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The Heiress Hunters

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

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Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Heiress Hunters

A Comedy in Three Acts

By

WALTER BEN HARE

*Author of "The Hoodoo," "The Dutch Detective,"
"Teddy," "The Boy Scouts," etc.*

Notice to Professionals

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

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The Heiress Hunters

CHARACTERS

TOM TIMMONS, *author*
DICK CHETWYND (*Lord Richard Chetwynd*), *artist*
HARRY CLIVE, *musician*
MAJOR MORANN, *Tom's uncle and Amethyst's guardian.*
WHIMPER, *the only butler in Kokomo.*
AMETHYST LAKE, *the heiress.*
NELL GRAY, *a true American girl.*
LA LOLITA, *a model young lady from Spain.*
MRS. BALLOU, *Amethyst's aunt, with social aspirations.*
THE WIDOW WOOD, *who could blame her?*
JOHN PATRICK WOOD, *aged fourteen.*
PANDORA WOOD, *aged thirteen.*
ROSELLA WOOD, *aged six.*
BIJAH WOOD, *a mere splinter.*

} *The Heiress Hunters.*

NOTE.—Rosella and Bijah have no lines to speak.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The Castle of the Three Musketeers. Off for Kokomo.

ACT II.—The lawn at Lakemont, Kokomo, Indiana. The Widow Wood.

ACT III.—Evening party at Lakemont. Cupid shoots right and left.

TIME.—The present.

PLACE.—New York City and Kokomo, Indiana.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE.—Two hours and twenty minutes.



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No 1

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

TOM TIMMONS.—A bright, quick-spoken, confident young man of about twenty-two. Act I. Full evening dress. Red socks, etc., as described in text. Act II. Shabby trousers, worn blue flannel shirt, ragged coat and cap. Bundle tied in old red handkerchief tied to a stick. Act III. Full evening dress. Red rose, white gloves.

DICK CHETWYND.—Rather tall, slow-speaking, puzzled Englishman. May wear neat blond wig and small blond moustache. Aged about twenty-five. Eye-glass all through play. Make-up ruddy. Act I. Costume as described in text. Act II. Traveling suit, hat and light top-coat. White spats. Cane, grip and leather hat-box. Very neat costume. Act III. Full evening dress, eye-glass, etc. Pink rose.

HARRY CLIVE. Quick and boyish. Aged twenty. Juvenile make-up. Act I. Dress as described in text. Act II. Riding suit, hat, stock tie, crop, boots, etc., for first entrance. Neat tennis suit for second entrance. White hat. Act III. Evening clothes. White rose.

MAJOR MORANN.—Quick tempered and fifty. Red face. White wig, eyebrows, and drooping moustache à la Bismarck. Very short, prompt and gruff. Act I. Old man's business suit and hat. Act II. Different business suit and hat. Act III. Full evening dress.

WHIMPER.—Should be portly and wear black side-whiskers. May dress in livery, or in evening suit with low collar, gilt braid and buttons, black tie. Shoulders thrown back. Very stiff and dignified. Aged forty-five. Bald wig.

AMETHYST LAKE.—A blonde. Aged nineteen. Very elaborate costumes strictly up to date. Act I. Walking dress and hat. Act II. Riding habit, gloves, hat and crop. Second entrance, handsome white afternoon gown, hat and parasol. Act III. Elaborate trailing ball gown. Three roses, white, red and pink.

NELL GRAY.—A pretty, soft-spoken ingénue. Aged nineteen. Act II. Light summer dress, hat and parasol. Act III. Ball gown with lace head-dress. Simple and girlish, not at all affected. Play scene with Tom in Act II with emotional under-current.

LA LOLITA (pronounced Loleeta).—Aged twenty-two. Striking brunette. Black lace mantilla, high comb, red rose in hair. Black lace dress with scarlet or yellow satin zouave jacket and hip sash. Slippers. Stiletto in sash. In Act III she may wear same costume or may change to light satin dress with red silk shawl draped around it à la Carmen. White lace mantilla with comb and red rose. Play the part melodramatically at all times. Stamps, shrugs of the shoulders, poses, etc., characterize this temperamental young lady. Use heavy make-up, red and black.

MRS. BALLOU.—White wig, lorgnettes. Costumes similar to Amethyst. Very pompous, but not to the point of burlesque.

THE WIDOW WOOD.—Bright red wig dressed in eccentric manner. Red eyebrows. Face lined. Aged forty. Act I. Red skirt, blue waist, gingham apron and hair disarranged. Act II. Eccentric dark traveling costume and bonnet. Umbrella. Act III. Gaudy dress and bonnet of many colors. Large white parasol.

JOHN PATRICK.—Aged fourteen. Ragged suit with knee trousers. Acts II and III. Neater suit with cap. May wear red wig.

PANDORA.—Aged thirteen. Short calico skirt, striped stockings. Dark jersey. Hair in pigtails. Acts II and III. Comic traveling costume with bright ribbons. Eccentric hat with ribbons hanging down behind.

ROSELLA.—Similar to Pandora. This character may be omitted.

BIJAH.—Funny costume for child of three. This character may be omitted.

The Heiress Hunters

ACT I

SCENE.—*The Castle of the Three Musketeers. A dingy and dilapidated attic room, boxed. Centre door leading to stairs. Door at L. leading to another room. The furniture is battered, broken and old. A couch down R., broken and propped up with a stack of books. Overturned park bench in C. of stage. Rickety old table down L., with several broken chairs and stools around stage. Two cracker boxes serve as a cupboard and contain broken dishes. Old piano up near flat, R. C. Several old pieces of furniture around stage. Note: These pieces are not used during the action of the play except at finale of act when they are to be broken in pieces. Packing box down L. C. serves as a desk. On it are a lamp, several manuscripts, papers, music, etc. On the table is a broken bowl, several dirty dishes, a battered tin pail in which is a small wash-board and a piece of yellow soap. Picture on artist's easel up L. Several unframed pictures around room and on walls. Plaster casts for drawing add to scene. Torn red table-cloth on table. Mop and old broom standing in conspicuous position. Small shelf with clock and looking glass down stage R. Old clothes rack in left upper corner full of old clothes, battered hats, etc. General air of neglect and poverty. Before the curtain ascends the orchestra plays the chorus of "Home Sweet Home" very slowly and plaintively, then repeat same loud and fast as curtain goes up. Music stops.*

(*Lights on full as the curtain rises. TOM TIMMONS is lying on the floor at C. completely hidden from the audience by the overturned park bench, the back of which is toward audience. He wears full evening dress, bright red socks and no shoes. DICK CHETWYND is asleep on the couch down R. He wears pajamas and felt slippers. His clothes are arranged on chairs on stage. His shoes in C.*

of stage ready for HARRY CLIVE to stumble over. JOHN PATRICK WOOD, outside, knocks loudly on C. D. No reply. Knock repeated. DICK stirs uneasily. JOHN, outside, thumps on door with stick. DICK jumps up, throws shoe at door, shivers, wraps himself in blanket, curls up on couch and sleeps.)

JOHN (*outside c.*). Mr. Timmons! Mr. Chetwynd! Mr. Clive!

HAR. (*outside l.*). What's matter? Who is it?

JOHN (*outside c.*). It's me! John Patrick! Git up! You told me to wake you up. Git up! (*Bangs on door.*)

Enter HAR. from l., in stocking feet, trousers and shirt, hair ruffled. He yawns and stretches.

HAR. (*sleepily*). What's the matter? Where's the fire? Great socks, but it's cold! (*Steps on DICK's shoe.*) Ouch! Thought it was a rat.

(*Throws shoe at DICK, who turns over and sleeps again.*)

JOHN (*outside c.*). Are you up? It's me!

(*Knocks loudly.*)

HAR. (*opening c. d.*). Who's me?

Enter JOHN, c. d. He stands near door.

JOHN. It's me.

HAR. John Patrick. Well, what's all the row? Somebody fighting?

JOHN (*coming down c.*). Naw. You told me to get you out.

HAR. (*putting on shoes at l.*). Well, you got me.

JOHN (*grinning*). You told me half-past eight.

HAR. (*looking at clock on shelf*). And it's now only nine. John Patrick, when a man tells you to wake him at half-past eight, never, never under any consideration, disturb him before eleven. (*Shivers.*) Brr! Lovely morning for October. Well, now that you have waked me, we must have breakfast. (*DICK snores gently.*) Look at him! John Patrick, harken to a friend and a brother in distress, never, never room with an Englishman.

JOHN. Do you want me to get you some breakfast, Mr. Clive?

HAR. I do. Take this nice little dime and get me a nice little bottle of milk and a nice little loaf of bread for a nice little breakfast. (*Gives him a dime.*)

JOHN. Is that all youse is goin' to have for breakfast? Just milk and bread?

HAR. (*putting on collar and tie*). All? All! Bread and milk, all? Why, it's a feast fit for an American. And then it's so very healthy. Don't you ever read the physical culture magazines? Every third morning you eat bread and milk.

JOHN. And what do you eat on the other two mornings?

HAR. (*brushing hair*). Oh, on those mornings you don't eat. But let us not think of the morrow while we feast to-day.

JOHN. Feast? On milk and bread?

HAR. (*mock dramatic*). Ay, lad, feast. But away, honest John Patrick, away and speed, and in mine orisons be thou remembered.

JOHN. All right, Mr. Clive, I'll speed all right, all right. (*Crosses to C. D.*) Milk and bread, a feast! Gee, ain't these artist guys nutty? [*Exit, C. D.*]

(*DICK gently snores.*)

HAR. (*shaking him*). Dick, get up! Get up. It's your turn to wash the dishes. (*Pulls his hair.*)

DICK (*sleepily*). All right, James. Call down and tell the governor that I'm coming. (*Turns over and sleeps.*)

HAR. Very well, little Sleeping Beauty.

(*Crosse to piano, plays and sings to tune of "Reveille."*)

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up in the morning!

Corporal's worse than a private,

Sergeant's worse than a corporal,

Captain's worse than a sergeant,

Major's worst of all.

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up in the morning!

(*Bangs on piano.*)

DICK (*sitting up and rubbing his eyes*). I say!

HAR. (*swinging around on stool*). Hello, Little Brighteyes, come out and greet the sun.

DICK (*throwing off blanket*). What have we got for breakfast?

HAR. Same old thing. Bread and milk.

DICK (*slipping on old bath robe and gathering up his clothes*). Ghastly. I've drunk so much milk lately that I'm ashamed to look a self-respecting lady cow in the face.

HAR. (*exercising*). See how I thrive on it.

DICK. You do look disgustingly fit. Jolly bad habit, this eating. Starving is so much more healthy and economical.

[*Takes bath towel and exits, L.*]

HAR. Hurry up. It's your turn to wash the dishes.

DICK (*head in door at L.*). Wash the dishes?

HAR. Sure. Or we don't eat. This is your day.

DICK. Why didn't you wash them last night?

HAR. (*going to piano*). Forgot it.

DICK. Just like your bally cheek. [*Exit, L.*]

HAR. (*singing, playing his own accompaniment*). Waiting for you, dear heart, dear heart! (*Speaks.*) That's not tender enough. (*Plays bass chords.*) That's better!

(*Sings.*)
 Waiting for you, dear heart, dear heart,
 Wondering why we are kept apart.
 Morning and night and golden noon,
 Still I am singing the old love tune —

DICK (*head in at L.*). Who's been cleaning fish in our bath tub?

HAR. The Widow Wood.

DICK. Blazes. I wish she would clean her beastly fish downstairs.

HAR. She couldn't. One of the splinters poured some glue down the sink. Be neighborly. It's only a few fish scales.

DICK. Blooming cheeky, I think. What! [*Exit, L.*]

HAR. (*playing and singing loudly for finale*).

Waiting for thee, dear heart, dear heart,

Waiting for thee, dear heart!

(*Burlesque high note finale.*)

(*TOM sticks his red-socked foot from beneath bench and wriggles it.*)

DICK (*off stage at L.*). Oooo! This water is like ice.

HAR. (*singing loudly*). Waiting for thee, dear heart!

TOM (*concealed by the bench*). Help, help!

HAR. (*turning toward him*). What's the matter, little cherub?

TOM. Help! Where am I?

HAR. (*coming to him*). Fast behind the iron bars of justice.

TOM. Take me out. Take this thing off of me.

HAR. (*setting bench up, discovering TOM on floor*). Good-morning, my son. Oh, Thomas, Thomas, whatever have you been a-doing of?

TOM. What time is it?

HAR. All the little dicky birds have been billing and cooing for hours.

TOM. What are you doing up so early?

HAR. It's after nine. Awake, awake, my love, there's hectic gayety afoot.

TOM (*rising*). Gimme a drink of water.

(*Crosses to table and drinks from pitcher. Note: Drink long, then put hand in and lave brow.*)

HAR. You must have had one grand evening last night, what?

TOM. Don't mention it. Where's my shoes? (*Finds one.*) Where's the other? (*Looks around.*)

HAR. Maybe you lost it on Broadway?

TOM. I remember now. I threw it out of the window at a cat. Oh, this is awful—and the major coming at ten.

HAR. The major?

