

HUMOROUS

PLAY

REFINED

....for....

Young People's Societies, Ladies' Aids and Women's
Associations, C.G.I.T. Groups, Bible Classes,
Choirs, W.C.T.U., Etc.



"WANTED - A WIFE"

....by....

CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON
255 MacKay St., Ottawa

Author of

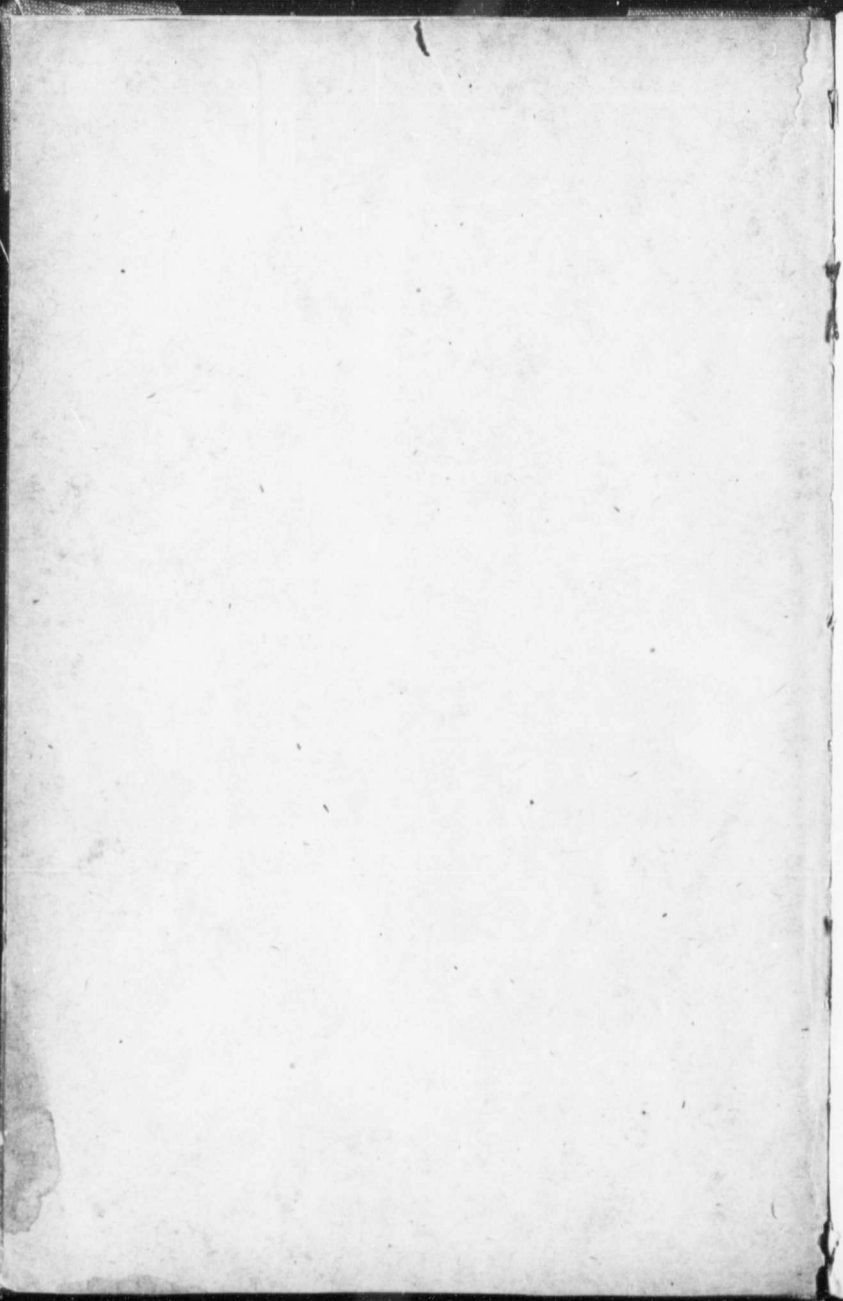
"A Ladies' Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk Crossroads,"
"The Young Village Doctor," "The Minister's Bride,"
"Aunt Mary's Family Album," "Martha Made
Over," "The Joggsville Convention,"
"Aunt Susan's Visit," "The Young
Country Schoolma'am."

NON-TRANSFERABLE

These highly uplifting and amusing plays are providing helpful
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CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON, 255 MacKay Street,
OTTAWA, Canada.

CHARACTERS

Richard Wilkins—Well dressed, smart-appearing young man; cheery, taking manner.

Jacob Flint—Lawyer, grave professional manner; black Prince Albert coat; carries black brief bag.

Petunia—
Vera—
Esther—

{ Pretty girls dressed in extreme of fashion;
charming manners.

Grandma—Very quaint and old-fashioned in dress and manner.

Jane—Very pretty; long hair; curls over each ear; long skirt; old style dress.

Father—Prosperous looking business man's dress.

Mother—Very fashionable; middle-aged appearance.

Marie—Good looking; extremely smart and fashionable.

Mabel—Nice sweet girl; wears sport costume; not extreme in clothes.

Jack—Modern dress; pleasant, taking way.

Maid and Pianist—Extra characters.

Be careful in your choice of characters. The success of play depends upon your selection.

Do not hurry the parts.

Speak plainly and distinctly, and very much louder than in ordinary conversation.

Do not practice or repeat your part before those not taking part.

Talk up the play. Enthuse over it. Interest everybody you meet. Sell tickets yourself. Do not allow children to sell them.

Advertise well and you will be well repaid.

WANTED-- A WIFE

Scene I.

Opens in Richard's den, fitted up as a young man's room—skiis, shoes, sporting goods and nature pictures, horses, etc.; books, papers and a ukalalie. Curtain rises, Richard wandering around room, very unsettled; picks up book, throws it down, strums on euk.; then sits down with paper; reads, then throws it down and walks around with hands in pockets.

Richard—So I've got to find me a wife before September if I'm to inherit Uncle John's spare dimes, eh? That's bad; cant see how I'm going to get one delivered here C.O.D. between now and September. I wish my late lamented uncle'd had a second thought coming to him before he tied that string to his will. Here's hoping the family lawyer can ease up the situation for me. Should be here now. Suppose he's drawing up some other chap's last will and testament. With all this worry over wills and wives; I'll be the next in line. Well, my will wont keep him writing overtime; but I wont load a wife onto a fellow in order to receive my generous bequests. That's said.
(Ring). Richard opens door.

Lawyer—How are you Richard, Mr.—

Richard—Come in, Sir, come in. I'm as well as can be expected. Got your executioner's outfit along, eh?

Lawyer—You refer to my brief bag, I conclude.

Richard—Call it what you like, but make the execution as brief as possible. Sit down.

Lawyer—Thank you. I conclude that you have summoned me in connection with the contents and general administration of the last will and testament of my late client, your deceased uncle.

Richard—Oh, I say, put it in terms that a simple working man can grasp. Just what did my late misguided uncle decree in the will which you've got stowed away in that mourning outfit you've got there? Dig down to the bottom of it and let me know the worst. (Sits down).

Lawyer—Certainly Sir. (Opens bag).

Richard—What's come over you, Flinty? The idea of Serring me. My name's Richard. Dick for short. Why, you were the best old pal going; taught me to swim and pitch.

Lawyer—Yes, yes, Richard. What I am about to read concerns your future—

Richard—Past, present and future, eh, Flinty?

Lawyer—This mirth is unseemly and ill-timed, Richard. (Fumbling papers). I am about to read extracts from the will of your late uncle.

Richard—Well, go ahead. Might as well know the worst, but be sure and get it straight. I hereby will—

Lawyer—(Starts, clears throat several times).—I, John Wilkins, being of sound mind—

Richard—Sound mind, eh?

Lawyer—I hereby will and bequeath to my nephew, Richard John Wilkins, the sum of \$100,000—(Richard whistles)—provided that in one year's time he marry a wife of whom I would approve.

Richard—(Jumps up)—Read that again—about the wife.
(Lawyer reads. Richard groans).

Lawyer—One who can cook, make her own clothes, keep a clean house. I also will that she wear long hair and long skirts.

Richard—(Drops in chair)—Some string to it, I'll say. I may just as well say good-bye to the \$100,000. That kind of girl's off the market, out of stock.

Lawyer—I appreciate the fact that the conditions of the will—

Richard—Say, who's going to be the judge to check up on this?

Lawyer—Well, your counsel—that is—your late uncle has laid upon me that responsibility, and be assured I will respect his wishes and carry out the very letter of the law.

Richard—(Laughs)—The joke is on us alright. So you are out with me in this wife hunt business, eh? I'll tell you, Flinty: You stand by me and I'll stand by you, and we'll share the spoil.

