THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

A NEW COMEDY

BY

HARRY JAMES SMITH

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THE CHARACTERS

Mr. Huber:
The tailor, 55, living in America, but retaining the parental manners and creed of the Old World. Irritable, but at heart very true and kind.

Rowlands:
An energetic, business-like fellow of 35, radiating optimism and success.

Peter:
An uncouth, thrifty, self-satisfied tailor's helper, with a touch of eccentricity.

Sonntag:
An intellectual, self-centered scholar of 35; rather surly, tyrannical manner; fires are slumbering under the surface. He should be somewhat picturesque.

Tanya:
A simple, sturdy, sweet, loyal girl of 18.

John Paul:
A clean-cut, likeable young chap, very human, sincere; no affectations. His belief in himself is a real and fine thing, not mere self-conceit.
POMEROY:
The valet; comic personality; preferably plump, and rather effeminate.

MRS. STANLAW:
The gracious hostess; cultivated manner, just a suggestion of snobbishness.

MR. STANLAW:
A successful, self-made man of affairs, not quite at ease in society, but conscientiously doing his bit.

CORINNE:
A brilliant, rather icy girl, well bred manners, and a certain degree of affectation and pose.

WESTLAKE:
A presentable society fellow, rather a sissy.

KITTY DUPUY:
A luscious divorcee, ready to use her charm in any good cause.

BESSIE DUPUY:
A carefully drilled, very naive young girl.

JELLCOT:
An effervescent, innocuous yachtsman of 35; comic personality, very British manners. His clothes are an absurd misfit, which fact constantly agitates him.

NATHAN:
A distinguished, polished financier, with princely manners; evidently of the Jewish race. Sincere, must have authority.
Miss Shayne:  
_A matter-of-fact, up-to-date typist of 20._

Whitcomb:  
_A testy old gentleman._

Carroll Crane Fleming  
_Presentable young society men._

Russell Cane Flynn  
_Typical Irish labor leaders of the intelligent, determined sort._

Russell: _The head of the delegation, is 55, gray-haired, dignified—wearing silk hat and frock coat._

Cane and Flynn: _25, are aggressive, ambitious and sincere._
THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

ACT I

Scene: A. Huber's tailoring establishment.

Discovered: Rowlands is standing on a fitting stand down c. in his shirt sleeves. Huber is standing r. of him, measuring him for a suit of clothes. Peter is sitting l. of desk l. c., setting down figures at Huber's dictation. Peter is in his shirt sleeves; so is Huber, who also wears an apron. Huber's coat is hanging on clothes-stand up r. Rowlands' vest and coat are on back of chair l. of work table r. His hat is on the work table and his overcoat on table up r. of c. door.

Huber. (Taking a side measurement of leg; speaking as the curtain rises) Thirty-two and a half.

Peter. (In decisive, surly tones) And a half. (Setting down the figures in book)

Huber. (Measuring around the waist) And I must say, Mr. Rowlands, it seems a terrible pity that such an educated man like Dr. Sonntag can't find one single publisher to publish his book for him. Why, sir, the thing is a masterpiece. (To Peter) Thirty-eight.

Peter. (Setting down the figures) Thirty-eight.

Rowlands. I suppose you've read every word of it?
HU BER. (Measuring the hips) Well no, Mr. Rowlands, not if you put it that way. I'm much too busy a man to be reading books. The little shop takes up all my time, and my daughter's too. She keeps the accounts. (To Peter) Forty-two.

PETER. (Setting down figures) Forty-two.

HU BER. (He crosses to desk L. snapping his fingers to Peter, who, with a grin, opens the downstage drawer of desk and takes out the M.S. of Sonntag's book and hands it to Huber) Dr. Sonntag has been five whole years writing this, and just the manuscript alone. (Crosses to L. of Rowlands) Here it is, sir. Look at it. Lift it. (Puts the MS. in Rowlands' hands) Pounds!

ROWLANDS. (Amused, as he weighs the book in his hands) Five years to write it! That's a pound a year, minimum estimate.

HU BER. And the hardest part of it all is, him and my daughter was expecting to get married on the proceeds. You know what young folks are; they want to get hitched up. (Measures knee)

ROWLANDS. (Amused, as he turns over the pages of the MS.) Sounds like a good old-fashioned love match.

HU BER. Oh, yes indeed, sir. I saw to the whole thing myself. (He looks knowingly at Rowlands; both laugh. Turning toward Peter) Nineteen.

PETER. (Same business) Nineteen.

HU BER. (Kneeling and measuring bottom of trousers) I don't mean that there was any childish nonsense about it. Dr. Sonntag is a scholar, and naturally that takes up most of his time. (To Peter, as he rises) Sixteen.

PETER. (Same business) Sixteen. Cuff or no cuff?

HU BER. (To Rowlands) Cuff?

ROWLANDS. Cuff.

HU BER. (To Peter) Cuff.
Peter. Cuff. (Makes memorandum, closes the book, rises and comes c. Rowlands goes r. puts on his coat and vest. Peter takes the fitting stand, places it under table up r. and exits r. Rowlands comes to c.)

Huber. (Puts tape measure over his shoulders, takes the MS. to desk l. c., then goes up r. sets Rowlands’ overcoat, comes to c. and helps him on with it) And as for Tanya, I have brought her up to be an obedient daughter in every respect. I intend her to be just such a wife as her mother was to me back in the old country. And now, Mr. Rowlands, I suppose you can’t give me any good advice about how to get the book published, you being such a prominent and influential editor.

Rowlands. But I’m not an editor; I’m a special writer.

(Sonntag is seen coming from l. outside, carrying some books.)

Huber. A what, sir?
Rowlands. A special writer. I dig up the live stuff, put it on paper and peddle it.

Sonntag. (Enters c. and comes down l. c.) Why does nobody answer the house bell! I have been ringing it for five minutes.

Huber. (Trying to pacify him) Tanya must be out, Dr. Sonntag.
Sonntag. Where did she go?
Huber. I don’t know.
Sonntag. Was she alone?
Huber. Why, yes.
Sonntag. Well, you may tell her I was displeased not to find her! (Starts up c. as if to go: Rowlands gets his hat and puts it on)

Huber. (Following Sonntag up c.) But, Doctor, one moment! (Sonntag stops) I would like
you to meet Mr. Rowlands—*(Comes down-stage with Sonntag)* the famous editor. Mr. Rowlands, this is Dr. Gustavas Sonntag. *(To Sonntag, after the men acknowledge the introduction)* He was just making some inquiries about your book this very minute.

**Sonntag.** *(With interest)* Ah!

**Huber.** He desired to know what it is all about.

**Sonntag.** *(Loftily, to Rowlands)* It is a new inductive Philosophy of the Social Organism.

**Huber.** *(Beamingly, to Rowlands)* That's it! Clever subject, eh? Tell him further, Doctor.

**Sonntag.** The first twenty-four chapters are devoted to the exposition of an original theory of the Rights of Property.

**Huber.** *(To Rowlands)* That's it! Rights of Property! Fine!

**Sonntag.** With arguments drawn from metay physics, anthropology, zoology—

**Rowlands.** *(Interrupting, as he crosses to Sonntag; Huber going r.)* Pretty heavy stuff, isn't it?

**Sonntag.** Heavy!

**Rowlands.** Yes. And tell me one thing, Doctor, do you expect to support yourself, wife, and possible offspring by the labors of your pen?

**Sonntag.** Certainly.

**Rowlands.** Then, my dear Doctor, I'd advise you to take those twenty-four chapters and lock them up in your bureau drawer at once.

**Sonntag.** What!

**Rowlands.** And turn your head to something that somebody will be interested in reading. You know that dry-as-dust theoretical stuff is only good to be scrapped.

**Sonntag.** *(Angrily)* But I tell you this is sensational! It will cause a revolution!

**Rowlands.** *(Putting on his gloves)* No doubt;
but there's no money in it. Now, if you would take up, say some little scandal in fashionable society, that might make a hit.

Sonntag. (Scornfully) No, thank you! (Crosses to desk and puts books down) I'll write big things or nothing at all! (Moves up L. takes off his hat and outer coat and puts them on the table L. of c. door)

Huber. (To Rowlands, with conciliatory manner) You must excuse him, Mr. Rowlands; that is the scholar of it. They are not like us. Now, if you would be able to come in for the trying-on next Tuesday, Mr. Rowlands?

Rowlands. Tuesday? Very well. (Going up to c. door; Huber following him) And, Doctor, let me know when that revolution comes and I'll give it a write-up. (Sonntag, with an impatient exclamation, comes down L. c.) Good-bye, Mr. Huber.

Huber. Good-bye, Mr. Rowlands. (Rowlands exits c. and off r. Huber comes down r. c. protesting earnestly to Sonntag) Now what for do you treat an influential man like that so offish and sul.len? I think his advice is good.

(Tanya enters slowly down-stage L., carrying a ledger.)

Sonntag. (Crosses to Huber, loftily insulted) My dear Mr. Huber, you may be a most excellent tailor, but I beg you not to afflict me any more with your literary advice.

(Tanya hesitates L. of desk and watches them.)

Huber. (Flaring up) Very well! And I beg you not to be disrespectful any more to one of my patrons because I will not have it! So!

(Tanya places the ledger on desk L. and crosses}
above and between the two men. They speak as she comes between them.)

SONNTAG. I say what I choose!
HUBER. Not in my shop! My shop is——.
TANYA. (Quickly, smilingly reproachful) Ah, ah, ah! Naughty old bears! Aren’t you ashamed! At it again!
HUBER. (Rather sheepishly) It wasn’t my fault, Tanya!
SONNTAG. (With scorn) Oh, so it makes no difference to you that I have written here a book—(Indicates MS.) that will live long after you are dead, buried and forgotten!
TANYA. Perhaps it’s wicked of me, but I would like to be happy before I am dead, buried and forgotten. (Crosses to l. of desk, sits and busies herself with ledger)
SONNTAG. (Harshly) Tanya Huber, what has got into you lately! You did not use to talk this way. (Sits r. of desk, opposite her)
HUBER. (Moves over above l. desk) Tanya, you must be more respectful to Dr. Sonntag.

(Slight pantomime between TANYA and SONNTAG, then he reads and she works on ledger.)

PETER. (Enters with a dress-suit over his arm) Well, here they are. (Threws the suit on the worktable)
HUBER. (Moves over r.) What is it, Peter?
PETER. (Surly) These dress clothes is ready to be pressed.
HUBER. (Sharply) Well, why don’t you run along and press them! Twice already has Mr. Jellicot telephoned this afternoon.
PETER. (Sturdily) Mr. Huber, my work is cuttin’, bastin’, rippin’, stitchin’, button-holin’ and
linin' and anything outside of that goes against the by-laws. The pressin' in this shop is did by John Paul Bart.

(Sonntag has turned and is listening to Peter.)

Sonntag. (With lofty calm, pointing to Peter, who moves down) There you have it! This very anomaly I explain in my book, "Here," I say, "is not a Democracy, but a Proletariarchy."

Huber. (Testily) What is that Proliarchy?

Sonntag. Proletariarchy! It is a word I coined myself.

(Peter moves up r. a bit.)

Huber. Ach! Such foolishness! (Turns to Peter; Sonntag resumes reading) I want John Paul Bart! (Tanya rises and crosses to Huber) Where is he, the conceited, good-for-nothing loafer with his fine gentleman manners and his manicured finger nails! Three hours and a half since I sent him on that errand! Wait till he comes back! He'll get something that will surprise him!

Peter. (With grim satisfaction) And 'igh time, if I do say it! He's bad all through, is Johnny Paul, bad!

(John Paul is seen outside, coming slowly from l.)

Tanya. (Indignantly, as she crosses to table r.; Huber going up l. c.) Peter, that's a perfectly horrid thing to say of anybody! (Sits l. of work-table)

(John Paul Bart enters c.)

Peter. Johnny Paul!

John Paul. Everybody here? Delightful!
(Doffs his hat charmingly, as he comes down c. Then turns to HUBER) I trust sir, that my slight tardiness has not occasioned you any inconvenience?

HUBER. (Testily, as he comes to l. of Bart) It has!

JOHN PAUL. Oh, I'm sorry! (Goes down r., takes off his overcoat and hat and hangs them on a hanger, preparatory to work. Peter goes up r. Huber steps forward to expostulate and Tanya tries to silence him)

HUBER. (c.; breathlessly indignant) Well! Well! Why don't you come along and tell me it takes three hours and a half to measure for a suit of clothes!

(Sonntag turns and listens.)

JOHN PAUL. I'd no idea of telling you such a thing, Mr. Huber. It only takes ten minutes. But first, of course, you must get your chance to take the measurements. At the time of my arrival the gouty old party was still dallying over his lunch. (As he crosses to r. of Huber, Peter coming down r.) And now I ask you candidly, Mr. Huber, could you expect me to measure the gouty old party's legs while said legs were under the table? (No answer from Huber) There you see! Of course not. I saw my duty at once. It was to wait. I waited. Voila!

