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SIMPKINS' LITTLE
BREAKFAST PARTY

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BY

CHAS. S. BIRD

DICK & FITZGERALD

PUBLISHERS

18 Ann Street, New York

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ms. 1111.
SIMPKINS' LITTLE
BREAKFAST PARTY

A Farce in One Act

BY
CHARLES S. BIRD

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SIMPKINS' LITTLE BREAKFAST PARTY.

CHARACTERS.

SAMUEL SIMPKINS.....*Inclined to be gay*
MAJOR CASHDOWN.....*A down-town broker*
DR. HARTLEY.....*Simpkins' Chum. Also of "The Flats"*
GEORGE HENRY CLAY.....*Simpkins' Man*
MRS. FAIRPLAY.....*A lady of spirit*
ALICE FAIRPLAY.....*Her daughter and Simpkins' intended*
DOLLY CASHDOWN.....*An amateur actress, Hartley's choice*

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One and a half hours.

COSTUMES, MODERN.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Furniture as per scene plot. Plates, knives, forks, etc., suitable for a nicely arranged breakfast-table. Pipe, pillow; card and tray for GEORGE. Money, Coin for SIMPKINS. Medicine-case for HARTLEY. Handkerchief for DOLLY. Money for MAJOR CASHDOWN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. C. means centre; R., right; L., left; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; C. D., centre door; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; R. U. E. right upper entrance; L. U. E. left upper entrance; R. I. E. right first entrance; L. I. E. left first entrance; UP, up stage or toward the rear; DOWN, down stage or toward the audience.

SIMPKINS' LITTLE BREAKFAST PARTY.

SCENE.—*A combined sitting and breakfast room, in SIMPKINS' apartments, tastefully furnished. Sideboard, UP R. Small round table, DOWN R. Three chairs at table. Ornamental screen between table and sideboard. Table L. with telephone, papers, books, smoking outfit, etc., on it. Morris chair beside it at R. GEORGE HENRY DISCOVERED in morris chair, smoking SIMPKINS' meerschaum.*

GEORGE. Whew! Guess I will hab t' speak t' de boss, an tell him t' change his bran' o' t'bakker, dis ere stuff smells like a rubber plant. Ah doan tink much of dis job here ennyhow, too quiet like t' suit dis coon, too much alone, de boss ain' no company for me, ain' home none on'y in de mawnin, an time t' go t' bed. Say, Ah jess wonder whar he spend his time anyhow? Guess he is what dey calls one of dem high-rollers. When dis nigger git rich, dat's what he's gwine t' be, "a high roller." (*Chuckles.*) When Ah was a rouserbout on de steamer, Ah uster dream about (*SIMPKINS in morning gown ENTERS quietly, R. U. E. Shakes fist at GEORGE. Comes behind chair, and listens*) bein' rich ya ha, jess like my boss here. Nothin' t' do but be a sport, lay back in ma big ahm cheer like dis, smokin' an habin' a good time all (*SIMPKINS grabs chair behind, pitches GEORGE out on floor*).

SIMPKINS. Now, you black rascal, what have you got to say for yourself? Here I have caught you smoking my pipe again. Didn't I tell you that the next time I caught you at it I'd give you a caning?

GEO. (*confused*). 'Deed Ah was'n smokin', boss, Ah was on'y—

SIMP. Don't lie to me, I saw you.

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GEO. No, sah, Ah mus' a bin a dreamin', an'—an'—jess reached out and picked up dat pipe by mistake, in mah sleep. (*Aside.*) Got cotched dat time for suah.

SIMP. Well, George Henry, I did not engage you to do any nightmare stunts around here, so you try to keep awake after this and attend to your work or out you go, do you understand?

GEO. Yas, sah, suah, Ah understans. (*Forgets himself, and puts pipe in mouth again.*)

SIMP. Put that pipe on the table!

GEO. What pipe? Oh, yah (*pretends to be surprised at seeing pipe in his hand*) dar is dat ole pipe ag'in fo' suah, Ah mus' a bin a dreamin' ag'in. (*Lays pipe on table.*)

SIMP. Now, George Henry, pay attention to what I am going to say.

GEO. Yassir.

SIMP. I am going to have a little breakfast party here this morning. A gentleman, and a—ahem,—a lady (*GEORGE looks wise*), and I want you to see if you can serve the guests, and myself, in such a manner that I need not be ashamed of you. By the way, did you ever wait at table when you were on the steamboat?

GEO. Yassir, allus waited till all de rest got frou.

SIMPS. No, I don't mean that, I mean, did you ever pass the food?

GEO. Who, me? No, sah; nebber passed nuffin, jess took everyting in mah reach.

SIMP. (*aside*). This is rather a dangerous experiment, trying to break in a new servant when company is to be here, and such company, Miss Dolly, charming little creature. (*Rubs hands together.*) I can hardly wait. (*To GEORGE.*) Now then, George Henry, you get to work and arrange this table for three, and when the guests arrive, you will attend to their needs, and if everything goes well, it will mean a small bill for yours.

GEO. Yassir, Ah'll suah do mah bes'.

SIMP. Good. (*GEORGE puts things on table, arranges cloth, chairs etc. SIMPKINS sits and smokes.*) Just think of it, Simpkins my boy, in another hour, perhaps less, (*looks at watch*) Miss Dolly Cashdown, the sweetest peach that ever ripened on the theatrical tree, will be seated with you at your little table. Nice thing to tumble into a fortune, and be able to spend a season in New York. Am I having a good time? Well, say (*knowing wink*), ra—ther. I wonder

what Alice would say if she knew a few of the rapid strides of her dear Sammy, in the City? But pshaw, she is a reasonable little girl enough, she would understand that a fellow has to enjoy life a little. But her mama—Whew! Why think of disagreeable topics however? Confounded bore, though, that Dolly would insist on having her father come with her, (*rises*) but, ha, ha, I'll show the old chap that "two is company, and three is a crowd," if Hartley carries out my little scheme. (*Crosses to table.*) Well, George Henry, everything ready?

GEO. Yas, sah; Ah tink so, sah.

SIMP. Yes, that looks fine. (*Moves things around a bit.*) That's great. Now, I'm going to get ready; you receive the guests, when they come, and call me at once.

GEO. Yassir. (*EXIT SIMPKINS, R. U. E.*) Ah wonder what kind a pahty dis yer am gwine to be, ef it's ennyting like de las' one de boss had— (*Puts up both hands and shakes head.*) Ah wonder ef dar's time for annuder little smoke? (*Looks off R., goes to table, takes up pipe.*)

SIMP. (*from off R.*) George Henry!

GEO. (*dropping pipe hastily.*) Yassir.

SIMP. Nothing, wanted to be sure you were not dreaming again.

GEO. Golly, he done gib me er shock. (*Door bell rings. GEORGE goes off C. D., RE-ENTERS, ushering in MAJOR CASHDOWN and DOLLY.*) Walk in, sah, walk in, Miss.

MAJOR. Ahem! is Mr.—Mr. Symptoms in?

DOLLY. Mr. Simpkins, papa.

MAJ. Yes, yes, Mr. Simpkins, of course; well, you piece of ebonized furniture, is Mr. Symptoms in?

GEO. Yassir—yas'm, he am, make yo'sef at home, an' Ah done call him. (*EXIT GEORGE R. U. E.*)

MAJ. Well, Dolly, here we are. (*DOLLY sits L., MAJOR walks around rather nervously.*)

DOL. Isn't this a regular lark, papa, I'm so glad you consented to come.

