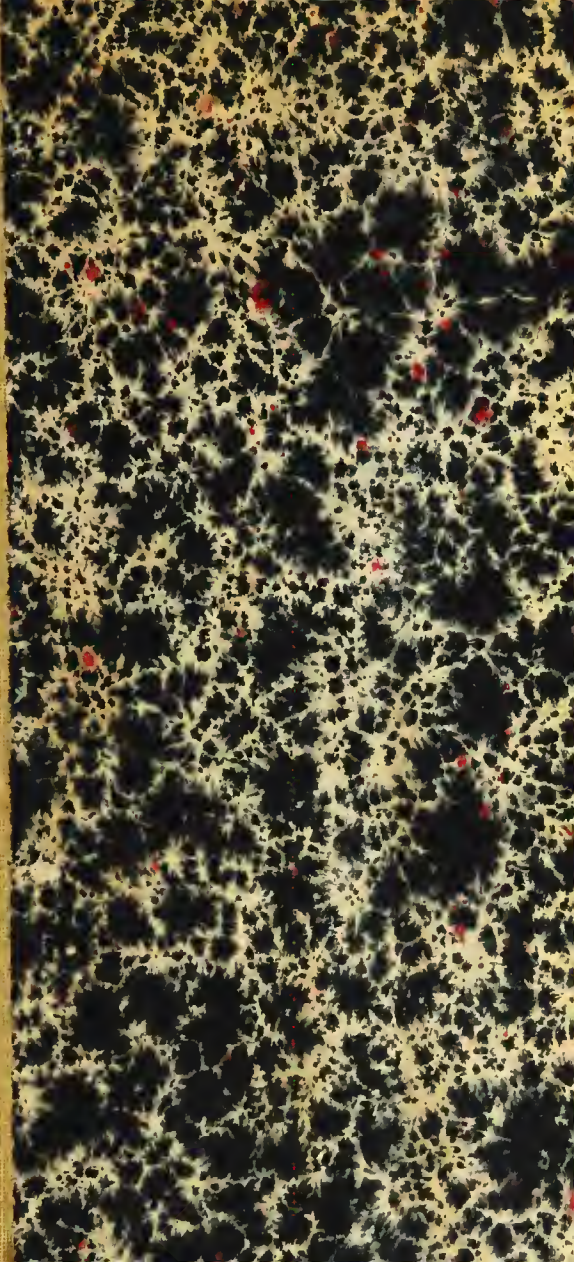
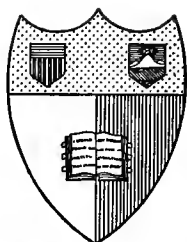


PR  
4262  
S89  
1909





**Cornell University Library**  
**Ithaca, New York**

---

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE  
**SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND**  
THE GIFT OF  
**HENRY W. SAGE**

1891

Cornell University Library  
**PR 4262.S89 1909**

**The strange adventures of Miss Brown,**



**3 1924 013 445 865**

olin



## Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

French's International Copyrighted (in England, her  
Colonies, and the United States) Edition of  
the Works of the Best Authors.

No. 163

# The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown

BY

ROBERT BUCHANAN

AND

CHARLES MARLOWE

—•••—  
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY SAMUEL FRENCH  
—•••—

CAUTION.—Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned  
that "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" being fully  
protected under the copyright laws of the United States,  
is subject to a royalty; and any one presenting the play with-  
out the consent of the authors, or their authorized agent,  
will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application  
for stage rights must be made to SAMUEL FRENCH.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



PRICE 25 CENTS

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH

PUBLISHER

28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
25 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,  
STRAND

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

# FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes \$1.25.

## VOL. I.

- 1 Zen
- 2 Panto
- 3 The Lady of Lyons
- 4 Richelieu
- 5 The Wife
- 6 The Honeymoon
- 7 The School for Scandal
- 8 Money

## VOL. II.

- 9 The Stranger
- 10 Grandfather Whitehead
- 11 Richard III
- 12 Love's Sacrifice
- 13 The Gamester
- 14 A Cure for the Heartache
- 15 The Hunchback
- 16 Don Quixote of Basan

## VOL. III.

- 17 The Poor Gentleman
- 18 Hamlet
- 19 Charles II
- 20 Venice Preserved
- 21 Pizarro
- 22 The Love Chase
- 23 Othello
- 24 Lend me Five Shillings

## VOL. IV.

- 25 Virginia
- 26 King of the Commons
- 27 London Assurance
- 28 The Rent Day
- 29 Two Gentlemen of Verona
- 30 The Jealous Wife
- 31 The Rivals
- 32 Perfection

## VOL. V. [Debits]

- 33 A New Way to Fay Old
- 34 Look Before You Leap
- 35 King John
- 36 Nervous Man
- 37 Damon and Pythias
- 38 Clouds and Marriage
- 39 William Tell
- 40 Day after the Wedding

## VOL. VI.

- 41 Speed the Plough
- 42 Romeo and Juliet
- 43 Feudal Times
- 44 Charles the Twelfth
- 45 The Bride
- 46 The Follies of a Night
- 47 Iron Chest [Fair Lady]
- 48 Faint Heart Never Won

## VOL. VII.

- 49 Road to Ruin
- 50 Macbeth
- 51 Tempter
- 52 Evadne
- 53 Bertram
- 54 The Duenna
- 55 Much Ado About Nothing
- 56 The Critic

## VOL. VIII.

- 57 The Apostate
- 58 Twelfth Night
- 59 Brutus
- 60 Simpson & Co
- 61 Merchant of Venice
- 62 Old Heads & Young Hearts
- 63 Mountaineers [Rage]
- 64 Three Weeks after Mar-

## VOL. IX.

- 65 Love
- 66 As You Like It
- 67 The Elder Brother
- 68 Werner
- 69 Glapppus
- 70 Town and Country
- 71 King Lear
- 72 Blue Devils

## VOL. X.

- 73 Henry VIII
- 74 Married and Single
- 75 Henry IV
- 76 Paul Fry
- 77 Guy Mannering
- 78 Sweethearts and Wives
- 79 Sorrowful Family
- 80 Sue Stoops to Conquer

## VOL. XI.

- 81 Julius Caesar
- 82 Vicar of Wakefield
- 83 Leap Year
- 84 The Catpaw
- 85 The Passing Cloud
- 86 Drunkard
- 87 Rob Roy
- 88 George Barrowell

## VOL. XII.

- 89 Ingotmar
- 90 Sketches in India
- 91 Two Friends
- 92 Jane Shore
- 93 Corsican Brothers
- 94 Mind your own Business
- 95 Writing on the Wall
- 96 Hair at Law

## VOL. XIII.

- 97 Soldier's Daughter
- 98 Douglas
- 99 Marco Spada
- 100 Nature's Nobleman
- 101 Bardanapulus
- 102 Civilization
- 103 The Rebbets
- 104 Katharine and Petruchio

## VOL. XIV.

- 105 Game of Love
- 106 Midsummer Night's
- 107 Ernestine [Dream]
- 108 Rag Pickers of Paris
- 109 Flying Dutchman
- 110 Hypocrite
- 111 Therese
- 112 La Tour de Nesle

## VOL. XV.

- 113 Treason As It Is
- 114 Sea of Ice
- 115 Seven Clerks
- 116 Game of Life
- 117 Forty Thieves
- 118 Bryan Borolhine
- 119 Romance and Reality
- 120 Ugolino

## VOL. XVI.

- 121 The Tempest
- 122 The Pilot
- 123 Carpenter of Ronen
- 124 King's Rival
- 125 Little Treasure
- 126 Donkey and Son
- 127 Parents and Guardians
- 128 Jewess

## VOL. XVII.

- 129 Camille
- 130 Married Life
- 131 Wenlock of Wenlock
- 132 Rose of Etrickvale
- 133 David Copperfield
- 134 Aline, or the Rose of
- 135 Pauline [Killarney]
- 136 Jane Eyre

## VOL. XVIII.

- 137 Night and Morning
- 138 Ethel
- 139 Three Guardians
- 140 Tom Cringle
- 141 Henriette, the Forsaken
- 142 Eustache Bandin
- 143 Ernest Maltravers
- 144 Bold Dragoons

## VOL. XIX.

- 145 Dréd, or the Diamond
- 146 Last Days of Pompeii
- 147 Emeralds
- 148 Peter Wilkins
- 149 Ben the Bootmaker
- 150 Jonathan Bradford
- 151 Retribution
- 152 Mineral

## VOL. XX.

- 153 French Spy
- 154 Wept of Wish-ton Wish
- 155 Evil Genius
- 156 Ben Bolt
- 157 Sailor of France
- 158 Red Mask
- 159 Life of an Actress
- 160 Wedding Day

## VOL. XXI.

- 161 Ali's Fair in Love
- 162 Hofer
- 163 Self
- 164 Cinderella
- 165 Phantom
- 166 Franklin [Moscow]
- 167 The Gunmaker of
- 168 The Love of a Prince

## VOL. XXII.

- 169 Son of the Night
- 170 Rory O'More
- 171 Golden Eagle
- 172 Kienst
- 173 Broken Sword
- 174 Rip Van Winkle
- 175 Isabelle
- 176 Heart of Mid Lothian

## VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Actress of Padua
- 178 Floating Beacon
- 179 Bride of Lammermoor
- 180 Cataract of the Ganges
- 181 Robber of the Rhine
- 182 School of Reform
- 183 Wandering Boys
- 184 Miceppa

## VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Young New York
- 186 The Victims
- 187 Romance after Marriage
- 188 Biguid
- 189 Poor of New York
- 190 Ambrose Gwinett
- 191 Raymond and Agnes
- 192 Gambler's Fate

## VOL. XXV.

- 193 Father and Son
- 194 Mussaniello
- 195 Sixteen String Jack
- 196 Youthful Queen
- 197 Skeleton Witness
- 198 Innkeeper of Abbeville
- 199 Miller and his Men
- 200 Aladdin

## VOL. XXVI.

- 201 Adrienne the Actress
- 202 Undine
- 203 Jesse Brown
- 204 Aemedeus
- 205 Mormons
- 206 Blanche of Brandywine
- 207 Viola
- 208 Deseret Deserted

## VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Americans in Paris
- 210 Victorine
- 211 Wizard of the Wave
- 212 Castle Spectre
- 213 Horse-shoe Robinson
- 214 Armand, Mrs. Mowatt
- 215 Fashion, Mrs. Mowatt
- 216 Glance at New York

## VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Inconstant
- 218 Uncle Tom's Cabin
- 219 Guide to the Stage
- 220 Veteran
- 221 Miller of New Jersey
- 222 Dark Hour before Dawn
- 223 Midsum' Night's Dream
- 224 Art and Artifice [Laura Keane's Edition]

## VOL. XXIX.

- 225 Poor Young Man
- 226 Ossawatimie Brown
- 227 Pope of Rome
- 228 Oliver Twist
- 229 Pauvrete
- 230 Man in the Iron Mask
- 231 Knight of Arva
- 232 Moll Pitcher

## VOL. XXX.

- 233 Black Eyed Susan
- 234 Satan in Paris
- 235 Rosina Meadows [Jesse]
- 236 West End, or Irish Heir
- 237 Six Degrees of Crime
- 238 The Lady and the Devil
- 239 A Venger, or Meer of Sicily
- 240 Masks and Faces [Hy]

## VOL. XXXI.

- 241 Merry Wives of Windsor
- 242 Mary's Birthday
- 243 Shandy Maguire
- 244 Wild Oats
- 245 Michael Erie
- 246 Idiot Witness
- 247 Willow Copse
- 248 People's Lawyer

## VOL. XXXII.

- 249 The Boy Martyrs
- 250 Lucratia Borgia
- 251 Surgeon of Paris
- 252 Patrician's Daughters
- 253 Shoemaker of Toul-ues
- 254 Momentous Question
- 255 Love and Loyalty
- 256 Robber's Wife

## VOL. XXXIII.

- 257 Dumb Girl of Genoa
- 258 Wreck Ashore
- 259 Clari
- 260 Rural Felicity
- 261 Wallace
- 262 Madelaine
- 263 The Firmans
- 264 Grist to the Mill

## VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 Two Loves and a Life
- 266 Annie Blake
- 267 Steward
- 268 Captain Kyd
- 269 Nick of the Woods
- 270 Marble Heart
- 271 Second Love
- 272 Dream at Sea

## VOL. XXXV.

- 273 Breach of Promise
- 274 Review
- 275 Lady of the Lake
- 276 Still Water Runs Deep
- 277 The Scholar
- 278 Helping Hands
- 279 Faust and Marguerite
- 280 Last Man

## VOL. XXXVI.

- 281 Belle's Stratagem
- 282 Old and Young
- 283 Raffella
- 284 Ruth Oakley
- 285 British Slave
- 286 A Life's Ransom
- 287 Girilja
- 288 Time Tries All

## VOL. XXXVII.

- 289 Ella Rosenberg
- 290 Warlock of the Glen
- 291 Zelina
- 292 Beatrice
- 293 Neighbor Jackwood
- 294 Wonder
- 295 Robert Emmet
- 296 Green Bushes

## VOL. XXXVIII.

- 297 Flowers of the Forest
- 298 A Bachelor of Arts
- 299 The Midnight Banquet
- 300 Husband of an Hour
- 301 Love's Labor Lost
- 302 Nalad Queen
- 303 Caprice
- 304 Cradle of Liberty

## VOL. XXXIX.

- 305 The Lost Ship
- 306 Country Squire
- 307 Fraud and its Victims
- 308 Putnam
- 309 King and Deserter
- 310 La Fammina
- 311 A Hard Struggle
- 312 Gwianette Vaughan

## VOL. XL.

- 313 The Love Knot [Judge]
- 314 Lavater, or Not a Bad
- 315 The Noble Heart
- 316 Coriolanus
- 317 The Winter's Tale
- 318 Evelyn Willson
- 319 Ivanhoe
- 320 Jonathan in England

(French's Standard Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 35th Street, New York City.

and Available Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

# THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN

BY  
ROBERT BUCHANAN  
AND  
CHARLES MARLOWE

---

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

---

CAUTION.—Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, is subject to a royalty; and any one presenting the play without the consent of the authors, or their authorized agent, will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for stage rights must be made to SAMUEL FRENCH.

*All rights reserved*

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,  
STRAND

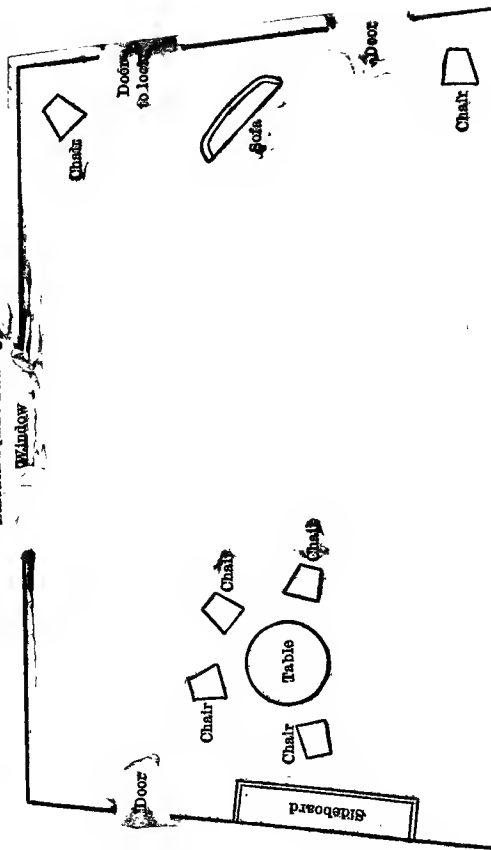
*cm*  
CORNELL

# THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN

## ACT I

Barrack Square Backing

Window





# THE STRANGE ADVENTURES

OF,

MISS BROWN.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE:—MAJOR'S rooms in Barracks. *Comfortable room overlooking Barrack Square. Door R. U. E. Door up L. and L. 2.*

(MICK, a trooper, in undress, up by window brushing top hat. ENTER MAJOR hastily in uniform R., crosses to L. C.)

MAJOR. Mick!

MICK (comes down R. C.). Here, sir!

MAJOR (giving MICK cane and gloves). Take these.

MICK. Yes, sor.

MAJOR. Now run down to the gate and see if there's any sign of the Captain.

(MICK goes to door R.)

And Mick——

MICK. Yes, sor. (Turning to him)

MAJOR. How do I look? (Hand on his arm) Am I pale? Do my hands tremble?

MICK. Sorra a bit, sir. Sure you look as cool as if ye was goin' into action.

MAJOR. (crosses to table). Hand me that decanter. (Sits)

(ENTER MRS. O'GALLAGHER.)

(MICK takes decanter from sideboard R., puts it on table R.)

I'll take half a one. (*Pours out spirit and water*)  
Now be off wid ye!

(EXIT MICK D. R.)

Going into action, is it? By the powers I *am*, and I didn't feel half as nervous when I faced the clergyman and married Julia. (*Sitting L. of table R., holds up glass, about to drink*)

MRS. O'G. Manufacturing Dutch courage out of whiskey. For shame! Tony! (*Cross to table R.*) Be a soldier and a man.

MAJOR. It's no use, Julia—I'm trembling! I'm afraid!

MRS. O'G. (*takes glass from him and replaces tray, etc., on sideboard*) What are you afraid of?

MAJOR. Ructions. There'll be the devil to pay over this marriage.

MRS. O'G. And what then? We've promised to see them through with it, and we've got to keep our word.

MAJOR. Of course, of course! But d'ye know what we're doing? Law-breaking, Julia! Conspiring! Helping a school-girl to run away from her natural guardian and commit matrimony with a man they don't know from Adam.

MRS. O'G. We know him, and that's enough—and we know *her*, don't we?

MAJOR. No doubt, no doubt. (*Rises and goes up to window*)

MRS. O'G. The poor child's miserable—she's made up her mind to marry, and marry she shall. (*Cross to sofa, gets flowers and begins arranging them R.*)

MAJOR. But, Julia——

MRS. O'G. There, don't be talking but let me get the things in order for the wedding breakfast.

MAJOR. But she's only eighteen, and a ward in chancery.

MRS. O'G. Yes, poor darling—without father or mother to look after her, and only a deputy Providence in the shape of an old gentleman in a full bottom'd wig.

MAJOR. But, Julia——

MRS. O'G. It's settled, isn't it? What's the use of making two bites of a cherry?

MAJOR (*goes to her*). Julia, you're a wonder. (*Takes both her hands*) You remind me of the strong-minded lady in the play; and for myself, I'm as bold and irresolute as Macbeth himself. The train must be in by this time. Be the powers! if she can't come after all.

(ENTER MICK D. R.)

MICK. Captain Courtenay.

(ENTER CAPTAIN COURTENAY R. *in mufti, frock-coat, high hat and wears an eyeglass. Crosses C.*)

(EXIT MICK.)

CAPT. Here's a nice thing, she hasn't arrived, don't you know.

MAJOR. What's the matter?

CAPT. She must have missed the train.

MAJOR. Maybe it's worse.

CAPT. (C.). What d'ye mean?

MAJOR (L.). Perhaps she won't be able to come at all.

CAPT. Oh, by Jove! I never thought of that.

MRS. O'G. (R.). Rubbish! She'll come right enough. There's another train at half past one.

CAPT. (C.). But we're to be married at two.

MRS. O'G. (*getting cake out*). It's not ten minutes' drive to the church. Make your mind easy, Charlie! You'll be polished off comfortably, and after it's done, you'll come back here to breakfast. (*Puts wedding cake on table*) Look at that!

CAPT. (*putting up eyeglass*). What is it? (*o., looking at cake*)

MRS. O'G. The cake! I bought it myself, to have everything in order.

MAJOR. Julia, you're a wonder.

CAPT. Awfully good of you. Phew! I wish it was all over. (*R. C., sits*)

MAJOR (*L.*). And so do I. (*They look at each other and sigh*)

MRS. O'G. (*R. C.*). A pretty pair you are, sighing and groaning as if it was a hanging business, and not a marriage. Angela's worth a dozen of you!

CAPT. (*L. of table*). By Jove she is! Upon my life, if she hadn't proposed it, I should never have dared——

MRS. O'G. (*R. of table*). Men are all alike. They're well enough in their way, but they've no real courage. (*At back of table*)

CAPT. Well, you see, I'm not so sure if it's quite fair to Angela. When I first fell in love with her——

MAJOR. Last year, after the races——

CAPT. Yes. Well, I hoped at that time to have something besides my pay, but when my uncle——

MAJOR. The Earl of Pulborough——

CAPT. Quite so. Look here, O'Gallagher, I should get along all right if you didn't cut in. When my uncle died and I found he hadn't left me anything——

MAJOR. Except his blessing, and a hundred pounds——

CAPT. Exactly. Well, then it was a different look out, don't ye know.

