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The Green Bird

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Green Bird

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By
JOSEPH U. HARRIS

Originally produced under the auspices of The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, in the High School Auditorium, Syracuse, New York, April 11 and 12, 1912.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1912

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The Green Bird

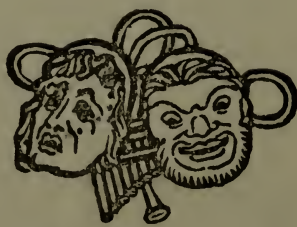
CHARACTERS

- MACKLYN, *owner and proprietor of the Macklyn House* Joseph LaRue.
- SOCKSMAN, *the stage-driver* Clarence Ferguson.
- ALLAN ROSS, *Miss Lauton's fiancé* Harold Allen.
- MR. ANTON McDONALD, *from college,* } *in search of* } Harry Gray.
 MR. GEORGE LANE, *his companion.* } *"The Green Bird."* } Harold Rice.
- MR. JACK HAVERSTRAW, *Allan's friend, and his sister's* Wayne Blake.
- MONSIEUR DUPIN Ambrose Weldon.
- CLEMENT ASHVERNE, *enamoured of "The Green Bird."* Leon Mitchell.
- MRS. MACKLYN, *Macklyn's wife, formerly a milliner* Helena Brown.
- ENID LAUTON, *writing under the name of Wayne Mortimer Lynde* Lulu Donaldson.
- ALICE, *the Macklyns' maid of all work* Ruth Rouse.
- MARGARET, *"THE GREEN BIRD"* Esther Craig.

SYNOPSIS

- ACT I.—Wherein they arrive.
 ACT II.—Wherein they are delayed.
 ACT III.—Wherein they depart.

SCENE.—Office of the Macklyn House.
 TIME.—Afternoon and evening of a day in summer.



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The Green Bird

ACT I

SCENE.—*The office of the Macklyn House near the railroad station. At the back C. a door opening on the street. At R. a single door communicating with the dining-room, another, L., leading to the parlor. A window on each side of the central door. Desk, etc., R. Stove without any fire and with top full of flowers near L. Chairs, etc., about the room. A large clock over the desk and a ponderous register in a conspicuous position on it. It is late afternoon of a summer day. MACKLYN at the desk; his wife seated at the window on the opposite side of the room sewing. SOCKSMAN, the stage-driver, sticks his head in at the door.*

SOCKS. Anybody for Fuller's Corners, Jinksville, or the Twin Forks?

MACK. Not a soul, Lem, not a soul. Hain't been anybody here for a month, 'cept travelin' agents.

MRS. MACKLYN. How is your business, Mr. Socksman? Many passengers?

SOCKS. No'm, there hain't. Just two women and one young un since the first of the week.

MRS. M. Oh, dear! Such business! We haven't had a real sociable guest in a month, and not a soul that was interesting. It's a real pity. Ain't there any people from the afternoon train either?

SOCKS. No'm, not as is going to Fuller's Corners, or Jinksville, or the Twin Forks. There's a young couple out there that I guess will be in pretty soon, but they ain't going nowhere, not just now leastways. Looks more as if they wanted a minister than anything else. Awful spoony. He, he!

MRS. M. Really? Oh, Mr. Socksman, look and see if they are coming this way. If they are, I'll telephone to the

Rev. Mr. Higglehorn and we can have a marriage right here in the hotel parlor. Oh, it's ages since anything really interesting happened. Are they coming?

MACK. Wait a bit, Cindy, wait a bit. They may be married already.

MRS. M. Well, they needn't let on if they are. We can have 'em do it all over again just as well as not. I do hope she has got a white dress with her. She can have my old veil, and I'll send over to Mrs. Owens for some blossoms from her orange tree.

SOCKS. They be coming right this way, Mrs. Macklyn.

MRS. M. Oh, I'll telephone right now. No, I'd better send. Like as not Mrs. Judson will be listenin' on the line, and I don't want her to know anything about it. She never told us when she eloped with our groceryman. That was when she was in Rainsville. She was a Tompkins then, and—are they coming? I'll send Alice.

MACK. You'd better wait till they register. I wouldn't count my chickens till I was sure they wasn't coming out o' turkeys' eggs.

MRS. M. Well, perhaps I had better wait till then. You always put a damper on my spirits. But it won't take a minute to send Alice after Mr. Higglehorn.

SOCKS. Here they be, Mrs. Macklyn. There ain't no use of me stayin' 'cause I axed them once if they wanted to go to Fuller's Corners, or Jinksville, or the Twin Forks, and the feller said as how they didn't want to go nowhere just as abrupt like as could be. So I guess I'll go along. Success to your weddin'.

MRS. M. All right, Mr. Socksman, thank you. Maybe I can prevail on them to go to the Corners for a honeymoon trip.

SOCKS. I say now, that would be real nice of you. I'll clean up the coach before I come back from the Twin Forks so's to have it fittin' for the bridal pair, and then I'll take 'em over to-morrow morning bright and early. How'll that be?

MRS. M. That'll be first rate. Good luck to you, Mr. Socksman.

SOCKS. Thank'e. Good luck to you, Mrs. Macklyn. *(He goes out, then sticks his head in the door again to holler.)* I say, here they be.

(As he retires, ALLAN ROSS and ENID LAUTON enter.)

MRS. M. (*aside*). Now ain't they the sweet pair! She'll make just a beautiful bride. (*Aloud.*) My dear, you must be tired after traveling; sit right down here. (*Places chair.*) Mr. Macklyn will see to your luggage.

MACK. (*to ALLAN*). Will you be pleased to register, sir?

ALLAN. Yes, we want two rooms, and —

MACK. Two?

ALLAN. I said two.

MRS. M. Why, of course, they want two rooms—now.

ENID. Now? We want them all the while we're here.

ALLAN. Certainly—which probably won't be more than twenty-four hours. (*Signs.*)

MACK. (*scrutinizing the register*). H'm—'m. Yes, sir. I'll take your luggage right up, and you can go when you get ready. Your rooms are the first turn to the right, and the stairs you can see just beyond the parlor door. We hain't got no bell-boy here. I have to be that too, 'ceptin' when we're busy; then we get one o' the neighbors' children. (*To his wife, as he goes out.*) Brother and sister. He! he!

MRS. M. What!

MACK. I told you not to count your chickens. Looks like you must have had a nest egg. (*He goes.*)

MRS. M. Well, I never! Who would have thought it? Oh, this is disgusting. And there's the stage-driver expecting a wedded couple to take to the Corners to-morrow. Brother and sister! Pshaw! (*She follows her husband.*)

ENID. What peculiar people!

ALLAN. What fools!

ENID. And such a funny place—no bell-boy, except one of the neighbors' children, when they're busy.

ALLAN. Which doubtless isn't often.

ENID. Evidently no guests. Oh, Allan, maybe the town hasn't got any minister.

ALLAN. Oh, no. It can't be as bad as that. They always have those, even if there isn't any church, and they've got a church. I saw the steeple.

ENID. Oh, then it must be all right. Say, isn't it fun to elope? Allan!

ALLAN. Enid! (*They embrace.*)

Enter MRS. M., L.

MRS. M. Ahem! (*They separate immediately.*) I hope you'll make yourselves entirely at home.

ALLAN. Thank you. We intend to.

MRS. M. Very affectionate children. [*Exit, R.*]

ALLAN. We must be careful. Remember, we are brother and sister.

ENID. Well, can't we kiss each other?

ALLAN. Not in public.

ENID. Humph. I don't know the fellow who'd take the trouble to kiss his sister in private.

ALLAN. True, my dear, but in country hotels—

ENID. There, there. Don't expostulate. Yet, speaking of country hotels has given me an idea. My next short story is going to be about one.

ALLAN. Are you going to keep on writing short stories—after you're married?

ENID. Why, of course. I couldn't live without writing short stories. Just see, my last one is in this month's "White Light." I brought it along to surprise you with. You don't care, do you, if I keep on writing them, after I'm married?

