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The Lion and the Mouse

CHARLES KLEIN

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THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Play in Four Acts

BY
CHARLES KLEIN

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THE
LION AND
THE
MOUSE

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Act of March 4, 1909.

TO THE
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A Play in Four Acts

BY CHARLES KLEIN.

Author of the "Music Master" etc.

Originally produced at the "Lyceum Theatre,"
New York, Nov. 20th, 1905.

With the following cast.

N. B. The characters are named in the order in
which they first appear.

EUDOXIA.....	SADIE STRINGHAM
REV. PONTIFEX DEETLE.....	EDWARD SEE
JANE DEETLE.....	MARGARET GRAY
MRS. ROSSMORE.....	JULIA HANCHETT
MISS NESBIT.....	CAROLYN ELBERTS
JUDGE ROSSMORE.....	WALTER ALLEN
EX-JUDGE STOTT.....	FRAZER COULTER
EXPRESSMAN.....	JAMES T. McDONALD
TOBY RICKETTS.....	AUGUSTIN DALY WILKS
SHIRLEY.....	GRACE ELLISTON
JEFFERSON RYDER.....	RICHARD BENNETT
(By courtesy of Charles Frohman.)	
HON. FITZROY BAGLEY.....	MARTIN SABINE
JORKINS.....	JAMES STONE
SENATOR ROBERTS.....	E. A. EBERLE
KATE ROBERTS.....	MARION POLLOCK JOHNSON
MRS. JOHN BURKETT RYDER	MARGUERITE ST. JOHN
JOHN BURKETT RYDER.....	EDMUND BREESE
MAID.....	RUTH RICHMOND

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

SYNOPSIS.

- ACT I. Reception room in ROSSMORE'S Cottage
in a small Long Island Village.
- ACT II. Inner Private Library in the RYDER
Mansion on Fifth Avenue.

(Lapse of six weeks.)

- ACT III. Same as ACT II.

(Lapse of two months.)

- ACT IV. SHIRLEY'S suite in the RYDER Establish-
ment.

(The next morning.)

[TIME:—The present.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Combination reception and dining room in a cottage in a small Long Island village, setting according to diagram. Bell at rise. As curtain rises, EUDOXIA, a sour-faced New England, gawky type of girl, with a constant scowl on her face, is ushering into the inner room the REVEREND PONTIFEX DEETLE and his sister, JANE DEETLE. PONTIFEX is a country parson and has a small face with pointed nose. He is a callow youth of forty. Theology is written on his brow. His sister is a young woman who looks as if she is constantly under self restraint and was going to explode into a fit of rage, but with considerable effort manages to repress herself.*

EUDOXIA. (*Enters L. and crosses to R. door*) I can't be taking my hands out of the flour all the time. Nothing was ever said to me about answering bells all day. Mr. Rossmore is out. (*Shakes head*) 'Tain't no use, they don't see visitors.

PONTIFEX. Kindly inform Mr. and Mrs. Rossmore that the Reverend Pontifex Deetle and his sister Jane Pontifex Deetle have called to present their compliments. (*Crosses from R. D. to L.*

Hands her a card) Sit down, Jane. (*Points to chair, JANE sits reluctantly*)

EUDOXIA. (*Looks at them hopelessly*) She'll blame me for this.

PONTIFEX. Blame you? For what?

EUDOXIA. She told me to say she was out, but she isn't. I can't lie to a minister of the gospel. (*Looks away*) Leastways not to his face. I'll give her your card, sir. (*Exits upstairs*)

PONTIFEX. (*Waits until EUDOXIA has disappeared—looks around curiously. Picks up paper*) Law Papers. Wall Street Reports, the God of this world—(*Throws it down in disgust*) Evidently ordinary people, Jane. (*Goes to mantel, looks at letter*)

JANE. As such they will not thank us for prying into their affairs.

PONTIFEX. Prying?

JANE. Just plain prying. What else is it?

PONTIFEX. It is protecting my flock—as leader of the United All Souls Baptismal Presbytery it is my duty to visit the widows and orphans.

JANE. These people are neither widows or orphans.

PONTIFEX. They are strangers and it is my duty to my congregation to find out who is in their midst. No less than three of the lady trustees of my church have asked me who and what these people are and whence come they.

JANE. The lady trustees are a pack of inquisitive old women.

PONTIFEX. (*Crosses to table*) Jane, do you know that you are nearly uttering a blasphemy?

JANE. One of these days I shall quite do so.

PONTIFEX. These Rossmore people have been here six weeks. They have visited no one; no one visits them. They have avoided a temple of worship; they have acted most mysteriously. Who are they? What are they hiding? Is it fair to my

flock? (*Looking closely at back of photos for signatures*) I am afraid that it may be some buried scandal.

JANE. Then why dig it up.

PONTIFEX. Do I owe my innocent flock nothing? If there is a scandal we should be acquainted with the details.

JANE. I hope they will turn us out.

(EUDOXIA enters with MRS. ROSSMORE and exits.)

MRS. ROSSMORE. Mr. Deetle—Miss Deetle—I am much honored.

PONTIFEX. The honor is ours—Jane and I called to——

MRS. ROSSMORE. Won't you sit down?

PONTIFEX. Thank you. (*ALL sit*) Mrs. Rossmore, the fact is we are thinking of giving a festival next week, a festival with strawberries.

MRS. ROSSMORE. Strawberries—at this time of the year.

JANE. Canned.

PONTIFEX. (*Pause and then awkwardly*) Do you like strawberries?

MRS. ROSSMORE. It is very kind of you. Indeed I appreciate your kindness most keenly, but my husband and I go nowhere, nowhere, at all. You see we have met reverses. (*Pause—sighs*)

PONTIFEX. Reverses—dear me—you've met with reverses. (*Pause*) When material reverses come we naturally look for spiritual consolation, and my dear Mrs. Rossmore, in the name of the Uniformed All Souls Baptismal Presbytery—(*Rise*) I offer that consolation.

JANE. (*To PONTIFEX*) My dear Pontifex, you have already offered a strawberry festival which Mrs. Rossmore has been unable to accept.

PONTIFEX. (*Glaring at his sister*) Yes. Quite so. (EUDOXIA enters from L. up hallway to answer

bell) Come, Jane. (*ALL rise*) We must be going, you will pardon our hurrying away.

(*Enter MISS NESBITT, a garrulous young woman dressed in the height of the village fashion.*)

MISS NESBITT. My compliments and—(*Business with two cards—one large and one small*) I'd just like to leave cards for Mr. and Mrs. Rossmore—that's Papa's card. (*Hands EUDOXIA a large business card*) And that's mine. My papa is John Nesbitt the banker and —

EUDOXIA. Yes, Miss, I know John Nesbitt the banker.

MISS NESBITT. Why, how do you do, Dr. Deetles and Mrs. Deetle—and oh, this is an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Rossmore, how do you do. I just called to leave cards. My father is John Nesbitt the President of the Massapequa First National Bank, and I just thought that we, being sorter society leaders here, it was a social duty to leave cards. (*EUDOXIA gives cards and exits L.*) That one of Pa's is his business card. He'll be delighted to see you at the bank or at our home; it is over the bank.

MRS. ROSSMORE. Most charmed to make your acquaintance, Miss Nesbitt.

MISS NESBITT. Well, you must be lonely here, week after week seeing no one.

MRS. ROSSMORE. You are all too kind. Won't you sit down?

MISS NESBITT. Thanks. (*Bus. of two ladies trying to sit in the same chair*) It's kinder nice to meet the Doctor here and you, Miss Deetle. It sorter helps to break the ice, so to speak.

JANE. (*Aside to MISS NESBITT*) And you will find plenty here to break.

PONTIFEX. I am afraid we must be going.

MISS NESBITT. We all hope to see you at our raspberry festival.

JANE. Strawberry, my dear.

MISS NESBITT. Oh, yes, strawberry. (*Bell. Mrs. Rossmore rings bell*) Here's tickets for two. (*Hunts in bag*) I'll just leave the tickets in case— (*Bus. searches in reticule*) Why, I declare I'm sold out. (*Laughs*) I'll come over with them later. (*Bus. writes in a little book*) You'll be sure to come.

MRS. ROSSMORE. (*Helplessly*) I—I shall try— (*Hall door bangs. Enter into hallway* JAMES ROSSMORE) Here is Judge Rossmore now. (*ALL rise. JUDGE ROSSMORE is a man who is prematurely old, a careworn, tired out, pathetic figure, he acts as if dazed in a dream. He looks sadly at the visitors and then at his wife for explanation*) James, dear, this is the Rev. Doctor Deetle.

PONTIFEX. How do you do?

MRS. ROSSMORE. And his sister, Miss Deetle. This young lady is Miss—

MISS NESBITT. I'm Miss Nesbitt—my father is John Nesbitt,—the banker—I called to leave cards. (*Produces card which she thrusts in ROSSMORE'S hand*) That's Pa's business card, but it's all the same. He has no private card. He says he is a public man and don't need private cards.

ROSSMORE. I am very pleased to—to meet you all. (*Crosses to fireplace*)

PONTIFEX. I am afraid we really must be going. Good-bye, Mrs. Rossmore. (*Crosses to c.*) Delighted to have had this little visit. (*Up to door R. C.*)

JANE. (*Up to Mrs. Rossmore c.*) Mrs. Rossmore. I desire to offer my sincere apology for intruding on your privacy. (*Bow and exit R. followed by PONTIFEX*)

MISS NESBITT. (*Up to Mrs. Rossmore c.*) You'll come over and see Pa, won't you. We live

over the bank. Pa owns the First National Bank, you know. I'll be back with two tickets later. Good-bye.

(Exits through hall into street. EUDOXIA bangs the door after them.)

EUDOXIA. *(As she exits)* Comin' and goin', comin' and goin' all day long. *(Exit L.)*

(ROSSMORE L. gazes sadly into fire. MRS. ROSSMORE crosses to him.)

MRS. ROSSMORE. Has anything happened?

ROSSMORE. Yes, my dear. The steamer was sighted early this morning—Shirley has arrived.

MRS. ROSSMORE. Shirley has arrived? Did you hear from Judge Stott?

ROSSMORE. Yes. He met her at the pier and they are on their way here.

MRS. ROSSMORE. I half wish we'd gone to meet her ourselves. *(Crosses to R. of table)*

ROSSMORE. I ought to have gone—*(Rises and comes down)* It was my place Martha, but I was afraid; afraid to look my own daughter in the face. Shirley in this place—Shirley living from hand to mouth—*(Meets MRS. ROSSMORE in front of table)*

MRS. ROSSMORE. I wish we hadn't allowed her to go rushing all over Europe. She'd been here when it happened; she'd know now. She'll be here for dinner—I must tell Eudoxia—*(Ready the carriage wheels off. MRS. ROSSMORE pulls bell cord)*

ROSSMORE. Quite a come down from Madison Avenue, isn't it?

EUDOXIA. *(Enter L.)* Did you ring, ma'am?

MRS. ROSSMORE. Yes, Eudoxia, my daughter will be here for dinner.

EUDOXIA. Your daughter. Nothing was said about a daughter. That makes three in family,

ma'am. When you engaged me you said there would be only two.

ROSSMORE. Well, with your kind permission there will be three.

EUDOXIA. Very well, ma'am one extra—nothin' was said to me about extra daughter. (*Exit L.*)

ROSSMORE. (*After EUDOXIA'S exit*) Ah, my dear, this nation doesn't breed servants, at least not good ones.

MRS. ROSSMORE. Well, my dear, she's the best I could get. (*Rises and crosses to him*)

ROSSMORE. I don't think she and Shirley are going to harmonize. (*Remains at fireplace. Bus. the noise of a carriage driving up to house. They stand and listen and look at each other as if afraid*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. It's Shirley.

ROSSMORE. I wish it were over. I wish she knew.

MRS. ROSSMORE. Shall I go, or would you like to. (*Go to ROSSMORE'S L. Bus. EUDOXIA goes to door*)

ROSSMORE.. It seems as if the real blow is about to fall. Stott might have phoned up.

STOTT. (*Through open door to someone off stage*) Drive back for the others.

EUDOXIA. Others! (*Carriage*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. The Judge.

ROSSMORE. Alone?

MRS. ROSSMORE. I don't hear her voice.

(*EUDOXIA at door.*)

STOTT. (*Enters R. gives bag to EUDOXIA*) It's all right. (*Comes c.*) Ah, there you are, by George, I've had some difficulty in finding you. (*Bus. shakes hands with ROSSMORE. EUDOXIA takes bundles upstairs*)

ROSSMORE. My dear Stott, how are you? Where—where is she?

STOTT. At the depot waiting for the hack to drive back for her. It's the only one. I came ahead to prepare you. By Jupiter, this is a one horse town and no mistake. Why did you pick out such a hole?

ROSSMORE. No one knows me here—and——

STOTT. Well, perhaps you're right——

ROSSMORE. How did she take it?

MRS. ROSSMORE. Does she feel very badly?

(STOTT scratches his chin.)

ROSSMORE. Come, speak out, we can stand it.

MRS. ROSSMORE. Is she—she—very upset?
(Pause, still very uncomfortable)

STOTT. The fact is she doesn't know.

MRS. ROSSMORE. She doesn't know.

ROSSMORE. And you've brought her all the way down here without telling her what has happened. Oh, Stott!

STOTT. I couldn't—I just simply couldn't.

ROSSMORE. And you expect me to—(Sits R. on sofa)

STOTT. I couldn't tell that girl returning from a beautiful time in Europe and the Orient, that her father was penniless, and——

ROSSMORE. And disgraced—go on and say it.

STOTT. You know the girl loves you, Judge; she would have gone into hysterics. (EUDOXIA opens the door) I really hadn't the heart to tell her.

ROSSMORE. But, Stott, you promised.

EXPRESSMAN. (Outside) Whoa! Whoa!
(Enter EXPRESSMAN) Where does this baggage go?

EUDOXIA. All on 'em?

EXPRESSMAN. All on' em.

EUDOXIA. Ain't you in the wrong cottage?

EXPRESSMAN. No, I ain't. This is the Rossmore's cottage—Cooper Cottage that was?

EUDOXIA. Yes, well——

EXPRESSMAN. Then it's O. K.——

STOTT. It's all right. Get them in here and out of the way as soon as you can.

(*Exit* EXPRESSMAN.)

EUDOXIA. Nothing was said to me about baggage—two in the family—more like twenty-two.
(*Exit* L.)

(EXPRESSMAN *brings on trunks.*)

STOTT. I've got some papers for you to sign, Judge. Your personal creditors have accepted the seventy cents on the dollar, but that includes the sale of furniture, pictures and all of Mrs. Rossmore's jewelry—now this inventory.

ROSSMORE. Not now; not now. I've no head for figures now—wait till she knows—wait—
(*Crosses* R.)

STOTT. Brace up old man, it's nothing.

ROSSMORE. Nothing. Then why didn't you tell her?

STOTT. (*Wagon*) I mean it's nothing when the shock is over. Take a good plunge, the icy waters close over your head, you shiver a little, then strike out for the shore, and you're all right.

EXPRESSMAN. (*Shouts aside*) Whoa—whoa

STOTT. There she is——

ROSSMORE. My heart is just like lead. (*Crosses to piano*)

(*Enter to* SHIRLEY, *door in hallway. She is dressed in a beautiful travelling costume in striking contrast to simplicity of surroundings.*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. Shirley—

SHIRLEY. Mama! Oh, Mama, dear old Mama! (SHIRLEY *kisses her mother*) I am so glad, I tell you six months in Europe has made me so homesick—I father—I've been longing to see you. (*Looks at him, the expression of her face has grown serious*) Why, how you have changed. I can scarcely believe it's you—say something—let me hear the sound of your voice, father!

ROSSMORE. (*Tries to smile*) Why, dear—I—I

SHIRLEY. Ah, it's you—it's you. (*Hugs him*)

ROSSMORE. Of course it is—my dear child—of course it is.

SHIRLEY. Yes, but it isn't the same. There's no ring in your voice. It sounds hollow and empty. It sounds like an echo. (*Bus.*) And this place—this awful place—(*Looks around*) I don't understand—I—this isn't where we live, is it? (*Looks at them, they all avoid her gaze. ROSSMORE nods affirmatively*) In this little bit of a place?

JUDGE. (*Affirmatively*) In this little bit of a place. (*Sits on trunk c.*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. (*Looks around sorrowfully*) It is a little bit of a place, isn't it?

ROSSMORE. It's the best we can afford.

SHIRLEY. It's the best we can afford? (*Stares at her parents*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. Shirley—your father—has—lost everything. (*Sits R. of table*)

ROSSMORE. I'll tell her myself Martha. I'll tell her myself. You're quite right, Stott. If she's to hear it from anyone, let her hear it from me. You remember, my dear that my capacity as Judge of the Supreme Court, I rendered decisions, several of which were adverse to the corporate interest of a number of rich men. Well, since that time, they've used all of their power and influence to get me out

—off the bench—and they have so manipulated events that to-day I stand falsely accused of having accepted bribes. (*Sits in arm-chair*)

STOTT. You can never convince me that this whole scheme was not a conspiracy formulated by ready Money Ryder, the railroads and the Trust Companies. Ryder was the man who had most to lose by your honesty on the Bench. Ryder was the man you hit the hardest when you enjoined his Transcontinental Railroad from appropriating thousands of acres of land.

SHIRLEY. And you think Mr. Ryder is responsible for these disgraceful accusations against father?

STOTT. I'm sure of it.

SHIRLEY. Father—I—I am interested in this man. (*Rises, down to R.*) I—I know his son very well; why are you sure that he—(*Over to R.*)

ROSSMORE. I knew him years ago, Shirley and on account of this old acquaintance, I wrote him two letters asking him if the concern I was investing my fortune in was a safe one. If he had produced these letters at the Congressional inquiry, it would have materially helped me, but he never even answered our request to produce them.

SHIRLEY. Couldn't you compel him?

STOTT. We could never get to him. The man is guarded as if he were an Emperor.

SHIRLEY. But still he—he may not have received the letters.

STOTT. After the Transcontinental R. R. decision Ryder was heard to say that he'd have Judge Rossmore off the bench inside a year.

ROSSMORE. And he has done it. That is, he will do it.

SHIRLEY. Father, does this mean that you have lost your position, your fortune, and your—your good name?

ROSSMORE. Yes.

(Pause. ALL look at SHIRLEY. She is struggling to keep back her tears. The effort is obvious.)

MRS. ROSSMORE. (Rising) And we have to live in this little bit of a place.

SHIRLEY. (Laughs a little. With considerable effort) Don't you call this a little bit of a place. (Takes her hat off) I think it's just the dearest little jewel of a home you could have selected. (Crosses to c.)

MRS. ROSSMORE. (Who has been crying now brightens up) Do you think so?

ROSSMORE. It's not so bad, eh? (Rises)

SHIRLEY. Oh, it's just what we wanted; the very thing. We always wanted a little place like this all by ourselves, no strangers. (Takes off coat and things and puts them on table) It's just splendid. (Pretending to be delighted but there is a tear back of it) Oh, if you only knew how I dislike New York, with its great ugly houses and its retinue of servants and domestic and social responsibilities. We shall be able to live for ourselves now, father?

