

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

515
5

1

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

Much Ado About Betty

Price, 25 Cents



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

E. Ipsen

H. 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.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Much Ado About Betty

A Comedy in Three Acts

By

WALTER BEN HARE

*Author of "Professor Pepp," "The Heiress Hunters,"
"The Dutch Detective," "The Hoodoo,"
"Teddy or The Runaways," "A Pageant
of History," "The Camp Fire Girls,"
"The Boy Scouts," etc.*

NOTE

The professional and moving picture rights in this play are strictly reserved and application for the right to produce it under these conditions should be made to the author in care of the publishers. Amateurs may produce it without payment of royalty on condition that the name of the author appears on all programmes and advertising issued in connection with such performances.

BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1916

Much Ado About Betty

CHARACTERS

LIN LEONARD, *Betty's one best bet.*
MAJOR JARTREE, *of Wichita, not only bent, but crooked.*
NED O'HARE, *a jolly young honeymooner.*
MR. E. Z. OSTRICH, *who has written a wonderful picture-play.*
DR. MCNUTT, *solid ivory from the neck up.*
JIM WILES, *a high-school senior.*
ARCHIE, *a black bell-boy at the Hotel Poinsettia.*
OFFICER RILEY, *who always does his duty.*
OFFICER DUGAN, *from the Emerald Isle.*
MR. EBENEZER O'HARE, *a sick man and a submerged tenth.*
MRS. EBENEZER O'HARE, *"Birdie," the other nine-tenths.*
AUNT WINNIE, *Betty's chaperone.*
LIZZIE MONAHAN, *Betty's maid, with a vivid imagination.*
ETHEL KOHLER, *a high-school admirer of Betty.*
VIOLET OSTRICH, *a film favorite, Ned's bride.*
MRS. K. M. DIGGINS, *a guest at the Hotel Poinsettia.*
DAFFODIL DIGGINS, *her daughter, "Yes, Mamma!"*
MISS CHIZZLE, *one of the North Georgia Chizzles.*
PEARLIE BROWN, *Violet's maid, a widow of ebon hue.*
VIOLET, *Violet Ostrich's little girl aged seven.*
DIAMOND, *Pearlie's little girl aged six*
and
BETTY, *the star of the Movagraph Company.*

Note to Manager

Jartree may double Dugan ; Ned may double Riley ; Jim may double Archie ; Mrs. O'Hare may double Ethel ; Aunt Winnie may double Pearlle and Lizzie may double Miss Chizzle, thus reducing the cast to seven males and seven females. The two children have no lines to speak.



COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY WALTER BEN HARE

As author and proprietor

—
All rights reserved

©CLD 43558
APR -8 1916

\$0.20

PS 3515
.A575M8
1916

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Betty's apartments near New York. Married in haste.
ACT II.—Parlor D of the Hotel Poinsettia, Palm Beach, Fla.
Three days later. Betty loses her memory.
ACT III.—Same scene as Act II. A full honeymoon.

COSTUMES

LIN. Good-looking juvenile lead aged about twenty-three. Bright, snappy and well dressed. Neat, gray walking suit and hat in Act I. Change to chauffeur's coat, cap, gauntlets, goggles and add Vandyke beard. For Act III white Palm Beach suit, white shoes, Panama hat, etc.

MAJOR. Aged forty-five. Walk bent over and using stout black cane. Stern and commanding. Gray hair and heavy gray eyebrows. Dark suit and hat. Carries lawyer's portfolio containing the will. A mean, domineering miserly sort of a man, but keep the picture true to life and do not burlesque the one straight dramatic part in the play.

NED. A worried young husband. Juvenile make-up. Small mustache. Gray trousers, white spats, cutaway coat, pearl gray tie, top hat, cane, etc. In Act III white Palm Beach suit, white shoes, etc.

OSTRICH. Aged forty. Comedy make-up, but not too broad. Red nose. Very loud checked suit, spats, scarlet tie and hat-band. In Acts II and III wear white suit, red shirt, Panama hat with red band, etc. Work for comedy effects. Carry manuscript of play in hip-pocket.

MCNUTT. Aged twenty-seven. Dark business suit and hat. Medicine chest. Stethoscope tied to chest. Play in dead earnest, as this young doctor takes himself seriously.

JIM. Aged eighteen. Sporty collegy suit and cap. School books.

ARCHIE. A colored bell-hop. Neatly fitting uniform and cap. Play the part straight. Do not use burlesque shoes or ill-fitting uniform. May be played black with cork, or brown with grease paint. A song might be introduced by Archie just before Ostrich enters in Act II.

RILEY AND DUGAN. Comedy Irish policemen in uniforms, helmets, clubs, etc.

EBENEZER. A small man of sixty. White wig and whiskers. Neat summer suit dark colored. Derby hat. In Act III white suit and Panama hat.

MRS. O'HARE. Large woman with powerful voice. Gray hair. Dark summer suit and hat for Act II. Elaborate violet and lavender afternoon dress for Act III. Lorgnettes. Don't forget the limp all through the play.

AUNT WINNIE. A portly blonde of forty. Loud black and white striped dress with touches of red. Large black picture hat with plumes. Boa and elaborate parasol.

LIZZIE. Aged twenty-five. Red wig. Print dress and large gingham apron. Play part for low comedy effects, not as the conventional pert maid, but as the rather stupid kitchen mechanic.

ETHEL. Afternoon dress and hat. School books.

VIOLET. Very elaborate "honeymoon" costume of some particularly striking combination of colors. Large hat, boa and parasol to match. In the original production the actress (a brunette) wore a most noticeable costume of cerise and black.

MRS. DIGGINS. Aged fifty. White hair. Elaborate costumes suitable for a Florida hotel.

DAFFODIL. Aged twenty-four. Should be tall and appear bored at all times. Somewhat overdressed. Make two changes.

MISS CHIZZLE. Well dressed old maid. Large fan, etc. Two costumes suitable for hotel.

PEARLIE. Black dress, white apron, cap and cuffs. Make-up dark brown.

LITTLE VIOLET. Child of seven. Handsome dress.

DIAMOND. Colored child of six. Use the real article if possible. Neat dress.

BETTY. Pretty blonde of nineteen. Hair in curls as this seems to be the universal style for moving-picture heroines. In Act I wear afternoon dress of pearl gray and rose pink. Hat to match. In Act II neat white morning dress. In Act III (second entrance) handsome afternoon dress.

Much Ado About Betty

ACT I

SCENE.—BETTY'S apartments, near New York. A pretty reception-room, suitable for a wealthy, refined girl of nineteen. The room is a riot of pink, or may be blue or yellow, the color depending on BETTY'S hair. Light-tinted scenery. Doors at R., leading to outer hall, and L., leading to dining-room. Large windows at rear showing fire-escape beyond. Pink chintz draperies at doors and window. Pink flowering plants dress the setting. The furniture is white wicker work and two large chairs, three small chairs, large table, small desk and rocking-chair are essential. A piano, wicker piano lamp, bird-cage, chafing-dish set, etc., may be introduced at the discretion of the manager. Table at C., covered with magazines, lamp, flowering plant in jardinière, books, etc. Large chair at L. of table. Smaller chairs at R. and rear of table. Rocking-chair down R. Large chair up near window. Note: It is a good idea to have some professional decorator or furniture dealer set the stage in return for a liberal advertisement on the program. Lights on full throughout the act. Bunch lights at entrances R. and L. Bright music, "The Campbells are Comin'," takes up the curtain.

(After a slight pause, a knock is heard on the door at R. Enter LIZZIE MONAHAN from L. She crosses to door at R., but does not open it.)

LIZ. (*speaking R.*) What's wanted?

MR. E. Z. OSTRICH (*off R.*) This is Mr. Ostrich.

LIZ. Mr. who?

OST. Mr. Ostrich. Mr. E. Z. Ostrich.

LIZ. On your way, E. Z. Ostrich. Quit your kidding. There ain't no such name as E. Z. Ostrich.

OST. I wish to speak to Miss Campbell. (*Opens door.*)

LIZ (*trying to shut it*). Nothin' doing. She ain't here.

OST. (*forcing his way in*). But I must see her. It's very important.

LIZ. Say, she ain't here, and she ain't been here, and she ain't expected to be here. And she's got her life insured, and likewise her automobile. And she's got accident insurance, too. And we don't want no books, so if you're a agent or selling things, we don't need none, and we don't want none, and we never will want none.

OST. (*down R.*). Tut, tut, me good girl, I'm not an agent. (*Poses, with right hand stuck in coat.*) I'm in the profession. I'm an actor.

LIZ. Then call over to the studio. We don't never receive no actors here no time.

OST. But I am also an author. I have written a wonderful film-play in thirteen reels. (*Produces it.*) It is called "An Opium Dream." Listen. (*Opens it and starts to read.*) "Reel One, Scene One, A Rocky Pass in the Mountains. Enter Reddy the Rover." He's the villain. He comes in over there. (*Points to L.*) On horseback. And he crosses down to here. (*Points to R. C.*)

LIZ. Yes, and you cross up to that door and make a quick exit, 'cause I've got biscuits in the oven, and a pail of hot suds on the stove.

OST. Suds? Plebeian word. I can't stand anything that smacks of the plebeian.

LIZ. In other words, you got to beat it, and beat it quick, 'cause we don't ever receive no visitors no time.

OST. I'll not go until I've seen Miss Campbell.

LIZ. Mrs. O'Hooligan, you mean.

OST. Not at all, me good girl, not at all. I mean Miss Betty Campbell, the wonderful little star of the Movagraph Company. These are her apartments, are they not?

LIZ. I ain't saying they ain't, but she's only Betty Campbell on the films. Her real name, and likewise that of her husband, is O'Hooligan.

OST. (*sitting at table*). I will await her return.

LIZ. Nothing doing. Her husband don't allow no callers. Maybe you don't know her husband. He's Bull O'Hooligan, the prize-fighter.

OST. Oh, Bull!

LIZ. And besides, her Aunt Winnie is most perticular who she sees.

(*Crash heard outside at C. LIN LEONARD appears on fire-escape.*)

OST. What's that?

LIZ. (*screaming at the crash*). It's a man on the fire-escape. (*Runs to window.*) Here, you, git off'n our fire-escape. (OST., *seeing LIZ. is engaged, pours drink and drinks it. LIZ. to LIN, outside window.*) Git right off'n that fire-escape. Go on, or I'll call the police.

LIN (*outside C.*). I want to see Miss Campbell.

LIZ. Nothin' doing. If you open that window, I'll scald you with a bucket of suds.

OST. Suds! Suds! (*Takes another drink.*)

LIZ. Do you want me to telephone to the police? Go on, now. (LIN *disappears. LIZ. comes down L., catches OST. with bottle. He is embarrassed.*) Ain't it just awful?

OST. Tastes pretty good to me.

LIZ. That's just the way we live. The men won't give us a minute's peace from morning till midnight. I never seen nothing like it. They just come in swarms and droves. It's letters and telegrams and flowers and pictures and joolery, and now it's the fire-escape.

OST. (*suddenly*). Listen!

LIZ. (*frightened, trembles*). What is it?

OST. I heard a noise.

LIZ. Where at?

OST. Out there. (*Points to L.*)

LIZ. He's trying to git in at the kitchen window. And me with biscuits in the oven. Ain't it just awful?

[*Exit L., hurriedly.*

OST. (*drinking from bottle*). Ah! (*Sigh of relief. Enter LIN, from window at C.*) A burglar! Help!

LIN. A man! A rival! Who are you, sir?

OST. (*at R. C.*). I ain't got a cent. I'm an actor.

LIN (*at L. C.*). Ostrich!

OST. Lin Leonard! What are you doing here?

LIN. Oh, I (*careless gesture*) just dropped in.

OST. Do you usually just (*same gesture*) drop in by the fire-escape?

LIN. It's a long story, Ostrich, but I'll tell it to you.

OST. Just a moment. (*Pours out two drinks; drinks one after having passed the other to LIN.*) Now, go ahead. But make it short.

LIN. I am in love.

OST. Again?

LIN. No, for the first time in my life I have seen an angel.

OST. Live here in town?

LIN. Yes.

OST. Not many angels around here. Too cold, too cold.

LIN. I'm bewitched, enraptured, enchanted!

OST. You need a doctor.

LIN. Four months ago I saw her on the screen.

OST. Who, the doctor? Oh, no. Of course not. The angel. You saw the angel on the screen.

LIN. I saw Betty Campbell on the screen, and from that moment I was another man. I had a new purpose in life. It was to meet her, to win her from all the world.

OST. Just a moment. (*Pours out two drinks as before; drinks one.*) Now, go on and win her.

LIN. I couldn't work, I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, I couldn't drink.

OST. Couldn't drink?

(*Drinks the two glasses he poured for LIN.*)

LIN. I did nothing but haunt the moving-picture theatres. Finally dad told me to take a two months' vacation, so I came here. I knew the company were making pictures here, so I'm trying to make her acquaintance. Do you know her?

OST. Know her? I should say I do. I'm trying to sell her a play. I've got it here. It is called "An Opium Dream." (*Reads from manuscript.*) "Reel One, Scene One, A Rocky Pass in the Mountains. Enter Reddy, the Rover. On horse-back ——"

LIN. Wait a minute, wait a minute. I don't want to buy a picture play. I want to meet Miss Campbell.

OST. It can't be done. She's very particular whom she meets.

LIN. Don't I know it? For three months I have been besieging the manager. Nothing doing. I've tried to bribe the bell-boy, the newspaper boy, the ice man, the plumber, the baker, and the man who reads the meter. But do you know, every last one of them is in love with Betty Campbell! So at last, in desperation, I tried the fire-escape.

OST. Why didn't you write to her?

LIN. Write? *Write?* I've written 337 letters, sent 163 telegrams, 112 special deliveries, 97 registered packages, and a

bunch of white roses every morning. But everything's been returned. I had my picture painted and sent it to her six times, but got it back every time. She has an old dragon of an aunt, who must be a man hater. But at last I'm here—now she's got to speak to me.

