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THE
PLAYS AND
MONOLOGUES
OF
GERALDINE FARO.





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GERALDINE A. FARO

PLAYS
AND MONOLOGUES

BY
GERALDINE A. FARO



CHICAGO
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

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W.M.V., Nov 23, 1928

*THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO MY
BEST FRIEND, MY MOTHER*

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"CUPID'S HOUR."

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

TIME: The Present.

SCENE: Mrs. Tyrrell's Library. Two doors, one to hall, another to dining room. Window. Screen. Books. Solid Furniture. Table. Sofa. Piano.

PLACE: England.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

The Honorable Mrs. Tyrrell.

Lady Becky (*her daughter*).

Wilbur Johnston (*a young American neighbor*.)

Lord Reginald Philips.

Marie (*a servant*).

Discovered: The Honorable Mrs. Tyrrell, seated on sofa embroidering fancy work. Marie arranging books. A few seconds elapses before they speak.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Marie, has Lady Becky returned from school?

Marie: No, madam.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Not returned? Impossible! (*To Marie.*)
Immediately upon her return send her to me.

Marie: Here she is, madam. (*Becky enters dancing; upon seeing Mrs. Tyrrell stops abruptly and curtseys.*)

Mrs. Tyrrell (*severely*): Becky, do you know that you are late? Two minutes after the usual time?

Lady Becky (*timidly*): Yes, ma'am—I——

Mrs. Tyrrell: Becky!

Lady Becky: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Tyrrell: And will you never realize that I am most punctilious about the time you spend on the way from school?

Lady Becky: No, ma'am—I mean yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Becky, have you forgotten your manners?

Lady Becky: No, ma'am—yes, ma'am (*curtseys very clumsily*).

Mrs. Tyrrell: Oh, you are so awkward, so very awkward. Will it always be necessary for me to enumerate your insufficiencies?

Lady Becky: No, ma'am.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Other mothers can be proud of their

children while I—oh, dear (*sighs*); oh, dear! (*Begins to sew; Marie is still arranging book case. Becky goes up stage and puts her arms around Marie, giving her a hard squeeze. Mrs. Tyrrell turns around just as she is kissing her.*) (*Horrified.*) Becky! Oh, that a Tyrrell should live to see one of her descendants display such vulgar feelings toward a housemaid. (*Turns to Becky severely.*) Young lady—hereafter if you have any superfluous affection to bestow your mother will receive it. Do not again misdirect your emotion.

Lady Becky: Yes, ma’am—no, ma’am. (*Pulls at her skirt nervously.*)

Mrs. Tyrrell: Now, what are you doing. In my numerous lessons of propriety have you not gained a clear conception of what is expected of a young lady of your position. I see it will be necessary in the future to compress my instruction into fewer words, concise as I have been.

Lady Becky (*timidly*): Yes, ma’am.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Now, take off your hat and you may practice for a short time, ten minutes. Your musical education has been slighted the past year. I shall leave you alone as I have some duties which require my attention. Pay the strictest attention to your fingering (*exit*).

Lady Becky: Yes, ma’am. (*Curtseys low. Takes off*

her hat, slowly walks to piano, playing a few bars very precisely, arranging fingers before playing. Listening for a moment at the door she runs to window waving handkerchief at some one opposite. Enter Mrs. Tyrrell.)

Mrs. Tyrrell: Becky! To whom were you waving?
Answer! (*Pause.*) To whom were you waving?

Lady Becky: To Wilbur Johnston (*nervously*).

Mrs. Tyrrell: To Wilbur Johnston! Horrible! Most horrible! Do you admit that after all my teachings you have actually been guilty of such poor form as to cultivate an acquaintance of such low birth as our neighbors, the Johnstons, and you the daughter of a Tyrrell?

Lady Becky (*meekly*): His father is the cousin of an Earl, twice removed——

Mrs. Tyrrell: And do you take his part, a man who made his money in sugar?

Lady Becky: He can't help that. Wilbur has said that——

Mrs. Tyrrell: Go to your room instantly.

Lady Becky: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Tyrrell: No, you remain. I received a letter from Lord Philips this morning asking your hand in marriage.

Lady Becky: But I ——

Mrs. Tyrrell: Becky!

Lady Becky: Yes, ma’am (*curtseys*).

Mrs. Tyrrell: For some time it has been my desire to combine the two estates and your marriage with him would be considered a most brilliant match. Lord Philips will call this afternoon and remember that you are to assume your prettiest manners. Resume your practicing and banish every other idea from your mind (*exit*). (*Lady Becky curtseys, then returns to piano and repeats business of fingering. After a few moments she wheels about on stool and finally, after cautiously peering through door runs to window and whistles softly. Then, after short pause, beckons. Wilbur, outside, calls, “Hello!”*)

Lady Becky: Come on over.

Wilbur (*outside*): Anybody there?

Lady Becky: No, I am all alone. Come on over.

Wilbur: No—I’m afraid! Besides, Marie won’t let me in!

Lady Becky (*coaxing*): Oh, come on—come through the window; it isn’t very high.

Wilbur: All right!

Lady Becky (*screams*): Oh, don’t fall.

Wilbur (*appears astride window sill*): Oh, don’t

scream, Becky, somebody might hear. (*Jumps into room.*
Mrs. Tyrrell is heard off stage calling, "Becky!")

Lady Becky (*frightened, runs to door*): Yes, ma'am!
(*To Wilbur*) Get behind the screen. (*Wilbur knocks over a chair in attempt to reach screen and clumsily hides.*
Enter Mrs. Tyrrell in street dress.)

Mrs. Tyrrell: I did not hear you practicing; why did you scream?

Lady Becky (*holding finger*): Hurt my finger.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Oh, when will you learn to conduct yourself as other children do? (*Wilbur rattles screen. Mrs. Tyrrell turns quickly. Becky screams to attract Mrs. Tyrrell's attention.*)

Mrs. Tyrrell (*startled*): Why, Becky, what on earth is the matter?

Lady Becky: Oh, my finger—oh—oh—oh!

Mrs. Tyrrell: Let me see it (*looking at finger*). I see nothing—not even the slightest bruise.

Lady Becky (*looking towards screen*): Oh, you can't see it. It's there—oh—oh—(*cries*).

Mrs. Tyrrell: Well, it might be something serious; come with me and we will see a physician.

Lady Becky (*quickly*): Oh, it is all right now, it doesn't hurt a bit.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Well, that is strange, very strange. (*Warningly*) Practice faithfully. Lord Philips may call, and if he comes before my return, remember your manners, Becky, your manners. (*Exit. Becky curtseys, then cautiously advances towards screen.*)

Wilbur: My, that was a close shave!

Lady Becky: Why did you make that dreadful noise?

Wilbur: I couldn’t help it. My, but I was scared stiff.

Lady Becky: So was I.

Wilbur: You know you’re awful smart. Gee, I like a girl like you.

Lady Becky (*shyly*): Do you?

Wilbur: You bet. Every girl hasn’t as much pluck as you have. (*Anxiously*) Say, do you suppose she will come back?

Lady Becky: Not for a while, but you must be careful, Lord Philips is to call this afternoon, and you never could guess why he is coming.

Wilbur (*sitting on sofa*): To see your mother?

Lady Becky (*shaking her head*): No——

Wilbur: Then why?

Lady Becky: To see me (*sits beside Wilbur*).

Wilbur: What for?

Lady Becky: He is going to marry me.

Wilbur (*drawls*): Are you going to marry him?

Lady Becky: Well, I suppose so, if he marries me.

Wilbur: Why, he is old enough to be your father.

Lady Becky (*thoughtfully*): Is he?

Wilbur: Yes. (*Slowly*) And so you're going to marry him?

Lady Becky (*artfully*): If I don't see anybody I like better.

Wilbur (*Thoughtfully looking straight ahead*): And so you're going to marry him?

Lady Becky (*glancing at him quickly, resentfully*): I said if nobody else asks me.

Wilbur: Say, look here, Becky, do you like him?

Lady Becky (*shakes head*): I don't know.

Wilbur: Don't know?

Lady Becky: No; I have never seen him.

Wilbur: Never have seen him?

Lady Becky: No!

Wilbur: Well, then, how did he see you?

Lady Becky: He hasn't, yet.

Wilbur: Well, then, will you please tell me how he wants to marry you if he hasn’t seen you?

Lady Becky: He has seen my mother.

Wilbur (*dryly*): Oh, I see. That’s the reason. (*Pause, both looking straight ahead.*) Say, do you really want to marry him? (*Lady Becky shakes her head.*) Then why don’t you say no?

Lady Becky: Can’t!

Wilbur: Why not?

Lady Becky: I’m afraid.

Wilbur: Is that all? (*Becky shakes her head.*) Then what is the reason?

Lady Becky (*moving closer to him*): Might be an old maid.

Wilbur: Is that all? Why, I like old maids. Once I knew——

Lady Becky: Don’t you like anybody but old maids?

Wilbur: Why, of course, I like lots of people.

Lady Becky (*moving closer to him*): Do you like some people more than you like other people?

Wilbur (*drawls*): Yes—I——

Lady Becky: What people do you like better than other people?

Wilbur: Well—I like my mother and my father and

Lady Becky (*anxiously*): And?

Wilbur: And—Oh, I don't know.

Lady Becky (*disappointed*): You don't know?

Wilbur (*quickly*): Oh, yes, and I like you.

Lady Becky: Do you?

Wilbur: Yes—I think you're the nicest girl I ever met.

Lady Becky (*sighs*): Do you?

Wilbur: Yes—say, Becky, I'm awful sorry you're going to get married.

Lady Becky (*still looking away*): Are you?

Wilbur: Yes—I'll be awfully lonesome.

Lady Becky: Will you?

Wilbur: I suppose he'll take you away?

Lady Becky: I suppose so.

Wilbur: I wish he wouldn't.

Lady Becky (*quickly*): Oh, but he will.

Wilbur (*dejectedly*): Yes, I suppose he will. (*Pause.*)
Say, do you like me?

Lady Becky (*shyly*): Yes, I believe I do.

Wilbur: Do you think you could like me better than you could like Lord Philips?

Lady Becky (*teasingly*): Well, I don’t know; I haven’t seen him yet.

Wilbur: Well, if you could like me——

Lady Becky (*quickly*): Yes——

Wilbur (*slowly*): Well—if you could like me as well as——

Lady Becky (*impatiently*): As well as——

Wilbur: As well as—(*looking towards door uneasily*)—say, do you suppose anybody will *come*?

Lady Becky (*moves towards end of sofa*): Oh, I don’t know.

Wilbur: Oh, don’t look so cross, Becky—you’re not nearly so pretty when you scowl. (*Becky smiles and moves towards him.*) Do you know that you are very pretty, Becky?

Lady Becky (*shyly*): Oh, am I?

Wilbur: Yes—I think you are.

Lady Becky: Maybe Lord Philips will, too.

Wilbur: Becky.

Lady Becky: What is it, Wilbur?