HUBER. Voila! What is that voila?

JOHN PAUL. (Casually, as he takes off his coat and rolls up his shirt sleeves) Just a little scrap of French I picked up while waiting. One of those untranslatable little idioms with which the French language is so richly supplied. It means—well— (With an expressive gesture) Voila!

PETER. (With a snort of disgust) Oh, Pickles! (He exits r. Tanya throws him a cross look as he goes)
Huber. And so that's how you wasted three hours and a half!

John Paul. Wasted! My dear sir, I improved each shining moment. I conversed with the young lady who makes the beds; Nanette, her name was; short for Antoinette—and I gave her a little help in making them. I conversed with the young lady who superintends the children. (He hands Tanya a photograph which he takes from his vest pocket) Here's a picture of the babies.

Tanya. Oh, aren't they cunning!

John Paul. I assisted in dressing one of them. (With a smile at Tanya as he crosses r. above work-table) It was most educational. I love to interchange ideas.

(Tanya looks at him.)

Huber. If you loved to work you'd make a better tailor.

John Paul. I've no desire to make a better tailor.

Tanya. (With delight) Oh, John Paul, how funny you are! (Hands him back the photograph)

Huber. (Severely) Funny! What is there funny about him!

Sonntag. (Conclusively, as he rises) There is nothing funny about him! He is disgusting! (Exits L.)

Tanya. (Protesting) Oh, Gustavus!

Huber. (To John Paul) The next thing for you to do is to press Mr. Jellicot’s dress clothes.

John Paul. (With an irresistible smile, as he arranges things on the work-table) Avec plaisir, monsieur.

Huber. See here, young man, I speak plain English, do you hear me?

John Paul (Quietly, blandly) Perfectly. You
said, you spoke plain English. Wasn't that it?

Huber. (To Tanya, after choking down his anger) See here, you! I have something to say to this fine gentleman in private! (Motions her toward L.)

Tanya. (Pleadingly, as she rises and goes to r. of Huber) But, Father, he doesn't mean any harm! Can't you see it's only his funny way!

Huber. (Sternly) Upstairs!

Tanya. Oh, but Father, please don't be cross with John Paul!

Huber. (Moving her over to L. c.) Upstairs! I know what to say to John Paul!

Tanya. But Father, this is the night you have to speak at that lodge meeting in Queensboro. You'll be late.

Huber. I will see to that. This comes first.

Tanya. (Pleadingly) Father!

Huber. Upstairs! (Slight pause; Tanya doesn't move) Upstairs! (Tanya pantomimes to John Paul to be careful, placing her finger on her lips, then quickly exits L. Huber turns to John Paul) And now, John Paul—(John Paul, smiling, as if flattered, crosses to r. of Huber) I'll ask you to listen to a few remarks what I've been saving up for a long time yet.

John Paul. (Sits L. of work-table) Why, anything you can say, Mr. Huber, is sure to interest me.

Huber. (Angrily) Maybe you don't realize that I am the boss of this shop and that your wages come from me!

John Paul. I realize it acutely, Mr. Huber.

Huber. (Goaded to fury by the other's manner) You do, do you! Then why must I always be having trouble with you! Look at that little Scotchman, Peter McConkie! See how he sticks to his work! See how ambitious he is to better
himself! Why, he not only works days, but nights.

John Paul. Indeed? Night work? I wasn't aware this shop was open nights.

Huber. (Impatiently) Not in the shop! There has been a shortage of waiters this winter——

John Paul. (Interrupting) Peter, a waiter!

Huber. Well, at nights. I was very glad to recommend him to a friend of mine with influence, and very good money he makes, too, helping out as an extra at swell parties. (John Paul laughs) What are you laughing at?

John Paul. I wish I could see Peter handing about refreshments.

Huber. Whatever Peter does is done well. He would be a good example for you to follow. Why have you no ambition; no self-respect?

John Paul. But I have! I have both those qualities, Mr. Huber, but what good do they do me here? What chance do you give me to use them here? From morning till night you keep dinging into me that I am your inferior, your servant; that my only excuse for being here at all is that heap of clothes there. (Pointing to work-table r.) If I press pants for so many hours a day you give me my wages and there's an end to it. Do you see anything in that to stimulate a fellow's ambition?

Huber. (Disgusted) Oh, you talk too much! (Turns L.)

John Paul. But here's an idea I've been turning over in my mind. (Huber turns back to John Paul) If you would consider giving me a share in the management of this establishment I believe I could accomplish things that would amaze you.

Huber. (Furiously) You actually propose—that I should give you a share in the——! Of all the impudence I ever yet was to meet! I tell you right
here, John Paul, another such time like this after-
noon and out of this shop you go!

John Paul. (Quietly) Oui, monsieur.

Huber. (Speechlessly indignant, goes above L. c. desk to opening, and calls) Tanya!

Tanya. (Off L.) Coming, Father!

Huber. (Comes back to c. and points to work-
table) There, that work bench! That’s what you ought to be thinking of!

(John Paul rises, crosses to work-table and re-
sumes work.)

Tanya. (Enters, comes below desk, brushes the coat and arranges it; crosses to Huber) You called me, Father?

Huber. Yes, I’ve got to go to that lodge meet-
ing at Queensboro.

Tanya. Yes, and you’ll be late.

Huber. (Takes off his tape and apron, puts them on L. desk and starts L.) I must go and get my hat and coat.

Tanya. I asked Gustavus to bring it down. (Goes R. gets his coat and helps him on with it)

Huber. (Affectionately) You’re always think-
ing of what is in my mind! A fine little housewife! What would I have done without you these ten years since Mama died.

(Sonntag enters L. with Huber’s overcoat and hat. He gives the coat to Tanya and puts the hat on up-stage end of desk L. c.)

Tanya. And what would I have done without you! (Helps him on with his overcoat)

Huber. (Kisses her) Good night, Tanya. Good night, Dr. Sonntag.

Sonntag. (Sits R. of desk) Good night, Mr. Huber.
Huber. (Goes up to c. door; Tanya moves up and gets his hat) And now, John Paul, pay attention. Those dress clothes are to be delivered to Mr. Jellicot the moment they are finished; the suit and the fur overcoat in the workroom; and you are not to quit work till they are done. Do you hear me?

(Tanya stands l. of door.)

John Paul. (Mildly; stops work) I thought I had proved to you that my auditory faculties were normal.

Huber. (Sputters, too angry to speak; turns and grabs his hat) Good night, Tanya!

Tanya. Good night, Father.

(Huber slams his hat on his head and exits c. and off l.)

John Paul. (Lifting iron) Something must have irritated him.

Tanya. (Half laughing, half reproachful, as she goes r.) John Paul, why must you always rub father the wrong way? (Sits l. of work-table)

John Paul. (With quiet seriousness, as he presses a coat) It isn’t intentional, Miss Tanya; I give you my word. I suppose he wants me to talk like a tailor, but that’s a thing I can’t do.

Sonntag. And why not?

John Paul. (With casual manner, but positively) Destiny.

Sonntag. (Loftily amused) Destiny! And What do you mean by destiny, if you please?

John Paul. You’ve heard it said you can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear, well, the contrary is just as true. You can’t make a sow’s ear out of a silk purse. (With definiteness) It can’t be done!
Sonntag. And that excuse you for staying away from the shop all the afternoon?

John Paul. You've no idea how these surroundings depress me, I stifle! (Puts iron down) My whole being cries out for a more stimulating atmosphere. Physically, Doctor, I feel better—more keenly sensitized—at the Knickerbocker Club. (Uses large brush. As Sonntag laughs sneeringly) Oh, I often put in a few hours there.

Tanya. The Knickerbocker Club!

Sonntag. (Sarcastically) And pray how would you ever get in the Knickerbocker Club?

John Paul. Oh, the front way isn't the only way, Doctor. An acquaintance of mine is billiard marker there, and by his assistance I have often got in and been allowed to watch what goes on from behind a swing door.

Sonntag. (With contempt) Oh!

John Paul. Not very dignified, you say? Granted. But I must get my schooling somehow, and once on my sentry duty I don't let a syllable or a gesture get by me. At first it seemed to me I could never acquire that unconscious easy bearing that marks those fellows, but I kept at it and now I can turn the trick as well as the best of them. (Uses iron again)

Sonntag. (Laughs sarcastically) Listen to that! A regular young aristocrat! You're crazy.

John Paul. So is every Genius.

(Tanya smiles.)

Sonntag. I am not crazy.

(Tanya and John Paul smile.)

John Paul. (Picks up his iron and crosses up-stage toward Sonntag) Surely Doctor, you've read
Lombroso on "Insanity and Genius." It's a classic. There's one chapter—

**PETER.** (Enter r. with a suit on his arm, and comes down below work--table. He is dressed in his street clothes) Thirty minutes over time to get these finished up. (Hands the suit to TANYA, who rises. **JOHN PAUL returns to his work**)

**TANYA.** (Takes the suit and starts up l.) Yes, Peter, I'll do them up. (Turns to him) Oh, will you deliver them, Peter?

**PETER.** Yes; but that will take forty-five minutes. (Goes to c.; TANYA goes up to table l. of c. door) Miss Huber—(TANYA turns to him) be sure to give me credit for forty-five minutes over-time.

**TANYA.** (Laughs) Very well, Peter, I'll see to it. (She starts packing the suit in a box at table up l. **JOHN PAUL laughs**)

**PETER.** (Turns as **JOHN PAUL laughs**) Ho, ho! So you've really started to work, have ye, Johnny Paul! I'm surprised!

**JOHN PAUL.** (Bored) May I beg you not to address me as Johnny Paul?

**PETER.** And why not, Johnny Paul, if you please! Ain't you a tailor's hand like me?

**JOHN PAUL.** Temporarily. (Turns the ironing board around and presses the shoulders of the coat)

**PETER.** See here, Mr. Stuck-up, talk'11 never get you nowheres. It's work, honest work and good habits. Now me, I work nights as well as days. I do, and I'm savin' up every dollar and layin' it by, I am.

**JOHN PAUL.** Then some day you may have a nice little tailor shop of your own—you may.

**PETER.** (With his most cutting sarcasm) Aye, and when I have that, do you know what you'll have? A nice little uniform with stripes goin' round this way. (Indicates the stripes of a con-
vict’s suit. John Paul laughs.)

Tanya. (Coming down l. c.) Oh, for shame, Peter McConkie!

Peter. (Turns to her) Well, he’s got ideas that’ll get him into trouble some day, they will. I know what I’m talkin’ about. Why, only this mornin’ he accused me to my face of livin’ off’n my betters.

John Paul. (Quietly) Well, and so you do.

(Tanya resumes her packing.)

Peter. (Turns to John Paul, flaring up angrily) Oh, and so I does, do I! I like that! I think you’d better come along and explain what you mean by that! (Threateningly) Livin’ off’n my betters!

(Tanya stops and listens, taking a step forward toward the two men.)

John Paul. (Crossing below table to r. of Peter) Now, see here, Peter McConkie; where would you be if it weren’t for the rich people you’re always abusing with your cheap epithets? How would you earn a living? Do you think people of your own class would pay a hundred dollars for cutting a smart suit of clothes? Well, hardly! You owe the very means of your existence to us.

Peter. You!

John Paul. I meant the upper classes.

Peter. (Dumbfounded) D’ye hear that!

John Paul. If everybody had money, what value would money have? (Sonntag turns and listens; then as John Paul continues he opens his MS. riffling the pages to find the part from which Bart is quoting. Tanya resumes packing) There’d be no incentive to ambition; to industry; No,— money must be concentrated in the hands of the few.
It is their touch, and theirs alone, which transmutes it into a precious metal. (Taps Peter lightly on the chest) See?

(Tanya comes down to l. of c. door with the box.)

Peter. (Sullenly) No, I don’t see! I haven’t the least idea what you’re spoutin’ about, but I know this; whatever it is, it’s rotten! (Goes up-stage c. takes the box which Tanya hands him, and exits c. and off l.)

(John Paul finishes the coat, hangs it on hanger on wall.)

Sonntag. (Rises, picks up his MS. and crosses to l. of work-table) Look here, Johnny Paul, you got that from my book.

(Tanya drops down l. c. above the desk.)

John Paul. (Blandly) Big stuff, isn’t it? Sonntag. I thought so when I wrote it. John Paul. I thought so when I read it. Sonntag. You mean to tell me you’ve been reading my manuscript!

John Paul. (Crossing to Sonntag) Indeed I have, Doctor! I’ve read it three times over and I’m delighted with this opportunity to congratulate you. It’s enormous! (Takes Sonntag’s hand and shakes it heartily)

(Tanya moves over r., above the two men.)

Sonntag. (Dumbfounded, he steps back, pulling his hand from Bart’s grasp) Well, of all the nerve!