MRS. O'G. Ye should have thought of that before ye made the running, Charles——

CAPT. So I should—but I didn't.

MAJOR. Well, you're the next heir to the title,

anyhow, and if anything happened to your cousin Tom Goodwin, who's now Lord Pulborough——

CAPT. Something is going to happen to him.

MAJOR. What's that?

CAPT. (*rises*). He's going to be married.

MAJOR. More shame to him. (*Sits on sofa L.*)

CAPT. (*turning*). And in a month or two, no doubt there'll be a family. (*Goes up stage*)

MAJOR (*goes L.*). Faith, that would be quick work.

CAPT. Tom was always a little fast, don't ye know. But there, I mustn't think of it, only—(*At window*)

MRS. O'G. (R.). Be a soldier and a man, Charlie. (*Goes to him*)

CAPT. Yes, that's all right enough, but marrying isn't fighting, don't ye know.

MAJOR (L.). Faith, I don't know about that, but never tell me that Charlie Courtenay who humbugged the whole mess at Simla can't deceive a pack of lawyers and an old school-mistress.

MRS. O'G. What was that, Tony?

MAJOR. Sure it was when you were at home and Charlie was a bashful young subaltern. The scamp Captain Bagshot used to play his tricks on him, thinking him too mild and quiet to retaliate. Charlie bore it like an angel for a long time, all he said each time was "all right, Bagshot, one day perhaps I'll sell you!" and then—tell her what happened, Charlie.

CAPT. (*sits L. of table*). Oh, nothing—only one day a lady turned up and interviewed the Colonel, and said she was Bagshot's wife whom he'd deserted and left in England.

MAJOR (R. C.). With a young family—two of them twins. O faith, she was a beautiful young woman, and she wept and was heart-broken and everyone that saw her cursed Bagshot for a black-hearted villain.

MRS. O'G. (*R. of table*). And so he was, Tony!

MAJOR. And then Bagshot was called up before the Colonel—who was mightily taken himself with the fair stranger—and she told her sad story, and Bagshot said it was a lie, a lie! When the fat was in the fire and Bagshot was nearly raving mad, then——

CAPT. Why, then, don't you know, the lady stuck her eyeglass in her eye and said to Bagshot—"Sold this time, Captain—I told you I'd be even with you some day"—and I was, don't you know.

MAJOR. For it was Charlie all the time.

MRS. O'G. Charlie in petticoats.

CAPT. Silk stockings——

MAJOR. Kid gloves and everything complete. Major Egerton's wife who'd a fine figure like yourself, Julia——

MRS. O'G. Tony!

MAJOR. Rigged him out in her own wardrobe. Faith, Charlie, ye looked bewitching, and the old Colonel——

CAPT. The old rascal!

MAJOR. Who always had an eye to the girls——

MRS. O'G. That's enough, Tony. Behave yourself.

ANGELA (*outside*). Charlie! Charlie!

(ENTER ANGELA R., *light travelling dress*.)

Here I am, Charlie.

CAPT. Angela!

(MAJOR and CAPTAIN *spring up and welcome her*.)

MRS. O'G. What did I tell ye?

ANGELA. Thought I couldn't come, did you? Well, I had a hard job to get away, and I just missed the train, but there was a luggage train by the loopline to Billericay, and I caught *that*.

CAPT. A luggage train! By Jove!

ANGELA. Made love to the driver and stoker, and rode with them on the engine.

CAPT. and MAJOR. What?

MRS. O'G. O, you darling! (*Kisses her*) Didn't I tell you she was worth a dozen of ye?

ANGELA. One isn't married every day, you know, and I had to get here somehow.

CAPT. And your traps—your boxes?

ANGELA. Here they are! (*Holds out very small handbag*) My wedding trousseau!

CAPT. By Jove!

ANGELA. It was that or nothing. I was watched on every side. But my mind was made up. Rather than disappoint you, Charlie, I'd have come on a bicycle. (*Going to MRS. O'GALLAGHER*)

MAJOR. A bicycle!

CAPT. (c.). By Jove, you're a wonderful girl! (*Goes up c.*)

ANGELA. And now, please, I want five minutes with Charlie alone. (*Taking MRS. O'GALLAGHER'S arm confidentially*)

MRS. O'G. Of course you do. Well, make yourself comfortable, children, while I go and look after the commissariat.

(EXIT D. L.)

MAJOR. Then I'll go and change my clothes. We'll have to start in ten minutes. (*Going to L. U. E.*)

ANGELA. Who's to give me away? You, of course, Major. (*Going to him up L.*)

MAJOR (*coming down to her a little*). I'd have been delighted, only it's safer for all parties concerned that I shouldn't appear in it as a principal. For there may be enquiries, and I want to be able to lie comfortably.

ANGELA (c.). Oh!

MAJOR (L. c.). But I've arranged wid an old friend of me own who owes me an obligation, and he'll drive over wid you and me while Charlie drives over with Tom Singleton. We'll lave the town

opposite ways, so that no one may suspect what we're after, and meet at the church door.

ANGELA. And when it's all over?

MAJOR. Ye'll come back here for just half an hour, and then catch the express for London, and from there on to Paris.

ANGELA (*kissing him*). You're a darling.

CAPT. Here, I say.

MAJOR. Take care now. Don't be jealous, Charlie, you are not married yet.

(EXIT L. U. E.)

CAPT. (*to ANGELA*). You darling!

(*BUS., they meet C., ANGELA L., CAPTAIN R. He kisses her on sofa, sitting by her.*)

ANGELA. Oh, dear, I wish it was all over. Don't you?

CAPTAIN. Well, I don't know, but by Jove, I'm a bit nervous, don't ye know.

ANGELA. Whatever are you nervous about?

CAPT. It's an awful risk, you see.

ANGELA. Getting married?

CAPT. In this way. Some fellows would think I was a howling cad for letting you do it.

ANGELA (*rising*). O Charlie, you don't mean to say you're sorry.

CAPT. Not for myself, my darling, (*taking her hand*) but for you. I may be getting you into a bother or——

ANGELA. If you don't want to marry me, say so, and I'll go back.

CAPT. But I do.

ANGELA. Awfully!

CAPT. Awfully!

ANGELA. Then kiss me, and don't be a silly old croaker. (*Sits on his R.*) I'm old enough to know my own mind—I'm eighteen, and for the rest, it was either getting married or drowning myself, and I



like getting married best. (*Puts her head on his shoulder*)

CAPT. Yes; perhaps of the two evils——

ANGELA. Hold your tongue, sir, while I review the situation. Correct me if I'm wrong. Twelve months ago—was it twelve months—we first met.

CAPT. Twelve months, three weeks and two days.

ANGELA. How clearly you remember it.

CAPT. Yes, it was the day I backed Firefly for the Jubilee and got left.

ANGELA. I was stopping with Sophia Matthews and her people at the Grange, and you called. Well, you loved me at first sight, didn't you?

CAPT. Rather.

ANGELA. And I thought you a nice, quiet, good-looking little man, and when you began to make eyes at me——

CAPT. Did I?

ANGELA. Didn't you?

CAPT. I suppose I did.

ANGELA. I wasn't very much gone at first, for I was only just recovering from my grand passion for Herr Von Mozer,

CAPT. Herr who?

ANGELA. Our German music master. Nearly all the girls adored him you know, and it was so awfully dull that I had to be in love with somebody.

CAPT. Oh, had you?

ANGELA. It wasn't serious, Charlie, for I never really like Germans, and I'd always dreamed of marrying a cavalry officer. Well, we met, as I said, and at first I thought you, for a military man, rather slow.

CAPT. Really? Oh, I can go it when I like, don't you know. (*Arm round her waist*)

ANGELA. So I found. You soon mended under my tuition, and after one or two meetings, I liked you awfully. (*Embrace*) Then just as we were

thoroughly comfy, I had to go back to that hateful school. (*Rise and cross c., mock tragedy.*) You remember our parting—outside the Grange—in the orchard—the moon was shining——

CAPT. And it was raining hard, and we hadn't an umbrella.

ANGELA (c.). We parted, but we corresponded. Now and then you passed the school on horseback in uniform. (*Turning to him*) I made the horse and the uniform a condition.

CAPT. You did. And a pretty fool I felt.

ANGELA. Then to cut a long story short, we loved each other madly. (*Takes stage c.*) We felt that we couldn't exist without each other, didn't we?

CAPT. (*rises*). Yes, you've got there this time! (*Embrace*)

ANGELA (*crossing together R.*). Then my life at school became too hard to bear. They suspected me of having a sweetheart, and tried to intercept my letters. My legal guardian, who had plans of his own for me. (R.)

CAPT. I know. Young six and eightpence, his son.

ANGELA (*nodding*). Began to show the cloven hoof. I was worried out of my life. I confided my sorrows to my schoolfellow Matilda Jones, such a sweet girl, Charlie.

CAPT. I know. Sentimental girl—wears glasses—

ANGELA. Well, she was so sympathetic—she advised me to stand it no longer—but to elope. (*Vivaciously*)

CAPT. Just so. (*Turns to L.*) That's the trouble.

ANGELA. So I wrote to you frankly, offering to be yours if you could arrange it. You wrote back—such a cruel letter——

CAPT. Cruel!

ANGELA. Full of good advice, and recommending me to have patience! Patience, indeed!

CAPT. Well, you see——

ANGELA. I replied——

CAPT. By Jove, you did.

ANGELA. I replied that it was my fixed and solemn intention to leave the school, and that if you didn't care to help me, perhaps someone else would. That brought you to your senses. At last, that dear good Mrs. O'Gallagher, seeing that you were so slow and that I was so desperate——

CAPT. Were you?

ANGELA. I was, Charlie—brought her woman's wits to bear on the situation and arranged it all, and here I am.

CAPT. And here you are!

ANGELA. I bribed Emma, the housemaid, to tell them I had a headache——

CAPT. That's original.

ANGELA. And couldn't get up, and while they were all in school, I stole away. Perhaps they have missed me by this time.

CAPT. Perhaps they have.

ANGELA. If they have, Emma will put them on a false scent, and tell them that I've run away to friends in London.

CAPT. But suppose they were to follow you here——

ANGELA (R.). Don't be afraid. They don't even know where your regiment is quartered.

CAPT. (L.). They can easily find out! Remember, Angy, you're a Ward in Chancery, and no one has a right to marry you without the approval of the Court.

ANGELA (R.). Oh, bother the Court.

CAPT. By all means, and I'm afraid we're going to. (*Goes L.*)

ANGELA. Whatever will the Lord Chancellor say when he hears? (C.)

CAPT. I suppose he'll use strong language—dash my wig, or something of that sort.

(ANGELA *laughs*.)

Besides, people might think I was after your money.

ANGELA. Oh, don't let that bother you, Charlie, I know better.

CAPT. But it does bother me; I'm thinking of you.

ANGELA. They can't keep me out of my fortune when I'm twenty-one, whatever I do, and even if I lost every penny, I shouldn't care. (*Embrace*)

CAPT. By Jove, you're a wonderful girl.

(ENTER MAJOR *in mufti* L. U. E.)

MAJOR. Now then, give over spooning. (*Drops down* L.)

(ANGELA *nods*.)

The carriage is at the gate. (*Looking out of window*) There's not a soul near the barracks—and we can get away quietly. (*Going c. to ANGELA*) Julia!

(ENTER MRS. O'GALLAGHER.)

MRS. O'G. Yes, Tony?

MAJOR. We're off!

MRS. O'G. Good luck to you! (*Kisses ANGELA*)

MAJOR (*to ANGELA*). Take my arm. Hurry up, Charlie—Tom will be here directly in the dog-cart.

(EXIT *with ANGELA* R. *she kisses her hand to* CAPTAIN.)

MRS. O'G. (*up c.*). Bless her brave simple heart. She's no more afraid of getting married than of going out to a dance. Now then, Charlie!

CAPT. (*L. crosses up* L. c.). All right—I'm going. (*Gets hat*)

MRS. O'G. (*looking at him*). What's the matter with you?

CAPT. (*turning and coming down a little*). I don't know. I'm all of a cold perspiration.

MRS. O'G. Every man feels like that the first time

CAPT. (c., *up stage*). But she's such an innocent little angel, and I feel like a beast. Perhaps I'm doing wrong, you know. But I'll be good to her, by Jove I will, and she shall never regret putting so much trust in me.

MRS. O'G. (L. c.). She never will! (*Goes to him, takes both his hands*) If I didn't know ye as if ye were my own son, if I hadn't sampled ye long ago, for what ye are, a true man and a loving one, d'ye think I'd be helping ye to carry her off? Get away wid ye and do your duty, Charles Courtenay, (*kisses him*) and take Julia O'Gallagher's blessing wid ye!

CAPT. By Jove, you're a brick!

MRS. O'G. Right about, turn, quick march!

CAPT. All right, I'm off.

(*Wrings her hand and runs off R.*)

MRS. O'G. (*up by window*). Yes, he's the real stuff, and quiet as he is, he's a man. (*Going down to chair L. c.*) He can face the music of matrimony as well as he's led a forlorn hope out there in India. And she wants a man like that. (*Sits on chair L.*) She's wild and free and bound to do a foolish thing some day or ether. Better to do it now, and have a husband like Charlie to see her through it.

(ENTER MICK R., *goes to window c.*)

MICK. Hooroo! Hooroo! Hooroo!

MRS. O'G. (*rising*). What are you hoorooing about, Private Docherty?

MICK (*up R. c.*). Sure they're off, mum.

MRS. O'G. Don't I know that? And don't you know that not a living soul is to be told of what they're after?

MICK. I haven't said a word, mum. I was only hoorooing to myself to aise my feelings.

MRS. O'G. Then mind and keep your tongue

quiet. Here now. Run down to the officer's mess and get a bottle of brandy.

MICK. I'll do that, mum.

(EXIT D. R.)

MRS. O'G. (*going L. to table and arranging things*). I'll make all comfortable, for they'll soon be back. It's a poor sort of a wedding breakfast, and a queer sort of a wedding, but please Heaven I'll do my best to make it serve. Didn't I run away with Tony when I was seventeen, and have I ever regretted it, though I was one of the three Miss Browns of Portsmouth, whom they called the Three Graces, and my family thought I was throwing myself away. (*Sits on sofa L.*)

(RE-ENTER MICK R.)

MICK (*by door*). Mum, mum!

MRS. O'G. What is it?

MICK (*going to her, giving cards*). A lady and gentleman to see you, mum.

MRS. O'G. What? (*Looking at cards*). Miss Romney—Mr. Samuel Hibbertson, Solicitor. Where are they? (*Rises*)

MICK. Waiting out there on the landing.

MRS. O'G. Did they ask for me?

MICK. No, mum. For Captain Courtenay—but I thought——

MRS. O'G. Wheest—I'll see them—show them in.

MICK. I'll do that, mum.

(EXIT MICK.)

MRS. O'G. Murther, the wedding cake! If they see that we're ruined entirely. (*Seizes cake and puts it in cupboard R.*)

(ENTER MICK showing in MISS ROMNEY and HIBBERTSON. MRS. O'GALLAGHER draws herself up and assumes a very dignified manner.)

MICK (*up R. C.*). This way, mum.

(EXIT.)

MISS R. (*down R. c.*). Mrs. Major O'Gallagher, I believe?

MRS. O'G. (*sits L.*). That is my name. (*Haughtily*) To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?

MISS R. (*sits L. c.*) I will explain.

MRS. O'G. Pray be seated.

MISS R. If you will permit me. This gentleman is a solicitor of the firm of Hibbertson and Fenwick, Bolton Row, London.

MRS. O'G. So I perceive by the card.

MISS R. He is the official guardian of one of my pupils, Miss Angela Brightwell, with whom you are perhaps acquainted.

MRS. O'G. No, ma'am—I know no person of that name. (*Bus., glances at clock—aside*) She's changed it by this time, so that's no lie.

MISS R. Well, Madam, a dreadful event has happened. Early this morning Miss Brightwell left my house.

MRS. O'G. Run away, d'ye mean?

MISS R. Run away. We have searched for her everywhere in vain——

MRS. O'G. Well, ma'am, what's that to do with me?

MISS R. I should explain——

HIBB. (*cross c. to head of table*). Permit me! Mrs. O'Gallagher——

MRS. O'G. Sir, to you——

HIBB. Madam, I am a man of few words, I will explain the affair in a moment. Miss Brightwell is a ward in Chancery. I act as her legal protector, under the authority of the Lord High Chancellor. For some time she has been beneath the scholastic care of this estimable lady (*turning and indicating Miss R.*) a lady, Madam, of the highest respectability, and the greatest accomplishments—(*Turning back towards MRS. O'G.*)

MISS R. (R.). Really——

HIBB. Permit me! I am doing you ample, I mean simple justice. No blame, I am convinced, attaches to you in this matter. (*Shakes hands with Miss R.*) But for some time past, Miss Brightwell has been in secret communication with an officer of your husband's regiment, a certain Captain Courtenay—a man, I am informed, of most desperate character. They have corresponded. This morning, the young lady left the school. Just as she was missed, I arrived there on one of my domiciliary visits. It was reported that she had taken the train to London, but I, being a man of business, a man of the world, doubted that report. Depend upon it, I said, she has gone to that scoundrel, Captain Courtenay. We followed, and we are here. (*Cross L.*)

MRS. O'G. Is that all?

HIBB. All, Madam?

MRS. O'G. For a man of few words, you've a fine big vocabulary. But ye haven't told me yet what all this has to do with *me*.

HIBB. You know Captain Courtenay, of course?

MRS. O'G. I do, of course, and I know him for a gentleman and a man of honor. (*Rises*)

HIBB. Where is he?

MRS. O'G. I'll send for him. (*Rings bell*)

HIBB. We wish to see him.

(MISS ROMNEY rises and crosses to HIBBERTSON.  
ENTER MICK.)

MICK. Did you ring, mum?

MRS. O'G. (*aside*). Yes, this lady and gentleman are looking for Captain Courtenay. Go to his quarters, give him my compliments, and ask him to step this way.

MICK. I'll do that, mum.

(EXIT R.)

HIBB. Ah, perhaps we can also see your husband?



MRS. O'G. Ye can't. The Major's away fishing.

HIBB. Fishing, Madam?

MRS. O'G. So I believe.

HIBB. And you yourself have seen nothing whatever of Miss Brightwell—that you swear, on your honor, on your oath. (*Cross R. C.*)

MRS. O'G. Haven't I told you I don't know anybody of that name?

(HIBBERTSON *goes up R. C.*)

MISS R. Oh, Madam, we don't doubt your word, but you will understand our anxiety. Such a scandal has never before occurred in my establishment. For thirty years I have had the patronage of the nobility and gentry, including some of the highest in the land, and to think—to think—that any pupil of mine should have so disgraced herself, and my moral ministrations—I am simply overwhelmed.

HIBB. (*drops down L.*). Madam, Madam!

MRS. O'G. (*L. c. dryly*). Perhaps she's only gone out for a walk and will come back.

MISS R. No young lady of my establishment ever goes out unaccompanied—

(RE-ENTER MICK R., *takes up position C.*)  
and she was traced to the railway station.

MICK. I've seen Captain Courtenay's man, mum, and he says the Captain went to London early this morning.

HIBB. (*crosses up to MICK*). To London! Then he has gone to meet her there. (*Goes L. c. to MISS ROMNEY*)

MRS. O'G. I shouldn't wonder.

HIBB. We must follow them at once. Can you tell me when there is a train? (*To MICK*)

MICK (*looks at HIBBERTSON'S watch up stage C*). There's a train at two o'clock, and ye can just catch it, if ye let me show ye the short cut across the fields.

HIBB. Thank you, my man. Come, Madam.

(MISS ROMNEY goes up, crosses to door R.)

We've not a moment to lose.

(MISS ROMNEY bows to MRS. O'GALLAGHER, who returns bow stiffly. As MISS ROMNEY goes down R. MRS. O'GALLAGHER crosses.)

I can telegraph from the station to Scotland Yard with a view to the scoundrel's immediate arrest.

MRS. O'G. (L.). What's he to be arrested for?

HIBB. For tampering with a ward in Chancery. It is a criminal offence.

MRS. O'G. But perhaps they're going to be married.

MISS R. (with a scream). Married!

HIBB. Married! Good heavens, Madam, do you know what *that* would mean? To marry a ward in Chancery, without the consent of the Supreme Court, is one of the most serious offences in the statute book, punishable with a long term of imprisonment. Come, Madam! Now, my man, the short cut, if you please.