Wilbur: Becky, would you just as soon—would you just as soon——

Lady Becky: Just as soon what, Wilbur?

Wilbur (*uneasily*): Would you just as soon marry—marry——

Lady Becky (*eagerly*): Yes.

Wilbur: Would you just as soon marry—(*looks toward door*). Say, do you suppose anybody will come?

Lady Becky (*impatient*): Oh, Wilbur, I don't know. (*Moves to other end of sofa.*)

Wilbur: Well, as I was saying, would you just as soon marry—(*Marie, outside, says, "This way, Lord Philips."* *Wilbur and Becky rise quickly*). Oh, pshaw! I knew some one would come.

Lady Becky: Oh, hide, Wilbur—run!

Wilbur (*all excitement, running from one door to another, and finally straddles window sill*): Where! Where!

Lady Becky: Not there, Wilbur, there isn't time. Behind the screen! (*Enter Lord Philips as Wilbur secretes himself.*)

Lady Becky (*curtseys*): How do you do?

Lord Philips (*bowing*): To whom have I the pleasure?

Lady Becky: I’m Lady Becky.

Lord Philips: I beg your pardon, but there must be some mistake. I understood Mrs. Tyrrell to say that—well, that her daughter was a young lady.

Lady Becky: I attend a young ladies’ school.

Lord Philips: I see—I see. (*Scrutinizes her closely and using monocle.*) How old are you?

Lady Becky: I’m eighteen—but mother always says I am sixteen.

Lord Philips: Oh, I see! (*Again uses monocle.*)

Lady Becky (*aside*): I wish he would put that thing down, it makes me nervous. (*To Lord Philips*): Won’t you be seated? Mother will be back directly.

Lord Philips: Thank you. (*Sits.*) And so you are eighteen?

Lady Becky: Yes. (*Slowly.*) Mother says that you—that you—

Lord Philips (*kindly*): Yes.

Lady Becky (*hesitates*): Mother says—mother says that you would—would like to marry me.

Lord Philips (*amused*): Well?

Lady Becky (*uneasily*): Well!

Lord Philips: Well?

Lady Becky: Well, I thought Lord Philips that maybe as I'm not grown up as much as you thought I was—you'd as soon not.

Lord Philips (*surprised*): Well, I declare, you quite surprise me and I really——

Lady Becky: Yes, I know but I—that is mother—oh, Lord Philips, please say no—you see I like—that is I *think* he likes—(*Wilbur nods to her to go on*).

Lord Philips: Well, but your mother said——

Lady Becky: Yes, I know mother said—but she wouldn't mind—you see Lord Philips all mother wants is your title, she thinks it would be an advantage to have me marry you, but really, she doesn't like you a bit—why, only the other day I heard her tell Lady Winthrop that you were an awful old stick, and if it wasn't for your title and money you would scarcely be endurable.

Lord Philips (*angrily*): You don't say so!

Lady Becky: Oh, yes, I do and then Lady Winthrop said that you were one of that stupid sort of persons who almost menace our social system. Mother said, after Lady Winthrop had gone, that the thing was conclusive, that now she knew that Lady Winthrop was jealous and wanted you herself.

Lord Philips (*angrily*): Well, these are indeed glimmerings of intelligence that I never knew existed.

Lady Becky: But do you know, Lord Philips, I don’t agree with them. I think you are very nice.

Lord Philips (*taken aback*): Well, I am sure, Lady Becky, that I feel highly honored by the compliment you pay me. (*Bows. Wilbur peers out from behind the screen imitating Lord Philips’ bow. Becky looks at him disapprovingly.*)

Lady Becky: Yes, really I like you. (*Wilbur shakes head at her. Becky affects not to see him.*) Yes, I don’t think you a bit stiff and you are really quite handsome.

Lord Philips (*stiffly*): Really, Lady Becky.

Lady Becky: But, Lord Philips, you don’t really want to marry me, do you?

Lord Philips: Well, no—I rather think not.

Lady Becky (*anxiously*): And you’re not angry with me, are you?

Lord Philips: No, indeed (*bowing*), be assured that I could not entertain any such feeling toward such a charming young lady as yourself. (*Wilbur imitates the bow until Lord Philips kisses Becky’s hand, then he rattles screen. Lord Philips looks round. Becky saves the situation by a sudden scream.*) (*Excitedly*) What is it, my dear? Did you hurt yourself?

Lady Becky: No, no, I merely knocked my hand

(*smiling*). It is all right now. Please be seated. (*As Lord Philips seats himself, Becky goes up behind sofa and as Wilbur peers out she waves her hand at him and they fuss back and forth. Lord Philips looks up and Becky comes down quickly.*)

Lord Philips: I really feel that I had better be going.

Lady Becky: Can't you wait for mother? She surely cannot be much longer. Do stay. (*Wilbur makes grimaces, trying to attract Becky's attention.*)

Lord Philips: Very well, to please you. Do you know you have made me feel quite at home?

Lady Becky: Have I?

Lord Philips: Yes, indeed you have.

Lady Becky: I am glad of that, for if I had not I would have felt very sorry. If I had met you sooner, Lord Philips, I might——

Lord Philips (*quickly*): Yes, you might——

Lady Becky: I might have liked you very much.

Lord Philips (*hopefully*): Maybe it is not too late now. (*Business for Wilbur.*)

Lady Becky: Oh, yes, it is. You see I did not know you until today, and when one meets some one only today when they met someone else yesterday, that is, I mean

(*confused*), well, of course, they like the somebody of yesterday better than the somebody of today.

Lord Philips: Oh, I see, then there is someone else?

Lady Becky (*glancing toward screen, Wilbur nods*):
Yes.

Lord Philips: Then, of course, it makes a difference; but I was sure your mother said——

Lady Becky: Yes, mother—that is, mother doesn’t know. (*Lord Philips smiles and nods.*)

Lord Philips: I thought so.

Lady Becky: It happened this way: mother wants me to marry a title, but really I don’t care for a title and besides Wilbur has an uncle who has a title. (*Excitedly turns to screen, forgetting herself.*) Haven’t you, Wilbur? (*Starts.*)

Lord Philips (*looking around, using monocle*): Eh!

Lady Becky: I mean, don’t you know that Wilbur has a title?

Lord Philips: I must confess, Lady Becky, that I am quite at sea, as I do not recognize the name you mention.

Lady Becky: Oh, that is so; you don’t know Wilbur, do you?

Lord Philips: Did I understand you to say that the gentleman has asked your hand in marriage?

Lady Becky: Well I—(*glances toward screen*)—that is, I—(*Wilbur nods yes*)—well—(*relieved*)—yes, he has!

Lord Philips: And you have accepted?

Lady Becky: Well (*teasingly*)—well, not exactly. (*Wilbur looks disappointed.*)

Lord Philips (*quickly*): You mean?

Lady Becky: But I think—I shall.

Lord Philips: Oh!

Lady Becky: Lord Philips, won't you help me? You see, if mother thinks there is any opportunity to gain a title she never will give it up. Oh, please—please tell her that you do not want me.

Lord Philips: Well, I could hardly be truthful and tell her that now that I have seen you, Lady Becky, but there might be some other way.

Lady Becky: Oh, please—please find a way.

Lord Philips: Let me think!

Lady Becky: Yes—yes!

Lord Philips: I might write and withdraw my offer.

Lady Becky: Yes.

Lord Philips (*rising*): I *will* write.

Lady Becky: Lord Philips, you're a dear! (*Throws*

her arms around his neck, then seeing Wilbur, confusedly disengages herself and curtseys.) I beg your pardon.

Lord Philips: Not at all! Not at all, my dear. And now I will say good afternoon and I wish you every happiness. (*Bows and exits.*)

Lady Becky (*following him to door, sighs*): Oh, Wilbur, isn't he handsome? (*Wilbur comes out.*)

Wilbur: Well, I don't see anything to rave about in him. He's got more nerve than any one I ever saw.

Lady Becky (*crossly*): Well, you needn't be so snappy. I think he is a perfect—what's that man's name?—oh, yes, Apollo!

Wilbur: Apollo! Well, I suppose it is only a matter of opinion.

Lady Becky: Yes, it is a matter of opinion. But I was so deceived in you, as Longfellow said once, “Oh, that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace.”

Wilbur: Longfellow never said that.

Lady Becky (*angrily*): Are you going to contradict every word I say?

Wilbur: No, but honestly, Becky, Longfellow never said that.

Lady Becky: Well, I suppose you can tell me who did (*haughtily*).

Wilbur: Surely. Juliet says that of Roméo.

Lady Becky: Well, supposing she did, what's the difference, it was said, wasn't it?

Wilbur: Yes, you're right, Becky, but don't be cross, Becky, you're not nearly so pretty.

Lady Becky (*anxiously*): I'm not? Well, I'm not cross.

Wilbur: Well, you were, and when a girl is going to marry a man she doesn't usually get cross with him, and you are going to marry me!

Lady Becky: No, I'm not; I've changed my mind.

Wilbur: Oh, you don't mean that, Becky.

Lady Becky: Yes, I do, and you can go right home, and I don't care whether I ever see you again or not. So!

Wilbur: Yes, you do, Becky. (*Goes over to her.*)

Lady Becky: No, I don't, and you can just go home.

Wilbur (*sighs*): Well, all right; I'll go. (*Starts toward window. When Becky sees that he really intends going she pretends to cry, sobbing very hard. Wilbur comes back quickly and takes her into his arms awkwardly.*) Oh, I say, Becky, don't cry like that, it makes a fellow feel bad.

Lady Becky: Well, you don't care for me a bit (*sobs*).

Wilbur: Why, yes, I do—only——

Lady Becky: Well, you never said you loved me
(sobs).

Wilbur: I haven’t had a chance.

Lady Becky (*looks up shyly*): Well, you have now.
(*Embrace. Enter Mrs. Tyrrell, shocked at sight.*)

Mrs. Tyrrell: Becky!

Lady Becky: Yes, ma’am (*frightened*)

Mrs. Tyrrell: What does this mean?

Lady Becky: It means——(*frightened*).

Mrs. Tyrrell: Well?

Lady Becky: It means (*sobs*)—oh, mother, Lord Philips has refused to marry me and Wilbur was just consoling me (*sobs*).

Wilbur (*with courage*): Yes, Mrs. Tyrrell, I told Becky not to mind.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Go to your room instantly, Becky. (*To Wilbur*) As for you, sir——(*Enter Marie*).

Marie: A note for you, ma’am.

Mrs. Tyrrell: For me! (*Opens it and reads.*) “My dear Mrs. Tyrrell—” What? “I must apologize for calling so early this afternoon and thank you for your invitation. With deepest regrets I beg that you will not

misunderstand me when I ask your permission to withdraw from the marriage arrangement in which we were both so interested, but having seen your daughter, I realize how impossible it would be for me to consider marriage with such a mere child.

“With deepest regrets, I beg to remain, your sincere friend,
REGINALD PHILIPS.”

So! so! (*Becky sobs louder and louder*). My poor child! My poor child!

