

PS

3525

A245604

1917
COPY 3





Class PS 3325

Book A245604

1917
copy 3

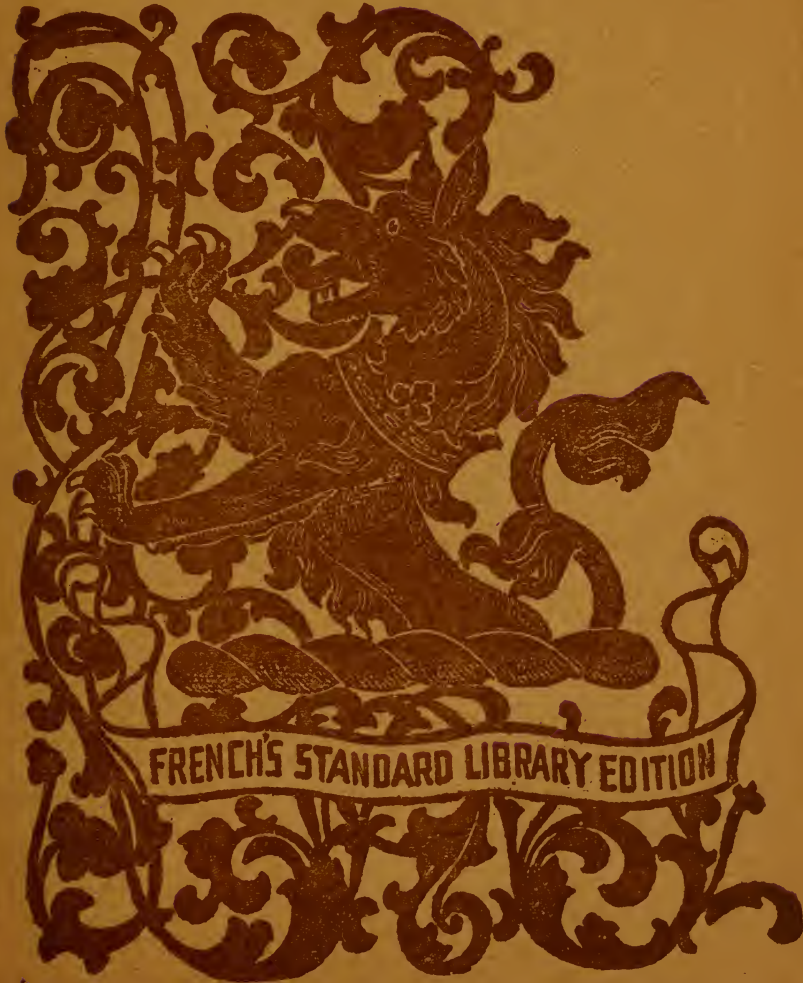


"OFFICER 666"

428
3176

BY

AUGUSTIN MacHUGH



SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

TWEEDLES

Comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

"OFFICER 666"

A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN
THREE ACTS

BY

AUGUSTIN MACHUGH

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY AUGUSTIN MACHUGH
(Under the title of "The Gladwin Collection")

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY AUGUSTIN MACHUGH AND
WINCHELL SMITH

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "OFFICER 666," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the owners or their authorized agents will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Applications for the professional and amateur acting rights must be made to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

copy 3.

PS 3525

A245604

"Officer 666"

1917

All Rights Reserved

copy 3

Especial notice should be taken that the possession of this book without a valid contract for production first having been obtained from the publisher, confers no right or license to professionals or amateurs to produce the play publicly or in private for gain or charity.

In its present form this play is dedicated to the reading public only, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, public reading, or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

This play may be presented by amateurs upon payment of a royalty of Twenty-five Dollars for each performance, payable to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, one week before the date when the play is given.

Professional royalty quoted on application.

Whenever the play is produced by amateurs the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York."

Attention is called to the penalty provided by law for any infringement of the author's rights, as follows:

"SECTION 4966:—Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic or musical composition for which copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of said dramatic or musical composition, or his heirs and assigns, shall be liable for damages thereof, such damages in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be wilful and for profit, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year."—U. S. Revised Statutes: Title 60, Chap 3.

To replace lost copy

MAY 22 1929

The following is a copy of the play-bill of the first performance of "OFFICER 666."

GAIETY THEATRE, NEW YORK, JANUARY 28TH, 1912
MESSRS. COHAN & HARRIS

PRESENT
OFFICER 666

A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BY
AUGUSTIN MACHUGH

WITH
GEORGE NASH AND WALLACE EDDINGER
STAGED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
SAM FOREST

The characters are named in the order in which they make their first entrance

THE CAST

BATAETO.....*M. W. Raie*
MICHAEL PHELAN *Police Officer 666 Francis D. McGinn*
WHITNEY BARNES.....*Percy Ames*
TRAVERS GLADWIN.....*Wallace Eddinger*
HELEN BURTON.....*Ruth Maycliffe*
SADIE SMALL.....*Vivian Martin*
MRS. BURTON.....*Camilla Crume*
ALFRED WILSON.....*George Nash*
WATKINS.....*Chas. K. Gerard*
POLICE CAPTAIN STONE.....*Ralph Delmore*
KEARNEY.....*Plainclothes man Thomas Findlay*

OFFICER 666

CAST

TRIVERS GLADWIN

WHITNEY BARNES

BATEATO.....GLADWIN'S *Japanese servant*

POLICE OFFICER MICHAEL PHELAN.....*No. 666*

ALFRED WILSON

THOMAS WATKINS

CAPTAIN STONE

KEARNEY.....*A Plainclothes man*

RYAN.....*A Police Officer*

HELEN BURTON

MRS. BURTON.....*Her aunt*

SADIE SMALL.....*Her cousin*

POLICEMAN

OFFICER 666

COSTUMES

TRIVERS GLADWIN. Act I, smart light colored business suit. Act II, Policeman's uniform. Act III, same as Act I.

WHITNEY BARNES. Act I, afternoon dress—silk hat, cutaway coat, etc., Act II, same. Act III, same.

BATEATO. Act I, black suit—bow tie.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Officer 666. Regulation New York Police uniform.

ALFRED WILSON. Full evening-dress. Silk hat etc.

THOMAS WATKINS. Smart chauffeur's uniform.

CAPT. STONE. Regulation New York Police Captain's uniform.

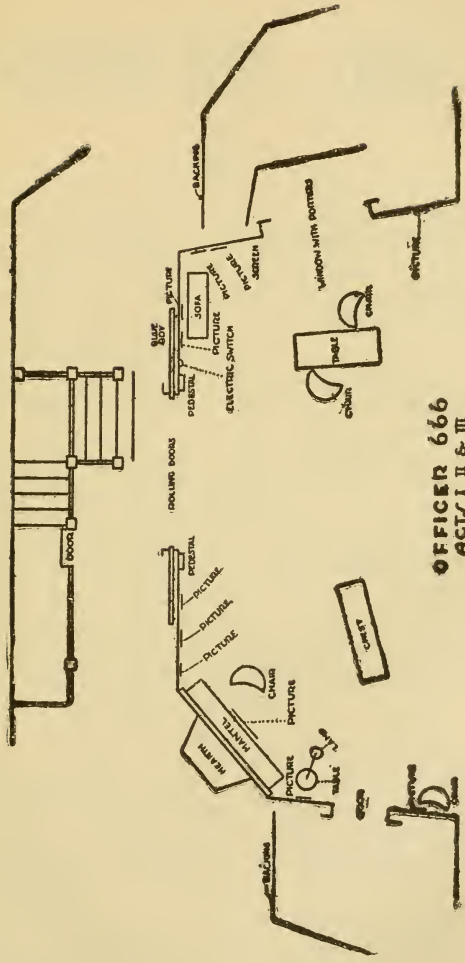
KEARNEY. Dark colored business suit.

RYAN. Regulation New York Police uniform.

HELEN BURTON. Act I, afternoon frock with frus. etc. Act II, evening gown, cloak, etc. Act III, same.

MRS. BURTON. Act II, evening gown, cloak, etc. Act III same.

SADIE SMALL. Act I, afternoon frock, furs, etc. Act III, evening gown, cloak, etc. Act III, same.



OFFICER 666
ACT I II & III

OFFICER 666

ACT I

SCENE: *Drawing-room of the Gladwin Mansion.*

Left 2nd, there is a bay-window, barred on the outside. Portieres on the inside. There is an entrance c., with folding doors. When the doors are opened, a broad, handsome staircase is seen, which leads off R.

There is a table L. Sofa up L. Several chairs and other pieces of furniture to give the room the appearance of being richly furnished. Large antique chest up R. of door R. Open fireplace up R., with mantel over it. A pedestal on either side of the door c.

An electric switch up L. of doorway. Large handsome chandelier c. On small table R., above door, is large electric stand-lamp (Practical). On pedestal R. of c. doors, is extension electric light with reflector and long cord so that it can be carried around the room to light up the different pictures.

The walls are covered with paintings, all richly mounted. One of these, "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough, hangs L. of c. It is beautifully mounted and is life-size. Left, over the mantel, is a large painting of a distinguished looking gentleman, supposed to be GLADWIN'S great-grandfather.

CURTAIN rises on a dark stage and when the lights are turned on, the room has the appearance of having been closed up for a long time.

When the curtain is well up, sound of door slam off-stage is heard; then key is heard in door, and door is opened with considerable difficulty. Step is heard outside. Center doors open and BATEATO enters. There is more light in the hallway than there is on the scene, and as doors open, the lights go up a very little so that the Japanese servant may be plainly seen. He first disconnects the burglar alarm and then goes to window L. and opens the portières. The light comes in through the window and lights go up one-half. He then goes to light switch up R. C. and switches on C. chandelier. Lights go full up. He then begins to take covers from the furniture.

While BATEATO is busy working, with his back to the door C., PHELAN enters C. stealthily coming from the L. He catches sight of BATEATO and stops, watching him. BATEATO does not know he is there, and continues his work, at R. of table. PHELAN, who enters with the air of a policeman who is about to trap a burglar, shows, as he is watching BATEATO, that he is becoming very doubtful that BATEATO is a crook, and as BATEATO turns and sees him, he stops suddenly and they both hold the picture a moment, looking each other in the eye.

BATEATO. Well, what matter?

PHELAN. That's what I come to find out.

BATEATO. How you get in here?

PHELAN. I saw ye snakin' in and ye didn't latch the door after ye.

BATEATO. What you want?

PHELAN. Information! What are ye doin' here?

BATEATO. *(Is about to speak, stops, thinks a moment, then shakes his head decidedly)* I no can tell.

PHELAN. (*Loud, severe tone*) Can't tell what yez're doin' in this house?

BATEATO. (*Shaking his head still more decidedly*) No!

PHELAN. (*Going towards him*) Ye better come with me.

BATEATO. (*Stepping back frightened*) You take me to jail?

PHELAN. In a minute, if ye don't tell me what ye're doin' here. I've been lookin' out for this place ever since Mr. Gladwin left for foreign parts, and——

BATEATO. (*Breaking in*) You know Mr. Gladwin?

PHELAN. No, I ain't never seen him, but I know this is his house, and I've been kapin' an eye on it fer him.

BATEATO. Mr. Gladwin, he my boss!

PHELAN. Ye mean ye're his vallyay?

BATEATO. (*Positively*) 'Ees.

PHELAN. (*With change of tone and expression. Speaking severely and slowly*) Then, what are ye doin' here and him tousands of miles away across the ocean? Tell me that.

BATEATO. (*Looks wretchedly at him, then shakes his head—frightened*) I no can tell.

PHELAN. (*Grabbing him by the shoulder and pulling him up c.*) That's enough!

BATEATO. No—no—wait! (*They stop up c.*) You say nothing if I tell you, plees?

PHELAN. (*Releasing his hold*) Tell me first.

BATEATO. (*Speaking confidentially as if afraid someone would over-hear him*) My boss, Mr. Gladwin, home!

PHELAN. Mr. Gladwin home—here in New York?

BATEATO. 'Ees!

PHELAN. Well, why didn't ye say so before?

BATEATO. Because no one should know. He come, all in secret, on boat to Boston—use other name on boat so no one should know he Mr. Gladwin. He say, Bateato—me Bateato—Bateato, he say, no tell no one I come home—sure he say!

PHELAN. (*Very much interested*) What did he want to snake home like that for?

BATEATO. (*Shaking his head*) I no know.

PHELAN. You no, no. Well, is he comin' here—do you no know that?

BATEATO. No, he tell me come here and wait—fix this room—he come here or he telephone.

PHELAN. Did he give ye a key to get in here? (*Looking at him doubtfully*)

BATEATO. 'Ees—he gave me all bunch keys—look! (*Shows gold key-ring with a number of keys attached.* PHELAN examines it—looks at gold tag on ring)

PHELAN. Travers Gladwin! (*Hands them back, quite reassured*) I guess ye're all right, but I'll have me eye on ye from the outside, mind that—and if ye're foolin' me or try to get away with anything—(*Draws club and goes through pantomime of grabbing an imaginary man and pulling him in. This business takes him to doors up c. At door c. he stops, turns and winks at BATEATO*) Are ye wise? (*He exits. Slam of door is heard*)

(BATEATO stands looking after PHELAN until the outside door slams. He then resumes his work of arranging the furniture. When he has removed several covers the door-bell rings. He puts the covers on the chest up R. and hurriedly exits through door up c. A moment's pause and the front door is again heard to slam. BATEATO and BARNES heard in the hall. WHITNEY BARNES enters c. He glances about the room; the collection of pictures hanging

about the room immediately attract his attention. He begins looking them over carefully as BATEATO re-enters.)

BATEATO. (R.) Excuse, Mr. Barnes, but did you see Mr. Gladwin?

BARNES. (U. L., *still looking at the pictures*) No, he telephoned and asked me to meet him here at five and not to let anyone know he'd returned.

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair!

BARNES. By the way, Bateato, do you know why he came back?—And the reason for all this secrecy?

BATEATO. No, sair!

BARNES. (*Examining pictures again*) Strangest thing I ever heard of. (*Door-bell rings*)

BATEATO. Here Mr. Gladwin. (*Starts up c.*)

BARNES. How do you know?

BATEATO. (*Stopping and explaining carefully*) Because no one but you know he's home. This house close up much long time, so no one come. (*Exits c.*)

BARNES. (L. c. down) His deductions are marvellous!

(*Outside door is again heard to slam. TRAVERS GLADWIN enters c. Goes quickly to BARNES and they shake hands warmly.*)

BARNES. (L. c.) Well, well, well, Travers!

GLADWIN. (R. c.) Hello, Whitney, old boy!

} (Together)

GLADWIN. (*Continuing*) Didn't expect to see me, did you?

BARNES. No, your telephone message gave me the surprise of my life!

(*BATEATO enters and stands up c., watching them, delighted at their meeting.*)

GLADWIN. (*Pleased, speaking quickly*) Did it? You're lucky! I'd give anything for a surprise—chased all over the world looking for one, and never found it!

(BATEATO *picks up covers and exits c.*)

BARNES. Well, come along, what's the mystery? I'm dying of curiosity. What's happened to make you come home like this?

GLADWIN. Watkins!

BARNES. Watkins? Who's Watkins?

GLADWIN. (*Up L.*) Watkins is my man—I mean, Watkins was my man before I found out he was robbing me.

BARNES. (*At table L.*) Oh, I remember Watkins now! Jolly good servant! So he robbed you? Well, they always do.

GLADWIN. Yes, but they don't always get found out. I happened to catch Watkins.

BARNES. Do you mean to tell me you came home just because this chap Watkins was dishonest?

GLADWIN. No. I found that out six months ago—but I was on my way to Egypt when I heard that Watkins and my lawyer had been corresponding secretly before I gave Watkins the bounce.

BARNES. What lawyer? Not old Forbes?

GLADWIN. Yes. You know he has charge of everything for me—keeps all my securities—has power of attorney to sign checks, and all that. (*Crosses to R.*)

BARNES. (*Rises*) If he was a wrong 'un, he'd be in a position to ruin you, wouldn't he?

GLADWIN. (*Turns back*) Now you've hit it! So I came home to investigate—but I thought he might hear I was coming and clear out, so I sneaked in under another name—see?

BARNES. Yes. But what have I to do with it?

GLADWIN. (*Crosses to c.*) I want you to look Forbes up carefully in the morning—without making him suspicious—and let me know what you find out.

BARNES. All right, I'll do that with pleasure.

(*BATEATO enters R. with tray containing two decanters, pitcher of water and two glasses.*)

GLADWIN. (*Crosses below table to L.*) Hello, Batty! Where'd you dig that up?

BATEATO. Me hide away when we close house—no got soda-water all right, plees?

GLADWIN. Yes, it'll do very well. (*BATEATO puts tray on table*) Have a cigarette? (*Offers BARNES cigarette-case*)

BARNES. Thanks! (*BATEATO quickly takes match-box from his pocket, lights match, comes to BARNES and gives him light. He then lights another match and does the same for GLADWIN*) What the deuce made you skip abroad in such a hurry?

GLADWIN. I was being bored to death—nothing interested me—living the most commonplace, unromantic, humdrum life. That was all my dear old governor's fault. He had no consideration for me.

BARNES. He left you several million dollars.

(*When BATEATO has lighted cigarettes, he exits R.*)

GLADWIN. That was just it! If he'd left me poor there'd have been some use in living—some interest trying to make my way in the world! (*Crosses R. to mantel*)

BARNES. You're in a bad way, old man. You ought to see a brain specialist.

GLADWIN. I know I'm in a bad way, but doctors can't do me any good. After I got over the age of thinking myself a devil of a fellow, things began to grow tame. I was romantic—wanted to fall in love—but I couldn't help thinking every girl I met had her eye on my fortune and not on me. I tried

to take up some fad that would interest me: I went in for these things. (*Waves his hand towards the pictures*)

BARNES. (*Looking over the pictures again*) You've got a wonderful collection!

GLADWIN. Yes, but I soon got tired of art—I hungered for romance, so I went abroad. I said, "If there's a real thrill anywhere on this earth for a poor millionaire, I'll try to find it." (*Irritated*) Well, it's all been of no use: every country I went to I could find nothing except things my money would buy—(*Sits R. chair*) and all those things have long ceased to interest me.

BARNES. You ought to go to work at something, that's what's the matter with you. (*Crosses to L. of table, and sits*)

GLADWIN. I know it, but what's the incentive? I don't want any more money—what I have now is the biggest sort of nuisance. Just see the trouble this story of my old butler, Watkins, is making for me. (*Laughing and crossing to R. of BARNES, sits*) To tell the truth, though, I'm rather enjoying it. Coming home incognito like this and trying to do things without being discovered. Why, I'm stopping at the Ritz. (*Around back of table to L. of it*)

BARNES. But surely they knew you there?

