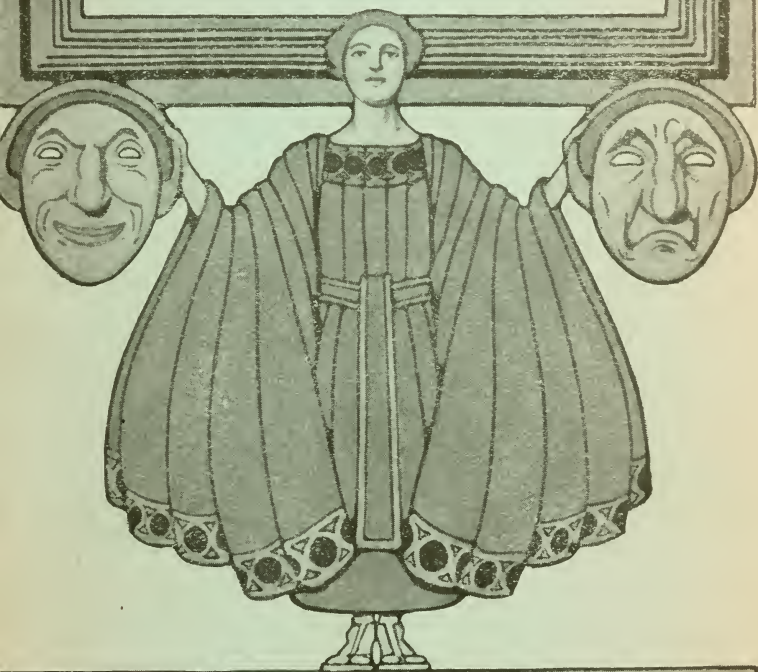


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Proposal Number Seven

Margaret C. Getchell



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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Proposal Number Seven

A Comedy in Two Acts

By

MARGARET C. GETCHELL



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1918

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Proposal Number Seven

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Proposal Number Seven

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DR. RANDOLPH MINER . *private doctor for Mrs. Stanton-Maynard*
 SEARS QUINHAM *of England*
 HENRY HOPKINS *an art student*
 ELEANOR MERRILL
 ISABELLE BURBANK *an art student*
 JANE ORR
 MARIE *Mrs. Stanton-Maynard's maid*
 DARIUS *a native of Maine*

TIME OF PLAYING.—One hour.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Some of Dr. Randolph Miner's friends fear that he is getting into the habit of proposing to every nice girl he meets. They decide that it is time to cure him. It is agreed that the girl who next receives an offer shall accept him and remain engaged for one week. Eleanor is the "lucky" one. "Oh, Randolph, I am so happy!" Congratulations. "You look hot, old man." A week later. Eleanor breaks the engagement and tells Randolph the reason. Randolph has really fallen in love with Eleanor, and tries to convince her. "Did you try that on the other girls?" Two young canoeists are in danger. Randolph and Darius to the rescue. Eleanor discovers that she cares for Randolph. "And I pretended not to believe him!" The canoeists are saved, and everything ends happily.

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COSTUMES

DR. RANDOLPH MINER. About twenty-six. Speaks with a slow, Southern drawl. Wears a summer outing suit, white flannel trousers, dark coat, etc., in both acts.

SEARS QUINHAM. Twenty-five. Has a strongly marked English accent, but is not dandified. Wears an outing suit of extreme English cut.

HENRY HOPKINS. About twenty-six. Inclined to be blasé and cynical. He affects the artistic in clothes; loose blouse, flowing black tie, etc.

ELEANOR MERRILL. About twenty-two. Attractive. Wears light summer dress in Acts I and II.

ISABELLE BURBANK. About twenty-three. Like Hopkins, she affects the artistic; wears cretonne blouse and tam-o'-shanter. She is rather languid and lackadaisical.

JANE ORR. About twenty. Wears white skirt and middy blouse in both acts. She is small, jolly and "a good 'sport."

MARIE. About twenty. Wears a plain black dress with white apron, cap with streamers, etc. She speaks with French accent, shrugs and gestures.

DARIUS. About thirty. Wears overalls, rough shirt, soft hat. A typical country man. He is very slow in his actions and drawls all his words.

PROPERTIES

ACT I

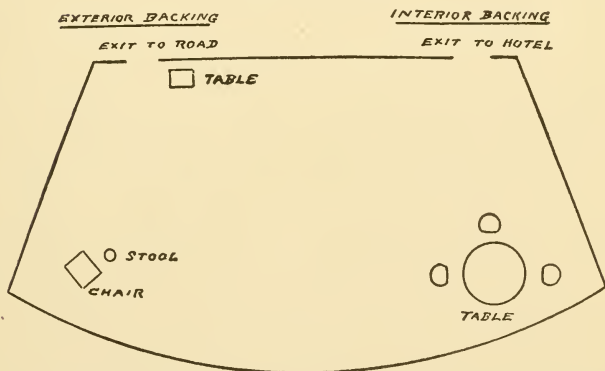
Six bottles of soft drinks. Six glasses.
Paint boxes, stools, umbrellas, large bottle of turpentine for Hopkins.
Paint rag for Isabelle.
Flower for Marie.
Trunk and small trunk for Darius.
Ring for Eleanor.

ACT II

Small bottle of turpentine and rag for Quinham.
Small jeweler's box for Miner.
Oars and bunch of daisies for Darius.
Bathrobe and rubbers for Quinham.

SCENE PLOT

ACTS I AND II



SCENE.—A hotel piazza. Wicker table and three chairs down L. Small table at exit up R., to road. Exit up L. to hotel. An easy chair down R. A small stool at L. of easy chair. Exterior backing at door up R. Interior backing at door up L. If exits in the rear drop are impracticable, they may be placed R. and L.

Proposal Number Seven

ACT I

SCENE.—*A hotel piazza.*

(*Discovered: ELEANOR sits at R. of table; JANE at R. QUINHAM stands behind it.*)

QUINHAM (*who talks with an English accent*). Theah! Six bottles and six glasses! Three for ourselves and three for our absent friends. When I asked at the post-office for soft drinks, they named over such a long list that I really was quite at a loss to know which to order. So I just said one of each until I had six.

JANE. Very clever idea!

QUINHAM. Yes, do you know, I thought so, too. Now, what will you have? (*Reading names on bottles.*) Sarsaparilla, birch beer, orange phosphate, ginger ale, moxie, and strawberry soda.

JANE. Something with a kick in it, if you are asking me.

QUINHAM (*puzzled*). I beg your pawdon? With a kick?

JANE. Yes,—such as ginger ale, for example.

QUINHAM. Oh, I see. Very well, ginger ale. (*Looking at bottles.*) Strawberry soda, moxie, ginger ale—here it is. (*Opens bottle, starts to pour it in glass, but stops suddenly, holding bottle and glass in mid-air, his eyes fixed on his sleeve.*) Oh, horrors!

GIRLS (*jumping up in alarm*). What's the matter?

QUINHAM. Look at that, will you?

ELEANOR (L. of QUINHAM). Isn't the ginger ale all right?

JANE (R. of QUINHAM). It isn't spoiled, is it?

QUINHAM (*at back of table*). No, on my sleeve. It's that beastly paint again!

(ELEANOR *leans over to look at outstretched arm*, JANE *stands on tiptoe and peeps over to see the other side.*)

JANE (*sitting down R. of table, in disgust*). Oh, is that all? I thought there was something wrong with the ginger ale.

QUINHAM (*coming down c., indignantly*). Is that all? Indeed you wouldn't speak so lightly of it if you had had three suits daubed with the bally stuff in three days. Now what can I do about it? At this rate I'll be reduced to a bathing suit by the time I have been here two weeks.

ELEANOR (*at L. of table, calmly*). I should suggest that the first thing would be to set down the ginger ale and the glass. Then we'll see if we can help you. I don't dare touch it until you do for fear of causing another accident.

QUINHAM. By Jove, that's a jolly good idea! (*Comes to table L. between JANE and ELEANOR, sets down bottle and glass.*) Now, ladies, proceed.

(*Holds out arm between them.*)

ELEANOR. Maybe it will rub off.