(EXEUNT HIBBERTSON and MISS ROMNEY, R.)

MICK (laughing). It's all right, mum, I'll show them the short cut, I'll lade them the back way, so that they can't come across the Captain.

(EXIT R.)

MRS. O'G. (pauses—goes up, looks after them). Well, Julia O'Gallagher, what do you think of yourself now? A pretty kettle of fish you've made of it. (Comes down L.) You've given that poor child a criminal for a husband, and one who may spend his honeymoon, and many moons beside, in a public gaol. But there's time yet to escape! If they can only reach the Continent, no one can touch them there. (Sinks into chair L. of table R.)

(ENTER MAJOR R. He goes down L. C., and kisses his wife—whistles "Wedding March.")

MRS. O'G. (L. c.). Wheest! Are they married?

MAJOR (c.). Safe as houses. Married, yes. Don't you hear the Wedding March?

MRS. O'G. O dear! O dear! Then it's too late entirely. (*Buries her face in her hands on table*)

MAJOR (L.). What are you talking about?

MRS. O'G. (*rising*). The hunt is up, Tony. The school-mistress has been here.

MAJOR. Thunder! (*Sits on sofa L.*)

MRS. O'G. And the deputy of the Lord High Chancellor.

MAJOR. Powers above!

MRS. O'G. And it's murder and manslaughter and high treason to marry a ward in Chancery, and if the Captain's caught he'll be imprisoned for life.

MAJOR. Here! What did I tell ye?

MRS. O'G. They must get out of it as fast as they can. The enemy has gone to the railway station on a false scent, to take the train for London.

MAJOR (L. c.). Then we can save them yet. O, Julia, what shall we say to them. (*Cross R.*) They'll be heart-broken. (*Goes up c.*)

MRS. O'G. Keep up their courage, Tony, but hurry them away. Please Heavens they'll soon be out of England.

CAPT. (*outside*). Come along, Angy!

MRS. O'G. What! Here they are! (*Crosses L.*)

(ENTER CAPTAIN and ANGELA. ANGELA runs to MRS. O'GALLAGHER L. and kisses her, while MAJOR shakes hands with CAPTAIN R.)

MRS. O'G. And so you're married?

(ANGELA nods.)

Well, well.

(CAPTAIN works around at back from R. to L.)

ANGELA. Why, you're crying.

MRS. O'G. Then it's for joy. (*Takes her to chair L. of table R.*) Sit down, sit down and be com-

fortable for in a few minutes you'll have to be going. (*Nervously*) Were there any strangers in the church?

CAPT. (L.). Only a farm labourer and a small boy.

MRS. O'G. Ah! (*Nervously*) Shut the door, Tony, you'd better turn the key in the lock, for fear we're disturbed.

(MAJOR *does so.*)

ANGELA. How strange you look. You're trembling all over.

MRS. O'G. Trembling is it?

(*Bang heard—"Halt."*)

(*Starting.*) What's that?

MAJOR. Sure it's only the guard relieving the sentry.

MRS. O'G. I thought I—O dear, how stupid I am! Sure I'm always nervous when I hear of a wedding. (*Takes cake from cupboard*) Cut the cake, darling. Tony, open the champagne. (BUS.)

CAPT. (*takes chair from L. C., and places it at table above ANGELA'S chair and sits*) Nice time to be nervous. Well, it's all right so far. Everything was managed capitally—and before anyone suspects what we've done, we shall be roosting in Paris.

(MAJOR *opens champagne bottle*—MRS. O'GALLAGHER *screams.*)

MAJOR. What's the matter?

MRS. O'G. For the love of Heaven, don't do that.

MAJOR. (*up stage R.*). I'm only opening the champagne.

MRS. O'G. Spake low, spake low!

MAJOR. Why should I speak low in my own quarters. Sure, it's a wedding we're at, not a funeral.

MRS. O'G. (*hysterically*). Ah, don't mind me. (*Taking glass of wine*) Your health, my dear, and

a long life and a happy one with your husband.  
(*Going to drink*)

MAJOR. Stop, Julia, while I give the toast.  
Ladies and gentlemen——

CAPT. Hear, hear!

MRS. O'G. (*nervously*). Oh, be aisy!

MAJOR (*R. of table*). I rise to my feet on this happy occasion to propose the health of my friend and comrade, Captain Courtenay and his sweet bride. I love them like a father, and Julia there, loves them like a father—mother, and small wonder. May their days be long, and their——

MRS. O'G. O Tony, cut it short.

ANGELA and CAPTAIN. What!

ANGELA. What a shame!

(*Together.*)

CAPT. It's a splendid speech!

MAJOR. She always puts me out like that.

MRS. O'G. I don't.

MAJOR. You do. And their—I don't know what I was going to say—anyhow, Charlie, your health. Mrs. Courtenay, yours. Long life to ye, and a happy family—honeymoon, I mean.

MRS. O'G. (*almost in hysterics*). O dear! O dear! O dear!

ANGELA. Something has happened. O, what is it?

MRS. O'G. Tell them, Tony.

MAJOR. It's a trifle. Just a little turn in the fortunes of war. The enemy is upon our track.

CAPT. What do you mean?

MAJOR. They've followed you here!

ANGELA. Oh, Charlie!

CAPT. Who has followed us?

MAJOR. The school-mistress——

MRS. O'G. And the Lord Chancellor from London.

CAPTAIN and ANGELA. The Lord Chancellor!

(*All rise.*)

MRS. O'G. Well then, his deputy.

MAJOR. Yes, and they've interviewed Julia!

CAPT. (*crosses L.*). The devil! And where are they now?

MRS. O'G. Off to London by this time, I hope—but oh, Charlie, the old gentleman said it was bigamy——

(ANGELA goes to CAPTAIN.)

or something of that sort.

MAJOR. She means high treason.

CAPT. Nonsense! Do they know of our marriage?

MRS. O'G. Lord forbid!

ANGELA (L.). Well, suppose they do! It's too late now for them to do anything, for Charlie and I are man and wife. (*Kisses him and eats a bit of cake—crosses extreme L.*)

MRS. O'G. Bless your innocence, that's the biggest offense of all. If you're caught, they'll take ye away in spite of all our teeth, and your husband will be arrested and put in prison.

CAPT. That's awkward.

MRS. O'G. But there, there—there's hope yet. But the sooner you're on your way to France, the better. (*Goes up*)

(*Knock R.*)

MICK (*outside*). Missis! Missis!

MAJOR (*rushing to door R.*). Who's there?

MICK. It's me, Mick Docherty!

(MAJOR opens door, MICK ENTERS.)

MRS. O'G. (*up stage c.*). Well, have they gone?

MICK (*up stage*). No, mum! The old gentleman's coming back.

ALL (*starting back*). Coming back!

MICK. And a detective officer from London with him. They got wind at the station that something

had happened, and that Captain Courtenay and the young lady were hereabouts. (*Goes to window c*)

CAPT. (*cross c.*). Let them come! I'll talk to them, don't you know.

ANGELA (*following him*). I'll never go back—never!

MRS. O'G. (*c., stopping her*). Darling, it's no use struggling wid all the army of the law against ye. There's only one way. (*Turns to CAPTAIN*) We must keep the Captain out of prison anyhow, and if they insist on it, you must play fox, darling, and go back to the school. (*Cross L. behind CAPTAIN*)

ANGELA. Leave Charlie? Never, never!

CAPT. But what the deuce am I to do?

MRS. O'G. You must make a bolt for it.

MICK (*looking out of window*). They're coming across the courtyard, and a policeman wid them.

CAPT. The devil! Never mind, I'll tackle them—(*Coming c.*)

MRS. O'G. There is one way. (*Seizes MAJOR's left arm and takes him down to R.*) Tony, take the Captain to your room and (*whispers*) give him a razor. And lave the rest to me!

ANGELA. A razor! Oh, Charlie, you're going to kill yourself.

CAPT (*L. c.*). Not if I know it!

MRS. O'G. There, there, it's no time for foolishness. (*Back to audience, she takes each by the arm and takes them up to door L. U. E.*) Get along and do just as Tony bids ye, it's your only chance.

(*EXEUNT CAPTAIN and MAJOR.*)

(*Coming down to ANGELA.*) Now, my dear, show you're worthy to be a soldier's wife. Mick, help me to clear away these things. (*Gives MICK cake to put in sideboard*) Dry your eyes and face the enemy. If they heat us, we'll at least die fighting.

(*After BUS., MICK goes to door R.*)

ANGELA. But Charlie! If they arrest him and put him in prison—

MRS. O'G. (*leading ANGELA across to seat R. by fire.*) They shan't, if he's the man I take him for—and don't be afraid—if you've to go away now, it will only be for a little, darling. You're his wife, remember, and please the Lord, we'll soon bring you together.

MICK (*at door*). They're here, mum.

(ANGELA rises.)

MRS. O'G. Wheest! Sit down quietly and take the word from me!

(ANGELA sits by fire R. ENTER HIBBERTSON.)

(EXIT MICK.)

HIBB. (*coming down c.*). So, Madam!

MRS. O'G. What's the matter now?

HIBB. (*going L. a little and turning round*). Falsehood is the matter—conspiracy is the matter! You informed me that you did not know this unhappy girl, and yet I find you here together.

ANGELA (*rising*). I'm not an unhappy girl, Mr. Hibbertson.

MRS. O'G. I tould ye the truth, sir. As for this young lady, she has just come in asking for Captain Courtenay, and I begged her to sit down and have some refreshments.

HIBB. Indeed! and you will possibly inform me also, that you are unaware that she has gone through the ceremony of marriage this morning with Captain Courtenay?

MRS. O'G. (*rising*). What!

HIBB. 'Tis true, Madam, and you know it! So does your husband.

MRS. O'G. (*to ANGELA in mock horror*). Spake, deny it!

ANGELA (*cross R. c.*). I have no intention of denying it. It is the fact. I am married to Captain Courtenay.



MRS. O'G. Married to Captain Courtenay.  
 ((Crosses to door L. U. E.) Tony! Tony!

-(ENTER MAJOR.)

MAJOR (*entering*). Did you call, Julia?

MRS. O'G. Call—I should think I did. Defend yourself! This old gentleman says you're a scoundrelly conspirator.

MAJOR. A what? (*Cross E.*)

(MRS. O'GALLAGHER *drops down L.*)

(*Advancing on HIBBERTSON.*) Will you kindly repeat those words?

HIBB (*retreating*). My dear sir——

(ENTER SERGEANT TANNER R.)

MAJOR. Did you apply those words to *me*, sir?

HIBB. I merely said——

MAJOR (*violently*). What did you say?

TANNER (*comes down between them*). Come, no violence!

MAJOR. Who are you?

TANNER. Sergeant Tanner of Scotland Yard. I've a warrant here for the arrest of Captain Courtenay.

(ANGELA *drops down L. c. interested.*)

MRS. O'G. For marrying this young lady who's a ward in Chancery. O Tony, Captain Courtenay would never be such a villain.

ANGELA (L. C.). He is no villain.

MRS. O'G. (L. *touching her arm*). Wheest now! Tony, if he has betrayed this innocent child, ye must call him out.

MAJOR (R. C., *taking the hint*). I will, by the saints! But I can't believe it!

HIBB. (R.). It's the truth, sir! My ward herself confesses it—and we are here to arrest the Captain.

MAJOR. Arrest him! Then you're too late! He's off to London.

TANNER (C.). To London? Stuff and nonsense!

MAJOR (*sternly*). Do you doubt my word, sir?  
(*Advancing a step c.*)

TANNER. Keep your hair on, Major. (*Goes to door R.*) From information I've received, he's somewhere in hiding.

(*MAJOR is about to retort, but MRS. O'GALLAGHER motions him to silence. ENTER MISS ROMNEY.*)

MISS R. Mr. Hibbertson, Mr. Hibbertson, is she found?

HIBB. She is here, Madam, (*pointing to ANGELA*) and will at once accompany you back to your establishment.

ANGELA. Never! I refuse to stir a step!

HIBB. It is my duty as your guardian to compel you to obey this lady.

ANGELA (*cross c.*). I will not! I am free now, I am married! And I will remain with my husband. (*Turns to MAJOR*) Major O'Gallagher, I appeal to you for protection.

MAJOR (L. C.). Then by Heaven——

MRS. O'G. (L., *aside to MAJOR*). Be quiet! (*Aloud, passing ANGELA over to L.*) The major, like myself, is shocked at your conduct, and has no sympathy with them that break the country's laws.

MAJOR (*drawing himself up*). Certainly not. I am shocked at ye, shocked entirely!

MRS. O'G. His whole moral nature revolts at your duplicity.

MAJOR. Exactly—my whole moral nature revolts at your simplicity.

MRS. O'G. (*passing ANGELA over to c.*). Go away now, with your kind good protector, and pray to be forgiven for what you've done. (*Aside*) Do as I tell you, and lave the rest to me.

MISS R. (*goes up to door R.*). Come, my child!

ANGELA (C.). Well, I'll go now, but I'm married,

I'm married, and come what may, you shan't keep me from my husband.

(EXIT *crossing* MISS ROMNEY, *door* R. EXIT MISS ROMNEY *after* ANGELA.)

TANNER (*comes down c. to* MAJOR). Now, sir, with your permission we'll search your quarters.

MAJOR (*cross* L. *c. up*). Don't I tell you there's no one here but myself and Mrs. O'Gallagher.

MRS. O'G. (L.). And our niece, Miss Brown from Portsmouth.

MAJOR (*after a look at* MRS. O'GALLAGHER). Of course, and me niece, Miss Brown—from Portsmouth.

HIBB. (R.). My dear sir, it's a mere formality. Unknown to you, the scoundrel may be concealed here somewhere——

MAJOR (*turning sharp round and up stage*). Concealed here! Julia, my pistols!

MRS. O'G. Tony, be calm.

MAJOR. Calm, when they tell me that the betrayer of innocence may be hiding here. Clam, is it! (*Goes up a little c., turns opposite to door* L.) Well, search away, sir.

(TANNER *goes into room* L.)

But if you find him, don't let me see him, for I'm thirsting to have the scoundrel's blood. (*A few steps* R.)

(TANNER *returns*.)

TANNER (*returning*). No one in that room—we'll try the other. Hullo, the door's locked inside. Now it's my private opinion that there's someone on the other side of that door.

MAJOR. It's only my niece, she's dressing to go out for a walk.

(TANNER *pushes* MAJOR *over to* R.)

MRS. O'G. Tony, Tony, the gentleman is only

doing his duty. (*Passes MAJOR over to C.—going to door L. U. E.*) If you're dressed, darling, open the door, no one will harm you.

(*Door opens. ENTER CAPTAIN.*)

TANNER. Who's this?

MRS. O'G. My niece, Miss Brown.

MAJOR. From Portsmouth.

(*CAPTAIN in girl's disguise—flaxen wig with plaits, short dress and pinafore. He presents CAPTAIN to HIBBERTSON, the latter looks at him through his spectacles.*)

## PICTURE.

## ACT II.

SCENE:—Room in MISS ROMNEY'S Establishment, opening on conservatory R. Door leading to staircase up L. Piano R. Door of entrance R. C. There are maps on the walls and a globe and other articles suggesting a scholastic atmosphere.

(*ANGELA at piano playing—VON MOZER, a lean German with hair a la Paderewski, beating time.*)

MOZER (R. C.). Once more, if you please.

(*ANGELA plays.*)

No, no! You are too quick and shust here it is pianissimo. (*Marks music with pencil*) Now you vill try again!

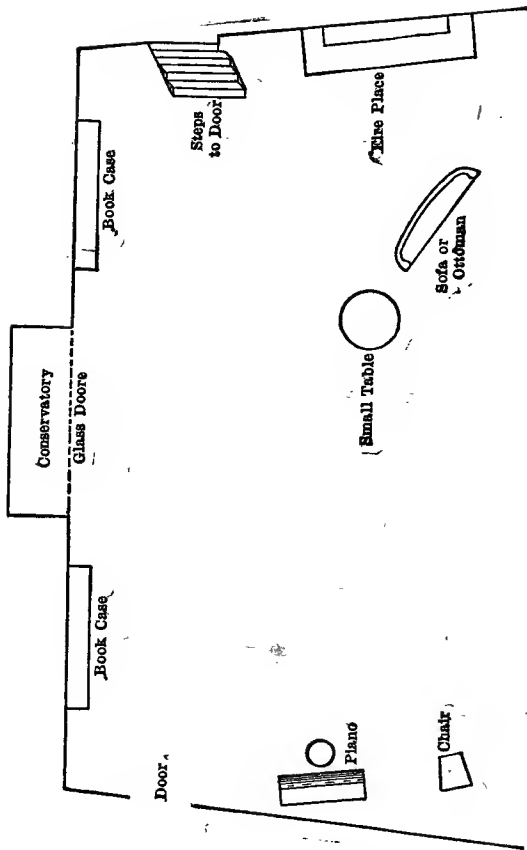
(*ANGELA runs fingers over keys and plays Mendelssohn's Wedding March.*)

Ach Himmel! Vot is that you play? That is not Schumann.



# THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN

## ACTS II AND III



ANGELA. Of course it isn't! I hate Schumann. I hate everything except—(*plays same tune*)—Mendelssohn and Matrimony!

MOZER. My dear schild—

ANGELA (*wheeling round on stool*). Oh, please don't bother! It's too ridiculous. The idea of me, a married lady, practising like a gawky schoolgirl!

MOZER. But you are not married at all. The villain who did so decief you—

ANGELA (*rises, stamping her foot*). Hold your tongue, Herr Von Mozer! If you don't, I'll tell Miss Romney that you made love to me.

MOZER. You would nefer be so cruel—and once indeed, you said—

ANGELA. That is all over! (*Crosses L.*) I'm somebody else's property now.

MOZER. Nein!

ANGELA. Yes, I am! Though they keep me here a prisoner, it won't be for long. I shall run away again and join my darling husband (*Crosses R.*)

MOZER (c.). That is impossible! They are hunting for him everywhere. When he is caught he will be put in prison—ach! yes—and I hope they will catch him soon.

ANGELA. I *hate* you, Herr Von Mozer.

MOZER. Ach, say not zo! I am your friend, and though you would not be mine, I would die to serfe you. Tell me then—I vill try to bear it—you lofe this man so much?

ANGELA. Of course I do!

MOZER (c.). And you would go to him if you were able?

ANGELA. Yes, indeed—if it were millions of miles! (*Crosses L.*) Of course I am very sorry for you, Herr Von Mozer, but really it was out of the question. (*Sits on sofa*) I could never have *really* loved a person who didn't cut his hair.

MOZER. Mein *hair*! For you I would cut off mein head!

ANGELA. Don't, please. Besides, you're a widower!

MOZER (R.). Ach leiber, yes.

ANGELA. I say—was she nice?

MOZER (*up*). She was an angel—but not like you!

ANGELA. Well, I don't like widowers, even if I were free—and I don't like Germans, either.

MOZER. Yet once I did think——

ANGELA. Then you'd no right to—whatever it was!

MOZER. Ach! If you could see mein soul. (*At back of sofa*)

ANGELA. I don't want to, thank you, and I must request for the future——

MOZER. Hush! Someone approaches. Will you broceed?

(ANGELA *sits at piano and plays*. ENTER MATILDA JONES, C.)

ANGELA (*jumping up*). Oh, it's you! (*Takes MATILDA down C.—to MOZER*). Run away, Herr Von Mozer—I want to talk to Miss Jones.

MOZER. But your lesson is not finished!

ANGELA. Please do as I tell you.

MOZER. As you will, Fraulein. We will resume this music to-morrow.

(*Goes up to door C. and EXITS, but is seen listening.*)

ANGELA (L. C.) Well?

MAT. (R. C.). Hush! Is he gone?

ANGELA. Yes.

MAT. I've been to the Post Office and there's a letter——

ANGELA (*eagerly*). Ah!

MAT. (*reading*). "Miss Jones, Post Office. To be called for."

(ENTER VON MOZER. C.)



(*Gives letter.*) There!

ANGELA (*opening it quickly*). It's from Charlie!

MOZER (C.). I beg your pardon! I hafte forgot mein music.

ANGELA (*who has hastily concealed letter—aside*). Beast! He was watching.

MOZER. Good evening once more. (*Aside*) They are corresponding. I vill varn Miss Romney.

(EXIT C.)

ANGELA. Watch at the door, please.

MAT. Very well—but be quick! (*Runs to door c., closes it and stands listening*)

ANGELA (*sits on sofa—reading letter*). “My own darling little wife”—(*Kisses letter passionately*) “Keep your courage up, for all's well that ends well, and we shall be together sooner than you imagine. Mahomet can't get to the mountain, so the mountain may come to Mahomet”—(*To herself*) Whatever does he mean?