MAJ. Yes, yes, my dear, but I had a reason for doing so, which I have not told you yet, but I—er—will do so now.

DOL. Why, how delightfully mysterious! What in the world can it be? Do go on!

MAJ. Well, you see, my dear,—Ah—ahem (*Aside.*) I must be careful, it won't do to say much about the widow. (*To DOLLY.*) You see, this young Mr. Symptoms—

DOL. Simp—kins, papa.

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MAJ. Yes, yes, Simpkins—this young Symptoms is a friend of a friend of mine, back in the old town from which we both came, a fact though, of which he is not aware, and we—that is to say—the friend of whom I speak, and myself, have ascertained that this young chap is cutting quite a wide swath here in the city, and so she——

DOL. *She?*

MAJ. (*confused*). Ahem, no, no— and so *we*—have hatched up a little scheme to bring him to his senses.

DOL. Yes, I understand. (*Rather dubiously.*)

MAJ. And so the widow——

DOL. The *widow*? (*Starting up.*) Papa, what on earth are you talking about?

MAJ. (*aside*). Confound it, I'm getting this thing all mixed up. (*To DOLLY.*) No, no. I was thinking about a client of mine, down at the office,—where was I? Oh, yes,—a little scheme, and—er—they will be here to-day, perhaps this morning, and——

DOL. (*with sarcasm*). Has this—this party, to whom you refer, a double personality?

MAJ. A—a—what?

DOL. A double personality. A little while ago you said it was a friend. You now say they, could you not be a little more specific?

MAJ. Oh! of course, my dear, of course, the young lady you know——

DOL. (*bewildered*). The *young* lady?

MAJ. (*aside*). Confound it! I may as well get this thing over, I can't seem to make her understand. (*To DOLLY.*) Yes, my dear Dolly, and as you now understand the whole situation perfectly——

DOL. Oh! perfectly—you have made it all so delightfully clear. (*Aside, anxiously.*) I wonder if poor dear papa has been caught in a squeeze in the street? He talks so strangely. (*SIMPKINS heard speaking off R.*)

MAJ. Sh-h-h— Now don't tell him what I have told you—mum's the word.

DOL. No danger. (*Aside.*) Mumm? I wonder if there's to be champagne?

ENTER SIMPKINS R. U. E. *He has on tuxedo suit. Very breezy.*

SIMP. Ah, Miss Cashdown. Ah, Major. (*Bows low over*

DOLLY'S *hand, shakes MAJOR'S heartily.*) So glad to see you both, charmed to have you accept my invitation, trust you did not think me—ah—presumptuous?

MAJ. Not in the least, my boy.

DOL. Oh, not at all, Mr. Simpkins.

SIMP. Ah, delighted to hear you say so. (ENTER GEORGE R. U. E. *Goes to table.*) George Henry, show Major and Miss Cashdown to my room; breakfast will be served in about ten minutes.

[EXIT MAJOR, DOLLY *and* GEORGE L. U. E. SIMPKINS *dances around down front and sings snatch of some sentimental song.* GEORGE RE-ENTERS L. U. E. *and dances back, imitating SIMPKINS.*

SIMP. Charming Dolly—such eyes—such hair—such an altogether adorable creature. I can hardly wait for breakfast to begin. (*Dances.*) La, la, la, to be sure Pa-pa is a nuisance, but if my little arrangement to have him called up on the telephone works, I'll soon have the divine Dolly all to myself. Ah, Simpkins my boy, you are a sly dog. (*Dances and sings.*) La la la— (*Catches sight of GEORGE dancing.*) What do you mean, you imp of darkness, by imitating me? (*Snatches book from table, and throws it at GEORGE.*)

GEO. Ah begs yo pahdon, boss, guess ah was dreamin' agin.

SIMP. You villain, I'll give you something that will turn your dreams into a painful reality.

GEO. Deed, Ah jess couldn't help it, yo is such a fine dancer, Ah thought I'd take a lesson while yo was'n lookin'.

SIMP. (*flattered.*) Ahem, well, George Henry, I believe I am pretty fair on my feet. (*Another step.*) You should have seen me, er—ahem, never mind, here, here's something for you. (*Hands GEORGE coin.*)

GEO. (*grinning.*) Thanky' sah. (*Bows.*)

SIMP. And, George Henry?

GEO. Well, sah.

SIMP. See that everything is hot.

GEO. Yassir, you're suah gwine t' git it hot.

[EXIT GEORGE L. U. E.

SIMP. (*startled.*) "I'm going to get it hot"—now I wonder what he meant by that? Oh, the food, of course, of course. Ah, here she comes. Just in time, my man has just gone down for the breakfast.

ENTER MAJOR *and* DOLLY L. U. E.

MAJOR. That's good, I'm as hungry as a Wall Street bear, Ha! Ha!

SIMP. Good, Major, *very* good. Ha! Ha! we'll fix that in a jiffy.

DOL. It was very dear of you, Mr. Simpkins, to arrange this delightful little affair for us.

SIMP. Oh, don't mention it, my dear Miss Cashdown, I beg, the pleasure is all mine, I assure you. Shall I have the extreme honor of taking you to the table? (*Very gallantly.*)

DOL. Thank you, Mr. Simpkins. (*All sit at table.*
DOLLY R., MAJOR L., SIMPKINS C. *facing audience.*)

ENTER GEORGE L. 1 E. *carrying large tray. Goes to side-board.*)

MAJ. (*heartily*). Now this is what I call pleasant, there is nothing so conducive to real intimacy, and jovial good fellowship, as sitting together at a well appointed little meal like this.

DOL. Oh, yes, Mr. Simpkins, it is perfectly delightful.

SIMP. (*smirking*). You honor me, I am sure. Now then, George Henry, the hot plates, now, the minced chicken, the celery, the olives, the toast. (*GEORGE brings each article as it is ordered.*)

SIMP. (*aside*). George Henry is doing extremely well for an ex-roustabout. My dear Miss Cashdown, may I help you to some of the minced chicken?

DOL. If you will be so kind, Mr. Simpkins. (*GEORGE takes plate from SIMPKINS, walks around table and serves DOLLY.*)

SIMP. And you, Major?

MAJ. (*rubbing hands*). Why, of course, my dear fellow, that's what I'm here for. Ha, ha! it looks fine.

SIMP. It ought to be, our chef is hard to beat. (*Same business for GEORGE. All eat. GEORGE very attentive.*)

SIMP. George Henry.

GEO. Yas, sah.

SIMP. The coffee.

GEO. Yas, sah. (*GEORGE brings coffee, pours for DOLLY, starts to pour for MAJOR, telephone rings. GEORGE starts, turns toward telephone, and pours coffee in MAJOR'S lap. All jump up, MAJOR in agony.*)

MAJ. Ow—ouch—ah! you infernal coon. (*Dances around.*) What do you mean? You've scalded me!

GEO. O—er—'scuse me, Ma—jaw, I—

SIMP. (*kicking him*). You black ape! (GEORGE goes to telephone.)

DOL. Poor dear papa, does it hurt?

MAJ. (*grimly*). "Does it hurt?" Suppose you had hot coffee poured all—

DOL. (*shocked*). Papa!

GEO. Somebody wan' t' speak t' Major Cashdown.

