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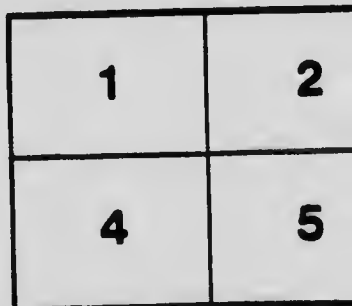
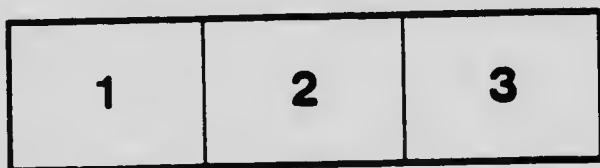
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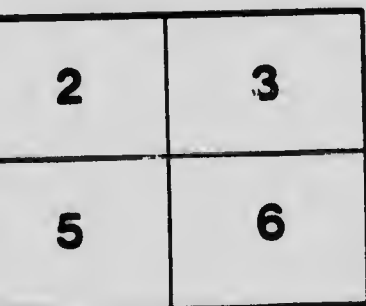
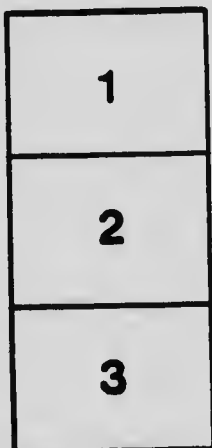
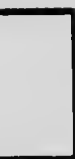
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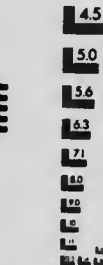
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Good-By

For two girls to impersonate Mrs. Green and Mrs. Twining.

Mrs. Green. Well, I declare, I must be going. I've been staying an age, and I have a thousand calls I ought to make.

Mrs. Twining. Don't be in a hurry! I have so much to tell you, and you've been here only ten minutes.

Mrs. Green. Oh, I really can't stay a minute longer.

Mrs. Twining. Well, if you must go.

Mrs. Green. But you must come soon and see me.

Mrs. Twining. To be sure I will; but don't wait for me, dear.

Mrs. Green. Well, good-by.

Mrs. Twining. Good-by. Be sure to remember me to Maggie. She has not been to see me for a long time.

Mrs. Green. I'll tell her. Good-by.

Mrs. Twining. Good-by. The next time you come bring Minnie with you.

Mrs. Green. I would have brought her this time, but she didn't feel very well. She took cold at the air, and when she got home she could scarcely speak a word. I am sick of that fair. I sent my silver knives and forks and dishes, and they broke two cups and one saucer, and bent one of the forks.

Mrs. Twining. What a shame! You didn't tell me how baby was.

Mrs. Green. Oh, he's splendid. Did I tell you he has cut a new tooth?

Mrs. Twining. No, has he?

Mrs. Green. Why, yes, I thought I had told you.

Mrs. Twining. How many has he now?

Mrs. Green. Five. He is awfully cross.

Mrs. Twining. I dare say. The weather is bad too.

Mrs. Green. Bad! I should say it was. Well, I must go now. Good-by.

Mrs. Twining. Good-by. Don't forget to come again real soon.

Mrs. Green. No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. You know you are not very sociable.

Mrs. Twining. I don't see how you can say that. I'm always up at your house. I would have been there to-day had I been able to go out. You can't imagine what a time I have had with neu. algia. I look a fright.

Mrs. Green. Why, Mary, I never saw you look better in your life. That dress is very becoming. Where did you get it?

Mrs. Twining. At Macy's, and so cheap. Only forty cents a yard, and they said it was worth two and a half!

Mrs. Green. That is a bargain. Is there any left?

Mrs. Twining. I took all there was, and then put this lace on that I had in the house.

Mrs. Green. You always have such good taste. But I must go now. Remember to come and see us. Next week Uncle is coming for a visit.

Mrs. Twining. What! Uncle Ben?

Mrs. Green. No, Uncle Richard.

Mrs. Twining. I didn't know you had an Uncle Richard. Where does he live?

Mrs. Green. In Boston.

Mrs. Twining. Strange! You never told me about him before. Your uncle on your mother's side?

Mrs. Green. Yes, my mother, you know, was a Hollis. One of the old families.

Mrs. Twining. Yes, I know that.

Mrs. Green. Well, her brother Richard went to China, and was in the tea trade. He came back very rich, and settled in Portland. I never knew much about his wife's folks, except that they had a fish-store in the summer, and a stove-store in the winter.

Mrs. Twining. Well, that's funny.

Mrs. Green. Now, I really must go, Mary. I declare, I shall be ashamed if I stay any longer. Good-by.

Mrs. Twining. Good-by.

Mrs. Green. Remember what I told you.

Mrs. Twining. What was that?

Mrs. Green. Why, have you forgotten already? I mean about the coming to see me.

Mrs. Twining. I'll come soon. Good-by.

Mrs. Green. Good-by. Oh, be sure and bring Sarah Jane.

Mrs. Twining. I'll try to. Good-by.

Mrs. Green. Good-by, good-by. (*Curtain.*) W

The Irish Philosopher

Gentleman with eye-glasses and gold-headed cane walks across the stage from left to right. An Irishman with stiff, battered silk hat walks across from right to left. He carries a short, stout stick. They meet.

Gentleman. Good morning, my good friend; you are out early.

Irishman. Early, is it? Why, I've been out so early in old Ireland that the sun was ashamed of himself.