ALLAN. Of course not, foolish. Write as many as you want to. I'll promise to read all the magazines send back.

ENID. Martyr! Say, don't you like the name I write under? I think it sounds so aristocratic. Wayne Mortimer Lynde. Doesn't it now?

ALLAN. Certainly it's all right—just like its owner.

ENID. I don't think there's anybody looking—brother.

ALLAN. You darling! (*About to kiss her.*)

Enter ALICE, reading a letter.

ALICE (*from the depths of her epistle*). O-o-o-O!

(*ALLAN and ENID instantly separate.*)

ALLAN. Blast it!

ALICE (*startled on seeing them, dropping her letter*).
O-o-o-O!

ALLAN. What imbecile is this?

ALICE. Be you the new uns? You must be. There couldn't come four at once. If Mr. Macklyn saw that many at one time, he'd think he had the jimjams. Where'd you come from? Are you from the city? I've got a lover in the city. I got a letter from him. (*Feels in her apron pocket.*) I—I did have it just a jiffy ago.

ALLAN (*picking up the letter and presenting it to her*).
You dropped your letter, I guess.

ALICE. O-o-o-O! T-thank you. I wonder if you know my lover?

ALLAN. I don't believe.

ALICE (*appealing to ENID*). Do you know him?

ENID. I very much doubt it.

ALICE. His name's Jack.

ENID. What's his other name?

ALICE. O-o-o-O! That'd be tellin'.

ENID. Oh, would it? Then don't do it by any means.

ALICE. I ain't goin' to. O-o-o-O!

ALLAN. I say, let's get out of this. We're wasting valuable time.

ENID. All right. We'll go right away. I'll bring my magazine along and read you my last story.

ALLAN. Leave it till we come back. There's something more important than short stories at present.

ENID. Very well. I'll put it on the desk. Perhaps it will inspire somebody. My nom-de-plume is right on the cover, Wayne Mortimer Lynde. I say, I like that.

ALLAN. Don't you like Mrs. Ross better?

ENID. Better than any other name in the world. And it's going to be mine.

ALLAN. Just as soon as we can find a minister.

[*Exeunt ENID and ALLAN, at back.*]

ALICE. O-o-o-O! I wonder who they are? Their names is on the register probably. (*Reads.*) "Mr. and Miss Ross." Oh! They're only twins. I thought they was lovers. (*She starts to go out, still reading the letter.*) O-o-o-O!

(*She drops it, picks it up, brushes it off, kisses it. Enter MRS. M. They collide.*)

MRS. M. Alice!

ALICE. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. M. What are you reading?

ALICE. A letter.

MRS. M. (*trying to obtain a view of it*). It looks like a man's handwriting.

ALICE. Yes'm, it is.

MRS. M. Alice, are you carrying on a clodnastine correspondence with some city feller?

ALICE. No, ma'am. It ain't correspondence. We just writes to one another.

MRS. M. Well, I'd like to know what you call that? What does he do?

ALICE. Just writes. Once he kissed me—and told me he loved me. O-o-o-O!

MRS. M. He did? What a fool! But what does he do for a living?

ALICE. He's a chaffer.

MRS. M. Well, I'm glad you have learned his character. He must be a chaffer or he would never have written to you. But what I meant was, what does he work at?

ALICE. That's what I meant, too. He runs an automobile.

MRS. M. Oh, you mean he's a cheffeur.

ALICE. Mebbe that is it.

Enter MACK.

MACK. Them's a mighty nice pair of children, anyway. It's a pity brothers can't treat their sisters better generally. He's as gentle with her as a milkmaid with a yearlin' heifer.

MRS. M. Where have they gone?

MACK. Dunno. Ain't they up-stairs?

ALICE. Please, ma'am. They went out.

MRS. M. They'd ha' better stayed out.

MACK. Maybe they've gone to get some orange blossoms for the table. He, he!

MRS. M. That's right. Laugh at me. Oh, I was never so disappointed in my life—not since I was married myself.

MACK. Well, there's such a thing, my dear, as having the disappointment mutual.

MRS. M. Brute!

ALICE. O-o-o-O!

Enter, hurriedly, MR. ANTON McDONALD and MR. GEORGE LANE.

McDON. Just what I told you. Nobody here.

MRS. M. I am here, sir.

McDON. Oh, you. Yes, to be sure. I beg your pardon, but I was referring to guests. This is a hotel, isn't it?

ALICE. Ain't he swell!

MACK. This is a hotel, sir. Would you like a room?

McDON. Well, you see, I don't know. I'm looking for some one. Has there been a lady here?

MACK. Yes, sir. What kind of a looking lady?

MCDON. Don't know that. Never saw her before. That is—why,—she had a black hat with a green bird on it.

MACK. H'm. A black hat with a green bird on it?

MCDON. Yes. Has she been here?

MRS. M. Is the lady a relative of yours?

MCDON. Why, no. That is—not exactly a relative, but ——— (*Turns to LANE; aside.*) George, who the devil shall I say she is?

LANE (*aside*). Leave it to me. (*Turns to MRS. M.*) You see, madame, the lady in question is a celebrated actress.

ALICE. O-o-o-O!

MRS. M. An actress?

LANE. My name is Corbin. I am the manager of a leading dramatic company in New York City. It is my intention to hire this lady for the coming season. She is now on her way to sign a contract with a rival manager. Therefore, it is our purpose to forestall her, and, having reason to believe that she has stopped here, we desire, if such is the case, to remain and use our influence in persuading her to conform to our wishes. But unfortunately we have lost the memorandum which had her name on it, and the only thing we know about her is what my friend has just told you, that she wore a black hat with a green bird on it. Being a rather peculiar combination, we thought that possibly you might have noticed it.

MCDON. (*aside*). Oh, if I could only lie like that—and he does it as though it was easy.

MACK. H'm. I'm sure, sir, I can't tell you anything about the lady's acting, but there can be no doubt about the black hat with the green bird on it. A lady possessing such a hat has only recently arrived at the inn.

MRS. M. (*aside*). What's that?

MACK. However, she did not wear it. It is in her room with her baggage.

MRS. M. (*aside*). Well, I never! And I looked their baggage over so careful, too. Either Mr. Macklyn has got powerful sharp eyes, or he's lyin'.

LANE. Ah! Her baggage, and the hat with it—if we could see that ———

MACK. I am very sorry, gentlemen, but her baggage has no name on it, and now she has gone out and taken the key to her room with her.

MCDON. The deuce she has. This is a nice hotel.

MRS. M. (*aside*). He *is* lying. I've got the key to their room in my pocket this minute.

MACK. Her name is on the register, but it's probably not her real one. I believe that actresses don't usually use their own names when they're traveling, and of course if you have lost the memorandum, you couldn't tell anything by that, anyway. The name given here, as you will see, is Ross, Miss Ross.

ALICE. O-o-o-O! They was theatre folks.

LANE (*studying the register*). Ross.

MACK. The gentleman with her registers as her brother.

ALICE. O-o-o-O! I'll bet he's her leadin' man.

MCDON. (*to* LANE). Do you suppose this is the girl, George?

LANE (*aside to him*). We'll take the chances. (*To* MACK.) This is very probably the lady whom we are searching for. We will remain.

MACK. Be pleased to register, gentlemen. I will take your suit-cases up-stairs, and you can go to your rooms at any time. They are the third and fourth on the right, and you can see the stairs just beyond the parlor door. I trust you will make yourselves at home, gentlemen!

LANE. Thank you, we will.

MACK. (*going out*). Cindy, come with me. I want to speak to you a minute—and bring Alice with you.

MRS. M. Well, what in the world ——?

MACK. Just follow me, an' I'll tell you.

[*Exit, L.*]

MRS. M. Come, Alice.

ALICE. Yes, ma'am. O-o-o-O!

(*They follow MACK.*)

LANE (*signing*). I'm George Corbin, theatrical manager. Who are you?

MCDON. I'll be hanged if I know. This is the wildest goose chase I ever set off on, and your lying has made it wilder still. What'll I put down, anyway?