(*Starts to rub sleeve with her handkerchief.*)

JANE (*jumping up R. of table, giggling*). Let's try ginger ale. My aunt says that's a fine cure for sea-sickness so ——

(*Takes out colored handkerchief, pours ginger ale on it and goes to rubbing. Business of pulling arm from one to the other.*)

QUINHAM (*excitedly, trying to gesticulate; girls pull his arm down each time*). It's bad enough to find a summer resort so overrun with art students that you can't even sit down to look at the surf or the ocean without having some miserable painter squat in front of you and open his enormous sea-green umbrella between you and the ocean; but when, on top of that, you are haunted by the consciousness that you are sitting in a rainbow of paint, you know, I say, it's more than a man can be expected to endure!

JANE (*excitedly*). Oh, Mr. Quinham, I think it's getting lighter.

ELEANOR. No, it isn't, Jane. It's just getting a little dispersed.

QUINHAM. Red! Sunday it was blue, Monday green, to-day red. Now what do you suppose it will be to-morrow?

(*Enter HOPKINS and ISABELLE, up R., with paint boxes, stools, umbrellas, etc. HOPKINS carries a large bottle of turpentine. He dumps all the paraphernalia up R. and deposits the bottle of turpentine on the small table at the L. of the door. ISABELLE strolls down L. C. to JANE.*)

HOPKINS (*coming down L. C.*). Hello! Well, what the dickens — (*Girls stop.*)

QUINHAM (*at table*). Yes, it's all very well for you to say "what the dickens" now.

JANE (*down R. at table*). Yes, now, when the deed is done and repentance helps not.

ELEANOR (*L. of table*). If your ears burn, lay it to us.

HOPKINS (*L. C.*). Why, what's the matter?

QUINHAM. }

JANE. }

ELEANOR. }

Matter! Paint!

ISABELLE (*L. C.*). Oh, Hal, where is that bottle of turpentine I just bought? (*HOPKINS goes up R. to table, gets the turpentine, comes down L. C. He then goes back of table L. and gives it to her.*) You know,

young ladies, turpentine is generally considered superior to ginger ale as a paint remover.

(*She crowds in between JANE and QUINHAM. JANE pouts and goes to HOPKINS behind table L., takes paint rag and turpentine and pulls QUINHAM with her to C. and rubs his sleeve.*)

HOPKINS (*at back of table, has been reading labels on bottles*). We seem to have a pretty good collection; what will you have, girls?

(*ELEANOR and JANE sit at table; ELEANOR L., JANE R., and choose what they want; he pours it out. They talk together.*)

QUINHAM (*to ISABELLE, L. C.*). I know jolly little about painting, but do you know, Miss Burbank, there is one question that is perplexing me a good deal.

ISABELLE (*C.*). What is that?

QUINHAM. Well, you know, Sunday, when I got blue paint on my white flannels, I said to myself: "Why, there's the ocean, blue as can be—not to mention the sky—so that is really not surprising."

ISABELLE (*continuing to rub QUINHAM'S sleeve*). No, not at all.

QUINHAM. Then, Monday, it was green. Well, there are the trees and the grass, so that was perfectly natural.

ISABELLE. Perfectly.

QUINHAM. But to-day it's red. Now I should jolly well like to know, Miss Isabelle, what you do with this beastly red paint in a place that is full of nothing at all but ocean, trees and sand dunes.

ISABELLE (*laughing*). Why, Mr. Quinham, that is —

HOPKINS (*at back of table, interrupting*). Seems to me we are one man short. Quinham, where is the doc?

QUINHAM. I don't know, I'm sure.

JANE (*significantly*). Ask Eleanor.

ELEANOR (*L. of table*). I'm sure I don't know why you expect me to know where he is.

ISABELLE (*going up R., deposits bottle of turpentine on small table at L. of door. Comes down R. and sits in chair down R.*). Oh, don't you? How strange!

(QUINHAM *goes R. and stands at ISABELLE'S chair.*)

JANE (*R. of table*). You don't know, I presume, whether or not he is still in Ogunquit.

ISABELLE (*down R.*). Or he hasn't spoken to you for a week——

JANE. And of course he hasn't proposed.

ELEANOR (*indignantly*). Why, of course not.

ISABELLE. And why "of course not"?

QUINHAM (*looking admiringly at ELEANOR*). Yes, by Jove, I don't see any "why of course not" to that!

ELEANOR. Why, I've only known him for ten days.

JANE. But that doesn't make any difference to our young doctor.

ISABELLE. Remember, my dear, Dr. Randolph Miner is a Southerner.

JANE. And Southerners propose when a Northerner would give you a box of candy or tell you your new hat was becoming.

HOPKINS. Miner is an awfully good sort of fellow. You girls are getting the wrong impression of him if you think he is nothing but a fusser.

ISABELLE. Oh, we don't think so at all. We all like him tremendously. We know he doesn't mean anything, but some day some little simp of a Northern girl may not understand and may take him seriously.

JANE. It would give him a good lesson if she did take him seriously and accept him.

QUINHAM (*struck with a sudden idea, comes down c.*). Oh, I say, ha! ha! I say, I've got a perfectly ripping scheme!

JANE (*rising and coming down c. to QUINHAM*). Have you? What is it?

QUINHAM (*c.*). Why, for the next girl he proposes to to accept him,—not seriously, but just as a lesson, don't you know?

JANE (L. C.). I'm game, if I'm the one.

ISABELLE (*rising and coming down R. C. to QUINHAM*). I'd just as soon do it; just for a week, say.

HOPKINS. Fine! How about you, Miss Merrill?

ELEANOR (L. of table). Well, I don't know —

QUINHAM (C.). Come, I thought all American girls were good sports.

JANE (L. C.). It just shows that you expect him to propose in the very immediate future.

ELEANOR (*indignant*). It shows nothing of the kind. To prove it I agree.

(*Rises and comes down L. C. to JANE.*)

ALL. Good for you! Hoorah! Bully! etc.

JANE (L. C.). Shake on it.

(*The three grasp hands center stage. QUINHAM raises his hands and appears to bless them. The position afterward is from R. to L., ISABELLE, QUINHAM, JANE, ELEANOR, HOPKINS.*)

ISABELLE (R. C.). For a week.

(*QUINHAM goes to HOPKINS, back of table L.*)

ELEANOR (*crossing down R.*). That wouldn't be bad.

JANE (L. C.). And he proposes so charmingly.

ISABELLE. Yes, doesn't he?

QUINHAM. } How do you know?
HOPKINS. }

ELEANOR (*down R.*). Yes, how do you know? Jane, has he? (JANE *nods yes.*) Isabelle, has he? (ISABELLE *nods yes.*) And to how many others has he proposed, may I ask?

ISABELLE (R. C.). I think to Helen Jenks in June.

JANE (L. C.). And I know to Dorothea Gage in July.

HOPKINS (*at back of table L.*). Is that all?

JANE. So far as I know.

ISABELLE. I think so. He hasn't been attentive to any one else in particular.

ELEANOR (*sitting in chair down R.*). Is that all? Well, I should hope so. Four this summer, and it's only August. It looks as though I were in for it.

HOPKINS. Do you want to withdraw?

ELEANOR (*down R.*). Indeed I don't. You are right; he needs a lesson in Northern customs. I'll go one further than I bargained to. I'll not only accept him *if* he proposes; I'll see to it he *does* propose.

QUINHAM (*to HOPKINS*). There, didn't I say American girls were jolly good sports?

ELEANOR. Where is he now?

HOPKINS. Up with the old lady, probably.

QUINHAM. I say, she does keep him deucedly tied down, doesn't she?

JANE (L. C.). Well, she is his job.

HOPKINS (*going up stage*). Silence! The hour is at hand! The victim draws near!

(ISABELLE and JANE go L. to QUINHAM. *All try to appear natural.*)

QUINHAM (*sniffing his coat sleeve*). Jolly good stuff, that turpentine!

ISABELLE. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a little bottle of it —

QUINHAM. Do you mean so small that I can carry it around in my pocket? Oh, I say, Miss Burbank —

(*Enter MINER, up L.*)

MINER (*at door up L., speaking with a Southern drawl and accent*). The whole sextet here but me. I'm mighty sorry I couldn't come sooner. (*Goes R. and picks up canvas.*) How are the masterpieces coming?

HOPKINS (*up L.*). Ask Quinham. He has the most to say about painting to-day. But in the meantime what will you have?

JANE (*sitting L. of table*). There's nothing left but strawberry soda.

ELEANOR (R.). And that isn't very good.

QUINHAM. It's too suggestive of that beastly red paint to be pleasant.

