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In Five Acts,

BY

S . N . C O O K ,

AUTHOR OF "OUT IN THE STREETS," "ENOCH ARDEN," ETC., ETC.

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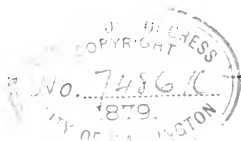
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No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.



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# BROKEN PROMISES.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MARK FIELDS, ( <i>An Englishman</i> ).....
JIM LARKIN, ( <i>A Bummer</i> ).....
NED McCALL, ( <i>An Ex-thief</i> ).....
LARRY BAILEY, ( <i>In love with KITTY</i> ).....
JACK McCALL, ( <i>A Counterfeitor</i> ).....
BARTENDER.....
MRS. FIELDS, ( <i>An Adventuress</i> ).....
KITTIL FIELDS, ( <i>Daughter of MARK</i> ).....
NELL LARKIN, ( <i>Sister of JIM</i> ).....

## COSTUMES.—MODERN.

JIM LARKIN'S dress very poor until change in last act, when it is to be very much too large for him.

## PROPERTIES.

### ACT I.

Carpet down. Cupboard. Curtains to window. Table. Six chairs. Paper money. Wine and glasses on tray in cupboard.

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—Plain table. Five plain chairs. Pen, ink, and paper. Letter discovered on table.

SCENE II.—Sofa, R., at back. Tables R.C. and L.C. Six chairs. Money.

### ACT III.

Liquor store bar fittings, complete, R. Two round tables. Chairs. Spittoons. Pocket pistol. Money.

## ACT IV.

Cottage furniture. Chintz curtains to window. Cottage tables, chairs, &c. Bundle of letters. Bottle of liquor and glasses on tray, with lemon, jug of hot water, sugar, and spoons off s.e.l. Liquor flask.

## ACT V.

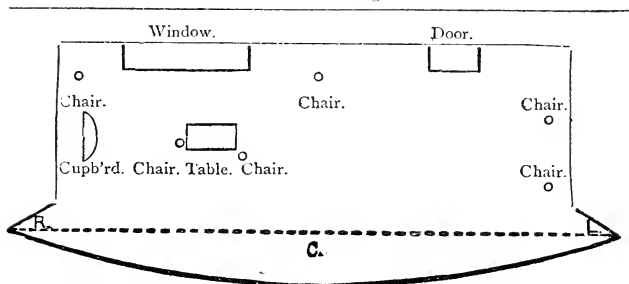
Carpet down. Handsome furniture—sofa, easy chairs, tables, and other chairs. Writing materials discovered on table. Bottle of chloroform.

## SCENERY.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—

Interior backing.

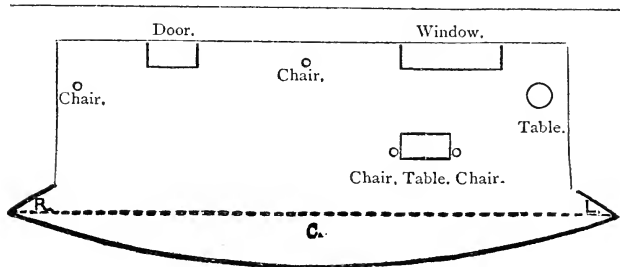


Neatly Furnished Room in MARK FIELD'S House. Back grooves. Window, R.F. Door, L.F. Cupboard s.e.r. Table R.C.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—

Interior Backing.



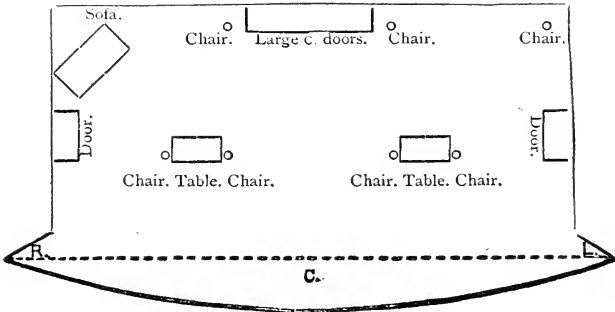
BROKEN PROMISES.

V

A Room at NELLY LARKIN'S—plainly furnished. Second grooves. Door R.F. Window, L.F. Table, L.C. Small table, S.E.L.

SCENE II.—

Interior backing.

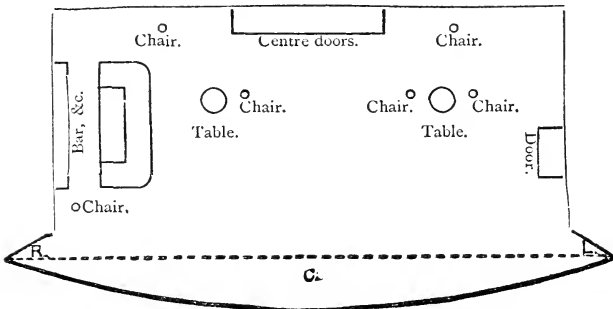


Another Room in MARK FIELD'S House. Back grooves. Centre doors. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. Sofa R. up stage. Tables, R.C. and L.C. Seven chairs.

ACT III.

SCENE.—

Interior Backing.

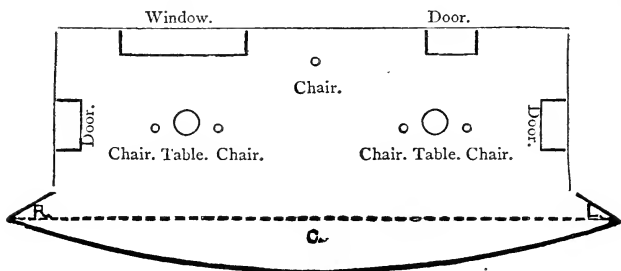


A Liquor Saloon. Bar fixtures, &c., R. Centre doors. Door S.E.L. Table R.C. and L.C. Six chairs.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—

Exterior backing.

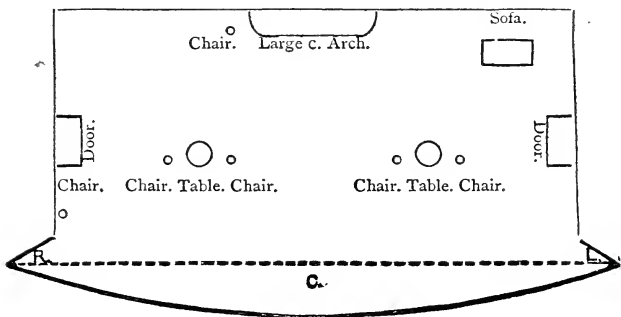


Cottage Interior. Door, L.F. Window, R.F. Tables, R.C. and L.C. Doors, S.E.R. and S.E.L.

## ACT V.

SCENE.—

Interior backing.



A Drawing-Room at MARK FIELD'S HOUSE. Centre arch. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. Sofa L. up stage. Tables, R.C. and L.C. Six chairs.

\*.\* There is no charge for the performance of this piece.



# BROKEN PROMISES.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—A Room at MARK FIELD'S. Neatly furnished. Door, L.F. Window, with curtains, R.F. Cupboard S.E.R. Table and two chairs R.C. Four other chairs.

*Enter NED McCALL, door L.F.*

*Ned.* Comfortable surroundings here, upon my word; vast improvement upon the late home of Ned McCall. The old lady played her cards well, she fished for gulls and got one in the person of Mark Fields. And he, poor old fool, thought he was marrying the widow of that distinguished American, the late General McCall. (*Laughs and sits R.*) Well, my paternal ancestor was a distinguished man in certain circles. Ah! that was a hard crew that I used to run with. (*Jumps up.*) But that's all over now. We have parted company for good. I mean to shake them now, one and all.

*Enter JIM LARKIN, door L.F.*

*Jim.* (*Opening the door and standing in doorway.*) Hello! hello here! This is a kind of a sylvan bower for a man like Ned McCall. Don't you find yourself out of place? (*Comes down L.*) Vice in the abode of virtue!

*Ned.* (R.) There, there, that will do! Any further remarks are unnecessary, Mr. Larkin.

*Jim.* Mr. Larkin! (*Laughs satirically.*) That's good! I'll take off my hat for that. (*Salutes in like manner.*) How fast we learn.

*Ned.* I have just been thinking about you, Jim ; not only you, but all the old crowd of past acquaintances. I was thinking that——

*Jim.* We were old friends through thick and thin, that no change of time or circumstance, as the poet says, could ever change our friendship! Eh, Ned? *(Slaps him on the shoulder.*

*Ned.* I was going to say, Jim, that the ties which once bound us together in the cause of interest——

*Jim.* Cannot now be rudely severed or sundered in the cause of friendship!

*Ned.* Don't interrupt me, Jim! I wish now to——

*Jim.* Renew our vows of eternal fidelity, eh? That's it, isn't it? I know what you mean, Ned, but you're too modest to say the word. Modesty is what ails you, my boy! it is a weakness with me also. But no matter about that, with all our modesty we remember the days when the cramps nipped us often. And we remember that we were not sufficiently careful in our manipulations at times, and were obliged to play checkers with our respective noses, and gazed through windows adorned by—— *(Laughing.*

*Ned.* *(Seriously.)* Jim, be quiet, will you? Those days you speak of belong to the dead past, that past which with me I wish to be buried deep in oblivion; that the memories of the past like my companions of that time shall be forgotten in the future!

*Jim.* You're right, Ned, you're right, who can blame you? Go back on Sandy Magruder, and Fatty McDowell, and the whole crew of them. We'll shake them, won't we? Pals change as well as fortune. Our circumstances have changed and we'll change with them—yes, we will shake them, Ned.

*Ned.* We will shake them, you say? May I ask you, Jim, whom you mean by *we*?

*Jim.* Why *we*, you and I, of course. We have been old partners so long that we are almost one, you know. *(Laughs.)* "Two souls with but a single thought," etcetera, etcetera, as the poet says. Many were the deeds of darkness done by us, Ned, and often we have sworn to share each other's fortunes in weal or woe, and we won't go back on each other now, will we?

*Ned.* *(Throws his hat down on table.)* I am going to turn over a new leaf now, and you must remember, Jim, that Ned McCall, the stepson of old Mark Fields, is not to be known in the places that once knew Ned McCall, the——

*Jim.* *(Angry.)* Thief! I'll finish that sentence for you, Ned, because you're so modest and hate to say it! *(Laughs.)*

*Ned.* I cannot listen to such language. I've turned over a new leaf and am going to be a different man, and for the future associate with companions other than those I have associated with in the bitter past.

