

No. 210.

THE TWO DICKS

A Comedy in Two Acts

BY

BESSIE W. SPRINGER

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THE TWO DICKS.

Characters.

MILES LAMBERT, of New York.

DICK JEROME, of New York.

DIXON JEROME, of Pittsburg, his 'Twin Brother.

BETTY (MRS. MILES LAMBERT).

ALICE SINCLAIR, of New York (Engaged to Dick).

MARIE BROOKS, of Pittsburg (Engaged to Dixon)

ANNA, Maid at the Lambert's.

SCENE.—Living-room in the Lambert's Country House
on the Hudson. Christmas Eve.

TIME—The Present.

DIAGRAM.

1. Hat rack; 2. Windows; 3. Table; 4. Chest; 5. Davenport;
6. Fireplace; 7. Plant; 8. Table; 9. Desk; 10. Easy chair;
X. Easy chairs; X. At desk, straight chair; 11. Smoking set on
tabouret; X. At L. U. E., hall chair.

\$ 0.25

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No. 1.

THE TWO DICKS.

ACT I.

(SCENE:—*Living-room in the LAMBERT'S country house on the Hudson, Christmas Eve. A room hung in red. Exits at L. I. E., L. U. E. and R. U. E. Two windows, R. C. Between doors on left is a fireplace a fire a-light, and on the mantel a clock and two brass candle-sticks. A davenport stands in front of fire and has two pillows on it. A table at C., a little to the right, holds an electric lamp with a red and green shade, and a book rack containing books is in one corner, several magazines are on the other side, and a match-safe and ash-tray complete the table furnishing. An easy-chair stands on each side of the table, and a little to the right is a taborette holding a smoking-set, pipe, cigarettes and so forth. At right, up stage is a small desk, an easy-chair stands in front of it, and the fittings of the desk are of brass. Near R. U. E. stands a hat rack and a coat hangs on it. At C. in the back is a table holding an electric lamp, several pieces of bric-à-brac, and a tall glass vase. Another easy-chair stands at the left, and near L. U. E. is a chest with pillows heaped on it. Portières of red hang at each door and make over-drapes for the windows. Several rugs cover the floor and a small desk lamp stands on desk. The light inside and out is that of a late winter's afternoon, and it snows gently without. On curtain, MILES is discovered on a step-ladder near the window, putting up decorations. He hangs the wreath he has between the windows, turns to BETTY who is at the foot of the ladder, and holds out his hand for the paper bell she has. She gives*

it to him, he hangs it below the wreath, comes off the ladder, moves the ladder to the hall door, L. U. E., mounts and holds out his hand for the other bell, which BETTY holds.)

BETTY. Do you think that is a good place for it?

MILES. (*surveying the situation*) Why not?

BETTY. It will hit when the door opens.

MILES. (*waving his hand*) Let the door remain closed.

BETTY. (*same business*) How will you get into the hall?

MILES. Through the key-hole. Very convenient.

BETTY. (*amused*) You're too absurd.

MILES. (*getting off the ladder*) Where shall I put it, then?

BETTY. Over the mantel.

MILES. (*moving the ladder to fireplace, and putting bell on top of it*) All right.

BETTY. (*opening a parcel on the davenport*) Don't you think a festoon of evergreen would look better there?

MILES. (*mounting ladder and turning to look at her*) Festoon of evergreen?

BETTY. Yes, draped. (*He looks puzzled*) Like this. (*Illustrates*)

MILES. (*sitting on top of ladder*) Oh, gee, no! The bell will look lots better.

BETTY. Well, maybe it will, Let's see. Where is the bell?

MILES. (*looking around the room*) I don't know. What did I do with it?

BETTY. (*after looking around for it and going behind the ladder*) Miles Lambert, you're sitting on it.

MILES. (*rising hastily, and holding up a much crushed bell*) Well, I'll be——

BETTY. (*hastily*) How stupid, and that's the last bell we have.

MILES. Hooray, I won't have to hang up anything more.

BETTY. Oh, yes you will. There's all this evergreen.

MILES. (*subdued*) Hang it up. (BETTY *does so*. MILES *taking one end, tacks it up, and pulls the piece across tight*) How's that?

BETTY. Oh, that won't do at all. Make festoons.

MILES. Like that?

BETTY. Yes. (MILES *tacks up evergreen and descends*)

BETTY. I know where there is another bell. It can go there. (Exit, R. U. E)

(MILES *sits on bottom step of ladder.*)

BETTY. (*re-entering with bell in hand*) Here it is.

MILES. (*taking it and ascending ladder*) Now to sit on this one.

BETTY. Don't you dare.

MILES. (*tacking it up in centre of mantel*) How's that?

BETTY. (*critically*) I think it would be better to the left.

MILES. (*moving left*) Like that?

BETTY. Well, no. It was better where it was.

MILES. Now Betty——

BETTY. It won't be a bit artistic if it isn't just right.

MILES. Artistic be blowed! (*He moves it to centre*).

BETTY. No, that won't do at all. (*He looks despairing*) To the right would be better. (*He moves it to right*) No, wait.

MILES. (*dropping bell and wiping his face with a handkerchief*) For the Lord's sake, make up your mind.

BETTY, (*sweetly and picking up bell*) Don't get impatient, dearie.

MILES. I'm worn to a frazzle now. Gimme the bell.

BETTY. (*handing it up*) Now a little to the right.

MILES. (*taking it*) Are you sure? 'Cause I'll not change it again, that's flat.

BETTY. Yes, that will do. (MILES *hangs it and descends*)

(BETTY *gathers up litter of boxes, string and tissue paper scattered around room, while MILES wipes face.*)

MILES. Whew! that's hot work.

BETTY. (*same business with litter*) And nearly zero outside.

MILES. Can't help that. (*looking at decorations*) Looks pretty nice tho'. Who all is coming.

BETTY. (*carrying out litter R. U. E.*) Only Alice.

MILES. (*catching at ladder for support*) Alice! Did you say Alice?

BETTY. (*off stage*) Yes.

MILES. Suffering cats! What on earth shall I do? Here I've asked Dick Jerome down here for Christmas, and he and Alice have broken their engagement. Why, they don't even speak. What a mix-up. (*He carries ladder out L. U. E. and returns at once*) May be he won't come. I should have heard from him before this. (*He sits in easy chair by desk*) It grows darker and snows harder.

BETTY. (*entering R. U. E.*) What time is it, dearie.

MILES. (*consulting watch*) Nearly five.

BETTY. (*coming C. and turning up light on table*) Alice will——

MILES. (*quickly*) Alice Sinclair, isn't it?

BETTY. (*settling herself; book in hand, at left of table*) She's the only Alice I know, and she ought to be here soon uow.

MILES. There's no doubt that she's coming, I suppose.

BETTY. (*looking up from book*) Why no. I just sent Luke down to the train with the carriage. (*reads*)

MILES. Carriage! What for?

BETTY. Because it's snowing so hard.

MILES. That's right, it is snowing pretty hard. Maybe she won't come.

BETTY. (*looking up surprised*) Maybe she won't come?

MILES. Maybe not.

Betty. (*reading*) Why, she was crazy about it. Of course she'll come.

MILES. Oh, sure, she'll come. (*makes a face*)

BETTY. (*catching him at it*) Why, Miles, don't you like Alice?

MILES. Oh, sure, fine girl, fine girl.

BETTY. Then why did you make such a face?

(*Enter ANNA with telegram.*)

ANNA. Telegram, sir.

MILES. (*taking telegram and reading*) Great Cæsar!

BETTY. What is it? Bad news?

MILES. (*pacing floor*) Great Cæsar!

BETTY. (*rising*) Miles, what is it? Let me see the telegram.

MILES. (*stopping*) It's only Dick.

BETTY. What about him? Is he hurt or——

MILES. No, he isn't hurt. I wish he was. I wish he'd broken his leg.

BETTY. Why, Miles!

MILES. (*desperately*) He's coming here.

BETTY. Here? When?

MILES. Now. Sent this message from the station. Had to wait to see a man.

BETTY. Coming here? But how——

MILES. Must I make a drawing of it? He's coming here to spend Christmas. I invited him.

BETTY. (*calmly*) Oh, did you? (MILES *no. is despairingly*) How thoughtful of you. (MILES *stares and she walks to window*) I never thought of him, and of course Alice wouldn't be satisfied without him.

MILES. (*aside and pacing floor*) Jumping cats!

She can't know about their quarrel. (*aloud*) Well, you see, dear——

BETTY. (*arranging window curtains*) And I don't see why you were so excited about the message. (*as though a thought strikes her*) There must have been something else in it. Miles, I insist on——

MILES. That is all there was in the message.

BETTY. Then why——

MILES. Well, you see, dear, Alice and Dick—, well, their engagement is— is——

BETTY. Yes, is announced. They've been engaged some time. (*bell rings*) And here's Alice. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

MILES. (*dramatically*) "Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt." (*Exit R. U. E.*)

(*Enter BETTY showing in ALICE and followed by ANNA with a suit-case, at L. U. E.*)

BETTY. Anna, take Miss Sinclair's suit-case to the blue room.

(*Exit ANNA.*)

ALICE. (*going to fire and warming hands*) My, it's cold.

BETTY. Perhaps you would like to go up to your room.

ALICE. (*taking off coat*) I'll go there directly. (*sits on Davenport, smoothing hair, and seeming a little preoccupied*)

BETTY. (*sitting beside her*) Now tell me all the news.

ALICE. (*idly turning the leaves of a book she finds on davenport*) There isn't very much.

BETTY. Oh, there must be. I don't get news down here, but Miles likes the change, and so do I, so we come down.

ALICE. It's lovely at this time of the year.

BETTY. How did the Rittman-Hoffman wedding come off? I heard you were to be brides-maid.

ALICE. Yes, I was. Oh, everything was lovely, but, my dear, she was a sight.

BETTY. Did you ever see her anything else?

ALICE. Never, but she's a sweet girl.

BETTY. Oh, yes, she's a dear, tho' not good-looking. But how——

ALICE. But how did she ever get Bob Hoffman? why Dick,—er—Mr. Jerome said——

BETTY. Oh, how is Dick?