OST. She'll have the servants throw you in the street.

LIN. Well, that will be something. At any rate she has my picture.

OST. I thought you said she sent it back.

LIN. She did, six times. But last week I sent it to my sister in New York and told her to send it to Betty. She did, and it never came back. Oh, man, I'd give a thousand dollars to see her face to face, two thousand dollars to meet her, three thousand dollars to speak to her, four thousand to hold her hand, five thousand —

OST. Wait a minute. You make me so nervous. (*Drinks.*) Now, go on.

LIN. But the fates are against me. She doesn't even know my name.

OST. I have an idea. A scheme. A wonderful scheme. I'll give you a chance to meet her.

LIN. You will?

OST. I'll give you a chance to speak to her, to make love to her, to save her life, to marry her —

LIN. You will? Go on, go on!

OST. In short, I'll get you a position in the Movagraph Company.

LIN (*disgustedly*). Nothing doing. I tried that the first day I got here. The manager said I was too young. He said Miss Campbell only hired middle-aged men in her company.

OST. I have it! You must be a middle-aged man.

LIN. How can I?

OST. Come with me. (*Drags him R.*) I have a wonderful scheme. I'll put some chin whiskers on you and a little make-up and you'll be middle-aged in ten minutes.

LIN. Yes, but —

OST. No time to lose. Come on.

(*Drags LIN off R., talking as he goes.*)

(*After slight pause, enter AUNT WINNIE, from L.*)

AUNT W. I thought I heard some one talking. (*Comes*

down c. ; her eye falls on the almost empty decanter.) Heavens! (*Takes it up and looks at it.*) Lizzie! Lizzie!

(Replaces decanter.)

Enter LIZ., from L.

LIZ. Yes'm, here I am.

AUNT W. Come here. Closer. Let me smell your breath. Now, who has been here?

LIZ. A man.

AUNT W. (*taking up decanter*). So I perceive. Who was he, and what did he want?

LIZ. He was an actor named Ostrich, and he wanted to see Miss Betty.

AUNT W. The old story. Why didn't you send him away?

LIZ. I tried to, mum, I tried my level best, but he wouldn't go. And there was another one on the fire-escape.

AUNT W. (*throwing up hands in alarm*). The fire-escape? Oh, this is awful. We'll all be murdered in our beds. I shall appeal to the police.

LIZ. Nothing doing. The policeman's just as bad as the rest of 'em. Trying to get me to give her a perfumed letter, and him an officer of the law!

AUNT W. But what became of the man you let in?

LIZ. I dunno's I know. I heard a noise out in the kitchen and I was afraid we'd be attacked in the rear, so I went out.

AUNT W. I never saw such men. It seems like every man in town is fascinated by Betty. Ah, me, I was just the same twenty years ago.

LIZ. And her a married woman! I think it's disgraceful, mum.

AUNT W. Isn't it about time she was home?

LIZ. It's only a little after three, mum.

AUNT W. (*walking up and down*). Oh, I hope nothing has happened. On this day, especially. This is her nineteenth birthday, Lizzie.

LIZ. Is it, now? I'd 'a' took her to be older, her bein' married a couple of years.

AUNT W. I'm so nervous. I hope she hasn't eloped or anything.

LIZ. Eloped? Why, Miss Betty wouldn't do nothin' like that. She told me she was perfectly daffy about her husband, which is surprising, him being away from home so much. I've

been working for Miss Betty for nearly a year now, and I ain't seen hide, hoof ner hair of him yet. Nothing but his picture.

AUNT W. Picture? *His* picture? What d' y' mean picture?

LIZ. That oil painting he sent her yesterday from New York. She hung it up in her room.

AUNT W. Did she say it was a picture of Mr. O'Hooligan?

LIZ. Yes'm, and he's real good-looking, too, to have such a name as Bull O'Hooligan.

AUNT W. (*suddenly*). I have an idea!

LIZ. (*much interested*). You have?

AUNT W. We'll hang the picture in this room, and then if any more men try to force their odious attentions on us, we'll just show them the picture. Go and get it.

LIZ. Yes, mum. [Exit, L.]

(AUNT W. *crosses to table; sees large purple hand-bag marked so that it can be read by audience, "Violet Ostrich."*)

AUNT W. (*picking up bag*). Violet Ostrich! Whatever is this doing here?

Enter LIZ., with large portrait of LIN.

LIZ. Here he is, mum. (*Holds it up and looks at it.*) Got a right handsome nose for a man, ain't he? And his eyes, ain't they fierce? I used to have a bulldog that looked something like him around the eyes.

AUNT W. (*bag in hand*). Whose bag is this, Lizzie?

LIZ. Miss Deere left it here yesterday. She must have gone off and forgot it.

AUNT W. It is marked "Violet Ostrich."

(Puts it back on table.)

LIZ. Why, so it is. Maybe that's the name of the material.

AUNT W. Nonsense. Don't you know Violet Ostrich? She's with the Quadrangle Film Company. She poses as the leading lady, but she's a regular stick.

LIZ. Where'll we hang Mr. O'Hooligan?

AUNT W. That would be a good place. (*Points L.*)

LIZ. (*dragging rocking-chair over, and getting in it with picture in hand*). Where is the hammer?

AUNT W. I don't know.

LIZ. I think it's on the ice-box.

(Nearly loses balance as chair rocks.)

AUNT W. Never mind. You may put it there on the mantel in plain sight. I'll get an easel for it to-morrow. And the next man that forces his way in here you show him that picture, and tell him it is Betty's husband. And also tell him that he's a prize-fighter. *(Crosses to L.)* Don't forget, Lizzie, that is very important. A prize-fighter. *[Exit, L.]*

LIZ. *(at c., imitating AUNT W.)*. "Yes, Lizzie, that is very important. A prize-fighter." Old rhinoceros! *(Knock heard at door, R.)* There's another one. *(Peeks through key-hole at R.)* It's a man. What's wanted?

MAJOR JARTREE *(outside R.)*. Is Miss Winnie Maguire at home?

LIZ. My land o' love. Now they're after coming for the old maid; it'll be me next. *(Yells through closed door.)* What do you want of her? We don't allow no one in here without we know what they want.

MAJ. I want to see Miss Maguire, and I want to see her at once. Understand?

LIZ. *(opening door)*. Yes, I guess I do.

Enter MAJ., from R.

MAJ. I am Major Jartree, from Wichita. Tell her I want to see her at once.

LIZ. Are you sure it ain't Miss Betty you want to see? 'Cause if you do, there ain't nothin' doing, her being a married lady to him. *(Points to picture.)*

MAJ. *(much agitated)*. What!

LIZ. I said Miss Betty's married to him.

MAJ. Betty Campbell married?

LIZ. You bet she is, and he's a prize-fighter, too. Name of Bull O'Hooligan. And he don't 'low no one to call on his wife.

MAJ. *(sinking in chair)*. Married? Great Heavens! When did it occur?

LIZ. When did what occur?

MAJ. This marriage. This infernal conspiracy of a marriage.

LIZ. I dunno. She's been married a couple o' years. Say, ain't he some guy? Look at that nose! *(Points to picture.)*

MAJ. (*rising, much agitated*). I—I—that is ——

(*Pours out a drink.*)

LIZ. My, I never see such thirsty men in all my life.

MAJ. (*drinking it at one gulp*). Let me see Winnie Maguire. At once, do you hear, at once!

LIZ. But she ain't ——

MAJ. Never mind. It's a matter of life and death. Tell her to come at once.

LIZ. What did you say the name was?

MAJ. Major Jartree, from Wichita, Kansas. Hurry up.

LIZ. (*leisurely walking to L.*). I heard what you said, and I'll tell her, but it's agin the rules. [*Exit, L., slowly.*]

MAJ. (*crossing and looking at picture*). Married, is she? Just my luck—when thirty-five thousand dollars was right in my grasp, and now you'll get it. (*Shakes fist at picture.*) I'd like to choke that old woman. After all my work and care, now I'll lose everything, and it's all her fault.

Enter LIZ., from L.

LIZ. She said fer you to set down and be seated, and she'll be in soon.

MAJ. Keeps me waiting, does she? Well, I won't wait. This is a matter of business with me, and I'm a business man. My time is money. Understand? Time is money.

LIZ. Is it? I should worry.

MAJ. What is she doing? Why don't she come? I can't wait all day. What's she doing, I say!

LIZ. Well, if you gotta know she's putting on her company hair, that's what she's doing.

MAJ. (*shouting*). Putting on her what?

LIZ. (*shouting*). Her hair. Her back and front hair. She only had on her afternoon hair, now she's putting on her company hair. Understand?

MAJ. No, I don't. Tell her I got to see her at once. I got to catch the four-ten train, hair or no hair.

LIZ. (*hesitating*). But she ——

MAJ. And I'm in a hurry! Tell her that. And hurry! Get a gait on. I can't stay here all day.

LIZ. (*slowly crossing to L.*). Ain't he the impatient guy? Make a noise like an ice-box and keep cool. [*Exit, L.*]

MAJ. Thirty-five thousand dollars, and it might have been mine just as well as not.

Enter AUNT W., from L.

AUNT W. (*coming to him*). Why, Major, I'm so glad to see you.

MAJ. How-de-do. Say, Winnie Maguire, what in blazes do you mean? You've played me false, have you?

AUNT W. Alexander Jartree, you've been drinking again.

MAJ. Drinking? Preposterous. I'm a deacon in the church and a member of the Woman's Christmas Temperance Union. But who is that, madam, who is that? (*Points to picture.*)

AUNT W. That is a picture.

MAJ. So I see. I didn't think it was a mule in a rain-storm. It's a picture of Betty Campbell's husband.

AUNT W. Who told you so?

MAJ. The hired girl. It's true, isn't it?

AUNT W. Not that any one knows of. That's part of our scheme.

MAJ. Our scheme? Madam, our scheme was to keep Betty Campbell unmarried until after her nineteenth birthday.

AUNT W. I know it. That picture is only a bluff.

MAJ. Don't try to deceive me. I won't have it. Understand? She's married to an O'Hooligan, and that's his picture.

AUNT W. That's what I told the hired girl. Betty is no more married than I am. But she has scores of admirers. Every man in town is crazy about her. But I don't allow any of them to see her, and if one butts in I simply show him that picture and say it's Betty's husband. Then he butts out again.

MAJ. Are you sure?

AUNT W. You can wait and see her yourself, if you don't believe me.

MAJ. I can't wait. I leave for Wichita on the four-ten. I had to come to bring her the will.

AUNT W. Well, you can be sure of one thing, she won't be married until we get the money.

MAJ. Has she any love affairs?

AUNT W. Not one. I won't allow a man to look at her.

MAJ. You're sure she hasn't got married on the sly?

AUNT W. No, no, no! Do you want me to sing it to you?

MAJ. This is her nineteenth birthday, and if she's not a married woman by midnight, ah, ha!

(*Rubs hands together gleefully.*)

AUNT W. Then you get thirty-five thousand dollars, don't you?

MAJ. Yes, those were the terms of her grandfather's will. I have it here. (*Produces it; puts on spectacles and reads.*) "And the remainder of my fortune, all my stocks, bonds and mortgages, to my dearly beloved grandchild, Elizabeth Campbell, to be surrendered unto her upon her nineteenth birthday, on the condition that by midnight of that day she shall be a married woman." There it is in black and white.

(*Hands her the will.*)

AUNT W. But suppose she's not married by midnight, Major?

MAJ. Then I pay you five thousand dollars for services rendered.

AUNT W. Well, hand over the money! This is the day, and I'm willing to swear in a thousand courts that she isn't married.

MAJ. You must give her the will at midnight, but she must know nothing about it before that time. If she did she'd probably run out and marry the first man she met. I've got to catch my train. Ah, thirty-five thousand dollars! A nice, tidy little fortune. (*Rubs hands gleefully.*)

AUNT W. But don't forget my five thousand, Major.

MAJ. Oh, I'll see to that some time next month. Don't you worry; you know I'm a trustworthy man.

AUNT W. I'm not worrying, Alexander Jartree, but I'm going to have that five thousand dollars before you leave this town, or my name's not Winnie Maguire.

MAJ. (*shortly*). I tell you I'll settle with you next month.

AUNT W. And I tell *you* you'll settle with me right now.

MAJ. Tut, tut, tut; don't you trust me?

AUNT W. Tut, tut, tut; I do not. I never saw a man yet I would trust.

MAJ. But I can't pay you now. You don't suppose I carry five thousand dollars around in my vest pocket, do you?

AUNT W. No, I don't; but I guess you carry a fountain-pen, don't you? Now, here's a desk and here's a chair. Sit down. (*He looks at her a moment and then obeys.*) There's a blank check. Now, write.

MAJ. (*at desk*). Suppose I refuse?

AUNT W. You won't refuse. It's eight hours till midnight, and if you don't make out that check for me, Betty Campbell will be married before the clock strikes twelve. Sign!

MAJ. (*swinging around and facing her*). Now, Winnie, we're old friends, real old friends —

AUNT W. (*at c.*). Don't try to spring that old friendship gag on me. You're after the same thing I am, money. I know you, Major Alexander Jartree, and I've known you for years; and the longer I know you, the less I trust you. Now, write that check. (MAJ. *writes at desk; she looks over his shoulder.*) Five thousand—that's right. Now, sign it.

MAJ. (*with a sigh*). Very well. But it's a lot of money.

AUNT W. I guess I earned it, all right. You wouldn't get a red cent of that thirty-five thousand if I hadn't guarded Betty like a lion. She'd have been married months ago. Now, sign! (MAJ. *signs check.*) You've just about got time to catch your train.

MAJ. (*giving her check, comes down R.*). I hope you're satisfied.

AUNT W. (*looking at check*). Well, not quite.