GLADWIN. Not a soul! I registered as Thomas Smith—no one took the slightest notice of me. I even made so bold as to lunch in the grill room and there—(*Impressively—leaning over toward BARNES*) And there, Barnes, the last place in the world that you would expect it, I nearly got a thrill. She was beautiful! Golden hair, the bluest eyes, creamy white skin—Aha! I can see her now!

BARNES. There are a whole lot of them like that in New York.

GLADWIN. She interested me tremendously! I wish you could have seen her eat.

BARNES. Eat?

GLADWIN. Particularly the grape-fruit. By Jove, Barnes, that girl certainly loves grape-fruit!

BARNES. Did she notice you?

GLADWIN. She was too busy eating. I watched her steadily—(*Sits*) tried to will her to look at me—they say you can do it, you know.

BARNES. (*Turning away impatiently*) Oh, rot!

GLADWIN. Well, after a time she did raise her head, and just as I felt sure she would see me, the grape-fruit hit her in the eye.

BARNES. What!

GLADWIN. The juice, I mean—and she never looked up again.

BARNES. I thought you had the greatest chance in the world at Romance some years ago.

GLADWIN. How is that?

BARNES. The time at Narragansett you rescued a girl from drowning. I remember it made you quite famous at the time. According to all ideas of romance, you should have married *her*.

GLADWIN. Did you ever see the lady?

BARNES. No. Wasn't she pretty?

GLADWIN. She was a brunette.

BARNES. Don't you like brunettes?

GLADWIN. A dark brunette.

BARNES. Dark?

GLADWIN. From Africa.

BARNES. (*Rises—going up c.*) That was tough luck. Well, I can see you need bucking up, and I think I've got the right kind of remedy for you. (*He presses button R. of door*)

GLADWIN. (*Shaking his head*) I'm afraid not—I'm a bad case. Nothing interests me any more.

(BATEATO enters R.)

BARNES. Bateato, has your master any hunting clothes at the hotel?

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair! Plenty here, too—we no have time to pack all up.

BARNES. Plenty here—splendid! Pack a bag for him—enough things to last a couple of weeks.

GLADWIN. What are you going to do? (*Rises*)

BARNES. I'm going to show you some excitement.

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair—I pack right away. (*Exits c. Goes up stairs*)

GLADWIN. But, see here——

BARNES. (R. C.) Not a word, now! If you don't like it, you don't have to stay, but I'm going to show you a time you're not used to.

GLADWIN. (L. C.) But I don't——

BARNES. (*Gay*) Well, don't let's argue about it. Tell me something about your pictures. (*Looking at portrait of old gentleman, over the fireplace*) Who's that old chap up there?

GLADWIN. The original Gladwin, my great grandfather. Painted over a hundred years ago by Gilbert Stewart. (*Crosses R.*)

BARNES. (*Crossing to L. and looking up at large painting. Reads on frame*) "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough. By George, that's a stunner! Worth a small fortune, I suppose?

GLADWIN. You suppose wrong.

BARNES. What! A big painting like that by a fellow famous enough to have a hat named after him? (*Crosses R.*)

GLADWIN. (*Crosses to L. above table*) That's what I thought, so I begged two old gentlemen in London to let me have it. Got them to part with it for a mere five hundred pounds—on condition that I keep the matter a secret. I was delighted with my bargain, until I saw the original.

BARNES. The original?

GLADWIN. Ah, ha! It was quite a shock to come face to face with that and realize that my "Blue Boy" had a streak of yellow in him.

BARNES. What did you do? Put the case into the hands of the police?

GLADWIN. (*Takes up decanter*) Not much! That would have given the public a fine laugh. It deceived me, so I hung it up here to deceive others. It got you, you see. You are the only one I've told about it—don't repeat it, will you? (*Crosses to BARNES*)

BARNES. I'll keep your secret always!

GLADWIN. Thanks! (*Crosses c.*)

BARNES. (*Pointing to another picture R.*) Who painted this?

GLADWIN. That's a Veber. (*c. Turning front*) Do you know, Barnes, the more I think of it—there was something about that grape fruit-girl—(*Sits arm of chair R. of table*)

BARNES. (*Looking at other picture R. c.*) I like these two.

GLADWIN. Something different about her.

BARNES. Who are these by?

GLADWIN. A blonde—

BARNES. What?

GLADWIN. And very young—

BARNES. Look here, Travers, what are these two worth?

GLADWIN. (*Turning*) I beg your pardon. Which?

BARNES. (*Pointing to two pictures up R. c.*) These.

GLADWIN. Guess.

BARNES. Five thousand dollars.

GLADWIN. Multiply it by ten, then add something.

BARNES. No, really?

GLADWIN. (*Goes up and turns reflector hanging on pedestal R. of door on pictures*) Yes. That's a Rembrandt, and this—(*Same business*) is a Corot.

BARNES. By Jove, they're corkers! (*Examines old chest up R.*) What the deuce is this?

GLADWIN. Oh, let's get the exhibition over. (*Speaking like a guide explaining pictures, etc.*) That's a treasure chest—I picked it up at great expense.

BARNES. (*Trying to lift it up*) You never picked that up in your life!

GLADWIN. (*On bench R., in same tone and turning reflector on different pictures*) That's a Sir Peter Lely—That's a Meissonnier—that's a Cazin—that's a Rubens—that's a Reynolds—(*Puts light back*)

BARNES. I say, Travers—What's the whole collection worth?

GLADWIN. Oh, close to half a million, I suppose. (*Crosses down R. of table*)

BARNES. Half a million! And you go abroad and leave all these things unguarded? That's ridiculous! It's a marvel they haven't been stolen. (*Crosses down R. C.*)

GLADWIN. Oh, nonsense! I have a burglar-alarm set here, and I'll wager there aren't half a dozen people that know the Gladwin collection is hung in this house.

BARNES. Just the same, it's—(*Door-bell rings. Both men look at each other surprised*) The door-bell!

GLADWIN. Yes. What the deuce does it mean?

(*BATEATO comes down-stairs, exits L.*)

BARNES. It means someone's at the door.

GLADWIN. Marvellous! But what is someone at the door for?

GLADWIN. Nonsense! The house has been closed

BARNES. To see you, of course!

for ages, and you are the only one who knows I'm home.

BARNES. Some one has seen you, sure!

GLADWIN. I'll bet anything you like it's no one to see me. (BATEATO enters c., between them)
Well, what is it?

BATEATO. Two ladies, sair!

GLADWIN. Two ladies!

BARNES. Two—that's good!

GLADWIN. What do they want?

BATEATO. They call for you. They say, will you please come to the door a moment.

GLADWIN. (*Astonished*) Two ladies to see me! Are you sure?

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair!

BARNES. (*Crossing down R.*) There! What did I tell you!

GLADWIN. Did you tell them I was here?

BATEATO. They no ask. Just say, please tell Mr. Gladwin come to door.

GLADWIN. Well, you tell them Mr. Gladwin's not at home—(*Crossing down L.*) That I'm away in Egypt—(*To L. of table*)

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair. (*Turns and starts up*)

BARNES. Wait a minute! (BATEATO stops. BARNES goes up R., then over c. to BATEATO) What do they look like?

BATEATO. (*Smiling*) Look nice, sair.

BARNES. Really?

BATEATO. Oh, fine!

BARNES. Young?

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair—much young—come in automobile. (*To GLADWIN*) I tell them you no home. (*Starts to go again*)

GLADWIN. (*Going up L. to c.*) No, wait! Ask them to come in.

BATEATO. They say you come to door.

(GLADWIN starts out.)

BARNES. Wait a minute. (BATEATO and GLADWIN both stop and turn) Mr. Gladwin said, ask them to come in here.

BATEATO. I try. (*Exits C. L.*)

GLADWIN. Who in heaven's name could possibly be calling? (*Coming down and over toward R. C. BARNES comes down to his R.*)

BATEATO. (*Entering C.*) This way, plees!

(*There is a moment's pause, then HELEN enters; comes into the room a little way, sees GLADWIN and BARNES, and stops undecidedly. GLADWIN gives her a look of amazement as if he could hardly believe his eyes. SADIE enters very timidly. She goes quickly to HELEN, and they both stand looking at each other, the men watching them. There is a moment's pause.*)

HELEN. (*Speaking in low tone to SADIE, and indicating chair L. of table*) Sit down, dear.

GLADWIN. (*To BARNES*) That's she!

BARNES. What?

GLADWIN. Grape-fruit! (*SADIE and HELEN both sit at table, begin a little whispered conversation. Same manner as if they had come into a doctor's waiting room. BARNES is waiting for GLADWIN to go to them. GLADWIN is still staring at them*)

BARNES. Go on, see what she wants.

GLADWIN. (*Goes over to them somewhat embarrassed, and bows. The girls look at him*) Pardon me, did you wish to see me?

HELEN. No, we want to see Mr. Gladwin, please.

GLADWIN. (*Startled*) Well—er—I am——

HELEN. Isn't he here? His man asked us to come into this room.

GLADWIN. What Mr. Gladwin do you want?

HELEN. Why, Mr. Travers Gladwin. Is there more than one?

GLADWIN. (*Glancing at BARNES*) Well, that is—do you know Mr. Gladwin?

HELEN. (*More surprised*) Do I know him? (*Suddenly bursts out laughing. SADIE looks distressed, when HELEN laughs*) Well, I should think I do know him! I know him very, very well. (*She glances again at GLADWIN, draws herself up a little and somewhat angrily*) You don't suppose I'd come here to see him if I didn't know him, do you?

GLADWIN. No, of course not! It was stupid of me to ask such a question—forgive me—(*HELEN turns as if to speak to SADIE. SADIE is fidgeting about in her chair, looking prim and most uncomfortable. GLADWIN stands a moment perplexed, and then crosses to BARNES. HELEN is interested*) I rather think Gladwin's gone out, hasn't he?

BARNES. (*Beginning to enjoy the situation, and smiling*) He was here only a few moments ago.

HELEN. (*Rising*) Oh, I hope he's here. You see, it's awfully important—what I want to see him about.

BARNES. (*To GLADWIN*) Why don't you find out if he's in?

GLADWIN. Yes—(*To HELEN*) If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll see if—(*Going towards her a few steps*) May I give him your name?

HELEN. (*Starts to speak, hesitates, glances around at SADIE. SADIE beckons to her*) Just a moment, please. (*She crosses to SADIE and SADIE whispers something to her*)

GLADWIN. (*Going quickly to BARNES and speaking aside to him*) Try to find out what it's all about.

BARNES. I will—leave it to me.

HELEN. (*Going to L. C.*) I'd rather not give my

name. I know that sounds odd, but for certain reasons——

GLADWIN. Oh, of course, if you'd rather not. (*Starts up c.*)

HELEN. (*Following him up and stopping him*) If you will just say I had to come early to tell him something—something about to-night. He'll *know* who I am.

GLADWIN. Certainly! Say you want to see him about something that's going to happen to-night?

HELEN. Yes, if you'll be so kind.

GLADWIN. (*Going toward her and attempts to speak several times. He is close to her, turns abruptly and goes up c.*) I'll be right back. (*He exits c. r.*)

BARNES. It's singular that my friend doesn't know what you're referring to.

HELEN. (*Coming down l. behind chair*). Why, do you?

BARNES. (*Trying to pretend that he does, and smiling*) Well, I have an idea, but he—(*Indicating where GLADWIN went out*) is Travers Gladwin's most intimate friend.

HELEN. (*Going to BARNES down r. c.*) Really?

BARNES. Oh, yes, they are life-long chums—love each other like brothers, you know, only better. Never have any secrets from each other and all that sort of thing.

HELEN. (*Quite surprised*) That's curious! (*Crossing toward l., sits*) I don't think Travers has ever spoken to me about him.

BARNES. Well, now, that is singular!

GLADWIN. (*Re-enters c. Goes to HELEN*) I'm awfully sorry, but I couldn't find him.

HELEN. (*Sits*) Oh, dear! That's very provoking! He didn't say he was going out, did he?

GLADWIN. (*To BARNES*) Dd he say he was going out?

BARNES. No, I could have sworn he was here.

HELEN. Well, is his *man* here?

GLADWIN. (c.) Why, he let you in.

HELEN. I don't mean the Japanese.

GLADWIN. You mean his butler, perhaps?

HELEN. Yes.

GLADWIN. Yes—(To BARNES) Is Gladwin's butler here?

BARNES. No.

GLADWIN. No.

HELEN. Well, where is he?

GLADWIN. (To BARNES) Where is he?

BARNES. Where is he? Oh, he's giving a lecture on butling.

HELEN. I'm sure I don't know what to do. I simply must get word to him somehow. It's awfully important.

BARNES. I've just been telling the ladies that you and Travers are bosom pals.

GLADWIN. (Taking the tip and turning to HELEN) Oh, yes, we are very close to each other—I couldn't tell you how close.

BARNES. And I have also hinted that you've never had any secrets from each other, and that I felt quite sure you knew all about—to—to—to-night.

(SADIE—*business.*)

GLADWIN. Oh, of course, yes—oh, yes, he's told me all about to-night.

HELEN. Has he? (*Rises and to L. c.*)

GLADWIN. Yes, everything.

SADIE. (*Who from the line, "Knows all about to-night", shows that she is trying to summon up courage to speak*) Then won't you—oh, please, won't you tell her what you think of it? (*She says this in such a frightened way that her voice trembles, and she looks as if she were going to cry*)

BARNES. (*Turning and speaking to GLADWIN*)
Oh, yes, go on tell her what you think of it.

GLADWIN. I'd rather not. (*Up c.*)

BARNES. But you really ought to, old chap—it's your duty.

SADIE. Oh, yes, please do!

GLADWIN. (*Comes down c.*) Well, then, if you must know, I think—that is, the way I think of it—or I mean, what I had thought of it, when I was thinking of it—turning it over in my mind, you know—and it didn't seem to me that—that—I'm afraid what I'm going to say may offend you! (*Looks at HELEN*)

HELEN. On the contrary—if you are Travers' *best friend*, I should like to know what you think of it.

BARNES. There you are You certainly can't object to telling her after that.

GLADWIN. Well, then, to tell the truth, I don't like it.

HELEN. Don't like what?

GLADWIN. Why—this thing to-night.

HELEN. You don't know Mr. Hogg.

BARNES. Oh, that makes it more difficult.

GLADWIN. How do you know I don't know *him*?

HELEN. Why, how could you?

GLADWIN. How could I know Mr. Hogg?

HELEN. Yes.

GLADWIN. Why, just go out to his pen, introduce myself, and shake his tail.

HELEN. Now you're making fun of me. (*Turning away*) I think it's very unkind.

GLADWIN. I didn't intend to be unkind. (*With a touch of seriousness in his voice that he doesn't intend*) I wouldn't hurt you in any way for the world. (*Going close to her*) Really!

(*She turns and looks at him suddenly and notices*

his earnest expression, and looks away slightly embarrassed. Takes short pause to show this business clearly. HELEN sits R. of table.)

BARNES. Well, I don't understand what Mr. Hogg has to do with it.

HELEN. (*Looking front—blurting it out before she thinks*) Why, Auntie insists upon my marrying him.

(GLADWIN and BARNES exchange looks—greatly surprised.)

BARNES. That's dreadful!

GLADWIN. Do you mean to tell me she insists upon you marrying this—hog?

HELEN. Yes. And he's awful, and I hate him, and I won't—I just won't!

GLADWIN. (*To HELEN*) I think you're absolutely right.

HELEN. Oh, do you? (*Turning to SADIE*) There!

SADIE. But you've only known Mr. Gladwin two weeks.

HELEN. I know, but I've loved him for four years.

(GLADWIN and BARNES are astounded.)

GLADWIN. You've loved Travers Gladwin four years?

HELEN. Yes.

BARNES. (*Crossing to L. c.*) And only known him two weeks?

HELEN. Yes.

BARNES. You've loved him four years in two weeks? (*Thinking it over*) I can't do it. (*Crosses R.*)

HELEN. Ever since that time he so bravely risked

his own life to save that girl. It was so splendid, noble, inspiring!

GLADWIN. You mean that time at Narragansett?

HELEN. Yes, four years ago when he dashed into the roaring surf——

GLADWIN. Yes, and he fished out a cross-eyed colored woman.

HELEN. That's just it! If she had been beautiful, or some one dear to him, it wouldn't have been half so much. Oh, it was fine of him!

GLADWIN. And he told you about that, did he?

HELEN. No, he didn't! He's much too modest. I knew of it the day it happened, and he has been my ideal ever since. But would you believe it, when I first spoke to him about it, he could hardly remember it. Imagine doing such a brave thing, and then forgetting all about it!

GLADWIN. But it wasn't brave at all.

HELEN. What?

GLADWIN. She was so fat she couldn't sink—so I swam out to her——

HELEN. *You swam?*

GLADWIN. Yes, I was with him, you see. I told her to lie on her back and float. Well, she did, and he pushed her ashore. Simplest thing in the world. (*Goes up-stage a little*)

HELEN. (*Rising*) It's shameful to try to belittle his courage, and you say you're his dearest friend. (*Going up to him*) Oh, I understand now—you're saying that to try to make me change my mind, but I shan't—not for anything! (*HELEN goes down to and sits in chair R. of table. GLADWIN and BARNES look at each other in great astonishment*)

SADIE. Oh, please, please don't say that. I know he will agree to a postponement.

HELEN. But I don't want any postponement. I told you what I intended doing, and I'm going to do it.

GLADWIN. Go on, tell her again—we'd all like to hear it.

HELEN. I'm going to marry Travers Gladwin to-night!

(GLADWIN and BARNES are astounded. BARNES goes quickly to GLADWIN and shakes his hand, congratulating him.)

SADIE. Oh, dear!

(HELEN goes to GLADWIN. He turns to her.)

HELEN. You are his best friend. Tell me honestly, don't you think I'm right in wanting to marry him?

GLADWIN. Nothing on earth would please me so much as to have you marry Travers Gladwin, and I promise now that I'm going to do everything in my power to persuade you to do it.

HELEN. Oh, I'm so glad! (*Rises. She stops and looks at him again*) But why did you talk about his bravery as you did?

GLADWIN. Well, you see—

HELEN. I suppose, being so very fond of him, you hated the idea of his marrying.

GLADWIN. Yes, but that was before I saw you. I hope you are going to like his best friend just a little.

(*She looks at him curiously, and then looks away.*)

HELEN. I'm sure I shall. (*Turning up and looking at pictures*) Oh, this is his wonderful collection of paintings. He told me all about them.

(GLADWIN and BARNES look at each other.)

GLADWIN. Oh, has he?

HELEN. Yes—they are worth a fortune. (*Going c., then down-stage, looking at pictures*) He simply adores pictures.

GLADWIN. Yes, doesn't he, though?