Lady Becky: Now, I'll be an old maid! (*Sobs loudly.*)

Mrs. Tyrrell: Do not be disappointed, dear. I clearly see what a mistake I might have made in sacrificing you to such a profligate. I have learned a lesson.

Lady Becky (*sobbing*): Yes, ma'am.

Wilbur: Mrs. Tyrrell, I love Becky and if you think my suit worthy of consideration I——

Lady Becky (*sobs*): His father's second cousin to an Earl, twice removed.

Mrs. Tyrrell: Becky, do you love Mr. Johnston?

Lady Becky: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Tyrrell (*sighs*): Life is very strange, very strange. Well, you may choose for yourself, as my choice has been so unsuccessful. You may spend ten

minutes together. (*Exit. Becky and Wilbur bow and then stand looking at each other.*)

Wilbur: Only ten minutes.

Lady Becky: Yes—only—ten—minutes.

Wilbur: Pshaw! I need ten hours to say all I have to say.

Lady Becky: And I——

Wilbur (*going to her*): Need only say you love me; say it, Becky.

Lady Becky: I love you! (*Embrace.*)

CURTAIN.

A DEAL IN WHEAT.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

TIME: The Present.

SCENE: A dining room, furnished moderately well. Telephone. Two doors; one to street and another to bed-room.

PERSONS.

Barbara Winston, a very sedate young lady.

Kitty Winston, her sister.

(*Enter Barbara.*)

Barbara: I wonder what time it is and what keeps Kitty so long (*looks at clock on table*). My, it seems a fearfully long time since she left. Surely it has not taken her all this time, three hours, to empty her slim purse. I hope she has not encountered any difficulties en route from town. I never know just what she will do next. (*Sitting.*) But, poor child, we lead such a monotonous, hum-drum sort of existence that sometimes I am not surprised to find her seeking some sort of diversion. If I could only bring myself to obey Uncle Richard's wishes and marry the man he has chosen, we would not

need to deprive ourselves of a few of the luxuries now denied us, but I cannot marry a man I do not love and in consequence thereof, the Hon. Richard Winston has cut his nieces' allowance and left them to their own resources until they see fit to abide by his decision. Heigh-ho; Oh, dear, at first we thought it easy—poor Kitty need not have brought herself into this awful mess of affairs—but she refused to separate from me, so here we are—all our efforts have failed—poor Kitty tried hard enough to teach dancing and I'm sure I did all I could with music, but our futile efforts were nipped in the bud, and after two months, we find ourselves with only 40 pounds in bank and no financial prospects in view.

(Enter Kitty with her arms full of bundles.)

Kitty: Hello, Barbara! Did you think I had forgotten you?

(Lays down packages in a heap.)

Barbara *(kissing her)*: Yes, dear—I was beginning to think you had forsaken poor me.

Kitty: Now, Barbara, that's unkind. Forsaken you? Well, not while my name is Kitty Winston, and—as I see no way of managing a change of name—you're pretty safe, I guess.

Barbara: Dear little girl. *(Picks up one of the packages.)* Well, take off your things, you must be starved.

Kitty (*removes her coat*): Had lunch?

Barbara: No, I waited for you. I did not fancy dining alone. Now Kitty, give me your coat and do hurry. You look a perfect sight; do fix your hair. Please hurry, I am almost starved.

Kitty: Well, maybe I'm not.

Barbara: Then prove your statement and hurry. Luncheon was ready an hour ago and I suppose all you can have now is tea.

Kitty: Well, if that is all I can have, it's all I want (*laughs*).

Barbara: I'll take these packages in your room (*exit*).

Kitty: Yes, I will, Barbara. Oh, what a surprise I have in store for her. But I daren't tell her yet (*taking off her hat and gloves*) because she is always opposed to such things. I met a friend this morning who in confidence told me that if I were to buy on the Stock Exchange this morning, by one o'clock this afternoon I would have money to scatter to the winds. The temptation seized me and immediately I rushed to the bank, drew our 40 pounds and invested in wheat at—now what was that—oh, yes (*counts on fingers*), 85 on a 2-cent margin, whatever that means; I never could make head or tail out of those expressions of the Board, but they seem to know, but Mr. Jordan told me that if it were to drop—Oh!

what hideous things I do think of sometimes—why it can't drop—of course it can't—we must win—I say we must. If Uncle Dick ever finds out that I have been guilty of such a thing, he would never, never forgive me.

(Enter Barbara; Kitty starts guiltily.)

Barbara: Now do go put your hat away, Kitty.

Kitty: Yes, I will, and it won't take me a minute *(exit)*.

Barbara *(arranging tea cups)*: Mrs. Churchill called this morning, asking my permission to let you appear in a little playlet she is coaching for a benefit.

(Enter Kitty with comb and brush in hand, hair hanging.)

Kitty: Did you say I would, Barbara?

Barbara: Why, of course, I did not.

Kitty *(disappointed)*: Oh, Barbara.

Barbara: Now Kitty, don't be foolish. I don't like to disappoint you, but we really cannot afford to plunge into society just now. Your costumes would amount to a fearful sum.

Kitty *(pants)*: But, Barbara, you knew I wanted—

Barbara: Yes, I know, dear, and it makes me feel disappointed to be obliged to deprive you of any pleasure, but you understand, dear.

Kitty: But, Barbara, we will have heaps of money, I tell you.

Barbara (*surprised*): What?

Kitty (*aside*): Oh, I forgot.

Barbara: I think you had better have luncheon. Your mind does not seem to be in a clear state at present. Mrs. Churchill left a manuscript for you to look over—(*taking manuscript in her hands*). Here it is.

Kitty: Oh, give it to me, Barbara. (*Takes it from Barbara, handing her a pin that she takes from her waist.*) Fasten my collar, please.

(*Barbara is fastening collar while Kitty looks over manuscript.*)

Kitty: Oh, isn't this fine; just the sort of part I like to play.

(*Begins to hum and finally starts across the stage with a few fancy dance steps humming a tune. Barbara, intent on fastening collar, still holds on, following her, then impatiently calls her.*)

Barbara: Kitty, will you please stand still.

Kitty (*apologizing*): Oh, Barbara, I forgot. Is it fastened?

Barbara: Yes, now do sit down—and have some tea. Your mind will then probably be more receptive.

Kitty (*seats herself at table*): Yes, I think I need some stimulant. (*Aside*) I want to find out her views concerning the Stock Exchange.

Barbara: Now you may tell me about your morning. How it was spent and what kept you so long.

Kitty (*drinking tea and eating crackers, with mouth full*): Well, I made my limited purchases according to my limited fund, trying to spend said limited money in a limited space of time, which I did (*takes another bite*).

Barbara (*laughing*): Oh, Kitty, you are so funny; take your time.

Kitty: My dear, I'm doing my best (*takes another bite*), but I am so hungry. But, Barbara, to be frank, honest, and to conceal nothing, I spent more than an hour talking with—well, guess whom.

Barbara: Do tell me, I never could guess.

Kitty: Mr. Walter Jordan.

Barbara: Well, surely, that is a surprise.

Kitty: And, Barbara, he says that he is sure that Uncle Dick has repented his harshness towards you and has even allowed your name to be mentioned without his usual (*clears her throat, imitates old gentleman*).
“Enough, sir! Enough! I will hear no more!”

Barbara (*laughing*): Kitty, aren't you ashamed of yourself.

Kitty: No, I'm not one whit ashamed of myself. I do love Uncle Dick, but I think he has behaved shamefully toward us, and his proceedings are unpardonable.

Barbara: *Toward us*, Kitty?

Kitty: Yes, Barbara, *toward us*. When he offends you, he likewise offends me. But enough of Uncle Dick. Now to Mr. Jordan. Barbara, he told me some startling news of the stock exchange.

Barbara: Oh, Kittie, don't start that, you know I don't approve of it in the least.

Kitty: But, Barbara, just listen this one time. Mr. Jordan says that any one buying within the next two hours will make a mint of money, so I thought——

Barbara: Now, why persist in discussing such an unwelcome topic of conversation? You know our financial embarrassment at present, so why waste your time on such a subject?

Kitty: But, Barbara, I thought of our forty pounds, and it suddenly occurred to me that where there was no risk, there was no gain.

Barbara: Why, it is all we have, and you know that Uncle Dick is only waiting for us to come to him. He is

sure that we cannot exist on the income he allows us, and is positive that we will find it necessary to appeal to him. Uncle Dick prides himself on having such a keen innate love of human analysis and is sure that his observation on all classes and conditions of women never has erred.

Kitty (*dryly*): Yes—he has lived so long.

Barbara: He insists his intuitions concerning such matters are never wrong, so I want to prove that this time he *is* wrong. So now, Kitty, you understand why we must be careful and consider some practical way of supporting ourselves. I am sure Uncle will not hold out very much longer when he sees we are in earnest.

Kitty: But, Barbara, we can make money, I tell you, if——

Barbara: No, we cannot invest one cent. Why, if Uncle heard of it he would never forgive us. Do not persist, Kitty, it only annoys me.

Kitty (*aside*): Oh, I never can tell her now. (*Telephone rings.*)

Barbara: Answer it, Kitty.

Kitty: All right; (*aside*) I am sure that is Mr. Jordan. Barbara mustn't hear. (*To Barbara*) Barbara, will you please take my brush and comb in the other room?

Barbara (*taking both*) Certainly, dear, but answer the 'phone, or you will lose the party. (*Exit.*)

Kitty (*at 'phone*): Hello! Hello!—Yes, this is Miss Kitty. Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Jordan—good news?—Oh, you are very busy—you will have your clerk telephone the news as it comes from the ticker—What's that?—ah, I see—thank you; good-bye (*hangs up receiver*). Oh, if Barbara hears. What can I do to prevent it until after I have received the news? I must do it.

(*Barbara enters.*)

Kitty: Thank you, Barbara; and, oh, Barbara, by the way, I don't like to trouble you so much, but would you just as soon mail a letter for me? I don't feel like going out now.

Barbara: Of course I will; give it to me. Kitty, are you quite well? You seem so beside yourself with excitement!

Kitty: I am all right, Barbara; don't worry about me. (*Gets letter from table; gives it to Barbara.*)

Barbara (*looking at letter*): Mrs. Durville—but there isn't any address.

Kitty: Oh, I forgot; give it to me. (*Takes letter and writes address on it.*)

Barbara: I won't be long, dear. (*Puts on hat; exit.*)

Kitty (*calls out after her*): Take your time, Barbara;

don't hurry back. (*Goes to 'phone.*) Oh, I am so impatient; I do wish they would hurry; I'm so afraid Barbara will come back. (*'Phone rings.*) Oh, I'm so glad. (*Takes up receiver.*) Hello! Hello!—What? Is this Mrs. Jones?—No! This isn't Mrs. Jones, and I don't know who she is—(*hangs up receiver*). Now, isn't that provoking? If Barbara comes back what shall I do? I can't send her out on any other message. (*'Phone rings.*) Hello! Hello!—yes—yes, this is Miss Winston speaking—yes—what?—I can't understand—yes, I know who you are—what?—wheat has dropped one-half cent?—Oh, dear—yes, I'll wait—what is it?—the ticker says it drops one-half cent more? Merciful Jupiter. Yes—yes—I can't understand (*excitedly, to some one on the line*). Get off the line—this line is busy—no—no, go on, I'm talking—Hello! Hello!—yes—what?—oh, you'll 'phone further reports as soon as they come in. Oh, do hurry them, won't you? What?—You'll give me all the information that comes over the wire?—Oh, thank you—good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

(*Enter Barbara.*)

Barbara: Who was it? (*Takes off her hat.*)

Kitty: Some one on the wire had the wrong number (*nervously*), I guess.