MAT. Have you finished?

ANGELA. Not yet! (*Reading*) “Whatever happens, don't show the least surprise—and mind, not a word to anyone that I'm not Charlie Courtenay for the present, but your affectionate Miss Brown.” Miss Brown? What a funny letter! “P. S. Burn this.” Never mind—it's enough to know that he's all right, and planning how to get me away.

MAT. (*coming down*). I presume the letter is from Captain Courtenay

ANGELA. Of course, dear—but it's private, and I'm to burn it at once. (*Puts letter in fire*)

MAT. I regret that I do not possess your full confidence.

ANGELA (*going to her*). But you do. Only between married people, you know—

MAT. I, too, have loved! I, too, have felt the poison'd dart of Cupid!

ANGELA. I know that love!

MAT. He was a man of science, but the ribald mob knew him only as a chemist and druggist. My angry parents disapproved—we were torn asunder. That is why I sympathise with *you* and with all who love in vain. (*Goes up to piano*)

ANGELA (*up to her*). You've been awfully good. You must come and stay with us when we're settled!

MAT. I should only be a shadow on your happiness.

ANGELA (*brings her down c.*). What nonsense, Matilda! I'll introduce you to some of Charlie's brother officers, and perhaps one of them may console you.

MAT. (c.). Never! And yet—I have often dreamed of a military man!

ANGELA. They're lovely! (*Sits on sofa*) But—oh, dear! I wonder if I shall ever get away. Only fancy, a whole week of our honeymoon has passed—I'm still a prisoner, and I haven't seen my darling since our wedding day!

MAT. (c.). And the minions of the law are still upon his track.

ANGELA. Just so! And if he is taken——

MAT. He is a soldier—he will never be taken alive.

ANGELA. If he is caught he will be put in prison. Isn't it dreadful?

MAT. Hush! I hear footsteps. (*Goes R. mysteriously*)

ANGELA (*aside*). She is a dear good girl, but I wish she was a little more cheerful. I daren't tell her everything.

MAT (*coughing as a signal*). Hem!

(ENTER MISS ROMNEY L., *comes down c.*)

MISS R. Miss Jones, return to the class room.

MAT. (R). Yes, Miss Romney.

MISS R. (L. c.). Stay! I understand you have been out this afternoon?

MAT. Yes, Miss Romney.

MISS R. For the future you will confine your walks to the garden. You understand?

MAT. Yes, Miss Romney.

(EXIT c. after a look at ANGELA.)

MISS R. (*sits L. c.*). Miss Brightwell, I have reason to believe that you are still in communication with a person who shall be nameless, and—unless I am mistaken—Miss Jones has assisted you in breaking the rules of this establishment.

(*Pause.*)

Have you nothing to say?

ANGELA. Nothing—except that I'm married to Captain Courtenay, and deny your right to keep me a prisoner.

MISS R. You are a child—a foolish child!

ANGELA. Am I, indeed?

MISS R. As to this ceremony which you call a marriage—steps will be taken to have it set aside. But I may inform you, since you are unaware of the fact, that a marriage is no marriage until the contracting parties reside together.

ANGELA. So we should have done if you hadn't interfered—and so we shall yet, in spite of you!

MISS R. Audacious girl, hold your tongue!  
(*Half rises*)

(ANGELA tosses her head.)

As to the ruffian who has led you to take a step so wicked, he will ere long be in the clutches of the law. He has no one's sympathy. Even Major O'Galagher, his brother officer, from whom I have this day had a communication, has sworn, if possible, to call him to an account. Are you attending to what I say?

(ANGELA is silent.)

Why are you silent?

(*Long pause.*)

ANGELA. You told me to hold my tongue. And he isn't a ruffian but a darling. And I've married him, and I love him. There! (*Crosses R.*)

MISS R. (*rises*). Silence! Understand me—I have still the authority of your legal protectors to watch over you and, if possible, to save you—and I will do my duty!

(*ENTER EMMA, c., a servant.*)

EMMA. A gentleman to see you, mum.

MISS R. A gentleman?

EMMA. Major O'Gallagher, mum.

MISS R. Ah! Show him this way.

(*EXIT EMMA, c.*)

ANGELA (*aside*). The Major!

MISS R. Miss Brightwell, retire to your apartment.

ANGELA (*aside*). I must speak to him.

(*As ANGELA moves up, EMMA shows in the MAJOR. ANGELA makes a movement to speak to him, but as MISS ROMNEY is watching them he draws himself up coldly.*)

MISS R. Retire, if you please, at once!

(*ANGELA looks imploringly at MAJOR. His back is to MISS ROMNEY and he gives a prodigious wink.*)

(*EXIT ANGELA.*)

MAJOR (*after business, sits—with dignity*). Maybe you're surprised, Miss Romney, at this visit—but ye received a communication from me this morning?

MISS R. I did, Major.

MAJOR. Since I wrote it, I have had news of an alarming character. I believe that the enemy of virtue, the destroyer of innocence, is hiding in the neighbourhood of your establishment.

MISS R. I will warn the police at once! (*Rises*)

MAJOR (*rises*). There's no need, madam—they're on his track already. But I may tell you frankly that if I come across the villain I mean to take the law into my own hands.

MISS R. What will you do?

MAJOR. I'll shoot him, madam—shoot him like a dog.

MISS R. No, no! No bloodshed—I entreat you!

MAJOR (*with mock pathos*). He was my friend, my brother officer. I trusted him—Julia trusted him. How did he reward us, the libertine? He beguiled a sweet child from the shelter of a ministering angel—yourself, Miss Romney—and he laid even me—Major O'Gallagher—under suspicion as his accomplice. (*Sits*).

MISS R. No!

MAJOR. Yes.

MISS R. (*sits on sofa*). Indeed no! I, at least, never suspected you, Major.

(MAJOR *kisses her hand*.)

MAJOR (*sits L. C.*). Heaven bless you for those kind words. I thank ye for saying so, but my peace of mind is flown for ever. So is Julia's. It was your turn yesterday—it might be ours to-morrow. I tremble night and day for the virtue of my niece, Miss Brown—

MISS R. Of whom you wrote me?

MAJOR. Exactly! She is an orphan, Miss Romney, my sister's only child. We are her only surviving relatives. If she forgot what was due to herself and to her family—

MISS R. Let us trust that she will never do that!

MAJOR. Ah, but you don't know the danger that threatens her—with libertines like Captain Courtenay on every hand. A military station is no place for an innocent child like that.

MISS R. (*rises*). Then why not remove her as you suggested?

MAJOR (*rises—eagerly*). You'll receive her? You'll be a mother to her—I mean a guardian angel?

MISS R. Certainly—on the usual terms.

MAJOR. To be paid, I understand, quarterly?

MISS R. In advance!

MAJOR. God bless you! You've taken a load off my heart.

MISS R. Whenever you like to bring her——

MAJOR. She's *here*, madam, with me—in a cab at the door.

MISS R. Here? You take me rather by surprise. Still, under the circumstances——

MAJOR. I couldn't rest—Julia couldn't rest—till she was safe out of the barracks. But if I'm causing inconvenience I'll take her back.

MISS R. On no account! I shall be delighted to receive her.

MAJOR. Then I'll bring her in at once. (*Aside*) Now for it!

(EXIT c.)

MISS R. (*crosses stage R. and back L.*). I sincerely trust that the Major and Captain Courtenay will not come face to face. It is certain that there would be bloodshed. I am not in the least surprised, however, at the Major's indignation.

(RE-ENTER MAJOR, c. with CAPTAIN COURTENAY as MISS BROWN. CAPTAIN wears a hat and cloak and carries a lady's umbrella. Business—CAPTAIN bolts, MAJOR after him.)

MAJOR (*to CAPTAIN*). This way, darling. Miss Romney, my niece, Miss Brown.

MISS R. (*crosses to CAPTAIN R.*). How do you do, Miss Brown?

(CAPTAIN *curtsies*.)

MAJOR (*then back to L.*). You'll excuse her, madam—she's a little timid and bashful, having been brought up in the country.

MISS R. What is her age?

MAJOR. Her age? Let me see! How old are you—eighteen?

MISS R. I should have thought her somewhat older. She is tall and very finely grown.

MAJOR. She is that! It runs in the family. Her mother stood six foot two in her socks.

MISS R. Pray be seated!

(MAJOR *pushes* CAPTAIN *on to ottoman R.*)

Hem! (*Pushing business*) A little gauche and lacking in manner, perhaps.

MAJOR. She is—but you'll soon cure her of that.

MISS R. She has brought a portion of her wardrobe?

MAJOR (L. C.). Only just a few things to begin with.

MISS R. (L.). I should inform you, Major O'Gallagher, that every parlour boarder is expected to bring, in addition to the usual wardrobe and change of linen, one silver spoon and fork marked with her initials, one comb and brush, one nail brush and one tooth brush. The use of powder and cosmetics is not permitted.

MAJOR (*crosses to CAPTAIN*). You understand, darling—the use of powder and cosmetics is not permitted.

(CAPTAIN *rises, pushed down again.*)

MISS R. Silk stockings are also objected to, as being injurious to the health, and night attire on the Jaeger system is strongly recommended.

MAJOR. You understand, nightgowns on the Jaeger are strongly recommended.

(CAPTAIN *rises and whispers to MAJOR.*)

No, you must wear them. (BUS.) Of course! As I said before, she's very nervous with strangers. Maybe she can have a room to herself

MISS R. Certainly! Every parlour boarder in this establishment has a separate apartment.

(Pause.)

You wish your niece to have all the educational advantages of my establishment?

MAJOR. By all means!

MISS R. Music, dancing and foreign languages are extra. If you will excuse me for a few moments I will give you a printed list of our full requirements. (Crosses R.) Pray be seated! I will return almost immediately. Sweet child!

(EXIT L.)

CAPT. (up c.). It's no use—I can't face it. It's too awful!

MAJOR (c. stopping him). It's your last chance—and don't forget I'm risking imprisonment myself for aiding and abetting you.

CAPT. (R. c.). I don't mind the old woman, but the girls—they're certain to find me out.

MAJOR. Not a bit of it, Charlie! Your own mother wouldn't know you.

CAPT. They're sure to spot me the moment I open my mouth.

MAJOR. Then keep it shut.

CAPT. I must say something. (BUS. of dress)

MAJOR. And sure it's only for a few hours. The carriage and pair will be waiting for you at ten o'clock, and if you manage properly you and your wife will be at the seaport before daybreak.

CAPT. Have you seen Angela? (BUS. with umbrella)

MAJOR. I just caught a glimpse of her. She looked bewitching. Courage, Charlie—be a soldier and a man!



CAPT. Well, I'll—I'll see it through. (*Puts up eyeglass*)

MAJOR. The devil! Put that thing away!

CAPT. All right. But I'm so deucedly nervous. I'd give a fiver for a brandy and soda. (*BUS. of umbrella*)

MAJOR. Quiet, will you? Now let me see you walk across the room.

CAPT. (*walking to R.*). What do you want me to walk for? (*Stick BUS.*)

MAJOR (C.). No, no—you must take little short steps like this.

(*Stick business again—CAPTAIN crosses R.*)

CAPT. I can't stand like this all day.

MAJOR. And when I speak to you, look down and blush. Are you blushing?

CAPT. Blush! I've done nothing else since I put on these infernal clothes.

MAJOR. How old did I say you were?

CAPT. (R.). I don't know.

MAJOR. I remember—eighteen! And remember you're an orphan.

CAPT. Oh yes, I'm an orphan!

MAJOR. Your education has been neglected.

(*Head scratching business.*)

That's true, for your deportment's awful.)

(*Pulls moustache.*)

And—don't pull your moustache!

(*Door opens.*)

Whist, here's Minerva! Remember you are a girl.

(ENTER MISS ROMNEY, L., *crosses to MAJOR.*)

MISS R. (C.). Here is the list, Major.

MAJOR (R. C.). Thank you. Julia will attend to it at once. I will now have the honour of wishing you good evening.

CAPT. (*on ottoman—clinging to MAJOR*). Here, I say—don't go.

MAJOR (*down R. aside*). I must! (*Aloud*) Poor child, she's never been from home before, and she clings to her only protector. Good-bye, my darling.

CAPT. Good-bye, old chap.

MAJOR (*embracing CAPTAIN*). Remember the precepts we've taught you—modesty, duty and obedience—and God bless you.

(BUS., and EXIT MAJOR, C.)

MISS R. (*crosses to CAPTAIN, R.*). You are naturally distressed——

(*Crying business.*)

My dear Miss Brown, at parting from such loving relatives, but pray compose yourself. Don't cry.

(*Umbrella business.*)

Only fulfil their injunctions and you will find a happy home here.

(CAPTAIN *sits.*)

I understand from your uncle that you are a little backward in your studies.

CAPT. Hem! Yes, ma'am—I'm afraid so.

MISS R. We will soon remedy that. Tea is served at eight. You would perhaps like to be acquainted with some of your fellow companions in the paths of learning.

CAPT. Oh, lor!

MISS R. I will send them to you. In the meantime here is a book which I strongly recommend for your perusal—Toplady's Sermons.

CAPT. Toplady's Sermons!

MISS R. (*aside—going*). Hem! (BUS. *at door*) She is certainly very gauche indeed!

(EXIT C.)

CAPT. I wonder what she'll want me to do next. Well, I am inside the fort—and how to hold the situation when the enemy closes in! I could always get on well enough with one girl, but a whole school is the very devil! (*Takes off hat*) I wonder what I look like. I feel like a penny loaf. Better take stock of myself before the girls come. (*Standing on sofa, looking in mirror*) By Jove, what a guy. How do, Miss Brown? Remember your uncle's precepts; modesty, duty, obedience.

(ENTER ANGELA, C.)

ANGELA. A stranger!

CAPT. It's Angy!

ANGELA. I beg your pardon—I thought Miss Romney was here.

CAPT (*back to her*). It's Angy!

(ANGELA moving towards her looks over her shoulder at reflection in mirror.)

(*Turning.*) Hush! (*Puts finger on lips*)

ANGELA. Eh? Who are you, pray?

CAPT. Miss Brown!

ANGELA. Miss Brown?

CAPT. Don't you know me?

ANGELA (*with a cry of recognition*) Charlie!

CAPT. For Heaven's sake take care. (*Runs up and closes door*)

ANGELA (L.). Is it really you?

CAPT. (R. C.). Rather! That is, I'm Miss Brown, the new boarder.

ANGELA. Oh, Charlie! Whatever have you done with your moustache?

CAPT. Shaved it off, don't you know. Well, here I am in the enemy's camp.

ANGELA. You dear old darling, I'm so glad! (*Embracing him*) But why ever have you come here?

CAPT. Why, to carry you off, of course.

(*They sit on sofa—BUS. of feet.*)

Now, listen, Angy! The bobbies are after me, so I had to dress up like this to escape them. Then I was determined to make one grand effort to carry you off—so it's all arranged, if you're willing.

ANGELA. Willing? I've been dying to see you. Only fancy—it's our honeymoon—

CAPT. Nice sort of honeymoon!

ANGELA. And—and—(*Laughing*) Oh, Charlie, what a guy you look. (*Rises*)

CAPT. Do I? Well, you see—

ANGELA. Dreadful! Your moustache — your beautiful moustache—is gone.

CAPT. It'll soon grow.

ANGELA. And you've got *red* hair.

CAPT. Auburn, Angy. Take care—or it will come off. Now listen, Angy. When they come, you must hide me as much as possible—get between me and everyone else—do all the talking. To-night when everybody is quiet—

ANGELA. Take care, I hear them coming!

CAPT. Do I look all right?

ANGELA. Yes. (*Runs to piano and plays softly, while CAPT. sinks into chair and takes up book*)

CAPT. Now I'm in for it.

(ENTER MATILDA JONES, MISS SCHWARTZ, dark young lady from Demerara; MILLICENT, girl of sixteen; and CLARA; girl of twelve, and GIRLS. They all drop down R. They come in one by one, glancing at CAPT. CLARA sees CAPT. and bursts out laughing.)

CAPT. What a horrid child!

MAT. Hem!

ANGELA (*rising*). What's the matter? (*Going to her*)

MAT. Miss Romney has sent us to introduce ourselves to the new boarder. Have you spoken to her?

ANGELA. Oh yes, and she's awfully nice. (*Crosses L. c.*)

MAT. (c.) She is not pretty, but she has a most interesting expression. (*Aloud*) Miss Brown, I believe?

CAPT. Yes, Miss Brown.

MAT. Miss Romney has told us to bid you welcome to Cicero House. I am Miss Jones.

CAPT. How do?

MAT. There are the Misses Loveridge, Millicent and Clara; Miss Devereux; Miss Perkins.

MISS S. I am Miss Schwartz. (*Crossing to extreme L.*)

MAT. Yes—Miss Schwartz from Demerara.

CAPT. Awfully pleased——

CLARA (*aside—giggling*). Awfully pleased.

MIL. What a gruff voice she has!

MAT. Miss Brightwell you already know.

CAPT. Hem, yes. Are there many more of you?

MAT. The other young ladies are in the class room. You will meet them at tea.

CAPT. Awfully pleased, I'm sure. I'm very fond of tea.

ANGELA (*L. c. sitting by the CAPT.*). Miss Brown and I are the best of friends already, aren't we, Miss Brown (*Putting her arms round him*)

CAPT. Rather!

MIL. (*crossing c.*). What's your Christian name, Miss Brown?

CAPT. Charlie.

GIRLS. Charlie?

ANGELA. Charlotte.

MIL. But Charlie's a man's name.

ANGELA. It's a girl's name too, stupid. Besides, children shouldn't ask impertinent questions. (*Crosses L.*)

MIL. I'm not a child—I'm thirteen. How old are *you*, Miss Brown?

CAPT. Well, I—I'm thirteen.

ANGELA. Don't answer her.

(MILLICENT laughs.)

What are you laughing at, Miss Impudence?

MIL. (R. C.). Nothing.

CAPT. That's a most detestable child!

MIL. (to CLARA). What red hair she has!

CLARA. And what large hands.

(All the girls except MATILDA and MISS SCHWARTZ go up to piano.)

ANGELA. Never mind those rude girls, Miss Brown. We'll make you comfortable, won't we, Matilda?

MAT. At any rate we will try to do so. (*Sits on other side of CAPT. and takes his hand.*)

ANGELA. Miss Jones is my *particular* friend—you must promise to like her very much.

CAPT. Certainly! (*To Miss S.*) Won't you sit down, Miss—Demerara? I daresay I can find room for the rest of you.

MISS S. (*sitting on hassock at his feet*). Were you ever in Demerara, Miss Brown?

CAPT. Never!

MISS S. I was born there. I hate England. Don't you?

CAPT. Well, no—not exactly.

MISS S. I'm sure I shall like you, Miss Brown!

CAPT. Thank you—you're awfully kind!

MISS S. (*Throwing her head back and resting it on his knee*). Ah!

ANGELA. Don't do that, Miss Schwartz—you're making her uncomfortable. (*Pushing her away*)

(ENTER EMMA C.)

CAPT. Not at all—I rather like it.

ANGELA. Oh, do you?

EMMA. Please, miss, if you'll give me the key of your box I'll put out your things.

CAPT. (*rises, crosses L. c.*). My man will attend to that. (*Bus.*) I'll attend to that myself, thank you.

EMMA. But Miss Romney says——

CAPT. All right—by and bye.

(EXIT EMMA c.)

(CAPT. *crosses R. The GIRLS drop down behind sofa.*)

ANGELA. Well, what do you think of her?

MAT. She seems very nice and unaffected.

MIL. She's ugly enough at any rate.

ANGELA. She isn't ugly!

CLARA. Well, she's stupid—and I'm sure she's not a lady!

ANGELA. Hold your tongue, Miss Impudence!

(ENTER MISS ROMNEY c.)

MISS R. Well, have you welcomed your new companion?

GIRLS. Yes, Miss Romney.

CAPT. Yes, Miss Romney.

MISS R. Then be good enough to retire. You will meet again at tea time.

(GIRLS EXEUNT *one by one c.*)

CAPT. (*As MIL. goes off laughing*). I hate that brat!

MISS R. Miss Schwartz, you may remain.

MISS S. (*eagerly*). Yes, Miss Romney.

MISS R. (*R. c. to ANGELA who is looking at CAPT.*). Miss Brightwell, withdraw to your room.

(ANGELA *goes up c.*)

ANGELA (*with a toss of the head*). Oh, very well!