HELEN. We are going to take the most valuable away with us to-night. (*Down R. corner*)

GLADWIN. (*Going toward her*) Oh, you're going to take these pictures with you on your honeymoon?

HELEN. Oh, yes.

GLADWIN. Won't that be nice?

HELEN. We will be gone for ever so long, you know.

GLADWIN. Are you going to take his collection of miniatures? (*Crosses to HELEN*)

HELEN. Miniatures?

GLADWIN. Yes, and the china, and the family plate—nearly two hundred years old.

HELEN. Why, I don't think he ever mentioned them.

GLADWIN. It's most singular how he missed them. I don't understand it. (*To BARNES*) Do you?

BARNES. No! (*R. above door*)

HELEN. Oh, I would like to see them.

GLADWIN. Do let me show them to you.

HELEN. Would you?

GLADWIN. I'd love to. They are in here. (*Goes to door R. and holds it open*)

HELEN. This will be a treat. Come along, Sadie. (*She exits R. GLADWIN motions BARNES to keep SADIE there, and then follows HELEN out. Closes door. SADIE starts after them*)

BARNES. Just a moment! (*Crosses C. SADIE stops and looks at him, frightened, and then runs to door R.*) Ah! Be careful! Don't go in there!

SADIE. (*Terrified*) Why?

BARNES. (*L. C.*) Because I would be all alone. (*SADIE is about to open the door*) Oh, no, you wouldn't desert me—you wouldn't be so cruel! How would you like to have some one desert you?

SADIE. (*Going toward him a little*) I don't understand.

BARNES. Then I'll tell you. (*Goes toward her*)

SADIE. (*Backing away*) No!

BARNES. (*Stopping*) Don't be frightened—I'm quite harmless, I assure you. Now I can see that you are in trouble—is that not so?

SADIE. Oh, yes!

BARNES. You see, I'm right! I would like to help you.

SADIE. Would you?

BARNES. Of course I would.

SADIE. (*Going to him c.*) Then we must hurry if we stop it.

BARNES. Stop it—stop what?

SADIE. Why, the elopement!

BARNES. Yes, of course—to be sure—the elopement. I'd forgotten. Let me look at you. (*SADIE turns away*) No, you must let me look at you——

SADIE. Must you?

BARNES. That's the only way I can help you. You're sure you want me to help you?

SADIE. Yes, so awfully much!

BARNES. Then I must look at you—look at you very closely.

SADIE. I don't understand.

BARNES. I'll show you—now stand still. (*She stands with her arms at her side, and BARNES looks at her closely. Aside*) Darn pretty girl! (*Aloud*) I've found out the first thing—I read it in your eyes.

SADIE. What?

BARNES. You don't approve of this elopement.

SADIE. Oh, no!

BARNES. There, I told you so! You want to stop the elopement, but you don't know how to do it.

SADIE. (*Impressed*) Yes, that's perfectly true.

BARNES. Shall I tell you how to stop it?

SADIE. Yes, please do.

BARNES. Then sit down. (SADIE, after some hesitation, sits in small chair down R. BARNES goes toward her, and she hurriedly moves over into the arm-chair) Now please take off your glove—

SADIE. My glove?

BARNES. The left one. (SADIE takes off her glove) Before deciding upon what you should do, I'd like to know definitely about you—if you don't mind.

SADIE. What do you want me to tell you?

BARNES. Nothing! What I want to discover you may not ever know yourself. Allow me to look at your hand, please. (She holds her left hand out a little way. He takes it. She is frightened, and he holds only the tips of her fingers. He is still standing) By Jove! This is extraordinary!

SADIE. What?

BARNES. Really wonderful!

SADIE. What?

BARNES. See that line?

SADIE. Which?

BARNES. That one.

SADIE. No.

BARNES. (Sitting and taking her left hand in his left and pointing to lines with his right) It starts there, see?

SADIE. Yes.

BARNES. And it runs way around here.

(Their heads are close together.)

SADIE. What does that mean?

BARNES. Oh, a lot. You are very affectionate—and extremely shy.

SADIE. Wonderful!

BARNES. Now here's a cunning little line.

SADIE. Do those lines show how to stop the elopement?

BARNES. They will—if we study them frightfully carefully. Ah! You and the other girl are—

SADIE. Cousins—and we live with Auntie—and we've been in New York a month.

BARNES. (*Still holding her hand and patting it absent-mindedly*) And your cousin hasn't known Gladwin long?

SADIE. Only two weeks.

BARNES. Two weeks—that's right: there's the weeks line. And she met him at—at——

SADIE. At a sale of old paintings and art objects.

BARNES. A sale of pictures.

SADIE. Yes. She was bidding on a picture and he whispered to her that it was no good and not to buy it. That's the way they got acquainted. But he wouldn't let her tell Auntie anything about him.

BARNES. Just a moment! By Jove, here's a bit of luck.

SADIE. What?

BARNES. You meet a dark man—handsome—stalwart—and he prevents the elopement.

SADIE. Perhaps that's you.

BARNES. I'm sure of it!

SADIE. Oh, I'm so glad!

BARNES. Well, now I'll tell you what: do all you can to get your cousin to change her mind—then, if she won't, tell your aunt, but don't tell her until the last minute.

(GLADWIN and HELEN enter R.)

HELEN. Oh, Sadie, why didn't you come with us? Travers has the most wonderful things! (*Crossing to L.*)

GLADWIN. (*To HELEN*) But why don't you answer my question?

HELEN. (*Taking her wrap and muff from chair r. of table*) It's much too silly!

GLADWIN. (*To BARNES and SADIE*) I've been asking her how she'd take to the idea of my being Travers Gladwin?

HELEN. (*Turns suddenly and looks at him*) Why did you ask such a question?

GLADWIN. I—er—was wondering whether you were in love with the man or the name.

HELEN. (*Angrily*) Have I given you the impression?

GLADWIN. Yes, you have. I'm afraid you were thinking more of that rescue at Narragansett and your desire to be free from poor Mr. Hogg, than you were of my dear friend.

(HELEN moves away from GLADWIN angrily. Goes to BARNES.)

HELEN. Shall you be here when Travers returns?

BARNES. (*Glancing at GLADWIN*) I'm sure to see him before I leave.

HELEN. And will you be kind enough to give him a message for me?

BARNES. Delighted!

HELEN. Thank you so much. I want you to tell him that I can't avoid going to the opera tonight—that I have simply got to go, but I'll get away as soon as I can, and come to him directly from there.

SADIE. (*Above sofa*) But you can't do that.

HELEN. (*Decidedly*) But I'm going to do that. And now we must go—I'd no idea we stayed so long. (*Glances at GLADWIN and speaks to BARNES*) Good-bye, and thank you. (*She starts up c. to door*)

GLADWIN. (*Quickly following her*) You didn't say good-bye to me. (*HELEN turns and looks at*

him) And I'm glad you didn't, because we're going to meet again.

HELEN. (*Coldly*) I suppose we shall if you are here when I return.

GLADWIN. (*Surprised*) When you return?

HELEN. Yes, when I come back here to-night.

BARNES. You're not going to meet Travers here?

HELEN. (*Going down R. C.*) Oh, yes, I am.

GLADWIN. (*Down C.*) Oh, yes, she is!

HELEN. He wanted me to meet him at the station, but I insisted on coming here.

GLADWIN. Yes, he wanted her to meet him at the station, but she insisted on coming here. Let me see, what time did Travers say you were to meet him here?

HELEN. At half-past ten.

GLADWIN. Oh, yes, here at half-past ten. That's right!

HELEN. But you must tell him I may be late.

BARNES. I will.

GLADWIN. (*Coming down C.*) I hope you'll be very late.

HELEN. What do you mean?

GLADWIN. I mean you have no idea what a mad thing you are doing.

HELEN. (*Indignantly*) Please——

GLADWIN. Don't be angry—I'm saying this for your good.

HELEN. I don't care to hear it.

GLADWIN. But you've got to hear it! To leave your aunt and run off with a man you hardly know—why, you must be mad even to think of it.

HELEN. How dare you speak to me in this way?

GLADWIN. Well, somebody ought to speak to you. Can't you understand this man is no good? That he must be a scoundrel to ask you to do such a thing?

HELEN. Stop! I forbid you to say any more——

to say such horrible, cowardly things about him behind his back. You, who claim to be his dearest friend. (*She stops suddenly and looks at him in wonder, almost forgetting her anger*) Why, only a few moments ago you said you were glad I was going to marry Mr. Gladwin, and would do everything in your power to help.

GLADWIN. And I meant it!

HELEN. You meant it? Then how could you? Oh! (*Backing away a little*) You've been drinking! (*BARNES turns away, greatly amused. GLADWIN is surprised*) Come, Sadie. (*Going up to c. door*)

GLADWIN. (*Following her up*) But just a moment—let me explain. (*HELEN stops and turns to him*) I said I wanted you to marry Travers Gladwin because I am—

HELEN. I don't care why you said it, because I don't think you know what you're saying. (*She turns abruptly and exits c.*)

(*GLADWIN and BARNES stand staring after her.*

SADIE suddenly bursts into tears and starts after HELEN.)

BARNES. (*Going toward her*) Oh, Miss Sadie!

SADIE. (*Turning near c. door and backing away*) Oh, don't—don't, please!

BARNES. (*Up R. c.*) Won't you allow me to call on you?

(*SADIE is crying hard, her hands covering her face, but she nods her head and manages to say through her sobs:*)

SADIE. I shall be delighted! (*She turns and runs out of the room so unexpectedly, that both men*

are left staring after her in surprise. *An instant after her exit the door slams. A moment's pause*)

BARNES. Well, what do you think of that?

GLADWIN. I haven't begun to think yet. (*Going down to L. c.*)

BARNES. (*Going down R. c.*) And you've travelled all over the world for a thrill.

(BATEATO enters with dress-suit case.)

BATEATO. Hunting clothes all packed, sair.

GLADWIN. Take it back, I'm not going now.

BATEATO. (*Surprised*) No go?

GLADWIN. No go—take back—unpack! (*Crossing to L. below table*)

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair. (*Starts out c.*)

GLADWIN. (*Going up L. of table*) Hold on—wait a minute! Don't unpack it. Leave it in the hall. I may want it at a moment's notice.

BATEATO. (*Much surprised*) 'Ees, sair. (*Exits c. R.*)

BARNES. What are you going to do now?

GLADWIN. (*Coming down L. c.*) I'm going to marry that girl. I've been all over the world, seen all kinds of 'em, and right here in my own house I find the one—the only one. I'm going to expose this namesake of mine, whoever he is—I'm going to rescue her from him. I'm going to put him away where he can never annoy her any more.

BARNES. How the deuce are you going to do all this?

GLADWIN. (*Crossing toward L.*) I don't know.

BARNES. Well, I'll tell you—if this fellow is going to steal your pictures, it's a case for the police.

GLADWIN. Of course! (*Rushing up to c. door and calling*) Bateato!

(BARNES follows him up.)

BATEATO. (*Speaking off-stage*) 'Ees, sair!

GLADWIN. Come here, quick!

BATEATO. (*Entering c.*) Ladies run away in automobile.

(GLADWIN *grabs him* L. and BARNES R., and they *bring him down* c.)

GLADWIN. Never mind that—I want you to find a policeman.

BATEATO. Policeman? Where I find him?

GLADWIN. Try a saloon. And when you've found him, bring him here quick.

BATEATO. They steal something?

GLADWIN. Some one is going to try to steal something, but we'll see that they don't. Hurry now!

BATEATO. 'Ees, sair! (*He rushes out c. L. and door is heard to slam*)

BARNES. That's the way to do it—get the police in here and when the other Mr. Gladwin shows up, nab him.

GLADWIN. (*Suddenly remembering HELEN*) By Jove! Hold on, though—we can't do this!

BARNES. What's the matter?

GLADWIN. Why, it would make a tremendous scandal. I'm not going to have my future wife mixed up in all this publicity. Think of it—her name in the papers—headlines about eloping with a crook. No, that will never do—the police must know nothing about it.

BARNES. Then what are you going to do?

GLADWIN. I tell you: I'll wait outside for her to come and warn her of her danger. You stay in here and be on the lookout for the burglar.

BARNES. Good-night! (*He starts to c. door*)

GLADWIN. (*Catching him*) No, no, we must see this thing through together. You wouldn't want

this sweet young innocent girl connected with a sensational robbery, would you?

BARNES. No, and neither do I want any robbers' bullets connected with me.

GLADWIN. You're a coward!

BARNES. (*Going R.*) You bet I am! (*Going up a little R., then toward C. GLADWIN to L. and back*) Wait a minute now—let's think of a safer plan.

GLADWIN. What plan is there?

BARNES. Wait a moment—let's concentrate—let's think. (*They each turn front and assume an attitude as if in deep thought. They hold the picture as long as it will stand. BARNES looks at GLADWIN*) Thought of anything?

GLADWIN. Not a damn thing!

(*They both take the same position as before.*)

BARNES. (*Suddenly*) I've got it!

GLADWIN. What?

BARNES. Simplest thing in the world—why the deuce didn't I think of it before?

GLADWIN. Somehow I don't think it's going to be any good.

BARNES. Listen—go straight to the aunt and tell her the whole thing.

GLADWIN. By Jove, you're right! We can make a lot of excuses for her, youth and innocence, and all that sort of thing.

BARNES. Sure!

GLADWIN. Come on, we'll go together.

(*They start up-stage.*)

BARNES. Where does she live?

GLADWIN. (*Stopping*) Where does she live? Don't you know?

BARNES. (*Stopping also*) No.

GLADWIN. Do you know what her name is?

BARNES. No.

GLADWIN. Then how were you going to call on that girl?

BARNES. (*Down r. c.*) By Jove, I forgot all about getting the address.

GLADWIN. You did! You had a fine plan! But we must do something the police will know nothing about.

BARNES. (*Coming down*) Well, let's—think again.

(*They look at each other a moment, then go back to the positions originally occupied and assume the same attitude of thinking. When they have held this position a moment, BATEATO enters, followed by PHELAN. BATEATO stands just inside the door looking at BARNES and GLADWIN in surprise. PHELAN glances from one to the other, walks down curiously between them.*)

PHELAN. (*c. After looking them over—wonderingly*) What is this—a prayer meeting?

BARNES. Quiet—we're thinking.

GLADWIN. What do you want here?

PHELAN. (*Angrily*) What do I want? I come to find out what you want.

GLADWIN. I don't want anything, thank you. Good night!

BARNES. Good night!

PHELAN. (*Very angry*) Which one of youse sent for me? (*BARNES and GLADWIN both point to each other and say: "He did."*) Is one of youse Mr. Gladwin?

(*BARNES and GLADWIN point to each other again and say: "He is."*)

GLADWIN. No, I am.

PHELAN. (*To GLADWIN*) Why did ye send for

me? (*A moment's pause*) The little Japanaze came running after me and told me two women were robbing your house.

GLADWIN. (*Laughing*) He's mistaken.

BATEATO. (*Coming down quickly—to GLADWIN*) No, sair—ladies run off quick.

GLADWIN. Now wait, that's enough!

BATEATO. You tell me find police——

GLADWIN. There—there——

BATEATO. You say they steal!

GLADWIN. Don't talk any more. Don't speak again. (*BATEATO is very much puzzled—holds his hand over his mouth*) Now, go over to the hotel and wait for me. (*BATEATO doesn't move*) I'll send for you when I want you—go on. (*BATEATO, showing he does not like to go, exits C. L. To BARNES*) When Bateato gets an idea into his head, there is no use arguing with him. There is only one thing to do—don't let him speak.

PHELAN. Well, what did ye send for me for?

GLADWIN. I thought you might like a drink.

PHELAN. Never touch it.

GLADWIN. (*Crossing over to BARNES*) I've got a great idea! (*To PHELAN*) Now, officer, I want you to do me a little favor.

PHELAN. (L. C.) What is it?

GLADWIN. How would you like to make five hundred dollars?

PHELAN. How? Anyhow! Say, what are you trying to do—bribe me?

GLADWIN. Not at all, sergeant.

PHELAN. I ain't no sergeant.

GLADWIN. (C.) All right, lieutenant.

PHELAN. Don't call me lieutenant.

GLADWIN. Well, it's this way, Captain.

PHELAN. Nix on the promotion stuff! I'm a patrolman, and me name is Michael Phelan, and I'm onto me job—mind that.

GLADWIN. I'm sure you're onto your job. No one could look at you and doubt that. I've got your number: Officer 666. But I'll give you five hundred dollars if you'll lend me your uniform for a while.

PHELAN. Fi—fi—say, what sort of game are youse up to?

GLADWIN. It's a joke.

BARNES. (*Laughing*) Yes, it's a joke.

PHELAN. Youse are offering me five hundred dollars for a joke?

GLADWIN. That's it—I want to take your place—I want to become Officer 666 for a little while.

PHELAN. (*Crossing and speaking to BARNES*) This fellow's off his dip. (*Turning to GLADWIN*) Don't ye know if I lend you me uniform it will be me finish?

GLADWIN. I'll guarantee to protect you. No one will know about it. You'll never make five hundred so easy again.

PHELAN. Say, what's all this about?

GLADWIN. Well, I've found out that a thief is going to break in here to-night.

PHELAN. A thief?

GLADWIN. Yes, just for a joke, you know.

PHELAN. A thief is going to break in here for a joke?

GLADWIN. (L.) No, no, no, not a regular thief—a friend of mine—

BARNES. Yes, a friend of his.

GLADWIN. And I want to be waiting in your uniform and nab him when he comes—then, the joke will be on him—do you see?

BARNES. (R.) You see?

PHELAN. (C.) No, I don't see.

GLADWIN. But you will. Now, to be a policeman I've got to have a uniform. Now, lend me yours—

PHELAN. What?

GLADWIN. Just long enough so I can catch my friend, and I'll give you five hundred dollars.

PHELAN. It's too big a risk—I won't do it. (*Going up c.*)

GLADWIN. (*Drawing money from pocket and pulling off yellow-back bill and showing it to BARNES*) Say, Barnes, that's a pretty little thing, isn't it? Notice how that five and those two naughts are engraved? When I think of what that little piece of paper would buy—

PHELAN. (*Grabbing the bill out of GLADWIN'S hand*) Here, give me it! (*He puts it into his pocket and takes off his belt and begins to unbutton his coat*) Say, suppose there should happen to be a robbery on my beat?

GLADWIN. That would be wonderful—I'll be a credit to you. (*Takes off coat*)

PHELAN. Or a murder?

GLADWIN. Now, that would be hoping too much.

PHELAN. (*Helping GLADWIN on with his coat*) You said you only wanted this for a little while, Mr. Gladwin.

GLADWIN. That's all.

PHELAN. You won't keep me long, sir?