ROSSMORE. Why, yes, dear, but there's not much room. (Crosses to her)

SHIRLEY. But there's quite enough. Let me see, upstairs three rooms, eh—and above that three more.

MRS. ROSSMORE. No, then comes the roof.

SHIRLEY. Of course, a nice gable roof, a sloping slanting roof that the rain runs off beautifully. (Crosses to c.) Just the thing. Fine. You thought of everything, didn't you mama? (Forcing a laugh) Oh, I can see that this is going to be jolly. Just like camping out, and you know how I love to camp out. (Crosses to r.) Oh, and you have a piano, too. (Bus. strikes keys, it has a tin pan effect) What a lovely tone, a little old perhaps, but I like those zither effects, it's like a

spinnit, 16th Century. I can see you and Mama dancing a stately minuet. Thank goodness, if we want to dance we shan't have to send out a lot of invitations for we don't know anybody, and what's better still, no one knows us.

(*Enter MISS NESBITT who comes to c.*)

MISS NESBITT. Excuse my rush, but I promised you these tickets for the festival, Mrs. Rossmore, and I always like to keep my promise. I've numbered them 17 and 18, not because there'll only be seventeen or eighteen there, but because it is the seventeenth and eighteenth tickets I've sold. No wonder Pa says I'm a hustler. (*Bus. hands MRS. ROSSMORE more tickets*) One dollar for the two. Perhaps your friends would like to go too. I've just two more tickets. (*Bus. in reticule*) This will make the nineteenth and twentieth, and I think that twenty will about get the first prize. (*Bus. takes out large card*) No, this ain't a ticket. That's one of Pa's business cards, shall we say two more?

MRS. ROSSMORE. Well, I—this is my daughter Shirley, this is one of our neighbors.

SHIRLEY. (*Crosses to c.*) One of our intimate neighbors. Charmed, I'm sure.

MISS NESBITT. Most pleased to know you. (*Shakes hands*) I'm Arminta Nesbitt; my father's the banker; we live across the street in that brick building. Were you playing when I came in? Don't let me disturb you. Go right on. This call is more business than social. You must come over and see me. Will your gentleman friend take a ticket?

STOTT. I'll take the whole four. (*Takes them*) Thank you. (*Bus. with money*) Two dollars I think you said.

MISS NESBITT. Yes, but these are for Mrs. Rossmore.

STOTT. I'm Mrs. Rossmore's legal representative. All business must be transacted through me.

MISS NESBITT. Oh, I see. You are buying these tickets for them.

STOTT. Exactly.

MISS NESBITT. Well, wouldn't you like to buy some for yourself.

STOTT. And you are the Banker's daughter.

MISS NESBITT. I am.

STOTT. Give me two more.

MISS NESBITT. Twenty-two. The prize is mine for a foregone conclusion. (STOTT *bus. with money*) Thank you. This call is more business than social. Don't forget to come and see me. Good-bye. (*Drops notebook c., exits R.*)

(STOTT *exits after* MISS NESBITT.)

SHIRLEY. I'm going to like this little town. (*Crosses to* MRS. ROSSMORE *and kisses her*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. Oh! Shirley!

SHIRLEY. Now, mother, we must be brave like Father. Don't you see how brave and unflinching he is—why, I do believe he is laughing at the whole thing. Of course he is. It appeals to his sense of humor. Father has a sense of humor if he is a Judge, eh? (*Laughs, crosses to him*) Why, it's absurd, when you come to think of it, that any one should accuse him of being corrupt and having forfeited the right to retain his Judicial honors. Father's going to clear his name of this preposterous charge and we're going to help him. (*Crosses R. c.*) Oh, we're not helpless just because we are women. We are going to work, mother and I, eh? (*Bus. of grip*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. Work?

SHIRLEY. Work.

ROSSMORE. Work, why—my dear child—

SHIRLEY. (*Sits on trunk*) Why not? Let me tell you something. The short stories I have written from time to time, which have been accepted by the Universal Magazine, have been made into a book, and are most successful. And I've half finished a new novel. Who do you suppose I made my central character? Oh, you'd never guess, John Burkett Ryder.

ROSSMORE. John Burkett Ryder.

SHIRLEY. Under another name. I call him John Broderick.

ROSSMORE. But why did you select this man Ryder?

SHIRLEY. Because he's the most interesting man in America to-day—the greatest financial giant the world has ever known. I met his son Jefferson in Paris. He spoke a great deal about his father. It was listening to his talks about his father's character, that made me put him into a story; he's a wonderful man; colossus—(*Almost with a cry*) Ah—why couldn't it have been some other man; anyone but his father. (*Goes up stage, nearly breaks down*)

(*Enter STOTT R. 3.*)

ROSSMORE. Why?

MRS. ROSSMORE. James. (*Motions him to keep quiet. Bus. Rises, goes to fireplace. Aside to SHIRLEY*) Is Jefferson Ryder the one you wrote about? The one—

(*SHIRLEY nods sadly.*)

SHIRLEY. Yes, mother.

(*This bus. must indicate SHIRLEY's love for JEFFERSON RYDER. MRS. ROSSMORE shakes her head.*)

MRS. ROSSMORE. Oh, well I must go down and see Eudoxia about dinner. I'm afraid she's forgotten—two—extra—oh, dear. (*Crosses to L. c.*)

SHIRLEY. Shall I come with you?

MRS. ROSSMORE. No thank you—I think I'd better see Eudoxia alone. (*Exits L.*)

ROSSMORE. (*Crosses to R. c.*) And I'll get someone to take these trunks upstairs. There won't be room for them all. Most of them will have to go in the cellar. Tell your mother that I have gone on an errand and I'll be back soon. You've put new life into me dear. New life.

SHIRLEY. (*Hiding her own grief*) That's right, father, that's right. (*Laughs*) We'll start you on a new career.

ROSSMORE. Aye, dear, a new career. (*ROSSMORE puts on his hat and exits.*)

(*As soon as ROSSMORE is gone SHIRLEY can hold back her tears no longer, bursts into a fit of sobbing from which she recovers.*)

STOTT. (*Sits R.*) That's right, have a good cry. Upon my soul I think you've earned it.

SHIRLEY. (*On trunk c.*) I couldn't help it—I—it's very weak of me. (*Laughs*) Is my nose red? Can't help it if it is. Oh, why couldn't it have been any other. Now, Judge Stott I want you to tell me the truth, straight out from the shoulder. Is my father ruined financially and professionally?

STOTT. Yes—your father in his judicial capacity blocked the game of the moneyed interests of this country, and to remove him, they got him to invest his fortune in a kite, which came down as soon as they cut the string.

SHIRLEY. Yes—but the disgrace.

STOTT. Part of the same scheme. They loaded him down with more stock than his contract en-

titled him to, then accused him of having taken it in payment of his services to them in his official capacity.

SHIRLEY. Do you mean to tell me that those men swore away my father's honor?

STOTT. Oh, no, they were too clever for that. They refused to reply to certain questions involving his integrity. They allowed it to be inferred that the shares he had bought had been given to him as a bribe. The Congressional House Committee was against him and I'm afraid the Senate will be only too ready to remove him; all they need is an excuse—(*Rises back of chair*)

SHIRLEY. And you believe Mr. Ryder to be at the head of this movement against him?

STOTT. He had the most to gain.

SHIRLEY. Then why don't you proceed against him?

STOTT. How can we? We have no proof, suspicion is not evidence.

SHIRLEY. Poor old father, what a miserable ending to an honorable hard working career. It seems as though you can fight everything in the world except money. Well—(*Rises and crosses L.*) I'm going to fight money—I'm going to fight John Burkett Ryder—

STOTT. My dear child, how can you expect to reach him? We couldn't.

SHIRLEY. I don't know—I—I love my father and I'm going to fight for him—(*Crosses L.*)

STOTT. But how?

SHIRLEY. I don't know—I don't know—

STOTT. The matter has been sifted and sifted over and over by some of the greatest men in the country.

SHIRLEY. Has any woman ever sifted it over?

STOTT. No—but—

SHIRLEY. Then it's about time one did. Those

letters my father wrote to him—they should be of service.

STOTT. Yes.

SHIRLEY. Then I'll get them if they're in existence. (*To herself*) Oh, if it had only been some one else but Jeff's father—I don't know—it may be that—I think I see my way—

STOTT. And you think you can beat a thousand million of dollars—(*Crosses c.*)

SHIRLEY. I can try—

STOTT. John Ryder is married.

SHIRLEY. He has a son—

STOTT. You said you were together a great deal—I think I see.

SHIRLEY. Yes, I know Jefferson Ryder—I know him very well, so you see there is a possibility, isn't there, and you will help me, won't you?

STOTT. All I can.

SHIRLEY. Well, to begin with I want to sell some jewelry and some other things, I shan't need them now—and I want to give the proceeds to father without letting him know where it comes from, you understand?

STOTT. Yes, but—

SHIRLEY. Now don't interrupt, please—that's settled.

STOTT. Miss Shirley, am I your lawyer, or are you mine?

SHIRLEY. You're my lawyer, but you mustn't argue, because I want my own way.

STOTT. (*throws up both hands*) You've defined my position beautifully. (*EUDOXIA with her hair badly dishevelled crosses and opens door*) All right go—ahead—go ahead—have your own way.

JEFFERSON. (*Outside*) Has Miss Rossmore arrived? Oh, yes, there are her trunks. Is she in?

EUDOXIA. What name shall I say, sir?

JEFFERSON. Please say Mr. Jefferson Ryder—(*Business with card*) would like to see her.

SHIRLEY. Eudoxia, I can't see anyone, I'm a sight. (*Takes things upstairs from table*)

EUDOXIA. This way sir—

(SHIRLEY tries to escape but EUDOXIA ushers JEFFERSON in before SHIRLEY can exit.)

SHIRLEY. I—I—I—hardly expected to see you so soon. Judge Stott this is Mr. Jefferson Ryder. Would you please talk to each other for a moment. (*Hurries off stage*)

(When JEFFERSON goes down stage EUDOXIA exits L.)

JEFFERSON. (*Down to STOTT*) How do you do sir, I'm pleased to meet you. (*Holds out hand*)

STOTT. (*Bows*) Pleased to know you. (*Pauses, then sees JEFFERSON'S outstretched hand, shakes it awkwardly*)

JEFFERSON. (*Pause*) Quaint little place—these Long Island Villages—

STOTT. Yes, you just returned from Europe—

JEFFERSON. Yes—

STOTT. Did you have a pleasant trip?

JEFFERSON. Delightful; moon all the way over.

STOTT. Oh, mooning all the way over, eh?

JEFFERSON. Yes—no—no. (*Pause*) I was not mooning—just plain moon; I've just heard about Judge Rossmore's impending trial. By George it's—it's too bad.

STOTT. Yes—it's too bad.

JEFFERSON. What a blow it must have been for Shirley.

STOTT. Shirley—

JEFFERSON. Miss Rossmore—

STOTT. Yes, quite a blow—

(*Enter SHIRLEY.*)

SHIRLEY. Won't you sit down, Mr. Ryder.
(To JEFFERSON) I thought you said good-bye to me this morning.

(STOTT *crosses to R. back of table and sits.*)

JEFFERSON. So I did, but I came to say it again. The fact is, I wrote my mother about you and she has shown the letter to my father and he—he—has wired me to come to Chicago to-night—His private car is waiting for me, but I—I can't go until I've seen you. Something has happened and I want to explain just how it is. May I?

SHIRLEY. (*Both sit*) Why of course—sit down.

JEFFERSON. May I see you alone?

(STOTT *rises.*)

SHIRLEY. Judge Stott is my legal representative

(STOTT *sits.*)

JEFFERSON. Well, this is not a matter of law—

SHIRLEY. (*Laughing*) Not now perhaps, but it may be later on; we're both bound to disagree about something; it's always a good thing to have a lawyer present who can settle disputes—

JEFFERSON. We didn't disagree on the steamer and we didn't have a lawyer.

SHIRLEY. No—we didn't. (*Slight pause*)

STOTT. (*Laughs*) I think I'll wait till my services are really needed. (*Rises, crosses R. C.*) If you come to any entanglement you can't unravel, send for me. I'll stroll out and meet your father, excuse me. (*Sees that both JEFFERSON and SHIRLEY are engrossed with their own thoughts. STOTT exits*)

JEFFERSON. Certainly. I felt that I must see you. I had two reasons, both of sufficient im-

portance to bring me here without the formality of an invitation. In the first place I want to express my deepest sympathy for your recent—I was almost going to say—bereavement—

SHIRLEY. Go on—say it—you might as well—father is dead—

JEFFERSON. (*Rises*) Dead—you—

SHIRLEY. Oh, his heart beats and he can see and hear and speak; he can even walk and—(*Rises*) Oh, he is just a shadow—an empty shell—but—I'd rather not speak of that just now—it's too recent.

JEFFERSON. But it is precisely now—at this moment. When perhaps all or most of your friends have deserted you or are keeping away from you, that I feel I must speak. I told you on the boat that I loved you, and although you gave me no definite answer you led me to believe that there was some hope.

SHIRLEY. I said nothing except it was shockingly sudden—and—

JEFFERSON. But you didn't say no—and you accepted that ring.

SHIRLEY. Only as a souvenir—but I—

JEFFERSON. Shirley—if there is any time I ought to speak to you it is now when misfortune has come into your life. The sins of the father should not embitter our lives—

SHIRLEY. My father has not sinned.

JEFFERSON. I wish I could say the same of mine, that brings me to the second reason for coming down so soon—(*Business with newspaper*) The report of my engagement to Katherine Roberts was announced in yesterday's papers, while we were both on the ocean—I wanted to explain—

SHIRLEY. I had not read it. So you are engaged to Katherine Roberts. (*Bus. with paper*) Is that she? (*She turns up her nose.* JEFFERSON *sits c.*) I don't think much of her picture, and you told me on the third day out that I was really and truly

the first and only—Oh, I don't care how young a man is, there never seems to have been a really and truly first and only—

JEFFERSON. (*Sits on trunk*) You are my first—my very first and only, this engagement is one of those paternal arrangements. Kate doesn't care a rap for me and I—why—before I was half through my college course father told me she was the girl he expected me to marry. He threw us together all the time. He told everybody that it was settled. That accounts for the reports getting around that we are engaged. Whenever my father wants anything to happen the papers are full of it. He inspires editorials and magazine articles, declaring things ought to be so, and then somehow or other the things happen, but this is the one thing that won't happen. (*Rises and goes to her*) I love you Shirley, and you are the only girl I'll ever marry.

SHIRLEY. (*Thinking deeply of her object*) And I should meet the great financial king, John Burkett Ryder—

(*Enter ROSSMORE.*)

JEFFERSON. Ah, you mean your answer is—yes—Shirley. (*Takes her hand*)

SHIRLEY. (*Rises*) I—I—don't know Jeff—I—(*Sees her father*) No—no—I can't—oh, Jeff, you don't know what I have to do. (*Down L.*)

ROSSMORE. (*Bus. leans against trunk*) So little tires me now, I couldn't get any one. The trunks will have to stay down here. Perhaps I can get them up myself.

SHIRLEY. No—no—you must not—Father, this is Mr. Jefferson Ryder—

ROSSMORE. Ryder? The son of—?

SHIRLEY. Yes, father.

JEFFERSON. Delighted to meet you sir, can't you get anyone to move these trunks—well you just let me try—

SHIRLEY. Certainly not.

JEFFERSON. Oh, yes, I love to lift trunks.

(Enter EUDOXIA L.)

ROSSMORE. (*Feebly crosses L.*) Shirley—he must go away—he cannot be permitted to—to——

JEFFERSON. (*Mistaking his meaning*) My dear sir, I have a gym record for lifting weights that most fellows envy. (*Bus. of JEFFERSON lifting trunks*) And I can throw a hammer farther than a Scotch policeman—where does this one go?

EUDOXIA. Upstairs! I'll show you.

JEFFERSON. Shirley, if I could only carry your trunk on my back for the rest of my life, I'd be a happy man.

EUDOXIA. Here young man, be careful or you'll scratch the walls.

(*Bus. for JEFFERSON. He exits with trunk as STOTT, smoking, sees JEFFERSON with trunk.*)

STOTT. Well, the game is on I see.

ROSSMORE. My dear child, this gentleman is the son—of the man—who—who—he—I don't understand.

SHIRLEY. Neither do I, father—but you are right. He must go. (*Crosses to around table*)

ROSSMORE. The son of John Burkett Ryder carrying my daughter's trunks. (*Crosses to fireplace*)

STOTT. Very edifying isn't it. Quite an example for rising young millionaires. Miss Shirley, I think I begin to see what you meant, when you said you were going to fight the Octopus. (*Looks upstairs*) Well, you got a good start.

SHIRLEY. No—(*Shakes her head*) That's a false start—I must begin again.

STOTT. Eh?

SHIRLEY. I'm going to send him away. I can't ruin his prospects, and I'm not going to trifle with his—his love, I can't—Judge Stott—Oh, there must be other means of reaching his father than through him. I'll find them. (*Enter JEFFERSON downstairs, he begins to lift another trunk. To STOTT*) Go away for a while and take father with you. (*Crosses to R.*)

STOTT. Don't let him go—a bird in the hand——

SHIRLEY. Am I your client?

STOTT. Am I your lawyer?

SHIRLEY. Yes, but do as I tell you. Mr. Ryder, please put that down.

(*JEFFERSON lowers trunk, then balances it again.*)

STOTT. (*Crosses to L.*) Judge, I want to go over these papers with you.

ROSSMORE. I don't understand. (*Points to SHIRLEY*)

STOTT. Neither do I. I'm her lawyer and my instructions are to mind my own business. (*Bus. takes ROSSMORE off D. R. 2*)

SHIRLEY. Mr. Ryder—Jefferson, I want you to put that trunk down and listen to me. (*JEFFERSON c. Bus. drops trunk, comes down R. c.*) You must go away from here, Jefferson, I refuse to separate you from your father and mother. Ah, it would be the acme of selfishness on my part, we have known each other such a short time. Another thing my father came here to get away from the world; and you—you are adding to his unhappiness.

JEFFERSON. Shirley, you don't mean that I must not come here again.

SHIRLEY. I do. My father believes that your father is in some way connected with his misfortunes.

JEFFERSON. My father. Great heavens isn't

there anything in this world that his fingers are not in—

SHIRLEY. You must go for my sake.

JEFFERSON. Ah, if you only knew how happy I was carrying that trunk.

SHIRLEY. Please go.

JEFFERSON. I knew the announcement of my engagement would offend you. (*Down R. C.*)

SHIRLEY. Yes, that's it. Your engagement has offended me very much. Her name linked with yours—her picture and yours—it's, it's—

JEFFERSON. (*Back c.*) But it isn't true.

SHIRLEY. Mr. Ryder, don't let us prolong this interview. My father is a disgraced man, your father has other plans.

JEFFERSON. But I love you, Shirley.

SHIRLEY. You are engaged to another woman.

JEFFERSON. Then I'll break it off. I'll go and tell my father that I'll marry no woman but you. (*Crosses up R.*)

SHIRLEY. It's no use. You must not come back here, you understand. We must be alone, father and I. Good-bye.