(*All laugh. ISABELLE goes up c.*)

MINER (*coming down c.*). As I don't know the joke about the red paint, I reckon it won't hurt me.

(*QUINHAM gives it to him.*)

HOPKINS (*going up c. to ISABELLE*). We're sorry to leave so soon after you come, Miner, but Isabelle and I are going to take our revenge on Mr. Quinham and Miss Orr for our tennis of yesterday.

(*JANE rises and crosses up R. to small table.*)

MINER (*at R. of table*). Don't wait for me. I'd like to watch, but I have to stay within call of Mrs. Stanton-Maynard. (*Looks across at ELEANOR.*) You are not going, are you, Miss Merrill?

ELEANOR (*R.*). No, I think not. I have just taken a pretty long walk and I'm tired.

(*The others exchange glances, winks, etc.*)

MINER. I'm sorry you are tired, but it's an ill wind, you know.

JANE (*picking up bottle from small table up R.*). Here, Mr. Quinham, you carry the turpentine bottle.

QUINHAM (*going up R. to her*). That's awfully good of you, Miss Orr. Do you know, for the first time in my life I feel I am acquiring a strong affection for the bottle. Ha! Ha!

MINER. Here's luck to you all!

ALL. Thank you, good-bye, etc.

(*Exit all but ELEANOR and MINER. A slight pause.*)

ELEANOR *sits down L.* MINER *drinks some strawberry soda.*)

ELEANOR (*languidly*). How is Mrs. Stanton-Maynard to-day?

MINER (*at table, holding glass to light and scrutinizing it*). Fairly comfortable, but not so well as I hoped she would be by this time.

ELEANOR. Tell me, Dr. Miner, how did you happen to come up here with her?

MINER (*placing glass on table and crossing R. to ELEANOR*). Why, you see, I had finished my term at the hospital in June and was ready to start in practicing for myself, but it seemed a bad time, particularly in the South, where almost every one goes away. So when Mrs. Stanton-Maynard decided to try the Northern sea air, bringing with her her own physician so as not to rely on summer resort doctors, her doctor very kindly suggested me.

ELEANOR (*looking up at him*). Then you have been here ever since June? It's been quite a long summer.

MINER. It certainly has been. Not of course that I haven't enjoyed it. It has been my first trip North and I've found the people and the place charming; but it's been a good deal of responsibility, too.

(*Enter MARIE, up L.*)

MARIE (*at door*). Pardon, but madame weeshes to zee monsieur le docteur for a meenute.

MINER. Oh, I'm sorry; but I'll be back in a few minutes. You'll wait, won't you, Miss Merrill?

ELEANOR. Certainly.

(*Exit MINER, up L.*)

MARIE (*coming down L., breathing deep*). Eet ees glorious out here, ees eet not, mademoiselle?

ELEANOR. You are fond of the outdoors, aren't you, Marie? I notice you always wear a wild flower.

MARIE. Yees, yees, mademoiselle. I love the open air. I love the sea, and the saltness, and the smell of the feesh. You think it strange—is it not so?—that I love the smell of the fish and of the mud flats. But you see I live in the country myself when I was one leetle girl.

ELEANOR (*down R.*). And now you live in the city?

MARIE (*L. C.*). Yees, until I come with madame,—

in New York. Perhaps I ought not to wear me a flower, because I am a lady's maid; but madame has not told me and until she tell me, I wear it.

ELEANOR. I should think she would be glad to see the bright flowers.

MARIE. Madame does not care for anything that should be cheerful.

ELEANOR. Do you stay with her all the time?

MARIE. Oh, no, I go often to walk. And I meet some of the people who live in the little fishing houses over there. I like them, those fisher people. They are so good, so kind,—but too so bashful.

(Enter DARIUS, up R., wheeling in trunk. He sees MARIE, sets down trunk, and looks at her awkwardly a minute before he has courage enough to speak to her.)

DARIUS *(at door up R.)*. Marie!

MARIE *(running delightedly toward him)*. Oh, Darius, did you call me?

DARIUS. I sho' did. *(Pause.)*

MARIE *(up R.)*. Did—did you want something?

DARIUS *(at door)*. Wal, I jest thought I'd pass the time o' day with yer.

MARIE. Oh, yes.

(After another pause during which DARIUS tries in vain to think of something to say, he picks up his truck and goes on. On reaching the door up L. he stops and calls.)

DARIUS. Marie!

MARIE *(going to him)*. Yes?

DARIUS. Would you jes' as soon open the door for me so's I c'n —

(MARIE has opened the door and they go out together up L. ELEANOR thoughtfully inspects her left hand, which is unusually pretty. She takes off a large seal ring and puts it on the other hand. She seems satis-

fied with her inspection, leans back languidly with her eyes half shut. Enter MINER, up L.)

MINER (*coming down R. to ELEANOR*). You look mighty happy.

ELEANOR. I am, perfectly. Who wouldn't be with such a day, and such a sky, and such luscious air?

MINER. Shall I spoil it if I stay?

ELEANOR. Oh, no, indeed; do sit down.

(MINER *draws stool to left of her and sits.*)

MINER. I believe I have found a cure for Mrs. Stanton-Maynard, if she would only try it. But she won't.

ELEANOR. What is it?

MINER. I would bring her down on this piazza and give her for tonic the sea and sky and a long look at the ocean and a deep breath of this air and above all let her have a chance to sit here by you.

ELEANOR (*languidly*). What good could that do?

MINER (R. C.). What good could that do? To sit beside a young, beautiful, happy girl like you? How could any one sit beside you without getting a whiff of your joyous enthusiasm?

ELEANOR. Even you?

(*Lets her left hand fall over arm of chair.*)

MINER. Why, I am quite carried off my feet by it. (*Takes her hand and looks at it, languidly.*) Your hand has your charm.

ELEANOR (*softly*). Yes?

MINER (*still looking at it*). It is very beautiful. Am I the first who ever told you that?

ELEANOR. I have had other compliments about my hand.

MINER. How I wish I could call it mine.

ELEANOR (*eagerly*). You mean?

MINER (*fervently*). There is only one thing I could mean,—that you were mine,—your hand and—you.

ELEANOR (*suddenly no longer languid, but ecstatic*). Oh, Randolph, I am so happy!

MINER (*dropping her hand in amazement*). What?

ELEANOR (*leaning forward and talking excitedly as if unaware of his embarrassment*). Yes, you see, I didn't know; all the time I have kept wondering if it could really be true, that you could care for me after such a short time. It seemed so wonderful, it was more like a romance than life.

MINER (*dazed*). Yes—yes—much more like a romance.

ELEANOR (*rushing on*). But now I know that it isn't a romance, that it is the blessed truth and we are really engaged, aren't we—dear?

MINER (*swallowing hard*). We're really—yes, we're really engaged.

ELEANOR (*with a deep sigh*). Isn't it wonderful?

MINER. Yes, it is—it is—(*mopping his forehead*) wonderful!

ELEANOR. And then, too, I had heard that Southern men were much more attentive without meaning anything than Northerners, and so I couldn't feel sure,—of course I was almost, but not quite sure—that you weren't like the rest. It is such a relief to know that you really do care.

MINER. Yes, isn't it—a relief! (*Pause.*) I am so relieved. (*Pause.*) Miss Mer—Eleanor—dear, wouldn't you like something cool to drink? It is so very warm. (*Rises and mops forehead. Walks L. Pause.*) Er—don't you think it is warm?

ELEANOR (*with pretended astonishment*). Why, Randolph, how can you think of the weather at such a time?

MINER. That's so. That wasn't proper, was it? (*Tries to laugh.*) You see—why, you see, I'm so happy I don't know what I am saying, I don't know what is proper. (*Goes R. and stands beside her.*) You see I have never been accepted,—that is I have never been engaged before.

ELEANOR. Why, Randolph, I should hope not!

(Pause. MINER stands awkwardly looking at her. Then his face lights as with an idea.)

MINER. I know—the next thing is—to kiss each other—as a seal to the bond—you know.

(Leans over to do it.)

ELEANOR (*pushing him back*). Oh, no.

MINER. But why not? We're engaged, aren't we?

ELEANOR. Yes.

MINER. Well, then we've got to come to it sooner or later.

ELEANOR (*embarrassed in her turn*). Yes, but I'd rather not,—not yet; you see, I'd rather wait because—well, because I don't want everything to come at once. It's so glorious, just being engaged, isn't it?