Barbara: Kitty, why are you so excited? Do go and lie down and calm yourself.

Kitty (*excitedly*): Yes, I will, Barbara. (*'Phone rings.*)

Barbara: I'll answer it.

Kitty (*stopping her*): No, thank you, I'll answer it. If you will—if—oh, Barbara, go and get my bed ready, and I'll topple right in—only please go now.

Barbara: Very well. Oh, I am so afraid she will be ill. (*Exit.*)

Kitty (*at 'phone*): Hello! Hello! Yes—yes—what? Wheat has dropped another half cent—goodness, is that all wheat ever does? Can't you stop it?—you can't?—oh, please try—yes, I have all my money on it and it simply must go up—you are sorry, but you can't help it—well, I don't think you are at all accommodating—oh, dear, what can I do?—just wait?—yes, I will. (*Barbara calls "Kitty."*) Yes, I'll be there—but please don't come out for me. (*In 'phone.*) Hello! Yes—will you call Mr. Jordan, please?—you can't?—well, can *you* tell me what will happen if it drops any more?—yes—yes—yes—I bought it on a 2-cent margin—well—it's only gone a cent and three-quarters?—yes, but if it goes down any more—what? If it goes down more than 2 cents I will have to put up more money or lose all? But I haven't any more money, and I can't get any more—don't you understand?—you do?—well, then, why can't you arrange it—you'll

try?—oh, thank you—yes, I'll wait forever, only please—please don't let it go any lower,—oh, what will I do—Hello! You're sure it will go lower?—(*Barbara enters.*) Oh, Barbara, it has dropped.

Barbara: What are you talking about?

Kitty (*wildly*): Wheat, of course—wheat—don't you understand? It dropped one-half cent and then another half cent, and——

Barbara: Oh, the poor child is delirious; I knew she was ill. Kitty, come to your room. (*Takes her arm.*)

Kitty (*mildly*): And then it dropped another half cent and then (*sobs*) oh, Barbara—Barbara (*sobs*).

Barbara (*trying to get her away from 'phone*): Come, dear.

Kitty: No, I can't leave this 'phone; I must hear, I tell you—I must hear. He said it dropped and would surely drop lower; and, oh, Barbara, if it is true (*sobs*).

Barbara: Poor child; Poor child!

Kitty: Barbara, we have lost (*sobs*).

Barbara: Kitty, you must come to your room.

Kitty (*in 'phone*): Hello!—yes, I'm here.

Barbara: Let me talk, you are not in any condition to telephone.

Kitty: No, I say I will—you don't know, Barbara.
(*In 'phone*) Yes—yes—

Barbara: Come away, Kitty.

Kitty: No, go away, Barbara (*in 'phone*) yes—yes—what?—wheat has gone up two points—oh, what does that mean?—yes—yes, I'm listening—(*still sobs*)—gone up another point. (*To Barbara.*) Barbara, do you hear—another point—(*in 'phone*)—yes—gone up two points more?—yes, I'll wait—just call out as it goes up. (*Barbara tries to get her away.*) No, Barbara, don't bother me.

Barbara: Oh, what shall I do with her; she is stark mad! Let me repeat the message to you, Kitty. (*Takes receiver away from Kitty.*) Oh, I must please her; what can I do? (*In 'phone*) Hello!—yes—Hello!

Kitty: What is it?

Barbara: Hello!—yes, I'm listening—yes—what?—(*blankly*) one more point (*repeats excitedly*) one more point—one more point—go on.

Kitty: Get there, wheat—get there, I say.

Barbara (*nervously*): Oh, I don't know what I am doing or what—or what it all means. Yes—I'm listening—yes—another point—yes—still another—

Kitty (*standing in center of stage, clenches hands as*

if driving, and all excitement): Go up—go up, wheat—
I say you must!

Barbara: Two more.

Kitty: Two more—two more—it must—give me the
receiver (*takes receiver from Barbara*).

Barbara: Oh, Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!

Kitty (in 'phone): Yes—yes—what do you say?—
yes—what will I do buy or sell?—You tell me—Sell?—
All right, I'll sell; (*to Barbara*) Barbara, I've won—he
says I've won.

Barbara: Oh, Kittie! what have you done? I don't
understand!

Kitty (*hugging her*): Stupid—I've put the forty
pounds on the Stock Exchange and we have won.

Barbara: Oh, Kitty!

Kitty: Hurrah for wheat! (*Waves sofa pillow in air.*)
Three cheers for the Stock Exchange. (*Picture. Kitty
jumps on couch, buries her face in sofa pillows—Bar-
bara stands in center of stage blankly looking at her.*)

THE GOVERNESS.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

TIME: The Present.

SCENE: A drawing-room. Two doors; one leading to hall off R. U. E., another to bed-room L. I. E. Table near bed-room door.

PERSONS.

Jane Templeton (*a contrary young lady of sixteen*).

Gretta (*her German governess, who finds it very hard to speak English*).

Discovered: Jane at bedroom door, with her finger on her lips—holds pose a second, then crosses to other door very slowly on tip-toe, then crosses back again, looking cautiously over shoulder at other door. Turns down lamp on table, then crosses to bedroom pulling curtain aside.

Jane: Sh! Sh! Not a word, on your life! Be perfectly still! (*Crosses to hall door on tip-toe, then back again.*) Sh! (*in loud whisper*) Gretta might come! I'll close the curtains and not a word on your life! (*Closes curtains, crosses to table and turns up the light looking*

anxiously from one door to another.) Poor Harry, I know he hasn't done any wrong—what wrong can there be in his stealing away from the ranks for a few moments to see me—but that nasty old Lieutenant is so strict, Harry says, that if he is missed he will be put in the guardhouse. How awful! Oh! (*puts head in hands and shudders*). If I can only get rid of Gretta, so that she won't know Harry is here (*fearfully*); Oh, here she comes (*turns lamp up and hastily snatches book from table, opening it and pretends to read. Enter Gretta, calling with very strong German accent*).

Gretta: Miss Jans! Miss Jans! Oh, there you are. Now I think it very late. Madam, your mother, leave vord when she go out—that you retire early; she have planned vone glorious trip tomorrow, and you must be up early.

Jane: Oh, Gretta! just a little longer. It is so early, and I am not at all sleepy.

Gretta: But Madam, your mother, say——

Jane: Now, Gretta, it is always “Madam—your mother”—please let me have my way if only for this time.

Gretta: Yes, but you always do this same thing every time, and every time Madam say to me—“Do not again as Miss Jans say—do as I say.”

Jane (*pleadingly*): But Gretta, just this once, please.

Gretta: No, Miss Jans, I do not like to refuse you, but I must—now, what do you say in English?—obey—yes, obey Madam's orders, and she say you retire.

Jane (*peevishly*): Now I know what you are going to do; you are just going to make me unhappy (*pouts*).

Gretta: Oh, now, Miss Jans, you know I want to please you, but what am I to do? Madam say you drive, you say you walk; Madam say you speak French, you say you speak German; Madam say you stay home, you say you go out, and *all*—all I am blame for—I know not what to say (*sits herself wearily*).

Jane (*sobbing*): But you must not make me unhappy, Gretta; that's what you do (*sobs*).

Gretta (*relenting*): Don't say that, Miss Jans (*goes to her*).

Jane: Yes, you do (*sobs*) shaking off Gretta's hand.

Gretta: No, I do not, but I obey Madam your mother's orders. (*Stands immovably, stage center.*)

Jane: Don't be angry with me, Gretta; you—you know I love you heaps, now, don't you, Gretta?

(*Gretta stands stolidly looking straight ahead. Jane goes from one side to another trying to make Gretta see her, then finally sobs.*)

Jane: You don't love me any more.

Gretta (*relenting*): Of course I do (*goes to her; kisses her*), but you have such a contrary way. I never know what you will do next. Now if you do not go to bed you must correct your lesson of this morning. It was very bad.

Jane: What lesson, Gretta?

Gretta: Why, your German, of course.

Jane (*aside*): Oh, that hideous stuff!

Gretta: I will get the books (*starts to go*).

Jane (*stopping her*): Oh, Gretta, I don't want to.

Gretta: Yes, you must; indeed you must.

Jane: Well, then, only a little lesson, Gretta.

Gretta: Yes—I will go for the book. (*Exit.*)

Jane (*looks out after her, then runs to door of bedroom*): Don't make a sound, Harry, and the first opportunity you have climb down by the fire escape and you will be all right, but do hurry, because Gretta never misses a thing. Sh! (*crosses to other door*). Just fancy being seventeen and neither driving, walking, singing or dancing alone. Why even in my sleep I see Mary standing over me with that old German book, commanding me

to say "Sie ist ein dum kopf" (*starts*). Oh, here she comes (*runs to bedroom, saying*) Sh!

(*Enter Gretta with book.*)

Gretta: Now we will begin (*seats herself at table near door*).

Jane (*anxiously*): Let's move the table over here Gretta—it will be much nicer (*points to other side of room*).

Gretta: No, it will do as well here.

Jane: But, Gretta, I don't feel like saying German on this side of the room (*looks anxiously toward bedroom.*) (*Aside*) Oh, she can hear every sound in there.

Gretta (*paying no attention*): Now we will begin.

Jane: But I can't study on that side, I tell you.

Gretta (*impatiently*): Oh, you so funny girl.

Jane (*coaxingly*): Oh, please, Gretta.

Gretta: All right—but you so queer, Miss Jans.

(*They move table and then sit at either side—Jane gives sigh of satisfaction but glances uneasily toward door.*)

Gretta (*in deep voice*): Die fünf Wörter die ich dir gegeben habe?

Jane (*aside*): She wants me to give those things I did this morning and I never can remember.

Gretta: Begin!

Jane (*weakly*): Wir—bin—es.

Gretta (*standing and almost shouting*): Ich bin es—you must say.

Jane: Well, I'll say it—Ich bin es. Du bist es. Er bist es.

Gretta (*rising again*): Wie habe ich dir gesacht. "Er ist es?"

Jane: Well, I can't help it, can I? Fudge for all the old German. I never can get all this stuff. Er ist es. Sie ist es. Wir sind es?—does that suit you?

Gretta: Now, I ask questions and you answer.

Jane: I can't.

Gretta: Ready! Was ist der hund?

Jane (*suddenly*): I don't know.

Gretta: Was ist der hund?