ALICE. That he felt as tho' he had to marry her, Bob I mean, of course, because he was such an old friend of the family, and then her people made such a set for him.

BETTY. I should think they did. Why they haven't a penny, and I heard she had to borrow money to buy her trousseau.

ALICE. (*arousing a little*) I heard so, too.

BETTY. And she got her satin pumps from Irene Jerome.

ALICE. Yes, Dick—er— Mr. Jerome said she did.

BETTY. Oh, Alice, he's coming——

ALICE. He's not Dick to me any more.

BETTY. Alice. (*seizing her left hand* Why, your ring is gone.

ALICE. (*pulling her hand away*) Certainly. It is customary to return it when an engagement is broken.

BETTY. (*rising*) Alice Sinclair, you haven't broken your engagement?

ALICE. Yes.

BETTY. You're a bad, wicked girl——

ALICE. Betty.

BETTY. (*walking*) A heartless——

ALICE. Why, Betty——!

BETTY. (*stopping in front of her*) To throw over Dick Jerome; you ought to be ashamed.

ALICE. (*beginning to cry*) I'd be more ashamed if I hadn't.

BETTY. But why?

ALICE. At least I have my self-respect left.

BETTY. Your self-respect?

ALICE. That's what I said.

BETTY. What did he do? He was always so devoted.

ALICE. That just makes it worse. To think of his turning his attention in another direction.

BETTY. (*aghast*) He never did that.

ALICE. He deliberately threw me over for another girl. Hateful old thing; if I could just get hold of her.

BETTY. Another girl?

ALICE. (*sobbing*) Did I ask for his attentions? Did I ask for his old ring? (*rising*) Did I ever run after him?

BETTY. He was just crazy about you; he told me so himself.

ALICE. Wasn't he always sending me something, or taking me somewhere? Just having a fit if I looked at any other man; and then he fell in love with another girl.

BETTY. I cannot believe it. Are you sure?

ALICE. (*sitting*) Sure? Indeed I am. Last year when he went to Boston "on business," Ethel Foster saw him at Narragansett Pier.

BETTY. At Narragansett Pier?

ALICE. Yes. She doesn't know him to speak to, only by sight, but said she couldn't be mistaken, she'd know Dick anywhere, and, Betty, he was with some girl all the time, rode with her, danced with her, walked with her, played tennis with her, and taught her to swim. The dear timid little thing couldn't swim! Why, Bet, she probably knew how just as well as he did!

BETTY. For goodness' sake!

ALICE. Well, you know what a gossip that Foster thing is, and not any too particular about the truth, so I just laughed. She was perfectly furious then, of

course, and she said: Oh, I know you don't believe me, but the hotel register wouldn't lie, so I just looked at it and there was his signature, "D. Jerome, of Pittsburg." He didn't even want people to know where he was from.

BETTY. How strange.

ALICE. And then she showed me a snap-shot she took of them sitting on a rock. Oh, they didn't know she took it. They thought they were quite alone, you could see that by the picture.

BETTY. It was Dick?

ALICE. Oh, it was Dick all right. (*cries on arm of chair*)

BETTY. (*putting her arm around ALICE*) Never mind, dear, it will come out all right, he will be able to explain——

ALICE. (*sitting up and wiping eyes*) Oh, he couldn't.

BETTY. (*sitting on arm of chair at right of table, and speaking in the experienced tone of one five years married*) My dear, men can explain anything.

ALICE. Well, he couldn't.

BETTY. Have you seen whether he can?

ALICE. Yes. I didn't see that Foster thing till about a month ago, so I didn't know anything about it.

BETTY. But Dick, was he just the same?

ALICE. (*nods*) Yes.

BETTY. (*rising*) Oh, then there is some mistake.

ALICE. I asked him how he liked Narragansett and he said he had never been there.

BETTY. (*pausing at table*) He did?

ALICE. (*passionately*) Betty, I could have forgiven him, even up to that time, for you know what summer flirtations are, but he lied to me. I showed him the picture on the rock. Why, I'd have even overlooked that, if he had said it was only a summer affair, and assured me he still cared for me.

BETTY. But he didn't?

ALICE. (*wearily*) Oh, he said over again the things he had said on every visit, insisted I was the only girl,

but he absolutely refused to confess, and declared he had never been there, or that he had ever seen such a girl.

BETTY. Why, he was absolutely brazen!

ALICE. Of course I got angry, and told him not to think I was so easily imposed on, and gave him one more chance to tell the truth, and then he said I was only trying to quarrel with him, and he got perfectly furious, and he just shouted that he'd never been near the place, and (*sobs*) that if I didn't believe him, I knew what I could do.

BETTY. Why, he's a perfect wretch, Alice.

ALICE. (*sobbing*) And then, Betty, he got up and grabbed his hat, and a picture fell out of his pocket. I got to it before he could, and, Betty, it was the same girl.

BETTY. What! the one at the Pier? (*ALICE nods*) And he was carrying it around with him? (*ALICE nods*) Why, hanging is too good for him.

ALICE. It was signed——

BETTY. Signed?

ALICE. (*rising*) "To my dear Dick, from Marie." I always did hate the name of Marie.

BETTY. I wouldn't think of——

ALICE. (*drying eyes and walking up and down*) Not that I care about him; why, I never want to see him again.

BETTY. (*following her*) You poor dear.

ALICE. Of course I have put him right out of my mind. I haven't even thought of him once.

BETTY. I should think not, he doesn't deserve a thought.

ALICE. But when I think of how nice he is—was, and so good-looking, and all the girls envied me; for you know they all wanted him, why, I—I—— (*cries*)

BETTY. (*embracing her*) You poor darling. Well, when you picked up the picture, what then?

ALICE. When I saw her old face, Betty, I just

wanted to die, and I just threw the picture at him, and my ring after it, and told him to get to his Marie as fast as he could, and then I showed him the snapshot.

BETTY. What on earth did he say?

ALICE. Still denied that he knew her, and tried to tell me the picture was sent to him.

BETTY. Of course it was sent to him, she sent it. My dear, you were lucky to have found him out.

ALICE. Oh, no I wasn't, for I loved—loved him.

BETTY. Did he go then?

ALICE. I told him I never wanted to see him again, and then he went, and oh, Betty, how he slammed the front door, just banged it.

BETTY. (*loftily*) See what a temper he has? Always beware of a man that slams doors. (*a door bangs with great violence off stage*) Why, what's that?

MILES. (*off stage*) It's a wonder you don't have every door locked; a man can't get in anywhere but through a window. (*door slams*)

BETTY. (*hurriedly*) How the wind bangs that door. Won't you come up to your room, dearie?

ALICE. (*rising and gathering up her wraps*) I'm a sight.

BETTY. (*leading her off*) Come and bathe your eyes, and don't worry about it, some of your friends will——

ALICE. (*turning on her angrily*) If any of my friends interfere, I will never forgive them, and if any one in a mistaken idea of friendship, and of "bringing us together," ever invites us both to the same party or house, especially house, I'll never speak to that person again as long as I live; and I don't care if she is the best friend I have. He would think I wanted to make it up, and I will not be humiliated by such a meeting.

BETTY. (*who has been vainly trying to interrupt*) But Alice, I didn't know, and he's com——

ALICE. (*unheeding*) I simply cannot bear to hear his name, much less the thought of seeing him.

(Exit L. U. E.)

BETTY. But Alice (*runs to door*), he's coming—Oh, dear, what shall I do now?

Exit L. U. E. Enter MILES R. U. E.

MILES. (*taking pipe from table and filling it*) That confounded door is always locked, who'd take anything here? (*clock strikes*) Hello, what time is that? Dick's train will be in in half an hour. We're certainly in a heap of trouble with Alice coming too. (*Sits on davenport and reflects*) Poor Dick. It's the chance of his life to make it up. (*Lights pipe*) That's a bully idea, Betty and I will play the rôle of peace-makers, and Alice will be willing enough to make up, I'll be bound. That's it, we'll patch it up for them.

(Enter BETTY at left.)

MILES. (*turning*) Say, Betty, isn't it good I invited Dick?

BETTY. (*coming forward*) I should think it isn't. Alice has broken her engagement.

MILES. I know it, and we'll fix it up for them.

BETTY. (*sitting at desk*) Do you think I'll have him here? Don't say a word. He lied to her about his trip to Boston last summer, said he was going on business.

MILES. He did.

BETTY. He didn't. He went to Narragansett instead, and was with another girl all the time.

MILES. Oh, come on.

BETTY. Alice found it out, and she said she never wanted to see him again.

MILES. Bosh!

BETTY. It isn't bosh. She has turned right against him.

MILES. (*puffing*) She'll fall into his arms on sight.

BETTY. (*rising*) She won't. That's the way with men, they think a woman will forgive anything. Well,

they are mistaken. He's a wicked, deceitful thing, and you'll have to keep him from coming.

MILES. (*sitting up*) You're crazy, I can't. His train is due in fifteen minutes.

BETTY. (*commandingly*) Put on your coat and drive to the station.

MILES. (*rising*) I won't.

BETTY. You must.

MILES. Now look here. You've bossed the job for five mortal years, now the worm turns. If you think I'll go to the station and turn Dick back after he has been asked out, you're mistaken; I won't do it. Do you think I'll let him go back to the city dinnerless, on a cold night like this, after he has come so far, and all for a silly girl who doesn't know enough not to play with her own happiness and his?

BETTY. (*who has been pacing the floor impatiently after a vain effort to interrupt him*) Miles, you are wasting precious time.

MILES. Can't help it. Send Alice home.

BETTY. I can't. Besides what could I tell her?

MILES. Tell her? Tell her anything. That I'm sick. That's it. I've come down with the mumps. Sure, the mumps. Why I can feel 'em now. (*Feels throat*) Gee, I'm sick. (*Sinks on davenport with a grin*)

BETTY. Oh, you're so absurd. I can't ask her to go.

MILES. (*rising*) Let her stay.

BETTY. But Dick?

MILES. (*firmly*) He's coming.

