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WHERE THE LANE  
TURNED

A RURAL COMEDY DRAMA

BY

FLORENCE A. COWLES

DICK & FITZGERALD  
PUBLISHERS  
18 Ann Street, New York

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DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.....	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

# WHERE THE LANE TURNED

*A Rural Comedy Drama in  
Four Acts*

By FLORENCE A. COWLES

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NEW YORK  
DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 ANN STREET

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# WHERE THE LANE TURNED

## CHARACTERS

CALEB BRANDON .....	<i>A farmer</i>
MRS. BRANDON .....	<i>His wife</i>
JASPER FERNLEY .....	<i>A millionaire</i>
LAURA FERNLEY .....	<i>His daughter</i>
MARIE .....	<i>Laura's maid</i>
DR. ROGER AUSTIN .....	<i>The physician</i>
SIR BLASHINGTON INGLEBY .....	<i>An Englishman</i>
MRS. T. A. SMYTHE .....	<i>A summer boarder</i>
THOMAS ALGERNON SMYTHE .....	<i>Her son</i>
VINCENT GRAFTON .....	<i>A scoundrel</i>
SPEEDMORE GASSAWAY .....	<i>A chauffeur</i>
JOYCE CARMODY .....	<i>A trained nurse</i>

TIME.—The present.

LOCALITY.—Near Hartford and New York City.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—SAMMIE'S broken leg. THOMAS objects to ALGERNON and expresses his views on matters. The accident

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no 1

to the motor car and Mr. FERNLEY's hurt. What BRANDON would have done. GASSAWAY tells what happened. BRANDON relates what he knows of FERNLEY. Trained nurse arrives. GASSAWAY despondent. JOYCE found at last.

ACT II.—MRS. BRANDON pestered half to death by reporters and the nurse. Home news. JOYCE tries to forget the doctor. GRAFTON's confession and proposal to JOYCE. JOYCE refuses. GRAFTON's threats. JOYCE explains how she became GRAFTON's wife.

ACT III.—MARIE pares potatoes, and GASSAWAY makes hay and also love, and is sent to town for sewing materials. MR. SMYTHE deals in stocks. MRS. BRANDON's little girl. LAURA wants advice about SIR BLASHINGTON. ALGERNON still objects to his name, and exposes the fact that his father is dealer in live-stock. SIR BLASHINGTON proposes to LAURA. LAURA's reply. FERNLEY sends for BRANDON and explains the situations of years ago. JOYCE and the doctor have an interview. The intended kidnapping a failure.

ACT IV.—The BRANDONS visit New York, but long for the old farm. FERNLEY's investment for the account of BRANDON and its result. How the BRANDONS determine to use the fund. LAURA's invitation. TOMMIE satisfied. LAURA's wedding presents.

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### COSTUMES

- CALEB BRANDON. ACTS I, II, and III. Every-day clothes of a farmer. ACT IV. His "best suit."
- MRS. BRANDON. Corresponding to above.
- JASPER FERNLEY. ACT I. Motoring costume. ACT III. Business suit. ACT IV. Dress suit.
- LAURA FERNLEY. ACT I. Motoring costume, later pretty dress. ACT III. Afternoon dress; should be same color as Mrs. Smythe's. ACT IV. Evening dress, not too elaborate.

- MARIE. ACT I. Very quiet motoring costume, changing to maid's costume, black gown, cap, apron, etc. ACT IV. Any pretty dress.
- DR. AUSTIN. ACT I. Motoring costume. ACTS II and III. Business suit. ACT IV. Dress suit.
- SIR BLASHINGTON. ACT I. Motoring costume. ACT III. Business suit. ACT IV. Dress suit. He wears or dangles a monocle, and his clothes should be English in style.
- MRS. SMYTHE. ACTS I and III. Afternoon dress. ACT IV. Evening dress, all as fussy and elaborate as possible.
- ALGERNON. Clothing suitable for a boy of twelve.
- GRAFTON. Business suit.
- GASSAWAY. ACT I. Motoring costume. ACT III. Overalls, jumper, etc. ACT IV. Business suit or motoring costume as preferred.
- JOYCE CARMODY. ACTS I, II, and III. Trained nurse's uniform. ACT IV. Evening dress.

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### INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Doctor's case and suit case for ALGERNON. Suit case and rake for GASSAWAY. Socks for MRS. BRANDON. Newspaper for BRANDON. Phial for GRAFTON. Revolver for JOYCE. Pan of potatoes and knife for MARIE. Auto horn, off stage.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L. left hand; C. center of stage; D. C. door in center of rear flat; R. 1 E. and R. 2 E. right first and right second entrances. UP means towards rear of stage; DOWN towards footlights.

# WHERE THE LANE TURNED

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Sitting-room in the BRANDON home. Doors R. 1 E. and R. 2 E., C. of rear flat and L. Sofa with pillows L. chairs R., L., etc., table UP L. C., other suitable furnishings. Window L. DISCOVERED MRS. BRANDON and MRS. SMYTHE sitting L. and R.*

MRS. BRANDON. As I was sayin', Mrs. Smith—

MRS. SMYTHE. Smythe, if you please.

MRS. B. Oh, yes, Smythe. As I was sayin', Mrs. Smi—Smythe, I hope you're goin' to like it, boardin' with us this summer. Of course, only gettin' here yesterday, you ain't had any chance to get acquainted yet, but when you do you'll find we've got some real pleasant neighbors. There's the Bancrofts, the Suttons, the Dunns—I did think the little Dunn boy would be company for your Tommie, but—

MRS. S. Algernon, if you please.

MRS. B. Algernon?

MRS. S. Certainly, that is my son's name.

MRS. B. Why, the little tyke! He told me his name was Thomas.

MRS. S. (*reluctantly*). Well—his first name *is* Thomas. You see, his father insisted on naming him after himself, Thomas A., A. for Azariah. Thomas Azariah! Ugh! Such a common, plebeian name, never heard in the best society. I was obliged to submit to the Thomas but I drew the line at Azariah. I said if it must be A. the A. should at least stand for something I wouldn't be ashamed to say in the best society. So his name is T. Algernon.

MRS. B. Well now, Thomas Azariah has got a good, honest, sensible sound to it, seems to me. I'd sort of feel I could depend on a man named Thomas Azariah, while as for T. Algernon—well, as I was sayin', I expected Sammie Dunn would be company for—for your little boy but a month ago he clim' an apple tree and come down so much faster than he went up that he broke his leg, broke it so bad that the bones stuck out, and the Dunns had to have a trained nurse from Hartford to take care of him. And my sakes! Of all Mis' Dunn's been through with that young woman! I've lived neighbor to Sarah Dunn for twenty years, and I know her housekeepin' is clean and neat enough for anybody, but common ordinary cleanness ain't good enough for that nurse. Why, everything she uses around Sammie has to be *boiled*, even the scissors she cuts the thread she sews his bandages with. Oh, she's pleasant enough, but I wouldn't have her in the house for all the new Grange Hall cost. Howsomever, Sammie seems to be gettin' well real quick, in spite of her fussin'.

MRS. S. I am sorry for the child's accident, of course, but perhaps it is just as well so far as Algernon is concerned. I should be sorry to have him associate with any child who might possibly use language and expressions unsuited to the best society. (MRS. B. *looks indignant and is about to reply when—*)

ENTER ALGERNON C. D.

ALGERNON. Gee! Ma, did you lamp the gas-wagon that just waltzed down the pike? She was the mustard all right, all right, huh? She flew a New York number, too, and—

MRS. S. Algernon! What in the world are you talking about? And how often have I told you not to call me ma, but mother?

ALG. Aw, bubbles! You give me a pain, ma—mother. (*Mimicking her*) How often have I told you not to call me Algernon, but Thomas?

MRS. S. Your name is Algernon just as much as it is Thomas and I prefer Algernon.



ALG. Forget it! My name is Thomas just as much as it is Algernon, and I prefer Thomas. See?

MRS. S. (*wiping her eyes*). What have I ever done that I should have such a child?

ALG. (*hugging her*). Aw, turn off the water-works, ma—mother. I'm a lemon all right, but I'm soft on you. (*To Mrs. B.*) Say, Mrs. Brandon, ain't there any kids in this burg?

MRS. B. Why, I was just tellin' your ma—mother—that Sammie Dunn, the only boy that lives near here, is laid up with a broken leg.

ALG. Just my fierce luck! Well, I got to start something or bust. [EXIT C. D.]

MRS. B. (*aside*). Well, I guess Sarah Dunn would think it was just as well Sammie is laid up, too. That limb!

MRS. S. Dear Algernon is a little boisterous, but so affectionate.

ENTER CALEB BRANDON C. D.

BRANDON. Well, Mrs. Smith—

MRS. S. Smythe.

BRAN. —Smythe, that Tommie of yours—

MRS. S. Algernon.

BRAN. Algernon? He told me his name was Thomas.

MRS. S. (*patiently*). His name is Thomas Algernon, but he has a singular aversion to Algernon, a name suitable for a boy in the best society.

BRAN. (*aside*). Dunno as I blame him for that. (*Aloud*) Well, whatever his name is, I guess he'll keep things livened up around here this summer. Just asked me if it wa'n't kind of expensive to buy chewin' gum for all my cows. Haw! haw! haw! What say to that, mother?

MRS. B. (*smiling*). He'll know more about country things before he goes home. (*Aside*) And I guess we'll know more about boys before he goes home, too.

ENTER ALGERNON C. D., *much excited and puffing*.

ALG. Oh! Wow! Gee! Ain't it awful?

MRS. S. Algernon, what are you talking about?

ALG. (*puffing*). Why, the—the—the—accident!

ALL. Accident! Where? Who? When? (ALGERNON *puffs*)

MRS. S. (*shaking him*). Algernon Smythe, why don't you speak?

ALG. Ain't I tryin' to? How can I when you've got a Half-Nelson on me? I tell you there's been an awful accident. That big buzz-wagon that just sailed past here smashed up, down by the bridge; and I guess one guy's passed in his checks. They're bringin' him up here, anyway.

BRAN. What!

[EXIT C. D. *hastily*, ALGERNON *following*.

MRS. B. Bringin' him here? Then somebody must be hurt. What was that Tommie said about his checks? That boy might as well talk Chinese.

MRS. S. (*with spirit*). Algernon has been taught the choicest English.

MRS. B. Well, he must be too choice of it to use it common, then. (*At window*) Oh! here they come! Dear sakes! that poor man must be hurt dreadful! Caleb and three other men are carryin' him. And there's two girls. Dear, dear! (*She runs to couch and beats up pillows*)

MRS. S. (*nervously*). The sight of blood always make me faint so perhaps I had better retire. [EXIT R. 2 E.

MRS. B. (*opening door as tramp of feet is heard*). Bring him right in here and lay him on the couch. The poor, poor man! Oh, I hope he ain't hurt very bad.

DR. AUSTIN (*outside*). I trust not, madam, but we do not know yet.

ENTER C. D., BRANDON, GASSAWAY, SIR BLASHINGTON INGLEBY and DR. AUSTIN, *carrying* JASPER FERNLEY. *His eyes are closed, his face ghastly white and he groans heavily. They lay him on couch. ALGERNON follows, carrying the doctor's case, then* ENTER LAURA FERNLEY and MARIE.

LAURA. Oh, Father! Father! Tell me, Dr. Austin, is he dead? Oh, don't say it is as bad as that! (*She kneels beside couch*)

DR. A. (*raising her*). No, indeed, Miss Fernley, it is

not nearly so bad as that. Come, come, you must compose yourself and let me examine your father. (LAURA goes R., where MRS. B. and MARIE brush and straighten her clothes, etc., SIR BLASHINGTON and GASSAWAY stand near head of couch and brush clothes, etc. ALGERNON stands UP R. and stares. The doctor bends over FERNLEY and examines head, heart, pulse, etc. BRANDON, who has been standing near foot of couch, turns and looks at FERNLEY, starts, leans nearer, then goes DOWN C. and stands rigidly, fists clenched. MRS. B. watches him without seeming to)

BRAN. Jasper Fernley! In my house! And I helped to bring him here! If I had seen his face before, I would have cut off my hand before I lifted it to help him. But it's not too late now; I'll turn him out, I'll—(Starts UP L., then returns) No, no, I can't do that, even to him. The man's hurt, killed may be. I can't turn him out. But neither can I stay in the room with him.