*Jim.* Of course, give the boys the shake, all but old Jim. You'll stand by him to the last, won't you, Ned?

*Ned.* No! We may as well try to understand each other at once, Jim. When I shake one of the old crowd, I shall all.

*Jim.* All?

*Ned.* Yes, all!

*Jim.* Do you include me?

*Ned.* I do.

*Jim.* If any one had told me no longer ago than this morning that Ned McCall would shake his old pal, Jim Larkin, I would have knocked him down. And, if I hear any one say so now I'll knock him down.

*Ned.* You would? What, any one?

*Jim.* Yes, any one!

*Ned.* Do you include me?

*Jim.* I do.

*Ned.* I am not to be threatened, Jim.

*Jim.* And I am not to be trifled with, Ned. I am resolved and am going to stay with you, and that's all about it.

*Ned.* You are not! Once for all, the low class that I once associated with must not presume to know me now.

*Jim.* "Low class?" (*Laughs.*) That is good! To what class, pray, belongs Ned McCall?

*Ned.* Once a creature on the same grade with you, he is different now. He is a——

*Jim.* A thief, as he always was! None of your fine airs with me, Mr. Ned. You think to shake me because that mother of yours took in old Mark Fields, and he has money. She deceived him, made the old fool believe that she was a distinguished lady and well known in society, and the simple hearted old Simon took it all in. She is a distinguished lady, ain't she? (*Laughs.*) Yes, at Police headquarters, well known in society (*whispers him*) of pickpockets. (*Laughs.*) Oh, you are a high-toned family, you are, to shake Jim Larkin. I've a word to say about another matter being as you've got me started, and that is about Nell—my sister Nell—you've made fine promises to her too, and do you mean to break them? Do you hear me? Take your time and answer me calmly, for I can stand a good deal of jolting around myself, but when it comes to Nell it's a different thing. She is my sister and any trifling with her means death to the trifier. Trifle with her feelings and there will be a funeral, my boy, and you will be the corpse.

*Ned.* Jim, (*points to door, L.F.*) move.

*Jim.* Do you mean it?

*Ned.* I do, be lively.

*Jim.* And how about Nell?

*Ned.* Don't mention her name to me again. Nell is a good girl and all that, but she must not expect me to recognize her now. I want you to understand, Jim, that I shake the whole crowd of you, now and for ever.

*Jim.* (*Putting on his hat.*) All right. I am a man of few words,

but I'll see old Mark Fields. There is a chapter in the lives of two people—mother and son—that will interest the old man, and I pride myself that I can tell that story as well as any one living, unless it is old Jack McCall, your father.

*Ned.* My father you know is dead.

*Jim.* Your mother would give a good deal to know that he was dead. He is a character that will figure in the story that I'm going to tell to old Mark Fields.

*Ned.* You dare not tell him!

*Jim.* Not dare? We'll see!

*(Laughs.)*

*Ned.* What would your word amount to, when mother and I deny all you say? You will find yourself in the hands of the police unless you are pretty careful, Master Jim!

*Jim.* I see I'll have to dress you off a little, Neddy. I don't want to take you unawares—look out, I'm coming. *(Prepares to fight.)* I'm a man of few words, and can accommodate you to any style of bruising you want.

*Ned.* *(Loudly.)* Lay hands upon me, Jim Larkin, and you're a dead man.

*Jim.* And the liveliest dead man you ever knew. *(Laughs.)* I'm coming now, where'll you have it?

*Enter MRS. FIELDS, door L.F.*

*Mrs. Fields.* *(c.)* What is the matter here, Ned? Who is raising this disturbance?

*Ned.* Jim Larkin, mother. You and I know him too well for our own good, and if you had not come in when you did I would have kicked him into the street.

*Jim.* Mrs. Fields, I'm sorry you came in. I wanted to feel the delightful sensation of moving out of your door under the soothing influence of a kick!

*(Laughs.)*

*Mrs. F.* Larkin, behave yourself, or you'll leave this house with a blue-coated escort you won't get rid of easily.

*Jim.* A policeman! Ha, ha!

*Mrs. F.* Ah, you understand? And I think I understand the object of your present call?

*Jim.* If you don't, your son does.

*Ned.* He means that we shall keep him a pensioner on our bounty.

*Jim.* Is that it? A pensioner on the bounty of old Mark Fields? Ha, ha, ha! That's too good!

*Mrs. F.* You surely do not think to make your home here, Larkin? You cannot mean it!

*Jim.* You know I don't. But Ned and I were old friends once, there never was a bit of villainy hatched in those shallow brains of his but what he told me of it. He hates to hear it now—it's the truth, though, all the same. But I could overlook Ned's going back on me if he did not mean to act so meanly with my Nell.

*Mrs. F.* Who is your Nell?

*Jim.* My sister, and a lady!

*Ned.* Jim Larkin's sister a lady? Ha, ha!

*Mrs. F.* Be quiet, Ned!

*Jim.* Let him give me much more of his chin and I'll force him to wear his jaw in a sling!

*Mrs. F.* You two are bound to quarrel. Good day, Mr. Larkin.

*Jim.* Now that is something like ordering a man out in some kind of style, and I'll go. Sorry Mr. Fields is not at home. I should like to become acquainted with the gentleman. I used to have the pleasure of taking a drink with your former husband, and that reminds me that I am dry just now, awfully dry.

*Mrs. F.* Here, Larkin, is some money. Enough, perhaps, to add an additional lustre to that nose.

*Jim.* Don't, madam, if you love me. That nose is a tender subject, and it *knows* it!

*Mrs. F.* It looks as though it was blistered. You drink too much!

*Jim.* Now don't! That nose of mine ought to be a solemn warning to all young men that drink, but it ain't. Bless you, that nose was once a handsome feature, but it is changed, as all things earthly change. Age dims the lustre of the brightest eye, frosts will wither the fairest and the choicest flowers, while drink puts a blossom no one cares to see on the most perfect nose that was ever blowed, sirree! (*Laughs.*) But I am moralizing, and it is no time to moralize when a man is as dry as I am. Accept my thanks, madame, for this bit of paper, this thing the world calls money. Money the open sesame to the home of the aristocrat, the open sesame to the heart of women, the open sesame that does everything, and the open sesame to do everybody! (*Laughs.*) Good day. (*Exit JIM, L. F.*)

*Ned.* Thank goodness he is gone. I wish that I could feel that I was saying good day to Jim and all his tribe forever.

*Mrs. F.* Well, you are not. Old acquaintances are not dropped so easily. You may try to, but they won't stay dropped, and by treating rudely such a man as Larkin we may bring upon us troubles which we cannot fight. With the knowledge that man has of our past, you know that he could crush us.

*Ned.* Mark Fields would not take the word of such a character as Jim.

*Mrs. F.* He might not, but other people would. Let the tongue of scandal once be turned on us and we are gone—our past won't bear the light. Mark Fields is my husband, but we have not got his money yet.

*Ned.* That is the essential thing. But how to get it, that is the question.

*Mrs. F.* 'Tis easier asked than answered.

*Ned.* What if I married Kittie?

*Mrs. F.* You marry Kittie—you—why, she does not notice you—more, she is engaged to that young Lawrence Bailey.

*Ned.* To Larry Bailey?

*Mrs. F.* Do you know him?

*Ned.* Yes! I have met him.

*Mrs. F.* Where?

*Ned.* On the street one night—it was very dark, and—I wanted to know the time of day—and—well, I could not help it! (*Laughs.*)

*Mrs. F.* An unfortunate meeting for him.

*Ned.* Yes, the loss of a gold watch and chain, that was all.

*Mark Fields.* (*Without, L.F.*) What are you doing in 'ere, you vagabond. What are you doing with my cane?

*Jim.* (*Outside.*) It is all a mistake. I thought it was mine.

*Enter MARK FIELDS, dragging in JIM LARKIN, from L.F.*

*Mark.* Who is this 'ere thing a-rummaging around this 'ouse this way, wife? He 'ad my cane and was making hoff with it. Do you know who he is?

*Mrs. F.* (*R.C.*) No, my dear! I am not acquainted with either thieves or tramps.

*Jim.* (*Aside, L.*) She knows a good many of them.

*Mrs. F.* What was he doing?

*Mark.* He was a making hoff with my cane. A pretty looking hanimal he is to 'ave a gold-'eaded cane. If you 'ave a gold-'eaded cane, young man, you'd better sell it and buy yourself some clothes, not come a-slipping into the 'ouse 'ere to steal. Who are you?

*Jim.* I'm a missionary, and I want to build a chapel.

*Mark.* (*L.C.*) A missionary, and with a nose like that! Ha, ha!

*Jim.* Another blow on my nose! Mr. Fields, you've wronged a man that is trying to do his duty for the destitute poor, you wrong a man who is trying to reclaim the little wicked children from the errors of their wicked little ways. I stopped in front of your house, and I asked a boy who lived here, and he said, Mr. Fields, then I asked him whether Mr. Fields was a good man, and he said that "Mr. Fields was that kind of a bilk," and says I, "what did you say, my son," and saye he, "oh, pull down your vest," and I pulled it down as far as I could, and came in to see if you'd subscribe to the Rag Alley Mission Chapel.

*Mark.* What do you think, wife, is this 'ere thing a missionary?

*Mrs. F.* I suppose we must believe him. Give the poor man something, Mr. Fields, and let him go.

*Mark.* Do you really think so, wife?

*Mrs. F.* We should give to all charitable objects in this world, my dear.

*Jim.* Charity covereth up a multitude of sins, my tulips!

*Mark.* What do you mean, you old clothes rack? Be respectful!

*Jim.* I didn't mean anything personal. Give us what you can spare without robbing yourself. I'd love to report you to our committee as one of our most liberal patrons.

*Mark.* All right! Where is your book?

*Jim.* My book?

*Mark.* Well, your paper then!

*Jim.* I don't understand.

*Mark.* Why, if I give anything I want to put my name down on something, don't I?

*Jim.* Of course! Yes, yes—excuse me—where did I put it? (*Searches his clothes.*) Never mind, a cash subscription will do as well, Mr. Fields.

*Mark.* Yes, I think it will, when you get it. Will you take anything?