BETTY. (*wringing her hands*) What shall I do? Miles, what makes you so stubborn? Alice will never forgive me, never. She said that if anyone tried to bring them together, she'd never forgive it, and after what he did you can't blame her. (*plaintively*) And she and I have been lifelong friends. She was my honor maid at our wedding, don't you remember?

MILES. And Dick was my best man, and he's my best friend. We went to Prep. school and to college together, we were Frat. brothers, and room-mates, and then you ask me to do this trick. All the girls on earth aren't worth it. His time is valuable, do you think I'll let him waste it by a useless journey? He'd never forgive me.

BETTY. (*slamming down a book on table for emphasis*) Well, he can't come here (*Bell rings, MILES whistles*)

BETTY. Now who's that?

(*Enter ANNA from L. U. E.*)

ANNA. Mr. Jerome has come. (*exit*)

BETTY. Oh, dear, what shall we do? (*to MILES, who is whistling very loudly*) Oh, why don't you suggest something? This trouble is all your fault. (*sobs a little*)

MILES. (*seeing that it is a serious matter with her, stops whistling, and reflects. After a pause*) Keep them apart. The house is large enough.

BETTY. It can't be done.

MILES. Oh, yes it can. Not indefinitely of course, but I'll go back to town on that eight o'clock train,—on business of course, what would we do without business for an excuse, and he'll go back with me. B-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l! (*walks to fire*)

BETTY. It will never work, but we've got to try something. (*Enter DICK L. U. E.*) Hello, old man.

MILES. (*shaking hands*) Hello, get tired waiting?

DICK. My no, just heard you talking. Ah, Mrs. Lambert.

BETTY. (*shaking hands*) I'm so glad to see you.

DICK. It was bully of you to ask me down here for Christmas.

BETTY. Oh, the pleasure is ours, I assure you (*Miles grins*)

BETTY. (*aside*) Stop that. (DICK goes to fire and begins to warm hands)

MILES. (*saunters to L. U. E. looks out and returning hastily to BETTY who is standing at right of table, speaks aside*) Here comes Alice.

BETTY. He mustn't see her.

MILES. (*taking DICK by the arm*) Come on to your room.

DICK. Oh, I'll just stay here—(MILES drags him to centre) I say, I'm cold, wait till I warm my hands. (BETTY, who is at L. U. E. signals to MILES).

MILES. (*desperately, and dragging DICK to R. U. E.*) Come to your room, its colder there, that will warm you up. (*Exit dragging DICK, who continues to protest*) (Enter ALICE, L. U. E.) (BETTY crosses hastily to desk)

ALICE. Who was here?

BETTY. Miles.

ALICE. (*coming to table*) No one else?

BETTY. (*in confusion*) Why do you ask?

ALICE. I thought I heard two men talking. (*suspiciously*) Did you ask any one else?

BETTY. (*walking to fire*) Did I? No.

ALICE. Some one come unexpectedly?

BETTY. Why, er—Miles was talking to me.

ALICE. (*following her to fire*) No one else. (BETTY is silent) Why did he run out like that.

BETTY. (*more and more confused, and walking to window*) To dress. See how it is snowing.

ALICE. (*following her*) But he is dressed. What are you trying to tell me?

BETTY. Oh, nothing. (*bell rings*)

BETTY. (*hurriedly*) Why, who can that be, in all this storm? (*calls*) Anna, Anna.

ALICE. (*taking her arm*) Now tell me who is here. (Enter ANNA, with card on salver L. U. E.) Anna. The young lady is in the drawing-room.

BETTY. (*reading*) Miss Marie Brooks. (*exit ANNA*) My dear, Marie Brooks. She's from Pittsburg, and a

perfect darling, and she is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Andrews in New York.

ALICE (*crossing to table*) I haven't met her.

BETTY. Oh, I know you will like her. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

ALICE. (*after watching BETTY go off, turns to L. U. E. also, but as though changing her mind, starts off R. U. E. Seems very suspicious, and on exit*) Dick! Could it have been—? (*exit R.*)

(*Enter BETTY showing in MARIE, at L. U. E.*)

BETTY. Sit right down by the fire, you must be simply frozen.

MARIE. (*sitting at fire*) I am.

BETTY. (*sitting in chair by fire*) You say you were on your way to Havens' house-party, but how on earth did you happen to drive?

MARIE. I was late as usual, missed my train, so *had* to drive. It was so stupid of me, but I never dreamed it was so far.

BETTY. How was that?

MARIE. The man at the station said it wasn't.

BETTY. Why, it's five miles from here.

MARIE. I know it, but when I first saw the lights of your house, I thought it was the Havens'. Well, I was so cold and tired, I simply couldn't go on till I rested, so I came in.

BETTY. You can't go to-night; it's storming hard now. We haven't a house-party, only two guests, and have plenty of room, so you just make yourself comfy, and we'll drive you over in the morning. (*Enter ANNA, L. U. E. with a coat on her arm, and carrying a bag*) Anna, take Miss Brooks' bag to the room at the head of the stairs, and see that the room is warm. (*exit ANNA*) Alice Sinclair is with me.

MARIE. I believe I've heard of her. I can't thank you enough, Betty.

BETTY. Don't try, and I know you will just love Alice. (*Enter ALICE R. U. E.*)

BETTY. (*rising*) Oh, Alice, I want you to meet Miss Brooks, Miss Sinclair, Marie. Miss Brooks is going to join our little party, won't it be lovely? (*seeing the girls eying each other with a frozen stare*) Why, what is it? Alice——

ALICE. (*with a start*) Oh,—er, glad to meet you——

BETTY. (*To MARIE*) Why, Marie! What is it? Have you met before?

ALICE and MARIE. We certainly have!

ALICE. (*quickly*) Well, no, no we've never met before.

MARIE. (*recovering herself*). Oh, no, never had the pleasure.

ALICE. (*icily*) Pardon me, please. (*Exit swiftly*
L. U. E.)

BETTY. (*astonished*) What extraordinary behavior! I thought you had never met.— (*returns to C.*)

MARIE. We never have, but I have seen a picture of her.

BETTY. A picture——? (*sits at table on left*).

MARIE. (*sitting on davenport*) That's all, but I can't see how that affects her, she acted as though I was a bitter enemy.

BETTY. Well, so did you, and if you have only seen her picture——

MARIE. Oh, it was a very charming one, I'll admit, but I—Well, it wasn't where it should have been.

BETTY. What do you mean?

MARIE. (*after a pause*) I'll tell you, though I haven't breathed it to anyone else. My fiancé carried it in his pocket just a little too long, and one night it fell out and I saw it.

BETTY. (*pacing floor*) What a coincidence.

MARIE. (*a trifle coldly*) A coincidence? I fail to see——

BETTY. (*stopping*) I beg your pardon, and what then?

MARIE. (*quietly*) I broke my engagement.

BETTY. (*crossing to c.*) There is some mistake.

MARIE. (*rising*) There is no mistake. (*angrily*)
I'd know her face anywhere, the CAT.

(*BETTY, after a startled look at her, walks to chest and sits on it. Enter ANNA, L. U. E. with a box of flowers which she arranges in a vase on the table at back c.*)

MARIE. (*toying with candlesticks on mantel*) I really think I should be getting to Havens'. (*to ANNA*) Will you ask the driver to step here, please.

ANNA. (*turning to her*) The driver, miss? He's gone.

MARIE. Gone?

ANNA. Yes, long ago, miss. He thought this was the place you wanted. (*MARIE gives a gesture of impatience*).

BETTY. (*arousing from her reverie and coming up stage*) How foolish, Marie, to think of going, on a night like this. Let Anna show you to your room, and——

MARIE. (*sharply*) But I can't stay with that girl here.

BETTY. What nonsense; that will be all right. You are mistaken, that's all. Let Anna take you upstairs.

MARIE. (*gathering up her wraps*) It's plain I can't go without a carriage, so I'll intrude a little while longer. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

ANNA. The room at the head of the stairs, wasn't it, Madam?

BETTY. (*sitting on davenport*) Yes (*Exit ANNA, L. U. E.*) This is very queer. (*Enter ALICE R. U. E.*)

ALICE. (*after looking around cautiously and coming to table*) Where is that Brooks.

BETTY. (*rising and speaking in a horrified tone*) Why, Alice, what ails you? You were positively impolite to Miss Brooks, and now——(*comes to table*).

ALICE. (*sitting at right of table*) I don't care.

BETTY. But what has she done to you, if you haven't met before——

ALICE. (*tearfully*) Betty, she's the girl Dick was with at Narragansett.

BETTY. (*aghast*) Are you sure?

ALICE. (*spitefully*) Do you think I'd be mistaken in that face, when I wake up in the night, and see her—on the rock?

BETTY. (*sitting at left*) There must be some mistake—but you would not *both* be mistaken. She said she had seen *your* picture——

ALICE. Oh, I dare say she has.

BETTY. But she quarreled with her fian—(*aside*) I'd better keep that quiet. (*aloud*) Do be nice to her, for it will spoil everything and she's going early in the morning.

ALICE. (*rising*) I'll try, dearie. I know I shouldn't have acted so, but when I saw her hateful old face, after seeing it even when I wake up in the night—(*hastily*) not that I ever think of Dick——

BETTY. (*concealing a smile*) Of course not. I can't tell you how sorry I am that this has happened, and that she of all people should stop here, but I *had* to urge her to stay.

ALICE. Of course you did. (*going to L. U. E.*) I'm going to my room. (*BETTY follows her to L. U. E. and ALICE exits. BETTY starts to C. but on MILES, off stage calling "OH, BETTY," she stops short, and a horrified expression comes over her face.*)

BETTY. (*mentally*) Miles, and DICK? DICK'S here and Alice, and Marie. (*enters MILES R. U. E. She runs to him and seizes his arm*) Miles, it's worse and worse.

MILES. (*surprised*) What is?

BETTY. (*in a tragic tone*) Marie Brooks is here.

MILES. (*taking out a cigarette as he comes up stage*) Hooray for Marie, who's she?

BETTY. Oh, how dense men are!

MILES. (*pausing in the act of lighting the cigarette*)
Well, I like that. Why?

BETTY. Can't you understand, Marie Brooks.

MILES. (*impatiently*) Who is she?