Lawyer—(Dignified)—I am surprised, Richard, that you could make such a suggestion. Having been placed in this—delicate position, I shall endeavor to the best of my ability to carry out your uncle's wishes. (Puts will in bag).

Richard—Sure you will. Don't put the cap on yet, though. (Sits down, head in hands). I must think. A wife made to order before September; so sudden. (Groans).

Lawyer—Do you require my services any further, Sir? (Ring).

Richard—Just a minute. (Answers door). Hello, there, Petunia. (Shakes hands). Nice of you to call on an old friend in the hour of bereavement.

Petunia—Why, Dickie, what's wrong?

Richard—Just lost a small matter of a few thousands unless—

Petunia—A few thousands! Dickie, do explain. We heard rumors, but—

Richard—Oh, meet Mr. Flint, my legal deviser. He's got the job of looking up a wife for me.

Petunia—(Offers hand sweetly)—Why look further, Mr. Flint?

Lawyer—Why, indeed, Miss Petunia? (All laugh). (Takes bag). I shall call again and consult with you regarding the contents of the will, Mr. Wilkins.

Richard—That's me. Alright, Mr. Flint. I'll see a prospective wife in every girl I meet now—providing she is dowdy enough.

Petunia—Dowdy? Why, Dickie, what can you possibly mean? I thought you rather liked a girl who knew how to put her clothes on. (Primps up).

Richard—But, you see, my great Uncle John didn't.

Petunia—Your great Uncle John? Dick, you are being funny. What could he possibly have to do with it?

Richard—Everything. You see, I am choosing a wife for my uncle, and, according to his plans and specifications.

Petunia—Dickie, how awful!

Richard—And the fact that he is dead and gone complicates the wooing.

Petunia—It is true, then, that your uncle is leaving you his money providing you find a wife in six months or so?

Richard—Alas, too true. Worse yet. The kind of girl specified in the will died with my uncle's generation. (Sighs).

Petunia—How sad. Poor old Dickie; but cheer up; there may be others. Some might even be willing to cultivate the qualities, did they but know.

Richard—Hopeless. For instance, she must have long hair, long skirts, high collar, be a good cook, obey her husband.

Petunia—Of course, that does sound hard—that obey.

Richard—Hard, it's impossible. They're not in the Butterick fashion sheets any more—

Petunia—Of course, if she cared for you, Dickie, she would'nt mind wearing her skirt really quite long—for a while.

Richard—If she cared for the \$100,000 perhaps she might. (Petunia springs up excited.)

Petunia—\$100,000! Dickie, do you mean it—Oh, let me go quick. I'll be back again—very soon.

Richard—Alright, Petunia. Come around again soon—always glad to see you. (Comes back).

Richard—Nice little girl, Petunia. Wrong pattern, though; wouldn't suit Uncle John. (Reads; bell).

Richard—Say, I'm getting to be the fashion. (Door opens, enter Vera and Esther).

Richard—Hello, girls; come right in. "This is my lucky day."

Esther—So we hear, and have just come in to offer congratulations. It is reported that you have been left a fortune.

Vera—Yes—away up in the thousands, too.

Richard—Well that's awfully good of you, girls—I can hardly be said to have come into it—there are certain strings—

Esther—We heard there was a wife attached.

Richard—Yes—that is, she's got to be attached—that's the trouble.

Vera—So we came to see if there was anything we could do for you, Dick—it's hard—

Esther—We hate to see you lose it over such a trifling affair as the lack of a wife, you know.

Richard—The trouble is, girls, the wife my late uncle has described or prescribed for me combines all the virtues—but promises to be hard on the eyes. (Girls—"Oh," and "Too bad".)

Esther—According to the latest statistics along the lines of matrimonial research, one of the contracting parties is handsome and the other plain.

Vera—And you, my picturesque Richard, are described in the party of the first part—so content yourself with a plain wife.

Esther—Now am I reconciled to being plain (examines face in her vanity case)—to this end was my lack of beauty created—

Richard—(Laughs) I wish that my uncle's taste had been more in line with mine—

Vera—Tell me, Richard—"pal of my childhood days"—how can I hope to attain unto this matrimonial bliss?

Esther—She means how can she win the \$100,000 Dickie—don't be misled.

Vera—Well, surely that would mean matrimonial bliss.

Richard—You see girls, if there were no conditions I might with the assistance of my long-suffering friends be able to get a wife lined up between now and September—but as it is—

Vera—Poor, rich Dickie—Well, I must go—come on over this afternoon and have some tennis.

Esther—Yes do, Richard—and I'll be all ready for matrimonial inspection.

Richard—Awfully good of you.

Esther—Just tell me what qualities you want in a wife.

Richard—You mean what my uncle wants.

Vera—I'd count it a privilege to cultivate them in memory of your uncle.

Richard—Look here, girls—this is no joke—I've got to get busy if I'm to get that loose change locked up in my cash box.

Vera—Dickie, I can cook, and I made this dress—

Esther—Well, I can't sew nor cook—but I could help you spend it (laughs goodbye).

Richard—Yes, I'll come along—might as well enjoy my care-free bachelor days—goodbye.

Richard—(Sits down—picks up letter, reads) —Say, I've got to get right down to business and nail this money—surely there must be a girl somewhere answers the description—if only old Flinty wouldn't be so pernickety, and hard to suit—but he's got the duty complex and won't give in an inch—I've got to suit both him and my late uncle—I'd like to know where I come in on this—

(Rap—enter Lawyer).

Lawyer—I saw you were alone and I wanted to have a few words with you.

Richard—Sure—have all the words you like now—I don't want any when I've got the woman lined up and asking you for the \$100,000 hand-out—sit down—why are you so professional all at once?

Lawyer—The responsibility of my calling, Richard. Had you thought of any plan to carry out your uncle's wishes?

Richard—Plan, no—no one ever plans to fall in love or set up a wife—it just comes on you, like the measles—

Lawyer—Yes, but the case in point is perhaps different—

Richard—I'll say yes to that.

Lawyer—No levity, Richard—

Richard—Never was farther from it—life for me promises to be one long sweet funeral song.

Lawyer—Not necessarily—I was about to suggest a change of scene—since the papers mentioned the conditions of the will, your fame has gone abroad, and—

Richard—Right you are, which accounts for my mail (shows big parcel of letters)—came this morning—here, for instance, is one inviting me to visit some remote relatives, of whom I have never heard (reads)—they also want me to send down a chauffeur—two young ladies and a chap my own age in family (reads)—

Lawyer—Why not accept it—you might find—(Pause).

Richard—(Jumps up excited)—Say, I've got the solution Q.E.D. I'll go—they'll have the time of their lives—

But I'm not going as Richard Wilkins (walks around excited)
—I'll tell you—I'll travel incog.—say, I'm getting the Royalty slant early in the game—I—

Lawyer—Might I ask what you propose?

Richard—Propose! Haven't reached the jump-off yet. Listen—here's my idea—where's your bag?—get it down in black and white—

Lawyer—Consider your—

Richard—Write and say Mr. Richard Wilkins will accept, but cannot go for six weeks—name exact date—at same time tell them he can recommend an AI step-on-the-gas chauffeur—and he will be there right off—I'll take the chauffeur's job—do you get that, Flinty?

Lawyer—You take the chauffeur's job? Richard, I can't lend my legal approval to such a proceeding!

Richard—Forget it Flinty this once—fix it up for me quick—"I would a-wooing go."

Lawyer—I fear—

Richard—Cast your fears to the wind—just think of it, in six months time you'll be sitting at my table eating home-grown apple pie and saur kraut and if you work well on the job and don't give me away I'll keep an eye around for a wife for you while I'm looking up mine—just write out the plan and specifications.

Lawyer—Thanks, my boy, but I guess I've had my May day—(sighs).

Richard—Say, I'm sorry to have stirred things up—but never mind, cheer up—the good old summer time's just around the corner—(whistles a few bars).

Lawyer—You will have your joke, Richard.

Richard—If you ask me I'll say the joke is on me, but say Flinty, get this thing tied up air-tight for me—I've got to start something—write it down and dump it in your black bag: I George Brown of no particular address am going as chauffeur, —Mr. Richard Wilkins to follow in six weeks time—

Lawyer—Richard, I don't—

Richard—I'm going to be married for my looks—not my money—if I can't win out on my beauty and taking ways, I stand to lose—(looks in glass, smiles)—I do not anticipate any difficulty.

Lawyer—My interpretation of the will is—(Bell—enter Petunia dressed as described in will—extremely old fashioned).

Richard—(Starts back)—Girl of my dreams, is it you?—(Lawyer steps out).

Petunia—(Gasps)—Oh, please Dickie, support me, to a chair, I feel so—water—just a sup—I'll faint.

Richard—(Excited)—Brace up Petunia—don't faint here, not on your life—"

Petunia—Oh—that's better—gasps—

Richard—What are you up to anyway, carrying around all these dry goods—here take another drink—what's your neck all tied up for?