MAJ. (*limping over to phone*). Well, what is it? Yes, Cashdown! (*Bellowing*.) Yes, Major Cashdown! what?—where?—Ouch! (*Rubs leg, dances*.) At the office?—Oh! impossible,—No,—No, I say! Hey?—what's that?—a hundred thou—All right—right away. (*To SIMPKINS*.) Very sorry, my dear Symptoms,—important matter at office—got to go—back in fifteen minutes. (SIMPKINS and DOLLY rise, go c.)

SIMP. Why, this is too had, Major, but business is business you know. (*Winks aside*.) George Henry, the Major's hat and coat. (EXIT GEORGE L. U. E. returns at once with hat and coat.) Well, good-bye, Major, hope you can return shortly. (*Aside*.) Simpkins, what a liar you are.

MAJ. Good-bye. Bye-bye, Dolly,—coming right back.

DOL. Good-bye, papa, do hurry.

MAJ. Yes, yes. (*Rushes off c. d.*)

DOL. What a shame, business is *such* a nuisance.

SIMP. So it is, so it is, my dear Miss Cashdown, but surely we can proceed with our breakfast, can we not?

DOL. Oh, certainly, Mr. Simpkins, if you wish.

SIMP. (*aside*). "If I wish." Charming girl. Now, Simpkins, is your chance. (*They resume seats, GEORGE at sideboard*.)

DOL. (*aside*). This is quite embarrassing, I do hope papa will not be detained long.

SIMP. Ahem—er—er. My dear Miss Cashdown, ah, did you notice what a beautiful evening it was last night? Such a lovely moon—and— (*Edging his chair toward her*.)

DOL. (*nervously*). Ye—yes—I believe so. (*Moves around a little*.)

SIMP. (*ardently*). Do you, so do I. (SIMPKINS keeps moving up; DOLLY moves away as they talk, until they have made the circuit of the table.) How perfectly our tastes seem to agree, dear Miss—er—Dolly, I— (GEORGE drops tray with loud clatter.)

DOL. Oh! (SIMPKINS jumps up, takes GEORGE by the ear, leads him down L., hands him tip, points off stage. GEORGE

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grins, nods head—EXIT L. 1 E.) (*Aside.*) I wish papa would hurry, and I wish he had been a little more definite in regard to his "scheme," Mr. Simpkins acts so queerly.

SIMP. (*returning to table—adoringly*). As I was saying—My dear—ah—Dolly— (*Ring at telephone.*) Confound the phone. (*Long ring. Goes to telephone.*) Well, what is it? (*Shouts.*) Yes, Simpkins! Yes, Simp— (*Changing tone.*) Oh, that you, Major?—delayed?—very sorry,—yes, of course,—good-bye. (*Forgets himself, dances.*) La, la, la.

DOL. Why, Mr. Simpkins, what are you doing? (*Aside.*) He must be wrong in his head. Oh, I must go. (*Starts up.*)

SIMP. (*confused*). Why—ah—why, you see, it was the telephone.

DOL. "The telephone?" Of course it was the telephone, but—

SIMP. Yes, you see whenever I use the telephone the electric fluid goes all over me, and—

DOL. Why, how strange.

SIMP. Isn't it? (*They sit at table.*) Ahem, Miss Dolly—*dear* Miss Dolly—er— (*Ring at door-bell heard, SIMPKINS annoyed, calls off.*) George Henry! (ENTER GEORGE, L. 1 E.) Attend to the door.

GEO. Yas, sah.

[EXIT C. D.

SIMP. As I said before, my dear—

ENTER GEORGE C. D. *with card tray.*

GEO. Some ladies t' see you, boss.

SIMP. (*takes cards from tray. Aside.*) Mrs. Ethel Fairplay, Miss Alice Fairplay. Jerusalem! Alice and her mother, what'll I do? (*Takes GEORGE aside.*) Tell them to wait a little while, and—

GEO. Deed Ah did, boss, but de ole lady say she wa'n't gwine sta'n on ceremony, comin' right up.

SIMP. The deuce she is?

DOL. (*who has been looking bewildered, with dignity.*) Mr. Simpkins, if you— (*Voices heard outside, C. D.*)

SIMP. (*rapidly*). Oh, yes, certainly, Miss Dolly, sit down. (*He pushes DOLLY down in chair, then drags screen over so as to conceal table from stage, but not from audience.*) Whew!

ENTER C. D. MRS. FAIRPLAY and ALICE.

Why, my dear Mrs. Fairplay, my dear Alice. (*Mutual greeting.*) How jolly of you to give me this pleasant surprise. (*Aside.*) *Pleasant?*

MRS. FAIRPLAY. I knew you would be delighted to see us.

SIMP. And so I am. (*Aside.*) *Not.*

ALICE. Now, isn't this just lovely, Sammy? Mama and I are going to spend a *whole day* with you, in your bachelor apartments, won't it be a lark? (*Pouting.*) Well, you don't appear any too well pleased to see us.

SIMP. What, what an idea, I'm quite overcome with emotion.

ALICE. That's a dear boy. (*Takes his arm; they talk aside.*)

MRS. F. (*aside*). Alice is right, he doesn't seem at all pleased. I wonder what the Major meant by his extremely vague letter about Mr. Simpkins. Of course I had to come, but I really do not know what he could have meant.

ALICE. Well, sir, are you not going to ask us to remove our things?

SIMP. Oh, a thousand pardons, ladies, remove them at once. (*They start to do so. Door-bell rings.*) But not here, not here, come this way. (*Rushes them off L. U. E.*)

DOL. (*who during above scene has been sitting at table, behind screen, undecided what to do*). Now I wonder what this all means? There is one thing certain. (*Coming down.*) Mr. Simpkins is evidently a gay deceiver. What was it papa said about— (*Gets an idea claps her hands.*) Oh! Oh! I begin to see—ha, ha, ha! isn't this a go? Just like a comedy— (*Door-bell rings violently, DOLLY runs behind screen. GEORGE ENTERS L. 1 E., crosses, EXITS C. D. returns ushering in. DR. HARTLEY.*)

DR. HARTLEY (*medicine case in hand*). Mr. Simpkins in, George Henry?

GEO. Yes, sah, he am in, fo' suah.

DR. H. Tell him I want to see him a moment, will you?

GEO. Yes, sah, right away. (*Aside.*) Gee, dis yer flat gittin' filled up mighty fast. [EXIT GEORGE R. U. E. (*HARTLEY picks up paper—reads.*)

DOL. (*behind screen*). It's Dr. Hartley. Oh, what if he should find me here, I must not let him see me.

[EXIT DOLLY hurriedly R. 1 E. leaving handkerchief on table.

DR. H. (*puts paper down*). Wish Simpkins would hurry—got an important call to make. (*Strolls about, sees breakfast table.*) Hullo, what's this? Table laid for three, wonder what Simpkins is up to now (*shakes head*), it's hard

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to tell. He seems to be getting rather gay of late, talking about pretty actresses, and all that sort of thing, but he'll get over it, he'll get over— (*Sees handkerchief.*) Ah! ah! Simpkins, my boy, here's a little piece of circumstantial evidence. Ha! Ha! the rascal, got one on him now. Oh you dainty little bit of feminine flimsiness, if you could only speak. Ha! Ha! if you could only— (*Catches odor of perfume.*) Hello— (*smells of handkerchief*) that perfume seems awfully familiar—why—why— (*turns handkerchief over, sees initials in corner*) what's this? D. C.? (*Starts wildly.*) By the Eternal! if that handkerchief did not come out of the box I gave Dolly Cashdown on her last birthday, I'm a liar, and that perfume too—hers—hers (*shouting*) what does this mean?