*Jim.* Take anything? (*Aside.*) What does he mean?

*Mark.* Yes, to drink?

*Jim.* Yes, gin if you please.

*Mark.* (*Laughs.*) There is your missionary for you! You see that door? Now out you go—get, get! (*Flings him out.*) Follow him, Ned, look after him, then give him in charge of the police. (*Exit NED, L.F.—L.C.*) The idea of that man telling me that he was a missionary. It seems that almost everybody lies in this country.

*Mrs. F.* There are so many imposters here, Mr. Fields, one rarely knows when to do a charitable act.

*Mark.* A man must look out for swindlers. Even when he gets married he gets awfully sold sometimes.

*Mrs. F.* (*Aside.*) Now what is up? I wonder has any one been telling him about us. (*Aloud.*) Ah, Mr. Fields, these unhappy marriages often bring nothing but heart burnings and misery.

*Mark.* Pray 'eaven that no such lot as that may fall to us. But I sometimes think you do not love me, wife.

*Mrs. F.* You are not yourself at all to-day, Mark Fields!

*Mark.* Am I not? Well, well!

*Mrs. F.* (*Aside.*) To get the money I have schemed for, I must pretend to love him. It's all pretense, for love's a stranger to my heart. (*Aloud.*) What makes you act so strange to-day, my dear?

*Mark.* I've been thinking of Kittie, my daughter, thinking as how she is not 'appy as she used to be, that it makes the chills creep over me.

*Mrs. F.* That is easily accounted for. The girl's in love, my dear!

*Mark.* With Larry Bailey? What, in love?

*Mrs. F.* Yes!

*Mark.* Well, Larry is a good boy, wife. But I've been watching her for some time now. It's funny how girls hact sometimes, for yesterday when you were out I came in 'ere and found that she'd been crying, and I said to her, "My child, why do you hact as though

your 'eart was broke?" And the tears fell faster as she said, "My father, you don't know my troubles, and I cannot tell you now. They are troubles which affect us both, troubles which have just begun. (*He goes to the table and leans his head down as if in study.*)

*Mrs. F.* (*Down front.*) She told the truth, her troubles have just begun, and will end only at her death. I must have Mark Fields' money, and it shall be no fault of mine if she does not see trouble enough to crush her. To make a drunkard of her father and to ruin her betrothed, shall be a work which I'll devote my best energies to accomplish. (*Gets wine and glasses from cupboard, R.*) It grieves me, Mr. Fields, to see you so gloomy. Here is something that will make you yourself again.

*Mark.* No, no, I guess not. Kittie don't want me to drink, she says the 'abit is growing on me.

*Mrs. F.* Is not my husband man enough to drink a glass of wine without drinking to excess?

*Mark.* I don't know—it's a dangerous thing to fool with. I have found it so, and I am getting afraid of myself.

*Mrs. F.* There is a glass for you. If you do not wish to drink with your wife, it is your privilege to refuse.

*Mark.* I'll take it, wife, I'll drink with you. And now here is 'opeing that no sorrow may cloud the lives of any of us through this bright tempter! (*They drink.*)

*Enter KITTY FIELDS and LARRY BAILEY, L.F.*

*Mark.* (R.C.) 'Ere's Kitty and Larry. Now we'll 'ave another glass. Come, fill up.

*Kittie.* (L.C.) Larry does not drink, father.

*Mark.* Don't, hey? All right, we won't hinsist!

*Larry.* I have promised Kittie, sir, and I will not break my word.

*Kittie.* And I will never trust my future happiness to the keeping of one who does drink. And please, father, never again ask Larry to drink, he has promised me faithfully that he never will.

*Larry.* Mr. Fields, let us promise Kitty that we will not touch another drop. It is a little thing for us to do, and it will bring happiness to one whom we hope may never see other than happy days.

*Mark.* Yes, I 'ad better do it, for I never want to see the day that my little girl will be ashamed of me. I never want to see the day that Mark Fields will bring disgrace upon a name that never was disgraced. I'll promise you, my little girl. Larry and I will promise.

*Mrs. F.* (R.) Mr. Fields are you silly enough to be influenced by a sentimental school-girl. I'd be a man if I were you, and not yield my liberty to take a second glass when I wished to.

*Mark.* Come, wife, join with us. We will all be the happier for it.



*Mrs. F.* Not I. Make your pledges to each other, what care I for them. (*Aside.*) I'll see you break them. (*LARRY, KITTIE and MARK in group at back of stage, c., MRS. FIELDS down front stage, r.*) It is your time to smile now, Kittie Fields, but my time of triumph is yet to come. When your father becomes so debased through drink as to cease to care for you, when your betrothed whom you now think will ever be true to you proves false, I'll tell you of this day—tell you that though you once triumphed over me, it was but a brief triumph, while mine is a triumph that shall last through life—nay beyond this life, beyond the grave, even to all eternity. (*Music—Tableau.*)

## END OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at NELL LARKIN'S—Plainly furnished. Window, L.F. Door, R.F. Table—with pen, ink, and paper—and two chairs, L.C. Small round table, S.E.L. Two other chairs.*

*Enter JIM LARKIN, door R.F.*

*Jim.* Where is that girl, out as usual? Hello, she has been writing. I'll just look over it and see who it is to. (*Takes it up.*) Just as I expected, to Ned McCall. What does she say? (*Reads.*) "Dear Ned, why do you never come to see me? My heart beats fast at every footfall. You said you never would forget your little Nell. You surely are trying to forget her now, or you would come." There, I've read enough. Sentiment of that kind goes back on me. Poor girl! I suppose she cares for him as tenderly as though he were a gentleman. He'll never see this letter. (*Pockets it.*) Just in time, for here she comes.

*Enter NELL LARKIN, door R.F.*

*Nell Larkin.* (*R.C.*) You here, Jim?

*Jim.* (*L.C.*) I'm here, Jim! Ha, ha! yes, I'm here!

*Nell.* Don't speak so harsh, Jim. Why do you try to hurt my feelings, and why do you leave me alone so much when you are the only friend I have in the world, unless it is—it is——

*Jim.* Ned McCall. But Ned McCall is a good friend only to Ned McCall, and he does not intend to come here to see you any more.

*Nell.* Jim, you are deceiving me again.

*Jim.* Deceiving you? Now that is just as good as insinuating that I lie. (*Going.*) Good evening. Write to me if I don't come again.

*Nell.* Come back, Jim, come back. I did not mean to say that. I want you to stay with me awhile and talk, and—and—tell me about Ned. What makes you think he will not come to see me more?

*Jim.* Now that is a business like question, and as I'm a man of few words, why I'll answer it.

*Nell.* Go on, Jim, go on.

*Jim.* Well, then, in the first place, since his mother married old Mark Fields, he has forgotten to call around and see his old friends, so I invited myself to call on him. It was a cold reception, but I made it warm before I left.

*Nell.* (*Reproachfully.*) What did you do, Jim?

*Jim.* Now no remarks. He made great promises to you, and I wanted to know what he intended. He said you must never expect him to pay any attention to you hereafter. Just then I felt able to pummel about fourteen dozen such young men as Ned McCall, and I was about proceeding to spoil his physiognomy for him——

*Nell.* Oh, Jim, you did not mean to injure him?

*Jim.* Yes, I did mean to injure him though, and had his mother not come in when she did——

*Nell.* Oh, then his mother came in and separated you, did she? I'm so glad!

*Jim.* Now ain't you ashamed of yourself to take the part of that mean, sneaking, cowardly cuss? I was about to embellish his countenance with a few scientific blows, when his mother came in. She did not want any quarrel. She knows too much for that, and that it is policy to keep up a show of friendship with me. But they feel above you, and no matter what you know you can't make that chap love you, Nell.

*Nell.* Do you think that Ned will forget me now, and never come again? If I thought that, I should hate him.

*Jim.* That is right. It is your duty, it is everybody's duty, to hate Ned McCall.

*Nell.* Won't you tell him to come just once more and see me? I want to have a talk with him, then he can go forever. Won't you tell him, Jim? Do, please do?

*Jim.* No, I won't, so now you know. And I won't stay here talking about him any longer. Business is business, and must be attended to, so good evening. (*Exit R.F.*)

*Nell.* (*Sits at table, l.c.*) And now my life will be more desolate than ever. Ned will never come to see me more. If he deserts me it will not be his fault, but the fault of others. Poor Ned, I said that I would hate you, but I cannot! Hate Ned? I love him! But I shall hate Mark Fields, for he is the one who is trying to keep Ned

rom me. It is because he is rich that he would have Ned desert me! But he won't! Never! never!

*Enter MARK FIELDS, door R.F.*

*Mark.* (R.C.) I 'ope I am not hintruding, Miss, but I want to see a lady that they call Nell Larkin.

*Nell.* (R.C.) I am Nell Larkin.

*Mark.* And you are Nell Larkin, are you?

*Nell.* I think I informed you of the fact.

*Mark.* You did. I come to see you, miss, and I want to see you all alone.

*Nell.* (*Points to door.*) There! That is where you came in, sir.

*Mark.* Yes, I know.

*Nell.* Well, then, go!

*Mark.* Girl, did you mean to horder me out?

*Nell.* I did, sir.

*Mark.* I'll go, but it's the first time in my life that I was hordered out of an 'ouse.

*Nell.* What, pray, is your business with me?

*Mark.* I'll tell you, lass. Do you know a young lad in this city by the name of Lawrence Bailey?

*Nell.* I do not.

*Mark.* Did you ever see him?

*Nell.* I do not know that I ever did. Why do you ask?

*Mark.* You're telling me the truth, lass, when you say he never came here.

*Nell.* I told you, sir, that I never knew him, I told you that I never saw him. Why do you ask me if he ever came here? Would any sober man ask such questions?

*Mark.* Don't say that, lass, don't say that I am drunk. My head is clear, girl, it is my heart that is clouded, and it is about my girl, my Kittie, that I am grieving now. You do not know her. She is about your age, I think. She used to be as 'appy as a bird, but now she is not. But she won't tell me what it is that troubles her. Yet I heard something to-day. My wife was talking, and I heard the names of Nell Larkin and Larry Bailey, and Larry is the one whom Kittie loves, and hearing your name and his spoken was why I came to see you. I cannot bear to see my little darling suffer. She is all I have now in the world to love. There is one who should care for me, but in place of love she tries to make my life a burden. I came from England, lass, and over there I left a loved one sleeping in the church-yard at Dunlea. It is Kittie's mother that is sleeping there.