TOM. My uncle. He's coming to give me one more last chance. And by Jove, I'm going to take him up. I've been a good Indian for a year now and have earned seventeen dollars by the sweat of my brow. So let them kill the fatted calf, the prodigal is coming home.

HAR. Going to leave us at last?

TOM. Why don't you and Dick come with me to Kokomo? My uncle runs a paper out there. We can all get good jobs.

HAR. What could a musician do in Kokomo?

TOM. Just about the same as you are doing in New York. Play the piano in a picture show.

HAR. Yes, but who wouldn't rather starve in New York than feast in Kokomo?

TOM. I wouldn't. So it's a long farewell to all my greatness!

Enter DICK, from L., dressed in trousers and shirt.

DICK. Hello, Tom; up at last, are you?

TOM. Oh, no; I'm still asleep and dreaming that I'm a millionaire.

HAR. (*writing at desk*). Say, fellows, listen to this. I got a peach. (*Sings.*) Waiting for you, dear heart, dear heart! (*TOM howls like a dog.*) Oh, cut the comedy. I think it's pretty good. (*Works.*)

DICK (*who has completed his toilet*). I'm going to run over to the art dealer's after breakfast. I had a jolly good dream last night. Maybe he's sold one of my pictures.

TOM. Call me when breakfast is ready. [*Exit, L.*]

HAR. You'd better wash the dishes, Dick.

DICK (*at table*). Can't. Somebody's been using my dish-pan for a laundry. (*Holds up pan, wash-board, etc.*)

HAR. I'm guilty. I forgot all about the week's washing I did yesterday. Give me the pan. (*Takes pan and exit, L.*)

DICK (*crossing to easel and removing cloth from picture*). It doesn't look just right. I can't begin to do her justice. No living artist could do justice to that face. (*Sighs.*) I wonder if I'll ever meet her in real life. Amethyst, my dream girl Amethyst! Awfully lucky I found that picture in the Sunday paper. Wouldn't have missed it for a king's fortune. (*Takes newspaper picture of girl.*) Just the one word Amethyst. I wonder if it's her real name. Too bad I couldn't make a better copy. Amethyst, I'll never go back to England until I see you, my ideal, my dream girl!

(*Drops paper and replaces cloth on picture.*)

Enter LA LOLITA, from C. D., noiselessly. She comes down behind DICK and puts her hands over his eyes.

LOL. Guess who.

DICK (*turning*). Lolita. I knew it was you. Awfully glad to see you this morning, and all that sort of thing. We haven't had breakfast yet. You're just in time.

LOL. (*dropping cloak and showing herself in full Spanish costume*). You see, señor, I am all ready!

DICK. I don't think I'll do any work this morning. I have to go over to the art store. Maybe they've sold a picture.

LOL. What is that? (*Points to picture.*) A new picture?

DICK. That? Oh, that's nothing. Just a little study from still life I've been working on. Some flowers and things.

LOL. You paint flowers and things, when you might as well be painting me, Lolita. (*Poses.*) There! How's that? The Tambourine Girl!

DICK. Not this morning, Lolita. I'm not feeling very fit.

LOL. (*going to him*). The señor is sick? My señor sick? Or is it that you have grown tired of your Lolita? You are so cold, so distant, like the white fog of your own England. Why not be like the warm, loving sun of my Spain?

DICK. Now, Lolita, don't be sentimental. It's too early in the morning.

LOL. (*at c.*). Bah, that is the way! You no longer care for poor Lolita. For months I have posed for you. You have made the grand pictures—The Spanish Gypsy, Inspiration, Havana, In Old Madrid, all great, grand pictures, and it was always I, La Lolita, who posed. And for why did I do it?

DICK. By Jove, I don't know. Why did you do it?

LOL. Was it for Señor Tom and his silly stories? Was it for Señor Harry and his tum-tum on the piano? No, my señor, it was for you. For you, my Englishman. The grand señor of the Three Musketeers. That is what you call yourselves, and I, alas, I am like poor leetla Trelby, and like poor leetla Trelby do I love in silence and suffer.

DICK. Well, please don't love and suffer now. It's entirely too early in the morning to love and suffer. Besides I haven't had my breakfast yet.

Enter JOHN, from c. D., with loaf of very hard bread and quart bottle of milk.

JOHN. There's your breakfast, Mr. Chetwynd.

(Slams packages on table.)

DICK. Ah, yes. Thank you, John Patrick.

JOHN. Don't mention it.

DICK. Milk and bread! A feast for the gods.

JOHN. He's as bad as the other guy. Gee, these artists is awful nuts. [*Exit, c. D.*

LOL. (*sitting at table*). And now we shall have our nice little breakfast. (*Opens bottle of milk.*)

DICK. Yes, all of us, four, you know. And what is left over we shall feed to the little dicky birds.

LOL. (*holding up paper sack containing one egg*). But see, señor, see what I have brought my Englishman.

DICK. What is it? Currant buns?

LOL. One egg. (*Gives it to him and goes up stage.*)

DICK. One egg, for the four of us. That will be lovely.

Enter TOM, from L.

TOM. Hello, Lolita ; how's the daylight ?

LOL. Cold, señor, and dreary. Not like the sunshine of my glorious Spain.

Enter HAR. with three china cups.

HAR. There's the dishes. That's the last time I'm going to wash the dishes for a lazy Englishman. Take it from me. Greetings, Lolita. Sit down and have some breakfast.

DICK. See what I've got. An egg for breakfast.

HAR. Stop ! This is too much. Save it for dinner.

TOM. Draw up your chair, Lolita.

LOL. I cannot eat. I have no appetite. When one loves, one cannot eat.

TOM (*at table*). Don't you believe it. The harder I love the harder I eat.

HAR. (*trying in vain to cut the bread*). Well, we won't starve to-day, at any rate.

(Hammers bread and finally breaks it in three pieces. This is good comic business, but should not be unduly prolonged.)

DICK. I must hurry. I have a presentiment that the dealer has sold one of my pictures.

TOM. Yes, you've had that same presentiment every morning for the past four months.

HAR. Well, I can keep the wolf away from the door as long as I can play the piano at the movies.

(All eat bread and milk. LOL. may go to piano and sing a pretty Spanish song, if desired.)

Enter PANDORA WOOD, from C. D.

PAN. My maw sent me up here to tell youse guys that she wanted her rent.

TOM. Oh, we are going to pay your mother next week. We were just speaking about it as you came in.

PAN. Nix on that next week gag. We got some bills to pay and we need some real money.

HAR. I'm going down to the theatre, Pandora, to collect my salary. Tell your mother that I can let her have some money this afternoon.

PAN. I'll tell her what you said. But there's other parties after this room, and we need the money.

TOM. Don't worry. We'll pay this afternoon.

PAN. I'll tell maw. Maybe she'd better come up here herself, and you can spin your fairy tales to her. We need the money. *[Exit, C. D.]*

LOL. *(has crossed to the covered picture at PAN.'s exit, removes cloth, looks at picture and gives piercing scream).* Ah! *(All look at her.)* Another model! *(Draws stiletto and starts toward DICK. She passes TOM, and is then caught by him and held.)* He has another model! Where is she? Who is she?

DICK. By Jove!

HAR. Lolita, I am surprised.

TOM. Yes, indeed, Lolita, we are all surprised.

(Releases her.)

LOL. She has yellow hair and blue eyes like a fish! Who is she? And you told me that it was only flowers and things.

DICK. I don't know who she is. I've never seen her.

LOL. Do you lie to me?

DICK. Certainly not. I saw a picture in a newspaper last Sunday and simply copied it in oil. See, here is the picture.

(Shows newspaper.)

LOL. Amethyst! What a name! Amethyst! She is not beautiful. She has no soul, no temperament. You do not love her, my Englishman?

DICK. Certainly not. I've never even seen her.

LOL. *(restoring stiletto in sash).* Very well. Lolita forgives you. *(Crosses to door.)* But if you love another, let her beware. The daughters of Spain can love, my Englishman, but they can also hate, they can also hate.

[Dramatic exit, C. D.]

TOM. Some little whirlwind is that Lolita. *(Goes to door and imitates her, in burlesque style.)* The daughters of Spain can love, my Englishman, but they can also hate. Ha, ha! Caramba!

HAR. *(looking at the newspaper).* By George, she is a pretty girl, all right. Who is she?

DICK. Amethyst. That's all it said in the paper.

TOM *(looking at painting).* Some expression, that! Great!

DICK. She is the most beautiful woman in all the world. She is my ideal! The girl of my dreams.

HAR. (*giving paper to DICK*). Yes, but maybe you'll change your mind when you meet her in real life. You can't believe half you see in the——. (*Name local newspaper.*)

TOM. Come on, Harry, fix up the room. It's your turn to sweep. This room looks like a Kansas cellar. Get busy.

HAR. Can't do it, my boy. I'm on my way to the theatre to collect my seven dollars. [*Exit, C. D.*]

DICK (*arranging room*). I detest an untidy room, don't you know. We never have anything of this sort in old England.

TOM (*assisting him*). That's right, old top, be patriotic. If a person has the misfortune to be born in England the least they can do is to praise her, fogs and all.

DICK. Misfortune? Why, my boy, don't you know your geography? England is the greatest country on earth.

TOM. The greatest? Dear boy, don't you know your history? She might have been up to 1776, but she changed her mind that year, and it's been changed ever since.

Enter MRS. WOOD with BIJAH, ROSELLA, PAN. and JOHN, all from C.

MRS. W. Good-morning, young men.

TOM (*stops sweeping*). Why, it's Mrs. Wood. (*Speaks as if delighted*). Dick, it's Mrs. Wood.

DICK (*dusting chair and handing it to her; she sits L., surrounded by children*). By Jove, so it is. Awfully good of Mrs. Wood.

MRS. W. I merely came up on a little business.

TOM. Oh, say not so. We have so few callers, you know; and they always seem to come on a little business.

DICK (*at R.*). We hoped that you were making a friendly call.

MRS. W. No, I called about the rent.

TOM (*at C.*). The rent? Dick, she has called about the rent.

DICK (*at R.*). Rent? Where have I heard that word before?

MRS. W. Four months at ten dollars a month makes forty dollars.

TOM (*counting on his fingers*). Why, so it does. Just forty; you're right, dear Mrs. Wood, just forty.

MRS. W. And cheap at that.

DICK (*grandly*). No doubt of it. No doubt of it at all.

MRS. W. All my other rooms I let furnished. But since you furnished this yourselves I gave you a reduction.

TOM. Awfully good of you. Awfully good of Mrs. Wood.

MRS. W. But now I need the money——

PAN. Yes, we need the money.

MRS. W. Of course keeping roomers ain't the most pleasant thing in the world.

TOM. No, I can well believe that. But being the lodgers of a charming lady like yourself is decidedly pleasant.

MRS. W. (*smiling*). Oh, Mr. Timmons!

DICK. I was saying to Tom only this morning how lucky we were to have such a charming landlady, wasn't I, Tom?

JOHN. Tie that bull outside.

MRS. W. It's a hard occupation, I say, and a lonesome. You don't realize how lonesome I get since Mr. Wood passed away.

TOM (*at c.*). Why don't you marry again?

MRS. W. I have thought of it. In fact I've thought of it very frequently.

DICK. Surely all you have to do is to take your choice.

MRS. W. Oh, Mr. Chetwynd!

PAN. And we need the money.

MRS. W. Hush, Pandora, a body can't get a word in edge-ways. Yes, gentlemen, I won't disguise the fact that I've been thinking of marrying again. Now, Mr. Timmons, you haven't made a success here in New York, have you?

TOM. Well, not a dazzling success.

MRS. W. (*cooly*). Why don't you get married?

DICK (*coming to him*). By George, that's right. Why don't you get married, Tom? You'd make an ideal husband.

TOM (*aghast*). Not me. You see my habits aren't settled yet.

PAN. Neither is your board bill.

TOM (*pushing DICK between himself and MRS. W.*). But Dick here would make a wonderful husband. He has no bad habits—doesn't smoke, drink or chew. Doesn't swear or gamble. Goes to church every Monday, I mean every Sunday. And then he's such a handsome man! Isn't he, Mrs. Wood? Dick, it's high time that you married and settled down.

PAN. And it's high time you settled up. We need the money.

MRS. W. (*to her reprovingly*). Pandora, I am astonished. (*Turns to DICK.*) Now, if I had a husband he could collect the rent and attend to all my business for me. It wouldn't be a hard job, and we would be so happy, so very, very happy.

TOM. And Dick was saying only the other day that he wanted to be so very, very happy.

DICK. No, I wasn't. It was Harry. Don't you remember? It was Harry.

TOM. So it was. Why, of course it was Harry.

DICK. And Harry is an extremely nice young man, Mrs. Wood; we can both of us recommend Harry.

TOM. And he likes you, Mrs. Wood; really he's very fond of you.

DICK. And Harry is so fond of children. Isn't he, Tom? If you and Harry should happen to make a match all your little splinters would have an ideal papa.

MRS. W. (*rising*). I'm sure I always thought Mr. Clive was a nice young man. But about the rent——

TOM. Harry will be back presently. You had better see him.