GLADWIN. No—no! (*Taking cap off PHELAN'S head*) Now the bonnet. (*Putting it on his own head*) Officer, your sword! (*Takes belt and club and buckles them on. Crosses to L. below the table*)

BARNES. Where are you going? (*Following L.*)

GLADWIN. (*Going up around table*) On duty! (*Taking tray with decanter of whiskey and glasses, etc., and handing them to PHELAN*) Here, go down into the kitchen and enjoy yourself, and trust me to look after your work on the outside.

PHELAN. I'd like to know what the devil it all means.

GLADWIN. It means I'm going outside to wait for myself—and if I find myself, I'll arrest myself—if both myself and I have to go to jail for it—now do you understand?

PHELAN. No, I'm damned if I do!

GLADWIN. Damned if I do, either! (*Swings club and exits door c.*)

Curtain

ACT II

SCENE: *Same as ACT I.*

At rise BARNES is discovered in easy chair sitting just below the window and half facing it. His feet are in a small chair and gives the impression that he has been on the watch and has become weary of his job and has made himself comfortable. He is fast asleep. Door R. slowly opens and PHELAN, still in his shirt sleeves, peeks into the room. After looking about he comes into the room. When he gets to c. he sees BARNES.

PHELAN. Here! You there! (*Goes over to BARNES and sees he is asleep. He throws his feet off the chair*) Here, wake up! Come, wake up here!

(*BARNES sits up and looks about absently, then sees PHELAN.*)

BARNES. What's the matter?

PHELAN. What are yez doin' sleeping there?

BARNES. What am I doing here? Oh, I'm

keeping watch at the window—on guard, as it were.

PHELAN. Yez'd make a good night-watchman! Hain't you seen anything of Mr. Gladwin yet?

BARNES. How many times do you want me to tell you that I would let you know just as soon as he returned?

PHELAN. (*Complainingly*) This is the worst muddle I ever got myself into! A roundsman'll find him in that uniform, sure! It'll cost me me job, that's what it will! How late is it now?

BARNES. (*Looks at his watch*) Five minutes past ten.

PHELAN. Holy Moses! Nearly four hours! If I ever get out of this scrape, I pity the fellow that offers me money for the lend of me uniform again. I'll grab him be the——

(*Door-bell rings.*)

BARNES. Hello, the door-bell—go and see who it is.

PHELAN. Me go and see? Suppose it's the captain or a roundsman? You go and see.

BARNES. All right! (*Rising and placing chair against wall*) You go and hide in the kitchen like a brave officer and I'll let you know when it's safe to come out. (BARNES *exits* C. PHELAN *goes to the window and peeks through the portières*)

PHELAN. How the devil did I ever let myself in for this thing—I dunno! That's what the sight of a five hundred dollar bill does to you!

MRS. BURTON. (*Out in the hall*) Helen! Helen, where are you?

PHELAN. Holy murther, what's that?

MRS. BURTON. (*Outside*) Help! Murder! Police! (PHELAN *starts across towards* R. MRS. BURTON *C. followed by* SADIE, *and sees* PHELAN)

Here, stop! (PHELAN *stops and turns*. MRS. BURTON *goes over to him*) Where is my niece?

PHELAN. What, ma'am?

MRS. BURTON. You know where she is—don't deny it!

PHELAN. I don't know what you're talking about.

MRS. BURTON. Who are you?

PHELAN. (*Hesitating*) I—I——

MRS. BURTON. Tell me who you are or I'll have you arrested—I'll call the *police*.

PHELAN. Oh, for the love of Heaven, don't call the police!

(BARNES *enters c. and looks in from the portière.*)

MRS. BURTON. Then tell me what you're doing here.

PHELAN. I'll answer no questions. (*He suddenly runs out door R.*)

MRS. BURTON. Here! Come back here! Helen! Helen! (*She exits R. calling off-stage*) I want to find my niece Helen! Come to auntie!

BARNES. Ah, Miss Sadie——

(MRS. BURTON *screams off-stage.*)

SADIE. How do you do?

BARNES. So that's your auntie—fancy that chap refusing to meet her—she seems such a dear.

(MRS. BURTON *enters R. She sees BARNES and screams.*)

MRS. BURTON. Ah, Gladwin!

BARNES. No!

MRS. BURTON. (*Running to BARNES and grabbing him*) Where is she? What have you done with her?

BARNES. I don't know.

MRS. BURTON. You have her hidden away somewhere but you must give her up. (MRS. BURTON shakes him vigorously. He tries to speak) You're a scoundrel—you're a kidnapper—you're a wretch! (She gives him a harder shake and he falls to the floor)

SADIE. But, auntie, this gentleman isn't Mr. Gladwin!

MRS. BURTON. What?

BARNES. (Rising, greatly excited) No, he isn't—I mean I isn't—I'm not Mr. Gladwin!

MRS. BURTON. Then who are you?

SADIE. Oh, he's someone else!

BARNES. Yes, that's it—I'm someone else—I'm some one else entirely different—I'm not in the least Gladwin.

MRS. BURTON. What are you doing here?

BARNES. Ah, that's it! I'm on guard—I'm keeping watch.

MRS. BURTON. (Triumphantly) I knew it! You have her hidden away! (Rushing up toward door c.) Helen! Helen! Come to auntie

BARNES. (Trying desperately to be calm, and following her. Grabs her by the arm and pulls her back. SADIE on the other side of her) Now, now, now, my dear lady!

MRS. BURTON. (Turning on him) I'm not your dear lady!

BARNES. My dear auntie!

MRS. BURTON. What! (Moving toward him and he gets behind chair R. of table)

BARNES. I beg your pardon—I mean, your niece, Miss Helen is not here—I've been watching for hours and she's not here—no one's here.

MRS. BURTON. That shirt sleeve man is here—and you're here!

SADIE. But auntie, he's a friend of Mr. Gladwin's.

MRS. BURTON. Ah, ha! (*Going toward him. BARNES goes behind the table*) So you're his friend—you're helping him to steal my niece—but you shan't—I'll prevent it—I'll search the house. Come, Sadie. (*She runs out c. and upstairs calling*) Helen! Helen! It's your auntie come for you!

(SADIE starts to follow her, but BARNES detains her.)

BARNES. Wait a moment!

SADIE. But I must go with auntie.

BARNES. Never mind auntie now—I want to tell you about your cousin.

SADIE. Then you've seen her?

BARNES. No!

SADIE. But you know where she is?

BARNES. No.

SADIE. Then what can you tell me about her?

BARNES. Everything! (*Goes up to c. door and looks about, then returns*) Sit down, please. (*SADIE sits r. of table*) Remember, you asked me to help you, and I promised to do so?

SADIE. Yes.

BARNES. Do you know why I promised?

SADIE. No, why did you?

BARNES. Because from the moment I saw you I became your slave. (*Up to door and looks off again and returns to SADIE*) When I saw how distressed you were over there about your cousin my heart went out to you—the moment you left I decided to act and I've been acting ever since.

SADIE. What have you done?

BARNES. I've watched!

SADIE. Watched?

BARNES. Yes, watched! You don't understand that, but it's a very serious matter. When you and

your aunt arrived I was there sleeping—I mean watching—and when you've gone, I shall go on watching—all for your sake.

SADIE. How noble of you!

BARNES. No, it isn't exactly nobility—it's because I care for you so much.

SADIE. (*Rising*) No, you mustn't!

BARNES. No, I know I ought not to speak to you like this, and if you'll sit down I'll not say another word about it. (*SADIE sits R. of table again*) Except to say that I was driven to speak as I did because it may be my last chance. After I've prevented this elopement and saved your cousin, my slight services to you will be at an end—we may never meet again, but should you ever want me, wherever you may be——

SADIE. We'll be home in Omaha.

BARNES. Omaha? What is that?

SADIE. The place I live in.

BARNES. You live in Omaha?

SADIE. Yes.

BARNES. No matter—should you ever want me I'll come to you, even in Omaha.

SADIE. (*Rising—with tremendous admiration*) How brave you are!

BARNES. I shouldn't exactly——

(MRS., BURTON *enters c.*)

MRS. BURTON. I can't find her—I don't believe she's in the house.

BARNES. No, my dear lady, I assure you she's not in the house. If you'll only listen a moment——

MRS. BURTON. I won't listen!

SADIE. But, auntie, this gentleman has been doing everything he can to help us—everything! He's been watching.

MRS. BURTON. Watching? Watching for what?

BARNES. Ah, that's it! What? What haven't I been watching—for hours?

MRS. BURTON. But what have you been watching for?

BARNES. For hours——

MRS. BURTON. What?

BARNES. I mean for yours—and Miss Sadie's sake, and now if you'll wait here and watch with me——

MRS. BURTON. Now I see it all—you want to keep us here. Helen and that scoundrel have gone and you want to prevent our following them

SADIE. No, auntie, he's trying to help us.

MRS. BURTON. He's lying to you, child. Don't you know he's a friend of that wretch Gladwin? But they can't hoodwink me. I know what to do now—Helen is not of age—I'll swear out a warrant—I'll have him arrested for abduction. (*Starting out*)

BARNES. (*Suddenly excited and trying to detain her*) No, no, you mustn't do that—that'll make the whole thing public—that's just what Gladwin is trying to avoid.

MRS. BURTON. (*Turning on him*) Don't you suppose I know that?

BARNES. But you don't understand—Gladwin's trying to save her, privately.

MRS. BURTON. What are you talking about?

BARNES. I don't know—you see, it's this way—Gladwin and I only found it out this afternoon—quite by accident—and we decided to save her and then——

MRS. BURTON. That's enough! You're talking all this nonsense to detain us, but I won't stay a minute longer. Come, Sadie, we'll go to the police station—I'll never rest until I have that man in jail! (*She rushes out c., SADIE following her*)

BARNES. (*Following her to door*) Isn't that just

like a woman—after explaining explicitly she's going to have him arrested. (*The door slams. BARNES grabs his hat and starts out*) I must find Gladwin and warn him that the police are on his track. (*He rushes out c. Door slams*)

(*PHELAN'S head appears in door R. He looks around for BARNES. Not seeing him, he comes into the room and looks about, then goes up c. and looks up stairway.*)

PHELAN. Pst! Pst! Hey! Youse there! (*Comes back into the room*) Who was that woman I wonder? They must have took that fellow away with them. If they should call the police? Bad cess to that fellow and his five hundred dollar bill! (*Crossing down toward R.*) I'd give a thousand to have me clothes back.

(*GLADWIN enters through the window. He has on dark mustache. He speaks with an Irish accent.*)

GLADWIN. Hey, what are yez doin' there?

PHELAN. (*Seeing a policeman*) Holy Saint Patrick, I'm gone now! (*He starts out of door R.*)

GLADWIN. (*Coming into the room and calling after him*) Come back here, you! Officer 666—I want you. (*PHELAN comes back dejectedly. GLADWIN laughs*) What's the matter with you, Phelan? (*Speaking naturally. PHELAN looks up at him and then goes closer to him and looks him over and sees it is his own uniform. Sits R. of table*)

PHELAN. The Lord be praised, if it ain't yez! Where'd yez get that disguise?

GLADWIN. At a hair store. Nearly ran into two chaps I know and was afraid of being discovered so I bought this mustache—natural as life, eh? (*Crossing R.*)

PHELAN. For the love of Hivin, where have ye been all this time?

GLADWIN. Patrolling my beat—I mean your beat, and take it from me, it's a rotten beat. I've been watching for my friend, the burglar, watched for him for three hours but not a sign of him. Then I got hungry and sent a boy to the Plaza for some supper—(*Sitting down R. and lighting a cigarette*) Ate it on a back doorstep, and then I saw a friend of mine coming along in an automobile and I arrested him for speeding.

PHELAN. (*Jumping up*) What!

GLADWIN. Yes, nabbed him for breaking the speed limit.

PHELAN. And was he?

GLADWIN. Of course! He was going so slow he deserved to be arrested. I got in and told him to drive me to the station.

PHELAN. Did ye take him to the station?

GLADWIN. I didn't know where it was—neither did he—so we drove around looking for it—we couldn't find it—then he offered me ten dollars—I took it and let him go. (*Crossing to L.*) I think that in a couple of hours I could get back my five hundred.

PHELAN. You've lost me me job, that's what ye've done! (*Going toward him*) Here, give me me clothes.

GLADWIN. What?

PHELAN. Me uniform, and let me get out of here.

(GLADWIN *circles around the table, PHELAN after him.*)

GLADWIN. Not much! I've gone to all this trouble to be wearing it out when my friend comes—

PHELAN. Your friend?

GLADWIN. Yes, the one I'm playing the joke on.

You don't suppose I'm going to take it off now, do you?

PHELAN. (*At last catching him*) Ye can bet yer life yez are! I've had enough of this!

GLADWIN. (*Holding him off*) Now hold on a minute. Everything's all right, and I'm not going to leave the house again. If anything happens so you need your uniform I'll be right here where you can get it. Where's Mr. Barnes?

PHELAN. Who?

GLADWIN. The one I left here.

PHELAN. I dunno—there was a ring at the bell a while ago—

GLADWIN. Great Scott! I hope my friend the burglar has not been scared off! (*Looks at watch*) If he was to meet her here at half-past ten, he'll have to—(*Going out c. door and returning immediately with some coverings*) Here, help me spread these coverings over the furniture—if my friend's ever been here before and he finds these things uncovered it might make him suspicious not to see them.

PHELAN. (*Covering furniture. GLADWIN also covers up furniture during these lines*) Don't you know whether your friend has been here before or not?

GLADWIN. Certainly not! I can't keep track of what my friends are doing when I'm away off in Egypt, can I? Now that arm-chair—(*Sounds of auto stopping is heard off-stage. GLADWIN goes to window and peeks through the curtains*) There's a motor-car stopping across the street now.

PHELAN. While you was gone there was—

GLADWIN. Sh! This may be the fellow now. (*Quickly goes up and closes the c. doors, then down c. to PHELAN*) You go down into the kitchen now and be ready to run up here and help me if I want you.

PHELAN. But you'll promise you won't leave the house in them clothes?

GLADWIN. Yes, yes! Quick, now, I'm going out on the balcony. (*Turns large stand lamp on table R. out and goes quickly to c. doors and listens. PHELAN exits R., outer door is heard to slam. GLADWIN reaches for the light switch*) Here's where I meet myself. (*Turns out the lights*) Now for a real thrill!

(*The stage is completely dark. GLADWIN goes out of the window onto the balcony. The c. doors are opened and WATKINS and WILSON enter in the dark. The light of WILSON'S cigar can be seen while he is standing c. WATKINS goes immediately R. to large lamp. WILSON opens slide in his cane, in which there is a little battery light, and flashes it about the room. WATKINS turns on large lamp R. and the stage lights go half up. They hold the picture a moment, then WILSON goes to window and closes the portières tightly, then back to L. C.*)

WILSON. Watkins, is this room just as you left it when you went away with Mr. Gladwin?

WATKINS. I don't know, sir. Bateato, the Jap, clouse the house.

WILSON. H'm! (*Looking about and taking diagram on paper out of his pocket and pointing to it*) We're in this room now.

WATKINS. (*Looking at it*) Yes, sir.

WILSON. Out there is the kitchen. (*Pointing to paper*)

WATKINS. Yes, sir.

WILSON. And there's no other way out except through the front door?

WATKINS. No, sir.

WILSON. (*Pointing to paper again*) And on the floor above are Gladwin's apartments?

WATKINS. Yes, sir. (*Pointing to paper*) At the head of the stairs—first door to the left.

WILSON. H'm! Very good! (*WATKINS goes out into the hall and looks about. WILSON looking at picture over mantel*) That's a Stewart! Is that the great-grandfather?

WATKINS. Yes, sir.

WILSON. H'm! (*Looks about, sees chest up R., takes hold of it and starts pulling it down-stage*) Here, help me to get this out of the way! (*WATKINS takes hold of other end of chest and they pull it down R. C. WILSON opens the lid and looks inside, then closes the lid again*) Now, I can manage alone in here, but I want to be ready to leave by the time Miss Burton arrives. You go outside and wait in the car—and keep a sharp lookout.

WATKINS. Yes, sir. (*He exits C. WILSON looks about again. Sees Blue Boy and chuckles*)

WILSON. Blue Boy, Ha! Ha! (*He then goes to R. and sees the Rembrandt. He takes his hat off and says almost reverently*) Rembrandt! Rembrandt! God, if I could paint like that! *He then takes off his overcoat and takes out some wrapping paper and lays it on the chest. Throws his coat over the chair up R. Hangs his cane on mantel and puts his hat on mantel. He then takes out his knife and starts up to Rembrandt. GLADWIN appears in window between the portières while he is doing this and stands watching him. As WILSON is about to cut the picture out of the frame he turns and sees GLADWIN. They hold the picture, eying one another. After a pause, WILSON speaks in the easiest self-contained way and smiles slightly*) Good evening, Officer.

GLADWIN. (*Answering in slight Irish accent*) Evenin'!

WILSON. Do you find something on the balcony that interests you? You climbed up there to enjoy the moonlight, perhaps?

GLADWIN. No, not the moonlight—that light. (*Indicating stand lamp R.*) I seen it go up—this house has been closed for months!

WILSON. Oh, yes, to be sure! You're most alert—right on the job, as they say. I congratulate you!

GLADWIN. I've been watching this house ever since Mr. Gladwin went away.

(*WILSON slowly turns his head front and takes a deliberate puff at his cigar, thinking. He then looks slowly back at GLADWIN.*)

WILSON. H'm! That's very good of you. (*He thinks again for a moment, then puts his hand in his pocket, takes out roll of bills, and peels off one*) Let me offer you this as a slight token of my appreciation. (*GLADWIN slowly goes to him. WILSON stands easily, offering the bill, pretending to take no particular notice of GLADWIN but observing him slightly and keenly out of the corner of his eye*)

GLADWIN. (*Taking money and putting it in his pocket*) Thank ye, sorr! And might I ask who ye are?

WILSON. (*Chuckles good-naturedly*) H'm! That's good! Who do you suppose would come to the front door—unlock it—walk in and turn up the lights—a thief?

GLADWIN. They do sometimes.

WILSON. (*Showing a little surprise*) Do they really? You surprise me! I've always supposed they broke in somehow and used dark-lanterns.

GLADWIN. Not always!

WILSON. Well, I'm sorry, Officer, but I must deprive you of the pleasure you would evidently

derive in catching a thief and making an arrest. But who do you imagine I am? (WILSON says this, trying to discover whether the policeman knows the real GLADWIN by sight or not. GLADWIN realizes why he puts the question that way)

GLADWIN. Well, if I wasn't sure he was abroad I'd imagine that yez were Mr. Gladwin himself.