[EXIT L., quickly.]

MRS. B. (to LAURA). Are you hurt, my dear?

LAURA. No, I think not, only badly shaken and a little bruised. But I fell on my maid and I fear she is more badly hurt than I. How do you feel, Marie?

MARIE. Mademoiselle roll off so soon she fall on me, and she not verree heavee. But my arm he so bruise I not can him lift.

MRS. B. How did the accident happen?

LAURA. I hardly know, it was all so sudden. How did it happen, Gassaway? But wait (To MRS. B.) I am forgetting that you do not know our names or anything about us. My father, who lies there, is Jasper Fernley of New York, and I am Laura Fernley. My father's health has been poor and we are on our way to spend the summer in Maine, going in the car by easy stages. Dr. Austin, our physician, is with us, and we have as our guest Sir Blashington Ingleby of London. (He bows stiffly) Then there are Speedmore Gassaway, our chauffeur, and Marie, my maid. Now, Gassaway, what went wrong?

GASSAWAY. The brakes, Miss. When we struck the deep sand at the foot of that little hill the car slewed and the brakes wouldn't hold her. She caromed from one

side of the road to the other and just before we reached the bridge she struck a tree and lurched partly over the bank. Mr. Fernley was thrown out, down the bank and against another tree, but the rest of us fell out kind of easy-like. If we hadn't hit the tree we'd have struck the railing of the bridge and most likely gone into the river, car and all.

LAURA. Then we may be very thankful that it was no worse.

SIR BLASHINGTON. Jolly thankful, bah Jove!

LAURA (*going L.*). But oh, my father! my father! Can you not tell now, Dr. Austin, how badly he is hurt?

DR. A. (*gravely*). Miss Fernley, you must be brave, and prepare yourself for some bad news. Your father has sustained a broken leg and a fracture of the skull. There may be other injuries which time will show. Taken in connection with his already poor health this makes his condition very serious indeed. I do not wish to alarm you but it is best that you should know the truth.

LAURA. Oh! this is dreadful! He must be taken at once to the nearest hospital where he can have the best of care. How can—

DR. A. Miss Fernley, that is absolutely impossible. I will not answer for your father's life if he is moved farther than the next room inside of a month.

SIR B. Oh, I say!

LAURA. A month! But we cannot stay here and impose upon these kind people.

DR. A. Your father's life depends upon their hospitality.

MRS. B. Caleb Brandon's hospitality wouldn't be refused to an injured dog, let alone a man. Of course he must stay and you too, my dear. I guess I can find room for your maid and the shuffler too, and the doctor and Lord What's-his-name can likely get accommodated at the hotel in the village. Tain't more than a half a mile from here and they can come over as often as they want to.

LAURA. Oh, how good you are! How can I thank you? (*She bursts into tears*)

MRS. B. There, there, don't talk about it. I guess your nerves is a mite out o' tune, and no wonder.

LAURA. Then Marie shall help you and I will nurse father; and perhaps Mr. Brandon can make Gassaway useful. (MARIE and GASSAWAY look disgusted)

DR. A. No doubt you can do much to assist in the care of your father, Miss Fernley, but to pull him safely through this will tax the skill of a good trained nurse. (To MRS. B.) I suppose there is not such a person to be had nearer than Hartford?

MRS. B. (*hesitatingly*). Why—why, yes, there is. Some neighbors of ours have had a trained nurse taking care of their little boy, and she was to leave to-morrow. I wouldn't wonder if you could get her.

DR. A. Good! That is very fortunate indeed. Now it will be best to move Mr. Fernley and get him to bed before he regains consciousness, (*Aside*) if he ever does.

MRS. B. Bring him right into this room; the bed is all made up. (*She goes R., DR. AUSTIN, GASSAWAY and SIR BLASHINGTON lift FERNLEY and carry him off R. 1 E.*)

MARIE. Mademoiselle expect me to assist madame? I am not a cook, me. I return to New York.

LAURA. Oh, Marie, you won't desert me? I—I'll give you my blue silk dress if you'll stay.

MARIE. Ver' well, I stay—not for ze dress but because I lofe mademoiselle so mooch.

ENTER SIR BLASHINGTON and GASSAWAY R. 1. E.

LAURA. Gassaway, will you go down to the car and bring up my suit-case and Marie's?

GAS. Yes, miss. (*To ALGERNON*) Want to come along, kid?

ALG. (*eagerly*). Bet your life. [EXEUNT C. D., ALGERNON and GASSAWAY. MARIE goes to window UP L.]

SIR B. I say, Miss Fernley this is beastly bad luck and I'm no end sorry for you, don't you know.

LAURA. Thank you, Sir Blashington. But you need not feel that you must stay in the village, as Mrs. Brandon

suggested. You can return to New York and perhaps join us in Maine later in the summer.

SIR B. Oh, I say, Miss Fernley, I'm not such a blooming cad as that, really I'm not, don't you know. Of course I'll stay if I can get lodgings in the village. I—er—why, dash it, you couldn't drive me away as long as you're here. Might be able to do some little thing for you, don't you know.

LAURA. I shall be glad to have you near.

SIR B. (*eagerly*). Will you now, really? I say, Miss Laura, I wish you'd let me be always—(LAURA *glances toward MARIE*) Oh, hang the bally maid! (*He goes L., hands in pockets*)

ENTER DR. AUSTIN and MRS. BRANDON R. 1. E.

SIR B. Well, I'm off to the village.

DR. A. Wait a moment, Sir Blashington, and I'll go with you. There are some things I must have from the drug-store. Miss Fernley, will you go and sit with your father? (EXIT LAURA R. 1. E.) Now, Mrs. Brandon, about that nurse?

MRS. B. I'll send Tommie right over after her. Why, where *is* Tommie?

MARIE. Ze leetle boy go to ze automobile wiz ze chauffeur, but zey return now.

ENTER GASSAWAY and ALGERNON C. D. with suit-cases. DR. AUSTIN opens medicine case at table and examines contents.

MRS. B. Tommie, will you go over to Mrs. Dunn's and ask Miss Carmody to come right over here if she can?

ALG. Will I? Say, I'll do anything you say if you'll call me Tommie. Watch me fade away!

[EXIT C. D., *running*.]

GAS. Could you tell me, ma'am, if there's a garage in the village?

MRS. B. A what?

GAS. A garage—place where they repair cars.

MRS. B. Oh, I guess you mean a garridge. Yes, there

is one. You just ask the first boy you meet to show you the way to Ed. Ford's and he'll do it.

DR. A. I am going to the village, Gassaway, and will take a message if you wish.

GAS. Thank you, sir. Ask the chap to come out and tow the car to his shop, if you please.

DR. A. Certainly. (EXIT C. D. GASSAWAY) Now I'm ready, Sir Blashington.

[EXEUNT C. D. DR. AUSTIN and BLASHINGTON.]

MRS. B. Now, Mary, I'll show you where Miss Fernley's room will be and you can carry the suit-cases up and unpack. (*Goes to R. 2. E. followed by Marie*) You go up the stairs and turn to the right and it's the first door. There's a little room just off from it for you.

MARIE. Oui, madame, merci. [EXIT R. 2. E.]

MRS. B. Now what did she mean by that? Madame means Mrs.—I know as much French as that—but what did she say *we* and *mercy* for? (*Drops into chair R. C.*) Land! I'm about tuckered out with all this excitement. An hour ago I had four in the family and now there's eight. I hope there's cake enough for supper. Eight? Why, there'll be nine, that nurse will be here too. Dear, dear! And I'd just been tellin' Mis' Smith I wouldn't have her in the house for anything. Well, if Sarah Dunn could stand it I s'pose I can, but I dread it. Fernley! Seems as if I'd heard that name before somewheres. She said they come from New York. I wonder if they're any relation to that big railroad man, J. Fernley and Company?

ENTER BRANDON L. D.

BRAN. Well, mother, how is he?

MRS. B. Sh-h! He's in there and his daughter's with him. I guess he's pretty bad off. The doctor says so and I've generally noticed that when a doctor admits a patient is bad off he's really worse than that. Dr. Austin says he can't be moved for a month and must have a trained nurse.

BRAN. Whew! I guess you'll have your hands full, mother. But we couldn't send him away, of course.

MRS. B. (*going to him*). No. See here, father, what do you know about that man?

BRAN. What makes you think I know anything about him?

MRS. B. Caleb Brandon, do you suppose I've been your wife for thirty years and don't know your ways? I saw how you acted when you saw that man's face. Now you tell me all about it.

BRAN. Well, mother, I do know him. His name is Jasper Fernley.

MRS. B. I know that much myself. Is he any relation to J. Fernley and Company that's got more millions than we have dollars?

BRAN. Relation? Why, he *is* J. Fernley.

MRS. B. Caleb! Do you mean to say that one of the richest men in the country is a-layin' in my spare-room bed?

BRAN. That's the fact, mother.

MRS. B. For the land's sake! I'm glad I put my best piller-cases on that bed. But, Caleb, how come you to know him?

BRAN. It was this way, mother. Jasper Fernley and I were friends when we were boys. Not many folks know it, but he was born and brought up about three miles from here, and we went to school together. When we were lads we used to talk and plan about how when we were a little older we'd go to New York together and make our fortunes. And as soon as we were old enough we began to work to get enough money to go. We chopped wood and hoed potatoes and mowed hay and husked corn for neighbors when we could be spared from home, until at last we had a hundred dollars apiece. That was quite a sum of money for those days and we thought it was enough to start with and our fathers gave us permission to go. I guess we were about the happiest eighteen-year-old boys anywhere in Connecticut the night before we were to start. At least, I was happy, but Jasper seemed quieter than usual, as if he was thinking pretty deep about something. He had come over here to spend the night with me and we were to start on the early morning train for New York.



We slept in that very room where he lies now, each with his money under his pillow. Well, when I woke up in the morning Jasper was gone and so was my money. He had left a note for me that said he'd come to the conclusion that a hundred dollars wa'n't enough to start life in New York on, but that two hundred might do; so, as he knew he couldn't make me see it that way, he was just going to borrow my hundred dollars and take the night train, because he knew he could make better use of the money than I could. I guess he was right (*Bitterly*) for *I* was *honest*. He said he'd send for me as soon as he could get started and earn enough to pay me back. But I knew he never would and he never did. That was the worst day of my life. I told father about it and then I rushed up to the woods, flung myself face down on the moss and stayed there all day. Someway, it wasn't the loss of my money or the disappointment that I minded so much as the loss of my friend. That it had been Jasper, my other self, who had betrayed me—*that* ate into my heart. When I went home at sunset I was no longer a boy but a man. All the ambition was crushed out of me. I hated the thought of New York and wanted only to stay on the farm in peace. And here I've stayed, and never mentioned Jasper Fernley's name from that day to this.

MRS. B. Oh, Caleb, Caleb! To think of what you suffered makes my heart ache. And you might have been just as great a man as Jasper Fernley if he hadn't stolen your chance.

BRAN. No mother, no. It wasn't in me, the power to push my way to the top, to rise by thrusting others down. Jasper saw that; he could always read people and he knew me then better than I knew myself. It was all for the best and I'm happy and contented now. But it was a strange chance that brought him to my door, half dead. I knew him the minute I set eyes on his face, though it's thirty-five years since I saw him, and the sight of him stirred up all the old anger that I thought was dead and buried. But it's over now. We must take good care of him, mother.

MRS. B. (*sighing*). Yes, father, I suppose so.

ENTER MRS. SMYTHE R. 2 E.

MRS. S. (*excitedly*). Oh, is it true that the injured man is the great Jasper Fernley?

BRAN. (*dryly*). The great Jasper Fernley it is, Mrs. Smith.

MRS. S. Smythe, if you please. The maid told me but I could hardly believe it. Think of being under the same roof with Jasper Fernley and his daughter! What an honor!

BRAN. Why?