DICK. Yes. He's the treasurer of our little household. You must see Harry.

MRS. W. (*moving toward door*). Really, young man, I can't let this bill run on much longer——

TOM. Certainly not. But, Mrs. Wood, wouldn't it be odd if you and Harry really did make a match of it?

DICK. Then we wouldn't have to pay any rent at all.

MRS. W. He has such lovely eyes. I always did think that Mr. Clive had the sweetest eyes.

TOM (*quickly*). He has. He's awfully good-looking. Next to me, he's the best looking of all of us. And steady, too. Harry's got a job. Seven dollars a week at the movies.

JOHN. Oh, maw, will he let us in free?

DICK. Of course he will. Any time you like.

MRS. W. (*at door c.*). What time will Mr. Clive be in?

TOM. We're looking for him every minute.

DICK. He was telling me only the other day that he wanted to settle down. Really, Mrs. Wood, you should have a heart-to-heart talk with Harry.

MRS. W. I'll do it. I'll do it this very morning. Come, children, the gentlemen don't want to be disturbed.

TOM (*opening door and bowing low*). Allow me!

DICK (*bowing low at other side of door*). And allow me!

(*The children exeunt, C. D. MRS. W. turns and speaks.*)

MRS. W. Oh, I hope you won't think that I have been un-
maidenly in this? That I have been too bold?

TOM. Not at all.

DICK. How could we ever think that of you?

TOM. } Dear Mrs. Wood!

DICK. }

MRS. W. When he comes in tell him that I shall return
anon. [*Exit, c.*

TOM (*wiping forehead*). Whew! Some work that!

DICK. Bally good joke we've played on Harry, don't cher
know.

TOM. He'll never listen to it for a minute. We might as
well begin to hunt for new rooms.

DICK. Cheer up. Maybe I've sold a picture. I'm going
down to the art store now. Come along?

TOM. No, I've got to wait for the major. Good luck, old
man.

DICK. Thanks. Same to you. [*Puts on hat and exit, c.*

TOM (*putting on apron and beginning to sweep*). Got to get
straightened up before the major comes. The last time we
swept was in July, on the 4th. And I thought that would last
till Thanksgiving. (*Sweeps vigorously, raising dust. Enter*
MAJOR MORANN *from C. D. TOM sings as he sweeps dirt right*
at MAJ.) I'm on my way to Mandalay——

MAJ. What are you trying to do? Choke me to death
with dust? (*Coughs.*)

TOM (*dropping broom*). Uncle! Major, don't you know
me? I'm Tom.

MAJ. I thought you were the hired girl.

TOM (*shaking hands*). This is just like old times. Come
in and sit down. (*MAJ. starts to sit.*) Not there. That
chair is broken. Well, well, I'm glad to see you!

MAJ. (*looking around*). So this is where you live, is it?

TOM. This is it. This is the castle. Welcome to Bohemia.

MAJ. Candidly speaking, Tom, don't you think that you
are a very foolish young man?

TOM. Candidly speaking, I do not.

MAJ. You have left my home for a mere whim to come here
to the city and starve in a garret. (*Rises.*)

TOM. We don't starve. That is, not quite.

MAJ. When I was your age I had a little sense.

(Starts to sit at L., on chair where DICK has placed the egg in the paper sack.)

TOM. Hold on, Major, don't sit on the dinner.

MAJ. (taking sack in hand). Rather a light dinner, isn't it?

TOM (taking out egg). Egg-zactly.

MAJ. (sitting at L.). Well, sir, are you ready to confess your folly and return to Kokomo?

TOM. I believe I'm ready to return to Kokomo.

MAJ. I suppose you have not found story writing very remunerative here in the city.

TOM (proudly). I've been here a year and have earned over seventeen dollars.

MAJ. Come home, my boy, come home; we'll make an editor out of you. A man who can live on seventeen dollars a year in New York would be an ideal editor in Kokomo, Indiana. The first thing you have to do is to get married.

TOM. That's just what the widow said.

MAJ. The widow? What widow?

TOM. The Widow Wood.

MAJ. I haven't the least doubt of it. Every widow I ever knew would—(pause) get married if she could. I don't like widows.

TOM. Neither do I. Especially this one. She is over forty and has four little shavings.

MAJ. You'll be surprised when you see Kokomo.

TOM. Every one is surprised when they see Kokomo.

MAJ. There's a new rubber plant there that employs seven hundred men. I tell you the town is waking up. The daughter of the late Bullany K. Lake has her summer home in Kokomo now. She is worth eighty thousand dollars and I am her guardian.

TOM. Ah, ha!

MAJ. An only child. She's here in New York with her aunt.

TOM. Good looking?

MAJ. Who, the aunt? A perfect dream, my boy, a perfect dream.

TOM. Not the aunt, the heiress! Is she a dream, too?

MAJ. What can you expect with eighty thousand dollars? The earth?

TOM. I understand your evasion. Some side-show freak, I suppose.

MAJ. Nothing of the sort. She's a beautiful young lady. Very, very beautiful. You shall judge for yourself. She's down-stairs in a taxi.

TOM. Down-stairs? What is she doing here?

MAJ. Slumming. I'm showing her the sights of the town.

TOM. But I can't go down dressed like this.

MAJ. Why in thunder are you wearing full dress clothes in the morning? I see it all; you're a waiter.

TOM. Nothing like it. I dressed up like this—(*hesitating*) I dressed up like this to have my picture taken. For you, you know.

MAJ. And where are your shoes?

TOM. My shoes? (*Looks at foot.*) Oh, yes, my shoes. There's one. I can't wear the other one this morning. Sore foot, you know, awfully sore foot. Gout, I think.

MAJ. Well, you go in that room there and put on your other suit and your shoes. I want you to meet the heiress. What a wife she would make! Eighty thousand dollars, my boy, don't forget that! Now, go and put on your other suit.

TOM. All right, uncle.

MAJ. Don't keep us waiting. [*Exit, c.*]

TOM. Put on my other suit. (*Takes pajamas from drawer and holds them up.*) My other suit. Nothing doing. Nothing doing. Now, if I only had another shoe and a coat. (*Slips off dress coat.*) I might try this. (*Slips on pajama coat.*) Quick change from a waiter to a barber. (*Puts on dress coat again.*) I'll have to stay in that room until they go. Maybe I can peep through the keyhole.

[*Exit, L., and closes door after him.*]

MAJ. (*heard outside c.*) This is the place. Whew, what an awful climb. (*Opens door c.*)

Enter MRS. BALLOU from C. D., very much exhausted. She comes down L. and sinks in chair, fanning feebly. Enter AMETHYST LAKE from C. D. She looks around in wonder and then comes down R., staring around in evident distaste at the untidy appearance of the room. Enter MAJ. puffing and blowing. He comes down c. and sits trying to get his breath. Pause.

MRS. B. (*after pause*). Five flights up. (*Breathes hard.*) Five flights. I'm overcome, simply overcome.

MAJ. Whew, it's awful! What a climb that was.

AME. I didn't mind it. I came up on high speed ; you used the clutch.

MRS. B. (*looking around through eye-glasses*). What a wretched place ! Surely your nephew doesn't live in this hole ?

MAJ. Yes, he does. He's trying to be a Bohemian. Been living in New York over a year and has only earned seventeen dollars.

AME. How very fascinating. That is really Bohemian. How to live on seventeen dollars a year, and this is the answer.

(*Gesture with both hands, referring to surroundings.*)

MRS. B. I am sure it isn't sanitary.

AME. Oh, auntie, look ! Here's a picture. He must be an artist.

MRS. B. Amethyst, don't look at it. I positively forbid you. If this is Bohemia, Heaven only knows what is underneath that curtain.

AME. Does your nephew paint, Major ?

MAJ. (*at c.*). Oh, I wouldn't be surprised. He started out as a story writer, but one never knows where an artistic temperament may lead.

MRS. B. Look at that table. Major Morann, is this place perfectly proper ?

MAJ. Oh, perfectly, I assure you.

MRS. B. It may be, but still I have my doubts. I am sure it isn't sanitary.

AME. I think it is perfectly dear. It's so Bohemian.

MRS. B. It may be Bohemian, Amethyst, but goodness knows it isn't clean. There's nothing like this in Kokomo.

MAJ. You're quite right, Mrs. Ballou, quite right.

MRS. B. Amethyst, don't you dare to look at that picture.

AME. Just one little peep, auntie. (*Takes off cloth.*) Oh, why, it isn't shocking at all. (*Looks closer.*) Auntie ! Major ! Look, it's my picture !

MRS. B. Your picture ? Impossible.

AME. But it is. I guess I know my own picture when I see it.

MRS. B. A mere likeness. Why, the young man has never seen you.

MAJ. (*looking at picture*). There certainly is a remarkable resemblance.

AME. And see, here is the name. Amethyst. I'm quite sure there's no one else named Amethyst.

MRS. B. (*looking at picture*). How very extraordinary!

AME. It's copied from last Sunday's paper. He's copied my picture. How very exciting! And it's perfectly lovely, isn't it?

MRS. B. It seems to flatter you a little bit, I think; especially around the nose.

AME. But where is your nephew, Major? I thought you said he was here.

MAJ. He'll be in presently.

MRS. B. He's been having breakfast. And such a breakfast!

AME. He must be awfully poor, isn't he?

MAJ. He's lived in New York a year, and has earned seventeen dollars.

AME. (*sitting at desk*). Do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to buy that picture.

MRS. B. Amethyst, don't be foolish. How do you know the price?

AME. (*writing check*). I am going to leave him a check for five hundred dollars. If it is worth more, he can deliver the picture to me and collect the rest. I'll just make the check payable to bearer.

MRS. B. There seems to be nothing here but a single egg. Only fancy!

MAJ. Oh, Tom always was a light eater.

AME. He is starving in a garret. Alone in New York. Isn't it pitiful? I'm going down-stairs to the shop below and get that boy a breakfast.

MRS. B. Amethyst! Why, I never heard of such a thing.

MAJ. Good! I'll go with you.

MRS. B. Utterly preposterous.

AME. We'll get a chicken salad and some fruit and cake and sandwiches, and some olives and cold roast beef and a big bottle of wine—two big bottles of wine! Come along, Major; we'll play the fairy godmothers.

MAJ. But your aunt——

AME. Oh, never mind auntie. She'll change her mind. Here, I'll pin the check on the corner of the picture. Now for the feast! Come on!

MAJ. But my dear Miss Lake——

AME. (*grabbing him by arm and whirling him to door*). Oh, don't stop to think, but hurry before he comes back.

[*Exit, dragging MAJ. out c.*

MRS. B. That girl will be the death of me, I'm sure. I certainly will be relieved when we are back in Kokomo next week. Another month in New York and I would be a wreck, a positive wreck! (*Sits at R.*)

Enter TOM, from L. Wears one full dress pump and one white tennis shoe. He comes down L., not seeing MRS. B.

TOM. Well, I suppose they've gone. And I didn't even get a peep at the heiress.

MRS. B. (*rising*). Good-morning.

TOM (*astonished*). Suffering seeds! Good-morning.

MRS. B. (*going toward him with hand outstretched*). You are Mr. Timmons, aren't you? I knew you right away by your resemblance to your uncle.

TOM (*backing toward L.*). Yes, ma'am. I'm Tom Timmons. But you must excuse me. I have a sick friend in there. Awfully sick. He's got the cholera or something. It's quite dangerous.

MRS. B. (*alarmed*). The cholera? Dangerous?

TOM. Awfully. We've been in quarantine for six months.

MRS. B. (*getting parasol*). I shall go at once.

TOM. I think I hear him calling for me. In delirium, you know; he just raves all the time. You'll excuse me, won't you? (*Backs out L.*)

MRS. B. Heavens! I'll be infected, I know. Oh, why did I ever allow the major to bring me to this awful place?

Enter LOL., from C. D.

LOL. Pardon, señora, I did not know there was company.

MRS. B. I am waiting for the major. We are visiting Mr. Timmons. You are — (*Pause.*)

LOL. I am La Lolita, the most beautiful woman in all New York.

MRS. B. Indeed, and what are you doing here? Don't you know that there's cholera in this house?

LOL. Cholera? (*Laughs.*) It wasn't here a few minutes ago. I am here because it is my business to be here. I am the señor's model.

MRS. B. His model? Shocking, positively shocking.

Enter AME. and MAJ., from C. D.

AME. We've ordered a gorgeous breakfast sent up. The poor young man will have something to eat at last.

LOL. 'Tis she, the original of that painting. Are you his new model? Are you going to steal his love away from poor Lolita?

AME. I wonder what she is talking about?

MRS. B. Something improper, I'm sure. Come, we must not stay in this place a single moment. It's quarantined.

AME. But I want to see the man who painted my picture.

Enter HAR., C. D.

HAR. Oh, I beg your pardon.

MAJ. We are waiting for Mr. Timmons. He is my nephew.

HAR. I am Harry Clive. We room together.

MAJ. I am Major Morann. Mrs. Ballou, Mr. Clive. Miss Lake, Mr. Clive.

LOL. (*crossing to door, c.*). I go, but I shall return. You shall not win him away from me. I shall still be his Lolita.