JEFFERSON. But Shirley—(*Back to her*)

SHIRLEY. It's quite useless. You—you have dared to make love to me while your name is linked to that of another woman. Oh, any excuse will do, but you must go.

JEFFERSON. But Shirley this is not fair—why, this is not fair.

SHIRLEY. It is for the best believe me. Good-bye.

JEFFERSON. And this is really final?

SHIRLEY. Absolutely.

JEFFERSON. (*Draws a heavy breath*) Good-bye—

(SHIRLEY holds out her hand.)

SHIRLEY. Good-bye, Mr. Ryder—(*Shakes his hand and turns away, JEFFERSON looks at her lovingly and exits hastily*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*Inner private library in the RYDER Mansion on Fifth Avenue.*

AT RISE:—*As curtain rises, the HON. FITZROY BAGLEY, a youthful gentleman of middle age is giving instructions to JORKINS, a pompous butler. SENATOR ROBERTS, is reading a paper, sitting in armchair R. of fireplace, and KATE ROBERTS is looking at book-shelves L. C.*

BAGLEY. (*Seated at table*) Mr. Ryder will occupy this room on his return.

JORKINS. Yes, sir—

BAGLEY. (*Rises and moves down-stage*) Station another man on the lower staircase Jorkins—yesterday it was left unguarded. Put the new man on the upper staircase.

JORKINS. Yes, sir. (*Exits c.*)

BAGLEY. We must be careful. (*Unlocking a cabinet and taking from it a box of very large cigars—examining them—crosses to SENATOR ROBERTS R. C.*) Socialism is growing in this country—Do you know Senator, that last week a man dared to address Mr. Ryder as he was getting out of his carriage. (*Handing him box of cigars*)

SENATOR. Ah—the famous Grandiosa—Thank you Bagley—I will—ah—(*Has taken cigar and examines it*) What did you say about socialism?

BAGLEY. Yesterday an attempt was made to

snapshot Mr. Ryder. (*Crosses back stage to R. C. And then down to bookcase*)

KATE. Snapshot Mr. Ryder?

BAGLEY. Yes—with a Kodak—(*Crosses to buffet and puts cigar back*) and owing to the disgraceful inefficiency of the Police, the men got away with the negative. Had that occurred in any of the Capitals of Europe the man would have been reprimanded, and his camera taken away from him. In Russia he might have been shot. (*Goes to chair with paper*)

(KATE moves down R.)

SENATOR. In Patagonia he would probably have been roasted—and eaten but this is a civilized and free country, Bagley.

BAGLEY. Free—but not necessarily civilized. Senator—(*Business with list*) You are sure your appointment with Mr. Ryder was at 4:30. I have no record of it.

SENATOR. Then make one, Bagley, I must see him. (*Rises, stretches himself*) In the meantime I'll go and roll the billiard balls. I need exercise—(*BAGLEY sits. SENATOR throws down paper. Rises, crosses to L.*) Oh, Bagley, I want you to do me a little favor. Judge Morris wants to see Mr. Ryder privately—Tell him to try downtown.

BAGLEY. It's impossible Senator—he has so many appointments—*everybody* wants to see him privately—

SENATOR. He might as well try to see the Empress of China. (*Up c.*) Will you come to the billiard room Kate and watch your father roll up a hundred or so?

KATE. No thanks, it took you an hour to roll up ten or so yesterday.

SENATOR. Oh, indeed. (*Exits c.*)

(As soon as SENATOR ROBERTS exits, KATE turns to BAGLEY, takes letter out of her pocket.)

KATE. Mr. Bagley—(Crosses L.) I must beg you—to refrain from sending me any more notes like this.

BAGLEY. (Rises) Why not?

KATE. Because of my engagement to Jefferson Ryder. (Goes to bookcase, takes out various books under the pretext of looking for one in particular. This so as to give her an excuse for remaining)

BAGLEY. (Comes around c.) Your engagement to Mr. Jefferson Ryder is, judging from appearance a most uncertain fact. (Crosses to R.)

KATE. You must not judge from appearance, beneath an exterior of cold indifference Jeff and I may hide a passion that burns like a—Oh, like a volcano—you can't tell. (Sits on armchair)

BAGLEY. Can't it—(Moves to R. c. to KATE) Why did you remain in here when your father went out?

KATE. To tell you, that I cannot listen to you. (To bookcase, takes out book)

BAGLEY. But you are listening to me, Kate—your coldness is not convincing. Don't you know. (Moves up-stage)

KATE. You mean you think I want to listen to you?

BAGLEY. I do.

KATE. Mr. Bagley!

BAGLEY. (Crosses to bookcase) A week ago you called me Fitzroy—once in an outburst of confidence you called me Fitz.

KATE. You hadn't asked me to be your wife then—(Stoops in front of bookcase. Bus. takes out book—forgets that she has taken it out—takes out another)

BAGLEY. (Sighs) Very—well—Kate. (Over bookcase) I suppose it must be Miss Roberts—

Now that you have declined becoming the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley—(*Leans on bookcase*) not honorable as conferred on a mere Congressman or other petty official, but a prefix on me by the law of hereditament in recognition of the fact that I am the third son of Lord Oxhurst—

KATE. (*Rises*) That has not been overlooked Mr. Bagley—but what can I do—there's my father—there's Mr. Ryder—there's Jefferson himself.

BAGLEY. You need not think of him—he doesn't love you. (*Moves c., crosses to armchair*)

KATE. Did he tell you so? (*Takes out book*)

BAGLEY. No, but he loves another woman.

KATE. That's no reason why I should love another man.

BAGLEY. No, perhaps not. Kate, do you realize that you are the most beautiful woman in the world.

KATE. (*Bus. with books*) I do not—

BAGLEY. Well, you are—

KATE. I am not.

BAGLEY. Perhaps in reality you are not, but I think you are, therefore to me, you are—

KATE. Oh, ridiculous—

BAGLEY. It is ridiculous, but I can't help it. You have exercised almost a hypnotic influence over me; you have so changed my ideas of beauty, of love, of marriage, that I now realize in you my perfect ideal.

KATE. I cannot listen to you.

BAGLEY. But you are listening to me—(*Moves to KATE R. C.*)

(*Enter JEFFERSON RYDER C.*)

JEFFERSON. I say Bagley—(*BAGLEY crosses to desk—KATE drops book*) This house is getting more like a barracks every day—men all over the place. Hello, Kate.

KATE. How are you Jeff—I—I—(*Looks at stack of books on floor*) I was looking at a book—

JEFFERSON. (*Looking at stack of books*) I should say you were looking at several. Hope I didn't interrupt.

(*BAGLEY goes to chair. Pause. They are all uncomfortable.*)

KATE. Oh, no—no; I almost found it.

JEFFERSON. Let me help you—What was the name of the book?

KATE. I—I—Oh, I forgot the name. That's what I was looking for—I could easily find the book if I could find the name of the book. (*An uncomfortable pause*)

JEFFERSON. I just saw your father in the billiard room—(*Bus. BAGLEY rises, goes up*) Don't go, Bagley.

BAGLEY. I'm not going—

KATE. No—don't leave us alone Mr. Bagley—That's what you mean, isn't it, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON. Why no. I don't mind being left alone. I want to be left alone. What I mean is I don't want to drive him out.

BAGLEY. (*Back to desk*) I am not going out—This is your father's room—my place—is here.

JEFFERSON. So is mine. I want to see him—Well, Kate—

KATE. Well, Jeff.

(*BAGLEY makes noise with inkstand.*)

JEFFERSON. Don't go Bagley—

BAGLEY. I'm not going. (*Sits*)

KATE. No? I am going—(*Crosses in front of JEFFERSON and up c.*) I want to see my father play billiards. He makes such beautiful round the table shots.

JEFFERSON. Don't hurry away on my account, Kate.

KATE. If you can restrain your ardor, you can follow me there—(*Looks at the two men; in a spirit of mischief, calls*) Jefferson—

JEFFERSON. (*Goes to door c. KATE puts up mouth to be kissed. JEFFERSON, aside*) Oh, no—

KATE. Yes—I want him to see—

JEFFERSON. Yes, but—

(*KATE kisses him—BAGLEY bus.*)

KATE. We are perfectly satisfied—(*With a show of love that she does not feel*) aren't we, Jeff.

JEFFERSON. Perfectly—perfectly—(*Sighs*)

(*BAGLEY business and turns chair very madly and reads paper. KATE laughs tantalizingly and exits c.*)

JEFFERSON. I say Bagley, I ran into three men just now, one on each stairway—I can't turn a corner without running into somebody—it reminds me of the time I was learning to skate—(*Down R. to chair*)

BAGLEY. Your father's personal safety demands the utmost precaution. We cannot leave the life of the richest and most powerful financier in the world at the mercy of the rabble—

JEFFERSON. What rabble? (*Gets paper from chair, comes c. and looks it over*)

BAGLEY. The American people!

JEFFERSON. The American people are all right.

BAGLEY. (*Seated at corner of table reading*) Jefferson, for four years, I was third groom of the bed chamber of the second son of the Royal Family. I know my responsibilities.

JEFFERSON. You're all right Bagley, old man—

No one can arrange a menu or a dance as you can—but—there are other things—(*Crosses to desk*)

BAGLEY. Do you know, sometimes I think I don't understand you.

JEFFERSON. Do you know sometimes I think you don't—When do you expect father?

BAGLEY. You can't see him till dinner. He has three appointments—General Dodge, the chairman of the National Republican Committee, and Senator Roberts—

JEFFERSON. But I must see him—

BAGLEY. I'm afraid it's impossible—I must ask you to remember that this is his sanctum sanctorum and that he sees no one here without an appointment.

JEFFERSON. Oh—(*Crosses R. C.*)

(*Enter MRS. JOHN RYDER. She is dressed to go out driving. She is putting on gloves. BAGLEY rises, stands in front of chair.*)

MRS. RYDER. Ah—Mr. Bagley—they said you were here—Jefferson dear—(*Bus. BAGLEY assumes a defferential attitude*)—this is unexpected—(*Kisses him*) Kate is in the billiard room.

JEFFERSON. Yes—we just had a chat—How are you, mother?

BAGLEY. Can I do anything for you, Mrs. Ryder?

MRS. RYDER. (*Bus. with letter*) Yes—Admiral Holly wants an interview with Mr. Ryder—(*To desk*) Get it for him—(*BAGLEY has business*) There's a dear fellow—(*Bus. BAGLEY takes letter*) And here is the answer from that authoress woman, Sarah Green—I wrote to her as Mr. Ryder requested—me—

BAGLEY. Yes—

(*JEFFERSON sits R. C.*)

MRS. RYDER. (*Looking at letter*) She will be here at 4:30 this afternoon. I can't see her—

BAGLEY. Mr. Ryder will; he is most anxious to see her; in fact he has mentioned the matter twice which means a great deal to him.

JEFFERSON. Sarah Green? Isn't that the woman authoress of whom everybody is talking?

MRS. RYDER. It's the woman who had the impertinence to put your father into a book and call it "The Great American Octopus." Haven't you read it?

JEFFERSON. No, I know father pretty well without reading him up.

MRS. RYDER. (*Crosses R. to chair*) Here is the letter Mr. Bagley; Mr. Ryder told me that he had written her himself; but that her replies were not satisfactory. (*Crosses R., JEFFERSON rises, goes C. and then to chair at table*)

BAGLEY. (*Looking over letters*) Not satisfactory! They were frightfully rude—

MRS. RYDER. Really, and what was her replies? (*Sits R.*)

BAGLEY. They are the grossest exhibition of feminine boldness it has ever been my lot to encounter.

JEFFERSON. And look at the experience he has had. Four years he was third groom of the bed chamber of the second son of the Royal Family.

MRS. RYDER. Jefferson—

BAGLEY. Mr. Ryder, after he had read the book to this woman and asked her to call upon him—This is her reply—Dear Sir:—I do not call upon gentlemen, at their business offices, Yours, etc.—Sarah Green, per M. G. What does she mean by that?

JEFFERSON. Good for Green!

BAGLEY. Did you ever hear such effrontery—Then follow another letter from Mr. Ryder asking her to call here. (*Bus. with letter*)—to which this reply:—"Am sorry I am unable to comply with

your request, as I prefer the invitation to call at your private residence should come from Mrs. Ryder." Good God—can you imagine such a thing possible.

JEFFERSON. What did the "Great American Octopus" say to that?

BAGLEY. I do not care to repeat Mr. Ryder's remarks——

MRS. RYDER. Your father asked me to write—I dictated a note to my secretary and Miss Green has done me the honor to accept my invitation.

BAGLEY. But how—(*Waving letter angrily*) by a typewritten acknowledgment, condescending to accept an honor that the entire world would go on their knees to receive a mere acknowledgment—typewritten! Ah, it is ridiculous—simply supremely ridiculous——

JEFFERSON. Well, for my part, I admire the woman's independence——

(*Enter JORKINS, c.*)

JORKINS. Mr. Bagley, Mr. Ryder is here, sir——

BAGLEY. (*Flustered*) Oh—oh—are the men at their post Jorkins?

JORKINS. Yes, sir——

BAGLEY. Er—I—er—I think I'll go and meet him. (*Crosses to c. back of desk*) Excuse me, Mrs. Ryder—I'll—I'll tell him you are here—(*Exit c. d., followed by JORKINS*)

JEFFERSON. Mother, can you imagine such a thing as that possible in this country?

MRS. RYDER. Mr. Bagley—Mr. Bagley is a treasure——

JEFFERSON. In Europe perhaps, but here he's—(*Rises and crosses to r. c.*)

MRS. RYDER. He is the son of Lord Oxhurst, and he understands the social fabric to perfection—Our entourage would be most incomplete without

him—he knows everything that a gentleman should know.

JEFFERSON. And a little more—He wasn't a groom of the back stairs for nothing—(c. *and then back to* MRS. RYDER. *Shrugs shoulders*) He rubs me the wrong way—Mother, I've been wanting to talk to you lately——

MRS. RYDER. Sorry I must go, dear—(*Rises and crosses to* L. C.) Mrs. Patson is waiting, and——

JEFFERSON. Now mother, can't you give me just a moment——

MRS. RYDER. Jefferson, dear, what is the matter. You haven't been the same since your return from Europe. I'm afraid you are still thinking of that Rossmore girl. I had hoped that was over and done with.

JEFFERSON. It isn't. And I'm afraid it never can be. God knows I've tried hard enough to forget her—I want to speak to you about her—I want to tell father that I cannot marry Kate Roberts; it isn't fair to Kate to marry her with another girl in my heart.

MRS. RYDER. My dear boy, I sympathize with you, but what can I do? He has made up his mind, and once that is done—I'm afraid he won't listen to anyone—not even to me——

JEFFERSON. I want to avoid a scene with father—(*Down* R.) and—if I speak we are sure to quarrel——

MRS. RYDER. Then I'll speak to him. (*Goes to* him R.) I'll tell him that you love this other—(*Pause, as if afraid*) No—I won't do that—I'll tell him you can't marry—Kate—At least not at present—(*BAGLEY opens c. door and stands* L. C. *JORKINS brings on box which he places on chair down* L. *and back of chair and stands* L., *then goes off*) I'll—I'll hint at it——

RYDER. (*Off*) Attend to it Jorkins.

JORKINS. (*Outside*) Very well, sir!

MRS. RYDER. You really think I had better speak to him?

JEFFERSON. Please mother.

RYDER. Down town.

MRS. RYDER. I don't know. (*Nervously. Bus. both turn and look at door nervously*) Perhaps after all, you had better tell him yourself.

JEFFERSON. I have told him, Mother, but he doesn't listen. He just pays no attention.

(*Enter JOHN BURKETT RYDER.*)

RYDER. Ah, Jefferson, my boy—(*Goes to desk l. to MRS. RYDER*) How do you do, my dear—this is an unlooked for pleasure. (*BAGLEY shows card—bus. looks at card*) I can't see Governor Rice—(*To BAGLEY*) Tell him so.

BAGLEY. Yes, sir. (*Bus. tells JORKINS, who exits c.*)

RYDER. (*To MRS. RYDER*) Going out driving, dear? I saw the carriage at the door—(*Pause*) Well, can I do anything for you?

MRS. RYDER. (*Nervously*) Er—yes—Jefferson tells me—I—(*RYDER sits down—pause*) Er—perhaps some time later—

JEFFERSON. Mother— —

RYDER. My list, Bagley—

BAGLEY. Yes, Mr. Ryder, I have it. (*Bus. gives the list, then goes to cabinet and gets box of cigars*)

MRS. RYDER. Suppose you come for a little ride, John. Give up work for to-day.

RYDER. Impossible, my dear—simply impossible.

MRS. RYDER. (*Aside to JEFFERSON*) I don't think I'll mention the matter to him now—(*Looks at RYDER*) It seems hardly the moment. (*To RYDER*) Good-bye, dear! (*JORKINS enters c. with card—hands same to BAGLEY, holds door open for MRS. RYDER. To JEFFERSON*) Better not say anything to him just at this moment. It's not propitious

—I know him better than you do—Good-bye, dear—good-bye, John. (*Exits C. D.*)

RYDER. Oh, good-bye—good-bye—good-bye—
(BAGLEY hands card to RYDER) Downstairs?

JORKINS. Yes, sir—

RYDER. (*To JEFFERSON*) Did you ask General Abby here?

JEFFERSON. Yes, sir—he wanted to see you—I promised—(*Crosses to desk*)

RYDER. (*To JORKINS*) Downtown—to-morrow—any time—

(BAGLEY gives card to JORKINS—who exits, BAGLEY back to desk.)

JEFFERSON. That means—no time—General Abby is not a politician, he is a soldier and one of the finest men we have in the army to-day.

RYDER. I shall be pleased to see him—downtown—if I can spare the time.

JEFFERSON. If he were a politician—

RYDER. As he isn't we won't pursue the matter. One of these days my dear boy you'll learn that listening to other people's business makes you forget your own. (*To BAGLEY*) And any word from the Green woman.

BAGLEY. (*Hands letter to RYDER*) She is going to call at half-past four—

RYDER. Half-past four—eh? (*Bus. looks at JEFFERSON, sees that he is still in room*) Do you want to see me, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON. Yes, sir. (*Firmly*) I do—(*Satirically*) if you can spare the time—

RYDER. Well, to be perfectly frank with you—I can't—but I will—(*Bus. with SHIRLEY's letter—to BAGLEY*) Um—typewritten—when she comes show her in here—what else have I for this afternoon? (*BAGLEY hands list*) The National Republican Committee can wait. Senator Roberts—not now—

let him stay in the billiard room—I expect Chief Ellison of the Secret Service Bureau from Washington—put him off till to-night—well Jefferson, what is it? What is it? (*Bus. JEFFERSON hesitates—looks at BAGLEY, motions him to go*)

BAGLEY. (*Rather annoyed*) Perhaps you'll excuse me?

JEFFERSON. That's a happy thought.

(*BAGLEY bows and exits c.*)

RYDER. I've had a very busy day, Jeff—What with Trans-Continental and Trans-Atlantic and Pacific I feel like Atlas shouldering the world—

JEFFERSON. Well the world isn't intended for one pair of shoulders to carry. (*Bus. of JEFFERSON*)

RYDER. Why not? Julius Cæsar carried it—Napoleon carried it to a certain extent, so did—However—we won't go into that now. What is it, boy?

