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23. **MISS MADCAP.** A comedieta in one act. Two male, one female characters. Time, twenty minutes.
24. **THE DARKEY WOOD DEALER.** A farce in one act. Two male, one female characters. Time, twenty minutes.

(OVER.)

UNDER A CLOUD

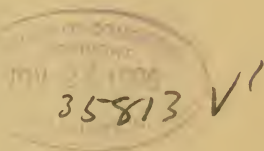
AN ORIGINAL COMEDY DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

BY

CHARLES TOWNSEND

AUTHOR'S EDITION, WITH THE CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
SYNOPSIS OF THE INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION,
DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROP-
ERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, REMARKS
ON THE PLAY, EXPLANATION OF THE
STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND ALL
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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1890

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UNDER A CLOUD.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DONALD MORLEY,	{	<i>Tracey's clerk; a whole souled, manly</i>
LOUIS DURKIN,	{	<i>young fellow; in love with Nina.</i>
MR. TRACEY,		<i>Another clerk; a "pious" fraud.</i>
PARKER SHARP,		<i>A wealthy merchant.</i>
DARBY SMITH,		<i>A reporter on "The Morning Breeze."</i>
NINA TRACEY,		<i>A keen detective; Morley's friend.</i>
JOSIE WARD,		<i>The merchant's daughter.</i>
		<i>Her friend; engaged to Sharp.</i>

TIME.—The present day. An interval of one year between the first and second Acts.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—ONE HOUR AND THIRTY MINUTES.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Ante-room adjoining Mr. Tracey's private office in New York City.—A December morning.—The "moral" young man.—Sporting news.—Bad luck.—The wrong horse wins.—"Another dip into Old Tracey's cash-box."—The two clerks.—"You're a jolly buffer!"—Morley speaks his mind.—Durkin's dilemma.—"For Heaven's sake, Morley, you won't tell him?"—Morley's promise.—Tracey and Durkin.—Wild oats.—The appointment.—The detective arrives.—How thieves are caught.—Tracey explains.—Darby gives an opinion.—"Bosh!"—The marked bills.—"It's an old plant, but it may work."—Tracey is puzzled.—The subscription paper.—Durkin's hypocrisy.—Morley's liberality.—A few puns.—"Ring the bell!"—A battle of wit.—Sharp tells a weighty secret.—The proposal.—More fun.—Durkin's villainy.—Chang-

ing the bills.—A talking match.—Trouble ahead.—“The private mark!”—Darby’s doubts.—Poor Morley.—Disgraced!—Nina’s faith.—TABLEAU.

ACT II.—A lapse of one year.—SCENE, same as before.—A rascal’s triumph.—The tramp.—“Me name is Billy the Bum!”—The trust funds.—Josie and Sharp.—“Bother the moon!”—The tramp returns.—A big story of a big dinner.—“Me name will be mud!”—The plot.—The tramp gets mad.—“Do yer own robbing!”—The agreement.—Nina and Durkin.—A cunning scoundrel.—“I am not perfect, though I try to be.”—Nina’s terror.—The alternative.—The warning note.—“Something is going to happen.”—The dummy package.—The tramp and his “pal.”—Paying the price.—The mock robbery.—Durkin gets his head in the noose.—“A special edition.”—The tramp on hand.—Durkin’s wonderful nerve.—The rope begins to tighten.—“Another special edition!”—The trap is sprung.—“Who are you?”—Righted at last.—FINALE.

COSTUMES.

MORLEY.—ACT I.—Stylish suit, for business wear; overcoat, silk hat, gloves. ACT II.—Tramp’s suit—all rags and tatters; no collar, cuffs nor tie; broken derby hat a size too small; full beard, very bushy, mounted on wire so as to be removed; rough, unkempt wig; no overcoat; worn-out shoes.

DURKIN.—Suit of black throughout.

MR. TRACEY.—ACT I.—Dark, easy fitting business suit; silk hat, gloves, overcoat. ACT II.—About the same.

SHARP.—ACT I.—Dark coat and vest; gray trousers; light overcoat; derby hat. ACT II.—Same suit; dark overcoat; silk hat.

SMITH.—ACT I.—Plain sack suit; overcoat; slouch hat. ACT II.—*First dress.*—A “tramp” rig, much the same as Morley’s. *Second dress.*—Same as Act I.

NINA.—Elegant street dress for each act.

JOSIE.—Same style as Nina, contrasting colors, and a trifle more *prononcé*.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Newspaper for DURKIN; packet of letters for TRACEY; subscription paper—a sheet of legal cap—for NINA; wallet and bills for MORLEY; envelopes and paper on desk; bank-notes for DURKIN; writing pad and pencil for SHARP.

ACT II.—Cigar for DURKIN; money for DURKIN; large, bulky white envelope for MORLEY; another of same sort for DURKIN; writing pad and pencil for SHARP; watch for DURKIN; letter for TRACEY; wallet and bills for DURKIN; rope and towel; handcuffs for DARBY.

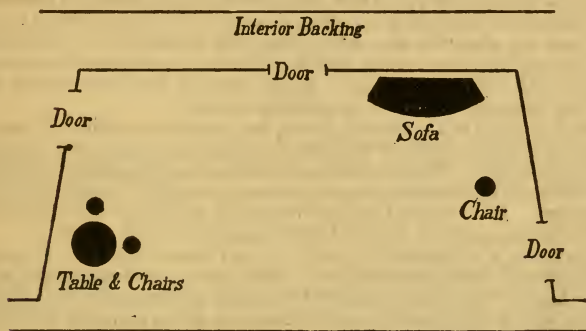
STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The player is supposed to face the audience. R., means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in

the flat or back scene; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

STAGE SETTING AND SCENE PLOT.



SCENE.—No change.—Ante-room adjoining TRACEY's private office, in 4 G., with interior backing in 5 G. Carpet down; office sofa L. C., against flat; chair L. front; table and chairs R. front.

REMARKS ON THE PLAY.

The following hints will give an insight into the varying characteristics of each part, and should be carefully studied.

MORLEY is about 25 years of age. His character is that of a jolly, brisk, lively young New York gentleman of the present day. He dresses stylishly but in the best of taste and his bearing is that of a cultured, refined young gentleman. When accused of dishonesty at the close of the first Act he should be simply indignant. But the closing speech must be given forcibly and with intense feeling. In the second Act he retains the rough, uneducated speech of the pretended tramp until the very last, disguising his voice as much as possible, as it is his purpose to deceive the audience entirely regarding his identity. He must wear a rough, heavy full beard mounted on wire so that it can be thrown off—together with the wig—when he finally makes himself known.

DURKIN is exactly opposite to MORLEY in every respect. He is sly, not frank; cowardly, not bold; selfish, not liberal. It is a detestable character, and therefore should be given to a good actor, as it admits of

some excellent work. DURKIN should be smooth and oily in speech, except when aroused by passion, and until the last scene should assume a fawning manner toward TRACEY.

TRACEY is a man of about 50—kind hearted, earnest and pleasant in manner. His hair and beard should be slightly powdered, and the “crows’ feet” about the eyes faintly outlined.