John Paul. (Airily, as he follows Sonntag l.) Don’t mention it, sir, nothing at all. A work of
genius, Dr. Sonntag, and I can't tell you how gratified I was to find set down in black and white the very things I've vaguely felt myself—without knowing how to phrase them. Why, it's just as if I'd dictated it to you—whole passages—especially the brilliant ones. Now this, for instance: "Riches are a Golden Calf which—" No, that's not what I'm after. Hold on a bit. (Takes several pink slips from his pocket and runs them over) I jotted down a few hasty notes.

Sonntag. Notes! You've been making notes from my book! (Looks over John Paul's shoulder at the notes)

Tanya. (Comes to r. of John Paul) Oh, let me see, too!

John Paul. Yes, here we are. (Reading from the slips) "Riches are the basis and symbol of that power which keeps the wheels of the social organism functionally reciprocal." There's a magnificent sentence for you! Fills the mouth! "Functionally reciprocal." You can set your teeth in that!

Sonntag. (With lofty irony) Well, Tanya, I was not aware your father had a critic in his employ. (Moves to r. of desk and puts down the MS. Tanya goes r. c.)

John Paul. Oh, I'm no critic, Dr. Sonntag. All I know is those ideas have the right feel to them. They'll go! They'll work!

(Tanya sits l. of work-table, looking admiringly at John Paul.)

Sonntag. You flatter me! (Sits r. of desk and reads)

John Paul. (Moves over to r. of Sonntag) The only trouble is—pardon my frankness, Doctor, I have to say this—you're dull.
SONNTAG. (Dumbfounded) Eh!

JOHN PAUL. And dullness is fatal. Why, I tell you that a man with a breezy, human personality, agreeable manners, and the right degree of self-confidence—like me, for instance—why, with those ideas I could lift the world off its axis.

TANYA. (With enthusiasm) Oh, I believe you could!

SONNTAG. (Patronizingly) It was a mistake to leave the manuscript where you could get at it. I see it has upset you.

JOHN PAUL. On the contrary, it has set me up. At last I know where I stand.

SONNTAG. (Sneeringly) Oh, I see! You have ambitions.

JOHN PAUL. I have. (Looks straight ahead, as though seeing into the future)

SONNTAG. What sort?

JOHN PAUL. Big.

SONNTAG. You see yourself at the top.

JOHN PAUL. I do.

SONNTAG. (Amused) Well, you don't seem to be getting there very fast.

JOHN PAUL. (Slowly) I'm a fatalist. I believe in my star. I'm waiting for it to rise.

SONNTAG. I'm afraid you'll have to wait a long time.

JOHN PAUL. The main thing is to be ready when it rises. (He crosses above table r., speaking to TANYA as he passes her. She replies to him under her breath)

(POMEROY is seen outside, coming from r.)

SONNTAG. (Turns and sees TANYA's eyes fixed on JOHN PAUL) Tanya! (She turns and looks at him) Over here!
(She rises and crosses to l. c. above the desk. John Paul goes r. of work-table and starts pressing a pair of trousers.)

Pomeroy. (Enters c., carrying a suitcase and hatbox, and comes down c.) I want to speak at once to the proprietor of this establishment.

Tanya. (Rises and moves to l. of Pomeroy) I'm sorry, but Mr. Huber is out for the evening.

Pomeroy. (Peevishly) Oh, he is, is he! And how about those dress clothes he promised to send to Mr. Jellicot? Jellicot has telephoned twice already, he has, and now I've had to come.

Tanya. (Crossing to John Paul and indicating the clothes he is working on) Those are Mr. Jellicot's clothes, aren't they?

John Paul. Yes. I'll have them done in a very few minutes.

Pomeroy. 'Igh time, I should say so!

Tanya. I'll send the clothes over the moment they are ready.

Pomeroy. Yes, and that's what Huber said over the phone and still nothing comes of it. No, I'm going to wait right here and see that the man don't waste his time.

Check lights.)

Tanya. Very well, you're perfectly welcome to do so. Won't you sit down? (Moves the chair l. of the work-table over to r. c.)

Pomeroy. (He sits r. c. putting the suitcase and hatbox on the floor r. of him. Tanya crosses to l. of him) You don't know what I've been through since five o'clock! Such a scene as Jellicot makes! Always does if things go wrong with his clothes, "You get out of here!" Jellicot says, "and buy me a brand new outfit; silk hat, collars, 'ose, and everything."
JOHN PAUL. You mean to say you had to buy Mr. Jellicot a complete new outfit? (Throughout this scene, JOHN PAUL listens intently to everything POMEROY says)

POMEROY. Yes, Mister.
TANYA. Why?

POMEROY. Because he wants to look his best to-night. He's going to the big 'ouse-warming at the Stanlaws.

JOHN PAUL. (Eagerly) The Stanlaws? Really!

POMEROY. (Amused) What do you know about the Stanlaws, young fellow?

JOHN PAUL. The Stanlaws? Very rich; society climbers; one daughter, Corinne, the most beautiful heiress in New York.

POMEROY. (Amused; to TANYA) He's right! Cuts a great figure, them Stanlaws. Why, one of the most prominent gentlemen in this country has promised to be at their party to-night.

JOHN PAUL. Abraham Nathan.

POMEROY. (Looks at JOHN PAUL, then turns to TANYA) He's right again. (To JOHN PAUL) Say, you're quite up on the society jottings, ain't you, for a tailor's hand.

JOHN PAUL. I am an insatiable reader of the newspapers.

TANYA. Is this Abraham Nathan somebody quite big?

JOHN PAUL. Quite big!

POMEROY. Big! Oh!

SONNTAG. (With rude laughter) Why don't you ask if Pierpont Morgan is somebody quite big! Abraham Nathan is the President of the American Oceanic Shipbuilding Corporation, the biggest proposition of its kind in the Western Hemisphere.

POMEROY. (To TANYA) He's right!

JOHN PAUL. (With philosophical manner) And
yet, though this American Oceanic Shipbuilding Corporation faces to-day the greatest opportunity of its career, it's in a mess with everybody. (TANYA, greatly interested, moves r.; POMEROY listens) It's employees hate it; the Government hates it; worst of all the public hates it, and this despite the fact that nothing is so important to win, or so easy to win if you only know how, as the favor of the public. It is the public that makes you—the public that breaks you.

SONNTAG. (Condescendingly amused) And what you do know about the matter, Mr. Bart?

JOHN PAUL. I have made an earnest study of your book, Dr. Sonntag.

POMEROY. (Impressed, he turns and looks at SONNTAG) Book! Oh!

SONNTAG. That is not in my book.

JOHN PAUL. Oh yes, it is.

SONNTAG. Where?

JOHN PAUL. Between the lines.

(POMEROY laughs.)

SONNTAG. (Angrily) You had better stick to your clothes pressing! (He turns his back on the group and reads his MS. TANYA glances angrily at him)

POMEROY. (To JOHN PAUL) Yes, please, do me a favor and get them done. (TANYA moves over to L. of POMEROY) Jellicot wants to meet Nathan tonight. Wants to remind him of something. Comical? (Laughs, as he turns toward SONNTAG. SONNTAG grunts)

TANYA. (Sweetly to POMEROY, after a look at SONNTAG) Tell us about it.

POMEROY. Well, it was on the day of the Preparedness Parade, and Nathan was just leaving the reviewing stand with the Governor when some
cracked idiot of a laboring man up and lets fly a stone right at Nathan’s head. Might have killed him like as not, but Jellicot, seeing the stone coming, jerks off his silk hat and catches the stone in it very neat and natty-like. Well, sir, what does the great Nathan do then? He grabs Jellicot’s flipper and says: “My dear fellow, I’ll never forget this!” And then he steps into his limousine—and forgets.

(At the beginning of Pomeroy’s speech, John Paul has stopped work and listened intently to every word.)

TANYA. Oh, what a lovely story!

POMEROY. (Chuckles) Yes.

JOHN PAUL. That’s one of the best stories I ever heard.

POMEROY. (Chuckles) Yes.

JOHN PAUL. Well, I’m done! (Takes coat on hanger in his left hand, and puts the trousers over his left arm)

POMEROY. (Rising with relief) Done? Fine! I’ll trot right along home so as to ease poor Jellicot’s mind. You’ll have the clothes over directly?

JOHN PAUL. At the earliest possible moment.

POMEROY. That’s the way to talk! That’s the way to talk! (Picks up the suitcase and hat box and prepares to go)

JOHN PAUL. Oh, wouldn’t you like me to bring that suitcase along at the same time? (Points to the suitcase)

POMEROY. (Slight pause) Suitcase? That’s very obliging of you, young fellow. (Gives the suitcase to John Paul)

JOHN PAUL. (After a slight pause) And the hat?

POMEROY. (After a slight pause) Well, that’s very nice of you.
JOHN PAUL. Don’t mention it, sir; any little service. (Moves up r. a bit)
POMEROY. Don’t forget his overcoat.
JOHN PAUL. (Slight pause) Overcoat—Oh, yes! It’s all ready in the work-room. I’ll take the overcoat, too. (Exits r.)
POMEROY. (A pause, as he watches JOHN PAUL off) He’s an obliging young fellow, isn’t he? I’ll see that Jellicot gives him a handsome little tip when he comes. (Turns, grinning, to TANYA) Oh, but while I think of it, young lady, you seem to be a nice sort. Are you fond of automobiles? (Moves to r. of chair r. c.)
TANYA. (l. of chair r. c.) Why, what do mean? (Slightly surprised. Sonntag turns and listens)
POMEROY. Well, you see when Jellicot leaves town for a day or two without me, it’s quite easy for me to get the use of his car for the afternoon.
TANYA. (Banteringly) Oh, what a nice arrangement! You can give little outings to all your lady friends free of expense.
POMEROY. (Pleased with himself) Oh, no, no, no, not free of expense! We always drop in somewhere for a cup of tea or something, and of course that always costs—but what’s a couple of bob more or less to me! But what I was going to say, if ever you feel homesick for a merry little jaunt—merry and refined at the same time—just call up Lenox 6-4-0-0 and ask for Pomeroy. That’s me, Pomeroy. (Extends his hand) I’ll say good-bye, Miss—
TANYA. Huber. (She takes his hand and they move over above chair to c.)
POMEROY. Good day, Miss Huber.
TANYA. Good day!
POMEROY. (Goes to c. door, smiling and bowing) Good day! Good afternoon! Good day! (Goes out, closing the door, and exits off r. TANYA moves up to door watching him, and laughing.)
Sonntag rises and goes down r. muttering angrily

Tanya. (As she comes down to l. of Sonntag) Is anything the matter, Gustavus?

Sonntag. Yes! I am angry! (Folds his arms majestically and looks out front)

Tanya. (With pretended innocence) Why, what is it? Have I done something?

Sonntag. (Turns to her, surprised) Have you done something! Do you think I would be pleased to hear you tittering and sniggering with such a person as that! (Points off r.) A silly, conceited, unprincipled valet!

Tanya. But I found him amusing. Surely you don't object to my laughing a little now and then?

Sonntag. Laugh all you like, but after this laugh with me!

Tanya. (With wry face) I can't do that, Gustavus, it's no use. (Turns up r. with a shrug of her shoulders)

Sonntag. (Strides angrily over to l. c. then turns to her) Your manners are too free altogether; no modesty. I won't have you making up to other men besides me!

Tanya. (With a flash, as she comes to l. of chair) Be careful, Gustavus!

Sonntag. What?

Tanya. (With gentle manner, but firm) I think it would be good for us to understand each other a little better.

Sonntag. (Coming a step toward her) What do you mean?

Tanya. (Sits) I mean that I have been brought up to obey my father; always to reverence his wishes no matter if they pleased me or not. My duty was to do as I was told.

Sonntag. Well, and what now? Have you decided that I am not good enough for you?

Tanya. I have not decided anything, but I am
beginning to think a little for myself, and I have discovered what it is that American girls admire most in a man. It is energy, ambition. They like a man who does things. So do I!

SONNTAG. All right, then tell me this; do you know one man with better brains than I?

TANYA. (Quietly) No, Gustavus, but what do you do with them?

SONNTAG. (Furiously) You leave my brains alone! (Crosses down L., then comes excitedly to c.) Now I know where these silly ideas have come from. I might have seen it before! From that man in there, John Paul Bart. (Tanya rises, moves slowly to L. of work-table and looks off R.) I saw you just now listening open-mouthed to his conceited talk. (Coming to c.)

TANYA. (With dignity, as she comes to R. of chair) Don't call it conceited! It isn't conceited! It's splendid! It's fine!

SONNTAG. Indeed!

TANYA. Oh, it makes me furious the way every one of you is down on John Paul! He never says one word but you sneer and laugh at him. Why can't you see how wonderful it is that he should have worked this out all alone!

SONNTAG. (Staring at her incredulously) I might have guessed it. There is something between you!