Jane (*pouts*): Die hund ist treu.

Gretta: Not *die* hund—*der* hund ist treu.

Jane (*repeats*): Der hund ist treu.

Gretta: Was ist das Buch?

Jane: I don't know.

Gretta (*repeating*): Was ist das Buch?

Jane: Well, I don't know, I say.

Gretta: Was ist das Buch?

Jane: *I don't know!*

(*Loud knocks at door—both jump up startled. Gretta rushes out screaming "Ach, mein Gott!" Jane rushes to door.*)

Jane: Why, what on earth is it?

Gretta (*outside*): "No, sir—I say you cannot come in, there is no one here!" (*Enters.*) What you think, Miss Jans—a man, what you call—officer—come and say a man they want vas track here—to this house—(*loud knocks*). Oh, hear—they will knock down the door.

Jane: Oh, Gretta, Gretta (*sobs*) can you ever forgive me? The man is here—I let him in (*sobs*).

Gretta (*screams*): A man? A man in this house and you let him in? (*Screams*). Murder! Help! Oh, we must fly.

Jane: No, Gretta—don't you see we must not let them in, we must wait until the man can get out by way of the fire escape.

Gretta (*screaming*): Oh, where is he?

Jane (*whispers*): In my room.

Gretta (*screams*): In your room—Oh, Miss Jans! Was sol ich thum! Was sol ich thum!

Jane: Don't scream, Gretta—you must just keep the officers from this room. If they find us sheltering him we would suffer for it, Gretta.

Gretta: A man here and, oh, to think that I should not have known it! Oh! Oh! (*Sobs.*)

Jane (*mischievously*): Yes, Gretta, it is sad that you missed this *one* event. This indignity imposed on your discretion. (*Loud knocks.*)

Gretta: Oh, hear them; they will come in here. What will we do?

Jane: I'll tell you. You guard this room with your life, Gretta—I will go into my room, help the prisoner escape, and you keep them interested in this side of the house.

Gretta (*all astonishment*): You go in there where that man is? No, he would kill you!

Jane (*smiles*): Don't worry, Gretta; I have him under the most surprising control. He is quite harmless and all he thinks of is his escape. Go and see how many there are. (*Gretta exits sobbing. Jane goes to door and looks in bedroom.*) Gone! Now, if I can only keep

them here until Harry gets back to the rank—oh, dear, but this is exciting. (*Enter Gretta screaming.*)

Gretta: Oh, there are so many men; what will Madam say? We both lose our lives, and then, oh, then what will happen? What will become of us? Oh! Oh!

Jane (*laughingly*): Have a funeral, Gretta. (*Solemnly*) And then I couldn't say——

Gretta: How can I stop them?

Jane: Use your wits, Gretta! (*Exit. Loud knocks.*)

Gretta: "Oh, sie wollen herein, kommen. Mein lieber Gott! Mein lieber Gott." (*To Jane*) Madam never forgive me for not watching Miss Jans. I do all I can—but (*loud knocks*). Oh, there they are—how can I keep them out of here? (*Goes to hall door.*) Sirs, come not in here. This is my lady's room and you shall not enter. (*Outside men say, "Step aside, Madam, we must enter."*) Gretta guards door.) This is Miss Jans' room and she have retired and—oh, what shall I say? (*Cries.*) (*Jane throws a shoe from her room across the stage—Gretta screams—Jane throws another shoe, followed by stockings.*)

Gretta: Miss Jans—no more—no more!

Jane (*from her room*): I'll come out if they don't go away!

Gretta (*cries, wildly running from one side of stage to other*): Oh, do not, Miss Jans—please, men, go away—you have disturbed my lady's slumbers. Go!

Jane: I'm coming, Gretta.

Gretta: Please, Miss Jans—Miss Jans! Oh, what will I do?

Jane (*peeping out with night-cap on*): Yes, I will, Gretta—I'm coming!

Gretta (*gets on her knees and pleads with Jane*): Oh, please (*gets up and runs to door*), please, men, go away, my lady has retired and says she will come out if you don't go away. (*Loud noise of departing footsteps.*)

Jane (*coming out dressed as before and pulling off night-cap*): Have they gone?

Gretta (*falling into chair*): Yes, they have gone, but has *he* gone?

Jane: Yes, he's gone. (*Comes up to Gretta.*) Oh, Gretta, wasn't that tremendous!

Gretta: I say preposterous.

Jane: Just something you missed. (*Gretta sits looking straight ahead. Jane points finger at her laughing.*)

CURTAIN.

“THE BURGLAR.”

A MONOLOGUE.

(*Enter Mrs. Dixon with book under her arm. Speaks*):
Nine o'clock! Nine o'clock, and Roger not home yet! I've walked through every room of this house trying to occupy my mind. I've read, played the piano, played solitaire and sung myself ill. Even *Il Trovatore* fails to inspire the usual interest, and I can always fancy myself in the prison scene. I always do experience every feeling of emotion displayed by heroines of books and plays, but now I cannot feel anything—cannot sustain any thought that will banish the awful injustice of having been left alone. The idea! Why, Roger has been gone a whole hour; just to think of it and we have only been married a month! If he adds an hour to each month I can fancy my future, rather a lonely proposition. What time is it now? (*Looks at watch. Seats herself at table.*) Only two minutes after nine! It seems ages since I looked before. Clubs! Clubs! Nothing but Clubs! If I knew that Roger's being a club member meant that I was to be left alone two nights out of every week, I never would have married him. I'm sure I never heard so much about

clubs before we were married. Nothing could ever induce Roger to attend the meetings then, and now—well, he never misses one. Oh, the awful injustice of it—it is shameful and I won't suffer this awful abuse. I'll—I'll—Oh, I don't know what I'll do!

(Walks up and down.)

I don't care anyway—at least I'm not going to care; I guess I can amuse myself in his absence. I'll read—that's what I'll do!

(Sits at table, tries to read; then tosses book away, impatiently.)

There is not one book on the market that is worth publication. The heroines are all such namby-pamby creatures—afraid of their own shadows. Why, an ordinary man would frighten the life out of the woman in this book. Why on earth doesn't some one write from human nature instead of placing infants in peril and expecting them to assume dignity and bravery that befits a womanly woman. Stuff and nonsense!

(Rises and goes over to piano—plays a moment and then leans her head on arms, resting on the piano.)

Oh, dear! Everything is so tiresome—and I am so tired.

(Noise of opening door is heard.)

What's that? I'm sure I heard something!

(Noise repeated.)

Yes, there it is again! Oh, I left the latch off the front door as Roger forgot his key and—oh, no! it couldn't be! How very foolish of me.

(Pause.)

Oh, dear, I'm sure I heard the door open. Yes, there it goes again. Oh, dear, dear!

(Goes to door, calls Maid.)

Katie! Katie! Did you hear anything?

(Pause.)

You did? You heard the door open? Well, go and see who it is, Katie, and if it is a man tell him, whoever he is, that if he has come to rob us he might as well go away because there isn't anything in the house worth having. The plate is all in the vault and I haven't anything but my engagement ring, and he can't have that. What? You're afraid? Absurd! Ridiculous! Go instantly! The idea of being afraid of a man! *(Sarcastically.)* You're afraid! *(Bravely)* Then I shall go!

(Pause.)

Oh dear—there it is again! I'll just get Roger's revolver and—and—shoot him; that's what I'll do. The assurance of the creature to rob a house where there is

no one but a lone woman to protect it. I'll show him!

(Bravely lifts revolver—then suddenly holds it far off growing very timid.)

Oh, I can't—I don't know how to use this thing. I always was afraid of revolvers. What if I should shoot him—or worse—if he should shoot me? Well, it would serve Roger right to come home and find me dead—then he would realize his cruelty to me. *(Sobs.)*

There he is in the dining room. I can just hear him taking all my cut glass and things—there—yes, he is taking all my silver, I can hear the spoons rattle. Oh, what shall I do! Shall I hide—or face him—oh, no, he might shoot. *(Pause.)* He wouldn't come in here. Yes—I am sure he's coming.

(Rushes to curtains and hides behind them crying in loud whisper.) Help! Help! Roger! Katie! Oh, dear!

(Pause—she comes out cautiously looking about.)

Oh, I am sure he was coming and maybe my loud screams frightened him *(Pause.)* Oh, there he comes again. What shall I do?

(Pulls center-piece from table, wrapping it about her head and hiding at the side of the table—crouching to the floor.)

Oh, please, Mr. Burglar, don't shoot! You can have anything in the house, only don't shoot!

(Looking up sees Roger.)

Roger! Roger! Did he kill you? What am I doing? Why, there was a dreadful burglar in the house just now, and he has taken everything and it's all your fault—I might have been killed and it would serve you right for leaving me all alone—and I was so frightened.

(Pause.)

There wasn't any burglar! Roger, how can you say such a thing when you know there was? He came in at the front door softly so that I might not hear him and—It was you and you tried not to wake me? *(Indignantly)* Well, do you suppose that I could sleep when there wasn't a soul to protect the house? Katie was afraid. I think it was shameful for you to leave me—you don't love me any more and I am going home to my mother. She loves me and you don't. *(Sobs.)* No, you don't or you wouldn't leave me for clubs. No! *(Sobs.)* Well, you won't leave me any more? Never again? Well, I guess I do love you—but wasn't I brave, Roger?

CURTAIN.

"IN A LATIN QUARTER."

MONOLOGUE.

SCENE: An artist's studio. Many unfinished pictures about the room; an easel with draped picture U. L. C. Table with photo D. L. C. Chair, couch, artist's stool.

(Enter "Frou-Frou," an immature child of about 14 years of age, neatly but poorly clad, with a crude attempt at finery, carrying a large dilapidated rag dog—hugs closely in arms. Looks about room, calls "Monsieur" several times, looks in every part of room—calls again and again.)