Petunia—I was just trying to—to dress like the girl in—in your uncle's will—I—

Richard—Dress—well if I've got to travel around with a woman rigged out like a dry goods shop—I see where the money goes to endow a hospital for under privileged men such as myself.

Petunia—There I'm feeling better—(walks around and displays outfit).

Petunia—Don't you like me Dickie? and remember I can sew and cook—you would be well advised to give me a call before looking further—I—I feel I could make you a happy husband.

Richard—(laughing)—Stop it Petunia, or I'll say yes, and then Bob will be after my scalp—lucky for Bob that he can go out and get the girl he wants instead of the one his great uncle wants.

Petunia—Poor old boy.

Richard—If ever a fellow had a handicap—

Petunia—Bob and I would hardly consider \$100,000 a handicap— but it really is too bad to tease you. I'm going to set sail now, I wish you every luck.

Richard—The same to you and when I get the future Mrs. Richard Wilkins located and persuaded to take me for my looks, I'll give you and Bob a call and we'll eat and drink to our future happiness.

Petunia—Alright, Dickie—let it be soon—there is my car— (spreads out her skirt, curtsies—good byes).

Richard—(Picks up ukelalie—strums a bar)—Yes, let it be soon— I'll go as soon as Flinty arranges it—I'm going to take over that chauffeur or handy man job—I'll get acquainted first hand with the girls and see if I can make a hit myself—minus my cash handicap. I'll have to speed up though—Six month's a short time to get a wife into my gilded cage—(telephone).

Richard—“More relations I suppose”—(listens)—Oh, yes—what's left of me—sorry girls—just leaving town—don't know just when I'll be back—can't promise—I'm sure sorry—no, no—I won't forget—(hangs up receiver).

Richard—I'm an all-star cast now alright. A month ago the Rexton girls would hardly notice a struggling bank clerk. Well here goes for a walk. This choosing a wife business takes it out of you—I wish Uncle John had stopped after choosing his own wife and let me choose my own pattern—(brushes coat)— I've a good mind to drop the whole pile and forget it— (whistles and goes out singing “Just a Cottage Small.”)

END OF SCENE ONE.

SECOND SCENE.

Richard as George the chauffeur meets the Crabbe family—dressed to fit his employment. Family gathering in dining-room—table set.

Jack—Where's Dad, Mother. Why can't we eat?

Mother—Your father insists that our new man of all work should sit at the table with us.

Jack—Sure, why not? Put him up, over here beside me.

Marie—Mother, can't you persuade Dad to let him eat in the kitchen, no one else in our set ever dreams of eating with the hired man.

Mabel—(Laughs)—Never will I forget James' table manners.

Marie—You mean lack of them.

Jack—James was a good sort though—do you mind the time?

Mother—Well, I'm sure it is no wish of mine, but you know your Father is very determined at times.

Jack—Right you are Mother, but what's holding dad up. I'm here with the hired man's appetite alright. Say George must be getting into his blacks.

Mother—I never knew such aggravating things to happen. I haven't a nerve left in my body.

Jack—Oh, don't crumple up in a heap mother, we—

Mother—Yes, but I didn't tell you before—I have a letter saying Grandma Crabbe, and Jane are coming here to spend the winter.

Jack—I say—that's news.

Mabel—Not Grandma Crabbe from Boggsville?

Mother—Yes, and the girl that she has raised—some distant relation.

Jack—Distant relation. Why she's a first cousin on Dad's side.

Marie—Why are these outlandish people coming now—they simply can't come—that's all—(starts to cry).

Mabel—You can save your tears Marie, for you know if Dad says they are coming, they are going to come. So make the best of it.

Mother—If it were not just that we expect—

Jack—Marie's million dollar man.

Marie—He won't look at me now. I wish—

Mabel—Well I'm glad we are going to have a change. I am tired of all this dress parade. There is nothing to it. Just pretence and sham.

Jack—Listen to our Mabel.

Mabel—Why are we always pretending to be better off than we are anyway?

Jack—Guess it's our aristocratic mould—(eats cake off table).

Mother—Mabel—do you forget that you have the blood of the Fitzgeralds in your veins? Have you no pride?

Marie—She never cares—(cries).

Mabel—It's because I am proud that I hate owing people and living on other people's money.

Mother—But Mabel you see we have to live up to a certain style if you girls are going to marry as girls in your position should.

Marie—Yes, and them all coming now—just when Mr. Wilkins was coming—and we wanted to—

Jack—Wanted to catch him, eh, sister of mine?

Mabel—Well Marie can have him for all of me. I've decided to get a position and earn an honest living—not sit around waiting for a man.

Jack—Hurrah for you Mabel.

Mother—Mabel I am surprised that the daughter of a Fitzgerald could so forget what she owes to her family—I—

Jack—Say, here they come at last—(Dad and George enter).

Dad—Sorry to keep you waiting—had some letters to get off. This is George—our new man—(George bows gracefully, Jack shakes hands)—Sit down there George—(George stands until ladies are seated).

Jack—Fine day, George. How are things down your way? Have the farmers got their crops in yet?

George—Yes—that is—just the potatoes and roots, sir—it has been too wet to harvest the hay as yet.

Dad—Eh! What is that, George? (Mabel laughs and hides her face).

Jack—New way of farming where you come from, George.

George—Yes a number of the more ambitious agriculturists have made a study of scientific farming—rotation of crops—(passes Marie the butter).

Marie—Thanks, I'll help myself when I want butter.

George—I beg your pardon—I'm sorry.

Mabel—Could I trouble you for some bread, George.

George—Pardon me, I am afraid my thoughts are "Away Down on the Farm."

Marie—(to Mother)—Did you ever hear of such presumption?

Mother—The Fitzgeralds were never used to familiarities from their inferiors.

Jack—The Crabbes for me—more pie Dad.

Mabel—Would you pass me the bread again, George—(smiles).

George—(Passes it, says nothing. Smiles).

Dad—After lunch, George, you might take the car and go over to Newbury. My mother and niece are coming on the 4 o'clock train.

George—Certainly, Mr. Crabbe—yes, sir.

Jack—Sorry I can't go along, George. I've got a game on to-day.

Dad—There would not be room as Mother is bringing considerable baggage and Jane is with her.

Marie—Tell Dad they can't come, Mother.

Mother—I wish you would consider my wishes. They could come later just as well, if they must come. You have not forgotten that we are expecting Mr. Wilkins to see Marie. By his Uncle's will he has to marry in six months or lose \$100,000. We wanted to make the best appearance and give Marie every chance to catch him.

Mabel—Well, Grandmother won't stand in her way, nor our country cousin, either, I imagine—(George laughs, then begs pardon. All look surprised).

Marie—It is easy for the rest of you to make light of it, but it's the chance of my lifetime and I'm going to let nothing stand in my way.

Dad—Well, see to it that you don't stand in your own way.

Mother—No danger. She is the only Fitzgerald in the family. The rest are your folk—good enough—but just plain people with no pretensions.

Mabel—Well, thank goodness, Dad, I belong to the no pretence side of this house. I am a Crabbe.

Jack—Here's to Dad's folks. Join me Mabel. The Crabbes—
(Drinks toast).

Mother—You children never can understand—blue blood is so different.

Dad—Yes, yes, mother. George, you'd better take a look at the car.

George—Certainly, Mr. Crabbe—(bows gracefully as he asks Mrs. Crabbe to be excused).

Mother—Surprising how these nobodies in particular pick up a certain polish—mixing with their superiors, I suppose.

Jack—He'll take on some shine before he leaves here, alright—
(Mabel and Dad laugh).

Marie—You think you're funny don't you?

Dad—You'd better go and show him how to crank the old Ford. Don't let him get his hand on the new car, if he does not know any more about cars than he did about farming he'll need some showing around.

Mabel—Oh, I nearly died when he said the turnips were in before haying. Let's go and show him the car tools, Jack.

Dad—You sit down and stay where you are—get a bit of sewing and content yourself.

Mabel—Why, Dad?

Mother—What is to be done with these relations of yours, John?

Dad—What's to be done? I'll tell you one and all that they have got to be well treated—the best is none too good for my mother—and Jane is the child of my only sister. So now I hope I have made this clear. I won't stand for any airs—they are not Fitzgeralds, but they are Crabbes—and don't forget I'm a Crabbe.

Jack—And a good old fish too, Dad—and here's another.

Mabel—Good for you Dad, count on me too.

Marie—Well, I belong to my mother's people—I have a refinement of nature which makes me shrink from—from—

Jack—From work—(Mabel laughs).

Mother—Oh, well, there is no use talking—I'm going to lie down awhile—come Marie, dear, get your beauty sleep—you must have your chance.

Marie—Don't worry, mother—I'll do my best—(exit).

Dad—Go on Jack and see if that fellow knows a Ford from a threshing machine.