TANYA. That's not true! But I'm his friend—and I'm proud of it—and no one can stop me!

SONNTAG. Listen, Tanya, it is not safe to trifle with me. (A piano organ is slowly drawn across the stage from R. to L. An Italian is pulling it, and behind him is an Italian woman, carrying a tambourine. They glance up at the houses as they pass, but are unseen by Tanya and Sonntag. They exit off L.) I am ready and glad to overlook many shortcomings in you, but I am not a man to be trifled
with. Remember—and act accordingly—for that is
the man you are going to marry. (TANYA, who
is resting her hands on the chair back, apparently
does not hear him) Good night, Tanya. (He goes
up-stage, gets his hat and coat from table l. of door.
puts on his hat, throws his coat over his arm, then
turns toward TANYA) I said good night.

TANYA. (Quietly, without looking at him) Good
night, Gustavus. (SONNTAG exits c. and off r.,
slamming the door after him. Hand organ off left.
TANYA stands for a moment looking into space, then
with a sigh and a shrug of her shoulders, she moves
chair l. of work-table, then goes up-stage and pulls
down the shades of window r. and l. and the one on
the door; after looking around the shop a moment,
she quietly exits left. After pulling down the shade
on the door, she pushes switch l. of door, and lights
the chandelier. JOHN PAUL enters r. dressed in
evening clothes, opera hat and fur-lined overcoat,
open to reveal his evening dress. As he crosses to
c. he takes out a pair of white gloves from his
pocket and puts them on as he crosses and stands
admiring himself and studying himself with critical
approbation in front of a large mirror down l. He
moves backward and forward to get the ensemble
effect as TANYA enters from l.)

TANYA. (She enters from l. with coverings for
the tables. She goes above desk. As she sees JOHN
PAUL she puts the sheets on the desk and comes
down l. c. staring at him; not recognizing him un-
til he turns to her; then with a gasp) Why—!!

JOHN PAUL. (Charmingly, as he doffs his hat)
You don't remember me, Miss Huber?

TANYA. (Staring incredulously) John—Paul!!

JOHN PAUL. (With engaging manner; buttoning
his gloves) Simply delighted to meet you again,
Miss Huber. I thought you were still at Palm
Beach. Caruso is in horrible voice this evening,
don't you think? (In familiar manner) Well?

TANYA. (Pause; still unable to believe her eyes) What in the world has happened?

JOHN PAUL. Nothing, nothing whatever. This is what I've always been, only my clothes are a little different.

TANYA. (As in a dream) I—just—can't believe it!

JOHN PAUL. (Full of confidence) That proves I was right when I said all I needed was the clothes. Would you ever suspect this was the first time in my life I'd been on the inside of a dress suit? Lord, how good it does feel! I always knew that clothes would be just like wings to a man of my soaring nature. Without them I crept along the ground like a caterpillar. With them I can fly straight to the goal of my dreams!

TANYA. But where did you ever get them?

JOHN PAUL. Destiny. I've waited thirty-two years and five months, and now, all of a sudden—without any warning—Voila!

TANYA. (Suddenly becoming practical) Why those are Mr. Jellicot's clothes!!

JOHN PAUL. For this evening they are my clothes. Wouldn't you think they were cut expressly for me? Look! (Throws open his coat, demonstrating the fit of the garments)

TANYA. But you've no right to them! You must go and take them off this very minute!

JOHN PAUL. Hardly!

TANYA. But you'll get Father into such a lot of trouble!

JOHN PAUL. No, I won't, leave it to me. Your father shan't suffer by anything I do.

TANYA. (Seriously) But don't you realize Mr. Jellicot needs those clothes!

JOHN PAUL. Not half so badly as I do.

TANYA. (Reproachfully) But you promised to
take them to him.

John Paul. Yes, at the earliest possible moment. The earliest possible moment is to-morrow morning. He shall have them to-morrow morning. No one shall say I am not a man of my word. But to-night! Why, I'd have to be a tailor all the rest of my life, and deserve it too, if I failed to take advantage of this opportunity.

Tanya. (Wonderingly) Opportunity?

John Paul. Haven't you noticed that everybody is going to the reception at the Stanlaws this evening? Well, I'm going too.

Tanya. (Incredulous) You're not in earnest!

John Paul. Didn't I tell you I was waiting for my star to rise? Well, it has risen. Here are the clothes to make me presentable; that's the first step. And there, in the palatial mansion I'm going to, is the great Nathan, the inaccessible Nathan, ready to make my fortune for me.

Tanya. But you can't get in! You don't know a soul there!

John Paul. Lucky! I don't know a soul and not a soul knows me. I've a free hand—carte blanche. Everything depends on my own wits.

Tanya. Oh, you can never do it in the world.

John Paul. It's worth a try.

Tanya. But suppose Mr. Jellicot should be there?

John Paul. Without his clothes?

Tanya. But how can you get introduced to people?

John Paul. I shall introduce myself.

Tanya. Oh, but if you get caught!

John Paul. (Looking front) I'll have spread my wings once. I'll have flown up toward the sun—once!

Tanya. (Admiringly) There never was anyone in the world like you, John Paul! (He turns
and looks at her) I think you’re wonderful!

John Paul. (Thinking she refers to his appearance, he glances down at his clothes) You’ve always been kind to me, Miss Tanya; Jolly nice about taking my part when I’ve got in wrong with your father. Won’t you wish me good luck. I think it would be a help to know that someone—a friend—was wishing me luck. Won’t you?

Tanya. (Extending her hand) I wish you good luck in everything, John Paul.

John Paul. (Taking her hand) You mean it, too; I see it in your eyes. I never saw them shine so bright.

Tanya. (Stepping back) Are you really going to do this thing?

John Paul. I am.

Tanya. But have you any money?

John Paul. (Lightly) Not a red.

Tanya. (Eagerly) Oh, let me lend you some.

John Paul. (As he goes up-stage c.) Oh, no!

Tanya. Please! (Crosses to l.) I’ve thirty-five dollars that nobody knows about. (Is about to go off)

John Paul. Not for anything in the world. (Tanya stops) If I succeed I’ll get the money. If I don’t succeed, it won’t matter, nothing will matter.

Tanya. (Coming to l of desk) Oh, but I’d like to help you, John Paul.

John Paul. (Impulsively) You dear, dear girl! Don’t worry about me. (Goes to c. door, turns and doffs his hat with a grand bow) And now, Miss Huber, I bid you a very good evening. You know it would never do to keep all those people waiting. (Replaces his hat, throws open the door and exits to r., closing the door after him. The organ plays. Tanya stands looking after him with a wistful, admiring glance as the curtain falls)
ACT II

Scene: Reception room at the Stanlaws.

Entrance through archway up l. c. Staircase c., going off l. Opening up r. c. leading off r. to ballroom Archway r., leading off down and up r.

Grand Piano and stool c.; settee in front; armchair r.; table down l.; armchair l. of it; single chair r. of it; armchair in opening up r. c.

Discovered: A considerable number of guests, men and women, are disposed in informal groups, mostly above the arches, where they move about and on and off as the fancy dictates.

Mrs. Stanlaw is up r., chatting with the guests. Stanlaw is up-stage l. c. Corinne sits down-stage r. with Westlake, and Carroll standing r. and l. of her.

A servant comes from r. and moves to l. and up-stage, serving drinks. He goes over at back to r. and off r. c. Some of the guests drink, replacing their glasses; others refuse.

Wheating. (Enter l. c. and announces) Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmorris. (Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmorris enter and come down-stage l. c. Wheating exits after they are on. The conversation among the guests dies down)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (To Mrs. Fitzmorris, as she comes down r. c. Stanlaw dropping down l.) Oh, my dear, I was so afraid you weren’t coming!

Stanlaw. Hello, Fitz! Welcome, old man!

Fitzmorris. Thanks. (They shake hands) Glad to be here, Stanlaw. (He and Stanlaw move slightly up-stage)

Mrs. Fitzmorris. Oh, but there’s darling
Corinnee. (Crosses r. to Corinne) Good evening, Corinne dear. How adorable you do look to-night!

(Mrs. Stanlaw moves over l. c. and converses in undertones with Fitzmorris and Stanlaw.)

Westlake. Doesn’t she?
Corinne. I don’t feel at all adorable, Mrs. Fitzmorris. (Rises) Pardon me a moment. (Crosses to r. c.) Mother—(Mrs. Stanlaw turns to her; Servant goes off r.) I think it’s perfectly ridiculous idea to have those horrid men in livery walking about with trays of drinks serving the guests.

Mrs. Stanlaw. You’re right, Corinne, it’s ghastly! The caterer’s to blame; they’re his men.

(Peter enters up l. c. with a tray of drinks.)

Corinne. Well, the caterer should know better. Do speak to Father about it, please.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Yes dear, at once. (Turns l. toward Stanlaw)

Peter. (Has dropped down l. of Mrs. Stanlaw, and as she turns l. he extends the tray towards her) Drink, lady?

(Corinne with an impatient exclamation, turns up r. Westlake joins her. Fitzmorris moves up l.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (To Peter) What are you doing?

Peter. Fetchin’ drinks around.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Who told you to do that?

Peter. Mr. de Corville, the man that hired us.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Doesn’t Mr. de Corville know
enough to fill the punch bowl?

Peter. I don’t know nothin’ about that; I’m only hired by the night.

Stanlaw. Don’t blame the caterer, Bella, it’s really my fault. That was my idea.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Mark, you’re utterly hopeless! (Turns up-stage r.)

Stanlaw. (To Peter) Give us a look, boy. What have you got?

(Fitzmorris drops down l.)

Peter. Cocktails, rickies, Scotch and soda.

Stanlaw. Where’s the champagne?

Peter. Comes next time.

Stanlaw. Why not all the time? Aren’t we able to afford champagne in this house?

Peter. Don’t know nothin’ about that; I’m only hired in by the evenin’.

(Music forte.)

Stanlaw. Well, after this make it nothing but champagne.

Peter. Aye! (Stanlaw and Fitzmorris take cocktails from the tray, drink, and put empty glasses on the piano. Peter exits r. All the guests move over to r.)

Mrs. Fitzmorris. Oh, music! A one-step!

Mrs. Stanlaw. Corinne, dear, do take everybody to the ball-room; they’re beginning.

Corinne. Yes, come along! (She urges the couple off r. and r. c. and finally exits with Westlake)

Mrs. Fitzmorris. Oh, lovely! Come, Dick! (To Mrs. Stanlaw, as Fitzmorris crosses up-stage to l.) But won’t you come, too, dear?

Mrs. Stanlaw. Not yet. Mr. Stanlaw and I
must stay on duty a little longer; there may still be a few stragglers.

MRS. FITZMORRIS. Very well. Come along, Dick, that music goes to my feet. (Exits r. with MRS. FITZMORRIS. MRS. STANLAW is up-stage r. of piano. STANLAW is above piano)

WHEATING. (Enters l. c. and announces) Mr. John Paul Bart!

(Music swells.)

JOHN PAUL. (Enters and comes quietly down l. bowing to STANLAW) Good evening.

STANLAW. Good evening.

JOHN PAUL. (Bowing to MRS. STANLAW) Good evening.

MRS. STANLAW. Good evening.

(STANLAW drops down l.)

JOHN PAUL. (Points off r.) Is that the way to the ballroom?

THE STANLAWS. Yes.

JOHN PAUL. (To MRS. STANLAW) Thank you. (Turns to STANLAW) Thank you. (Smiles and saunters off r. Music forte until he exits)

STANLAW. Who is that young man?

MRS STANLAW. I didn’t catch the name. Don’t you know him?

STANLAW. I never saw him before in my life.

MRS. STANLAW. He’s a stranger to me.

STANLAW. That’s funny. (Moves above the piano and stands looking after BART)

MRS. STANLAW. (Looking off r. after JOHN PAUL) He’s most likely someone Corinne invited.

STANLAW. Yes, probably one of those polo players she got acquainted with last summer.
THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

Wheating. (Enters l. c. and announces) Mr. Rowlands! (Exits after Rowlands is on)

(Mrs. Stanlaw comes down r.)

Rowlands. (Enters l. c. and bows to Mrs. Stanlaw) Good evening, Mrs. Stanlaw.
Mrs. Stanlaw. (Bowing coolly) Good evening. (Sits down-stage r.)
Rowlands. (Moves over to Stanlaw, who is still above the piano) Mr. Stanlaw, how are you? (Drops down l. of Mrs. Stanlaw; Stanlaw going down l.) Mrs. Stanlaw, I want to tell you how much I appreciate being allowed to look in at your reception. I hope I can work up an article that will give you real satisfaction.
Mrs. Stanlaw. I am not a believer in publicity, Mr. Rowlands, but if we must be in the papers, why, I suppose you are the man to do it. Mark, tell Mr. Rowlands who's here?
Stanlaw. Oh, just a few friends.
Rowlands. (r. c.) Including Mr. Nathan, of course.
Mrs. Stanlaw. Oh, I must tell you. Such a disappointment! He just sent word. At the last moment there was a very important Directors' meeting.
Stanlaw. Yes, and I should have been there myself, being a director, only I couldn't leave the party.