BETTY, (*in a patient tone*) She is from Pittsburg, and she was on her way to Havens' party, and it was too cold—for her to go on, and so——

MILES. Too cold——

BETTY. (*impatiently*) Yes, for her to drive any further——

MILES. Driving, what for?

BETTY. (*wearily*) To get to Havens'.

MILES. (*picking up newspaper from table and crossing to davenport*) What's the matter with the train? Too plebeian?

BETTY. (*wearily*) She missed the train, (*grows more excited and ends with increased volume of tone and speed*) and had to drive, and it stormed so hard, and was too far, and so stopped here, and she's here, now and she won't go until morning.

MILES. (*calmly, sitting down on the davenport, and beginning to read paper*) Well, suppose she is, we've got lots of room.

BETTY. (*wringing her hands*) But there's Alice—they're both here.

MILES. (*from behind the paper*) Well, if Alice is here, and this Miss Snooks is here, it is clearly obvious that they are both here. You don't have to figure that out by Algebra. (*puts down paper and counts on fingers*) Take one person in a place, add another to her, and you get two people, Miss Snooks——

BETTY. Oh, Brooks, not Snooks!

MILES. (*behind the paper*) All the same.

BETTY. (*coming to the table*) Miles Lambert, you're a silly thing. Alice and Marie don't like each other.

MILES. (*looking over paper*) Eh?

BETTY. They say they've never met before, but——

MILES. (*behind paper*) Case of hate at first sight.

BETTY. They are rivals.

MILES. (*throwing down paper*) Oh, this is rich!

BETTY. It is awful, you mean. They just hate each other, and in the same house too.

MILES. Nice for you. Where do I come in tragedy, seconds, or referee? Who are they fighting over?

BETTY. Dick Jerome.

MILES. (*rolling on davenport*) Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,

BETTY. She's the girl he and Alice quarreled over.

MILES. (*sitting up*) Who, Snooks? (*BETTY nods*) Oh, ye little fishes, and Dick here!

BETTY. He's got to go. If you had listened to me in the first place this wouldn't have happened. We can't possibly keep him from seeing at least one of them, or they from seeing him.

MILES. (*walking*) What a meeting. I'd give a twenty-dollar note to see it.

BETTY. (*returning to c.*) Miles, my social reputation is at stake. Such a thing is impossible. He **MUST** go, and at once, for my sake he must go.

MILES. For his *own* sake he must go. Great goodness, a poor defenseless man, between two jealous women.

BETTY. (*walking to R. U. E.*) You spoke of catching the train back——

MILES. We can't wait for dinner, for that eight o'clock isn't running to-night; but what's dinner in the face of a thing like this?

BETTY. (*looking off R. U. E.*) Here comes Dick. (*Comes to c.*) Now remember, he must go, and you won't have any too much time. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

MILES. (*pacing floor*) Now for the "doity woik."

(*Enter DICK R. U. E.*)

DICK. (*settling his dinner coat*) Hello, all dressed?

MILES. (*gloomily, and pacing floor*) Looks like it.

DICK. (*looking at him in surprise, and taking a box of cigarettes from his pocket*) Have a cigarette?

MILES. (*taking one*) Don't mind if I do. Got a match? DICK *hands him one, and after trying several times to light it, throws it in the fire in disgust*) That match is no good.

DICK. (*pausing in the act of lighting his cigarette*) That's queer, it was all right when I used it this morning. (*grins, and sits at right of table*)

MILES. (*greatly disgusted*) Did you just hear that one?

DICK. (*leaning back and puffing*) I thought it would be new to you. (MILES *makes a gesture of disgust, and again paces floor*)

DICK. Who do you think I saw on the train going over to Chicago, last week?

MILES. (*pacing floor*) I don't know.

DICK. (*enthusiastically*) Chubbie Chalmers!

MILES. (*evinced an interest for the first time, and stopping*) No!

DICK. Yep.

MILES. What's he doing now?

DICK. He's got a peach of a job with the Malleable Iron Works, manager of the Kansas City branch.

MILES. Good for Chubbie. Is he as thin as he used to be?

DICK. Wasn't that kid a perfect rail?

MILES. (*sitting at left of table*) No wonder, look at the way he studied.

DICK. I should hope he did.

MILES. He was the only "grind" I ever liked.

DICK. That fellow was a wonder. He'd study all night, get perfect in everything, and play the greatest game of football the next day, and say, weren't some of his dinners the hummers?

MILES. I can taste 'em yet.

DICK. He and I were talking over old times. He ran over to the college, early in the fall, just to be there for the Robin initiation. He said some of the public stunts were pretty good, but they could not compare with the ones we put him through.

MILES. (*greatly tickled*) Weren't they great? I thought I'd die the night we took Chub to every theater in town, and put him down in the front row, while we stood at the back to await developments.

DICK. (*after a preliminary chuckle*) And the way he got up and yelled, right in the best part of the play, "This show is bum, and I want my money back." And then a couple of ushers would skate down the aisle, and throw him out. (*laughs*)

MILES. We'd be outside, waiting to pick him up as he came hurtling through the doors, and take him to the next theater. (*Both roar*)

DICK. But the killer, was the day we made him dance down Main Street, long, lean, lank, Chubbie, (*rises*) saying in a loud and penetrating voice, after every third hop, "I'm a fool." (*illustrates by putting feet together and hopping forward three hops*) "I'm a fool (*hop*) "I'M a fool!

MILES. And we on the other side of the street in convulsions.

(MILES *leans back in chair, and DICK falls into his, both overcome with laughter.*)

DICK. (*sitting up and trying to control voice*) And the day we took him to see Alice, (*the smile fades from MILES' face, and he sits up, muttering "ALICE"*) and made him propose by writing it on a slate.

MILES. (*rising*) By Jove. (*paces floor*)

DICK. (*surprised*) What's the matter?

MILES. (*stopping*) Why I—I——

DICK. You what?

MILES. (*pacing*) I'd forgotten all about it.

DICK. Forgotten what? What ails you?

MILES. (*coming to table*) Well—you see——

DICK. (*surprised*) Yes?

MILES. Well, er,—that is, we've got—I've got——

DICK. What are you getting at? (*aside*) He acts queer. (*aloud*) What's up?

MILES. Well, you see,—er, we, well, the fact is, we're pretty full here.

DICK. Well, you certainly are, I haven't seen the rest.

MILES. Haven't had a drop. I've got to go back to town. Awfully sorry, but I must. Business, you know, and that's a good excuse, only you know how good.

DICK. (*going to window, and turning to look at him*) I?

MILES. So I'm going back to town to-night.

DICK. (*returning to c.*) When did you hear?

MILES. (*walking to fire*) Just now. 6.30 the train goes.

DICK. (*opening book at table*) Is that the only one.

MILES. It is. Are you coming with me?

DICK. (*astonished, and dropping book on table*) Why, I don't know. (*MILES looks greatly disturbed, and strokes chin*) I hadn't thought about it. I suppose so.

MILES. (*looking relieved*) Of course, I hate to drag you out again in all this snow, but it will be rather dull here without me, and then Ali— (*hastily*) We'd better get ready.

DICK. But what business can you have, to-morrow is Christmas.

MILES. That's so—er—well, I'm going anyway. (*starts off* L. U. E.)

DICK. (*in a resigned voice*) All right, I'll get my coat. (*starts off* R. U. E.)

MILES. Hurry up, we haven't much time. (*Exit* L. U. E.)

DICK. (*grumbling*) I'll be hanged if I like the idea of going out in all this snow again, and he's had a drop too much, acted queer when I came. (*Exit* R. U. E.)

(*Re-enter* MILES, carrying a bag, and followed by BETTY, at L. U. E.)

MILES. (*setting down the bag*) It's all right, he's going.

BETTY. It would be the death of me, if he didn't. But, Miles, you have got to go.

MILES. It's the only way, and I'll be back on that eight o'clock train in the morning.

BETTY. (*sitting at table*) I'll drive over and get you, Alice and I.

MILES. (*angrily*) Don't mention her to me. I wish I'd never seen her. If I hadn't I wouldn't have to stagger to the station with Dick under my arm, as it were. Where are my rubbers? (*Exit L. U. E.*)

BETTY. Don't be so cross, Miles. (*sits back in chair*)

(*Enter DICK R. U. E. wearing a coat, and carrying a hat, and suit-case marked D. J.*)

DICK. (*putting bag on floor, and hat on centre table*) Oh, Mrs. Lambert awfully sorry to leave you like this.

BETTY. And before dinner too.

DICK. That's what I call rubbing it in. (*BETTY laughs*) But I must go with Miles, he'll need me if he takes much more.

BETTY. I beg your pardon—?

DICK, (*confused*) Oh, yes, er, what was I saying—er—hope to get out again. (*heaves a sigh of relief*)

BETTY. (*pacing floor and looking at clock on mantel*) Why doesn't he hurry, he'll be late.

(*Enter MILES, wearing a coat, and carrying a hat*)

MILES. (*kissing BETTY*) Good-bye, dear. (*picks up bag, and starts off left*) Come on, Dick. (*DICK icks up hat and bag, and both start off left. As MILES reaches door, clock strikes off stage*)

MILES. (*dropping bag*) What time is that?

DICK. (*coming to c.*) 6.30.

MILES. You're crazy.

DICK. (*looking at clock*) It is. *That clock says 6.25.*

BETTY. That's fast.

MILES. The hall clock is right.

DICK. Well, that struck the half hour.

MILES. I'll see what time it really is. (*Exit left*)
(*BETTY is uneasy, and DICK, very complacent, places suitcase in portières at R. U. E. and hat on rack by window*)

MILES. (*entering*) We are too late. It is too late.
It is 6.30.

BETTY. (*sinking into chair at desk*) Oh, what shall we do?

DICK. (*much surprised*) Was it so important?

MILES and BETTY. I should think so.

MILES. What a chump I am.

BETTY. There's no other train?

MILES. No.

DICK. But your date.

MILES. Will have to go hang. (*enlarging on a story*)
Of course he'll be waiting.

BETTY. (*innocently, and rising*) Who, Miles?