MISS R. (*R. c. with a cry*). Stay!

ANGELA. What's the matter now?

MISS R. You were leaving the room without

saluting me. Take care, Miss Brightwell, do not compel me to resort to harsher measures.

ANGELA (*up c.*). Oh, you can do just as you please.

MISS R. What!

ANGELA. I'm not a schoolgirl any longer—I'm a married lady—and you've no right to keep me here a prisoner. You may hang me and quarter me, Miss Romney, but you shan't compel me to admit your right to detain me against my will. There!

(EXIT c.)

MISS R. (*c. aside*). Such audacity! And before the new pupil! What an example! (*Aloud*) Miss Schwartz!

MISS S. (*L. c.*). Yes, Miss Romney.

MISS R. You have introduced yourself to Miss Brown?

MISS S. Yes, Miss Romney.

MISS R. (*to CAPT.*). This is my favourite pupil; I hope you will be friends. She will assist in familiarising you with the ways of this establishment. There are others here, more stormy spirits, against whom I shall have to warn you—but in Miss Schwartz I have the fullest confidence—You understand?

CAPT. Yes, Miss Romney.

MISS R. Then I will leave you to improve your friendship. (*Passes MISS S. over c. aside to her*) Poor child, she is very lonely. It is her first exile from an indulgent home. I can trust you to be kind to her, I'm sure.

MISS S. Yes, Miss Romney. (*Goes to c. d.*)

(EXIT MISS ROMNEY c.)

CAPT. They seem to do nothing but curtsy all day. By Jove, I wish this girl would go too. I'm afraid of her.

MISS S. Charlotte! (*Coming down to ottoman*)

CAPT. Eh? What?



MISS S. May I call you Charlotte? (*Sits on ottoman L. C.*)

CAPT. Charlotte? Oh yes, of course. (*Sits on ottoman R.*)

MISS S. And you must call me Phemie.

CAPT. I shall be very pleased to.

MISS S. Euphemia Maria is my full Christian name, but they call me Phemie at home.

CAPT. (*R. on ottoman*). It's a very nice name—and you're a very nice girl.

MISS S. (*R.*). Do you really think so, Charlotte?

CAPT. Rather, Maria—Phemie!

MISS S. Well, I liked you the moment I saw you—I did, indeed.

CAPT. That shows your good taste.

MISS S. And I've so longed for a friend—a real true friend. The other girls are cats, and Angela Brightwell is the worst of all.

CAPT. Really?

MISS S. Really! (*Rises*) Do you like oranges?

CAPT. Eh? I beg your pardon.

MISS S. Oranges? I get heaps of them from home, and I'll give you as many as you like. (*Gives him orange*)

CAPT. (*C.*). One will do.

MISS S. But you must promise to love me, and be true to me and tell me all your secrets.

CAPT. This is getting awkward. (*Rises, comes round back of ottoman to R. C.*)

MISS S. (*leaning her head on his shoulder*). You will, won't you—won't you, Charlotte?

(CAPT. starts up—rises.)

What's the matter? (*Rises*)

CAPT. Nothing—only it's rather warm. (*Goes up C. Bus. with orange*)

MISS S. (*crosses L.*) What pretty hair you have.

CAPT. (*R. C. awkwardly*). Think so? They all seem to like my hair.

MISS S. Is it all your own? (*Crossing to him*)

CAPT. Most of it. (*Getting behind ottoman*)  
The roots of it.

MISS S. Mine is. When I undo it, it reaches right down below my waist. But some of the girls have false pieces stuck on, and some of them have false teeth.

CAPT. False pieces of teeth? (c.) Really?

MISS S. (L.) What are you looking for?

CAPT. (c.) Oh, nothing. (*Bus.*) My handkerchief. Oh, here it is. (*Pulls out handkerchief and in doing so drops cigarette case*)

MISS S. What's that? (*Picking up case*)

CAPT. Nothing. It's——

MISS S. A cigarette case!

CAPT. No, no—my card case!

MISS S. (*holds up finger*). Oh, Charlotte, you smoke!

CAPT. How dare you? (*Bus. aside*) What the deuce shall I say?

MISS S. Don't be afraid, I won't tell. Besides I smoke too! (*Gives case back*)

CAPT. Oh, you bad girl!

MISS S. Everybody smokes at home. I often have a cigarette in my bedroom and—did you ever smoke a green cigar?

CAPT. Never! Not since I was a little boy!

MISS S. Ah, they're lovely! You lie in a hammock and you look up through the green leaves and you think of your sweetheart. Of course you've got one?

CAPT. Well—yes.

MISS S. Dark or fair?

CAPT. Well, she's——

MISS S. She?

CAPT. I mean he's—she's a he—he a she. I wish she'd go.

MISS S. Dark?

CAPT. Yes—dark.

MISS S. Mine's a sailor. I've danced with him—it was heavenly. Isn't it lovely when they put their arms round your waist?

*(They both waltz and fall on to sofa L.)*

CAPT. I'm sitting on that blessed orange! Don't you think your tea's nearly ready?

MISS S. (R.). Oh, I do like you so much!

CAPT. Mind the orange!

MISS S. *(drops head on his shoulder)*. We'll have such fun, won't we?

CAPT. Rather!

MISS S. Oh, Charlotte, don't be cold.

CAPT. Cold—I'm frightfully hot.

MISS S. That's why I don't like English girls—they freeze one up so. But you seem different!

CAPT. I'm a little different, Miss Schwartz.

MISS S. You must call me Phemie.

CAPT. Well—Phemie!

*(ENTER ANGELA C. Door left half open.)*

ANGELA (C.). Whatever are you doing?

MISS S. Nothing. Go away, we don't want you, do we, Charlotte?

ANGELA. Charlotte indeed! You seem very affectionate.

CAPT. *(rises)*. Upon my soul, Angy—

*(Bell.)*

I mean Miss Brightwell—

MISS S. Don't mind her. That's the tea bell. Come along, you're to sit by me. *(Dragging CAPT. up C.)*

ANGELA *(crosses L. takes CAPT'S hand, turns him to L.)*. She shan't do anything of the sort. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you black thing!

MISS S. (R. C.). I'm not black!

CAPT. (L.). Here, I say—upon my word!

ANGELA (C.). You're as bad as she is! *(Slaps his face)* There!

(EXIT c.)

MISS S. Oh! (*To* CAPT.). Where are you going?

CAPT. (*aside*). Angy! Angy!

(EXIT c.)

MISS S. (*following*). Charlotte! Charlotte!

(EXIT c.)

(ENTER MISS ROMNEY *and* TANNER L.)

TANNER. There's no doubt about it, mum. From information received I'm sure he's somewhere in the neighbourhood.

MISS R. (*sits on sofa*). So Major O'Gallagher warned me! What audacity!

TANNER (L. C.). Well, he's a desperate chap! And it's my opinion he's still after the young lady. You see, ma'am, when a young chap marries or thinks he marries a handsome girl, and they get separated on the very day of their wedding, he isn't going to lose his property without a struggle.

MISS R. Miss Brightwell is *not* his property. The marriage is no marriage.

TANNER. That's as it may be, ma'am—but just put yourself in the Captain's place. You're over head and ears in love——

MISS R. (*rises*). I? Officer!

TANNER. I beg your pardon I'm sure. I'm not suggesting for a moment you're capable of such a thing—but you see, ma'am——

MISS R. I should much prefer not to discuss the subject. It is highly indelicate. All my moral susceptibilities are outraged. (*Sits*)

TANNER. That's it! I'm with you there! I'm a moral man myself and can understand your feelings. If you'll inquire at Scotland Yard they'll tell you what I am. If the case has anything to do with morals, Tanner is your man!

MISS R. We are wandering from the subject. Sit down, Officer. What is to be done?

TANNER (*sits L. C.*). This is a case that wants a lot of thinking out, and I'm bringing all my intellect to bear on it. In the first place, I'm going to search the premises, and afterwards, with your permission, I'll watch the place till morning.

MISS R. Surely he would never dare to enter the precincts of my establishment?

TANNER. Make no mistake—he may be concealed here at this very moment.

MISS R. In my house! (*Rises*) Oh, this is terrible! (*Crosses R.*)

TANNER (*rises*). Don't be afraid! If he's anywhere about I'll nail him.

MISS R. But my pupils! The young ladies committed to my charge! I tremble to think of their peril if a man of such desperate character should approach them.

TANNER. Just you leave it to me, mum—and don't worry. I'll have a look over the house, and then I'll keep watch till morning.

MISS R. Impossible! No person of the male sex has ever passed the night under this roof.

TANNER. You needn't mind *me*. I'm a married man.

MISS R. So is *he*. Married men are frequently the worst. (*Up c.*)

TANNER. Yes, but you don't understand. Don't say that, mum. I'm a married man and the father of a family. Morality, ma'am, is my strong point. Besides it's raining hard and I can't stop outside all night.

MISS R. But my pupils—my servants!

TANNER. Just you leave 'em to me. Send 'em to bed. Then when all's quiet I'll come here and keep watch. My opinion is that he may try to communicate with the young lady during the night.

MISS R. During the night!

TANNER. Lord bless you, ma'am, you don't know these lovers! Lovers are like howls—they're quiet enough in the daytime, but when night comes——

MISS R. Officer!

TANNER. Beg your pardon again, ma'am! Let me see now. (*Crosses to window*) That's a conservatory?

MISS R. Yes.

TANNER (*crosses R.*). It's my opinion that conservatory opens on to the garden?

MISS R. (R. C.). It does.

TANNER (R.). I thought so! Then depend upon it, that's the way he'll come.

(MISS ROMNEY gives a little scream.)

If he comes at all! Romeo and Julieto business, you know. Do you think they're in communication?

MISS R. (R.). I am sure of it.

TANNER. Humph! Well, if you'll kindly show me round——

(ENTER ANGELA, followed by CAPTAIN, C.)

ANGELA (L.). Oh, don't talk to me. I'm disgusted!

MISS R. Miss Brightwell, did I not command you to keep your room?

(ANGELA tosses her head and crosses L.)

TANNER (R.). Oh, this is the young lady! And what's that! (*Points to CAPTAIN*)

MISS R. My pupil, Miss Brown. (*Crosses R. and sits*)

TANNER. Ah, the young person I saw over at the barracks. I should like, if you don't mind, to ask Miss Brightwell a few questions.

MISS R. Certainly! (*Sits L. C.*)

(CAPTAIN gets over to R.)

TANNER (C.). Now, my dear, listen to me! I'm Sergeant Tanner from Scotland Yard, and from in-

formation received I believe that you're still in communication with Captain Courtenay.

ANGELA (L.). That is my business, policeman.

TANNER. Excuse me, it's mine. I've got a warrant for that gentleman's arrest, and if you're conspiring to defeat the ends of justice, all I can say, Miss Brightwell, is—

ANGELA. Mrs. Captain Courtenay, if you please!

TANNER. Oh, come—we know all about that. Now just listen to me.

ANGELA. Oh, please don't bother me. If you're going to arrest my husband, why don't you do it? (Crosses R.)

TANNER. I mean to—and I believe he isn't far away.

ANGELA. Yes, he may be nearer than you think.

(CAPTAIN starts.)

TANNER. You hear that, ma'am?

MISS R. I do. Pray do not address her further—she is quite incorrigible.

TANNER. All right!

(Bell rings.)

What's that?

MISS R. (*crosses to chair*). It is the nine o'clock bell, and the signal for evening devotions—

TANNER. Oh, lor!

MISS R. —which my assistant will conduct to-night.

TANNER. After that?

MISS R. My pupils retire to rest. Miss Brightwell, you will retire at once.

(ANGELA goes up and hides behind piano—TANNER goes up L. C.)

Miss Brown, you know your room.

(CAPTAIN curtsies.)

After devotions you will go to bed, and before 1 re-

tire myself I will look in and see that you are quite comfortable. Good night, my sweet child. (*Kisses CAPTAIN on the forehead R.*) Let me warn you for the future to hold as little communication as possible with Miss Brightwell. (*To TANNER*) This way, if you please!

TANNER. After you, ma'am.

(EXIT TANNER and MISS ROMNEY, c.)

(ANGELA comes down R.)

CAPT. My darling! (*Going to her*)

ANGELA. I'm not your darling! You prefer Miss Schwartz. (*Cross L.*)

CAPT. What nonsense! It wasn't my fault, really.

ANGELA. She had her arms round your neck. (*Crosses to R.*)

CAPT. I couldn't help it—she put them there—I didn't.

ANGELA. Of course she put them there. Well, I suppose I must forgive you. But oh, Charlie, I'm afraid everything will be discovered. That dreadful policeman is on our track.

MAJOR (*at door c., entering with EMMA*). Tell Miss Romney I must see her at once. (*Shuts door*)

(EXIT EMMA. *Blue lime on conservatory.*)

CAPT. (R. c.). O'Gallagher!

MAJOR (c. *mysteriously*). There's no time to lose. The carriage and horses are waiting down yonder by the wood, and directly the lights are out—wheest! (*Goes L.*)

(ENTER MISS ROMNEY c., *leaves door open.*)

MISS R. (c.). Here again, Major. At this hour!

MAJOR (L.). Yes, madam. When we're alone I'll tell ye what brings me.

MISS R. Miss Brightwell, retire at once as I command you. Miss Brown—



CAPT. Present.

MISS R. The domestic is waiting to conduct you to your apartment.

(EXEUNT ANGELA and CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN *lingers by door listening.*)

MISS R. (L. c.). You are agitated—you tremble? Oh, what is it?

MAJOR (L.). I was right, Madam. The betrayer is close at hand.

MISS R. Ah! (*Faints in MAJOR'S arms*)

MAJOR. Don't be afraid—I'm watching for him—I came to tell ye, in case of any mistake, that I'll be waiting\* down there in the garden, and if he approaches—(*Points c.*)

MISS R. No bloodshed, (*rises*) I conjure you! It would simply ruin my establishment.

MAJOR. In that case I'll spare his life. (*Speaking pointedly*) Retire in peace, Miss Romney, I'll watch over this house and yourself, and my darling niece.

MISS R. Bless you, Major.

MAJOR (*speaking at CAPTAIN*). If a soul stirs inside the house, I'll be there. (*Points R.*) By your leave I'll pass out by the conservatory. (*Crosses R.*) The garden gate opens on the road, and it's that way that the villain might try to come, or the girl try to escape.. Good night, Madam, once more.

(EXIT *by conservatory*, CAPTAIN *also disappears.*)

MISS R. My heart sinks within me. (*Locks conservatory door*) I will write to Mr. Hibbertson at once and beg him to remove Miss Brightwell to another home, for this nervous strain is more than I can bear! (*Falls on ottoman*)

(ENTER TANNER, c.)

TANNER. It's all right, mum.

(MISS ROMNEY *rises.*)

The young ladies have retired, and so have the serv-

ants. You just follow their example and leave the rest to me!

MISS R. (R. c.). I cannot sleep! I am too terrified.

TANNER. Bless your heart, I'll take care of you. (BUS.)

MISS R. Officer!

TANNER. I beg your pardon, ma'am. There are only two ways of communication with the house—the front door's lock and bolted, and I'll look after this one. (*Points to conservatory*)

MISS R. Do you really think the man, desperate as he is, will dare——

TANNER. All I know is, from information received, that he is in the neighbourhood—and, bless you, there's no saying what a man in love won't risk.

MISS R. What do you purpose doing?

TANNER. I'll make myself comfortable here. I've got the warrant; and here's the darbies—(*Puts them on table*)

MISS R. The darbies?

TANNER. I'm going to nab him if I can. I suppose, mum, you won't mind my smoking a quiet pipe?

MISS R. It would be very irregular—but under the circumstances——

TANNER. Thank you. Now with your permission, I'll turn down the lights a bit. (*Does so*) I only hope he will try to communicate with the young lady, that's all. And now, ma'am, you can go to roost—I mean, ma'am—you can sleep the sleep of innocence. Make your mind perfectly easy.

MISS R. Good night, Officer. (*At door c.*) By the bye, I ought to inform you that Major O'Gallagher is watching in the garden.

TANNER (L.). Oh, is he? All right. Good night again, mum.

MISS R. Oh, that this dreadful night were over!  
(EXIT c.)

TANNER. Humph! It's a queer sort of a game altogether. I wonder what the old woman at home would say if she knew the job I was on. (*Chuckles*) I've no doubt whatever that the Captain means to communicate with his wife if he can, and he hasn't much time to lose. (*Sits chuckling*) Nice sort of a honeymoon he's having. I'm sorry for him, but duty is duty, and I've got to take him if I can. That Major seems an interfering sort of a cove, and I don't half trust him, for these military chaps generally stand by each other.

(*A distant whistle heard.*)

Now it's my opinion that was a whistle. Eh? What's that? That sounds rather like a signal! (*Crosses to conservatory*) And there's a light down there on the road. Damme if I don't think there's something wrong already (*Opens conservatory door*) Somebody's moving down there in the garden. (*A cry, sound of shuffling*) Hullo!

MOZER (*faintly without*). Help! Help!

MAJOR. (*without*). Hold your tongue, or I'll choke the life out of you.

(ENTER MAJOR *dragging in* VON MOZER.)

MAJOR (R. C.). This way! Let me see who you are!

TANNER (L.). Here, I say, what's this? (*Turns up lights*)

MAJOR. Who are you, sir?

TANNER. Sergeant Tanner, from Scotland Yard.

MAJOR (*aside*). The devil! (*Aloud to VON MOZER, choking him*) Quiet down! (*To TANNER*) I was watching in the garden, as perhaps ye know—(*Throws MOZER on ottoman*)

TANNER. So the old lady told me.

MAJOR. Well, I was watching for that villain, the betrayer of innocence, when I saw this man come

creeping from the road. I followed him—I sprang upon him, I secured him—quietly, sir, for I didn't want to disturb the innocent cherubs sleeping above——

TANNER. Yes, but what is it?

MAJOR. But he's an ugly blackguard, and maybe an agent of the Captain.

MOZER. No, no, you do not understand. I am Herr Von Mozer, Miss Romney knows me—I teach the music to the young ladies.

MAJOR. Do ye, bedad? In the middle of the night, is it?

TANNER. Let the man speak, can't ye? (*Turns MAJOR over to L.*)

MOZER (*rises*). I suspected, and I was on the watch, I said to myself, "Ach Himmel!"

TANNER. Who's he, don't know him.

MOZER. I vill not suffer them to approach that angel.

MAJOR. Ye did—did ye?

TANNER. It's all right—look here, Mr. Mouser, or whatever your name is, you get out. Those young ladies are under my care, and they don't want any more music lessons at present.

MAJOR. That's right, put him out.

TANNER. And look here, Major, everybody seems meddling in this here business. It's my affair, not either of yours, and I wish you'd hook it and leave it to me.

MOZER. You do not know. It is a plot to carry her away.

MAJOR. Hould your tongue, ye door mat!

MOZER. I vill not.

(*BUS. with TANNER.*)

You too, I belief, are in league with the Captain! I did see you signalling to de windows, I——

MAJOR. Quiet! Do you want to wake the house?

TANNER. That's it! Clear out, if you please. I can manage this job single-handed.

MOZER. Vell, I vill go.

TANNER. Yes, you will go.

MOZER. But I warn you—I vill watch over that angel till daybreak!

(BUS., and thrown off D. R. by TANNER.)

TANNER. Now he's enjoying himself amongst the geraniums.

MAJOR (C.). I don't trust that rascal.

TANNER (R.). And he don't trust *you*. (*By conservatory*)

MAJOR. Sir, I'm a British officer, and I'm here to protect the innocence of a member of my own family.

TANNER. All right—I've no objection—but I'm here on duty and I don't want no amateur interference. (*Crosses L., sits on sofa*)

MAJOR. It's a cold night.

TANNER. What's that got to do with it?

MAJOR. Can I offer you a drink from my flask?

TANNER. I never drink when I'm on duty.

(MAJOR drinks.)

Ain't he selfish?

MAJOR. Then have a cigar.

TANNER. Thankee—I don't mind that.

MAJOR. You'll find it a good one.

TANNER. I ain't much of a judge of a cigar myself. But I've seen these ere toffs a looking at them and a smelling of them. They'll be talking to 'em next, Major.

MAJOR. Now you're here, my mind's easy, and I'll retire to my lodging. Good night.

TANNER. You can't do better. (*Lights cigar, match BUS.*)

MAJOR (*crosses to conservatory, aside*). It's all up I'm afraid. The road's blocked by the enemy. Never mind—I'll risk a shot yet. (*Aloud*) Good night, ye handsome man!

(EXIT R.)