MRS. S. *Why?* Because he's so rich and such a great man and—and—

MRS. B. Well, he ain't rich enough nor great enough to save himself some mighty uncomfortable weeks and I shouldn't wonder if he was like most other rich and great people—just plain folks when you come to know 'em.

MRS. B. I don't see how that can be when they're in the best society. Where is Algernon?

MRS. B. He went over to the Dunns' for me, to ask Miss Carmody, the nurse, to come over and take care of Mr. Fernley. They ought to be here soon.

ENTER LAURA R. 1 E.

LAURA. Hasn't the nurse come yet, Mrs. Brandon?

MRS. B. Not yet, but she will come in a few minutes, I am sure. Miss Fernley this is Mrs.—

MRS. S. Smythe.

MRS. B. —who is boarding with us this summer.

LAURA. I fear our abrupt intrusion will spoil your summer's quiet, Mrs. Smythe.

MRS. S. (*eagerly*). No indeed. It will be an unexpected pleasure to enjoy the best society in this retired spot, and if I can do anything to help you I shall be only too glad.

LAURA. Thank you.

ALG. (*thrusting his head in at the window*). I got her! She's comin'! I'm goin' to beat it for the buzz-wagon. (*He disappears.*)

BRAN. I believe I'll go down and look at the wreck, too.  
[EXIT C. D. *taking hat from table.*

ENTER JOYCE D. C.

JOYCE. You sent for me, Mrs. Brandon?

MRS. B. Yes, Miss Carmody, and oh, I'm so glad you've come. I s'pose Tommie told you all about the accident?

JOYCE. Yes. At least (*Smiling*) I think I gathered most of the facts from his picturesque method of expression. Where is my patient?

MRS. B. In there (*Indicating R. 1 E.*). And this is his daughter, Miss Fernley.

LAURA (*clasping JOYCE's hand*). It is such a relief to have you here. We are fortunate indeed to find a trained nurse so near. Now let me take you to my father.

JOYCE (*detaining her*). If I may suggest, Miss Fernley, I think it would be best for you to go and rest. You have been under a severe strain and you look almost exhausted. I will do what little can be done for your father until the doctor returns.

LAURA. Why, I had not noticed it before, but I *am* very tired. But if father should need me—

JOYCE. I promise to call you at once if you are needed.

LAURA. Then I believe I will go to my room.

MRS. S. Let me show you the way. [EXEUNT R. 2 E.

JOYCE (*going toward R. 1 E.*). Now, Mrs. Brandon, we shall need bandages and hot water when the doctor returns. Can you see that they are made ready while I arrange the sick-room and make the patient as comfortable as possible?

MRS. B. Yes, I'll have everything ready.

JOYCE. Thank you. [EXIT R. 1 E.

MRS. B. (*sighing*). It's begun. [EXIT L. D.

ENTER GASSAWAY C. D. *He shoves his cap on the back of his head, throws himself on a chair L. C., thrusts his hands in his pockets and looks disgusted.*

GAS. Darn the luck! Radiator smashed, front wheels

dished, cylinders cracked, front universal shaft and brake-rod counter-shaft snapped, steering-gear twisted—not a blamed thing uninjured from head-light to tail-lamp. Got to have new cam shaft, pistons, spring shackles, differential, and about 'steen other things. Take as long to repair it as it will to repair the boss, I guess. And look what I'm in for in the next month! Me, Speedmore Gassaway, expert mechanician and crack chauffeur, turned loose on a hayseed job, feed the pigs, rake the hay, milk the cows—and not even anybody to talk to that knows a carburettor from an Oldham coupling! There's just one bright spot in the whole blame' mess and that is—Marie. If I've got to stay in this forsaken neck o' the woods for a month, at least she'll be here too, and if I don't make good use of the opportunity may I be chucked on the scrap-heap, by gasoline! Oh, here she comes now! (*Rises*)

ENTER MARIE R. 2 E.

MARIE. Meestair Gassaway! You here?

GAS. Sure. I-er-just thought I'd come up and ask about your arm.

MARIE. My arm? He is ver'—what you call?—on ze bum, but I tink he be well in few days, yes. But you, how it is you not get hurt, eh?

GAS. Oh, the chauffeur always "escapes without injury."

MARIE. Poor monsieur! He not escape wizout injury, no. Ze doctair tink he—what you call?—go up ze spout, eh?

GAS. Oh, I guess it won't be as bad as that, but he'll have to stay in the repair shop a while. And the worst of it is that you and I have got to stay in this lively, cheerful, dead-and-buried hole while he's laid up. What do you know about that?

MARIE. Oh, je suis désolé—I am in deespair! (*Tragically*) Me, Marie Leconte, lady's maid par excellence, to wash ze deeshes, pare ze pommes de terre, ze—what you call?—spuds, perhaps even to peel ze onion—me!

Ugh! (*She shudders*) Onlee for because mademoiselle have promise her blue dress do I stay.

GAS. Well, I'm just as stuck on this place as you are, and I'd jack up the job if it wasn't for you, Marie.

MARIE (*coquettishly*). For me, monsieur?

GAS. Sure. Look here, Marie, I've got an eighty-horse-power crush on you and if you'll only take me in tow, our life shall be one long joy-ride.

MARIE (*puzzled*). Me. I spik ze United States très bien, but—"take me in tow"—qu'est-ce que c'est cela?

GAS. Why-er-marry me, you know.

MARIE (*disdainfully*). Me? Marry wiz you? Nevair! If zat is what keep monsieur here I tink monsieur had better—what you call?—zhack up ze zhob! [EXIT R. 2 E.]

GAS. (*down c.*). Punctured!

MARIE (*putting her head in at the door*). Zat ees, unless monsieur can teach me to have—what you call?—crush on him!

GAS. (*eagerly*). Will I? Oh, say! Marie! Come back! (*Starts UP R. Auto horn is heard in the distance.*) Oh, darn it! That chap has come from the garage and is calling me. I'll have to go. Never mind, there's a whole month coming. [EXIT C. D.]

ENTER DR. AUSTIN C. D. *after a short pause.*

DR. A. Back at last! How maddeningly slow people can be when one is in a hurry! (*Sets case on table, opens it and examines contents*) Yes, I believe I have everything I shall need. I have telegraphed to New York for Walters, the specialist on fractures of the skull. We may have to trepan. Until he comes to-morrow there is little to be done except to set the broken leg. I wonder if that nurse has arrived yet. (*Comes DOWN C. just as JOYCE ENTERS R. 1 E. Both stop short, gazing at each other with astonishment and strong emotion*)

DR. A. (*stretching out his arms*). Joyce! Joyce! Have I found you at last?

JOYCE (*faintly*). Found me, Dr. Austin? I—I did not know—

DR. A. That I was searching for you? Oh, Joyce! How could it be otherwise? You must have known I would search the world over for you. Why did you leave the hospital training-school so suddenly and without a word to me? Oh, I have a thousand questions to ask you! But first tell me where you have been these three long years, and how you happen to be here now.

JOYCE (*wearily*). Where have I been? Ah, where have I not been? But here, I am the nurse you sent for to take charge of this case. (*Aside*) If I had known I should find *him* here—

DR. A. You? Ah, then my patient will live, for you never lost a case that skillful nursing would pull through. Do you remember that man who was brought to the hospital so fearfully mangled by a train, how we worked over him all night, you and I, and how, just as the morning broke, we knew that he would live, that we had saved his life?

JOYCE (*aside*). Do I remember? Oh, that I could forget!

DR. A. It was to you he owed his life more than to me, and when the dawn stole in upon us, and I looked across his cot and saw your face grey, drawn and haggard with the vigil and the fight with death, but shining with an almost unearthly light of triumph—it was then I resolved that the new day should not die until I had told you of my love, though I knew you must have seen it long before. But when I sought for you that afternoon you had gone, no one knew where. And I have been seeking for you ever since. But now I have found you, Joyce, and—

JOYCE. Stop! I may not, must not listen.

DR. A. Must not? I do not understand.

JOYCE. And I—do not choose to explain. Think me fickle, heartless, a coquette if you will. Perhaps it would be better so.

DR. A. No, that I cannot do, for I know it would not be true. You are not the woman to trifle with a man's heart. You knew that I loved you three years ago, that I only waited an opportunity to ask you to be my wife.

I believed that at least you were not indifferent to me, yet you fled from me—how else can I construe your sudden departure? Now that I have found you again you are strangely silent and forbid me to speak. What does it mean? (*Pause*) This one question I have a right to ask and you must answer; whatever your feeling for me was three years ago, has it changed?

JOYCE (*in a low voice, after short pause*). No.

DR. A. Then I can only trust you and hope that sometime I shall understand.

JOYCE. You can do that?

DR. A. Yes, for I know that you loved me then. (*Pause*) Joyce! Joyce!

JOYCE. Dr. Austin, we are forgetting our duties. There is work for us in there. (*Points R. 1 E.*)

DR. A. You are right. (*They go R., pausing at door*)

JOYCE. And remember—we are doctor and nurse, nothing more.

DR. A. It shall be as you say. [EXEUNT both R. 1 E.]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The same. Evening of the next day. Table DOWN C. with lighted lamp, MR. and MRS. BRANDON seated R. and L. of table, he reading aloud from newspaper, she darning stockings.*

BRAN. (*reading*). "Jasper Fernley, railroad magnate and fy-nancier, seriously injured in automobile accident near Mapleville, Connecticut. Recovery expected unless complications set in. Other members of his party uninjured. Flurry in stocks of roads controlled by him. Market uncertain, with slight tendency to rise." (*Lays down paper*) Well, mother, it sort o' looks to me as the hub o' the fy-nancial world had moved to Mapleville for a spell.

MRS. B. I guess you wouldn't have any doubt about it if you'd been pestered half to death, as I have to-day. I declare, I'm about beat out.

BRAN. Pestered? Who done it? I'll—(*half rising*)

MRS. B. There, there, Caleb, 'twa'n't nothin' that could be helped, things bein' as they be. I didn't mean to complain. It sounds kind of inhospitable.

BRAN. Well, let's hear about it, anyway, mother.

MRS. B. Why, in the first place there's been Miss Carmody to wait on. She's as nice as she can be and I'm goin' to get real fond of her, but things have got to be *just so*, now I tell you. A leetle mite more so or less so won't do at all, no sir-ee. When she says she wants a thing cold she means right off the top o' the North Pole, and when she says hot she means straight out o' Tophet. The breakfast dishes wa'n't hardly done when in popped that specialist from New York, and what was the good of him I can't see for he didn't stay more'n half an hour and just said Dr. Austin was a-doin' all right and if he needed any further advice to just call in Dr. Hull, 'cause there wa'n't a better surgeon anywheres 'round. Well, he'd no sooner gone than Will. Tryon come to get some p'int's for a piece he's goin' to write up for a Hartford paper, tellin' about the accident and all. Then this afternoon who should appear but the reporter for the "New Brighton Herald" and he was the worst of all. My stars! That young man can ask more questions in a minute than I could answer in all day. When he went away I felt as he'd turned my head inside out and picked out all the idees there was in it. But I guess he didn't, for, father, I didn't tell any of 'em about how you used to know Mr. Fernley when you was both boys. Somehow, I didn't think you'd want me to.

BRAN. That's right, mother, it's best to let bygones be bygones.

MRS. B. Ain't there any Mapleville news in the "Herald" to-night, father?

BRAN. (*picking up paper*). Why, yes, seems to me I saw some. Yes, here 'tis. (*Reads*) "A close observer can see that work is being done on the new schoolhouse. At the present rate of progress it ought to be ready for the grandchildren of the present pupils."

Mrs. I. E. Charter won first prize for raising the largest



pumpkin in the ladies' pumpkin contest conducted by the Grange.

A. F. Ryker's youngest daughter was entered at the Lake Pocahontas Baby Show last week and carried off the prize for the handsomest girl.

Go to W. E. Lark's for everything nobby in gentlemen's wear. Our price is fair, our cause is just; we'll treat you square, but cannot trust." (NOTE: *This feature may be expanded at will*) Oh, I guess that last was just an advertisement tacked onto the end of the news. Ho, hum! (*Yawning*) Must be gettin' along towards bedtime, ain't it?