MILES. (*signaling for her to keep quiet*) My man, my man. (*DICK saunters to fire, and BETTY comprehending, walks to window, looks out L. U. E. and returns swiftly to MILES, and speaks in an undertone*) Quick, here comes Marie. He must not see her. (*she returns to L. U. E. and displays great agitation during what follows, turning to see if MARIE enters. Signals to MILES to hurry, etc.*)

MILES. (*grabbing DICK's arm*) Come on.

DICK. What's your hurry, you can't catch that train now. (*begins removing coat*) I'll just sit down and—

MILES. (*seizing his arm*) Oh, no you wont. (*drags him to R. D. E.*) Come on.

DICK. (*resisting*) Where?

MILES. To see—

DICK. See what? BETTY signals frantically that MARIE is coming)

MILES. (*in desperation*) The cat, the cat. See, (*points*) Come, kitty. (*pushes DICK between the curtains*)

DICK. (*trying to get out again*) Didn't know you had a cat.

MILES. (*pushing him out*) Neither did I, but she's just come. (*Exit both, R. U. E.*) (BETTY *sinks exhausted on chest as MILES and DICK exit.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

(SCENE *the same.* BETTY *just reviving.* MARIE *enters immediately on rise of the curtain from L. U. E.*)

MARIE. Why, Betty, what's wrong? You look quite done out.

BETTY. (*rising weakly*) I'm all right, just a little tired. (*she looks uneasily off R. U. E. and sits at right of table*)

MARIE. (*sitting at left of table*) This Christmas shopping does for every one.

BETTY (*eagerly*) Yes, it does.

MARIE. My room is lovely. Really, Betty, your house is beautiful. So large, you know. Why one could have some one else here without any one knowing it.

BETTY. (*in a tone of horrified surprise*) WHAT?

MARIE. (*much surprised*) Yes, two parties, or something. The den and all is arranged so.

BETTY. (*faintly*) Oh, yes, of course, of course. Fortunately.

MARIE. (*laughing*) About Miss Sinclair you mean. But really, Betty, I can't forgive her; she's cat that's all. I know she's your friend, but I can't. Such a flirt, and she engaged.

BETTY. (*astonished*) Engaged. Why you broke— (*Enter MILES at right, wiping brow with handkerchief*)

BETTY. (*rising and going to him, and speaking aside*) Where is Dick?

MILES. (*aside*) Looking for the CAT. Now remember, we've got a *white* angora. *White*. Don't slip up on the color, I did just now, and we've got enough to explain, without any answers about a cat, what ain't.

MARIE. (*turning*) Oh, Mr. Lambert. A cat? (*rises and goes to him*) Let me see it, I just dote on cats.

BETTY. (*looking appealingly at MILES*) Why, er—er—

MILES. (*moping brow*) Why—er—Dick—I can't find him, been looking all over.

BETTY. Yes, he's disappeared.

MARIE. Oh, let me look. (*MILES and BETTY look amazed*) I'll find him if he's in the house. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

MILES. (*sinking into chair at desk with a groan*) "If he's in the house?" Eh? You bet she'll find him. They're both looking.

BETTY. How can we find a cat that doesn't exist?

MILES. (*walking to fire*) *Him*, I said, not the cat, Dick. (*BETTY makes a desperate gesture*)

MILES. (*looking at sign on mantel*) Merry Christmas. There's a hollow mockery all right. Merry Christmas.

BETTY. We must go after Marie. If she sees Dick, all will be *lost*.

MILES. And if he is discovered, *we* are lost. And there's Alice, where is she?

BETTY. In her room.

MILES. Let's hope she stays there.

(*Enter MARIE R. U. E.*)

MARIE. I can't find that cat, either. Are you sure he was in the house?

BETTY. No—er—well—

MILES. (*firmly*) I'm not sure when I saw him last, but you can't lose a yellow——

BETTY. (*hastily*) White, white. (*Sits at desk*)

MILES. (*grinning feebly*) Oh, surely white. (*Hastily*) I've heard a lot about you, Miss Brooks.

MARIE. (*walking to R. U. E.*) And I about you from Mrs. Lambert, principally.

MILES. (*sitting on davenport*) Then what I've heard is much nicer.

MARIE. (*archly*) Oh, I don't know about that. (*Pulling a suit-case from between the curtains*) Why, here's my suit-case. Oh, no, this is not mine, who's is it?

MILES. Mine.

MARIE. (*laughing*) Are your initials D. J.? (*BETTY leans forward and looks troubled*)

MILES. Oh, I—borrowed it.

MARIE. How funny, the initials are the same as Dick's.

MILES. } (*surprised*) DICK'S?

BETTY. }

MARIE. (*after a little pause*) Is he here, instead of going to Haven's?

MILES. } (*greatly surprised*) HAVEN'S?

BETTY. }

MARIE. (*surprised*) Yes, to the house-party. How dear of you to have him come over for me, such a surprise.

BETTY. (*rising*) Now, Marie, he isn't——

MARIE. I know he is, this is his suit-case, I'd know it anywhere. He had it at Narragansett.

BETTY. So he WAS——

MILES. (*desperately*) He isn't—er—that's only an old suit-case he left here, and I was going to take it with me.

MARIE. (*coming to davenport*) I never knew you were such friends. Why, he never mentioned you at all.

MILES. You don't say. That's queer, he and I have been friends for ages. Sorry you stumbled on to the bag; I was going back to the city, but missed my train, clock was wrong. (*Rise, and strolls to R. U. E.*)

BETTY. (*picking up bag*) Well, you won't use it now, so I'll take it up-stairs again. (*Exit L. U. E. with bag. MARIE sits on davenport*)

DICK. (*appearing at R. U. E.*) I say, old man, I don't see that cat——

MILES. (*pushing DICK into curtains*) Sh—sh——

(*Enter BETTY L. U. E., she pauses aghast.*)

MARIE. (*looking around*) Oh, Betty—— (*BETTY comes swiftly forward, and tries to hide the right hand door from her view by standing in front of her*)

DICK. (*in curtains*) Oh, I say, Miles, what are you doing?

(*Enter ALICE, L. U. E.*)

MILES. (*in a fierce whisper*) S—h—s—h—— (*ALICE looks surprised and starts for arch*) Why, who's that?

MARIE. (*dodging BETTY by leaning forward*) Who's in there? (*BETTY tries to keep ALICE from advancing and at the same time keep MARIE from seeing*)

DICK. (*struggling in curtains*) Let me out!

BETTY. (*in desperation*) Oh, look, look! (*MARIE and ALICE look to L. U. E. where she is pointing, and BETTY runs to door, pointing*)

BETTY. There's that cat, now See! (*MARIE starts forward to look, and ALICE follows, saying*) What cat?

MILES. (*in a fierce whisper*) Now, you do what I tell you. (*He pulls coat from rack by door, throws it over the struggling DICK's head, and runs him out L. U. E.*)

ALICE. (*turning*) I don't see any cat. Why, who's that? (*She runs to L. U. E.*)

(MARIE also starts forward in surprise.)

BETTY. (*with great apparent frankness, and walking to desk*) Oh, a friend of Miles'.

ALICE. (*turning from door*) He's just Dick's height,—er—

MARIE. (*surprised*) Dick? How—

BETTY. (*hurriedly*) Nonsense.

ALICE. (*crossing to c.*) It looked like Dick.

MARIE. (*crossing to left center*) How do you know? (*Hastily*) What difference does it make?

ALICE. (*sharply*) None to you, lots to me.

MARIE. (*laughing sarcastically*) None to me? Well, really, this *is* funny. Why, none to me?

ALICE. (*angrily*) Funny? Why so? Are you after every man engaged or otherwise? It is some friend of Miles, not Dick. (*To BETTY*) Is it?

MARIE. (*angrily*) The idea! What do you know about Dick, what right have you— (*BETTY tries in vain to interrupt*)

ALICE. (*still more angrily*) What right? Every right, he was mine first, mine before *you* ever saw him. (*Exit L. U. E. with head in air*)

MARIE. (*taking a step after her, and then turning to BETTY*) I want to know what this means?

ANNA. (*from doorway, L. I. E.*) Dinner is served, madam.

BETTY. (*going swiftly to dining-room door*) We will talk later, Marie, let us have dinner now. (*To ANNA*) Tell Mr. Lambert, please. (*Exit after stepping back to let MARIE precede her at L. I. E. Exit ANNA R. U. E. Re-enter BETTY. She turns out lights at table and at desk, and lights the small light on table at back center, and on exit*) Shall I ever live to see daylight? (*Exit L. I. E.*)

(*Bell rings. Enter ANNA from R. U. E. and exit L. U. E.*)

(*Re-enter ANNA, showing in DICKENSON JEROME. He wears a big over-coat and a hat, both well covered with snow, and carries a suit-case marked D. J. He sets suit-case down, removes hat, and begins to shake snow from it.*)

D. J. Is Mr.—er—er—in?

ANNA. Yes, sir, he's in. Do you wish to see him?

D. J. I should like to, if he is not too busy. (*Exit ANNA at right. DICKSON goes to fire and begins to warm his hands*)

(*Enter MILES at right.*)

D. J. (*turning*) Mr.—er—

MILES. Lambert. Miles Lambert.

D. J. Mr. Lambert. Quite so. I trust you will pardon this intrusion, but I have been compelled to stop on account of the storm, and the lights of your house looked pretty good, though I didn't know to whom they belonged till you told me.

MILES. (*coming to c.*) Why, that's all right. No one would try to get any further in this storm.

D. J. Well, I hardly think it will continue all night.

MILES. Perhaps not, but I think it will.

D. J. Is that so. What shall I do? (*returns to fire but faces MILES*).

MILES. (*looking at him keenly, as though sizing him up*) Better stay here. (*He walks to desk and sits*).

D. J. That's awfully nice of you, but you don't know who I am. I may be a burglar for all you know.

MILES. (*laughing*) I'll risk it; your appearance is with you.

D. J. (*laughing*) Thanks, but I think I can set your fears at rest if you have any. I am on my way to Havens' house-party. Do you know them? (*MILES nods*) And here's my invitation. (*Takes an envelope from pocket and gives it to MILES; he returns it after reading*) All right?

