

singing. Finally Sanford is left singing alone.)

Wille SANFORD (suddenly looking over his shoulder): What is the matter with you fellows? Are you—— (He discovers the visitor. Springs to his feet, holding the "baby" behind him.)

YOUNG LADY: Is Mr. Van Winkle here? He is expecting me, I believe. I am the daughter of an old friend of his, John Dean.

Gene (Consternation. Sanford and the boys near him try to hide the cradle. Norman grabs the milk bottle from the stove and holds it behind him.)

MISS DEAN: Why, what is the matter? I hope I have not——

SCOUTMASTER: Oh, no! No! We were expecting—that is—we—in fact—Oh, pardon me. Let me take your suitcase. (Aside to boys:) For Heaven's sake, boys, get the cradle and things out of the way! (To Miss Dean): We are delighted to meet you. Mr. Van Winkle left us to entertain you until—until he returns.

Gene MISS DEAN (coming forward): But what is the matter? What are you doing? (She endeavors to look behind the boys standing before the cradle. Dick and Reid have joined Norman, to help him hide the milk bottle. Miss Dean endeavors to look behind them. They pass the milk bottle from one to another.)

MISS DEAN: You must excuse me, but really you are all acting so queerly! What is the matter? (To Reid:) What have you behind you?

Gene REID (passing the bottle quickly): Nothing, Miss Dean.

Gene (Miss Dean turns to Norman, who hurriedly passes the bottle on to Dick. Dick misses the bottle, and it falls to the floor.)

MISS DEAN: Oh (of sudden suspicion)! (She springs to the boys standing before the cradle, and pulls them aside, discovering the cradle. From behind Sanford she drags the "baby." She drops laughing into a chair.) Oh, now I understand! Oh! Oh! Oh!

CURTAIN.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

CURTAIN.

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