MRS. B. (*rolling up work*). Yes, 'tis. You wind the clock and lock the doors and I'll light the lamp. (*He winds clock then EXIT L. D. She lights small lamp*) Father!

BRAN. (*off L.*). Yes?

MRS. B. Put the cat out. (*Goes toward R. 2 E. with lamp*)

BRAN. Yes. (ENTER L. D. and locks door c.) You goin' to leave this lamp burnin'?

MRS. B. Yes, in case Miss Carmody wants it. Oh, here she comes now. (ENTER JOYCE R. 1 E.) You goin' to set up all night, Miss Carmody?

JOYCE. I think so. Dr. Austin said he would be over late this evening and I shall at least stay up until after he has been here.

BRAN. How is Mr. Fernley this evening?

JOYCE. He is very restless and feverish and at times his mind wanders a little. I am a trifle uneasy about him.

BRAN. Ain't you afraid to be left alone?

JOYCE. Oh, no, there is no danger.

BRAN. Well, if you need us you call.

JOYCE. Yes, thank you. Good-night.

BRAN. and MRS. B. Good-night. [EXEUNT R. 2 E.]

JOYCE. Dear, kind, good Samaritans. They are of the very salt of the earth. (*Sits R. of table and leans head on hand wearily*) Oh, the weary struggle! Must I begin it all over again? He was right when he said I fled from him three years ago, but he little guesses why, nor what

that last night at the hospital meant to me. And now, just as I was beginning to forget—no, no, not forget, but grow used to the dull ache of remembering—he strikes across my path again. To be near him, to work with him, to touch his hand, to see his heart looking through his eyes—and to know that I must steel my heart against him! Oh, was there ever such exquisite torture? I will not endure it! (*Starting up wildly*) I cannot! I will fly from him again as before! (*Runs to c. d., hesitates, FERNLEY groans off r.*) What! I, a nurse, desert my patient? I must be mad! No (*Coming back*), whatever the cost to me, I must remain here where I am needed, and—yield not to temptation. (*Knock at c. d.*) It is—Roger. No, no—Dr. Austin. I did not expect him so soon. (*Rises wearily*) I must take up my burden again. (*Opens door. ENTER VINCENT GRAFTON. JOYCE staggers back*) Vincent Grafton!

GRAFTON (*surprised, but exultant*). Well, this is luck! I came here expecting to find some old crone in charge, and I find—you. Ha, ha! Good! How are you, my dear? (*Attempts to embrace her*)

JOYCE (*fiercely*). Don't dare to touch me!

GRAF. What! Not glad to see me?

JOYCE. Why should I be glad to see you?

GRAF. Oh, come now, what's the use of harboring an old grudge? Why not make the best of things? Sit down and let's be sociable. (*Sits L. of table*)

JOYCE (*standing r.*). No. If you have any business with me state it and then go.

GRAF. Thanks for your cordial invitation, my dear. I have some business with you and probably I shall go when it's done, but I'm in no hurry, thank you. However, as you seem to have a little feminine curiosity as to the object of my visit, I may as well state that my business concerns your patient.

JOYCE. My patient?

GRAF. In other words—Jasper Fernley.

JOYCE. Why should you think—

GRAF. Don't try to fence. (*Tapping newspaper*) Everybody in the country knows he is here.

JOYCE. Whatever business you have with him must await his recovery. He is utterly unable to do any business. (FERNLEY groans and mutters off R. GRAFTON listens intently and smiles with satisfaction)

GRAF. So I perceive; all the better. You will bear in mind that I said—not that my business was *with* him, but that it *concerned* him.

JOYCE. Explain yourself.

GRAF. (*picks up paper and reads*). “Recovery expected unless complications set in. Flurry in stocks controlled by him. Market uncertain with tendency to rise.” (*Throws down paper*) That “Tendency to rise” must be encouraged and so—complications are about to set in.

JOYCE. I do not understand.

GRAF. (*leans across table and speaks tensely*). Sit down and listen. (*She sits reluctantly*) After—well, six years ago—(*She shudders*) I drifted from one thing to another and finally dropped into a berth as agent for a firm of brokers. After a while I began to speculate, cautiously at first, with small sums borrowed from the deposits of my customers and paid back from my winnings, then more boldly as I was more successful. Finally, I put all I could raise and—borrow—into shares of the M. T. & R., which were rising fast and seemed sure to keep on rising. But—they stopped rising and then began to fall. Why? Because our friend Jasper Fernley wanted to buy the M. T. & R. as cheap as he could and began by forcing its stock down. The old fox threw his own M. T. & R. stock into the market when it was highest in such quantities that the price fell. When it had touched bottom he would have begun to buy secretly and cautiously until he would have had control before anyone knew it. Meanwhile, it dropped. Just as I had put up my last dollar for margin came this accident. M. T. & R. wavered and stopped falling just in time to save me from ruin—and worse. Ten thousand dollars of my customers’ money is in that stock. Let Jasper Fernley recover and M. T. & R. will begin to drop again and—it will be Sing Sing or cold steel for me. Let him die and the stock will rise and I shall be safe. Now, neither Sing Sing nor cold steel

particularly appeal to me, therefore,—Jasper Fernley must not recover.

JOYCE. But he will recover.

GRAF. (*significantly*). Unless complications set in. And to make sure that complications *will* set in—I brought some with me.

JOYCE. What do you mean?

GRAF. (*taking small phial from pocket*). There they are.

JOYCE (*horrified*). You will—

GRAF. Oh, no, *you* will.

JOYCE. I?

GRAF. Exactly. A few drops of this in his medicine and—M. T. & R. will rise and you and I will start for Europe next week.

JOYCE. Murder!

GRAF. Is it murder to shoot a man who has you by the throat and is choking the life out of you? No, it is self-defense, and so is this.

JOYCE. You fiend!

GRAF. Oh, cut out the heroics and let's arrange the details.

JOYCE. It is possible you really think I would consent to this foul thing?

GRAF. Don't be a fool, Joyce. The man must die. This is a subtle poison which affects the heart in such a way that he will seem to have died a natural death. What more plausible than that the accident should have had an unsuspected effect upon his heart? You will not be suspected. And, as I have said, when I have reaped my harvest you shall share it with me. You've treated me badly, Joyce, but, hang it, I was always crazy about you and am still. We'll go anywhere or do anything you like if you'll only be reasonable.

JOYCE. And if I refuse?

GRAF. Oh, in that case, I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of binding and gagging you while I administer the—er—medicine myself. That done, I shall release you and take my leave. Before you can raise an alarm, if you are foolish enough to do that, I shall be out of reach. Moreover, suspicion would promptly fall upon you. See?

JOYCE. Vincent! Vincent! You cannot be in earnest. Even you, bad as you are, would not carry out such a diabolical scheme as this. You would not blacken your soul with murder. Oh, say that you did not mean it! It is not for myself that I plead, but for you; you cannot be all bad—no one is. Surely there is a spark of nobility left in your nature. You have wrecked my happiness and blighted my life, so that all that is left to me is to make my life useful to others, yet I would save you from this last, worst crime of all. Perhaps it will not be as bad as you fear about the stocks, but even if it is, take your punishment like a man rather than stain your soul with such a heinous crime as this. (*He stands with folded arms, gazing L. She has gone to him and laid her hand on his arm. Now she retreats R.*)

GRAF. Well, if you have finished your touching appeal—for the last time, will you do what I ask?

JOYCE. Once and for all—no!

GRAF. Then you'll take the consequences of your refusal. (*Starts toward her threateningly*)

JOYCE. We'll see about that. (*She draws revolver from her apron pocket and covers him*) Stop!

GRAF. Curse you!

JOYCE (*quietly*). Did you really suppose I would guard a man like Jasper Fernley in a lonely farm-house without some protection? Put that phial on the table. (*He hesitates*) Oh, this is loaded and it will be the worse for you if I have to prove it. (*He places phial on table and she takes it*) Now leave this house. (*He goes slowly toward c. d., she keeping him covered. When he has nearly reached the door it opens and ENTER DR. AUSTIN*)

JOYCE. Dr. Austin!

DR. A. Miss Carmody! What does this mean?

JOYCE. It means that Mr. Fernley's life has been in danger.

DR. A. Mr. Fernley's life!

JOYCE. Yes. This man would have poisoned him or forced me to do it, to escape the ruin he richly deserves.

GRAF. Who is this man?

JOYCE. Look! Do you not recognize him?

DR. A. (*looking keenly at GRAFTON*). Why, it is the man whose life you and I saved that last night at the hospital. (*GRAFTON starts and looks surprised*)

JOYCE (*significantly*). Yes.

DR. A. There is something behind all this which I do not understand. Joyce, what is this man to you?

JOYCE. He is—my husband.

DR. A. (*staggering back*). Your husband!

GRAF. (*sneeringly*). Your friend seems to have heard some news about you, my dear wife.

JOYCE (*sternly*). One word more from you and I fire. (*He is sullenly silent*)

DR. A. What hideous force of circumstances could have bound you to this wretch?

JOYCE. You may well call it hideous. Listen, for the time has come when you must know. Six years ago, Vincent Grafton and I were guests at a large house-party. He asked me to marry him. I refused, for I detested him. A few days later, to relieve the tedium of a rainy day, a mock wedding was suggested, not by him, but, as I afterward learned, at his instigation. Again at his secret prompting, he and I were selected as the principals. It was a mad prank, but, rather than make an awkward scene, I carried it through in a moment of reckless folly. You can guess the rest. When the mock ceremony, as I believed it, was over, he told me that the man who had performed it was a justice of the peace, that he had procured a license, and that we were legally husband and wife. Imagine, if you can, my horror. My parents were dead, I was ashamed to appeal to my friends for help, and was too young and ignorant to know what to do myself. So I tried to escape from him, going from one place to another until my small inheritance was exhausted, but always he pursued me and persecuted me. At last I succeeded in eluding him and entered a New York training-school to become a nurse. Two years later I heard that he was dead, and believed myself free. Oh, how happy I was! Then came the night when he was brought to the hospital injured and I knew that happiness was still only a dream for me. How I wanted to let him

die! But I only worked all the harder to save him, that his death might not be on my head. Well, he lived—and now he has found me again.

DR. A. Joyce! My poor Joyce! (*To GRAFTON*) You villain! I will kill you! (*Starts toward GRAFTON*)

JOYCE. Roger! No! Stop! (*She starts forward and drops revolver. GRAFTON springs for and seizes it. JOYCE runs L. to DR. AUSTIN, GRAFTON covers them and laughs triumphantly*)

GRAF. Ha, ha! He laughs best who laughs last. You're a pretty pair, you are. So it was you two who pulled me through in the hospital, was it? I suppose you think I can't read between the lines of your fine story, my sweet wife. Wanted your loving husband to die so you could marry your doctor lover, didn't you? I believe it is no thanks to either of you that I blocked that little game, in spite of your pious talk. Well, I've got the drop on you now, and I rather think I'll put my own little game through. Give me that phial.

JOYCE. Never!

GRAF. Give—me—that—phial—or—I—fire—at—him!

DR. A. (*starting forward*). You coward!

JOYCE (*springing before DR. AUSTIN and thrusting him back*). Fire!

GRAF. (*laughing fiendishly as he lowers revolver to his side*). Through you, eh? Oh, no, my dear, I'm not through with you yet. But your turn will come—after I've finished with him. (*During this speech ALGERNON sticks his head through the R. 2 E., and takes in the situation. Now he steals behind GRAFTON and snatches revolver from his hand. As GRAFTON turns furiously ALGERNON showing signs of hasty dressing, prances down L. C., keeping GRAFTON covered*)

ALG. If there's going to be a rough-house, yours truly is Tommie-on-the-spot, and don't you forget it.

GRAF. You miserable brat! Give me that gun!

ALG. Not on your tin type! I may need it. Say, mister, maybe you think you're the main squeeze but I'm my own lemon. See? Now don't get busy with your mitts or you'll have Old Man Trouble for a twin. What'll I do with him, Miss Carmody?

JOYCE. We must let him go, Tommie.

ALG. Well, strike me pink! That's the limit! Say, can't I call Sheriff Smart or Constable Gray?