(*Emotion.*)

*Nell.* I am sorry that I hurt your feelings, but I do not know the young man you speak of. And it is very strange that your wife, whom I have never met, should be talking about Mr. Bailey and I.

*Mark.* No, no! 'Twas my wife and Ned were talking.

*Nell.* (*Excitedly.*) Ned—Ned McCall?

*Mark.* Yes.

*Nell.* Then you are Mark Fields?

*Mark.* Yes, did I forget to tell you when I came in? Do you know Ned?

*Nell.* Ned McCall was once my friend, but since he became a member of your family he has forgotten me, and I thought perhaps you were the cause of it.

*Mark.* I the cause of it? How could I when I did not know you? How long have you known Ned McCall?

*Nell.* Ever since we were children almost.

*Mark.* I thought they had not lived in the city long, that they had only come here since the General died?

*Nell.* The General? What Gen—

*Mark.* Why old General McCall, her husband.

*Nell.* (*Laughs.*) The idea of calling old Jack McCall General. Who calls him General?

*Mark.* My wife does. Tell me all you know about that man McCall.

*Nell.* Your wife can do that.

*Mark.* I 'ave her story. I want yours now.

*Nell.* I'll tell you this much, sir, the father of Ned McCall was one of the worst men in this city. Old Jack McCall was not only a gambler, but was connected with a band of counterfeiterers, and left the city in time to escape the penitentiary.

*Mark.* Oh the disgrace, disgrace. And is he dead?

*Nell.* I do not know.

*Mark.* Does my wife know that her husband was that kind of a man?

*Nell.* How could she help it, sir, she lived with him.

*Mark.* Counterfeiterers, gamblers, thieves! Can it be that I have brought such people to my house. But I'll drive them out, I'll drive them out! I can't go yet, let me sit down a moment, (*sits*) and think what I can do?

(*Overcome by his feelings, he goes to table, drops in chair, and is unconscious of all around, until aroused by JIM.*)

*Enter JIM LARKIN and NED MCCALL, door R.F.*

*Jim.* I have got him, Nell. Here is your prodigal calf, you'll find him humble.

*Nell.* You have come at last, have you?

*Ned.* Forgive me, Nell. I have not treated you right. I am sorry, and will do better in the future. (*Embrace.*)

*Jim.* (*Discovers MARK.*) Who is this doffer? See here, Nell, what is up here? Tell me, Nell, what does this mean?

(*Grasps her roughly.*)

*Nell.* Do not hurt me, Jim. Go see for yourself who it is. You know him, Ned.

*Ned.* I do not. Who is it?

*Jim.* (*Goes to MARK.*) Look here, my silver-haired duffer, awake, I want you.

*Mark.* (*Looks up.*) You here?

*Jim.* (*Retreating.*) Mark Fields!

*Ned.* Mark Fields?

*Mark.* (*Starts.*) Ah, that viper here. I'd better kill you now before you do me more harm. You think you've played it sharp on me, you and that woman. Out of my sight before I kill you,

*Jim.* See here, old macovy, don't do anything rash here, or I'll take a hand. If this arm flies out an old gray-headed man will hear something drop. This young man is here by request, and you want to change the general tone of your remarks, or you'll get bounced.

*Mark.* Get what?

*Jim.* Get bounced! Shot right out through that door with the velocity of a cannon ball.

*Mark.* I will, hey? you'll put me out? (*He chases JIM around the room—Seizes him.*) Oh, to think what wretches I have brought home to be companions of my little girl. Out you go from this door with the velocity of a cannon ball. (*Throws JIM out, door R.F.—To NED.*) Young man, you and your mother have wronged me deeply, and I don't want you to darken my doors again. I warn you, mind you heed me! (*At door.*)

*Ned.* Sorry, sir, to disappoint you, but I consider that my home now and I propose to stay.

*Mark.* Defy me, but let it be from a distance. Let me see you and I'll chastise you. Enter my door again and I'll strike you down. (*Exit, door R.F.*)

*Ned.* Come, Nell, my girl. The old man has been imposed upon, but I'll explain all to your satisfaction. I'm your own true Ned, and ever will be.

*Nell.* Do, Ned, that is all I ask.

(*NED leads her off, L.—Clear stage.*)

SCENE II.—*Another Room in MARK FIELDS' House. Centre doors. Doors S.E.E. and S.E.L. Sofa R., up stage. Tables and chairs R.C. and L.C. Three other chairs.*

*Enter MRS. FIELDS and KITTY FIELDS, S.E.E.*

*Mrs. F.* (*L.*) Do you mean to insinuate, Miss Fields, that I have encouraged your father to drink?

*Kittie.* (*R.*) You know that you have. He was never known to be intoxicated in his life, until you came here. Oh, what misery you have brought us.

*Mrs. F.* Don't talk to me in that manner, young lady. You are not the mistress of this house now and your insolence will not be borne by me.

*Kittie.* This to me in my father's house, the home in which you are an unwelcome intruder. You will not bear with my insolence? I tell you the truth—plain truths. My father has become a drunkard and you have caused it, you tempted him to drink, while the knowledge of your past life and the great disgrace you have brought upon us, caused my poor father to take the downward path. Oh, if he had only driven you off that night.

*Mrs. F.* He was as helpless as his daughter. His will was good enough but he could not help himself. I proposed that night to stay, and stay I did, and stay I will.

*Kittie.* You have succeeded in your attempt to hoodwink my father, but I will ferret this thing out—I will never rest until the game that you have played upon my father is exposed. The world shall know your baseness, shall know your villainy.

*Mrs. F.* How silly of you to threaten me, as though I feared your threats. I give you fair warning, your father's wealth soon will I convert to my own use. I do not fear to tell you this, it gives me pleasure, for drink and I have got him beyond all hope of your reclaiming—you, a poor helpless girl!

*Kittie.* Oh, fiend, for you are one if there was ever fiend in human form, you taunt me by boasting of the ruin you have wrought. And you are here to take the place of my dead mother. But I will save my father! Larry and I will save him from your greedy aims!

*Mrs. F.* Larry and you? Ha, ha! You will do well if you save Larry!

*Kittie.* I have no fears for him. He is beyond your influence. I have all confidence in Larry.

*Mrs. F.* So has Nell Larkin.

*Kittie.* Who is Nell Larkin?

*Mrs. F.* Ask Larry.

*Enter NED McCALL and JIM LARKIN, c. door.*

*Mrs. F.* I'm glad you have come, Ned; I want your assistance. Lock that young lady in her room, then bring me the key.

*Ned.* (R.C.) Very well. Come along with me, young lady. If I take hold of you, you'll come.

*Kitty.* (C.) You lay a hand upon me, if you dare.

*Ned.* Mother, I'm afraid I'll have to let this contract out.

*Mrs. F.* Coward, are you afraid of a girl?

*Jim.* (L.) Give him something easy, Mrs. Fields, he ain't used to dauger.

*Mrs. F.* Take that girl to her room, Ned McCall, or consider this your home no longer.

*Jim.* Stand back, and let me do the talking. Miss Fields will

you go to your room and be locked in. I ask it as a special favor. *(Crosses to L.C.)*

*Kittie.* I will not.

*Jim.* (L.C.) Will you go by the gentle influence of moral suasion or must I use brute force?

*Kittie.* Brute force?

*Jim.* I used the wrong word, physical force was what I meant. So here goes! Come along with me.

*Kittie.* Never, sir!

*Mrs. F.* (L.) Take her to her room, I say, if you are obliged to take her there dead.

*Jim.* That's business. Gentle maiden, you're going. I'll bear you away like an angel.

*(JIM attempts to take KITTIE from the room—she flings him violently on the floor.)*

*Kittie.* *(Culling.)* Help!

*Enter MARK FIELDS, intoxicated, door s.e.r.—Staggers against KITTIE.*

*Kittie.* Oh, father, protect me from these people. Do not let them harm me.

*Mark.* Are you trying to throw me down—hic—my girl?

*Kittie.* Oh, this is awful!

*Mark.* What is awful?

*(Staggers.)*

*Kittie.* You promised me you would not drink any more and now you are drunk.

*Mark.* Drunk! Ain't you ashamed to say that of your father? *(Reels—Mrs. FIELDS, NED, and JIM laugh.)* What are they laughing at, Kittie?

*Kittie.* They are laughing at you?

*Mark.* At me? what for?

*Kittie.* They are laughing to think what a wreck they have made of you, laughing at my misery, laughing to think that you are no longer man enough to protect your daughter from the insults of these villains.

*Mark.* What are they trying to do, Kitty? They sha'n't do you any harm.

*Kittie.* Do you know what they were trying to do when you came in? That woman ordered me to be locked in my room, and those beings proposed to force me there.

*Mark.* She is old enough to go to her room when she gets ready. *(To Mrs. FIELDS.)* Who is going to obey you, madam?

*Mrs. F.* Your daughter shall, and you too, you drunken dog.

*Mark.* Do you hear that, Kitty, she calls me a drunken dog. She who plead with me to drink when I did not want it. And now she calls me a drunken dog. Have I got so low as that.

*Kittie.* No, no, do not listen to her, father.

*Mrs. F.* Will you go to your room?

*Kittie.* I will not.

*Mrs. F.* Why do you stand there, cowards? You are not afraid of that man, I hope?

*Jim.* Coward, hey? Will you see that the old man don't interfere, and we will see that the girl goes. (Seizes her.)

*Kittie.* Father, won't you protect me?

*Mark.* (Staggers up.) I will! Stand back here, this house is mine. Go away and leave my girl alone. Kitty and I was happy until you came here.

(*Mrs. FIELDS forces MARK into a chair—JIM and NED take hold of KITTIE, and start to leave.*)

*Kittie.* Help, help! Oh, Larry, Larry, help me! (Music.)

*Ned.* Not this time, Kittie! There is no Larry here to help you.

*Enter LARRY BAILEY, C.*

*Larry.* Yes, there is, you villain. I see I am just in time. I'll help you. (Knocks JIM down.) Take that, you scoundrel. (To NED.) And you, young man, never attempt to lay hands upon Kittie again or you will find that the settlement you will have with me will be one you will have cause to remember while you live.

*Kittie.* Come, Larry, father, come with me to the library. (To *Mrs. FIELDS.*) You see, I have yet a friend now who is able to protect me. (Exit KITTIE, LARRY, and MARK, c. door.)