MAJ. What do you want now, interest?

AUNT W. I want you to write in the name of your bank. The Farmers' Bank of Wichita, Kansas. (MAJ. *mutters, takes check and writes.*) You got that thirty-five thousand as clean as a whistle, and hardly had to turn your hand.

MAJ. There's your five thousand. (*Hands check.*) Does that suit you?

AUNT W. I suppose I'll have to be content with it, but I've earned it twice over. You don't realize what a task it was to keep the men away from a moving-picture star.

MAJ. I'll be back next month, and if you tried to double-cross me, Winnie Maguire, it'll be the iron bars for you. I won't stand any monkey business. That's all. (*Takes hat.*) Good-afternoon.

AUNT W. The pleasure is all mine. You've just time to catch your train. Good-bye.

MAJ. Good-bye.

[*Exit, R.*

AUNT W. (*looking at check*). Five thousand dollars! That's not so bad. (*Comes to table; takes up the will.*) And here's the will. I'll give it to Betty at midnight. I wish I'd have made him fork over ten thousand, and I could just as well as not.

Enter LIZ., hurriedly, from L.

LIZ. Oh, mum, there's a whole bunch of folks down in front waiting to see Miss Betty.

AUNT W. (*putting will on table*). It's time she was here.

LIZ. (*looking down from window*). She's coming, she's coming! The limousine is just turning the corner.

(*Music: "The Campbells are Comin'."*)

AUNT W. (*hurrying to window*). Is there any one with her?

LIZ. No'm, she's all alone. She's getting out. Just look at them kids flock around her. They're giving her a bouquet. Oh, ain't it grand?

AUNT W. (*crossing to L.*). I'll be thankful when this day is over. To-morrow I don't care who she sees, or who she marries. [*Exit, L.*]

BETTY (*heard off R.*). Come along, all of you. I'm glad to see you.

LIZ. (*opening door, R.*). Come in, come in!

Enter BETTY, from R., followed by JIM WILES and ETHEL KOHLER with several other high-school boys and girls.

BETTY. Oh, Lizzie, just see what they presented me. Isn't it darling? (*LIZ. takes flowers and puts them in a vase. End music.*) The picture is finished and I'm off on a month's vacation. We start for Florida to-night!

LIZ. Florida?

BETTY. Yes, where the alligators live. You and me and Aunt Winnie. Now, boys and girls, I want to tell you how much pleasure you have given me. Sit down, and I'll find some candy or tea or something.

ETHEL. Oh, we can't stay, Miss Campbell. We know you must be awfully busy.

JIM. Yes, we can. We'll be delighted.

ETHEL. But she's got to pack if she's going to start for Florida to-night.

BETTY. That's right, I'm awfully busy. But when I come back I'll give you all a reception and a dance.

ALL. Oh, thank you. That will be fine. (*Etc.*)

ETHEL. We hope you will pardon us, Miss Campbell, but we couldn't resist the temptation just to tell you how grand you are.

JIM. We go to see every one of your pictures every time they are shown.

ETHEL. And we wanted to show our appreciation.

BETTY. I think you are all darlings. I'm so glad you like my pictures.

JIM. There's only one star for us, and that's Betty Campbell.

BETTY. I'm going away to-night, but I'd be awfully glad to have you all come down to the station to bid me good-bye.

ETHEL. We will, and we hope you'll have a very pleasant journey.

JIM. You bet. (*Loudly.*) What's the matter with Betty Campbell?

ALL. She's all right.

JIM. Who's all right?

ALL. Betty Campbell!

JIM. Who is our favorite star?

ALL. Betty Campbell! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah! Betty Campbell!

BETTY. You dears! I'd like to kiss every last one of you.

JIM. I wouldn't object.

BETTY (*demurely*). Of course, I only meant the girls.

ALL. Good-bye. Come back soon. Pleasant journey. (*Etc.*)

(*GIRLS and BOYS all exit at R.*)

BETTY (*taking off hat and coat and tossing them R. and L.*). A whole month of freedom. Hurray! I'm going to fish and loaf and read all day long.

LIZ. Are you going to start for Florida to-night, honest?

BETTY. I am, honest! Go in and pack all thirteen trunks. Get busy. We haven't a moment to lose.

LIZ. And are you going to take me with you?

BETTY. Of course I am, Lizzie. I couldn't get along without you. To-morrow we'll be on the steamer, and on Thursday we'll be shooting alligators in the swamps.

LIZ. Alligators? Not me! I never could stand them things. [*Exit, L.*]

BETTY. Oh, I'm going to have the grandest time—nothing to do but swim and fish and eat, and I've always wanted to see Florida.

Enter AUNT W., from L.

AUNT W. Have all those children gone?

BETTY. Yes, I fired them out. And to-night we start on our vacation.

AUNT W. Vacation?

BETTY. Yes. The picture is finished. Oh, we had a most exciting time at the studio to-day. An ugly old man tried to kiss me.

AUNT W. Betty!

BETTY. He was the funniest old thing. He got in as an extra and was to play the chauffeur. I nearly broke my neck falling down-stairs, and he caught me and tried to kiss me, and then he robbed Phyllis Deere and made a dramatic escape.

AUNT W. Robbed Phyllis?

BETTY. Yes, he stole her hand-bag. He must have been a regular hold-up man. We were lucky he didn't do more than he did.

AUNT W. I think he did a-plenty.

BETTY. Everybody chased him, just like they do in the pictures. But he got away with the police close at his heels. Poor Phyllis fainted, the manager went crazy, everybody ran right and left and in the excitement the man escaped.

AUNT W. Thank Heavens, you weren't hurt.

BETTY. Cohen told me that I could take a vacation, a whole month on full pay. They are going to do the dutch comedies next month and I won't be needed. (*Sings.*) So pack your grip, we'll take a trip, we're on our way to Floriday —

AUNT W. Betty, be serious. Do you really mean we are to go to Florida?

BETTY. Do I? It's the first vacation I've had in nearly two years. And just see what I've been through, falling off of cliffs, getting murdered and hung, and drowned, and burned at the stake, going up in balloons and air-ships, falling down-stairs and being chased and scratched by lions and elephants—and all the other lovely things we have to do in the films. After two years of that, Florida will be a month of Paradise.

AUNT W. When do we start? I've got to pack my trunks.

BETTY (*walking around*). We start to-night. (*Sees picture of LIN.*) Oh, look who's here. Friend of yours, auntie?

AUNT W. You know very well it's the picture that was sent you from New York. You told Lizzie it was a portrait of your husband.

BETTY. I had to tell her something. An imaginary husband is all right to scare away the men, but it takes something

more than that to bluff Lizzie. Some one sent me that picture all the way from New York. (*Looks at it.*) I wonder who you are, Mr. Man, and why you sent me your picture? (*Comes to AUNT W.*) It's just like the mysterious tea-roses I receive every morning. Maybe they came from the same man.

AUNT W. Nonsense. The tea-roses come from here in town, the picture came from New York.

BETTY. It's a mystery. (*Goes to picture.*) You're a very mysterious individual, Mr. Man, and if you are the one who is sending me the beautiful roses every morning I want to thank you. You suit my taste exactly. There's nothing in the world like white tea-roses fresh every morning and all over dew.

AUNT W. I'll bet they *are* all over-due. It isn't likely he's paid for any of them, and we'll have a big bill coming in from the florist.

BETTY. Oh, no. I went to see the florist. But he wouldn't tell me a thing. Oh, it's a real adventure, and how I'll miss them in Florida. I'd like to write him a letter and let him know I'm going away. Oh, I'd love to meet the man who sends the roses.

AUNT W. Probably it's the German butcher.

BETTY. Auntie! You know it isn't the butcher. He'd send me a couple of pounds of sausage.

AUNT W. I wish he would. A person can't eat tea-roses, you know.

BETTY (*taking bunch of white roses from belt*). No, but we can love them. Aren't they dears? Why are you so strict, Aunt Winnie? This is my nineteenth birthday, and it's high time I was making some new acquaintances. I don't want to act in the movies all my life.

AUNT W. Well, when you return from Florida I shan't be so strict. But that reminds me. I have to cash a check at the bank. I'll take the car and go right over. (*Crosses to L.*) You won't be lonesome, will you?

BETTY. Of course not. (*Exit AUNT W., L. BETTY looks at roses.*) I'd give a month's salary to know who sent you. He has awfully good taste. (*Goes to picture.*) I wonder if you *are* my white rose man? (*Saucily.*) Well, if you are, I'm much obliged, and I hope you won't be very lonesome when I'm way off down in Florida.

Enter OST., from R.

OST. Miss Campbell!

BETTY (*turning*). Heavens, how you startled me.

OST. Excuse me. I am Mr. Ostrich. Mr. E. Z. Ostrich, the first husband of the famous Violet Ostrich. I hope I don't intrude.

BETTY. Not at all. I've seen your wife on the screen.

OST. My ex-wife. I believe she's been married six or seven times since I had that honor. Poor Violet, she never realized my good points. But, to business. I have written a play, a wonderful play, a most extraordinary play. And I have decided to allow you to star in it.

BETTY. But, really —

OST. Just a moment. Here it is. (*Produces manuscript.*) It is called "An Opium Dream," and is in thirteen reels. You play a Chinese slave girl.

BETTY. But I —

OST. Just a moment. It's a marvelous part and the audience will go wild when they see it. You can't control them. Let me read it to you.

BETTY. No, I am about to —

OST. No trouble at all. Just a moment. Ah, let me see. Here we are. (*Reads.*) "Reel One —"

BETTY. But I never buy any plays. You must see my manager. He always —

OST. Just a moment. (*Reads.*) "Reel One, Scene One, A Rocky Pass in the Mountains." (*Large gesture.*) Now, just imagine this is the rocky pass —

BETTY. But, sir, I'll have to —

OST. Just a moment. (*Reads.*) "Enter Reddy the Rover." He comes on over there (*pointing L.*), and speaks very melodramatically. He says —

Enter LIZ., from L.

LIZ. Your green and white striped silk is tore clean down one side.

BETTY. Torn?

OST. No, that isn't what he says. He comes in on horseback and says —

BETTY. You'll have to excuse me for a moment. (*Goes to LIZ., up L., and talks to her. OST., seeing no one is looking at him, pours drink from decanter and drinks it.*) You may have the dress, Lizzie.

LIZ. Thank you, mum.

[*Exit, L.*]

OST. And now we're getting to the exciting part. (*Looks at manuscript.*) Reddy the Rover comes in and says —

AUNT W. (*off L.*). Betty, where on earth is my white parasol?

BETTY. I don't know, auntie. (*To OST.*) You see, I'm leaving for Florida to-night.

OST. But I've got to read you my play.

BETTY. You keep it until I come back next month.

OST. I can't do that. I have it! I'll go to Florida with you.

BETTY. Oh, my husband never would allow that.

OST. Your husband?

BETTY. Yes, there he is. (*Nods at picture.*)

OST. (*alarmed*). Where?

BETTY. His picture.

OST. (*reassured*). Oh!

BETTY. He's a prize-fighter, and is liable to come in at any minute.

OST. (*comically*). Good-night! (*Takes manuscript.*) I have it! I'll leave you your part and you can read it on the train.

BETTY (*resigned*). Oh, very well.

(*Takes small part from him and puts it on table near the will.*)

OST. It's a wonderful part.

BETTY. I'm sure it is. Now, I must say good-bye. I have to pack.

OST. Are you going to Tampa?

BETTY. No, to the east coast.

OST. Good. I'll meet you at Palm Beach. Good-afternoon. (*Starts to R.*)

BETTY. Good-bye.

(*Exit OST., R., with decanter. Note: During the preceding scene he has placed his hat over the decanter, and when he exits he takes both hat and decanter. This must be seen by audience and is good business.*)

Enter AUNT W., from L., dressed for street.

AUNT W. Who was that, Betty?

BETTY. Oh, just a man.

AUNT W. A man? What did he want?

BETTY. He wanted to sell me a play. But I told him about my husband, the prize-fighter, and he took to the woods.

AUNT W. I'll be back in quarter of an hour. [Exit, R.]

BETTY. Lizzie!

LIZ. (off L.). Yes, mum?

BETTY. Do you need any help? (Crosses to L.) Be sure and put in three or four bathing-suits. [Exit, L.]

(Slight pause. Then a noise is heard far off the stage, a mob yelling, "Stop him, stop him!" etc. The confusion grows louder. A pistol shot is heard off stage followed by yells, "Stop thief!" etc. BETTY and LIZ. rush in from L. and go up to window.)

LIZ. (looking down). Oh, there's a man running down the street.

BETTY. See, they are chasing him. It's our chauffeur!

LIZ. Our chauffeur?

BETTY. The man who robbed Phyllis Deere at the rehearsal. Look at him run.

LIZ. And him such an old man, too. See, he's jumped over the fence.

BETTY. Poor fellow! I suppose he was hungry and took the purse for his starving family.

LIZ. Look at the crowd! They've lost him! (Pause.) They don't know which way to go. I'm going to yell down and tell 'em he jumped the fence.

BETTY. No! Let him escape. I don't believe Phyllis Deere had a cent in her purse, she just wanted the publicity. But he tried to kiss me.

LIZ. He did? When did he do that?

BETTY. At the rehearsal. That's what started all the trouble. I screamed and he ran, then Phyllis missed her purse and everybody started chasing the man.

LIZ. I'll bet he's a regular cut-throat. Maybe he'll come up here.

BETTY. Nonsense. Come on, we've got eleven more trunks to pack. [Exit, L.]

LIZ. It certainly makes me nervous to have such a man hanging around. [Exit, L.]

(LIN *appears at window, c. He gets through the window and comes down c.*)

LIN (*sinking in chair*). Escaped! Whew, that was some Marathon! It's a wonder I'm not in jail. I've done many crazy things in my life, but when I tried to enter the movies in disguise—ah, that was the limit. (*Rises.*) I wonder if she's here. (*Sees picture.*) My picture! She's got it. She's put it in the place of honor. (*Loud knock on door at R.*) It's the police. If I can get rid of these whiskers and this cap and auto coat, I'll make a bluff and walk right past them.