TANNER. Ye handsome man! (*Match Bus.*) I wonder if he's in it after all. P'raps it's a plan and they're both in it. Well, if the Captain does come, I'm a watching. In the meantime I'll lock that door and make myself comfortable. (*Locks door opening on conservatory, and comes down, puts hand-cuffs on table, etc.*) P'raps after all he won't risk it, if he gets wind I'm on the job. (*Sits on sofa*) Not a bad cigar. But it wants moistening. (*Pulls out large flask*) I wasn't going to trust the Major's liquor—for all I know it may have been doctored. (*Drinks*) That's the stuff to put the intellect in ye. Now I think I'll just turn down the lights again, (*does so*) and take a snooze. No one can get in without my knowing it, for my sleep's the sleep of a weazel.

(*Door opens softly, CAPTAIN appears in girl's dress (carrying candle.)*)

(*In chair aside.*) Eh? What's this? One of the young misses. What's she doing here?

(CAPTAIN *whistles.*)

Can't she whistle! Here! What are you about?

CAPT. (*R. C. starting*). Eh? What? A man!

TANNER (*L. C.*). Miss Brown, ain't it?

CAPT. Yes, Miss Brown. Who are you?

TANNER. Sergeant Tanner of Scotland Yard. What are you doing down here?

CAPT. Doing? Nothing! I was just going for a walk in the garden.

TANNER. At this time of night?

CAPT. It's cooler there.

TANNER. I see it all. (*Aside*) She's after that long-haired German—(*Aloud*) Come here, my dear, and don't be frightened.

CAPT. Oh, please don't speak to me, I'm so frightened. (*Goes up to door R.*)

TANNER (*aside*). That's it! A rendezvous with the music master! This is a nice sort of an establishment, this is.

CAPT. What—what are you doing here?

TANNER. Eh! Well, I don't mind telling you I'm watching the house. From information received I believe Captain Courtenay's going to try to carry off his young lady to-night. (*Crosses R.*) Here, look me in the eye! I hope *you're* not aiding and abetting him!

CAPT. Oh no, sir. I'd rather die!

TANNER. Oh, you'd rather die, eh? P'raps you've got a sweetheart of your own, eh? Well, don't be afraid—I shan't split. I've been in love myself, though p'raps I don't look it. But I can't let you meet your sweetheart to-night. You'd better go back to bed.

CAPT. Oh, please don't ask me. I feel so frightened. Let me sit here with you, sir, I won't disturb you, indeed I won't.

TANNER (*aside*). Oh, she's a nice girl! (*Goes to couch—sits—aloud*) Well, sit down, my dear—but if the old lady found you here——

CAPT. (*sits L. C.*). She won't. She's upstairs, I heard her lock her door.

TANNER (*sits on sofa*). Oh, you, 'eard 'er lock 'er door. You don't mind my cigar?

CAPT. Oh no, I rather like it. (*Aside*) I wish I'd got one.

TANNER (*aside*). Nice fresh looking girl. (*BUS. aloud*) Your health, my dear. (*Drinks from flask*)

CAPT. Thank you. Oh, I've got such a thirst!

TANNER. Why, you're shivering! Take a drop of this. It's only weak brandy and water—just a taste.

CAPT. I've tasted water—I'm afraid. You're sure it won't do me any harm.

TANNER. Harm? No! It'll do you all the good in the world.

(CAPTAIN *drinks.*)

CAPT. You're sure I'm not robbing you?

TANNER. Not a bit of it, there's plenty for both of us. Just a taste.

(CAPTAIN *finishes bottle.* BUS.)

Just a taste!

CAPT. I've finished with the bottle. (*Hands TANNER flask,* BUS.)

TANNER. I should think you had finished with the bottle. Feel better now? That's right. Don't you mind me, I'm a married man, though of course I know a pretty girl when I see one, eh? (*Winks*)

CAPT. You mustn't talk like that. You won't call Miss Romney?

TANNER. Not me. But if you'll excuse me for asking you, missie, what's his name?

(*Whistle heard.*)

Hullo! (*Crosses R. opens conservatory door*)

CAPT. (*crosses L.*). Oh dear! (*Aside*) O'Gallagher's signal.

TANNER. They're hanging round still—well, let 'em, I'm watching.

(ENTER ANGELA, C. *with candle, lights full up.*)

ANGELA (*L. C. aside*). Whatever is Charlie doing? (*Seeing them*)

TANNER. Hullo! Here's another of them. Eh? If it isn't Miss Brightwell; come, you've no right to be down here!

ANGELA. I was only looking for Miss Brown!

TANNER. Oh, is that all? Well, just you go back to your room, Miss, or you'll get me into trouble. From information received——

ANGELA. Oh, we know all about that! If Miss Brown can stay here, surely I can stay too. (*Crosses to fireplace*)

TANNER. No, you can't. I—look here, if you've



no character to lose, I have—I'm a married man with a grown up family.

CAPT. Oh please, sir, don't be angry with her!

TANNER (R. C.). I ain't cross—only—I'm a grown up man with a married family.

ANGELA. It's such nonsense talking about my running away and I feel so cold and frightened all alone upstairs. Please let me warm myself at the fire, and I'll go, won't I, Miss Brown?

CAPT. Yes, if you'll let her stay here, I'll give you my orange.

TANNER. Well, she is a nice girl. Well, there's no objection to that. (*Sits on sofa L. aside*) Now there's a pair of 'em. (*Aloud*) Fancy me sitting here all alone, between a couple of love birds.

ANGELA. Mr. Policeman, you say you're a married man?

TANNER. I am!

ANGELA. I wonder how you'd like it if people separated you from your wife.

TANNER. That's a different pair of shoes. I don't say as I would like it, and I don't say I wouldn't, but a police officer has no right to let his private feelings prejudice his ideas of duty.

ANGELA. You're a disagreeable, horrid man!

CAPT. Oh, no, don't say that, he is not good looking, but he's not horrid. Don't be cross with him.

TANNER. Come, don't say that. I'm never hard, my dear, especially when ladies is concerned—and I don't say I ain't sorry to separate you and the Captain. There!

ANGELA. Are you really?

TANNER. I don't say I ain't, and I go no further, for duty is duty. But lor' bless you. A child could get over me. My missis knows that—she can twist me round her little finger. Come to me when I'm off duty, and p'raps I'd say, "Good luck to you and your love making," but now, mind you, it's different

—(*To CAPTAIN who has taken up handcuffs*) Here, put those things down.

ANGELA. But what are they?

TANNER. Handcuffs, missie.

ANGELA. What fun! How do you put them on? So!

TANNER. No!

ANGELA. Please show me, and don't be disagreeable.

CAPT. Oh, pray do.

TANNER. It isn't regular, but I'll show you, look here, this is the way. (*Puts them on himself*) See? (BUS.) You get your hand like this. (BUS.) And you snap it to like that and you can't get it off without the key.

CAPT. (*fastens other wrist*). And you can't get it off without the key.

TANNER. Here, what are you about?

CAPT. Be quiet, please. Angy, put out the light.

(ANGELA closes door up L., blows out candles on piano. CAPTAIN blows out one on table.)

TANNER. Take 'em off.

ANGELA. Hold your tongue, sir.

TANNER. It's a plant. I see it all now. You're in conspiracy with the Captain. Help!

CAPT. (*seizing him and stuffing pillow into his mouth*). Silence, will you? (*Whistle off—*)

(ANGELA opens door. ENTER MAJOR.)

MAJOR. Here I am! Come along, darling.

TANNER (*choking*). Help! Murder! She's escaping!

CAPT. Away with you—I'll follow.

(EXIT MAJOR and ANGELA.)

(CAPTAIN throws table-cloth over TANNER who struggles wildly and runs to the door. ENTER VON MOZER.)

MOZER. Ah, vat is dis?

CAPT. Hold your tongue, will you?

MOZER. Miss Brown! Ah, I entreat you——

CAPT. Out of the way! (*Seizes him*)

MOZER. Help! Help!

(*As they struggle, the door opens and MISS ROMNEY and the SCHOOLGIRLS all carrying bedroom candles appear. Lights full up.*)

(*EXIT CAPTAIN struggling with VON MOZER.*)

(*Crash R. All scream.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

SCENE:—*Same as ACT II. Morning.*

(*MISS ROMNEY and HIBBERTSON DISCOVERED. MISS ROMNEY looks much upset and in deshabille.*)

HIBB. (L.). Calm yourself, Madam!

MISS R. (R. c.). Calm myself? The very centre of my moral being is shattered—and I shall never recover the shock!

HIBB. Once more, Madam, I must beg you to give me a full, true and particular account of what has happened.

MISS R. I will try. But, as I said, my moral equilibrium—(*Sits R.*)

HIBB. It is not a question of your moral equilibrium, but of your responsibility to the Lord Chancellor, Madam. It is a serious business, a very serious business, and I, like you, am compromised. My ward has again escaped——

MISS R. She has! Though I took every precaution!

HIBB. Go on, Madam—go on! (*Sits L. c.*)

MISS R. She was watched on every side. A man, the police officer, kept watch in this room. It is the first time that a being of the male sex has passed a night under this roof, close to the innocent lambs who pasture beneath my care.

HIBB. Well, what happened?

MISS R. At the dead of the night we were awakened by a dreadful tumult. I rushed down stairs, followed by the members of my household. What did I see? (*Rises*)

HIBB. That's just what I am waiting to hear.

MISS R. The police officer handcuffed, and lying on that sofa and one of my pupils struggling in the embraces of a man!

HIBB. What man?

MISS R. Alas that I should say it—one of my own teachers, Herr Von Mozer!

HIBB. Indeed!

MISS R. Imagine my horror!

HIBB. Never mind your horror! Go on.

MISS R. (*sits R.*). I will try—but my feelings choke me. In less time than it takes me to tell you the circumstances, I realised that Miss Brightwell had fled, and that Miss Brown was about to follow.

HIBB. Miss Brown?

MISS R. The pupil of whom I spoke—a new inmate of my household, introduced by her uncle, Major O'Gallagher.

HIBB. By that Irish ruffian! Then depend upon it, this girl was sent here as a decoy.

MISS R. (*rises*). So Herr Von Mozer affirms, but I cannot believe it. Miss Brown was so modest, so quiet, so well conducted.

HIBB. Well, what followed?

MISS R. The unfortunate girl struggled with Herr Von Mozer into the conservatory. There was a cry, a crash—and when we rushed to see what had occurred, we found Miss Brown had disappeared,

and that Herr Von Mozer was lying bleeding and insensible on the ground. In the meantime, the police officer had rushed away in pursuit of the fugitives. And oh, Mr. Hibbertson—Mr. Hibbertson, he has not yet returned.

HIBB. (*rises*). The case is clear enough. Through your folly, madam—I say it without prejudice—through your folly and blindness—a female agent of Captain Courtenay entered this house—a plot was arranged, for the abduction of my ward—and unfortunately it has succeeded! (*Crosses L.*)

(ENTER EMMA C.)

EMMA. Herr Von Mozer would like to see you, ma'am.

MISS R. Tell him——

HIBB. I must see this person, and hear his statement. Show him in.

(EXIT EMMA.)

It's just possible that he, too, may be in the conspiracy.

(ENTER VON MOZER C. *He is sadly cut and disfigured and has a patch over one eye.*)

HIBB. Your name is Von Mozer, and you are a teacher of music in this establishment?

MOZER. Ach himmel, yes!

HIBB. Be good enough to answer my questions, without adding remarks of your own.

MOZER. Ah, sir—I only said ach himmel!

HIBB. Then don't do it again!

MOZER. As you please, but Miss Romney is aware——

MISS R. (*looking up*). Pray don't appeal to me, sir!

HIBB. Confine your attention to me, if you please.

(VON MOZER *sits* C.)

(*Sits on sofa*) Now sir, be careful! Last evening,

I understand you were in the neighbourhood of this house?

MOZER. I was.

HIBB. What were you doing at that hour?

MOZER. Vot I vos doing?

HIBB. What were you doing? How often do you wish me to repeat the question?

MOZER. I was watching.

HIBB. Oh, you were watching, eh?

MOZER. I believed that mein pupil, Miss Brightwell, intended to escape. I believed that they did intend to carry her away, and I was there to save her, even with mein own life! (*Removes chair*)

HIBB. Proceed—and be careful what you say.

MOZER. Afterwards I saw de Major approach de house and enter—I did creep after him, and then, ach himmel, I saw mein Angela——

MISS R. Angela!

MOZER. I should say Miss Brightwell, escaping mit de Major. Before I could stop them—they had fled—and then as I entered to help the police officer, I saw another of de pupils, who had thrown, vat you call a table-cloth on the officer's head. I cried to her to "Stop." She seized me by the throat, and then we did struggle, there came a crash—a blaze of light, an earthquake—and I knew no more! (*Sits R. c.*)

HIBB. You tumbled through the conservatory, I believe.

MOZER. I do not know. When I did recover, I became insensible. I vas vat you see! De Doctor who has attended me, says I am disfigured for life!

MISS R. (*to HIBBERTSON*). It is all just as I told you. (*To VON MOZER*) Herr Von Mozer——

HIBB. Kindly leave the witness to me. Now, sir, attend——

MOZER. Ach leiber, I attend, but—(*Rises from chair*)

HIBB. Your story would be plausible enough, but for one peculiar circumstance. You expect us to

believe that you, a strong man in the prime of life, were unable to overpower a delicate young girl?

MOZER. (*rises*). A delicate young girl! She was ein Fury—a Hercules! She had the strength of a man!

HIBB. Humph! A very likely story! But you suggest, I presume, that she, this girl, was in league with the scoundrels who have carried off Miss Brightwell.

MOZER. I am certain of it. It is not only Miss Brightwell they would have carried away, if I had not interfered—but all the school, and also that estimable lady!

Miss R. (*with a cry*). Dreadful! Oh, what an escape!

HIBB. Calm yourself, Madam. Well, sir, you will have to swear to the truth of what you have stated. (*Rises*) For my own part, I must frankly tell you, that I think it credible. (*Crosses to L.*)

MOZER. Donner Wetter! Do you doubt my word?—Miss Romney?

Miss R. (*rises*). Oblige me by not appealing to me. The circumstances are most suspicious, and until they are thoroughly explained, you will cease to attend in this establishment.

MOZER. But you do not understand——

Miss R. (*rises*). Quite sufficient—Herr Von Mozer! Quite sufficient!

MOZER. And this is my reward! For trying to save you, to save you all from these men who had conspired against your honour.

(Miss R. *rises*.)

Miss R. (*R. up stage*). Herr Von Mozer!

MOZER. (*c.*). It is de truth—and I, I only am the victim! I will tell you all, now, since you suspect me of treachery, of gonspiracy. I lofed Miss Brightwell, that is why I wished to save her from that man.

MISS R. Loved Miss Brightwell? You are mad!

MOZER (*wildly*). Yes, I am mad, as you say. Ha, ha, ha! I have sacrificed meinsel—I have lost mein beauty—I am disfigured—they have cut mein hair, and now you say I am a conspirator. No matter, I loved her! Ha, ha, ha! (*Up c.*)

HIBB. Here, I say, don't make an ass of yourself!

MISS R. (*going up to VON MOZER*). Begone, sir, at once! And after your hideous confession, you need not return again. (*Crosses L. c.*)

MOZER. Zo! I shake the dust off mein feet, but I have told you the truth. Vat I did, I did for lof, I loved that angel!

MISS R. Angel!

MOZER. I love her still! You cannot brevent me—Ach! My Angela—My Angela!

(EXIT R.)

MISS R. (*R. c.*). After this I may close my house at once! A life of virtue, devoted to the formation of the young idea, must now close in disgrace and gloom.

HIBB. Humph! Things do seem a little topsyturvy. (*Crosses R.*)

MISS R. (*crosses L.*) The air is poisoned with immorality. Even Herr Von Mozer, in whom I had the greatest confidence, has fallen a victim to the epidemic. It is horrible, horrible!

TANNER (*Off through c.*). Wait in the garden! And take care of your prisoner!

MISS R. That voice!

(ENTER TANNER, *he looks exhausted and mud-spattered.*)

You have returned—quick, tell us what has happened? (*Sits on sofa*)

(HIBBERTSON *takes chair from piano.*)

HIBB. Yes, speak. (*Sits R. c.*)



TANNER (*sits L. C. puffing and wiping his brow with his handkerchief*). A nice chase I've had of it! (*Sinks into a chair*)

HIBB. But you have succeeded. You have a prisoner?

TANNER. I have.

HIBB. Captain Courtenay?

MISS R. Miss Brightwell?

TANNER. Just give me time. She's *there!* I've got her right enough!

MISS R. & HIBB. Miss Brightwell?

TANNER. No, worse luck, the other one!

MISS R. Miss Brown?

(HIBBERTSON *sits*.)

TANNER. Yes, Miss Brown, and a nice time I've had of it. This is how it was, ma'am. When I went through that door, I caught sight of a carriage and pair in the road. I rushed towards it, and was just in time to see the young lady jumping in. Then she put her head out of the carriage window and cried "Charlie, Charlie!" "Stop!" I cried. Then I saw the other young female rushing down the garden. "Drive off," she cried, "don't wait for me!" and with that she laid hold of me, just as she'd laid hold of the German!

MISS R. Amazing, horrible!

TANNER. Off went the carriage, and over I went on my back, and the other young woman throttling me like a wild cat.

MISS R. Good Heavens!

TANNER. Then she let me go and began to run. Up I got and followed, for my blood was up, and I thought, "I'll nail *you* at any rate, if I can't the other.

HIBB. (*rises*). Absurd! You should have followed the carriage! (*Puts chair back*)

TANNER. The carriage had gone off at full gallop. How could I expect to overtake it?

HIBB. Well?

TANNER. Well, while I was cursing and swearing,

(MISS ROMNEY *coughs*.)

Ah, I beg pardon, Mum, I didn't swear much—and what I did—there was no one near to hear, so it did not matter. Away bolted the young woman across country. I went after her. Over hedges and ditches, down lanes, in and out, round about just like a fox hunt. I never saw such jumping! She went over her fences wonderful, did that young woman!

HIBB. And all the time she was leading you away on a false scent.

TANNER. I'd no time to think of that. I kept running and running, and at last I came up with her because her petticoats——

(MISS ROMNEY *coughs*.)

impeded her speed. We came to a fence, over she went, I followed her, and went plump into a horse pond on the other side! I have had a nice time of it.

HIBB. Served you right! You behaved like a idiot!

TANNER. Thank you. You're candid, if not complimentary.

HIBB. Go on, sir! Go on.

TANNER. Go on? I've been going like a steam engine all night! Well, then I went off into the town and wired everywhere, warning the police to look out for a runaway couple and arrest 'em if possible. I could do nothing more, so I waited for information.

HIBB. Oh, you did? Well, you're a pretty fellow!

TANNER. Look here, I'm working out this case, I've got my eye on them fugitives, you just leave 'em to me!

HIBB. You have ruined everything. You should have followed the carriage.

TANNER (*rises*). So I would have done if I'd been a race-horse.

(*ALL rise.*)

But I'll tell you what I done—I laid *low*, and waited. More haste less speed is my perfeſſional motto—and juſt you ſee how it worked out. This morning, juſt as I was coming here to report progress, a country fellow comes to me and ſays, “You’re a detective, ain’t you?” though how on earth he knew that—I can’t tell—“and you’re looking after a young girl as has eſcaped from a boarding ſchool?” I told him that was the caſe. “Well,” ſays he with a grin, “ſhe’s hiding over yonder, in one of our barns.”

HIBB and MISS R. Miss Brightwell?

TANNER. No, the other one. I went over at once with a couple of local conſtabulary, and there we found her lying among the hay. She was going to ſhow fight again, but before ſhe could ſtart we handcuffed her, and I’ve brought her back.

HIBB. You have brought the very perſon we didn’t want.

TANNER. That’s the way you look at it, eh? Jeſt you wait, I’m working up my caſe.

HIBB. Well, bring her in—I’ll talk to her.  
(*Cross L.*)

TANNER. Talk to her—and a nice time you’ll have of it. You won’t get much out of her. She’s as dumb and hobſtinate as a mule. (*Going to door c.*) Here! Bring in your priſoner.

(ENTER CONSTABLES C. with CAPTAIN. *He ſtill wears female dreſs, but preſents a hideous figure—dreſs torn—bonnet over one eye—and is handcuffed.*)

(*To CONSTABLES*). Wait outside.

(EXIT CONSTABLES.)

(*Bus. throws CAPT. on to ottoman R.*)

Now, young woman, it's no use trying any more of your tricks here.

(CAPT. *shrugs shoulders and sinks into chair R.*)

HIBB. Bless me! Is this the quiet, well conducted young person of whom you spoke?