*Mrs. F.* (c.) I promised you, young lady, that I'd make a drunkard of your father, and that you should see your lover false to you. One of my promises I have fulfilled, and you will find my words come true in regard to the other.

*Jim.* (L.) That is a good sized undertaking you've got on hand now, Mrs. Fields. It is an easy matter to get a man to drink, but to get a chap like Larry Bailey to go back on Kittie Fields will be a vastly different thing.

*Mrs. F.* What do you know about such matters? All men are fools.

*Jim.* Thank you, thank you!

*Mrs. F.* When I determine to do a thing I never fail. Your sister Neil must play a part in this. Ned shall write some letters, sign Larry Bailey's name to them, requesting permission to call on your sister, and you, Jim, shall write one to Larry, asking him to call and sign Nell's name. As I said, men are all fools, and he will go. If he won't drink, drug him, chloroform him, any way to make him appear intoxicated. I have already poisoned her mind in regard to your sister. When everything is ready I shall bring Kittie to your sister's rooms, and then my revenge will be complete, and my words come true.

*Jim.* I don't like the idea very well.

*Ned.* (R.) You didn't like the blow that Bailey just now gave you, either.



*Jim.* I didn't enjoy it much, that's true. If I understand matters rightly, my sister is simply to be a cat's paw for the rest of us villains.

*Mrs. F.* If you have a mind to put it that way, yes.

*Jim.* Madam, it will take some money to reconcile my feelings in this matter. I will have to have something to soothe a troubled conscience.

*Mrs. F.* Your conscience gives you little trouble, sir, but your greed for money is insatiable.

*Jim.* Perhaps it is! But money I must have for this thing all the same.

*Mrs. F.* How much?

*Jim.* Let me see! First there is putting somebody's name other than mine on paper, that is a serious matter. Well, considering the wear and tear of conscience, it's worth fifty dollars.

*Mrs. F.* Nonsense! I'll give you ten.

*Jim.* Fifty dollars, or the plot fails.

*Mrs. F.* I haven't so much money about me.

*Ned.* Come, Jim, be liberal, for old friend's sake.

*Jim.* Neddy, old friends go back on one another sometimes. If your memory is not too bad, you may recall an instance of it.

*Mrs. F.* If the plot succeeds, I will pay you fifty dollars, but I've not got it now.


*Jim.* I'm a man of few words, and full of business—put it down on paper.

*Mrs. F.* Must I give my note to you?

*Jim.* That is it exactly. I'll write the note.

(*JIM seats himself at table, L.C.—MRS. FIELDS looking over his shoulder—NED looking on.*)

END OF ACT II,



## ACT III.

SCENE.—*A Liquor Saloon. Centre doors. Door S.E.L. Bar fixtures, &c., set R. Tables and chairs R.C. and L.C. Other chairs.*

BARTENDER *discovered behind counter, R.*

*Enter MARK FIELDS, c. door.*

Mark. Give me some brandy and quick!

Bartender. (R.) All right, Mr. Fields! Sugar and lemon, sir?  
(*Sets out glass of brandy, sugar, &c., on counter.*)

Mark. No, bring me a bottle of it to the table here. I want to be alone.  
(*Sits himself at table, L.C.*)

Bart. Here you are, sir. (*Takes a bottle and glass to table, L.C.*)

Mark. Yes, here I am, and a pretty place it is for me.

Bart. You were not obliged to come here, I suppose.

Mark. No, but you are glad to get my money anyway.

Bart. Your money is as good as any one's, sir.

Mark. It don't matter to you whose heart is broken by it.

Bart. That is not in my line. I am selling drinks now. You will have to look out for the heart business yourself.

Mark. Go away and leave me. I wish to be alone. (BARTENDER goes back to counter, R.) If I could only stop now, for this is a-killing Kittie, it is. (*Drinks.*) It warms me so and stops this shaking. There is no use talking it makes me feel better.

*Enter JIM LARKIN, c. door.*

Jim. (*To BARTENDER, R.*) Good morning, Johnny.

Bart. You are around early this morning, Jim.

Jim. Oh no, not for me. But who is that solitary individual?

Bart. Mark Fields.

Jim. That is too selfish. I'll invite myself to drink with him.

Mark. It keeps a burning in my 'art all the time when I ain't drinking.  
(*Drinks.*)

Jim. (*Crosses to L.C.*) Good mornin'. Mr. Fields! Taking a little nerve tonic, are you? That is right, a few glasses at a time and at stated intervals. Of course a man don't want to make a hog of himself. No, thank you, I don't care about drinking now. Oh well, if you are going to get mad about it, I'll drink.  
(*Drinks.*)

Mark. Who asked you to drink?

Jim. Now don't get that off on me again. That is the joke you get off on me on all occasions. I'll wash it down, however, with another drink.  
(*Drinks.*)

*Mark.* I came here to be alone. Why do you come to bother me?

*Jim.* I have come to drink with you, not to bother you.

*Mark.* I wish you had all the drink there was in the world, and that I had never seen any.

*Jim.* Oh, don't say so, you make me so dry. Why I should be as happy as a clam if I had what you've got away with lately.

*Mark.* 'Appy! No, it won't make you 'appy. It has brought more misery to me than anything else, It's a-killing Kittie, it is, but it seems as though I can't stop.

*Jim.* I'll tell you how to stop.

*Mark.* Tell me some way and I'll try it.

*Jim.* Whenever you get thirsty come for me, and I'll do the drinking and you can look on and do the paying.

*Mark.* Do you mock me? I never have done you any harm that you should talk to me this way.

*Jim.* You need not try my plan if you don't want to. But it was the best I had to offer—you could stop drinking and I could get a longing satisfied. You know everybody longs for something and the various desires and longings of the human family have been the cause of many serious reflections on my part. I think of the young maiden who longs for a lover, and when one comes she longs for him to propose, and when he proposes she longs for him to marry her for fear he'll back out. Then after marriage she longs for him to go and be an angel. The old miser longs for gold, an old maid for a chance to gossip, and so on through the various shades of humanity up to Jim Larkin, and he longs just now for another drink, and he'll have it.

*(Drinks.)*

*Mark.* And I long to be a man once more. You are smart enough to be something, what do you want to be a fool for, and loaf around saloons, making a dead beat of yourself?

*Jim.* We are even, old man. I was liberal with your brandy, you are liberal with your compliments. Let us call it square and quit company.

*Mark.* What do you make your living at? Tell me that.

*Jim.* You are too familiar, my friend, by a large majority. Never ask a man what his business is; it is often a very difficult question to answer. But no matter, let us have one good square sociable drink together.

*Mark.* No more for me, take it yourself. You may as well kill yourself now as any time.

*Jim.* Yes, thank you, I'd be happy to kill myself that way often. I'll drink to your health and happiness, long life and prosperity, hoping that I may ever find you willing to gratify the appetite of a thirsty fellow mortal.

*Mark.* It makes me shudder to hear a young man like you talk that way. I hate to see another man go down to death as I am doing. Oh, Kitty, Kitty, my child, where art thou?

*Enter KITTIE FIELDS, c.—The BARTENDER starts up and tries to stop her.*

*Kittie.* Here, father, here! No, you shall not stop me. I will see my father. Oh, father, to think that I should find you in such a place as this, and in such company.

*Jim.* Nothing objectionable in the company!

*(Struts and goes to bar, r.)*

*Mark.* (L.C.) Oh, Kittie, my girl, what did you come here for? why do you come to such a place as this?

*Kittie.* (c.) Why not, father? you are here.

*Mark.* Is it not a shame that I am here?

*Kittie.* Yes, it is a shame. But won't you go with me now. I have never come after you before, promise me that I shall never have occasion to come for you again.

*Mark.* Yes, my girl, I promise you I'll never come here again.

*Jim.* He's a splendid promiser.

*Mark.* Yes, I don't want to stay, and I don't want my girl to stay a moment in this place. Look at that thing, Kittie, he follows me around to drink off me, is he not a nice companion for Mark Fields. Look here, young man, *(to JIM, r.)* it does no good to talk to you, if you want that stuff there in the bottle take it. It will make your eyes redder than they are, and your hand shake worse than mine. But there is one thing that it won't do for you, it won't make you so ashamed of yourself as it does me, for you are too far down the hill now for shame.

*(Exit MARK and KITTIE, c.)*

*Jim.* *(With bottle as they leave.)* Thank you, here is hoping—Johnny I was in luck this morning. See here, a half bottle left, and here comes Ned to help me finish it.

*Enter NED McCALL, c. door.*

*Ned.* I know where to look for you, old boy.

*Jim.* (c.) You have come here often enough to learn the way. Well, how did you make out?

*Ned.* (r.c) Nell is all right now. She don't know what to make of Larry Bailey's writing to her.

*Jim.* It's a shame to fool the girl that way.

*Ned.* That is all right. Remember, Jim, you are working for fifty dollars.

*Jim.* And you are working for all that old Mark Fields has got.

*Ned.* Who has got a better right than the old lady to his money?

*Jim.* His daughter would have, I think.

*Ned.* It is none of your business as long as we pay you for what you do. Remember, Bailey is to be at Nell's to-night and you must be on hand. But I can't tarry with you now. Important business up with me.

*Jim.* Stop, young man, and lubricate your glands. *(They drink.)*

*Ned.* That is no time. But I'm off! To-night, my boy!

*Jim.* I'll be there to-night, don't fear. *(Exit NED, C. (Drinks at table, L.C.)*

*Enter JACK McCALL, C., who goes to bar, R., and calls for a drink.*

*Jim.* (L.C.) Now who is that? Some one who don't want any of our vigilant guardians of the peace to gaze upon his countenance, I should judge. I know that face. *(Whistles.)* Now, won't there be fun! Jack McCall! Of all the men in the world he is the last one I expected to see. *(Crosses to JACK.)* Hollo, old man, let me gaze upon you, let me take you by the hand. Return, oh wanderer, return. *(Calls.)* Jack!

*Jack.* (R.C.) Hush! *(Points to BARTENDER—They come down front.)* Do you want every cop in the city to know that I am here?

*Jim.* (L.C.) I am sure I don't know why the distinguished General McCall, once dead, now returned to life, should object to his name being proclaimed abroad.

*Jack.* What kind of a game are you trying to give me? What do mean by giving me the name of General McCall?