SHARP is full of snap and life. He is brisk in action and quick in speech; and every movement should convey the idea of the lively, “bustling” reporter. His “business” of writing needs careful rehearsal and may be exaggerated a trifle for effect. His age is about 25.

SMITH is a man of 40. He is cool, collected and positive in manner, as his character is that of a keen, sharp detective who is accustomed to judging men for what they are, not for what they pretend to be. His speech and bearing indicate a strong, forcible character, lacking in refinement, but shrewd and fertile in resources. As the tramp in the second act he must be fully disguised both in voice and appearance.

NINA is a girl of 18, spirited, lively, but gentle and refined in manner. In the first act she is full of fun and merriment until the trouble arises over the marked bills. Then she becomes anxious—is indignant at the charge against MORLEY, and her refusal to believe him guilty should be forcibly expressed. In the second Act her bearing is more reserved, and her feelings of dislike and fear toward DURKIN must be clearly shown.

JOSIE has a soubrette rôle, and the part should be played throughout with entire freedom from restraint. Brisk action, quick speech and a general “hurrah” style are necessary to a proper portrayal of this character.

The play should receive careful rehearsal, giving particular attention to the tableaux and climaxes.





UNDER A CLOUD.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Ante-room, adjoining TRACEY'S private office, in 4 G. Table and chairs, R. C. front. Chair L. front. Office sofa L. C. against flat. Carpet down. Doors C. in flat, R. U. E. and L. I E.*

Enter DURKIN, C. D.

Durkin. (*looking at paper*) Now let me see what the *Daily Breeze* has to say about yesterday's events. News at second hand is rather slow, but I can stand it if it is *good* news. (*sits R., feet on table*) Now we have it. (*reads*) "Sporting News—The Turf." Ah, that's what interests me—the turf. If my character were not so entirely above reproach how I should like to attend the races in person, instead of betting money on the sly. (*reads*) "The great event of the day was the ever-famous Suburban." Eh! What's this? "Lone Star won at a canter—Ladybird left at the quarter, and Sensation nowhere." Curse the luck! (*rises*) Nowhere! That's just where I am. Nowhere! (*crushes paper; flings it down*) The horse I backed as a dead sure winner! Oh, I could shoot him and the jockey too! Well—it means another dip into old Tracey's cash box. How it will all end the devil only knows. Bah! Why should I care? If old Tracey smells a rat he cannot suspect *me*. I have covered my tracks too nicely for that. (*looks off*) Ah, here comes Morley. Now, Durkin, my boy, put on your sanctimonious face. Ahem!

Enter MORLEY, C. D.

Morley. Good morning, Louis.

Dur. Good morning, Mr. Morley.

Mor. I heard a ripping good story on my way down this morning. Ha, ha, ha! It was a good one. You see—

Dur. Excuse me, Mr. Morley, but you know I never listen to ripping good stories.

Mor. (*aside*) Oh, what a muff!—I say, Durkin, have you seen the morning *Breeze*?

Dur. No, sir. I never read that detestable worldly paper. I dare say it is yonder on the desk if you want it.

Mor. Thank you. (*picks up paper*) I declare! This paper looks as if it had been in the wrong end of a slugging match. Who has been stamping on it?

Dur. I have no idea. At the same time it is only right and proper that such vile sheets should be crushed.

Mor. Don't you read the papers?

Dur. Yes. I carefully scan each copy of the *Weekly World of Woe* as soon as issued. It carefully catalogues all the current misery and sorrow of the world, and I find it very cheerful reading.

Mor. Well, you're a jolly buffer! I suppose you would consider a visit to a graveyard as the height of dissipation.

Dur. I never dissipate. I leave that to the unregenerate like yourself.

Mor. Look here, Durkin, I believe you are a fraud.

Dur. Sir!

Mor. And a hypocrite.

Dur. *Sir!* Do you dare—

Mor. Stuff! Don't get on your high horse with me. We are both young men, and I look at this matter from a common-sense point of view. Youth is not the time for moping, whining, nor the "blues"—unless one has the dispepsia. And from the way you eat I am certain that your digestion is all right.

Dur. A good digestion goes with a sound mind.

Mor. But *is* your mind sound? That's the question.—It strikes me if I had as much on my mind as you—

Dur. (*rising, excitedly*) What do you mean? Do you dare to insinuate—

Mor. Easy, my dear fellow—easy. I mean that horses, cards and wine suppers do not, as a rule, add to a man's peace of mind. You indulge in these things, Durkin, to an alarming extent. It may be all right—if you can afford it. I can't. I like a good time and usually manage to have it. But your gait would bankrupt me in a month—and my salary is much larger than yours. (*DURKIN paces stage nervously*) Don't get excited. It may be all right. But I am certain that Mr. Tracey would not like it.

Dur. For Heaven's sake, Morley—you won't tell him?

Mor. I am no tale bearer. If you will promise to put the brakes on I will keep mum—provided of course—(*with meaning*) that you are squandering *your own money*.

Dur. Certainly—of course. Neither of us would shield a thief. I admit—in confidence—that I have gone a little too far. But I give you my word of honor as a Christian—

Mor. Say, as a man.

Dur. As a man, that I will break off all my gambling habits now and forever. I have been——

Mor. No matter what you *have* been. If you *will be* a man in future, I will stand by you. Now brace up and behave yourself.

Exit, L. I E.

Dur. Curse him! He has found me out. What am I to do? So long as he remains here I am in danger. He is my rival in love—for Nina Tracey loves him. He is my rival in business—for he is a favorite with everybody. But old Tracey still believes me perfect. Let me think, (*rapidly*) let me think. If I can only put up a job on him so that Tracey will turn him out. What shall it be? What shall it be?

Enter TRACEY, C. D., carrying packet of letters.

Tracey. Ah, Louis, good morning.

Dur. Good morning, sir.

Tra. Promptly at work, as usual.

Dur. Yes sir. I have been here for an hour.

Tra. I like your application, Louis. You are the right sort of a young man. Honest, sober, steady, reliable.

Dur. Thank you, sir. I try to be.

Tra. Has Morley come yet?

Dur. A moment ago, sir. He is in your private office.

Tra. A moment ago, eh? He is never on time. He is far different from you.

Dur. You should not judge him harshly, sir. He is young, and *some* young men must sow their wild oats.

Tra. Um. Probably. But the crop is always a failure unless gathered very early in life. But here—look over these letters, check up the remittances and give the orders to the stock clerk.

Dur. Yes, sir. (*takes letters and goes toward R. U. E.*)

Tra. And Durkin——

Dur. Yes, sir.

Tra. I am not to be disturbed for half an hour.

Dur. Very well, sir. (*aside*) Something is up. I will keep my eyes open.

Exit, R. U. E.

Tra. (*at C. D.*) Come in now, if you please, sir.

Enter DARBY SMITH, C. D.

Darby. Coast all clear, eh?

Tra. Yes.

Dar. Good. I always like to talk on the quiet.

Tra. That is a part of your profession, I suppose.

Dar. Exactly. It would never do to scare the birds.

Tra. I was surprised when you told me that you were a detective from the Central Office.