Jack—Alright.

Mabel—I'll be back in a minute, Dad, your paper is in the hall—
(All go out).
(Enter maid—clears table—talks to herself).

Maid—Say, the new man is simply wonderful. His eyes just melt—
(eats jelly out of glass)—just melt in my mouth, and his voice—he is just as gentle and polite spoken to me, as if I was one of the young ladies. I'll hurry and get out to the garage. I'll clear up here in no time—(gathers great load of dishes, lets forks and spoons fall and hurries out. Comes back spills water on floor, wipes it up with table napkin).

Maid—Oh, I was so excited, I nearly ran into him in the hall. He took the heavy tray from me. I thought I'd drop. I'll hurry—
(takes out more, spills buns, gathers them up, shakes tablecloth in a corner, puts on centre and flowers, looks out of window)—Oh, there he goes. Isn't he beautiful though? Just a real picture come to life. I'll be ready to have some fun with him when he comes back—(Goes to glass takes off cap, combs hair and leaves comb on table, fusses up)—There now, he'll look a long way before he'll see any smarter looking girl, if I do say it myself—(goes out).

INTERMISSION FIVE MINUTES, ORCHESTRA OR
MUSICAL SELECTIONS).

Pianist—

(Great confusion, talking, etc., enter Dad, Grandmother, Jane, George. Grandmother very old fashioned, hoops, bonnet, bird cage, umbrella, egg crate. Jane's dress too long and old fashioned, big shoes, out of style hat. All carrying luggage).

Grandma—Where's the young man off to?

George—I'm here, Mrs. Crabbe. Let me help you.

Grandma—Well bring the bag of feathers in and set it by the fire. Don't leave them out in the wet. They'll get mouldy, and mouldy pillows give one asthma and rheumatism. Here.

Jane—Don't bother, Grandma, I'll get them.

George—Don't trouble, Miss Milton. I'll look after your Grandmother's luggage.

Jane—You are very kind.

Grandma—Where's your Uncle gone, child? Is this house dead that there's no one to give a welcoming hand.

Jane—Hush Grandma. Uncle's just gone to tell them we've come.

Grandma—Out home at Boggsville we'd have been setting on the front porch an hour back waiting for sound of the buggy wheels and take shame to ourselves, if we weren't on hand when the folks came. Where's George, the nice spoken young man, Janie?

George—Here I am, Mrs. Crabbe. I was just bringing up this bag—there's a hole.

Grandma—(Excited)—A hole. Don't tell me that, the feathers I saved to make a bed for John's wife.—Here let me see.

Jane—Hush, Grandma, dear—just wait.

Grandma—What's got wrong with you child, hushing me all the time. Do folks have to leave their tongues behind when they come to town?

Jane—No, no, Grandma. Oh, dear, the feathers have come out—(runs to help George).

George—The bag must have caught on a nail and torn a hole. I'm sorry—(gathers them)—they're good on the non-stop air flight alright—(tries to catch them).

Jane—Oh, dear, what an awful mess. Do let us get them in before the others come—(helps).

Grandma—I'm that put out, I am. Here I'll take off my shawl and give a hand too—(all on knees gathering them into bag. George holds bag. Door opens—enter Mother and Dad—stand amazed).

Mother—(Indignant)—John can you explain this.

John—Think it explains itself, evidently the bag—(laughs).

Grandma—Oh, Johnnie, those careless car men tore a hole in the sack and my feathers—

George—I'm sorry, Mrs. Crabbe, allow me to—

Father—Never mind, Mother. Come here Bessie and meet my Mother and Jane.

Mother—(Not very cordial)—I've heard of you frequently through my husband.

Grandma—To be sure you would too—and this is Jane. Shake hands with your Aunt Betsy, Janie.

Jane—I'm so sorry for all this muss, Auntie. I shall clean it all up.

Mother—Well, I hope you can make yourself useful—(Father helps George, then goes out).

Grandma—And so you are the woman my little Johnnie chose. I was telling Liddy Sudgate as Johnnie used to be sweet on that I'd let her know what you was like.

Jane—Hush, Grandma.

Grandma—And you're a fine, well set up woman for your age. Let me see—

Jane—Hush, dear—(Takes her arm).

Grandma—You must be along about Liddy's age.

Mother—This does not interest me—(John comes in).

Grandma—Anyways, Betsy, when you're laid out, Liddy can tremble for she won't have far to go.

Mother—Ages are not discussed in polite society.

Grandma—Well, now, I never heard all of that before. Why out our way—

Jane—Come, Grandma.

Betsy—John, will you show your Mother her room and Jane, I hope you will keep your Grandmother in her own room we are expecting company.

Jane—I will.

Grandma—Where are the girls, Johnnie?—(Girls enter).

Father—Marie and Mabel welcome your Grandmother and your cousin Jane.

Marie—How do you do, Grandmother—and Jane—(shakes hands).

Grandma—Well, well, Mary Anne to be sure.

Marie—Please Jane, do not disgrace us by appearing in that outfit when our visitor arrives.

Mabel—(Kisses Grandma and Jane)—I'm so glad to see you both. Marie, I am ashamed of you. I'm going to look after Grandma and Jane—and I am going to tell you that Cousin Jane would make good in any beauty contest, and that is more than you or I could do. I'll be back in a minute Grandma—(Marie starts out but returns).

Grandma—(Lifts up bird-cage)—Seems as Johnnie's eldest girl is kind o' cantankerous acting, Janie. To be sure she's just at the awkward age.—(Enter George).

George—I am to show you your room, Mrs. Crabbe. Allow me to carry the luggage.

Marie—That is what you are here for.

Grandma—Well, I'm sorry I am, that Johnnie's girl is so short spoken, for you are as'kind a young fellow as I met in many a day.—(George takes big load).

Jane—Thank you, Mr—

George—George, please—(Pleasant smile).

Marie—Impertinent—such airs. His stay will be short if I have any say.—(Goes out head in air. Enter Mabel).

Mabel—Come along now, Grandma. Come Jane.

Grandma—(Excited)—Where have they too my bags to? They'll break—

Mabel—George has taken it Grandma.

Grandma—Oh, here's the crate, he's clean forgot—(Calls)—Young man, mind this box of eggs, handle it careful—(Calls louder) It's full of new laid eggs.

Jane—Don't worry, Grandma.

Mabel—Let me take your handbag, Grandma.

Grandma—No, no, child, my money is sewed up in the lining. Don't lay a hand on it—(Looks for it—Cries out in excitement)—It's gone, it's gone, I knew they'd take it. It was my money he wanted and him pretendin' he wanted a bit of paste board ticket—(Sits down and rocks—wipes her eyes).

Mabel—No, no, Grandma, I'm sure it's here.

Jane—(Has looked)—Here it is all safe, Grandma. Come on.

Grandma—I am that thankful I am child. I'll put it in a safe place next time. Where's your Uncle?

Mabel—A man came to see dad.

Grandma—Don't call your Pa, Dad, child. It aint respectful. You should honor your Pa.

Mabel—Oh, Grandma, dear—I do—he's a dear.

Grandma—Well, come children. Has you Ma nearly got the supper ready. It is most 5 o'clock. I'm all beat out.

Jane—Grandma always has her cup of tea at three—and the long journey and—

Mabel—And warm welcome at the end. But never mind Grandma will have her cup of tea at 3 after this. I'll see to that, you poor dear. You're tired too—(Puts arm around her).

- Grandma**—I do hope that young fellow hasn't broke my eggs. He seems a trusty lad though. I do declare, I'm all gone inside.
- Mabel**—I'll run down and get you a cup of tea, you poor dear. Come on and lie down in your room and I'll bring it to you.
- Grandma**—You dear child, you have your Grandpa's ways as is dead and gone. It's a weary road since he was carried down the hill with the lilacs all abloom and—(Wipes eyes).
- Jane**—There, dear, don't feel bad. Come and Mabel will bring you tea—(Enter George).
- George**—Everything is alright now, Mrs. Crabbe. The feathers are safe in your room. Let me help you.
- Grandma**—Give them a hand with the supper like a good boy. I've fasted since early morning.
- Jane**—Poor Grandma couldn't eat any breakfast—(helping her).
- Grandma**—I was that took up with coming to see John's folks.
- George**—I'll certainly do all in my power to speed things up a bit—(Smiles at Jane).
- Jane**—You are very kind to Grandma and did not laugh at us. I want to thank you, Mr.—
- George**—George will answer for now. I don't deserve any thanks. Grandma has won my young affections. Stole my heart away, eh, Grandma.
- Grandma**—Boys will be boys and have their jokes—(Exit. All laugh).

HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

SCENE III.

(Mabel in room writing. Enter George.)

George—Oh, pardon me, Miss Mabel, but your father sent me in to look for a document which he left on the desk.

