce Miss Snap. My daughter, Miss Snap.

DOLLY. How do you do, Miss Snap?

MR. S. Miss Snap is a detective, Dolly, and came here with a warrant for Fred.

DOLLY. A warrant for Fred!

MR. S. Yes. You remember the piece in this morning's paper about the mysterious disappearance? But I have proven to Miss Snap that Mr. Smith is very much alive.

DOLLY (*to Miss S.*). And what you don't understand is his presence here?

MISS S. Yes.

DOLLY. Well, I know all about it and if you will come into the garden I will explain it to you.

MISS S. Any place you suggest.

[*Exit MISS S., MR. S. and DOLLY, French window R.*]

*Enter GEO., R. I E.*

GEO. I guess it won't be necessary for Fred to make any confessions now. I am mighty glad I am not in his shoes.

*Enter MRS. S., R. I E.*

MRS. S. Mr. Carothers, have you seen Mr. Spencer?

GEO. He is in the garden.

MRS. S. Thank you.

[*Exit French window R.*

GEO. Poor Fred!

*Enter FRED, R. I E., with suit of jeans on.*

FRED. George, do you know where a fellow can get a job at a small salary to start, but with good chances for advancement?

GEO. A job! What do you mean, Fred?

FRED. Oh, I know when I have lost. I am going to dodge the detective and hunt work. It is all up with me here.

GEO. Do you think your father will hold to his threat?

FRED. I plainly see that you don't know dad as well as I do.

GEO. What are you going to do?

FRED. Anything I can get. When a fellow is hunting a job he is not particular.

GEO. What *can* you do?

FRED. I can lead a cotillion, I can roller skate, and I can play "Home Sweet Home" on the piano, with one finger, this way.

GEO. Well, with all those accomplishments and your ability at explaining things, you ought to try for the diplomatic service.

*Enter MR. S., MRS. S., DOLLY and MISS S., French window, R.*

MR. S. As you say, Miss Snap, it is a wonderful joke on the newspapers. Ah, there he is now. Fred, my boy, I ought to throw you out of the house bodily, but I am so overjoyed to have what was apparently a very serious matter turn out so satisfactorily, that I have not the heart to do it.

FRED. Then you know everything?

MR. S. Everything! Even why they play baseball first to warm up the players. What have you those jeans on for?

FRED. As soon as I can find a bandana handkerchief to wrap my possessions in I am going out to hunt work.

MR. S. I am glad you believed what I told you about earning your own living, for I mean to stick to it. But it won't be necessary for you to leave home. You have had an experience that you won't soon forget, and I think you will behave yourself from now on. At any rate, I intend to give

you a trial. At six o'clock to-morrow morning you go to work at the oil well.

FRED. Dad, how can I thank you?

MR. S. By taking off those jeans. Mr. Carothers, Dolly has confided something to me that, despite your recent experience, I must admit I am glad to hear. I like you.

GEO. Mr. Spencer!

MR. S. Don't say a word, but go back to school and when you are through come and see us. Miss Snap, it is with the greatest pleasure in the world that I confide to your care the object of more trouble than I have known for the last twenty years, Count Smith, better known to his friends as Hans Dinklederfer.

*Enter HANS, D. L.*

HANS. Did *anybody* see my trombone, yes, no?

MR. S. There he is, Miss Snap. Take him and I wish you joy.

*Enter RICH., R. I E. with trombone.*

RICH. Here is something I found in the furnace.

CURTAIN



---

# New Plays

---

## ELMWOOD FOLKS

A Drama in Three Acts

By Charles S. Bird

Author of "At the Junction," etc.

Eight males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, one exterior. Plays a full evening. An easy and very actable piece with an unusually even cast of characters. Clean, wholesome and entertaining; can be recommended for school performance.

Price, 25 cents

### CHARACTERS

DAVID BAINBRIDGE, *editor of the Elmwood "Item."*

JAMES WENTWORTH, *an old compositor.*

SQUIRE ALFORD, *a hard man.*

DICK ALFORD, *his stepson, a young lawyer.*

WHITTIER JONES, *a contributor to the "Item."*

TOMMY GAY, *David's apprentice.*

MR. PINCH, *an officer.*

A MESSENGER BOY.

MRS. BAINBRIDGE, *David's wife.*

BESSIE BAINBRIDGE, *their daughter.*

DRUCILLA JONES, *Whittier's aunt.*

MARY GAY, *Mrs. Bainbridge's maid. Tommy's sister.*

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Office of the Elmwood *Item*.

ACT II.—Lawn beside the Bainbridge home.

ACT III.—Parlor in the same.

## HER UNCLE'S BOOTS

A Farce in One Act

By Mrs. Myrtle Barber Carpenter

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. An easy and effective little play suitable for Girls' Schools or young people in amateur theatricals. Very funny, but with a sympathetic thread of interest. Clean and bright. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

## AN OUTSIDER

A College Play for Girls in One Act

By Wilhemien Wilkes

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. An unusually strong and sympathetic little play for its length and pretensions, strongly recommended to schools. The story turns upon a basket-ball match and is full of interest.

Price, 15 cents

---

---

## By the Author of "Mr. Bob"

---

### THE NEW CRUSADE

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Rachel Baker Gale*

Twelve females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays one hour and thirty minutes. A very amusing satire of the servant girl question, brimful of telling incidents and effective lines. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and practically play themselves. Well rehearsed, it is a sure success and goes with a scream. Irish, negro and Swede character parts and a "tough" girl. Strongly recommended for ladies' clubs. Can be played only on payment of a royalty of \$5.00 to the author.