JEFFERSON. That's just it, father. I'm no longer a boy—it's time to treat me as if I were a man—(*Sits R. of desk L.*)

RYDER. Oh, dear—(*Lays back in his chair as if resigned*) Well, my good man, what is it?

JEFFERSON. Father, I want you to take me seriously—

RYDER. (*Bus. with papers*) Go on, damn it all, be serious, if you want to—only don't take so long about it. What is it? Understand one thing. I want no preaching, no philosophical twaddle. No Tolstoi, he's a great thinker, and you're not—No Bernard Shaw—he's funny and you're not—Now, then, go ahead—

JEFFERSON. I suppose I should have spoken before—

RYDER. (*Breaking in*) You asked me once why the wage of the idle rich was wealth, and the wages

of hard work was poverty, and I told you that I worked harder in one day than a tunnel digger in a lifetime. Thinking is a harder game than any, and you must think or you won't know. Napoleon knew more about war than any living man to-day, and the man who knows is the man who wins! The man who takes advice isn't fit to give it, that's why I never take yours, now then, go ahead with your story——

JEFFERSON. Father, you have done me an injustice.

RYDER. An injustice?—Ye Gods—I have given you the biggest name, the biggest income and the most colossal gigantic fortune ever collected by mortal man is waiting for you——

JEFFERSON. Yes—(*Rises*) At the expense of my liberty. You robbed me of my right to think, for ever since I was old enough to think, you have thought for me. Ever since I was old enough to choose you've chosen for me. You think, choose and will for everyone in this house; everyone who comes in contact with you. Yours is an influence none seem able to resist—you have chosen that I should marry Kate Roberts, and it is on that point I want to speak. Father—I—(*RYDER looks at JEFFERSON for the last time*) It's an injustice to her and I—I can't—I won't do it, that's all. (*Crosses to R. C.*)

RYDER. So—you're going to—to—withdraw—eh? (*Softly and with some affection—comes around front of table and crosses to JEFFERSON C.*) Don't be a fool. Jeff; I don't want to think for you or choose for you; or marry for you; but I know so much better than you what is best for you; believe me I do; don't be obstinate. Kate's father has more influence in the Senate than any dozen others. Hang it all—you like Kate. You told me so, and I thought—(*Suddenly back at desk*) It isn't that Rossmore girl, is it? If I thought Judge Rossmore's

daughter—oh, well, you know what is going to happen to him—don't you?—(*Sits at desk*)

JEFFERSON. I know what he is accused of and I—want to be of some assistance to him. I want to go away from here—

RYDER. (*Striking desk*) That man—he has always opposed me; he has defied my—my authority, and now his daughter—his daughter has entrapped my son—so you want to go to her, eh? Well, marry Kate or not—as you please—but I want you to stay here—(*Sees JEFFERSON'S objection—softly*) you need me, my boy, yes you do—You mustn't go away—You're the only flesh and blood tie I have. You see my weakness—you know that I want you with me, and you take advantage—you take advantage.

JEFFERSON. No, father, I don't. But I want to go away—I want to go some place where I am free—some place where I can meet my fellow men heart to heart, on an equal basis, some place where I'm not pointed out as the son of Ready Money Ryder, the richest man in the world. (*Goes c.*) I think I'll go West, study law and become a lawyer.

RYDER. Why not go to church, study Theology and become a preacher? No, my lad you stay here—Study my interests—study the interests that will be yours some day—watch which way the cat jumps and jump with it.

JEFFERSON. I'd rather go—

RYDER. Then go, damn it, go—I'm not fool enough to suppose I can keep you here against your will, or make you marry any girl; you don't want to, but I can prevent your throwing yourself away on the daughter of a man, who is about to be publicly disgraced—by God, I will.

JEFFERSON. Poor old Rossmore—(*Crosses to desk*) If the inside history of every financial transaction were made known, how many of us would escape public disgrace? Would you?

RYDER. (*Rises, walks violently up and down*) Upon my word—you are the most aggravating—you—it's no use disinheriting you because you wouldn't care—(JEFFERSON *comes to c.*) I think you'd be glad of it—Upon my soul I do—Jefferson, will you give me your word of honor, your object in going away is not to find the girl and marry her? I don't mind your losing your heart, but damn it all, don't lose your head. (*Crosses to him c.*) Come, give me your hand on that—

(JEFFERSON *holds out hand reluctantly.*)

RYDER. If I thought it was the Rossmore woman I'd have her father sent out of this country and the woman too—

JEFFERSON. It is not—(*Pulls hand away abruptly*)

RYDER. You know I trust you Jeff—now think it over about Kate—and don't decide hastily—(*Turns up-stage and walks with him then back to desk*) There, there now, run away; there's a good lad, for I have to study the advance report of the Inter Railway Commerce-Commissions and get it back to Washington to-night. (RYDER *holds up a typewritten document*)

JEFFERSON. Do you mean to say that you see it before the Senate or the—

RYDER. (*Reading document*) Take a tip from Washington, my boy, and jump with the cat. At present I'm the cat.

(*Enter BAGLEY c.*)

BAGLEY. Will you see Miss Green now?

RYDER. Ah—yes—show her in—(*Exit BAGLEY c.*) Think it over Jefferson—

JEFFERSON. I have thought it over—and I have decided to go—

RYDER. Think it over again—

JEFFERSON. It's no use; my mind is made up.
(*Exits c.*)

RYDER. (*Bus. glances over document; then comes to a paragraph that apparently annoys him—Telephone rings—throws down document—seizes telephone on table—listens a moment*) Mr. Ryder is out—(*Pause*) He's busy—(*Phone rings again—shuts off telephone—picks up document*)

JORKINS. (*Announces quietly*) Miss Green, sir.

(*Enter SHIRLEY c. She watches RYDER—RYDER smokes hard, throws down the document and sees SHIRLEY looking at him—he is evidently surprised at her youth—and takes the cigar out of his mouth and rises.*)

SHIRLEY. Oh, please go on smoking—I don't mind it in the least.

RYDER. Thank you. (*Throws cigar in ash tray on desk—looks closely at her*) Are you Miss Green?

SHIRLEY. That's my non-de-plume, yes. Are you Mr. Ryder?

RYDER. Yes, won't you sit down?

SHIRLEY. Thank you. (*Sits opposite him at table*)

RYDER. (*Inspecting SHIRLEY very closely*) I rather expected—you're younger than I thought you were, Miss Green, much younger.

SHIRLEY. Time will remedy that—I rather expected to see Mrs. Ryder. (*Bus. with letter*)

RYDER. Yes—she—wrote—but—I—I—wanted to see you—(*Bus. picks up book*)—about—this—

SHIRLEY. Oh, have you read it?

RYDER. I have—I—er—I am sure your time is valuable—so I'll come straight to the point—I want to ask you where you got the character of the central figure; the Octopus, as you call him, John Broderick.

SHIRLEY. From imagination, of course.

RYDER. You've sketched a pretty big man here—
(*Bus. opens book at marked place*)

SHIRLEY. He has big possibilities—but I think he makes very small use of them.

RYDER. On page 22, you call him the greatest exemplar of individual human will in existence to-day. And you make indomitable will and energy as the keystone of his marvellous success.

SHIRLEY. Yes.

RYDER. On page 28 you say "The machinery of his money-making mind typifies the laws of perpetual unrest—it must go on—go on—relentlessly—resistlessly—making money—making money—and continuing to make money—it cannot stop until the machinery crumbles. Do you mean to say I couldn't stop to-morrow if I wanted to?"

SHIRLEY. You?

RYDER. Well—it's a natural question—every man sees himself in the hero of a novel, as every woman does in the heroine—we're all heroes and heroines in our own eyes—I'm afraid—(*Shuts book*) but—what's your private opinion of this man you drew the character. What do you think of him as a type; how would you classify him?

SHIRLEY. As the greatest criminal the world ever produced.

RYDER. Criminal? (*Astonished*)

SHIRLEY. He is avarice—egotism—and ambition incarnate—he loves money because he loves power better than manhood or womanhood—

RYDER. Um—rather strong—

SHIRLEY. Of course, no such man really existed.

RYDER. Of course not. (*Looks closely at her to see if she is conscious but she appears not to see him. Then business—looks through book. He is thoughtful*)

SHIRLEY. But you didn't ask me to call merely

to find out how I liked my work. That sounds like an interview in a Sunday paper.

RYDER. (*Laughs*) No—I want you to undertake a little work for me. (*Opens box*) I want you to put my autobiography together from this material—(*He takes out several voluminous foolscap documents, number of letters, etc., which he places on the table*) I want to know—where you got the details of that man's life. (*Sits down, takes up book*)

SHIRLEY. For the most part, imagination—news-papers—magazines—you know the American Millionaire is a very overworked topic—and naturally I've read—

RYDER. Well, I refer to what you haven't read; what you couldn't have read; this is what I mean—(*Bus. turns back to book*) “As evidence of his petty vanity, when a youth he had a beautiful Indian girl tattooed just above his forearm.” Now who told you I had my arm tattooed when I was a boy?

SHIRLEY. Have you? Why, what a coincidence.

RYDER. (*With sarcasm*) Yes—well—let me read you another coincidence. (*Reads from book*) “The same eternal long black cigar between his lips.”

SHIRLEY. General Grant smoked—all men who think deeply along material lines smoke—

RYDER. Well—well—let that go—how about this? “John Broderick loved when a young man a girl who lived in Vermont, but circumstances separated them.” I loved a girl when I was a lad and she lived in Vermont, and circumstances separated us—that isn't a coincidence—for presently you make John Broderick marry a young woman who had money—I married a girl with money and—

SHIRLEY. Lots of men marry for money—

RYDER. (*Sharply*) I said with money, not for money—but this, this is what I can't understand—for no one could have told this but myself—(*Reads*)

“With all his physical bravery, and his personal courage, John Broderick was intensely afraid of death. It was in his mind constantly.” (*Rises*) Who told you that? I—I’ve never mentioned it to a living soul.

SHIRLEY. Most men who amass money are afraid of death, because death is about the only thing that can separate them from their money.

RYDER. Why, you are quite a character. (*Both laugh*) This fellow Broderick is all right, but I don’t like his finish. (*She laughs—then both laugh together*)

SHIRLEY. It’s logical.

RYDER. You’re a curious girl—upon my word—you interest me—I want you to make as good a book of this chaos as you did out of your own imagination. (*Takes more manuscripts out of box*)

SHIRLEY. So you think your life is a good example to follow. (*Looking carelessly over papers*)

RYDER. Isn’t it?

SHIRLEY. Suppose we all wanted to follow it, suppose we all wanted to be the richest, the most powerful personage in the world—

RYDER. Well? (*Back of desk*)

SHIRLEY. I think it would postpone the Era of the Brotherhood of Man, indefinitely—don’t you?

RYDER. I never looked at it from that point of view—(*Sits*) You’re a strange girl—you can’t be more than twenty or so?

SHIRLEY. I’m twenty-four—or so—

RYDER. Where did you get these details? Come, take me into your confidence.

SHIRLEY. I have taken you into my confidence and it cost you a dollar and a half. (*Points to book, then bus.*) I’m not so sure about this—

RYDER. You don’t think my life would make good reading?—

SHIRLEY. It might. (*Looking over papers*) But I don’t consider mere genius in money making

is sufficient provocation for rushing into print— You see unless you came to a bad end, it would have no moral—

RYDER. Upon my word—I don't know why I'm so anxious to have you do this work. I suppose it's because you don't want to—you remind me of my son—ah—he's a problem—

SHIRLEY. Wild ?

RYDER. No, I wish he were.

SHIRLEY. Fallen in love with the wrong woman, I suppose.

RYDER. Something of the sort—How did you guess ?

SHIRLEY. Oh, I don't know. So many boys do that—besides I can hardly imagine that any woman would be the right woman unless you selected her yourself.

RYDER. Do you know you say the strangest things ?

SHIRLEY. Truth is strange, isn't it ? I don't suppose you hear it very often.

RYDER. Not in that form—

SHIRLEY. (*Bus. with letters*) All these from Washington consulting you on politics and finance. They won't interest the world.

RYDER. Your artistic sense will tell you what to use.

SHIRLEY. Does your son still love this girl ?

RYDER. No.

SHIRLEY. Yes, he does.

RYDER. How do you know ?

SHIRLEY. From the way you say he doesn't.

RYDER. You're right again—the idiot does love her.

SHIRLEY. (*Aside*) Bless his heart—(*Aloud*) Well, I hope they'll both outwit you—

RYDER. (*Laughs, more interested in her than ever*) Do you know, I don't think I ever met anyone in my life quite like you.

SHIRLEY. What's your objection to this girl?

RYDER. Every objection. I don't want her in my family.

SHIRLEY. Anything against her character? (*Bus. with papers to hide interest*)

RYDER. (*Back to desk*) Yes—no—not—that I know of, but because a woman has a good character, that doesn't necessarily mean that she should make a desirable match, does it? (*Starts back to chair*)

SHIRLEY. It's a point in her favor, isn't it?

RYDER. Yes—es—but——

SHIRLEY. You are a great student of men, aren't you, Mr. Ryder?

RYDER. Yes—I—(*In front of chair*)

SHIRLEY. Why don't you study women? That would enable you to understand a great many things that I don't think are quite clear to you now.

RYDER. (*Standing*) I will—I'm studying you—but I don't seem to be making much headway—(*Sits*) A woman like you whose mind isn't eaten up with the amusement habit has great possibilities, great possibilities. Do you know you're the first woman I ever took in my confidence? I mean at sight—I'm acting on sentiment—something—I rarely do. I don't know why—I like you, upon my word, I do, and I'm going to introduce you to my wife—my—son—(*Bus. with telephone*) And you're going to be a great friend of theirs. You are going to like them—You——

SHIRLEY. What a commander in chief you would make. How natural it is for you to command. I suppose you always tell people what they are to do, and how they are to do it. You are a natural born general. You know, I've often thought that a Napoleon and Cæsar and Alexander must have been domestic leaders as well as Imperial Rulers. I am sure of it now.

RYDER. (*Nonplussed*) Well—of—all—(*Gets*

up one step from chair and bows) Will you please do me the honor to meet my family——

SHIRLEY. (*Smiling sweetly*) Thank you, Mr. Ryder—I will—(*Looks at paper to conceal delight*)

(*RYDER shakes his head, gives her up as a conundrum.*)

RYDER. (*At telephone*) Hello, hello, is that you, Bagley? (*A pause*) Get rid of General Dodge. I can't see him to-day. I'll see him to-morrow at the same time. (*Hangs up*) Eh? (*SHIRLEY bus. with papers, startled, nearly drops, utters a slight cry*) What's the matter?

SHIRLEY. Nothing—nothing—(*Aside, looks at RYDER—tries to abstract letter from papers, but he casually catches her eye—This bus. most important—she pretends to be indifferent when RYDER looks at her*)

RYDER. (*To SHIRLEY*) Well, well, consider the matter settled—when will you come?

SHIRLEY. (*In a peculiar hoarse voice, showing she is under a strain*) You want me to come here? (*She is frightened, looks at letter then at RYDER—he catches her eyes, leans on desk, then at letter she is reading*)

RYDER. Yes, I don't want these papers to get out of the house—hello, what's that? Excuse me—(*Sees that she is reading and realizes it is an important private paper, takes it away from her*) How on earth did they get there—Curious—they're from the very man we were speaking of—(*Takes keys out of pocket and opens drawers*)

SHIRLEY. You mean Judge Rossmore?

RYDER. (*Suspiciously*) How do you know it was Judge Rossmore? I didn't know his name was mentioned.

SHIRLEY. I saw his signature——

RYDER. Oh—(*Locks letters in drawer*)

SHIRLEY. He's the father of the girl you dislike, isn't he?

RYDER. Yes—he's the—the—(*Ends sentence with a gesture of impatient anger*)

SHIRLEY. How you hate him.

RYDER. Not at all. I disagree with his politics and his methods—and I know very little about him except that he is about to be removed from office.

SHIRLEY. Oh—about to be—(*Rises and drops paper*) Then it is decided even before he is tried—(*Starts to pick up papers*)

RYDER. No, no, allow me. (*Picks up papers and goes back to box for papers*)

SHIRLEY. If I remember correctly some of the newspapers seem to think he is innocent of the charge of which he is accused——

RYDER. (*Thoughtfully*) Perhaps——

SHIRLEY. In fact most of them are on his side.

RYDER. Yes.

SHIRLEY. Whose side are you on? Really and truly——

RYDER. Whose side am I on? I—Oh, I don't know that I am on any side—I don't know that I give it much thought—I——

SHIRLEY. Do you think this man deserves to be punished?

RYDER. Why do you ask? (*On feet*)

SHIRLEY. I don't know—it interests me—(*Trying to be calm*) That's all—it's a romance—your son loves the daughter of this man; he's in disgrace, many seem to think unjustly. (*With some emotion*) And I have heard from some source or other—you know I—(*With great caution, but keeping the fact from RYDER*) know a great many newspaper men, in fact, I have done newspaper work myself—I have heard that life has no longer any interest for him—that he is not only disgraced but beggared; that he is pining away—slowly dying of a broken

heart. (*Sits all through this scene—she tries to be light*) Ah, why not come to his rescue—You who are rich, so powerful—

RYDER. My dear girl—you don't understand—his removal is a necessity.

SHIRLEY. You think this man is innocent.

RYDER. Even if I knew it, I couldn't move.

SHIRLEY. Not if you knew? Do you mean to say if you had the absolute proof you couldn't help him?

RYDER. I could not betray the men who have been my friends—it's—

SHIRLEY. Oh, it is politics—that's what the papers said and you believe him innocent—(*Laughs*) Oh, I think you are having a little joke at my expense just to see how far you can lead me. I dare say Judge Rossmore deserves all he gets—Oh, yes, he deserves it. (*RYDER watches her curiously*) Please forgive me—I—(*Laughs to conceal emotion*) It's the artistic imaginative temperament in full working order—a story of hopeless love between two people—with the father of the girl hounded by politicians and financiers. It was too much for one—ha! ha! I forget where I was. (*She watches RYDER furtively—nervous—wipes perspiration from face—Crosses R.*)

(SENATOR ROBERTS followed by KATE enters c., comes down. KATE on L.)

SENATOR. I assumed the privilege of an old friend and passed by the guard, Kate gave Bagley a countersign and got through with it.

RYDER. Glad to see you Senator. Sorry to have kept you waiting—Miss Green allow me to introduce Senator Roberts and Miss Roberts—(*All bow*) Senator, this is the young woman who—(*Shows book*) She is the one who did it.

KATE. Oh, really—(*Crosses to desk*)

SENATOR. God bless my soul! You don't say so! So young and so—so—indeed this is an unexpected pleasure—(*Crosses R.*) Did you know that your book has been quoted in our Senate Chamber by one of the Populist Members, as the mirror in which a commercial Octopus could gaze upon himself——

SHIRLEY. (R. C.) Really—I——

RYDER. (*Taps bell*) I'll order some tea—you'd like a cup of tea—wouldn't you Miss Green, so would you Kate.