[*Exit, c.*

AME. (*shaking hands with HAR.*). What an odd girl.

HAR. (*gazing into her eyes*). Isn't she? She's a model.

AME. I'm afraid she wouldn't be considered a model in Kokomo.

HAR. (*retaining her hand*). Are you from Kokomo?

MRS. B. Amethyst! (*HAR. drops her hand.*) We must be going. I told you that we were in danger. Positive danger.

MAJ. Danger?

MRS. B. We've all been exposed to the cholera.

ALL. The cholera?

MRS. B. We must see a doctor at once. I'll explain when we're in the taxi. Oh, Major, why did you ever bring me to this place?

[*Exit.*

AME. Good-bye. I'm awfully sorry she's in such a hurry.

HAR. Sorry is not the word. It's the tragedy of my life.

AME. You say the nicest things. If you ever come to Kokomo I'll be awfully pleased to see you again.

HAR. When does the next train leave for Kokomo?

MRS. B. (*appearing in door*). Amethyst! [Exit, c.

AME. Coming, auntie. [Exit, c.

MAJ. What's she talking about? There's no cholera in New York.

HAR. Never heard of any. Haven't the least idea what she means.

Enter TOM from L.

MAJ. Well, did you see her ?

TOM. You bet I saw her. I talked to her.

MAJ. A wonderful girl, isn't she ?

TOM (*sarcastically*). Yes—she isn't. She was a girl when Lincoln was president.

MAJ. Nonsense. My ward is an heiress with eighty thousand dollars.

TOM. The game is off. I wouldn't marry her for a hundred and eighty thousand.

MAJ. What's that, sir ? I suppose she isn't good enough for you ?

TOM. She may be good enough, but with her age and her face she ought to be good. But as for my marrying her, why, good-night !

MAJ. Then you won't come back with me to Kokomo and do as I bid you ?

TOM. I won't marry her. I'd rather stay here and marry the Widow Wood, with her four little splinters.

MAJ. Stay, then ! (*Dramatically.*) I'm done with you. I cast you off. But when you come to your senses, don't appeal to me. I've done with you. Done with you, sir, forever.

(*Stamps to C. D.*)

TOM. But, uncle——

MAJ. Done with you forever.

[*Exit, C. D., melodramatically.*]

HAR. (*who has been sitting down R. as if in a dream*). I wonder where I've seen her before. I could swear that we have met before.

TOM. Who ? You and the old lady ?

HAR. Old ? She wasn't old.

TOM. About fifty.

HAR. Fifty, your grandmother ! She wasn't twenty. And a dream, if I ever saw one. Say, Tom, how far is Kokomo from here ?

TOM. About a thousand miles. I used to live there when I was a kid.

HAR. She lives there. She told me to look her up.

TOM. Good boy. She's worth eighty thousand dollars, if you can stand the face.

HAR. She is the loveliest creature in all the world.

TOM. Gray hair and nose-glasses.

HAR. Nonsense. You're thinking about the aunt.

TOM. Was there another ?

HAR. You better believe there was. And she was some damson plum, take it from me.

TOM. I've been hoodwinked. I must find my uncle and tell him that I've made a mistake. (*Runs to door c.*) Give me your hat. I can't let that eighty thousand escape.

[*Quick exit, c. d.*

HAR. (*counting money*). Nearly ten dollars. That ought to take me nearly to Kokomo. I'll sell my share in the furniture. Then, ho, for Kokomo.

Enter MRS. W., from c. d.

MRS. W. (*coming mincing down c., coughing gently to attract HAR.'s attention*). Hem !

HAR. Mrs. Wood ! So glad to see you. Sit down.

(*Gets her a seat.*)

MRS. W. Thank you, Mr. Clive. (*Sits.*) Won't you sit down, too ? (*He complies.*) Isn't this nice and cozy ? Just you and me. Just like home.

HAR. Oh, yes. Awfully nice and cozy.

MRS. W. I came about the rent. It's forty dollars now.

HAR. Yes, so it is. But you must see Dick. Dick is our treasurer. Unfortunately he's gone down-town to sell some pictures.

MRS. W. I did see him, and he referred me to you.

HAR. (*rubbing chin*). Oh, he did, did he ? Well, I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Wood, but I've lost my job.

MRS. W. Oh, don't let that worry you. There's other things, you know.

HAR. Yes, I believe there are.

MRS. W. Now about that money —

HAR. (*interrupting*). Now, my dear Mrs. Wood —

MRS. W. Am I your dear Mrs. Wood ? Do you really mean it ?

HAR. Of course I do.

MRS. W. Then we will say nothing more about the rent. If you want to marry and settle down, I am sure I can make you very, very happy.

HAR. What ! But this is so very sudden. (*Pause.*) You see, I've never thought of marrying. I am so young.

MRS. W. That makes no difference. You will grow older

in time. Mr. Tom and Mr. Dick both said that you were very, very fond of me.

HAR. (*quickly*). Oh, I am; I am.

MRS. W. And they said that you just loved the children. My four little angels are the idols of the neighborhood.

HAR. That's just the point. I'm not fond of children, at all. In fact, I abominate them. I never could marry a widow with children. Much as I cared for her, I have to say no, even though my poor heart were breaking.

MRS. W. (*rising*). Then your intentions weren't serious?

HAR. Not in the least.

MRS. W. Then I'll trouble you for them forty dollars immediate, or out you go. (*Crosses angrily to door c.*)

HAR. (*following her*). But, Mrs. Wood, my dear Mrs. Wood!

MRS. W. Them words is final. Out you go.

[*Exit, and slams the door.*]

HAR. I can see our finish now. I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to pack my things, sell my share of the furniture, and take the next train to Kokomo. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter LOL. stealthily.

LOL. She has gone. I see it all. He no longer cares for his poor Lolita. She has stolen him from me. She with her yellow hair and eyes blue like a fish. Bah! (*Crosses to picture.*) And now he paints her picture when once he painted mine. (*Draws curtain away from picture.*) A study in still life—flowers and things—that's what he said. He lied to me! My Englishman lied to me, and all for her sake. (*Draws stiletto.*) He shall never look upon his Amethyst again. (*Slashes picture and tears it from frame.*) Then he will forget her and Lolita shall reign supreme in his heart. (*Draws cloth over frame.*) Now, I have had my revenge. I have had my revenge! (*Crosses to c. d.*) This afternoon he will return to me and my triumph will be complete. [*Exit, c., quickly.*]

Enter HAR., from L.

HAR. (*with suit case*). I guess I've got all my belongings, so it's fare-thee-well, little old New York. The White Way will have to go on shining without me. Bohemia will be draped in mourning, for henceforth I illumine the streets of Kokomo, Indiana.

Enter TOM, C. D.

TOM. Hello, what are you all packed up for?

HAR. I'm leaving New York. I got fired from the picture-show and I'm going out west to teach the rustics how to dance the tango. Did you see your uncle?

TOM. No. I forgot to ask him his hotel. I couldn't find him. But I'm going to leave this afternoon for the old home town. It's me for Kokomo.

HAR. Kokomo? Are you going to Kokomo?

TOM. You'd better believe I am. 'Mid pleasures and palaces there's no place like home.

HAR. But you shouldn't leave old New York. There's a glorious future ahead of you, Tom.

TOM. My glorious future will be won in Kokomo, not New York.

HAR. But you have always said it was a rotten town.

TOM. I meant New York. Kokomo is the only place on the map. I'm going to pack my grips and be on my way. Say, you couldn't lend me a pair of shoes, could you?

HAR. Awfully sorry. I've only got one pair.

TOM. I know what I'll do. I'll borrow a pair from Dick.

[Exit, L.]

Enter DICK, from C. D.

HAR. Hello, Dick! What luck? Sell any pictures?

DICK. Not one. (*Sits down R.*) It's no use, Harry, I never was cut out for an artist. (*Sees note that AME. pinned on picture frame.*) What's this? (*Opens it and reads.*) "To the man who painted my picture: Enclosed please find a check for \$500.00 for the picture. Please deliver it this afternoon to the Astoria, or send it by express to Kokomo, Indiana. If \$500.00 isn't enough write to me and I will pay whatever you ask. Sincerely yours, Amethyst Lake, Kokomo, Indiana."

HAR. Amethyst Lake! So that's her name.

DICK. She's been here? The ideal of my dreams? And I wasn't here to meet her. (*Rushes across to door, L.*) I've found her at last.

HAR. Where are you going?

DICK. Going? I'm going to Kokomo, Indiana. [Exit, L.]

Enter MRS. W. and the four children, all bearing dishes, etc., of food, fruit, bottles of wine, etc.

MRS. W. The storekeeper sent these things up here.

HAR. There must be a mistake,

MRS. W. Not at all. They are for you young men.

HAR. But we didn't order them.

MRS. W. Oh, no; they were ordered and paid for by Miss Amethyst Lake. The storekeeper said so.

Enter TOM, from L., with grip, etc.

TOM. What's all this?

PAN. (*arranging food on table*). It's grub. And believe me, it's some feast.

MRS. W. Perhaps you gents can oblige me with that forty dollars before you go out.

TOM. Sorry. You'll have to call to-morrow.

Enter DICK, from L., with grips.

MRS. W. I'll not come to-morrow. You pay me my forty dollars or out you go this minute. John Patrick, call a policeman.

DICK. Hold on a minute!

MRS. W. Well, sir, perhaps you can pay me my little bill.

DICK. You better believe I can. What's a mere sum like forty dollars to a bunch of millionaires who have five hundred dollars?

TOM (*astonished*). You've sold a picture.

DICK. You bet I have. I've sold Amethyst. Here's a check for five hundred dollars.

PAN. Good. We need the money.

HAR. And look at the lunch! Come on, everybody. (*All sit at table.*) Mrs. Wood, come and join us in a little farewell party. Sit here.

MRS. W. Farewell? Then you're going away?

HAR. Yes, we're going to Kokomo.

MRS. W. And I thought you wanted to marry me.

HAR. We've been parted—parted by fate and a pair of blue eyes. Gentlemen, a toast! To Amethyst and Kokomo.

ALL (*holding up glasses*). To Amethyst and Kokomo.

(All are busy eating.)

TOM. Well, we don't need this furniture any longer.

(Breaks several small pieces of furniture.)

DICK. Certainly not. We're millionaires now.

(Breaks furniture.)

JOHN. Hurray, we'll have a regular circus.

(Breaks furniture.)

HAR. Dick, you have to stake Tom and me for the price of tickets.

DICK. Tickets? Why, where are you going?

HAR. To Kokomo!

DICK *(crossing to picture)*. Come, help me wrap up my masterpiece. *(Takes off cloth.)* Great heavens!

ALL. What is it?

DICK. The picture! Ruined, ruined!

(Sinks in chair and buries face in hands.)

TOM. And now who'll pay for the tickets?

MRS. W. And who'll pay me my forty dollars?

PAN. We need the money!

(DICK seated down R. near picture; HAR. stands at R. C. looking at him; TOM in C. with pockets turned inside out; MRS. W., L. C., and children at L.)

TOM. And the train for Kokomo leaves at two-thirty.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*The lawn at Lakemont. Exterior setting with wood wings. Palms and potted plants up L. and up R. Plants with pots covered arranged in beds on stage. Grass mats, natural leaves, etc., scattered over stage. Natural boughs tacked on wings and overhanging stage give a good effect of a grove. Fancy stone wall with opening in centre may run across stage at rear. If this is used boughs may be attached back of it to add to the general effect. This wall is not essential. Elaborate set house may be down L. This adds to the stage effect, but is not essential. Lights on full throughout the act. Bright music to take up the curtain. Small rustic garden table down R. with two rustic chairs R. and L. of table. Rustic bench down L.*

(MRS. B. discovered seated at table down R. She is reading a cable message. When the curtain is well up, she looks up from message, then rings small hand-bell on table. After a moment's pause WHIMPER enters from L. and comes respectfully C. waiting for her orders.)

MRS. B. Has the second floor suite been arranged for his lordship, Whimper?

WHIM. Yes, Mrs. Ballou.

MRS. B. Tell Jordan to have the limousine around in twenty minutes. Amethyst and I will drive over to meet Lord Richard.

WHIM. Yes, Mrs. Ballou. (*Starts to R.*)

MRS. B. Just a moment, Whimper. Where is Amethyst?

WHIM. She's out riding, Mrs. Ballou. With Mr. Clive.

MRS. B. Has she been gone long?

WHIM. About half an hour.

MRS. B. That will do.

WHIM. Yes, Mrs. Ballou.

[*Exit, R.*

MRS. B. I must put a stop to this Mr. Clive. Nobody knows anything about him, and Amethyst is becoming far too fond of his society. Just because he was the companion of the major's nephew in New York is no reason why he should be socially received in this house. Dear Lord Richard might

not like it. He is the man of men for Amethyst. A son of the Earl of Amberley, and one of the oldest families in London. (*Rises.*) I hope everything has been arranged in his room. The nobility are so particular. (*Crosses L.*) I must see to it myself. A real, live lord at Lakemont. I fancy that will make Kokomo sit up and take notice. [*Exit, L.*]

(*Laughter and conversation heard off stage at R. Then enter AME. followed by HAR. Both in riding costume. They come down C.*)

AME. We made it in twenty minutes. I told you we could do it. The villagers must have thought a tornado was passing.