WILSON. (Shows relief and satisfaction at this reply. Going down R.) Well, Officer, I'll tell you something to help you make a good shrewd guess—Mr. Gladwin is *not* abroad.

GLADWIN. Thin yez are Mr. Gladwin!

(WILSON gets up R. easily and leans on back of chair.)

WILSON. You found me out, Officer: I must admit it. Permit me to thank you again for looking out for my house, and if you don't mind I'll double this little reward. (He pulls out roll of bills again and peels off another one and offers it to GLADWIN)

GLADWIN. (Taking it and putting it into his pocket) Thank ye, sorr! (WILSON walks away humming a tune, hands in his pocket, smoking cigar and looking over the pictures. GLADWIN stands waiting. WILSON occasionally glances at GLADWIN) By Jove, it seems good to be back home again!

WILSON. You're not in a hurry to get back to your beat, Officer?

GLADWIN. No, sir, I ain't in no hurry.

WILSON. (Looks at him again and after a moment) Here, have a cigar. (Offers him a cigar)

GLADWIN. (Taking it and putting it into his cap) Thank ye, sorr!

(WILSON walks down R.)

WILSON. (Aside) When the police are about

it's best to keep them where you can watch them. (*Goes up R.—then turns to GLADWIN*) Oh, Officer, could you be spared off your rounds for, say an hour?

GLADWIN. Why, yes, sorr, I think so.

WILSON. Well, I want you to do me a favor. I'll pay you well for it.

GLADWIN. What is it?

WILSON. You look to me like a fellow who could keep a secret.

GLADWIN. (*Turning to WILSON*) Every policeman in this town has to kape saycrets.

WILSON. Well, I'm expecting a call from a lady.

GLADWIN. Oh, I see, sorr.

WILSON. No, you don't. This lady is my fiancée.

GLADWIN. Well, that's your business, sorr.

WILSON. You don't understand—I'm about to be married.

GLADWIN. Oh, you're going to be married?

WILSON. Yes, I'm going to be married to-night, secretly.

GLADWIN. Is that so? Well, I can't help you about that, can I?

WILSON. Oh, yes, you can—because I want to keep it quiet on the lady's account.

GLADWIN. Well, I'll help you keep it quiet on the lady's account.

WILSON. Good! (*Taking out roll of bills and handing him some money*)

GLADWIN. Thank you, sorr. But what can I do, sorr?

WILSON. I'll show you later on—but in the meantime, help me take the covers off the furniture and make the place look habitable. Hurry up now, because I haven't got much time. (*Pointing up R. of door*) Turn on that switch and we'll have some more light—then the hall. (*GLADWIN turns on*

switch and goes out and turns on light in the hall)
And then, straighten up my room.

GLADWIN. Where is your room, sorr?

WILSON. Just at the head of the stairs—first door to the left.

GLADWIN. (*Greatly surprised*) Yes, sorr!

WILSON. Then come back here and help me pack.

GLADWIN. Yes, sorr. (*He exits c. and up the stairs. WILSON closes the c. doors. He then goes over to Rembrandt picture and quickly cuts it out of the frame and takes it to chest and places a piece of paper over the face of it. He then continues cutting out pictures, or taking them down with frames. He takes the Meissonnier down last and speaks the name as he takes it down*)

WILSON. Ah, Meissonnier! (*GLADWIN enters c. and looks about and nearly falls over backward with surprise*) Oh, Officer!

GLADWIN. Ye've been busy, sorr!

WILSON. (*His back to GLADWIN, going on with his work*) Yes, come, help me. Come on, hurry now. (*GLADWIN comes down to him*) Get up on that chair and hand that picture down to me—frame and all. (*Pointing down r. GLADWIN goes over and attempts to take small one*) No, not that one—the one above. (*GLADWIN takes hold of picture above*) That's it.

(*GLADWIN takes picture down, frame and all, and takes it to WILSON.*)

GLADWIN. I take it these pictures is worth a lot of money, sorr.

WILSON. You're right, I take it.

GLADWIN. (*Handing him the picture*) Yes, sorr, I mane, you take it.

WILSON. (*Pointing up L.*) Now that one—come on now, hurry up. (GLADWIN *goes up L. and attempts to take down a small picture*) No, not that one—the large one. (GLADWIN *attempts to take down the "Blue Boy"*) No, no, not that one.

GLADWIN. Why, what's the matter with this one, sorr?

WILSON. It's a fake.

GLADWIN. What?

WILSON. Yes, I paid two old frauds five hundred pounds for that in London a couple of years ago—it isn't worth anything. (GLADWIN *falls over on couch in surprise*) The oval one. (*Indicating the Rubens*)

GLADWIN. (*Taking down the Rubens*) I don't think much of this one, sorr.

WILSON. Why, that's a Rubens—it's worth \$80,000 at least.

GLADWIN. (*Bringing the picture to him*) She ought to have a million with a face like that. (*Gives picture to WILSON. GLADWIN points to picture of his great grandfather over the mantel*) Who is that old fellow over there, sorr?

WILSON. (*Glancing up an instant, then going on with his work*) I don't like to have you refer to him as old fellow—that's my great grandfather, painted by Gilbert Stewart over a century ago. (GLADWIN *almost collapses with surprise. WILSON looks up at picture*) I loved my great grandfather, Officer, loved him very dearly! (*He sighs and goes on with his work. GLADWIN stares at him bewildered*)

GLADWIN. Are yez goin' to take all these pictures away with you to-night?

WILSON. No, only the best ones.

GLADWIN. If yez wanted the others I could pack 'em up after ye've gone and sind thim to ye.

WILSON. Perhaps I'll have you do that.

(Door-bell rings. Both men start slightly.)

GLADWIN. If that's the lady, sorr, I'll go and let her in. *(Starting up c.)*

WILSON. No, here wait! *(GLADWIN turns and looks at him. WILSON goes up to him)* She might be frightened at the sight of a policeman. You stay here—I'll let her in myself. *(He eits c. GLADWIN looks after him, then goes to window and looks out. He then goes to chest and picks up the pictures and runs up L. trying to find a place to hide them—he then goes to door R. and is about to exit when WILSON is heard speaking in the hall, and he quickly puts them back on the chest again. WILSON enters c. with HELEN. She is dressed in evening gown with a cloak thrown over it. WILSON is carrying her suitcase)*

(HELEN sees GLADWIN in the policeman's uniform and is startled and shrinks back a little.)

HELEN. Oh!

WILSON. Don't be alarmed, dear,—this is officer—

GLADWIN. Murphy, sorr!

WILSON. Yes, Murphy. Officer Murphy looks after my house when I'm away. He's going to see that everything is made safe and secure after we've gone.

HELEN. Oh!

WILSON. *(Handing suit-case to GLADWIN, speaking to HELEN)* But why did you bring the bag, dear? My man told me he got your trunk this morning.

HELEN. Yes, but I found out I must go to the opera and so I had to pack my travelling dress. I went home first to change it but I was so frightened and trembled so I couldn't.

WILSON. *(Putting his arm around her)* There,

there, dear! Calm yourself. Why, you're trembling like a leaf. There is nothing to be frightened about now. (*He kisses her. GLADWIN drops the tongs which falls to the floor with a crash*) What's the matter, Officer?

GLADWIN. Excuse me, sorr! (*He takes the bag up L. door, and then comes down behind WILSON and HELEN*)

WILSON. Sit down, dear. (*HELEN sits R. of table*) I'm just packing up some pictures. I shan't keep you waiting long. (*Taking her hand and patting it*) You're all right now, aren't you?

HELEN. (*Bracing up and giving little nervous laugh*) Oh, yes, Travers, dear. I shan't break down—I've just made up my mind not to. (*She presses her hands together tightly and tries to smile at him*) Only my heart's beating terribly—feel it.

(*WILSON is about to put his hand over her heart when GLADWIN suddenly coughs. HELEN jumps.*)

WILSON. (*Looking at GLADWIN, annoyed*) What's the matter with you, McCarthy?

GLADWIN. Murphy, sorr.

WILSON. What's the matter with you?

GLADWIN. Me troat tickled me.

WILSON. Well, get something to pack these paintings in. (*GLADWIN looks about the room industriously*) There isn't anything in here—go upstairs and get a trunk.

GLADWIN. I don't know where there is none, sorr.

WILSON. Well, look around for one—a small empty trunk. (*He turns his back to GLADWIN and goes to HELEN. GLADWIN goes to c. door and stops. WILSON looks up at him*)

GLADWIN. Yes, sir. I was thinkin', sorr, suppose the trunk is full?

WILSON. (*Speaking quietly*) Just a moment, Helen, please. (*He leaves her and goes up to GLADWIN, and does not speak until he stops walking*) If the trunks are full—now listen carefully, because I want you to understand this; if the trunks are full, then empty one. Do you get my meaning? Take the fullness out of it, and after you've done that and there is nothing more left in it, then bring it down here. Do you think you get my idea clearly?

GLADWIN. Yes, sorr!

WILSON. Then go. (*GLADWIN exits c. and WILSON closes the door, and goes back to HELEN*) You see, dear, I'm taking your advice—packing only the most valuable ones.

HELEN. (*Rising*) I'm afraid, Travers, I'm giving you a lot of trouble.

WILSON. Trouble? You're bringing a great joy into my life. (*Taking her hand and looking searchingly into her face*) But are you going to be happy? That's what you must think of, now, before it is too late.

HELEN. We mustn't stop to talk about that now; there isn't time. We must hurry and get away before auntie finds it out and comes after me.

WILSON. Do you think she'll come here?

HELEN. I'm afraid Sadie will tell her.

WILSON. Your cousin? H—m:

HELEN. Perhaps you'd rather postpone it after all, Travers? If you only thought best I'd like to tell auntie what I'm going to do.

WILSON. (*Positively*) No, you know we can't do that—we've gone all over this before: it must be this way or not at all. Which is it to be?

HELEN. (*Looks at him and her voice trembles a little when she speaks*) I've given you my word, you know.

take her in his arms when a trunk tumbles down—take her in his arms when a trunk tumbles down stairs with a great crash. WILSON goes up to door c. and opens it, showing steamer trunk and GLADWIN lying in a heap on the floor at the foot of the stairs. He calls off to GLADWIN) Officer, what the devil's the matter with you? *(He uses mean, harsh tone. HELEN shivers slightly as she hears it and unconsciously backs away from him)*

GLADWIN. *(Rises and puts the trunk on his shoulder and enters limping)* I brought it down all right, didn't I? Where'll I put it, sorr?

WILSON. *(Pointing to R. below chest)* Put it there. *(To HELEN)* Do you see any others that you'd like me to take, my dear?

HELEN. Oh, you know best. Are you going to take any of the miniatures?

WILSON. The miniatures?

HELEN. Yes. They're the loveliest I've ever seen and they'll hardly take up any room at all.

WILSON. *(Pauses a moment thinking, and in the meantime pretends to be looking over the pictures)* I didn't know you'd seen any miniatures?

HELEN. Oh, yes, when I was here this afternoon.

WILSON. *(Still very quietly and easily)* I didn't know you were here this afternoon.

HELEN. You didn't? How funny! You'd just gone out when I called, but two of your friends were here and one of them showed me the miniatures, and china, and plate, and lots of things. *(WILSON remains motionless a moment, then very slowly and easily turns his head and glances at GLADWIN)* Why, I left a message for you about the opera—didn't they tell you?

WILSON. Yes, yes, I remember now, they told me. McNulty!

(GLADWIN turns and back to picture.)

GLADWIN. Murphy, sorr.

WILSON. Kindly go up to my room and see if you can find a bag and pack enough things to last a week or two.

GLADWIN. Shall I pack your hunting clothes, sorr?

WILSON. Pack what you think best.

GLADWIN. Yes, sorr. (*He exits c. starts up the stairs and when WILSON turns his back, goes quickly off L.*)

WILSON. (*Darts to HELEN and plays the scene with her as rapidly as possible*) What time did you see my friends here?

HELEN. (*Startled*) A little after five.

WILSON. Did you tell them about the elopement?

HELEN. Why, they knew all about it.

WILSON. Knew about it?

HELEN. Yes.

WILSON. What did you tell them?

HELEN. I told them I was to meet you here at half-past ten.

WILSON. That we were to meet here?

HELEN. Oh, was it something I shouldn't have told them?

(GLADWIN enters c. with the suit-case BATEATO packed in ACT I.)

WILSON. (*Turning to him. GLADWIN is down c.*) What's that?

GLADWIN. (*Looking at the bag*) It's a dress-suit case, sorr.

WILSON. (*Angrily*) I told you to pack it.

GLADWIN. It's all packed, sorr. Hunting clothes, shirts, ties, socks—

WILSON. (*Looking at him keenly*) U'm! You work fast, McGinnis.

GLADWIN. Murphy, sorr.

WILSON. Now take it up to my room and unpack it.

GLADWIN. What, sorr?

WILSON. I shan't want these things after all. Unpack it carefully and bring it back here. (*GLADWIN stands undecided, WILSON looking him square in the face*) Well, what are you waiting for, McDugan?

GLADWIN. Murphy, sorr. (*He exits c. and up the stairs. WILSON closes the c. doors, rips down the portières, throws one L. of door and spreads the other one on the chest down R.*)

WILSON. Now, listen, Helen. It may be that we'll have to get away from here in a hurry.

HELEN. What's the matter?

WILSON. Your aunt may find it out and try to stop us. Now, I shall be on the lookout, but I want you to do anything I tell you. I'll see if the coast is clear in case we have to go out the back way. In the meantime, I want you to wrap these pictures in this. I wouldn't ask you, dear, but we haven't a minute to waste. (*He exits R. HELEN goes to chest and starts putting pictures into portières. BATEATO enters c. He has overcoat, hat and gloves on. He sees where the pictures have been taken off the wall and turns around looking at the empty frames, etc. He sees HELEN and comes down to her and sees pictures. He puts his hand to his head and stares in surprise*)

BATEATO. Oh, hell—damn!

HELEN. (*Gives start backward*) How you startled me!

BATEATO. (*Goes up to c. door and turns*) You no fool me—I know you teef—you no steal pictures—I get police—I get whole big lot police, quick. (*He rushes off*)

HELEN. (*Following him up*) See here! Wait a minute! You don't understand—you mustn't call

the police. (*The door slams. She turns and runs toward door R. calling as she turns*) Travers! (*She has nearly reached the door when GLADWIN rushes in. He speaks to her in an excited whisper*)

GLADWIN. Miss Helen, just a moment. I've been waiting for a chance to see you alone. (*Goes to door R. and listens, and turns to her again*) You must get away from here at once—do you understand—at once!

HELEN. What do you mean?

GLADWIN. Don't waste time talking—go quick while you have a chance.

HELEN. (*Much frightened*) Who are you?

GLADWIN. Listen—you must believe what I say: this man who you came to meet is not Travers Gladwin at all.

HELEN. What?

GLADWIN. It's true—he's an imposter! It was Travers Gladwin you met here this afternoon and that was I—I am Travers Gladwin—only I've got this uniform on. Now, I can't have him arrested because you'd be mixed up in a nasty scandal, but I can't wait much longer—so please go.

HELEN. I don't believe what you're saying—I can't believe it—it's too horrible!

GLADWIN. (*Who has been listening at the door*) Sh! He's coming—ask him questions until you're convinced. I'll be waiting to see you get out in safety—trust me! (*He exits c. WILSON enters hurriedly R., looks at pictures on the chest, finishes wrapping them up, and puts them into trunk and closes the lid*)

WILSON. Well, you haven't got on very fast, dear?

HELEN. (*Leaning on chair L. c. almost fainting and trying desperately to speak naturally*) No, I—I didn't quite understand how to pack.

WILSON. (*Going to her*) Why, Helen, what's

the matter? (*He takes her hands*) Your hands are as cold as ice.

HELEN. It's nothing—only I'm faint.

WILSON. That policeman has been talking to you—hasn't he?

HELEN. (*Breathlessly, with a catch in her throat*) Yes, he has.

WILSON. Did he tell you who he is?

HELEN. Yes! (*He suddenly takes her by the shoulders and turns her squarely toward him, looking down into her face*)

WILSON. Now, Helen, I want you to tell the truth—the truth, you understand? I shall know it if you don't. Who did he say he was?

HELEN. (*Looks at him and then speaks*) He said he was Travers Gladwin!

(*WILSON is startled a moment in spite of himself and draws back a little.*)

WILSON. Travers Gladwin! (*Suddenly remembering himself and laughing*) Oh, he did, eh?

HELEN. Now, I want you to tell me the truth! Who are you?

WILSON. A man who loves you.

HELEN. But are you the man you pretend to be—are you Travers Gladwin?

WILSON. And if I were not—if instead of being the son of a millionaire who'd never earned a dollar in his life—suppose I were a man who'd had to fight every inch of the way—

HELEN. I want the truth—are you Travers Gladwin?

WILSON. I shall prove to you very soon that I— (*He stops and listens, and then goes noiselessly to c. doors; opens them suddenly. GLADWIN is standing just behind the doors listening, and as doors open he pretends to be looking for something on the floor*) Come in.

GLADWIN. Yes, sorr! (*He comes into the room*)

WILSON. Where's that bag?

GLADWIN. What bag, sorr?

WILSON. The one you brought in here.

GLADWIN. Ye told me to unpack it, sorr.

WILSON. Yes, but I want the bag—where is it?

GLADWIN. Upstairs, sorr.

WILSON. Go and get it. (*GLADWIN hesitates*)

Go on, now—don't waste time.

GLADWIN. (*Turning and rushing upstairs*)
You bet I won't!

WILSON. (*Gets HELEN's cloak and hands it to her*) Now go quickly—my car is just across the street.

HELEN. (*Taking cloak and backing away*) No, I shan't go.

WILSON. So you believe this man?

HELEN. I'm afraid I do.

WILSON. Then I'll show you mighty quick that you're wrong. He's probably some spy sent here by your aunt. I'll get my man in here and he will have him arrested after you and I have gone. Wait here—I shan't be a moment. (*He exits c. HELEN runs to window and then back toward door R. in great fear. Door slams. GLADWIN enters c. and runs to window and looks out*)

GLADWIN. He's running away—but without the pictures or his hat and coat. What's his game, I wonder?

HELEN. He's coming back—he says my aunt sent you here.

GLADWIN. Never mind what he says—you must go home. To-morrow you can learn the truth.

HELEN. If I try to get out, he'll see me.

GLADWIN. Well, listen—(*He goes up to c. door and points off R.*) Do you see that little alcove under the stairs?

HELEN. (*Going up and looking*) Yes.

GLADWIN. Hide in there behind the portières—if he and his man come back, I'll get them in this room—then I'll press this button, see? (*Shows her push button R. of c. door*)

HELEN. Yes.

GLADWIN. That rings a bell—you can hear it from there. When I ring that bell you must get out the front door and get away.