(Music stops as Corinne enters.)

Corinne. (Enters r. Westlake follows her, crosses up-stage to l. c.) Well, really, Mother! (As Corinne enters, Stanlaw and Rowlands go up l. c. and converse with Westlake)
Mrs. Stanlaw. What is it, dear?
Corinne. I didn’t know you’d invited Kitty Dupuy.

Mrs. Stanlaw. I had to, dear. Didn’t you ever hear what a friend she used to be of President Nathan? Those things have to be thought of.

Corinne. Yes, and Bessie with her, of course! (Goes up r. crosses and joins group l. c. and shakes hands with Rowlands)

Mrs. Dupuy. (Entering from up r. c. briskly) Has anyone seen dear Bobby Westlake? (Coming down r. c.)

Westlake. (Caught) Oh!

(Corinne tosses her head with a “What did I tell you!” expression.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Rising) Ah, Kitty!

Mrs. Dupuy. (Going to c.) Oh, there you are, you bad, dreadful boy, you!

(Mrs. Stanlaw goes up r. c. and looks off.)

Westlake. (He drops down l. c. as Mrs. Dupuy moves to c.) Why Mrs. Dupuy, dreadful!

Mrs. Dupuy. Whatever did you mean by cutting your first dance with my little Bessie?

Westlake. Oh, did I? I’m sorry.

Mrs. Dupuy. That’s easy to say, but you men don’t realize what such an oversight means to a young girl just from the convent.

Bessie. (Enters r. c. Mrs. Stanlaw greets her with “Ah, Bessie”) Mother! (Starts for Mrs. Dupuy)

Mrs. Dupuy. Bessie love, come to mother. (As Bessie comes down to r. of her) Mr. Westlake feels so mortified over his little blunder and he begs you to have the next dance with him. (Music starts forte) There’s the music. (Propels them up r. Westlake holding back; Mrs. Stanlaw drops
down l.) Now run along! Be off with you! Quick now! (As they reach the arch) Bobby dear, be very gentle with my little wind flower.

WESTLAKE. (Hopelessly) I’ll try. (Exits r. with Bessie. CORINNE waves her hand to him. MRS. STANLAW crosses at back and comes down l. c. ROWLANDS moves up c. for JELLICOT’S entrance. STANLAW drops down l.)

MRS. DUPUY. (Moves down r.) How they love it, these youngsters! Youth is so wonderful! (To MRS. STANLAW as she sits down r.) We mothers know what it is to have an only child.

MRS. STANLAW. (With cutting sarcasm) Yes, dear, but I thought you had a boy, too.

(WHEATING enters up l. c. and stands r. of opening.)

MRS. DUPUY. Yes, there was a boy, but the father got the custody.

WHEATING. (Announces) Mr. Jellicot!

(MRS. STANLAW rises.)

JELLICOT. (Enters l. c. nervous and excited, and comes down l. c.) Good evening, everybody. (Shakes hands with MRS. STANLAW. He wears a suit much too large for him)

ALL. (Amused, as they notice his ill-fitting clothes) Why, Mr. Jellicot!

JELLICOT. Mrs. Stanlaw, can you ever forgive me for coming at such an hour! (Corinne moves down to l. of him) I’m so upset and all. I don’t know what to do! Upon my word I don’t!

MRS. STANLAW. Why, whatever can be the trouble?

JELLICOT. The tailor ran away with my evening clothes. (All laugh. He turns to CORINNE, who
is laughing heartily) I say, don’t look at these! I know they’re a mile out! Borrowed, you know.

MRS. STANLAW. Why, Mr. Jellicot, they look perfectly charming!

JELLICOT. (Innocently) Really!

MRS. DUPUY. Teddy Jellicot, you would be charming in anything!

JELLICOT. (Crossing to Mrs. Dupuy) Hello, Mrs. Kitty Dupuy! (Taking her hand) Oh, I say now! You know——

(MRS. STANLAW sits on settee c. Music stops.)

ROWLANDS. (Drops down to l. of Jellicot) But haven’t you got any trace of the runaway tailor, Mr. Jellicot?

JELLICOT. Gad, no, I wouldn’t stop for that to-night. (Crosses to Mrs. Stanlaw. Rowlands joins Mrs. Dupuy) I was bound to come to your party to-night, Mrs. Stanlaw, if I died in the act. I’m so anxious to meet the great Nathan.

MRS. STANLAW. Oh, I’m so sorry, Mr. Jellicot! At the last minute there was a very important Directors’ meeting.

JELLICOT. Good God! Then Nathan’s not here!!

(Stanlaw sits r. of table l.)

MRS. STANLAW. No. It’s such a disappointment to all of us.

JELLICOT. Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me! Why, I’ve been waiting I don’t know how many months for the chance to meet him.

STANLAW. Nathan’s a very hard man to meet.

JELLICOT. (Crossing to Stanlaw) That’s it! That’s it! You see, the one thing in the world I want is his vote to get me into the Ionian Yacht Club.
Stanlaw. The Ionian Yacht Club? Can't be done, Jellicot. There's a waiting list—as long as that—(Indicating with a motion of his arms) ahead of you.

Jellicot. But Nathan's the one man who can get me in. Once I get at him I fancy I can swing it—(Crosses to l. of Mrs. Stanlaw; Corinne goes l. of him) for you see I flatter myself I figured rather handsomely in a little incident he'll be glad to have recalled to his mind.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Oh, do tell us about it.

Jellicot. Really want to hear it?

All. (Ad lib.) Oh, yes! What is it, Teddy? Tell us about it! etc.

Jellicot. Well, it was on the day of the Preparedness Parade——

(Music starts forte.)

Rowlands. (Down r. c.) Yes? It was on the day of the Preparedness Parade?

Jellicot. Oh, but I forgot! You're a newspaper man.

Rowlands. No matter, you can trust me.

Jellicot. Oh, can I! No, sir, I'll bottle it up. Never trust a newspaper man with a good story. (Looking off r.) But, I say, Corinne, isn't that a dance going on?

(Mrs. Stanlaw rises.)

Corinne. Yes.

Jellicot. Well, have it with me, will you?

Corinne. (Looking doubtfully at his ill-fitting clothes) Well——

Jellicot. Never mind about these clothes.

Corinne. (Laughing) Well, for your sake, yes. (They cross above the piano and off r. c. laughing
and chatting. Music piano. Mrs. Stanlaw follows them up to foot of c. stairs, laughing. Peter enters from down r. and crosses up-stage to c. Rowlands moves up-stage r. Stanlaw goes up l. c.)

Stanlaw. (To Peter) Hi there, boy, what you doing now?

Peter. (As he takes the two empty glasses from the piano) Pickin’ up the empties. (Exits up l. c.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Mortified) Please don’t put that in your article, Mr. Rowlands. He is one of the caterer’s men.

(Stanlaw goes to l. of the piano.)

Rowlands. I understand. And now, Mrs. Stanlaw, am I to be allowed to go over the new house with you?

Mrs Stanlaw. (Going up the stairs) Yes, I think I can be spared now. No one is likely to come after this. (Turns to Mrs. Dupuy. Stanlaw and Rowlands start up-stage after Mrs. Stanlaw) Won’t you come, too, Kitty?

Mrs. Dupuy. (As she rises and moves over to c.) No, thank you, dear. I think I had better stay here and keep a wee bit of a look-out over my little Bessie.

Stanlaw. (As the three exit up the stairs; Mrs. Stanlaw first, Rowlands second and Stanlaw last) Of course, everything is very very sim-ple. but that is our ideal of a home.

(Mrs. Dupuy moves over l. and stands looking off. Music forte. John Paul enters r. Dorothy and another girl hanging on his arms. The three are laughing and talking as they enter, cross down-stage to c. and go on up toward the stairs.)
Girl. *(On the stairs)* We’re going to look over the house. Won’t you come, too, Mr. Bart?

John Paul. I’d be delighted! *(Sees Mrs. Dupuy)* I’ll follow you in a moment, if you’ll excuse me.

Girls. Certainly. *(Both go up the stairs and off. John Paul moves over to r., looks off and then at Mrs Dupuy. Mrs. Dupuy moves over c., looks at John Paul, smiles slightly and starts slowly for the stairs. Music piano)*

John Paul. *(To Mrs. Dupuy, as she starts up the stairs)* Forgive me. *(She turns to him)* I wonder if you could tell me the name of that lovely bit of music they’re playing?

Mrs. Dupuy. *(Coming down)* The name? Oh, I’m so sorry! All I know is that it’s strangely beautiful!

John Paul. Ah, you love music, too!

Mrs. Dupuy. Love it! I adore it! *(Moves down l. c. and in front of settee)*

John Paul. *(Coming down r. c. and to c.)* Let me see—what is it Shakespeare says about music? “The man—

Mrs. Dupuy. *(Interrupting)* Yes, yes, I know! It’s so beautiful! Shakespeare did understand! *(Drops her fan)*

John Paul. *(Restoring the fan to her with a gallant bow)* Permettez, Madame. Voila!

Mrs. Dupuy. *(Highly pleased)* Merci, monsieur! Mais vous etes, charmant! *(Opens the fan and waves it languidly)*

John Paul. *(Stepping back, and with a gesture)* Ah! Just like that! Don’t move! You make the picture perfect! A Watteau!

Mrs. Dupuy. *(Laughs delightedly)* You flatterer! *(Sits on settee c.)*

John Paul. May I sit here?

Mrs. Dupuy. *(With delight)* You’re perfectly
outrageous. (Makes room for him. He sits r. of her) We haven’t been introduced.

JOHN PAUL. Couldn’t we waive the formalities this once? (Crosses his legs and leans back) This is so nice.

MRS. DUPUY. It’s against my principles—(Looking at him; smiles) But no matter—this once. I am Mrs. Dupuy.

JOHN PAUL. (Seriously) My dear lady, as if you needed to tell me! Why, who could you be but—Mrs. Dupuy!

MRS. DUPUY. (Laughs delightedly) You’re really delightful! (Slight pause) But—but you?

JOHN PAUL. (As if surprised, and just a bit shocked) Oh, I see! You don’t recognize me?

MRS. DUPUY. (Embarrassed) I know it’s dreadfully stupid of me!—of course I ought to, but my memory is so treacherous sometimes!

JOHN PAUL. (With a cool smile) I’ll give you three guesses.

MRS. DUPUY. (Earnestly) No, no, you must just be charming and tell me right out.

JOHN PAUL. As you prefer. (Quietly) I am John Paul Bart.

MRS. DUPUY. (Absolutely at a loss, but with a desperate effort to appear properly intelligent) Oh! Not really! Well, this is delightful! Of course I’ve heard of you so often—and wanted to meet you, too—(Wheating enters up l. c.) but somehow or other—

WHEATING. Announces. Music stops) Mr. Abraham Nathan! (JOHN PAUL rises and moves down r. NATHAN enters l. c. and comes down)

MRS. DUPUY. Why, Abraham Nathan, it’s you! (Extends her hand)

NATHAN. (Moves over to her and takes her hand) Kitty Dupuy! This is most unexpected and most delightful! (Kisses her hand)
Mrs. Dupuy. *(Making room for him on the settee)* Do sit down. *(Nathan sits L. of her)* But they said you weren't coming.

Nathan. I expected to be kept until midnight by my directors, but we finally adjourned until the morning.

Mrs. Dupuy. It isn't another strike?

Nathan. Not yet. At least not when I left.

Mrs. Dupuy. You poor dear soul.

Nathan. I appreciate the kind words, Kitty. One gets so little but abuse these days.

John Paul. *(Quietly)* Yet abuse is one expression of envy.

Nathan. *(Surprised at the interruption)* I beg your pardon!

John Paul. And I beg yours, Mr. Nathan. You don't seem to know me.

Nathan. *(Coolly)* Sorry, but I meet so many.

(Turns to Mrs. Dupuy) You see, Kitty, I—

John Paul. *(Interrupting)* Then you'll not be offended if I remind you of a little incident that occurred when you were leaving the Reviewing stand with the Governor on the day of the Preparedness Parade. A crack-brained laborer threw a stone at your head. Do you recall?

Nathan. *(Graciously, as he rises and crosses to John Paul)* To be sure I recall. A gentleman standing near me caught the stone in his silk hat.

John Paul. *(With an air of extreme modesty; Mrs. Dupuy rises)* It was only a slight service, I know, but you were so good as to insist that the gentleman in question should not allow you to forget.

Mrs. Dupuy. *(With enthusiasm)* Oh, and now you meet again! *(Nathan turns and looks at her; then back at Bart)* Oh, how perfectly thrilling!

(Goes up L. c.)