HAR. A bit dusty, wasn't it?

AME. I don't mind the dust. The ride was glorious.

HAR. And so was the company.

AME. I had to laugh at Mrs. Ronald at the country club. She actually asked me if we were engaged. Funny, wasn't it?

HAR. Would it seem funny to be engaged?

AME. Of course it would.

HAR. I don't think so. I always take things like that seriously.

AME. I don't. Engagements are a joke. And I know; I've been engaged six times.

HAR. And would it seem funny if we were engaged?

AME. Certainly it would. Who ever heard of a girl becoming engaged to a man who has never even asked her permission?

HAR. Amethyst, ever since that day I saw you in the garret in New York three months ago——

Enter MRS. B., from L.

MRS. B. Amethyst, I've been looking everywhere for you.

AME. Well, here I am.

HAR. Yes, here we both are.

MRS. B. Why, Mr. Clive, I didn't see you. How do you do?

HAR. (*at R.*) Quite well, thank you.

MRS. B. Aren't you working for the major any more?

HAR. Oh, yes; yes, indeed. This is Saturday. Always take a half-holiday on Saturday, you know.

MRS. B. Where is the major, Amethyst?

AME. Haven't seen him since lunch.

MRS. B. I have just had a cablegram. A most important cablegram. I want to see the major at once. Oh, Mr. Clive, are you going down-town?

HAR. Down-town? Oh, yes. I was just starting down-town.

MRS. B. Are you going to the office? I see you are. Well, please tell the major to come home at once. I need him right away. It is most important. Thank you so much.

HAR. Oh, don't mention it.

AME. Be sure and come back at four, Harry. We are to practice for the tennis tournament.

HAR. I won't forget. Good-bye.

[*Exit, R.*]

MRS. B. (*at L. C.*). You called him Harry.

AME. (*at C.*). That's his name.

MRS. B. Amethyst, what does this mean?

AME. Nothing at all. It only means that I called him Harry. And why shouldn't I call him Harry?

MRS. B. He might misconstrue such familiarity. Amethyst, you must not give this Mr. Clive any false encouragement. You positively must stop flirting.

AME. I'm not flirting. We're awfully good friends, that's all. I like Harry Clive better than any man I have ever been engaged to.

MRS. B. Amethyst! (*Pause.*) You're not engaged to Mr. Clive?

AME. I don't know. You came in so suddenly that I didn't have time to find out what he was going to say.

MRS. B. This is preposterous. What will the major say?

AME. What difference does that make?

MRS. B. But we know nothing whatever about this Mr. Clive. He may be a mere heiress hunter for all we know. Who are his people? What are his connections?

AME. I don't know and I don't care. He is a gentleman, a perfect gentleman. That is sufficient.

MRS. B. Amethyst! (*Pause.*) You are becoming positively democratic.

AME. Now, auntie, don't let us argue. It's too hot to argue.

MRS. B. You must not forget your position, my dear. We know positively nothing about this Mr. Clive. We only know that he lived in a garret in New York with Tom Timmons. And a most disreputable place it was! Positively unhygienic! Oh, why did I ever permit the major to take us to that misera-

ble hole? New York, indeed! I never want to see it again. And this Mr. Clive came from there. Shocking, positively shocking!

AME. (*with spirit*). Mr. Clive is one of my best friends, Aunt Harriet. He has only been in Kokomo three months, and just see what a good impression he has made. The major says he is one of the best office men he has ever had.

MRS. B. But he is a mere nobody, my dear. Not an aristocrat at all.

AME. He is an American gentleman, and that is better than all the aristocrats on earth.

MRS. B. I can't imagine where you get such ideas. You must be very careful about expressing such notions in front of Lord Chetwynd. I'm sure he would not approve of such democratic ideas.

AME. If Lord Richard Chetwynd doesn't approve of my conversation or my ideas he can pack his grips and return to London.

MRS. B. Amethyst!

AME. I mean it. I care nothing for Lord Chetwynd or his opinions.

MRS. B. But he comes from one of the oldest families in England.

AME. And I come from one of the newest in Indiana. So where's the difference?

MRS. B. I just received a cablegram from his mother, the Countess of Amberley.

AME. And what does the Countess say?

MRS. B. (*reading message*). "My son Richard will be with you to-day. Any courtesy shown him will be appreciated by Imogene Amberley."

AME. Awfully nervy, I think. We've never even seen this Lord Chetwynd, and to think of your inviting him here.

MRS. B. We have several friends in common. Mrs. Chives says he is a perfect dear. And just think what a sensation a real live lord will make here in Kokomo!

AME. And why is he coming? To see you?

MRS. B. Don't be stupid, Amethyst. I am not an heiress. It's high time you were married; haven't you ever thought about that?

AME. Oh, yes; every girl thinks about that all the time.

MRS. B. And how wonderful it would be if you should happen to marry a title. You might sign your letters some day Amethyst, Lady Chetwynd.

AME. I don't want to sign my letters Lady anybody. But for your sake I'll try to be nice to him. What did you say his name was?

MRS. B. Lord Chetwynd of Kent. One of the oldest families in England.

AME. I hope he can play bridge and tennis.

Enter MAJ., from R., carrying large box of candy.

MAJ. Hello, sunshine. See what I've brought you.

AME. (*taking box and opening it*). Chocolates! Oh, you dear. I could kiss you.

MRS. B. Amethyst! You are forgetting your age. You must remember that you are no longer a little girl.

MAJ. (*at C.*). I got your message, Harriet. What is it?

MRS. B. (*at L.*). Lord Chetwynd is coming in on the afternoon train. You must go over to the station with us to welcome him.

MAJ. An English lord, eh? I suppose when he is in the house that I'll have to go to the bank and draw checks in order to breathe.

AME. You must be on your dignity, Major, and wear a full dress suit each evening after six.

MAJ. I won't do it. I won't wear one of those blamed swallow-tails every evening for the king of England.

MRS. B. Come, Amethyst, we must complete the arrangements. (*Crosses to L.*)

AME. Nell Gray telephoned that she was coming over. If you see her, Major, tell her to come up to my room.

MRS. B. You'd better wear your new white and blue.

[*Exit, L.*

AME. I suppose I must. (*Crosses to L.*) I'm sure I'd rather have one nice, live American than twenty English lords.

[*Exit, L.*

MAJ. (*sitting on bench at L., and lighting cigar*). I won't allow it. I won't permit Mrs. Ballou to marry that little girl to any titled foreigner. Don't like foreigners anyway. And besides, Amethyst is the girl of girls for that scapegrace nephew of mine. I have a notion to telegraph him to come home and marry her. (*Rises.*) I'll do it. (*Sits again.*) No, I won't. I'll wait till he apologizes to me for his conduct in New York.

Enter NELL GRAY, from R.

NELL (*coming down c.*). Good-afternoon, Major.

MAJ. Why, Nellie, bless my soul, you're a sight for sore eyes. Honestly, you get prettier and prettier every day. I haven't seen you for a month.

NELL. That's because you've been so busy at the office. You're neglecting us shamefully. I came over to play tennis. Where's Amethyst?

MAJ. Preparing for the English lord.

NELL. Oh, he's coming to-day, isn't he? Everybody in town is anxious to see what an English lord looks like. If he is like the pictures in the best sellers he must be about seven feet tall with shoulders three feet across.

MAJ. I suppose that's what he looks like. Amethyst says I'll have to wear dress clothes every night for supper, but I'm darned if I do it. I won't make a monkey of myself for all the English heiress hunters that ever crossed the pond.

NELL. That's right. You are the lord of the castle. You do just as you please.

MAJ. You bet I will. No Englishman shall dictate to me.

NELL (*sitting on bench beside him*). Have you heard from Tom lately?

MAJ. Tom? Don't speak that name to me. He's the most obstinate young simpleton in America. I'm done with him forever. He's as stubborn as a mule.

NELL (*innocently*). I wonder who he takes it after?

MAJ. Not after me. I'm as peaceful and gentle as a turtle dove when people do as I want them to. But he won't. And that's the reason he's starving in a garret in New York.

NELL. Oh, Major, he isn't really starving, is he?

MAJ. He's mighty near it. I went to him like a gentleman and implored him gently and calmly to come back here and marry and settle down. And what do you think he said? He told me that he'd come back all right, but that he wanted to pick his own wife.

NELL. You didn't object to that, did you?

MAJ. Of course I did. I have a lady all ready picked out for him. He saw her and then had the impudence to tell me that he'd rather stay there in New York. Well, let him stay. Let him stay and starve!

NELL. And he is your only living relative. Oh, Major, how can you treat your only sister's son in such a manner? He is no longer a boy, he is a man, and has a right to say whom he shall marry.

MAJ. Tut, tut! Nothing of the sort. If he expects to be reconciled to me, he must marry the lady of my choice.

NELL. But maybe he is in love with some one else!

MAJ. He must give her up. I wasn't unreasonable. No one can say that I am ever unreasonable. When people do as I want them to, I am as gentle as a spring lamb.

NELL (*rising*). I think you have been too hard on Tom, Major Morann.

MAJ. Nonsense! If he begs my pardon and is willing to do what I ask, he may return. Until then I am done with him forever. (*Rises.*)

NELL (*staring at him defiantly*). Then I think you're an obstinate, selfish, tyrannical old man. (*Crosses to L.*) And I hope he marries the girl he loves in spite of you. And I wish him all the luck in the world for he's a fine boy, Major Morann, and you know it, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. [*Exit, L.*]

MAJ. (*looking after her*). What a temper. I half believe that she's in love with Tom herself.

Enter WHIM., from R.

WHIM. Beg pardon, sir, but the limousine is ready.

MAJ. Oh, it is, is it? Well, I don't want it.

WHIM. It was Mrs. Ballou's orders, sir. James is to drive the ladies over to the station to meet the nobleman, sir.

MAJ. I suppose the whole house has been renovated to please his lordship?

WHIM. Oh, yes, sir. He won't find anything wrong, sir.

MAJ. If he does, I suppose we can have it changed to his taste.

WHIM. If you please, sir, Mrs. Ballou said as how I was to act as your valet, sir, while his lordship was here.

MAJ. Act as my what?

WHIM. As your valet. Attend to your costume and shaving, sir.

MAJ. Now see here, Whimper, I've dressed myself and put on my own shoes and socks for the past fifty years. I'm not going to have a valet at my time of life even to please Lord What's-his-name.

WHIM. Lord Chetwynd, sir. That's the name, sir.

MAJ. (*crossing to L.*). I don't want a valet. I'm old enough to take care of myself, and just you put that in your pipe and smoke it. Valet, bah!

[*Exit, L.*]

WHIM. The major may be very rich, but hawfully plebian, hawfully plebian. What will his lordship say?

(*Music* : "Home Sweet Home," played softly as TOM enters from R., slowly. He comes down R. C. slowly and looks around. Music stops. Take plenty of time for this entrance while WHIM. is arranging pillows on bench down L.)

TOM (*to audience*). This must be the place. All right, uncle, kill the fatted calf and bring on the heiress. The prodigal has returned. (*Sees WHIM.*) Oh, look what has fallen off of the Christmas tree. (*To WHIM.*) Good-morning, gentle sir.

WHIM. (*turning and seeing TOM*). Well, my good man, what can we do for you?

TOM. His good man! You can give me a little information, if you please.

WHIM. Vagrants and tradespeople ain't allowed here in front. You'd better go around to the rear.

TOM. Not me. You evidently don't know who I am.

WHIM. We don't want to buy anything to-day.

TOM. And I don't want to sell anything. Is this Lakemont?

WHIM. (*stiffly*). It is.

TOM. And may I ask if Major Morann is on the premises?

WHIM. He is. But he is engaged for the present. You had better call at his office down-town.

TOM. I think not. You see, I'm his nephew.

WHIM. (*astonished*). His nephew?

TOM. Yours affectionately, Tom Timmons.

WHIM. Won't you come into the house, sir? I am sure the major will see you.

TOM. Yes, I rather thought he would. I'll wait out here. Be good enough to find him and tell him that little Tom is waiting here for him with open arms and without a cent in his pocket.

WHIM. Yes, sir. (*Crosses to L.*) Poor relations! Whatever are we coming to? [*Exit, L.*]

TOM. Had to beat my way to Kokomo on a freight like a common hobo. I hope the heiress isn't married yet. That would be the blow that most killed father.

Enter NELL, from L., with book.

NELL. Are you looking for some one, my good man?

TOM. Now I'm her good man. This must be the heiress. Yes, ma'am, I am looking for my uncle, Major Morann.

NELL (*looking at him a moment and then approaching him with outstretched hand*). Tom! Tom!

TOM (*shaking hands blankly*). How do you do?

NELL. Don't you know me? Have you forgotten me?

TOM. Well, I haven't exactly forgotten you, but I don't quite remember, that's all. Are you the heiress?