MILES. Well, if they know any burglars, I'm not aware of it, so I think your invitation is as good a recommend as I know of.

D. J. (*returning it to his pocket*) I'm glad you think so, for it would be me for the station all night, for the road is blocked.

MILES. What's the matter with the train?

D. J. (*crossing to c. and standing behind table*) I missed it. You see it's this way, I live in Pittsburg, and only ran over for this party, and my train being two hours late I missed connections. I thought I could make it all right though, till it began to snow.

MILES. (*rising*) Hard luck. Well, take off your coat and make yourself at home. I'll see my wife and find out what room you can have——

D. J. Now if this is going to inconvenience you——

MILES. Not a bit, we've got lots of room.

D. J. I'm a thousand times obliged.

MILES. Don't mention it, glad to do anything for a friend of the Havens anyway. Leave your hat on the table and come and meet Mrs. Lambert. (D. J. *puts hat on center table and both start off right*) By the way, I don't know your name.

D. J. (*producing a card and handing it to MILES*) Dixon Jerome.

MILES. (*taking card and looking at him keenly*) Jerome. I know a Jerome mighty well, in fact he's here now. No relation I suppose?

D. J. Why, I have a——

MILES. (*suddenly calling off stage at right*) Anna, (to D. J.) There's the maid, she'll know where my wife is. Come on. (*Exit both R. U. E.*) (*Enter ALICE L. I. E. She goes to table, sees hat, picks it up, and gives a sudden start*) (*Enter MILES at R. U. E. and he starts off L. U. E.*)

ALICE. (*holding out hat*) Who's is this?

MILES. I don't know, mine I guess. Where's Betty; I can't find her.

ALICE. Are your initials D. J. ?

MILES. (*raising his eyes to heaven*) Oh! Well no.

ALICE. (*furiously*) Oh, if Dick has been invited here—Isn't this his hat?

MILES. Er— Where's Betty?

ALICE. *Isn't this his hat?*

MILES. It is. (*ALICE gasps*) An old one.

ALICE. Is doesn't look old.

MILES. No. (*catching himself*) Oh, but it is.

(*MILES walks to desk.*)

ALICE. (*following to table*) The price mark is still in it.

MILES. (*taking a cigarette from smoking set and lighting it to hide his agitation*) He—left it here. (*he walks to fire.*)

ALICE. (*putting hat on center table*) I didn't see this before.

MILES. (*sitting on davenport*) I guess you didn't—er Oh, yes you did, you didn't notice it.

(*Enter BETTY and MARIE, at L. I. E.*) (*BETTY walks to right center ALICE at sight of MARIE, turns hastily and looks out of window.*)

MARIE. (*going to center table, seeing hat and picking up hat*) D. J.? Who's this D. J.? Why Betty, you said—

ALICE. (*who has turned at mention of initials, comes quickly forward, and snatches hat from MARIE, and slams it down on table*) Oh, never mind.

MARIE. (*glaring at her and then turning to BETTY*) I know this hat, I'd know it anywhere.

ALICE. Why?

MARIE. (*turning to her and speaking in a superior tone*) It has hung on our hat-rack often enough.

ALICE. I don't believe it.

BETTY. (*stepping forward*) Alice.

ALICE. (*defiantly*) I don't believe it.

MARIE. He always wears the same make of hat, always.

ALICE. (*angrily*) That, or anything like it, never hung on your hat-rack.

BETTY. (*signaling to MILES to agree with her*) It's your hat, isn't it Miles?

MILES. (*puffing at cigarette*) No, it's Dick's.

BETTY. (*crossing to desk and speaking in a horrified tone*) MILES!

ALICE and MARIE in chorus. (*MARIE turning to MILES and ALICE to BETTY*) Then he IS here? (*Both girls turn angrily on each other.*)

MILES. I never said so.

ALICE. (*to BETTY*) I know he is here, I must see him.

MARIE. I must see him.

ALICE. (*turning to her*) I should like to know why you should see him.

MARIE. (*loftily*) I'm engaged to him. (*MILES and BETTY looks amazed*).

ALICE. WHAT!

MARIE. (*holding out hand*) Here's my ring. The engagement is broken——

ALICE. Ah——

MARIE. But he refused to take back the ring.

ALICE. I was engaged to him myself.

MARIE. I don't believe that.

ALICE. (*loftily*) I gave my ring back, possibly you have it. (*tries to take MARIE's hand, but she snatches it away and steps to right C.*)

MARIE. (*icily*) Indeed, I've been engaged to him ever since last August.

ALICE. (*in a tragic tone and turning back on audience*) Narragansett!

MARIE. Why, how did you know?

BETTY. Then you ARE the girl.

ALICE. (*turning*) I've been engaged to him ever since last January.

MARIE. Then he *did* deceive me.

ALICE. (*bitterly*) You deceived. I was, you mean.

BETTY. (*crossing to where MILES is sitting on davenport and speaking aside*) Oh, do stop it, this is awful.

ANNA. (*appearing at L. I. E.*) Dinner is cold, I'm afraid, madam; it has been served some time. (*Exit*)

BETTY. (*starting off L. I. E.*) Of course, I'd forgotten. Come along, dinner will be spoiled. (*Takes ALICE'S arm*)

BETTY. (*releasing herself, and beginning to sob*) I can't eat a thing. Please excuse me. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

MARIE. (*starting off L. I. E.*) I can't believe it. DICK couldn't have done such a thing. (*Exit L. I. E.*)

MILES. (*rising*) I'm starved, it's nearly seven o'clock.

BETTY. Is'nt this awful? But Miles, you can't come now, you will have to wait and eat afterwards with Dick; *he* can't be at the table.

MILES. (*with a groan*) For the love of Mike!

BETTY. Dick is a scoundrel. (*Exit L. I. E.*)

MILES. (*turning*) I say, Betty, there's another man come. He'll have to eat—(*starts to L. I. E. and calls off stage*) Betty—Oh, Lord, she's gone. (*Returns to table* How'll I spring this Jerome of Pittsburg. *starting off R. U. E.* I didn't even see what he looked like, the light was so low. (*Collides with DICK, who is just entering at R. U. E.*)

DICK. Hello!

MILES. Hello!

DICK. (*coming to center*) Say, far be it from me to seem nosey, but when do you people eat? I'm starved.

MILES. We don't eat.

DICK. Quit your fooling. Where's Mrs Lambert?

MILES. (*thoughtlessly*) In the dining-room—

DICK. (*starting L. I. E.*) I *thought* I smelled dinner.

MILES. (*catching his arm*) Don't go in there.

DICK. (*surprised*) Why not?

MILES. There's, there's, oh, well, don't go, that's all.

DICK. Now look here, what earthly harm will it do?

MILES. Never mind. Take my advice, and don't go. (MILES *walks to desk*)

DICK. (*gloomily*) There doesn't seem to be anything else around here to take. But say, I guess I've known you long enough to tell you things straight—

MILES. (*turning*) Well—?

DICK. (*Going to fire*) Cut out the booze.

MILES. BOOZE?

DICK. Sure, you don't know what you ARE doing. Why if Mrs. Lam—

MILES. (*indignantly*) Haven't had a drop.

DICK.—Oh, come on.

MILES. Not a drop.

DICK. Well, you act mighty queer. Why can't I go in there then?

MILES. (*desperately*) Because there is something in there, you must not see.

DICK. (*surprised*) Something I must not see. What is it? (*as though an idea strikes him*) A present?

MILES. (*seizing at the idea*) Yes, that's it.

DICK. (*patting him on the back*) Oh, I say, old pal, that's awfully nice of you. I've got a little something for *you* in my bag, want it now?

MILES. Let's wait till morning. You'll get yours then. (*aside*) If not sooner.

DICK. All right, but when do we eat?

MILES. (*sitting at right of table*) When you make up this quarrel with Alice.

DICK. (*coming eagerly to table*) Is *she* here?

MILES. I didn't say so. You've acted like a chump.

DICK. (*sitting on table*) I did?

MILES. Trying to play the gay Lothario like that and treating a girl like Alice in that fashion.

DICK. (*standing*) Good Lord, man, you aren't going to take her side too, are you? I'm miserable enough without your going back on me too.

MILES. But this outrageous flirtation at Narragansett——

DICK. Are you going to start that, too? I tell you, I've never been there.

MILES. That's getting old.

DICK. (*walking to chest, and turning on MILES*) I tell you I've never been there, and I've told Alice so, till I'm almost a gibbering idiot.

MILES. Never been there, eh?

DICK. (*sitting down hard on bench*) NO!

MILES. (*soothingly*) Well, if you say so, but how about this picture Betty tells me Alice found?

DICK. That was sent to me. (*MILES looks unbelieving*) That's straight, my brother sent me that picture of Miss Brooks, I think that's her name, she's his girl.

MILES. That so? Didn't know you even had a brother.

DICK. (*coming to table*) Sure you did, only he hasn't been around here for years, my aunt took a great fancy to him, sent him to preparatory school and to college in her home town, and now he's engaged, and this is the girl. Alice saw the picture he sent for my inspection, that, combined with some fool story she believed about someone seeing me at the Pier, cooked my little goose. (*Sits at left of table*)

MILES. Fool thing to do, go sending pictures around that way.

DICK. Why? I sent Alice's to my brother, too.

MILES. It makes lots of trouble

DICK. It did for me, all right.

MILES. (*rising*) Let's go and smoke, dinner will be ready soon.

DICK. (*rising*) Hope so; I'm famished.

MILES. Well, it isn't ready yet. (*A clatter of dishes is heard from L. I E.*)

DICK. (*pausing to listen*) It sounds suspicious.

MILES. (*taking his arm*) Oh, come on. (*He drops DICK'S arm and exits to R. U. E. after turning out lamp*)

DICK. (*sniffing air*) I smell that dinner. (*Starts off right, and on exit*) He acts sober enough at times, and then——

(*Enter ALICE from I. I E. crying. She sinks into davenport, and buries face on arm of it.*)

(*Enter DIXON JEROME from L. U. E.*)

D. J. (*crosses to desk*) I wonder what time they dine here? (*Sees ALICE*) She looks familiar, where have I seen her before? (*Steps forward to c.*) I beg your pardon——

ALICE. (*springing to her feet, and mistaking him for DICK*) DICK—er *Mr.* Jerome.