KATE. Tea in the sanctum sanctorum—What will Mr. Bagley think—Father, do you hear?

SENATOR. Yes, but I prefer soda and whiskey—(*Crosses L. C.*)

KATE. Miss Green if you only knew what exceptional honors were being heaped upon us——

(*Enter JORKINS.*)

RYDER. Tea—Jorkins—here——

(*Enter JEFFERSON.*)

JORKINS. Here, sir?

RYDER. Yes, here——

(*Exit JORKINS.*)

JEFFERSON. Excuse my interrupting, Father, but I leave to-morrow and before I go—(*Down to L. to R.*)

RYDER. We'll talk about that to-night—I want you to meet Miss Green. Miss Green, this is my son, Jefferson—(*Looks at paper on desk*)

JEFFERSON. (*Starts*) Miss Green——

RYDER. Yes, Miss Green, the writer—(*Going up*)

SHIRLEY. I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Ryder.

(*Holds out her hand—he is dumbfounded—stares at her face—he doesn't see her outstretched hand*)

RYDER. (*Rather amazed*) Why don't you shake hands with her—She won't bite you—(*Crosses up and R. C. SHIRLEY and JEFFERSON shake hands*)
 Kate—Miss Green—(*KATE comes down R. C.*) I want you to know this little girl very well—she's going to be my son Jefferson's wife—(*The girls smile at each other*) And I want you to look after Jefferson—(*Enter BAGLEY C., followed by Servant with tea tray. To SHIRLEY*) I want you to talk to him the same as you did to me—(*Bus. with ROBERTS*)

JEFFERSON. Shirley—

SHIRLEY. Miss Green—

JEFFERSON. Miss Green, may I get you some tea.

SHIRLEY. Thank you—yes—

RYDER. Senator, the young man has a will of his own—but he will come to our way of thinking—he'll come around—

JEFFERSON. Sugar?—

SHIRLEY. One lump please—(*JEFFERSON brings down tea*) and later on I want to get the key of that left hand corner drawer—

JEFFERSON. Father's private desk?

SHIRLEY. Hush—

JEFFERSON. (*Crosses to RYDER*) Father, I've changed my mind—I'm not going away—(*Business*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

AT RISE:—*Music.*

DISCOVERED:—*RYDER at bookcase R. looking over stock list and books. As curtain rises he crosses to L. gets a cigar from box on table; lights it as he starts to cross R.*

(*Enter MRS. RYDER.*)

MRS. RYDER. I'm so glad you are alone dear. I just want a few words.

RYDER. Very well then I'll—(*Starts to throw away cigar in fireplace*)

MRS. RYDER. (*Hesitates*) Go on smoking. Don't mind me.

RYDER. Thank you—well——

MRS. RYDER. Oh, dear!

RYDER. Is there anything I can do for you my dear. (*Shakes her head*)

MRS. RYDER. I wanted to speak to you about—about Jeff—(*Bus.—RYDER shows impatience*) Now, give me five minutes John—the boy is so unhappy—He wants to please us, but——

RYDER. But he insists upon pleasing himself——

MRS. RYDER. I'm afraid his affection for Miss Rossmore is deeper than you realize——

RYDER. Miss Rossmore. I am sorry my dear, that you seem inclined to listen to Jefferson. It only encourages him in his attitude towards me. Kate will make him an excellent wife; the other woman will drag him down; are you willing to sacrifice your son's dignity and honor to a mere boyish whim?

MRS. RYDER. It's very hard for a mother to chose. Miss Green says—(*Sits L.*)

RYDER. Have you consulted Miss Green on the subject? (*Leans on chair R.*)

MRS. RYDER. Yes, I don't know how I came to tell, but I did—I seem to tell her everything. I find her such a comfort—Do you know, John, I haven't had an attack of nerves since that girl has been in the house. She seems to ward them all off.

RYDER. I wish she'd ward this Rossmore girl off. I wish she—(*Pause*) If she were Kate she wouldn't let Jeff slip through her fingers. (*Goes to books*)

MRS. RYDER. No, I've often wished that Kate were more like her. Kate is a very nice girl, a charming tactful girl, but she isn't Miss Green. How that girl does grow on me. Kate is so—(*Shakes her head*)

RYDER. (*Crosses to desk—back to her*) She is the daughter of my friend—Senator Roberts, and she is Jeff's affianced wife, they've been engaged two years, and he'll keep his word—or—Caroline—go back to the ballroom, spread the report among your guests that the wedding is to take place four weeks from to-morrow. He'll keep his word for Kate's sake. I know that boy. Tell Miss Patterson she'll do the rest.

MRS. RYDER. Four weeks from to-morrow, a month. (*Rises, crosses R.*)

RYDER. Yes, a month. (*Telephone rings on desk. RYDER bus. Picks up receiver*)

MRS. RYDER. Four weeks from to-morrow.

(*Stop music. Bell down-stage on table.*)

RYDER. Hello. Who? (*Pause*) Senator Roberts? (*Pausing—looking serious*) Send him up at once—(*Bus. Hangs up receiver*) What is he doing away from Washington? Oh, my dear. Go back to the Ball room and do as I ask you about Jefferson, please.

MRS. RYDER. Yes, but I—very well. (*Up to c.*)

RYDER. Oh, Caroline, what did Miss Green say?

MRS. RYDER. She says we are quite right from our point of view.

RYDER. Ah!

MRS. RYDER. But, that our point of view is a mistake.

RYDER. Oh, indeed!

(*Enter SENATOR ROBERTS.*)

MRS. RYDER. Ah, good-evening, Senator. I suppose I can't tempt you to dance.

ROBERTS. Thank you—no—I—I've been led a pretty dance already—I—(*Pause*)

MRS. RYDER. Well, good-bye. Don't keep him here long, Senator. (*Exits c.*)

RYDER. Why have you left Washington at a critical moment like this? The Rossmore impeachment needs every friend we have.

ROBERTS. (*Down to desk*) Family matters. Politics will have to be side-tracked until it's—it's settled—about four o'clock this afternoon Mrs. Roberts informed me over long distance that she has come into possession of correspondence, showing my daughter is planning to run off with Mr. Bagley.

RYDER. Bagley?

ROBERTS. Yes, eight o'clock to-morrow morning is the appointed hour for the elopement.

RYDER. (*Ring bell down table*) They're both here, Bagley and Kate—ha——

ROBERTS. Who the devil is this Bagley? (*Sits R. of desk*)

RYDER. English—blue blood—no money—(*Sits*)

ROBERTS. That's the only thing we seem to get over here. We furnish the money; they furnish the blood. Damn this blue blood I don't want any of it in mine.

(Enter JORKINS.)

RYDER. Mr. Bagley, here, at once.

JORKINS. Yes—sir—(Exit c.)

ROBERTS. I was sorry to leave Washington, at such a time, but I'm a father and Kate is more to me than this Rossmore impeachment. Besides her marriage to your son Jefferson is one of the ambitions of my life.

RYDER. That point is settled. The wedding is set for one month from to-day.

ROBERTS. Mr. Bagley seems to have unsettled it.

RYDER. The only thing Mr. Bagley has unsettled is his own future. (Pause) How is the Rossmore case going?

ROBERTS. Not so well as it might; there's a lot of maudlin sympathy for the Judge. He's a pretty sick man and the papers are for him, unanimously; one or two of the Western Senators are talking corporate influence—and trust legislation—and when it comes to a vote the matter will be settled on party lines.

RYDER. That means that Judge Rossmore will be removed?

ROBERTS. Yes, with five votes to spare.

RYDER. That's not enough, there must be at least twenty; let there be no blunders, Roberts. (Enter BAGLEY) The man is a menace. The impeachment must go through.

BAGLEY. Do you want me, sir?

RYDER. Yes, Mr. Bagley—(Business—look at him—BAGLEY is afraid) What steamer leaves to-morrow for England?

BAGLEY. To-morrow—

RYDER. To-morrow—

BAGLEY. Let me see, White Star, North German Lloyd, and I think the Transatlantic.

RYDER. Have you any preference?

BAGLEY. No sir, not at all.

RYDER. Then you go abroad on one of these ships to-night. Your things will be packed and sent to you before the ship sails to-morrow.

(SENATOR *crosses R. and sits.*)

BAGLEY. (*Crosses to desk*) But sir—I—I—I'm afraid——

RYDER. I observe that, your hands shake.

BAGLEY. No, no—no—I mean I——

RYDER. You mean you have other engagements?

BAGLEY. Oh, no—no—but——

RYDER. No other engagements?

BAGLEY. No.

RYDER. None at eight o'clock to-morrow morning?

ROBERTS. With my daughter?

BAGLEY. No—no—certainly not—under no circumstances with your daughter—the idea——

RYDER. (*Rings bell*) Perhaps she had an engagement with you

BAGLEY. Let me see. There was something said about an early morning walk—a constitutional.

ROBERTS. Oh, an appetizer.

BAGLEY. Yes, an appetizer, I recommended it as an excellent tonic—for her health—I thought she looked quite pale and er—I—

(*Enter JORKINS.*)

RYDER. Ask Miss Roberts to come here, I want to speak to her. (*Business writes*)

JORKINS. Yes—sir—(*Exits c.*)

ROBERTS. So you thought my daughter looked pale, and a little walk at eight o'clock in the morning with you would be a healthy thing for her. Well, it may be, but it wouldn't be a healthy thing for you.

BAGLEY. Not with me—oh, dear no—alone—I

told her that early rising is conducive to rosy cheeks. I read it in a poem. It runs something like this; not exactly, but something.

If you would have a rosy cheek,
Then you the rising sun must seek.

ROBERTS. Your cheeks needs no roses.

BAGLEY. It's one by the minor poets.

ROBERTS. Very minor, I should say.

RYDER. Then your plans in regard to Miss Roberts did not extend further than an early morning constitutional.

BAGLEY. (*Goes very near desk*) No sir.

ROBERTS. You never proposed to run away with her—

BAGLEY. (*Horried*) Run away with her?

ROBERTS. And marry her?

BAGLEY. (*In horror*) And marry her?

ROBERTS. Did you ever make love to her?

BAGLEY. (*Aghast*) Make love to her?

ROBERTS. Yes, make love to her—did you?

BAGLEY. This is almost a personal question—this is hardly fair—Oh, dear what shall I say—

(*Enter KATE c.*)

KATE. (*To RYDER*) Did you want to see me?
(*To SENATOR*) Father, when did you come back? I thought you were in Washington— (*Sees BAGLEY. Realizes that something serious has happened. Realizes that she is found out. Then looks back at her father and MR. RYDER; then at BAGLEY; then back at her father. This business ad. lib.*)

ROBERTS. Well—

KATE. Well—(*Looks down on floor as if shy*) I suppose he has told you everything.

ROBERTS. Yes, everything—

(*BAGLEY about to speak catches RYDER'S eyes and subsides.*)

KATE. (*Laughs nervously*) Well—(*Looks at father, laughs nervously, but does not smile*)

ROBERTS. Have you anything to add?

KATE. (*Shakes her head*) No—(*Sighs*) It's all true.

ROBERTS. What is true?

KATE. That we intended to run away—and get married—isn't it? Fitzroy. (*Pause*)

BAGLEY. I—I beg you will not refer to me.

KATE. Fitz!

ROBERTS. Never mind about Fitz—I'll attend to Fitz presently.

BAGLEY. I—I assure you.

ROBERTS. And you were to meet him at eight o'clock to-morrow morning for the express purpose of getting married?

KATE. Since Fitzroy has told you everything—I—I think perhaps we had better ask your permission.

ROBERTS. My permission eh?

KATE. And your forgiveness.

ROBERTS. (*Rises*) And what of Jefferson Ryder?

KATE. One can't think of everybody in these matters. Mr. Bagley will explain, that, he knows that Jefferson doesn't care—Mr. Bagley will—

RYDER. Mr. Bagley leaves for England to-night. I am afraid he will have no time to explain anything.

KATE. England—

ROBERTS. Ah,—that settles it—(*Crosses to c. and takes KATE'S arm*) Get your things on and prepare to go to Washington with me early to-morrow morning.

KATE. Washington?

ROBERTS. Yes, Washington—for an early morning constitutional. (*To BAGLEY*) Bon voyage—Mr. Bagley—(*Taking her out*) Come Kate.

KATE. I don't want to go to Washington. Never mind Fitz. You know where to write. Father, I think you're very unkind. I won't go—I won't go—*(Tries to release her arm—but cannot—Exit with SENATOR)*

RYDER. *(Hands letter to BAGLEY)* Your instructions sir, to be opened when you arrive in England?

(Enter JEFFERSON c. He is quite excited.)

BAGLEY. *(Completely non-plussed—knocked out)* I—I—

RYDER. Good night, sir. Well, Jeff.

BAGLEY. *(Brace up as if to speak—with positive emphasis)* Sir—I—*(Catches RYDER'S eye. RYDER rises)* Yes—sir—good night, sir—good night, sir—*(At door exit c.)*

JEFFERSON. Now then, Father.

RYDER. Let's go into the ballroom.

JEFFERSON. Don't turn down the light, Father. I want to talk to you.

RYDER. *(Down to end of desk)* My dear boy, your errand is written all over your face. You wish to know who has dared to spread the report that your marriage is to take place in a month from to-day.

JEFFERSON. I have no need to ask, Father. I know your methods. I am not going to call your attention to the absurdity of attempting to influence me in the choice of a wife by such means, but I demand that these blows in the dark, these political moves, come to an end. They're unfair to me, they're brutally unkind to Kate and they're unworthy of you.

RYDER. How dare you presume to criticise my actions? *(Puts down cigar)*

JEFFERSON. You have forced me to do so, not only do I refuse to carry out your plans in regard

to Kate Roberts, but I intend to marry Miss Rossmore as soon as she will consent to become my wife. (*Looks at father who looks at him but does not answer*) She is acquainted with all the circumstances of my so called engagement to Kate, and if I can succeed in overcoming her prejudices to my family—(RYDER *laughs*)—to you—we've tried the poor girl pretty sorely, Father, you and I—you, with your deadly hatred and persecution of her father, and I with this trumpety pretence of an engagement with Kate Roberts, cowardly fear of your displeasure, but I am afraid no longer, and I tell you openly, finally, that I intend to make Miss Rossmore my wife—(Pause—looks at RYDER—RYDER *makes no reply. Weakening a little*) You've forced me to—to defy you, Father—I'm—I'm sorry.

RYDER. (*With much self-control*) All right Jeff, my boy, you're sorry so am I. You've shown me your cards, and I'll show you mine. (*Sits L. with bitter hatred*) When I get through with Judge Rossmore at Washington, I'll start on his daughter. This time to-morrow he'll be a disgraced man, and in a week she'll be a notorious woman.

JEFFERSON. Father!

RYDER. There is sure to be something in her life that won't bear inspection. There is in everybody's life—I'll find out what it is. (JEFFERSON *stands as if unable to answer*) Where is she now? She can't be found. No one knows where she is; not even her own mother. Something is wrong. The woman is hiding. What—what is she hiding

(JEFFERSON *goes to door c. Pause—silence.*)

JEFFERSON. Why she—

RYDER. Well, that is all?

JEFFERSON. That's all—(*Exits c.*)

RYDER. Leave your address with your mother—
(*Tries to read—then bangs fist on desk*)

SHIRLEY. (*Enter*) May I come in, Mr. Ryder?

RYDER. Yes, come in.

SHIRLEY. (*In a low voice*) I want to see you on a—very important matter. I've been waiting to see you all evening, but I shall only be here a few days longer—I—(*With emotion*) I want to ask you a great favor, perhaps the greatest you were ever asked. (*As if afraid*) I want to ask you for mercy—for mercy to—(*Turns to him sees that he is preoccupied*) Mr. Ryder?

RYDER. (*As if awakening out of a dream*) Eh—forgive me, I didn't quite catch what you were saying. (*Pause*) For the first time in my life I am face to face with defeat—defeat of the most ignominious kind—incapacity—inability—to regulate my domestic affairs. I can rule a government, but I can't guide my own family, my own son. (*Enraged*) I am a failure—a failure—sit down—(*She sits*) Why, why can't I rule my own household—why can't I govern my own son?

SHIRLEY. Why can't you govern yourself—

RYDER. Now, you can help me by not preaching. This is the first time in my life I ever called on a living soul for help. I'm only accustomed to deal with men. This time there's a woman in the case, and I need your woman's wit.

SHIRLEY. How can I help you?

RYDER. (*With suppressed excitement*) I don't know. As I told you I'm against a blank wall—a blind alley. I can't see my way. I'm ashamed of myself, ashamed. Did you ever hear the fable of "The Lion and The Mouse." Well, I want you to gnaw with your sharp woman's teeth at the cords which bind my son to this Rossmore woman? I want you to be the mouse. Set me free of this disgraceful entanglement.

SHIRLEY. How?

RYDER. Ah—that's it, how? Can't you think. You're a woman! You have youth, beauty—brilliance—and—(*Suddenly, as if struck with an inspiration, looks at her*) By George, I have it! Marry him yourself. Kate Roberts can't hold him; she hasn't the mentality you have, if you can force him to let go of this woman. Why not? His mother once told me you had great influence over the boy. At one time she actually thought it was your influence that kept him here. (*Pause—SHIRLEY looks at him, but cannot answer*) Come what do you say?

SHIRLEY. You—you must give me time to think—time—to—I—I—(*Passes her hand over her face as if thinking*) Suppose I don't love your son,—I should want something—something to—

RYDER. The boy will inherit millions—I don't know how many.

SHIRLEY. (*Sits*) No—no—not money—it's—it's something else—man's honor—a man's life—it means nothing to you. (*Aside quickly*)

RYDER. You can win him, if you make up your mind to. A woman with your resources can blind him to any other woman. Come, you have light enough to attract a moth of Jefferson's calibre. I'll temporize with him; get him to stay a few weeks longer, and by then you'll have him caught.

SHIRLEY. But if he loves Judge Rossmore's daughter?

RYDER. It's for you to make him forget her—and you can—

SHIRLEY. But Kate Roberts, she—she loves him—

RYDER. Kate Roberts is playing fool with someone else. My only desire is to separate him from this Rossmore girl, at any cost. You must help me. (*His sternness relaxes somewhat*) Do you know that I shall almost be glad to think that you won't have to leave me. You have been here nearly eight

weeks. Mrs. Ryder is quite taken with you, and I — (*His eyes rest on her kindly*) I shall miss you when you go.

SHIRLEY. You ask me to be your son's wife, and you know nothing of my family?

RYDER. I know you.

SHIRLEY. No—no—you don't, nor do you know your son. He has more constancy—more strength of character than you think and——

RYDER. So much the greater victory for you

SHIRLEY. Ah, don't you love your son?