*Jim.* Didn't you know that you was a dear dead distinguished darling of a General who dared to die for his country's good?

*(Laughs.)*

*Jack.* What do you mean?

*Jim.* Have you heard from your wife since you left?

*Jack.* No, that is why I come back. Is she dead, eh?

*Jim.* Oh, no, no such good news as that. The lady who was once your wife is your wife no longer.

*Jack.* Jim Larkin, if you don't tell me now devilish soon what you're driving at, you and I will have a serious misunderstanding.

*Jim.* She's married.

*Jack.* What?

*Jim.* Married.

*Jack.* You lie.

*Jim.* All right, prove it.

*Jack.* Prove what you say about my wife.

*Jim.* I can easily do that. I have just been drinking with your partner in misery. Excuse me, I mean her husband pro tem. number two.

*Jack.* Who is he?

*Jim.* Mark Fields is the name of the unfortunate gentleman. He is an Englishman, is a good fellow, and is rich, or was, but she is doing her best to relieve him of it.

*Jack.* How did she happen to take him in? She knew that I was living.

*Jim.* Of course, but she did not care a cuss. She thought you

would never dare return here, and she saw a good chance for money. She pretended to be the widow of a General McCall. She played her cards well and roped her man.

*Jack.* If the police don't interfere with me too soon she'll pay dear for her fun. I suppose she would pay considerable to keep Jack McCall out of the way?

*Jim.* She would, I'd stake my last dollar on that.

*Jack.* It would take a pile of money to cover your last dollar.

*(Laughs.)*

*Jim.* More than you've got about your clothes now, I'll bet. But we are getting off the subject, let us resume. May I ask what you are going to do about it?

*Jack.* Yes.

*(Pause.)*

*Jim.* Well?

*Jack.* Well!

*Jim.* What?

*Jack.* You wanted to know if you could ask what I intended doing.

*Jim.* Yes!

*Jack.* You can ask, that is all right, but I thought you knew Jack McCall well enough to know that he keeps his own secrets.

*Jim.* So does Jim Larkin, only sometimes he has a good one that he can afford to sell to the detectives.

*Jack.* You threaten me, do you. Now you come along with me.

*Jim.* I'd rather not.

*Jack.* I suppose so. I don't intend to fool with you. I'll let daylight through you if you don't follow me. *(Produces pistols.)*

*Jim.* I'll go with you, Jack, to the jaws of death.

*Jack.* You are mighty near there now.

*Jim.* Yes, in a saloon.

*Re-enter MARK FIELDS, c. door.*

*Mark.* Jim Larkin, you're the man I'm after.

*Jim.* What's up now? Ain't this business though, face to face.

*Jack.* (R.C., to JIM.) Who is this man?

*Jim.* (L.C.) Mark Fields, allow me the honor of presenting to you my distinguished friend—

*Jack.* Hush!

*Jim.* Too late! Jack McCall!

*Mark.* Jack McCall! the 'usband of my wife.

*(Tableau.)*

END OF ACT III.



## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Cottage Interior at NELL LARKIN'S. Door L.F. Window R.F. Tables R.C. and L.C. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. Five chairs.*

*Enter NED MCCALL and NELL LARKIN, door S.E.L.*

*Ned.* What right has Larry Bailey to be writing to you when he expects to marry Kittie Fields?

*Nell.* No right. I have never paid any attention to his letters. I cannot understand it. Why do you wish me to let Larry Bailey come here to see me? You are keeping something back from me.

*Ned.* Oh, you are always worrying. I want to punish him for his trickery?

*Nell.* What trickery?

*Ned.* Is not this Larry Bailey trying to rob me of that which I prize more than all things else, the love of Nell Larkin?

*Nell.* I shall refuse to see him if he comes.

*Ned.* No, that won't do, treat him kindly.

*Nell.* I won't.

*Ned.* You must.

*Nell.* I must? Are you my master?

*Ned.* Don't get angry, Nellie. I mean that you will please do as I tell you, for my sake. I must go, Nell. He will be here soon. I'll not be far away. *(Exit L.F.)*

*Nell.* *(Sets R.C.)* I feel that I am doing wrong. Why does Larry Bailey wish to see me? If he is the betrothed of Kittie Fields he is doing her a great wrong in coming here, and I shall tell him so.

*Enter LARRY BAILEY, door L.F.*

*Larry.* Miss Larkin, I believe, Obedient to your summons I have called.

*Nell.* *(Rises.)* I fail to understand the import of your words. At your earnest solicitation, I have accorded you this interview.

*Larry.* *(L.C.)* My solicitation? Beg pardon, Miss Larkin, but I am sure it was at no request of mine that I am here.

*Nell.* I have your letters, sir.

*Larry.* My letters? I never wrote any.

*Nell.* *(Takes letters from pocket.)* They are here, sir.

*Larry.* Let me see them if you please.

*Nell.* No! I'll show these letters to Miss Fields and tell her what a poltroon you are.

*Larry.* I shall be the first to acquaint Miss Fields of this plot against me!

*Nell.* Plot, sir! What do you mean?

*Larry.* You are very innocent. I see now why Nell Larkin invited me to call. I have heard of you, Miss Larkin—until this moment I supposed you were a lady, but now I've changed my mind.

*Nell.* I am a poor girl, sir, one of the common herd, as you would say. If ever again one of the dainty lords of creation of the class to which Larry Bailey belongs, dares to write to me, I'll dash his letters in his face, as I have a mind to do with yours. I suppose you imagined you would find Nell Larkin madly in love with you, and by the love-light glowing in her eyes she'd tell you of it; or she, perhaps, would seek to kiss your hand as a token of your power over her. If such were your imaginings you've been fooled, sir, for I would despise one of my own class who would be so base, much more than do I despise you, who fondly imagine that the little carcass enfolded in that broadcloth suit contains a soul as chivalrous as a Launcelot or Gawain.

*Enter JIM LARKIN, door, L.F.*

*Jim.* (c.) I'm just in time, Bailey; you're getting pale. In a few moments more, and there would have been an occasion for a new monument in yonder cemetery. Strangers would read, "*Hic jacet—Larry Bailey, aged twenty-two, talked to death.*" But I've saved you—and now I want to know what all this racket means.

*Larry.* Those letters—she accuses me of writing them to her!

*Nell.* (*Angrily.*) These letters—he denies writing them.

*Jim.* Hold on here, one at a time. Take it calmly, my sister. Be calm like your brother. Now pass me those letters and I'll investigate the matter.

*Larry.* With your permission I'll glance at them also.

(*NELL gives letters to JIM.*)

*Jim.* All right. (*Examines letters.*) It is a put up job—I don't believe you ever wrote these letters.

*Larry.* I can swear that I did not.

*Nell.* How do you know, Jim, that he did not?

*Jim.* Gentle, sister; that is my secret.

*Nell.* Who did write them?

*Jim.* That is a very important question.

*Larry.* Do you know?

*Jim.* Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't.

*Nell.* I cannot understand these letters. But I find that I have wronged you, Mr. Bailey, and for my harsh language I ask forgiveness.

*Jim.* Consider yourselves forgiven, and thank me for bringing peace; thank me for stilling the tempest of your wrath. Remember there is a time for war, a time for peace, and a time to drink; let us indulge mildly on this occasion.

*Nell.* Do you drink, Mr. Bailey?

*Larry.* I do not. I promised a friend of mine that I would not.



*Nell.* Then keep your promise.

*Jim.* That promise won't include a compound that I'll fix for you.

*Larry.* Never mind, I will not drink.

*Jim.* Yes you will. We have had trouble here, and it's a rule of mine that all unpleasant recollections have to be washed away.

*(Exit S. E. L.)*

*Larry.* What an odd genius that brother of yours is, Miss Larkin!

*Nell.* Yes he is. Jim is a man whom any sister might be proud of if he would only let drink alone, but he won't, and I cannot hope that he will ever be any better than he is now, and the thought of that drives me to despair.

*Larry.* I can sympathize with you, for drink has brought a world of trouble to a friend of mine.

*Enter JIM LARKIN, S. E. L., with tray, glasses of lemonade, &c.*

*Jim.* Now we will indulge in the mildest kind of a drink. Small quantities of lemon and sugar and large quantities of water! Here, Mr. Bailey, and Nell. *(Gives each of them a glass—they drink.)*

*Larry.* Your glass is not full, you are quite temperate.

*(JIM fills his glass from flask which he takes from his pocket.)*

*Jim.* I like mine flavored. Here is hoping, Mr. Bailey—oh, you have finished yours—well, here goes. My poor stomach will think there is another deluge coming, with all this water. *(Drinks.)*

*Larry.* I think you have flavored mine with something, it had a very peculiar taste.

*Enter NED McCALL, door L. F.*

*Larry.* Ah! Ned McCall here. I fear that I am in a trap—you have drugged me. *(Stuggers to chair, L.)* I'm so sleepy! Miss Larkin, I—did—not—think this of you—do not rob me. *(Falls L.)*

*Nell.* (c.) Ned, Jim, what does this mean? Have you killed him? Oh, this is dreadful! See, he is dead!

*Jim.* No, he ain't dead; but he is only sleeping.

*Ned.* (To JIM, L.) It works like a charm.

*Jim.* Beautiful! Here let us get him up and put him in that chair by the table.

*(They place him in chair with his head leaning on table, L. C.)*

*Nell.* (Kneeling by LARRY.) Mr. Bailey, speak to me, tell me what is wrong.

*Jim.* (L. C.) Are the folks coming?

*Ned.* Yes, here they come.

*Nell.* Tell me that I am not to blame.

*Enter MRS. FIELDS and KITTIE FIELDS, door L. F.*

*Mrs. F.* (R.) There is your lover with your rival kneeling by him. Men are all false. What do you think now of that paragon of men, Larry Bailey? I told you that we should find him here, but that we should find him drunk was more than I expected.

*Kittie.* (L.C.) Larry, Larry, speak to me, tell me why you are with these people. Speak!

*Ned.* (L.) He is drunk, Kittie, there is no use in talking to him.

*Nell.* (R.C.) He is not drunk. Miss Fields, do you think I am to blame for this, that I have brought him here to make trouble between you and Mr. Bailey?

*Kittie.* Do not come near me! How dare you speak to me? Go talk to Lawrence Bailey, who was once a man but now a man no longer.