JOYCE. No, Tommie dear, you don't understand.

ALG. (*sighing*). Well, you're the doctor. (*To GRAFTON*) Pull your freight, Gloomy Gus. (*GRAFTON goes slowly toward c. d.*)

GRAF. (*snarling*). You'll hear from me again.

[EXIT C. D.]

ALG. Hooray for us! (*JOYCE rushes to him and hugs him*)

## CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*The same, an afternoon three weeks later. DISCOVERED MARIE paring potatoes. She wears a large, ill-fitting kitchen apron.*

MARIE (*sighing*). How I am meeserable, me! T'ree weeks of potatoes, po-ta-toes, and more po-ta-toes! I tink zey are made of potatoes, zese peoples. Ugh! How I hate you, you pommes de terre! (*Jabs one with knife*) Zere ees one sing onlee zat ees not potatoes and zat—hist! it approach!

ENTER GASSAWAY C. D. *carrying rake.*

GAS. Hullo, Marie.

MARIE (*demurely*). Bon jour, monsieur.

GAS. (*dejectedly, dropping into chair l. c. and mopping face with handkerchief*). Gee! I wish all the hay on this blamed farm was sunk in the middle of Mapleville pond.

MARIE. An' all ze potatoes too?

GAS. Sure.

MARIE. Oh, zat would be gr-r-rand, magnifique—what you call?—dandee! Me, I wish zat your wish come true.



GAS. Well, it won't. But say, Marie, I've got another wish that—(*Approaching her*)

MARIE (*hastily*). I know what eet ees, zat wish. You wish you go to Coney Island to-night.

GAS. (*turning away with a groan*). Coney Island!

MARIE (*wistfully*). Ah, ze lights, ze musique, ze Dream-land, ze Luna Park, ze Steeplechase, ze railway scenique, ze—

GAS. Oh, chuck it, Marie, you make me homesick. Gee! Think of Coney Island and then look at—this! (*Waving hand*)

MARIE. Monsieur prefers Coney Island to me?

GAS. Oh, you know I didn't mean that. I was thinking of Coney Island *with* you. I say, Marie, if we ever get back to little old New York we'll go down to the island the first evening and do it up brown, eh? But look here, Marie, I want to ask you—

MARIE. Oh, how I am forget! Mademoiselle give me message for you to tell you to go to ze town to get some sings for her.

GAS. Hooray! That's better than raking hay! What does she want me to get?

MARIE. Ten yards of ribbon de l'enfant—what you call?—baby ribbon, blue, one dozain leetle white buttons, one skein of silk for embroider, pink, one paper of pins.

GAS. Just say that again kind of slow, will you?

MARIE. One skein—

MRS. B. (*off L.*). Mary, ain't you got them pertaters peeled yet?

MARIE. Oui, madame, I bring zem. (*To GASSAWAY*)  
MARY! [EXIT L. D.]

GAS. Now what did she say? If it had been a few simple things like brass polish, spark-plugs, batteries, fan-belts, decarbonizers, or blow-out patches, I could have remembered them well enough but this darned woman's stuff is the limit. Well, I'll have to make a bluff at it. Let's see—one skein of little pink buttons, a dozen yards of white pins, one paper of ribbon, ten blue babies—no, that can't be right. Gee! I'll have to get the clerk at the emporium to help me out. [EXIT C. D.]

ENTER MRS. SMYTHE *and* LAURA R. 2 E.

MRS. S. How glad you must be that your father is nearly well enough for you to leave here, Miss Fernley.

LAURA. Of course, Mrs. Smith—

MRS. S. Smythe, if you please.

LAURA. Excuse me—Mrs. Smythe—I am glad that father is improving so rapidly, but if you mean that I must be glad to leave here, why, no indeed, why should I be? (*They sit R. and L.*)

MRS. S. Well of course, the country is pretty and restful and all that, but anyone who is accustomed to moving in the best society must find it a little lonely here. Indeed, *your* coming was a real boon to *me*.

LAURA. Thank you. But I am sure there is no better society than that of kind hearts and generous souls and those are certainly not lacking here.

MRS. S. (*hastily*). To be sure—you are quite right—that is what I always tell Algernon. And then of course Lord Ingleby is here too.

LAURA. Oh, but he's not a lord, you know, just a plain baronet.

MRS. S. Well, I suppose baronets in England move in the best society, don't they?

LAURA. Why-er-I suppose so. By the way, Mrs. Smi-Smythe, is Mr. Smythe coming up next Sunday as you expected?

MRS. S. (*uneasily*). No, he-he finds that he—it will be impossible for him to get away.

LAURA. That is too bad. What is his business?

MRS. S. He-er-deals in stock.

LAURA. Oh! And on what part of Fifth Avenue do you live?

MRS. S. Well, I-we-don't live on Fifth Avenue—not exactly.

LAURA. I see; one of the cross streets, I suppose.

MRS. S. (*hastily*). I think Algernon is calling me. Excuse me, please, Miss Fernley. [EXIT C. D. *hurriedly*.]

LAURA. She seems uneasy about something. [ENTER MRS. BRANDON L. D.] Oh, dear Mrs. Brandon, do come

and sit down a minute, won't you? You always seem too busy to rest. Aren't you tired?

MRS. B. (*sighing wearily as she sinks into chair L. C.*). Well, my dear, I don't know but I am a mite tired, come to think on't.

LAURA (*sitting on hassock at MRS. BRANDON'S feet*). What a great deal of trouble we have made you, haven't we?

MRS. B. Now don't you go to worryin' about that. Bless you heart, father and I was sayin' only yesterday how good it seemed to have a young face about the place. You see, my dear, it makes us think of—what might have been.

LAURA. What might have been? Oh, did you have a little girl of your own once?

MRS. B. Yes, my dear. We kept her till she was three years old. She'd have been just about your age now. (*Wipes eyes*)

LAURA. And is that why you and Mr. Brandon always call each other father and mother?

MRS. B. Yes, that's why. (*Short pause*)

LAURA. My mother died when I was too little to remember her.

MRS. B. Poor child! poor child!

LAURA. You have no daughter, I have no mother; don't you think we might—play we've adopted each other? I—I want a mother so much sometimes.

MRS. B. Bless the child! I guess you don't want a mother any more than I want a daughter.

LAURA. Then it's a bargain?

MRS. B. I guess it is. (*They embrace*) But it's a better bargain for me than 'tis for you.

LAURA. Not a bit of it, for I'm going to take advantage of it immediately to ask you for some advice.

MRS. B. Land! What sort of advice?

LAURA. Well, it's about Sir Blashington Ingleby.

MRS. B. Do tell! So he's proposed?

LAURA. No, not yet, but of course I know he's going to.

MRS. B. A blind woman could see that.

LAURA. And I don't know whether to say yes or no.

MRS. B. Well, child, I should think that depended on whether you loved him or not.

LAURA. But that's just what I'm not sure about.

MRS. B. Suppose you tell me the pros and cons of him. Sometimes talkin' a matter out will sort o' clear it up in your own mind.

LAURA. There aren't very many of either—that's what makes it hard to decide—but I'll give you the cons first. He's an Englishman, for one thing, and I'd *rather* marry an American; then he's so slow and drawling—he doesn't seem to have any snap. Now for the pros: it would be lovely to be called Lady Ingleby and be presented at court; he has a fine old country place in Sussex and a house in London, and—and if it wasn't for the cons I think I'd like him very much.

MRS. B. (*slowly*). H'm! Well, if I was you I wouldn't be in any hurry about makin' up my mind. I'd just let him dangle a while, and meebe somethin' will happen to help you decide.

LAURA. Perhaps that is good advice.

MRS. B. Now I must go and see what that Mary of yours is doin'. She can't boil water without burnin' it. And don't you worry about that Englishman, child. I've a notion there's the right sort of stuff behind his drawl.

[EXIT L. D.]

LAURA (*slowly*). If she is right, and I—I hope she is—oh, I believe that is he coming now—yes, I am sure that is his step. (*Hastily seats herself R. and affects carelessness.* ALGERNON *puts his head in window*)

ALG. Say Miss Fernley, where's ma?

LAURA (*starting*). Oh, is that you, Algernon?

ALG. (*disgustedly*). No, it ain't me, Algernon. It's me, Thomas A. Smith.

LAURA (*laughing*). Oh, excuse me. Come in, Thomas A. Smith.

ENTER ALGERNON C. D.

ALG. Say, I didn't mean to be fresh, Miss Fernley, but, honest, that Algernon song-and-dance makes me

tired. I have to stand it from ma but I draw the line at the rest of the bunch.

LAURA. I don't blame you, Tommie; I should think you would rather be called like your father. By the way, your mother just told me that your father isn't coming up over Sunday.

ALG. No, he had a carload of beef come in and had to stay and 'tend to it.

LAURA. A carload of beef! Why, what has a stock-broker to do with beef?

ALG. Stock-broker nothing! Central must have given you the wrong number. Pa's a butcher on Third Avenue.

LAURA. A butcher! Why, your mother told me he dealt in stock.

ALG. (*loyally*). Well—well, beef is stock before it's beef, ain't it?

LAURA. O-oh! I suppose so.

ALG. Say, look here, Miss Fernley, I guess I've queered ma's game. Be a dead game sport now and don't give me away, will you?

LAURA (*laughing*). All right, Tommie, I'll be as mum as a mummy.

ALG. You're the goods, you are, all wool and a yard wide. So long! [EXIT C. D.]

LAURA (*still laughing a little*). A butcher! Well, I suppose she moves in the best society—on Third Avenue. (ENTER SIR BLASHINGTON C. D. *unnoticed*) No, indeed, my dear boy, I won't give you away.

SIR B. Aw—delighted to hear it—so much rather you'd keep me, don't you know.

LAURA (*in confusion*). Sir Blashington! Oh, I—I didn't mean you. (*He sits beside her on couch*)

SIR B. Really now, that's too bad, you know. I er—

LAURA (*hastily*). You were about to ask how father is, I know. He is much better and I think we shall be able to leave here next week. It's awfully good of you, Sir Blashington, to stay here with us when you might be enjoying yourself in New York.

SIR B. But I'm enjoying myself jolly well here, don't you know. I—er—

LAURA. Are you, really? What do you find to do in Mapleville?

SIR B. Well, yesterday, I went over to Circuit Field to see a ball-game between Mapleville and Northington. Very interesting, but not at all like cricket, don't you know.

LAURA. What was the score?

SIR B. Aw—I heard a chap say something about nineteen to three. Was that the score?

LAURA. Of course—but in whose favor?

SIR B. Well, really, now, I didn't ask.

LAURA. What else have you been doing?

SIR B. One evening I took the tram to a jolly little pond they call Lake Pocahontas where there was a show.

LAURA. Was it a good show?

SIR B. The music was good—they had Cox's orchestra—and I fahncy the show was, too. Heard a chap behind me say they had the original two jokes that came out of the ark.

LAURA. You fancy? But didn't you see and hear the show yourself?

SIR B. Well—er—you see, I sat behind a hat—probably there was something under it but I didn't see it—and a young person who sat next me chewed gum so loudly that I—er—

LAURA (*laughing*). Poor man! How bored you must have been!

SIR B. Yaas, it was a beastly bore, but I'd let myself in for a lot worse than that to be near you, don't you know.

LAURA. Would you really? Is it possible?

SIR B. Aw, you're laughing at me, bah Jove. Why can't you ever take me seriously, Miss Fernley?

LAURA. Why, you haven't asked me to.

SIR B. (*aside*). Now what does she mean by that? (*Aloud*) I say, Miss-ah, Miss Laura—I'm an awful duffer at talking, but I fahncy I'm not such a bad chap in some ways, don't you know, and I—er—I'm no end fond of you. (*Wipes forehead*)

LAURA. How very kind of you!

SIR B. No, it isn't kind at all, because I—er—can't help it, don't you know.

LAURA. You mean you would help it if you could?

SIR B. How you rag a chap, Miss Laura. No, I don't want to help it, but I—er—want *you* to be fond of *me*, don't you know.

LAURA. Oh!