NELL. Of course not. I'm Nell Gray. Don't you remember? We used to go to school together here at Kokomo.

TOM. Nell Gray? Little Nell Gray?

NELL. Well, I'm not as little as I used to be.

TOM. I remember you. Indeed I do. Why, I used to be perfectly crazy about you. That was when I was nine.

NELL. And I was seven. But I've never forgotten you. It seems awfully long ago.

TOM. You used to wear your hair down in pigtails and I used to scrap with every kid who even looked at you.

NELL. Yes. Ah, those were happy days.

TOM. Remember the night I took you home from little Susie Milligan's party? You were mad with me and went to the party with Teddy Blake, but we made up out in the moonlight by the lilac bush, and you ran away from Teddy and came home with me.

NELL. I'm afraid that I was a very fickle little girl, Tom. Teddy and Susie have been married for seven years and now there's a little Teddy and two little Susies.

TOM. And you used to write to me when I went to the military school.

NELL. And you never answered my letters.

TOM. I did for a while.

NELL (*sadly*). Yes, for a while. And then you forgot. You forgot, and I—I waited for twelve years and you had forgotten even my name.

TOM. And now I'm back and find that you are prettier than ever.

NELL. I'm so glad to see you again, Tom. I hope you will make up with your uncle, and do as he says.

TOM. He wants me to get married.

NELL. Yes; he told me all about it.

TOM. Do you think I should obey him in that?

NELL. If you care for the girl, yes. But if you don't, all

the money in the world should not tempt you to marry her. What good would it do? To live the rest of your life with a woman you didn't love, and all for a few thousand dollars. It would be better to marry the girl you love and earn the money yourself.

TOM. The girl I love? I don't believe I love any girl.

NELL. Well, if that's the case, you'd better see Amethyst. She's a perfect dear and worth eighty thousand dollars, Tom. It's awful easy to fall in love with a girl who's worth eighty thousand dollars.

TOM. Is it?

NELL. The easiest thing in the world. I know.

TOM. Say, you aren't married or anything like that, are you?

NELL. Of course not. (*Bitterly.*) You see, I haven't eighty thousand dollars.

TOM. You don't need it. I'll bet half the fellows in Kokomo are crazy about you.

NELL. I'm not worrying about half the fellows in Kokomo. When the right man comes along, I'll be ready. But all the money in the world couldn't make me marry a man I didn't love.

TOM. I believe you, Nell. Money wouldn't make any difference to a girl like you.

NELL. You'd better see your uncle at once. Go to him and patch up this silly quarrel. You are his only living relative, and he cares for you more than anything else on earth, in spite of his hasty temper.

TOM. I'll do it. I'll go to him humbly and ask him for a job; any little thing. Why, I'd be content with fifty dollars a week.

NELL. He'll give it to you. Just see how fine he's been to your chum, Mr. Clive.

TOM. Harry Clive? Is he here in Kokomo?

NELL. Yes, and perfectly devoted to Amethyst. He comes here every day, and I think he's made quite an impression.

TOM. The double-dyed deceiver!

NELL. Why, Tom!

TOM. He knew that I intended to marry Miss Lake, and yet he had the nerve to come here and try to beat my time. I didn't think it of Harry. Why, he must be a mere heiress hunter.

NELL. And there are others.

TOM. Others ?

NELL. Oh, yes. She has plenty of admirers. And an English lord is coming this very afternoon. I'm going to the lake to read Tennyson. (*Crosses to R.*) I have an ideal, Tom, a high ideal. Please don't destroy it. It's all I have after twelve years, all I have. [*Exit, R.*]

TOM. I wonder what she meant by that. Nell Gray ! And I had forgotten all about her. Classy little girl, too. I wish she had eighty thousand dollars. It would be so very easy to fall in love with a girl like Nell.

Enter AME., from L., dressed in white. She comes to C.

AME. (*looking at TOM, who is R. C.*). I beg your pardon.

TOM. This is the girl. Miss Lake ——

AME. Yes, I am Miss Lake, my good man ——

TOM. Now I'm her good man.

AME. What can I do for you ? Do you want anything ?

TOM. Eighty thousand —— Oh, I beg pardon, I am waiting for my uncle. I am Tom Timmons, you know.

AME. (*shaking hands*). You are ? I'm delighted to meet you. You know I called on you when we were in New York.

TOM. So sorry I was out.

AME. Come into the house. I am sure the major will give you a hearty welcome.

TOM. I'm not as sure as you are. I'd better wait out here.

AME. Have you brought the picture ?

TOM. What picture ?

AME. My picture, of course. I've been telling every one here in Kokomo what a wonderful artist you are. They are just crazy to see my picture. I think it is perfectly dear.

TOM. Oh, yes ; it's dear all right.

AME. I knew you were a literary man, but I never dreamed you were such a wonderful artist.

TOM. No, I never dreamed it myself.

AME. And it looked just like me.

TOM. Not at all. No artists on earth could do credit to you. It was a mere daub.

AME. I didn't think so. That's why I left you the check for five hundred dollars.

TOM. That picture was no good. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll paint you another one.

AME. But I liked that one.

TOM. No good at all. That's why I came to Kokomo.

AME. Oh, I see. You came to return the five hundred.

TOM (*hesitating*). Well, not exactly. You see, I —

AME. And did you know that Mr. Clive was here? Isn't it strange?

TOM. Oh, yes; awfully strange.

AME. Aren't you perfectly delighted? He's such a dear.

TOM. I don't believe he's as dear as you think he is.

AME. Here comes the major.

Enter MAJ., from L. He comes down L., meeting TOM, who is L. C. AME. crosses to R. as MAJ. enters.

MAJ. So, sir, you have returned?

TOM. Yes, dear uncle, I have returned.

MAJ. After that disgraceful scene in New York I hardly know how to receive you.

TOM. I'll tell you. Receive me with open arms.

AME. Tell auntie that I'm waiting in the car, Major.

[*Exit, R.*

MAJ. Have you decided to settle down? (*At c.*)

TOM. I have. In order to settle up. (*At R. c.*)

MAJ. What do you think of my ward?

TOM. She's a dream, uncle, a golden dream. An eighty thousand dollar dream.

MAJ. It is the wish of my life to see you two happily married.

TOM. Barkis is willing.

MAJ. But I fear you have arrived too late. Your friend Harry Clive seems to have the inside track. He's a wonderful young man.

TOM. Yes, uncle, I think he is.

Enter MRS. B., from L. She comes down L.

MRS. B. Come, Major, the limousine is waiting. The train will be in in ten minutes.

MAJ. Mrs. Ballou, this is my nephew, Tom.

MRS. B. How do you do? I believe I met you in New York. You told me you had the cholera.

TOM. Well, I did have. But I got all over it a month ago.

MRS. B. And that young Spanish person we saw at your garret that morning? Have you married her?

TOM. Who, Lolita? Nothing doing—nothing doing!

MAJ. What's all this about a Spanish person?

MRS. B. You remember her, don't you? She came to the garret while we were there. She was looking for her sweetheart.

MAJ. Oh, Thomas, Thomas!

TOM. She wasn't looking for me. I'm not the man.

MRS. B. The car is waiting, Major. We must not keep dear Lord Chetwynd in suspense.

MAJ. Go into the house, Tom, and tell Whimper to find you a room. We'll be back presently.

TOM. Oh, don't worry about me.

MRS. B. Major!

[*Exit, R.*]

MAJ. Yes, Mrs. Ballou, I am coming. (*Crosses R.*) Darn that Englishman! I wish he had stayed in London. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter WHIM., from L.

WHIM. Your room is all ready, sir.

TOM. All right. Tell it I'll be there presently.

WHIM. Very good, sir.

[*Exit, L.*]

TOM. Well, he didn't exactly receive me like a long lost son, but he didn't turn me down, and I'm thankful for small favors. When I marry Amethyst and take possession here, the first thing I'll do will be to fire that Whimper.

Enter HAR., from R.

HAR. (*at R. C.*). Tom!

TOM (*at L. C.*). Back, viper; don't speak to me. So this is what you call friendship, is it? This is the way you repay the many little kindnesses I let you do me, is it? This is your gratitude.

HAR. What's the matter? What have I done?

TOM. It isn't what you have done, it's what you are trying to do. You are trying to win my Amethyst away from me.

HAR. Your Amethyst? Why, you never set eyes on her before to-day.

TOM. What difference does that make? I have loved her madly, passionately for the past three months.

HAR. And so have I. Ever since that day I saw her in New York.

TOM. Then it's war, is it?

HAR. It is. War to the knife.

TOM. And let the best man win.

Enter NELL, from R. She comes down C.

NELL. Hello, Mr. Clive. What are you two doing? Plotting against the Englishman?

HAR. By George, I had forgotten all about the Englishman.

TOM. Who is he?

NELL. A titled Londoner. His name is Lord Chetwynd.

HAR. Richard Chetwynd?

TOM. An Englishman!

BOTH. I'll bet a dollar it's Dick.

NELL. Who is Dick?

HAR. Our old-time chum, Dick Chetwynd. He was an Englishman.

NELL. And the name is the same. Was he a nobleman?

TOM. If he was, we never guessed it. He told us that he was a poor struggling artist stranded in New York, and we took him in.

HAR. Maybe he took us in. I'll bet he was a lord in disguise all the time.

NELL (*looking off R.*). Well, you'll soon know, for here they come now.

(*Pause. All look R. Laughter and conversation heard off R.*)

DICK (*outside R.*). Awfully good of you, you know.

TOM. That voice! (*Moves down L.*)

HAR. That figure! It's he. (*Down L.*)

TOM. We meet again.

Enter DICK, from R., escorting AME., followed by MAJ. and MRS. B.

AME. Welcome to Lakemont!

DICK (*at C.*). Awfully pretty place, you know. Quite like dear old London. (*Sees TOM and HAR.*) By Jove!

TOM. } Dick! (*Cross to him with extended hands.*)
HAR. }

MAJ. (*down R. with MRS. B.*). You know him?

TOM. Know him? Well, I should say we do. We slept together, ate together and starved together in that attic in New York.

DICK. Awfully glad to see you, old chaps. Awfully surprised and all that sort of thing!

AME. (*up R.*). Lord Chetwynd, allow me to present Miss Gray.

DICK. Delighted, I'm sure.

MRS. B. (*crossing L.*). But you must be tired after your journey. Come into the house. [*Exit.*]

MAJ. Yes, let's get a drink. (*Crosses L.*) It's as dusty as the desert. A camel can go twelve days without a drink, but who in thunder wants to be a camel? [*Exit, L.*]

DICK. By Jove, who'd ever thought to have run up on you two way out here? I thought you were still in New York.

AME. (*at L.*). Will you come in, Lord Chetwynd? Harry, you and Mr. Timmons must stop in a while, too. It's quite a reunion of old chums.

NELL. Tom, Dick and Harry! The three musketeers.

HAR. That's what they used to call us. Come on.

DICK. Awfully glad to meet my old chums, really, Miss Amethyst. [*Exit, L., with AME.*]

NELL (*with HAR. at L.*). Come on, Tom. It's too bad, isn't it? When you have an English nobleman for a rival, you have a foeman worthy of your steel. [*Exit, L., with HAR.*]

TOM (*looking after them at L.*). So old Dick's here, too? Odd how the three of us should be rivals for the hand of one fair heiress. I wish little Nell Gray was an heiress. I'll bet Dick or Harry couldn't cut me out there. But I'm not so sure of Amethyst.

MRS. W. (*heard outside R.*). Come right this way, children. This must be the place we're looking for. (*Enter MRS. W., from R., followed by PAN., JOHN, ROS. and BIAH.*) There's a man. I'll ask him. (*Comes to C.*)

PAN. It's Mr. Timmons, maw, it's Mr. Timmons.

MRS. W. Support me, John Patrick, I feel faint.

TOM. Mrs. Wood! Good-night! I owe her forty dollars. [*Exit, L.*]

PAN. Come back, come back, Mr. Tom; we need the money.

Enter MAJ., from L.

MAJ. What is the meaning of this?

MRS. W. (*recovering*). I am looking for my Harry. He said he was going to marry me and then he deserted all of us.

PAN. And he owes us forty dollars.

MAJ. But your Harry isn't here.

Enter MRS. B. She comes down L.

MRS. B. (*at L.*). Major, who are these people?

MAJ. (*at L. C.*). Blamed if I know.

MRS. B. Ring for the servants and send them away.

MRS. W. I won't be sent away. I want my Harry. He said he was coming here. He ran away and left me —

PAN. And we need the money.

Enter DICK and AME. They come to C.

JOHN. It's Mr. Dick. They're all here.

MRS. W. Mr. Chetwynd! (*A little to R. of C.*)

DICK (*a little to L. of C.*). Mrs. Wood! The Widow Wood!

MRS. B. (*at L.*). Lord Chetwynd, what does this mean?

AME. (*up L. C.*). Speak, sir, speak!

MAJ. (*at L. C.*). It means that your fine Englishman here has deserted this poor woman and her little children, that's what it means.

DICK. Deserted her? Preposterous. I never deserted her.

MRS. W. Oh, I'm faint. Some water, Mr. Dick, some water. (*Faints in DICK's arms.*)

(Music, quick to end of act.)