*Nell.* Listen to me, Miss Fields. Let me tell you all I know about this trouble. Hear me and believe me that he is not to blame. He has not been drinking.

*Kittie.* Every word you utter is an insult to me. The curse of a poor heart-broken, homeless girl be upon you. You and that woman have crushed every hope, every joy of my life. My father ruined, and Larry—you have made him break every vow he ever made me. How happy you two must be, how you can rejoice to know that heart-broken and crushed, I go out in the world alone to battle or to die.

(*Goes to door, L.F.*)

*Mrs. F.* I promised you, young lady, that this day should come—your father is a wreck, and your lover false—go and remember that I fulfil my promises.

(*Exit KITTIE, L.F.—NELL sits by table, opposite of LARRY and weeps—LARRY BAILEY still unconscious.*)

*Jim.* Well this is about one degree meaner than I supposed it was going to be. Poor Nell, there, has to shoulder all the blame. I am going to squeal.

*Mrs. F.* Jim, remember the fifty dollars.

*Nell.* (*Rising.*) Fifty dollars! This, then, is a plot of yours against Kittie Fields, and you have made a cat's-paw of me to execute your villainy, and make Kittie Fields think her lover untrue to her.

*Mrs. F.* It certainly has that appearance.

*Nell.* Were you concerned in it, Ned?

*Ned.* Yes!

*Nell.* And you, Jim?

*Jim.* I was interested in it pecuniarily.

*Nell.* Who wrote those letters to me?

*Ned.* I did. Good joke, wasn't it?

*Nell.* Take Mr. Bailey home. You have blighted the life of that young girl, and you have ruined the name of a poor girl whose only treasure was her good name.

(*Music—NED and JIM lead LARRY off S.E.L.*)

*Enter MARK FIELDS, door L.F.*

*Mark.* (R.) Where is she? I can't find her; I have looked and looked. My Kittie, I am looking for her. Did you see her, girl?

*Nell.* (L.) She was here, but is gone!

*Mrs. F.* (R.) Say no more to him.

*Mark.* (C.) Where has she gone?

*Nell.* I do not know.

*Mark.* (To *Mrs. FIELDS.*) Do you know where she is?

*Mrs. F.* You do not expect me to hunt for her, do you?

*Mark.* I do. You have driven her away, now bring her back. Where is she I say—where is my little girl whose heart you've broken?

*Mrs. F.* Come home with me and get some sleep. We will talk about her to-morrow.

*Mark.* You'll talk about her now. Do you know what I'll do with you if any harm comes to her?

*Mrs. F.* You'll blow around as you're doing now I presume?

*Mark.* I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll kill you like I would a rat.

*Mrs. F.* Mark Fields come home, and I'll get you something that will do you good.

*Mark.* What's that?

*Mrs. F.* Brandy.

*Mark.* If you offer me drink again, I'll dash it in your face. You and brandy were the cause of all my troubles. Mark Fields was a man once, but you and brandy have made fine work with him; you have robbed me of my girl.

*Mrs. F.* I rob you of your girl? I'll tell you now what I *do* know. She has found that her lover was false to her and she intimated she would never return home.

*Mark.* 'This is some more of your devilish work.

*Mrs. F.* Well, suppose it was, what are you going to do about it?

*Mark.* What am I going to do about it? I am going to look for her until I find her, if it takes every dollar I have. Another thing I'm going to do, I'm going to leave that truck alone which you've been giving me. But I'll balk you. You are too anxious for a funeral in our family—you thought I'd drink myself to death, and then you and that son of yours would have it all. But you are doomed to disappointment. I'll leave the drink alone, I'll find my girl, and there's one thing more I'll do, and that you'll find out when it comes.

*Mrs. F.* Yes, of course, "In the Sweet By and By" when you quit drinking.

*Mark.* You can taunt me with my broken promises, but by the memory of my dead one that is sleeping at Dunlea—in the green and quiet churchyard at my old home at Dunlea—I'll keep my word; her child and mine shall never say that homeless and alone she had to battle in the world, and all for you. *(Falls in chair at table.)*

*Enter NED McCALL, door S.E.L.*

*Mrs. F.* You are just in time. I want you to help me get this man home.

*Ned.* What is the matter?

*Mrs. F.* (*Touching her head.*) The trouble is here.

*Ned.* Is he a little off? Well, let us take him,

*Mark.* (*Starts up.*) Lay a hand upon me, if you dare. You know better than to touch me. Your day of trouble making for me is almost over. How pleased you were to see me going to the saloon each day. Each step toward that saloon was a step toward my grave; but that is over now, and you two may find another home.

(*Exits L.F.*)

*Ned.* He has got it bad, ain't he?

*Nell.* (*Aside.*) I will tell him all about it. (*Calling.*) Mr. Fields, Mr. Fields.

(*Exit L.F.*)

*Mrs. F.* He intends to give us trouble. We must put Mark Fields where he cannot harm us.

*Ned.* You don't mean——

*Nrs. F.* What?

*Ned.* Murder.

*Mrs. F.* No. I suppose you observed that he was not in his right mind?

*Ned.* Yes.

*Mrs. F.* He shall be caged in an asylum.

*Ned.* How can we get him there?

*Mrs. F.* By a physician's certificate, and Jim Larkin shall be our medical authority to certify in this case.

*Ned.* Jim Larkin?

*Mrs. F.* Yes! We must act promptly in this matter. Patients at that asylum never get well when not convenient that they should.

*Enter JIM LARKIN, door, L.F.*

*Mrs. F.* You are just in time, Jim, I want you.

*Jim.* (R.) All right! Where is Nell?

*Mrs. F.* (C.) She ran off after Mark Fields.

*Jim.* Mark Fields! What was he doing here?

*Mrs. F.* Looking for his daughter. I am sorry to say, Jim, that Mr. Fields is not now in his right mind; in fact, he is dangerous, and I think it is best that he should be removed immediately to a place where he can receive proper treatment.

*Jim.* I comprehend, madam, but no kidnapping for James at the present writing.

*Mrs. F.* Don't be a fool; wait until you are asked. We want a certificate of Mark Fields' insanity, signed by Dr. James Larkin.

*Jim.* What, play physician? I can't waste my valuable time in that manner.

*Mrs. F.* Jim, you must; we want no fooling in this matter. I will pay you well. You will certify to Mark Fields' insanity, and accompany Ned and I to the asylum. For your services you will receive one hundred dollars and expenses.

*Jim.* When do I receive the collateral?

*Mrs. F.* When your work is done.

*Jim.* All right!

*Mrs. F.* After to-morrow night Mark Fields will be dead to all the world.

*Enter NELL LARKIN, door L.F.*

*Nell.* No, he shall not die. I heard you, madam. Thank heaven, I heard your plot and I will save him.

*Mrs. F.* Jim, you must silence her!

*(Tableau.*

END OF ACT IV.



ACT V.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-Room at MARK FIELDS' House. Centre arch. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. Tables R.C. and L.C. Sofa L. up stage. Six chairs.*

*Enter JIM LARKIN, c. from R.; suit don't fit, much too large.*

*Jim.* Here we are in our new clothes. Don't we look perfectly gorgeous, they fit so close. I get all these clothes and one hundred dollars for my profound knowledge of the human system. These clothes were purchased for the purpose of sending Mark Fields to a Lunatic Asylum. If the old man had to wear them, I think they would, but as he don't, it is as yet uncertain. Well, is this house deserted? Where are they all? Here comes old Mark, and sober too; that is bad for the old lady.

*Enter MARK FIELDS, c. from L.*

*Mark.* (L.C.) You here?

*Jim.* (R.C.) It has that appearance.

*Mark.* Where are the rest of them?

*Jim.* Sorry I can't inform you, Mr. Fields.

*Mark.* Then we are all alone?

*Jim.* We are, unless you have some spirits about you.

*Mark.* No, sir! Larkin, don't you want to do a decent act before you die, and get paid for it?

*Jim.* I do, especially the getting paid for it.

*Mark.* You know that Kittie is gone.

*Jim.* Yes, I have been informed that such was the case.

*Mark.* I want you to find her.

*Jim.* Me find her?

*Mark.* Yes, you have done enough for those two people; you can work for me now. You find my girl and two hundred dollars is yours.

*Jim.* I'll do it—shake!

(*Offers hand.*)

*Mark.* My word is good enough. There is one thing more that I want to know, where is Jack McCall?

*Jim.* Well you see Jack's past record ain't any better than some members of Congress, and he is not desirous of coming before the public prominently at present, so I guess I'll keep my mouth shut about him.

*Mark.* Wouldn't money open it?

*Jim.* Thus far in life it has always flown open for stamps, and this may be no exception to the general rule.

*Mark.* Well, you bring Jack McCall here; let them meet face to face, that woman and him, and three hundred dollars will be yours.

(*Going up c.*)

*Jim.* Three hundred dollars—shake! I'll bring him here dead or alive for that money.

*Mark.* I want him alive and soon.

(*Exit c.*)

*Jim.* Ain't business picking up though. I shall soon be a bloated bond-holder. Two hundred to find Kittie Fields, three hundred to bring Jack McCall here; I can do both. Five hundred for Jim in one day ain't bad. The world wrongs me; people think I am incapable of doing a good deed; it's false, I am always glad to act honestly and virtuously if there's any money in it. And now as I get a great deal more to keep Mark Fields out of prison, than I do to get him in, I am going to be virtuous and keep him out. And now I must find Jack McCall and fill him full of benzine and bring him here, confront the false wife, draw my three hundred and get blissfully happy. We will have an immense sensation here to-day. Jim Larkin will be an humble instrument in the hands of fate, for a given amount of money, to work a terrible retribution. I feel that I'm a regular retributionist, full of deep laid plots and intrigues. If it wasn't for my modesty and virtue I'd make a statesman. Here is just the person I want to see. What does she want here?

*Enter NEEL LARKIN, hurriedly, c. from L.*

*Nell.* Where is Mark Fields?

*Jim.* He left a few moments ago.

*Nell.* (L. C.) I must see him.

*Jim.* (R. C.) What is up, sister?

*Nell.* Oh, Jim, you know that these people mean to do something terrible.

*Jim.* No! that is all right. I am on the side of justice and right,

&c., now. I am Mark Fields' friend; he has just paid me a good liberal sum for my friendship and it is his. But I have something for you to do. You know where Kittie Fields is?