MINER (*mournfully*). Yes,—glorious.

ELEANOR. So let's leave the rest until,—well until a week, say.

(MINER paces nervously up and down the piazza. Pause.)

MINER (*stopping c.*). You —

ELEANOR. Yes?

MINER. You don't mind my not talking, do you, Miss Mer—er—dear? I—I'm—to tell you the truth, I'm too happy to talk. (*Goes on pacing. Looks off up r.; sees QUINHAM. Looks at ELEANOR, who is apparently unconcerned, then in despair calls to QUINHAM.*) Oh, Quinham, Quinham, how did you come out?

QUINHAM (*off up r.*). We won.

MINER (*going down l.*). Come tell us about it. (*To ELEANOR.*) I'm awfully anxious to hear about those doubles, aren't you, Eleanor?

ELEANOR (*shrugging her shoulders*). Not especially.

MINER (*contritely*). Oh, I'm sorry. Really I am. I'll tell them not to come, or—or we can go off that way before they get here. (*Starts toward door r.*)

ELEANOR. No, never mind.

(*Enter, up R., QUINHAM, JANE, ISABELLE and HOPKINS. ELEANOR sits down R., gazing off into space. MINER stands down L. ISABELLE and HOPKINS come down L. C.*)

QUINHAM (*to JANE*). There isn't the slightest doubt, Miss Orr, as to what won that last set. (*They come down R. C.*) It was your net game. It's perfectly ripping, don't you know? (*To ELEANOR.*) Don't you think so, Miss Merrill?

ELEANOR (*coming back with a start*). Yes—no. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Quinham. Were you speaking to me?

JANE (*R. C.*). What's the matter with you two, anyway? You both look as if you were miles away. Is anything wrong?

ELEANOR (*rising*). Wrong? Oh, no indeed. I'm just too happy to talk. Randolph, shall we tell them?

MINER (*starting violently*). Heavens, no! (*ELEANOR starts as if shocked. Others try to conceal laughter. MINER crosses R. to ELEANOR.*) Of course I didn't mean—only—only—well, I'm so mighty happy, you know, I don't know what I'm saying.

ELEANOR (*down R.*). Then why shouldn't we tell them?

MINER. Don't you think we'd better wait—just a little, you know, till we get a little accustomed to it ourselves?

ELEANOR (*protesting*). But I'm so happy, it seems almost selfish to keep all the joy to ourselves; it seems as though we ought to share it. And they wouldn't tell any one.

MINER (*flustered*). But just wait a little while.

ELEANOR (*resignedly*). Very well, dear, just as you wish. But I am afraid they have guessed it already.

(*MINER looks back at four who are talking excitedly in couples.*)

MINER (*resignedly*). I'm afraid they have. All right, tell them. (*Crosses L.*)

ELEANOR. Well, we have decided to tell you.

ALL. Good!

ELEANOR. But you mustn't tell a single soul.

ALL (*speaking seriously and shaking heads*). No, we won't.

ELEANOR (R.). Now I've gone that far, you go on.

MINER (L.). I?—Oh, no, you finish. You—you do it—so well.

JANE (R. C.). Oh, please, Dr. Miner, what is it?

ISABELLE (L. C.). We're pining to hear it.

HOPKINS (L. C.). Out with it.

MINER. Well, it is this. We—that is, Eleanor and I——

ALL (*eagerly*). Yes?

MINER (*after looking in vain to them for help*). The fact is—we are—we are—engaged.

(*All seem overwhelmed with astonishment.*)

JANE. You mean——

QUINHAM. That you and Miss Merrill are going to be married.

MINER (*startled*). Married?

ALL. Yes, married.

HOPKINS. Come to, man; doesn't being engaged generally mean you are going to be married?

MINER (*dumbfounded*). I hadn't thought of that.

ALL. What?

MINER. Why—er—you see, thinking of being engaged is—enough happiness for one day—without—a—thinking of being married.

JANE (*to ELEANOR*). Then is it really true, Eleanor?

(*ELEANOR, too happy to speak, nods yes. All begin to talk at once. The two men grasp MINER'S hands and slap him on the back. The girls kiss ELEANOR and talk to her, keeping an eye always on MINER, who is miserable in the realization that his case is getting more and more hopeless.*)

HOPKINS. Well, doc, here's my hand. She is one

of the finest girls I ever knew, and you certainly are a lucky dog, etc., etc.

QUINHAM. I say, old chap, congratulations. She's a ripping fine girl and you're a jolly lucky man to have her, etc., etc.

JANE. Oh, Eleanor, it's just dandy. He is perfectly splendid and won't it be great to live in the South, etc., etc.

ISABELLE. It's lovely, Eleanor. I don't know when I have heard anything that has pleased me so much, etc., etc.

JANE (*crossing L. to MINER*). But I haven't congratulated you, Dr. Miner, and you certainly are to be congratulated. She is one big peach.

(*Men cross to ELEANOR.*)

ISABELLE (*crossing L. to MINER*). Yes, she is, Dr. Miner, and the best of it all is that you are so wonderfully suited to each other. To think that you should have discovered it so soon!

MINER (*mopping his forehead*). Yes—yes—wonderful, wasn't it, wonderful!

(*Looks furtively at bottles and glasses.*)

HOPKINS (R. C.). You look hot, doc.

MINER (L.). I am. You see, it's quite a nerve strain to propose. There is the uncertainty and—and the risk. (*Fervently.*) I just tell you, boys, it's a risky thing to propose.

JANE (L. C.). Risky?

HOPKINS. Yes, explain yourself there.

MINER (L.). Why, yes. Suppose—suppose—why suppose she should reject you! What a terrible thing that would be!

QUINHAM (*down R. by ELEANOR*). By Jove, it would be deuced awkward! Do you know, I never thought of that. I almost proposed myself once, but I'll consider it more carefully before I ever get so near it again.

MINER. Once?

QUINHAM. Now you don't mean to imply you think I may have come near it more than once, do you? Why, man, I'm only twenty-five.

HOPKINS. I should hope not. No man ought to consider matrimony seriously until he is well established in his career.

MINER. But to propose—well, you Northerners do do a vast deal of considering.

ELEANOR. Why, Randolph, you don't mean that you have really proposed to any other girl.

ISABELLE (L. C., *looking at MINER*). Oh, no.

JANE (R. C., *doing the same*). Oh, dear, no.

MINER. Oh, of course I didn't mean that—but—
er——

ISABELLE (*reproachfully*). Why, Eleanor, one would think you were actually accusing him of it.

JANE. And so soon too.

ELEANOR (*running over to MINER, L., and speaking in a propitiatory voice*). Oh, dear, no, I didn't mean to do that at all. I'm so sorry, Randolph. You'll forgive me, won't you? (*MINER hesitates awkwardly.*) Say you'll forgive me.

MINER. Why of course, my dear, I'll forgive you.

HOPKINS (*in a relieved tone*). Then everybody's happy again.

MINER (*with an effort*). Yes, everybody's happy.

QUINHAM (*looking at MINER*). Yes, everybody's happy, deucedly happy!

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. Time: One week later.*

(*Discovered: ELEANOR and MINER coming on up R., evidently returning from a walk. They are both bareheaded.*)

ELEANOR (*coming down R.*). That was a glorious walk. I wish the wind always blew this way, don't you?

MINER (*following her*). Eleanor, what's the matter? I never saw you so impersonal as you are this afternoon. You seem to try to keep me talking about nothing but the weather and the scenery. (ELEANOR *turns suddenly and walks D. C.* MINER *stands D. R.*) Do you know, we've been engaged a week to-day?

ELEANOR (*down c., quietly*). Yes, I know it.

MINER (*going to her*). And you've never let me —

(*Starts to take her in his arms and to lean over as if to kiss her.*)

ELEANOR (*drawing away*). You never asked me before.

MINER. You asked me not to; but I am not going to wait any longer.

ELEANOR. You never wanted to before.

MINER. I do now.

ELEANOR (*turning to him eagerly*). Do you really? (*She lets him take her in his arms. He leans over and is just going to kiss her, when she pushes him back. Goes L., excitedly.*) No, no, you mustn't.

MINER (c.). Eleanor, what do you mean—I mustn't?

ELEANOR (*speaking with an effort*). I mean—we have been engaged a week to-day and I—break the engagement.

MINER (*c., amazed*). You—break—the—engagement!