ENTER SIMPKINS L. U. E.

SIMP. Ah, a minute to breathe (*sees HARTLEY*) the devil!

DR. H. (*striding across wildly*). Here, what does this mean? What is this? (*Shows handkerchief.*)

SIMP. (*confused*). Why—er—that?

DR. H. Yes sir, "that!"

SIMP. (*coming closer*). Why, it looks like a handkerchief.

DR. H. Oh, does it? does it? How did it come here?

SIMP. (*aside*). Here's a go. Dolly must have dropped it.

ENTER GEORGE R. U. E.

SIMP. (*aside to GEORGE*). Get him out of here, *some way, any way.* (*GEORGE nods, grins.*) [EXIT C. D.]

DR. H. Well, sir. I am waiting to hear from you.

SIMP. Oh, yes, certainly— (*Grabs handkerchief. Puts it in pocket.*) That is (*telephone rings. SIMPKINS goes to it*) Yes—Stag Flats—right here. Doctor, somebody for you—hurry call.

DR. H. (*takes telephone, savagely*). Well—yes—wreck on the elevated?—how many?—right away. (*Grabs his case.*) I've got to go, *but* (*shaking fist.*) I'll be back, I'll be back.

[EXIT *hastily* C. D.]

SIMP. Wow! I'll have heart failure if this keeps up. I must speak to Dolly. Wonder what she is thinking about all this time? (*Approaches screen on tiptoe. In loud whisper.*) Dolly—Dolly— (*MRS. FAIRPLAY and ALICE heard talking and laughing L. SIMPKINS jumps away.*) Jupiter! here they come, now for trouble.

ENTER MRS. FAIRPLAY and ALICE L. U. E.

ALICE. Here, we are, Sammy dear, (SIMPKINS starts, looks nervously at screen.) it is so nice to be with you again, isn't it, mama?

MRS. F. (*doubtfully*). Of course, my dear, quite so.

ALICE. And now you must show us over your apartments, I do so want to see how a nice young bachelor like you lives in New York.

SIMP. With pleasure, we—we'll go into the farthest room first—and—

MRS. F. (*decidedly*). Oh, no, Mrs. Simpkins, we will begin right here. (*Aside.*) How strangely he acts.

SIMP. Of course, my dear Mrs. Fairplay. (*Aside.*) I'd like to wring her neck. (*Trying to get them away from screen.*) Now look at this telephone,—installed last week—latest improvements—fire proof—water tight—never known to— (MRS. FAIRPLAY not interested goes to sideboard, looks around, approaches screen.) Ah!—

LADIES (*starting*). Oh! what is it?

SIMP. (*faintly*). Oh! only a little pain around the heart.

ALICE (*anxiously*). Why, Sammy, I didn't know you had heart trouble.

SIMP. It's nothing to be alarmed about, really.

MRS. F. (*aside*). There's something wrong here. (*Starts to look behind screen.*)

SIMP. (*yells*). Oh! Oh! my heart again. (*Ladies run to him and hold him up, MRS. FAIRPLAY swinging screen around as she does this.*)

MRS. F. This is serious.

ALICE. Oh, Sammy, you must have the doctor.

SIMP. (*relieved at DOLLY'S disappearance*). No, no, I'm all right now. (*Aside.*) Dolly's gone—I'm saved.

ALICE. Well, I don't like to have you— (*Sees breakfast table.*) Why, Mama, Sammy has breakfast laid for us, and I'm as hungry as a bear; isn't it good of him?

MRS. F. Yes, delightful,—but (*suspiciously*) the table is laid for three, and you know we were not expected. Mr. Simpkins, how do you—

SIMP. (*hastily*). Ha! Ha! why to tell the truth, it was a little fancy of mine.

LADIES. Fancy?

SIMP. (*sentimentally*). Yes, I thought this morning, how jolly it would be if Alice and her dear mama were only here, so I had the table laid for three, and I let myself imagine that I sat here in the centre, with Alice on this side, and you

on this side, and it—er—kind of kept me from being lonesome, you know, and—

ALICE. Why, Sammy, how poetic, how romantic.

SIMP. Wasn't it? (*Calls off.*) George Henry. (ENTER GEORGE L. 1 E.) George Henry, clear these things away, and arrange the table for three.

GEO. Yas, sah, yas, sah, but whar am de Major an'—an' Miss Dolly, boss? (GEORGE *gets busy at table.*)

SIMP. (*aside to GEORGE*). You black idiot, you ape, you—

ALICE (*opening her eyes*). Dolly? Who is Dolly?

MRS. F. (*with emphasis*). Yes, Mr. Simpkins, who *is* Dolly? and *who* is the Major? (*Aside.*) I wonder if this means Major Cashdown, and if it has anything to do with—

SIMP. (*fencing for time*). Yes, that's it, Major and Dolly—Dolly and Major— (*Nervously.*) Ha! Ha! (*Aside.*) If I don't kill that nigger.

MRS. F. This demands an explanation, sir.

ALICE. Yes, *Mr.* Simpkins, this *does* demand an explanation.

SIMP. Why, of course—to be sure—that's easy. (*Aside.*) I wish it was. You see—er—ladies—ah—I— (*Aside.*) Ah! An idea. (*Rapidly.*) You see the explanation (as you term it) of George's question is very simple. Major and Dolly are the names of my two thoroughbred horses, and George Henry, faithful fellow (*shakes his fist at GEORGE—aside*) is as fond of them as I am,—great pets, I assure you, and so you understand—

MRS. F. No, sir, I do *not* understand. (*Slowly.*) Do your horses take breakfast with you in your apartments?

SIMP. (*at sea*). Why, no,—that is, not usually, but—but—when I have oats—

[EXIT GEORGE L. 1 E., *puts finger to forehead. Shakes head.*

GEORGE *takes tray with plates etc.*

ALICE (*with contempt*). "Oats," the idea.

MRS. F. This will not do. Mr. Simpkins, if you are trifling with my daughter's innocent young heart, I wish to know it, so that I may call your engagement at an end.

SIMP. (*takes DOLLY'S handkerchief from pocket and mops his brow. Aside*). Whew! this thing is getting beyond my control.

ALICE (*seeing handkerchief*). Samuel Simpkins,—what have you in your hand?

MRS. F. (*putting her arm around ALICE*). You *poor* child.

SIMP. (*looks at handkerchief, gets very confused*). This—a—this? (*Aside.*) Great Scott! Dolly's handkerchief. (*Rapid action, ALICE screams and faints. MRS. FAIRPLAY catches her, SIMPKINS starts to help her. MRS. FAIRPLAY waves him away.*)

MRS. F. You Brute!

ALICE (*recovering, points at handkerchief*). Where did you get that *thing*?

SIMP. (*lamely*). This? Why—er—this is a—a cover for my couch.

ALICE. Do you mean to tell me you can cover yourself up with that?

SIMP. Why—er—yes my dear, you know sometimes I feel pretty small, (*Aside*), and this is one of the times.

MRS. F. Mr. Simpkins, you are trying to deceive both my daughter and myself, give me that thing. (*Snatches handkerchief away from him.*)

SIMP. Certainly—certainly, my dear Mrs. Fairplay, I see I have made a mistake, that really is a—a handkerchief.

(*While he speaks the ladies are examining handkerchief.*)

LADIES. Oh, is it?

ALICE. Perhaps it belongs to "Dolly"—your horse.

SIMP. Yes, so it does. No, no, it doesn't.