Dar. No doubt of it. I suppose you had the popular idea of a detective, common with most people. You imagined I would come here done up in some wonderful disguise, going about on tiptoe, a sayin' "hush" and lookin' wonderful wise an' mysterious—now didn't you?

Tra. (*smiling*) Well, I confess I did look for something out of the ordinary run of men.

Dar. 'Course you did. But, bless yer heart, boss, we detectives never do anything of the kind. The crooks would queer us in no time an' pipe off our lay afore you could say Jack Robinson, ef we did that.

Tra. Do you mean to say you never assume disguises?

Dar. Mighty seldom. 'Course we tog out accordin' to the plant, but as a general thing your real detective is a very ordinary lookin' man who spots his bird by common-sense means. Your "Ole Sleuths" will do very well for story papers or dime novels, but they'd have mighty little show against a smart crook.

Tra. Then how do you work? (*they sit*)

Dar. Accordin' to the job. If a safe is busted we sizes up ther job to find out whether a vet or a softy did it. If it's done scientific, by workin' the combination or a clever handlin' of the blow pipe and sectional jimmy, we know that it's done by an old hand. There's not more than a dozen good crooks in the country. They're under cover most of the time, and we invites them instanter to give an account of themselves when they're not. Then it's wit against wit—for those fellows cover their tracks mighty clever. We may be sure that they did the job, but if we can't *prove* it we're stumped. Though I may say that we seldom fail to fetch 'em in time. It's practical knowledge that does the business. I'm not hefty in booklearning but I can locate a man by a mere trifle—an' that reminds me. What's the trouble with you?

Tra. Well, Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to say that for the first time in my business career I have a thief in my employment.

Dar. Money or goods?

Tra. Money.

Dar. Who handles the chink?

Tra. Eh?

Dar. Who dabs the shiners—fingers the rhino—flips the flimsies? Don't you twig? Well then, who—controls—the—cash?

Tra. Oh—I see. I have two confidential clerks who have access to my funds.

Dar. Names?

Tra. Donald Morley and Louis Durkin.

Dar. Tell me about them—age, habits, haunts, associates, etc.

Tra. Both are young men, about 25 years of age. Morley is a brisk, burly, popular young man, a general favorite, and, I fear, a trifle wild.

Dar. Um. Drink,—gamble?

Tra. I think not. I believe he takes a glass of beer occasionally. But I am sure he never gambles.

Dar. Does he sing, whistle, enjoy athletic sports?

Tra. Yes—but what an odd question!

Dar. Not at all. The man who sings or whistles at his work has a clear conscience. Such a man is never a sneak thief. And if he enjoys athletic sports he is too manly to stoop to a dirty action.

Tra. I hope you are right.

Dar. I *know* I am right. I've been chasing crooks too long to be mistaken on that point. Now for the other.

Tra. Oh, Louis Durkin is above suspicion.

Dar. Ah? (*aside*) He's the one!

Tra. Yes. Mr. Durkin is a thoroughly reliable young man. He is strictly temperate, exceedingly moral, and a professed Christian.

Dar. Bosh!

Tra. What do you mean?

Dar. Just what I say—bosh! Now mind you, I've nothing against religion. When a man *is* a real up and upper I says all right. But when a man *pretends* to be a real up and upper and *ain't*, I says "bosh." Young fellows as a rule *ain't* hefty on religion unless they're prigs er Miss Nanceys er hypercrites. Not but what they *ought* ter be, fer I think *genuine* religion's a powerful good thing fer everybody, young or old. But young men mostly don't have the real article. They can't settle down to it no more'n a colt can settle down to haulin' hoss cars. 'Tain't in 'em.

Tra. But Louis Durkin has the real thing. I could trust him anywhere.

Dar. All right. I'll shadow 'em both fer awhile and let you know the result.

Tra. I think I have a better plan.

Dar. (*rising*) All *right*. That lets me out. Good day.

Tra. Hold on. Wait until I tell you.

Dar. (*sits*) Fire away. (DURKIN *appears listening at R. U. E.*)

Tra. My plan is this. I have marked certain bills, and placed them in my cash drawer. Whoever spends that money must needs be the thief.

Dar. It's an old plant, but it may work.

Dur. (*aside*) Ah ha!

Tra. I am sure it will. I am sorry to do it though, for it seems like a contemptible trick.

Dar. Justice is never contemptible. Any means are fair to punish the guilty.

Tra. Very well. Keep your eye upon these young men and find out where the money goes. The mark is a small red cross at the lower left hand corner, front and back—the bills are fives and tens.

Dar. Correct. That's all then?

Tra. I believe so. (DURKIN *disappears*)

Dar. I'll report as soon as I hit their swipes. An' ef you copper the jag, tip me a flip an' I'll be on hand to snap the darbies. Good day.

Exit C. D.

Tra. Copper the jag—tip me a flip—snap the darbies—what on earth was he talking about?

Exit L. I E.

Enter DURKIN, R. U. E.

Dur. So, so, Mr. Tracey, we have been employing a spotter have we? And we hope to catch somebody napping, do we? Five and ten dollar bills, each one marked with a red cross. There is nothing like keeping posted.

Enter NINA and JOSIE, C. D.

Dur. Ah ladies, good morning.

Josie. Is it? I thought it very disagreeable.

Dur. Outside—yes. But in here a ray of sunshine—or—I should say, two rays of sunshine—have made it bright as midday. (*aside*) The little vixen!

Josie. (*aside*) The hateful thing!

Nina. We have called on business, Mr. Durkin. Is papa here?

Dur. He is in his private office. Shall I call him?

Nina. Not now. We are soliciting subscriptions to the Ladies' Aid Fund. You will help us? (*produces paper*)

Dur. What is the object?

Nina. To aid the deserving poor.

Dur. I am afraid not. The poor deserve no help. To aid such people is to encourage poverty. Pride and poverty go hand in hand. It is against my principles to aid or abet anything of the sort.

Josie. *Your* principles! Where have you hidden them?

Dur. I fail to comprehend.

Josie. No—you—don't! Now if we were raising money to send missionaries away to be eaten up by savages I suppose you would contribute freely.

Dur. I certainly should do all I could to help convert the heathen.

Josie. Charity begins at home.

Enter MORLEY, L. I E.

Nina. } Oh, Mr. Morley, will you give—
Josie. }

Mor. Certainly. What do you want—advice or money?

Nina. Not advice. Mr. Durkin, has flooded the market with that.

Josie. (*half aside*) He is very liberal that way.

Exit DURKIN, *disgusted*, R. U. E.

Mor. Then it is money. What's it for—an asylum for stray poodles, homeless cats or decrepit dudes?

Nina. To aid the deserving poor.

Mor. I will give you something directly—if you will promise to keep my name off your paper. I don't wish to pose as a philanthropist.

Nina. Very well. Put your donation in an envelope and mark it "*pro bono publico*."

Mor. I will. But don't expect a staggering gift, for I am not quite a Vanderbilt.

Josie. We don't want Vanderbilt—we want Gould.

Mor. Gold? Oh—ring the bell somebody. Miss Ward—has made a pun!

Enter SHARP, C. D.