D. J. (*greatly astonished*) DICK?—er—at your service.

ALICE. (*angrily*) How dare you intrude yourself on me in this manner. (*As D. J. tries to speak*) Don't speak to me. (*Advances and D. J. retreats behind table*) It is bad enough that through this miserable schemes of my so-called "friends" I am compelled to be under the same roof with you.

D. J. (*aside*) The woman's crazy. (*Aloud and stepping forward*) I beg your pardon, but——

ALICE. (*more angrily*) Don't you dare to speak to me. Wasn't it what you wanted, to go to your Marie? You're free, now go. (*Turns to fire*)

D. J. (*aghast*) MARIE?

ALICE. Do you still keep up that farce?

D. J. I fear you are laboring under a delusion——

ALICE. WHAT!

D. J. (*firmly*) For I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance.

ALICE. (*sinking on davenport with a moan*) Oh, oh, this is the worst of all!

D. J. (*coming forward*) Possibly you have mistaken me for some one?

ALICE. (*rising and dashing the tears from her eyes*)

MISTAKEN? Never! Do you think I wouldn't know you! (D. J. *looks more astonished*) Oh! I thought you were at least a gentleman, but now, even that is denied me. After all that has gone before, our engagement——

D. J. (*staggering back*) WHAT?

ALICE. You even refuse to recognize me. Mistaken! But don't trouble yourself, I have as completely forgotten you, as you pretend to have forgotten me. Go to your Marie, she's here, go to her——

D. J. (*coming forward*) Marie here? Not Marie Brooks!

ALICE. Oh, why pretend, you *know* she is here.

D. J. But she was to go to Havens'.

(*Enter MILES and BETTY, L. U. E. They pause, horrified, and MILES comes to center, BETTY stands near table at back.*)

MILES. So you *did* meet.

ALICE. (*turning passionately on BETTY*) I warned you not to try this. I'll never forgive you, never. Just a scheme, a miserable scheme. You knew he was coming, and you invited her here on purpose. I hate you, all of you. (*Exit swiftly at L. U. E.*)

D. J. The lady is a trifle upset.

BETTY. (*turning on him*) You're a perfect brute, Dick Jerome.

D. J. (*retreating to desk*) Are you Mrs. Lambert?

MILES. (*astonished*) WHAT!

BETTY. (*unheeding*) You haven't common politeness. (*Cross to chest*)

D. J. (*at R. U. E.*) But——

BETTY. (*looking off L. U. E.*) Here comes Marie. Now we'll see what you have to say.

D. J. Marie who?

BETTY. Can you face both these girls?

D. J. Not another as crazy as the last one. (*Exit R. U. E. hurriedly*)

(Enter MARIE L. U. E. She starts for R. U. E.)

MARIE. Why, who was that?

MILES. (*barring the way*) Why—er——

BETTY. (*taking her arm*) Come and see the necklace I just got——

MARIE. But who went out——

BETTY. (*pulling her to L. U. E.*) Miles just gave it to me. Matrix, all set with——

MARIE. Matrix? My dear, how sweet, let me see it. (*Exit BETTY and MARIE L. U. E.*)

MILES. By Jove, Dick acted queer. I don't make him out. Tried to make out he didn't know Betty. (*Crossing to R. U. E.*) And why does he persist, even to me, in that story about not having been at Narragansett. (*On exit*) Wonder where the new arrival is?

(*Enter MARIE hurriedly from R. U. E., as though she expected to find some one there. On finding the room empty, she looks disappointed and sits on davenport.*)

(*Enter DICK, R. U. E. He advances to center of room, sees MARIE, and starts out hurriedly L. U. E.*)

DICK. Ye gods! If there isn't Marie Brooks! If Alice finds out she was here, I'll never be able to make her believe me.

(*MARIE turns, sees him as he exits, and runs after him to R. U. E.*)

MARIE. Why, that's Dick! Dick, Dick, It's Marie.

(*Enter BETTY L. U. E.*)

MARIE. (*turning*) Mrs. Lambert——

BETTY. (*crossing to fire*) Yes?

MARIE. (*coming to C. and speaking in a freezing tone*) I know, that after the way I have taken advantage of your hospitality, I am scarcely in a position to say much, still less to take exception to your choice of guests.

BETTY. I don't understand.

MARIE. Will you tell me why my fiance was invited here and then the knowledge of his presence in the house kept from me?

BETTY. Your fiance?

MARIE. I should have said my former fiance, it is true, but since the breach between us is unknown to anyone except you, he stands to out-siders as such, and I expected to meet him at the Havens'.

BETTY. (*sitting on davenport*) He doesn't know them.

MARIE. Oh, indeed. How is it then, that I was invited on his invitation, because he wanted me to be there, and asked Mrs. Havens for it.

BETTY. Why, when did he meet them?

MARIE. At Narragansett. 'They left before I came, so I didn't meet them.

BETTY. At the Pier. So he *was* there?

MARIE. "*Was* there"? Certainly. I became engaged to him. I was so anxious to go to this little party, for I hoped we would adjust our differences then. It is too late now, of course. Why was he invited here?

BETTY. (*coldly and walking to table*) Well, you really have no right to question my choice of guests as I believe you *said*, but I will tell you. He was asked down for Alice. (*MARIE looks horrified*) I asked her down, and Mr. Lambert, not knowing that she and Dick had quarreled, invited Dick.

MARIE. Do you believe her story that she is, or was engaged to him?

BETTY. Believe it? It was announced in October.

MARIE. Oh, this is awful. (*sinks into chair at right of table*) (*fiercely*) Do you think I will let her have him?

BETTY. (*walking to desk*) Perhaps you can't help yourself, your's was a summer flirtation, you know.

MARIE. (*furiously*) This is unpardonable (*starts*

off L. U. E.) Rest assured, if I had any way of getting to the Havens', I would not stay here another minute.

BETTY. (*starting after her*) I am very sorry. No, wait. (MARIE *pauses*) You cannot with any justice, blame me, for I knew nothing of any claim you might have on him, and naturally, Alice is very bitter toward you, since she thinks you were the cause of all the trouble.

MARIE. I? She, you mean. I quarreled with Dick on account of her. (BETTY *looks more surprised and troubled*) Flirtation, indeed. Her's was the flirtation, and he had her picture—(*Exit to L. U. E. crying*)

(*Enter MILES at R. U. E.*)

BETTY. (*running to him and seizing his arm*) Miles, I'm nearly crazy, why Marie—

MILES. I don't want to hear anything about Marie, come and meet a *new* arrival.

BETTY. An arrival? Who?

MILES. He was on his way to Havens'—

BETTY. Havens'—?

MILES. (*grinning*) Yes, we have most of their party, it seems, and he couldn't go any further, on account of the snow; missed his train.

BETTY. (*coming to center*) So he stopped here?

MILES. Yes, but he's all right, I saw the invitation the Havens' sent to him. Can't I have him and Dick go into dinner, I'm nearly dead.

BETTY. (*turning out lights on table and at desk*) Yes, let me meet him, and then you can have dinner.

MILES. (*leading her off R. U. E.*) He's in the den. (*Exit both.*)

(*Enter MARIE L. U. E.*)

MARIE. (*calling MRS. LAMBERT*) Oh, she's gone. (*Sits disconsolately on davenport*)

(*Enter DIXON at L. U. E. He stumbles over rug.*)

MARIE. (*starting*) Who's there?

DIXON. (*recovering himself, and coming forward*)
MARIE.

MARIE. (*springing to her feet*) DICK.

D. J. (*trying to embrace her*) My darling.

MARIE. (*stepping back*) Don't you touch me. Why are you here instead of at the Havens'?

D. J. My train from Pittsburg was late, so I missed connections, and had to drive.

MARIE. (*crossing to center behind table*) Why, so did I.

D. J. (*following*) Lambert kindly took me, and I was going early in the morning.

MARIE. (*crossing to desk*) So was I. (D. J. *follows and again tries to embrace her*) No, I want you to explain about this Alice.

D. J. Who's Alice—? (MARIE *looks astonished*) What, that girl I just saw? I never saw her before, but she seems to think she knows me.

MARIE (*crossing to center near footlights*) You never saw her before? How about that picture you had in your pocket? It is the same girl, and—

D. J. (*following to center*) Will you let me tell you, what you would not give me a chance to explain before, that my brother here in New York sent me that picture, she's his girl.

MARIE. (*turning*) But she says she's engaged to—

D. J. (*taking her in his arms*) I don't care what anyone says, I've got you back, haven't I?

MARIE. (*kissing him*) Yes. (Enter ALICE from L. U. E. *She pauses horrified and then comes swiftly to center*) So, I've caught you. Quite like Narragansett. Now Dick Jerome, can you explain this?

D. J. (*releasing MARIE*) What explanation does it need? This lady is my promised wife. (ALICE *covers her face with her hands*)

MARIE. (*stepping forward*) Do you *still* claim him? (D. J. *looks astonished*)

ALICE. (*furiously*) No indeed, but (To D. J.)

I'll take my letters, please, and my picture, and the cigarette case I gave you.

MARIE. (*turning to DIXON, and holding out hand*)
What does she mean, Dick?

D. J. I don't know, I never saw her before to-night.

ALICE. (*furious*) Do you think she will believe a tale like that?

MARIE. So he has had letters *and* presents from you has he?

ALICE. Certainly, and I will show you some he wrote to me. I want my letters back.

MARIE. (*wearily*) Take him with them. (*To D. J.*)
Take your ring, Mr. Jerome.

D. J. (*refusing it*) Marie, please listen to me, there is some mistake. I don't even know this young lady.

ALICE. (*retreating to table*) Oh, oh—

MARIE. (*angrily*) It is a little late for me to believe that. Take your ring. (*He does so*)

(*Enter MILES at R. U. E.*)

MILES. Hello, I thought you promised me you wouldn't try to see the girl you thought was here?