MISS R. Yes, and I assure you——

HIBB. Leave this affair to me. Now, Miss Brown, (*Crosses to L. c.*) if that is your name.

CAPT. Oh, shut up.

HIBB. Let me explain to you, that you are in a very precarious position. We have reason to believe that you are a paid agent of a criminal, for whom we have a warrant of arrest—that, as a matter of fact, you have assisted him to escape from justice, and moreover——

CAPT. Oh, cut it short, whoever you are. Don't chatter!

(HIBBERTSON *retreats behind table L. c.*)

HIBB. Don't chatter! But I will chatter! No impertinence, if you please!

(CAPTAIN *laughs mockingly.*)

TANNER. What did I tell you?

MISS R. (*approaching CAPT.*). My poor misguided child!

(CAPTAIN *turns his back.* MISS R. *recoils.*)

TANNER. Cantankerous young vixen!

HIBB. (*goes to TANNER*). No doubt you're right, this girl is in league with Captain Courtenay. The question is, what shall we do with her?

TANNER (*up R.*). Lodge her at the police station. I'm going to charge her with assault and battery!

MISS R. But the scandal! The disgrace to my establishment!

TANNER. That's *your* business, ma'am!

MISS R. And after all, she's only a helpless girl!

TANNER. Helpless? Ask the German gent, ask me! 'Elpless, oh, lor'!

HIBB. (*to* MISS ROMNEY). What do you suggest? (*Coming down*)

MISS R. She is naturally excited! Let *me* speak to her—reason with her——

TANNER. And a nice time you'll have of it. Well, I've no objection to that. I'll be waiting, and when you're ready (*Bus.*) 'Elpless! Oh, lor'!

(EXIT R. *into conservatory.*)

HIBB. (*at door L.*). A young savage!

(EXIT L.)

MISS R. Now, my poor child, will you listen to me? I have no wish to be unnecessarily severe, and if you will answer me candidly, in a sincere spirit of penitence I will try what can be done to save you from the consequences of your wickedness.

(CAPTAIN *crosses to L. sits on sofa.*)

Not a word—not a word. Miss Brown, I think I understand! You have been a mere tool in the hands of designing men.

(CAPTAIN *laughs.*)

And I will beg Sergeant Tanner to restore you to your friends. *But* you cannot leave my house in that state, it would only provoke further scandal. I will order the domestic to prepare a warm bath and after you have been washed and made presentable, you shall depart. Oh, my poor, sweet, injured, innocent child.

(EXIT C.)

CAPT. A pretty mess I've made of it! After dodging that infernal officer all over the country, to get collared and brought back like this. Luckily the idiot of a detective never guessed whom he had

captured, and I was wise enough not to enlighten him. But everything must come out soon, I haven't shaved since yesterday, my chin is like a nutmeg grater. (*Looking off through conservatory*) The bobbies are waiting. No chance of escape that way—but if I could get these infernal handcuffs off, I'd have a try for it! (*Returning and sitting in chair L. C.*) There's nothing for it, but to lie low a little longer! But what's become of Angy, I wonder? Somewhere safe, I hope with O'Gallagher. Poor girl, she's having a queer sort of a honeymoon!

(ENTER MISS SCHWARTZ C. *She peeps in cautiously then runs down and throws her arms round CAPTAIN'S neck.*)

CAPT. Here comes the Indian Princess.

MISS S. It is you after all!

CAPT. (*startled*). Eh? What?

MISS S. Oh, Charlotte, I'm so sorry! (*Kneels L. C.*)

CAPT. Well, it is a pity!

MISS S. I know all about it! You'd a sweetheart, you were trying to elope, and the cruel, spiteful things have brought you back!

CAPT. Yes! that's about the size of it!

MISS S. How hoarse you are. Why, they've tied your hands!

CAPT. Yes, do you think you could undo them?

MISS S. (*after an attempt*). I can't—I'm so sorry! How funny you look. (*Rises*) Your hair's all out of curl, and—(*Going to arrange hair, gets to his L. at back*) and your dress is all torn, poor thing! Never mind! Better luck next time, Charlotte!

CAPT. You haven't such a thing as a cigarette about you, have you?

MISS S. I just have. (*Takes out case, selects cigarette and puts it in his mouth*) There!

CAPT. You're a brick, Miss Schwartz—a dear, I mean!

MISS S. And we're friends still, Charlotte!

CAPT. Rather!

MISS S. I do so sympathise with you, I've so often wanted to run away myself.

CAPT. Oblige me with a light.

MISS S. Of course, how stupid of me, I forgot. (*Striking match*) There! I don't care, I'll have one too!

(*Bus. CAPTAIN strikes match.*)

How clever! Wherever did you learn that? (*Goes down L.*)

(*CAPTAIN sits on sofa. Lights cigarette.*)

Oh dear, if Miss Romney saw us, wouldn't she be angry!

CAPT. Can't help that. I'd have a smoke if I was to hang for it!

MISS S. Isn't it nice!

CAPT. Heavenly!

MISS S. Can you make rings with the smoke, like this?

CAPT. Rather!

(*ENTER TANNER—Picture.*)

TANNER. Well, I'm jiggered—(*Coming forward*) Here, what's all this? Hello! Hello! A nice young female you are and no mistake. You'll be wanting a brandy and soda next.

CAPT. Just try me.

TANNER. And there seems to be a pair of ye.

MISS S. (*crosses c.*) Oh, please don't be angry with her. She's such a dear funny thing, and I like her so much!

TANNER. Do you? Well, you'll have to part with her, for she's going with me to quod.

CAPT. Oh, don't be vulgar.

TANNER. Vulgar! It beats cock-fighting, it does And you call yourselves young ladies?

CAPT. Of course we do.

TANNER. And you all smoke, of course?

MISS S. Most of us, don't we, Charlotte?

CAPT. Rather!

TANNER. Well, a nice time the school-mistress must have of it. I've heard of games in young ladies' schools, but this place takes the cake. Well, young woman, when you're ready, I am, so come along. (*Cross to CAPTAIN and back to R.*)

(CAPTAIN puffs smoke in TANNER's face.)

(ENTER MISS ROMNEY and HIBBERTSON c. As they enter MISS SCHWARTZ throws cigarette away and CAPTAIN does the same.)

MISS R. (L. c.). Officer!

TANNER (R. c.). Ma'am?

MISS R. We have been talking this matter over—and if you have no objection——

HIBB. (R.). Permit me. (*Leading TANNER aside R.*) The fact is, we think it better for all parties concerned to keep this unfortunate affair as quiet as possible. The publication of all the facts means absolute ruin to an estimable lady.

TANNER. Well, sir, I can't help that.

HIBB. You can help it. You must let that young woman remain where she is for the present.

MISS R. (R. c.). Yes, I am sure she can give us valuable information.

HIBB. (R.). And understand, whatever you do in Miss Romney's interest shall be considered——

MISS R. Liberally.

HIBB. Very liberally.

MISS R. Most liberally.

TANNER (c.). Oh, if that's the case, I'm agreeable. Shall I take the darbies off her?

HIBB. I think you may.

TANNER (*To CAPT.*). Here, missie. (*Beckons CAPT.*) Hold out your hands.

(CAPTAIN does so, he takes off handcuffs.)



There! (*To CAPT.*) They don't give you bracelets like that in Bond Street. Is she to go?

HIBB. No, she is to remain here this evening until we decide what is to be done with her.

MISS R. Go and sit in dining-room, Miss Brown.

MISS S. Please, Miss Romney, may I sit with her? (*Crosses to MISS R.*)

MISS R. Humph!

MISS S. Oh please, I like her so.

MISS R. And your influence over the misguided girl, will, I am sure, be beneficial. You may do as you desire.

MISS S. Oh, thank you. Come along, Charlotte. (*Puts arm round CAPT. stepping towards door*).

(EXEUNT c.)

TANNER. There, what did I tell you about her jumping? (*By D. C.*) It's a deep job. There's more in it than you fancy. It wants a mind like mine to get to the bottom of it. But I'm working it up. I'm a working it up, and a nice time I've had of it.

(EXIT D. C.)

HIBB. That detective's a conceited ass! He has proved himself worse than useless. (*Crosses L.*) Well, I must return to London at once. Only one course remains to me—to lay the whole melancholy facts before the Lord High Chancellor!

MISS R. (*R. C.*). Mr. Hibbertson, I entreat you——

HIBB. I must perform my duty. As matters stand I am seriously compromised——

MISS R. And what of me? I am ruined—practically ruined.

HIBB. No doubt His Lordship will hold you responsible and you will be summoned to give an account of your conduct.

MISS R. My name will be in all the newspapers! My establishment,

(ENTER EMMA C.)

patronised so long by the nobility and gentry——

EMMA. A lady and gentleman, ma'am, to see you.

MISS R. A lady and gentleman? (*Looking at cards*) The Countess of Pullborough. (*Gives him card*)

HIBB. But there isn't a Countess of Pullborough. Lord Pullborough, who recently inherited the title is a bachelor.

MISS R. (*looking at the other card—screams*). Ah!

HIBB. What is it?

MISS R. (*crosses L. C.—giving card*). Look! at the other name on the card.

HIBB. (L.). Major O'Gallagher!

(ENTER MAJOR, C. ANGELA follows.)

(EXIT EMMA C.)

MAJOR (C.). Good morning, my dear lady. I thought I should be welcome. May I have the honour of introducing my charming friend, the Countess of Pullborough.

HIBB. My ward!

MISS R. Miss Brightwell!

MAJOR. She *was* Miss Brightwell, but she is now Lady Pullborough.

HIBB. Rubbish! (*Crosses to MAJOR*) Don't imagine, sir, that we are unacquainted with the part you took in last night's outrage. Don't imagine——

ANGELA. We're not imagining anything! It's the fact.

HIBB. You must be mad.

MISS R. Quite mad.

MAJOR. Read that, sir, if you doubt our word. (*Gives paper*) The late Lord Pullborough died yesterday of influenza, and my friend, Charles

Courtenay, the husband of this sweet young lady is the heir to the title and estates.

HIBB. Lord bless my soul! That scoundrel.

MISS R. That betrayer of innocence——

ANGELA (R. C.). He isn't a scoundrel—he isn't a betrayer of innocence. He's my husband—the Earl of Pullborough, and I'm his Countess! (*Goes down R.*)

MAJOR. Quite so. We've come back, you see, to explain everything, and help you out of your difficulty.

HIBB. (*crosses to MAJOR*). As I suspected. You helped to carry off my ward.

MAJOR (*smiling*). I did, sir.

MISS R. And yet you swore to me——

MAJOR. I did, madam. But all's fair in love and war. I have now to ask you, madam, what has become of the innocent young child, my relation whom I committed to your care? If any harm has come to her, I shall hold you responsible.

MISS R. That unfortunate young person.

HIBB. Who was brought here under false pretences——

MISS R. Who was your agent—your decoy——

HIBB. Is now in the custody of the police.

MAJOR. What? (*Crosses R. to ANGELA*)

(ENTER EMMA C. MISS R. *crosses to her.*)

EMMA. If you please, ma'am, we've forced open Miss Brown's box, as you told us, and what do you think? There's nothing inside the box, ma'am, but a man's hat and coat——

(MISS ROMNEY *screams.*)

and a box of razors!

HIBB. (*crosses L.*). Razors? In heaven's name what for?

MAJOR. To shave with.

(MAJOR and ANGELA *cross L.*)

MISS R. *and* HIBB. To shave with?

(*A loud scream off.* ENTER MISS S. *and* SCHOOL-GIRLS, C.)

MISS S. (C.). Oh, Miss Romney—Oh, Miss Romney.

GIRLS (R.). Oh, Miss Romney!

MISS R. (R. C.). What is the matter?

MISS S. I left Miss Brown in the dining-room and went upstairs——

MISS R. Yes, yes.

MISS S. When I came back, Miss Brown was gone!

MISS R. Gone?

MISS S. And there was no one in the room but a man, a horrid live man——

MISS R. A live man!

MISS S. In his shirt-sleeves.

MISS R. In his shirt-sleeves!

(*As she speaks* CAPTAIN *appears at door C. in trousers and shirt-sleeves.* ALL *scream.* ENTER TANNER C.)

CAPT. Angela! (*Embrace*)

MISS R. Captain Courtenay!

HIBB. Captain Courtenay!

TANNER (*at back*). The Captain at last. (*Goes up and signals*)

CAPT. Right you are. I couldn't keep it up any longer and was going to bolt as I am, when the young lady gave the alarm. No matter, I surrender.

TANNER. Then, Captain Courtenay, you're my prisoner. (*Down to MAJOR*)

MISS R. One moment, officer. Is it possible you are——

MAJOR (*grinning*). My niece, Miss Brown.

ALL. Miss Brown!

MISS S. Miss Brown. Oh, Charlotte!

CAPT. Never mind, Phemie—I won't tell any tales out of school.

ANGELA (*to Miss S.*). He isn't Miss Brown, he's my husband.

MAJOR. Or if you prefer to hear the full denomination, Captain Charles Courtenay, promoted to be Earl of Pullborough, in place of his unfortunate cousin, deceased.

CAPT. What?

MAJOR. Died yesterday morning at Paris. It's the truth, me boy. And sorry as I am for Tom I congratulate you on your good fortune.

HIBB. My lord, you are doubtless aware of the gravity of your situation.

(CAPTAIN *and* ANGELA *go up stage c.*)

I can have you at once arrested.

MAJOR. You can, but you won't.

HIBB. Won't I?

MAJOR. Not if you've a head on your shoulders. You'll leave his lordship to make his own apologies to the Lord Chancellor.

HIBB. Humph!

TANNER. That's all very well, but where do I come in? I've been kicked and throttled. Besides, you've hurt my hammer proper, you called me an idiot!

HIBB. I, ah, withdraw the expression and undertake to say that you shall not be a loser.

(CAPT. *gives* TANNER *bank note.*)

TANNER. I knewed you was the Captain all the time.

HIBB. My lord, we have no wish to be severe on a person of nobility.

MISS R. And oh, if the scandal can be hushed up, and my establishment saved from ruin.

CAPT. They shall be, madam——

MISS R. And my pupils, the young ladies——

CAPT. Leave them to me. My dear young ladies and fellow pupils, I'm sure you're all glad to witness the happiness of your old schoolfellow!

GIRLS. Oh yes, Angela, we're all so glad!

CAPT. Well, if you're all very good, you shall come and see us in our new home——

*(General exclamation from GIRLS, "Oh.")*

'And if you don't receive a hearty welcome, my name isn't——

GIRLS *(laughing and pointing at him)*. Miss Brown.

TANNER *(nudging MAJOR)*. From Portsmouth.

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

## BROWN OF HARVARD

*A Play in Four Acts.*

By RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

"Brown of Harvard," has the genuine college atmosphere, with moments of excitement and even of sentimental interest. To begin with, there is, of course, Brown himself, a paragon of all the ordinary virtues, with the additional and rare one of modesty. Then, there is Wilton Ames, who is not his own master, and Victor Colton, who wants the English crew to defeat his Alma Mater, and who is not above using the weaker student to accomplish his own villainous purpose. For the rest, they are college boys of various types, girls of the sort who like to come to afternoon tea in the fellows' room and who whoop it up for them when any sort of a contest is on. The play's chief appeal comes from the fact that it reflects in its entirety the buoyant, wholesome spirit of youth. Some lively and entertaining glimpses of college life are shown. Glimpses into typical student sanctums, the fun and frolic of goodfellowship, the chat of the crew, snatches of college songs, the harmless flirtations of the town and campus—these are all pleasant features of the piece. All this and a stirring boat-race scene added makes a play of college life that fairly teams with the 'varsity atmosphere. The characters, 20 male and 4 female, are well drawn and there is action and movement throughout the four acts. Play a full evening.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

---

## FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM; or, The New Lady Bantock

*A Comedy in Four Acts.*

*Five Males, Seventeen Females*

By JEROME K. JEROME

One interior scene stands throughout the four acts. Costumes, modern. Time, 2½ hours. Fanny, an orphan, is taken in charge by her uncle, Martin Bennet, who is a butler by profession. The two don't get on at all, so Fanny takes the bit in her teeth and goes on the stage. She meets Vernon Wetherale, who says he is a landscape painter. A real love match results and they marry.

It develops that Wetherale is none other than Lord Bantock disguised as an artist. So Fanny becomes Lady Bantock, but the worst is to come, for when Lady Bantock takes her place at the head of her husband's establishment she discovers that the butler is her uncle—the same Martin Bennet aforementioned—and that the 23 servants are all relatives of her ladyship. Here's a pretty kettle of fish. And it is more complicated because of the fact that the butler's family has served the Bantocks for three generations, and now Martin has risen to the point of dignity so that he holds sway not alone over the servants, but also over the Bantocks.

It does not take long for the clash to come between Lady Bantock and the butler. And the butler threatens then and there to expose her ladyship's pedigree if she does not capitulate. Now it happens when Fanny married Lord Bantock she was not careful to adhere to the truth about her ancestors. And so the poor woman is between the devil and—the butler and the other twenty-three servants. They decide what she shall eat, read, wear and a thousand other things; and, worst of all, her orders are disobeyed.

The crisis comes and Fanny decides to find out who is mistress of the house. The result is that out goes the whole batch of servants. Then Fanny tells her husband everything, and declares that she is ready to return to the stage. But love triumphs, the servants return, submissive, and peace reigns.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

---

## THE BUTTERFLIES

By HENRY GUY CARLETON

This is a pleasant, natural, and very entertaining comedy in three acts, and was first produced by Mr. Charles Frohman at Palmer's Theatre, New York, with John Drew and Maude Adams in the principal roles. The scenes shift from St. Augustine to Lenox. They are replete with comic and sentimental happenings in effective alternation and contrast, and they give a less distortive view of "Society" than is usual in plays that satirize that subject. This is a light and graceful comedy, full of bright lines, and the audience is kept in continual good humor. Costumes, modern and fashionable. 6 males, 8 females. Scenes, 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Plays a full evening.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**

## **CHRISTOPHER JUNIOR**

A Comedy in 4 Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Modern costume. Time, 2½ hours. Three interior scenes; 8 males, 4 females. Christopher Jedbury, Jr., having accidentally placed himself in an unfortunate position with a lady in the West Indies, is forced to marry her without seeing her. He returns to England. His father finds out about the marriage, quarrels with him, and turns him out. Jedbury, Jr., goes to India as a clerk in his father's office, there discovers defalcations by the manager, and falls in love with Dora Hedway. He is reconciled to his father, and Dora turns out to be his wife. Highly recommended for amateurs.

• PRICE, 50 CENTS

---

## **MICE AND MEN**

A Romantic Comedy. Four Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Costume about 1786. Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Three interior, one exterior scene; 7 males, 5 females. Mark Embury, a man of over forty, is of opinion that the perfect wife must be educated from a state of ignorance and simplicity to the ideal of the man she is about to marry. He accordingly proceeds to impart his views to a girl fresh from the Foundling. His young nephew comes on the scene, and Embury realizes that nature intended the young to mate with the young. This beautiful costume comedy can be played by all females, and is highly recommended for use by girls' schools and colleges. This play was originally produced by Mr. Charles Frohman with Miss Annie Russell in the leading role.

PRICE, 50 CENTS

---

## **SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM**

A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Mark Ambient. Modern costume. Time, 2½ hours. One interior scene throughout; 3 males, 4 females. Bernard Gray, a composer of music, lives in a garret in Soho. Under his charge is a young girl in the ballet, whose mother had died when she was young. Hubert Gray, the brother of Bernard, rescues a wealthy old gentleman from an accident, the latter eventually turning out to be the girl's father.

PRICE, 50 CENTS



# THE BUTTERFLIES

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By HENRY GUY CARLETON

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

FREDERICK OSSIAN.....	Mr. John Drew.
ANDREW STRONG.....	Mr. Lewis Baker.
HIRAM GREEN.....	Mr. Harry Harwood.
BARRINGTON, his son.....	Mr. Arthur Byron.
NATHANIEL BILSER, on business.....	Mr. Leslie Allen.
CODDLE, butler to Green.....	Mr. Frank E. Lamb.
MRS. OSSIAN.....	Mrs. Annie Adams.
SUZANNE ELISE, daughter to Green.....	Miss Olive May.
MRS. BEVERLY STUART-DODGE.....	Miss Kate Meek.
MIRIAM, her daughter.....	Miss Maude Adams.

ACT. I.—Drawing-room in Green's Cottage, San Augustine, Florida.

ACT II.—Another drawing-room in Green's Cottage, San Augustine, Florida.

ACT III.—Green's house near Lenox, Mass.