Mabel—Oh, that's alright, George. I'm glad you came in. I guess it's here somewhere—(Both look and find it).

George—You are studying shorthand, I see.

Mabel—Yes. Do you know—

George—No, Miss Mabel. I never took advantage of my opportunity—was too busy over other things.

Mabel—I might have known that—you never would have been here if your natural ability had been developed.

George—No, miss—one sees their mistakes as they grow older.

Mabel—Of course you really are not so very old, George. Plenty of time for an education yet.

George—Yes, they said I was quick at book learning at school.

Mabel—Well I am pretty nearly ready to take a position now. I can't see why I should talk to you this way—but somehow you seem to understand. It is a pity you did not have a better chance, poor man.

George—Thanks for your pity, Miss Mabel, but I am afraid I do not deserve it. You see there is a man who has always befriended me. He is a strong man at the bar—the legal bar. He would have given me a job in his law office if I could have worked the keys, but no, the old Ford and the long road for me at present.

Mabel—Maybe I could teach you to type.

George—Thanks, Miss Mabel, but I'm too dull. However I am writing my friend to-day and with your permission will tell him I can locate a first class reliable stenographer for him.

Mabel—Awfully good of you to suggest it. It's strange, George, you do not impress me as being so dull and your language is good—I—

George—Oh, I have my lucid moments—(Both laugh)—Shall I enter into negotiations with —

Mabel—Well, just as you like, George—but I won't expect an early reply. It's good of you to think of it though.

George—Oh, that's nothing to how good I can be if I get a chance.

Mabel—Well, I hope you will get the chance, George.

George—I'm more likely to get fired if I stay in here any longer.
I'll let you know what my venerable godfather says—that is—
(Calls of George).

George—Yes, sir, I'm coming—(Mabel follows—interval few minutes. Mr. Crabbe brings in Grandma with bag of knitting, real old fashioned outfit—cap and strings, big white apron, deep lace).

Father—Well Mother, how goes it. Getting used to us now, eh!
Here let me fix you up in this corner.

Grandma—There is no call for me to take the easiest chair in the setting room. Where's Betsy? She's mostly ailing. Let her have it.

Father—You sit right there. Here's your bag—(Fixes her comfortably).

Grandma—Do be careful, Johnnie. Where's my sock? Here it is. I was just footing one of your father's for you, here, let me get your size. Just slip off your shoe and hold up your foot—(Measures it to his foot)—It is no time since it was no longer than my finger. Time does fly to be sure—(Enter Mother very stylishly dressed, low necked—stands horrified).

Mother—John, can I believe my eyes? Are you in your bare feet in the living room?

Father—That's what I am, Mother. A new style coming in for men.

Grandma—He was just laying his measure for the socks I am footing for him. There that will do, Johnnie, put your boot on again, child—(Father laughs).

Mother—What nonsense, John Crabbe. You've more socks now than you know what to do with.

Father—None like mother makes though.

Mother—I should hope not.

Grandma—Betsy seems to be put out, Johnnie. Why you've forgot your basque, Betsy. Folks your age should guard against asthmas and rheumatiz.

Mother—This is evening dress.

Grandma—Well now, I would have thought, with no sleeves, it was the very thing to throw on of a Monday morning to get the washing out of the way early—(Father laughs).

- Father**—That's the idea, Mother.
- Grandma**—Down our way, Mrs. Jenkins' oldest went to a house warming and just laid by her woollen stockings for the night, wearing a store knit pair and she was bed fast for going on a month. Nothing else but—
- Mother**—John do tell your Mother that I have my own idea of how to dress—(Feels flowers in pots).
- Father**—Not necessary, Mother. You've said it—(Mother calls George).
- Father**—You can keep him going, Bessie—(Exit. Enter George).
- Mother**—George come here and water these flowers immediately.
- George**—Certainly, Mrs. Crabbe. I will just bring some water—(Goes out).
- Mother**—Such airs. He has been here long enough to know his place—(Mother looks for dust. Enter Marie, reads letter. Enter George, waters plants).
- Grandma**—Have you seen anything of Janie, George? What was she putting in her time at?
- George**—Yes, Mrs. Crabbe, I saw her. That is I took the two young ladies for a spin. A drive into the village.
- Marie**—And I would like to know who gave you your orders.
- Mother**—I did, Marie. I had my own idea for it. Say nothing more about it. Just get up and dust each one of these books, George.
- Grandma**—Dearie me—such a fuss about growing girls and boys hitching up the beast and taking a little drive down to the corners for the letters—(Enter Mabel and Jane. Jane dressed up-to-date but not extreme).
- Grandma**—(Excited)—My own little Janie. Come to Grandma. The prettiest little chick in the coop.
- Jane**—Grandma, dear.
- Mabel**—Mother doesn't Jane look sweet? I—
- Marie**—(Displeased)—Those aren't your things, they are my shoes. How dared you.
- Mother**—Mabel you are to blame for this.
- Grandma**—Take them off, Janie dear.
- Jane**—I only put them on to please Mabel, Auntie. I have no intention of wearing them.

Mabel—You never wore them Marie Crabbe. You intended them for the rummage sale—and the other things are mine.

Grandma—Take them off, Janie, dear. Grandma'll get you new shoes and a bit of muslin for a new dress. We'll be going back home soon. Seems as though there's more kindness flowing down the streets there.

Jane—I do not want new things, Grandma. You are not going to spend a cent on me. I'd go to look for work only I hate to leave you.

Grandma—(Frightened)—Oh, don't leave me, Janie. You woudn't.

Janie—No, no, Grandma. There sit down—(Unravels sock yarn).

Mother—I have no wish to turn you or John's mother out of house and home. The trouble is—I may as well tell you—there's a very rich young man coming to see Marie. He has to find a wife in a short time or lose a fortune, so we are trying to make a good showing and let nothing stand in Marie's way.

Grandma—Which is quite right, Betsy. No one should stand in the way of Marie getting a fortune. Did you say she was getting a man with it—(George laughs. All look his way).

Jane—She's getting both, Grandma.

George—Prize in every package. Oh! excuse me—my mind was wool gathering.

Mother—So it would appear, George.

Grandma—Dearie me, when your Grandpa and I started housekeeping, we only had a cook stove, a bed and two chairs. When folks came he sat around on the cheesebox. Oh, but those were the good old days.

Mabel—Tell me about them sometime will you Grandma?

Marie—Well, we don't want any of those reminiscences now and Jane is still stretching my shoes with her perfect No. Sevens.

Jane—Oh, I'm sorry—I'll go—I was just helping Grandma.

Grandma—Grandma won't forget you honey. You'll have new shoes to set off your pretty-stepping little feet. I—I think we should be getting back to Boggsville soon now.

Mabel—How can you be so hateful, Marie?

Mother—It wouldn't have hurt you to let her have those shoes, Marie.

Marie—Yes. You go and doll Jane up and see what'll happen. She must be kept in the background until after I am engaged, then you can do as you like.

Mabel—It's more than he'll do then if he takes you—(George laughs—straightens up and goes out).

Mother—Well, I'll help you all I can. We need the money badly. Only for all the worry over money I'd act differently to Grandma and Jane.

Grandma—You don't need to fear Janie, Betsy. Janie and George are all took up with one another.

Mabel—(Laughs)—Oh, no, Grandma, how funny.

Mother—Surely any one connected with our family would think more of themselves.

Grandma—Well, perhaps, Janie might do worse. He seems a nice well spoken boy. If he could get a steady job where he would not be running those screeching machines up and down the road, frightening every horse he meets. I do declare my heart was in my mouth, when we nearly laid out a good Plymouth Rock on the road and him telling me we had a good foot to spare.

Marie—(Excited)—Say, Mother—why not—that would solve the problem—George can take her off our hands.

Grandma—Eh! What, child!

Mother—That's so, Marie. She's very pretty.

Marie—Pretty! Ordinary. She has no style or bearing—(Looks in glass—fusses up).

Grandma—I didn't catch all you said, Betsy, but seems to me it is harder to get a man than it was in my day. I mind I had four well set up young men hitch their horses to my father's gateposts of a Sunday. Your Grandpa being the likeliest of them all—but not one to put by money—him keeping open house and feeding all who came along besides giving away all the money he had on him to ones in trouble, and never looking to get it back again.

Marie—Shiftless—I call it.

Grandma—(Jumps up)—I would have you to know that your Grandfather was not shiftless. He was one of God's gentlemen, he was, and he's wearing a crown so bright that I'll sight it the moment the pearly gates swing open.—Times I wish they soon would—(Sits down and wipes eyes).

Mother—Marie—this has gone too far. Go out of this room and stay out. I hope I have a little heart left.

Marie—(Goes out)—I didn't mean anything.

Grandma—Don't scold her Betsy. I guess I'm getting old and touchy.