D. J. I gave you no such promise. (*MARIE crosses to desk, and ALICE to fire*)

MILES. Oh, come on, now. You're in a nice fix, Dick. What are you going to do about it?

D. J. (*wearily*) Nothing. (*Angrily*) I can't make anyone believe a word I say, and what's more, you call me Dick, on darn short acquaintance. (*Exit to R. U. E.*)

MILES. (*backing up to L. U. E. door*) Short acquaintance? He's crazy!

(*Enter DICK L. U. E., he runs into MILES.*)

MILES. (*turning and seizing him by the arm, and dragging him into room*) That's right, come back to face it.

DICK. (*surprised*) Face what?

MILES. (*marching him to center of stage*) You've

got to explain this, you can't fool with these girls any longer.

DICK. What's up?

MILES. Are you crazy?

DICK. Well, I guess I'm not.

MILES. I believe you are. First you say you are engaged to one girl——

DICK. (*seeing ALICE*) Why, Alice, are you here?
(*Steps forward*)

ALICE. How dare you speak to me now?

DICK. (*sadly*) Can't you get over that fool picture affair?

MARIE. My picture, a fool picture?

DICK. Everyone hopping on me.

ALICE. I could have forgiven that, but this last is too much. You say you are engaged to her, there she is, take her.

DICK. (*aghast*) Take her, engaged to her?

ALICE. Take her!

DICK. But, I never met her.

MILES.)

ALICE. } WHAT!

MARIE. }

DICK. I don't even know her.

ALICE. And not five minutes ago I found her in your arms.

DICK. (*staggering back*) In my arms? Well, I guess not.

MARIE (*coming to center*) This is awful! Where is the ring I just gave you?

DICK. (*more and more astonished*) What I am into? You didn't give me any ring.

ALICE. (*coming forward*) I saw her give it to you.

DICK. You did not, the only ring I have is the one you gave back to me after we had that quarrel.

MARIE. And you just insisted that she had mistaken you for someone else, and you made it all up with me.

DICK. I never did? I tell you, I never met you before. Alice, dear, (*steps to her*) please believe me, I never saw this girl before except in a picture.

ALICE. So at last you admit the picture; at last! The picture taken on the rock.

DICK. What rock?

ALICE. At the Pier.

DICK. I tell you, I've never been there.

MILES. (*turning to window and back again*) And that's the one story he sticks to.

MARIE. (*coming forward*) But, you met me there. (*DICK looks staggered*)

ALICE. What monsters men are. First, you deny knowing her, just now you refused to recognize me. I find her in your arms, now you say you don't know her. Oh, what have I done to be treated so? (*Exit L. U. E.*)

MILES. By Jove! (*DICK runs to L. U. E. calling, "Alice"*)

MARIE. (*coming to center*) Dick, Dick! (*She sinks on chest*)

DICK. (*after a look at MARIE, exits at L. U. E. calling*) Alice!

(*Enter DIXON, R. U. E. wearing a coat and carrying a suit-case and hat.*)

D. J. If you don't mind, I will try to reach Havens' to-night, I cannot trespass on your hospitality any longer.

(*MARIE, looking greatly surprised, rises and MILES walks to him.*)

(*Enter BETTY from L. I. E.*)

BETTY. Why, you aren't going, are you, Dick?

D. J. Why,—er—

MARIE. (*coming to fire, and speaking in a tone of surprise*) Dick?

D. J. Er—, yes, Mrs. Lambert,—er—you are Mrs. Lambert?

MILES. (*surprised*) Mrs. Lambert? (BETTY, *in a tone of disgust*) Mrs. Lambert!

D. J. Things have arisen that make it impossible for me to remain.

MILES. You must have done a Marathon around those doors to get back so quickly.

D. J. (*surprised*) Quickly? Why, I've been up in my room packing for the last ten minutes.

MARIE. (*coming forward with clasped hands*) He's lost his mind.

MILES. Can't you tell the truth at all?

D. J. (*angrily*) What!

MILES. That's what.

BETTY. What has he done?

MARIE. He said he didn't know me, and then he said he didn't know Alice.

BETTY. (*surprised*) Didn't know Alice!

D. J. Marie, I have not denied knowing you. There is some mistake. I have told nothing but the truth, and some time you will know it. When that time comes, remember I shall always be waiting for you. (*Exit to L. U. E. leaving his bag.*)

ALICE. (*entering from R. U. E.*) Oh, he's going, Dick's going.

BETTY. What else *can* he do?

ALICE. I'd forgive him even now, if he'd only tell the truth.

MILES. He's gone dippy, and can't.

(*Enter DICK at R. U. E. wearing a coat and carrying a suit-case and hat.*)

ALL. Back again?

DICK. (*much surprised*) AGAIN! Well yes, but now I'm going for good. (*Steps to center*) Alice, (*All look astonished*) some time you will find out that

I have spoken the truth, and when that time comes, remember, I shall always be waiting, and willing to forgive you.

(Everyone looks amazed.)

MARIE. You just told *me*, you'd be waiting for *me*, when *I* found out the truth.

DICK. Why I never did.

MILES *and* BETTY. We just heard you say so.

DICK. You're all crazy, I did not.

ALL. YOU DID. *(DICK begins to protest, and they to insist.) (Enter DIXON from L. U. E.)* Pardon me, I left my bag.

ALICE. Why, who are you——?

MARIE. Who are you——?

BETTY. Who is this man?

MILES. *(taking a look)* By Jove I've forgotten all about him, that's the arrival I told you of.

DICK. *(embracing D. J.)* Why it's old Dick. When did you come?

BETTY. *(at desk)* Old Dick?

MILES. Do you know him?

DICK. Know him, well rather; he's my brother.

MILES *and* BETTY. Your brother?

MARIE. *(faintly, and coming to center table)* They're just alike. Dick.

DIXON. *(coming forward)* Yes Marie.

ALICE. *(coming forward)* Oh, you know her now.

DICK. *(coming forward)* ALICE.

ALICE. Why, why, which is MY Dick? *(She turns to DIXON.)*

DICK. *(overjoyed)* No, I'm your Dick, Alice.

MILES. *(to DIXON)* Explain this will you?

D. J. *(indicating DICK)* My twin brother.

DICK. *(same business)* My twin brother, from Pittsburg.

MARIE *and* ALICE. Pittsburg.

MILES *and* BETTY. Twins.

DICK. I'm from New York——

DIXON. And I'm from Pittsburg.

MILES. I see it now, no wonder we were mistaken.

DICK. Am I your Dick again, Alice?

ALICE. (*holding him off*) That picture of Marie.

DICK. My brother sent it to me.

BETTY. (*stepping to center*) And Narragansett——

DICK. (*emphatically*) I wasn't there.

DIXON. (*stepping to MARIE at desk*) No, *I* was at Narragansett, and I met Marie there.

ALICE. (*joyfully*) Oh, Dick, you were telling the truth after all. (*He takes her in his arms.*)

MARIE. (*turning to DIXON*) And so were you.

D. J. (*taking ring from pocket and putting it on her finger*) Here's your ring. (*He embraces her.*)

MARIE. The one I asked you for, Mr. Jerome. (*to DICK.*) (*as DIXON again embraces her*) Oh, I'm so happy.

MILES. (*embracing BETTY at center behind table*) Let's get in the swim. (*The clock strikes.*)

BETTY. Twelve o'clock. People, it's Christmas!

MARIE. (*advancing to center, ALICE meeting her*) A Merry Christmas, Alice dear.

ALICE. (*kissing her*) You Darling!

(*Every one shakes hands and start a general congratulation of each other.*)

CURTAIN.

NOTE. The part of Dixon may be played up to almost the last, by the man playing Dick. This was done in the very successful production of the play this winter by a Dramatic Club, and this eliminates the trouble of having the two men so absolutely alike, as the man entering at the last may be sufficiently alike to deceive, for the short period left. In this case, some

one must be stationed at L. U. E. and R. U. E. the one at L. U. E. to help him with his coat, and the one at R. U. E. to hand him the suit-case and hat, when he enters as Dixon.

If two men play the parts, it is obvious that they must be very much alike, but as this is so often difficult the one man is suggested.

At the recent production of this play, it was a most pronounced success, and the audience was in roars of laughter from curtain to curtain.

Care must be taken to lower the lights when directed, and the snow carefully manipulated, though the snow can and was eliminated without spoiling the effect.

The main point to be observed by actors in this play, is swift action, quick entrances, quick exits, and the *Dicks* must be particularly careful not to be tardy on their entrances, if two take the parts, and if one man plays both, he must make the entrances in the shortest possible time, as this alone was one of the big hits, his remarkably quick exits as one Dick, and quick entrance at the other side as the other Dick.

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ANTONY GOODLY, D.D., *Bishop of Ballarat*
RICHARD HEATHERLY, *engaged to Marjorie*
THOMAS HOLDER, *a policeman*
WILLIAM BIGBEE, *an inmate of the Sanitarium*
HENRY FULLER, *superintendent of the Sanitarium*
MRS. GOODLY, *Ebenezer's wife*
CISSY, *Ebenezer's ward*
MARJORIE, }
MINERVA, } *Ebenezer's daughters*
ALVINA STARLIGHT, *Mr. Goodly's sister*
HELMA, *a servant*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- ACT 1.—Handsomely furnished room in home of Ebenezer Goodly.
ACT 2.—The same.
ACT 3.—The same.

This is the jolliest sort of a farce, clean and sparkling all the way through. A professor of anatomy is lured to a prize fight and the police make a raid on the "mill." The professor escapes to his home, followed by Jones, a traveling salesman, who sells hymn books when he can and playing cards when he cannot. The police are on the trail, so Jones disguises himself by putting on a Bishop's garb, and a lot of funny complications ensue. The other funmakers are aided not a little by an escaped lunatic. This celebrated farce has been a tremendous success for years on the professional stage and is now published for the first time.

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ACT II

SCENE, Kate's room, in a senior double. (At Vassar.)

ACT III

SCENE, same set as ACT I. with snow and winter backing and Christmas tree, etc. (Vacation Time.)

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SCENE, college campus at Vassar. (Graduation Day. The Daisy Chain.)

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