LANE (*picking up the magazine*). Here you are. The last illustrated "White Light." Find something in that. You must be celebrated to keep me company. Here's a short story by Wayne Mortimer Lynde. Nobody knows him nor anything about him, and the name sounds good. Put it down.

MCDON. But who is he?

LANE. I don't know. Never heard of him. Some magazine writer. Put it down. They'll be back in a minute.

MCDON. All right. Here goes. Wayne Mortimer Lynde, author, right below George Corbin, theatrical manager. We're a nice pair of blamed liars.

LANE. Never mind, if we find the girl. The fellows bet that we wouldn't dare to go after her, and that we couldn't get the green bird, and we've at least proved that we could do the first. Now if we meet her, the second ought to be easy.

MCDON. I don't feel so sure about that. If we get out of this alive, I'll never take another bet from any one on anything, not even a horse-race; by all the gods on Olympus, I swear it.

LANE. Cut that. I'm the theatrical manager. That's stale. I heard (*local*) do it in the last (*local*) play. You'll have to get a new one.

MCDON. Who is the guy with the girl? Is he her brother, or what? Do you suppose she's the right one, after all?

LANE. She must be. There couldn't be two green birds in a town of this size, not both on black hats. We'll know when she comes, anyway.

MCDON. That's just the trouble. We won't know. We haven't either of us seen her even. All we know is what the fellows told us, that she bought a ticket for this station and wore a black hat with a green bird on it, and they bet us twenty dollars and expenses that we couldn't go after her and make a big enough impression to get that green bird.

LANE. If it wasn't such a jay town that they let her carry her key, we could have gotten in there and swiped it, bird and all.

MCDON. That wouldn't be square. If we take the money, we've got to earn it, and get that bird from her with her consent. That's a part of the game.

LANE. Lord, I hope we don't have to stay here long.

MCDON. Never mind, if we get the bird.

LANE. If.

MCDON. Well, when then? For we've got to get it some way.

LANE. Oh, we can get it—some way, if you'll stop being so honest. This isn't a Sunday-school proposition. We're in for the coin. Let's get out of this hole. We may meet the girl on the road. At least she'll be back to supper.

MCDON. It'll be a swell supper she'll get here, or us either. All right. I'm ready. Come on.

Enter MACK., MRS. M., and ALICE, L.

MACK. Your rooms are in readiness, gentlemen.

LANE. All right. We're going out for a while. We'll be back to supper.

MACK. Yes, sir. Very well, sir.

[*Exeunt* LANE and McDON.

ALICE. I wonder if they be actors, too?

MRS. M. Well, what are you going to do now?

MACK. You shall see, my dear. It is very simple. Alice, I want you to go down to Mrs. Hunter's.

ALICE. The milliner's, sir?

MACK. The milliner's, that's it, and tell her to let me have a green bird. I don't care just what kind so long as it's green, and I guess a good-sized one would be the best. Tell her I want it right away, and bring it back with you, but don't let any one see it. Understand?

ALICE. Yes, sir.

MACK. Tell her I'll pay for it when I take it back.

ALICE. Is that all?

MACK. That's all. Hurry up.

ALICE. O-o-o-O! I wonder what he wants to do with it.

[*Exit.*

MRS. M. What in the name of goodness are you going to do?

MACK. My dear, business is business, and we haven't had any guests for almost two weeks. I just couldn't let those fellows go on the strength of a black hat and a green bird, especially when it's such an easy matter to get 'em both. Now you jest go and hunt me up one of your old black hats, and we'll see what you can do in the millinery line. You used to be pretty good that way.

MRS. M. (*completely nonplussed*). Well—I never!

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*The same room half an hour later. MRS. M. standing at the back with work-basket in her hand, needle and thread, etc. ALICE near R., forward, holding the hat.*

MRS. M. Just take it right up to her room, and put it on her bed, and don't you dare to breathe a word to a living soul. Do you understand?

ALICE. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. M. When you come down the potatoes will be ready to peel. [Exit, R.]

ALICE (*holding up the hat*). Ain't it beautiful? Mrs. Macklyn said as how her leadin' man got it for her to wear in a play. It must be just heavenly bein' an actress. I wish my lover 'ud buy me one like it. Maybe he can after he gets enough money chaffering. Now that ain't right. Mrs. Macklyn told me to say cheufleurin'. She says I ought to be more careful about my enunciation. (*Tries on the hat and pulls hand mirror out of her pocket.*) I'm goin' to wear it up-stairs, and see how it feels to be a leadin' star. There won't no one ever know.

(*Exit, wearing the hat and gazing into the mirror, walking unsteadily and colliding with the furniture.*)

Reënter MRS. M., followed by her husband.

MRS. M. Well, go and do the chores then, and see that you get 'em done up in time for supper. We may have some more in on that six o'clock. It never rains but it pours.

MACK. Hope we do, Cindy, hope we do. Rain's good for the corn.

MRS. M. Yes, and for the hog that eats it. You take in the money and I do the drudgery. You tell one lie and it keeps me busy tellin' ten more to back it. I've had to tell that girl now that them was real actor folks, just as that manager expected them to be, so she wouldn't know how deceiving you was. I told her the woman had to have the hat to wear in a play.

MACK. By gosh, Cindy, I didn't know you was so pert.

MRS. M. Pert! It's endangerin' my soul by bein' an accomplice to your evil doin'—an' both of us good respectable Methodists. What would Mr. Higglehorn say?

MACK. H'm. 'Tain't long since that you was goin' to send for him to marry a couple over again as you didn't know but was married already. I wouldn't brag if I was you. We ain't neither of us so blamed strong on religion, Cindy.

MRS. M. That's right. Reproach me. I'm the brunt of it all.

MACK. I say, what was the name of that other feller? I hain't looked at the register since he writ it.

MRS. M. No, nor I, either. Where's my glasses?

MACK. Is he another one of those managin' fellers?

MRS. M. Wayne Mortimer Lynde. I never heard o' him before. Who do you s'pose he is?

MACK. I dunno. Here's his name again on this book cover.

MRS. M. What? It's a new magazine. He must have brought it with him. Why, he's an author!

MACK. He be? Is that right?

MRS. M. And he's got a story on the inside. Oh, it's a love story, too. I'm going to read it. Just think, we've got a celerity in the house. I'm goin' to read that story right straight off.

[Exit, R.]

MACK. Well, I swan. Anyway, the place don't seem no different. (*He starts to go out slowly; the door is opened from without. Enter disconsolately ALLAN and ENID. He holds the door open for her to pass in. She goes and sits L. He passes R., and encounters MACK.*) How d'ye do? Hope ye enjoyed your walk?

ALLAN. Oh, we did—immensely.

MACK. Like the town?

ALLAN. Oh, it's swell.

MACK. H'm. Hope you'll stay a while.

[Exit.]

ENID. Allan, this is perfectly terrible.

ALLAN. I know it, dear. It's worse than that. It's the limit. But it can't be helped.

ENID. Not a minister to be had in the place. Just think of it. What an absurdity!

ALLAN. What a tomfoolery! Confound their picnics, and their funerals, and —

ENID. Their prayer-meetings. Allan, what are we going to do?

ALLAN. Wait until some of them get back, I suppose.

Then do the job up quick and take that nine o'clock train out of here.

ENID. But if any one should find us?

ALLAN. They won't.

ENID. There's a train in at six. It just occurred to me. Supposing they should follow us?

ALLAN. They couldn't. They don't know which way we went, and have no idea of where we stopped. Maybe they haven't missed us.

ENID. Oh, I suppose you're right, and yet somehow I can't feel easy. I've got a presentiment that something terrible is going to happen before we get out of this awful place.

ALLAN. Oh, nonsense! We're as safe here as though we were already married. There isn't a soul who knows us. There isn't any one here but ourselves anyway, unless they have come since we left. We can soon tell that by the register. (*Reads.*) Mr. and Miss Ross — Hello. Here are two more names. George Corbin, theatrical manager. Humph! Some cheap actor. Who's the other one? Wayne —? What—Enid, see here!