This comedy was produced by Mr. Charles Frohman with Mr. John Drew and Miss Maude Adams, and was an enormous success. We take great pleasure in specially recommending this Comedy for amateur production.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

---

*The Famous Farcical Comedy Played by the late Roland Reed over 1,500 times, entitled*

# THE WOMAN HATER

A FARCICAL COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

By DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

*Author of "The Senator," "For Congress," Etc.*

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

SAMUEL BUNDY	MRS. LUCY JOY
PROFESSOR HORACE MULLBRIDGE	MISS ALICE LANE
DR. LANE	MRS. WALTON
GEORGE DOBBINS	THOMPSON
TOM RIPLEY	WILLIAM
ORLANDO HAWKINS	JAMES

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—Mrs. Joy's private apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City. Interval, one week. "Engaged."

ACT II.—Same scene. Interval, two weeks. "Disengaged."

ACT III.—Parlors, Fifth Avenue Hotel. Interval, one hour. "A Wedding on the Sly."

ACT IV.—Consultation room. Dr. Lane's house, Washington Heights, New York City. "Of Course You Know I am not Insane."

"This comedy is as full of fun as a shad is full of bones."—*New York Times*.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

# FRENCH'S AMERICAN EDITION.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER COPY.

JUST PUBLISHED.

## "A COUNTRY KID."

A RURAL MERRY AMERICAN COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

This play is particularly adapted to amateurs, and is one of the best "Rube" plays that has been published in recent years. Mr. Scoville, the author, having toured the United States with the play for two or three seasons with enormous success. The play is full of comedy and strong situations. It has six male and three female characters. There are good parts for a villain, a tramp, and a farmer, to say nothing of the "Country Kid," which is a rip-roarer. The parts for a leading juvenile, a sou-brette, and a character old woman are exceedingly good. Songs and dances and other specialties can be introduced in the play if so desired. It is sure to be a great hit wherever produced.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

## "MINE FALLS; OR, THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

(AN IDYL OF YANKEELAND.)

A RURAL COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

By HERBERT DURRELL SMART.

*Eight Male, Three Female Characters. Scenery Easily Arranged.  
Costumes Modern.*

Amateurs will find this one of the easiest, brightest and most mirthful of comedies to produce. The play is built on the life and character of a typical old New England miller, who is also Justice of the Peace. This piece, which is brimful of comedy and good situations, affords scope for easy character acting, and creates unlimited merriment. Humor, wit, sentiment and pathos are most ingeniously interwoven, and engages the delighted interest of spectators from first to last. It will make a sure hit in all localities. Price, 25 cents.

JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE VILLAGE BELLE.

A NEW RURAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By HERBERT DURRELL SMART,

*Author of "Mine Falls," "A Rustic Wooing," etc., etc.*

Mr. Smart's play, "Mine Falls, or, The Miller's Daughter," has made such a tremendous success that we take pleasure in offering "The Village Belle."

*Eight male, three female characters. Scenery easily arranged.  
Costumes modern and rustic.*

The story of the play is laid in a New Hampshire village, not far from Concord, and the rural life and character of that vicinity is truthfully depicted. This is a particularly effective and easy play on the "rural" order, containing plenty of humor and dramatic incident. It is an admirable play for amateurs, with plenty of good character and comedy parts. The leading parts are particularly good and strong, and the piece is easily produced. Plays a full evening. Price, 25 cents.









VOL. XLI.				VOL. XLIV.				VOL. XLVII.				VOL. L.			
331 The Pirate's Legacy	332 The Charcoal Burner	333 Adalgitha	334 Scour Valiente	335 Forest Rose	336 Duke's Daughter	337 Camilla's House	338 Pure Gold	339 Drunkard's Doom	340 Gibboney Gernar	341 Fifteen Years of a Brunk	342 No Thoroughfare [ard's	343 Peep O' Day	344 Everybody's Friend	345 Gen. Grant	346 Kathleen Mavourneen
VOL. XLII.				VOL. XLV.				VOL. XLVIII.				VOL. LI.			
339 Ticket of Leave Man	340 Feet's Revenge	341 O'Neil the Great	342 Haady Andy	343 Pirate of the Isles	344 Fanchon	345 Little Barfoot	346 Wild Irish Girl	347 Nick Whiffles	348 Fruits of the Wine Cup	349 Drunkard's Warning	350 Temperance Doctor	351 Aunt Dinah	352 Widow Freeheart	353 Froo Froo	354 Long Strike
VOL. XLIII.				VOL. XLVI.				VOL. XLIX.				VOL. LII.			
337 Pearl of Savoy	338 Dead Heart	339 Ten Nights in a Bar-room	340 Dams Boy of Manchester	341 Belphegor the Mountebank	342 Cricket at the Hearth	343 Printer's Devil	344 Meg's Diversion	345 Social Glass	346 Daniel O'Rourke	347 Two Roses	348 Adriance	349 The Bella	350 Uccia	351 Courtship	352 Not Such a Fool
355 Fine Feathers	356 Prompter's Bo	357 Iron Master	358 Engaged	359 Pygmalion & C	360 Leah	361 Scrap of Paper	362 Lost in London	401 Octoroon	402 Confederate Spy	403 Mariner's Return	404 Raised by Debt	405 Dreams	406 M. F.	407 War	408 Berta
VOL. XLIV.				VOL. XLVII.				VOL. LI.				VOL. LIII.			
355 Fine Feathers	356 Prompter's Bo	357 Iron Master	358 Engaged	359 Pygmalion & C	360 Leah	361 Scrap of Paper	362 Lost in London	401 Octoroon	402 Confederate Spy	403 Mariner's Return	404 Raised by Debt	405 Dreams	406 M. F.	407 War	408 Berta

## FRENCH'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHTED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

The following very successful plays have just been issued at 25 cents per copy.

<b>A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.</b> Comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 3 male, 3 female characters.		<b>THE BALLOON.</b> Farceful comedy in 2 Acts by J. H. DARNLEY and MANVILLE FENN. 3 male, 4 female characters.	
<b>A FOOL'S PARADISE.</b> An original play in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 4 female characters.		<b>MISS C LEOPATRA.</b> Farce in 3 Acts by ARTHUR SHIRLEY. 1 male, 3 female characters.	
<b>THE SILVER SHIELD.</b> An original comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 3 female characters.		<b>SIX PERSONS.</b> Comedy Act by I. ZANOWALL. 1 male, 1 female character.	
<b>THE GLASS OF FASHION.</b> An original comedy in 4 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 5 female characters.		<b>FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.</b> Comedy-ette in 1 Act by PERCY FENDALL. 1 male, 1 female character.	
		<b>HIGHLAND LEGACY.</b> Comedy in 2 Acts by BRANDON THOMAS, author of "Charley's Aunt." 5 male, 3 female characters.	

## Contents of Catalogue which is sent Free.

Amateur Drama	Amateur Operas	Articles Needed by Amateurs	Art of Scene Painting	Baker's Reading Club	Beards, Whiskers, Mustaches, etc.	Bound Sets of Plays	Bulwer Lytton's Plays	Baroque Dramas	Burnt Cork	Cabman's Story	Carnival of Authors	Charade Plays	Children's Plays	Comic Dramas for Male Characters only	Costume Books	Crape Hair	Cumberland Edition	Darky Dramas	Dramas for Boys	Drawing-room Monologues	Devotion, Reciters and Speakers	Epiplan Dramas
Evening's Entertainment	Fairy and Home Plays	French's Costumes	French's Editions	French's Italian Operas	French's Parlor Comedies	French's Standard and Minor Drama	French's Standard and Minor Drama, bound	French's Scenes for Amateurs	Frohisher's Popular Recitals	Grand Army Dramas	Guide Books for Amateurs	Guide to Selecting Plays	Hints on Costumes	Home Plays for Ladies	Irish Plays	Juvvols Plays	Make-Up Book	Make-Up Box	Mock Trial	Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works	New Plays	
New Recitation Books	Nigger Jokes and Slummy Speeches	Parlor Magic	Parlor Pantomimes	Pieces of Plesantry	Poems for Recitations	Plays for M.C. Characters only	Round Games	Scenery	Scriptural and Historical Dramas	Seasation Dramas	Serie-Comic Dramas	Shadow Pantomimes	Shakespeare's Plays for Amateurs	Shakespeare's Plays	Stanley's Dwarfs	Spirit's Gm	Taliansuz Vivasco	Talma Actor's Art	Temperance Plays	Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays	Webster's Acting Edition	Wigs, etc.

(French's Minor Drama Continued from 4th page of Cover.)

VOL. XLI.		VOL. XLII.		VOL. XLIII.		VOL. XLIV.	
321 Adventures of a Love	329 As Like as Two Peas	337 Sonnet	345 Who's To Win Him				
322 Lost Child	330 Presumptive Evidence	333 For Half a Million	346 Which is Which				
323 Court Cards	331 Happy Band	339 Crib's Car	347 Cup of Tea				
324 Cox and Box	332 Pinafore	340 Early Bird	348 Sarah's Young Man				
325 Forty Winks	333 Mock Trial	341 Alumni Play	349 Hearts				
326 Wonderful Woman	334 My Uncle's Will	342 Show of Hands	350 In Honor Bound [Law				
327 Curious Case	335 Happy Pair	343 Barbara	351 Frenzied a Mother-in-				
328 Tweedleton's Tail Coat	336 My Turn Next	344 Who's Who	352 My Lord in Livery				

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City

# FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes \$1.25.

## VOL. I.

- 1 The Irish Highwayman
- 2 The Irish Highwayman
- 3 How to Pay My Land
- 4 The Irishman's Lover
- 5 The Irishman's Lover
- 6 The Irishman's Lover
- 7 The Irishman's Lover
- 8 The Irishman's Lover

## VOL. II.

- 9 The Irish Highwayman
- 10 The Irish Highwayman
- 11 The Irish Highwayman
- 12 The Irish Highwayman
- 13 The Irish Highwayman
- 14 The Irish Highwayman
- 15 The Irish Highwayman
- 16 The Irish Highwayman

## VOL. III.

- 17 The Secret [pers]
- 18 White Horse of the Pap
- 19 The Jugglers
- 20 The Bottle
- 21 The Bottle
- 22 The Bottle
- 23 The Bottle
- 24 The Bottle

## VOL. IV.

- 25 Secret Service
- 26 Omnibus
- 27 Irish Lion
- 28 The Irish Lion
- 29 The Irish Lion
- 30 The Irish Lion
- 31 The Irish Lion
- 32 The Irish Lion

## VOL. V.

- 33 Cooks in California
- 34 The Spanish First
- 35 The Spanish First
- 36 The Spanish First
- 37 The Spanish First
- 38 The Spanish First
- 39 The Spanish First
- 40 The Spanish First

## VOL. VI.

- 41 Grimsby, Bagshaw and Bradshaw
- 42 Rough Diamond
- 43 Bleeker Costume
- 44 Two Bunnies
- 45 Born to Good Luck
- 46 Kiss in the Dark [Jurer]
- 47 Two-fold Puzzle a Cos-
- 48 Kill or Cure

## VOL. VII.

- 49 Box and Cox Married and
- 50 The Cupid [Settled]
- 51 The Cupid [Settled]
- 52 The Cupid [Settled]
- 53 The Cupid [Settled]
- 54 The Cupid [Settled]
- 55 The Cupid [Settled]
- 56 The Cupid [Settled]

## VOL. VIII.

- 57 Mourning Call
- 58 Popping the Question
- 59 Dead as a Post
- 60 New Footman
- 61 Pleasant Neighbor
- 62 Paddy the Piper
- 63 Brian O'Linn
- 64 Irish Assurance

## VOL. IX.

- 65 Temptation
- 66 Paddy Carey
- 67 Two Gregories
- 68 King Charming
- 69 The Irishman's Hat
- 70 The Irishman's Hat
- 71 The Irishman's Hat
- 72 The Irishman's Hat

## VOL. X.

- 73 Ireland and America
- 74 The Irishman's Hat
- 75 The Irishman's Hat
- 76 The Irishman's Hat
- 77 The Irishman's Hat
- 78 The Irishman's Hat
- 79 The Irishman's Hat
- 80 The Irishman's Hat

## VOL. XI.

- 81 The Irishman's Hat
- 82 The Irishman's Hat
- 83 The Irishman's Hat
- 84 The Irishman's Hat
- 85 The Irishman's Hat
- 86 The Irishman's Hat
- 87 The Irishman's Hat
- 88 The Irishman's Hat

## VOL. XII.

- 89 A Good Fellow
- 90 A Good Fellow
- 91 A Good Fellow
- 92 A Good Fellow
- 93 A Good Fellow
- 94 A Good Fellow
- 95 A Good Fellow
- 96 A Good Fellow

## VOL. XIII.

- 97 My Wife's Mirror
- 98 My Wife's Mirror
- 99 My Wife's Mirror
- 100 My Wife's Mirror
- 101 My Wife's Mirror
- 102 My Wife's Mirror
- 103 My Wife's Mirror
- 104 My Wife's Mirror

## VOL. XIV.

- 105 The Dearest Lover
- 106 The Dearest Lover
- 107 The Dearest Lover
- 108 The Dearest Lover
- 109 The Dearest Lover
- 110 The Dearest Lover
- 111 The Dearest Lover
- 112 The Dearest Lover

## VOL. XV.

- 113 One Coat for 5 Suits
- 114 A Decided Case
- 115 Daughter [Jurer]
- 116 No; or, the Glorious Mi-
- 117 Currier's Inquisition
- 118 Love in Humble Life
- 119 Family Jure
- 120 Personation

## VOL. XVI.

- 121 Children in the Wood
- 122 Wineing a Husband
- 123 Day After the Fair
- 124 Make Year Wills
- 125 Rendezvous
- 126 My Wife's Husband
- 127 Menace Tomson
- 128 Illusory Stranger

## VOL. XVII.

- 129 Mischief-Making [Mistress]
- 130 A Live Woman in the
- 131 The Corsair
- 132 Shylock
- 133 Spoiled Child
- 134 Evil Eye
- 135 Nothing to Nurse
- 136 Wanted a Widow

## VOL. XVIII.

- 137 Lottery Ticket
- 138 Feste's Frolic
- 139 Is he Jealous?
- 140 Married Bachelor
- 141 Husband at Sight
- 142 Irishman in London
- 143 Aerial Magnetism
- 144 Highways and By-Ways

## VOL. XIX.

- 145 Calumny
- 146 Harlequin Bluebeard
- 147 Ladies at Home
- 148 Phenomenon in a Snock
- 149 Comedy and Tragedy
- 150 Opposite Neighbors
- 151 Dutchman's Ghost
- 152 Persecuted Dutchman

## VOL. XX.

- 153 Migrant Ball
- 154 Great Tragic Revival
- 155 High Low Jack & Game
- 156 A Gentleman from Ire-
- 157 Tom and Jerry [Land]
- 158 Village Lawyer
- 159 Captain's not A-miss
- 160 Amateurs and Actors

## VOL. XXI.

- 161 Promotion
- 162 A Fascinating Individ-
- 163 Mrs. Gossils
- 164 The Irishman's Hat
- 165 The Irishman's Hat
- 166 The Irishman's Hat
- 167 The Irishman's Hat
- 168 The Irishman's Hat

## VOL. XXII.

- 169 Yankee Peddler
- 170 African Mosaic
- 171 Double-Bedded Room
- 172 The Drama Bridged
- 173 Vermont Wool Dealer
- 174 The Irishman's Hat
- 175 The Irishman's Hat
- 176 The Irishman's Hat

## VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Mad Dog
- 178 Smiley the Baron
- 179 Swiss Swains
- 180 Bachelor's Seduction
- 181 A Roland for an Oliver
- 182 More Blunders than One
- 183 Dumb Belle
- 184 Limerick Boy

## VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Nature and Philosophy
- 186 Teddy the Tiler
- 187 Spectre Bridgroom
- 188 Maitre Falcous
- 189 Janny Lind
- 190 Two Buzards
- 191 Happy Man
- 192 Betsy Baker

## VOL. XXV.

- 193 No. 1 Round the Corner
- 194 Teddy Roe
- 195 Object of Interest
- 196 My Fellow Clerk
- 197 Bengal Tiger
- 198 Laughing Hyacin
- 199 The Victor Vanquished
- 200 Our Wife

## VOL. XXVI.

- 201 My Husband's Mirror
- 202 Yankee Land
- 203 Morah Cretin
- 204 Good for Nothing
- 205 The First Night
- 206 The Elton Boy
- 207 Wandering Minstrel
- 208 Wanted, 1000 Milliners

## VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Poor Pilcaddy
- 210 The Mommy [Glasses]
- 211 Don't Forget your Opera
- 212 Love in Livery
- 213 Anthony and Cleopatra
- 214 Trying It On
- 215 Stage Struck Yankee
- 216 Young Wife & Old Um-

## VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Critoline
- 218 A Family Felling
- 219 Adopted Child
- 220 Turned Heels
- 221 A Match in the Dark
- 222 Advice to Husbands
- 223 Slimeless Twigs
- 224 Sent to the Tower

## VOL. XXIX.

- 225 Someshody Else
- 226 Ladies' Battle
- 227 Art of Acting
- 228 The Lady of the Lions
- 229 The Rights of Man
- 230 My Husband's Ghost
- 231 Two Can Play that
- 232 Fighting by Proxy

## VOL. XXX.

- 233 Unprotected Female
- 234 Pet of the Petticoats
- 235 Forty and Fifty [Book]
- 236 Who Stole the Pocket-
- 237 My Son Diana [Eisen]
- 238 Unwarrantable Inten-
- 239 Mr. and Mrs. White
- 240 A Quiet Family

## VOL. XXXI.

- 241 Coal to Customers
- 242 Golden Thoughts
- 243 Jumbo Jam
- 244 A Blighted Being
- 245 Little Toddlin'
- 246 A Lover by Proxy [Pe]
- 247 Maid with the Mithin
- 248 Perplexing Predicament

## VOL. XXXII.

- 249 Dr. Billworts
- 250 Out to Nurse
- 251 A Lumpy Hit
- 252 The Downer
- 253 Metamora [Baroque]
- 254 Dreams of Delusion
- 255 The Shakes Lovers
- 256 Tishish Times

## VOL. XXXIII.

- 257 80 Minutes with a Tig-
- 258 Miranda; or, the Just
- 259 A Soldier's Courtship
- 260 Servants by Legacy
- 261 King for Love
- 262 Alarming Sacrifice
- 263 Valet de Cham
- 264 Nicholas Nickleby

## VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 The Last of the Pigtal
- 266 King Rene's Daughter
- 267 The Great Nymph
- 268 A Devilish Good Joke
- 269 A Twirl Told Tale
- 270 Pas de Frustration
- 271 Revolutionary Soldier
- 272 A Man Without a Head

## VOL. XXXV.

- 273 The Olive, Part 1
- 274 The Olive, Part 2
- 275 The Olive, Part 3
- 276 The Trumpeter's Dan
- 277 Soaring Warren
- 278 Green Mountain Boy
- 279 That Nose
- 280 Tom Noddy's Secret

## VOL. XXXVI.

- 281 Shocking Events
- 282 A Regular Fix
- 283 Dick Turpin
- 284 Young Scamp
- 285 Young Actress
- 286 Call at No. 1-1
- 287 One Touch of Nature
- 288 Two B'ys

## VOL. XXXVII.

- 289 All the World's a Sto
- 290 Quash, or Nigger Kr
- 291 Turn Him Out [L]
- 292 Pretty Girl of Stillbe
- 293 Angel of the Arctic
- 294 Quixotism and Saltic
- 295 Kitty O'Sheal
- 296 A Supper in Dixie

## VOL. XXXVIII.

- 297 Id an Pastic [Angels]
- 298 Who Killed Cook Rob
- 299 Declaration of Indope
- 300 Heads or Tails [C]
- 301 Obstinate Family
- 302 My Aunt
- 303 That Rascal Pat
- 304 Don Paddy de Bazar

## VOL. XXXIX.

- 305 Ten Much for Good
- 306 Cure for the Fidgets
- 307 Jack's the Lad
- 308 Much Ado About Not
- 309 Artful Dodger
- 310 Winning Hazard
- 311 Day's Fishing
- 312 Did you ever send y

## VOL. XL.

- 313 An Irishman's Manes
- 314 Cousin Fannie
- 315 'Tis the Darkest Hou
- 316 Masquerade [Fore D]
- 317 Crowding the Season
- 318 Good Night's Rest
- 319 Man with the Carpet
- 320 Terrible Tiher

(French's Minor Drama Continued on 2d page of Cover.)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 37th Street, New York City