MRS. F. Or the "Major." (*Holds it to her nose.*) Do your horses use violet perfume, Mr. Simpkins?

SIMP. Yes—no— (*Aside.*) Ha! now I have it,—great idea. (*To the ladies.*) Ahem,—to tell the truth, ladies, I got that handkerchief the other day at a bargain sale.

LADIES. Oh, did you, where?

SIMP. At the—a—five cent store.

MRS. F. Ridiculous, this little affair is worth five dollars,—not a cent less.

ALICE. Perhaps he bought it at a "feed store," mama.

SIMP. No, no, it is all easily explained. You see it was a great joke on me, ha, ha, ha! I was speeding down the avenue at the time in my touring car, had arrived just opposite one of the big stores, when the tire of the left front wheel, on the rear right side, blew up, something broke loose in the sprocket wheel, the gasoline tank fell over on the headlight, tremendous explosion! Up went Simpkins fifty feet in the air, came down again—struck an innocent bystander, and—and—

LADIES. Yes—yes, go on.

Simpkins' Little Breakfast Party.

SIMP. And caromed right through a big plate glass window, landed in the middle of a pile of feminine haberdashery, dresses—hats—gloves—hosiery—night—

LADIES (*scream*). Oh!

SIMP. Er—and others things, big cut on my head, here—no, here,—snatched the first thing I could get hold of to staunch the blood, which was running all over the floor—

MRS. F. Awful. }

ALICE. Horrible. }

(*Covering their eyes.*)

SIMP. You bet,—great excitement, everybody came running—proprietor—pretty sales girls—policeman—fainted from loss of blood, and when I came to, I had that handkerchief in my hand—asked the manager what the damages were—he said, “Nothing my dear sir, glad to see you, call in again when you come down this way.” Paid him five cents though for that little piece of linen and lace as a souvenir of the occasion—and—

ENTER DOLLY *hurriedly* R. 1 E., *stops*

Ah—! (SIMPKINS *puts hands over his heart as he screams.*)
My heart! (*Quick action follows.*)

MRS. F. Oh, he has another attack. (*They support him. Being back to DOLLY they have not seen her.*)

ALICE. Quick, mama, quick.

ENTER *hurriedly* DR. HARTLEY C. D.

DR. H. What is it? What's happened?

MRS. F. Mr. Simpkins—his heart!

DR. H. Get him to his room at once!

[EXIT *all but* DOLLY L. U. E. *carrying* SIMPKINS.

DOL. (*who has been standing irresolutely at R. unperceived by all save SIMPKINS.*) What *could* have been the matter with Mr. Simpkins? (*Crosses and EXITS after the others L. U. E.*)

ENTER MAJOR CASHDOWN C. D. *in towering rage.*

MAJ. Delayed by a wreck on the elevated; couldn't get back any sooner; wonder who called me up on the phone—all a fake—(*Flourishing cane.*) Wish I had him here. Where's Dolly? Where's Symptoms? Gone, by Jove, and I'm hungry as— Wonder if Mrs. Fairplay has arrived yet—hope so, or my little scheme will miscarry. Ah (*rubbing his hands*), great idea of mine—clever—ex—treme—ly clever, to make her think our young friend Symptoms was going it a

little fast, and so get her here where I could make her listen to a little reason and common sense. Major—Major, I fear you will never get over being as young as any of 'em—la la la. (*Attempts a step or two, but rheumatism prevents.*) Ouch! To be sure, Symptoms is a little—just a little—but pshaw, boys will be boys, although a little scare may not be amiss in his case. Alice is too nice a little girl for any man to play fast and loose with. (ENTER GEORGE L. 1 *E. bringing tray, etc. Goes to table.*) Here, you black rascal (*Rapidly*), where is my daughter? Where is Mr. Symptoms? Where is everybody? Who called me up on the phone? Has there been any one here since I left? Are we going to get anything to eat this blessed day? (GEORGE *makes grimaces trying to answer during the MAJOR'S volley.*) Hey! why don't you answer, you—you—what are you grinning about? (*Makes for GEORGE with cane. GEORGE retreats around table.*)

GEO. Hol' on, Major, hol' on.

MAJ. (*stopping*). Well, why don't you speak?

GEO. Deed, Ah tried to, but Ah couldn' git a word in aidgeways.

MAJ. (*raising cane*). Will you—?

GEO. Yassir, yassir, gi' me chance, what you wanter know fust?

MAJ. (*calming down*). Well, perhaps I *was* a little fast.

GEO. Yo' suttingly was. De house am full, Majaw, all kinds a folks. An' de boss gwine t' haf breakfuss right away.

MAJ. Good, that's something to be thankful for any way. (*Goes up stage.*)

GEO. Dis am my las' day on dis job. Ain't gwine t' be made no choppin' block for nobody, not much. (*Works around table.*)

ENTER MRS. FAIRPLAY L. U. E., *comes down L.*

MRS. F. Well, of all the incomprehensible proceedings. Mr. Simpkins is either acting a part, or his head is affected worse than his heart. I do wish Major Cashdown—

MAJ. (*coming down R.*). Well, my dear Mrs. Fairplay, here at last? (*They shake hands, MAJOR bowing low.*) So glad to see you again.

MRS. F. Thank you Major—I wish—

MAJ. Ahem—you received my note?

MRS. F. I did, and I would like very much to—

MAJ. Oh, certainly, my dear madam. (GEORGE *whistles a*

little.) Ahem—pardon me—just a second. (*Goes over to GEORGE. Aside.*) Er—George Henry, haven't you something important to attend to below? (*Slipping GEORGE a tip.*)

GEO. (*grinning*). Suah, Majaw, I tend to dat little matter right away. [EXIT GEORGE L. 1 E.]

MAJ. (*aside*). Now for the next move in my little game. Ahem, Mrs. Fairplay, it was very good of you to come, and now—

MRS. F. Perhaps so, but now that I have come, Major, if you will have the kindness to inform me what I have come for, I—

MAJ. Immediately—immediately, my dear madam. (*Aside.*) I wonder how I'll begin, I hope Dolly doesn't come in now. (*To MRS. FAIRPLAY.*) Ah—by the way, have you seen Dolly?

MRS. F. No, but I suppose she is in the stable.

MAJ. (*astounded*). Where?

MRS. F. In the stable, of course, with the other horses.

MAJ. (*aside*). Is she crazy? (*To MRS. FAIRPLAY with some dignity.*) Madam, I do not know what you may be talking about, but I—was asking if you had seen my daughter—Miss Dolly Cashdown.

MRS. F. (*aside*). His daughter? Ah now I see—what a fool I have been—"Dolly and the Major,"—"thoroughbreds"—um yes, I think so. Now, Mr. Samuel Simpkins, if I don't—

MAJ. (*impatiently*). Pardon me, madam, you were saying—?

MRS. F. (*sweetly*). Oh, pardon me, my dear Major, something diverted me for a moment. I believe your daughter is with Mr. Simpkins in his room.

MAJ. What! (*Grabs his cane, starts L.*)

MRS. F. Perhaps I had better hear what he has to say first. (*Runs after MAJOR, drags him back by the coat tails.*) Yes, with a Dr. Hartley, and my daughter Alice.

MAJ. (*aside*). Hartley here? Well here is a mix up. Confound it though,—let them settle their own affairs, I have something more agreeable to attend to. (*Bowing low to MRS. FAIRPLAY.*) Will you permit me to say that time has dealt very kindly with you, my dear Mrs. Fairplay, and now that this fortunate meeting—

MRS. F. Under such *peculiar* circumstances—

MAJ. "Peculiar?"