SIR B. Yaas. Fond enough of me to marry me, bah Jove! (*Sighs with relief and wipes forehead*)

LAURA. Marry you? Oh, Sir Blashington, isn't this rather sudden?

SIR B. Yaas, it is for me. But America is a rather sudden country and I seem to have caught the fever, bah Jove.

LAURA. Then perhaps you had better wait a while and see if you don't get over it.

SIR B. Oh, I say, Miss Laura, let up on a poor chap, can't you? Don't you think you could—er—like me a little?

LAURA (*frankly*). I like you a great deal, Sir Blashington—

SIR B. (*attempting to embrace her*). Laura!

LAURA (*eluding him*). —but I'm not at all sure that I like you well enough to marry you.

SIR B. (*dejectedly*). Oh, I say!

LAURA. And yet I'm not at all sure that I don't.

SIR B. (*delightedly*). Oh, I say!

LAURA. You see, it depends a good deal on you. We American girls like to think the men we marry are heroes, who would be willing to lay down their lives for us if need be.

SIR B. (*dubiously*). Yaas. (*Aside*) They don't seem to know it takes a hero to be willing to pay their bills.

LAURA. Well, if I were in some great danger—for instance, if you saw me about to cross the railroad track in Mapleville Center when a freight train was backing in unnoticed from the south, what would you do?

SIR B. Why, I'd call to the crossing-tender to drop the gates.

LAURA (*tartly, jumping up*). Yes, that's what I thought

you'd do. Thank you very much for the honor you've done me, Sir Blashington Ingleby, but I don't care to marry that kind of a man. [EXIT R. 2 E.]

SIR B. (*dazedly*). Oh, I say! Now she's gone off in a pet. I fancy I must have made a beastly mess of it somehow, but I'm dashed if I know how. Well, I'll stroll about a while. Maybe she'll come back. [EXIT C. D.]

*After short pause* ENTER FERNLEY and JOYCE R. 1 E.  
*He is white and weak, limps and leans heavily on her.*

JOYCE. I don't know what Dr. Austin will say to me for letting you leave your room, Mr. Fernley. You are hardly able to be out of bed.

FERNLEY. I'll tell him I should have been worse rather than better if I had been obliged to stay in that room another hour. (*Sits R.*) I'm all right here, nurse; you go out and get some fresh air. And by the way, I thought I heard Mr. Brandon's voice just now; if you see him will you ask him to come in here? You needn't say I want to see him—I'll surprise him—just say there is some one here to see him.

JOYCE. Very well. [EXIT C. D.]

FERN. He wouldn't come if he knew the "someone" was I. He has avoided me—not once in the weeks I have lain in his house has he seen or spoken to me. If a wounded dog had crawled to his door he would have been kinder to it than to me. Perhaps I deserve his contempt, but it is hard to bear. (*Short pause, head on hand*)

ENTER BRANDON C. D., *on seeing FERNLEY he stops.*

FERN. (*raising head*). Caleb!

BRAN. So it was you who sent for me, Jasper.

FERN. Yes, Caleb. You wouldn't come to me, I couldn't come to you, and I had to see you.

BRAN. (*grimly*). You've got along pretty well without seein' me for quite a spell of years, Jasper.

FERN. Not so well as you think, Caleb, for all those years have been shadowed by the memory of the wrong



I did you, and saddened by your unrelenting resentment of it.

BRAN. Resentment? Well, yes, I should say resentment wan't any too strong a word. Seems to me it ain't surprisin' that a man that's been robbed of his money, his chance in life and his best friend—*by* that friend—should feel some resentment.

FERN. All that you say is true, Caleb, and its truth has come home to me in its full force in the weeks I have lain helpless under your roof with nothing to do but think. Can you imagine my feelings when, on regaining consciousness, I found myself lying in the same room where you and I slept that night? At first I thought it must be a dream, an illusion of my fevered brain, and when I realized that it was a fact, that fate had indeed thrown me helpless upon your hospitality—yours, of all men—well, Caleb, I think even you could hardly have wished me a keener punishment.

BRAN. Maybe so, Jasper, maybe so. But I never grudged you care or shelter.

FERN. I know it, and that's what cuts. But though you gave me care and shelter, you refused to see me, refused, as you did years ago, to forgive me. And that's why I had to see you. I couldn't let another hour go by without one more attempt to heal the breach between us. I did you a great wrong, Caleb, but at least I tried to repair it. Remembering that, can't you forgive me, after all these years?

BRAN. Tried to repair it? How? What do you mean?

FERN. Why, I mean the letter I sent you as soon as I reached New York.

BRAN. Letter? I never received any letter.

FERN. (*leaning forward*). What! Do you mean to say that you never got the letter containing your hundred dollars?

BRAN. Never. Do you mean to say you sent my money back?

FERN. Of course I did. I had plenty of time to think over in the train what I had done under the sudden temptation of a moment and I saw how wrong it was. As

soon as I reached New York I wrote to you and begged you to forgive me and to join me in New York. I sent your money back in the letter. When you did not answer or come to New York, I supposed you were too angry to do so. And you never got the letter! All these years you have thought that I—oh, Caleb, Caleb, I wasn't so bad as that.

BRAN. (*grasping FERNLEY's hand*). I ought to have known it, Jasper, old chum. I ought to have known there was some mistake. I didn't mind the loss of the money so much as losin' my friend. To have you go back on me like that, Jasper, was like havin' the bottom drop right out o' life. But it's all right now. You done the best you knew how to fix things right. I guess that old critter they call fate used us both kind o' hard. I swan, (*Joyfully*) I feel like a boy again now that tarnal mess is all straightened out. Say, Jas, remember the old swimmin' hole? You and me'll take a dip in there before you go.

FERN. That's what we will, Cale; we'll do all the things we used to. Is it time for the Red Astrakhans to be ripe yet on that tree behind your barn? Those were the best apples I ever ate.

BRAN. They're just a-reddenin' up. They'll begin to drop in a few days. And the huckleberries are as thick as hops over in the south pasture this year.

FERN. I'll bet I can pick more than you can in an hour if I *am* out of practice. I—oh, this confounded leg! (*Sinks back exhausted*)

BRAN. Gosh! I clean forgot you was a sick man. You're all tuckered out. I guess I better git ye back to your room again. Here, lean on me, Jas.

[EXEUNT *both* R. 1 E.]

RE-ENTER BRANDON R. 1 E.]

BRAN. I swan, Jasper ain't changed a mite. I didn't s'pose millionaires cared about such things as Red Astrakhans and huckleberries. Well, well, I feel about thirty years younger'n I did when I come in. It's been a long lane, but it's turned at last. I guess I better go hunt up

that nurse o' Jasper's. (*Looks out c. d.*) Oh, here she comes now and the doctor with her. [EXIT L. D.]

ENTER DOCTOR *and* JOYCE c. d.

JOYCE. I left Mr. Fernley here. He must have become tired and gone back to his room. (*Goes R.*)

DR. A. Joyce, wait. (*She stops*) Why do you so persistently avoid me? I have not seen you alone for a moment since—that night.

JOYCE. Need we discuss it? The conditions are unchanged; what more is there to be said?

DR. A. This; you say the conditions are unchanged; that is true, but—they are not unchangeable.

JOYCE. You mean—

DR. A. Free yourself from him—annul your marriage. It was the merest farce; no court in the land would hold you bound by it.

JOYCE. If I had *only* known that then! But now—it is too late.

DR. A. Too late? What do you mean?

JOYCE. You do not realize how desperate he is. When he learned of my action he would—

DR. A. Have no fear, dear heart, you shall be protected.

JOYCE. Ah, it is not for myself that I fear.

DR. A. What then?

JOYCE. Don't you understand? For you. So long as I make no move he will make none, but if he knew that I had applied to have our marriage annulled he would kill—not me, but you.

DR. A. (*grimly*). Let him try it.

JOYCE. No, no! I tell you you do not know him. He is a fiend and would hesitate at nothing. You would be called at midnight to some pretended patient on a lonely and ill-lighted street; suddenly a form would spring upon you—a knife would gleam—(*She shudders*) you would have no chance.

DR. A. And to save me from this possibility you would remain bound to such a wretch? You shall not

so sacrifice the happiness of us both. Forewarned is forearmed, and I will take the risk.

JOYCE. The risk of sacrificing your life and my happiness? The one is bound up in the other, Roger.

DR. A. (*springing to her side*). Joyce!

JOYCE. Yes it is true. My life must be desolate, but so long as you are somewhere in the world it will not be quite a desert, "though life us do part." (*He turns away with a groan*) You see, our arguments have described a circle and we are back at the point whence we started—there is nothing more to be said.

DR. A. It is a hideous circle. Is there no way out?

JOYCE. I can see none; but let us not despair, perhaps somewhere the lane will turn.

DR. A. And when it does, though it be fifty years from now, I shall be waiting for you at the turning with open arms. Remember that, Joyce.

JOYCE. Yes, Roger. And now our patient needs us. (*Goes R.*)

DR. A. One moment, I am forgetting the real purpose of my coming, which was to warn you. I am sure that I have seen Grafton about, though he tries to keep out of my sight. I fear he is planning some new villainy. I cannot bear to leave you here, exposed to his murderous designs.

JOYCE. Have no fear; he will not harm me and I shall take good care that he does not harm Mr. Fernley. But I am glad you warned me for now I shall be more than ever on my guard. Come. [EXEUNT *both* R. 1 E.]

ENTER LAURA R. 2 E.

LAURA. What, no one here? I wonder where—well, never mind, I'll sit down and wait for Gassaway. (*Sits L. C. in high-backed chair turned slightly toward L.*) I wonder if I was too discouraging to Sir Blashington? (*Pause*) Well, I don't care; if he's so easily discouraged as that he isn't worth having. He ought to know that "faint heart never won—ahem—never will win me." And yet I believe, I really do believe I should love him—if he

only had more snap. (*Yawns*) The heat makes me sleepy. (*Leans back in chair and gradually goes to sleep*)

ENTER GRAFTON *cautiously*, C. D. *He does not see LAURA.*

GRAF. The coast is clear. Luck gives me one more chance. Now to get the lay of the land. That must be Fernley's room (*Indicates R. 1 E.*) Ha! I was foiled in my attempt on your life (*Shakes fist*) but this time I strike at something nearer and dearer than life—and I shall succeed. (*Goes L.*) The kitchen. (*Goes toward R. 2 E. As he passes C. D. ALGERNON sticks his head in at the window and looks around. He starts as he sees GRAFTON*)

ALG. Gee! If there ain't the guy that got fresh with the pop-gun! What's his game this time, I wonder? (*He draws back slightly from window and watches*)

GRAF. (*coming back R. C. after looking off R. 2 E.*). A hall with stairway leading to the rooms above, as I thought. Very good. Now everything is ready for to-night. Kidnapping is dangerous business but my plans are well laid. (*Shakes fist at R. 1 E.*) You monster, you have been the cause of my ruin, now you shall recoup my fortunes. (*Turns L. and sees LAURA; starts violently*) What! The girl herself! Ah, she's asleep. Gad! What a start she gave me! Ah, ha! my pretty bird, you shall soon sleep in a cage far away from here and wake to beat your dainty hands against its bars in vain. No key but a golden one shall unlock that cage. You ought to be worth a cool half-million to your distracted father, eh? And to-night shall see me well on the way to that half-million. (*A sudden thought strikes him*) To-night? *Why not now?* Why not grasp the hand fortune holds out to me? By all the powers, I'll do it! To be sure, it's daylight, but I saw no one about when I came in and the automobile waits close by with my two men. The trap is set, I'll spring it now. (*Bends over LAURA*) She'll surely sleep ten minutes longer, and that is all I'll need. I'll send the men.

ALG. Holy smoke! (*He vanishes*)

GRAF. Sleep well, my dear.

[EXIT C. D.]

LAURA (*gradually wakes, rubs eyes, etc.*). Dear me, I

must have been asleep. Hasn't Gassaway returned yet? How slow he is! I believe I'll get my parasol and go for a stroll. (*Looks about*) Strange! There is no one here, yet I thought I heard someone speak. I must have dreamed it. [EXIT R. 2 E.]