Mother—I am ashamed of Marie and myself, too. I'll be glad when all this keeping up appearances is over. It makes me impatient and—

Grandma—Yes, child. But you're heaps less cantankerous than when we first came and—

Mother—It's all this worry over Marie's chance to make a good match.

Grandma—Best way, Betsy, is to set back and when the right man as was intended for her man comes driving by he'll just tie his horse and bide until he gets her promise to drive the rest of life's journey setting up alongside him.

Mother—Perhaps—but this chance is one in a lifetime.

Jack—(Enters)—Hello there you two—eating out of the same dish, eh! That's fine. Say, Grandma—(puts arm on shoulders)—You're a good looker, alright. That's sure some cap you've got on.

Grandma—Go along, John Henry.

Jack—Have you got that rich girl hunted up for me yet, Mother—(pulls out empty pockets)—I'm broke. I'll promise to take her for better or worse and love her bankbook with all my heart—no matter how hard she is on the eyes.

Mother—Jack, I'm surprised.

Grandma—(Laughs)—John Henry is just his Grandpa over again. Must have his joke.

Jack—Joke—being broke is no joke, Grandmother.

Mother—Well just wait, Jack. In a little while we'll all be better off.

Jack—(Pulls Grandma's yarn)—As soon as Marie pulls off this wedding, we'll all be around for a hand'out next morning. Am glad Mabel has made good at her job. I'm off soon too—(Enter Jane in becoming modest cotton dress).

Grandma—There, now. You are my own little Janie again. You don't need any fancy clothes—you—

Jack—If Jane wasn't such a good looker I would say she looks like "Alme in London." Say Mother, why can't the girls fuss Jane up a bit. She'd look like a famous beauty star.

Jane—Please don't, Jack—I—I prefer to wear—I don't look well—I—

Mother—I think there were some clothes Mabel left might fit her.

Jane—No—I—

Grandma—Janie will wear her own clothes.

Jack—You've said it, Grandmother. Say Mother here's news. We're all invited to a party at those dressy, get rich quick Phillips. Jane had a card too.

Mother—Oh, we'll see. I must go and plan.

Grandma—Well, now, Janie, won't that be nice. You must get a bit of muslin and make up a dress and go with your cousins, child —(enter Marie).

Marie—What's that, Jack? A party at Phillips. How lovely. They are so rich and their home is lovely.

Jack—Jane is coming along, too. Going to get a new creation for it.

Grandma—A nice white book muslin with blue ribbons to set it off —same as I wore when I first met your Grandpa—(Marie laughs).

Jane—Won't you come now, Grandma? Your cup of tea is ready.

Grandma—Well, I'll be glad of a bite of something—(Exit).

Jack—(Calls)—Me too, Grandmother. I wish they'd speed up things.

Marie—I want George to take the car to town. I need a new dress.

Jack—Say that George has seen better days, believe me.

Marie—He has just picked up those airs from waiting on nice people.

Jack—That's it, Mary Ann. You've hit the nail square on the head. We're the people alright.

INTERMISSION FIVE MINUTES.

Pianist—(Instrumental music).

(Night of party—Grandma in sitting room knitting—enter Father).

Father—Hello, Mother. Where are all the folks?

Grandma—Oh, they're all getting trigged out for a party, Johnnie, —their Ma and all.

Father—Well this is like old times. We'll have a quiet evening at home. Here's a letter from Mabel—(reads)—she likes her boss and is doing well. That's fine—(Enter maid).

Maid—Telephone, sir—(Father goes out).

Grandma—Well, how are all your folks at home, Nora?

Maid—Thanks for asking, ma'am—but ma's laid up, fell down the back stairs and Pa is out of work and only my wages coming in.

Grandma—You poor child, working away so pleasant like and all that trouble at home. Here—(feels in pocket of skirt)—here take this home to your Ma—it'll help out a little.

Maid—Oh, thank you kindly, ma'am—but—but can you afford it?

Grandma—Oh, yes, I've always a bit by me to help other folks. I don't lay out every cent as soon as I can get my hand on it.

Maid—But it is too much.

Grandma—No, no—take it child, but say nothing about it—(Enter Marie, Mother and Jack—Marie extreme of fashion—Mother becoming evening dress—Jack evening dress).

Marie—Tell George we are ready Nora.

Jack—Say, Mary Ann, you're a good looker alright. Too bad Romeo money bags couldn't see you now. He'd hand out his check book in no time.

Mother—Yes. She certainly does us credit—(enter George).

George—The car is ready ladies.

Marie—Just wait until I get my wrap—(enter Jane dressed in frilled white muslin, blue sash, curls, large bouquet of dark pink (paper) roses pinned at waist, tied with narrow blue ribbon with small bunch flowers tied down on streamers—(George stands still and looks at her; all are lost in admiration and envy).

Jack—Say, Jane if you turn your search light on at the party the rest of the girls will go as dull as tail lights.

Grandma—You do look nice, child. Just the way I looked when your Grandpa fell in love with me.

Jack—And here's your grandson doing it all over again. Come on Grandma and show me how you and Grandpa did the minuet—(Grandmother protests but finally a bar or two, more if desired—this is optional).

Jane—Grandmother—don't—you'll tire yourself.

Marie—(Comes in)—Jane will have to wait until George comes back. It's too many to go in the car. My dress would be ruined.

Jack—Say, that's too bad. If I hadn't that appointment I'd wait but—

Jane—(Disappointed but brave)—Oh, no—never mind. I will just stay with Grandma.

Marie—Anyway Jane, you'd feel out of place in that cotton dress—no one here dresses like that.

Jack—You're right, they don't. They're all too plain patterns and you Mary Ann are heartless as well. Say, I'm glad my face is my fortune. If any girl takes me it'll be for my looks, not my money. Well come on then Mary Ann. Goodnight girl of my dreams, see you later—(George waits behind).

George—I'll come for you as soon as I can.

Jane—Thank you, but I won't be going.

George—Well then, I'll come back anyway.

Grandma—Yes, George, do come and set with us. We'll be glad of a bit of company. Poor Janie's so taken back.

Jane—Hush, Grandma.

George—Thanks, I will. Say, I'm awfully cut up over this.

Jane—What difference does it make—I'm only a poor relation you know.

Mother—George, where are you. I have called you twice. Bring Jane later.

George—Sorry, madame, I'm coming.

Grandma—(Wipes eyes, Jane comforts her)—I'm real heart-scalded, that I am, Janie. I think we'll go back home. They're not our kind here. Grandma's only little white rose bud.

Jane—Why, Grandma, you poor dear. Don't worry over me.

Grandma—(Strokes her hair)—I wish I could see you with a good man to care for you—like your Grandfather.

Jane—But you see, Grandma, I don't know where he's going to come from.

Grandma—I want to live with you, Janie. You've a kind heart. Don't look for money, child. Empty hands and a heart full of love is what will make my little girl happy.

Jane—Why, Grandma, all this just because I'm not going to the party.

Grandma—I know you wanted to get out with the young folk. it's natural.

Janie—Come to your room, Grandma. You're tired. I'll sit with you a while.

Grandma—Yes, I think I will go and when George comes back you go on to the party—I will be alright—(Both go out—Jane comes back in a few minutes—sits down).

Jane—I have decided we are going away. Mabel is doing well and writes she thinks she can get me a position. I am going to ask George to speak for me. He did for Mabel—(Enter George).

George—I am ready now, Jane.

Jane—Well' I'm not, thank you.

George—Say, that was a raw deal. I pretty nearly staged a parlor edition fight over it.

Jane—(Laughs)—I feel so sorry for poor Grandma. She was so anxious I should look nice.

George—Well, you did.

Jane—It's awkward being a poor relation. You hardly know your place.

George—Say, would you take it alright if a man of all work would ask you to go for a drive.

Jane—But what would the folks say?

George—It's what you say.

Jane—(Looks out of window)—I would love to, for you see I wanted a chance to ask you if you thought you could get me a position—like Mabel's. I want to take Grandma away.

George—I'll promise you I'll try—and if you are willing to take it I think I can.

Jane—Oh, I'll do anything you say—somehow I think you are honest.

George—(Laughs)—Well-meaning anyway—(goes to telephone)—Is that Riley's? Say, send along your best taxi outfit right away to No. 10 James St. Yes be quick.

Jane—Oh, aren't we going in the Ford? What will they say?

George—Are you sure you don't mind going with the man of all work?

Jane—(Smiles)—I hadn't thought of that—you seem very nice.

George—I am, too and I can be a whole lot nicer. Just give me a chance.

Jane—You have a good opinion of yourself.

George—Come on—throw this over your shoulder.

Jane—Oh, that is Marie's. She would be mad.

George—She would be mad anyway. Allow me—(lays it over shoulders).

Jane—Oh, I really shouldn't go—I'm afraid.

George—(Takes her out)—You are safe with me little country cousin.