MRS. F. Yes, "peculiar." (*Rapidly.*) Will you kindly

explain how you happen to be here, and how your daughter happens to be here, and why Mr. Simpkins is affected with heart failure all of a sudden,—and why this young Dr. Hartley looks as though he would like to perform vivisection upon the whole party—and——

MAJ. Why, of course. (*Aside.*) How some people can ask questions. (*To MRS. FAIRPLAY.*) You see—er—Mr. Symptoms has placed a heavy commission in stocks with our firm, and he asked me here this morning to talk over the deal, and——

MRS. F. Oh! and is your daughter Dolly a member of your firm?

MAJ. (*rattled*). Yes—no. Ha! ha! Excellent joke, Mrs. Fairplay, excellent joke. Ha! Ha! (*Aside.*) What will I tell her?

MRS. F. Major Cashdown, if the joke is so very “excellent,” perhaps—I say per—haps, you will be kind enough to explain the point of it.

MAJ. A thousand pardons. (*Gets an idea.*) Why, the fact is, we had to have a stenographer and my daughter Dolly, having had some experience in that line, very kindly consented to act, and so you see——?

MRS. F. (*much relieved*). Why, certainly, Major, that clears up the whole matter.

MAJ. (*delighted*). I am awfully glad it does. (*Aside.*) If you've got to lie, do it right.

MRS. F. And now if you'll excuse me. (*Moves to go.*)

MAJ. (*detaining her*). Oh, not for the world—won't you please be seated. I have something I wish to say to you. (*MRS. FAIRPLAY takes chair. The MAJOR stands, hand on chair back.*)

MRS. F. (*aside—coily*). I wonder what it is, he seems so mysterious. (*The following scene is intended to be rather ridiculous.*)

MAJ. Ahem—as I was saying——

MRS. F. (*expectantly*). Yes?

MAJ. No—I mean—as I was about to say——

MRS. F. (*looking up, then down*). Yes, Major. (*Sighs.*)

MAJ. Mrs. Fairplay—er—er—Elsie——

MRS. F. (*shocked*). Why—why—Major Cashdown.

MAJ. (*effusively*). Oh, please call me Joseph, let us use the old names, the dear old names we called each other, back in the days when we were boys together——

MRS. F. (*amazed*). What do you——

MAJ. No, no—I mean girls together——

MRS. F. Why, Major, are you cra—

MAJ. No, I don't, I mean—er— (*Crosses R. aside.*) What in blazes do I mean anyway? (*Returns hastily, falls on his knees, takes her hand in his, places his other hand on his heart.*) I mean, that I have been wishing, longing for this opportunity, dear Elsie, to tell you how much I lo——

ENTER DOLLY quickly L. U. E. *She sees tableau (quick action) throws up her hands. Screams slightly and runs off* R. U. E.

MAJ. (*jumping up*). What was that?

MRS. F. (*little scream*). Ah—h!

MAJ. (*looks all around, sees nothing, resumes position, same business; loudly*). Love you, and— (ENTER GEORGE L. 1 E. MAJOR *in dismay. Crosses to GEORGE, motions him off. GEORGE does not understand. MAJOR gives tip; GEORGE does understand, EXITS L. 1 E. grinning; shakes fist off L. returns to MRS. FAIRPLAY as before. Shouts.*) And with my hand on my heart. (*Changes position of his hand.*) I swear—

ENTER HARTLEY L. U. E. *in pursuit of DOLLY. He sees tableau, throws up both hands and shouts—Wow!*
EXITS C. D. *Quick action.*

MRS. F. (*starts up wildly, looks around*). Oh! what was it?

MAJ. (*falls over backward, echoes HARTLEY'S Wow! Gets up painfully; rubs rheumatic leg*). Come, my dear, let us leave the zoological garden, all the animals seem to be having a half holiday. I will seek a more sequestered spot, where— (*They go off C. D. arm in arm, the MAJOR limping painfully.*)

ENTER HARTLEY R. U. E., *looks around.*

DR. H. Which way did she go? What is she doing here anyway? What in thunder does it all mean? Simpkins was shamming, that's plain enough,—nothing the matter with his heart,—won't say as much for his brains, however. I wonder what that Mrs. Fairplay meant by turning up her nose at Dolly and calling her an actress? I'll find all this out though, as sure as my name's—— (ENTER GEORGE L. 1 E. *Crosses to table.*) Ah, here is George, perhaps he will know something. Oh, good morning, George Henry.

GEO. Mawnin Doctah, mawnin.

DR. H. (*aside*). I'll pump the coon— (*Takes a seat and smokes.*) George, where is Mr. Simpkins?

GEO. (*aside*). Now Ah wonder what he wants t' fine out, guess I better not know nuffin at all.

DR. H. Did you hear me, George Henry? Is Mr. Simpkins about?

GEO. Deed, Ah doan know, Doctah.

DR. H. (*aside*). He's lying, the rascal. I'll see if I can't scare something out of him. (*Yawns.*) George, I'm tired, been pretty busy this morning.

GEO. Dat so, Doctah, lots o' folks sick now?

DR. H. No, not so much sickness, surgical cases, George, went down to the hospital before breakfast, lots of operations, all the staff busy, took off seven legs and five arms in forty-five minutes flat.

GEO. (*his eyes bulging*). Sho, Doctah, you mus' a had t' hustle.

DR. H. Oh, that's not so much, just enough to give a man an appetite, just a little sport.

GEO. B-r-r-r! Ah wouldn' like dat kine o' sport.

DR. H. All in getting used to it, George Henry. Only thing I object to, is the way it affects my head.

GEO. (*looking startled*). Yo' haid?

DR. H. Yes, and my appetite.

GEO. Wha' what?

DR. H. (*jumps up, and walks around. Sits down again acts strangely*). Yes, you have no doubt heard, or read, of how the smell and sight of blood affects some wild animals. (*Clutches his chair. looks wildly at GEORGE, who is getting scared.*) Makes them fierce for more! Well, that's me, makes me want to cut up even a well man, white or— (*fiercely jumping up*) black! (*Starts wildly toward GEORGE, who gives way.*)

GEO. Fo' de Lord's sake! Better se' down, Doctah, better se' down. (*HARTLEY runs hands through his hair, rolls his eyes, grabs table knife, makes for GEORGE.*)

DR. H. Ha—h! What do you—

GEO. (*sprinting around room*). Help—Murder—fire—Ya—h! (*Runs off L. 1 E.*)

DR. H. (*puts down knife, laughing*). Ha! Ha! Well that's not more than half a joke. I really do feel like doing something savage, and if Miss Dolly Cashdown don't ex—

ENTER DOLLY C. D.

DOLLY (*aside*). Ah, there he is.

DR. H. (*aside*). Ah, here she is now.

DR. H. Well, Miss Cashdown, what have you to say for yourself?

DOL. Oh! I don't know that I have anything in particular to say to you about myself, Mr. Hartley.

DR. H. Oh, you don't? I suppose that being engaged to me does not make it seem at all out of place for you to be discovered taking breakfast with another man in his private apartments.

DOL. "Discovered?" Well, I like that. I would have you know, sir, that my papa was here, and as for our "engagement" as you term it, ha ha, as that is a matter known only to ourselves, it can be easily terminated.

DR. H. (*alarmed*). Dolly, you don't mean—(*Aside*) no! I won't back down, she must explain.