Sharp. Then she ought to be re-ward-ed!

Mor. And you too, Sharp? Will nobody get a gun?

Sharp. No, I'm not *too* Sharp—just sharp enough!

Nina. If this continues, I shall go mad.

Sharp. Mad? Impossible! I don't believe you could even lose your temper, Miss Tracey.

Mor. (*sinks into seat*) Bury me under the lilies, and see that my grave's kept green!

Josie. What's the news, Mr. Sharp?

Sharp. One cent a copy. Ask me something hard.

Josie. What's going on?

Sharp. Time and—the gas metre.

Mor. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

Sharp. Something unusual happened last night—

Nina. } Yes! (*each side of SHARP*)

Sharp. At Delmonico's—

Nina. } Yes, yes.

Josie. } Don't you tell—

Nina. } No, no, no!

Sharp. 'Sh!

Nina. } 'Sh!

Josie. } 'Sh!

Sharp. (*very mysteriously*) *I had a square meal!*

Nina. } Oh! (*turn away disappointed*)
 Josie. }

Mor. I say, Sharp, do the publishers of the *Breeze* allow you to roam around without a keeper?

Sharp. I scorn the base allusion. By the way, Morley, is Mr. Tracey in a good humor this morning?

Mor. Spare him. He seems nervous.

Sharp. (*to the ladies*) Let's storm the citadel. He won't dare wither me with a look when you are by, and it is absolutely necessary that I see him regarding the Merchants' Annual Banquet.

Josie. "Up Guards, and at 'em." Ahem—Shakespeare.

Mor. No use; it's a hopeless case.

Sharp. Never mind him. Forward the Light Brigade!

Exit with ladies, L. I E.

Mor. (*takes wallet from pocket*) Let me see—how much can I afford to donate? (*counts bills—DURKIN appears listening, R. U. E.*) Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. I guess I can stand twenty, though I shall have to go light on cigars for awhile. But, bless her heart, what are cigars compared to a smile from her! There you go, twenty. (*places money in envelope but does not seal it—DURKIN disappears*)

Enter NINA, L. I E., holding her ears.

Nina. They are all talking at once.

Mor. We will send for the mayor.

Nina. What for?

Mor. To read the riot act.

Nina. You better call out the police.

Mor. Don't. Sharp would make a column or two of it, and our photographs would all be published in the Sunday papers.

Nina. Which would convict us of every crime in the calendar.

Mor. Those papers *do* print rather tough pictures. The *Breeze* has one electrotype which has done duty for every man from Adam down to McGinty, to say nothing of representing Mrs. Langtry, Queen Victoria and the Woman with the Iron Jaw.

Nina. (*at L. I E.*) They have quieted down.

Mor. Shall I send for the coroner?

Nina. It's only a calm before a storm.

Mor. Here is my donation. (*gives envelope*)

Nina. Oh, thank you. (*peeps into envelope*) Twenty dollars! Why, Donald, can you spare that much?

Mor. (*mock grandeur*) With the utmost ease. Know ye not that I am related to a plumber?

Nina. I will try to repay you some day.

Mor. You can repay me a million fold by allowing me to make you another present.

Nina. Of what ?

Mor. My name.

Nina. Why—Mr. Morley—Donald I mean—I—

Mor. You know that I love you, Nina. (*taking her hand*) If I had Shakespere's flow of words or Apollo's lyre—

Nina. Oh! Oh, my!

Mor. What *is* the matter?

Nina. I can't bear a liar.

Mor. Who's a liar?

Nina. You said Apollo.

Mor. Then I Apolo—gize; and I—

Nina. (*throws envelope on desk*) Mr. Morley! (*places her hand upon his head*) Just as I feared. Softening of the brain!

Mor. Well, I'll be hanged!

Nina. You ought to be for perpetrating such a hideous pun. Come out into the corridor and get a mouthful of fresh air. (*they go up c.*)

Mor. (*at c. d.*) Halt! Present arms! (*embraces NINA*) Salute your officer! (*kisses NINA*)

Nina. Ah, *you!*

Exeunt C. D.

Enter DURKIN R. U. E., *bank-notes in hand.*

Dur. Here we have them. (*cautious business*) Fives and tens, marked with a red cross. (*exchanges bills with those in the envelope*) I think that Mr. Donald Morley will not trouble me very long. The man who would give away twenty dollars to the poor is a fool. (*pockets bills that were in the envelope*) I am not a fool. Now for the earthquake! Exit quietly, R. U. E.

Enter TRACEY, SHARP and JOSIE, L. I E., *all talking at once.*

Tra. { But I won't—

Josie. { But I will—

Sharp. Exactly, exactly—

Tra. (*others quiet*) Do you suppose I care anything about it?

Sharp. { Not in the least.

Josie. { Of course you do.

Sharp. I only wanted to say—(*all go up and down stage excitedly*)

Tra. { I won't take it!

Josie. { You certainly must!

Sharp. { A word or two!

Tra. In plain English, Mr. Sharp, I positively refuse, once and for all, to act as chairman. I never even made a motion in my life.

Sharp. Then I suppose we have been standing still ever since we entered the room.

Tra. Not that kind of motion.

Josie. Parker means *commotion*.

Sharp. I object. This is too much of a good thing as the man said when he tumbled into the wine vault.

Enter NINA and MORLEY, C. D., *unseen by others*.

Mor. (*aside to NINA*) Here—now I *must* get to work. Good bye for the present. Exit R. U. E.

Nina. Is the storm ended?

Tra. Yes—I suppose I must accept that chairmanship. But if I get everything tied into hard knots you must not blame me.

Nina. Now my dear old papa, how much will you donate to our society?

Tra. (*half aside*) Oh Lord!

Josie. Don't be like Mr. Durkin; the horrid thing wouldn't give a penny.

Nina. Follow Mr. Morley's good example. He gave us a whole lot of money.

Tra. Indeed? (*SHARP and JOSIE go up L.*)

Nina. Yes indeed. Twenty whole dollars. Here they are. (*picks up envelope*) See for yourself.

Tra. (*examining bills*) The private mark! (*sits at C., overcome*)

Nina. Why, father, what is it?

Tra. Nothing child—I—(*aside*) My God! This is terrible!

Nina. (*kneeling beside TRACY*) Are you ill?

Tra. No, my child.

Nina. Perhaps you think Donald gave more than he could afford. If so, I will return it.

Tra. It is not that, my child. (*aside*) What shall I do?

Nina. (*aside*) What can be the matter? (*rises and goes to R. front*)

Tra. (*aside*) That boy whom I loved as a son; whom I trusted as I would my own honor! He, above all others, to be guilty of such a crime! It is shameful, shameful. But then. (*resolutely*) Justice shall be done, though the heavens fall.

Enter DARBY, C. D. *comes down C.*

Dar. I've got a mighty good clue, and—

Tra. (*rising*) It is unnecessary, for I have found the thief!

All. (*astonished*) The thief?

Enter DURKIN, R. U. E.

Dar. (*sees DURKIN*) Good! (*aside to TRACEY*) Shall I nip him?

Tra. You are mistaken. *He* is not the man.