Monsieur! Not here! (*Disappointedly.*) Oh! I am late and I ran so fast I am all tired out and it is all your fault. (*Takes dog in hands shaking him by the fore legs.*) You're such an ugly old thing! (*hard shake*) Homely—can't talk—you're no company. (*Throws dog on couch—crosses to other side of room; taps foot impatiently. Then, relenting, crosses, kneels beside couch.*) Oh, yes, you are—you're the best friend I've got, besides Monsieur; and I wouldn't give you up for anyone except him (*thoughtfully*), and I don't know that I'd give you up for him, because I knew you long before, and then you

have listened to all my troubles—used to call you Mug. That was before I was educated (*rises*), before Monsieur took us, you and I; now your name is Muggins; Monsieur said that would be more refined. (*Looks out of window.*) Oh, this beautiful morning makes my heart feel glad—glad, because I live to make Monsieur's life happy—every day the same thing, work, and for him. Oh, what happiness it gives me only you and I understand—we alone know what it was to work and starve—starve not only for food—but for one kind word—and now who would know? Oh, how changed we are! Just to think that one year ago you and I were cold, shivering, standing on street corners with our little store of worthless goods. Oh, we were so desolate then! Monsieur came—he saw—he pitied—he painted. See this picture—such a desolate little creature—great hungry eyes—and that is all. Yet through this Monsieur has become a great artist. This poor little room was then much as we were—but now everything has changed, Monsieur, you, I, the world, and everything. Muggins (*scolding dog*), why do you keep me from my work, nothing is done and it is all your fault! Not a word! You know it is—Monsieur said that if I did not talk to you so much I would accomplish more!—Oh, I must have everything in order for Monsieur's return (*arranges chairs*), that he may work without annoyance (*dusting*). I did not learn my lesson—sometimes I am so stupid—but Monsieur is so patient—I try hard to master

all the words—Monsieur says I read quite well now (*picks up 'photo from table*). Oh, Monsieur, you have been so kind—what would it not mean for me to lose you—I must study. Here is the paper he left for me to read. Come, Muggins, we'll read together—it's just as necessary for you to be educated. (*Kneels beside stool on which she places dog.*) Dearest: Your picture is before me, and, oh! what joy it gives me to look into your beautiful eyes and know that you are mine. Beloved, I am so unhappy—knowing that I have been the cause of one moment's anxiety to you in regard to Frou-Frou. You know she is such an innocent little waif, I scarcely know how to tell her that she must go from my life. Just a year ago I found her in the streets almost starving, clinging to a little rag dog and the poor child's large eyes appealed to me so that I carried her home in my arms and gave her food. You know how rapidly she improved and how every day since she has come to my studio and sat for me. Health and strength soon spoiled my pathetic subject, for as the roses came to her cheeks, she lost the wistful, hungry eyes, and I lost my model. But I could not turn her away. I do not know what to do with her—poor little soul. Oh, my darling Irma—tell me—do not let this be the cause of our separation. I love you and you alone. Do not break my heart. I love you—I love you.

JEAN.

(*Talking to picture*): Oh, Monsieur, I don't want to go—I don't want to leave you. We don't want to go—do we, Muggins?—you've made life so different for us. We won't be in the way—we won't even speak to you—we'll just come early and—and—get behind that screen (*points to screen U. L. C.*) and we'll only peep at you—we won't bother you a bit. We don't want to leave you. We—oh!—I see—now—you love the beautiful lady—yes, she is beautiful, and I am only plain Frou-Frou. Oh, I see now—I understand it all—you don't want me—you only pity me—No—No—I don't want your pity—I don't want it. Oh, why—why did you not leave me where I was—I would not then have known what it meant to love you—yes, I was a child then, and I did not understand, but now—now——(*falls into chair and weeps; rises slowly, goes to table; stretches arms out toward picture, then taking dog in arms sobs*) Come on, Muggins—we—had better go together—and—alone. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

THE COQUETTE.

(A young lady returning from a house party, accompanied by a young man, enters train, all out of breath she exclaims.)

Here we are at last. I thought I would never make this train. Now that I have, I can breathe freely. (*To porter on train*) No, porter, not thirty-five, thirty-six is the number of my berth. Thank you. Seats herself (*To gentleman companion*) How long have we, Harry? Ten minutes? O, quite a long time on a train. Do sit down and we can have a nice, quiet chat. Do you know it is awfully good of you to come down here this morning. I guess I quite stole the march on the others. How I hated to leave. House parties are always so exciting. And this one has been especially delightful—we all got along so famously together. Didn't we? It's too bad I go in the opposite direction to the others. (*Archly*) I am just terribly lonesome at parting from you all,—and then this unearthly hour to have to catch a train. Don't you think railroad people unreasonable? I have never known them fail to put on a special for some such outlandish place as I have to go to that they do not have it leave at some such beastly hour as this. Just fancy, having to catch a train

at eight o'clock. I guess I will have to sleep a week to make up for this dissipation in early rising—what's that—you have something of importance to say to me? Well, what is it?—oh, you don't feel that this is an appropriate hour—(*aside*) Oh, at last, he is going to propose! (*To Harry*) Well, don't you feel that when anything of importance is to be said and only a short time to say it in, you ought to hurry? (*Confusedly*) Oh, of course, I don't know just what you are going to say, you see I was only advising—oh, you think me quite different from other girls—(*aside*) Oh, he takes so long. (*To Harry*) Yes, I think so, too. (*Aside*) How stupid of me. (*To Harry*) I mean I think it strange that you think me so different, for I am quite like all the others—that's all your imagination. Now I sleep, eat, drink and dance just like the rest of my sex, and yet you term me different—Oh, you *vow* I am. (*Aside*) He's on the right track. (*To Harry*) Well, is this the important thing you wished to confide in me? Just the beginning? (*Quickly*) Goodness me, if you are going to go through with it all you'll never get it said. (*Excitedly*) Oh, no. I don't know what you are going to say, but I rather guess I am nervous (*looks at watch*), and five minutes of our time is up now—I ought to know what you are going to say? Oh, I assure you, quite the contrary—I haven't the slightest idea. (*Innocently*) But maybe I could guess. Try? Oh, all right—is it (*then thoughtfully*)—is it—oh, is it

some new business enterprise? No? Oh, dear, I'll have to guess again, won't I? (*Thinking very hard*) Well, then, maybe it concerns the purchasing of a new automobile. No? Oh, I never was very good at guessing. Oh, you're sure I can? (*Aside*) He's so slow. I guess I'll help him along. Let me think. (*Leans over pretending to think very hard.*) (*Suddenly*) I know, you're in love. I'm right? Good! Now, do tell me who she is. I must guess? Well, that will be hard—is it someone I know? (*Aside*) He's *getting there*. (*Artfully*) It is? Well, don't make me think, just tell me. You say I must guess—well—a guest at the house party? Well, let me see, who could it be? It's—no—Oh, I never could guess. (*Leaning forward pretending to think very hard, suddenly exclaims*) What did you do with my hat box? No, it's not here. You must have left it in the station. You will get it now? (*Anxiously*) Oh, don't go now—I don't care about the hat. Really, I don't—and besides, you haven't time (*looks at watch, then holds his coat*), why, you have scarcely a minute. Well, then, if you will, but do hurry back, please, please hurry. (*Goes out into aisle*) I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll watch you from the window. (*Kneels on seat, looking out of window with arms on window sill calling to Harry*) Now, do hurry (*leaning head on hand*), how stupid of me to have thought of that hat box. (*Rises*) It has taken him five days to speak, and now—oh, dear, oh, dear! (*Goes back to window and looks*

out. Suddenly exclaims) Oh, dear, this thing isn't moving, is it? (*Starts to go out in aisle and screams*) Conductor! Conductor! (*Aside*) Oh, it's starting (*screams again*) Conductor! Stop this train! Stop this train, I say! Stop this train, or I'll jump out. (*Jumps on seat, indignantly to conductor*) Ill? Fainting? Do I look like a woman in a fainting condition? You can't stop it? Well, no (*confusedly*), I—oh, I don't know why, but—but—Oh, you don't understand. I've lost (*very quietly*), I guess I've lost my hat box. (*Jumps down.*) Gone! (*Seating herself very quietly, folds arms—sits still—pause—resignedly*) Well, it's just my luck.

CURTAIN.

IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

A MONOLOGUE.

Good morning, Flo! How on earth did you ever happen here? You don't say so? Well, I'm in a terrific hurry and a nasty old wisdom tooth has been bothering me so for the past two weeks that I simply had to come. What's that? Yes, it's aching me fearfully; I wonder how long I'll have to wait. Yes, it's ten o'clock now and I have an appointment at eleven with my tailor. Beastly old thing says I can't have my gown by Friday if I don't keep the appointment; and I wouldn't miss it for anything, Flo, because I want to look well at Marion Felton's coming out party, and besides—Oh, Flo, can you keep a secret?—All right—I'll tell you—I have fallen in love—yes, actually, and the worst of it is that I have never seen the object of my affection. No—I have only seen his picture. You see—it all just happened this way. I spent Saturday and Sunday with Marion, and on her dressing table was a picture of a perfect Adonis—Oh, Flo! the handsomest specimen of manhood you could ever behold in your wildest imaginations.

O, Flo! his shoulders were divine! I just told Marion that if she loved me she would introduce me.

Who was it?—well, that's the worst of it, Flo, Marion doesn't know who it is; she found it in her brother's collection of photographs, and we will have to wait until he comes home from college to find out—Isn't that awful?—just had to turn the picture to the wall to keep him out of my mind—Oh! how my tooth does ache; at what time is your appointment? At ten? Oh, I shall have to wait so long.

You are not in a hurry? O, Flo! I don't like to be selfish, but if you can come back again—really, dear, it is too good of you. What's the dentist like? I have never seen him—handsome, you say—oh, fudge! I just detest dentists. They always nearly pull your head off. Here he comes.

(Pauses as Doctor enters—Mabel gives a start and almost faints). Oh, Flo! Why didn't you tell me? Tell you what? Well, of course, you couldn't. Sh! This is he! Why, stupid, who in the world, but *he* of the picture.

Flo, does my dress quite become me? Do I look well this morning? Look about closely—Oh, I can feel my heart thump at a speed of about forty miles an hour. Oh, are you going? I wish you wouldn't. I—Good-bye.

Good morning, Doctor. Finish your work, I can wait.
(*Aside*) Oh, how I dislike the idea of his fixing my teeth. (*To dentist*) Yes, I am ready.

(*Sits in the Dentist's chair.*)

Now are you sure you won't hurt me? No, I'm not afraid, in fact, I have been told that under very trying circumstances I have been quite brave. (*Aside*) Oh! there he is going to use that awful wheel thing. I simply hate to have him look at that back tooth—I look so awful when I have my mouth open—oh, yes, I am ready.

(*Leans back in the chair and starts to open her mouth, then suddenly sits upright.*)

Oh, Doctor!—Doctor—Holmes, you say? Thank you. I forgot to tell you about my tooth; you see it has been aching—you don't need to hear about—oh! (*Leans back again.*) All right; I'm not afraid—(*screams.*) Oh, dear, that wheel makes such a fearful noise. Couldn't you stop it? You have to use it. But you haven't seen my tooth yet! Oh, please put it out of sight until you are sure you will have to use it. Well, can't you put a screen or something around it? Thank you; I don't like to trouble you so much, and I'm not afraid—but, that thing does so grate on my nerves.

(*Leans back again, then suddenly starts forward—when he is about to use glass.*)

Oh, you won't let that glass touch my tooth, will you? Yes—because you know it might strike it, and I am so sure the pain would be unbearable—What's that (*Smiles.*) No it doesn't ache now. (*Aside*) I guess I frightened all the ache out of it.