HELEN. But if what you tell me about him is true, he may fight with you.

GLADWIN. Don't mind me—you mustn't be mixed up in this affair.

HELEN. But you mustn't put yourself into danger for me.

GLADWIN. I'll put myself anywhere for you.

HELEN. How can I ever thank you?

GLADWIN. I'll tell you later on. (*She runs out and hides in alcove under stairs. GLADWIN goes down to door R. and calls off*) Phelan! Phelan! (*He comes back again and starts taking off the uniform*)

PHELAN. (*Entering R.*) For the love of Hivin, give me me uniform.

GLADWIN. Here's your uniform.

PHELAN. Now let me get back to Headquarters.

GLADWIN. (*Taking hold of him and pushing him over toward window*) No, you go outside that window and be ready when I want you—and I'll give you something worth going back to Headquarters for. (*He backs him out of window*)

PHELAN. (*As he disappears through portières*) This must be a hell of a joke!

(WILSON enters C.)

WILSON. (*Seeing that GLADWIN has taken off the uniform*) Oh, so you've resigned from the force!

GLADWIN. Yes. Now this joke's gone far

enough—I'll give you one chance. Get away from here as quick as you can.

WILSON. (*Glancing sharply around*) Where's the young lady?

GLADWIN. Never mind the lady—that's the only reason I've let you go as far as this—now get out and keep away from that lady, and drop my name.

WILSON. Easy, easy, now. I don't like to have little boys lose their tempers. Watkins!

(WATKINS enters c.)

WATKINS. Here, sir!

GLADWIN. Oh, *now* I understand how you knew all about my house. This is what I get for not sending you to jail when I caught you stealing from me!

WILSON. Don't bother with him—there's no time. Take out that trunk while I find the lady. (WATKINS *picks up the trunk*. WILSON *starts out c.*)

GLADWIN. (*Blocking his way*) You both stay where you are!

WILSON. Come, we can't waste time with you—get out of the way. (*Grabs GLADWIN and throws him away from the door*)

GLADWIN. (*Calling*) Phelan! Here, quick!

PHELAN. (*Running on from window*) Yes, sir—yes, sir, I'm here!

WILSON. (*Suddenly letting go of GLADWIN and pointing to WATKINS*) Officer, stop that man. He's trying to get out of here with a trunk full of pictures.

PHELAN. Here, here, wait a bit—put down that trunk. (WATKINS *does so and PHELAN crosses to GLADWIN*) What is all this about?

(WILSON *signals WATKINS to run, and WATKINS suddenly dashes through the window.*)

WILSON. (*To PHELAN*) Quick—go after that man—he's a thief!

(*PHELAN rushes to the window.*)

GLADWIN. Stop, Phelan! They're both thieves.

PHELAN. (*Stops at the window*) What?

GLADWIN. Yes, it's a trick to get you away.

PHELAN. Say, what kind of a joke is this?

WILSON. You'll find it's no joke, officer.

GLADWIN. You'll find it isn't so funny yourself—arrest that man, Phelan.

PHELAN. (*Surprised*) De ye mean it?

GLADWIN. Of course I mean it. (*WILSON starts toward the window*) Look out for him!

PHELAN. (*Rushing to WILSON and grabbing him*) Hold on! Stay where you are.

(*WILSON sees PHELAN has on the same uniform GLADWIN wore.*)

WILSON. Now be careful, Officer, or you'll get yourself into a lot of trouble!

PHELAN. I'll stick close to you, mind that.

WILSON. (*Impressively*) How do you think it's going to look at headquarters if I prove you've tried to help a band of thieves rob this house?

(*GLADWIN presses push-button and stands watching for HELEN.*)

PHELAN. A band of thieves?

WILSON. That's what I said—why, (*Indicating GLADWIN—HELEN is crossing toward L. through hall*) he's got his pals hidden all over the place.

GLADWIN. He's lying to you, Phelan, we're the only ones here!

WILSON. Then they've all escaped! You let one go through that window and there were two others

besides this one. (*Outside door is heard to slam. GLADWIN, who has been listening for it, shows great relief and talks quickly and excitedly to try to prevent the others from noticing it*)

PHELAN. When the little Japanaze came for me he said there was women crooks here too.

GLADWIN. You can have the whole place searched just as soon as you've got him where he can't get away. There are no women here.

(*A commotion is heard outside—the door is heard to open, and all hold the picture listening.*

BATEATO enters c., dragging HELEN in after him.)

BATEATO. You tief! (*Triumphantly, to PHELAN*) She try to get away but I caught her—she tief—I saw her steal pictures.

PHELAN. Where the divil are they }
all springin' from? } (*Together*)

GLADWIN. Bateato, you idiot!

GLADWIN. Didn't I tell you to stay at the hotel?

BATEATO. Yes, but I get frightened—I think I come back here—I find her stealing all pictures!

GLADWIN. Shut up! Now listen, I don't want you to say anything more, understand? Not a word to anybody—about anything.

BATEATO. I no speak.

GLADWIN. Don't speak another word—if you do, I'll skin you!

BATEATO. (*Putting his hand over his mouth*) I no speak no more for nothing!

GLADWIN. (*To HELEN*) Don't be afraid, everything's all right. (*To PHELAN*) Now, Phelan—I'll explain this thing.

PHELAN. I wish to God ye would!

GLADWIN. This lady's being here is all right—and she isn't connected with this affair in any way—I'll prove that to you easy enough.

PHELAN. Well, go ahead.

GLADWIN. I'm going to—but first I'll put her in a cab. I'll be back in a moment. (*Crossing up c. to L. of HELEN*)

PHELAN. You'll explain first—

GLADWIN. I will—as soon as I see this lady safely started for home. (*To HELEN*) Just come with me and—

PHELAN. Hold on! Youse'll not lave this room.

GLADWIN. But I only want—

PHELAN. I don't care what ye want—ye'll stay right here.

GLADWIN. Oh, well, just as you say. Bateato, take this lady out and get her a taxi.

PHELAN. Bad Potatoes will stay where he is!

GLADWIN. You're very disagreeable! (*To HELEN*) I'm awfully sorry I can't go with you, but I think you can find the way for yourself. Just go out through the hall and—

(*HELEN starts up.*)

PHELAN. She'll stay right here with the rest of youse!

WILSON. Officer, if there's anything further you want of me, you'll have to be quick.

PHELAN. Ye'll have to wait here till I can communicate with Headquarters.

WILSON. Then hurry it up, because it won't go well with you if I'm detained.

PHELAN. Now don't ye threaten me!

WILSON. Threaten you! Why I can show that you have been helping to rob *my* house.

PHELAN. *Your* house? What do ye mean—who are ye?

WILSON. Who do you suppose I *am*? Travers Gladwin!

PHELAN. Travers Gladwin!

GLADWIN. Don't listen to him, Phelan.

PHELAN. Shut up, you——

WILSON. When I came home to-night I found this man here, robbing my house, dressed in your uniform—and you yourself were helping him.

PHELAN. But I didn't know——

WILSON. I don't think you did it intentionally—but why did you do it?

PHELAN. He said he wanted to play a joke.

GLADWIN. Oh, don't be an idiot, Phelan.

PHELAN. Close your face.

WILSON. (*Smiling*) Oh, yes—playing a joke! Did he offer you money? (PHELAN *looks at him*) Now, you'd better tell me.

PHELAN. Yes, sir.

WILSON. And you took it?

PHELAN. Yes, sir.

WILSON. (*Reproachfully*) Oh, officer! Shame! Shame! Let me see what he gave you. (PHELAN *hesitates*) Come on now, it's your only chance. (PHELAN *pulls out the bill and shows it to WILSON*) And you didn't know better than to take that counterfeit?

GLADWIN. Counterfeit! } (*Together*)

PHELAN. What?

WILSON. (*Taking bill and marking it with pencil*) Will you swear that man gave you this bill?

PHELAN. I will, sorr!

WILSON. You'll remember that mark so you can identify it?

PHELAN. Yes, sir.

WILSON. Very well! (*Putting the bill into his pocket*) Then, we'll have no trouble in convicting him.

GLADWIN. See here, Phelan——

PHELAN. I'd like to take one punch at you——

WILSON. Now, officer, is there anything I can do for you?

PHELAN. Thank you, Mr. Gladwin—I got to get the patrol wagon here some way.

WILSON. I'd call the patrol for you only I'm afraid these people might overpower you and get away with that trunk of pictures.

PHELAN. Will you kindly call the wagon, Mr. Gladwin? I can handle thim and ten more like them!

WILSON. All right, but be very careful—I shan't be long. (*He starts out. As he nearly reaches the door c. there is a noise at the outer door*)

GLADWIN. You're letting him escape.

PHELAN. Keep quiet or I'll break ye in two!

(CAPTAIN STONE and four policemen enter c.)

GLADWIN. By Jove, Captain, I'm glad you've come.

CAPTAIN. (*To a patrolman*) Cover that window. (*He does so. To other patrolman*) And you, cover that door. (*Pointing to door r. Patrolman goes to door*)

GLADWIN. We're in an awful muddle here——

CAPTAIN. Wait a moment! Phelan, what is all this?

PHELAN. I caught thim tryin' to get away with Mr. Gladwin's——

GLADWIN. Yes, it was by the luckiest chance——

CAPTAIN. Just a moment now—is this Mr. Gladwin? (*Indicating WILSON*)

PHELAN. Yes, sir. The other claims to be, but——

GLADWIN. Why, captain, I am Trav——

CAPTAIN. Silence! You've done well here, Phelan.

PHELAN. Thank ye, sorr.

WILSON. I should say he has done well—if it hadn't been for him these thieves would have carried

off my pictures. I would suggest, Captain, that he'd be in line for promotion.

PHELAN. Thank ye, sorr.

CAPTAIN. I'll mention this in my report. Now, Phelan, get a patrol wagon and come back here with it.

PHELAN. Yes, sorr! (*He exits c. shrutting out majestically*)

GLADWIN. Now see here, Captain, I'm Travers Gladwin—

CAPTAIN. Oh, you are, eh? Well, we'll see about that. Where is that little Jap that notified me of this? (*BATEATO, much frightened, starts for door c. CAPTAIN sees him*) Here you! (*Policeman grabs BATEATO and stops him*) Come here! (*BATEATO goes to him trembling*) You're Mr. Gladwin's servant you said? (*BATEATO, still holding his hand over his mouth, does not answer*) Which one of these men is your master? Answer me! (*BATEATO still does not speak, only looks about at the people hopelessly*) Which is your master? Answer me!

(*BATEATO bursts out crying.*)

WILSON. (*Going to BATEATO and putting his hand on his shoulder leads him away, down toward R.*) The poor little devil's frightened to death, Captain. These thieves have intimidated him—threatened to kill him and all that.

GLADWIN. Now, look here, Captain—

CAPTAIN. Silence!

WILSON. I've really a very important engagement—it's going to cost me a lot of money if I'm detained.

CAPTAIN. I'll have the patrol here in five minutes. (*Seeing HELEN*) Here, you, come here. (*She comes toward him*)

GLADWIN. Now, listen, Captain——

CAPTAIN. Keep quiet—who is this woman?

GLADWIN. This lady has nothing to do with this affair whatever.

CAPTAIN. I don't care to hear from you.

GLADWIN. Well, you've got to hear from me! (*Taking HELEN down L.*) If you do anything to embarrass her, you'll be sorry, understand that.

(BARNES *enters quickly c.*)

BARNES. (*Taking in the situation and going to GLADWIN*) By Jove, I'm too late! I've been all over the place trying to warn you—I knew the police were on your track!

CAPTAIN. Who the devil are you?

WILSON. (*Quick and strong*) He's another one of them—he's probably got some story trumped up that he thinks will get him off.

CAPTAIN. (*To BARNES*) What do you know about this affair?

GLADWIN. (*In quick undertone*) Not a word about the girl—not a word!

(BARNES *looks at GLADWIN.*)

BARNES. I won't.

CAPTAIN. Here, stop that whispering! (*To BARNES*) Come here!

BARNES. (*Going to the CAPTAIN*) What's the row, Captain?

CAPTAIN. I want you to tell me what you know about this affair—come along, the truth now!

BARNES. Well, I know somebody claims to be Travers Gladwin, and Gladwin,—that is, the real Gladwin, I mean, and I decided to trap him.

CAPTAIN. Who is the real Gladwin?

BARNES. (*Pointing to GLADWIN*) He is.

(WILSON *smiles. Has perfectly easy manner. CAPTAIN looks around at him.*)

CAPTAIN. H'm! (*Back to BARNES*) And when did you find out that there was someone else who claimed to be Gladwin?

BARNES. Why, Gladwin and I were here this afternoon when the door-bell rang and two—(*GLADWIN coughs—BARNES looks at him and stops*)

CAPTAIN. Yes, and two what?

BARNES. Well, you see, the door-bell rang—

CAPTAIN. Yes, you said that. The door-bell rang and two—

BARNES. Yes, and two minutes after that, it rang again—rang in an extraordinary kind of way, you know—as if whoever was ringing it, was ringing it because—because they wanted to come in in a hurry, you see. Well, I went to the door—

CAPTAIN. Why did *you* go to the door?

BARNES. Well, you see, the bell rang—

CAPTAIN. Don't go back to that again! Why did you go to the door?

BARNES. Well, I can't at this moment remember exactly, but I'm under the impression I went to—to find out who was ringing the bell.

CAPTAIN. That's enough! (*Motions to policeman to get him*) Take him away.

(*RYAN comes down and grabs him, and takes him up L. and puts the handcuffs on him, BARNES remonstrating all the while.*)

GLADWIN. See here, Captain, I can explain this—

CAPTAIN. I don't want to hear it. (*To other patrolman*) Take him along.

(*Patrolman goes to GLADWIN and takes him up R.*)

WILSON. (*To HELEN—at L.*) Now then, Helen, we can go.

HELEN. (*Backing away from him*) No!

CAPTAIN. (*To another patrolman*) You take along the Jap and this—(*He glances sharply at HELEN and speaks with a slight change of tone*) This lady—

(*Patrolman grabs BATEATO. Enter KEARNEY, plain-clothes man.*)

CAPTAIN. Hello, Kearney. What do you want?

KEARNEY. I'm looking for Travers Gladwin.

WILSON. I'm *Travers Gladwin!*

GLADWIN. That's my name!

KEARNEY. (*Looking from one to the other*) Oh, both of you named Travers Gladwin?

CAPTAIN. (*Pointing to GLADWIN*) That one's a fake—this—(*Indicating WILSON*) is the real Travers Gladwin!

WILSON. What can I do for you?

KEARNEY. I have a warrant for your arrest!

(*BATEATO laughs.*)

WILSON. (*Laughing*) My arrest! What for?

KEARNEY. Cradle snatching—abduction.

WILSON. That's rich!

KEARNEY. I got the warrant from—(*He looks at WILSON and stops speaking. Then looks him over from head to foot. All the others become intensely interested. WILSON stands easily but is really under great excitement*) Would you mind coming over here a moment, Mr. Gladwin?

(*WILSON crosses to c. under chandelier, and KEARNEY looks at him searchingly.*)

CAPTAIN. What is it, Kearney?

KEARNEY. I think there's something wrong, sir. Are you sure this man is Travers Gladwin?

WILSON. (*With great effort to be easy*) You seem to be rather doubtful about it. (*Crosses back*)

KEARNEY. I am. What is this case, Captain?

CAPTAIN. Picture robbery!

KEARNEY. Picture robbery! I was sure of it! I think you've made a slight mistake, Captain. If I'm not mistaken I know this man.

WILSON. (*Fiercely*) What the devil are you?

KEARNEY. (*Shaking his head*) Cut it! That won't get you anything—I know you!

GLADWIN. Well, who is he? (*Rises from chest*)

KEARNEY. He's the greatest picture expert in the world!

(*Long pause. All look at WILSON—he recovers first.*)

WILSON. You flatter me!

KEARNEY. You admit it, then?

WILSON. (*Shaking his head and smiling*) I'm not so egotistical. But I'll go along with you with pleasure and we'll see what you're able to prove.

CAPTAIN. Are you sure about this, Kearney?

KEARNEY. (*WILSON listens keenly to what KEARNEY says*) Certain, sir. He's been fooling them on the other side for years—but they nearly got him in Scotland Yard about ten months ago—he was going by the name of Alf Wilson—he managed to make a get-a-way.

WILSON. (*Deliberately looking at pictures—his hands in his pockets. He laughs slightly. Back to audience*) I don't suppose there's any use trying to deny all this just now.

KEARNEY. (*Reaching for handcuffs*) Not the slightest.

GLADWIN. (*To KEARNEY*) Here, just a moment—(*To WILSON*) I'd like to ask you one question.

(KEARNEY *pauses and listens.*)

WILSON. I'd be delighted!

GLADWIN. How did you know I bought that picture five years ago?

WILSON. I was the man behind the gun—think it over.

GLADWIN. You not only knew it was a fake but when I bought it and what I paid for it.

WILSON. I knew about it because—I painted it.

GLADWIN. What?

WILSON. (*Goes up and stands L. c. looking at picture as he speaks. KEARNEY follows him up*) Yes, your "Blue Boy" was painted—(*Indicating KEARNEY with his left hand*) according to this gentleman, by the greatest picture expert in the world! (*Lights out. He is now close to the light switch and suddenly switches off the lights. The stage is in complete darkness*)

CAPTAIN. Quick, man, cover the doors—don't let anyone get out—where is that switch? Get the lights on, quick! (*After a moment's confusion in the darkness*) Where is that damn switch?

GLADWIN. Turn up the lights! (*Lights up. The light are switched on*)

KEARNEY. He's gone!

GLADWIN. (*Running up and pointing up the stairs*) There he goes up the stairs, Captain.

(CAPTAIN *runs up stairs.*)

KEARNEY. (*To patrolman by the window*) You go through the window. (*Patrolman exits out of window. To other patrolman*) You through that door! (*RYAN follows the CAPTAIN upstairs. KEARNEY exits R. and returns immediately*)

BARNES. (*Running after RYAN*) Here, I say, my God! Come back, you've forgotten to unlock

me. Here, do you think I'm going through life wearing—(*His voice dies away in the distance*)

GLADWIN. (*To KEARNEY*) You go and help men search—I'll look out for this room.

KEARNEY. Keep a close watch—look out for that window.

GLADWIN. I will!

KEARNEY. If you see him or hear him, give the alarm!