(*Goes behind screen.*)

(OFFICER RILEY *bangs on door at R. Enter LIZ., from L.*)

LIZ. (*at door R.*). Who is it? What's wanted?

RILEY (*outside R.*). Let me in. I'm an officer of the law.

(BETTY *appears at L.*)

BETTY. Who is it, Lizzie?

LIZ. He says he's an officer of the law. Oh, Miss Betty, he's going to pinch the house.

RILEY (*banging on door at R.*). Open up! Open up, in the name of the law!

LIZ. What'll I do, Miss Betty?

BETTY (*at L.*). Open the door.

LIZ. Come in. (*Opens door.*)

Enter OFFICERS RILEY and DUGAN, from R. They come down c. looking around.

RILEY (*at R. c., to LIZ.*). Where is he? Where is he? Where's the man who's hiding in here?

BETTY (*coming to him*). I think you've made a mistake, officer. There's no one here but us.

RILEY. A thief made a big haul over at the moving-picture studio and we chased him as fur as this house. We thought maybe he climbed up the fire-escape.

LIZ. There was a man climbed up the fire-escape, but that was early this afternoon.

RILEY. This man escaped just about three minutes ago. Well, we've got the house surrounded. He can't get away. Dugan, you'd better make a search.

BETTY. You'll do nothing of the sort. I can't have my

apartment turned upside down. I tell you I haven't seen anybody at all.

RILEY. He's an old man, mum, with whiskers.

DUGAN. And he's dressed in an automobile coat and cap, mum.

RILEY. And we think he jumped over that fence down there.

DUGAN. Sure, I think we'd better make a search.

BETTY. You shan't. If you do I'll call my husband.

RILEY. Your husband?

LIZ. Yes, her husband. Him up there. (*Points to picture.*) That's her husband, and he's a prize-fighter, name of O'Hooligan.

DUGAN. Well, call him. Where is he now?

BETTY. Where is he, Lizzie?

LIZ. (*pointing L.*) He's in your room asleep. (*To OFFICERS.*) And woe betide the two of yous if he wakes up and finds you here. He ain't partial to policemen nohow.

RILEY. I think the man is concealed about the place. I'm going to look in there, husband or no husband. (*Starts to L.*)

BETTY (*blocking his way at L.*). You can't go in there. All my clothes are in there.

RILEY. I guess I've seen clothes before. Now, stand aside, lady, or I'll have to make you.

BETTY. I won't. It's outrageous. You have no warrant to search these apartments. If you go in there I'll scream.

RILEY (*taking hold of her arm*). I got to do my duty.

LIN (*without whiskers, coat or cap, appears from behind screen*). Stop!

RILEY. Stop? And who are you, sir?

LIZ. For the love of Mike, if it ain't Mr. O'Hooligan returned home unbeknownst to us. He's her husband; see, there's his picture. I'd know him anywhere.

DUGAN. This ain't the party we're looking for, Riley. He was an older man.

LIN. My dear, what are these policemen doing in our house?

(*BETTY looks at him in amazement.*)

LIZ. They're after an old man chauffeur who jumped over the fence and gave them the slip.

RILEY. Excuse me, sir, but we've got orders to search every apartment in the building.

LIN. Go as far as you like, but I'll give you my word there's no one here but us.

RILEY. And you ain't seen no escaped thief, have you?

LIN. Not I. (*To BETTY.*) Have you, dear?

BETTY (*stammering*). I—I—think not.

RILEY. That'll be all, then.

LIN (*giving him a bill*). And mind you don't intrude again. My wife doesn't like it.

BETTY (*indignantly, to audience*). His wife!

RILEY. You needn't worry, sir. Sorry we caused all this trouble. We won't bother you no more.

(*Goes to door, R., with DUGAN.*)

DUGAN. Good-evening, sir. [*Exit R., followed by RILEY.*]

LIZ. (*to LIN, down R. C.*). I never was so surprised in all my life, Mr. O'Hooligan, as when you stepped out from that screen. You could have knocked me down with a load of wood. I never dreamed you was in town. I thought you was still a-traveling.

LIN. Oh, no. I have to come home once in a while, just to realize that I have a home to come to.

LIZ. But how did you get in?

LIN. Oh, I just dropped (*careless gesture*) in.

LIZ. Well, you must be hungry, sir, and I know Miss Betty's just dying to give you a hug and a kiss, so I'll just drop out. (*Starts L.*)

BETTY (*down L.*). Lizzie, stay right where you are.

(*LIZ. stops.*)

LIN. Lizzie, go and get me some lunch.

(*LIZ. starts L.*)

BETTY. Lizzie, remember that I am your mistress. You remain here.

LIN (*giving her bill*). And remember that I am your master. Don't you know your master's voice? Do you want me to starve before your very eyes?

LIZ. Oh, no, sir. (*Starts to L.*)

BETTY. Lizzie, don't you dare to leave me alone with this man.

LIZ. (*hesitating at door, L.*). But he's the boss, Miss Betty.

BETTY. You take your orders from me.

LIZ. I do when he ain't at home, but now he's here I'm supposed to take 'em from him. Yes, sir. [*Exit, L.*]

BETTY (*to LIN at c.*). Now, sir, be good enough to leave my apartments.

LIN. You aren't glad to see me?

BETTY. Hardly. You are a perfect stranger to me, sir.

LIN. It isn't my fault. Miss Campbell, Miss Betty, forgive me. I had no other way of meeting you. I've been longing for this moment for four months, and now you order me away. Every morning I wrote you a letter —

BETTY. I never read them.

LIN. I know that. They always came back. But the white roses didn't.

BETTY. The roses?

LIN. Surely you aren't angry.

BETTY. But we've never been introduced.

LIN. Then allow me. (*Gruff voice.*) Miss Campbell, my friend, Mr. Lin Leonard, aged twenty-one, unattached bachelor, law firm of Leonard and Leonard, income three thousand a year, intentions matrimony. Mr. Leonard, Miss Campbell. Miss Campbell, Mr. Leonard. (*Natural voice.*) Now we're properly introduced.

BETTY. But why did you disguise yourself as an actor?

LIN. To meet you.

BETTY. And why did you steal Miss Deere's purse?

LIN. I didn't. I don't believe she ever had a purse.

BETTY. She did. It was a large purple purse.

LIN. Just like this? (*Picks up bag from table.*)

BETTY (*taking it*). Why, this is it. This is Miss Deere's purse. (*Calls.*) Lizzie!

Enter LIZ., from L.

LIZ. Ma'am?

BETTY. What is this bag doing here?

LIZ. Miss Deere left it yesterday.

BETTY (*to LIN*). Then you didn't —

LIN. Of course I didn't.

BETTY. That will do, Lizzie.

[*Exit LIZ., at L., looking back at them.*]

LIN. Now you see it's all a mistake.

BETTY. Why did you run away?

LIN. Because they were chasing me. I had to do something.

BETTY. I'm awfully sorry. It seems as though it were all my fault.

LIN. Never mind. I'm satisfied. This meeting was worth the trouble, believe me!

BETTY. I've always wanted to meet my white-rose man. I wanted to thank you for the roses. And I wanted to tell you that I am going away to-night.

LIN (*blankly*). Going away?

BETTY. On a month's vacation. To Florida.

LIN. And just as we were beginning to get acquainted. Say, I believe I need a little vacation myself. And I'm clean daffy about Florida. I caught a tarpon there last winter.

BETTY. You did? Well, it's easier to catch a tarpon than it is — (*Pauses.*)

LIN. A moving picture star? Yes, I'm beginning to realize that.

AUNT W. (*heard outside R.*). Betty! Betty! Oh, Betty!

BETTY. It's Aunt Winnie.

LIN (*comically*). Then good-night, Lin!

Enter AUNT W., from R. She is much excited.

AUNT W. Oh, the villain, the base deceiver! (*Sinks in chair at R., her hat awry.*) After the way I worked for him. Oh, I wish I had him here, and I'd tell him what I think of him.

BETTY (*going to her*). What is it, auntie? What has happened?

AUNT W. I went to cash my check for five thousand dollars and he hadn't a cent in the bank. And now he's on his way to Wichita.

BETTY. Who is?

AUNT W. That old hypocrite Alexander Jartree. (*Rises.*) But I'll get even with him. I'll show him that he can't double cross Winnie Maguire. (*Sees LIN for first time.*) Who are you?

BETTY. Aunt Winnie, allow me to present Mr. Leonard.

AUNT W. What is he doing here? (*Looks at him.*) Oh! This is the original of the picture.

LIN. Excuse me, but I just (*careless gesture*) dropped in.

BETTY. I hope you don't mind, auntie.

AUNT W. (*to LIN*). Did you come to see me or Betty?

LIN. Well, if you don't object, I think I came to see the family.

AUNT W. This is no time for frivolity. I mean business. Young man, are you perfectly respectable?

LIN. Yes, ma'am. Refer you to my bankers.

AUNT W. Are you in good health?

LIN. Refer you to my doctors.

AUNT W. Not married, are you?

LIN. No, indeed; refer you to my bank account.

AUNT W. Betty has made an impression on you, I take it?

LIN. Right the first time. A wonderful impression. She's the only girl on earth that I'd ever look at a second time. In fact I want to marry her.

AUNT W. And so you shall!

BETTY. Auntie!

AUNT W. Young man, go in there and wait a moment.

(*Points to L.*)

BETTY. But, auntie —

AUNT W. Don't interrupt me. This is business. (*To LIN.*) Go on.

LIN. If there's any chance for me I'd wait a thousand years.

[*Exit, L.*]

AUNT W. (*going to table and getting will*). Betty Campbell, if you're not a married woman by twelve o'clock to-night you'll lose a fortune.

BETTY (*reading will over her shoulder*). What does it all mean?

AUNT W. (*dramatically*). It means that if you're married by midnight you'll come into your grandfather's fortune. It means over a hundred thousand dollars for you. It means that Alexander Jartree will lose forty thousand dollars. It means that you've got to marry that young man.

BETTY. I'll do it.

AUNT W. You will? (*Calls L.*) Man, man, come here!

Enter LIN from L.

BETTY. Oh, auntie, but this is so sudden.

AUNT W. Never mind that. (*To LIN.*) Get on your hat. (*To BETTY.*) Betty, get yours.

BETTY. But —

AUNT W. Don't interrupt me. We haven't time. If you want to catch that train for a Florida honeymoon, you'll have to hurry.

BETTY. Oh, I'm so excited! [Exit, L.]

LIN. Honeymoon? Then we're going to be married! Oh, auntie, I'd like to kiss you.

AUNT W. You'd better save your kisses for the bride.

Enter BETTY with coat and hat. Enter LIZ. from L.

LIZ. The trunks are all packed. What time do we start?

AUNT W. We nothing! You ain't going.

LIZ. I ain't?

AUNT W. I should say not. Betty and her husband are off on their honeymoon.

BETTY (*stuffing money and jewels in the purple bag*). Oh, I'm so excited.

LIN (*taking her arm, assisting her with coat and hat*). I'm the happiest man in America.

AUNT W. (*at door, R.*). Hurry up. We've got to get a license.

LIZ. A license? What for?

AUNT W. In order to win a hundred thousand dollars. Come on. [Exit, R.]

LIN. Are you sure you're willing to do this, dear?

BETTY. I guess I am. But I'm so nervous.

(He kisses her.)

LIN. Then we'll have to hurry. Come on!

(They cross to R.)

LIZ. (*down L.*). I never seen nothing like this in all my born days.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Palm parlor in Hotel Poinsettia, Palm Beach, Florida. Ornate interior, elaborately furnished. Entrances C., R. and L. Chairs, tables, divans, palms, etc., as desired. Lights on full throughout the act. Bright music takes up curtain.*

(MRS. DIGGINS, DAFFODIL DIGGINS and MISS CHIZZLE discovered. DAF. reading magazine, the others doing fancy work.)

MRS. D. I had horrible dreams all night long. I knew something terrible was going to happen. I told Daffy so this morning. Didn't I, Daffy?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

MISS C. Accidents are always happening down here in Florida. If it isn't the railroad it's a man-eating shark or something equally severe.

MRS. D. I'll be thankful when I'm landed safe in Joplin again. I'm going to leave at the end of the week if I have to walk.

DAF. Now, mamma —

MRS. D. Don't "mamma" me! We've been here six weeks and you haven't even met a man yet. You could have done just as well back home, and we wouldn't be out fifty dollars a week for board.

MISS C. I've heard the most terrifying accounts of the accident last night. The train crashed through the bridge and turned right smack over. It's a wonder everybody didn't lose their lives.

MRS. D. They say it's the first accident that ever occurred, but when I go back home I'm going by boat. I know if I'd 'a' been on that train last night I wouldn't have lived to tell the tale.

DAF. They put some of the victims in the room next to mine. Isn't it terrible?

MISS C. (*ringing bell*). I'm going to ask the bell-boy just how many were killed. Every reporter in the state will be here this morning.

MRS. D. Oh, we'll all be in the papers. I hope they won't put my photograph in the papers. It's so conspicuous.

MISS C. Your photograph?

MRS. D. No, the notoriety.

Enter ARCHIE, from L.

ARCH. Bell ring, ma'am?

MISS C. Yes. We want to know how many were killed in the accident last night—and who they were—and where they took them—and how many are here in the hotel—and how the accident occurred—and if there is any more danger?

ARCH. 'Deed, lady, I dunno nothin' 't all 'bout it. But I don't spect nobody is killed. Dr. McNutt's done been here all mawnin' up in 47 and 49—and he's got a trained nurse. Dat's all I knows.

MRS. D. A trained nurse? Then I'm sure somebody must have been killed. How far out of town is the bridge, boy?