RYDER. That's where you are mistaken. I do love him and it's because I love him that I'm such a fool in this matter. Don't you see if he marries this girl, it would separate us; and I should lose him. I don't want to lose him. If I welcome her to my home it would make me the laughing stock of all my friends and business associates. I should have to welcome her father, the very man who—ah—it would be beyond words. (*SHIRLEY looks at him, shakes her head*) Come what do you say? (*Telephone rings—RYDER goes to desk*)

SHIRLEY. (*Aside*) What shall I do—what shall I say? (*Crosses c.*)

RYDER. (*Rings bell*) Judge Stott—no—(*Pause*) Waiting over an hour—(*Pause*) Insists, does he? Well, if he refuses to go, have him put out. (*Pause*) Life and death. What's that to do with me. Tell him——

SHIRLEY. (*Crosses to table*) One moment. You must see him, Mr. Ryder. I know who he is. Your son has told me.

RYDER. Wait a moment.

SHIRLEY. Judge Stott is one of Judge Rossmore's advisers. See him; you may find out something about the girl, you may find out where she is. Don't you see you must see him. If Jefferson finds out you have refused to see her father's

friend on a matter of life and death; it will only make him sympathize more deeply with the Rossmore, and you know sympathy is akin to love and that's what you want to avoid, isn't it?

RYDER. (*Hesitates*) Upon my word, you may be right yet.

SHIRLEY. (*Lightly*) Am I to help you or not? You said you wanted a woman's wit.

RYDER. Yes—but still.

SHIRLEY. Then you'd better see him.

RYDER. (*At phone*) Hello, is that you Jepson? Send Judge Stott up. (*Throws phone on table. To SHIRLEY*) That's one thing I don't like about you. I allow you to decide against me—and then I agree with you. (*Looks at her admiringly*) I'll predict that you will bring that boy to your feet within a month. Somehow I feel that he is attracted to you already. Thank heavens, you haven't a lot of troublesome relatives. I think you said you were almost alone in the world. Don't look so serious, after all Jeff is a fine fellow, and believe me, quite an excellent catch, as the world goes.

SHIRLEY. Oh, don't—don't please—my position is so false, you don't know how false it is. (*Crosses R.*)

(*Enter JUDGE STOTT c. Preceded by JORKINS, STOTT looks at SHIRLEY, but doesn't indicate that he knows her, as RYDER turns SHIRLEY signals STOTT to speak. RYDER waves secretary to go. SECRETARY exits.*)

JORKINS. Judge Stott, sir.

SHIRLEY. Perhaps I'd better go.

RYDER. No, Judge Stott will detain me but a very few moments.

(*SHIRLEY sits R. c., listens intently. Her anxiety is obvious to the audience. Not to RYDER.*)

STOTT. (c.) I must apologize for intruding at this unseemly hour, sir, but time is precious. The Senate meets to-morrow to vote, and if anything is to be done for Judge Rossmore, it must be done to-night.

RYDER. (c.) I fail to see why you address yourself to me in this manner, sir.

STOTT. As Judge Rossmore's friend and counsel, sir, I am impelled to ask your help at this critical moment.

RYDER. The matter is in the hands of the United States Senate, sir.

STOTT. They are against him. Not one Senator I have spoken to holds out any hope for him. If he is impeached it will mean his death. Inch by inch his life is leaving him. The only thing that can save him is the good news of the Senate's refusal to impeach him.

RYDER. I can do nothing, sir.

STOTT. As I understand they will vote on strictly party lines, and the party in power is against him. He's a marked man. You—you—have the power to help him—you—(RYDER *makes a gesture of impatience*) When I left his bedside to-night—I promised to return to him with good news. I have told him that the Senate ridicules the charges against him; I must return with good news. He is very ill to-night, sir. (*Meaningly to SHIRLEY*) If he gets much worse we shall send for his daughter.

SHIRLEY. (*Aside*) Father! (*SHIRLEY business*)

RYDER. His daughter—where is his daughter?

STOTT. She is trying to save her father.

(*SHIRLEY nods affirmatively.*)

RYDER. (*Crosses to STOTT*) You didn't come here to-night merely to tell me this.

STOTT. No, sir. (*Business with letters he takes out of his pocket*) These letters from Judge Rossmore to you show you are acquainted with the fact that he bought these shares as an investment, and did not receive them as a bribe.

RYDER. (*Looks at letters over STOTT's shoulder, leaves him, and then opens drawer L., looks for papers, then speaks*) Why don't you produce them before the Senate?

STOTT. I tried too but it was too late. The case was closed and could not be re-opened. (*SHIRLEY business*) I only received them last night, but if you come forward and declare——

RYDER. I can do nothing in the matter, sir.

STOTT. Then I shall publish them in every newspaper in the United States.

RYDER. Do as you please. That will not effect the issue. (*Looks at letters*) The Judge writes to ask the values of the shares as an investment. That doesn't prove that he did invest in them, or account for all the stock he had in his possession, in fact it proves nothing, you are a lawyer, you ought to know that.

STOTT. It proves you to be a basis of conspiracy to put Judge Rossmore off the bench. If we cannot prove it legally we can morally and I shall publish these letters.

RYDER. Publish them by all means—I have been attacked by the papers before, and I guess I can stand it again, keep them, I don't want them. (*Crosses to desk*) You don't suppose that if they had been of any value, I should have left them around, do you? And now, sir, I wish to know how it comes that you have in your possession private correspondence addressed to me.

STOTT. That I cannot answer.

RYDER. From whom did you receive these letters?

(*Bus.*—SHIRLEY *clutches chair as if afraid.*)

STOTT. I must decline to answer.

SHIRLEY. (*Rises about to speak. Both RYDER and STOTT look at her*) I wish to make a statement.

STOTT. (*Anticipates her*) Judge Rossmore's life and honor are at stake, and no false sense of delicacy must cause the failure of my object to save him. I must decline to answer.

RYDER. (*Furiously rings bell*) Do you suppose I don't know who sent them; do you suppose that I don't know that this man, this Judge, whose honor is at stake, and his daughter—who most likely has no honor at stake—between them have made a liar and thief of my son! False to his father, false to his fiance, and you, sir, have the presumption to come here and ask me to intercede for this man. (*Enter JORKINS c.*) Ask Mr. Jefferson to come here at once.

JORKINS. Yes sir. (*Exit c.*)

(*STOTT in whisper. Looks at SHIRLEY quickly.*)

RYDER. And now, sir, I think nothing remains to be said.

STOTT. As you please. Good-night. (*Goes up, turns and looks at SHIRLEY and exits c.*)

RYDER. Good night. (*To SHIRLEY*) Now you see what she has done to my son. (*Crosses c. and then up and down*)

SHIRLEY. Yes, it's the girl's fault. (*R. c.*) Oh, you must make allowances for him. One's sympathy gets aroused in spite of one's self. Even I feel sorry for these people.

RYDER. (*Crosses to L.*) Don't—sympathy is weakness.

(*Enter JEFFERSON c.*)

JEFFERSON. (*c.*) You sent for me, Father?

RYDER. (L.) What of the letters in this drawer?

JEFFERSON. What letters?

RYDER. The letters that were in the left hand corner drawer.

JEFFERSON. Why—I—I——

RYDER. You took them?

JEFFERSON. Yes.

RYDER. And sent them to Judge Stott?

JEFFERSON. Yes.

RYDER. (*SHIRLEY starts*) As I thought. You deliberately sacrificed my interests to save this woman's father, you hear him; Miss Green. (*With great self-control*) Jefferson, I think it's time that you and I had a final accounting. (*SHIRLEY starts up*) Please don't go Miss Green. As the writer of my autobiography you are sufficiently acquainted with my family affairs to warrant your being present at the epilogue. Besides I want an excuse for keeping my temper. For your mother's sake, boy, I have overlooked your little eccentricities of character. We have arrived at the parting of the way; you have gone too far. The one aspect of this business I cannot overlook is your willingness to sell your own father for the sake of a woman.

JEFFERSON. My father wouldn't hesitate to sell me if his business and political interests warranted the sacrifice.

SHIRLEY. Ah, please don't say those things Mr. Jefferson. I don't think he quite understands you, Mr. Ryder, and if you will pardon me, I don't think you quite understand him. Do you realize that there is a man's life at stake—that Judge Rossmore is almost at the point of death—And that favorable news from the Senate Chamber to-morrow—is perhaps the only thing that can save him?

RYDER. (*Sits*) Judge Stott's story has quite aroused your sympathy——

SHIRLEY. Yes—I—I must confess my sympathy is aroused. I do feel for this father whose life is slowly ebbing away; whose strength is being sapped daily, hourly, by the thought of his disgrace, the injustice that is being done him. I do feel for the wife of this suffering man.

RYDER. Now, we have a complete picture, the dying father, the sorrowing wife—and the daughter—what is she supposed to be doing?

SHIRLEY. (*With meaning*) She is fighting for her father's life—and you—(*To JEFFERSON*) should have pleaded—pleaded—not demanded. It's no use trying to combat your father's will.

JEFFERSON. She is quite right, Father. I should have implored you. I do so now. I ask you, for God's sake to help me.

RYDER. (*Sees his son's attitude change—for a moment, pauses, rises*) His removal is a political necessity. If this man goes back on the bench every paltry Justice of the Peace, every petty official will think he has a special mission to tear down the structure that hard work and capital has erected. No, this man has been especially conspicuous in his efforts to block the progress of amalgamated interests.

SHIRLEY. And so he must die.

RYDER. He is an old man, he is one, we are many. (*Down to end of desk*)

JEFFERSON. He is innocent of the charge brought against him.

SHIRLEY. Mr. Ryder is not considering this point. All he can see is that it is necessary to put this poor man in the public pillory to set him up as a warning to others of his class, not to act in accordance with the principles of the truth, and justice, not dare obstruct the car of Juggernaut set in motion by the money gods of the world.

RYDER. Survival of the fittest, my dear.

SHIRLEY. Oh, use your great influence with this governing body for good.

RYDER. (*Moving*) By George, Jefferson—I give you credit for having received an excellent advocate.

SHIRLEY. Suppose—suppose—this daughter—promised that she will never—never see your son again; that she will go away to some foreign country.

JEFFERSON. No, why should she. If my father isn't man enough to do a simple act of Justice without bartering a woman's happiness, his son's happiness—let him rot in his own self justification. (*Looks up stage. SHIRLEY goes up stage as if overcome*)

RYDER. (*Crosses to JEFFERSON*) Jefferson, my boy, you see how this girl pleads your case for you; she loves you. (*Bus. JEFFERSON*) Believe me she does—she's worth a thousand of the other woman. Make her your wife and I will do anything you ask.

JEFFERSON. Make her my wife? (*Turning to control himself—cannot believe his ears—conceals his joy*) Make—her—my wife.

RYDER. Come, what do you say?

JEFFERSON. Yes—yes—(*Unable to speak—sees that he will betray himself*) I cannot ask her now, Father—sometime later.

RYDER. No—to-night at once. (*Crosses up L. c. JEFFERSON turns, looks at father*) Miss Green, my son is much affected by your disinterested appeal in his behalf—he—he—you can save him from himself—My son—wishes—you—he—asks you to be his wife—is it not so, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON. Yes—yes—my wife—(*Laughs hysterically*)

SHIRLEY. Oh—no—no—Mr. Ryder I cannot. (*Comes down c.*) I—I can't.

RYDER. (*Appealingly*) Why not—ah, don't—decide hastily—(*Down to her L. c.*)

SHIRLEY. (*Down*) I cannot marry your son with these lies upon my lips. I cannot go on with this deception. I told you—you did not know who I was, who my people were. My story about them, my name, everything about me is false. Every word I have uttered is a lie, a fraud, a deception. I wouldn't tell you now, but you trusted me. And are willing to entrust your son's future in my keeping—but I can't keep back the truth from you. (JEFFERSON *business*) Mr. Ryder I am the daughter of the man you hate. I am the woman your son loves. 'Twas I who took the letters and sent them to Judge Stott. I am Shirley Rossmore.

RYDER. You? (*Turns*)

SHIRLEY. Yes, yes, I am. Now listen to me. Mr. Ryder. (RYDER *turns away*) Don't turn away from me. Go to Washington on behalf of my father and I promise you I will never see your son again. Never, never.

JEFFERSON. Shirley!

SHIRLEY. Jeff, forgive me, my father's life.

JEFFERSON. You are sacrificing our happiness.

SHIRLEY. No happiness can be built on lies. We have deceived your father. But he will forgive that, won't you, and you will go to Washington. You will save my father's honor, his life. You will—you will.

RYDER. (*Turns on*) No—no—I will not. You have wormed yourself into my confidence by means of lies and deceit. You have tricked me, fooled me to the very limit. Oh, it's easy to see how you have beguiled my son into the folly of loving you. And you have the brazen effrontery to come here and ask me to plead for your father? No, no, let the law take its course. And now, Miss Rossmore will you please leave my house to-morrow morning. (*Crosses to lower end of desk*)

SHIRLEY. (JEFFERSON *moves back of chair*. SHIRLEY *turns to him in fury*) I will leave your

house, to-night. Do you think I would remain another hour beneath the roof of a man who is as blind to justice, as deaf to mercy, as incapable of human sympathy as you are?

RYDER. Leave the room. (*L. of desk*)

JEFFERSON. Father!

RYDER. You have tricked him as you have tricked me.

SHIRLEY. It is your own vanity that has tricked you. You lay traps for yourself and walk into them. You compel everyone around you to lie to you; to cajole, to praise, to deceive you, at least you cannot accuse me of flattering you. I have never fawned upon you as you compel your family, your friends, your dependents to do.

RYDER. (*Controls self with difficulty*) Please go.

JEFFERSON. Yes—let us go Shirley. (*Goes toward SHIRLEY*)

SHIRLEY. No, Jeff, I came here alone, and I'm going alone.

JEFFERSON. No, you are not. I intend to make you my wife.

SHIRLEY. No. Do you think I could marry a man whose father is as deep a discredit to the human race as your father is. No, I couldn't Jeff. I couldn't marry the son of such a merciless tyrant. (*RYDER sits*) He refuses to lift his voice to save my father. I refuse to marry his son. (*Crosses to desk*) You think if you lived in the olden days—(*RYDER is dumbfounded*)—you'd be a Cæsar or an Alexander, but you wouldn't—You'd be a Nero—a Nero—sink my self-respect to the extent of marrying into your family. Never. I am going to Washington without your aid. I am going to save my father if I have to go on my knees to every United States Senator at the Capitol. I'll go to the White House. I'll tell the President what you are. Marry your son, indeed! Marry your son!

No thank you Mr. Ryder. (*Exit hastily as curtain is falling*)

(*RYDER looks at son, he is literally "out."*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE:—SHIRLEY'S *suite in the RYDER Establishment.*

TIME:—*Seven A. M. the next morning.*

(*As the curtain rises it is still dark. Enter maid D. R. with tray on which is pot of tea, etc. She knocks on door, D. L., waits for an answer.*)

MAID. Seven o'clock, Miss.

SHIRLEY. (*Off stage*) All right—

MAID. Shall I bring your tea in, Miss?

(*Enter SHIRLEY, D. L.*)

SHIRLEY. No, thank you, I'll drink it in here.

MAID. Why you haven't been to bed, Miss.

SHIRLEY. No, I couldn't sleep, Thurza. I was too anxious, I would have left here last night, if I could have gotten away, so—(*Bus. pours tea*) I must catch that early train to Washington, if I missed it, I—I dare not think what would happen.

MAID. But I promised to call you in time, Miss—(*Crosses to L. C.*)

SHIRLEY. Yes—yes, I know but—(*Bus. drinking tea*) I didn't finish packing until nearly five; it was hardly worth while going to bed. Besides

I was too tired to sleep. I just sat and thought—and thought. (*Business*)

MAID. (*Pauses*) Can I do anything for you, Miss?

SHIRLEY. (*Starts out of reverie*) No—there are only a few things to go in my dress suit case. Have a cab here in half an hour.

MAID. Yes, Miss. (*Crosses to R.*) Oh, Miss, Mr. Jorkins said master wants to see you as soon as you finished your tea.

SHIRLEY. Mr. Ryder? Impossible.

MAID. (*Shocked*) But Miss? (*Pause*) Mr. Ryder expects you.

SHIRLEY. Please give Jorkins my message. I cannot see Mr. Ryder.

(*Knock on D. R. MAID goes to door, opens it, sees JORKINS.*)

MAID. (*Very mysteriously*) He is here now, Miss—(*Enter JORKINS half way—Bus. JORKINS and MAID*) Mr. Ryder is waiting to see you downstairs.

SHIRLEY. Tell Jorkins to come in.

(*MAID opens door wide, defferentially. Enter JORKINS pompously.*)

JORKINS. Yes, Miss.

SHIRLEY. Please inform Mr. Ryder that it is impossible for me to see him.

(*Business JORKINS tries to conceal his surprise.*)

JORKINS. Yes, Miss, but, Mr. Ryder desires—

SHIRLEY. Please deliver my answer as I give it. I cannot see him.

(*JORKINS raises his eyes in horror; tries to speak, bows and exits. MAID gasping.*)

SHIRLEY. (*Laughs*) Take away the tray.
(*Rises*) I'll finish packing. (*Down L.*)

(*Enter MRS. RYDER in dressing gown, looks as if she is just out of bed; hurried; she is badly made up and rather askew; very excited and perturbed.*)

MRS. RYDER. My dear Miss Green, what is this I hear—going away suddenly without giving one moment's warning?

SHIRLEY. (*Smiling*) But I wasn't engaged indefinitely.

MRS. RYDER. I know—I know—I was thinking of myself. I've grown so used to you, how shall I get on without you? My poor nerves—no one understands me as you do. Dear me—(*Sits, R. C.*) The whole house is upset—Mr. Ryder never went to bed at all last night; he sat and smoked all night in the library. Jefferson is going away too—forever, he says. If he hadn't come and woke me up to say good-bye, I should have never known that you intended to leave us. I call it downright desertion. Do change your mind, dear—(*SHIRLEY exits and comes right back.* MRS. RYDER, *to MAID—aside*) Tell Mr. Jefferson to come up at once.

MAID. Yes, Ma'am. (*Takes tea tray and exits D. R.*)

SHIRLEY. Did your son tell you who I am?

MRS. RYDER. No, dear.

SHIRLEY. I am the daughter of Judge Rossmore.

MRS. RYDER. My dear, that's not your fault; you're yourself—and that's the main thing. I half promised that I would ask you to see Jeff before you went; that is if you insist on going. (*Rises—goes up stage to SHIRLEY*)

SHIRLEY. It is better that I did not see him.

MRS. RYDER. Ah, but you don't understand—

Ryder, but for Jefferson's sake I must tell you, and (*Pauses*) My dear girl, I feel like a traitor to Mr. you will take his mother's word, won't you? My dear, he never cared a snap of his finger for Kate Roberts.

SHIRLEY. I know—it isn't that—didn't he tell you that Mr. Ryder—and my father—(*Exit L. as JEFFERSON enters, D. R.*)

MRS. RYDER. Ah, there you are, Jefferson—come in, dear—she is waiting to see you—I think I've put everything right between you. (*Turns and sees that SHIRLEY has disappeared*) And now I must go back to bed. I'm nearly dead with sleep. (*Crosses L.*) Your father must never know that I brought you two together. (*Goes to door—returns to JEFFERSON*) Perhaps he'd better not know that I've been here at all.

(*Enter JORKINS, D. R.*)

JORKINS. Mr. Ryder's compliments, Madam, he wished to see you in the library.