(Later, Mother, Marie, Jack and Dad in parlor).

Jack—There's a car stopped—sedan taxi. Why it's George and Jane? Say, George is stepping out alright—(Enter George with Jane on his arm, both looking happy).

Father—What does this mean, George?

Jack—Say, I don't blame you, George. Would have done the same myself.

Marie—So that was your game, eh!—to drive out with the chauffeur?

George—Allow me to explain.

Mother—There is no explanation. John, tell him his services are dispensed with.

Marie—I read him from the first. Just an adventurer.

Mother—Jane, leave the room.

George—Jane, stay here. I am sorry we are late but I took your niece for a spin and we had serious tire trouble.

Jack—That's good, so far. What's next? Any other trouble?

George—I want to tell you that Jane is my promised wife—(silence).

Jack—Good boy, George—(shakes)—nice little girl, Jane. You're getting a man alright.

Marie—Everyone to their taste.

Mother—I suppose John, Jane might do worse.

Jane—I am very proud and happy.

Father—Can you keep a wife, George?

George—I'll do my best, sir.

Jack—Well, you've got a man all ready-made, Jane. No alterations necessary.

Jane—I think so, Jack.

Marie—Oh, let her have him. We will have Mr. Wilkins here soon and we don't want a houseful.

George—I want to ask a favor of you, Mr. Crabbe. I want a week off. Have to look up another job. At the end of that time I will come back for my intended wife.

Father—Well I guess I'll have to let you go. Be good to the little girl, George. I'll use my influence to get you a better paying line of work.

George—That's good of you, sir.

Mother—Well, I move we go to bed. It's nearly morning. Good night—(Curtain falls).

SCENE IV.

(Maid cleaning living room).

Maid—It's a good thing Miss Marie's beau does not come every day. I'm tired out—(rubs furniture—enter Mother).

Mother—Is everything clean, Nora? How are the chickens?

Maid—Miss Jane has cooked them and she has them so brown and tender they'd melt in your mouth.

Mother—And the pies and ice cream.

Maid—Miss Jane has been in the kitchen all day and everything is done to a turn.

Mother—Very, well. Just give the rungs of these chairs a rub—and the piano stool—(Enter Marie excited and very much fussed up).

Marie—How do I look, Mother? Is my skirt too long? I hope this color suits me?

Mother—You are just perfect.

Marie—Just fancy that George arriving on the same train. Jack will have to bring him too. What will Mr. Wilkins think?

Mother—Well, it can't be helped. There is plenty of room in the big car.

Marie—Where's Jane?

Mother—She's been busy all day. I don't see what I could have done without her. She's dressing now.

Marie—(Looking in glass)—I do hope Grandma will stay in her room tonight. Oh, there I here the car—(Goes to window)—No—I won't peep at him until he enters the door. Oh, dear I simply can't wait. I am so excited. I do hope I look nice—\$100,000—I'll have a new bungalow, car for myself, a trip to Europe—Oh, Mother.

Mother—Control yourself, dear—they are coming.

Jack—Well, I've brought him, folks. Some shock I'll say. Here's Mabel—(Kisses Mother and Marie).

Mother—Why, Mabel, what a surprise.

Mabel—I had to come too, Mother. Marie, you look scrumptuous.

Marie—But where is Mr. Wilkins. I thought—

Jack—He's here alright with bells on—he'll be here in a minute.

Mabel—We have another guest too, Mother—Mr. Flint, my—my employer.

Jack—Mabel's making a dead set for him.

Mother—I hope he is suitable.

Mabel—He is of age, anyway, Mother—(exit—enter George dressed up-to-date).

Marie—Why, where is?

Jack—Prepare for a knockout blow folks. Let me introduce Mr. Richard John Wilkins, bloated capitalist, more familiarly known as George, the chauffeur—(Silence).

Marie—(Screams)—I don't believe it.

Mother—George, explain this.

Richard—Mrs. Crabbe, I feel I owe your family an apology. I wanted a free hand to choose my own wife—without a handicap.

Jack—You wanted to be loved for yourself I take it George—Mr. Wilkins.

Richard—Exactly.

Marie—Well, I call it a mean contemptible trick—(cries).

Jack—Bear up, Marie. We'll hunt you up a—(Marie goes out crying).

Mother—Did the rest of the family know who you were?

Richard—No one, but my lawyer. He is here with me—(Mr. Flint and Mabel enter).—Let me introduce Mr. Flint, my legal adviser, Mrs. Crabbe.

Mr. Flint—Be assured, Mrs. Crabbe, I did not advise this act on the part of my client.

Mabel—I never knew it until today, myself, Mother, and Dad just learned it at the station.

Richard—You see, I made a pact with Flinty—Mr. Flint, here, that if he would not peep on me I'd keep an eye out for a wife for him. I've done my part.

Jack—Made a good job of it too, George—Mr—

Mr. Flint—I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter—(takes Mabel's hand).

Jack—Let him have it, Mother—both of them—(all laugh).

Richard—I can speak for him, Mrs. Crabbe. What is not lawyer in him is saint. He'll build a gold cage around Miss Mabel.

Mabel—I don't want a gold cage. I'm not going in to make a show.

Mother—Your Father will know best, Mabel. I am so upset over the turn things have taken that—

Mr. Flint—May I take you to a chair, Madame—(Enter Nora).

Mabel—Nora, will you show Mr. Flint to his room?

Richard—Where can I see, Jane?

Mabel—Come along, George—Richard, I mean.

Richard—Excuse me—(Richard goes out).

Mabel—It's alright, Mother—I'm so happy. Yes, he is older—I know, but he is a dear and you know I never liked callow young men.

Jack—(Comes in)—Gets luggage. All hands to meet here at 8 to celebrate. Too bad Dad's away. Say that's a hard one on Marie. She should not have counted her tin soldiers until she had them all in a row.

Mother—I'm so upset, Jack, I can't think.

Jack—Don't think, Mother, it's bad for you—(exit—Music if time permits).
(Grandma and Mabel in living room).

Mabel—Take this cushion, Grandma, and I'll put the footstool under your feet—there now.

Grandma—Don't be fussing over me, child, I haven't had much since Grandpa died. Not but what Janie is as good as living child could be. I hope she is getting a good man.

Mabel—The salt of the earth, Grandma. I only know one saltier. I do want you to like him, Grandma.

Grandma—Oh, well, child, I don't doubt you'd be taking him even if all your folks hated him worse than sour milk. I've seen many a one take her own way in my day.

Mabel—Oh, Grandma, just wait until you see him.

Grandma—I was just thinking of the times when your Grandpa and I were courting.

Mabel—Do tell me about it, Grandma—(Enter Jack and Mr. Flint).

Jack—Here is the happy family, Mr. Flint—my Grandmother, Mr. Flint—this is the man Mabel wants to marry, Grandma.

Mr. Flint—(Bows low)—A great pleasure to meet you Mrs. Crabbe—(smiles at Mabel).

Grandma—Well, well, I am glad to make your acquaintance. Mabel might do worse. You're a well set up man to be sure.

- Jack**—(Laughs)—You've sized him up right, Grandma.
- Grandma**—He looks for all the world like the man who drew up your Grandpa's will, only older to be sure.
- Mr. Flint**—I think I did, Mrs. Crabbe.
- Grandma**—Well sit down. Mabel, get your young man—your man a chair.
- Mr. Flint**—Oh, pardon me, Mabel, I did not know you were standing—(Gets chair).
- Grandma**—Oh, well, don't take on sir, like as not she'll stand many a time once she's married and settled. Her man taking no notice of it—it being different, but all right for all of that.
- Mabel**—Oh, Grandma.
- Mr. Flint**—I hope it will be different in my case, Mrs. Crabbe—I would hate to think—
- Grandma**—You're getting a good kind man, Mabel. He has your Grandpa's ways and it wont hurt you to stand a bit, married or single. A busy man doing his day's work can't be running round setting chairs under you all the time—(all laugh).
- Jack**—Good for you, Grandma. I'll get you to talk to my wife. Tell her to look after herself and pick up her own spending money. I'll need all I can get for myself.
- Grandma**—I am afraid you are careless over money, John Henry.
- Jack**—Careless—I am a born financier. My handicap being lack of capital.
- Mabel**—Where's the rest of the family?
- Jack**—Marie's gone out for a drive with old Sprag. She'll be more likely to take him now she's lost a fortune. He's got a little in his cash box too. (Enter Richard and Jane and Mother. Jane becomingly dressed—not extreme).
- Richard**—Hello, there, Flinty—on the ground first. Trust a lawyer for that. Whatever way that old will read, money or no money, **here's the girl I'm going to have.** Jane this my uncle's lawyer, Mr. Flint.
- Mr. Flint**—(Shakes hands)—I am sure all conditions are fulfilled Richard.
- Richard**—Here, here.
- Jane**—I just don't understand, George.
- Richard**—Go ahead, Flinty. Fix it up for me. Tell Jane, but let me down easy. Sit down, Jane.