ENID. What's the matter? Who is it?

ALLAN. Read it.

ENID. Wayne Mortimer Lynde. What? Well, who —

ALLAN. Some one has been borrowing your pen name.

ENID. But who in the world—and where could he have gotten it? Why—Allan, I know. My magazine. I left it on the desk.

ALLAN. And it furnished our friend a very convenient pseudonym.

ENID. But I don't see it. It isn't there. It's gone. He's taken it with him. The thief! I shall find him and ask him for it. The impostor! I'll interview Mr. Wayne Mortimer Lynde. We'll see how much he knows about short story writing. I'll bet he never even read one of my stories. I'm going to my room. Let me know if you find anything that looks like a minister. Allan, what if we couldn't ever get married?

ALLAN. Heavens! Don't suggest anything so horrible. We can, we must, we will—even if we have to break up a picnic or a funeral to do it.

ENID. I suppose I shouldn't feel so discouraged. I think we'll both feel better after supper. I'll be down again soon, dear. I want to talk with Wayne Mortimer Lynde.

(Turns to go ; she meets ALICE who has just entered.)

ALICE. O-o-o-O! How do you do?

(Makes a deep curtsey.)

ENID. Oh, how do you do? Did you finish your letter?

ALICE. Yes'm, thank you. I wouldn't have read it in your presence if I had known who you was.

ENID. Why, I'm not aware that I'm anything so extraordinary.

ALICE. That's 'cause you're modest.

ENID. Oh!

ALICE. I saw a play once. It was at Rainsville in the opera house. I don't know whether you ever heard of it or not. It was a real uncommon play. They called it, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There was a beautiful lady in it. She rode on a little pony in the parade, and in the end of the play she went up to heaven on a cloud, all dressed in white with golden hair fallin' down her back. Did you ever play that? I don't suppose you did, 'cause you ain't got golden hair.

ENID. What is the child talking about?

ALICE. And there was another lady too. She went across the river on the ice. She had black hair, but her face was black. You couldn't have ever played her either. And there was a handsome young fellow in it too. Did your leadin' man ever play him?

ALLAN. She thinks we're a traveling stock company evidently.

ENID. Heavens! Do I look like (*local*)?

ALICE. I saw another play too. Them's the only ones I ever saw, but I'd like to see some more.

ENID. And what was the second one?

ALICE. They called it Camel, but I don't know why 'cause there wasn't any camel in it at all. There was a beautiful lady in that one and she had black hair and died just as the curtain came down. I felt sorry for her 'cause she didn't have anything to wear but her night dress. Did you ever play her?

ENID. The girl is an absolute imbecile. I'm going upstairs, Allan. You can tell her all about Uncle Tom's Cabin and—Camel. I'm more interested in Wayne Mortimer Lynde just at present.

[Exit, L.]

MRS. M. (*off*). Alice! Alice! Alice!

ALICE. There. I've got to go. Will you tell me about some other plays some time?

ALLAN. Oh, yes, sure. We'll make an actress out of you.

ALICE. O-o-o-O! Will you?

ALLAN. You bet.

ALICE. O-o-o-O!

MRS. M. (*off*). Alice!

[*Exit ALICE, R.*

ALLAN. Where ignorance is bliss — (*He turns again to the register.*) George Corbin, theatrical manager. Wayne Mortimer Lynde, author. I wonder who the devil they are, anyway.

Enter from without MR. JACK HAVERSTRAW.

JACK. Confound their trains. Who wants to wait three hours in a beastly hole like this? I don't suppose I can get a decent meal here, or anything else. I say, landlord — (*As ALLAN turns around.*) Allan!

ALLAN. Jack!

JACK. Great Scott! What are you doing here?

ALLAN. Why—I—I—what are you?

JACK. Tied up here for three hours before I can get a train to the city. Going to see Emma.

ALLAN. Emma?

JACK. Your sister. I tell you what, old man, to-night's the night. Understand? I get my answer.

ALLAN. Ah! You mean she's going to —

JACK. Surrender or give me the mitten. Do you wonder that I'm impatient?

ALLAN. No, I don't. I wish you success. But why do you wait for that train? Why don't you get a car to take you up? There's a fellow here somewhere that's got one.

JACK. That's a good idea too. I'll do it. Thanks, old man. Say, who's here anyway? Anybody decent? Let's see the register.

ALLAN. Oh, no. There isn't anybody here. Nobody that you would care about. I —

JACK. Well, we'll have a look anyway.

ALLAN (*aside*). Oh! What now?

JACK (*reading*). Mr. and Miss Ross. What in thunder — Why! Emma's here with you. She knew that my train wouldn't go way through and so she came down to meet me. And she dragged you along with her. I say, that means

success, don't it? Great Scott! Why didn't you tell me before?

ALLAN. Why, I—er—I ——

JACK. Oh, you wanted to surprise me, of course, and it is a surprise—a great one. But where is she? I want to see her. Is she in her room?

ALLAN. Er—yes. But you can't see her now. She's dressing. She'll be down in a little while. You'll have to wait until ——

JACK. Oh, sure. That's all right. I'll go and take a turn up the road. See if you can hurry her up, will you?

ALLAN. Yes, yes. I'll try. I'll send her out to meet you when she's ready.

JACK. All right. I'll wait at the watering trough. Allan, old man, I'm walking on air. I'm the happiest man on earth.

[*Exit.*

ALLAN (*aside*). Well, you won't be very long. Great heavens! What am I going to do? What have I done? Now how am I going to keep him from finding out that she isn't here and that Enid is? I'll ask Enid. She'll have to help me out of this. 'Twas on her account that I got into it.

Enter ENID, L., carrying the hat.

ENID. Allan, look here. See what I found in my room; right on my bed. Did you ever see anything more absurd? It must belong to the girl. I'm going to find out.

ALLAN. Sh! Don't move.

ENID. Oh! What's the matter?

ALLAN. We're in an awful mess.

ENID. Not discovered?

ALLAN. No, but liable to be any minute.

ENID. Oh! Allan!

ALLAN. Listen. Jack Haverstraw is here. He's on the way to the city to see my sister. He has asked her to marry him and she has promised to give him her answer to-night.

ENID. Well, he needn't see me. I'll keep still. I'll stay in my room.

ALLAN. A lot of good that'll do. He's seen the register.

ENID. What?

ALLAN. He thinks you're Emma and that you've come down here to meet him.

ENID. Oh! And what did you tell him?

ALLAN. I told him you were dressing and that I would

send you to him when you were ready. Now, for heaven's sake, tell me what to do next.

ENID. Oh, dear, dear, dear! He mustn't find me.

ALLAN. What'll I do? What shall I tell him?

ENID. Tell him anything. Tell him I'm sick and can't see anybody. Tell him I'm dying. Say I'm dead.

ALLAN. Then he'd insist on seeing you, anyway.

ENID. Yes. That's right. That's right. Oh, dear—tell him — Wait! I know. Leave it to me. I'll fix it. Where is he?

ALLAN. What are you going to do?

ENID. Go and meet him.

ALLAN. What?

ENID. And tell him that I came down with Emma this morning to see her married, and that she has gone on her wedding trip with—with—oh, I don't know who with, but I'll think of some one—and that I was the bridesmaid and you gave the bride away. That ought to send him on to the city in a hurry.

ALLAN. Enid, you're a wonder. But such a lie.

ENID. Never mind. It will only make him appreciate your sister the more when he finds it isn't true, and he'll forgive us some time.

ALLAN. He's waiting at the watering trough.

ENID. All right. I'll find him. Take care of that hat, Allan.

ALLAN. Oh, confound the hat! (*Throws it contemptuously on a chair. ENID goes out hastily.*) What if he won't believe it, if he should suspect that we were — I'll call her back. No, I won't, either. She can't make matters any worse. If I could only get a minister and then an automobile we could get out of this. I'll try it. I'll get the car, anyway. Some one here must have one.