ARCH. 'Bout two miles. Dey done brung dem in in automobiles. We's got about six here in de house, I reckon.

MISS C. Tell the doctor that I want to see him as soon as possible. Tell him it is Miss Chizzle.

ARCH. Yas'm. He's up in 49 now.

MRS. D. Be sure and tell him to come here. Tell him the ladies in Parlor D want his advice. Then he'll be sure to come.

ARCH. Yas'm.

[*Exit, L.*]

MRS. D. I had intended going out sailing this afternoon, but after the accident nothing could tempt me on the water. And if there are any patients or victims, I hope there'll be two or three good-looking young men among the number. This place is so dull for Daffodil. She'd have done better to have stayed in Joplin.

Enter DR. McNUTT, from L. He carries straw hat and small medicine case.

DOC. (*coming down c.*). Good-morning, ladies. Archie told me you wanted to see me. Is it anything serious, Miss Chizzle?

MISS C. (*seated down L.*). Indeed it is. We're simply dying —

DOC. (*at c.*). Dying? Dying? That's just my specialty. You'd better lie down.

MISS C. Dying from curiosity.

DOC. Oh!

MRS. D. (*seated R. C.*). We're so anxious to know about the wreck. Is there anything we can do? Daffy here is a perfectly lovely nurse; aren't you, Daffy?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

DOC. It was a terrible wreck. The eleven-twenty train crashed through the bridge about a mile north of town.

MISS C. And how many were killed, doctor?

DOC. Not one. And I thought I'd do about seven hundred dollars' worth of business, but so far I have only one patient.

MRS. D. (*eagerly*). Is it a man? A young man? Daffy is a lovely nurse.

DOC. No, it's a young lady. A beautiful young lady.

LADIES (*sigh of disappointment*). Oh!

DOC. It's a very serious case. She's in room 49. It's a case of aphasia.

MRS. D. Aphasia? Is it catching, doctor? Oh, Daffy, aren't you glad you were vaccinated last summer?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

MRS. D. But I shan't stay at this hotel another minute. I knew something was going to happen when I had all those horrible dreams. Will it be an epidemic, doctor?

DOC. Not at all. And it isn't contagious. The young lady has suffered a severe shock. Her nerves are all unstrung. To all appearances she is perfectly sound, but her mind is a perfect blank.

MISS C. Is she raving? The poor thing!

DOC. Oh, no; she's perfectly sane. Only she doesn't remember a single thing about herself before the accident.

MRS. D. How perfectly awful! Was there any one with her?

DOC. Apparently not. She doesn't know where she came from, she doesn't know where she is going, she doesn't even know her name. Her past life is a perfect blank.

MISS C. How adorably interesting! Maybe she's playing a game for sympathy.

DOC. Not at all. She has plenty of money with her and wonderful jewels, but the shock of the accident has destroyed her memory. Such cases are not uncommon. Probably she will be all right in a few days. It is very sad. She seems so young and beautiful.

MISS C. (*significantly*). Beautiful? Oh, ho!

DOC. You must be very kind to her. All she needs is rest and quiet. I feel sure I can cure her.

MRS. D. Is she married?

DOC. I don't know. She doesn't know. Nobody knows.

MRS. D. And she don't even know her name? (*Sympathetically*.) The poor thing. Ain't it awful, Daffy?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

DOC. I'll bring her in and introduce her to you. She's very much depressed. Maybe you can cheer her up.

[*Exit, L.*

MISS C. If you ask me, I think she is playing a deep, designing game. Not know her own name? Why, I never heard of such a thing. Maybe she intends to rob the hotel.

MRS. D. Why, Miss Chizzle, I don't believe a word of it. That awful shock when the train went down, down, down through the bridge, that's enough to make any one forget her name. Ain't it, Daffy?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

Enter VIOLET OSTRICH, from L. She is dressed in a very dashing morning costume and carries a novel. She glances at the ladies and sits at C.

VIO. (*coldly*). Good-morning.

OTHERS. Good-morning.

MISS C. We were looking for you. I am Miss Chizzle, one of the North Georgia Chizzles. This is Mrs. Diggins and her daughter, Miss Diggins, of Joplin, Mo.

VIO. (*distantly*). Charmed. (*Reads magazine.*)

MRS. D. We've heard all about you, dearie, and you certainly have our sympathy.

VIO. Why?

MRS. D. It's such a horrible state to be in.

VIO. I don't think Florida is horrible at all.

MRS. D. Not Florida. I mean your state of mind. I was just saying to Daffy how awful it must be not to know anything at all. Wasn't I, Daffy?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

VIO. I don't understand you. (*Reads magazine.*)

MRS. D. Good gracious, is it as bad as that? She don't understand me, Daffy. Ain't it awful?

MISS C. (*to VIO.*). The doctor says you may recover in

time. Does your head feel queer, and do you have horrible visions of the wreck?

VIO. Not at all. It was a shock at first, and I intend to sue the railroad company for fifty thousand dollars damages, but I have completely recovered.

MRS. D. Yes, but you don't know who you are, do you?

VIO. (*puzzled*). Oh, yes, I rather think I do.

MISS C. Then you know what your name is?

VIO. Do you think I am crazy? Of course I know what my name is.

MRS. D. But the doctor said you'd forgotten everything about your past life.

VIO. I wish I could. I've been married four times.

MISS C. (*rising, alarmed*). Four times?

(*Goes to rear, then crosses to R.*)

VIO. (*rising*). And now I'm on my fifth honeymoon.

(*Crosses to L.*)

MRS. D. Your fifth?

VIO. Yes, and I'm only twenty-six. (*Reads.*)

MISS C. (*at extreme R.*). Crazy as a loon.

MRS. D. (*crossing to MISS C.*). And the doctor said she was perfectly harmless. Daffy!

DAF. (*crossing to MRS. D.*). Yes, mamma!

(*MISS C., MRS. D. and DAF. are standing in a straight line from extreme R. to R. C., facing VIO., who is seated down L. reading.*)

MRS. D. She's liable to become violent.

MISS C. Let's sneak out now she's not looking.

VIO. (*suddenly and loudly*). Ladies!

OTHERS (*alarmed*). Oh!

VIO. Do you believe in physical culture?

MISS C. Physical culture? That's gymnastics and things, isn't it?

VIO. (*rising and facing them*). Like this. One, two, three!

(*Counts and goes through arm exercises.*)

OTHERS (*throwing hands up in astonishment*). She's getting worse.

VIO. And this. (*Counts and jumps forward and back,*

then hops to R. Ladies see her coming toward them, scream and run out at C. D.) Horrid old cats! I guess I've taught them a lesson. (Laughs.) They must have thought I was crazy. (Sits at R.)

Enter NED O'HARE from L.

NED. Violet, I've been looking for you everywhere. The children have started to quarrel and Pearlie's out taking her morning exercise. I'll fire that coon.

VIO. Now, Ned, Pearlie means well, and she's the best maid I ever had. She's been with me ever since I was married to Mr. Cortez. He was a southern gentleman, you know.

NED. Yes, I know. But, darling, please forget all about my four predecessors. Don't let your mind dwell on your other four husbands. Remember this is the first day of our honeymoon.

VIO. (*rising*). Where is little Violet? It's time she was doing her gymnastics.

NED. She's doing some gymnastics by herself down in the nursery with your colored maid's little black Diamond.

VIO. Find Pearlie and send her to me, that's a dear boy.

NED. But my father and mother are liable to be here at any moment.

VIO. Don't worry about that. I'll entertain them.

NED. Oh, no. They don't know I'm married. You see it's this way: mother is old-fashioned and she has such an aversion to the stage. I didn't dare to tell her I'd married a moving-picture star.

VIO. I should think they'd be proud of their son. To think he has married the famous Violet Ostrich. Why, my fame has spread from coast to coast.

NED. I know, dear, but mother is so old-fashioned. It would be awful if she'd take it into her head to make dad disinherit me.

VIO. Oh, he wouldn't do that. Why, he's worth a million.

NED. That's just the point. We've got to handle mother with kid gloves.

VIO. What is your scheme?

NED. We won't say anything about the marriage for a day or two. Not until you've won them over. I know you can do it. You're the most fascinating little woman on earth.

(*Children heard screaming out L.*)

VIO. Heavens, what's that?

NED. It sounds like your little Violet.

VIO. They must be fighting. Go to them at once. And be sure and find Pearlle. My nerves are all unstrung after that horrible accident last night.

NED. I'll do my best.

[*Exit, L.*]

VIO. Poor Ned! I'm afraid he'll have trouble with my little Violet. He's so young to be a husband. Really, he's the youngest man I've ever married.

Reënter NED., from L., with two children, aged about seven or eight, one white and one black, both well dressed and both crying.

NED. Help me, Violet. I'm sure I never was cut out for a children's nurse.

VIO. (*to little white child*). Come to mother!

(*Little girl runs to her.*)

NED (*holding negro child by hand*). And what will I do with this?

VIO. Hold her till her mother comes. They're both excited to-day on account of the wreck last night.

Enter PEARLIE BROWN from C. D.

PEARLIE. Was you lookin' for me, Miss Violet?

VIO. Yes. The children have been quarreling again. You mustn't leave them alone this way, Pearlle. I can't stand the excitement. And me on my honeymoon, too!

PEARLIE (*to negro child*). Come here, you! What you mean by all dis yere excitement?

VIO. Take them away, Pearlle, and don't leave them again. Where have you been?

PEARLIE. Oh, I was jes' taking a little constitution down by de water. Dis yere Florida jes' naturally makes me homesick. I's been a widow lady now for four years, and seein' all dese yere high-toned colored gentlemen jes' naturally makes me long for domesticated life once again.

VIO. You're not thinking of leaving me, Pearlle, are you?

PEARLIE. No'm, not yet. But if I *does* get a proposal dat

listens good to me, there ain't no tellin' which way de wind will blow. Come, chilluns. [Exit L., with children.]

NED. Don't you want to take a little walk and see the porpoises in the Gulf?

VIO. Indeed I do. Come along; Pearlie will look after little Violet.

NED. We'll drive over and look at the wreck.

[Exit C. D., with VIO.]

Enter DOC. from L., leading BETTY.

DOC. Are you quite sure you are able to walk alone?

BETTY. Of course I am. I tell you there's nothing the matter with me physically. The only thing is (*putting hand to head*) I can't remember. I can't remember a thing.

DOC. Sit down. (*She obeys.*) You are here at the Poinsettia Hotel at Palm Beach. Think, now. You were on the train coming to Palm Beach. That was your destination, wasn't it?

BETTY. I don't know. I can't remember.

DOC. Did you come from New York? Or Atlanta? Or Philadelphia? Or Jacksonville?

BETTY (*smiling*). It's no use, doctor, I can't remember a thing. All I can think of is the crash, the train falling through the bridge and something pressing on my head. Then I was rescued and brought here. I remember everything that happened after the accident, but not a thing before.

DOC. But your name? Surely you can remember your name.

BETTY. I'm afraid not. I've tried and tried and tried, but I can't think of a thing.

DOC. Mary! Jane! Sue! Ella! Kate! Maud! Do any of these sound familiar?

BETTY. Not one.

DOC. Rose! Violet! Lizzie! Ethel!

BETTY. Wait a moment! Lizzie! Lizzie! There's something familiar about Lizzie. Lizzie, are my trunks all packed? Lizzie, you may serve breakfast! Lizzie, you've put too much powder on my nose.

DOC. Ah, ha! Lizzie was your maid. We're getting on. Have you looked over your clothes carefully? Isn't your name on anything?

BETTY. I couldn't find a single initial.

DOC. Maybe you have a calling card in your purse. (*Takes the purple bag from her.*) Let me see. (*Opens it.*)

BETTY. Nothing in there but money and jewelry.

DOC. (*reading name on purse*). Violet Ostrich!

BETTY. What's that?

DOC. Your name. It's on the purse. (*Hands it to her.*)

BETTY (*reading*). Violet Ostrich. Surely that isn't my name?

DOC. Of course it is. It's on your purse. You are Violet Ostrich. I knew I'd be able to identify you.

BETTY. I wonder where I came from?

DOC. We'll advertise in all the papers. Leave it all to me. And don't worry. Above all things, don't worry. I'll look in again in a half an hour. I have to make a report to the hospital. [*Exit, C. D.*]

BETTY. Violet Ostrich! Horrible name. I wonder if I really am a violet ostrich?

MRS. EBENEZER O'HARE (*outside C. D.*). I can't go another step. I've got to sit down. Oh, oh!

Enter MRS. O'H., C. D., *limping, supported by* ARCH.

ARCH. Yas'm, come right in yere. Dis am de parlor. Sit down.

MRS. O'H. Oh, my ankle, my ankle!

(*Groans and sits L.*)

ARCH. Sit down and rest a while. Whereabouts does it hurt?

MRS. O'H. None of your business. Go and find a doctor. And see if you can see anything of my husband. I lost him in the lobby.

ARCH. Yas'm. I'll find him for you. Yas'm. I allers finds de ladies' husbands when dey loses dem in de lobby. What name'll I call?

MRS. O'H. Call Ebenezer O'Hare, and tell him that his wife wants him right away.

ARCH. Yas'm. Right away. (*Pages.*) Mr. Ebenezer O'Hare! Mr. O'Hare, your wife want you right away.

[*Exit, C. D.*]

BETTY (*crossing to* MRS. O'H.). Can I help you?

MRS. O'H. Thank you. I sprained my ankle in the lobby. I let my husband get away from me and I was hurrying around

trying to find him, when I turned my ankle getting in the elevator.

BETTY (*kneeling*). Let me unloose your shoe. There, does that feel any better?

MRS. O'H. A little. Thank you.

BETTY (*rubbing her ankle*). It must be very painful. I hope the doctor will be here soon. I wonder if I couldn't help you to your room?