ENTER MRS. SMYTHE, *after a short pause*, C. D.

MRS. S. I couldn't find Algernon anywhere. I thought I saw him running around the corner of the house just now, but he didn't stop when I called so I must have been mistaken. How cool it is in here after the heat outdoors. I believe I'll rest a little while. (*She sits in chair LAURA occupied and goes to sleep*)

ENTER *two ruffians cautiously, one carrying light cashmere shawl. They furtively approach chair where MRS. SMYTHE sleeps, throw shawl over her head and twist it round. They lift her and carry her toward C. D. She struggles and emits muffled shrieks. As they near door it opens violently and SIR BLASHINGTON rushes in, followed by ALGERNON.*

SIR B. Hi, there! you bloody blackguards! Drop that lady! (*He attacks ruffians fiercely. They try to retaliate. ALGERNON dances around*)

ALG. Give it to 'em, Johnnie Bull! I'll bet on you! (*Ruffians set MRS. SMYTHE down. She stands plucking at shawl and shrieking. After a short but fierce encounter SIR BLASHINGTON routs ruffians, who escape by C. D. door just as DOCTOR and JOYCE rush on from R. 1 E. and MRS. BRANDON and MARIE from L.*)

DR. A. What is it? What's the matter?

SIR B. (*panting*). A—couple—of—blokes—tried to—kidnap—Miss Fernley.

DR. A. Kidnap Miss Fernley! (*He and JOYCE exchange glances. JOYCE goes to MRS. SMYTHE and removes shawl*)

ENTER LAURA R. 2 E. SIR BLASHINGTON *staggers back dumb-founded. ALGERNON stares.*

ALG. Gee! It's ma!

SIR B. Oh, I say! Mrs. Smith!

MRS. S. (*furiously*). Smythe, sir! This is a pretty way to treat a lady in the best society! Oh! Oh! Oh!

[*She rushes off* R. 2 E.]

LAURA. What in the world has happened?

ALG. Why, you see, Miss Fernley, a couple of toughs was goin' to kidnap you but Lord Johnnie Bull lit into 'em like a million sledge-hammers and sent 'em pikin' and then we found out they'd swiped ma instead of you by mistake.

SIR B. (*feebly*). Yaas, bah Jove. Made a blooming ass of myself, as usual.

LAURA. You attacked two men single-handed and put them to flight because you supposed they were kidnapping me? Oh, Blashington! You are a hero! I adore you! I will marry you, indeed I will! (*She rushes to SIR BLASHINGTON who clasps her in his arms*)

SIR B. (*blissfully*). Oh, I say!

LAURA and SIR BLASHINGTON.

ALGERNON.

MARIE.

DR. AUSTIN and JOYCE.

MRS. BRANDON.

## CURTAIN

## — ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Home of JASPER FERNLEY in New York. An evening six months later. Sofa L. and other handsome furnishings at will. MR. and MRS. BRANDON DISCOVERED seated on sofa. DOORS C. R. and L.*

BRAN. I swan, mother, I don't believe I'd get to feel at home in this palace of Jasper's, not if I had to live here a year.

MRS. B. Nor me, either, father. We've been here a week now, and I declare, I can't find my way around yet. Only to-day I got lost goin' from our room to the preservatory. What they call it that for I can't tell you, for there ain't any canned fruit there, nothin' but a lot

of plants, and not even a real handsome geranium among them.

BRAN. The's a good many things in New York that's some different from Mapleville; and one of 'em is this bein' dressed up all the time. I can stand a stiff collar to go to church in at home, but to wear the blamed thing all the time makes my neck sore. (*Runs finger around collar*) And I fairly hanker after a pair of overalls and felt boots.

MRS. B. I brought a gingham apron with me and offered to help Laura do up her work, but she just laughed and kissed me and said the maids wouldn't like to be interfered with, so I ain't had a chance to wear it and I do feel lost without it.

BRAN. I guess you and me never was cut out for city life, mother. I never felt so lonesome in my life as I did to-day when Jasper left me alone a minute on the sidewalk in front o' the Flatiron Buildin'. The' was a slew o' folks comin' and goin', all in a dreadful hurry, but if I'd been alone in the middle o' the forty-acre pasture at home 'twould have seemed a lot more sociable. I sort o' suspicioned how 'twould be, but Jasper was so set on havin' us visit him here this winter that I couldn't say no.

MRS. B. And Laura declared she wouldn't be married if we didn't come to the weddin'. Well, that'll be day after to-morrow, and the next day I guess we better go home.

BRAN. So we will, mother, so we will.

ENTER FERNLEY, C. D.

FERN. What's that I hear about your going home, Caleb? Why, I shan't let you go for a month yet; you haven't seen half the sights.

BRAN. Well, you see, Jasper, I got Ed. Heck to do the chores for me while I was gone, and if anybody come along and he started to talk to 'em it'd be milkin' time at night before he'd fed the critters their breakfast. So I feel as if I'd better go home and tend to things. But we've had a real good time.



FERN. Well, of course, if you feel that you must go I won't try to keep you. So perhaps this is the best time to mention a little business matter that I want to attend to before you go home.

BRAN. Business, Jasper?

FERN. Yes, Caleb, about that hundred dollars, you know.

BRAN. No, I don't know nothing about any hundred dollars and don't want to. It's all forgot.

FERN. I can well believe that to your generous soul it is the same as forgotten. But not so to me. I did not speak of what I am about to tell you in the summer, because I had not then reached the goal I had set for myself. But now my transactions are complete, Caleb, when you did not join me in New York I made up my mind that in some way I would make restitution to you. After some thought I decided upon a way. As soon as I could save it, I took a hundred dollars of my own money and invested it in your name. The investment prospered and netted 75% gain. Again I invested the total amount and again it was largely increased. I continued the same process for years, and always with a success that seemed magical. Never has an investment of that fund failed to return a large per cent of profit. And now I turn it over to you, Caleb. Here is a check for the full amount of what for thirty-four years I have called the Caleb Brandon Fund.

BRAN. (*rising excitedly*). I won't touch it, Jasper. It don't belong to me, not even the original sum, for that you sent back. No, Jasper, it's your brains and your work that made it, and the money's yours.

FERN. But don't you see, Caleb, that but for that one wrong act of mine, you would have had the same chance that I had, the chance to make far more than this. For years it has been my one justification of myself that I was doing what I could to make restitution to you. If you refuse now to accept this sum you will be inflicting upon me a disappointment and a punishment even greater than my boyish fault deserves, and depriving me of the satisfaction of feeling that you have really forgiven me.

For until you accept this I am not cleared of my fault in my own eyes. (*He holds out check. BRANDON hesitates*)

MRS. B. I don't want you should do what ain't square an' honest, father, but it sounds all right to me, and if it's goin' to hurt his feelin's to have you refuse, I guess you better take it.

BRAN. Well, mother, I'll do as you say. (*Takes check*) What! Why, Jasper! This is a check for fifty thousand dollars!

MRS. B. Father!

FERN. I only wish it was more, Caleb!

BRAN. But—why—why, I never dreamed it was so much. Fifty thousand dollars! I can't take it!

FERN. (*laughing*). You *have* taken it, Caleb, and you can't go back on your word.

BRAN. Jasper! Jasper, old chum! How can I ever thank you? (*They grasp hands*)

FERN. By letting the money make life easy and pleasant for you and your good wife, Caleb. Now I'm going to see if I can't find Laura and my son-in-law-to-be.

[EXIT C. D.]

BRAN. (*sinking on sofa*). Fifty thousand dollars! It seems like a dream. Mother, why don't ye say somethin'?

MRS. B. Because I'm afraid if I do I'll wake up. Oh, father, think of the things we can do with all that money, things we've always wanted to do and couldn't afford to.

BRAN. I *am* thinkin', mother. I'm goin' to have an engyne to saw up my wood, an' a plow I can ride on an' a new chicken house an'—an'—what be you goin' to buy, mother?

MRS. B. I'm going to have me one o' them new-fangled machines that sucks the dirt right out o' carpets, an' a black silk dress, an'—an' I'm goin' into Ryker's and buy all the pretty dishes I want! An'—father—

BRAN. Yes, mother, what else?

MRS. B. I want to get a handsome monnymment for little Susie. There's only a little headstone, you know, an' I want a nice white marble monnymment with a lamb on top of it. I know lambs are kind of old-fashioned but I always did like 'em.

BRAN. We'll do it, mother, the very first thing. (*The eyes of both fill with tears*)

ENTER LAURA and SIR BLASHINGTON C. D.

LAURA. Why, Auntie Brandon! Uncle Brandon! What are you crying about?

MRS. B. I guess it must be because we're so happy, child.

SIR B. Aw, I say! Rum go, that.

LAURA. "Rum go"? What does that mean, Blashie?

SIR B. Why—er—it means—ah—well, a novel situation, don't you know.

LAURA. Oh, I see; just about the same as "the limit" in United States.

SIR B. I fahncy so, yaas.

LAURA. You see, Blashie is teaching me English, so I'll understand the language in my new home. And that reminds me that Blashie and I have a favor to ask of you.

BRAN. There ain't much mother and I wouldn't do for you. What is it?

LAURA. It is—that you will both promise to visit us next summer at Ingleby Manor.

SIR B. Yaas, you really must, you know.

MRS. B. Why-ee! That's in England, ain't it?

LAURA (*laughing*). Of course. Father is coming over then and you can come with him without a bit of care or trouble about it.

MRS. B. (*hesitating*). But I'm afraid we can't afford—

BRAN. Yes, we can, mother—now. Laura, child, we'll come.

LAURA. Oh, I'm so glad! (*Hugs MRS. BRANDON*)

SIR B. Chawmed, 'pon honor. (*Shakes hands with BRANDON*)

LAURA. And now I have a little surprise for you.

BRAN. We're gettin' used to surprises. What is it this time?

LAURA. I have invited Dr. Austin, Mrs. Smi-Smythe and Tommie and Miss Carmody to come this evening so we will all be together again as we were last summer.

MRS. B. Why, that'll be real nice.

LAURA. And unless I am mistaken I hear Mrs. Smythe speaking to the butler now. (*Goes to c. d.*) Yes, here she is, and Tommie too. (ENTER MRS. SMYTHE and TOMMIE) I am so glad to see you both; come right in and see Mr. and Mrs. Brandon. (MRS. SMYTHE goes L. to MR. and MRS. BRANDON. *They shake hands and talk in pantomime.*)

LAURA. Are you pretty well, Tommie?

ALG. Sure. Hullo, Johnnie Bull.

SIR B. Aw—how are you, old chap? (*They shake*)

MRS. S. Algernon! You shouldn't be so familiar when you're in the best society.

ALG. Oh, prunes!

LAURA. Don't reprove him, Mrs. Smythe. I feel that we owe a great deal to Tommie's presence of mind.

MRS. S. How is that?

LAURA. Did no one ever tell you that it was he who discovered the plot to kidnap me and called Sir Blashington?

MRS. S. No, indeed. How strange that I was never told! But I was too upset to care to discuss that trying incident. Algernon, my son, from what a fate may you not have saved your fond mother! How can I show my gratitude? (*Tries to embrace ALGERNON. He draws away*)

ALG. Aw, cut out the slush, ma. But say, if you want to do the handsome thing, we'll call it square if you'll just lemon off that Algernon business and call me Tommie.

MRS. S. (*sighing*). Well—it's frightfully plebeian and quite unsuited to the best society but if I must—Tommie it shall be.

ALG. Hooray!

LAURA. And now I want you all to come and see my wedding presents. A lot of new ones came this afternoon.

[EXEUNT ALL R. D.]

*After short pause MARIE looks cautiously in at c. d. ENTERS, tiptoes to R. and looks off, then goes to c. and beckons off L. GASSAWAY ENTERS cautiously L. D.*

MARIE. Zey have gone ze presents of ze wedding to

see. I t'ought you like for see zat blue dress mademoiselle give me for stay in zat Mapleveele wiz her. You like heem, eh?

GAS. I like you in any dress, Marie, but you sure are a winner upholstered in blue. I haven't had hardly a glimpse of you since this wedding business began. (*Slips arm around her waist*) Say, Marie, there ain't any wedding interests me much except my own.