*Nell.* Yes!

*Jim.* Go and bring her here.

*Nell.* It is no use, she will not believe me.

(*JIM goes to table and writes.*)

*Jim.* Here give her this, that will bring her. Find Larry Bailey first and take him along with you. Now you get out of here quick, and get Kittie Fields—and stop, I'll go too, for I have some one else to find.

(*Exit NELL and JIM, S.E.R.*)

*Enter NED McCALL and Mrs. FIELDS, from S.E.R.*

*Mrs. F.* (L.) Has Jim got his papers ready?

*Ned.* (R.) I suppose so.

*Mrs. F.* What if our plan should fail?

*Ned.* It must not fail.

*Mrs. F.* If Mark keeps his word faithfully in regard to Kittie as he has about his drinking, she will be back here soon.

*Ned.* There is one thing more that he has promised,

*Mrs. F.* What is that?

*Ned.* He means to get rid of you and I?

*Mrs. F.* How can he do that?

*Ned.* If he should find father.

*Mrs. F.* Silence! never mention that man's name to me.

*Ned.* All right, I won't; but I am afraid of that man Mark!

*Mrs. F.* I am not afraid of him; he has been under my thumb thus far, and there he shall remain until the time comes for me to erect a monument to commemorate his virtues.

*Ned.* I hope so.

*Mrs. F.* If he is not intoxicated, we must drug him. He must go to the asylum before morning.

*Enter MARK FIELDS, C.*

*Mark.* (C.) I wonder where he is?

*Mrs. F.* Who are you looking for?

*Mark.* I am looking for Jim Larkin.

*Mrs. F.* What business have you with such characters as Jim Larkin.

*Mark.* He is about as good as the rest of you.

*Mrs. F.* Be careful how you insult me. Jim Larkin is no fit associate for you, and I desire that you shall not bring him to my house.

*Mark.* Your house—you'll find out soon whose house it is.

(*Crosses to L.*)

*Mrs. F.* (C., to NED, R.C.) You see we must not fail; he means to give us trouble.

*Mark.* (L.) Here comes the young man now.

*Enter JIM LARKIN, S. E. L.*

*Mark.* Well, here you are again. You are a very unwelcome guest, Jim Larkin, my wife don't want you here.

*Jim.* (L.) She don't? I am sorry, indeed I am.

*Mark.* (L.C.) If she don't want you here, she can order you out. You can settle that between yourselves. I am tired and I want to rest a bit.

*(Goes to sofa up stage L.)*

*Mrs. F.* (L.C.) Jim, are you playing us false? Why was Mark Fields looking for you?

*Jim.* (C.) Now don't be silly. Mark is a regular old gull. I took him in bad. Don't be afraid of old Jim.

*Mrs. F.* Remember you have not got your hundred dollars yet, and if I find any treachery in you, you'll never get it.

*Jim.* Treachery—how can you talk so? Say can't you pay a small installment now on that hundred?

*Mrs. F.* No, sir; you must go through what you've undertaken. Everything is in readiness. Ned, where is the chloroform?

*Ned.* (R.) Here it is!

*Jim.* Do you want it administered by a physician?

*Mrs. F.* I'll attend to this myself. I want none of your bungling. If he gets too much it will be another case of apoplexy, and I am going to be sure he gets enough. Is it time, do you think, to give it to him?

*Jim.* Shall I feel his pulse and see?

*Mrs. F.* Don't you go near him. *(She goes softly to sofa, L.)* He sleeps.

*Jim.* 'Tis well!

*Mrs. F.* We will find out soon whose house it is, he said—we will. I'll help you sleep, and if by this—*(Saturates handkerchief)*—comes that long dreamless sleep, you ought to send your thanks to me when you reach that far off land untrod by mortals, for to die by this is joy compared to what's in store for you. Now breathe it softly. Ah! he sighs. Perhaps he is dreaming of the one whose goodness and whose virtues he extols continually—the one who is sleeping at Dunlea. *(She presses the handkerchief to his nose—MARK starts up and drags her down c.)* Help here, quick! Ned, Jim, come hold him down, it will take but a minute.

*Mark.* (C.) Woman, are you the devil? Is there anything human about you? I thought every human being had a spark of pity or of love, but you have none. You thought to kill me while I slept. I was not asleep. I lay there, hearing all you said. I heard those words that meant murder, murder, and the one who promised me that she'd love me till death should come, was the one that breathed those words.

*Jim.* (L.) She was afraid she'd break her word, and was hurrying death along.



*Mark.* Her will was good enough, but it was not to be ; let her sin be upon her.

*Enter* LARRY BAILEY, KITTIE FIELDS, and NELL LARKIN, *from c.*

*Mark.* Oh, my girl, my Kittie, you've come back to me, come home. Why did you leave me ?

*Kittie.* How could I stay, father, when all my friends, as I thought, had deserted me ?

*Larry.* (R.C.) She has had occasion to change her mind in regard to that,

*Mark.* Here is my hand, Larry. I am glad to know you never wronged my girl.

*Kittie.* Nell Larkin was the one whom I blamed most for wronging me. She told me at the time that she was innocent. She begged of me to hear her story, but I would not. I spurned her from me, and yet she looked for me to-day and found me where I was trying to fight the battle of life alone.

*Nell.* (L.C.) I was the innocent cause of her bitterest trouble, and when I had a chance to right the wrong done through me by these people, it was but my duty to do so.

*Ned.* (R.) Nell, Nell, be careful what you say.

*Jim.* (L.) No remarks, Neddy, it ain't your time to speak. It is about time for me to rise and explain.

*Mrs. F.* (R. corner.) Be careful what you say.

*Jim.* (L.) I am going to make a few general remarks. I am here at present by special request—at the request of Mrs. and Mr. Fields. Perhaps you are not all acquainted with the fact that I am here in the character of a physician, an expert in insanity cases.

*Mrs. F.* Jim, will you be quiet ?

*Jim.* Yes, presently—you can have the floor in a few moments. And now you will excuse me if I speak learnedly as becomes one of my profession. Mrs. Fields claims that she has reason to believe her husband *non compo mentis*. It was intimated to me that my presence here was desired at this time ; no particular explanation was made, but, *verbum sat sapienti*, I came. I found that this devoted wife, who has always shown a remarkable degree of interest in her husband, had decided that, however much it might pain her to see him go, yet duty demanded it ; and his poor tired brain would find rest in the beauties, the joys, the pleasures that surround one in a mad-house. He might not want to go, but, *volens volens*, go he must. The soporific was applied to his olfactory organs, but the spirit within the man was stronger than the spirit without, that was being applied. The chloroform failed, and I am now calmly waiting the move of the person with the disordered brain.

*Mrs. F.* We will pay you for this, Jim Larkin. How much do you get for betraying us ?

*Jim.* A good deal more than you were willing to pay me for certifying that your husband was crazy.

*Mrs. F.* What can you do, Mark Fields, after all. I defy you to do anything with me, I am your wife, you dare not.

*Mark.* You are no wife of mine, and to-night you leave this house.

*Mrs. F.* Your first assertion you know is false, and try to enforce the latter if you dare.

*Mark.* (To JIM.) We are ready for the next move now.

(Exit JIM, S.E.L.)

*Ned.* They have all turned against us; can you not speak a word for your old friends, Nell?

*Nell.* I have a word to say to you, not for you. I despise you now, Ned McCall, more than I ever loved you. Before you became an inmate of this house you treated me with disrespect, yet I forgave you. I clung to you, for woman will bear much from those she loves, but when you tried to blast my reputation, making me the tool in your hands to drive Miss Fields away, there my love turned to hatred—no, you are not worth hating, I scorn you, I despise you.

*Mrs. F.* Who are you, Nell Larkin, that dares to utter such words to my son. You think you have triumphed over me. You'll see.

Enter JIM LARKIN and JACK MCCALL, S.E.L.

*Mrs. F.* Who is this? Oh, Jack McCall, you fiend, have you come back from the dead to render my defeat more galling?

*Jack.* "Come back from the dead." Don't give us any game like that. You knew I was not dead. You thought I did not dare return, and you shook me and took this stranger in. You run a good chance of the penitentiary. It's a good revenge I've had on you, this coming back to beat you now.

*Jim.* (To MRS. FIELDS.) Now is the winter of your discontent made most inglorious by the coming of this son-of-a-gun.

*Mark.* (c.) Woman, you are not wanted 'ere now, take yourself out of my sight forever. Go, woman, out of that door, and may you never bring to other homes the misery that you have brought to mine.

*Jim.* *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

*Mrs. F.* There is no forgiveness in your heart, you say. Who asks you for forgiveness? Not I; there's nothing that I ask of you. Farewell, Mark Fields! The scorn you have for me, is equalled only by my hate for you.

(Exit c.)

*Mark.* (To NED.) Young man, it is time for you to go; we are done with you. (To JACK.) I'll see you, sir, to-morrow, but leave us now. (Exit NED and JACK, c.) The days that are past how dark they've been. Ah, this has been a home of broken promises, but we'll renew our vows once more. Trouble made me drink, but drinking did not cure them. The more I drank, the more the troubles came. They are over now, thank heaven! She dragged me down I know, but—

*Jim.* *Resurgam!*

*Larry.* Give us a rest on your Latin, Jim. Your role of physician has been played. You played it well, but now the play is over.

*Jim.* And I am waiting for my fee.

*Mark.* In due time you'll get that. You have done well. You worked for money it is true, but I'll grant there is a little virtue in you yet.

*Jim.* You bet there is. I'm full of it.

*Mark.* Jim, there are four of us going to leave this country soon. To my old home at Dunlea we are going—Nell and Kittie, and Larry and I. Nell must go. She is not to be left here to suffer annoyances from those people. Over there she'll be free from them. We are coming back some day, and I would like it, could I see her smile when that day comes and say, "Poor reckless Jim has sobered now, there's no more broken promises for him."

*Jim.* You've struck me hard, old man. A kindness to my sister takes me off my balance as it were. If I could be a solid, square-toed man I'd do it for your sake. I'd hate to try it, I'm afraid the job would be a failure. Whenever you hear that old Jim has quit his pranks you'll know he's gone where there are no BROKEN PROMISES.

*Disposition of Characters.*

LARRY.  
E.

KITTIE.  
E. C.

MARK.  
C.

NELL.  
L. C.

JIM.  
E.

CURTAIN.



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