(*Leans back in chair and sits upright.*)

You say you are sure you have seen me somewhere? No—impossible! Do try and remember where. In a picture?—Where?—No!—You don't mean to say that you think it possible for any one to remember a face having only seen their picture?—No!—You say you are sure?—But, where?—In Bob Felton's room at college?—Well, who ever would have thought it!—Yes?—The Feltons are old friends of ours. Are you going to Marion's affair tomorrow?—You are?—(*artfully*)—so am I. Yes, I—

(*Jumps up suddenly as she sees Flo enter.*) (*Regretfully*) Oh, Flo! Back so soon?—after eleven. (*Excitement.*) Oh, dear! Of all that is astounding!—I'll be late for my appointment with that beastly creature—(*sweetly*)—What's that, Doctor—at ten on Saturday? All right (*coquettishly*) Good morning, Doctor, and thank you, so much. (*Taking Flo aside*) Flo, he is perfectly divine! Yes. The only dentist I have ever had who was gentle. (*Emphatically*) No, my dear, he never hurt a bit. Good morning.

CURTAIN.

“HER FIRST VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.”

A MONOLOGUE.

(Miss Helen Taylor—a greatly admired Society Belle in a large city—makes her first visit to her cousins who live in ——— on an old-fashioned country farm. Miss Taylor has just arrived and is met by her cousins at the station.)

Why Cousin Harry and Cousin Emily, how delighted I am to see you both! Do tell me what you have been doing since I last saw you? Tell you of myself? Well, I can do that in a few words. The usual thing—receptions, dinner parties, teas, theaters and bridge until I am actually bored to death with city life and resolved to tear myself away for at least twenty-four hours and spend that time in the country—oh, is this our carriage?—how perfectly darling!

(Jumps into carriage.)

Thank you, Harry! Well, as I was saying, I was so anxious to get here I could hardly wait—and I submitted to all sorts of joking from father and Uncle Will—Why?

Because this was to be my first visit in the country—yes, just think of it—but I just told them that I would frustrate their plans to have a good laugh at my expense, as I felt perfectly equal to the occasion. Just fancy, Em—a city girl's not being able to conduct herself properly in the country. Why, of course it's absurd!—Now, Cousin Harry, tell me what you have been doing. Oh, is that so?—No!—Well, I'm very glad to know that you have been cultivating your mind—oh, are we home so soon? Why, what a charming little cottage—it's not a cottage, Emily?—It's considered a very large house—(*apologizing*)—why, of course, it is—now that I look at it I can see it is quite large.

(Jumps down with Harry's assistance.)

Thank you, Cousin Harry. Aren't you coming in the house with us? You aren't—you're going to the creamery?—Oh, do let me go with you—why, of course, I'll like it, Emily. What do you want, Harry?—cans—what cans? I see—which way do we go?—oh, we ride?—in this carriage?—Not in that great wagon coming from the stable?—why, that looks like a lumber wagon!—It's the style out here?—oh, I see—why, of course, I'll go—you needn't think a little thing like that would keep me home—why, I'll enjoy it.

(Getting into wagon.)

Coming, Emily? You're not? Well, good-bye for a while. You don't know how the country air raises my spirits, Harry—Yes, indeed, I feel quite a new person already.—Yes, I think I will pull my veil down; it is rather dusty—no, we haven't had rain in town either, for some time. (*Pulls down veil; wagon goes over a bump and almost unseats her.*)

Oh! I almost lost my balance—no, I'm all right now; but this thing is so very jigglely, it makes my teeth chatter.

(*Again the wagon goes over a bump and she loses her balance.*)

No, I'm all right (*very sweetly*); Harry, why don't you coax your uncle to put rubber tires on this wagon—you'd find it so much nicer and such a comfort.—(*Pause.*)—Isn't it glorious? I just love the country.

(*Again she lurches forward.*)

Oh, dear!—don't mind me, Cousin Harry, I'm perfectly at ease—but I don't see how the milk can need so much churning after it has gone through this process—I almost feel like a butter-ball myself—oh, no—I like it! (*Pause.*) Cousin Harry, what are those brownish colored stalks I see on every side? Seems to be acres of them. Crops that are dying for want of rain?—Poor things, isn't that too bad? (*Pause as she looks thoughtfully around.*) But

do you know I think it's quite a shame for the farmers to wait for rain and risk losing all their crops—now, why on earth don't they turn on the hose?—They couldn't?—Well, why not?—I should think that it would be much cheaper to hire a few men to sprinkle it than to lose it all. Now, why on earth are you laughing?—There isn't a hose in the country?—Now, Harry, I think that's unkind of you!—Just because I'm from the city you needn't think I don't know something about the country.

(Another bump.)

My, I'm glad we are here—although it took us only a short time. What a funny little place— isn't it cunning?—No, I won't get down, I'll wait for you here. Are those the cans? Aren't they immense. *(Pause.)* Are you ready?—all right—which way do we go now?—oh, the same way we came.

(Pauses for a second, then looking around on all sides) Oh, Harry, how those cans do rattle; doesn't it annoy you? *(Looking around at cans)* Oh, and there are so many of them. *(Suddenly screams and covers her face with her hands.)* Oh, Harry! Look! I mean, don't look! There's an enormous animal—he must have broken out from his cage—oh, why didn't you tell me there was a menagerie near by. *(Screams)* Oh, horrible!—He will be upon us in a minute—Oh! Oh!

(Looks around screaming.)

Oh, he is slowly following us and he looked up, and I know he sees us.—(*Screams*) Where?—Why, coming up the road, of course; don't you see that huge monster?—Oh! (*screams*)—a what—you say?—A pig?—Now, Harry Somers, I simply won't be made fun of—don't you suppose I would know a pig if I saw one?—That's a black one?—Well, of all incredulous creatures. Well, I know it's not a pig and I'm not quite as simple as all that. Look at it? (*Looks back timidly.*) Well, yes, Harry, it does look something like a pig—but I was sure that it was some hideous beast like a—like a rhinoceros. Oh, dear, it frightened me so. My, it didn't take us long to come back, did it?—there's the house.

(*Getting out of the wagon.*)

You'll be in shortly?—Oh, I'll tell Emily. (*Smiling shyly.*) Oh, Cousin Harry—(*hesitates*)—you—you won't tell Emily about my not recognizing the pig, will you—no—because you know, Cousin Harry, it really didn't look like a pig—now, did it? Very well. (*Waves her hand at him.*) Hurry up!—(*pause*)—and I have actually met with people who have raved about the country!

CURTAIN.

THE LAST NOTE.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

Written by Geraldine A. Faro.

SCENE: A sitting room; two doors; one leading to bedroom and one out to street. Window U. L. Couch, chairs, table, et cetera.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

Aunt Tabitha (*an old English servant*).

Hortense	} <i>Chorus girls.</i>
Cecil	
Elfie	

Jevone (*a singer*.)

Discovered: Aunt Tabitha dusting, crosses to bedroom door, looks in.

Aunt Tabitha: My poor lady (*wipes her eyes*), my poor lady, how pale and thin she is. Who would ever know her now and she been ill so short a time (*dusts again*). Poor little lamb, how she has suffered. Not long ago she was the most beautiful creature in this country, courted

by all, a star of great prominence, and now—now think of her and all her suffering caused by one she cared for most (*dusting the table vehemently*); these men, blast their craven hearts, they're all alike; I know, I've had experience (*polishes the table; loud knock at door; Aunt Tabitha stops*). Sh! Would the rascals break down the house! (*Outside the girls are singing; Aunt Tabitha opens the door*). Not a sound, not a sound.

(*Enter Hortense, Cecil and Elfie, noisily talking.*)

Hortense: Well, you're so cross, Aunt Tabitha. We're not going to run off with anything; we're just on our way to the theater and we've called to see Jevone.

Aunt Tabitha: Don't talk so loud, girls; my mistress is asleep.

Hortense (*whispering loudly*): Well, don't be so cross, Tabby. How is she?

Aunt Tabitha (*shaking her head*): Not much better, not much better. Always has the idea that she is going to play every time she wakes.

Cecil: Does she ever speak of her last night at the opera?

Aunt Tabitha: Child, sh! you must'n't, I never speak of it here.

Elfie: But does she?

Aunt Tabitha: Yes, always; she never will forget.

Hortense: Well, I think her very foolish; I'm sure she's had her day. (*Confidentially to girls*) Girls, do you know I don't believe what Jevone says; I think it is some late affair that worries her. I let the men worry over me. Girls, there's one true method in love affairs, and if you follow my advice you'll come out right: oust the men before they oust you (*laughs*).

Elfie: I quite agree with you, Hortense. Love doesn't last very long and it's better to have many and keep on than one and lose all.

Cecil: I don't agree with any of you and you'll always remain just where you are.

Hortense: O, Miss Prude has appeared on the scene and we will creep to the side, that she may have stage center.

Cecil: It's unkind of you to make fun of me; however, I don't care about that, but you shall not make fun of Jevone.

Elfie: If you don't look out you will follow in her footsteps, Cecil.

Hortense: These sentimental fairies are too much for me. I expect to dance my way to eternity, my heart's always fluttering to a Mazourka (*dances a few steps*).

Elfie: Oh, Jevone will get over this; just to think of it, girls, it's her first love affair.

Hortense: Yes, how hard she takes it. Goodness, if I took all my affairs to heart I wouldn't have any heart left.

Cecil: Girls, don't talk so loud, you will awaken Jevone and she is very ill.

Hortense (*sits on the table*): She'd better hurry up and get well or her place will be gone forever; that new woman is making a hit and it doesn't take a public long to forget.

Cecil: Well, she can never equal Jevone, and I don't think she'll ever be forgotten.

Elfie: I fancy no one can equal Jevone in your eyes, Cecil.

Cecil: No one in this room, Elfie.

Hortense: Now will you be still, Elfie dear (*laughs*)? Guess we'd better go now. Wonder where old lady Tab is.

Elfie: Are you coming, your highness, Miss Prude (*curtseys low*)?

Cecil: Yes, but in better company.

Hortense: That is to say?

Cecil: That I go alone.

Hortense: Well, don't take too much pleasure, or loiter on the way, Cherie, 'cause you might be too late; ta! ta! (*Hortense and Elfie go out dancing and singing some popular songs, Jevone calls from bedroom, Tabitha! Aunt Tabitha!*).

Cecil (*runs to her door*): I'm here, Jevone; do you want anything?

Jevone (*comes to door, leans on Cecil's arm*): Oh, it's you, Cecil; is it late? Will I have to get ready now?

Cecil: No, dear, it's quite early, and you know we don't go on in the beginning of the act.

Jevone: How did my understudy sing last night?

Cecil: Very well, but it wasn't you, dear; come sit in this big chair (*fixes pillow at Jevone's back as she sits*).

Jevone: Oh, I'm so tired, Cecil; so tired (*leans back wearily*).

Cecil (*kneels beside Jevone*): Why not let your understudy sing tonight again? You know you're not very strong, Jevone, and the part's a heavy one.

Jevone: No, no, Cecil; I must sing tonight; I can't miss more than one night.

Cecil (*aside*): Poor thing, she doesn't know how many nights she's missed. (*To Jevone*) I have good news, Jevone; my brother Jack has invited you and me

to come out West to visit his new ranch at the end of the season, and, oh, what fun we can have together!

Jevone: Dear little friend, and you deserve the name of friend, how thoughtful you have been and how I shall enjoy a summer with you; it would seem like old times, Cecil, wouldn't it?