Dar. The deuce you say! I'm dumb!

Tra. Tell—tell Mr. Morley to come here.

Dur. Yes sir.

Exit R. U. E.

Dar. You don't mean to say you suspect—

Tra. No. I am certain. Guard the door. (DARBY goes to C. D.)

Enter MORLEY R. U. E., followed by DURKIN.

Mor. You sent for me, sir?

Tra. Mr. Sharp, not a word of what you hear must even be repeated. (SHARP bows) Donald Morley, have you ever had reason to complain of your treatment here?

Mor. (C.) No, sir.

Tra. (L. C.) Have you received fair and satisfactory wages?

Mor. More than fair, sir.

Tra. Can you afford to donate funds to charity?

Mor. Why—(confused) that is—oh, Nina, have you betrayed me?

Nina. (R. C.) I forgot. I am sorry, Donald, and I—

Tra. Stand back! Never speak to that man again.

Mor. Mr. Tracy!

Nina. Father!

Mor. What does he mean?

Tra. I mean that my daughter shall not associate with a thief.

Mor. (indignantly) Do you refer to me, sir? By heaven—

Tra. Aye, to you Donald Morley. I have been robbed for a long time, and at last I set a trap to catch the thief. The bait tempted you, and the trap is sprung. Go, I shall make no charge against you. Go your way, but never let me see your face again.

Mor. Mr. Tracey, I demand justice. I refuse to—

Tra. Silence, I tell you! Another word and I will place you under arrest. (aside) No, no, I could not do that. (sits)

Nina. Do not answer him, Donald. Can't you see that he is nearly crazed with grief? Remember, Donald, that I love you, and though all the world believe you guilty, I do not. (embraces him)

Mor. Heaven bless you for that, Nina. Some day I'll prove my truth, and then, (fiercely, pointing to DURKIN, who has come down to R. front) let the guilty man beware!

SLOW CURTAIN.

For *encore* tableau, MORLEY is embracing NINA, while TRACEY sits with bowed head, L. SHARP has both arms around JOSIE and

is writing on a pad behind her back. (*he is facing the audience*)
DARBY is down R. C., pointing at DURKIN who shrinks.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene.—*Same as Act I—A lapse of one year—DURKIN discovered seated with feet on desk, smoking a cigar.*

Dur. This what I call comfort. I am monarch of all I survey—at least to all intents and purposes. Since I got rid of Morley I have had things all my own way. Tracey is going to the dogs financially—thanks to my clever manipulation of his affairs—and in about another six months I shall have the business and he will have the experience. Louis Durkin, my boy, you're a slick 'un, you are. There are no flies about you, my boy.

Enter MORLEY, C. D., *disguised as a tramp.*

Mor. I say, boss—

Dur. (*startled*) Well, what in the deuce do *you* want?

Mor. Nothin'.

Dur. Then get out with you. Travel now.

Mor. Travel? He, he, he! Say boss, I hain't done nuthin' fer years but travel. He, he, he!

Dur. Who are you?

Mor. Me name is Billy the Bum. I'm a up an' down sooner I be—sooner do nothin' than anything.

Dur. What do you want here, I say again?

Mor. Ain't pertickler. Thought ye might have some spare change which you'd like ter invest in a handy man. I'm blame near starved, dyin' fer a drink, an' this yere costume ain't jest wot I wears when I dines wid me friends at Delmonico's.

Dur. Do you want work?

Mor. Ain't pertickler anxious. Might hook onter suthin' light pervidin' 'tain't menial. We gentlemen of leisure don't degrade ourselves by competin' wid der furrin' pauper labor—bet yer sweet life.

Dur. Can you keep your mouth shut?

Mor. Sartin—'cept I'm invited to crook me elbow. Then it will fly open.

Dur. I mean can you keep a close tongue and let whiskey alone for awhile?

Mor. Kin I? You jest cough up some chink, put me onter de lay, an' I'm yer huckleberry. I'm ready fer anything from queerin' a safe to usin' er sand bag if it pans out der shiners.

Dur. I have no safes to "queer" nor sand bags to use. But if you will keep sober and mind your p's and q's I may find something for you to do on the quiet. But remember, if you blab I will railroad you into Sing Sing on the jump.

Mor. It's a bargain, boss.

Dur. All right. Here is some money. (*gives money*) Get yourself something to eat, and then return here for orders.

Mor. C'rect. Mum's de word, as I sez ter Jay Gould when he axed me wot wine I'd have. (*goes up*)

Enter TRACEY, C. D., looks sharply at MORLEY who pauses, then exit, C. D.—TRACEY carries a large, bulky white envelope.

Tra. Who is that fellow?

Dur. Only a tramp, sir.

Tra. What did he want?

Dur. The usual thing—money. He seems to be an honest, respectable fellow in hard luck, so I helped him a little and told him to come back.

Tra. What for?

Dur. He begged for work, sir, and I thought we might find something for him to do.

Tra. That is right, Louis. When an honest man wants work, help him if you can. Has Mr. Livingston been here to-day?

Dur. No, sir. (*MORLEY enters at C. D., stops suddenly and listens*)

Tra. If he calls before two o'clock give him this packet which you will find in the safe. It contains fifty thousand dollars in gold certificates—the trust funds of his estate. If he does not call before the hour mentioned deposit the funds, as I should feel nervous if the money remained here. Ah, Louis, things are going badly. I hope to pull through all right, but we must retrench—we must retrench.

Exit, L. I E.

Dur. Certainly, my dear Tracey; we must retrench—and I will start the ball rolling by retrenching that snug little fifty thousand at the outset. Ah—I have it. That tramp will prove a blessing in disguise for me. (*pauses*) It's an elegant scheme—elegant—and I'll work it.

Exit MORLEY.

Enter TRACEY, L. I E.

Tra. I have placed the money in the safe, Louis.

Dur. Very well, sir.

Tra. I am going out for luncheon. If Livingston calls and wishes to see me personally, tell him that I will return shortly.

Dur. Yes, sir.

Tra. And if neither of us is here before two, be sure to deposit the funds. Exit, C. D.

Dur. Oh yes, I will deposit them—safely Mr. Tracey, safely. Now for a master stroke. Exit, R. U. E.

Enter JOSIE and SHARP, C. D.

Josie. Parker dear, you ought not to neglect duty like this.

Sharp. Duty my dear? Duty? What greater duty can I have than making love to you? It is the sum total of my worldly existence—without which I would fade away like the blasted—

Josie. Parker!

Sharp. —blasted fig tree.

Josie. Oh! I thought you were going to swear.

Sharp. I swear—"not by the moon, the inconstant moon"—

Josie. Oh, bother the moon!

Sharp. Don't. I envy it. The moon gets full every month and never has a big head in the morning.

Josie. I thought that Nina would be here.

Sharp. Poor girl! Do you remember that it was just a year ago to-day since Morley was turned out?

Josie. What a shame it was. For I believe—

Sharp. So do I—

Josie. That Durkin stole the money.

Sharp. Durkin be—

Josie. He will.

Sharp. Tracey seems all broken up.