ELEANOR. Yes. (*Sits L. of table.*) Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. (*MINER crosses L. and sits R. of table.*) When you proposed did you mean it?

MINER (*embarrassed*). Why, I——

ELEANOR (*relentlessly*). Did you?

MINER (*yielding*). Well, no, I did not.

ELEANOR. Neither did I when I accepted you.

MINER. But why did you accept me then?

ELEANOR. Why did you propose?

MINER. Why, I—well, I have been wondering about that a good deal this week. Evidently you-all in the North have a different attitude about proposing from ours. Every one at home does it to—why, to be polite, you know.

ELEANOR. That is why I accepted you—(*mimicking him*) to be polite, you know.

MINER (*after a pause*). May I ask if there was any further—motive?

ELEANOR. Why, yes. They were talking about you that day and your habit of proposing on a few days' acquaintance. Some one said it would be too bad if some little simp of a Northern girl should take you seriously. Quinham suggested that the first one you proposed to should act the little simp and accept you.

MINER (*slowly*). I see. Sort of a little moral lesson. And you happened to be the first?

ELEANOR. I happened to be the next. It came out afterward that Jane and Isabelle had already had that honor.

MINER. That's so, they had. (*Pause.*) Well, I have had my lesson; the next thing is to take the joke in the sporting spirit in which it was meant.

ELEANOR. Tell me one thing. Would you have gone ahead and married me if you had continued to think I really cared?

MINER. It certainly was the only honorable thing to do. Think how humiliating it would have been for you if I had told you the truth.

ELEANOR. A Northern man would not have done it.

MINER. Oh, yes, he would.

ELEANOR. Oh, no, he wouldn't. He would never have married a girl he didn't care for because she had fallen desperately in love with him and had taken his flippant proposal seriously. What's more, you would have carried out your resolution to make me happy if it had ruined your life. I see, we misunderstood your Southern gallantry. I'm sorry I played with you as I did.

MINER. It's a lesson I needed, no doubt.

ELEANOR. But it wasn't my business to give it to you.

MINER (*laughing*). I certainly must have cut a silly figure when they congratulated me.

ELEANOR (*laughing*). You certainly did.

(*Voices outside.*)

MINER (*rising*). Now to show that I can take a joke.

ELEANOR (*rising*). Allow me to be the first to congratulate you, Dr. Miner, on your release.

MINER. Thank you, Miss Merrill. (*He takes the hand she jokingly offers him across the table and answers in the same way. She starts to draw away, but he grasps it, holding her toward him, looking down into her eyes and speaking entreatingly.*) Eleanor!

(*Enter QUINHAM, HOPKINS, JANE and ISABELLE, up R.*)

QUINHAM (*coming down R.*). Deah me, are we interrupting the fiancées?

ELEANOR (*R. of table, drawing away*). Fiancées no longer. Randolph, shall we tell them?

MINER (*L. of table, imitating his former tone*). Heavens no! (*All laugh.*) Don't you think we'd

better wait a little while? Something might happen, you know, dear.

ELEANOR (*stiffly*). Dr. Miner!

MINER. Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Merrill. You know really,—you must excuse me—but I'm so happy,—and it takes some little time to become accustomed to calling you Miss Merrill. But we'll tell them if you wish to.

ELEANOR. Well, then, I've broken the engagement.

ISABELLE (*coming down R.*). Eleanor, how could you? It will break his heart.

HOPKINS (*following her*). Are congratulations in order?

ELEANOR (L. C.). Of course, congratulate him.

MINER (*crossing to C.*). I think I ought to congratulate you-all on the success of your joke. It's a right good joke. There is only one trouble with it.

HOPKINS (D. R.). What is that?

MINER (C.). The joke isn't on me.

QUINHAM (R.). Do you know, I thought of that myself.

JANE (L. C.). Why, how is that?

MINER. You put your heads and your New England consciences together (excuse me, Quinham) to teach me a little moral lesson. And how do you teach that lesson? By inflicting upon me a week's engagement with Miss Merrill,—a week of walking, boating, bathing, riding, playing tennis, and dancing with the most—with one of the three most charming girls in Ogunquit. Now I ask you, would even a sure-enough New England conscience call that a hardship?

ALL. No.

MINER. Well, then, on whom is the joke? Certainly not on me.

QUINHAM (*rushing up to MINER, C., and speaking with pretended alarm*). Oh, doctor, doctor, what have you done?

MINER (*alarmed*). Why, what's the matter?

QUINHAM. Where have you been this afternoon?

MINER. To walk with Miss Merrill.

QUINHAM. And do you mean to say you have

been in Ogunquit all summer and have not learned yet that when you walk you must keep walking, and not lean up against trees or sit on rocks?

MINER. And what harm?

QUINHAM. What harm? Why, you have that beastly paint all over the side of your coat!

(All laugh, crowd together and examine coat.)

MINER (C.). Oh, it will come off in the wash.

QUINHAM (R. C.). Oh, but it won't. It takes turpentine. *(Takes from vest pocket a small bottle, almost empty, and a neatly folded, dirty paint rag.)* Here, I'll have it off for you in a jiffy. Miss Burbank, will you kindly hold the bottle *(hands bottle to ISABELLE)*, and Miss Orr, the cork *(hands cork to JANE)*, and I will apply the solvent.

(Amused, they do as bid; QUINHAM cleans coat; HOPKINS picks up pad and pencil and sketches them, down R. ELEANOR crosses to him and looks over his shoulder.)

ISABELLE (R. C.). This bottle is almost empty again. How do you ever use up so much turpentine? And you need a new cloth. That one is dirty.

QUINHAM *(rubbing MINER'S coat energetically)*. Well, you see, I was wearing out all my clothes rubbing off paint, so now I take my bottle along and just rub the moist spots off the rocks before I sit down.

JANE (L. C.). Good heavens, you don't mean to say you are trying to clean up the rocks of Ogunquit!

QUINHAM. It's really quite the simplest way. I tried carrying a pillow with me but it was a beastly nuisance, and then I'd forget to always put the painty side down, so it was really worse than the rocks themselves. *(Sees HOPKINS.)* I say, Hopkins, what is the budding artist doing now?

HOPKINS *(down R.)*. The budding artist is making a homely little sketch for the *Ogunquit Sentinel* entitled "Sears Quinham, D. T., doctor of turpentine."

(All laugh.)

QUINHAM. There, it is done. (*Folds cloth, takes bottle from ISABELLE, cork from JANE, with much ceremony, and puts the bottle back in his pocket.*)
By Jove, I have another scheme.

HOPKINS (*down R.*). Is it ripping this time?

QUINHAM. Yes, perfectly.

MINER (*C.*). Am I the goat?

QUINHAM (*R. C.*). No, I am.

JANE (*L. C.*). Impossible!

ELEANOR (*R.*). What is it?

QUINHAM. Do you all agree to it?

JANE (*L. C.*). Not until we've heard it.

QUINHAM. Oh, I say, agree first.

ISABELLE. A trifle risky.

QUINHAM. Well, then, it's this: You all say to yourselves: "There's that English Johnnie, Sears Quinham, he's a conceited ass——"

ISABELLE. Oh, no.

QUINHAM. Oh, yes, you do. You think all Englishmen are conceited asses because we pronounce our final consonants. Now, then, you say: "He is so conceited that he thinks all the girls are in love with him. To take it out of him, let's agree that the first one he offers himself to accepts him."

JANE (*L. C., decidedly*). No.

MINER (*C.*). Aren't you taking it rather personally, Miss Orr?

ISABELLE. I'm sure I don't see why I'm out of the question,—I have a whole gallon of turpentine in the studio.

ELEANOR. And I'm fresh from a week's practice.

MINER (*dryly*). Yes, I'll give Miss Merrill a recommendation.

JANE. Oh, very well; you agree to it and I'll stand by and cheer.

QUINHAM (*hastily*). Well, now, it would be hardly worth while if you didn't all agree to it.

(*All laugh.*)

HOPKINS. Who is the goat now, Quinham? (*Goes*

up R.) Isabelle, if we are going to get to Haskell's studio before sunset to see his exhibition, we'd better start.

ISABELLE. You are right there.

(*Exeunt ISABELLE and HOPKINS, up R. ELEANOR sits down R.*)

QUINHAM. Would you girls like to go canoeing?

JANE. I'd love to.

QUINHAM (*turning to ELEANOR*). And you, Miss Merrill?