Nathan. Why, this is indeed a fortunate meet-
ing! (Shakes hands with Bart) Young man, I firmly believe you saved my life.

(Mrs. Dupuy goes behind piano to r. c.)

John Paul. (Seeming quite overwhelmed) Oh no, I really can’t let you say that! (Drops down r. a step) I’m quite sure I didn’t save your life.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Comes down between the two men) Did you ever hear of such modesty.

Nathan. I’m sorry I forgot to keep in touch with you. You must forgive me. My life is such a busy one. Did you give me your name?

(The Stanlaws, followed by Wheating enter from stairs.)

John Paul. I did not.

Mrs. Dupuy. Then let me introduce you, Abraham, I want to present to you Mr. John Paul Bart.

Nathan. I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Bart.

Stanlaw. (Coming down stairs, followed by Mrs. Stanlaw) There he is! (Comes down l. Mrs. Stanlaw following; Wheating exits l. c.)

Nathan. Good evening, Stanlaw.

Stanlaw. How are you, Nathan?

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Comes to l. of Nathan and shakes hands) Wheating just brought us word. I feel excessively mortified not to have been here to receive you.

(Corinne, Westlake, Fleming, Crane and Carroll enter r. cross and exit up the stairs. Mrs. Dupuy moves up r. crosses to stairs and talks to Westlake before he exits, then comes down-stage l. John Paul has turned r. as the Stanlaws enter.)
Nathan. Don’t mention it, Mrs. Stanlaw. The fault was mine, wholly. (Crosses to Stanlaw L. Mrs. Stanlaw moving to r. c.) Stanlaw, we missed you at the Directors’ meeting this evening.

Stanlaw. Well, you see how it was, Nathan. I was tied up with this darned old reception.

Nathan. You’re exonerated. But don’t fail us to-morrow; we face a crisis. (Turns to Mrs. Stanlaw; Stanlaw joins Mrs. Dupuy) You will forgive me, Mrs. Stanlaw, if I make my visit a brief one?

Mrs. Stanlaw. Why, of course!

Nathan. There’s Mr. Bart waiting to say good evening to you. (Turns up-stage and joins Stanlaw and Mrs. Dupuy)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (To John Paul a little puzzled) Good evening.

John Paul. Good evening, Mrs. Stanlaw.

Mrs. Stanlaw. The name was—?


Mrs. Stanlaw. Bart? Odd! I don’t seem to remember——

John Paul. (Quickly) I must offer my apologies, Mrs. Stanlaw, for coming without an invitation——

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Interrupting) Say no more about it. You’re a friend of President Nathan?

John Paul. Our friendship is recent, but already it’s quite the biggest thing in my life.

Mrs. Stanlaw. I love to hear you say that.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Going up l. c. to stairs, followed by Nathan and Stanlaw) Mr. Stanlaw is going to show us all over the new house. (To Mrs. Stanlaw) You’ll come too, dear?

Mrs. Stanlaw. Not this time, Kitty.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Laughs meaningly) Oh, I understand! (Bows to John Paul) Mr. Bart.
THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

(Continues up the stairs) Come, Abraham. (Nathan follows her)

Stanlaw. (Following Nathan) Of course, everything is very very simple, but that is our ideal of a home. (The three exit up the stairs, talking)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (As she sits on l. end of settee) Sit down, Mr. Bart.

John Paul. (Sitting r. of her) A very wonderful reception, Mrs. Stanlaw.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Thank you. (Slight pause) Are you associated with Mr. Nathan in a business way?

John Paul. Not yet, but I expect to be.

Mrs. Stanlaw. How interesting.

John Paul. This is confidential.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Oh, of course. (Slight pause) And do you live in our neighborhood, Mr. Bart?

John Paul. Singular thing about that! I quitted my old lodgings this very afternoon. They had become impossible. I shall try club life for a while.

Mrs. Stanlaw. Are you much of a club man?

John Paul. I've little use for clubs. There's only one club where I really drop in often—the Knickerbocker.

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Impressed) The Knickerbocker! Oh! Mr. Stanlaw has many acquaintances at the Knickerbocker. I wonder what friends we have in common.

John Paul. (As though he had known her all his life) Of course there's Kitty Dupuy.

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Laughs) Poor Kitty! (Bart joins in the laugh, pretending to see the joke) And who else?

John Paul. Let me see. (Slight pause) Do you know Mr. Huber?

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Trying to recall the name) Huber? Huber? No.
John Paul. Too bad! (Sarcastically) Nice fellow, Huber!

Mrs. Stanlaw. Tell me about him.

John Paul. Between ourselves, Mrs. Stanlaw, I've never known anyone with Mr. Huber's skill at measuring men.

Mrs. Stanlaw. A rare gift, Mr. Bart. I constantly impress the importance of it on Corinne.

John Paul. Ah! Corinne!

Mrs. Stanlaw. You've met her?

John Paul. Not yet; but I'm most anxious to do so.

Mrs. Stanlaw. And I'm most anxious that you should. There are too many—(Corrine and the four boys start down the stairs, singing) frivolous young men dancing attendance on her merely because she happens to be an heiress. That is one of the problems we mothers have to face. (Corrine and the boys come to the piano. Crane moves the piano bench. Corrine sits at the piano. Mrs. Stanlaw rises and goes r. John Paul moves to l. Corrine is playing the piano, the boys grouped above her. Westlake is l. of the piano. All are talking ad lib. Mrs. Stanlaw r.) Corinne, dear! Corinne!

Corinne. Yes, Mother? (Rises and drops slightly down-stage r.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. I want you to meet Mr. John Paul Bart. Mr. Bart, my daughter Corinne.

John Paul. Miss Stanlaw, this is a moment I have long anticipated.

Corinne. (Coolly) Thank you.

Mrs. Stanlaw. We were just talking about you when you came in. Mr. Bart is one of President Nathan's friends.

Corinne. (Interested) Oh!

(The boys exchange glances.)
JOHN PAUL. You were just going to play something, Miss Stanlaw. May I listen too?

MRS. STANLAW. Yes, do play something for Mr. Bart, dear. (To JOHN PAUL as CORINNE sits at the piano) Corinne studied for two years with Petroskowski.

JOHN PAUL. Delightful! (Doing the best he can) Petroskowski.

WESTLAKE. Now do get it right, Corinne.

CARROLL. Oh, keep quiet, Bobby!

MRS. STANLAW. Oh, and Mr. Bart, let me introduce Mr. Crane, Mr. Carroll, Mr. Fleming and Mr. Westlake.

(The boys bow coolly to JOHN PAUL.)

WESTLAKE. (With a curt nod) How do you do.

JOHN PAUL. (Bowing very amiably to the boys) Charmed! Oh, Mrs. Stanlaw, didn’t you say you were going to ask these gentlemen to assist you in the dining room?

(The four boys glare at him.)

MRS. STANLAW. (Quick to take the hint) Oh! Why, to be sure, Mr. Bart. (Goes up to the boys, laughing) Come boys, I want you to help me with the punch bowl, in the dining room. Now run along! Come, Howard, Dick! (Two boys start up r. c., a third following) And, Bobby, you too. Run along!

WESTLAKE. (As he goes up r. c.) I don’t understand.

CARROLL. (Going in front of him, and laughing) Good little boys don’t ask questions; they do as they’re told. (Exits up r. c. with WESTLAKE)

CORINNE. (Rises and follows MRS. STANLAW,
who has started to go off r.) But, mother—!

MRS. STANLAW. (Standing on step) Corinne!

It's all right!

CORINNE. What in the world are you thinking of!

MRS. STANLAW. (Sweetly, but firmly) Dearie!

(Speaks under her breath, and exits r. CORINNE stands looking after her)

JOHN P Paul. (l. of piano) You really mustn't expect any sympathy from me, Miss Stanlaw, for the fact is I was pining for a chance to have a little visit with you a tete a tete. (CORINNE tosses her head, and opens her fan) Ah! Miss Stanlaw, don't move! With your head at just that angle you are perfect! A Chase!

CORINNE. (Amused; she crosses to the piano) Do you make a specialty of pretty speeches?

JOHN P Paul. (Leaning across the piano) I only wish I did, for then I might find one that would fit you.

CORINNE. Oh, I see. I'm hard to fit. (Sits at the piano)

JOHN P Paul. A beautiful picture should be framed with care.

CORINNE. You don't waste any time, do you?

JOHN P Paul. I've no time to waste.

CORINNE. Meaning?

JOHN P Paul. Meaning that with me it's now—or never.

CORINNE. Oh, indeed!

JOHN P Paul. Opportunity knocks once on every man's door. To-night it knocked on mine.

CORINNE. (Laughing) I don't know just what you're talking about, but I'm listening.

JOHN P Paul. At least I feel flattered by your interest.

CORINNE. Do you? Well, I didn't say I was interested.
JOHN PAUL. Ah, but you will be.
CORINNE. My, how sure of ourselves we are!
JOHN PAUL. Do play something, Miss Stanlaw.
(CORINNE plays) What a beautiful melody!
CORINNE. Do you mean it?
JOHN PAUL. I do, really. By what composer?
Petro-skowski, isn't it?
CORINNE. Oh, you flatter me, Mr. Bart. It's just a little something of my own. (Stops playing and looks up at him) Pretty?
JOHN PAUL. You are, indeed!
CORINNE. (Laughing as she resumes playing) I mean—the melody.
JOHN PAUL. The most beautiful I ever heard.
CORINNE. (Stops playing) You're a musician?
JOHN PAUL. I wish I were; I answer that glorious melody with another.
CORINNE. I see! You're a poet.
JOHN PAUL. What makes you say that?

(MRS. DUPUY and BESSIE are seen coming down the stairs.)

CORINNE. Well, you're some sort of a genius; anyone can see that very plainly.
JOHN PAUL. Not anyone. It takes a genius to understand.
CORINNE. Oh, thank you! (Resumes playing)
MRS. DUPUY. (At foot of stairs) Oh, Mr. Bart! So sorry to interrupt! (JOHN PAUL crosses up-stage and works down r. c.) Corinne, just a moment, if you don't mind, dear. (Comes down l. c. with BESSIE r. of her) Bessie love, I want you to meet Mr. John Paul Bart.
BESSIE. (Coming to c. greatly impressed) Oh!
MRS. DUPUY. Mr. Bart, my little Bessie.

(BESSIE curtsies.)
John Paul. Miss Dupuy, this is a moment I have long anticipated.

(Corinne plays quietly.)

Mrs. Dupuy. I want you and Bessie to be friends.

(Corinne stops playing.)

John Paul. In just that attitude, Miss Bessie—don't move!—you are perfect! A Greuze!

(Corinne resumes playing.)

Mrs. Dupuy. Tell Mr. Bart you have a one-step open on your card if he cares to dance.

Bessie. (Parrot-like) I have a one-step open on my card to dance, Mr. Bart.

John Paul. I should be delighted, but Miss Stanlaw has just promised me the next one-step.

(Corinne stops playing and stares at him.)

Mrs. Dupuy. Oh, I see. (Looks knowingly at Corinne and Bart) Well, then perhaps some other time.

Bessie. Yes, perhaps some other time.

John Paul. Yes, perhaps some other time.

Mrs. Dupuy. Tell Mr. Bart you're pleased to have met him.

Bessie. I'm pleased to have met you.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Prompting her) "Mr. Bart."

Bessie. Mr. Bart.

John Paul. The pleasure is all mine, Miss Dupuy. I consider it a privilege, an honor, to have made the acquaintance of so exquisite, so fascinating a creature as you appear to be.
THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

(Corrine starts playing.)

Bessie. (Curtsies) Thank you.
Mrs. Dupuy. Run along, Bessie love.
Bessie. Yes, Mama. (Exits up r. c.)
Mrs. Dupuy. (To Bart, as she moves up l. c. and above the piano) She is unusual, isn’t she?
John Paul. (As he goes l.) Decidedly.
Mrs. Dupuy. (To Corinne, as she moves to r. of piano) So sorry to have Corinne interrupted!
Corinne. (Sweetly) Oh, don’t mention it!
Mrs. Dupuy. I won’t—not to a soul! (Laughs maliciously) I understand! (Exits r. c. laughing.
Corinne turns and glares after her)
John Paul. (As Mrs. Dupuy exits, he goes above the piano and stands leaning on l. end of it) Nice girl, Kitty.

(Music starts.)

Corinne. (Rises and goes to r. of him) Why did you tell her we were going to have the next one-step together?
John Paul. Well, aren’t we?
Corinne. It’s the first I’ve heard of it.
John Paul. Then coming as a surprise you’ll probably enjoy it all the more.
Corinne. (Laughs) You are extraordinary!
John Paul. I admit it.
Corinne. (Amused; leaning on the piano) Who are you, anyway.
John Paul. I’m John Paul Bart.
Corinne. And who is John Paul Bart?
John Paul. I am.
Corinne. (Amused) I see! You’re a man of mystery.
John Paul. No; I’m a man of Destiny.
Corinne. Oh, a man of Destiny! And do you
aspire to do great things like Napoleon?