(*Exit at the back, and immediately McDON. and LANE enter by the same doorway.*)

McDON. Who's the guy that just went out? Suppose that's her brother?

LANE. I don't know. And I don't care. I haven't seen anything that looked like a green bird. Confound it! Why can't we buy one at some milliner's and be done with it? They wouldn't know.

McDON. That won't do. We've got to play the game square. Why, the woman must be here. She may have come in while we were out. She'll be down to supper, anyway. We can't help but see her then.

LANE. If you weren't so confoundedly honest —

Enter MRS. M. from R., her arms full of old magazines.

MRS. M. Oh, Mr. Lynde! I was just wishing I could see you. You know I didn't see your name on the register till just now. Of course, I'd always heard of you. And you know your magazine lay right where you'd left it and I just took the liberty of reading your last story. It was just beautiful. Then I ran right over to Mrs. Stebbins, 'cause I knew she'd took the "White Light" for years, and axed her to let me have her back numbers—and here they are. I'm going to read every story of yours in 'em. Can you tell just which ones has got 'em in?

McDON. Really—I—I couldn't. You see, I—I've written so many. I never keep any track of them.

MRS. M. Well, I suppose not. You've got so much else on your mind. So many new ideas. I'm going to take these in the parlor and leave them so every one as comes in can know what a great author you be, and then I'll tell 'em that you've been here in this house and that I've talked with you, and won't they just open their eyes? Mrs. Stebbins pretty near died of envy when I told her you was here; said you had awful poor taste, stopping at hotels. She takes boarders. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she didn't come over to get a look at you. The whole town ought to turn out to do honor to such a distinguished visitor. I do hope you'll be willin' to tell us about your experiences after supper. I'd consider it a real favor. I'm a-goin' to get my autograph book and have you write your name in it first thing. I'll be back in a few minutes. [Exit, L.

McDON. Oh! What have I run up against?

LANE. It looks like notoriety. Aren't you glad you're an author? After supper you can relate your interesting experiences. The old lady's got an autograph album, too, in which you can leave your esteemed signature.

McDON. Oh, rot! This is your fault. You got me into it. You said there wouldn't anybody know who that guy was. Here she's dug up a whole year's issue of magazines with his stories in them, and expects me to tell her how I wrote 'em.

Great Scott! I never even read one of the things. Oh, I'm going up-stairs and be sick. Call me if you see anything that looks like a green bird. [Exit, L.

LANE. A fat chance we stand of seeing anything of the Green Bird. If you weren't so confoundedly honest—*(He stops, his eyes riveted on the chair, then emits a prolonged whistle.)* Jumping Jehoshaphat! I wonder if I've got 'em, or if—*(Approaches warily, and after many manoeuvres makes a quick plunge and grasps the hat.)* There! I knew I hadn't had anything. Maybe this isn't luck. The landlord was right after all. She must have come in while we were out looking for her—and left her hat down here. H'm. It won't be here long, I can tell her that. Findings is keepings. I won't tell Mac where I got it, though. I'll make him think she gave it to me. Then his conscience won't hurt him, and we can get out of here on the fly. He'll be glad enough to escape the old lady's autograph album. Who says we didn't get the Green Bird? [Exit L., with the hat.

Enter JACK and ENID, from without.

ENID. You see, Mr. Haverstraw, your coming was so unexpected, and Allan—Mr. Ross, was so upset that he didn't know what to say, so he just put you off until he could consult me, and find out what we had better do. And I thought it was best to tell you the truth.

JACK. Oh! It is almost impossible! Emma married!

ENID. I am sorry to see you take it so hard.

JACK. Say, I didn't see your name on that register.

ENID. Oh, no—that is—er—I—yes, it's there. I used my nom-de-plume. You can see it for yourself. Wayne Mortimer Lynde.

JACK. Then who is George Corbin, theatrical manager?

ENID. Oh, he came to see me about dramatizing some of my stories. He used to know Clement, so we brought him right along with us.

JACK. Clement Ashverne. He of all people. That little, brainless, insignificant, bald-headed runt—Emma's husband! Oh, it can't be true. She always told me she despised him. It's impossible. It's a lie.

ENID. Then I would advise you to take the next train to the city and find out for yourself. I'm not in the habit of

having my word doubted. I am very sorry to see you feel so badly, but Emma has made her choice and you really should abide by it. If she prefers Mr. Ashverne to you, why you should be brave and sacrifice your desires for the sake of her happiness.

JACK. Happiness! She can't be happy with that fool. Oh, Allan shall pay for this—and you, too. Both of you could have prevented it. You shall hear from me again.

ENID. Where are you going?

JACK. To the city, just as soon as an automobile will get me there. I won't wait for a train. Emma married! And to somebody else! Oh! (*He rushes out at the back.*)

ENID. What a pity! But it worked perfectly. I hope he finds an auto. Then he will get away at once, and Allan can find a minister, and we can be married. (*ALLAN enters R.*) Allan!

ALLAN. Dearest! Has he gone?

ENID. Yes. He is going away immediately. You mustn't let him see you. He is beside himself with anger.

ALLAN. I know it. That was why I came in the back door. You certainly are clever.

ENID. You heard?

ALLAN. Just a little. Listen. I have engaged an automobile to take us to town immediately after the ceremony.

ENID. The ceremony?

ALLAN. The Rev. Mr. Higglehorn has gotten back from the funeral, and I have asked him to come here to supper. He will sit at our table, and during the meal will marry us unbeknown to any one.

ENID. Oh, Allan, how romantic!

ALLAN. Then when we get up from the table we shall be man and wife. Think of it, and we can go back to town at once.

ENID. Wonderful!

ALLAN. Now go to your room and make everything ready so that we can start at a moment's notice.

ENID. Yes. Yes. And I'll put on my prettiest gown for supper, for it is going to be my wedding dress. Allan, we will be married after all, won't we?

ALLAN. You bet we will. [*Exeunt ENID and ALLAN.*]

Enter from without CLEMENT ASHVERNE followed by MONSIEUR DUPIN.

DUPIN. What for you stop here, Climmet, eh? You haf ze queer idea. This place what you call ze one horse, n'est-ce pas? Mon Dieu, your taste is in your mouth.

CLEM. But I tell you, Dupin, I've got to stop here. I must stop here. Can't you understand?

DUPIN. Oh, oui. Je comprend. You haf stop here—you must stop here. Il est necessaire. Mon Dieu! Oui. Vous cherchez la Green Bird. N'est-ce pas?

CLEM. Why will you persist in calling her the Green Bird?

DUPIN. Eh? What for I call her the Green Bird? Ha! What for she wear that thing, eh? On her head, so? All dose tail-feathers? Mon Dieu! She look like Chanticleer.

CLEM. Oh, ho, ho, Dupin!

DUPIN. I know what for you stop here. Shore, I unerstan'. You wait for see the Green Bird. Ha! You marry zat Green Bird some day. Mon Dieu! There be a lot of little birds. You have what zay call it—cold feet. Too many chanticleer. Ah, ha, ha!

CLEM. Dupin, dry up.

DUPIN. Oui, m'sieu, that what the town do—dry up. No what's you call it—booze. No nothing. Just Green Bird. Some day you marry zat. Then there be nothing left. N'est-ce pas? Climmet, I come your wedding. Eh? You let me be—what is it that you call—ze—ze—oh, you know what is it zat you have. Ze—oh, Je sais. Oui. Le bridegroom. Climmet, you let me be ze bridegroom.

CLEM. No, no, no. You haven't it right.

DUPIN. Non? I have it not right, eh?

CLEM. No. You mean the best man.

DUPIN. Ze best man? Ha! Mon Dieu! I thought ze best man get ze girl. I no want ze Green Bird.

CLEM. Well, you won't get her. Don't worry.

DUPIN (*at the window*). Climmet, she come—she come down ze street.

CLEM. Who?

DUPIN. Ze Green Bird—Chanticleer. All alone—with all ze tail feather. Ah, il est temps aller.