PAN. You let my maw alone. (*Beats DICK.*)

DICK. Some water, quick!

JOHN. I'll get it. Maw's sick. (*Runs out L.*)

MAJ. You'd better take your lady friend to the hotel. This is no place for her.

DICK. She isn't my lady friend. She's not after me.

MRS. B. Why is she here then?

DICK. Maybe she's after Tom.

ALL. Tom?

Enter TOM and NELL, from L. They stand at L. C.

DICK (*passing MRS. W. to TOM and crossing down R.*). There he is. Take her, Tom, take her!

TOM. I don't want her. Why is she here?

MRS. B. She came after you.

MAJ. This is the last straw. Oh, Thomas, Thomas, see what your visit to New York has come to.

Enter JOHN, with water. He throws it over MRS. W.

TOM. She's not after me. I'm not the man. It's Harry she wants.

ALL. Harry!

Enter HAR., followed by WHIM.

MRS. W. (*recovering*). Oh, Harry, at last, at last!

(Faints in his arms at c. TOM and NELL up L.)

HAR. The Widow Wood. She's after her forty dollars.

AME. Oh, Harry, Harry, this is too much.

HAR. (*passing MRS. W. to WHIM.*). She's not after me. She's after Whimper.

(WHIM., astonished, lets her drop to the floor where she sits with feet toward audience and back against WHIM.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same set as Act II. A month later. A garden party at Lakemont. Time is night. Table is covered with white cloth and bears punch bowl and glasses. Strings of lanterns decorate the stage. Lights one-quarter down.*

(*Discovered WHIM. arranging punch bowl, etc. Curtain rises without music. When curtain is well up and after a slight pause, MRS. W., now MRS. WHIMPER, enters from R. and comes down C. She gazes adoringly at WHIM. who does not see her.*)

MRS. W. Whimper !

WHIM. (*turning*). My bride! (*Takes her two hands.*)
My bonnie, bonnie bride.

MRS. W. Ain't there no one about ?

WHIM. The guests haven't arrived yet. And the family is just finishing dinner, my own. (*Drop hands.*)

MRS. W. (*sitting at L.*). I never thought that when I left New York I'd be returning with a husband. And such a handsome husband, too.

WHIM. (*at C.*). Gussie, you mustn't flatter me.

MRS. W. It ain't flattery. It's the truth.

WHIM. I'll admit that I have been always considered fascinating by the fair sect.

MRS. W. You are fascinating. And to think that we are about to go to New York on a honeymoon. Oh, Whimper, this is joy ! Never did I think such bliss was in store for me.

WHIM. I thought you had intended to marry one of the young men.

MRS. W. That was only a threat. I wanted a little change of scenery, so I came out here with the children to collect the forty dollars they'd been owing me for nearly a year. I won't deny but what one of them was smit with my charms, but when I saw you it was all off, as the saying is. Gussie, says I to myself, there is a man ! And now we're married. Have you broke the news to the family as yet ?

WHIM. Not a word. It will break their hearts to lose me. I'm the only butler in Kokomo, But what is a little thing like

their broken hearts to me? You are a lady of property and attainments as well as much personal charm.

MRS. W. (*simpering*). Oh, Whimper!

WHIM. I resign my position as a Kokomo butler to become a New York landlord.

MRS. W. How long have you buttled here, Charles?

WHIM. A matter of four years, my dear. I drew seven hundred dollars from the bank this afternoon, and to-night I'll break the fatal news to Mrs. Ballou, and early to-morrow morning we'll take the train for New York.

MRS. W. I can hardly realize that I'm a married woman once again. Charles, you do love me for myself alone, don't you? (*Rises and comes to him.*)

WHIM. (*putting his arms around her*). Gussie, light of my life, can you ask? (*About to kiss her.*)

Enter JOHN, PAN., ROS., and BIJAH. They come down R.

JOHN. Here, cut the comedy. Maw, the kids is hungry.

MRS. W. (*crossing to ROS. and BIJAH*). We'll go and get supper.

JOHN (*to WHIM.*). Say, you! Why don't you invite us into the house and give us some ice-cream?

MRS. W. John Patrick, that ain't no way to talk to your papa.

JOHN. He ain't my papa. You've got your lines crossed. Ring off.

PAN. Gee, maw, are you going to take that back with you to New York?

JOHN. If you do there won't be a brick left in the alley. What did you marry him for?

PAN. 'Cause we need the money. It's all right, maw; I think he is just grand.

WHIM. (*at L.*). Gussie, my pet, you'd better take the children and return to the hotel. The family is just about through dinner.

MRS. W. (*taking children and crossing up R.*). And you'll be sure and come over as soon as you can get away?

WHIM. (*down L.*). I'll fly, Gussie, fly on the wings of love.

JOHN. Then I'll get a shotgun, believe me.

MRS. W. John Patrick, how aggravating you are!

WHIM. I must return now to the dining-room. I have to serve the cigars.

JOHN. Stick a couple in your pocket for me.

MRS. W. Well, then, we'd better go. Come, children. Farewell, Charles, and remember that birdie is waiting.

JOHN. Birdie had better get back in her cage.

PAN. Come on, maw, I'm hungry.

(Pulls MRS. W. out R., followed by children.)

WHIM. Them children is awful, perfectly awful. But Gus-sie is a dream, and she has money in the bank. I'll have to go in and break the news to Mrs. Ballou. *(At L. entrance.)* To-night I buttle for the last time. *[Exit, L.*

Enter TOM, from R. He comes down R. C., meeting MAJ., who has entered from L.

MAJ. Tom, I want to speak to you a moment.

TOM. All right, Major, here I am; go as far as you like.

MAJ. It's now a month since you began work in the whole-sale grocery. I was talking with Mr. Sims to-day and he says that you are making good. Beginning next Monday your salary is to be advanced to one hundred dollars a month.

TOM *(shaking hands with him)*. Good work. *(Slaps him on back.)* Much obliged, uncle. A hundred a month! Gee, I can get married on that.

MAJ. That's precisely the point I am coming to. Why don't you?

TOM. I will. I'll marry and raise a family. But gimme time, uncle, gimme time. One can't do little things like that in a day, you know.

MAJ. It is the wish of my life to see you married to my ward. On your wedding day I'll write you a check for five thousand dollars.

TOM *(slapping him on back, to MAJ.'s discomfort)*. Good old uncle! Gee, I wish this was my wedding day. Say, you couldn't let me have fifty cents on account, could you?

MAJ. But you have two desperate rivals here. Harry Clive and this English lord.

TOM. I know it, and they are desperadoes, especially Harry.

MAJ. Now I advise you to get ahead of them. Propose at once.

TOM. Uncle, I have a secret to tell you. You may congratulate me. Amethyst and I are to be married in the spring.

MAJ. In what spring? ————? *(Name local spring.)*

TOM (*laughing*). Of course not. Next spring. I proposed this morning.

MAJ. You did? Shake hands. (*They do so.*) I'm beginning to believe that you have the makings of a man in you after all. Did she accept?

TOM. Of course. That is, she didn't say no. She's to give me her answer to-night.

MAJ. Remember, five thousand dollars on your wedding day, and five thousand more if you name your first child after me.

TOM. But suppose it ain't that kind of a child?

MAJ. Nonsense. It will be a boy. And his name is to be Timothy Morann Timmons. Remember, five thousand dollars.

TOM. Isn't this all a little previous? She hasn't accepted me yet.

MAJ. But she will. You've won the prize. I'm delighted. To think that you got ahead of that English lord. Shake, my boy, shake! I'm going in now and open a bottle of the best champagne to the health of the coming Timothy Morann Timmons. Delighted, my boy, I'm delighted. (*Crosses to L.*) Remember, you're to name the first one after me. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter HAR., from R.

HAR. (*coming down R.*). Hello, Tom. Congratulate me. I win.

TOM (*at C.*). You win what?

HAR. Amethyst. I proposed this afternoon. We're to be married in the spring.

TOM. What, you and Amethyst? Nonsense! I don't believe it.

HAR. She's to give me my answer to-night. I'm the happiest man in all the world. I want you to be the best man at the wedding.

TOM. How about Dick?

HAR. Oh, I've fixed Lord Chetwynd all right. I had a long talk with Dick last week, and I believe that he really cares more for that little Spanish model than he does for Amethyst.

TOM. Who, Lolita?

HAR. Yes. So I sent her a telegram asking her to come here at once. I signed Dick's name, and she arrived this afternoon. He'll see her, propose to her, and then come here and be the first to congratulate Amethyst and me.

TOM (*sarcastically*). Yes, he will! Funny about our room-

ing with him for months there in New York and never learning that he was of the nobility.

HAR. He had a quarrel with his father and came to America to paint pictures.

TOM. But he didn't succeed.

HAR. Neither did we. But Dick went back to England like the prodigal son, and they have forgiven him. His mother sent him to Kokomo to marry the heiress.

TOM. Say, I wonder which one of us she really intends to marry?

Enter DICK, from L. Comes down L.

DICK (*at L.*). Hello, lads, congratulate me.

HAR. (*at R.*). Congratulate *you*?

TOM (*at C.*). What for?

DICK. Proposed to Miss Lake this evening. We're going to be married in the spring.

TOM. Strikes me that spring is going to be pretty crowded.

HAR. Has she accepted you?

DICK. She's to give me her final answer to-night. But I'm willing to wager half a crown that she returns to dear old England as Lady Chetwynd. What American girl could resist a title like mine? I want you both to be at the wedding.

HAR. Oh, we'll both be at the wedding all right, all right.

DICK (*crossing to TOM and HAR., who are now down R.*). And another little matter. Now that it has been definitely decided that I am the lucky man, perhaps it would be better form, dear boys, if you would cease to annoy Miss Lake with your attentions. No offense, you know, but people will talk. People are so rude here in America.

TOM. As a matter of fact I don't think Amethyst intends to become Lady Chetwynd.

HAR. Neither do I. I feel rather sure that she is going to become Mrs. Harry Clive.

TOM. Or Mrs. Tom Timmons.

DICK. What! But you haven't proposed, have you?

TOM. I proposed this morning.

HAR. And I proposed this afternoon.

DICK. By Jove, what a coincidence!

TOM. I sent her a bouquet of red roses to-night. When she appears wearing my flowers I guess you both take to the woods.

HAR. I sent her some roses, too. White bride's roses. I'll

bet she'll wear white roses to-night. I'm sure she doesn't care for red roses.

DICK. By Jove! I sent some roses, too. Pink roses. I ordered them from Indiana. Awfully sorry for you, old chaps, really I am. Sorry to have you disappointed and all that sort of thing. But when you see her, she'll be wearing pink roses —

TOM. Red roses!

HAR. White roses!

DICK. Bah, you know that I'll be the lucky man. (*Takes glass of punch.*) Come, lads, a toast. To Amethyst! May she give me a favorable answer to-night.

HAR. (*raising glass*). To the future Mrs. Clive. And white roses.

TOM (*raising glass*). To my heart's delight. And the red rose of love.

(*All drink.*)

Enter WHIM., from L.

HAR. (R. C.). Say, Whimper, has Miss Lake come down yet?

WHIM. (*at L.*). Oh, yes, sir.

DICK (*at HAR.'s R.*). And is she wearing roses, Whimper?

WHIM. I think she is, my lord.

TOM (*at DICK'S R.*). What kind of roses, Whimper?

WHIM. (*surprised*). Just ordinary hothouse roses, sir.

HAR. But what color?

WHIM. I never noticed the color particularly, sir. But I think they are yellow.

TOM. }

DICK. } Yellow?

HAR. }

WHIM. (*calmly*). Yes, sir. But I never was a good judge of colors, sirs; having been quite color-blind since I was a mere youth, as the saying is. (*Looks L.*) But here she comes, gentlemen; you may see for yourself.

Enter AME., from L. She wears three roses with long stems, a pink rose, a red rose and a white rose. She comes down

L. C.

TOM. }

DICK. } Amethyst!

HAR. }

AME. Good-evening.

[*Exit WHIM. at L.*

TOM (*shaking hands with AME. at C.*). Would you like to take a walk in the moonlight?

HAR. You promised to come for a ride on the lake.

DICK. Yes, and you promised to show me the roses in the garden. Pink roses.

AME. (*taking DICK's arm*). So I did. Tom, you'll excuse me, won't you? And you, Harry? We can go on the lake a little later.

DICK (*to TOM and HAR.*). What did I tell you? England always is victorious. [*Exit, R., with AME.*

TOM. Stung. And by an Englishman, too.

HAR. (*at R. C.*). I didn't think she'd treat me like that. Why in thunder didn't you and Dick stay in New York and let us alone? Things were going all right until you two came.

TOM (*at C.*). It's very evident that she intends to become Lady Chetwynd.

HAR. Not if I can prevent it. Anyhow she wore a white rose.

TOM. Yes, and a red one too. But she also wore a pink one and she plainly gave Dick the preference.

HAR. I'll soon put a stop to that. I'm going to the hotel.

TOM. What for?