ELEANOR. Why, yes, I'd like to very —

MINER (C.). Miss Merrill is sorry, but she is going to walk with me.

ELEANOR (*down R., indignantly*). Indeed?

MINER. Just to show there is no ill feeling. (*ELEANOR still hesitates.*) Unless, of course, there is ill feeling.

ELEANOR (*resignedly*). If you put it that way I suppose I'll have to stay. (*To QUINHAM.*) I'm sorry, Mr. Quinham; some other time.

QUINHAM. To-morrow, perhaps? (*ELEANOR assents.*) I'll go see about a canoe, and meet you at the boat house in a few minutes, Miss Orr.

(*Exit, up R. JANE starts toward door R.*)

MINER (*stopping JANE*). Oh, Miss Orr.

JANE (R. C.). Yes.

MINER (*going to her*). I don't want to be presumptuous, but have you ever been canoeing with Quinham?

JANE. Why, yes.

MINER. Then you know how expert he is with the paddle. There is a high wind to-day.

JANE (*laughing*). Yes, indeed, I do know. But I'm perfectly at home in a canoe and can help him out if he gets into difficulty. Thank you for the warning.

(*Exit, up R.*)

ELEANOR (*down R.*). Is that why you wouldn't let—didn't want me to go?

MINER (*sitting on stool beside her*). Partly. Partly, too, because I wanted to be with you.

ELEANOR (*wearily*). I should think you would have had enough of that in the past week.

MINER. I haven't; not nearly.

ELEANOR. So you look on it all now as a lark.

MINER. Miss Merrill, I either had to let them see how I felt about being made to appear such a—such "a conceited ass"—or else pass it off as a joke. If I had done the first, what you call my Southern temper would have got away with me, so I preferred the second.

ELEANOR. I must say you threw it back in our faces very cleverly.

MINER. Besides, I meant what I said. This week has been ——

(*Enter MARIE, up L.*)

MARIE (*at door L.*). Pardon, but madame would like to see monsieur le docteur when it shall be convenient.

MINER (*rising*). As usual, we are interrupted. I'll come back as soon as I can.

(*Exit MINER, up L. MARIE goes to back stage and looks off up R. She sees some one and primps in delight. Sees ELEANOR watching her and is embarrassed.*)

MARIE. The wind blows so my hair.

(*Comes down L.*)

ELEANOR. Yes; perhaps it blows Darius over the hill, too.

MARIE (*shyly*). Oh, mademoiselle!

ELEANOR. How are you and Darius getting along?

MARIE. Oh, marvelously. But he is so bashful.

(*Enter DARIUS, up R.*) Oh, mademoiselle, the wind is nice on the cheeks, is it not so?

ELEANOR (*down R.*). Yes, indeed. Why, hello, Darius.

DARIUS (*R. C.*). How-de-do? Blowin' up purty fresh in the nor'east.

ELEANOR. We were just saying how nice it felt on our cheeks. Don't you like it?

DARIUS. Na-o, I can't say as I do. You rusticators may call it "nice" but it's because you doan't know it. Wait till the nor'easter has drove in and made gaps in yer family and the families of yer friends and then see if you call it "nice." (*To MARIE.*) He-o, Marie.

MARIE (*down L.*). Hello, Darius, where do you go?

DARIUS (*R. C.*). Oh, I'm just noggin' up along. You want t' come?

MARIE (*L.*). Why, I can go for a little while.

(They start toward door up R.)

DARIUS (*pointing to her daisy*). Do you like that there white weed?

MARIE. That is not a white weed; it is a daisy.

DARIUS. White weed's what we call 'em. I calc'late they're purtier, though, when you call 'em daisies. There's a lot of 'em up behind the cottage, stickin' their little yaller noses up jes' as perk and purty as —

(Exeunt MARIE and DARIUS, up R. Enter MINER, up L. Comes down R. and sits beside ELEANOR.)

MINER (*seriously*). Eleanor, it's no use. Perhaps I did go too far in making the girls think I might be serious when I was only playing with them. But you have been playing with me for a week and now you ask me to take it all as a joke.

ELEANOR. I did go too far. I entered into the adventure on the spur of the moment, and once launched I didn't know how to turn back. It was rather a mean trick. But can't you forgive me? Forget the week,—and we can be good friends again.

MINER. Forget the week, when it has been the happiest week in my life!

ELEANOR. There, now, you have spoiled it all again.

MINER. Spoiled it? How?

ELEANOR. By your abominable flattery.

MINER. But it wasn't flattery. I meant it.

ELEANOR. You always say that, don't you?

MINER. But this time I really did mean it. Can't you see, dear, that being with you as I have morning, afternoon, and evening for a week I have grown to know you as I never could have otherwise. Thinking you were one day to be my wife, I have tried to know you. When I made love to you, I thought I was acting, but I found to-day when you told me you had been acting that I had grown to be in earnest. (ELEANOR looks at him as if amused and smiles.) What can I do to make you see that I am serious?

ELEANOR (*lightly*). Do you really expect to be taken seriously by a girl who knows this is at least your sixth proposal this summer?

MINER (*earnestly*). But don't you see that this time I really mean it?

ELEANOR. You probably told Jane that.

MINER. But I never imagined I could love any one as I do you.

ELEANOR. Did you try that on Isabelle?

MINER (*wildly*). Dearest, you *must* understand. I can't lose you now. You shall love me.

ELEANOR (*smiling languidly*). Perhaps that was your first attempt in the North, to the girl who was here in June.

(MINER rises and paces the stage in despair. Stops before her.)

MINER (*desperately*). What can I say, Eleanor, to make you believe that I am sincere? Look at me. Do I look like a man who is joking?

ELEANOR (*rising and going up c.*). No, I can't say you do. (He starts eagerly toward her, but stops

as she resumes her joking tone.) But then you ought to be able to act the part pretty well by this time; you have had plenty of practice.

MINER. Can't you see that the others were only summer flirtations, while this —

ELEANOR (*at door up R.*). It is still summer. Look, here comes poor Darius, who wants to make love but doesn't know how. You'd better give him lessons. I'll write you a recommendation as an expert if you wish.

MINER (*in a last desperate effort*). Can't you see that the others were mere —

ELEANOR. Rehearsals, as it were, and this—well, this is rehearsal number six. Seven is a lucky number, so perhaps this may be the dress rehearsal. If so, I give you my good wishes; may the real performance, *proposal number seven*, be successful!

(*Exit, door up R. MINER storms up and down stage. Enter DARIUS and MARIE, up R. They come down C. MINER looks at them and then rushes up between him excitedly.*)

MINER (C.). Do you-all know the fable about the hare and the tortoise?

MARIE (L. C.). Le lièvre et la tortue?

DARIUS (R. C.). Wal, I heard tell of it w'en I was a young 'un.

MINER. You know how the hare and the tortoise had a race. The hare covered the ground in great bounds, while the tortoise plodded slowly along in his tracks.

DARIUS. "Slow but steady wins the race." Wal, what of it?

MINER (C., *excited*). What of it? Why, man, when the tortoise was within a few steps of his goal he looked back and there was the hare asleep on a rock, dreaming about the ease and rapidity with which he covered the ground at first. (*MINER storms off up L.*)

DARIUS (R. C.). Wal, I want to know!

MARIE (L. C.). What could he have meant?

DARIUS (*going L. C. to MARIE*). Marie, I want t' ask you somethin'.

MARIE (*eagerly*). Yes?

DARIUS. I've ben thinkin' of it for quite a spell, but I'm kinder back'ard abaout it because ——

MARIE. Well?

DARIUS. Because, you see, I livin' up here in the country and you livin' in New York I doan't know as we'd take to the same things.

MARIE (*earnestly*). Oh, but I love everything about the country, you know, Darius.

DARIUS (*determined*). Wal, that settles it then; I'll ask you.

MARIE. Yes, do.

DARIUS. There's goin' to be a time up t' the village to-morrow an' I wanted ter know would you go with me?

MARIE (*taken aback*). A time?

DARIUS. Yes, a church sociable, you know, where they play Trim the Willow and Tucker and Hay-makers and Hunt the Squirrel. 'Tisn't much shucks, I guess, compared to your city ricktums, but we manage to have purty good times.

MARIE (*trying to control her surprise*). Why, yes, I will go—with pleasure.

DARIUS. You don't seem very set on it.

MARIE. Oh, yes, really, I will love to go. I was surprised, that is all. But I shall be glad to play Trim the Willow.