John Paul. No; but to do the things Napoleon left undone.

Corinne. I see! (Studies him for a moment)

Do you really want the next one-step with me?

John Paul. I thought it was all arranged.

Corinne. It is—with another partner. I'll run and see if I can beg off. Shall I?

John Paul. Will you?

Corinne. I will. (Laughs and moves r. c. then turns) I'll be right back.

John Paul. I'll be right here. (Corrine exits up-stage r.)

John Paul goes r., smiling complacently; arranging his cuffs and tie. Peter enters from up l. c. carrying a tray of champagne. He hesitates and looks curiously at John Paul's back. John Paul, unconscious of Peter's presence, comes down r. c. Peter comes down in front of settee, staring at John Paul. The latter, not noticing Peter, comes to c. He looks up, sees Peter, gives a start and looks around as though to bolt a slight pause, then he airily takes a glass of champagne from the tray, hesitates, smiles in a sickly, nervous way, then boldly takes a sip, and holds the glass up to the light.)

Peter. What the hell are you doing here!

John Paul. I'm a guest of the Stanlaws. (Takes another sip)

Peter. You can't get away with it as easy as all that, Johnny Paul. I want some explanations.

John Paul. Want some what?

Peter. Where'd you get them clothes? (Looks closely at John Paul's clothes) Why those are Mr. Jellicot's clothes I was workin' on this afternoon! And you mean to tell me—(Bart takes an-
other sip) Oh. Lord, that’s good! (Bart nods, meaning the wine) You mean to tell me you’re a guest here!

John Paul. Ask anyone.

Peter. Know who you are, do they?

John Paul. I have never been ashamed of my name.

Peter. And you told them you was a tailor’s hand?

John Paul. I saw no reason to insist on non-essentials.

Peter. Now, look here, Johnny Paul! I don’t understand nothin’ about this, but one thing I do know well and good: I’ve got you right under my heel like a worm on the sidewalk, and if I want to squash ye, I can! (Grinds his heel)

John Paul. If I were in your place it seems to me I’d look about for some more lasting, more lucrative way of settling our account.

Peter. As what, for instance?

John Paul. You happen to be in possession of a secret. That secret is of no value if you tell it. On the other hand, it might be of considerable value if you refrain from telling it. (Takes a sip of champagne) You know, I’d no idea champagne tasted like that. (Crosses to c. Peter giving way)

Peter. (Sullenly) So you think I’m a man that can be bought off, do you?

John Paul. (As he sits c.) Bigger men than you are bought off every day in the year.

Peter. (r. of settee) If I was goin’ to take money—which I don’t think I am—I wouldn’t take a cent less than—fifty dollars.

John Paul. (Staggeed) Fifty dollars!

Peter. Yes, and not a cent less.

John Paul. (Coolly) It’s yours.

Peter. Are ye tellin’ me you’ve got fifty dollars in your pocket!
THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

John Paul. I'm not telling you anything, but if you'll come around again in a little while I'll have it for you.

Peter. How soon?

John Paul. You must allow me a reasonable length of time.

(Mrs. Stanlaw and Jellicot enter up r.)

Peter. Very well! If ye have the money for me the next time I come around with the drinks, well and good! But if not—!

(Mrs. Stanlaw and Jellicot come down a step. Music stops.)

John Paul. (Quickly as he sees Mrs. Stanlaw and Jellicot) I understand you. (Rises, puts his empty glass on the tray) The champagne is exquisite, Mrs. Stanlaw; the best I ever tasted.

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Is now r. c.) How charming of you! (Jellicot is r. of her)

Peter. (Offering the tray to Mrs. Stanlaw) Drink, lady?

(John Paul moves over to l.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Greatly vexed) Oh, go away! (Peter goes slowly up on steps; Mrs. Stanlaw goes to c.) Oh, Mr. Bart, I want you to meet our friend, Mr. Theodore Jellicot. (John Paul and Jellicot bow)

Peter. (Has been looking back at Jellicot as he goes r.) Oh, Lord! (Exits r. quickly) The three on stage look at him)

Jellicot. (As John Paul looks at him) He's looking at these clothes. They're borrowed, you know.

Mrs. Stanlaw. The strangest thing, Mr. Bart!
The tailor ran away with his evening clothes.  

(Laughs)  

JOHN PAUL.  (Laughing) Well, well, well.  

JELLICOT.  (Over to John Paul) Mrs. Stanlaw tells me you're a great friend of Mr. Nathan's.  

Won't you introduce me to him?  I've something very important I want to say to him.  

JOHN PAUL.  I don't think Mr. Nathan wished any more introductions this evening.  

JELLICOT.  (To Mrs. Stanlaw) What's that?  

MRS. STANLAW.  I suppose Mr. Bart knows.  

Now if you gentlemen will excuse me?  

JELLICOT.  Of course.  

JOHN PAUL.  Certainly.  

(Mrs. Stanlaw exits up r. c.)  

JELLICOT.  I say, Mr. Bart, can't you possibly arrange this introduction?  

JOHN PAUL.  I'd like to, but Abe is really tired out to-night.  (Sits r. of table l.)  

JELLICOT.  (Impressed) Abe!  

JOHN PAUL.  You know we're being threatened with another strike.  

JELLICOT.  Another strike in the Oceanic shipyards?  

JOHN PAUL.  I'm sorry to have to say so.  

JELLICOT.  I say, but look here, Mr. Bart, this meeting I'm after is in a little class all by itself, so to speak, because, you see I flatter myself I figured rather handsomely in a little incident he'll be glad to have recalled to his mind.  

JOHN PAUL.  Yes?  

JELLICOT.  It was on the day of the Preparedness Parade.  

JOHN PAUL.  (Laughs) Oh, surely, Mr. Jellicott, you're not going to get off that old one about catching the stone in the silk hat!
JELICOT. Well, what if I was now!

John. Man alive, that story has been used till it’s used up.

JELICOT. (Bewildered) Used! What do you mean by used?

John Paul. That story was told to Mr. Nathan in my own presence.

JELICOT. It was! By whom!

John Paul. I am not at liberty to tell you that.

JELICOT. But I tell you it was I caught that stone!

John Paul. (Rises) My dear chap, don’t get excited. I’ve no doubt it was you, but just look at it from a common sense angle. How can you expect Mr. Nathan to take your word for it when he has already heard the same story from another man—and a very charming man, too.

JELICOT. But I tell you the man is an imposter!

John Paul. I agree with you! I agree with you! But don’t you see? Isn’t it plain that it would be much wiser to leave the whole matter in my hands?

(Peter enters up r. c. Crosses up-stage and comes down l. c.)

JELICOT. In your hands! Why, will you help me?

John Paul. That’s what I’m proposing to do.

JELICOT. (Shaking hands with Bart) Why, that’s terribly jolly of you, old man! Thanks, a thousand times!

Peter. (Offering the tray; standing between the two men) Drinks, gents?

JELICOT. (Taking a glass from the tray) Thanks. (Moves slightly r.)

Peter. (As he offers the tray to Bart) Well?

John Paul. (Taking a glass from the tray) In ten minutes. (JELICOT turns and looks at him
enquiringly) I'll want another drink in ten minutes.

**Jellicot.** I want one every ten minutes. (Peter goes up L. C. looking back at Jellicot, who appears most uncomfortable. Peter turns at exit L. C. and with a chuckle, goes off. Jellicot arranges his clothes; a slight pause—raises his glass) Well, success.

**John Paul.** Yes; so far.

**Jellicot.** (Drinks and puts the empty glass on the piano) I say, do you really think you can swing it for me?

**John Paul.** (Thoughtfully, as he puts his glass on table L. and crosses to R. his hands behind his back) I'll try and speak about you at supper to-night.

**Jellicot.** (Follows John imitating his walk) You're going to have supper with Nathan!

**John Paul.** (Placing his hands on his hip; Jellicot imitating) I was planning to take him out with me, yes. (Slapping his pockets) Oh, but by Jove! Well, well, well!

**Jellicot.** Why, what's wrong?

**John.** Oh, nothing! I'll take him out some other evening.

**Jellicot.** Oh, I say now, what's wrong?

**John Paul.** Would you believe it! I actually came off to-night without a cent of money in my pockets! (Laughs)

**Jellicot.** You did? Now that's really comical, isn't it? Do you know I did the very same thing myself. (Laughs)

**John Paul.** Oh!

**Jellicot.** I was so upset about that beastly tailor, you know. That's the sort I am. You see, things knock me bing! so to speak, and digging down in my pockets I found there wasn't a red. Say, doesn't it give you a damn silly feeling?

**John Paul.** (Faintly) Yes, it does.
JELLICOT. And the worst of it is; if I was only in my own clothes instead of these borrowed ones, I would be terrifically pleased to oblige you, old chap. You may not believe it, but in that dress suit the tailor ran away with. I had two fifty dollar bills stowed away in this little thingamajig of a fob pocket.

JOHN PAUL. Where?

(Music starts piano.)

JELLICOT. This little thingamajig here.
JOHN PAUL. *(Finds the money in his fob pocket)* You know that's a most remarkable coincidence!
JELLICOT. What's that?
JOHN PAUL. Why, you've just reminded me. I had all I need in my own fob pocket. Two fifty dollar bills. *(Shows the two bills)*
JELLICOT. Really!
JOHN PAUL. If you hadn't mentioned the fact I'd never have thought of looking here.
JELLICOT. Then you keep your money in the same pocket I keep mine. *(Laughs)*
JOHN PAUL. *(Laughing)* Yes, exactly; in the very same pocket! *(Goes L.)*
JELLICOT. *(Follows Bart L.)* By Jove. *(Corinne enters quickly from r.)* That's a coincidence! You know it wouldn't happen twice in a lifetime.

JOHN PAUL. No; but once is a great help. *(Both are laughing heartily)*

CORINNE. *(Coming down r. c.)* Oh, Teddy, Mrs. Fitzmorris was just asking for you.

JELLICOT. Oh, Lord yes, I forgot! She promised to one-step with me. *(Turns to Bart; Corinne goes to piano)* You won't let it slip your mind about taking up that matter with Mr. Nathan, will you, old boy?
John Paul. At the very first opportunity.

Jellicot. The ambition of my life is to become a member of the Ionian Yacht club, and Nathan's the only one who can fix it.

John Paul. Leave it to me and I'll bet you—a suit of clothes—you go through.

Jellicot. A suit of clothes? You're on! (Shakes hands with Bart)

John Paul. Oh, yes, they're on!—I mean, you're on!

Jellicot. (To Corinne as he goes in front of her to r.) Where's Mrs. Fitzmorris? In the ball room?

Corinne. Yes; she's looking for you.

Jellicot. I'll find her. By-bye! (Exits r.)

Corinne. (Turns to Bart) Well, it's fixed. I got rid of him.

John Paul. Who?

Corinne. My partner.

John Paul. Oh yes, of course! I'd forgotten.

Corinne. You had!

John Paul. No, no, I mean I thought you had.

(Nathan, Mrs. Dupuy, Stanlaw and Bessie start down-stairs) Of course! How silly of me! (Offers her his arm; they start r.) Come along.

Mrs. Dupuy. (As the group enters from stairs) Really, Abraham, I think it's quite too horrid of you to go so soon.

(John Paul and Corinne stop. Stanlaw is above piano.)

Stanlaw. (r. of Nathan) That's what I say. Why don't you stay a while and enjoy yourself? You work too darned hard, that's what's the matter with you, Nathan.

(Bessie goes down l.)
Corinne. (Moves slightly toward Nathan) Must you really go, Mr. Nathan?

(Mrs. Dupuy drops down l. c.)

Nathan. I must. I'm sorry. Being a servant of the public is no joke these days; nothing but trouble. (Comes down l. of piano. Bessie sits l. of table l. Mrs. Dupuy is r. of the table)

John Paul. (r.) That is your own fault, sir.

Nathan. (Surprised) What!

Mrs. Dupuy. Why, it's Mr. Bart!

John Paul. (Moving to c.) Fully half the trouble could be obviated were it not for your notorious Nathan policy of treating the public with silence.

Nathan. Indeed!

John Paul. The American public is the most good-natured in the world. It will forgive you for strangling your grandmother, but it will not forgive you for being silent about it. If you want to live—talk.

Nathan. (Moves down to l. of Bart) I did not realize you were a sociologist as well as a life preserver.

John Paul. I am neither. I am a Scientific Specialist in success.

Mrs. Dupuy. Listen, Bessie.

John Paul. And I have discovered that your American Oceanic Shipbuilding corporation embodies every essential of success save one—it ignores the public.

Nathan. Yes, and with reason. The public is not disposed to accept those principles of management for which our company stands.