HAR. To find Lolita. If any one can break up this affair, she's the girl. [*Exit, R.*

TOM (*at C.*). I know what I'll do. I'll flirt with Nell and make Amethyst jealous. Not a bad idea. I rather like to flirt with Nell. Gee, I wish *she* had eighty thousand dollars. If she did I wouldn't allow Dick or Harry to come within a mile of her.

Enter NELL, from L.

NELL. Hello, Tom.

TOM. Hello, Nell. I was just thinking about you.

NELL. I thought you were always thinking about Amethyst.

TOM. Don't you believe it. You're ever so much more interesting than Amethyst.

NELL. Flatterer. I haven't eighty thousand dollars.

TOM. What difference does that make? Who cares for a little thing like that? Say, Nell, have you heard about my new promotion?

NELL. No, what is it?

TOM (*proudly*). A hundred a month. Begins Monday.

NELL. Oh, I'm so glad.

TOM. So am I. Say, Nell, will you marry me?

NELL. What?

TOM (*lightly*). I just merely inquired whether you'd marry me.

NELL (*startled*). Why—why—what a funny way to propose.

TOM. You love me, don't you? I thought you did. I was sure of it.

NELL. But I don't.

TOM. You don't? (*Pause.*) Honest, don't you?

NELL (*positively*). Certainly not.

TOM. Well, you will in time. I think you are the finest girl I've ever met. I've loved you ever since we were little kids together.

NELL. Honest, Tom? Do you really care for me?

TOM. You bet your life.

NELL. I thought you were going to marry Amethyst.

TOM. So did I. Once. But when I saw you — Honest, Nell, I'd rather marry you than any heiress in the country. What I want is a little home and a little wife. I can earn the money.

NELL. That's the way I love to hear you talk.

TOM. Then you do love to hear me talk.

NELL. If I thought you were in earnest. (*Pause.*)

TOM. I am in earnest. Honest I am. If you say the word we'll be married at once. To-night. I can get a license from Charley Thomas and we can drive over to the minister's and be married in half an hour. I dare you to.

NELL. And you really care for me?

TOM. You bet I do. I wouldn't ask you to marry me if I didn't. Will you? (*Pause. She turns away from him.*) Will you, Nell?

NELL (*slowly turning toward him*). Yes, Tom, I will. I've loved you all my life.

TOM. Get your hat, get your hat. We'll be married at once and come back and surprise the bunch.

NELL. My hat?

TOM. You don't need a hat. The car is outside. We'll borrow it for our wedding journey. Come on.

NELL. But, Tom —

TOM. We've got to hurry. Come on.

(*Hurries her out R.*)

Enter MAJ., *from L.*, *followed by* MRS. B.

MAJ. (*speaking as he enters*). But I tell you I won't have it. It's gone far enough. He's got to leave and you must tell him so. Amethyst is going to marry my nephew.

MRS. B. Don't be impossible, Major. She is going to do nothing of the sort. Why, she is an heiress and he hasn't a penny.

MAJ. He makes a hundred a month.

MRS. B. That wouldn't keep Amethyst in clothes.

MAJ. Well, let her buy her own clothes.

MRS. B. She must marry a title. Think what it would mean to her to be Lady Chetwynd. They are in the rose garden now. He proposed this evening and she is accepting him now.

MAJ. I'll never give my consent. Never.

MRS. B. She doesn't need it. She's of age, you know.

MAJ. But I won't allow her to marry this heiress hunter. That's what he is. A mere heiress hunter.

MRS. B. People might say that your nephew is little better.

MAJ. Madam, don't excite me. I'm a calm, peaceful man, but don't excite me, don't excite me!

MRS. B. I'm not trying to excite you. I'm only insisting that Amethyst should marry into the nobility.

MAJ. She shan't! She won't disobey me. And if you won't send this British lord on his way, I'll do it myself. I don't like him anyhow.

Enter AME. and DICK, *from L.* *They come down L.*

MRS. B. They are here.

AME. Major! Good-evening, auntie.

MRS. B. (*crossing to them at L.*). Well, Amethyst, have you anything to tell me?

AME. (*puzzled*). I don't think so.

MRS. B. I thought maybe you both had something to tell me.

MAJ. They'll tell you that you are a meddling old woman.

MRS. B. What! Meddling old woman! Major Morann, how dare you? (*Crosses to him.*) How dare you? (*Crosses to R.*) Oh, I am insulted, I am insulted.

AME. (*crossing to her*). Now, auntie, don't make a scene. He didn't mean it. You didn't mean it, did you, Major?

MAJ. You bet your life I meant it. I said it and I meant it.

MRS. B. Oh, my smelling salts. This is unbearable. Amethyst, take me in; I really believe I'm going to faint.

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

MAJ. (*to DICK*). Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

DICK. Nothing, Major. Merely that it is a pleasant evening.

MAJ. Pleasant evening? Pleasant evening? Thunder and lightning! (*Crosses to L.*) And he calls it a pleasant evening.

[*Exit, L.*]

DICK. By Jove! Awfully bad form, you know. I never could stand these family rows. Always gets on my nerves and all that sort of thing. She said she'd give me my answer to-morrow. By Jove! if I married her the major and the old woman would be rowing continually. And I never could stand anything like that. Perhaps I had better go to my room, quietly pack my luggage and take the midnight train back to New York.

Enter LOL., from R. She stands at back a moment watching

DICK. *She recognizes him and comes down R. C.*

LOL. It is! It is! My Englishman!

DICK. Lolita! What are you doing here in Kokomo?

LOL. I came for you. My last cent of money I spent for a ticket to this Kokomo. For you, my señor, my Englishman. And now that I have found you, you have no word of greeting for me. (*Turns aside and weeps.*) You have no thought for poor Lolita.

DICK. Now, don't cry, there's a good little girl. Don't cry.

LOL. (*sobbing on his shoulder*). You do not love Lolita any more.

DICK. Oh, yes, I do. Really, I do. Only don't cry! It makes me so nervous to have any one cry and all that sort of thing. Please don't cry.

LOL. (*drawing stiletto*). Now, choose, my Englishman. Lolita or this dagger! Which shall it be?

DICK. By Jove! If I have to choose, I'll choose Lolita. I never did like daggers.

LOL. (*down L. C.*). My Englishman!

DICK. By Jove, Lolita, it seems like old times to see you again. You are just as pretty as ever, too. I must paint your

picture again. These pale American girls are like insipid lilies compared to the dusky beauty of my wild Spanish orchid. By Jove, Lolita, I'd like to take you over to London. What a sensation you'd make. My cousin married one of the Gaiety Girls, but she can't hold a candle to you. If you were Lady Chetwynd, you'd be the sensation of the season.

LOL. Lady Chetwynd?

DICK. Yes. If you marry me, you will be Lady Chetwynd, you know.

LOL. And you will marry me?

DICK. By Jove, I believe I will.

Enter TOM and NELL, from R. They come down R.

TOM (*at R. C.*). We've been and gone and done it.

DICK. Done what?

TOM. Got married. Let me present my wife, Mrs. Tom Timmons.

DICK. By Jove! (*Shakes hands.*) Congratulations, and all that sort of thing. (*Goes to NELL.*) Awfully sudden, wasn't it?

NELL. Yes, just like a tornado. (*Talks with DICK.*)

TOM. Lolita! Have you forgotten me?

LOL. But, no. It is the Señor Tom. (*Shakes hands.*) Ah, my friend, I am glad to see you.

TOM. And so am I. (*To NELL.*) Mrs. Timmons. (*She pays no attention. He speaks louder.*) Mrs. Timmons, my dear!

NELL. Oh, do you mean me? I forgot that was my name.

TOM. Let me present my old friend Lolita. You've heard me speak of her.

NELL. So glad to meet you.

(*GIRLS down L. ; MEN at C.*)

DICK. But how did you get married so quickly?

TOM. Easiest thing in the world. Just went down to the city hall, got a license, went to the parson's, gave him five dollars and got a wife. Just as easy as lighting a cigar.

DICK. By Jove, I have an idea —

TOM. You have? Hold onto it before it gets away.

DICK. I think I'll get married just that way.

TOM. To-night?

DICK. Right away.

TOM. You and Amethyst?

DICK. Not at all, not at all. I'm going to marry Lolita.

TOM (*shaking hands*). Congratulations, old man. Our car is right at the gate. Hop in, drive to the city hall, get license, drive to the parson, pay him five dollars, and God bless you my children.

DICK. Will you come, Lolita?

LOL. With you, my Englishman, I would go to the end of the world.

DICK. Say, old man, lend me five dollars, will you?

TOM. Here's ten. Keep the change to begin housekeeping on.

DICK. By Jove, I'm going to be married. Come, Lolita.

[*Exit, R., with LOL.*]

NELL. Rather sudden, wasn't it? I thought he was going to marry the heiress.

TOM. He's been in love with Lolita for nearly two years.

Enter MAJ., from L. TOM and NELL down R.

MAJ. (*coming down L.*). Tom, Tom, I've been looking everywhere for you. I've got good news. Great news.

TOM. Yes? And I've got a little news myself.

MAJ. I've fixed it all right. I've arranged everything. She's yours, she is yours.

TOM. Yes, I know she's mine. That's what I wanted to tell you.

MAJ. And remember the first one is to be named after me.

TOM. Oh, uncle!

MAJ. She is a little bit shy, but all you have to do now is to buy her the ring, and she is yours.

TOM. She's mine without the ring. I forgot all about a ring.

MAJ. But you must have a ring. I am sure Amethyst will insist on a ring.

TOM. Amethyst? I'd forgotten all about Amethyst.

MAJ. Forgotten all about her? Are you crazy? I want to announce your engagement to-night.

TOM. You can announce more than my engagement, uncle. But not to Amethyst. I was married this evening.

MAJ. Married? You?

TOM (*leading NELL forward*). Uncle, this is Mrs. Tom Timmons.

MAJ. What! Well, I'll be blowed.

TOM. Won't you shake hands and congratulate us?

NELL. Major!

(*In pleading voice. Pause. MAJ. looks at them, scowling at first, but his face gradually changes to smiles.*)

TOM. You forgive us?

NELL. Yes, please, Major. We'll never do it again.

MAJ. But this young rascal was going to marry Amethyst.

TOM. Not at all, not at all; you must have dreamed all that, uncle.

MAJ. (*after a slight pause*). Well, maybe I did. (*Shakes hands with them.*) Bless you, my children, bless you.

(*Crosses to L.*)

TOM. Where are you going?

MAJ. Going to write that check for five thousand dollars.

(*At L.*) And remember, the first one is to be named after me.

(*Laughs and exits L.*)

Enter HAR. at R. He comes down R.

HAR. Hello. Let me congratulate you. I heard all about it down-town.

(*Shakes hands with TOM and NELL at C.*)

TOM. Have you heard about Dick and Lolita?

HAR. No. I sent her up here to find Dick. Where are they?

TOM. Gone to be married.

HAR. What? (*He skips around stage.*) Then I'm the man. Oh (*singing*), "This is the life, this is the life, this is the life for me."

NELL. We'd better go in and tell Amethyst.

TOM. So we had. Come on, Harry. We're going to break the news. [*Exit, L., with NELL.*]

HAR. Now, maybe Amethyst will wear white roses.

Enter AME., from L.

AME. I thought the major was here.

HAR. No, there's no one here but me.

AME. They are about to begin the dance. Aren't you coming in?

HAR. In a moment. May I have the first dance with you?

AME. (*looking at programme*). Oh, I have that one with Lord Chetwynd.

HAR. Lord Chetwynd has gone away on a very important engagement. He's gone to be married.

AME. Married? Surely you are joking?

HAR. Not a joke. A friend of his came from New York this afternoon. He saw her here to-night, and I'm positive that they're going to take the late train for their honeymoon. How about the second dance?

AME. (*looking at programme*). I have that with Tom.

HAR. Scratch it, scratch it. Tom's married.

AME. Mr. Clive, how strangely you talk!

HAR. It's true. Tom was married to Nell Gray half an hour ago. They're in the house now announcing their wedding. It was an awful surprise.

AME. I never heard of the like. Perhaps you are going to be married, too?

HAR. I am. To-night.

AME. You are? To whom, Mr. Clive?

HAR. Oh, to some one. It seems to be quite the fad to get married to-night.

AME. Perhaps I am keeping you from your fiancée. I'd better go.

HAR. Oh, don't go. At least not that way. I want you to go down-town with me.

AME. And leave my guests? How absurd.

HAR. That's just what it is—absurd. The whole thing has been absurd. But you and I are going to be married to-night.

AME. We are?

HAR. Got to keep in the fashion.

AME. But I haven't accepted you yet.

HAR. You wore my rose to-night. I took hope when I saw that. Faint heart never won fair lady. (*AME. takes red rose from her waist and slowly pulls it to pieces.*) Good-bye, Tom. (*AME. same business with pink rose.*) Farewell, Lord Chetwynd.

AME. And now I have only one left. A white one.

HAR. The one I sent. And it's a bride's rose. (*Takes her in his arms.*) So you've made up your mind at last?

AME. I made up my mind the first time I saw you. In the garret in New York.

HAR. And I knew it all the time.

CURTAIN

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