(*Enter MINER, up L.*)

MINER (*coming down c., anxiously*). Excuse me for interrupting, but has Miss Merrill been through here?

MARIE (L. C.). No, monsieur.

MINER (R. C.). I was afraid she had gone canoeing with Quinham. It's a right high wind to-day.

MARIE. No, I saw Mr. Quinham start some time ago with Miss Orr.

DARIUS. Wal, I hope that young shrimp knows how to handle a bo-at. It's blowin' like ole Sam Hill.

MINER. He doesn't. Miss Orr is worth two of him in a canoe. How far were they going?

MARIE. To the Devil's Hole, I heard them say.

DARIUS. What—the Devil's Hole—in a canoe, with a man who can't manage a boat? Why, I wouldn't go there myself to-day with the wind blowin' at this rate. It is just the turn of the tide, too.

(Starts off up R.)

MINER. Where are you going?

DARIUS *(stopping)*. To git a man and go after them, if it isn't too late.

MINER (C.). Where are you going to get a man?

DARIUS. Dunno. There's none in sight.

MINER. Take me. I'm a good oarsman.

DARIUS *(hesitating)*. It's dangerous.—It may mean death.

MINER. My life has already been consecrated to saving the lives of others. *(Goes up R. to DARIUS.)* Don't waste time talking. What shall I do?

DARIUS. Git off the *Mary Ann* while I go for the oars.

(Exit DARIUS, up L. MINER starts after him, then turns back and comes down C. to MARIE.)

MINER (C.). If I don't come back, Marie, give Miss Merrill this. *(Takes box from pocket and hands it to her.)* I was going to give it to her to-day. Tell her when she wears it to remember she has given me the happiest week of my life. Good-bye, Marie.

MARIE *(sobbing, L. C.)*. Good-bye, oh, good-bye, docteur.

(Exit MINER, up R. MARIE puts box in pocket; wipes eyes. Enter DARIUS, up R., with oars and a clump of daisies.)

DARIUS *(leaning oars against small table at door up R. and coming down C. to MARIE)*. These daisies were growin' right alongside the shed where my oars were standing, so I picked 'em for you.

(Hands them to her.)

MARIE *(taking them)*. Oh, thank you, Darius.

(Sobs.)

DARIUS *(taking her in his arms)*. I can't tell you what I want to, Marie; I'm not much on words. But you know that to me you are the best girl in the whole world, don't you, Marie?

MARIE *(holding him tightly)*. Yes, yes. Oh, Darius, do not go.

DARIUS. I must.

MARIE. Yes, you must. Good-bye, good-bye.

DARIUS *(kissing her)*. Good-bye, Marie, good-bye.

(DARIUS goes to door up R., takes up oars and exit.

MARIE stands L. C. *Then she runs a few steps toward door up R.)*

MARIE. Darius! Darius! Come back, come back!

(There is no answer. MARIE comes down R. and sits in chair, her face buried in her handkerchief. Enter ELEANOR, up L.)

ELEANOR *(coming down R. to MARIE)*. Why, Marie, what's the matter?

MARIE *(weeping)*. He has gone, oh, Miss Merrill, he has gone!

ELEANOR. Who?

MARIE. Darius.

ELEANOR. Gone! What do you mean? Tell me.

MARIE. He has gone to rescue Mr. Quinham and Miss Orr. The wind is frightful, and Mr. Quinham does not know how to manage the boat.

ELEANOR. Dr. Miner warned Jane and he prevented me from going. Where are they?

MARIE. Oh, that is the most frightful of all. They went to the Devil's Hole.

ELEANOR. That is at the narrows in the salt-water river where the current is so treacherous, isn't it?

MARIE. Yes, and it is just the turn of the tide too. Darius says that is the most dangerous time of all.

ELEANOR (*leaning over MARIE*). Poor little Marie! And you truly love him?

MARIE. Oh, so much!

ELEANOR. And he you?

MARIE. Yes, he told me so when he left.

(*Kisses daisies.*)

ELEANOR. But you are so different.

MARIE. How?

ELEANOR. Why, he is of the country; you of the city, of Paris.

MARIE. It is because you do not know that you say that. I am a Canadienne. My people are like his people. (*Rises and goes to door up R. and looks off.*) My heart is always in the country. The city (*with a shrug*), it is only my support.

ELEANOR. But your accent, your gestures, your manners?

MARIE (*coming down c.*). But they are for my support too. See, I do not shrug the shoulders now. My accent is not French; it is Canadienne.

ELEANOR (*down R.*). Then how does it happen ——?

MARIE (*c.*). When I am fourteen year old I go to Paris as maid to a French lady. After two year, we come back to New York and then soon I leave her. I go to an employment office. I wear my big hat and plain suit from Canada. I say to the woman: "I am Canadienne. I call myself Sophie. I wish a place to do house work." "Can you cook?" she asks. "Only a little." "Have you had training to wait on the table?" "No." "I can give you a place then to make beds and wait on the table in a boarding house at four dollars a week," she says to me kindly.

ELEANOR. Did you take it?

MARIE. No, I go home. I take off my old suit Canadienne and I put on the suit of madame's she has given me. I alter it some to make it look like the suits I see in Paris. I take off my big hat Canadienne and

put on my little hat de Paris, with the one feather in it,—so. I call myself not Sophie, but Marie. Then I go to another employment office. I do not wait for the woman to ask me question. I stand so. I talk with my shoulders, my hands, my head,—so. I say: “Madame, I do not talk well l’Anglais. I am chust here from Paris. I weesh a posisi-on as femme de chambre,—how do you say—ladies’ maid. I care for madame’s laces, I launder madame’s collars, I dress madame and arrange her coiffure, I see that all is comme il faut in her boudoir, I serve her breakfast. Rien difficile, bien entendu,—no,—how do you say?—no heavy work, of course.”

ELEANOR (*smiling*). Did she find you a place?

MARIE. She tell me she has five ladies who want just such a maid. So I say “au revoir to the boarding house and the four dollars a week!”

ELEANOR. And they don’t know the difference.

MARIE. Oh, no. I tell madame one day later, but she says to keep the accent, the gesture, the shrug; it gives ton to the establishment. So, you see, it is my support. But it is the country I love. You hear what Darius say about city people,—how they come to the country and play with the sea. He say that it is only when the sea drives in and makes gaps among our friends that we know it. (*Sobs.*)

ELEANOR (*going to MARIE, c.*). There, Marie, don’t think about it.

MARIE. But it is like a prophecy.

ELEANOR. Tell me, Marie, did he go alone?

MARIE. No.

ELEANOR. Who went with him?

MARIE. A man.

ELEANOR. What man?

MARIE (*nervously*). I—I don’t know.

ELEANOR (*r. c., alarmed*). Marie!

MARIE (*scared*). Yes.

ELEANOR (*fearfully*). Was it—was it—Dr. Miner?
(MARIE *does not answer*. ELEANOR *grasps her arm*.)
Tell me, Marie, was it? Was it? (MARIE *nods yes*.)
Why didn’t you tell me sooner?

MARIE. Because I thought it was no use that you, too, should worry.

ELEANOR. And you have been chattering all this time about yourself so I would not ask! Marie, thank you. Did he—say anything—to you—before—he went?

MARIE. Yes. He told me to give you this box if he did not come back. He meant to give it to you to-day. He said when you wear it to remember that you gave to him the happiest week of his life.

(Gives her box.)

ELEANOR *(taking box)*. He said that as he was leaving when he knew he might never come back! Oh, then he meant it! *(Opens box and takes out necklace.)* A necklace! *(Almost angrily to MARIE.)* Marie, do you realize how happy you should be? *(MARIE looks at her dumbfounded.)* Didn't you tell Darius you loved him just before he left? *(MARIE nods yes.)* But I didn't. I made fun of Randolph, I laughed at him, I pretended not to believe him, I mocked him, I scorned him.

MARIE *(c.)*. But why?

ELEANOR *(r. c.)*. Why, because my pride was hurt. I knew to-day that I loved him and it humiliated me to think that at first he was insincere. If he would only come back now! If he would only come back!

MARIE. I hear some one.

(Both rush to door up r., then fall back up c., disappointed. Enter ISABELLE and HOPKINS, up r.)

ELEANOR *(eagerly)*. Have you seen Randolph?

MARIE *(up c.)*. Or Darius?