Josie. He ought to be. And when that Durkin is once behind the bars—

Sharp. Jug not, that ye be not jugged. Let's go into Tracey's room. I've a few items I want to grind down. And—(*shaking finger warningly*) don't you say a word while I am writing.

Josie. Condemn me to death, and be done with it.

Exeunt, L. I E.

Enter DURKIN, R. U. E.

Dur. My tramp ought to be back by this time unless he is eating up a restaurant. I wonder if I can trust him? And why should I not? He will be deeper in the mud than I am in the mire. Besides, if he should try to peach it would only result in putting him behind the bars. Yes, on the whole, I think that I can trust him.

Enter MORLEY, C. D.

Mor. Ready for biz, boss? I'm thar. Ginger! I feel jest like an alderman, fer I've had a reg'lar up an' down out an' out square meal.

Dur. Have you been eating all this time?

Mor. Sartin. I seed a sign in front of a hash house sayin' "all ye kin eat, fer 50 cents." Sez I, that's my heft, so I goes in an' perceeds ter hist in ther grub. Didn't I sling things? Wal, ruther. I seed ther perprietor gittin' white around ther gills, an' when I got down ter ther fifth piece o' pie he kum up ter me an' offered ter buy er sell. He sed 'twould only be er question of time afore I had ther hull shebang down my throat, an' he'd like ter strike a trade with me afore I swallered a waiter er two. Sez I, "I ain't proud; bring on yer waiters!"

Dur. But—

Mor. That's jest wot he did. He butted, an' kicked, an' snorted an' kicked—but 'twarnt any use. Finally I agreed ter compermise, an' he paid me ten dollars in hard plunkers to let him off. Then I told him as how I'd got a job near by, an' that I'd paternise him every day, an' hanged if he didn't go off his base kerflum! Gone stark starin', rip tearin' crazy. Took ten peelers to hold him. Thinks I want ter eat him, fried in ile.

Dur. I don't wonder.

Mor. Wal now boss, let's git down ter biz. Whatever yer lay is, sing yer song an' I'll jine ther chorus. I sorter hope it ain't a serciety racket, cos I ain't togged out fer that sort er thing. Ye see I discharged me valet yisterday an'—

Dur. (*impatiently*) That's enough. Sit down and I will tell you my plan.

Mor. Cert. (*stops, brushes off chair*) Excuse me. I'm pertickler not ter sile me clothes. Thar ain't another suit like this in New York. Thar. (*sits*) Now squeal.

Dur. Do you want ten years in state's prison?

Mor. Do I want the moon?

Dur. Probably not. But if you ever repeat what I am going to tell you, or go back on me in any way—

Mor. Me name will be mud. I see. Perceed.

Dur. Briefly then, I want you to bind and gag me and rob the safe in yonder. (*indicates L. 1 E.*) Take whatever money you can find, toss the books and papers about, and go.

Mor. Go whar?

Dur. To the Devil, for all I care.

Mor. I'm purty near him now, boss.

Dur. No impudence, fellow.

Mor. Don't git riled. What do I git fer the risk?

Dur. There is no risk. I will describe my assailant as being a totally different man from you.

Mor. Wot's yer scheme anyhow?

Dur. That is my affair.

Mor. But wot ef I'm nailed?

Dur. That is your affair. But you will not be even suspected unless you get drunk and blab.

Mor. You say thar'll be boodle in ther safe?

Dur. Yes.

Mor. How much?

Dur. Well—I'll put in a hundred dollars.

Mor. A hundred devils! S'pose I'd risk doin' time fur such a spec? (*rises indignantly*) Ef that ain't ther biggest gall I ever seed! (*going*)

Dur. (*anxiously rising*) But hold on——

Mor. Bah! Do yer own robbin', Mr. Man! Ye can't play me fer a sucker! (*going*)

Dur. Stop! (*MORLEY pauses*) How much do you want?

Mor. Now yer talkin' sense. How much do I want, eh? (*returns, front*) Wal, I'll tell ye. I wants a cold thousand, cash down; five hundred fer me, an' five hundred fer me pal.

Dur. Your pal?

Mor. Sartin. You ain't sich a softy, be you, as ter want me ter do this job alone? Why, that would gin ther fake dead away. Yer a tough, wiry chap, an' no one bum like me could get away with you single handed. Why, bless you boss, ther peelers 'ud twig sich a racket too easy.

Dur. But your pal——

Mor. Oh, he's all right.

Dur. Well, come back in about half an hour. The coast will be clear then.

Mor. Kerect. Half an hour—all right, boss. (*goes C.*)

Enter NINA, C. D.—*looks at MORLEY, first carelessly, then intently with visible start—MORLEY pulls hat over his eyes, bows low and exit C. D.—all this unseen by DURKIN.*

Nina. (*intensely*) Mr. Durkin——

Dur. Ah, Miss Nina, I am——

Nina. Who was he?

Dur. That man? Merely a poor fellow whom I have been helping a little.

Nina. I thought—oh—very well. Is papa here?

Dur. Not at present.

Nina. Then I will go. (*starts C.*)

Dur. Wait a moment, Miss Nina. I have something that I wish to say.

Nina. (*surprised*) To me?

Dur. To you. Won't you please be seated?

Nina. I cannot remain, Mr. Durkin.

Dur. Your interest demands that you hear me.

Nina. Then wait until papa is present. Whatever *you* have to do with *my* interests should be told to him.

Dur. It is of him that I would speak.

Nina. Then speak *to* him, sir. I will hear nothing from you. Let me pass.

Dur. So be it. And your father's ruin follows you through that door.

Nina. What do you mean?

Dur. Did I not speak plainly? I repeat, then, that if you pass that door without hearing me, your father is a ruined man.

Nina. I don't believe you. I know your sly, scheming nature, Louis Durkin. I lay the ruin of Donald Morley at your door, but I defy you to ruin my father. (*crosses*)

Dur. How uncharitable you are. *I* ruin Donald Morley, my friend and fellow-clerk? *I* ruin your father—who has been more than a father to me?

Nina. If you do not, who will?

Dur. You.

Nina. You grow insulting, sir. I shall not hear another word.

Dur. You need not unless you choose. Leave if you will, and when your father is a ruined man—aye, perhaps disgraced—how pleasant it will be to think that you might have saved him with a word.

Nina. You terrify me. What is it?

Dur. I thought you would not hear me!

Nina. But I will. Go on, please, go on!

Dur. Won't you be seated? We can talk so much more comfortably.

Nina. (*sits*) Make haste—hurry.

Dur. (*sits*) Haste makes waste. Therefore I never hurry.

Nina. (*impatently*) Will you speak, sir?

Dur. I am speaking. First, then, your father is on the verge of ruin. Certain contracts which I can place in his hands would avert disaster and, with proper care, all would go well with him.

Nina. And you will give him these contracts?

Dur. With the greatest pleasure.

Nina. Oh, thank you. I was sure you would not do otherwise. (*rises*)

Dur. Wait a moment. I have not yet finished. (*she sits*) You spoke a few moments ago of my scheming nature—

Nina. Pardon me. I was thoughtless, cruel.