DOL. (*laughing, aside*). Poor boy, he's horribly jealous. (*Sighs*.) Isn't it nice to be thought so much of; but quarrels are so stupid. I think I will try to tame the bear. Dr. Hartley?

DR. H. (*averting eyes*). Well——?

DOL. "Well"—look at me.

DR. H. (*still looking away*). Are you going to explain?

DOL. I am not going to say one word as long as you are so (*smothering a laugh*) deeply interested in studying the arrangement of Mr. Simpkins' furniture.

DR. H. (*turning savagely*). Well, there!

DOL. That's much better, sir. To begin then, I will tell you that I received an invitation from Mr. Simpkins to take breakfast with him. (*HARTLEY makes gesture with his fist, aside*.) In the note he sent me he mentioned something about his chum, Dr. Hartley.

DR. H. (*indignantly*). Humph! He did, did he?

DOL. Yes, and although it was rather vague, it led me to think you were to be one of the party, so I accepted, of course with the provision that papa should be included, thinking it would be a good time to let him know about our—our engagement. (*Looking at him archly. HARTLEY not pacified.*) Papa seemed singularly pleased with the idea, and so we came, and ——

DR. H. (*angrily*). But, that does not explain why Simpkins invited you, nor how it is that you happen to be acquainted with him.

DOL. Please do not be so violent. You see he was a guest at Mrs. Hifier's private theatricals, which occurred while you were away last month. I was the leading lady, you know, and this Mr. Simpkins somehow conceived the idea that I was a professional, obtained an introduction (*sly look*), seemed to be very much smitten, and——

DR. H. I'll smite him!

DOL. Yes, wasn't it funny?

DR. H. Oh! very!

DOL. (*sweetly*). Don't you remember that was the way you first met me, and how you——

DR. H. Yes, I distinctly remember, I remember that was where my troubles began.

DOL. Now don't interrupt. You said I was——

DR. H. Oh, don't remind me of it.

DOL. And that you would (*coming nearer to him*) never, —ne—ver——

DR. H. I did not!

DOL. (*coming nearer, and shaking finger playfully*). Oh, yes! you did, and so did this Mr. Simpkins——

DR. H. (*disgusted*). Simpkins!

DOL. (*changing tones*). And so I came to his old breakfast, but it wasn't a bit of fun, papa was called away, Mr. Simpkins is a — fool (*cannot find her handkerchief, takes HARTLEY'S which shows in his breast pocket.*) and now here you are acting (*beginning to cry*) like a great b—b—bear. M—Men are so hard to understand.

DR. H. And women are so open and above board——

DOL. And my head aches so. (*Edging up closer.*)

DR. H. (*aside*). Oh! pshaw! I can't stand this.

DOL. And—and I'm so hu—hungry. (*Drops her head on his shoulder, face hidden in handkerchief.*)

DR. H. (*aside*). Oh! hang it all, I can't be a brute. (*Puts his arms around DOLLY.*) There—there, little one don't cry, I guess I was a little unreasonable, please forgive me. (*Lifting her face, and kissing her. DOLLY laughs slyly aside.*)

ENTER SIMPKINS L. U. E. sees HARTLEY and DOLLY.

SIMP. (*aside*). Stung!

DR. H. (*magnanimously*). Ah, Simpkins, old boy, congratulate your friend Hartley, and his bride to be.

SIMP. (*not over cordial*). Why—er—certainly, many happy returns of the day. (*DR. HARTLEY and DOLLY go up*)

laughing and EXIT arm in arm c. d., SIMPKINS looking after them.) Well, "what do you know about that?" Is that a busted bubble? Oh, no, not at all. (*Sits down, disgusted.*) Simpkins, you're no high roller, you're no 'ing but a wee little pebble on the beach. Bah! Well, Dolly's out of the way, that's some comfort, but (*jumping up*) there's Alice! how in the deuce will I patch this up with her? She's camping on my trail, I'm dead sure of that. What a mix, everything gone to smash. A—h, I feel like fighting some one, if there was only some one here, I'd—

ENTER GEORGE L. 1 E.

GEO. Say, boss, dat ar breakfast done gittin' cole.

SIMP. (*blankly*). You don't say so? (*Aside.*) Ha! here's a chance to start something, here's the villain who queered the whole show with his "where's de Majaw? Where's Miss Dolly," business; I'll Dolly him, I'll show him.

GEO. Am your pahty pretty nigh ready t' eat, boss?

SIMP. (*aside*). The black-hearted son of Ham, I'll eat him. (*Pulls up his sleeves a little.*) Come here, George Henry.

GEO. Yas, sah.

SIMP. Um, George Henry, can you count?

GEO. Suah, Ah c'n count. Ha, ha, dat make me tink of when Ah was a little coon an lib down in de state of Jaw Jaw, dar was a man nex' door what had a little patch of water-millions, close up t' our cabin. An—an one night I count dem ar millions an dar was forty-fo', but when de man counted dem de nex mawnin—ah, ha, ha, ha, dar wan ony—

SIMP. Well, never mind about that now. I want you to assist me in a little experiment in ha—propulsion.

GEO. Yassir, what am dat er—pro—p—p—?

SIMP. (*taking* GEORGE L.). Um—the experiment referred to will demonstrate its own meaning, George Henry. You stand here. (*Takes him off stage, shakes fist, aside.*)

GEO. Yassir. (*SIMPKINS makes sinister preparations.*)

SIMP. Now, steady.

GEO. Steady it am, sah.

SIMP. Now you count three, George Henry, and when you get to three. (*Drawing back his foot*) my meaning will be apparent. Now—

GEO. One.

SIMP. "One."

GEO. Two.

SIMP. "Two."

GEO. Three. (SIMPKINS *kicks* GEORGE *violently off* L. 1 E. GEORGE *falls through wings with a yell.*)

SIMP. Take that, you black ape. (*Howl from GEORGE heard outside.*) There that helps a little. Now, if my other little troubles were only— (*Sits down dejectedly and lights cigarette.*) Whew! Simpkins, it will be up to you to explain when Alice rings up—Gee! I don't know what kind of a bluff to put up now that she has seen Dolly here. Simpkins, you're an ass. No doubt about it. Why Alice is the only real thing, and you know it. You'd better beat it, you've not the nerve to face her; go drown yourself. (*Jumping up.*) That's it, I'll do it, but what in? Water or wine? that's the— (ENTER ALICE L. U. E.) Aha, foiled! (RETREATS R.)

ALICE (*coming down* L.). Mr. Simpkins, you will call a cab for me, at once.

SIMP. But, my dear Alice, surely you are not—

ALICE. Will you call a cab, or will you compel me to do so?

SIMP. No, no, my dear, I will call one if you insist. (*Crosses to telephone.*)

ALICE. I most certainly do insist.

SIMP. (*pretends to order cab, but does not switch in.*) Hello! hello! give me Metropolitan Taxi Co.—yes—Hello!—Simpkins—Stag Flats—send cab at once—what—strike—is that so? Well, well,—no, of course—can't be helped—good day. Sorry. Alice, but the manager informs me there is a strike on, no cabs running.

ALICE. But I must go,—*now*. What shall I do?

SIMP. "Do?" Why, my dear Alice, stay right here, and let me explain this trifling—

ALICE. "Explain!" I have had enough of your "explanations"—Mr. Simpkins, what I have seen, sir, is enough for any woman with the slightest particle of self-respect.