*Price, 25 cents*

#### CHARACTERS

MISS MORRIS, *nothing if not businesslike.*

MRS. COGSWELL-BROWN, *who believes in coöperative housekeeping.*

MRS. POTTER-HEWITT, *who looks small, but is not.*

MRS. RAYMOND, *who advocates "The New Crusade."*

MRS. ARCHIBALD TRACEY, *in search of a maid and experience.*

BRIDGETT MAHONEY, *in search of "an ould gintleman."*

MARY MACGUIRE, *who likes "the theyatre in the winter toime."*

AUGUSTA OLSEN, *who comes from "Sveden for big monay."*

CASSIE CLAY, *who never "takes suggestions from anybody."*

JENNIE BURCH, *who never "has time for afternoon tea."*

MATILDA JOHNSON, *who likes "slaughtermobiles and a choffer."*

MERRY, *the settlement girl—who's always "on de level."*

### COATS AND PETTICOATS

A Comedy in One Act

*By Rachel Baker Gale*

One male (played by a woman), seven females, and if desired, sixteen girls for chorus. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays forty-five minutes. A very lively and amusing piece introducing fancy dresses, music and dancing. All the parts of about equal opportunity. Irish comedy part and two capital "old maids." Very funny and not difficult. Complete with music for the Suffragettes' song and march and the Old Maids' song and march. Very strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### AN EASY MARK

A Farce in One Act

*By Innis Gardner Osborn*

Five males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. A side-splitting farce of college life lively enough to suit the most exacting demands. Full of funny incident and telling lines. Burlesque actor and "tough" young man parts; the rest "straight" and all good. Recommended for schools. *Price, 15 cents.*



---

# New Rural Plays

---

## VALLEY FARM

### A Drama in Four Acts

*By Arthur Lewis Tubbs*

Six males, six females. Scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Costumes modern. This play is powerfully emotional, but is relieved by plenty of humor. An admirable play for amateurs, very sympathetic in theme, and with lots of good parts. Hetty is a strong lead, and Perry Deane and Silas great parts; while Azariah, Lizy Ann Tucker and Verbena are full of fun. Plays a full evening.

*Price, 25 cents*

## WILLOWDALE

### A Play in Three Acts

*By Arthur Lewis Tubbs*

Seven males, five females. Scenery, two easy interiors; costumes modern. This is a play of exceptional interest and power. Its combination of humor and emotional interest makes it almost certain to please any audience. Admirably suited for amateur performance, all the parts being good. Godfrey is an admirable heavy part, Joel, Lem and Simon capital character parts, Mis' Hazy a novel eccentric bit, and Oleander a part of screaming comedy. Plays two hours and a quarter.

*Price, 25 cents*

## DOWN IN MAINE

### A Drama in Four Acts

*By Charles Townsend*

Eight male, four female characters. This charming play is Mr. Townsend's masterpiece. There are no villains, no "heroics," no tangled plot nor sentimental love-scenes; yet the climaxes are strong, the action brisk, and the humor genial, and the characters strongly drawn. Can be played in any hall; scenery, of the easiest sort. No shifting during any act. Properties, few and simple; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

## BAR HAVEN

### A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Gordon V. May*

Six males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior, not difficult. Plays two hours. An excellent piece, cleverly mingling a strongly serious interest with abundant humor. Offers a great variety of good parts of nearly equal opportunity. Admirably suited for amateur performance, and strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

---

# New Farces and Comedies

---

## HIGBEE OF HARVARD

### A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

*By Charles Townsend*

Five males, four females. Modern costumes; scenes, two interiors and an exterior—the latter may be played as well in an interior, if preferred. Plays a full evening. A clever, up-to-date piece, well suited for amateur performance. No small parts; all good. Good plot, full of incident, no love making, interest strong and sustained.

*Price, 15 cents*

## A REGIMENT OF TWO

### A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

*By Anthony E. Wills*

Six males, four females. Modern costumes. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts. Plays a full evening. A lively, up-to-date farce, easy to produce and full of laughs from beginning to end. All the parts good—no small ones. German comedy characters for both male and female, and "wild west" character part and English character comedy. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

## THE MISSING MISS MILLER

### A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Harold A. Clarke*

Six males, five females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. A bright and up-to-date farce-comedy of the liveliest type. All the parts good; full of opportunity for all hands. Easy to produce and strongly recommended. Good tone; might answer for schools, but is a sure hit for amateur theatricals. Professional stage rights reserved.

*Price, 25 cents*

## MISS BUZBY'S BOARDERS

### A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Arthur Lewis Tubbs*

Five male, six female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays two hours. In a lighter vein than this writer's other pieces, but just as strong, and offers plenty of comedy. All the parts good; four call for strong acting. Several good character parts and effective heavy character. Dialogue especially good. A sure hit.

*Price, 25 cents*

# A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

**THE MAGISTRATE** Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

**THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH** Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE PROFLIGATE** Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE SCHOOLMISTRESS** Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY** Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**SWEET LAVENDER** Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE TIMES** Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE WEAKER SEX** Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

**A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE** Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

FEB 20 1912

pt of price by  
& Company  
ton, Massachusetts



0 015 793 060 6

# The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

---

**AS YOU LIKE IT** Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

**CAMILLE** Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

**INGOMAR** Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

**MARY STUART** Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period, scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE** Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

**RICHELIEU** Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**THE RIVALS** Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER** Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL** Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

---

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

**Walter H. Baker & Company**

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts