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**POOR DEAR
UNCLE JAMES!**

A FARCE-COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

BEULAH KING

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18 Vesey Street, New York

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Poor Dear Uncle James!

CHARACTERS

MRS. DEAN.....	<i>A widow</i>
FRANCES.....	<i>Her daughter</i>
VICKY.....	<i>Her daughter</i>
MAX.....	<i>Her son</i>
MRS. DAVENPORT.....	<i>Aunt Constantine</i>
MR. PLUMMER.....	<i>A friend</i>
MR. ANTHONY BRICE.....	<i>Who is injured</i>
SUSAN.....	<i>A maid</i>
LUCY.....	<i>A maid</i>

TIME.—To-day.

LOCALITY.—Grasmere, Mass.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—About one hour and three-quarters.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room at MRS. DEAN'S Country House, Grasmere. 2 P. M.

ACT II.—Same scene. 5 P. M. the same day.

ACT III.—Same scene. 8 P. M., the evening of the same day.

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COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

VICKY, a pretty sentimental maid of 15.

MAX, a snub-nosed, freckle-faced youngster of 12.

MRS. DEAN, a tall, slender woman of about 45, still showing lines of having once been very pretty.

FRANCES, an unusually handsome girl of 22.

MR. PLUMMER, a fat, round-faced young man of 32. His hair is sparse, wholly gone from the top of his head, and his bangs are parted in the middle, giving the effect of a toupee. He is very fashionably dressed and effects the airs of an Englishman.

MRS. DAVENPORT (AUNT CONSTANTINE), a small delicate woman rather proud of her looks, spoiled, but shrewd and quite sane on all topics but that of her dead husband. She strikes one as a little old-fashioned, but still "Going Some." Succumbs easily to flattery.

BRICE, a tall handsome boy of 23. He wears a walking costume of short trousers, heavy woolen stockings, etc. His left arm is in a sling.

ACT III. All in evening dress except BRICE.

Otherwise than noted, all wear costumes appropriate to the character portrayed.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center; D. L., door left; D. C., door center of rear flat. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

Poor Dear Uncle James!

ACT I

SCENE.—*A sitting-room in MRS. DEAN'S home. In c. of rear flat a door hung with a rich plush portière, leading to library. A door L. leading to hall. A long table stands at the right center of stage and in front of it a luxurious davenport. DOWN R. in corner a fireplace, the glow of which only is visible to the audience. Bookcases line the walls. A small tip-back table is up at extreme L. Chairs, pictures, statues, etc., complete the furnishings, all of which are in excellent taste. A small table which is used for tea in the second act stands DOWN L. DISCOVERED at rise, VICKY and MAX, backs to the audience, peeking between the portières and door frame into the library. MAX is on his knees and VICKY on tiptoe stands over him, having made a place for herself higher up.*

VICKY (*excitedly*). He's trying to kiss her!

MAX. Ugh!

VICKY. But she doesn't want him to. She—oh ———
(*Wiggles with excitement*)

MAX. Keep still. You're jiggling the curtain and I can't see.

VICKY. Suppose, suppose, Max, he asks her to marry him.

MAX. Well.

VICKY. He's a lord, you know, a real, live lord.

MAX. I don't care. He's a prune, all the same.

VICKY (*letting go the curtain and facing about*). She would be a lady and oh, Max, we ——

MAX (*still at his place*). Look! (*They watch a moment in silence*)

VICKY (*wailing*). Oh-ho, I'm sure she isn't going to have him.

MAX. 'Course she ain't. He's a prune. Didn't I tell you she wouldn't have him? Guess I know.

VICKY. But mamma will die, Max. She has just set her heart on a lord. Why, that's why she likes Mr. Plummer, because his great-uncle was a count or something.

MAX. He's going. Ta-ta. Good-by, Mr. Lord. (*Jumps up and dances about the room*) Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta ——

VICKY (*going to the davenport and sitting down*). I'm sure I think you're horrid. You don't know what it would mean to us if Frances married a truly lord.

MAX. Don't I though? Just don't I! It would mean parties, parties, parties, and good manners and lots of things on the table and not much to eat and no one to play with that was any fun.

VICKY. I think it would be just grand. I could wear my best frock every day and go out riding with mamma and have a footman and a coachman and a butler and a French maid ——

MAX. Ugh. I don't want 'em.

VICKY. And all the shoes I wanted and white furs and rings and ——

MAX (*coming to a sudden conclusion*). You're silly. You're a girl!

VICKY. I'm *not* silly.

MAX. You are. (*With a sigh of regret*) You used to be loads of fun before you went to that hateful old Miss Pratt's school.

VICKY. You needn't blame it on Miss Pratt. Mamma says I'm growing up, that's all.

MAX. Well, that's bad enough, and I don't like you half so well growing up.

VICKY. Well, everybody else likes me better, so there. Besides, I can't always be a little girl.

MAX. Growing up makes people silly.

VICKY. It doesn't.

MAX. It does.

VICKY. I won't talk with you.

MAX. I don't care. Anyway, I'm glad we lost all our money and you had to leave Miss Pratt's.

VICKY. You're a horrid boy.

MAX. And you can't think much about clothes and things because you can't have 'em. (*Dancing about*) Whoop-oo-who. I'm glad we're poor, I'm glad we're poor, I'm glad we're poor. (*VICKY chases him and tries to box his ears*)

ENTER D. L. MRS. DEAN.

MRS. DEAN. Victoria!

VICKY (*suddenly remembering her weight of years*). I'm sorry, mamma.

MRS. D. Will you never learn to be ladylike? Come, sit down. Where's your knitting? (*MRS. DEAN languishes on davenport*)

VICKY. I—I don't know. (*MAX giggles*)

MRS. D. (*fretfully*). Come, Max, don't tease your sister.

VICKY (*looking about aimlessly*). Where is my knitting?

MAX (*imitating her*). Where is my knitting?

MRS. D. No matter now. Find Frances and tell her I want to speak with her.

VICKY (*speaking before she thinks*). About the lord?

MRS. D. (*horrified*). About the lord? Child, what do you mean?

VICKY (*abashed*). I—I thought ——

MAX. She—she thought ——

VICKY (*enraged*). I didn't.

MAX. You did.

MRS. D. There, there, go, both of you. (*Waving her hand*)

MAX. But you said you thought ——

VICKY. I didn't. I said I ——

MAX. Thought.

MRS. D. Go, this minute, both of you. You tire me to death with your chatter.

ENTER D. L. FRANCES.

VICKY. Here she is. Here's Frances! (*MAX catches VICKY by the hair and attempts to pull her off L.*) Stop, stop! You horrid boy.

FRANCES. Shall I box his ears, Vick?

VICKY. It doesn't do one bit of good.

MRS. D. (*to FRANCES*). Oh, there you are, dear. I was just going to send for you. (*She regards FRANCES closely*)

FRANCES (*sitting beside her mother*). Were you?

VICKY (*who is still being tortured*). Stop, Max, stop. Mother, make ——

MRS. D. Those dreadful children. Max, go out of this room. How many times do I have to tell you a thing?

MAX. Well, Vicky's got to go too.

MRS. D. Go, Vicky. (*They EXIT D. C. jostling each other. To FRANCES*) Lord Manners asked you to marry him?

FRANCES. Yes.

MRS. D. And you?

FRANCES. I refused him. I don't love him in the least. Why shouldn't I refuse him?

MRS. D. He has money, lots of money and we ——

FRANCES (*rises*). And we are poor. I know. (*Walks about*)

MRS. D. How long are you going to keep this game up?

FRANCES. What game?

MRS. D. Refusing every man who proposes to marry you.

FRANCES (*smiling*). I don't know.

MRS. D. Frances, you are exasperating.

FRANCES. I know, mother dear, you look upon me as a way to riches and I wish, I really do, that I could please you.

MRS. D. Then marry Mr. Plummer!

FRANCES (*laughing*). Mr. Plummer! Oh, mother, how could you? Besides, he's never asked me.

MRS. D. Never asked you? Simply because you've never given him the chance. Paul Plummer adores you, Frances, and you needn't pretend you don't know it. He's worth half a million and his great-uncle was a count.

FRANCES. But he's so silly, so f-at and s-il-ly.

MRS. D. It's all the way you look at it.

FRANCES. But no matter how you look at Paul. He's fat, *fat*, FAT.

MRS. D. You are disgusting. Think of his money.

FRANCES (*closing her eyes*). I do, I do, I do. I see dollar signs all over him, but they are transparent and somehow they don't cover up Mr. Plummer at all.

MRS. D. And he's so good to you and to us because of you. I don't see how you can feel as you do.

FRANCES (*smiling*). I suppose I am a brute.

MRS. D. Don't use such expressions. They are positively unladylike. (*With a sigh*) It's beyond me, I must admit, whom you are like.

FRANCES (*sitting beside her mother*). I'm like papa, mother dear. He always used strong language and was terribly hard to suit—that is, you have always told me so.

MRS. D. Yes, you are like him and I suppose I must bear it.

FRANCES. But really, mother, you are not serious about Mr. Plummer? You can't think I would marry him?

MRS. D. (*angered*). Well, I don't know why. He's rich and his great-uncle —

FRANCES. Yes, and what else?

MRS. D. (*near to tears*). Oh, you try my patience. Don't you see we've got to have money right away. Here we are living at Grasmere in October because we can't afford to live in town and helpless, absolutely, with only three servants and Max and Vicky growing up and not a prospect of anything coming in. (*Rises*) If only your Uncle James had left a will. My dear, he was worth a million. (*Walking about*) No, but he left it all to that stupid, insane, senseless wife of his, your Aunt Constantine.

FRANCES. I never saw Aunt Constantine but once.

MRS. D. That was once too often. Of all silly, soft women, she is the worst. I simply couldn't bear to have her here. Her presence in the house used to make me ill.

FRANCES. Poor mother!

MRS. D. Oh, dear, it does seem as if I had been called upon to bear the most unbearable things and now you—you re-fuse to h-have Mr. Pl-plum-mer. (*Weeps*)

FRANCES. Hush, mother, I didn't say I had refused to have him.

MRS. D. Oh, you will have him, won't you, my dear, for my sake, for their sakes, for the children's sakes and for his sake? He isn't very bad, in f-fact sometimes I th-think he's rather hand-s-some.

FRANCES (*smiling*). Oh, he is. There's no doubt about it.

MRS. D. And I'm sure he'd make you an excellent husband. You will give him some encouragement, won't you, dearie? (*Coaxingly*) Dear Mr. Plummer! (*With a bound from D. C. MAX lands in the middle of the floor and VICKY follows*)

MAX (*breathless*). There's been an accident. A man —

VICKY. Ran into —

MAX. Our wall.

VICKY. And, oh, he's hurt awfully and they've sent for the doctor.

MAX. And they're bringing him in here.

MRS. D. Oh! Who is he?

FRANCES. Poor thing! I'll go see if I can do anything. [EXIT FRANCES D. L., MRS. DEAN *following*.

VICKY. I think he broke his arm and he's awfully handsome. Oh, dear—— (*Wails*) He looks like Sir Lancelot. Don't you think he looked like Sir Lancelot, what you saw of him, Max?

MAX (*with great disgust*). Sir Lancelot!

VICKY. Well, he looks like a knight anyway.

MAX. You're silly.

VICKY. I'm not!

MAX. You are!

ENTER D. L. MRS. DEAN, *followed by* MR. PLUMMER.

MRS. D. (*whose voice is sweet as honey*). My dear Mr. Plummer! How unfortunate you arrived in the midst of such confusion, but you can wait a moment, I am sure.

PLUMMER (*taking the chair L.*). Oh, yes, Mrs. Dean, nothing else to do, don't you know. (*She sits on davenport. To MAX and VICKY*) How de-do? (*They shake hands, VICKY drops a curtsey*) Why, Miss Vicky, you're growing prettier every day. I'll say you may beat your sister yet.

MRS. D. Oh, Mr. Plummer.

PLUMMER. That is if such a thing is possible.

MRS. D. There, that's better. I'm sure Frances would feel quite happy with that last remark.

PLUMMER. But tell us all about this—er—this affair of the smashed auto.

MAX (*excitedly*). A guy——

VICKY. A man——

MRS. D. Hush! My dear Mr. Plummer, how can we? We don't know a thing. A man ran into our stone posts and they brought him in here for medical attention.

VICKY (*rapturously*). He's handsome.

MAX. And Frances's up helping the doctor.

MRS. D. Yes, the poor dear child is always so willing

to help. She took First Aid, you know, under the Red Cross and she thinks she can do anything.

PLUMMER. She can, by Jove. I believe it.

MRS. D. But she'll be down in a minute, I'm sure. She was expecting you.

PLUMMER. Expecting me?

MRS. D. Yes—that is hoping you would come.

PLUMMER (*who cannot believe his ears*). I wonder what —

MRS. D. Yes?

PLUMMER. What she could have wanted?

MRS. D. Why you, silly boy, of course.

PLUMMER (*blushing*). By Jove! (VICKY giggles)

MRS. D. It didn't occur to you, did it?

PLUMMER (*embarrassed, turns to VICKY*). You say this fellow's handsome? (*Savagely*)

VICKY. Oh, he's simply divine—a really, truly god!

MAX. Vicky's silly.

VICKY (*hotly*). I'm not. Mamma, make him stop.

MRS. D. Children, children. (*Sweetly*)

VICKY. And he was unconscious when they brought him in.

MAX. His car's all smashed up.

PLUMMER. How strange he should have chosen your gates to run against.

MAX. Guess his steering gear gave out. Couldn't help himself, poor guy.

MRS. D. Go up-stairs, Vicky, and find Frances and tell her to come down at once. (EXIT VICKY D. L.) Oh, dear, you never know what is going to happen right at your very gate. I think it's dreadful.

PLUMMER. Oh, now, Mrs. Dean, suppose it had been I —

MRS. D. My dear Mr. Plummer!

PLUMMER. Well, it might have been I.

MRS. D. Oh, don't speak of it. I couldn't bear to have you hurt against a cruel wall.

MAX (*with a roar of laughter*). He wouldn't get hurt. If he struck a wall he'd bounce back.

MRS. D. Max! (*Pause in which PLUMMER glowers at MAX*) There, Max, go out now and pick up your balls and mallets before it rains.

MAX. *Rains?* The sun is out.

MRS. D. Yes, but the paper said —— (*ENTER D. L. VICKY, followed by FRANCES*) There! (*With satisfaction*)

FRANCES (*shaking hands with PLUMMER*). How do you do, Mr. Plummer?

PLUMMER. How is he?

FRANCES (*sitting*). Very comfortable now, but he was terribly cut up.

MRS. D. Oh, that dreadful man. Where have they put him? When are they going to take him away?

FRANCES. He is going to stay here, mother, to-night.

MRS. D. Oh, oh, oh, he might be a robber.

FRANCES. Mother!

MRS. D. He might steal all our jewels and silver and murder us. Something must be done. Can't he go on to the hospital?

FRANCES. The doctor says no, at least not until he knows the extent of his injuries.

MRS. D. (*losing control of herself and walking about the room*). I call it atrocious, yes, I do, and I refuse ——

FRANCES. Mother!

VICKY. Oh, *please* let him stay. He's so handsome.

MRS. D. (*to VICKY*). Go out of this room, you ridiculous child.

FRANCES. Go, Vicky dear.

VICKY. But you will keep him, won't you?

FRANCES. Hush. Go now, and you too, Max. (*They go unwillingly d. c.*) Now, mother, you've simply got to be reasonable.

MRS. D. But this, this is beyond all endurance. This man ——

FRANCES. Now if it were Mr. Plummer here, hurt and bleeding.

MRS. D. Mr. Plummer wouldn't get himself into such a scrape.

FRANCES. No?

PLUMMER (*to FRANCES*). I'd do anything to be First Aided by you. Break my neck.

FRANCES (*playfully*). Oh, no, you wouldn't.

MRS. D. Don't be foolish, Frances. Oh, dear, dear, I'm very sure I can't sleep in this house to-night. Has the doctor gone?

FRANCES. No, not yet.

MRS. D. (*starting for the door*). Then I must see him. I must make arrangements to have that man removed.

FRANCES (*holding her by the arm*). You will do nothing of the kind. I won't allow it.

PLUMMER (*who has been more or less distressed*). Oh, rot, Mrs. Dean, let the poor fellow rest in peace.

MRS. D. Then you, Mr. Plummer, you must spend the night with us. All we women and children can't spend the night here alone with a strange man. Please, Mr. Plummer, you will, won't you, or I shall die?

FRANCES. But, mother, it's all so unnecessary and probably will inconvenience Mr. Plummer a great deal.

PLUMMER. Not at all, not at all. In fact I enjoy the prospect.

MRS. D. There. Then it's settled and I'm so glad. I'll see about your room directly, my dear Mr. Plummer.

[EXIT D. L.]

FRANCES. Mother's so excitable.

PLUMMER. Don't think of me, Miss Frances. I'm delighted to do you any service.

FRANCES. I know you are and I appreciate your kindness.

PLUMMER. I only wish I might have the right to do for you always. (*Pause, during which he tries to catch her hand*) May I? (*The curtain at the back moves and reveals the eyes of VICKY and MAX, but PLUMMER does not see them*)

FRANCES. Oh, Mr. Plummer, I hoped you wouldn't ask me this now.

PLUMMER. Then you don't love me? I was afraid of it.

FRANCES (*cautiously*). It isn't that exactly, but —

PLUMMER. Then I may hope? Tell me I may hope and perhaps in a month, in a year even —

FRANCES. Yes—yes —

PLUMMER. You say yes. Ah! (*He starts to embrace her but she moves away gently*) Just one kiss to seal the promise, my dearest. (*FRANCES submits. As he kisses her there is a prolonged smack from the portière and the sound of hurrying feet. PLUMMER turns*) What, what was that?

FRANCES (*unmoved*). Max, I think.

PLUMMER. The rascal.

FRANCES. One has to be on the good side of Max, else —

PLUMMER. He needs a thrashing, and I'd like to give it to him. He's a devil.

FRANCES (*in a hurt voice*). Oh, Mr. Plummer, he's my brother, and really he's a dear. Why, he couldn't do enough for Mr. Brice after the accident.

PLUMMER. Mr. Brice.

FRANCES. I forgot to tell you that's the name of the man—that dreadful man upstairs on my bed.

PLUMMER. Upstairs on your bed?

FRANCES. Well, it had to be my bed or no one's. I didn't dare to have him put anywhere else. You see, I must have had an idea that you were going to stay. Oh, he was so hurt. His eyes were closed and he moaned when they moved him even gently.

PLUMMER. But how, may I ask, did you know his name?

FRANCES (*pulling a card from her belt*). His card-case fell out of his pocket and I—I picked this up. (*Reading from card*) Mr. Anthony Brice, London, England. It isn't a real calling card. He's written on a piece of cardboard himself. (*Fingering the card and smiling to herself*) An-tho-ny Brice. I like that, don't you? (*Looking up at PLUMMER with a winning smile*)

PLUMMER (*with a frown*). Anthony Brice? No!

FRANCES. But why do you scowl so?

PLUMMER. Because I wish Anthony Brice had hit any other damn post in America but yours, now do you know?

FRANCES. Oh, Mr. Plummer!

PLUMMER. I'll go to the club and get my duds and be back later. You'll be here?

FRANCES. Oh, yes, I have to be, you know, in case anything happens upstairs. We can't get a nurse, so the doctor gave me instructions. Don't look so worried. I don't think anything will happen. He looks as if he had an awfully strong constitution and he seemed all right when I came down. He'll be up and around in an hour or so. In fact I'm quite sure he will. (*As he continues to frown at her*) Per-haps he won't have—to stay—here—at all——

PLUMMER. Damn! (*He turns to go quickly and runs against AUNT CONSTANTINE, just about to ENTER, and knocks her purse from her hand*) [EXIT hastily D. L.]

ENTER D. L. AUNT CONSTANTINE.

AUNT CONSTANTINE. Oh, what a dreadful man! My dear child, who is he?

FRANCES (*having rescued the purse, recognizes her by pictures she has seen*). My Aunt Constantine!

AUNT C. There! The child actually knows me! Your poor dear Uncle James said no one who had ever seen me could forget me. Kiss me, pet. (FRANCES *kisses her. They sit on the davenport*)

FRANCES. I'm glad to see you, Aunt Constantine!

AUNT C. Most people are. I guess, as your poor dear Uncle James used to say, it's because I'm so glad to see myself.

FRANCES (*pulling bell cord*). I don't remember Uncle James at all.

AUNT C. Yes, I know, and that's what makes me feel so. (*Wipes her eyes*) If there's anything James would have liked it would have been to be remembered.

ENTER D. C. SUSAN.

FRANCES. Tell Mrs. Dean that Mrs. Davenport is here. [EXIT SUSAN D. C.]

AUNT C. I guess your mother will be surprised. I haven't been here for ten years. The last time I was here your poor dear Uncle James nearly died of loneliness and I said then I'd never leave him again, and I never did.

FRANCES. We have heard so little from you.

AUNT C. I know, but there it is, and I do intend to see more of you now. In fact (*Very mysteriously*) I've a fine scheme that I know you'll welcome. (*Suddenly*) You're not engaged to be married, my dear?

FRANCES. No-o.

AUNT C. Ah, then everything is fine. And it's such an idea. I had it all myself, but then your poor dear Uncle James always said I had just the most wonderful ideas.

FRANCES. Does—does the scheme concern me, Aunt Constantine?

AUNT C. Vitally, my dear. In fact it all depends on you.

ENTER D. L. MRS. DEAN.

MRS. D. (*rushing to* CONSTANTINE). Constantine! (*Embraces her*)

AUNT C. Clara!

MRS. D. Why didn't you let me know you were coming so that I could make some preparations?

AUNT C. Why, Clara dear, I wouldn't have you put yourself out for the world. Besides, I've come for a special purpose and I wanted to surprise you. I made up my mind several days ago, although I've been thinking things over for a long time (*Wipes her eyes*), ever since poor dear James died.

MRS. D. He was such a husband!

AUNT C. Yes, such a husband!

MRS. D. Poor dear James!

AUNT C. And so good to me and kind.

MRS. D. Yes, so kind.

AUNT C. And so I thought that he ought to be remembered—not that he wouldn't be, of course, by *us*, Clara, but I wanted him to be remembered by the children.

MRS. D. I have always kept his name before them, Constantine.

AUNT C. Yes, but you understand what I mean, and so—where are the children?

MRS. D. Frances, call the children. They are on the porch. [EXIT FRANCES D. L.]

AUNT C. (*looking after FRANCES*). Isn't she beautiful?

MRS. D. (*with a sigh*). Yes, but so contrary.

AUNT C. Contrary, Clara? That beautiful creature! What do you mean?

MRS. D. Well, I mean she is so hard to suit and has such notions about men.

AUNT C. (*heartily*). I'm glad she has, because —

ENTER D. L. FRANCES, VICKY and MAX. VICKY and MAX greet AUNT CONSTANTINE.

AUNT C. Vicky! Well, my stars, you're really quite as lovely as your sister.

VICKY (*naïvely*). That's what every one says.

FRANCES (*shocked*). Vicky!

AUNT C. Sit down, do. (*VICKY and MAX sit beside her on the davenport. FRANCES sits in chair R. of table*) I've just been telling your mother, dears, that I've a delightful surprise for you. It's to be in memory of your poor dear Uncle James. (*Wipes eyes*)—the best man in the world and not to be forgotten. (*Gives a little sob in her handkerchief*) But there, I suppose you're anxious for me to begin. (*She looks at FRANCES*)

Upon Frances' wedding day, you, my dear children, are to receive one hundred thousand a piece in mem —

MAX. Whoop-hee!

VICKY. O-oh!

MRS. D. Constantine! (*A moment's pause*) Let me kiss you! (*Kisses her heartily*) There, I feel better. You are too good—too good.

AUNT C. (*elated at her importance*). And you, Frances, dear child, will receive five hundred thousand in —

FRANCES. Oh, Aunt Constantine! (*MRS. DEAN rushes at AUNT CONSTANTINE again but she holds up her hand warningly*)

AUNT C. Wait! (*Silence*) All this is *provided* the man she marries would in my estimation suit your poor dear Uncle James.

FRANCES. Oh, Aunt Constantine.

[EXIT D. L. *quickly, not knowing what else to do and realizing she has only gotten from one difficulty into another.*

AUNT C. (*much surprised*). What is the matter with the child?

MRS. D. There, there. She's a bit worked up. She'll be all right in a minute. Vicky, run and find her. (*EXIT D. L. VICKY*) To tell the truth, she hasn't been very well lately and has things on her mind, you know.

AUNT C. But this, surely this oughtn't to upset her.

MRS. D. It doesn't. Oh, dear, for my part, I don't know what is the matter with her.

AUNT C. But she told me she wasn't engaged—that she had nobody.

MAX (*suddenly*). I guess she's afraid her taste and Uncle James' won't agree.

MRS. D. (*horrified*). Max!

AUNT C. Well there, since it's all done in memory of poor, dear James, I feel he ought to be suited in the matter.

MRS. D. Most certainly; and things will come out all right.

ENTER D. L. VICKY.

VICKY. She won't come back, and she's crying, oh, awfully. [EXIT *with* MAX D. C.

MRS. D. There, the poor child is overcome with such an offer. You may depend upon it.

AUNT C. Let me go to her. (*She rushes to D. L. and once again bumps against PLUMMER ENTERING, and with even more violence than before*) Oh, that dreadful man again.

PLUMMER (*beginning to think his entrance into the DEAN living-room means inevitable disaster*). Oh, I beg your pardon. (*He turns hastily and flees*)

AUNT C. Who is that dreadful man? He appears and disappears mysteriously in the vicinity of this doorway.

MRS. D. (*going to her*). There, there, he has hurt you. Come, let's go upstairs and have a quiet chat (*Taking her arm*) you and I.

AUNT C. (*quite forgetful of PLUMMER and the bump*). Yes, yes. I do so want to tell you about poor, dear James! [EXIT MRS. DEAN *and* AUNT CONSTANTINE D. C.

ENTER D. L. FRANCES. *She walks over to the davenport and sits down, her chin in hand, contemplating the fire. It is evident she has been crying.*

ENTER D. L. BRICE.

BRICE. I hope I'm not intruding, but I had to find somebody.

FRANCES (*starting up*). Mr. Brice! You—you ought not to be down here.

BRICE. Why, my injuries are nothing, nothing at all.

FRANCES. Oh, but you don't know. Please sit down. (*She pushes a chair forward and he sits*)

BRICE. Thank you.

FRANCES. The doctor says you must stay here until to-morrow.

BRICE. The doctor is over cautious. He has frightened you.

FRANCES (*slyly*). Well, he's our doctor, and *we* always obey him.

BRICE. I see, and so I must not break the precedence. But tell me, please, with whom I have the pleasure of talking? You remember I was brought into this very hospitable house quite unconscious of all your kindness.

FRANCES. I am Frances Dean, the most unfortunate member of this unfortunate family.

BRICE (*regarding her with admiration*). But you are not unfortunate. You—you couldn't be.

FRANCES. I am. My Aunt Constantine, because we are poor and dependent and she is rich and tyrannical, has made up her mind to choose a husband for me.

BRICE. Oh! (*Pause*) So the man in this very unusual case must suit Aunt Constantine. (*Dreamily*) I wonder what her taste in men really is?

FRANCES. I know. He must have a bald head and fat cheeks and pudgy hands and be just too awful.

BRICE (*with a great sigh*). Alas!

FRANCES. You are laughing at me.

BRICE (*with emphasis*). Never! In fact, I feel like doing anything but laughing.

FRANCES (*misinterpreting him*). You feel ill?

BRICE (*with a greater sigh*). No-o.

FRANCES. But don't be worried about yourself. Everything is coming out all right, I am sure.

BRICE. Oh, no, it isn't.

FRANCES (*anxiously*). Why not?

BRICE. Because I will never be fat and my hair is shockingly thick.

FRANCES. You *are* laughing.

BRICE. Why shouldn't I? You are fooling me.

FRANCES (*earnestly*). No, no, really. Every word I have said is the truth.

BRICE. Forgive me, then. It is all so much like the old fairy tales, you know; or perhaps I am a little off since my accident.

FRANCES (*sweetly*). I wish you would go upstairs and rest. Suppose anything should happen to you?

BRICE. But nothing more will. Don't you see I'm so ashamed of myself already for damages done that I wouldn't have the heart to do anything more.

FRANCES. You haven't done any damages.

BRICE. Oh, yes. I smashed your post.

FRANCES. Mr. Brice.

BRICE. And I upset your whole household, besides putting my dusty shoes on your bedspread.

FRANCES. Don't say such things!

BRICE. Tell me, please, about Aunt Constantine. Does she know I'm here?

FRANCES. No. You see, she has just arrived, and we were all so excited about her news.

BRICE. Naturally. But you will tell her about the accident? You see, I thought I might get her pity, and pity, as the poets say, is akin to love.

FRANCES (*playfully*). But suppose I don't care whether —

BRICE. Then I wish I had died at your gates. At least, I should have died happily.

FRANCES. Poor boy! (*Smiles at him*) Now won't you please go upstairs and rest?

BRICE. Did I behave very badly when they set my arm?

FRANCES. You were wonderful. Even Dr. Stevens said that, and he's terribly hard-hearted.

BRICE. But I had to be. I didn't dare howl, and then I saw you, the first one when I opened my eyes, and, well—I felt happy, that's all.

FRANCES. But how did it happen?

BRICE. Running into the post, you mean? It does sound rather wild, doesn't it?

FRANCES. My small brother thought perhaps the steering gear —

BRICE. No, the car skidded. I lost all control of it. I didn't know a thing until I opened my eyes and (*Looks at her adoringly*) you were there.

FRANCES. And you were going to?

BRICE. To Boston. My steamer sails in three days.

FRANCES (*with a tinge of regret*). You are going across?

BRICE. Going home to England.

FRANCES (*taking enjoyment in the supposition*). But suppose you aren't able? Suppose the doctor——

BRICE. I wish he would. Nothing would make me happier.

FRANCES. Don't say that.

BRICE. Why not? I mean it.

FRANCES. Because—oh——

BRICE. Wouldn't it make you the least bit happy?

FRANCES. Oh, don't. You don't know. You don't understand. Please—— (ENTER MRS. DEAN D. L. *Awkward pause while MRS. DEAN glowers*) This is Mr. Brice, mother. (MRS. DEAN *bows stiffly*)

MRS. D. So you *are* able to go.

FRANCES. No, he isn't. In fact, he ought not to be downstairs. He's disobedient.

MRS. D. (*ignoring the last remark*). I came for you, Frances. Aunt Constantine wishes to see you at once in her room. Come.

FRANCES (*to BRICE*). Sit by the fire, Mr. Brice. (*She gets him a pillow from the davenport and moves up the chair to the blaze*) Sit here, and don't do anything rash like falling into the flames and getting burned up, will you? (*As she hands him the pillow their eyes meet and both smile*)

MRS. D. (*who has moved toward D. L. and waits impatiently*). Frances.

FRANCES. Yes, mother.

MRS. D. (*icily*). Aunt Constantine is waiting.

FRANCES. Yes, mother. (*To BRICE*) Aunt Constantine is a tyrant. (*She starts to go*)

BRICE (*calling after her*). Miss Dean!

FRANCES. Yes!

BRICE. How can a thin man get fat?

FRANCES. Oh, lots of ways. Oatmeal——

BRICE. May I have some for my supper?

FRANCES. I'll bring you a big bowl of it.

[EXIT D. L. with MRS. DEAN

ENTER D. C. VICKY and MAX shyly.

VICKY (*in a whisper*). Isn't he wonderful?

MAX. Hulloo, sir!

BRICE (*starting*). Hulloo, laddie! (*Elegantly to VICKY*) How do you do, mademoiselle? (*Rises and bows*)

VICKY (*delighted*). How do you do?

BRICE. Will you be seated? (*VICKY sits on 'davenport. MAX perches on the arm of it and BRICE sits*)

MAX. You're a Britisher.

VICKY (*with awe*). A Londoner!

BRICE. I'm all that and more.

VICKY (*solicitously*). Did you hurt yourself very much?

MAX (*contemptuously*). 'Course he did. You don't suppose anyone could run into a stone post and not get hurt, do you?

BRICE. Mademoiselle is surprised to see me alive. That's all.

VICKY. But you did look dead, and I—I felt so sorry.

MAX. She cried.

BRICE. Thank you. I appreciate your sympathy.

MAX. But when she heard you were well she cried, too.

BRICE. That's strange.

VICKY (*saving herself*). But that—that was for joy.

BRICE. Ah, I see.

MAX. It wasn't. You were afraid he'd go away then.

BRICE. You are kind, mademoiselle, very kind. I'm glad there's someone wants me to stay, for it seems I've got to, until morning.

MAX. I'm glad.

BRICE. Two glad. Two against?

MAX (*counting on his fingers*). One—two—three—four —

VICKY (*who has been counting too*). Where do you get the fourth?

MAX. Mr. Plummer.

VICKY. Oh!

BRICE. And who is Mr. Plummer?

MAX. He's a friend of Frances' and he's come here to protect us.

BRICE. To protect you?

MAX. Um-um.

BRICE. From what? From whom?

MAX. From you.

VICKY. Oh, Max!

MAX. Well, mother thought you might rob us, you know, and all that rot.

VICKY. But she hadn't seen you then. I'm sure she wouldn't think it now.

BRICE (*smiling*). So I'm a robber, am I?

MAX. I think robbers and brigands are great. Couldn't you be one?

BRICE. I might, but what would I steal?

MAX. Oh, everything.

VICKY (*with a sigh*). We haven't much to steal, I guess, unless you wanted to steal one of us.

BRICE. Oh, that would be delightful.

MAX. Brigands do steal people; kidnap 'em.

BRICE. But my car is out of commission.

MAX. Take ours. I say, why not? I'm awfully tired of this place.

VICKY (*getting excited in turn*). But he didn't say he wanted to steal *you*. Perhaps he has someone in mind that he does want to steal.

MAX (*to BRICE*). Have you?

BRICE. I suppose I must tell the truth.

MAX. Nothing else goes.

BRICE. Well, I have. Someone I want to steal most awfully.

VICKY (*excited*). Who?

MAX. I know. Frances.

BRICE. Clever boy. How did you guess it?

MAX. Oh, because everyone wants her. But you'll never get her.

BRICE. Now that's awfully unkind. You make me lose heart at the very beginning.

MAX. But Vicky and I are going to help you.

BRICE. That's jolly kind of you. Just how are you going about it?

VICKY. By getting Mr. Plummer out of the way.

BRICE. But you don't mean; you can't mean that this Mr. Plummer is the only obstacle?

VICKY. Just at present he is, because Frances has sent all the others away. Why, this afternoon she refused Lord Manners, a really, truly lord.

BRICE. Ah, then, in that case, I have no chance, no chance at all.

VICKY. Oh, yes you have. You're handsome, and he, well, he ———

MAX. He's a prune.

BRICE. But I'm interested. Just how are you going to get Mr. Plummer out of the way?

VICKY. You know it's Aunt Constantine we have to please.

BRICE. Yes, I know.

MAX. So we are going to tell Mr. Plummer just the *opposite* of what she really likes.

BRICE. But suppose she changes her mind when she sees him?

VICKY. Oh, no, she won't, because she really hasn't any mind to change—mother said so.

BRICE. I see.

MAX. And poor old Plummer will dress and act just as we tell him and think he is pleasing Aunt Constantine; oh-ho, oh-ho, what a lark!

BRICE. You can't be very fond of Mr. Plummer.

MAX. No! He's a lemon!

BRICE. I see. Lord Manners is a prune and Mr. Plummer is a lemon. Now what, pray, am I?

VICKY (*quite unaware of her wit*). Oh, you're a peach.

BRICE. Thank you, mademoiselle.

MAX. Pretty good, Vicky, for a girl.

BRICE. But aren't you going to find out for me just what kind of a man Aunt Constantine *really* likes?

MAX. Of course we are.

BRICE. That's the lad. You and I are pals, aren't we? I suppose you wouldn't sit on my knee?

VICKY. Oh, yes, he would. He sits on mother's knee sometimes when no one is around.

MAX. I don't.

BRICE. Well, I suppose your feet might touch the floor and that would be embarrassing.

ENTER D. L. FRANCES. BRICE *rises*.

FRANCES. Are they bothering you?

BRICE. Not at all. We're excellent friends. Please stay with us.

FRANCES. I've come down to send you back to your invalid's couch.

BRICE. You wouldn't be so cruel.

FRANCES. Oh, I can be terribly cruel sometimes. Max knows; but I'm not going to be cruel at all this time because I'm going to sit by you and read until you go to sleep.

BRICE. Then you will read forever, for I'll never be such a fool as to fall asleep in your delightful company.

FRANCES. Stop making pretty speeches and mind what I say. Max has to, doesn't he, Vick?

VICKY. Oh, yes, indeed.

BRICE. Very well.

MAX. I wouldn't if I were *you*. She can't spank *you*.

FRANCES. Oh, yes, I can. You must remember he's very weak from injuries, at least he ought to be, but he won't confess it. Besides, I've arranged the cosiest place by the window.

Poor Dear Uncle James!

BRICE. And you promise to sit by me like a dutiful nurse?

FRANCES. Like a dutiful nurse. (*Leads him to D. L.*)

BRICE. Very well, I'll go. (*To MAX*) Don't forget our agreement, laddie.

MAX. You bet not.

[EXEUNT D. L. BRICE *and* FRANCES

VICKY. Isn't he lovely? He is just like a knight.

MAX. He's better.

VICKY (*reluctantly*). Yes, he's better.

ENTER D. C. AUNT CONSTANTINE.

AUNT C. Here you are, dearies. Come and kiss me. (*They do so, MAX reluctantly*)

MAX. Oh, I say, Aunt Constantine, I want to ask you something.

AUNT C. Yes?

MAX. What kind of a man do you like the best?

VICKY. Say prefer.

MAX. Shan't. It's the same thing.

AUNT C. The kind of a man I like best. Ah, my dear, you don't remember your poor dear Uncle James.

MAX. Well, that is, I mean what kind of man you'd like Frances to marry. You wouldn't want him to be fat, would you?

AUNT C. Oh, dear, no; not too fat. Your poor dear Uncle James always said an obese man was an outrage.

VICKY. You'd prefer him to be slender and graceful, wouldn't you?

AUNT C. Yes, but if he wasn't too fat —

VICKY. With a moustache?

AUNT C. Never! If there's anything—and your poor dear Uncle James agreed with me—if there's anything I detest it's a moustache, the kind they wear nowadays, the senseless, turned-up ones the men seem to admire. (*VICKY and MAX exchange glances*)

MRS. D. (*calling without*). Constantine!

AUNT C. Yes, Clara, I'm coming.

[EXIT AUNT CONSTANTINE D. L. VICKY and MAX stand face to face for a moment, regarding each other earnestly

VICKY. A turned-up moustache and a fat face. Where is Mr. Plummer?

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. DISCOVERED*—MRS. DEAN, nervously pacing floor.

ENTER D. L. AUNT CONSTANTINE, very excited.

AUNT C. (*confronting* MRS. DEAN). My dear Clara, what does it mean, what does it mean?

MRS. D. (*not comprehending, and alarmed at her manner*). Why, Constantine, what is the matter?

AUNT C. You—you don't know? You stand there and tell me you don't know?

MRS. D. Constantine, what are you saying? Calm yourself.

AUNT C. Calm myself? Never, until I find out, till I sift things to the bottom. Not a stone shall be left unturned out of respect to poor dear James!

MRS. D. (*desperately*). What are you talking about?

AUNT C. You, Clara, you stand there and face me and say you do not know that a man, a strange man, is at this moment in your daughter's room?

MRS. D. (*who has forgotten the accident*). Oh—oh, my smelling salts. No. (*Falls on couch*)

AUNT C. Do you deny it? Do you deny that you are unaware of the goings on in this house? No, you cannot be, and I will have an explanation.

MRS. D. (*helplessly*). Oh, Constantine, you have gone mad!

AUNT C. (*appreciating the dramatic part of it*). No, I have become sane. *Before* I was mad. As I passed your daughter's room —

MRS. D. (*wildly*). Which daughter?

AUNT C. Frances, of course. I saw sitting by the window and wrapped in a blanket, a man, and a handsome man at that. His arm, yes, I recall distinctly, his arm was in a sling.

MRS. D. (*the light dawning upon her, but not daring to speak the truth*). Oh—oh, Constantine, you are mistaken. It could not be. Your eyes deceived you. There is no man here except Mr. Plummer, and his room is at the other end of the hall.

AUNT C. Plummer? And who is Plummer? And what is he doing here?

MRS. D. I asked him to stay because — (*Realizing she has got herself into trouble*)

AUNT C. (*mercilessly*). Yes—because —

MRS. D. Oh, Constantine, you are cruel. I asked him to stay because he didn't have anywhere else to stay; no home, no —

AUNT C. Didn't have anywhere else to stay. How strange! How very strange. What would poor dear James say to hear this? (*Wipes eyes*) I come into this house to do you a favor. I am met at the threshold of your living-room by a young man who almost knocks me down and who instead of apologizing escapes so quickly I have no chance to get so much as one look at his face. Then, oh worse, far worse, you tell me my eyes deceive me—my eyes—that poor dear James always said were the most beautiful and the keenest eyes in the world. Ah, Clara, how can you deceive me so? Who is that man?

MRS. D. (*desperately*). Which man?

AUNT C. (*gloating over her victim*). So you admit there *are* two.

MRS. D. No—yes—that is, you say there are.

AUNT C. Clara, this is awful. Send for Frances. She must explain for herself. I cannot bear to hear you go on. If Frances is married, why don't you say so?

MRS. D. But she isn't, she isn't, she isn't!

AUNT C. Clara, then why is that man ——

MRS. D. Oh, I don't know what you are talking about.

AUNT C. Yes you do, Clara, yes you do.

MRS. D. It must have been Frances that you saw, or Max; yes, yes, Max, of course. He often sits up in Frances' room by the window and he likes to play pirate and wrap himself in a blanket.

AUNT C. But, Clara, Max has a pug nose, decidedly. This man, this stranger, I say, for I have never seen him before, had a long, straight nose; yes, I suppose one would say a very beautiful nose.

MRS. D. But, Constantine, in the dusk a nose looks almost anything.

AUNT C. Ah, Clara, but it never loses its contour. Even in the dusk a pug nose is a pug nose, just the same. You cannot deny it, Clara, you cannot.

MRS. D. I think you are dreadful to insinuate things about us.

AUNT C. But, Clara, be reasonable. Naturally I would inquire about such a thing.

MRS. D. (*stubbornly*). But there's nothing to inquire about.

AUNT C. Nothing to inquire about? Nothing to inquire about when a young man is found in ——

MRS. D. (*shrieking*). Oh! you insult me.

AUNT C. (*near to tears*). You insult me, and, what is worse, you insult the memory of poor dear James. (*Both sob*) If—if you are so p-positive there is no one there ——

MRS. D. I didn't say there was no one there.

AUNT C. Well, you said it was Max.

MRS. D. No I didn't. (*Hysterically*)

AUNT C. Why, Clara!

MRS. D. Oh, you have made me say things I didn't

mean to say. You have made me. (*Buries head in cushion*)

AUNT C. Come, let us go up and find out for ourselves, and if I am wrong, Clara, I will make amends, yes, generous amends, to you. Come.

MRS. D. No, I will not.

AUNT C. Ah, then that proves ——

MRS. D. (*fairly shrieking*). It proves nothing, nothing at all.

AUNT C. (*half weeping*). Yes, it does. It proves that my eyes, that poor dear James so admired, are not to be depended upon, or else —— Oh, Clara, I hate to say it. It proves you are a deceiver and a liar.

MRS. D. (*shrieking*). Oh!

AUNT C. Will you come up with me, Clara?

MRS. D. Oh no!

AUNT C. Then I shall go myself. I am sorry this has come about. I must say I never thought of such an ending to our happy meeting. You will regret this, Clara. Once more I ask, have you anything to say?

MRS. D. No-o!

AUNT C. Very well, then, I am going. [EXIT D. L.

ENTER D. C. FRANCES.

FRANCES (*seeing her mother sobbing hysterically*). Why, mother dear, what is the matter?

MRS. D. Oh, everything is spoiled, spoiled, I say, and all because of that dreadful man and his automobile, or that stone post or the wet road, or anything. The thing is the fates are against us, and we shall have to live in poverty on little or nothing and stay on here at Grasmere with three servants and give up everything.

FRANCES. Mother!

MRS. D. (*beginning to pace the floor again*). It's true, only too true. I wish it wasn't, and we might have had so much. My dear child, my poor child, and my poor Vicky, and my poor dear Max.

FRANCES. Mother, you sound like Aunt Constantine. I wish we were all dead.

MRS. D. We might as well be and that dreadful man is the cause of it.

FRANCES. Don't say that. Please explain, because he isn't dreadful at all, but very nice.

MRS. D. Aunt Constantine has seen him, and in your room, and now —

FRANCES. And you didn't explain?

MRS. D. No, no, I didn't. I was afraid she wouldn't believe me if I told her.

FRANCES. Mother, the truth always comes out at last, and why not tell it at first? Oh, what have you done to him?

MRS. D. To him? To us, you mean. I don't care about him. The sooner he's out of this house the better.

FRANCES. But he isn't going to be out; at least not until to-morrow.

MRS. D. Oh, why has this come upon us? As if we didn't have enough to bear already.

FRANCES. Hush. Go upstairs and get quieted and I will see Aunt Constantine here and explain everything. We must tell her the truth and then if she doesn't believe us—but she will. Come. (*Leads her mother gently toward D. C.*) Don't feel so bad, mother dear. I'm sure she'll understand. I'll show his auto all smashed, and then the children will back us up. (ENTER D. L. AUNT CONSTANTINE) Here's Aunt Constantine now. Now, you do just as I say.

MRS. D. (*intending AUNT CONSTANTINE shall hear*). She has almost killed me, but I am willing to forgive her; yes, I am willing to forgive her. [EXIT D. L.

FRANCES (*turning to AUNT CONSTANTINE*). Poor Aunt Constantine, what a dreadful time you have had, and all about nothing.

AUNT C. Nothing? You call it nothing to find —

FRANCES. Let me explain.

AUNT C. (*sitting*). Well, out of respect to the mem-

ory of your poor dear Uncle James, I hope it will be a better explanation than the one your mother just gave.

FRANCES (*taking AUNT CONSTANTINE'S hand*). Poor mother. She was so afraid she would offend you.

AUNT C. Offend me? She didn't sound that way. What she didn't say about me she insinuated.

FRANCES. There, there, you want to know who that very handsome young man is, and I'm going to tell you.

AUNT C. I feel it my duty to know, out of respect to your poor dear Uncle James.

FRANCES. Of course you do. Well, he is Mr. Anthony Brice (*Lingeringly*) and he was riding past our house about two hours ago when his car skidded and he hit the stone post and was brought in here unconscious, and oh, awfully shaken up. (*Winningly*) You couldn't blame us for playing the good samaritan, could you, Aunt Constantine?

AUNT C. My dear, it's a strange story, an unusual story, but I believe you. You have eyes like your father and like (*Wipes her own*) your poor dear Uncle James, and when I look into them—— There, forgive me, but it is enough to say I believe you. (*Kisses her*)

FRANCES. Thank you.

AUNT C. You are a good girl, and I do want you to have a good husband, for I know your poor dear Uncle James would have loved you. I suppose you think I am terribly fussy, now, don't you?

FRANCES. I hope you aren't. But, Aunt Constantine, I haven't said I would accept your offer yet.

AUNT C. Accept my offer? Of course you will, you ridiculous child. We'll have no more talk on that subject. The thing is I want you to send for all your suitors.

FRANCES. All my suitors?

AUNT C. Yes, I hear you have a great many.

FRANCES. Oh, but not now.

AUNT C. What do you mean? I don't understand you, child.

FRANCES. Well, I have refused all of them except

one, and I would have refused him but mother made a fuss.

AUNT C. Tut, tut, you are too particular. It doesn't pay, my dear. Learn from those older and wiser. Pretty soon you will be an old maid, and then you can't afford to be fussy at all, and maybe you will be glad to take the worst of them.

FRANCES. But I prefer to be an old maid if I can't marry the one I want.

AUNT C. Tut, tut, no nonsense. You mean to tell me, child, you have reached the age of twenty-two and never yet seen the man you could marry. Tell the truth now.

FRANCES. I hadn't until—that is until ——

AUNT C. There, now, I know you're fibbing. Your mother tells me there is a young man staying at the house here now, a Mr. Plummer.

FRANCES. Oh, yes, Mr. Plummer.

AUNT C. Who is very fond of you. Now, my dear, I'm going to be frank. If I like this Plummer, and probably I will, I am going to see to it that you marry him. It's very plain you need someone to advise you now and then, else you'd never make up your mind.

FRANCES. But suppose you find you don't like Mr. Plummer?

AUNT C. (*confidently*). Oh, I will find others to choose from. Why didn't you just confirm my opinion that there's a man upstairs, a handsome man.

FRANCES. Oh, you dear Aunt Constantine! (*Kisses her*)

AUNT C. There, and if he doesn't suit, there's plenty more. My dear, I might as well tell you I am going to put them one and all through a hard test. Your poor dear Uncle James would have wished it. He himself was very abstemious, temperate in all things and honest to the cent, and I intend this man whom you marry shall be all of this.

FRANCES (*dreamily*). I'm sure he is.

AUNT C. And I shall put him to the test. I have

decided on the first course. I shall leave my emerald pendant right here in plain sight on the living-room couch as if it had dropped from my chain ——

FRANCES. Oh, Aunt Constantine, I am afraid I shall be tempted too. It is such a lovely thing. I'm afraid if he takes it I shall be his accomplice.

AUNT C. Is the man upstairs able to walk?

FRANCES. Yes, and he has a habit of wandering all over the house. He's terribly disobedient.

AUNT C. So much the better.

FRANCES. I think he must live in a castle in England. He wants so much room. (AUNT CONSTANTINE *takes off pendant and places it on the couch near the arm*)

AUNT C. There; he can't help seeing it; and if he knows anything he'll know it's valuable.

FRANCES. But suppose neither one takes it. (*Beginning to enjoy it all as a joke*)

AUNT C. Then in that case they are tie and I shall put forth my other tests.

ENTER D. C. SUSAN.

SUSAN. Mr. Brice would like to speak with you, Miss Frances.

FRANCES. Tell him I will come. (EXIT D. C. SUSAN) Oh, dear, he's the worst invalid I ever knew. (*She is delighted, and starts to go*)

AUNT C. Give him a little paregoric and put him to sleep. I warrant he won't bother you then, the monster.

FRANCES. Oh, I couldn't do that. He'd never wake up in time to see the emerald, and then Mr. Plummer would get it.

AUNT C. You saucy child. Tell me, who is that pretty maid, the one who just came in?

FRANCES. That's Susan. Isn't she cute?

AUNT C. Yes, but is she clever?

FRANCES. Clever? Why, yes, she dusts beautifully and tends the door.

AUNT C. No, no; I mean could she act a bit, maybe?

FRANCES. Act?

AUNT C. Yes; that is, could she play a part?

FRANCES. Oh. Well, really, I don't know, but she looks as if she might do anything, and she's terribly popular.

AUNT C. That's good. Run along now and attend to that monster. I don't know what he can want unless he thinks he's going to die, and wants you near. Poor dear James used to think so a hundred times before he actually did. [EXIT D. L. FRANCES

ENTER D. C. PLUMMER. *His face is made up to look much fatter than it is, and he wears perched coyly upon his upper lip a turned-up moustache.* AUNT CONSTANTINE looks at him a moment in silence.

PLUMMER. Er—how do you do? I believe I have the honor of speaking with Mrs. Davenport?

AUNT C. You have, sir.

PLUMMER. I am Mr. Plummer. Perhaps Mrs. Dean has mentioned me to you?

AUNT C. I believe she did say something about a Mr. Plummer, a friend of Miss Frances.

PLUMMER (*with a great sigh*). I wish I might say I was something more than a friend.

AUNT C. And you are staying here? Pray be seated. (*He sits*)

PLUMMER. For to-night. Mrs. Dean begged me to stay with them, being a little timid and nervous after the accident this afternoon. Indeed she worked herself up to quite a pitch and vowed the harmless young fellow upstairs was a robber, so I offered my services in case anything did happen. Not that I think the poor chap is a robber. He looks honest enough, but you never can tell.

AUNT C. (*with emphasis*). No, you can never tell about any one by their looks, and it's well you can't sometimes.

PLUMMER (*anxious to please her*). I'm sure you are as good in character as you are in looks, Mrs. Davenport.

AUNT C. (*falling into the trap*). Thank you, Mr. Plummer. My poor dear James used to say such nice things to me (*Wipes her eyes*) but no one has since he died and so you must excuse the tears.

PLUMMER. Now I'm sorry. I have made you weep.

AUNT C. Oh, no, don't be sorry. I love to be reminded of poor dear James and to weep. It always gives me pleasure.

PLUMMER. Ah, yes, I can imagine how dreary life must be without the one you love best in all the world.

AUNT C. You have yet to learn, young man. But, then, not many women have had such a husband as was poor dear James. I am not exaggerating, Mr. Plummer, when I say he was an ideal husband.

PLUMMER. And you, I'll warrant, were an ideal wife.

AUNT C. Oh, Mr. Plummer.

PLUMMER. But I am in earnest. Any man could be happy with a woman like you.

AUNT C. Oh, Mr. Plummer.

PLUMMER. It's a shame there aren't more of them, sweet, modest, obedient, loving —

AUNT C. Oh—Mr. Plummer!

PLUMMER. Nowadays everything is so different. I wish, yes, I almost wish I had lived in those days. It would have been a pleasure to have known you. Your husband was a lucky man, Mrs. Davenport. You say he was a saint, but I think you underestimate yourself when you say it. You make the young men of to-day feel terribly poor, as if they were deprived of something wonderful, and, by Jove, they are.

AUNT C. Oh, Mr. Plummer!

PLUMMER. And when I see a woman like you —

AUNT C. Oh, you are making me blush and I haven't blushed since poor dear James died.

PLUMMER. You are too modest, Mrs. Davenport. You need some one like me around to sing your praises.

AUNT C. (*now quite bewildered, having completely*

lost her head). Oh, Mr. Plummer, you aren't proposing to me, oh no. Poor dear James has only been dead— (*Buries her face in her handkerchief, overcome with the shame of it*)—oh.

PLUMMER (*realizing he has gone too far*). Do you think I would have the courage to offer myself to you, a good-for-nothing like me, after—after—after the man, that noble man that you have had for a husband. That indeed would take courage.

AUNT C. Poor dear James! Poor dear James!

PLUMMER. Such a man, my dear madam, will live forever. Such a man never dies.

AUNT C. You are right. You are right, and so comforting.

PLUMMER. He is with you always. He appears to you —

AUNT C. Oh, Mr. Plummer, please, you are making me quite nervous. I don't know that I would want poor dear James to see me sometimes; that is, you know what I mean—we were always very modest, James and I.

PLUMMER. Certainly I understand. In fact you are too modest. I was just thinking, if you would only show that very pretty neck of yours, instead of wearing that collar and all that stuff.

AUNT C. Oh, Mr. Plummer, my neck is wrinkled.

PLUMMER. Don't believe a word of it. Pardon me, but it looks like a swanlike neck to me.

AUNT C. That's just what poor dear James used to say. He said the swans always reminded him of me.

PLUMMER. Was your husband's death sudden, Mrs. Davenport?

AUNT C. Yes, yes, so sudden. (*Wipes her eyes*)

PLUMMER (*soothing her*). There, there, don't talk of it if it makes you feel so; there, there. But some day you will tell me all about it, some day when—I hope I shall see a lot of you in the future.

AUNT C. (*forgetting FRANCES*). Yes, I hope so too, but not now, dear Mr. Plummer, not now. Poor dear James—ah —

PLUMMER (*with his thoughts on FRANCES*). Yes, poor dear James.

AUNT C. He was such a good husband.

PLUMMER (*still day dreaming*). I only hope I will have such a good one; that is, make such a good one.

AUNT C. Oh, Mr. Plummer! Really I cannot listen to you. (*Rises to go*)

PLUMMER (*staring into space*). I love her so.

AUNT C. *Her.* (*Sits*)

PLUMMER. Yes, my dear madam, your niece, Frances.

AUNT C. Oh, oh, of course my niece Frances. (*She rallies*)

PLUMMER. You will speak a word in my behalf?

ENTER D. C. BRICE.

BRICE. Pardon me. I thought ——

AUNT C. (*recovering herself completely*). Come right in. You're just the one I want to see. Come and sit by me on the divan. I want a good look at you. They tell me you are handsome. This is Mr. Plummer. (*Both men bow stiffly. BRICE, a bit embarrassed, sits beside AUNT CONSTANTINE. PLUMMER sits in chair L.*) I understand you want to marry my niece.

BRICE. I—I—that is—well ——

AUNT C. You haven't asked her, I see, but you want her just the same. (*BRICE smiles rather wistfully*) And you are how old?

BRICE. Twenty-four next October.

AUNT C. Next October. That means you are just twenty-three. It's October now.

BRICE (*humbly*). Yes, madam. (*PLUMMER, feeling himself left out of the conversation, takes a book and begins to read*)

AUNT C. Well, you are young.

BRICE. I'm sorry.

AUNT C. Oh no, it's in your favor, I'll admit. (*BRICE spies the pendant*) But what are your prospects?

BRICE (*off his guard*). My prospects? Why—I really—I haven't any.

AUNT C. I suppose you do think it strange for me to ask you all these questions, but I have an interest, a very special interest, in my niece's suitors since ——— (*Wipes her eyes*) In memory of my poor dear James, I am to settle upon her and her family a considerable sum at her marriage. I want her to have a husband who is the soul of goodness, considerate of her welfare ———

BRICE. Yes? (*With boyish excitement. PLUMMER sees himself in the mirror opposite and suddenly realizes how horribly he looks. Slyly during the ensuing conversation he removes his moustache and also a good bit of the powder and rouge which has so distorted his face*)

AUNT C. Gentle—patient, loving. Have you anything to say, sir?

BRICE (*smiling*). Nothing, except that I am all of those.

PLUMMER. Ugh! (*They do not turn to look at him*)

AUNT C. And modest.

BRICE. That is, that I *mean* to be all of those.

AUNT C. (*drawn to him in spite of herself*). Ah! You see, we know nothing of you at all. You are an entire stranger. Had you not been brought into this house ———

BRICE. Don't, I beg of you.

AUNT C. Poor boy. Whatever were you trying to do? Commit suicide? Well, if you were I've given you something to live for. It's an ideal worth working for. It was the ideal of poor dear James and he achieved it. He wasn't so handsome as you, so he didn't have so many temptations as you will have, but he had them, his temptations, and he was true to his ideal and to me, poor dear James! (*Her eyes on the emerald*) I suppose you have your living to get?

BRICE. Well, rather. I had thought of becoming an engineer.

AUNT C. And you came over to study the Brooklyn Bridge? I see. Do you realize what it costs to keep a

wife, young man? And what will your father say if you come home with a wife instead of a profession?

PLUMMER (*who thinks it high time he made himself known*). A-hem! (AUNT CONSTANTINE *looks up, having forgotten his presence, and is confused at the transformation, not at all sure it is the man she has been talking with. Silence while the two stare at PLUMMER*)

AUNT C. Well!

PLUMMER. Mr. Plummer, madam.

AUNT C. Mr. Plummer? But I don't understand. Why, what has happened to you? How you have changed!

PLUMMER (*feigning surprise*). Happened to me?

AUNT C. Why, yes, you had—— I believe my eyes *are* deceiving me. Oh, what would Jamie say to know his pet—— You had; yes, I am sure you wore a moustache, one of those nasty little moustaches that I so detest.

PLUMMER. Ah, madam, I beg your pardon, but you are mistaken. I never wore a moustache in my life, never. I detest them also.

AUNT C. (*brokenly*). Ah, is it possible? (*To BRICE*) Well, my dear, this is what it means to be middle aged. Ring the bell for me. I will have a cup of tea to refresh me. (*BRICE goes to the bell cord. As he gets up PLUMMER slips into his seat. BRICE looks daggers at him and chooses the chair r. of table, pulling it up beside the davenport*)

PLUMMER. I'm sorry, madam. My last desire is to unsettle you in any way. It is unfortunate to have been my fate to convince you of middle age.

AUNT C. (*who has wept a little*). No, no, for I can truly say that I am happy poor dear James cannot see my infirmities. (*ENTER D. C LUCY*) That alone is a comfort. Where is Mr. Brice?

BRICE. Right here, madam.

AUNT C. Pull up the little table and let's be cozy. (*BRICE does so*)

PLUMMER (*to LUCY*). Tea for two.

AUNT C. Tea for two? Sir, what do you mean?

PLUMMER. I wasn't aware that Mr. Brice was able to take tea, madam.

AUNT C. Indeed he is. A little tea won't hurt any one.

PLUMMER (*to LUCY*). Tea for three.

LUCY. Yes, sir.

[EXIT D. C. LUCY

AUNT C. Yes, my niece Frances is very precious to me, very precious indeed. The thing I fear is I shall never be able to get a husband half good enough for her. I don't dare trust to her judgment. (*Her eyes on BRICE*) She might pity some one and marry him.

PLUMMER (*with uncalled for emphasis*). Just so, madam.

AUNT C. And she is young and innocent and knows so little of the follies of the world.

PLUMMER. Ah, that's it. She needs some one older than herself by several years to guide. She needs some one to teach her the ways of the world.

AUNT C. Yes, yes, poor dear James was my teacher!

PLUMMER. She needs, in brief (*With a withering glance at BRICE*) a man of the world, not a mere youth. (*AUNT CONSTANTINE drops her handkerchief and both men make a dive for it, BRICE getting it after a cruel bumping of heads. PLUMMER looks daggers at him, but BRICE smiles and hands it to AUNT CONSTANTINE elegantly*)

AUNT C. (*to BRICE*). My poor boy, be careful. Remember you are an invalid. Did you hurt yourself very much?

BRICE. Not at all. It's a pleasure to hurt myself for you. You are her aunt.

PLUMMER (*rubbing his head, which shows red through his sparse hair*). Ugh!

ENTER D. C. LUCY *with tea tray. Both men make a dive for the tray and almost have a tussle for it. BRICE wins again and places it on the table.*

[EXIT D. C. LUCY

AUNT C. Now isn't this cozy? (*During the ensuing scene both men try to outdo each other in their solicitation for AUNT CONSTANTINE. PLUMMER sits beside AUNT CONSTANTINE on the davenport and BRICE takes the chair R., which he has drawn up*) Oh, dear (*Wipes her eyes tenderly*), this reminds me of the times when poor dear James was with me — (*Her handkerchief falls again and PLUMMER, bound to get it this time, makes a dive that almost upsets the table*)

PLUMMER (*handing her the handkerchief*). Ah! (*With satisfaction*)

AUNT C. Oh, that dreadful handkerchief. I'm continually losing it. (*Beginning to pour the tea*) Do you have sugar, Mr. Brice?

BRICE. Two lumps, please.

AUNT C. There. Poor dear James never took a bit of sugar and I loved him for it. And you, Mr. Plummer?

PLUMMER (*who adores sugar*). None, thank you.

AUNT C. There, you are like him.

PLUMMER. Thank you, madam.

AUNT C. (*regarding BRICE'S bandaged arm*). Poor boy, does it hurt you very much?

BRICE. Not at all. How could it in such delightful company?

AUNT C. Oh, how kind you are. Now isn't this cozy?

PLUMMER. Ideal.

BRICE. Delightful. (*Both men glare at each other*)

AUNT C. You have really made me happy for the first time since poor dear James died. I have been used to attention.

BRICE. Have a cracker, Mrs. Davenport, do.

PLUMMER. Let me spread it with marmalade for you.

AUNT C. Oh, you are too kind. Yes, I will have a cracker.

PLUMMER. And I may spread it, please?

AUNT C. There, there, of course.

BRICE. Have you tried the jam?

PLUMMER (*with a withering glance*). She is eating marmalade now.

BRICE. But she isn't going to eat it always. There will come a time when she might like something else.

AUNT C. Why, of course I'm going to try that jam. It's some Frances made. (*Both men make a dive for the jam. BRICE wins*) And the dear girl would feel so hurt. Spread me a cracker, Mr. Brice. (*He does so*) Oh my, you spread it on like a naughty boy. It runs down the sides.

PLUMMER (*who has been spreading one in opposition*). Take this one, Mrs. Davenport.

AUNT C. Oh dear, no, I like it spread thick and running over, I really do. Mr. Brice's quite suits me. (*PLUMMER glares at BRICE, smiling at his own success*)

PLUMMER. It's dripping.

AUNT C. Oh, how delightful. It makes me think of my childhood days.

BRICE (*who has suddenly spied the emerald, picks it up*). Ah, what have we here? My dear Mrs. Davenport, is it possible you could have lost so rare a gem and not missed it?

AUNT C. (*carelessly*). Ah, my pendant. I didn't know I could be so careless.

BRICE. But the chain? (*He begins to search for it and PLUMMER assists*)

AUNT C. (*lying cheerfully*). No, I didn't have a chain with it. I brought it down to show my sister-in-law, and to think I should have been so careless. (*Very carefully she ties the pendant in the corner of her handkerchief*) It is a very valuable stone.

BRICE. I should know it at a glance. (*AUNT CONSTANTINE lays the handkerchief on the couch*) You are not going to leave it lying about like that!

AUNT C. Oh, I shall take it when I go upstairs.

PLUMMER. But any one might come into this room, any stranger —

ENTER D. L. FRANCES.

FRANCES. Mr. Brice (*In a stern voice. Both men*

rise), what did I tell you? (*Shaking her finger at him*) Go straight upstairs and have your temperature taken.

BRICE (*meekly*). Yes, mademoiselle.

AUNT C. (*rising and purposely leaving the handkerchief which only PLUMMER notes, but says nothing*). Oh, my dear, we've had the loveliest, coziest time.

FRANCES (*to BRICE*). And all the while I thought you were asleep.

AUNT C. But a little tea, my dear, would never hurt him.

FRANCES (*doubtfully, as she regards BRICE*). Well, I don't know about that. (*Severely*) Are you going to mind me now, sir?

BRICE (*pretending*). I am a bit warm. (*Takes out his handkerchief and mops his brow vigorously. As he attempts to replace his handkerchief it drops upon the floor unnoticed by every one except PLUMMER, who does not pick it up*) I—I am afraid that tea was too much for me.

FRANCES. There, you see. Come here this minute. Dr. Stevens will think I'm a fine nurse. (*Leads him out D. L.*) Oh, Aunt Constantine (*Calling back*), mother wants you. She has a bad headache and is lying down. I'll be right back, Mr. Plummer.

AUNT C. Then you'll excuse me?

PLUMMER. Most certainly. (*Sweeping the curtain aside for her*) May I ask for a game of cribbage to-night?

AUNT C. (*thoughtfully*). Do you think that that Englishman knows how to play cribbage?

PLUMMER (*stiffly*). I should think the place for an invalid was in bed, not playing cribbage. (*AUNT CONSTANTINE, with one look at PLUMMER, sweeps out D. C. He picks up BRICE'S handkerchief, also AUNT CONSTANTINE'S, and tucks the latter, pendant and all, carefully within it and places it conspicuously on the chair in which BRICE has been sitting*) That blooming Britisher! I'll fix him. (*Just as he has completed the task AUNT CONSTANTINE suddenly sweeps in, goes straight up to*

PLUMMER *and gives him one long scrutinizing gaze. PLUMMER is, to say the least, embarrassed, but tries to conceal it by an air of indifference. However, AUNT CONSTANTINE appears to have no suspicions concerning the act he has just performed)*

AUNT C. (*with naïveté*). I am still wondering, Mr. Plummer, if you have a moustache! (*She sweeps out d. c., PLUMMER staring after her*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as ACT II. At rise the stage is empty. The action until the entrance of MRS. DEAN takes place at the back and right of large table, the handkerchief which MR. PLUMMER has left conspicuously spread out, not being easily seen from that place.*

ENTER D. L. AUNT CONSTANTINE *hurriedly; pulls bell cord.*

ENTER D. C. SUSAN.

SUSAN. You wanted me, ma'am?

AUNT C. Yes, Susan, come here! (*A pause while she contemplates her earnestly*) You are a pretty girl and for that reason I want you to do something for me and without asking any questions. Do you understand?

SUSAN. Yes, ma'am.

AUNT C. I want you to array yourself in some of Miss Frances' finery —

SUSAN. Oh, lord, ma'am —

AUNT C. Yes, don't interrupt. And to come here as

a friend of Miss Frances. You will be ushered into this room and you will find here Mr. Plummer. You are to make up to him most wickedly—ogle him——

SUSAN (*beginning to back away*). Ogle Mr. Plummer, oh, my lord!

AUNT C. Yes, ogle him. You are pretty. Any one with eyes like yours can do it. Don't tell me you don't know what I mean, for I imagine there's many a poor swain would have died for a smile from you. You are to tell him you are on the stage, a chorus girl, a star, anything—I'll leave that to you. You can make up your own little story.

SUSAN. But, ma'am——

AUNT C. There are no buts, Susan.

SUSAN. Very well, ma'am. I'll do my best. (*Starts to go*)

AUNT C. Wait. (*SUSAN comes back*) Then after your tête-a-tête with Mr. Plummer I shall arrange to have Mr. Brice here——

SUSAN. Oh, Mr. Brice, I couldn't, no, I couldn't, ma'am. I'm that gone on him already——

AUNT C. Hush! You must. Now go and get ready the best you know how. Miss Frances has the clothes ready. Be down here in as short a time as possible.

[EXIT D. L. SUSAN

ENTER D. C. BRICE.

BRICE. Can you tell me where I can find Miss Frances, Mrs. Davenport?

AUNT C. No, I can't exactly, but I'll find her for you.

BRICE. It wouldn't be too much bother for you?

AUNT C. No bother at all.

BRICE. Thank you so much. You are very kind.

AUNT C. No, my dear boy, I'm not kind at all, really.

[EXIT AUNT CONSTANTINE D. C.

ENTER FRANCES D. C., *wearing gorgeous evening dress*:

BRICE *paces the floor*.

FRANCES. Here I am, Mr. Brice. Did you want me?

BRICE (*stares at her a moment*). I—I thought I wasn't going to see you again before I left and I wanted to thank you for that dish of oatmeal.

FRANCES. Do you feel very fat?

BRICE. Oh, awfully. I wonder if Aunt Constantine would look upon me favorably now?

FRANCES. Are you still taking Aunt Constantine and her tests as a *joke*?

BRICE. I can't take them otherwise, really. (*Seriously*) Will you write to me when I go back to England?

FRANCES. I—I don't know.

BRICE. Please. I would like to hear from you very much. I am returning to America again in a short while and I would like to feel we were friends and that I could come here. (*Pause. Desperately*) You aren't going to marry that Plummer.

FRANCES. Oh, you don't understand. I've got to marry the one Aunt Constantine says—that is all. (*He walks about*)

BRICE (*his back to her*). Damn!

FRANCES (*innocently*). What?

BRICE (*facing her*). I said too bad. But you won't do it. (*Going close to her*) Oh (*Impetuously*), come back to England with me now. I—love you!

FRANCES (*unable to control her tears*). I—I can't.

BRICE. I'm a brute, a selfish brute. I'll go away and you need never hear from me again. (*Starts for D. C.*)

FRANCES (*recovering herself*). Oh, Mr. Brice.

BRICE (*turning*). Yes, Miss Dean.

FRANCES (*smiling sweetly*). Don't be so rash.

BRICE. No?

FRANCES. And so hot tempered! (*Pause while she dries her eyes and smiles at him tantalizingly*). Isn't it time you took your medicine?

BRICE (*a little hurt*). I believe it is. Good-night.

FRANCES (*going toward him*). Oh, but you're not going to bed this early. We may want you later. (*Pull-*

ing aside the portière) Why, it's all dark out here. I'll light up. *(She goes out D. C. and he follows)*

ENTER D. L. MRS. DEAN.

MRS. D. *(calling back)*. Just a moment, Constantine, and I'll be with you. *(She goes straight to the table, takes a book from it and starts off, but her sight is arrested by the handkerchief which PLUMMER has left spread out on the chair. She picks it up and examines it, discovers AUNT CONSTANTINE'S handkerchief within, also the pendant. Reading the initials in the corner of the larger handkerchief)* A.—B. A. B. An-tho-ny Brice! Oh, oh, I knew it. I knew it. *(Pulls the bell cord)* Constantine,—Frances, Vicky. Constantine, I say! *(Flops on davenport. ENTER D. C. LUCY)* Robbers! Oh, Lucy, we are robbed! Call the police! Call the—— *(CONSTANTINE, FRANCES, VICKY and MAX rush in D. L.)* We are robbed! We are robbed! Oh, what shall I do? What will become of us? We are ruined! *(FRANCES rushes to her mother and tries to comfort her. VICKY begins to cry and MAX grins as if at last the thing he had longed for had come)*

AUNT C. *(who alone remains calm)*. Wait! *(To LUCY, who has stood petrified)* Do not call the police—yet! You may go now. *(EXIT D. C. LUCY)* Calm yourself, dear Clara, calm yourself. And explain.

MRS. D. *(holding forth the handkerchief)*. This—this handkerchief was lying on the chair here and in it, oh Constantine—I cannot say it,—was your pendant!

AUNT C. *(taking handkerchief and contents)*. Yes?

MRS. D. And the initials say A. B.—A. B. in the corner——

AUNT C. A. B.

FRANCES. A. B.

MRS. D. *(nodding)*. A. B.—Anthony Brice! Oh, I knew he was a robber. I told you so all the time and you laughed at me. Oh—call the police!

AUNT C. Wait. Let us find out something definite.

MRS. D. (*fairly shrieking*). *Definite!*

FRANCES (*going up to AUNT CONSTANTINE*). Oh, please, Aunt Constantine, you won't condemn him until you have better evidence than this? You won't?

AUNT C. Don't fret yourself, my dear. Your Aunt Constantine is a wise bird.

FRANCES. Oh, you darling! (*Kisses her*) I know he didn't do it. It is some awful mistake.

MRS. D. (*tragically*). Send the children out. This is no scene for their tender years.

FRANCES (*leading them to D. L.*). Go, Vicky, and you too, Max.

VICKY (*hysterically*). Oh, Frances, I know he didn't do it. He's so handsome. You won't let them ——

FRANCES. Hush. Come, Max. (*She pushes them into the hall gently*) Go in the den and have a game of checkers.

VICKY (*from hall*). Checkers! Do you think I could play checkers with his fate hanging in the balance?

MAX. Oh, come on, Vick!

FRANCES (*to AUNT CONSTANTINE*). I didn't think when you told me about the tests you were to make it would come to this. Where did you leave the pendant?

AUNT C. Wrapped in my handkerchief on the couch here.

MRS. D. I found it in that chair.

AUNT C. That's where he sat.

MRS. D. Who?

AUNT C. Mr. Brice.

MRS. D. He must have dropped it when he got up to go upstairs.

AUNT C. Strange, awfully strange. I was getting so fond of him, too, and poor dear James would have liked him, so young—so —— (*Watches FRANCES*)

FRANCES. Oh, it must be a mistake. Where is Mr. Plummer? (*Pulls bell cord*)

MRS. D. That's it. Send for Mr. Plummer, *dear* Mr. Plummer. He will fix things up, I am sure.

AUNT C. *I'm* not so sure of that. *I'm—I'm* a little wary of that man Plummer.

FRANCES (*with feeling*). Oh, dear Aunt Constantine!

MRS. D. (*with incredulity*). Wary of Mr. Plummer? It can't be possible.

AUNT C. Well, he has a strange sort of deception about him.

MRS. D. A strange sort of deception? It can't be possible.

AUNT C. Yes, about his mouth.

ENTER D. C. LUCY.

FRANCES (*to LUCY*). Please find Mr. Plummer and tell him to come here. [EXIT D. C. LUCY

AUNT C. And he likes intoxicating liquors. (*In a sepulchral voice*)

MRS. D. Mr. Plummer likes intoxicating liquors? It can't be possible.

AUNT C. My dear Clara, please don't say that again. Anything is possible.

MRS. D. (*half weeping*). But not of dear Mr. Plummer, oh—no. (*In a hurt voice*) His great-uncle was a count——

AUNT C. At any rate, I want this matter settled. I'm not sure I like that Plummer. He has a way of changing countenance that is almost weird.

FRANCES (*laughing in spite of herself*). Changing countenance. Oh, I can't believe that of him. He always looks the one way.

AUNT C. No, my dear, he doesn't, decidedly he doesn't.

MRS. D. But we have known Mr. Plummer for three years and he has always proved true blue. Why, his great-uncle was a count.

AUNT C. Ah, but you have never tried him, my dear. That's the test. You have never tried him. I have, and found him wanting.

MRS. D. (*too weak for further argument at present*).
Oh, Constantine!

AUNT C. He likes his toddy too well, my dear Clara, to suit me. (*FRANCES is much amused during the following conversation*)

MRS. D. But any one would take a little ——

AUNT C. Ah, but Frances' husband must not. You are forgetting, my dear, the ideal; Frances' future husband must live up to James Davenport, who was never known to touch a drop of intoxicating liquor in all his sixty years.

MRS. D. (*with some sarcasm*). He was an unusual man.

AUNT C. But where there has been one, there can be another.

MRS. D. A man may take a drink now and then and not become addicted to the habit, my dear Constantine.

AUNT C. I—I know, my dear Clara, but that Plummer at times has the look of a tank, at times, I say, mind.

FRANCES. Did—did you try out Mr. Brice, Aunt Constantine?

AUNT C. I did.

FRANCES. And he refused?

AUNT C. No—not exactly—that is ——

MRS. D. (*starting up*). There, you see?

ENTER D. L. PLUMMER.

PLUMMER. You sent for me? Is anything wrong?

AUNT C. Alas, Mr. Plummer. Yes. My emerald pendant which you saw has been stolen.

PLUMMER. *No!*

AUNT C. *Yes!*

MRS. D. And what is more, we know the thief.

PLUMMER. Ah, I am so glad. The wretch.

FRANCES. Oh, Aunt Constantine, you are not going to tell him?

PLUMMER. My dear Miss Dean, I already have my suspicions.

AUNT C. But we are to sift the matter to the bottom.

PLUMMER. Sift the matter to the bottom? I understood you to say you already knew the thief.

AUNT C. My sister-in-law said that, and she is not quite responsible for what she says.

MRS. D. (*who has gone through a good deal and feels this to be the last straw*). Frances, your Aunt Constantine has insulted me, *me*, your mother. Oh, it is too much. It is more than I can bear. (FRANCES goes to her and soothes her)

FRANCES. There, mother, Aunt Constantine is a little excited. You must make allowances.

PLUMMER. Pardon me, Mrs. Davenport, but I thought you were rather careless with that very valuable gem. When there are strangers in the house —

FRANCES. Oh, Mr. Plummer, you can't think Mr. Brice took that pendant.

AUNT C. Hush, my dear.

FRANCES. Well, it is too awful to insinuate such things.

AUNT C. There, there, dear.

PLUMMER. I'm deucedly sorry if I've insinuated. Perhaps I'd better get out and leave this thing to you people. I'll have a game of pitch with Vicky and you can call me if you want me.

MRS. D. My dear Mr. Plummer, you are always so considerate.

[EXIT MR. PLUMMER D. C. *Pause during which FRANCES begins to cry.*

AUNT C. There, there, dear. I haven't said I believed it of him. I can't—not with those eyes of his—so like poor dear James' eyes.

MRS. D. (*with sarcasm*). It seems to me you are both a little blind. But then none so blind as those who will not see. I don't see, Constantine, but what your tests are a failure. You refuse to believe the results when they are most evident.

AUNT C. No, Clara, they are not a failure, as you will

find out if you have a little patience. We won't condemn Mr. Brice yet ——

FRANCES. Oh, Aunt Constantine ——

AUNT C. I will put the handkerchief with the pendant in it just as it was left and place the whole thing in his pocket—I can manage it ——

FRANCES (*anxiously*). Yes?

AUNT C. (*delighted with her idea*). Place it conspicuously in his pocket and then prick my finger and ask for the loan of his handkerchief. Of course he will have to offer it when it's visible ——

MRS. D. Ah, the very thing, dear Constantine. How can you be so clever?

AUNT C. That's just what poor dear James used to say.

FRANCES. Oh, but I know he didn't steal it and it's all so dreadful to try him like this.

AUNT C. Not at all, my dear, for he knows what my niece's husband must be like. I have told him.

FRANCES (*reproachfully*). Oh, Aunt ——

AUNT C. My dear, he's crazy to marry you. He told me so himself.

MRS. D. Oh!

AUNT C. And I'm in favor of him provided he goes through the other test I have prepared ——

MRS. D. But we don't know his father ——

AUNT C. We know him, and, well, he's attractive, to say the least, but of course we've got to test him out of respect to the memory of poor dear Uncle James, and we've got to prove his innocence, for after all we couldn't have Frances marry a robber, could we, my dear, even if he was handsome?

MRS. D. (*rising and going to her*). Of course, Constantine, I don't feel called upon to make any objections after the generous offer you make us, so I suppose I must rely upon your judgment, but it seems to me we are taking a chance in this young Englishman because really we don't know his father and Mr. Plummer's great-uncle was a count ——

AUNT C. Leave things to me, Clara, and go upstairs and rest. You are tired out and we may want you for another ordeal a little later.

MRS. D. (*starting to D. L.*). I am tired and I believe I will. But don't be too rash, Constantine, don't be too rash. Remember, we don't know —

AUNT C. (*to FRANCES*). Go up with your mother, my dear, and make her comfortable. I'm going up in a minute and write a letter.

[EXIT FRANCES and her mother D. L. AUNT CONSTANTINE listens a moment, hears footsteps and hurries behind the red plush portière.

ENTER D. C. PLUMMER, radiant at his success.

PLUMMER. Tum tee-a-tee-aa teea. Um-um-um. (*Sits on the divan and lights cigarette, smiling all the while. SUSAN, dressed in manner best becoming to her type of saucy beauty, rushes in D. L. All through the following act with PLUMMER she is confident to the point of boldness, evidently enjoying the lark*)

SUSAN. I beg your pardon, sir. I was ushered in here by the servant to wait for Miss Dean. (*AUNT CONSTANTINE appears at the back almost completely covered by the portière and not noticed by PLUMMER nor SUSAN*)

PLUMMER (*delighted at the sight of her*). Ah, come in, do, Miss —

SUSAN. Marlborough, sir.

PLUMMER. Marlborough. You are a friend of Miss Dean's? Pray be seated.

SUSAN (*sitting*). Yes, a very dear friend, although I haven't seen her for three years. In fact I don't believe she will know me. We were in school together, but I left town shortly afterward and went down to New York and took up the stage — (*PLUMMER sits*)

PLUMMER (*more delighted*). And you are playing in?

SUSAN. In "Oh, Be Joyful," a musical comedy. Have you seen it?

PLUMMER. No, but, by Jove, I will. Where are you, chorus or solo?

SUSAN. Chorus at present, although the manager has promised me a solo next spring.

PLUMMER. Jove, I don't blame him. Gad, I don't. (*Regarding her with admiration*) Some costume you have.

SUSAN. This, oh, this is nothing. You should see —

PLUMMER. Your stage costumes? Jove, and I intend to, believe me. Let's see, how long are you booked for New York?

SUSAN. Only two weeks longer.

PLUMMER. Two weeks. That's not so bad. I'll run down day after to-morrow and maybe, say, well, say if I should get tickets (*Watching D. L. and speaking in a lower tone*) for a Wednesday night you'd meet me —

SUSAN. Sure. Love to.

PLUMMER. And we'd go to some cozy little café, what, and say — (*Humming*)

SUSAN. I know of a dandy up on —

PLUMMER (*winking*). I know of a dandy too.

SUSAN. Ah ha, I see you're not new at this game. Are you married?

PLUMMER. Married? No.

SUSAN. Considering it?

PLUMMER. Well, if I am, I don't let a little thing like that interfere with a good time. (*AUNT CONSTANTINE raises her hands in horror*)

SUSAN. I see.

PLUMMER. Of course you won't say a word to Miss Dean about this—er—affair. It isn't necessary.

SUSAN. Not a word, mind you. Do you think I'm a fool? How long you goin' to hang out in New York?

PLUMMER. Oh—until the show's gone.

SUSAN. Then I'll see you —

PLUMMER. Oh, girlie, you'll see me every night — Hark, I hear some one coming. (*AUNT CONSTANTINE disappears*)

SUSAN. It's her!

PLUMMER (*rising and going to L.*). I'll beat it. See you on Broadway. Oh, boy, ta-ta!

SUSAN. Thanks awfully.

PLUMMER (*turning back*). Some baby doll!

[EXIT D. L.]

AUNT C. (*speaking from the library*). I think it's in the front living room, Mr. Brice, on the center table. It's green with gilt edges.

ENTER D. C. BRICE.

BRICE (*sees SUSAN and is somewhat surprised*). I beg pardon, I didn't know any one was here. I am looking for a book for Mrs. Davenport. (*During this scene with BRICE, SUSAN is a bit nonplussed and decidedly does not enjoy it*)

SUSAN. Perhaps I can help you. (AUNT CONSTANTINE *appears at portière*) I am a friend of Miss Dean's, an old schoolmate——

BRICE. You are her friend. (*Smiles at SUSAN sweetly*)

SUSAN. Yes, but I haven't seen her for three years. I have been on the stage since I was seventeen. I don't suppose you go to the theatre much?

BRICE. No—that is——

SUSAN (*with a mighty effort*). You wouldn't like some tickets for the show? (*Making eyes at him*)

BRICE (*not knowing what to make of her*). Thank you, but I'm returning to——

SUSAN (*drawing nearer him*). Oh, bosh, you should worry. Come on down to New York.

BRICE. Really I—I——

SUSAN. Don't hand me any of your bosh. You know you'd like to come and after the show maybe—— (*She rolls her eyes and pokes him in the ribs. He backs to D. C.*)

BRICE. No—no really, I am——

SUSAN. I'd give you a swell time, you know, cabarets and all that and——

BRICE. You are kind but——

SUSAN. Say, you're full of buts. I don't believe you know what a real good show is and I'd like to show you.

Have you ever been to one of them musical comedies where the girls wear short skirts —

BRICE (*smiling*). Yes, I rather think I have.

SUSAN. And didn't you enjoy yourself?

BRICE. Well, rather.

SUSAN. Aw, be a sport and come on down to New York and I'll betcha you'll have the time of your young life. I did. Shall I send you some tickets?

BRICE (*unable to escape from her*). It—it would be no use for I'm returning to —

SUSAN. Aw, cut it. (AUNT CONSTANTINE *disappears*)

BRICE. Cut it?

SUSAN. I mean you can postpone your visit. (*Making eyes at him*)

BRICE. But it isn't a visit.

AUNT C. (*off stage*). Mr. Brice, whatever are you doing? Have you found it? Green with gilt edges.

BRICE (*calling back*). No—no, I haven't; that is, not yet.

AUNT C. Well, no matter. I'll look myself.

SUSAN. And you won't come to New York? (*Pleadingly*)

BRICE (*getting bolder now that he has reached D. C.*). Really I hate to refuse a charming girl like you but it it impossible for me to come. Good-night. (*He disappears quickly behind the curtain*)

SUSAN (*coming down*). Oh, my lord, my lord. Ain't he handsome? What a night, but then (*Taking out the bills AUNT CONSTANTINE has given her*) it's worth it. Me for my room. [*She runs off D. L.*]

ENTER D. C. AUNT CONSTANTINE and BRICE.

BRICE. Why, she's gone.

AUNT C. Who's gone?

BRICE. A girl who was here, a friend —

AUNT C. (*laughing heartily*). Oh, you poor boy, don't you know that was just another trap?

BRICE. Trap?

AUNT C. (*going up to him and taking a lapel of his coat in one hand while she tucks the handkerchief with the pendant in his pocket with the other*). I wanted to test you in the matter of women, my dear. As I said before, Frances' husband —

BRICE. But who is she?

AUNT C. So you *are* interested. Well, she's Susan, the maid.

BRICE. And you did that?

AUNT C. Yes, I did that and found you true blue. (*Pulls him beside her on davenport*)

BRICE. But that was unfair.

AUNT C. Not at all, my dear boy.

ENTER D. L. MRS. DEAN, PLUMMER *and* FRANCES.

MRS. D. (*thinking she has intruded*). Oh!

AUNT C. Come in, all of you, and let's have a pleasant little party together. Where are the children?

MRS. D. In bed; it's after nine. (*All sit. The atmosphere during the following scene is restrained. All appear nervous except BRICE and AUNT CONSTANTINE*) I think Mr. Brice ought to be in bed. I don't want the doctor to think we haven't given him good care.

BRICE (*looking at FRANCES*). I'm sure I couldn't have had better care had I run up against the post of a private hospital.

AUNT C. There, my dear, you see he appreciates it.

FRANCES (*absently, her eyes on the handkerchief, which is plainly visible over the top of BRICE'S pocket*). It was nothing but what anyone might have done.

PLUMMER. I say, let's have a game of cards.

MRS. D. Yes, let's. That would be delightful. You are always so clever, Mr. Plummer. What do you say, Constantine?

AUNT C. Um-um. (*She starts up, pretends to catch her finger on a pin and cries out*)

BRICE (*who stands nearest her*). Oh, you have hurt yourself. (*The others watch them intently*)

AUNT C. Just a pin prick but I guess it's going to bleed, horrid thing. Where's my handkerchief? (*Fumbles but cannot find it*)

MRS. D. I left mine upstairs. I haven't any place to tuck it in this gown.

AUNT C. Frances?

FRANCES (*reluctantly*). No-o.

PLUMMER (*fumbling*). By Jove, where is my handkerchief?

AUNT C. (*suddenly*). Ah, Mr. Brice has one.

BRICE. I'm afraid it is not too clean. It has been through a lot, that handkerchief. (*Pulling it out*) But you may have it.

AUNT C. (*attempting to make use of it*). Ow, what's that hard thing? My dear Mr. Brice, what do you carry in your handkerchief? (*Assuming surprise*) Why, here's *my* handkerchief. How——

BRICE (*laughing*). It looks rather bad, doesn't it, for me to have your handkerchief? (*Suddenly feels the atmosphere made frigid by the others and looks around puzzled*)

PLUMMER. You might as well 'fess up, Brice.

BRICE (*looking at FRANCES, who has begun to weep*). What is it? I don't understand.

PLUMMER. Nothing except that Mrs. Davenport's very precious emerald is tied up in that handkerchief you have so carefully treasured.

BRICE. But—but I didn't treasure any handkerchief. What do you mean, sir?

MRS. D. Of course you must admit, Mr. Brice, that it looks very suspicious.

BRICE. I admit it, Mrs. Dean, I really do, but I assure you I am as surprised as you are to find it there.

AUNT C. (*calmly*). I don't wonder, Mr. Brice, since Mr. Plummer put it there. (*The words have the effect of an exploding bomb upon the others present*)

FRANCES (*unable to keep silent any longer*). Oh, Aunt Constantine.

BRICE. Mr. Plummer put it there? But what for?

AUNT C. Oh, you are a stupid boy. To make you lose out in the game, of course.

MRS. D. Oh, what a dreadful world. You can't trust any one.

BRICE. You can trust me, madam. (*He smiles at her sweetly*)

FRANCES. Oh, Mr. Brice, I knew you didn't steal that awful thing. I knew you didn't all the time.

BRICE. Thank you, Miss Dean. (*Pause while all unconsciously look at the tableau of FRANCES and BRICE*)

AUNT C. Well, I think it's time for the rest of us to go to bed like the children. Come, Mr. Plummer, I want to give you a bit of good advice. No, don't run away from me. (*Taking his arm*) You're a bad boy and you've got to get the scolding you deserve. (*Leading him to D. L.*) I've made up my mind, Frances, in this matter of a husband, and that means that you have. Oh, Mr. Brice, you don't know what you've got to live up to—my poor dear James!

[EXIT D. L. PLUMMER and AUNT CONSTANTINE

MRS. D. (*going up to FRANCES and kissing her*). My dear child, my dear child, I hope we have acted wisely although we don't know his father.

AUNT C. (*off stage*). Come, Clara!

EXIT D. L. MRS. DEAN

FRANCES (*calling after her mother*). Don't feel bad, mother. I never was so happy in my life.

BRICE. Do you mean that, what you said to your mother?

FRANCES. Why, yes, of course.

BRICE (*taking her in his arms*). And you will come back to England with me? (*VICKY, in negligée, and MAX, in pajamas, appear up stage half concealed by the portière and not noticed by FRANCES and BRICE*)

FRANCES. Whenever you say.

BRICE (*looking into her face a moment in silence*). They will be so glad when they see you at Valmoral Castle.

FRANCES. At Valmoral Castle? What do you mean?

BRICE. I mean at my home.

FRANCES (*drawing away*). You live at Valmoral Castle? You are an earl's son?

BRICE (*drawing her to him again*). Would it be so dreadful to be Lady Meredith? Would you mind it so very much?

FRANCES (*with a little sigh*). No, I shouldn't mind it at all. In fact I think I should rather like it *and mother will be delighted*. (*He kisses her. VICKY clasps her hands in rapture and MAX grins*)

CURTAIN

COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

BISCUITS AND BILLS

A comedy in 1 act, by O. B. DuBois. 3 male, 1 female character. Modern costumes. 1 easy interior scene. Time, about 1½ hours. From start to finish there is not a dull moment in this little comedy; it is brimful of fun, of rapid action, and of sparkling dialogue, and when played with the "dash" it requires, is sure to be a success.

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A farce in 1 act, by Charles S. Bird. 4 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. 1 plain interior scene. Time, 1½ hours. Simpkins, having inherited a fortune, is spending a winter in New York, leaving his fiancée in his small home city. He becomes enamoured of an actress and invites her to a little breakfast at his apartments. She accepts with the understanding that she be accompanied by her father, a widower, who proves to be an old flame of the widowed mother of Simpkins' fiancée. For reasons which soon become obvious, the major sends her a hint of Simpkins' gay life, and suggests her presence in the city to investigate. She decides accordingly, and the inopportune arrival of herself and daughter causes complications of the most ludicrous and comical variety.

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A comedy in 3 acts, by Levin C. Tees. 6 male, 4 female characters, also 2 supernumeraries. 1 interior scene. Time, about 2½ hours. Costumes of to-day. A husband with a strong case of the "green-eyed monster" taking a trip abroad with his wife, places his home in charge of his ne'er-do-well nephew. By connivance the valet of the house and the nephew rent the rooms to a very mixed class of tenants, whose diversified characters present great opportunity for comedy acting. The dialogue is very bright, the action continuous and the situations most laughable. This is adapted from the same work upon which William Gillette's famous "All the Comforts of Home" is based, with all the comedy parts retained, but the remainder brought down for a smaller cast and shorter time.

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Vaudeville sketch in 1 act, by Willis N. Bugbee. 2 male, 2 female characters. 1 easy interior scene. Time, if played straight, about 30 minutes; specialties to suit may be introduced. The New Pastor and Miss Colton meet accidentally at Deacon Brown's house and, much to the surprise of the deacon, he learns that at one time they were good friends on the vaudeville stage. What the result is, is told in the climax. Good parts throughout.

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A comedy in 1 act, by Dwight S. Anderson. 3 male, 1 female character. 1 very simple interior scene. Time, about 35 minutes. An exceedingly clever and vivacious sketch with plenty of humor. The cast contains a crabbed father; his son, a collegian; a butler, and a very superior juvenile female lead. All character parts and all good.

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PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

Fifteen Cents Each (Postage, 1 Cent Extra)

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Arabian Nights	Farce	3	4	5	2¼ h
Bundle of Matches	Comedy	2	1	7	1½ h
Crawford's Claim	Drama	3	9	3	2¼ h
Her Ladyship's Niece	Comedy	4	4	4	1½ h
Just for Fun	"	3	2	4	2h
Men, Maids, Matchmakers	"	3	4	4	2h
Our Boys	"	3	6	4	2h
Puzzled Detective	Farce	3	5	3	1h
Three Hats	"	3	5	4	2h
Timothy Delano's Courtship	Comedy	2	2	3	1h
Up-to-Date Anne	"	2	2	3	1h
White Shawl	Farce	2	3	3	1½ h
Fleeing Flyer	"	1	4	3	1¼ h
From Punkin' Ridge	Drama	1	6	3	1¼ h
Handy Solomon	Farce	1	2	2	20m
Hoosier School	"	1	5	5	30m
Kiss in the Dark	"	1	2	3	45m
Larry	"	1	4	4	45m
Love Birds' Matrimonial Agency	"	1	3	4	30m
Married Lovers	Comedy	1	2	4	45m
Ma's New Boarders	Farce	1	4	4	30m
Mrs. Forester's Crusade	"	1	1	2	30m
New Pastor	Sketch	1	2	2	30m
Relations	Farce	1	3	1	20m
Standing Room Only	Comedy	1	3	1	35m
Stormy Night	"	1	3	1	40m
Surprises	Farce	1	2	3	30m
Tangles	"	1	4	2	30m
Little Rogue Next Door	"	1	2	3	40m
'Till Three P. M.	"	1	2	1	20m
Train to Mauro	"	1	2	1	15m
When Women Rule	"	1	2	4	15m
Won by a Kodak	Comedy	1	2	3	50m
April Fools	Farce	1	3	0	30m
Fun in a Schoolroom	"	1	4	0	40m
Little Red Mare	"	1	3	0	35m
Manager's Trials	"	1	9	0	45m
Medica	"	1	7	0	35m
Mischievous Bob	Comedy	1	6	0	40m
Cheerful Companion	Dialogue	1	0	2	25m
Dolly's Double	"	1	1	1	20m
Drifted Apart	"	1	1	1	30m
Gentle Touch	"	1	1	1	30m
John's Emmy	"	1	1	1	20m
Point of View	"	1	1	1	20m
Professor's Truant Glove	"	1	1	1	20m
Belles of Blackville	Minstrel	1	0	any no.	2h
Sweet Family	Entertainment	1	0	8	1h
Conspirators	Comedy	2	0	12	40m
A Day and a Night	"	2	0	10	1h
Gertrude Mason, M.D.	Farce	1	0	7	30m
In Other People's Shoes	Comedy	1	0	8	50m
Maidens All Forlorn	"	3	0	6	1¼ h
Mary Ann	"	1	0	5	30m
Romance of Phyllis	"	3	0	4	1¼ h
Fuss vs. Feathers	Mock Trial	1	4	4	30m
Tanglefoot vs. Peruna	"	1	7	18	1½ h
Great Libel Case	"	1	21	0	2h



PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

For Schools and Colleges

Twenty-five cents (Postage 2 cents extra)

		<i>Acts</i>			<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>
Irish Eden	Comedy	3	8	6		2h	
Kidnapped Freshman	Farce	3	12	4		2¼h	
Matrimonial Tiff	Farce	1	2	1		1h	
Little Savage	Comedy	3	4	4		2h	
Lodgers Taken In	"	3	6	4		2½h	
Miss Mosher of Colorado	"	4	5	3		2h	
Miss Neptune	"	2	3	8		1¼h	
My Uncle from India	"	4	13	4		2½h	
Never Again	Farce	3	7	5		2h	
New England Folks	Drama	3	8	4		2¼h	
Next Door	Comedy	3	5	4		2h	
Oak Farm	Comedy	3	7	4		2¼h	
Riddles	"	3	3	3		1¼h	
Rosebrook Farm	"	3	6	9		1¾h	
Stubborn Motor Car	"	3	7	4		2½h	
Too Many Husbands	Farce	2	8	4		2h	
When a Man's Single	Comedy	3	4	4		2h	
Where the Lane Turned	"	4	7	5		2h	
After the Honeymoon	Farce	1	2	3		50m	
Biscuits and Bills	Comedy	1	3	1		1¼h	
Chance at Midnight	Drama	1	2	1		25m	
Conquest of Helen	Comedy	1	3	2		1h	
The Coward	Drama	1	5	2		30m	
Sheriff of Tuckahoe	Western Sk.	1	3	1		1h	
Bashful Mr. Bobbs	Comedy	3	4	7		2½h	
Whose Widow	"	1	5	4		50m	
Alice's Blighted Profession	Sketch	1	0	8		50m	
Regular Girls	Entertainment	1	0	any no.		1h	
100% American	Comedy	1	0	15		1½h	
Parlor Patriots	"	1	0	12		1h	
Fads and Fancies	Sketch	1	0	17		1h	
Mr. Loring's Aunts	Comedy	3	0	13		1¼h	
My Son Arthur	"	1	2	8		¾h	
Sewing Circle Meets	Entertainment	1	0	10		1¼h	
Every Senior	Morality play	1	0	8		40m	
Bride and Groom	Farce	3	5	5		2¼h	
Last Chance	Comedy	2	2	12		1½h	
Bubbles	"	3	4	3		1½h	
Hurricane Wooing	"	3	4	3		1½h	
Peggy's Predicament	"	1	0	5		½h	
Found in a Closet	"	1	1	3		20m	
Slacker (?) for the Cause	Sketch	1	3	1		20m	
Baby Scott	Farce	3	5	4		2¼h	
Billy's Bungalow	Comedy	3	5	4		2h	
College Chums	"	3	9	3		2h	
Delegates from Denver	Farce	2	3	10		¾h	
Football Romance	Comedy	4	9	4		2½h	
Held for Postage	Farce	2	4	3		1¼h	
In the Absence of Susan	"	3	4	6		1½h	
Transaction in Stocks	Comedy	1	4	1		45m	
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party	Entertainment	1	5	11		2h	
Bachelor Maids' Reunion	"	1	2	any no.		1½h	
In the Ferry House	"	1	15	11		1½h	
Rustic Minstrel Show	"	1	any no.	any no.		1½h	
Ye Village Skewl of Long Ago	"	2	any no.	any no.		2h	
Rainbow Kimona	"	2	0	9		1½h	
Rosemary	Comedy	4	0	14		1½h	
Pharaoh's Knob	"	1	1	12		1h	