SIMP. (*tragically*). Then if you will not hear me, this will be the last you will ever see—or know, of the injured and unfortunate Samuel Simpkins. (*Stalks gloomily toward* C. D.)

ALICE (*alarmed aside*). Oh, what does he mean? (*Calls SIMPKINS back.*) Stay, on second thought I will hear what you have to say, although I am perfectly sure it will make no difference to me. (ALICE *sits* L. C.)

SIMP. (*delighted, takes dance step back, comes down c.*) I suppose, I say I suppose all this agitation on your part is caused by the fact that you have seen Miss—ah—Dolly Cashdown here.

ALICE. Oh, you do? And I suppose you think that is a mere trifle, easily explained and all that. (*Trotting her foot indignantly.*)

SIMP. That's it, just the word, couldn't have expressed it better myself.

ALICE. What do you mean?

SIMP. Why a trifle, nothing more. (*Rapidly.*) See here. This Major Cashdown is a—*a* settlement worker, interested in rescue work, and that sort of thing; he has been after me for a subscription. It was highly important for me to see him this morning about the matter. I called him up, he was just getting ready to take a trip with his daughter to the South, so I told him to stop here and have breakfast with me on his way to the station. He asked if it would be agreeable if he brought his daughter with him. Of course I could hardly say no, although I do not care particularly for the society of stage folks, and so you see when you called it a trifle you were entirely correct, as you always are.

ALICE (*aside, partly convinced*). That really sounds plausible. Are you sure that what you have told me is true?

SIMP. Sure. My dear Alice, I am as sure as I am that this Major Cashdown is a philanthropist, or as I am that our wedding will take place in June as per the original schedule. (*Looks down on her very lovingly.*)

ALICE (*pleased*). If I thought— (*Rising.*)

SIMP. And further, when I tell you that I have taken an option on that little place up the Hudson which we—

ALICE. Oh, Sammy, how perfectly lovely—

SIMP. Isn't it? (*They embrace rapturously.*) Ah, I knew you would—

ENTER MAJOR CASHDOWN, and MRS. FAIRPLAY, *talking and laughing, c. d.*)

MAJOR. Ha! Ha! So the skies have cleared, eh?

MRS. F. (*embracing ALICE*). I am so glad, the Major has explained all. (*Turns to SIMPKINS who hugs her enthusiastically.*)

ALICE. The "Major?"

MAJ. Yes, my dear, the Major, who having renewed an

old and tender tie with your mama, will soon be your papa.
(*Bows.*)

SIMP. (*shaking MAJOR's hand*). Good!—Great!

ENTER DR. HARTLEY, C. D. *Comes down laughing.*

DR. H. (*gaily*). My dear friends. Make way for Dr. Hartley—the—ahem—eminent young surgeon, and his bride to be—Miss Dolly Cashdown, the most accomplished little amateur actress in this little old town. (*Both bow low.*)

ALICE (*aside to SIMPKINS, perplexed*). Amateur?

SIMP. (*aside to audience, astonished, recovering quickly to ALICE*). Why, of course, I thought you knew. (*Whistles aside.*)

ALICE (*kissing DOLLY*). Oh, I am charmed.

DOL. (*returning salute with knowing look at ALICE and SIMPKINS*). And I too.

MAJ. Well now that every one is happy, you must all thank me for the little scheme, by which has been brought about, these very fortunate results. (*Bows to company.*)

SIMP. And me, for my very able assistance therein. (*Bows. All laugh. SIMPKINS takes MAJOR aside.*) Major, I am going to put you up for membership in the Ananias Club.

MAJ. Sh—h (*Winks, pokes thumb in SIMPKINS' ribs.*)

SIMP. (*repeats business*). Not a word. (*Both laugh aside.*)

MAJ. Now, my dear Symptoms, if the rest of the party are as hungry as I am, I believe that even a bite of cold storage beef—

SIMP. Hold on, Major, we'll do better than that. (*Calling off L.*) George Henry! (*ENTER GEORGE cautiously, holding cushion behind him.*) George Henry.

GEO. (*keeping away*). Yas, sah.

SIMP. (*giving bill*). Here, go out and bring in everything the market affords for a fine little blow-out.

GEO. (*takes money, backs toward L.*). Yas, sah, right away.

SIMP. And here, here's something. (*Gives GEORGE more money*) to pay for your assistance in that little experiment in propulsion—er—you remember, George Henry?

GEO. (*painfully, but happily*). Deed. Ah do, boss, thanks, sah. (*Grins and bows.*)

SIMP. Well, hurry up. Now as soon as George returns we will have a celebration, in which we will make up for lost

Simpkins' Little Breakfast Party.

time,—and (*to audience*) if you think you would enjoy it, we would be happy to have you all stay, and sit down with——

OMNES. Simpkins' little Breakfast Party.

SIMPKINS.

ALICE.

MRS. FAIRPLAY.

HARTLEY.

MAJOR.

DOLLY.

GEORGE.

CURTAIN.

OAK FARM

COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE 25 CENTS

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

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

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

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

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

ESCAPED FROM THE LAW

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By C. WALCOTT RUSSELL

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

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

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

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

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

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

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

A WIDOW'S WILES

A Comedy in Three Acts, by

EMILIE H. CALLAWAY

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CHARACTERS

MR. RAYMONDA wealthy Virginian
TOM RAYMOND.....Mr. Raymond's son
JACK FENTON }
WALTER TRASK }Tom's friends
TED PRESCOTT.....Tom's intimate chum
PERCY HUSTON.....A dude, given to "butting in"
SAMBO.....Mr. Raymond's colored servant
MRS. RAYMOND.....Mr. Raymond's wife
DORIS RAYMOND.....Her daughter
MRS. BRONSON.....A scheming widow
GRACE HUSTON.....Percy Huston's sister
MRS. PUEBLO.....A society lady
LOUISIANA FRANCIS.....A young colored girl
AUNT DINAH.....Mr. Raymond's colored old house-servant

THE DELEGATES FROM DENVER

A Farical Comedy in Two Acts, by SAMUEL N. CLARK

PRICE, 25 CENTS

CHARACTERS

MR. JOHN RANDOLPH.....An elderly gentleman
MRS. JOHN RANDOLPH.....His wife
JOHN RANDOLPH, JR.....Their son, usually called "John"
EDWARD STEELE.....A friend of the family
LOUISE RANDOLPH.....John's sister
MARGARET BURLEY.....Louise's friend
A MAID SERVANT
ROSE WILBUR }
GERTRUDE } Members of the Eta Pi Sorority } MAUD
JANET VAN HOLT } Two OTHER GIRLS

TWO INTERIOR SCENES.

TIME OF PLAYING—45 Minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—John has proposed to Margaret, but she delays giving him any final answer. He overhears a conversation between her and Louise in which Margaret, who is a candidate for President of the Eta Pi Sorority, which is to meet in Boston, confides to Louise that if she is elected she will not marry, in order to devote her time to the Sorority. Two of the members of Denver write to say they cannot attend. John and Edward determine to disguise themselves as the Denver Delegates and vote against Margaret's election and plan to keep Margaret and Louise from reaching the Convention.

ACT II.—The Sorority convention in Boston. John and Edward arrive, but in spite of their ruse, Margaret and Louise also arrive. Edna (Edward) hands Margaret a bogus telegram calling her back instantly to New York. An accident has delayed the starting of the train; she telegraphs home to account for the delay, and the Randolphs in alarm hasten to Boston. The whole scheme is unravelled and plans are laid for a double wedding.

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