MRS. O'H. No, it's too badly swollen. But you are very kind, my dear. (*Leans back in easy chair.*) It's all Ebenezer's fault. Just wait till I see him, that's all.

BETTY. Can't I get you some arnica or something? Don't move it. You must remain perfectly quiet.

MRS. O'H. It doesn't pain as much now. Are you a guest here?

BETTY. Yes. I just came in last night. I was in the accident.

MRS. O'H. Wasn't it horrible? We are stopping at the Palm Royal, but my son was on the train last night so we came over here to see if he were killed or anything like that. Mr. Edward O'Hare of Atlanta.

BETTY. There were no fatalities, but it was a severe shock to all of us.

MRS. O'H. It must have been. Think of crashing through a bridge. My nerves would never have stood such a shock.

BETTY. It upset me completely. I haven't recovered from it yet.

MRS. O'H. I do hope my son Edward wasn't injured. We received a telegram from him Monday saying that he was on his way to meet us and to be prepared for a great surprise. I can't imagine what he meant by a great surprise.

BETTY. Is the ankle any better?

MRS. O'H. Yes, it doesn't pain at all now. I wonder what can be keeping Ebenezer? (*Looks at watch.*) It's time for him to take his Every-hour Pill and he isn't here. My husband is a chronic invalid; I have to watch over him like I would a baby. And here I am laid up with a twisted ankle, and goodness only knows what he is up to!

(MR. EBENEZER O'HARE *peeks in at c. d.*)

BETTY. Shall I have the boy page him again?

MRS. O'H. Yes, I think you'd better. Tell the boy to

look in the billiard-room and the bar. Ebenezer doesn't touch a drop, but it might be just as well to look in at the bar.

EBEN. (*coming down c.*). My dear!

MRS. O'H. (*ominously*). Oh, there you are!

EBEN. (*gayly*). Yes, here I am. Why, whatever's happened to you?

MRS. O'H. I think I have broken my ankle, and it's all your fault.

EBEN. My fault, Birdie; how is it my fault?

MRS. O'H. I was running around looking for you and my ankle turned. Where have you been? (EBEN. *starts to reply*.) Don't answer me. I know you are going to invent some new excuse. And besides it's time to take your medicine.

EBEN. I just took my medicine outside.

MRS. O'H. Outside is no place for you to take medicine. You take this, and take it inside. (*Gives him pill*.)

EBEN. But, Birdie——

MRS. O'H. At once, Ebenezer, at once!

(*He takes pill, making wry face.*)

BETTY (*at R.*). Can I help you any more, Mrs. O'Hare?

MRS. O'H. I think not, dear, and thank you so much.

EBEN. (*looking at BETTY*). Ahem!

MRS. O'H. Ebenezer, don't stare and don't be rude. This young lady has been very kind to me. I don't know what I would have done without her. My dear, this is my husband. What did you say your name was?

BETTY. My name? (*Pause.*) Oh, yes. My name is Miss Ostrich. Miss Violet Ostrich.

MRS. O'H. You must take lunch with us, my dear. Ebenezer, have you seen anything of Edward?

EBEN. No, Birdie, I haven't seen him at all.

MRS. O'H. Help me to a room. I'll rest a while. Then you can go out for ten minutes and see if you can find him.

BETTY. Let me help you.

(*They assist MRS. O'H. to rise and to door, L.*)

EBEN. Shan't I get you a doctor, Birdie?

MRS. O'H. I've sent for one. Oh, this ankle is killing me.

[*Exit, L., supported by BETTY and EBEN.*]

Enter ARCH. and DOC., C. D.

DOC. There's no one here. I thought you said Mrs. O'Hare had turned her ankle.

ARCH. Yas, sah, she did, boss. Maybe she's done gone up to a room. I'll see, boss. [Exit, L.]

Enter NED, from R.

NED. Doc!

DOC. Why, Ned! (*Shakes hands.*) When did you get in?

NED. Last night. I was in the wreck.

DOC. Hurt any?

NED. Not at all. We didn't turn a hair.

DOC. We? What do you mean by we?

NED. By George, Doc, you're just the man to break the news to mother. I'm married.

DOC. The deuce you are!

NED. Yep. Married yesterday at Jacksonville. Brought my wife here on our honeymoon. The old folks don't know anything about it.

DOC. They are here at the hotel now. Your mother turned her ankle a little while ago in the lobby, and sent for me.

NED. I hope it isn't anything serious. Poor mother! She'll have a dozen fits when she learns I've married an actress.

DOC. An actress?

NED. Yes, Miss Violet Ostrich. She's a dream. I want to have you meet her.

DOC. Miss Violet Ostrich your wife?

NED. Yes, married yesterday morning. I tell you, Doc, I'm proud of her. She's wonderful, perfectly wonderful.

DOC. Indeed she is. I've met her.

NED. Isn't she a dream? She has the most beautiful eyes —

DOC. And to think she's your wife. Well, you'd better take better care of her. She came very near losing her mind on account of the accident last night.

NED. Yes, she said she was going to sue the railroad company. It's a great scheme. Look at the advertising she'll get.

DOC. Nonsense. She never thought of the advertising. She's so young and innocent.

NED. Who is?

DOC. Your wife, Miss Violet Ostrich.

NED. Do you think she looks young and innocent? I must tell her. That will tickle her nearly to death.

DOC. She can't be a day over nineteen.

NED (*laughing*). Doc, she's been married five times.

DOC. What?

NED. Fact. I'm Number Five. Haven't you seen her little girl?

DOC. Her what?

NED. Her little girl. Little Violet is about six years old.

DOC. I'd never have believed it.

NED. It was in all the papers. I don't know what mother will say. You know mother. When she gets an idea or takes a dislike to anybody, it's all off. And she doesn't like actresses and never believes in divorce. Oh, I'll have a lovely time when she learns I'm married to Violet.

DOC. And you want me to break the news?

NED. If you do, you'll be my friend for life.

DOC. Well, some one's got to do it, and I'm sure when she meets your wife she won't have any objection at all. You're a lucky boy, for your wife is one of the most charming girls I ever met.

NED. Tell that to mother; maybe it will interest her. Meet me down in the grill in twenty minutes and tell me how mother takes the news. How's the fishing in Lake Worth?

DOC. Never better. We'll get up a little picnic this afternoon; that is if your wife is well enough by that time.

NED. Oh, she'll be well enough. She practices physical culture all day long and she can swim like a mermaid. Now, Doc, break the news to mother and break it gently.

[*Exit, C. D.*

DOC. Married five times! That innocent little thing. No wonder she forgot who she was.

Enter EBEN., from L.

EBEN. Doctor, I've been looking every place for you. I looked in the rathskeller and in the grill and in the bar and I couldn't find you any place. Birdie wants you.

DOC. I'll go right up. By the way, Mr. O'Hare, how are you feeling to-day?

EBEN. (*groaning*). Oh, I'm a sick man, doctor, I'm an awfully sick man. Nobody knows how sick I am.

DOC. I'll have to make you up a new dose of bitters, and I'll tell your wife to give you cod liver oil five times a day.

EBEN. Cod liver your grandmother! I'm not that sick.

All I need is a little stimulant. Something like rock and rye. That's it, rock and rye and go awfully easy on the rock.

DOC. But we only give that for severe colds.

EBEN. Listen. (*Coughs.*) What do you call that? (*Coughs.*) I feel an awful cold coming on. Say, Doc, you tell my wife that I must have two or three quarts of rock and rye. It's the only thing to save my life. You fix it up, and go awfully easy on the rock.

DOC. Here, let me test your lungs. (*Adjusts stethoscope.*) Now, take a long breath.

EBEN. (*doing so*). How's that?

DOC. Now take seven or eight puffs. Like that. (EBEN. *does so.*) I believe you're as sound as a hickorynut.

EBEN. Oh, no, I'm not. I'm a sick man, an awfully sick man.

DOC. (*tapping his chest*). How does that feel?

EBEN. It hurts. What are you trying to do, murder me?

DOC. No, I'm only trying to convince you that you are as well as I am.

EBEN. It can't be done. I'm a regular walking hospital. If there's anything I've not got—well, I haven't heard of it yet.

Enter ARCH., L.

ARCH. (*paging*). Call for Mr. O'Hare. Call for Mr. O'Hare. Your wife wants you up in suite 16.

EBEN. You hear that, doctor? Now, you must be convinced that I am a sick man. If my wife suspects I am well, I'll never get another moment's peace.

ARCH. Is you Mr. O'Hare?

EBEN. Yes, I am.

ARCH. You wife says dat if you knows what's good for you, you'll come up to suite 16 in a hurry.

EBEN. Come on, doctor; when Birdie talks like that I'm sure she means what she says.

(Takes DOC.'s arm and hurries him to L.)

DOC. Wait a minute. Is Mrs. O'Hare able to stand a great shock?

EBEN. After being married to me for thirty years Birdie can stand anything.

DOC. Then I have news for you. About your son Edward.

EBEN. He's not injured, is he? He was in the wreck last night.

DOC. Oh, he's all right. He's married, that's all.

EBEN. Married? What will Birdie say?

DOC. Come along, we'll have to break the news gently.

[*Exit, L., with EBEN.*]

ARCH. Dat old lady sure has got some temper. Umm! She jes' 'bout drives dat old man plum distracted.

Enter OST., from C. D.

OST. Boy, come here.

ARCH. Yas, sah, I's here.

OST. I am looking for a young lady named Miss Betty Campbell. She's a moving-picture star. Is she registered here?

ARCH. No, sah. I ain't heerd ob no camels here; we's got an ostrich.

OST. Ostrich! Is it possible that my ex-wife, Violet Ostrich, is here?

ARCH. Yas, sah; I reckon it is. But I ain't heard nothin' 'bout no camels.

OST. Thank you. That will do, boy. (*Exit ARCH., C. D.*) Little Betty Campbell is evidently at the Breakers or the Poinciana. I'd better go and look her up. I want to read her the rest of my play.

Enter VIO., from R.

VIO. Ostrich!

OST. Violet!

VIO. You must have made a raise. What are you doing in Florida?

OST. I've written a play. A wonderful film-play, called "An Opium Dream." Let me show it to you.

VIO. Not me. My manager buys all my plays, and besides I'm on a vacation honeymoon and I've no time to listen to plays.

OST. Honeymoon? Violet Ostrich, have you been married again?

VIO. Yep. Yesterday morning, and he's the nicest man I ever married.

OST. But it's bigamy. The Rev. Hiram Gribble wasn't devoured by the cannibals at all.

VIO. (*startled*). What do you mean?

OST. Your last husband was shipwrecked on a desert island. He stayed there three months and then was picked up by a passing vessel and was sent home. I saw him last night in Jacksonville.

VIO. It isn't true. You're trying to blackmail me.

OST. I haven't asked you for anything, have I? I tell you it is true. I saw him myself. If you've married again you've committed bigamy. The Rev. Hiram is staying at the Planters' Hotel in Jacksonville.

VIO. What shall I do? What shall I do?

(Walks up and down excitedly.)

OST. You'd better take the noon train and go and see him yourself.

VIO. I haven't time. The noon train has left.

OST. Oh, no. It leaves in ten minutes. Shall I take you over to the station?

VIO. I'll do it. I'll see if Hiram still is alive. Oh, this is terrible! What will my husband say?

OST. Which husband?

VIO. Edward O'Hare. He's my latest.

OST. He isn't in the running. You forget the Rev. Hiram is still on earth.

VIO. I must see him.

OST. How's our little Violet?

VIO. Just lovely. And she still remembers her daddy.

OST. Oh, Violet, those were the happy days. Why did you ever leave me?

VIO. You had to choose between me and drink, and you chose drink. But I have to catch that train. (*Enter ARCH., c. d.*) Boy, tell Mr. O'Hare that his wife has gone to Jacksonville on business. Will be back on the next train.

OST. Hurry, we've just got time to reach the station.

[Exit, R., with VIO.]

ARCH. Lawdy, dat old man sure will be tickled to death when he learns his wife has gone anywhere. I wonder how come her to go to Jacksonville when she jes' sprained her ankle?

Enter BETTY, from L.

BETTY. Boy!

ARCH. Yas'm?

BETTY. Has there been any mail for me? I am Miss Ostrich!

ARCH. I'll ask in de office. [Exit, C. D.]

BETTY. I believe I am beginning to remember. I know I got on the train and somebody got off to get me some supper, and they didn't come back, and I waited and waited. Then all I remember is the crash. I think I'll go down to the office myself and see if I can remember anything by my correspondence. [Exit, C. D.]

Enter DOC., from L.

DOC. I've fixed things all right for Ned. His father and mother are perfectly charmed with his wife. Now if I can only restore her memory! I have a plan and my plans never fail.

Enter NED, from R.

NED. Doc, have you seen father and mother?

DOC. Sure. Everything is all right.

NED. You told them I'd married Violet Ostrich, the moving-picture star?

DOC. Sure. They had already met her. Your mother was completely charmed. Now there's only one thing yet to be done. We must restore her memory. And I'm just the man to do it.

NED. Restore whose memory? Mother's?

DOC. No, your wife's. You go in there (*pointing to R.*), and come out suddenly when I call you. The sudden shock will probably be just what she needs.

NED. But I don't understand —

DOC. It isn't necessary. Leave everything to me. I'll fix it all right. Go in there and wait. [Exit NED at R.]

Enter ARCH., from C. D.

ARCH. Here's the mail for Miss Ostrich.

DOC. She'll be here in a moment.

ARCH. Say, boss, there am a couple ob little girls down in de lobby who's got losted. Dey's crying fit to kill, and dey say dey belong to Miss Ostrich.

DOC. Good. Good. Very good. You get the children and stand out there (*pointing C. D.*), and come in when I call you. It will help restore her memory. I'll be back in a mo-

ment. Don't forget. Get the children and wait outside there till I call you. Then bring them in. [Exit, L.]

Enter BETTY, from C. D.