CLEM. (*at the other window*). It is—it is she. Dupin, you must leave me for a while. Go into the parlor.

DUPIN. Oui, je vais. Je comprend. You want kiss ze Green Bird, n'est-ce pas? I—what zat you call—make a noise—like what you say—vamoose. Eh? Oui. Mon Dieu! Vive la Green Bird. Ah, ha, ha!

[*Exit, L.*

(The door opens; enter a lady of a decidedly rural type, yet with an attempt at the metropolitan. She wears on her head a black hat almost untrimmed save for a rather large stuffed bird of a decidedly green hue. She advances into the room. CLEM. comes down behind her.)

CLEM. Margaret!

MARGARET *(turning)*. Oh, Clement! *(Throws both her arms around him.)* You came; you waited for me. You dear boy.

CLEM. Don't talk so loud. Dupin is with me. He's in the parlor.

MAR. Oh, that nasty, horrible little Frenchman. Clement, he doesn't know that —

CLEM. Not a word.

MAR. I've seen Mr. Higglehorn, and what do you think he said? That another party had just been to him about the same thing, and that he had promised to take supper with them and marry them over the teacups. Did you ever hear anything more novel?

CLEM. And what did you say?

MAR. Told him he might just as well take care of two as one. So he'll marry us the same way. When we get up from the table we'll be man and wife. Just think of it, Clement.

(Throws herself into his arms again.)

Enter MCDON. and LANE, L., with suit-cases.

LANE. If his car's in good condition, he'll get us there in time for supper, and there's twenty dollars waiting for us besides.

MCDON. And our car fare, besi — Great Scott! Lane! Look!

LANE. What?

MCDON. *(turning on him)*. Confound you. So this is how you try to sneak out of it, is it?

LANE. What do you mean?

MCDON. The Green Bird. Look at her!

LANE. What in —

MCDON. You told me you had it in your suit-case.

LANE. And so I have.

(Throws case on floor and kneels beside it, pulling out contents.)

MAR. What is the matter with them?

Enter JACK, hurriedly, from the back.

JACK (*calling off R.*). Landlord! I say, landlord, how long before supper?

Enter MACK.

LANE (*pulling out bird from suit-case and holding it up triumphantly*). There's your green bird. What do you want? An aviary?

MCDON. Two of them—but which ——?

MAR. Clement, take me away from here.

JACK (*turning at the sound of the name*). Clement?

CLEM. (*turning*). Why, Mr. Haverstraw ——

JACK. You? Clement Ashverne! And with another woman! You scoundrel! Where is Emma?

(*He assaults him; he stumbles and falls to his knees, rises to defend himself; the landlord interposes. MAR. screams. Enter running from the kitchen R., MRS. M. and ALICE in aprons, the latter with a spoon in her hand. MRS. M. screams: "Murder! Police!" MAR. screams again.*)

Enter DUPIN, L.

DUPIN. Mon Dieu! It is a fight. Climmet, and ze Green Bird.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*The same as Acts I and II. An hour later. The room is deserted.*

Enter SOCKS from the back. He looks around, removes his linen duster, and wipes his head with a large bandana handkerchief.

SOCKS. Whew! It's a long stretch from the Twin Forks. I wonder if the old lady's got something good for supper. Seein' as how she's got a bride to feed, she ought not to be sparin' of her larder. I reckon I can find out by a look in the dinin'-room. (*Goes out and immediately reappears.*) Howling whip sockets! Where did they come from? That's more folks than has been inside of this here place in two months runnin'. All the bride's relatives must have come down on the six o'clock, and it looks like Mack and his wife roped in the whole outfit—minister an' all. I'll have some business if they all go to the Corners.

Enter MRS. M.

MRS. M. Mr. Socksman!

SOCKS. Well, how d'e do, Mrs. Macklyn? I say, be all the bride's relatives a-goin' to the Corners with her?

MRS. M. Oh, I suppose it's fittin' that I should be mocked in my hour of humiliation, but it's very bitter—it's very bitter, Mr. Socksman.

SOCKS. What's bitter, ma'am?

MRS. M. The briefest way is the least painful. In the first place, sir, there ain't any relatives, and in the second there ain't any bride.

SOCKS. Do tell. What's the matter? Wouldn't they do it over?

MRS. M. It wa'n't never done, Mr. Socksman. They was brother and sister.

SOCKS. Well, the Lord bless us. Then who's the folks in the dining-room?

MRS. M. Oh, it's a long story, Mr. Socksman, and I haven't the strength to tell it. So much has befall since you

went away that it's left me just exhausted. I'm that weak, I feel like a cat that has been pulled out of a well.

SOCKS. Well, well, well!

Enter ALICE.

ALICE. They're most through, ma'am, an' I didn't spill the gravy.

MRS. M. Oh, dear, I suppose there ought to be some consolation in that, but it seems like there isn't. Did the minister ask the blessing?

ALICE. I don't know, ma'am, but I guess he must have 'cause he had his prayer-book with him. I saw it on his lap under the table. He sat at one of the little tables with the actress and her leadin' man, and the other couple sat at the other little table and the three men at the big one. They didn't eat very good.

MRS. M. I shouldn't have thought they'd have had much appetite—after the scene we had. I only hope that that other young fellow'll enjoy his supper. I'm thinking it'll be a cold one.

ALICE. Did they put him in the jail, ma'am?

MRS. M. Yes. It took both the constables.

ALICE. O-o-o-O! He must ha' been a desperate criminal.

MRS. M. He was. A regular man-eater. Oh, an' to think that it had to happen while we had the author here.

SOCKS. Land sakes, Mrs. Macklyn, you leave me plumb at sea. What's all this talk about actresses and constables, and criminals? And now you're talking about an author. You hain't opened the wine cellar while I was gone, have ye?

MRS. M. Mr. Socksman, I'd have you know this is a temperance house, and I belong to the W. C. T. U.

SOCKS. Well, I wasn't meanin' no offense, ma'am, but I'd like to know where all them folks came from.

MRS. M. Oh, it's a long story, but I'll try and tell it. You see —

Enter DUPIN, R., hastily.

DUPIN. Mon Dieu! What for you no stay to the wedding? N'est-ce pas? Bah! These bourgeois, they have no—what you call—style. They get married—dans la salle a manger.

MRS. M. Married! Married! Who's married?

DUPIN. Ciel ! Climmet and ze Green Bird.

MRS. M. What ? Where ? When ?

DUPIN. Dans la salle a manger. Ah ! Vous ne comprenez pas. Where they eat. Ze minister—with his prayer-book—under the table.

ALICE. O-o-o-O !

MRS. M. What ! Married them—while they were eating ? A wedding ? Here in my house ? And they never told me ? Where is Mr. Higglehorn ?

ALICE (*from the doorway*). Please, ma'am, he's gone.

MRS. M. Gone ?

ALICE. Out through the kitchen, ma'am.

MRS. M. Through the kitchen—the minister ?

ALICE. Please, ma'am, I think he's married the other couple too.

MRS. M. What ?

ALICE. Yes, ma'am. The actress and her leadin' man. They must have been lovers. I saw him payin' the minister, and then he kissed her, an' —

MRS. M. I'll never go into Mr. Higglehorn's church again—never.

ALICE. I think they're coming out, ma'am.

SOCKS. I wonder if any of 'em will go to the Corners.

Enter CLEM. and MAR. from the dining-room.

DUPIN. Mon Dieu ! Where is your rice ? Some rice for the Green Bird.

CLEM. Dupin !

DUPIN. Ah, Climmet, allow me to—what you call—sympathize with you.

MAR. (*laying her head on CLEM's. shoulder*). Clement, we are found out.

DUPIN. You have my hearty—what you say—condolence.

CLEM. No, no. Congratulations. (*To MRS. M.*) Madame, this lady is my wife. We have just been married.

MRS. M. Over the supper table ?

CLEM. Exactly. The Rev. Mr. Higglehorn consented to perform the ceremony in that way because we were in a hurry to get to town as soon as possible. (*To his wife.*) Margaret, I am going to leave you here for a little time while I go and see the man about the car. Dupin will entertain you and the landlady will see that all your wants are supplied.