GLADWIN. I know what to do. (*KEARNEY exits c. door and runs up stairs. GLADWIN calling*) Bateato. (*BATEATO springs to him. He begins to speak, but remembers, and claps his hand over his mouth*) Take care of this lady—see that she is made comfortable. (*BATEATO picks up HELEN'S bag and starts up the stairs, HELEN following him. When they are gone, GLADWIN closes the c. doors quietly, then goes to portières and draws them together, then takes out a cigarette, sits on the edge of the table looking front. Gets match-box from pocket, withdraws match and lights cigarette and sits smoking easily as if waiting for something. The lid of the chest is seen very slowly to rise. GLADWIN suddenly turns, looking towards it. GLADWIN in Irish dialect*) I'm waiting for ye, Mr. Gladwin.

WILSON. (*Raises lid of chest about a foot—pokes his head out and covers GLADWIN with revolver, then speaks very quietly and pleasantly*) If you move, it'll be the last act of your life, McGinty.

GLADWIN. Murphy, sorr!

Curtain

ACT III

SCENE: *At rise WILSON is discovered sitting on the chest still covering GLADWIN with revolver. GLADWIN seated as at the end of ACT II on the edge of the table calmly smoking a cigarette, looking front.*

WILSON. Well, you don't seem anxious to give the alarm.

GLADWIN. No—I'm afraid it would make you nervous.

(WILSON goes up to the door and listens, then returns.)

WILSON. So nervous this gun might go off, eh?

GLADWIN. (Looks at him casually) Yes.

WILSON. You seem to enjoy smoking.

GLADWIN. (Taking another puff of his cigarette) Have you got time to smoke a cigar?

WILSON. Is it a good one?

GLADWIN. I don't know—it's the one you gave me when I was the policeman. (He tosses it to

WILSON. WILSON catches it)

WILSON. Then it's all right. Oh, by the way, if you see our mutual friend 666 you might give him this five hundred dollar bill. (Throwing it to

GLADWIN. GLADWIN catches it)

GLADWIN. You're generous.

WILSON. Oh, I'm not a regular crook—I'm in the picture business.

GLADWIN. (Putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out bills) Well, then, I'll return these tokens of your appreciation also. (He wads the bills up tightly)

WILSON. You're too kind!

GLADWIN. They may help you to get better accommodations when you reach Sing-Sing. (*He tosses the money to WILSON*)

WILSON. (*Catching it*) If I don't use it until I get to Sing-Sing I'll keep it a long, long time.

GLADWIN. (*Looks at him*) You mean, you think you're going to escape?

WILSON. (*Chuckles*) I venture to hope so.

GLADWIN. With a guard all around the house and policemen searching inside?

WILSON. It is close enough to make it interesting.

GLADWIN. (*Looking at him suddenly*) Well, I'll say one thing for you: you're the coolest chap I ever met.

WILSON. To be quite candid, there are times when I'm not so cool as I look. (*There is a noise outside and WILSON goes up to c. door and listens*)

GLADWIN. Those cops will finish their search soon—then they'll come in here.

WILSON. I'm listening for them.

GLADWIN. Just because your gun prevents me from calling them now, don't think—

WILSON. This gun isn't preventing you. If you wanted to call them you'd take a chance—I've found out that much about you.

GLADWIN. No, I wouldn't. You're complimentary, but I—

WILSON. Well, I'll prove it. (*He throws the gun to GLADWIN who catches it*) Now go ahead and call them. (*A pause*) What are you waiting for? (*Another pause*)

GLADWIN. How did you know that I wouldn't call them?

WILSON. I saw you stopping that copper putting the handcuffs on me.

GLADWIN. I did?

WILSON. Oh, I noticed it, and you knew I was in that chest.

GLADWIN. (*Picks up the gun and breaks it*)
Empty!

WILSON. Always. I wouldn't shoot anyone. I'd much rather be nabbed than do that.

(GLADWIN *hands the pistol back to WILSON, and WILSON puts it in his pocket.*)

GLADWIN. Say, would you mind telling me how you came to use my name?

WILSON. It wasn't safe to use mine, and when I met Miss—that girl—your name was in my mind and I—borrowed it.

GLADWIN. That's the thing I can't forgive you for: to deceive her as you did.

WILSON. I don't care for your opinion on that point. How can a man like you understand a man like me? (*Voices outside. WILSON goes up to door again and listens.*)

GLADWIN. But I tell you, Wilson, the game's up—if you take my advice you won't even try to escape.

WILSON. Then I won't take your advice.

GLADWIN. But all these policemen know you're a big prize—if they find you and you try to get away, they'll shoot—and shoot to kill.

WILSON. Death, my dear Gladwin, is the very least of my troubles. No matter how clever we may be, we are none of us clever enough to avoid that. (*Voices outside. WILSON crosses to window.*)

GLADWIN. By Jove! I hope you escape.

WILSON. I know damn well you do, but not on my account.

GLADWIN. No?

WILSON. You're thinking of that girl—you don't want it known she was going to marry me. Do you?

GLADWIN. I'll tell you exactly what I—(BARNES' voice heard in the hall; he is trying to open the c. doors) Wait a moment—that door is locked. (WILSON has grabbed up portière which he threw L. of door in ACT II, and hides in portières by the window. GLADWIN goes up and unlocks the door and BARNES enters. He is still handcuffed)

BARNES. Have you seen him?

GLADWIN. No, I think he's escaped.

BARNES. Oh, I don't mean the robber, Johnny—I mean the damned idiot who locked these things on me.

GLADWIN. He's searching the house.

BARNES. That's what I've been doing, but I can't find him anywhere. (KEARNEY enters from c. Stretching out arms to KEARNEY) I say, look here—can you unlock me?

KEARNEY. No! (Crosses r.)

BARNES. Well, confound it, somebody ought to unlock me. This is the most annoying position I was ever in in my life.

KEARNEY. (Pointing out r.) What's out that way?

GLADWIN. I'll show you. (Holds the door open for KEARNEY to pass and then follows him out r. BARNES has scene of trying different ways to remove the handcuffs. He at last gives it up, then with great difficulty manages to get cigarette case out of his vest pocket. It springs open and falls to the floor. He stoops down and tries to replace the cigarettes in the case very awkwardly. He at last manages this—puts one cigarette in his mouth—closes the box and puts it back in his pocket. He then tries to reach into his trousers pocket for his match box. He works at this for some little time without success. GLADWIN enters r.) What's the matter, old top?

BARNES. Matter—what isn't the matter? (Going

to GLADWIN) Would you mind getting my matches?
 (GLADWIN *reaches into his trousers pocket.* BARNES
suddenly doubles over) Hey! Stop that!

GLADWIN. Stop what?

BARNES. Stop tickling me!

GLADWIN. I'm not tickling you.

BARNES. I suppose I know when I'm being tickled or not! (KEARNEY *enters from R.*) I say, what was the name of the silly fool who locked these things on me?

KEARNEY. Ryan.

BARNES. Ryan? Where is he?

KEARNEY. He's up on the roof.

BARNES. The roof? What the devil's he doing on the roof?

KEARNEY. I posted him there.

BARNES. Well, I'll go up there and if he don't unlock me, I'll push him off. (*Goes up-stairs.* KEARNEY *looks about on stage*)

(GLADWIN *looks out of the portière and then looks out front just as KEARNEY faces him.* KEARNEY *continues his search, looking into the chest, etc.* GLADWIN *is standing L. at window whistling and KEARNEY becomes suspicious of him.*)

KEARNEY. Funny thing where that man got to, Mr. Gladwin.

GLADWIN. Yes, isn't it though. These chaps are clever, aren't they? I suppose he's miles away by this time.

KEARNEY. I don't think he's gone very far. He couldn't have got away without the men outside seeing him.

GLADWIN. Couldn't he?

KEARNEY. No. He's here in the house, Mr. Gladwin.

GLADWIN. You think so?

KEARNEY. I guess you knew that.

GLADWIN. I don't know anything of the kind.

(KEARNEY looks at him suspiciously. RYAN crosses from L. to R. above c. doors.)

KEARNEY. (*Calling him*) Ryan! (RYAN comes to him) I thought I posted you on the roof?

RYAN. Can't get up there, sir. The skylight's bolted down.

KEARNEY. Did you see the man you put the bracelets on?

RYAN. No, sir.

GLADWIN. Well, go and find him. He's in an awful state!

KEARNEY. No, never mind that now.

GLADWIN. Well, you needn't waste time here—I can look out for this room.

KEARNEY. Oh, no, you can't.

GLADWIN. Why can't I?

KEARNEY. Because you're under arrest.

GLADWIN. What?

KEARNEY. I was after you when I happened to find the other fellow. Here's the warrant, Ryan, take him to the Captain. (*He hands RYAN the warrant*)

GLADWIN. But that warrant wasn't meant for me.

KEARNEY. Why? Was the girl running off with that crook?

GLADWIN. No!

KEARNEY. Then you'll have to go along.

GLADWIN. But I tell you I won't!

RYAN. Come on, sir.

GLADWIN. Not by a damn sight!

KEARNEY. Go ahead, Ryan.

(RYAN takes GLADWIN off c. up-stairs, GLADWIN loudly *expostulating*.)

GLADWIN. See here, I can't leave this place—you don't understand—there are a lot of reasons why I—etc.——

(KEARNEY, left alone, goes to doors and closes them—looks about room—goes to window—looks out between portières. As he does so WILSON throws portière over his head and throws him to the floor; just as KEARNEY is getting out of portière WILSON dashes out of the window. KEARNEY rushes after him and as KEARNEY runs through the portière WILSON re-enters above portières. KEARNEY is heard yelling.)

KEARNEY. He came out this way—did he jump off this balcony?

VOICE. (*Outside*) I didn't see him.

KEARNEY. Well, look sharp—he's hiding there somewhere.

(WILSON goes to R. and as he gets near mantel PHELAN enters C. and they meet.)

PHELAN. Oh, ye are here, Mr. Gladwin!

WILSON. Yes, I'm here.

PHELAN. I just came back with the wagon but they say that crook got away.

WILSON. (*Laughing*) No, I think he's still in the house—and I want you to have the credit of catching him. (*Coming down below large chair*) You go up and report to the Captain, then come back to this room and possibly I can tell you where he is.

PHELAN. Yes, sir! (*Going up c.*) Ye've been a good friend to me, Mr. Gladwin. (*Exits c. up the* *He exits c. door slams*)

(WILSON listens an instant, then hides in the fireplace. KEARNEY enters from the window with two policemen. Bell rings again.)

KEARNEY. (To policeman) See who that is at the door. (Policeman exits c. and goes L. To other policeman) Look out that way through the kitchen. Report what you find—I'll help the boys outside—this fellow is as slippery as an eel.

(Door slams. Policeman enters c. with WATKINS.)

KEARNEY. Well, what do you want?

WATKINS. I was sent here after a lady.

KEARNEY. Who sent you?

WATKINS. I don't know—some man—Gladwin, he said his name was.

KEARNEY. Well, you'll have to stay here till the Captain gets back. Wait there in the hall.

WATKINS. Yes, sir. (Goes into hall. KEARNEY exits c. upstairs)

WILSON. Pst! Pst! (WATKINS enters looking about. WILSON comes out of the fireplace) By George, that was the closest call I ever had! You took a big chance coming back—it was fine of you!

WATKINS. I couldn't wait any longer, sir. When I saw Gladwin leave the house I risked it.

WILSON. Yes, yes, I know. (Door slam—pointing to chimney) Get up there, quick!

(WATKINS darts into chimney and disappears. GLADWIN and KEARNEY are heard out in the hall up stairs.)

KEARNEY. Hold on now!

GLADWIN. Hold on nothing!

KEARNEY. I ordered you to report to the Captain.

GLADWIN. I have reported to him. (WILSON gets quickly into the chest again as GLADWIN enters c.) And he ordered me to wait here until the search was finished.

(KEARNEY enters c.)

KEARNEY. But I had a warrant for your—

GLADWIN. I don't care what you had—I'm not going to Headquarters and leave my house full of policemen—

KEARNEY. You can't work this bluff on me, Mr. Gladwin—I know you're trying to help that man escape.

GLADWIN. Well, try to prove it. I'm back here under the Captain's orders. If you make me any more trouble you'll wish you hadn't.

KEARNEY. I'll see the Captain about your case myself—then, he may get a different idea of it. (He exits c. door slams)

(As soon as he is gone GLADWIN looks about the room and then goes to the portières. Speaks in a whisper.)

GLADWIN. H'st! H'st!

(As he starts for the portières PHELAN is seen coming down the stairs. GLADWIN carefully pokes his head out of the portières and whistles softly, then stands listening. PHELAN enters c. doors and recognizes him—tiptoes to him and grabs him around the waist. They struggle c.)

PHELAN. (Yelling) I got you—you won't get away from me this time—I'll learn ye to play your jokes on me. (Door slam) Captain, I got him! Men—boys—here!

(*The CAPTAIN and KEARNEY rush in followed by two policemen. PHELAN and GLADWIN have struggled down L. C. and PHELAN puts GLADWIN over the table.*)

CAPTAIN. (*Rushing in*) Have you got him, Phelan?

PHELAN. I have, sorr! (*Swings GLADWIN around towards the CAPTAIN*)

CAPTAIN. (*Recognizing him*) What the devil's this?

PHELAN. The thief, sorr!

CAPTAIN. Thief, hell! This is Mr. Gladwin!

GLADWIN. Yes, you nut!

PHELAN. (*Lets go of GLADWIN and drops into chair*) What?

CAPTAIN. Has he hurt you, sir?

GLADWIN. He'd be a great partner for the Grizzly Bear.

CAPTAIN. What's the matter with you, Phelan? Have you been on a drunk to-day?

PHELAN. No, sorr!

MRS. BURTON. (*Heard outside*) Don't try to stop me, officer, I've come for my niece. (*SADIE enters c. MRS. BURTON crosses to L. C.*) Who's in charge here?

CAPTAIN. I am—what do you want?

(*GLADWIN goes out on the balcony.*)

MRS. BURTON. I want to find my niece.

CAPTAIN. You'll have to wait a few moments.

MRS. BURTON. But you don't understand—I got the warrant—I ordered Mr. Gladwin's arrest.

CAPTAIN. We're not here on that account—we're looking for a thief who broke in here to-night.

MRS. BURTON. A thief? I saw him.

CAPTAIN. What?

MRS. BURTON. Yes, when I was here before.

CAPTAIN. How was that?

MRS. BURTON. Why, he was—(*Suddenly, seeing PHELAN*) Why, there's the man now—and he's got on a policeman's uniform.

CAPTAIN. (*Pointing to PHELAN*) You saw that man here?

MRS. BURTON. Yes, he was in his shirt-sleeves and when he saw me, he ran away to hide.

CAPTAIN. Are you sure about that?

MRS. BURTON. I should say I am—I shall never forget that face—never! (*Goes up c. calling*) Helen! Helen! (*Exit c.*)

PHELAN. Captain, I want to explain about this—

CAPTAIN. Not now—report to me at Headquarters—I'll attend to your case later. Go on with your search, Kearney. (*CAPTAIN exits c. and goes to L.*)

KEARNEY. All right, sir—come on, men. (*The two policemen and KEARNEY exit through the window. BARNES enters C. R.*)

(*SADIE goes to him.*)

BARNES. Ah, Miss Sadie—

SADIE. (*Offering her hand to shake hands*) How do you do?

BARNES. (*Still wearing handcuffs, puts his elbow in her hand, and shakes it*) How do you do?

SADIE. (*Looking at his hands*) What is the matter?

BARNES. (*Is hiding the handcuffs under his coat sleeve*) I feel dreadfully cold—I'm afraid I got a shocking chill somehow.

SADIE. I'm so sorry.

BARNES. Oh, I dare say it'll pass off. Do you mind if I speak to this officer just a moment? (*Whispers in PHELAN'S ear*)

PHELAN. (*Loud tone*) No, I ain't got no key—I got nothin' but me discharge unless I can catch that crook. (*Exits through window*)

(MRS. BURTON *enters c.*)

MRS. BURTON. (*To BARNES*) Do you know where my niece is?

BARNES. Oh, yes, she's here.

MRS. BURTON. Here? Where?

BARNES. Upstairs, dressing.

MRS. BURTON and SADIE. (*Together*) What? Dressing? (BARNES, MRS. BURTON and SADIE *exit c. and upstairs*)

(PHELAN *enters through the window and looks about. Is about to exit c., when WILSON raises the lid of the chest.*)

WILSON. Hello, there, 666!

PHELAN. (*Rushing down to WILSON*) Begorra, I've got ye again!

(WATKINS *comes out from fireplace, closes c. doors quietly. WILSON steps out of the chest and PHELAN grabs him.*)

WILSON. Wait, wait, wait! Now, how are you going to help me get away?

PHELAN. Help ye get away?

WILSON. Yes, you can't afford to have me caught.

PHELAN. And why can't I?

WILSON. Because I can break you—because I can prove you let another man wear your uniform and you'll lose your job!

(WATKINS *comes stealthily from the chimney, takes bottle and handkerchief from his pocket and saturates handkerchief with liquid from the bottle and comes up behind PHELAN.*)

PHELAN. Begorra, I've lost me job already unless I can get ye before the Captain. Here, give me back me five hundred dollar bill or I'll knock the—

(WATKINS *grabs him around the neck with one hand and holds handkerchief under his nose with the other. PHELAN struggles violently for a time, then slowly relaxes and sinks onto chest; and WILSON and WATKINS put him in chest, take off his uniform, etc., and close the lid.*)

WILSON. Give me those pictures quick—and make up a similar bundle. (*He points to portière which he used to throw over KEARNEY, and WATKINS puts a few articles in it to make it appear like the bundle of pictures*) Then try to get outside. If you make it, start your engine, get in the car and wait for me.

WATKINS. I understand, sir. (*WILSON has bundle of pictures, PHELAN'S uniform, belt, hat and club and starts for door R.*) You can't get out that way, sir.

WILSON. I know it—I'll take a chance through the front. (*He exits R.*)

WATKINS. (*Arranging the bundle at trunk*) When he sees this, it'll drive him off his bally union. (*Door slams. WATKINS rushes up and unlocks door C. and quickly sits in chair R. of door*)

(KEARNEY and the CAPTAIN enter C.)

CAPTAIN. (*Sees WATKINS*) What are you doing here?

WATKINS. I was sent after a lady, sir.

KEARNEY. Yes, he came to get that girl—I told him he'd have to wait till you got back.

CAPTAIN. Wait out there in the hall.

WATKINS. Yes, sir. (*He exits C.*)

CAPTAIN. Now, where was he?

KEARNEY. Hiding behind that portière.

CAPTAIN. And you think Gladwin knew it?

KEARNEY. Certain, sir.

(BARNES enters c.)

BARNES. I say, Captain, do you know where Mr. Ryan is?

CAPTAIN. Who?

BARNES. Mr. Ryan.

KEARNEY. I sent him to headquarters.

BARNES. Well now, look here, I'd like to have him sent back here—I demand that you send him back here—my position is unbearable, positively unbearable.