MARIE (*demurely*). You are going to be married zen?

GAS. I sure am.

MARIE. When?

GAS. That's for you to say.

MARIE (*drawing away*). Me? What have I to do wiz your wedding?

GAS. Why, there won't be any wedding if you're not there.

MARIE. But you forget—I go to England wiz Mademoiselle.

GAS. Well, you needn't think you're the only one that can go to England. (*Struts, thumbs in armholes of vest*)

MARIE (*staring*). Moi—je ne comprends pas.

GAS. Well, seein' it's you I'll let you into a dead secret. You see (*Quietly slipping arm about her as he talks*) those wedding presents upstairs aren't the whole show. The old man is going to give her another, but she don't know it yet. It's the last word in limousines, sixty-horse power, dual high-tension system, multiple-disc clutch, thermoid brakes, double jet carburettor, straight line shaft drive—and—now listen—he says he won't trust his daughter in anybody's care but mine so he's going to send me over to run it for her. Now the way I figure it out is this: you marry me to-morrow and *we'll* go to England on *our* honeymoon. See?

MARIE (*tossing her head*). I tink about him.

GAS. (*determinedly*). Well, you think mighty quick then, for I'm going to know *now*. I won't stand any more of this off and on business. Every time I throw into high speed you push out the clutch and put on the brakes. Now make up your mind—is it yes or no? (*Steps and voices heard off c.*)

MARIE. Hist! Monsieur approach! I make up my mind elsewhere, my Speedmore. (*She throws her arm around GASSAWAY'S neck*) [EXEUNT both L. D.]

ENTER FERNLEY, JOYCE and DR. AUSTIN C. D.

FERN. Well, well, we had begun to think that you two people were going to spoil our little party by not being here, as the Irishman said; when, behold! you arrive from opposite directions at the same time.

DR. A. I am sorry to be late, Mr. Fernley, but a critical case detained me.

JOYCE (*demurely*). I am sorry to be late, Mr. Fernley, but a critical case detained me. (*All laugh*)

FERN. And with the same excuse. Well, well, we are lucky to get you busy people any time at all. We have hardly had a glimpse of you since last summer.

JOYCE. For which you do not seem to be properly thankful.

FERN. Thankful? Why, no. It's worth a broken leg any day to be able to monopolize the attention of a charming young lady. Eh, doctor?

DR. A. By all means. I'm thinking of breaking my own.

JOYCE. Don't expect *me* to nurse you. Doctors make the most unruly of patients. (*They sit, FERNLEY C., DR. AUSTIN R., JOYCE L.*)

FERN. But seriously, my dear young friends, I have never adequately expressed to you my appreciation of your faithful care of me last summer, for the reason that I did not wish you to know that I knew how faithful that care had been. (*DR. AUSTIN and JOYCE exchange swift glances*) Yes, I know all, and now we can be frank with each other, for—Vincent Grafton died to-day.

DR. A. } (*springing up*). Dead!

JOYCE. }

FERN. (*rising*). Yes. Let me explain. On the night he came to the Brandon house you thought me delirious, and so I was. But my delirium was interspersed with short periods of almost supernatural lucidity, when every

sense seemed quickened to twice its normal power. During these periods, each of which lasted but a few minutes, I gathered fragments of what took place in the room where you were, including Grafton's name. These fragments made so vivid an impression on my mind that subsequent delirium did not erase them and in the long hours of my convalescence I pieced them together and became possessed of the main facts of your sad story, Miss Carmody, and of your heroic protection of me. As soon as possible I gave orders to have Grafton hunted down and quietly shadowed. He fled to Canada and for months did not dare return to New York. But at last he ventured back and was promptly arrested on charge of embezzlement. Or rather, he would have been arrested for when the officers forced their way into his room he had committed suicide. (*Pause*) Now this has been something of a shock to you both and you will be glad of a few moments to recover; so I am going to find the rest of our little party and we will rejoin you presently. (*At door he pauses and looks back at them a moment, smiling understandingly*)

[EXIT R. D.]

DR. A. (*after slight pause*). Joyce!

JOYCE. Yes.

DR. A. Do you remember how you prophesied that the lane would turn?

JOYCE. Yes.

DR. A. And how I told you that I would be waiting for you at the turning with open arms?

JOYCE. Yes—Roger.

DR. A. (*holding out his arms*). Joyce—come! (*She looks up, hesitates, then moves swiftly toward him as he advances to meet her*)

CURTAIN

# COAST FOLKS

A Rural Drama in Five Acts, by GEORGE M. ROSENER

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Seven male, five female characters. Two scenes, one interior, one exterior. Time, 2½ hours. The scene is laid at a light-house on a rocky cliff near a fishing village. The plot is original and skilfully developed; a true picture of coast life, with intensely dramatic "situations" and a thrilling tragic episode leading up to an unexpected climax. A scheming doctor and his unscrupulous hiring, a young girl's appalling sacrifice, the startling fate of the plotters, and the simple life of the fishermen, offer fine scope for individual portraiture. The characters are all kept well in view of the audience in each of the acts.

## CHARACTERS

TOM MANLY, a sailor.....	Lead
BILL LONG, a fisherman.....	Character
PARSON THORNDIKE, a minister.....	Juvenile
BEN JORDAN, the light-house keeper.....	Heavy
DOCTOR CARLTON, a physician.....	Heavy
JOSEPH WINSLOW, a fisherman.....	Comedy
DAN CRANE, Winslow's chum.....	Comedy
JESS LONG, Bill Long's daughter.....	Lead
FAITH, a cripple.....	Ingenué
PRISCILLA WINSLOW, Joseph's wife.....	Character
ELIZA LONG, Bill Long's wife.....	Character
JANE, Long's maid-servant.....	Soubrette

# ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA

A Melodrama in Four Acts, by CHARLES TOWNSEND

PRICE 25 CENTS

## CHARACTERS

CORRY CHASE.....	A reporter for the "New York Herald"
COLONEL TORRENO.....	A Spanish officer
MANUEL VALDEZ.....	A Cuban Insurgent leader
OLD VALDEZ.....	Manuel's father
DANNY PHELAN.....	Corry's companion
PEDRO.....	A faithful servant
SERGEANT JONES.....	Of the U. S. Army
TWO SOLDIERS.....	In Manuel's Cuban Contingent
ISABEL ROBERTS.....	The Pearl of Cuba
VIOLETTA.....	A jealous Cuban
NORAH.....	Isabel's servant

TIME OF PLAYING—2¼ Hours.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—At the American Consulate, Havana, Feb. 1, 1898. Love and jealousy. An Irishman's opinion. The "Herald" reporter. The insult. A surprised Spaniard. "First blood for Uncle Sam!"

ACT II.—At the Roberts mansion the next morning. A proposal. The death of Valdez. A cunning falsehood. Irish wit. Saved. A new danger. A moment of suspense. Striking tableau.

ACT III.—In the mountains, a week later. Plotting and planning. An unexpected arrival. Corry and Danny in the toils. The Spaniard and Cuban join hands. The price of a life. Yankee pluck. Tableau.

ACT IV.—Room in a house in Havana, Feb. 15, 1898. A fiendish plan. "I'll send the *Maine* to the bottom of the harbor." Preparing to leave. "Off for Key West to-night." An understanding. The Spaniard's revenge. Destruction of the battle-ship. Death of Torreño. "And Uncle Sam will remember the *Maine*."



# OAK FARM

## COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE 25 CENTS

Seven male, four female characters, being first old man, leading man, comedy, character heavy, three comedy characters; first old lady, leading lady and two lady comedy characters. Time of playing, 2½ hours.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Scene, room in the Weatherby home, Oak Farm. Donald departs for college. The farm mortgaged. Donald and Helen betrothed. The rain agent. Joel and Sally. Prune, postmaster and money lender.

ACT II.—Scene, the same, three years later. The intercepted letters. "Why does not Donald write?" The old maid's suitors. Prune's rascality. The mortgage due.

ACT III.—Same scene, two months later. Prune unmasked. The old maid's stratagem. The stranger's offer declined. "I am Donald." Joy at Oak Farm.

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# ESCAPED FROM THE LAW

## COMEDY DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By C. WALCOTT RUSSELL

PRICE 25 CENTS

Seven male, five female characters. The owner of a factory, his superintendent, a French scientist, a physician, an English labor agitator, gardener and butler. The owner's wife and daughter, his partner's widow, a maid-servant, a neighbor and a policeman. A labor agitator's plot to promote a strike and burn the owner's house. Time of playing, 2½ hours. 3 interior and 1 exterior scenes.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Morning. The Irishman and the anarchist. The doctor recognizes and exposes the woman from Martinique.

ACT II.—Evening. A wife's confession. Flight.

ACT III.—Three weeks later. The dying child. One of Nature's noblemen. The plot to burn the factory. "Your silence or your life."

ACT IV.—The widow and the superintendent. The house surrounded by rioters. The telegraph message. The wires cut.

ACT V.—A wife's sacrifice and husband's remorse. The rioters dispersed. Home and love once more.

AUG 3 1915

# GOLDEN GULCH

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

PRICE 25 CENTS

Eleven male, three female characters, including a gentleman outlaw, a scout, a hotel landlord, a pugilist, a Western tough, a sly Chinaman, a cullud politician, a Jew peddler, a sanctimonious reformer, a Western mad-cap girl, a strong-minded woman and a Yankee old maid. Time of playing, 2¼ hours. The action is in the Wild West, with wide diversity of characters and dramatic incident, and requiring only two easily staged scenes.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The Golden Gulch hotel. A musical Chinaman. "Annie Rooney." The festive dude and the negro politician. The Jew peddler. Gentleman George makes a purchase. Jess and the outlaw. Frank and Naggle compare notes. Old acquaintances. A warning. The dude on his muscle. The card-sharper. The tract distributor. The game begins. Frank takes a hand. "Hands up! I hold a trump card!" "I hold another!"

ACT II.—Among the hills. Time, the next morning. Ireland and Africa at war. A big scare, and nobody hurt. The missionary makes a trial. "Big fool! Wah!" The false message. The robbery. Old Ikey in the toils. The dude investigates and strikes a hard customer. A villainous scheme. The accusation of murder. "Stand back! It's my turn now!"

ACT III.—At the hotel, one hour later. Active prohibition. Toots and O'Gooligan on a bender. The Chinese way. The smashed up missionary. Toots makes an offer. Frank a prisoner. Judge O'Gooligan opens court. Getting a jury. The judge presents the case. Some tough evidence. The verdict. The end of "Gentleman George." Finale.

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# The JAIL BIRD

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

PRICE 25 CENTS

Seven male, two female characters. Leading juvenile man, character heavy, comedy, low comedy, walking gentleman, utility man. Leading lady, old woman comedy, soubrette. Time of playing, 2½ hours. New in treatment, arousing sympathy and merriment throughout. No difficult scenes.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Scene, a room in Isaacs' concert hall. The detective and the crook. A profitable deal. Donovan and Isaacs compare notes. The counterfeit money. Matt and Donovan. Jennie. Homeless and friendless. The insult. The Jew learns a lesson. Arrested.

ACT II.—Time, two years later. Scene, Jennie Foster's rooms in Mrs. Bableton's lodging house. Matt's letter. Matt's arrival. Prison experience. Bob "blows in." A specimen of the New York "kid." Matt refunds the money. Denham, the broker. Sunshine ahead.

ACT III.—A lapse of six months. Scene, ante-room in Denham's office. Matt's advice. Mrs. Bableton investigates. Darby's discovery. Donovan in hot water. A cunning rascal. Discharged.

ACT IV.—Six months later. Scene, the concert hall again. Planning a robbery. The last chance. Husband and wife. Jennie's faith. Bob on a "bender." The swindlers. Hunted down. Matt's desperation. Matt's cunning. Foiled! Striking tableau.

ACT V.—Half an hour later. Scene, Denham's office. Darby speaks his mind. Laying the train. Matt asserts himself. A thrilling struggle. Victory! Finale.

## MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

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PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours .....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

## RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

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AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting .....	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour..	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

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JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
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JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
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GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
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