MAR. And you will come right back ?

CLEM. In five minutes, I promise you.

MAR. (*taking out her watch*). Very well ; be sure.

[*Exit* CLEM.]

DUPIN. Mon Dieu ! She time him. He now—what you call—*toe ze mark*.

MRS. M. Come right into the parlor and sit down. If I had only known that you were going to be married, you could have had my veil, and ——

DUPIN. I will tell you all I know about your husband, madame, while you wait for *ze chauffeur*. N'est-ce pas ?

MAR. He has been gone a minute already.

(*They pass into the parlor.*)

SOCKS. I wonder if the other couple will go to the Corners.

[*Exit*, R.]

ALICE. O-o-o-O ! I wish I was married !

Enter McDON. and LANE *from the dining-room.*

McDON. I am determined to make one more attempt. She is the woman whom we saw in the depot and it is her green bird that we have got to get.

LANE. But how is anybody else going to know which green bird it is you got so long as you can show them that you did get one ?

McDON. That may all be, but I tell you I will have the right one, or none at all.

LANE. Very well. Then you get it. That's all I've got to say.

McDON. Very well ; I will.

LANE. How ?

McDON. Why—er—hanged if I know.

(*Mrs. M. comes from the parlor carrying MAR'S hat. She speaks back across the hall.*)

MRS. M. He'll be back soon, ma'am. Don't you worry. Just make yourself at home. Alice ! Alice !

ALICE. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. M. Just take this hat in the dining-room and set it on one of the small tables in the corner. I'm using the hall rack to stretch a lace curtain on. Oh, Mr. Lynde, I clean forgot the autograph album. It's here in my pocket now.

I've been so upset that I'm near fagged out. Such a brawl never took place in my house before. And the idea of its happening now when we had such a distinguished guest as yourself. It —

MCDON. Oh, I assure you it didn't bother me in the least. In fact I was so absorbed at the time that I hardly noticed it. (*To ALICE who is going out with the hat.*) I say, my girl, just leave that here a moment, will you?

ALICE. This, sir?

MCDON. Yes. Just set it on the table. (*To Mrs. M.*) Do you know, madame, this hat gives me an idea for a remarkably clever story, and if it may be allowed to remain there—for inspiration, you know—I shall write that story before I leave here. Then after it is printed, I'll send you the original manuscript, and you can show it to your friends and tell them that Wayne Mortimer Lynde wrote that story beneath your roof.

ALICE. O-o-o-O!

MRS. M. Beautiful! Leave it right there, Alice. My, won't Mrs. Stebbins be jealous!

MCDON. Corbin, may I borrow your fountain pen?

LANE. Assuredly, my dear Lynde, assuredly. (*Aside.*) I didn't suppose he had it in him.

MCDON. (*aside, to him*). Get your suit-case and bring me that other bird.

MRS. M. What is to be the name of this story, sir?

MCDON. I think I shall call it "The Green Bird."

MRS. M. A very approximate title.

MCDON. And now I really must ask you to leave me alone while I collect my ideas.

MRS. M. Oh, certainly! Come, Alice, leave the gentleman to solicitude.

(*They go out.*)

MCDON. (*taking out his knife and hastily ripping off the bird*). Quick! Bring me that other bird.

LANE. Great, Mac. I didn't know you could lie.

MCDON. Neither did I. I couldn't have two hours ago. It's contagious. Say, where the deuce did you buy that other bird, anyway?

LANE. Didn't buy it. Found it on a hat.

MCDON. What? Where?

LANE. Over there on a chair.

MCDON. Well, I'll be — Whose hat was that?

LANE. Really, I never thought to inquire.

MCDON. Well, the bird belongs to the lady in the parlor now. Here, give it to me. Take this one and take good care of it.

LANE. You bet I will. How are you going to get this one on there?

MCDON. Sew it, of course.

LANE. What with?

MCDON. (*taking from his pocket a paper of needles and a spool of thread*). Sir, an author must always be prepared for emergencies. He may have to do his own mending.

(*He begins to take long stitches and very painfully to fasten the second bird where the first was.*)

LANE. Well, I'll be —

MCDON. You'd better keep an eye out for that auto. It's pretty nearly time that fellow showed up. Take care of the bird first.

LANE. You bet I'll take care of the bird. [*Exit, R.*]

(*A pause during which MCDON. sews laboriously.*)

Enter ALLAN and ENID, from R.

ALLAN. Now, just as soon as the car comes we can go.

ENID. But I haven't found Wayne Mortimer Lynde.

MCDON. (*aside*). What!

ALLAN. Oh, bother the fellow. What if he did borrow your name? There's only one Wayne Mortimer Lynde in the world for me, and that one is my own wife.

ENID. And you are perfectly satisfied with her, even if she does write short stories for magazines and —

ALLAN. Perfectly satisfied.

MCDON. (*aside*). Great Scott! What sort of a mess have I got into?

ENID. Allan, look here. This is a modern hotel after all. They have a millinery establishment. Hats repaired while you wait. (*Speaks directly to MCDON.*) May I inquire if you are sewing?

MCDON. No, madame, I am inspecting an incubator.

ALLAN (*humming a tune*). Foolish questions —

ENID. Can't I help you? I used to raise chickens myself.

MCDON. Say, you're not so slow. I would like to have you help fasten down this chicken's feathers.

ENID. Give him to me.

(*She takes the hat and sits down near MCDON., sewing rapidly.*)

MCDON. Say, you know just how to do it, don't you?

ENID. Didn't I tell you I used to raise chickens?

MCDON. Yes, and I'd believe it, but I never saw a green chicken, did you?

ALLAN. Isn't that the hat that you brought down-stairs a while ago?

ENID. Had you noticed it, too? I was just wondering about the same thing. It is—and it isn't. (*To MCDON.*) Are there twins staying here?

ALLAN. What are you sewing on that for, anyway?

MCDON. Oh! I—er—twins, yes. I am their father.

ALLAN. } What!

ENID. }

MCDON. You see—er—I —

Enter MRS. M.

MRS. M. (*talking over her shoulder to MAR., who is still in the parlor*). Now, don't you worry, ma'am. He'll be back pretty soon. Something's kept him. Maybe he has had trouble finding a cheffeur. Some says as how they're that hard to find — Why, Mr. Lynde! How are you getting on with your story? It's lucky I came out here. I've got my autograph book again. Now if you'll put your name right there, next to Deacon Whipple's.

MCDON. Er—oh, yes. Certainly. (*Writes.*)

MRS. M. (*to ALLAN and ENID*). Let me see. You're the brother and sister that got married. Well, I wish you much joy. If you'd have consulted me, you might have had a real wedding.

MCDON. Here you are, ma'am.

MRS. M. Thank you, sir. (*To ALLAN and ENID*.) It's a consolation to know that you have people of real fame under your roof. Just see there.

MCDON. (*trying to interfere*). But really, madame, I —

ENID (*who has taken the book*). So. You are the impostor! You are Wayne Mortimer Lynde. It was you who

stole my nom-de-plume from a magazine cover. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You, the father of twins.

MRS. M. What?

ENID. Here is one of their hats.

MCDON. Oh, I say, now, you knew better than that.

MRS. M. That? That belongs to the lady in the parlor. Mr. Lynde was going to write a story about it.

ENID. Then to whom does the one I found in my room just before supper belong?

MRS. M. That one? Why—that was mine. (*Aside.*) May the Lord forgive Mr. Macklyn for causing me to lie.

ENID. You and the lady in the parlor don't look much alike.

MCDON. The fact is, madame, when I came to write my story, I perceived that the bird on this hat was loose and so I called on this lady to help me repair the defect because I was afraid its wobbling would—er—disturb my train of thought.

ENID. Impossible. You never had one. (*To MRS. M.*) I tell you, woman, this man is an impostor. I am Wayne Mortimer Lynde.

MRS. M. You?