CAPTAIN. (To KEARNEY) Get your men together and work from the roof down.

(KEARNEY exits c.)

BARNES. But, damn it, Captain—

CAPTAIN. (Turning on him suddenly) Don't annoy me—can't you see I'm busy? (Goes out on balcony and BARNES starts after him as SADIE enters c.)

SADIE. Where is he?

BARNES. (Turning to her) Gone back to Headquarters.

SADIE. Who?

BARNES. Mr. Ryan.

SADIE. I don't mean Mr. Ryan—I mean the chauffeur who came here after Helen.

BARNES. (L. c.) Oh, there's a chauffeur after her, too?

SADIE. How fortunate the police arrived just in time to save Helen!

BARNES. The police! They had nothing to do with saving her.

SADIE. (R. c.) Didn't they?

BARNES. Nothing at all. They were only a nuisance—one of them in particular—named Ryan.

SADIE. Then who did prevent the elopement?

BARNES. Can't you guess?

SADIE. Oh, did you do it?

BARNES. Didn't I tell you I'd do it?

SADIE. I don't know how to thank you.

BARNES. Oh, it was nothing.

SADIE. You're the nicest man I ever met.

BARNES. Do you mean that?

SADIE. Indeed I mean it.

BARNES. Then you won't mind my saying that you're the nicest girl I've ever met. Why, would you believe it, I love you—I love you tremendously!

SADIE. Oh, that isn't possible. You don't even know me.

BARNES. That's the jolly part of it—loving someone I don't know. It's so unusual. Do you think after you've had time to know me better that you'll be able to care for me?

SADIE. (*Shyly and walking to R. below chest*) Oh, I don't know.

BARNES. (*Following her*) Of course, you don't know—but what do you think? Please tell me the truth.

SADIE. I'm sure I shall.

BARNES. Oh, you darling! (*He tries to throw his arms around her and she sees the handcuffs*)

SADIE. Oh!

BARNES. What's the matter?

SADIE. Those things.

BARNES. (*Looking down at his hands*) Oh, these? There are quite a lot of people wearing them this year.

SADIE. (*Stepping back*) Why, they're hand-cuffs!

BARNES. How clever of you to guess it—You've never worn them, I suppose?

SADIE. Why they only put those on criminals.

BARNES. Yes, that's what they thought I was. So they put them on me.

SADIE. Oh! (*Taking a step away from him*)

BARNES. Do you think I'm a criminal?

SADIE. (*Going to him*) I know you're not!

(BARNES manages to put his arms about her by putting them over her head.)

BARNES. You believe in me—you dear!

SADIE. I can't help believing in you. (*They sit on chest*)

(MRS. BURTON enters c. and screams. SADIE and BARNES spring up, but the handcuffs prevent him from taking his arms away.)

MRS. BURTON. Sadie, come here to me.

SADIE. But I can't, Auntie.

MRS. BURTON. (*Up c.*) Why not?

BARNES. It's all Ryan's fault. He put these beastly things on me—

MRS. BURTON. What does it mean?

BARNES. It means we're engaged.

SADIE. Yes, if you'll give your consent, Auntie, please.

(GLADWIN enters c.)

GLADWIN. (*Down L. c.*) You can be set free now—Ryan's in the hall.

BARNES. (*Embracing SADIE again*) Send him back to Headquarters!

(HELEN enters.)

SADIE. Oh, do have them taken off!

BARNES. All right! (*He kneels down and she jumps out and SADIE and BARNES start off together*)

MRS. BURTON. Sadie, you stay here with me.

(*SADIE stands near BARNES, undecided.*)

BARNES. I beg your pardon—have you met Mr. Gladwin?

(*HELEN enters c. She is dressed in travelling-suit.*)

MRS. BURTON. Gladwin! (*She immediately leaves SADIE and goes to GLADWIN. SADIE and BARNES exit c.*) So it was you who tried to steal my niece! It was you who——?

HELEN. (R. C.) No, auntie! You're wrong.

GLADWIN. Just a moment, Helen dear. (*She stops surprised*) Madam, I do love your niece, and want to marry her.

MRS. BURTON. You wanted to run away and elope.

HELEN. But, auntie, he didn't.

GLADWIN. Now, Helen darling, don't try to shield me. (*To MRS. BURTON*) Madam, your niece did not want to elope—she begged me to come to you and ask your consent.

MRS. BURTON. What?

GLADWIN. Well, I came home in secret.

MRS. BURTON. In secret? Why?

GLADWIN. I heard there was a plan on foot to rob me. To let it become known that I was here might have cost me millions. I told your niece and begged her to keep my secret.

MRS. BURTON. And you expect me to believe this?

GLADWIN. Why, to-night, when you thought your niece and I were trying to elope, I was here trying to prevent a notorious band of thieves from robbing my house.

MRS. BURTON. Then why didn't you do it?

GLADWIN. Why, they were taking pictures worth a fortune.

MRS. BURTON. (*Looking about*) Why, I declare, they've taken some of the pictures out of the frames.

GLADWIN. Taken some? Why, they've taken all the most valuable ones!

MRS. BURTON. Oh, no, not all.

GLADWIN. Yes, all!

MRS. BURTON. (*Pointing to the "Blue Boy"*) They didn't take that one, and it certainly is very beautiful.

GLADWIN. Do you like that one?

MRS. BURTON. It's charming!

GLADWIN. It's yours.

MRS. BURTON. Really, sir——

GLADWIN. Please do me the honor of accepting it.

MRS. BURTON. I couldn't think of such a thing.

GLADWIN. Not another word! I was thinking of it for a wedding gift for Sadie and Mr. Barnes——

MRS. BURTON. (*Suddenly looking around*) What? Where are they?

GLADWIN. I don't think they've left the house yet—but if there is an elopement to-night——

MRS. BURTON. Great Heavens! Sadie eloping! I'll find out—Sadie! Sadie! (*She rushes out c.*)

HELEN. How could you tell my aunt such a story?

GLADWIN. Because she mustn't know about the other man——ever.

HELEN. But she'll have to know about him, won't she?

GLADWIN. No.

HELEN. Wasn't he arrested?

GLADWIN. He wasn't when they took me: he was hiding on the balcony. I don't see how he could escape but perhaps he did. Anyhow he didn't get what he came for.

HELEN. You mean your pictures.

GLADWIN. I mean you—and he didn't get my pictures either. (*Holds up the portière which WATKINS left on trunk*) I shall always be grateful to that chap.

HELEN. Grateful to him?

GLADWIN. Yes. It was through him I found you. He's done me the biggest favor that I ever had in my life.

HELEN. (*Smile*) You're joking.

GLADWIN. Joking? Why, from the first moment I laid eyes on you I knew you were the only girl for me. I seem to know all about you—all the things you like—

HELEN. The things I like?

GLADWIN. Yes. Now, grape-fruit, for instance. I knew you liked grape-fruit.

HELEN. How did you know that?

GLADWIN. Because I saw it in your eyes.

HELEN. You're making fun of me.

GLADWIN. No, I'm not—all I'm doing is only for one reason—I love you!

HELEN. But you know that I was going to elope.

GLADWIN. I love you!

HELEN. You saw him kiss me!

GLADWIN. Yes, I saw him—but I love you.

HELEN. But we're strangers.

GLADWIN. It doesn't matter to me who we are or what we are—I love you. That's all that counts.

(*CAPTAIN and two Policemen come down the stairs.*)

GLADWIN. Have you found him, Captain?

CAPTAIN. No, but we still believe he's in the house. Sure you don't know where he's hiding?

GLADWIN. No, I don't know.

CAPTAIN. (*To Policemen*) Here, men—go through the kitchen and cellar. Don't miss anything

now. (CAPTAIN *exits c. goes L. The two Policemen go toward door R. WILSON enters immediately c. from R., and almost joins the two Policemen who are searching. The Policemen exit R. and WILSON comes down to GLADWIN*)

WILSON. Mr. Gladwin.

GLADWIN. Murphy, sir. So you are 666 now, eh?

WILSON. You seemed to get tired of it—I thought I'd try it a while.

GLADWIN. By Jove, you can get away in that uniform—go quick!

WILSON. (*Going up c.*) I never hurry in these cases—it will be much easier to leave when the Captain and Kearney are not at the front door.

GLADWIN. But they won't leave the front door.

WILSON. Yes, they will, when I want them to.

GLADWIN. By Jove, you're a wonderful chap!

WILSON. I've got to be to keep out of jail.

GLADWIN. But to take another's property—

WILSON. Don't you think I work hard for what I get?

GLADWIN. Yes, I do.

WILSON. And I really love good pictures.

GLADWIN. See here—you've worked so hard for mine—I'm going to give them to you—here. (*Picks bundle up from trunk and gives it to WILSON*)

WILSON. You've been so generous I can't take them now—here. (*Takes pictures from under his coat and hands them to GLADWIN, who has dropped other bundle. WILSON glances at HELEN*) When a man goes wrong, Gladwin, it's easy to keep going until something sets him right—and that something is often a woman. You've beaten me to the only thing I've really wanted.

GLADWIN. I shall always remember you, Wilson.

WILSON. And I shall always remember you, Gladwin. (*Seeing BATEATO in the hallway*) Come

here a moment. (BATEATO enters c.) Would you like to catch this thief?

BATEATO. (*Delighted*) 'Eas, sair!

WILSON. He's in your master's room—now, go up there and bang on the door and yell police, and when he comes down I'll nab him.

(BATEATO looks at GLADWIN.)

GLADWIN. Go on, Beatty.

WILSON. Hurry! (BATEATO runs upstairs and pounds on door yelling. Noise upstairs. "Come out, tief—come out—I got you—come out" etc.) That'll fetch them. (CAPTAIN, KEARNEY and Policemen all go upstairs shouting. WILSON is hiding up R. as they pass. When they have gone upstairs, WILSON goes to c. and looks up, and then turns to GLADWIN and HELEN) You can tell them that the thief's escaped. Good-night! (*He exits and door slams*)

GLADWIN. By Jove, I hope he makes it! (*Auto off L. Noise of motor is heard off L. and honk of horn*) He's gone!

BARNES. (*Enters followed by SADIE. Handcuffs are off*) Hear that noise? Upstairs? I think they've got him.

(*There is a noise in chest, and lid is suddenly thrown up.*)

PHELAN. (*Rising out of chest*) Where the hell am I? I remember now—they doped me—they threw—(*He looks at himself*) Holy murder! Me uniform is gone again! (*He gets out of the trunk and starts up c.*) If I stay in this house an hour longer, I won't have any clothes at all—this will be me finish, sure. (*He gets half way to the door when the CAPTAIN enters*)

CAPTAIN. What's the matter with you, Phelan? Where's your uniform?

PHELAN. There was two fellows, sir—

CAPTAIN. I see now—that thief got away in it. I'll break you for this—you report at Headquarters at once! (CAPTAIN *exits followed by Policemen*)
Come on, men.

PHELAN. Now see what you've done for me—I've lost me job—I'm broke!

GLADWIN. Oh, no, you're not! Here's that five hundred dollar bill I gave you a while ago—better put it in the bank or somebody'll get it away from you again!

PHELAN. But I've lost me job!

GLADWIN. No, you haven't—didn't I tell you I'd protect you?

PHELAN. Yes.

GLADWIN. I'll give you a job for life.

PHELAN. What?

GLADWIN. I'm going to have you watch all my pictures for me, because you're a wonderful cop.

PHELAN. I'm a hell of a cop, I am! (*Exit*)

BARNES. By Jove, you got that thrill, Travers!

GLADWIN. Thrills are just beginning with us, Barnes.

BARNES. So they are!

GLADWIN. (*To HELEN*) Try to keep on liking Travers Gladwin, won't you?

HELEN. I can't comprehend it—it seems just as if it couldn't happen except in a play.

GLADWIN. Believe me, dear, it couldn't!

Curtain

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

Price, 75 Cents.

THE FOUR-FLUSHER

Comedy in 3 acts. By Cæsar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

PALS FIRST

Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominic, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

POLLYANNA

“The glad play,” in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. “Pollyanna” is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of “Pollyanna.” (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The story of “The Charm School” is familiar to Mrs. Miller’s readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his ’teens, who, upon inheriting a girls’ boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Ditrichstein. 7 males, 7 females. Modern costumes. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. 1 interior.

“Are You a Mason?” is one of those delightful farces like “Charley’s Aunt” that are always fresh. “A mother and a daughter,” says the critic of the New York *Herald*, “had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know each other’s duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband’s supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter’s hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain.” One of the most hilariously amusing farces ever written, especially suited to schools and Masonic Lodges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

KEMPY

A delightful comedy in 3 acts. By J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

No wonder “Kempy” has been such a tremendous hit in New York, Chicago—wherever it has played. It snaps with wit and humor of the most delightful kind. It’s electric. It’s small-town folk perfectly pictured. Full of types of varied sorts, each one done to a turn and served with zestful sauce. An ideal entertainment for amusement purposes. The story is about a high-falutin’ daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipes, just because he “understands” her, having read her book and having sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every second of every act. Of course there are lots of ramifications, each of which bears its own brand of laughter-making potentials. But the plot and the story are not the main things. There is, for instance, the work of the company. The fun growing out of this family mixup is lively and clean. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

ON THE HIRING LINE

Comedy in 3 acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. 5 males, 4 females. Interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Sherman Fessenden, unable to induce servants to remain for any reasonable length of time at his home, hits upon the novel expedient of engaging detectives to serve as domestics.

His second wife, an actress, weary of the country and longing for Broadway, has succeeded in discouraging every other cook and butler against remaining long at the house, believing that by so doing she will win her husband to her theory that country life is dead. So she is deeply disappointed when she finds she cannot discourage the new servants.

The sleuths, believing they had been called to report on the actions of those living with the Fessendens, proceeded to warn Mr. Fessenden that his wife has been receiving love-notes from Steve Mark, an actor friend, and that his daughter has been planning to elope with a thief.

One sleuth causes an uproar in the house, making a mess of the situations he has witnessed. Mr. Fessenden, however, has learned a lesson and is quite willing to leave the servant problem to his wife thereafter. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

A FULL HOUSE

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. One interior scene. Modern costumes. Time, 2½ hours.

Imagine a reckless and wealthy youth who writes ardent love letters to a designing chorus girl, an attorney brother-in-law who steals the letters and then gets his hand-bag mixed up with the grip of a burglar who has just stolen a valuable necklace from the mother of the indiscreet youth, and the efforts of the crook to recover his plunder, as incidents in the story of a play in which the swiftness of the action never halts for an instant. Not only are the situations screamingly funny but the lines themselves hold a fund of humor at all times. This newest and cleverest of all farces was written by Fred Jackson, the well-known short-story writer, and is backed up by the prestige of an impressive New York success and the promise of unlimited fun presented in the most attractive form. A cleaner, cleverer farce has not been seen for many a long day. "A Full House" is a house full of laughs. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

Comedy in 3 acts. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. 6 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

The characters, scenes and situations are thoroughly up-to-date in this altogether delightful American comedy. The heroine is a woman of tremendous energy, who manages a business—as she manages everything—with great success, and at home presides over the destinies of a growing son and daughter. Her struggle to give the children the opportunities she herself had missed, and the children's ultimate revolt against her well-meant management—that is the basis of the plot. The son who is cast for the part of artist and the daughter who is to go on the stage offer numerous opportunities for the development of the comic possibilities in the theme.

The play is one of the most delightful, yet thought-provoking American comedies of recent years, and is warmly recommended to all amateur groups. (Royalty on application.) Price, 75 Cents.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Melodrama in 3 acts. By Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. 8 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

"Philip Vantine has bought a rare copy of an original Boule cabinet and ordered it shipped to his New York home from Paris. When it arrives it is found to be the original itself, the possession of which is desired by many strange people. Before the mystery concerned with the cabinet's shipment can be cleared up, two persons meet mysterious death fooling with it and the happiness of many otherwise happy actors is threatened" (Burns Mantle). A first-rate mystery play, comprising all the elements of suspense, curiosity, comedy and drama. "In the Next Room" is quite easy to stage. It can be unreservedly recommended to high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)
Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

FRENCH'S

Standard Library Edition

Includes Plays by

George M. Cohan
Winchell Smith
Booth Tarkington
William Gillette
Frank Craven
Owen Davis
Austin Strong
A. A. Milne
Harriet Ford
Paul Green
James Montgomery
Arthur Richman
Philip Barry
George Middleton
Channing Pollock
George Kaufman
Martin Flavin
Victor Mapes
Kate Douglas Wiggin
Rida Johnson Young
Margaret Mayo
Roi Cooper Megrue
Jean Webster
George Broadhurst
George Hobart
Frederick S. Isham
Fred Ballard
Percy MacKaye
Willard Mack
Jerome K. Jerome
R. C. Carton
William Cary Duncan
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Augustus Thomas
Rachel Crothers
W. W. Jacobs
Ernest Denny
Kenyon Nicholson
Aaron Hoffman
H. V. Esmond
Edgar Selwyn
Laurence Housman
Israel Zangwill
Walter Hackett
A. E. Thomas
Edna Ferber
John Henry Mears
Mark Swan
John B. Stapleton
Frederick Lonsdale
Bryon Ongley
Rex Beach
Paul Armstrong
H. A. Du Souchet
George Ade
J. Hartley Manners
Barry Connors
Edith Ellis
Harold Brighthouse
Harvey J. O'Higgins
Clare Kummer
James Forbes
William C. DeMille
Thompson Buchanan
C. Haddon Chambers
Richard Harding Davis

George Kelly
Louis N. Parker
Anthony Hope
Lewis Beach
Guy Bolton
Edward E. Rose
Marc Connelly
Frederick Paulding
Lynn Starling
Clyde Fitch
Earl Derr Biggers
Thomas Broadhurst
Charles Klein
Bayard Veiller
Grace L. Furniss
Martha Morton
Robert Housman
Carlisle Moore
Salisbury Field
Leo Dietrichstein
Harry James Smith
Eden Phillpotts
Brandon Tynan
Clayton Hamilton
Edward Sheldon
Richard Ganthony
Julie Lippman
Paul Dickey
Frank Bacon
Edward Paulton
Adelaide Matthews
A. E. W. Mason
Cosmo Gordon-Lennox

Catherine Chisholm Cushing J. C. and Elliott Nugent
Edward Childs Carpenter Justin Huntley McCarthy
Madeline Lucette Ryley Josephine Preston Peabody

French's International Copyrighted Edition contains plays, comedies and farces of international reputation; also recent professional successes by famous American and English Authors.

Send a four-cent stamp for our new catalogue
describing thousands of plays.

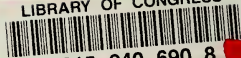
SAMUEL FRENCH

Oldest Play Publisher in the World

25 West 45th Street,

NEW YORK CITY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 940 690 8