Dur. Granted. You were severe, Miss Nina, for Heaven knows *I* was never guilty of any wicked schemes. That is why I told you of your father's circumstances. Those contracts I will place in his hands—

Nina. Well?

Dur. On one condition. You cannot expect me to do good

entirely without reward. I am not perfect, though I try to be, and I admit that I am selfish enough to ask one favor in return for saving your father from ruin.

Nina. And that is?

Dur. Your hand in marriage.

Nina. Never, sir! (*rises and crosses R.*)

Dur. (*seated, coolly*) Never is quite a long time, Miss Nina, longer than your father's term of imprisonment will be.

Nina. I will not hear such words about my father. He has committed no crime.

Dur. Possibly not—if you were both judge and jury.

Nina. I shall see him at once and expose your shameful threats, coward that you are.

Dur. Do. And bid him good bye at the same time, for your next interview with him will be inside the prison walls.

Nina. (*greatly agitated*) Mr. Durkin, are you telling the truth?

Dur. Upon my honor. (*bowing, hand over heart*)

Nina. And is my hand the only alternative?

Dur. The only one possible. Now, Miss Nina, when you consider this matter in a reasonable light you will see that I am acting as any fair and honorable gentleman would act. I have never persecuted you with my attentions, for that would be villainous; and I am happy to say that I am no villain. I love you, in a gentlemanly way, and am quite willing to make you my wife. Then by my help your father will regain his old time prestige, and none but ourselves will be any the wiser.

Nina. Give me a little time to consider.

Dur. Most certainly. Take all the time you want, only, (*looking at watch*) I shall ask for your decision in about ten minutes. And remember—not a word to your father!

Nina. Ten minutes?

Dur. That is ten times as long as it ever takes me to decide a question. Of course if you were buying a bonnet I should expect you to be all day about it; but this is quite a different thing. (*goes up R.*)

Nina. (*L., aside*) What a cold blooded savage! Exit, L. I E.

Dur. I think you can—(*turns*) the deuce! She has gone in there where the money is. (*looks off, L. I E.*) And that vixen Josie is there along with that cursed reporter! They are coming out. Good. I will clinch matters by getting hold of those trust funds, which will put this family completely under my thumb.

Exit, R. U. E.

Enter JOSIE, NINA and SHARP, L. I E., NINA goes up L.

Sharp. There, ladies, I flatter myself that I have ground out some news items which will make the world "stand and gaze like Joshua's moon at Aijalon."

Josie. And turn Eli Perkins green with envy.

Sharp. That is an indirect and elegant way of saying that I have been writing thumpers.

Josie. Parker—

Sharp. Yes, my dear.

Josie. What *is* a thumper?

Sharp. A thumper is—ahem—an unreliable fabrication, doubly distilled. To illustrate: If I say "The dude has brains," I utter a fabrication; *but* if I say "The dude is a lovely bird *and* a social necessity," I deserve to be driven into the ground with a mallet.

Josie. Nina dear, what troubles you?

Nina. (*seated R.*) Don't ask me, dear—for I cannot tell you. But I am very unhappy.

Josie. My poor Nina. Can we not help you?

Sharp. If you have any wrongs which you want righted, say the word and behold! Your champion is here. The *Morning Breeze* will arise in its might, and, with the thunder of a thousand cyclones utterly demolish at one fell swoop the—(*pauses*) the—

Josie. Rubbish!

Sharp. Crushed again.

Enter TRACEY, C. D., *open letter in hand.*

Tra. (*nods to others*) How do you do? (*L. C., front, aside*) I really wonder what this means? (*the others converse together*) This is certainly a mysterious note. (*reads*) "Replace the envelope containing trust funds with another of the same appearance. Let no one see you, and keep mum. Darby Smith." That's the detective. (*reads*) "P. S. Keep the funds in hand until you hear from me, and see that your private office is clear of visitors for the next half hour."—Something is up. I'll do it. Exit, L. I E.

Sharp. I feel in my bones that—a—something or other—is going to happen.

Josie. Quite right Parker. You will happen to invite us out to luncheon, and we will happen to accept. Come, Nina.

Nina. No, no Josie. I cannot go.

Josie. But indeed you shall. Only a few moments—long enough to pick a bit of quail, bite a few strawberries and have an ice. (*they go up C.*)

Sharp. (*sings, aside*) "I have fifteen dollars in my inside pocket." (*spoken*) Quail, three dollars, strawberries—in December—fifty cents apiece, and ices—oh lord!

Josie. Come Parker, we are waiting.

Sharp. (*aside*) Yes—and this spread will keep my tailor waiting.

Josie. (*at C. D., as NINA exits*) Parker!

Sharp. Yes, my dear. (*aside*) It's bankruptcy—one cent on the dollar!

Exit with JOSIE, C. D.

Enter TRACEY, L. I E., *with the large envelope.*

Tra. There—I have secured the funds and have left a dummy package in their place. Now for the next act of the drama.

Exit C. D.

Enter DURKIN, R. U. E.

Dur. I hope the coast is clear by this time. (*goes to L. I E.*)
Good! Now for some quick work. Exit, L. I E.

Enter DARBY and MORLEY—the former is disguised like MORLEY.

Mor. (*as he enters, C. D.*) Come erlong, pard. Here's whar I hang out. Ain't I in luck?

Dar. I should snort!

Mor. Now ole pal, keep yer head level, an' all will be O. K.

Enter DURKIN, L. I E., *with large envelope—he does not see the others at first.*

Dur. (*reads from envelope*) "Trust friends, Livingston estate." It's all right, and I—(*sees the others*) the Devil!

Mor. Three of a kind, boss. We're all devils more er less, but I 'spect you's de biggest. Been doin' a little jayhawkin' on yer own account?

Dur. No sir! These are private papers. (*places the envelope in his inside coat-pocket*) Who's that fellow?

Mor. That gent—if yer please, Mr. Man—is me pal. His name is Bobby the Freezer, cos he freezes onto wotever he gits a hold of. We's pals, we is. Fur ten years we've tramped an' stole, an' done time, an' worked de growler, an' never had more'n one fight a week atween us. We uster fight every day, but one day wen I'd knocked Bobby's two eyes into one, an' he had a chattel mortgage on me hair——

Dur. (*impatently*) Enough of this. Are you ready to begin operations?

Mor. Soon as you shell out de shiners.

Dur. I'll pay you when the job is finished.

Mor. (*pointing to eye*) Do yer see anything green thar, boss? Nixy. It's plunkers in de fist er we flunks de job. Ain't dat so, pard?

Dar. I should snort!

Dur. Well—(*takes wallet from pocket*) here's your money. Five hundred dollars each. (*gives money*) Now get to work.

Mor. 'Scuse me, boss, till we counts de funds. Wen we gents does business wid a crook we wants ter be sure dat all are straight—don't we pard?

Dar. I should snort! (*they count bills*)

Dur. Well—make haste.

Mor. Dat's all right. But ef you's been shovin' any queer on us, look out fer trouble. Now, tell us wot ter do.

Dur. Here's a piece of rope and a towel. Bind me to this chair, and gag me with the towel. Then ransack the safe, scatter the books and papers about, and skip. Hurry up now.