ALLAN. My wife uses that name in writing for the magazines. This gentleman borrowed it from the cover of the one she left on the desk.

MRS. M. And *you* wrote that story?

ENID. I did.

MRS. M. (*after a pause*). Will you write in my autograph album?

ENID. With pleasure.

MRS. M. (*to MCDON.*). And you, sir—what are you?

MCDON. Madame, I can only confess. I am a liar. (*Aside.*) But we got the green bird.

MRS. M. Oh! I wish you would leave my house.

MCDON. I will do so with pleasure. I am expecting an automobile at any moment. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter MAR. from the parlor followed by DUPIN.

MAR. Something has happened to him; I know it. He would never stay away so long. I am going after him. Maybe he has been slain like Pyramus. I must find him.

DUPIN. Restez, madame. Climmet, he can take care of hiself, n'est-ce pas? Restez. Il n'est pas un enfant.

MAR. Maybe he has met that terrible man again and he has spoilt another of his beautiful eyes. I must find him.

ENID. This is the lady who was at the table with Mr. Ashverne. (*To MAR.*) Are you his sister?

MAR. I am his wife. We were just married.

DUPIN. Like you—by ze minister—with his prayer-book—under ze table.

ENID. What! Really?

MAR. Yes, and now I am afraid that he has met that horrid man again.

ENID. What man?

MAR. The one who struck him before supper.

ENID. Where?

MRS. M. Right here, ma'am, while you were up-stairs; a very brutal drunken person. The two constables had to come in and take him to jail. He said he was looking for Emma.

ALLAN. Emma!

MRS. M. And he thought the gentleman had her.

ALLAN. Enid, it was Jack. You told him it was Ashverne with whom Emma eloped. He must have come back—and met them—and thought—and he's in jail.

ENID. Allan, he'll never forgive us—never.

MRS. M. What! You don't mean to say that you're acquainted with the villain—you, an authoress!

ENID. Yes, I know him very well, and he's not a villain. He is the victim of circumstances.

ALLAN. Unfortunate circumstances.

ENID. And it's all my fault. Allan, what shall we do?

MAR. Oh, where is Clement?

Enter from the back SOCKS., followed by McDON. and LANE.

SOCKS. If ye want to go to the Twin Forks, I'll take ye over in the stage. There's three automobiles there.

LANE. But will that get us to town by —

SOCKS. It'll git ye to town plenty soon enough. I say, is there a lady here what's just been married, and wears a black hat with a green bird on it? If there is, I got a message from her husband.

MAR. Oh, tell me the worst. What has happened? Is he killed?

SOCKS. No'm, but he's in jail.

MAR. (*on the verge of fainting*). What?

SOCKS. Oh, he ain't done nothin', ma'am. Don't let it upset ye. They're holdin' him as a witness agin' the other city feller what gave him that there black eye of his.

ENID. Jack. Allan, you must get him out.

ALLAN. Yes. I'll have him liberated at once. I'll tell them it's all a mistake, and ——

SOCKS. Jest wait a minute, young feller. Ye can't get that man out 'ceptin' ye put up his bail.

ALLAN. How much is it?

SOCKS. A hundred dollars.

ALLAN. I haven't got that much with me. I'll give them a check.

SOCKS. Nope. They're skittish about checks down here. Ye'll have to pay cash.

ALLAN. But I haven't got that much.

SOCKS. Maybe some of the other people here will help ye out.

MAR. Yes, yes! You can have all I've got. Only bring my Clement back. Here's ten dollars.

(She gets it from her petticoat pocket.)

DUPIN. Je vous donne onze dollairs, monsieur.

ALLAN. No, no. We can't do it. All of us together haven't got enough.

ENID. I have, Allan.

ALLAN. You?

ENID. Yes, but you'll have to wait till I get to the jail. It's in my stocking.

ALLAN. But where ——?

ENID. The proceeds of my last short story. I cashed the check just before I came.

ALLAN. Enid! But I can't take your money.

ENID. You needn't. I got Jack into this scrape, didn't I? Then I'm going to get him out. Come, we'll have to hurry before the auto comes.

SOCKS. Jest a minute, young woman. There ain't no auto to come.

ENID. What?

ALL. What?

SOCKS. There's only one in the town, and four parties have spoke for that already, and it's busted.

ENID. Oh!

MAR. Oh!

LANE (*to SOCKS.*). See here, do you mean that all those other people engaged that same automobile?

SOCKS. Same one.

LANE. Well, I'll be ——

ENID. But what's to be done now?

SOCKS. If ye want to go by stage to the Twin Forks, I can find ye some automobiles there.

ALLAN. But there's a train at nine.

SOCKS. Took off yesterday. It's either the Twin Forks with me, or stay here all night. Which do ye want?

ALL (*after a pause*). The Twin Forks.

SOCKS. I reckon I've one on you this trip, Mrs. Macklyn.

MRS. M. Take them, Mr. Socksman; I'm that done up, now, I couldn't get breakfast for a hermit.

SOCKS. The stage is outside, folks. I'll take ye right down to the jail, and you can pick up the rest of your party there.

ENID. Come, Allan. (*To MRS. M.*) Cheer up, Mrs. Macklyn, I'll send you the copy of the magazine that prints my story of "The Green Bird."

ALLAN (*dropping some bills in her lap*). There is your money, madame.

ENID. Now to get Jack out of jail.

(She and ALLAN pass out; the stage-driver holds the door open for them.)

MAR. (*dropping money in MRS. M.'s lap*). I'll pay you for Clement, too, ma'am.

DUPIN (*following her with her hat*). Madame Ashverne, vous avez oublieé ze green bird.

MAR. Oh, thank you.

DUPIN (*leaving money with MRS. M.*). Voila, madame, votre argent. (*He follows MAR.*)

LANE. Come on, Mac. We've got what we came for, anyway.

SOCKS. (*barring the door*). Ain't ye forgot something, young feller?

LANE. I?

SOCKS. Both o' ye. Ye'll pay your board afore ye ride in my stage.

MCDON. You have to pay, Lane, to "get what you want."

(To MRS. M., leaving her money.) Madame, I beg your pardon.

(He goes out. LANE follows. SOCKS. goes, closing the door, then opens it again wide enough to admit his head.)

SOCKS. You don't bear me no hard feelings, do you, Mrs. Macklyn? (He elicits nothing more definite than a mournful shake of the head.) Good-night, Mrs. Macklyn. (He closes the door. His voice is heard without.) Git up there, Meg, you varmit, and you, too, Josh, buckle in there. Now g'lang.

(Sound of a whip cracking and the rumble of wheels.)

MRS. M. (after a long pause). I never lied so much in all my life. And it looks like the rest of them had all lied, too. It must be confectionous.

Enter MACK.

MACK. What's this, Cindy? Socksman taking the whole of them to the Twin Forks? Why didn't you keep 'em here? They ought to ha' stayed all night, every bloomin' one of 'em. What'd you let 'em go for?

MRS. M. Don't talk to me, Steve Macklyn. You're a deceivin' money changer. There's the spoils o' your lynin'. Take it. I don't know what the world's comin' to. Even the ministers is deceivin'.

Enter ALICE.

ALICE. Mr. Macklyn? Mr. Macklyn?

MACK. Well?

ALICE. Please, sir, Mrs. Hunter wants the bird what you got from her this afternoon. She says as how it was the only one she had, and she's got to use it right away.

MACK. Well, where is it?

ALICE. I don't know, sir.

MACK. Cindy, where is that green bird?

MRS. M. Don't you say "Green Bird" to me agin.

MACK. Well, I reckon we'll find it somewhere. Alice, you go up-stairs and we'll look around here.

ALICE. Yes, sir. (Exit, L. A pause. MACK. pokes

things over. MRS. M. searches half-heartedly. ALICE re-enters.) It ain't up there, sir.

MACK. Well, look around here. It must be somewhere.

ALICE. Yes, sir.

(She joins in the search. Another pause during which they look in all conceivable places for the missing article. They are still hunting when the curtain falls.)

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