Jane—I think I'll stand—(independent).

Richard—Bad start.

Lawyer—As legal adviser to my client's late uncle, it was my duty to carry out the dictates of his will which provided that a sum of \$100,000 be left to his nephew Richard Wilkins should he in six months' time secure a wife according to the dictates of the will and one who would receive the stamp of my approval—(Jack groans—Jane much shocked and surprised).

Grandma—Did he say, George's uncle had cut him off without a cent, Janie? Don't let that stand in your way.

Jack—(Laughs)—Think again, Grandma.

Lawyer—I am glad to say that in Richard's fiancée I see all conditions fulfilled.

Jack—Right you are.

Mother—She's a good girl.

Richard—What's the matter, Janie? Can't you see why I did it. Don't be hard on a fellow.

Mabel—Don't you see he was forced into it, Jane—I don't blame him a bit.

Jane—And aren't you George—I promised to marry George and live in a little house—(Jack sings a few bars of "Just a Cottage Small by a Waterfall").

Richard—Yes, I am—that is—I—

Jack—When is a George not a George?

Mabel—Stop Jack.

Lawyer—I wish to exonerate my client. The will was difficult and embarrassing.

Jane—Excuse me—(Goes out followed by Mother)—Richard I will be back soon—(Mabel and lawyer talk quietly in corner).

Grandma—A fine man, Jane is getting. I—I hope they can find a little corner for Grandma. I wouldn't be any trouble. I can do a bit of work yet and could knit her man's socks—(Grandma knits quietly—Enter Jane and Richard).

Richard—It's alright, Grandma. Jane is going to take me.

Jane—I couldn't help it, Grandma, he's so—

Grandma—You did right, Jane. Take a good man when he is in the humor.

Jane—I'm so happy, Grandma—just to think he was the visitor they expected—the rich friend—I am a little sorry—

- Richard**—I'd pose all over again in my every day clothes to win a little girl like this.
- Grandma**—Be good to her, George. It's a good man she needs now she's leaving her Grandma—(wipes her eyes).
- Richard**—She's not leaving Grandma if I know it.
- Jane**—You are coming right along with us dear. I wouldn't think—
- Richard**—Your loving Grandson is just waiting to show you a good time Grandma. Jane can't have me unless I get you too.
- Grandma**—(Wipes eyes)—You are dear children—but they say two is company, three is none.
- Richard**—Depends upon who the third party is. Look here, I need a bit of mothering—mine died when I was a little chap—and—and you ought to see the poor store socks I have to wear. I never had any one knit me a pair in my life.
- Grandma**—(Excited)—Well, I call that a shame. You'll never have that to say again while Grandma's hands can hold a bit of wool.
- Richard**—Good!
- Jane**—(Arms around Grandma)—It wouldn't be home without you, Grandma—(Enter Mabel and Lawyer).
- Mabel**—I heard you. Who said you were going to have Grandma? We want her. She can have a suite of rooms all to herself and—
- Mr. Flint**—We will count it a great privilege, Mrs. Crabbe.
- Richard**—See here, Flinty. Where's that black bag? Write this down quick, and put your seal on it. We, Jane and I have secured the first right to the property—to have and to hold—in other words, Grandma is going to live with Jane and her loving and affectionate Grandson Richard—sometimes known as George.
- Lawyer**—I'm afraid that sounds conclusive, Mabel.
- Mabel**—Well you'll come part of the time with us.
- Grandma**—We'll see, child. Your Grandpa would be pleased to see you so good to Grandma—(Wipes eyes. Enter Jack).
- Jack**—I say, Grandma—what are you piping your eyes for? Have the cooing doves been pecking at you?—(All laugh).
- Grandma**—Oh, no, John Henry—they—
- Lawyer**—We were just inviting her—(Sits and reads).
- Richard**—And she's promised to live with us.
- Jack**—Well she isn't going with any of you. She's staying with me. I've no home to offer but a warm heart.

Grandma—You are your Grandpa over again, John Henry.

Jack—Yes—I am getting more like Grandfather every day—(looks in glass—all laugh).

Mabel—Where are the rest of the family? I thought we were all to be here.

Jane—You are tired, Grandma.

Richard—Shall we take you to your room, Grandma?

Jack—Deep laid scheme to escape the crowd.

Richard—You are a young man of discernment, Jack.

Grandma—No, Janie, I am going to wait until your Pa and Ma come, in. I'd like a bit of singing.

Mabel—Well, Jane, are you reconciled to a rich husband?

Jane—It really doesn't make any difference as long as—

Jack—Bad handicap, though.

Grandma—Say, where's your Ma and Pa?

Jack—Better go and round them up. (Richard and Jane sit on sofa and talking).

Mabel—They'll be here in a minute.

Lawyer—Excuse me a minute, Mabel—I am looking up something.

Mabel—Oh, yes, I'll excuse you—you booky old thing.

Grandma—You should speak more respectfully to your man, Mabel.

Mabel—But he's not my man yet, Grandma.

Richard—That's right, Grandma. Did you hear that, Jane? Grandma says you should speak respectfully to your husband. Say, I'm in luck. My wife's husband will be well treated—(Enter Mother and Marie, pleased and excited).

Mabel—Hello, folks. We were waiting for you. Where's Dad?

Jack—What's Mary Ann looking so cheerful over? Did you strike a rich vein this time, sis?

Marie—You can't laugh at me any more.

Mother—Marie has just had an offer of marriage from Mr. Sprag.

Jack—Not that dried up old pippin?

Marie—I'd thank you to have better manners.

Mabel—Oh, not him. You couldn't take him, Marie?

Marie—And why not? You suited yourself.

Jack—He's a rich old money vault.

Mother—I could have wished—(Enter Dad).

Jack—Come along, Dad. Time to offer congratulations all around.

Dad—Think I got them in before hand.

Grandma—Come in, Johnnie. Have you got cold feet?

Jack—I've got cold feet, Grandma.

Grandma—Well, run along and warm them and I will make you a pair of three ply socks—(all laugh).

Dad—What's the latest? You seem to be excited.

Mother—Marie is engaged to Mr. Sprag.

Dad—Engaged. Can you care for him, Marie?

Marie—Of course I can, Dad. He is setting \$25,000 on me.

Jack—And throwing himself in for good measure.

Dad—Well, it's no wish of mine.

Marie—I am the one has to live with him. I'll travel most of the time. He can't go out in the winter.

Jack—How can she do it, George?

Mother—I'd rather you'd wait, Marie.

Marie—I'm going to take him. He can give me all the things I want.

Mabel—Don't be in a hurry, Marie—think—(Marie goes out).

Dad—Well, we can do no more. Sit here, Mother.

Jack—Say, this is no place for a lone unattached man—(Picks up big doll and sits beside it).

Dad—Well, this has all been a great surprise for me. It has moved so rapidly that I've lost my place in the play.

Richard—Jane, did you tell your Uncle we are leaving to-morrow and taking your Grandmother.

Mother—Not to-morrow!

Dad—Why not Mother stay here?

Richard—Well you see, Jane and I want her for our bridesmaid. We are to be married to-morrow, and motor out to my uncle's old place. Not a bad spot when I get it fixed up.

Grandma—To-morrow—(jumps up)—I must go and get my box packed.

Mother—Do not hurry away, Grandma.

Grandma—Oh, I must go and look after Janie and poor George hasn't a good home knit pair of socks to his feet.

Lawyer—(clears throat)—Why not make it a double wedding, Mabel?

Mabel—Oh, don't you think—

Jack—Say, yes, quick, Mabel. He might change his mind. I see where the whole family's going to be wiped out. I'm the last survivor.

Mabel—We'll have to do something about Marie. We'll take her on a good trip as soon as we can, Jim—eh!—She may meet some one.

Dad—I wish she would.

Lawyer—Alright, Mabel. You can look after that. I am better at making wills than making matches.

Richard—(Slaps him on back)—No, Flinty, matchmaking is your job every time. See what you have done for Jane and Mabel.

Grandma—Well, time will tell and the best honeymoons are the ones at the end of the journey—(sighs).

Jack—Come, Grandma—cheer up.

Mother—Well, if I had it to do over again, I would act differently, Grandmother. I blame myself for Marie.

Grandma—Best to have stayed just plain and simple like you were raised, Betsy.

Jack—Don't you forget any of you that I gave you a lift along the matrimonial road.

Jack—Hello there, Marie. Just in time to see us pair off—(Some one plays march. All stand in couples. Marie near piano alone. If possible Grandma and Jack do a Minuet. Any idea or programme can be introduced here should time permit—at last all stand in front, Richard and Jane in centre as Wedding March is played.

CURTAIN FALLS.