Gentleman. Do you know we've been holding a scientific convention here in this town?

Irishman. And haven't I been attending it every day of the week meself.

Gentleman. Is that so? Why, you are interested in science then?

Irishman. And didn't I hear them arguin' agin you yesterday? And didn't ye bate them so completely? That little chap down in the corner by the stove, wasn't he ashamed of himself?

Gentleman. (*Very complacently.*) I think he was very handsomely defeated. But, Patrick, do you know what we were arguing about?

Irishman. Sure I do. Wasn't I there?

Gentleman. Tell me what it was then?

Irishman. Sure, could you understand me if I told you?

Gentleman. I think so.

Irishman. Well, it's the motion of the sun around the earth, or the earth around the sun, I disremember which.

Gentleman. All right. Explain it to me.

Irishman. Well (*holding up his stick*), the stick represents the equator. Do you deny that?

Gentleman. No; go on.

Irishman. Well, the sun rises in the east; do you admit that?

Gentleman. Yes; go on.

Irishman. Well, the sun rises fast. And it's noon at last, and dinner is there ready, and the pertaties on the table.

Gentleman. Well; go on.

Irishman. When I'm at my dinner I don't want to be hurried. I've got the sun above us, haven't I? Will you admit that, I say (*excitedly*)?

Gentleman. Certainly; go on with the demonstration. You have a scientific mind.

Irishman. Sure I have. The sun begins to sink gradually down, down (*pointing with one hand while he holds the stick level with the other*), until he gets behind the hills. There! (*Triumphantly.*)

Gentleman. Well; go on.

Irishman. Go on, is it? Why should he go on any more? It's his time of rest, isn't it?

Gentleman. But you have got to fetch him around to the east to rise to-morrow morning.

Irishman. Is that it? Well, the sun sinks to rest in the rosy west.

Gentleman. Well?

Irishman. He sinks to rest in the rosy west.

Gentleman. So you told me; but you must get him back, or we shall have no sunrise to-morrow.

Irishman. Well, he does get back.

Gentleman. But how?

Irishman. (*Scratches his head.*) Why, he waits till it gets dark, and then he slips back while we are all dead asleep.

Gentleman. (*Laughs and walks off.*)

Irishman. Laugh, do you now? (*Shakes his shillalah.*) How else should he get back? (*Follows.*)

W.

Home from Young Ladies' College

CHARACTERS: Laura and Isabel. The girls are dressed very stylishly, both with hats on. Enter hand in hand.

Laura. My dear Isabel, I was so afraid you would not come. I waited at that horrid station a full half hour for you. I went there early on purpose, so as to be sure not to miss you.

Isabel. Oh, you sweet girl!

L. Now sit right down; you must be tired. Just lay your hat there on the table and we'll begin to visit

right off. (*Both lay their hats on the table and stand near to each other.*)

I. And how have you been all the ages since we were together at Toronto?

L. Oh, pretty well, dear; they were sweet old school days, weren't they? How are you enjoying yourself now? You wrote that you were taking lessons in philosophy. Tell me how you like it. Is it real sweet?

I. Oh, those I took in the winter were perfectly lovely! It was about science, you know, and all of us just doted on science.

L. It must have been nice. What was it about?

I. It was about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules.

L. Oh, tell me about them, dear. What are molecules?

I. They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them, you know. They are so sweet! Do you know, there isn't anything but that's got a molecule in it. And the professors are so lovely! They explained everything so beautifully.

L. Oh, how I'd like to have been there?

I. You'd have enjoyed it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too, and if there's one thing that is too really curious it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules.

L. Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it!

I. 'Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to have heard the professor tell about it. Such a handsome fellow. Oh, dear! (*Wipes her eyes with handkerchief.*) The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the room. We all named our hats after the professors. This is a Darwinian hat. You see, the ribbon is drawn over the crown this way (*takes hat and illustrates*), and caught with a buckle and bunch of flowers. Then you turn up this side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Darwin was wonderful!

L. Oh, how utterly sweet! Do tell me some more of science. I love it already.

8 HOME FROM YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE

I. Do you, dear? Well, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly, positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And our professor! You should hear him enthuse about it; he's perfectly bound up in it. And such a nice fellow. This is a differentiation scarf—they've just come out. All the girls wear them—just on account of the interest we take in differentiation.

L. What is it, any way?

I. Mull trimmed with Languedoc lace, but—

L. I don't mean that—the other.

I. Oh, differentiation! That's just sweet. It's got something to do with species. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the funniest things. If I only had an ascidian of my own! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world.

L. What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?

I. Oh, no; nobody ever did but the dear professors; they say they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they must be just too lovely for any thing.

L. Did you learn anything else besides?

I. Oh, yes. We studied common philosophy, and logic, and metaphysics, and a lot of those ordinary things, but the girls didn't care anything about those. We were just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules and the professor and protoplasm and ascidians. I don't see why they put in those common branches; we couldn't hardly endure them.

L. (*Sighs*). Do you believe they'll have a course like that next year?

I. I think maybe they will.

L. Dear me! There's the bell to dress for dinner. How I wish I could study those lovely things!

I. You must ask your father if you can't spend the winter in Toronto with me. I'm sure there'll be another course of Philosophy next winter. But how dreadful that we must stop talking about it now to dress for dinner. You are going to have company, you said; what shall you wear, dear?

L. Oh, almost anything. My pink skirt is lovely.

I. Have you one? Oh, let me see it. (*Exeunt*).

W.