Mor. C'rect, boss. Lend a hand, pard. (*they bind and gag DURKIN and exeunt L. I E. Pause. Then they re-enter, L. I E.*)

Mor. Dat room looks as ef a turnado hed broke loose. Is dat all, boss? (*DURKIN nods*) Den I reckon we'd better take a stroll, pard.

Dar. I should snort!

Exit with MORLEY, C. D. Pause.

Enter TRACEY, C. D.

Tra. (*looking off C. D.*) Suspicious looking characters. Wonder if they—(*turns, sees DURKIN*) Hello! What's all this? Durkin! (*comes down*) Durkin! Why, if he isn't bound and gagged! (*loosens him*) Louis—Louis, who did this?

Dur. (*staggers to his feet*) Robbers! (*sits again as if overcome*)

Tra. Robbers?

Dur. Yes. I was assaulted—taken unawares. I made a desperate, deadly struggle sir, but finally was overpowered.

Tra. Those tramps?

Dur. Yes sir—one of them the man whom I had befriended.

Tra. The wretch!

Dur. And the trust funds, oh the trust funds—the fifty thousand dollars!

Tra. Stolen?

Dur. Yes sir—besides other money.

Tra. Good heavens! This is ruin!

Enter SHARP, NINA and JOSIE, C. D.

Sharp. What's the commotion, anyhow?

Tra. Mr. Durkin has been assaulted and I have been robbed.

Sharp. Good gracious! Here's an item. Tell me all about it—full particulars. When did it happen? Who did it? How, when, where? How many were there? How much was taken? Anybody killed? Give me the facts if you can; if not, guess at it. Tell me something anyhow, and we'll get out a special. (*writes on pad*)

Enter MORLEY, C. D.

Mor. Now boss, I'm ready for work.

Dur. Sieze him! Stop him! Shoot him! He is one of the dastardly thieves. (*sensation*)

Josie. Thieves! Oh murder! Save me, somebody! (*throws her arms around SHARP who continues writing without heeding her*)

Tra. Are you sure?

Enter DARBY C. D., *made up and dressed as in first Act.*

Dur. Am I sure? Mr. officer, arrest that man.

Dar. What for? (*JOSIE goes to NINA*)

Dur. For robbery. He stole fifty thousand dollars from our safe.

Mor. Dat's a lie. How cud I swipe dat boodle when you's got er in yer inside pocket all der time?

Dur. What!

Mor. Look an' see. Mebbe he'll deny it. (*TRACEY steps quickly to DURKIN and takes envelope from him. Pause*)

Tra. How is this, sir?

Dur. (*confused*) Why—I—I—you see—that is——

Tra. Well sir?

Dur. (*with an effort*) I—I was so confused that I forgot I had it. Now I remember. (*with more confidence*) I had taken the money to deposit it in the bank, just as those scoundrels assaulted me. I resisted with all my strength, and in the confusion—but never mind. Arrest that man. The other one must be near by.

Dar. You are right. He is here.

Dur. Here?

Dar. (*former tone*) I should snort!

Dur. You?

Dar. Correct.

Mor. An' here is de money de bloke paid us to bind, gag and rob him.

Sharp. (*looks up*) Jerusalem! Another extra edition! Give me room! (*writes rapidly*)

Dur. It's a lie!

Dar. It's the truth.

Dur. Mr. Tracey, do you believe——

Tra. That you are a scoundrel? Certainly. Examine that package.

Dur. (*opens envelope*) Blank paper!

Tra. Exactly. We gave you enough rope, and you have hung yourself, Louis Durkin. You sought to entangle me as you did poor, innocent Donald Morley. But, thanks to this keen detective, you have failed.

Dur. Played upon! Duped! But I'll have revenge. (*springs at TRACEY, when MORLEY interposes and hurls him off*)

Mor. No you don't!

Dur. *Who are you?*

Mor. (*throwing off disguise*) *Donald Morley!*

Tra. Donald! Can you ever forgive me? (*offers hand*)

Mor. With all my heart. (*takes his hand*)

Sharp. Great Scott! Another extra edition! (*writes*)

Dar. Mr. Durkin, suppose we take a little stroll down the street to an elegant hotel where they will board you free of charge. And afore goin', let me present you with some beautiful jewelry, warranted solid—steel. (*handcuffs DURKIN*)

Sharp. Holy smoke! Another special—(*writes*)

Tra. (*to MORLEY*) Can I offer you any reparation?

Mor. Thus. (*embraces NINA—TRACEY bows*)

PICTURE.

DARBY. DURKIN.

SHARP. JOSIE.

MORLEY. NINA.

TRACEY.

QUICK CURTAIN.



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ACT II.—St. Clare's elegant home.—The fretful wife.—The arrival.—Little Eva.—Aunt Ophelia and Topsy.—“O, Golly! I'se so wicked!”—St. Clare's opinion.—“Benighted innocence.”—The stolen gloves.—Topsy in her glory.

ACT III.—The angel child.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's mischief.—Eva's request.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—“For thou art gone forever.”

ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Aunt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness.—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.—Death of St. Clare.—“Eva—Eva—I am coming”

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—“My soul ain't yours, Mas'r.”—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

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ACT II.—Winter quarters.—Colonel Hastings and Sergeant Tim.—Moses.—A message.—Tim on his dignity.—The arrival.—Playing soldier.—The secret.—The promise.—Harry in danger.—Love and duty.—The promise kept.—“Saved, at the loss of my own honor!”

ACT III.—Drawing-room at Falconer's.—Reading the news.—“Apply to Judy!”—Louise's romance.—Important news.—Bertha's fears.—Leamington's arrival.—Drawing the web.—Threatened.—Plotting.—Harry and Bertha.—A fiendish lie.—Face to face.—“Do you know him?”—Denounced.—“Your life shall be the penalty!”—Startling tableau.

ACT IV.—At Uncle Toby's.—A wonderful climate.—An impudent rascal.—A bit of history.—Woman's wit.—Toby Indignant.—A quarrel.—Uncle Toby's evidence.—Leamington's last trump.—Good news.—Checkmated.—The telegram.—Breaking the web.—Sunshine at last.

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ACT II. SCENE AS BEFORE; time, night.—Dark clouds gathering.—Changing the jackets.—Father and son.—On duty.—A struggle for fortune.—Loved for himself.—The divided greenbacks.—The agreement.—An unhappy life.—The detective's mistake.—Arrested.—Mistaken identity.—The likeness again.—On the right track.—The accident.—"Will she be saved?"—Latour's bravery.—A noble sacrifice.—The secret meeting.—Another case of mistaken identity.—The murder.—"Who did it?"—The torn cuff.—"There stands the murderer!"—" 'Tis false!"—The wrong man murdered.—Who was the victim?—TABLEAU.

ACT III. TWO DAYS LATER.—Plot and counterplot.—Gentleman and convict.—The price of her life.—Some new documents.—The divided banknotes.—Sunshine through the clouds.—Prepared for a watery grave.—Deadly peril.—Father and daughter.—The rising tide.—A life for a signature.—True unto death.—Saved.—The mystery solved.—Dénouement.—TABLEAU.

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