BETTY. Boy, did you get my mail?

ARCH. Yas'm. Here it is. Letters, papers and a telegram for Miss Violet Ostrich.

BETTY. Thank you. *(Gives him coin.)*

ARCH. Much obliged. Now I's goin' to get de children and stand right out dere until he calls me, then I'll bring dem in to you. Yas'm. I understands. [Exit, C. D.]

BETTY. Bills, bills, bills! From dressmakers, milliners, dry-goods, florists and shoemakers. Goodness, from the looks of this lot I've never paid a bill in my whole life. What's this? *(Opens letter.)* "Dear Violet—We are sending our wedding present on by express. Your wedding was glorious. We wish you many happy returns of the day. Signed, The Girls of the Quadrangle Moving Picture Company." My wedding present? Good Heavens, I'm a bride and I didn't know it. I wonder who my husband is!

Enter DOC., from L., supporting MRS. O'H., followed by EBEN.

DOC. *(at c., rubbing hands)*. Ah, ha, here she is!

BETTY *(at R.)*. Yes, here I am.

DOC. Everything is all right. If my system works out you'll remember everything in a few hours. Now, concentrate your mind!

BETTY *(making funny face)*. It's concentrated.

DOC. Now, remember you are Miss Violet Ostrich.

BETTY. And I'm on my honeymoon.

DOC. See, I told you so! You're beginning to remember things already. Yes, you're on your honeymoon. Your fifth!

BETTY. My fifth? Good Heavens, am I a Mormon?

DOC. Now, concentrate, concentrate!

BETTY *(as before)*. I'm concentrated.

DOC. Now, look at this lady. Who is she?

BETTY. Mrs. O'Hare.

DOC. Wonderful, wonderful! You know her. Everything is coming all right.

BETTY. I met her a few moments ago.

DOC. She is your mother.

BETTY. My mother?

DOC. In law.

EBEN. (*at L.*). And I am your father-in-law.

BETTY. You are?

DOC. See! She's beginning to remember. I'm restoring her memory to her. (*He leads BETTY to C.*) Now, concentrate!

BETTY. Again?

DOC. Of course; it's necessary.

BETTY. All right. Go ahead.

DOC. Do you remember your husband?

BETTY. I didn't know I had one until two minutes ago.

DOC. One? You've had several. Here, here is your husband!

(*Quick music.*)

Enter NED, from C. D.

NED (*down R.*). Pleased to see you.

BETTY. Am I married to that? I mean, to him?

DOC. We're getting on, we're getting on.

BETTY (*sinking in chair at C.*). You're getting on too fast for me.

DOC. Archie, bring in the children!

BETTY (*starting up*). The children?

Enter ARCH., from C. D., with LITTLE VIOLET.

DOC. Don't you recognize her?

(*Child goes to BETTY.*)

BETTY (*bewildered*). I don't know. I can't remember.

DOC. (*to ARCH.*). I thought you said there were two.

ARCH. Yes, sah, but de other one is —

(*All play rapidly until curtain.*)

DOC. Bring it in. Surely she will remember!

ARCH. Yes, sah, but it ain't —

DOC. Hurry up. Don't bandy words with me.

ARCH. Yas, sah.

[*Exit, C. D.*

DOC. Your memory is returning. See your father and mother-in-law. Your husband. Your little children!

Enter ARCH., from C. D., with DIAMOND.

ARCH. Here's de other one, boss.

(DIAMOND runs to BETTY.)

BETTY (*does not see her until she is taking her hand; suddenly looking at DIAMOND and screaming*). Ah! (*Faints.*)

DOC. Concentrate, concentrate!

ARCH. She's concentrated!

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as Act II. Time, afternoon. Lights on full throughout the act. Bright music takes up curtain.*

(*Discovered: BETTY seated R. C., with MRS. O'H. MISS C. seated down R. MRS. D. seated L. C., and DAF. down L. All drinking iced-tea or lemonade. LITTLE VIOLET and DIAMOND looking at a picture-book at BETTY'S feet.*)

MRS. D. I was just telling Daffy about your romantic experience, Mrs. O'Hare. (*Addresses BETTY.*) I think you ought to write a novel or something. Just imagine forgetting all about your past life. Awfully weird, isn't it, Daffy?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

MISS C. I think you ought to sue the railroad company for damages. They ought to give you fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

MRS. O'H. Nothing of the sort. We don't care to have our names dragged into the courts. And as you are my son's wife — By the way, my dear, where did you and Edward first meet?

BETTY. I don't know. I can't remember.

MRS. D. You ought to get hit real hard on the head, or be in an exploding automobile or something. Maybe that would restore your memory. Maybe if you were to be blown up by dynamite, or fall off of a high cliff you'd feel better.

BETTY. Probably I'd feel a great deal worse.

Enter PEARLIE, from C. D.

PEARLIE. Here, you chilluns, what you doin' here? It's time for your afternoon nap. Come along. (*Pause.*) Don't you hear me? Come on here, or I'll lam you hard.

[*Exit, C. D., with the children.*]

MRS. O'H. Violet, who was that person?

BETTY. I don't know. I don't think I ever saw her before.

MRS. D. Maybe she's a kidnapper! She had an awfully funny look about her.

MISS C. More likely she is the nurse.

MRS. O'H. I'll speak to my son about it. He can explain everything.

BETTY. I'm glad somebody can explain something.

MRS. D. Why don't you send a telegram to your people?

BETTY. I don't know whether I have any people or not. (*Rises.*) I think I'll find my husband and talk over the whole thing with him.

MRS. O'H. I'll go with you. (*Rises.*) Oh, my foot, my foot!

BETTY. Lean on me. (*Leads her to L.*)

MISS C. I hope you'll be able to clear up the whole mystery. I hate mysteries. We never have such things in North Georgia.

MRS. O'H. Don't you worry, Miss Chizzle. This young lady is my daughter-in-law, mystery or no mystery. And if I am satisfied, I don't see why you wouldn't be.

[*Exit, L., supported by BETTY.*]

MISS C. (*indignantly*). Well, I never! I don't believe she's his wife at all. I know if I were married and on my honeymoon, I'd have some recollection of it.

MRS. D. And so do I. The whole thing is very mysterious, isn't it, Daffy?

DAF. Yes, mamma.

MISS C. I think I'll go down on the piazza. It's so warm indoors.

MRS. D. Come along, Daffy. I saw a whole crowd of men down there just before lunch. And you look simply bewitching in that dress. Come along.

[*Exit, R.*]

DAF. Yes, mamma.

[*Exit, R.*]

MISS C. Thank Heavens, I'm not a man-hunter. We don't do things like that in North Georgia. Maybe that's the reason there are so many unmarried ladies in North Georgia. Wait, I'm coming.

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter NED, from C. D.

NED (*down C.*). I can't find Violet anywhere. She isn't in the hotel, and I'm sure she wouldn't have gone down-town without me. (*Enter ARCH., from R., with large bottle of medicine.*) Say, boy, have you seen anything of my wife?

ARCH. Yas, sah, I jes' saw you talking to her up-stairs.

NED. Oh, her! I don't mean *that* wife.

ARCH. (*putting bottle on table at R., turns to NED*). Say, boss, how many wives is you got?

NED. I mean my real wife. Tall, handsome, dark lady.

ARCH. No, sah, I isn't seen nothin' like dat. Dere's de medicine for your papa. Your mamma told me to bring it here.

NED. Thank you. And if you see my real wife tell her I'm waiting for her in here.

ARCH. Yas, sah. [Exit, c. D.]

Enter PEARLIE, from L.

NED. Pearlie, come here. Where is my wife?

PEARLIE. 'Deed and I don't know, boss. I's been huntin' for her all afternoon. I ain't seen her since dis mawnin'.

NED. And she wasn't in for lunch?

PEARLIE. No, sah. I jes' can't surmise what has become ob her. [Exit, c.]

(DOC. enters L., hurries across stage and tries to exit, R.)

NED (*dragging him back by coat-tails*). See here, you! I want an explanation of this thing. What's become of my wife?

DOC. I left her in there talking to your mother.

NED. That isn't my wife, and you know it.

DOC. What do you mean?

NED. I mean that something mysterious is going on here. My wife has disappeared and some impostor is trying to take her place. But I won't have it! I won't have any wife but Violet. (*Loudly.*) I want my wife!

DOC. Now, Ned, be calm, be calm. Don't get excited. Sit down.

NED (*loudly*). I won't sit down. What does all this mean? Who is that girl you're trying to palm off as my wife?

DOC. You're ill. Last night's accident must have injured you internally. Let me feel your pulse.

NED (*enraged*). Feel your own pulse. I want my wife. I want my Violet.

DOC. You'd better go to your room and lie down. This honeymoon is proving too much for you. You're nervous! You're all unstrung. (*Takes bottle from table.*) Here, take a couple of tablespoons of this. This will quiet your nerves. You're excited.

NED. I'm not. I'm mad. Why did you tell all those people that young girl was my wife? How can I ever explain to mother? How can I ever explain to Violet? And she says it's true. Why, I never saw her before in all my life.

DOC. Oh, Ned, Ned, you're in an awful state. Come up to your room.

NED. She says she is Violet Ostrich, but she isn't Violet Ostrich any more than I am. I ought to know. I'm married to Violet Ostrich.

DOC. You've forgotten whom you are married to. You're beginning to think you've never been married at all.

NED. I *am* married! I was married in Jacksonville yesterday morning.

DOC. Certainly, and your wife is in there talking to your mother.

NED (*loudly*). She isn't. That isn't my wife. My real wife has disappeared. This woman is posing as my wife and you are helping her. I'll have her arrested. I'll have you arrested. I'll have the whole bunch arrested.

DOC. There, there, Ned, what you need is a hypodermic.

(*Tries to take him.*)

NED. Don't you touch me. I'm not crazy. I want my wife.

Enter EBEN., from R.

EBEN. Beg pardon, but I'm looking for my wife.

Enter LIN, C. D.

LIN. Excuse me, gentlemen, I am looking for my wife!

DOC. The whole hotel is going crazy. I'm off.

EBEN. Where you going, Doc?

DOC. Going? I'm going to look for my wife.

(*Rushes off R.*)

EBEN. (*crossing to table*). Here's my medicine, and it's time for me to take it. But as long as Birdie isn't here, I think I'll postpone it for the present.

NED (*crossing to R.*). Back in a minute, father.

EBEN. (*at L.*). Where you going, Ned?

NED. I'm going to look for my wife.

EBEN. (*crossing to R. and yelling after him*). She's upstairs. I just saw her.

LIN (*coming down C.*). I beg your pardon, sir, but can you tell me if Mrs. Lin Leonard is stopping here?

EBEN. I think not. I don't recall the name.

LIN. Probably she registered under the name of Miss Betty Campbell.

EBEN. I don't think she is here. Say, if an elderly, excited-looking female with a sprained ankle comes in here, just tell her that I've taken my medicine and have gone for a little walk around the square. [Exit, R.]

Enter OST., C. D.

OST. Hello, Lin, glad to see you. (*Shakes hands.*)

LIN. What are you doing here?

OST. I'm looking for your wife.

LIN. And so am I.

OST. Aren't you here on your honeymoon?

LIN. Yes, I'm here, and the honeymoon's here, but I've lost my wife.

OST. She promised to look over my play. I've got it with me. (*Produces manuscript.*) It's a wonder, Lin, a marvel! It's called "An Opium Dream," and is in thirteen reels. Let me read it to you.

LIN. Haven't time. Have you seen anything of Betty?

OST. No. Isn't she with you?

LIN. She was, but I lost her.

OST. (*seeing bottle*). Excuse me! (*Goes to bottle; pours out drink in glass.*) Whenever a man loses his wife, he always takes a drink. Will you join me?

LIN. No!

OST. Regards. (*Drinks; makes awful face.*) What's that?

LIN. I think it's furniture polish.

OST. I'm poisoned.

LIN. It's cough medicine, that'll all.

OST. But where did you lose Betty?

LIN. At Jacksonville yesterday morning. I got off the train to order her some fruit and flowers. I stayed too long. The train pulled out and there I was in Jacksonville with my bride speeding on toward Palm Beach. She must have been in the wreck.

OST. No one was injured.

LIN. I'm losing time. She evidently isn't at this hotel. I must visit all the others. I'll call you up when I find her. Good-bye.

(*Exit, C. D., almost colliding with VIO., who enters C. D.*)

VIO. (*down R.*). Well, I must say!

OST. (*down L.*). Violet! You didn't go?

VIO. (*removing hat, etc.*). Of course I didn't. It was a lucky accident that saved me from that wild-goose chase you were sending me.

OST. But the Rev. Hiram Gribble is alive. I saw him yesterday.

VIO. I don't care if he is. I should worry.

OST. But it's bigamy.

VIO. Not at all. Just as I was getting on the train I received a telegram from my lawyers. The Rev. Hiram Gribble divorced me two weeks ago.

OST. Well, I didn't know that, did I?

VIO. Wasn't it lucky? It might have been embarrassing to have had two legal husbands at the same time, and I'm sure Ned wouldn't have appreciated it at all. Ned's my latest husband, you know.

Enter NED, from R.

NED. Violet! Where have you been? I've been looking for you for an hour.

VIO. Oh, I just strolled over to the station.

NED. I'm in a deuce of a hole.

VIO. (*coughing*). Ahem! Allow me to present one of my former husbands, Mr. Ostrich. E. Z., this is my present husband, Mr. O'Hare.

NED (*coldly*). Howdy do. Violet, I want to see you alone and right away.

VIO. Now, Ned, don't be silly, and please don't be jealous of Ostrich. He's perfectly harmless; just like Castoria.

NED. This is no time for jest. I am on the brink of a tragedy.