MRS. RYDER. Oh, dear, you see he's found out already—oh, what a man. I can't come, Jorkins, I'm—I'm in bed and asleep. I mean—I ought to be—I—(*Weakens*) I think I'd better go, eh, Jeff? Very well, Jorkins, I'll be there in a moment. Now understand I have not brought you two together again.

JEFFERSON. (*Disappointed at SHIRLEY'S ignoring him*) No, Mother, I'm afraid you have not.

MRS. RYDER. Why don't you go, Jorkins—oh, dear, why do people get up in the middle of the night. (*Exits followed by JORKINS*)

(*JEFFERSON stands disconsolately watching room L. Enter SHIRLEY D. L. She goes over to the writing desk. Bus. with books.*)

JEFFERSON. Mother said she had put everything right between us, but I am afraid she was mistaken.

SHIRLEY. Your mother does not understand, neither do you. Nothing can be put right. Nothing can ever be right again in this world for me until my father is restored to honor and position.

JEFFERSON. I say that as sincerely as you do. Nothing can ever be right in this world to me again until your father is restored to honor and position and to that end I am going with you to Washington.

SHIRLEY. No, Jeff.

JEFFERSON. Shirley, all my life I have listened to another voice than my own—now I am listening to the promptings of my own heart, my own conscience. I know that my father was instrumental in placing Judge Rossmore where he is to-day. And I am going to let the world know what I know.

SHIRLEY. Then you are going to betray your own father! Oh, Jeff!

JEFFERSON. I am going to speak the truth.

SHIRLEY. Yes, but you are doing this for my sake—not for the sake of the truth—if Judge Rossmore were not my father, would you move in his behalf—would you?

JEFFERSON. That is not the question—he is your father—and I——

SHIRLEY. But I can't accept such a sacrifice. It's because you love me that you will make this move. You'd never forgive yourself. You'd never forgive. Bitterly as Mr. Ryder hates my father, bitterly as he hates me now—I will do him the justice to recognize his love for you, Jeff. (JEFFERSON *sits c.*) You cannot betray the father who loves you. Ah, it's out of the question. When I plead for my father in Washington I must do so without the knowledge that I have influenced you against your father. No—somehow or other the

truth will come out—I feel it. I know it, but not through you.

JEFFERSON. I know you are right, Shirley, but it's all against my feeling, my instincts. I don't want to betray my father and I do want to help you—am I always to be cursed with indecision.

SHIRLEY. Let me decide for you—

JEFFERSON. It's always someone else who decides for me, and as usual I obey—Oh, what must you think of me—no wonder I can't win your love.

SHIRLEY. Jeff, we mustn't speak of that now—*(Enter RYDER)*—until this matter is settled. I can never see you or your father again. *(Crosses down L.)*

JEFFERSON. Why do you always associate us?

SHIRLEY. He is your father—he—*(Sees RYDER—picks up things she has been collecting and walks out of the room with quiet dignity)*

RYDER. *(Crosses to L. c.)* Hum—I rather thought I should find you here, but I didn't quite expect to find you, so to speak, on your knees, dragging your pride in the mud.

JEFFERSON. It's where our pride ought to be.

RYDER. So she has refused you again?

JEFFERSON. Yes, she still objects to my family. *(Goes up stage)*

RYDER. Your family in general—me in particular, yes I gleaned that much as I came in—*(Looks at door L.)* She's a curious girl, with curiously inverted ideas—I must see her before she goes—*(Goes to door L. about to knock, turns to JEFFERSON)* Do you mean to say she has done with you—cut all ties between you?

JEFFERSON. Yes.

RYDER. Finally? Forever?

JEFFERSON. Yes, finally—forever. *(Crosses up R. c.)*

RYDER. Does she mean it? *(JEFFERSON nods his head)* Um—it's like her, just like her

(*Knocks at door*) Oh, yes—it's like her—all right.

SHIRLEY. (*Off stage*) Who is it?

RYDER. (*Abruptly*) I wish to speak to you.
(*Looks at JEFFERSON*) In my library, alone.

SHIRLEY. I must beg you to excuse me—I cannot see you.

JEFFERSON. Why do you add to the girl's misery—hasn't she suffered enough already?

RYDER. (*Crosses to c.*) Do you know what she has done? (*JEFFERSON shakes his head*) She has insulted me grossly. (*Angrily*) So grossly that I—I—(*Takes out check*) I never was so humiliated in my life. She has returned the check I sent her last night in payment of her work. I mean to make her take that money; it's hers—she needs it. Her father's a beggar; she must take it—it's only flaunting her contempt for me in my face, and I won't permit it. (*Goes up stage R. stands there—down c*)

JEFFERSON. Father, you are as incapable of doing that girl justice—as I am. She is far above our conception of womanhood as good is above evil—not five minutes ago I offered to go with her to betray you—and she refused—because—she said that you loved me, and that she could not bear the thought of a son betraying his father—see what your selfishness has driven me to—see what you have made of me—you have destroyed me as you are helping to destroy our national integrity. She showed you what you were last night, she showed me what I was to-day—you were right. When you said that I would sell you for her, I would, but it's you who have made me what I am. Do you think she'll ever marry me now?

RYDER. Yes, and don't be a damn fool. I know a woman better than you do. Whatever you did, you did for her sake—well that settles it—she sees

the power she has. Do you think she'll let it go now?

JEFFERSON. She has higher instincts than ours. Father, she doesn't love power.

RYDER. All right—granted everything you say—she's human—isn't she,—well, she'll come around—they all do.

JEFFERSON. But her father?

RYDER. He'll be all right—

(Enter ROBERTS D. R.)

ROBERTS. I got your telephone message—they said that you were up her. (*He sees JEFFERSON*)

RYDER. It's all right—he knows.

ROBERTS. Ryder, it can't be done—we can't retreat now—the Rossmore impeachment must go through—

RYDER. (*Roars*) What!

ROBERTS. We can't march up a hill and march down again. The United States Senate is not the King of France.

RYDER. Senator, you have read the morning papers—well—(*Bus. with papers*) They roasted me well—they've accused me of crime in all the branches. Rossmore's friends have published his letters—Oh, it's lovely! (*Up stage*)

ROBERTS. The Rossmore impeachment must go through.

RYDER. No—The Senate must yield to public opinion.

ROBERTS. But I have worked for it, how can I work against it now? It can't be done.

JEFFERSON. It must be done.

RYDER. It will be done. If every Senator has to eat his own speeches.

ROBERTS. I don't see—

RYDER. Well, I do. We'll go together on a special train to Washington. Don't you see it will.

be doing the proper thing you know—yielding to public opinion and just think how easy it will make it for your brother's Erie Canal Proposition.

ROBERTS. Um—I suppose it can be done.

RYDER. I thought so——

(*Enter JORKINS.*)

JORKINS. Senator Roberts, there's someone on the telephone for you. (*Exits*)

ROBERTS. Oh, I'll bet it's something about Kate all right. (*Exits D. R.*)

(*As soon as ROBERTS exits, JEFFERSON comes down stage.*)

JEFFERSON. Thank you, Father. (*Shakes hands*)

RYDER. It's all right, my boy. But understand it's not for the man—it's for the girl. Jeff, I've had a hard night, not a wink of sleep. She said a few things to me, didn't she——

JEFFERSON. And you said a few things to me, Father.

RYDER. I'm sorry. (*Puts arm around JEFFERSON*)

JEFFERSON. Oh, that's all right. I'm afraid that she——

RYDER. No, don't be afraid—leave me alone for a moment. (*JEFFERSON goes to door*) And—and—be around—(*JEFFERSON exits R. RYDER stands for a few moments as if unable to move. Looks at D. R. after his son, then at check, which he still holds in his hand, then at D. L.; finally to D. L., knocks uncertainly. There is no answer—he knocks again*)

SHIRLEY. (*Off stage*) Who is it?

RYDER. (*Firmly*) I want—(*Subsides with an effort—then mildly*) Won't you come out for a moment, Miss—er—Rossmore? (*With consider-*

able effort—hesitates) I want to speak to you. I want a few words with you.

SHIRLEY. I have already told you that I could not see you, Mr. Ryder.

RYDER. Yes, I know, but I want to see you very much—please come out. (*Enter SHIRLEY*) Ah, that's a good girl. (*Goes to c. as if ashamed of himself. SHIRLEY comes out slowly. She has hat on and is putting on gloves. She is surprised at his tone—she looks at him quietly, waits for him to speak. RYDER holding out check*) Why did you do this?

SHIRLEY. Because I didn't want your money.

RYDER. It was yours, you earned it.

SHIRLEY. No, I came here hoping to influence you to help my father. The work I did was part of the plan, part of the scheme. It happened to fall in my way. I took it as a means to get your ear.

RYDER. But it is yours, please take it.

SHIRLEY. No—I can't tell you how low I should fall in my own estimation if I took your money. (*Contemptuously*) Your money—Why it's all there is to you—it's your God. Shall I make your God my God—No—Mr. Ryder.

RYDER. (*Crosses R., sits*) And so I contaminate even good money.

SHIRLEY. Money itself is either good or bad—(*Crosses to R. c.*) It's the spirit that gives it—the spirit that receives it. Money creates happiness, but it also creates misery. It destroys individuals as it does nations—it has destroyed you for it has warped your soul.

RYDER. No—I——

SHIRLEY. I repeat it—money—the power it has given you has dried up the well springs of your heart.

MAID. (*Entering R.*) Cab's at the door, Miss. (*Exits*)

RYDER. You won't need it. (*Rises*) I—I came here to tell you that I—(*As if ashamed of himself*) Ah, you've made it very hard for me to speak. (*Slowly*) I've seen Senator Roberts and I'm going to Washington.

SHIRLEY. My father—

RYDER. It's all about your father. He'll not be impeached. The matter will be adjusted; you've beaten me. I acknowledge it, but you're the first living soul who has beaten John Ryder.

SHIRLEY. You mean that you are going to help my father?

RYDER. Not for his sake—not for his sake—

SHIRLEY. Ah, the principles of the thing.

RYDER. Never mind the principles—it's for you.

SHIRLEY. (*Shakes her head*) And I had no faith—

RYDER. (*Pauses as if ashamed—crosses to R. c.*) I'm going to Washington on behalf of your father because I—I want you to marry my son. Yes, I want you in my family, close to me; I want your respect, my girl. I want your love. I want to earn it. I know I can't buy it. There's a weak link in every man's chain and that's mine, I always want what I can't get. I can't get your love unless I earn it. Oh, don't tell me I can, because I know I can't. (*Sees that she is pensive and doesn't speak*) Why, you look almost disappointed; you've gained your point, you've beaten me—your father is going to be restored to you. You are going to marry the man you love—is that the right time? (*Looks at watch*) I leave in fifteen minutes for Washington. Will you trust me to go alone, or will you go with me?

SHIRLEY. I trust you, but I'll go with you. (*Crosses to R.*) It's very good of you to allow me to win you over.

RYDER. You won me over last night when you

put up that fight for your father—we're not going alone. (*Goes to door*) Jeff—Jeff——

SHIRLEY. He'll be the happiest man in the world—father—father—I want to laugh and I feel like crying——

(*Enter JEFFERSON.*)

JEFFERSON. He has told you? (*Crosses down to her c.*)

SHIRLEY. Yes.

(*Enter ROBERTS. Everybody turns and looks at him.*)

ROBERTS. Kate has gone off with Bagley. (*Ominously*) Jeff, my boy——

RYDER. Oh, he'll get over it, won't you?
(*ROBERTS exits*) Mind, we leave for Washington in ten minutes. (*Exits R.*)

SHIRLEY. We'll be there.

JEFFERSON. Together?

SHIRLEY. Together.

CURTAIN.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

KEY TO GROUND PLAN OF ACT I.

The sitting-room of a Long Island cottage. It is neat, but plain and old fashioned. Light wood-work, wall paper, etc.

(Autumn—Afternoon)

- A— Returns. A1—Teaser (14 ft. Trim)
- B— Backing, showing red brick wall, covered with vines.
- B1— Backing, showing village street, etc. (This is a flipper to "B")
- C— Wing 14 ft. high.
- D— Arch 8 ft. high.
- E— Bay Window, with ceiling-piece, etc.
- F— Jog 14 ft. high.
- G— Wing 14 ft. high.
- H— Jog 2 ft. wide, 14 ft. high; from one leg of arch "H1"
- H1— Arch 2. ft. wide, 12 ft. high.
- H2— Wing 6 ft. wide, 14 ft. high; forming other leg of arch "H1"
- H3— H4, H5— (See plan of ceiling).
- I— Wing 4 ft. wide, 12 ft. high.
- J— Door.
- K— Platform 12 ft. high. (Entrances to be made under this)
- L— Steps to stage.
- M— Hall backing; set under platform "K".
- N— Angle-steps, at top of flight "O".
- O— Steps.
- P— Platform (Landing) 2 ft. high
- Q— Steps.
- R— Balustrade-posts, R1— Balustrades.
- S— Balustrade-post and column; extending from platform "P" up to and supporting ceiling "H4" See ceiling-plan.
- T— Balustrade-post, at top of steps "O".
- U— Jog 18 ft. high. { Painted same as set.
- V— Flat 18 ft. high. {
- W— Wing 12 ft. high, 8 ft. wide.
- W1— Casement window. (Not practical).
- X— Wing 14 ft. high, 12 ft. wide.
- Y— Door.
- Z— Dining-room backing.
- BB— Dark interior backing.
- CC— Door.
- DD— Fireplace backing.
- EE— Fireplace opening.
- FF— Backing, showing village street. (Similar to "B1")
- GG— Ceiling, 14 ft. trim.

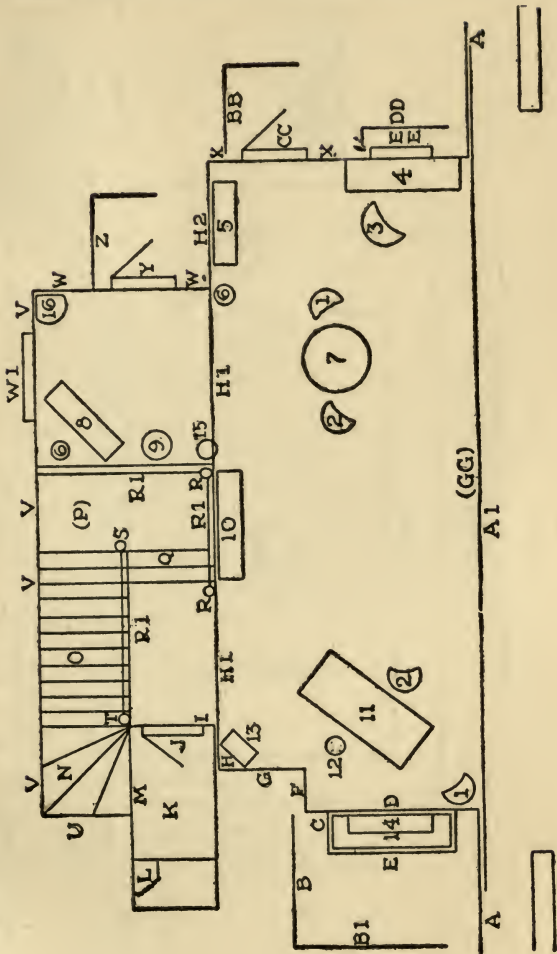
- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1 Chairs. | 9 Table. |
| 2 Armchairs. | 10 Sofa. |
| 3 Easy Chair. | 11 Piano. |
| 4 Mantel. | 12 Piano stool. |
| 5 Bookcase. | 13 Hatrack. |
| 6 Stands | 14 Window-seat. |
| 7 Table. | 15 Tabaret. |
| 8 Settee. | 16 Whatnot. |

NOTE FOR CARPENTER:

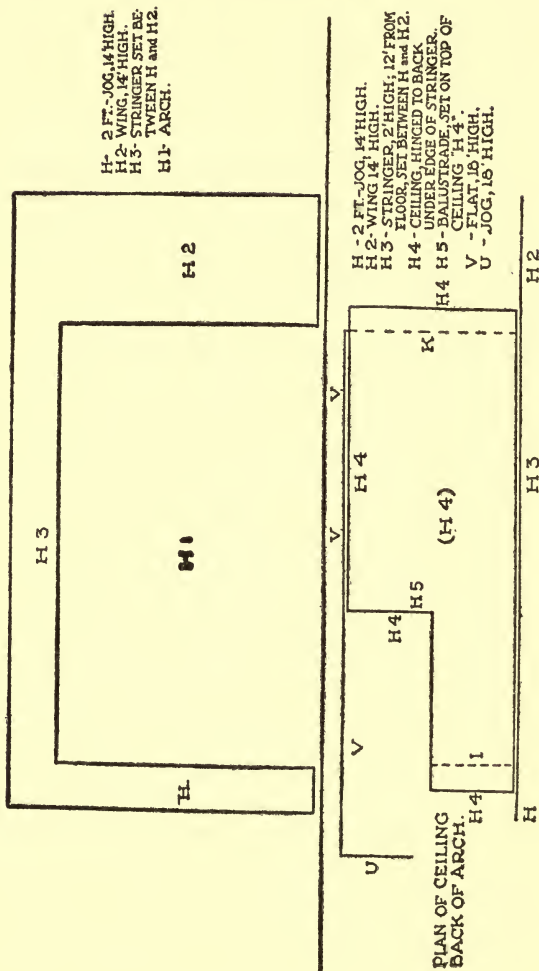
Moulding at top edge of pieces "W" and "J" and at same height on left part of flat "V"—this moulding is also on bottom edge of the ceiling "H4" along the cut-out section.

FF

THE LION AND THE MOUSE. ACT I.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE. ACT I.
ELEVATION OF ARCH



PROPERTY PLOT.

PLACE:—New York.

PERIOD:—The present.

ACT I.

(Sitting-room of a Long Island Cottage—Neat but plain and old-fashioned.)

Ground cloth. Medallion. Rugs.
 Carpet on steps and platform up R.
 Portieres at window arch down R.
 Portieres at window up L. C.
 Scrim curtains at bay window down R.
 Scrim curtains at window up L. C.
 Roller-shade (Dummy) at window up L. C.
 Mantel and fireplace down L.
 Square piano down R., obliqued, keyboard upstage.
 Piano-stool above and R. of piano.
 Hatrack in corner below door up R.
 Whatnot in upper L. corner.
 Table (marble-top) L. C.
 Small table up c., L. of stair-landing.
 Tabaret below small table.
 Stand back of settee up c. L.
 Stand R. of bookcase up L.
 Stand above window down R.
 Bookcase up L.
 Sofa below stairs up c., **faces front.**
 Settee in corner of stair-landing up **C. L.**
 Easy-chair at fireplace down L.
 Armchair L. of piano R.
 Armchair R. of table L. C.
 Chair L. of table L. C.
 Chair below window down R.
 Window-seat in window down **R.**

Bell-rope below door up L. PRACTICALLY connected to a tinkle-bell off L., attached to back of wing.

Old-fashioned pictures on walls.

Old-fashioned portraits (in oval frames) on walls.

AT FIREPLACE—Coal-grate. Fender, etc.