ISABELLE *(going up r. c.)*. No; what's the matter?

ELEANOR *(walking down l. distractedly)*. Oh, they have gone in a rowboat to the Devil's Hole.

HOPKINS *(following her)*. To the Devil's Hole, in this gale! What for?

ELEANOR (*down L.*). After Jane and Quinham, who had paddled up there.

ISABELLE (*R. C.*). Jane in danger!

HOPKINS (*L. C.*). Shall I get a party to go after them?

ELEANOR. It would be of no use now.

(MARIE, *who is up C.*, utters a scream of joy: "Oh!")

ALL (*turning*). What is it?

MARIE (*up C.*, *looking off R.*). The Englishman! The Englishman! (*Enter QUINHAM, up R.*, with a bath-robe on over his shirt and trousers. His soaked hair stands up all over his head. He has no collar nor shoes, but paddles along in water-soaked rubbers. MARIE runs to meet him as he enters. All are silent.

MARIE, *up R.*) Where is Darius?

QUINHAM (*at door*). Coming.

ELEANOR (*down L.*, *fearfully*). And Randolph?

QUINHAM. Safe. (*Comes down C.*)

(MARIE runs off up R. QUINHAM comes down C.

ELEANOR sinks into a chair R. of table.)

ISABELLE (*R. C.*). And Jane?

QUINHAM (*C.*). Has gone right to her room. I found this bath-robe at the bath-house and came this way to let you know we were all safe.

HOPKINS (*crossing to C. and shaking QUINHAM's hand*). We're mighty glad, old man, mighty glad.

ISABELLE (*coming down R.*). We surely are. Tell us what happened.

QUINHAM. Well, you see, I'd heard of the Devil's Hole and liked the sound of it. But I hadn't any idea it was so devilishly dangerous. Neither had Miss Orr. The wind was fresh but we got along fairly well until all of a sudden we felt the canoe being pulled rapidly down toward the hole. We tried to guide it, but couldn't. We just went on—on into we didn't know what. Then a cross current struck us and in a flash we were over. I grabbed her with one hand

and the canoe, which was floating upside down, with the other. There we floated, now this way, now that.

ISABELLE (*down R.*). For how long?

QUINHAM. I don't know. It seemed hours. I suppose it was only minutes,—perhaps seconds. I looked at Jane. She was giving out. She whispered to me she couldn't last any longer. I got hold of her over the top of the boat with one arm, while I held on with the other. But I knew my endurance was almost gone. I think I was beginning to lose consciousness when I was brought to by a shout.

ISABELLE. The doctor and Darius!

QUINHAM (*C.*). Yes. That gave us new strength. As they guided the boat down through the eddies, each had an oar broken. One more and they would have been lost. But they reached us.

HOPKINS (*L. C.*). How did they get you into the boat?

QUINHAM. They couldn't. But they got us on the outside of it. Miner tied ropes around us and held us on, while Darius rowed us back with one pair of oars. I have laughed at the funny short strokes the natives here take, but, by Jove, I never will again! One of those little strokes can be worth all the long pulls the Thames ever saw. (*Enter MINER, DARIUS and MARIE, up R. ISABELLE, HOPKINS and QUINHAM run to meet them. ELEANOR is sitting, listening intently, up L. She rises at sight of MINER, and stands with her arms outstretched to him. QUINHAM grasps MINER's hand.*) Miner, I haven't thanked you, I never can.

MINER (*up R. C.*). Don't trouble to, my dear Quinham.

ISABELLE. It was splendid.

(*MINER pushes through the group to ELEANOR, leaving them thanking DARIUS.*)

ELEANOR (*L.*). Randolph!

MINER (*taking her in his arms*). Eleanor!

ELEANOR. Darling, at last!

HOPKINS (*up c., to DARIUS*). It was splendidly done.

DARIUS (*up r. c.*). Oh, it was no more'n any one would 'a' done for a friend.

ISABELLE (*down r. c.*). You ought to be proud of him, Marie.

MARIE (*up r. c.*). I was proud of him before.

(DARIUS *slyly puts his arm around her. Order r. to L., ISABELLE, MARIE, DARIUS, HOPKINS, QUINHAM, MINER, ELEANOR.*)

HOPKINS (*seeing MINER and ELEANOR*). Great Scott! I thought that was all off.

QUINHAM (*up c.*). By Jove, it's my scheme working still! It is even more ripping than I thought.

ISABELLE. Don't tell me, Eleanor, that he has proposed again.

MINER (*down L.*). Eleanor told me seven was my lucky number and that proposal number seven would be successful.

ELEANOR (*drawing away in dismay*). Proposal number seven! But Randolph!

MINER (*anxiously*). Yes, dear.

ELEANOR. But you didn't propose.

MINER (*also dismayed*). That's so. I didn't.

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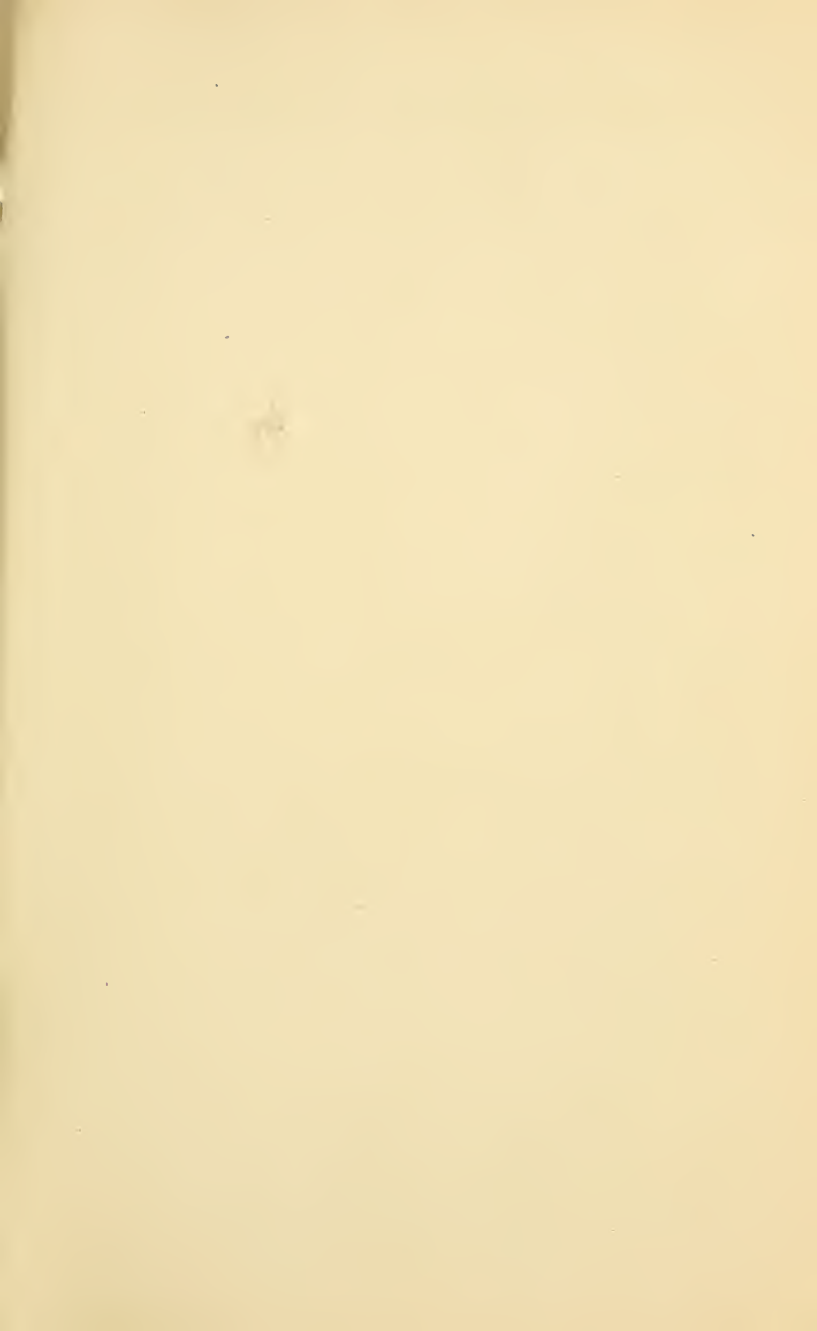
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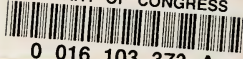
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