OST. A tragedy? That's just in my line. I've written one of the grandest tragedies ever concocted by the human pen. Let me read it to you. Sit down. It's a picture-play in thirteen reels. I call it "An Opium Dream." Listen. (*Reads.*) "Reel One, Scene One, A Rocky Pass in the Mountains——"

NED (*impatently*). I don't want to hear your tragedy. I've got a tragedy of my own.

OST. (*rising*). Oh, very well. But you're missing a wonderful treat.

NED. Get out. I want to talk to my wife.

OST. Oh, very well. But if you decide you want to hear it later, I am willing. (*Crosses to R.*) You'll find me down at the bar. [*Exit, R.*]

VIO. (*at C.*). Now, what's all the excitement about?

NED (*at L.*). It's about father and mother and a mysterious young lady.

VIO. Oh, ho! They've picked out a wife for you, have they?

NED. No, she picked me out herself. I can't understand head or tail of it, but she insists that she is Violet Ostrich and that she is my wife.

VIO. Absurd. She's crazy.

NED. Just what I thought, but she appears to be perfectly rational.

VIO. Then she's playing some game.

NED. I never saw her before, but she's made an awful hit with mother. Mother thinks she is my wife, and is just tickled to death.

VIO. (*enraged*). Let me see her. I'll expose this impostor. I'll show her who's your wife—I'll show her who is the real Violet Ostrich.

NED. Now, Violet—dear Violet—be calm. You must win over father and mother before they learn that you are my wife. I know you can do it. And then we will unmask this impostor together.

VIO. But what is she trying to gain? I have it! She's in love with you.

NED. Nonsense. She never saw me before.

VIO. It's a deep, dark mystery. I'll bet she's an adventuress.

NED (*looking L.*). Look, here comes father now. He's easy, Violet. Get him over to your side and leave all the rest to me. [*Exit, C. D.*]

VIO. I can't understand it at all. (*Looks L.*) But I don't think I'll have a very hard time with Ned's father. He looks easy. (*Goes to rear.*)

Enter EBEN., from L.

EBEN. I can't find Birdie anywhere. Probably she's gone out sailing. Well, thank Heaven for small blessings. Now I won't have to take any medicine.

Enter ARCH., from R.

ARCH. (*meeting EBEN. down c.*). Say, boss, you is Mr. O'Hare, isn't you?

EBEN. Yes, my name is O'Hare.

ARCH. I's got a message for you, boss. (*Looks around, draws EBEN. to R. C. and whispers.*) From a lady!

EBEN. What's that?

ARCH. A message from a lady.

EBEN. (*eagerly*). For me? From a lady? Is she an old lady with a crippled ankle?

ARCH. No, boss, she's a young lady. A good-looking young lady.

EBEN. There's a dollar for you. Now, who's the message from?

ARCH. Your wife.

EBEN. (*much disappointed*). My wife?

ARCH. Yas, sah; she say——

EBEN. Here. Give me back that dollar.

ARCH. De bank is closed, boss, and 'sides it's agin de rules.

EBEN. Well, what did my wife say? When she has anything to say to me, she generally says it. She don't send a messenger.

ARCH. She tell me to find Mr. O'Hare and tell him dat she's called to Jacksonville on important business. She done took de train.

EBEN. My wife gone to Jacksonville? My wife? (*Struts and sings.*) "My wife's gone to the country, hurray, hurray!" Here, boy, here's another dollar for you. Go down and get me a quart of their best Chianti, and get two bottles of extra dry. Quarts, mind you! (*ARCH. starts out.*) Wait a minute! Better get a couple of quarts of Old Crow, too. Have it all charged to Mr. Ebenezer O'Hare.

ARCH. Yes, sah.

[*Exit, R.*

EBEN. (*crossing to R., singing*). "My wife's gone to the country, hurray, hurray."

VIO. (*at rear*). Now to make an impression on my father-in-law. (*Crosses down to exit, R., drops handkerchief.*)

EBEN. Beg pardon, is this yours?

VIO. Oh, thank you. I wouldn't have lost that handkerchief for the world.

EBEN. Neither would I, neither would I!

VIO. It was given to me as a birthday present.

(*Sits on sofa at L. C.*)

EBEN. (*looking around, straightening up, marching over and sitting beside her*). You don't say.

VIO. Haven't we met before? I think we have (*pausing*) somewhere.

EBEN. I guess we have. I've often been there.

VIO. Why, I know you. You're Mr. O'Hare.

EBEN. Guilty. But my wife's gone to the country. I mean to Jacksonville.

Enter MRS. O'H., *from C. D.* *She watches them unobserved.*

VIO. What a dear, old lady your wife must be.

EBEN. Dear? Oh, yes, she's dear; nobody knows how dear but me.

VIO. Have you been here long?

EBEN. No, just came over to-day. Have you?

VIO. I came last night. I was in the accident.

EBEN. Then you haven't had an opportunity to look around the Beach much. How would you like to take a little stroll with me?

VIO. Oh, I couldn't.

EBEN. (*taking her hand*). Oh, come now.

(MRS. O'H. *comes down* L. C.)

MRS. O'H. Ebenezer!

EBEN. My wife! (*Slides from sofa to floor.*)

MRS. O'H. What does this mean? Who is this woman?

VIO. Excuse me. Pray don't allow me to interfere in domestic difficulties. [*Exit, L.*]

MRS. O'H. (*taking him by collar and banging him down on sofa*). Now, I am waiting for an explanation.

EBEN. I thought you were in Jacksonville.

MRS. O'H. What! (*Starts toward him.*)

EBEN. Don't, Birdie, don't. Remember, I'm a sick man.

MRS. O'H. You're a deceiver, a deep, dense, double-dyed deceiver.

EBEN. You weren't here, and I was just about to ask that young lady to assist me in taking my medicine.

MRS. O'H. Haven't you taken your medicine yet?

EBEN. Oh, yes. I took it. Indeed I did.

MRS. O'H. You did not.

Enter ARCH., *from R., with several bottles and champagne bucket containing two bottles.*

ARCH. Here she is, boss.

EBEN. (*making frantic signs to ARCH., unseen by his wife*). Here what is?

ARCH. All dat Old Crow and Chianti and champagne you ordered.

EBEN. You must have made a mistake. I never ordered anything like that. Why, the idea, it's preposterous.

MRS. O'H. You come to your room. I think I have something to say to you.

EBEN. But I didn't —

MRS. O'H. Silence! (*Takes his ear.*)

EBEN. Now, Birdie, remember, I'm a sick man.

MRS. O'H. I'll soon see how sick you are.

(*Leads him out at L.*)

ARCH. I'm a-goin' right down on ma bended knees and sing dat good old doxology, simply because I ain't a married man, and den I's goin' outside and drink up all dis yere booze.

Enter MAJ., from C. D., carrying satchel.

MAJ. Boy, I'm looking for Miss Betty Campbell.

ARCH. Ain't nobody here by dat name, boss.

MAJ. (*close to him*). I don't want any lying. I want facts. Facts! Understand? I know she's here in town. I know she's staying at some hotel. I know she's not at the other hotels. Consequently she must be here. That's logic. Understand?

ARCH. No, sah, I don't. All I understands is dat we ain't got no camels stopping here. Ain't no camels in dis yere whole town, 'ceptin' de Mystic Shrine.

MAJ. You can't bluff me. I'm Alexander Jartree from Wichita, Kansas, and when I set out to do a thing I generally do it. Just now I'm on the lookout for a certain Miss Betty Campbell. Maybe she's here under another name. Maybe she has got married, after all. Did any brides come in on last night's train?

ARCH. Yas, sah, Miss Violet Ostrich and her bridegroom done came in.

MAJ. Violet Ostrich, eh? That sounds suspicious. I'll just have a look at this Violet Ostrich. Ten to one it's Betty Campbell under an assumed name. She's trying to beat me out of thirty-five thousand dollars, is she? Trying to beat

Alexander Jartree? Boy, go down to the office and find out where Miss Violet Ostrich is. And hurry up. I'm a business man. Understand?

ARCH. Yes, sah, you say for me to hurry up.

MAJ. Well, do it.

ARCH. Yes, sah, I's hurryin', boss, I's a-hurryin'.

[*Exit*, R.]

BETTY (*heard outside L.*). But I don't understand.

NED (*outside L.*). But surely you can give me some explanation.

Enter BETTY and NED, from L., in argument.

BETTY. I don't remember. The doctor said I was Violet Ostrich, and if you are married to Violet Ostrich, why then you must be my husband.

NED. But you're not Violet Ostrich at all.

MAJ. (*coming c.*). Aha, at last I have found you.

BETTY (*innocently*). Were you looking for me?

MAJ. Looking for you? I came all the way from Wichita, Kansas, to Palm Beach in search of you.

BETTY. But I don't know you.

MAJ. Don't know me? I'm your guardian.

BETTY. I didn't know I had a guardian.

MAJ. I suppose you'll deny your own name, won't you?

BETTY. Certainly not. My name is Violet Ostrich. This gentleman is my husband.

MAJ. That won't go down with me. How long have you been married?

BETTY. I don't know.

MAJ. If you were not a married woman on the night of your nineteenth birthday, your grandfather's fortune comes to me, understand?

BETTY. No, I don't. And I think you are a rude, horrid old man. If you want to say anything else like that, you'll have to talk to my husband.

[*Exit*, L.]

MAJ. Her husband? Are you her husband?

NED. Well, er—you heard what she said.

MAJ. How long have you and my ward been married?

NED. How long? Why, I don't know. That is, I don't remember.

MAJ. I see it all. She isn't married at all. She's trying to bluff me. But I won't be bluffed, young man, I won't be bluffed. Understand? Now, I want the truth. You heard

her say her name was Violet Ostrich. Now, what in thunder does she mean by a violet ostrich? It's a wonder she didn't say it was a lavender sky-scraper or a bright red elephant.

NED. I only know what she said.

MAJ. But is she your wife?

NED. I am married to Violet Ostrich. Yes.

MAJ. I don't give a hang for your various tinted menagerie. What I want to know is whether you are married to my ward, Betty Campbell.

NED. Is that her name?

MAJ. Oh, so you don't know her name. Young man, unless you want to spend the night in jail for abduction and intent to defraud, you'll tell me the truth, the whole truth —

NED. And nothing but the truth. I will. I never saw that young lady before to-day. That lets me out. She isn't Violet Ostrich, and she isn't my wife. Now, if you have anything more to say, you'd better go to her and say it. That's all.

[*Exit, R.*

MAJ. I see it all. She's trying to pretend she's married in order to cheat me out of my thirty-five thousand dollars. Cheat me! Cheat Alexander Jartree! Absurd! Ridiculous!

Enter LIN, C. D.

LIN. I beg your pardon, but I am looking for a young lady, and I believe she is a guest at this hotel.

MAJ. Don't tell your troubles to me, I'm not a policeman.

LIN. I am looking for Miss Betty Campbell.

MAJ. You are? What do you want with her?

LIN. Have you seen her? She's here, then?

Enter NED and VIO., from R.

VIO. I insist on ending all this mystery. I'll confront this impostor face to face. I'll tell her that I am Violet Ostrich, and that I am your lawfully wedded wife.

MAJ. (*at L. C.*). Ah, ha, you seem to have a couple of wives, young man. I knew she was playing a game.

NED. Violet, be calm. Everything will all come out right.

VIO. Be calm? When another woman is claiming my husband? I won't be calm. I can't be calm. I'll have my rights, I'll have my name, I'll have my husband.

Enter EBEN. and MRS. O'H., from L.

MRS. O'H. (*seeing* VIO.). That woman here?

VIO. Woman! Madam, I am your son's wife.

MRS. O'H. His wife? You're crazy!

VIO. We were married yesterday morning in Jacksonville.

MRS. O'H. Nonsense. He is married to Violet Ostrich.

VIO. I know that. I am Violet Ostrich.

Enter BETTY and DOC., C. D.

MRS. O'H. Then who is this?

LIN (*down* L.). Betty! (*Rushes to her.*)

BETTY. Lin! (*Embrace.*) I remember, I remember!
This is my husband.

MRS. O'H. But you said you were married to my son.

DOC. And you said your name was Violet Ostrich.

BETTY. Nothing like it. My name is Betty Campbell. Or it was until my nineteenth birthday. At ten P. M. of that day I changed it to Betty Leonard. Oh, Lin, I was in a horrid accident.

DOC. She was struck on the head.

MRS. O'H. And she forgot everything about her past life.

EBEN. She didn't even know what her name was.

DOC. But I found her name on this hand-bag. It says Violet Ostrich.

VIO. Let me see. Why, it's an old bag that once belonged to me. I gave it to Phyllis Deere last Christmas.

LIN. That's the bag that Phyllis said I stole. Don't you remember?

BETTY. Of course. When I started on my honeymoon I was in a hurry. I grabbed up that bag and put my diamonds in it. That's how it all came about. That's why the doctor said my name was Violet Ostrich.

NED. And that's why you claimed me as your husband.

MAJ. But when were you married?

NED. Yes, when were you?

BETTY. The night of my nineteenth birthday.

LIN. And here's the papers to prove it. Our marriage certificate.

MAJ. Thunderation! Get out of my way. I'm going back to Wichita.

LIN. And you lose the thirty-five thousand. Understand?

MAJ. Bah! [*Exit, C. D., followed by* DOC.]

NED (*crossing to* MRS. O'H.). Mother, this is my real wife.
This is Violet Ostrich.

EBEN. Certainly. I knew she was my daughter-in-law all the time.

NED. Let's go to your room and talk it all over.

[*Exit with MRS. O'H.*

EBEN. We'll follow you, Birdie, my love.

[*Exit with VIO.*

LIN (*at c.*). See, Betty, what I brought you.

BETTY. White tea roses. Then that is why you missed the train?

LIN. Yes. But, take it from me, I'll never miss another train as long as I live. For in doing so I came near losing the greatest treasure of my life.

BETTY (*demurely*). What's that?

LIN. A little maiden named Betty. (*Embrace.*)

CURTAIN

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

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 THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; 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.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

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