ON MANTEL—Lambrequin. Ornaments. Vase with cheap flowers. Modern photos. Written letter.

ON BOOKCASE up L.—Old-fashioned clock (set at 3:30). Vase with cheap flowers. Four photos (modern) unframed. Law books and other books on shelves.

ON PIANO—Large oil-lamp, with shade. Bowl, with cheap flowers.

ON TABLE L. of stair-landing—Large oil-lamp (with shade).

ON WHAT-NOT—Ornaments. Sea-shells, curios, etc.

ON STAND back of settee up c. L.—Fern on holder.

ON STAND R. of bookcase—Books. Magazines.

ON STAND down R.—Large vase.

ON TABARET up c. L.—Small palm in jardiniere.

ON WINDOW-SEAT—
SOFA—
SETTEE—

} Sofa pillows.

ON HAT-RACK—Two hats. Cane. Umbrella.

ON TABLE L. c.—Two law books. Two stock-broker's reports. Several legal documents. Pad of writing paper. Pencil. Matches in stand. Ash-tray.

SIDE

L. U. E.—Tinkle-bell (of different tone to that attached to bell-cord).

R. U E.—Carriage-wheel effect.

R. 3 E.—Door slam. Traveling bag; steamer rug in shawl strap. (STOTT)

R. 3 E.—Steamer trunk.
 Thirty-inch trunk.
 Hat-trunk (used for
 seat).

(EXPRESSMAN)
 (All have seen
 use and have
 many foreign
 hotel and Rail-
 road labels.)

HAND

DEETLE—Cards in black leather card-case.

MISS NESBITT—Hand-bag with four visiting cards,
 4 large business cards, 6 small printed tickets,
 small note-book, small pencil.

JEFFERSON—Cards in card-case; N. Y. paper with
 cut of woman in it.

SHIRLEY—Traveling bag.

STOTT—Cigar; matches; 4 documents; paper money.

LIGHT PLOT.

ACT I.

Bunch back of window down R.
Red bunch back of window down R. (to go on at cue.)
Bunch R. and L. of window up L. c.
Red bunch R. and L. of window up L. c. (to go on at cue).
Strip (3—lamp) on platform off R.
Strip (3—lamp) over door up R.
Strip (2—lamp) over door up L.
Strip (2—lamp) over door L. 2.
Coal-grate in fireplace L. (Not lighted).

AT RISE

FOOTS and 1st Border full up.
RED FOOTS and 1st Border $\frac{3}{4}$ up.
. it's too recent. (SHIRLEY)

READY

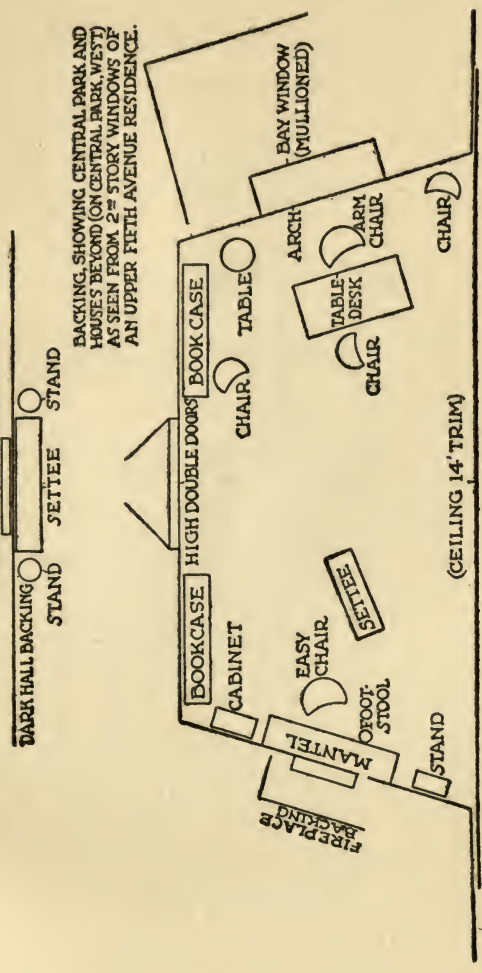
. truly first and only—(SHIRLEY)

GRADUALLY

LOWER white lights to $\frac{3}{4}$.
RAISE red foots to full.
RED BUNCHES on to full.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE. ACTS II & III.
 LIBRARY-STUDY IN A LUXURIOUS NEW YORK RESIDENCE.
 MASSIVE OAK WAINSCOTING, TAPESTRY WALLS, ETC.
 (WINTER-AFTERNOON AND NIGHT)

STAINED GLASS WINDOW,
 8' HIGH 4' FROM FLOOR.



PROPERTY PLOT.

 ACT II.

(Handsome Library—Carved Oak Furniture.)

Floor cloth (painted as hard-wood parquet flooring).
Small medallion under desk L., and obliqued to same angle as desk.

Fur rug at fireplace R.

Rug in front of doors C.

Large rug back of doors C.

Massive mantel and fireplace R.

Tapestry portieres at window-arch L.

Heavy lace curtains at bay window L.

Large bookcase R. of doors C.

Large bookcase L. of doors C.

Cabinet (or cellaret) with door (key to this door to BAGLEY) above mantel.

Stand below mantel.

Table at L. end of bookcase R. C. (with lower shelf).

Small table above window L.

Large table desk (5 ft. long) down L. C., obliqued with line of left wall.

This desk is massive and rich. Row of drawers above and below knee-hole, on L. side of desk.

Key to 2nd drawer from top, down-stage, for RYDER.

Short settee R. C.

Easy-chair at fireplace.

High-backed armchair L. of desk.

Chair down L.

Chair R. of desk.

Chair R. end of bookcase R. C.

Footstool below easy-chair.

Davenport against backing of doors C.

Stand R. of davenport.

Stand L. of davenport.

AT FIREPLACE—Large andirons. Fender. Shovel, poker and tongs in stand. Gas-log, lighted. (ELECTRICIAN)

ON MANTEL—Two large low pieces of dark pottery.

ON TABLE up L.—Books, magazines.

ON STAND down R.—Handsome bust of "NAPOLEON".

ON EACH BOOKCASE—Large bronze figure. Books (8 or 10 to be removed) on shelves.

IN CABINET—Box of long black cigars (Practical). Other cigars and cigarette boxes.

ON DAVENPORT—Sofa pillows.

ON STANDS R. and L. of davenport—Palm in jardiniere.

ON TABLE up C. D.—Books, magazines.

ON DESK L. C.—Large brass mounted blotter-pad (on left side). Large double inkstand. Calendar in stand. Paper and envelopes in rack. Engagement pad. Scratch-pad. Blotters. Pens. Pencils. Paper-weights. Paper-knife. Pile of opened letters under weight. 2 Piles of folded documents. Draft of an Act of Congress. Matches in heavy brass combination holder and ashtray. Two New York Evening papers (on R. side). Two desk-phones at upper end. (ELECTRICIAN). House-phone (English style) on lower end. (ELECTRICIAN). Typewritten document with backing, on upper end of desk-pad. Well-bound novel on upper end, with 6 slips for book-marks at intervals between leaves. Small ornamental tap-bell.

SIDE

R. U. E.—Tin dispatch-box, with 10 letters, 4 written manuscripts, 8 documents. (JORKINS)
Salver, visiting card. (JORKINS)

Mahogany tray with handles:—Silver pot filled with hot tea; milk in silver creamer; sugar and tongs in silver sugar-bowl; slices of lemon and lemon fork on small dish; 6 five o'clock teacups, saucers and spoons. (SERVANT)

HAND

ROBERTS—New York Evening paper; matches in case.

BAGLEY—Bunch of keys on ring and chain, with key to cabinet door; list of names on writing-pad; silver pencil; visiting-card.

KATE—Note, in opened envelope (Not mail).

MRS. RYDER—Typewritten letter on large note-paper, in square envelope opened, addressed to "Mr John B. Ryder, 1214 Fifth Ave., Manhattan (mail).

RYDER—Bunch of keys on ring and chain, with key to dispatch-box used by JORKINS and key to 2nd drawer on down-stage side of desk.

LIGHT PLOT.

—
ACT II.

Bunch back of stained-glass window up c.

Red bunch back of stained-glass window up c.

Bunch back of window down L.

Red bunch back of window down L.

Long strip over double-doors c.

Long red strip over double-doors c.

Large fire-log in fireplace R. (*Lighted*)

Amber and orange bunch in fireplace L.

Dome chandelier hanging over desk L. (Not lighted in Act II).

Two-arm bracket with dark shades above mantel.

Two-arm bracket with dark shades below mantel.

Two-arm bracket with dark shades up R. c.

Two-arm bracket with dark shades up L. c.

(Brackets not lighted in Act II.)

Two desk telephones on upper end of desk L.

House-phone (English style) on lower end of desk.

Two sets of telephone-bells (of different tones) concealed in window L. to be rung from off stage).

Buzzer concealed in desk L., to be rung from off stage.

Button under lower L. edge of desk L., to ring buzzer off stage up R.

Push-switch L. of doors c.

AT RISE

FOOTS and 1st Border full up.

RED FOOTS and 1st Border full up.

ALL BUNCHES and strips full up.

. deserves to be punished (SHIRLEY)

READY.

. the one who did it (RYDER)
VERY gradually—
LOWER WHITE lights to $\frac{1}{2}$.

PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT III.

(*Same as ACT II. Eight weeks later.*)

STRIKE—Tea things.

STRIKE—Papers, etc., that were in dispatch-box.

STRIKE—Dispatch-box.

Slightly re-arrange articles on desk and the furniture.

SIDE

R. U. E.—Chairs and music stands. Piano and stool.

HAND

STOTT—Three of the letters that were in dispatch-box in ACT II.

LIGHT PLOT.

ACT III.

BLUE bunch back of stained-glass window up C.

BLUE bunch back of window L.

Other strips and bunches as in ACT II.

Brackets on.

Dome chandelier on.

AMBER light in hall.

FOOTS and 1st Border $\frac{3}{4}$ up.

RED FOOTS and 1st Border $\frac{1}{2}$ up.

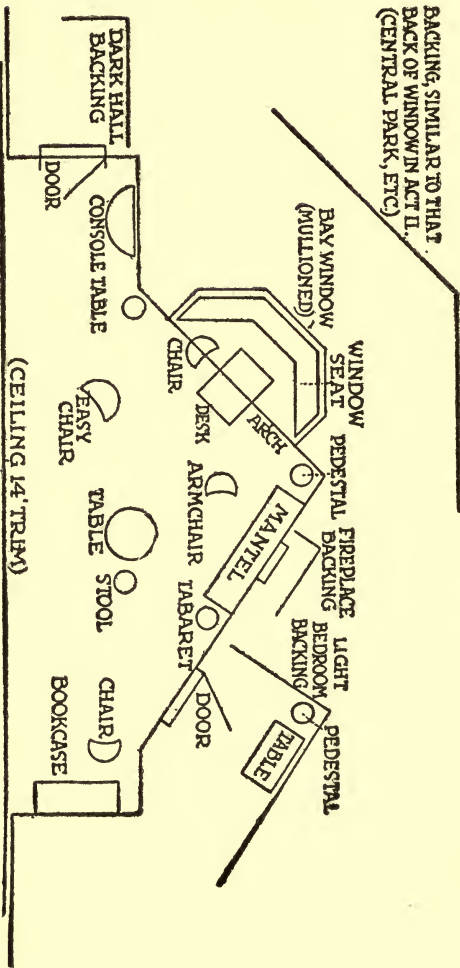
MUSIC CUES.

ACT III.

- (ORCHESTRA on stage, R. U. E. immediately after rise.)
- No. 1. (as soon as possible after rise)
 WALTZ pp until telephone rings.
 the devil is this Bagley?
 (ROBERTS)
 READY.
- No. 2. is the Rossmore case going?
 (RYDER) One Step pp until
 I'll attend to Fitz presently.
 (ROBERTS)
 combat your father's will.
 (SHIRLEY)
 READY.
- No. 3. money-gods of the world.
 (SHIRLEY)
 WALTZ andante (pp) until curtain.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE. ACT IV.
 RICH, DAINTY BOUDOIR; IN SAME HOUSE AS
 ACT III. (LIGHT COLOR SCHEME)
 (WINTER-DAWN AND SUNRISE)

BACKING, SIMILAR TO THAT
 BACK OF WINDOW IN ACT II.
 (CENTRAL PARK, ETC.)



PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT IV.

(Dainty and white boudoir—white or mahogany furniture.)

Ground cloth. Light medallion. Rugs.
 Light rug back of door L.
 Dark rug back of door R.
 Portieres at window-arch R.
 Single portiere at door R.
 Single portiere at door L.
 Scrim curtains at bay-window R.
 Mantel and fireplace up L. C.
 Window-seat in window R., upholstered in same material as portieres.
 Book-case down L.
 Table-desk in window R.
 Table C. L.
 Console table down R.
 Tabaret L. of console-table.
 Tabaret below mantel L.
 Pedestal in corner up C.
 Easy-chair R. C.
 Arm-chair at fireplace.
 Small chair below desk R.
 Chair below door L.
 Stool L. of table C. L.
 Dressing-table against backing of door L.
 Pedestal above dressing table.
 Dainty, handsome pictures on walls.
 Pictures on backing over dressing table.
 AT FIREPLACE—Brass andirons. Fender. Poker, shovel and tongs in stand. Two half-burnt logs. Ashes.

ON MANTEL—Clock. Ornaments. Two photos in silver frames.

ON BOOKCASE—Vase with faded flowers. Doors backed by curtain of same material as portieres.

ON TABLE C.—Books.

ON CONSOLE TABLE—Bowl of faded flowers.

ON TABARET R.—Fern in holder.

ON TABARET L.—Tall vase.

ON PEDESTAL UP C.—Statuette.

ON WINDOW-SEAT—Sofa pillows covered with same material as portieres.

ON DESK—Dainty desk-set, inkstand, etc. Note-paper and envelopes in rack. Pens. Paper-weight. Several books. 10 mailed envelopes, open. Calendar in frame. Desk-lamp. (ELECTRICIAN).

ON DRESSING TABLE back of door L.—Lace cover. Toilet articles (for woman) ad lib.

ON PEDESTAL R. of dressing table—Vase of flowers.
SIDE

R. 1 E.—Tray:—Doiley; small china teapot, with hot tea; milk in creamer; sugar and tongs in sugar-bowl; cup; saucer and spoon; plate of small biscuit; napkin.

L. 2 E.—Clean chair for SHIRLEY.

HAND

RYDER—Written check; watch and fob.

ROBERTS—New York morning paper.

LIGHT PLOT.

ACT IV.

BLUE bunch above and below window R.

RED bunch above and below window R. (to go on at cue)

WHITE bunch above and below window R. (to go on cue)

Two small orange bulbs in ashes of fireplace. (On at rise—they gradually dim off towards end of ACT)

Strip (2—lamp) over door L.

Strip (2—lamp) over door R.

(1—lamp on at rise—turn other lamp on after lights are up)

Two-arm bracket, Light shades, below window R.

Two-arm bracket, Light shades, below door L.

(Not practical.)

Small desk lamp on desk R. (Not practical).

AT RISE

FOOTS and 1st Border $\frac{1}{8}$ up.

BLUE FOOTS and 1st Border $\frac{1}{2}$ up.

BLUE BUNCHES full up.

. (immediately after rise)

GRADUALLY—

BRING WHITE bunches up to $\frac{1}{2}$ then dim blue bunches out and bring red bunches up to full; then white bunches up to full.

minutes or two ahead of lights on stage. and 1st Border.

Make the entire change in ten minutes.

Keep the lights—change back of window a few

At same time make corresponding changes in foots

DRESS PLOT.

PLACE:—New York.

PERIOD:—The present.

- ACT I. Autumn. Afternoon.
 ACT II. Winter. Afternoon.
 ACT III. Two months later. Night.
 ACT IV. Dawn, the next morning.

EX-JUDGE STOTT—(Age 55)

ACT I. Dark walking suit, hat, etc.

ACT II. Frock suit, etc.

JUDGE ROSSMORE—(Age 65)

Black frock suit, felt hat, etc.

JEFFERSON RYDER—(Age 24)

ACT I. Walking suit, hat, etc.

ACT II. Afternoon suit.

ACT III. Evening dress, white gloves, etc.

ACT IV. Sack suit.

JOHN BURKETT RYDER—(Age 50)

ACT II. Frock suit.

ACT III. Evening dress.

ACT IV. Frock suit.

SENATOR ROBERTS—(Age 60)

ACT II. Black frock coat, gray trousers, etc.

ACT III. Cutaway suit.

ACT IV. Same as ACT III.

HON. FITZROY BAGLEY—(Age 35)

Afternoon frock suit. (Very English
in style)

REV. PONTIFEX DEETLE—(Age 45)

Clerical coat, vest, collar, hat, etc.

Black trousers, black gloves.

JORKINS—(Age 50)

ACT II. Butler's costume. Dress coat, high-cut

black vest, gray striped trousers,
four-in-hand tie, etc.

ACT III. Same as Act II except dress vest and
black string tie.

ACT IV. Same as Act III.

FOOTMAN—Livery.

EXPRESSMAN—Rough trousers, boots, hat, shirt, etc.

SHIRLEY ROSSMORE—(Age 22)

ACT I. Handsome traveling costume, coat, hat,
gloves, etc.

ACT II. Neat walking suit; hat, gloves, etc.

ACT III. Handsome evening gown, gloves, etc.

ACT IV. Neat walking dress, hat, gloves, etc.

MRS. RYDER—(Age 42)

ACT II. Elaborate afternoon costume, hat, gloves,
etc.

ACT III. Elaborate evening gown, gloves.

ACT IV. Handsome dressing-gown, slippers, etc.,
(somewhat dishevelled).

KATE ROBERTS—(Age 20)

ACT II. Handsome afternoon dress, hat, gloves,
etc.

ACT III. Handsome evening gown, gloves.

MRS. ROSSMORE—(Age 55)

Handsome afternoon house dress.

MISS NESBITT—(Age 25)

“Smart” walking dress; hat, gloves,
etc. (Considered “THE THING”
in a small Long Island village, but
a bit belated in style).

MISS JANE DEETLE—(Age 40)

Old-fashioned, plain black silk dress;
lace collar with a cameo breast-
pin; hat, black silk “mits”; black
silk reticule, etc.

EUDOXIA—(Age 30)

Calico dress, long bib-apron.

MAID—(Age 20)

Maid’s white uniform, cap, apron, etc.

COSTUMES PLOT.

MR. DEETLE—Clergyman's coat, vest, trousers and hat.

FOOTMAN—Dress coat with silver buttons; club vest; trousers with narrow silver braid down the sides.

CURTAIN CALLS.

ACT I.

1st CALL—Shirley, Jefferson.

2nd CALL—Shirley, Jefferson.

ACT II.

1st CALL—Those on at Curtain.

2nd CALL—Shirley, Jefferson, Ryder.

3rd CALL—Shirley, Jefferson.

ACT III.

1st CALL—Jefferson and Ryder.

2nd CALL—Shirley, Jefferson, Ryder.

3rd CALL—Shirley, Jefferson, Ryder.

ACT IV.

Shirley, Jefferson, Ryder.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

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