Cecil: Yes, we'll have a reunion, Jevone, we'll have a glorious time, but you must hurry and get strong. Now I must go or I shall be late.

Jevone (*quickly*): Be late?

Cecil (*hesitates*): Yes—yes, that is, I want to get a letter off by tonight's mail; you see, Brother Jack wanted to know if you would come and now I can say yes and send it; I'll be back shortly; lie down and rest for a while, Jevone. All right, dear.

Jevone: All right, dear. (*Jevone leans back; Cecil goes out.*) Dear little friend, always the same (*looks around the room*). I wonder where Aunt Tabitha is? It must be late, (*calls*) Tabitha! Aunt Tabitha! (*leans back*). O, dear, I'm so weary and tired; I don't feel like singing tonight; maybe if I look out into the night it will rouse me a little (*rises; walks unsteadily to window*). How solemn everything is. It is snowing; our first snow fall; every little flake comes from the sky as every soul comes into the world and as in life some are trodden by

heavy feet to make a path for followers to tread upon; others carried by the wind, soaring high and whirling this way and that in the very bevy of excitement for so short a time, it all melts into vapor, leaving only a vague remembrance to one who might observe, and the great whirlwind is forgotten in the excitement of a new one. (*Wearily turning away from window.*) Oh, I'm so tired! it seems so long since last night, and I've had so many fearful dreams (*comes down center, sits on couch*). I dreamed I was to sing a farewell; no one was to know but he and I that that last song was a farewell, and then we'd go away, I in the height of glory, leave those I loved, those who stamped and cheered me into life, I was going to leave them and just before the last song I told them so. Oh, how I loved them all! my audience, mine! They belong to me and I to them; theirs that last night more than any, and then I sang, sang with all the heart I had, when there came something in that dream— (*puts her hand to her head as if trying to remember*) something like a dark, cloudy night, and then everything was black and I remember nothing. (*Enter Tabitha.*)

Tabitha: Oh, my mistress! my lady!

Jevone (*smiles*): Don't worry about me; you'd think I was some delicate child. Tell me, Aunt Tabitha, have I received some word today, some note of recognition from (*pause*) from any one?

Aunt Tabitha (*aside*): What will I say? (*To Jevone*) Yes, the gentleman called and you were resting, and I told him to call again. (*Aside*) God forgive that lie.

Jevone: Resting, always resting; it seems as though there was another day when you told me this same thing, Aunt Tabitha; are you telling me the truth?

Aunt Tabitha: Now, don't excite yourself; there was no other day, my lady.

Jevone: Another dream; when will I awake?

Aunt Tabitha (*aside*): God forbid.

Jevone: Tabitha, if the gentleman calls again—today, I must see him; lend me my hand glass.

Aunt Tabitha (*anxiously*): Oh, don't look, now; don't look in the mirror, and, besides (*hesitates*).

Jevone: Besides what, Tabitha?

Tabitha: Oh, nothing; only I think I hear the girls coming. (*Outside the girls sing popular songs. Jevone leans back, closing her eyes.*) Yes, they're coming; how happy they are. (*Enter girls, talking and laughing.*)

Cecil: We all missed you tonight; our new prima donna is not——

Jevone (*leans forward; reproachfully to Cecil*): Oh, you didn't tell me.

Cecil (*goes over to Jevone*): No, dear, you are not quite strong enough, so we've come to spend a little while with you.

Elfie: Jevone, I think I missed you more tonight than any other.

Hortense: Yes, we've come to wish you a merry Christmas.

Jevone (*amazed*): Christmas night?

Aunt Tabitha (*to girls*): Sh! in the play, my lady, only in the play.

Cecil (*aside to Hortense*): Hortense, you forget she doesn't know she's been ill so long.

Elfie: Yes, Jevone; we'll have to play late on Christmas night; we thought we'd come and have a feast tonight so as not to——

Hortense: Hush, Elfie, you'll only make matters worse.

Cecil: I'll tell you what we'll do, Jevone; we'll sing and dance our new parts, but you must promise not to get excited or we'll have to go.

Jevone: No, I won't excite myself; you're all so cheerful you make me feel better.

Hortense: I'll play and you girls sing, while Aunt Tabby sets the table. See, Jevone, we'll make you feel

better. We have a surprise for you; we've brought you a feast.

Jevone: Oh, you are all so good to me!

Cecil (*seated at piano*): Are you all ready? one, two, three—begin. (*Begins to play. When the church bells ring and toll the hour Jevone listens, rises, goes to window. Cecil stops playing. A shout of Merry Christmas is heard as Jevone opens the window. Loud laughter. Strains of a violin are heard and a street singer sings. Jevone listens and suddenly cries*):

Jevone: Oh, you have all lied to me; this is Christmas (*slowly remembering*). I did not dream I was awake, and I did sing; it was my farewell song. I remember it all now. It was not one night ago, but many. It was to have been my last night with you and with them, we were to go away—no one was to know—I was to say good-bye, and when I sang the last note I was to look at him where he sat in the box (*comes down center excitedly*). See, he is there. You all know what I was to him. I said farewell—I sang the last of the song and looked—it was then I lost that sound. I was no longer the songbird, but a miserable heap, for when I looked the box was empty and I know—my heart told me. The music went on—I stood where I was—I tried—O, God, how I tried—for the last note. All the song had gone from my life. One more effort, but the note was gone forever. (*Out-*

side the street singer is heard again.) See, there is my audience. Dear friends—for you have been my friends—I must bid you farewell tonight. I'm never to see you again. I'm to sing gladness into the heart of some one who will everlastingly echo my song. Farewell, farewell; I love you all. (*Sinks into chair; the girls sob; Cecil kneels beside, burying her head in her lap.*) Yes, I'll sing; I'll sing. Just give me time, I'll reach that last note, but I'm so tired now. (*Her head drops back and she closes her eyes. Strains of a violin are heard.*)

CURTAIN.

A BARGAIN EPISODE.

A MONOLOGUE.

Geraldine H. Faro.

(Enter Mrs. Winters approaching the nearest usher in a large department store.)

Floorwalker? Yes? I want to ask you a question. Will you please tell me where I can find the lace that you advertised in last evening's paper, worth one dollar a yard, selling today at thirty-eight and one-half cents? Oh, right at this counter. Well, I don't see any—where the crowd is standing? Oh! Well, I've come quite a distance to get it. I want it for a little summer gown I am having made, and I am particularly anxious to get something right away, as madam, my dressmaker, is waiting for me to be fitted. You think the lace will be quite handsome enough for a French mull? The young lady will show it to me, you say? Well, I'd much rather have your opinion. I think a man's judgment far superior to a woman's. Where did you say it was? What is that line for? You don't mean to say that I will have to step in line and wait my turn? (*amazed*). Wait until all those

people's wants are supplied? Well, I never have been treated with such indignity before. But I can't wait; I have to keep my appointment with madam. I made it for ten o'clock and it is now nine-thirty, I'm sure. I'll have to wait with the rest? Well, I should think your position as usher would give you authority to have the clerks show some courtesy to a customer, especially when she is in such a great hurry as I am. Besides, standing in line is so plebeian; it would not be tolerated in a better store. This is what I get for trying to patronize an inferior house. There must be fully ten people ahead of me. (*Steps in line; speaks to woman ahead of her.*) Excuse me, madam, but are you in a great hurry to be waited on? Because if you are not I thought you might not mind if I were to step in front of you. Oh, you are? Well, you need not be so indignant. I merely offered you a suggestion. I didn't want you to give up your place. (*Aside*) Some people are so willing to be offended.

(Pauses for a few minutes, looks at her watch impatiently, sighs, stands on one hip, then the other, fixes her hat on straight, becomes nervous as she sees a lady friend.)

Oh, dear, there is Mrs. Sherman! I hope she doesn't see me, but I'm sure she will. That woman never misses anything, and she tells everything she knows to everyone she meets; and I wanted to wear my gown to her next

“at home.” If she ever sees me buying this lace she’ll publish it to all my friends. (*Anxiously*) Here she is, coming this way. I must manufacture some tale or other. (*Sweetly greeting Mrs. Sherman*) How do you do, my dear? I am so glad to see you. Yes, I am ever so well, but I must admit my nerves are slightly shaken by mingling in this awful crowd. Yes—yes?—No, I wasn’t at home when you called last week, and, oh, I was so disappointed when I learned you had been there during my absence. (*Nervously.*) No—oh, dear, no; I’m not buying anything for myself—but—well—that is—I—well, you know, I belong to a sewing circle and we have agreed to do a deal of charity sewing and I was appointed one of a committee of three to purchase numerous materials. Yes—yes—I am waiting for the other ladies. Yes, I’m standing in line; the usher told me there was a bargain at the end of it, so (*laughs lightly*) of course I feel it my duty to wait. I think standing in line a great abomination, don’t you? You’ll wait, too? (*Aside*) Now I’m in for it. (*To Mrs. Sherman*) How dear of you.

(*Indignantly to woman who has stepped in front of her*) I beg your pardon, madam, but you have taken my place. Why, of course, I was standing in line. I merely stopped a moment to recognize my friend. I cannot help it, madam, but I am also in a great hurry. (*To Mrs. Sherman*) Just step in front of me, dear, and then we can chat together. Did I attend Mrs. Well’s reception?

Indeed I did, and I never had such a stupid time. You know she has worn that same gown for the past two seasons and all she does is change the sleeves to suit the fashion. Yes—yes—Is that so? Well, I never would have thought it. You don't mean to say that she is going to marry him? Oh, dear me, I thought her engagement was announced to Ferdinand Vincent. You don't mean it? Well, it just serves her right. I always did think she was too sure of him. Yes—and did you see the style of Mrs. Thurber's gown? Yes, I think her taste in choosing evening gowns is perfectly absurd, and the way she dresses her hair is really—well—malicious. (*Laughs.*) Oh, do you like my hat? Yes, I think it quite pretty. My husband says it's quite the most becoming style I've worn, and I—(*exclaims suddenly*)—why, just look at all those people in front of us! There were only five when you stepped in line and now I know there are fifteen. (*Beckons to usher*) Floorwalker, will you kindly tell those people to push aside. We have been here ever so long and they are all so rude. You can't? Well, I'd like to know why not. I think you the most unaccommodating person I have ever met and I shall promise never to enter your store again. I shall patronize the stores where I am at least courteously received. Well, of course, we waited right here; I didn't suppose we had to follow the crowd; it's enough to be made stand in line without following them step by step. (*To Mrs. Sherman.*) Just

watch that man walk off as calm as if I had never spoken a word to him. He doesn't know enough to realize that I was calling him down. Are you going to wait? You are? Well, I don't think I will. (*Confusedly.*) Yes, of course, I know the other ladies will be disappointed, but I am late now for an engagement. Good morning, dear; come and see me soon. (*Walks away.*) That woman must read every paper published. I have never gone for a bargain that I didn't meet her there. Well, I hope she enjoys the lace.

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