John Paul. Five years ago it would not have accepted them, but to-day the public is tired of its old idols. It is eager to listen to a new gospel. In
its heart it has never ceased to worship wealth, authority, power. Very well, let us preach the Rights of Property. Let us boldly declare that wealth is the basis and symbol of that power which keeps the wheels of the social organism functionally reciprocal.

(Music stops. Mrs. Stanlaw and Westlake enter from r. Corinne moves down stage r. Westlake above her. Corinne sits. Mrs. Stanlaw sits on piano bench. Two girls and a boy enter and stand on stairs.)

NATHAN. (With a cool surprise) Functionally what?

JOHN PAUL. Reciprocal. Look about you, my friends! The agitators are appealing to the blind and insensate ambition of the masses—(Jellicott enters r. and comes down above Westlake) caring nothing for consequences, ready to inaugurate a reign of terror. And shall we, my friends, we who are the natural protectors and guardians of the social order, shall we submit? Are we to abandon the ship to the pirates of Society? Fellow citizens, you fondly imagine you are living in a Democracy, but I tell you that unless we rally to the defense of our ancient prerogatives, that Democracy will soon be swallowed up by a Proletariarchy!

(Mrs. Fitzmorris enters r. and crosses to above table l.)

MRS. DUPUY. A what!

JOHN PAUL. (Crossing to c. Nathan going r.) A Proletariarchy. (From this time on, the Guests enter from r. at intervals of ten seconds singly and in groups. They enter quickly and show interest in John Paul's words, grouping up r. c. and up
L. c. Except when looking at each other their eyes must never leave John Paul.

Mrs. Dupuy. Oh, how terrible. (Sits r. of table l.)

Nathan. (Amused) Can you keep that up indefinitely?

(Fitzmorris enters up r. c. and cross to l.)

John Paul. Yes.

Mrs. Dupuy. It’s wonderful! Don’t you think so, Abraham?

Nathan. (Amused) I do—wonderful cockadoodlium.

(A group of girls and boys enter r. and stand in arches. Rowlands enters and stands on stairs.)

John Paul. (Blandly) As to that, sir, I quite agree with you.

Nathan. You agree with me! (Laughs) Well, well, well!

John Paul. But the most wonderful thing about it all is, it’ll go! It’ll work! It’ll do it for you! Give them a catchword; you win attention. Attention begets interest; interest begets confidence; confidence means an end to hostility. Once you have won the public you have won your case. It’s the public that breaks you; it’s the public that makes you. (With a dramatic outburst as he turns and faces the people on the stage) Attention there, all you who have homes and who love them! Property is being assaulted before your very eyes! Our sacred rights are in jeopardy! Let us rally to their defense! Who will carry our standard? Where shall we look for a champion? Nathan! Nathan! Hurrah! Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub! (Peter enters l. c. and comes to l. of piano, listening)
What do you say, sir? Is there something in it? Does it bite? Has it got the ring? Will it go? Am I right, sir? Am I right?

NATHAN. (Amused, yet genuinely interested) I half believe you are.

JOHN PAUL. Good! Very good! Then the next thing is: what are we going to do about it? Here am I, full to the eyes with ideas the world is hungry to gulp down. And here you are, sir, confronting a situation wherein these ideas would have an incalculable dynamic value. I need you; you need me. Then there must certainly be some way in which we can make connections.

NATHAN. You'll be telling me next that you have a plan fully formulated.

JOHN PAUL. No, no, one step at a time. My plan goes no further than the next step. We must talk things over. You may not approve of me. I may not approve of you. Will you do me the honor to have supper with me to-night at my hotel?

(Music starts piano. A servant comes from up r. and stands in opening, carrying a tray of drinks.)

NATHAN. To-night?

JOHN PAUL. To-night.

NATHAN. (Crossing to r. of Bart) Why, I will be very glad to, Mr. Bart.

(JELLCICOT drops down r.)

JOHN PAUL. I thank you. Just one thing more. Mr. Nathan. May I present Mr. Theodore Jellicot — (JELLCICOT fidgets nervously with his suit) a gentleman who is very desirous of becoming a member of the Ionian Yacht Club? Will you kindly see to it that he is highly recommended to the Member-
ship Committee? (Nathan turns and looks at Jellicot, who is fidgeting nervously, then turns a surprised look on Bart) As a favor to me.

Nathan. As a favor to you? Well, it's a little unusual, but I'll do it.

(The guests show satisfaction.)

Jellicot. (Grabs Nathan's hand and shakes heartily) Thanks, a thousand times!

Nathan. Thank your sponsor, Mr. Bart.

John Paul. He's already done that.

Jellicot. You win the bet, Mr. Bart; the suit's on me.

John Paul. Oh, no don't say that!

Nathan. (Turns and bows to Mrs. Stanlaw, who rises) This has been a highly successful evening, Mrs. Stanlaw, highly successful.

John Paul. (Bowing to Mrs. Stanlaw) Yes, this has been a highly successful evening; highly successful evening. (Calls to Peter) Boy! (To Nathan, as Peter places tray on the piano and comes down to l. of Bart) I had a talk with this young man this evening. I find he is ambitious. I believe in ambition and I promised to help him. (Hands Peter one of the fifty dollar bills) Here is a trifle of money for you, my boy. Lay it by.

(Music Forte, ring Curtain. Turns and takes Nathan's arm) Mr. Nathan, I am at our service. (The two stroll up-stage r. and across to l. c. opening. All on stage turn and watch them exit. Hold picture until Nathan and John Paul have reached l. c. opening. Stop music as the curtain falls)

ACT III

Scene: The offices of the American Oceanic Shipbuilding Corporation, in the shipping district below Wall Street; a handsome, impres-
sive apartment furnished with dignity.

Across the upper l. corner is a large bay window which affords a view of the roofs of office buildings and of the blue harbor beyond.

Entrances down r., down l. and c. The door l. communicates with Nathan's private offices. John Paul's desk is l. c. Up r., against the wall, is a small desk for Dr. Sonntag. A filing cabinet is l. of c. door. On Bart's desk is a telephone, also a buzzer. Rowlands' hat is on the cabinet.

The time is late afternoon, nine months after the preceding act.

Discovered: John Paul is l. c. in front of his desk, listening with amused attention to Mrs. Dupuy, seated r. c. nursing a Pomeranian, who is just concluding her visit.

Bessie is seated down-stage r. Miss Shayne, the typist, is at filing cabinet c.

Dr. Sonntag is seated at his desk up r.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Her voice is heard as the curtain rises). And now that my errand is done—(Rises; Bessie rises and opens r. door) I really must not keep you another minute, such a frightfully busy man as you are. Good-bye, Mr. Bart. Good-bye, Mr. Rowlands. (Shakes hands with Bart, who has moved to her) Come, Bessie love, we'll go now. Good-bye! ( Starts r. c., stops and returns) Oh, but while I think of it, my dear Mr. Bart; there was just one more thing. If you could give me that little series of intimate afternoon talks! Of course, I'll have only just the right people: the Cortelyears, the Fitzmorrises, the Stanlaws—you know, people one is glad to have at one's home.

John Paul. To be sure!

Mrs. Dupuy. Good-bye. (To Bessie, as they
start r.  **John Paul following them** Now dear, this time we really must—(*Turns to Bart; Bessie closes door and goes to r. of her*)  Oh, and for subjects, that is for you to decide. Anything you fancied. You're always so wonderful and inspiring when you talk. But, of course, being Lent and all, if you could give it just a touch of Uplift?  **John Paul.**  (*Politely impatient*) Uplift—I understand.

**Mrs. Dupuy.**  Still, one doesn't want too much uplift, does one?  (*Bart laughs, amused*) I mean, not so much as to be made uncomfortable.

**John Paul.**  Oh, certainly not!  (*Goes behind the Dupuys and opens the door*)

(*Rowlands clears his throat.*)

**Mrs. Dupuy.**  Bessie love, we mustn’t keep Mr. Rowlands from his interview any longer. He’s simply glaring at us.  (*Crosses in front of c. chair to above the desk and l. of it. Bessie follows and stands above the desk*)  

**Rowlands.**  Oh, Mrs. Dupuy, now really!

**Mrs. Dupuy.**  Yes, you were!  (*As she goes down l.*) Bessie dear, I hope you’ve noticed everything so you can make a nice entry in your diary.  (*At door l.*) This is the door that leads to Abraham Nathan’s private office.  (*Turns to Bart’s desk*) This is the desk where Mr. Bart sits and thinks those wonderful thoughts that have set all New York talking.  (*Sits in Bart’s chair, putting the Pom on the desk*)  This is the very chair he sits in.

(*Bart smiles.*)

**Bessie.**  How wonderful! But, Mama, ask him if it’s true what we hear about him and Corinne Stanlaw.
Mrs. Dupuy. (Rises and goes to r. c. Bessie following) Oh, yes! Is it?
John Paul. I don't know what you've heard, Madam, but I deny it.
Mrs. Dupuy. Quite right. Deny it; that makes it certain. Come, Bessie dear, we must go now. Say good-bye to Mr. Bart.
Bessie. (Goes to r. of Mrs. Dupuy and curtsies) Good-bye.
Mrs. Dupuy. (Prompting her) "Mr. Bart."
Bessie. Mr. Bart.
John Paul. Good-bye, Miss Bessie. (Bessie goes outside r. door)
Mrs. Dupuy. (Going to r. door; Bart moves to l. of her) Good-bye, Mr. Bart. (Turns and comes back to Bart) Now remember, you've promised. (John Paul nods; Greyson enters l. and comes to desk) Faithfully!
John Paul. Faithfully!
Mrs. Dupuy. I shall count on you.
John Paul. Very well.
Mrs. Dupuy. (As she exits r.) Bessie love, wait for mother.

(John Paul heaves a sigh of relief as he closes the door.)

Greyson. (Speaking as Mrs. Dupuy exits) Oh, Mr. Bart!
John Paul. (As he comes above and to l. of desk, looking at some papers) What is it; Greyson?
Greyson. Mr. Nathan wished me to inquire whether you expected to be here for the rest of the afternoon.
John Paul. Yes, and the evening, too.
Greyson. He thinks of bringing in one or two of the directors.
John Paul. I see. (Greyson exits l.) Miss Shayne, will you send for a messenger?

Shayne. He's here. (Comes to above Bart's desk)

John Paul. In just one minute, Mr. Rowlands.

Rowlands. Certainly.

John Paul. (Stands at his desk correcting page proofs and scrawling his O. K. at the top of each) Sorry to make you wait, but these printers' proofs are overdue.

Rowlands. Proofs? Oh, I hadn't heard. You're publishing a book?

John Paul. Oh, no, only a preface that I'm contributing to a remarkable volume by my private secretary. You may know him. (Indicating Sonntag up r.) Dr. Gustavus Sonntag, one of our most brilliant thinkers. Doctor, this is Mr. Rowlands.

Rowlands. (Moves over toward Sonntag) Doctor!

Sonntag. (Grimly) We have met.


Sonntag. It was you who recommended me to put the manuscript of my book in the bureau drawer.

Rowlands. Oh, yes, in the tailor shop that day! But, doctor, you failed to tell me that John Paul Bart of the American Oceanic, was going to launch you with a preface. That preface ought to sell you 25,000 copies right off the press.

Sonntag. (Surly) The book is for thinkers; the preface is for idiots.

Rowlands. I see!

Sonntag. You will like the preface.

Rowlands. Oh! (Laughs. Shayne and Bart register this with a head-shake and a stifled laugh)

John Paul. (Handing proofs to Shayne) Tell him to take these on the run. (Sits at his desk, Shayne exits c., leaving door open. Bart turns
to Rowlands, who comes to r. of desk) Now, Mr. Rowlands, here we are.

Rowlands. Fine! They certainly do keep you at it!

John Paul. It was about those photographs for your Sunday Supplement article. I have them here, and I thought—(Picks up several unmounted photographs)

Rowlands. You mean to say you have those photographs for me already?

Shayne. (Enters c. with several letters) Beg pardon—!

John Paul. Yes, Miss Shayne?

Shayne. (As she crosses to above desk) But if you want to get these letters off on the next collection—

John Paul. I do; it's important. (To Rowlands) Forgive me. Just one moment. (Rowlands moves down-stage l. and up again. Bart signs the letters Shayne blotting them) And I'd like you to make a note of these speaking dates, Miss Shayne. Youngstown the 7th, Buffalo the 12th, the Civic Club banquet, Harrisburg,—well, you know, they're all here. Jot them down.

Shayne. I have.

John Paul. And give a formal memorandum to Dr. Sonntag.

Shayne. I did.

John Paul. Is there anything you haven’t done, Miss Shayne?

Shayne. I haven’t made a copy of your address to the Affiliated Textile Manufacturers.

John Paul. I haven’t written it yet, that’s the reason.

Shayne. I know it.

John Paul. I’ll have to stay in the office and plug it out this evening. Will you please send word
to my man and ask him to bring me in a bite to eat by and by?

**Shayne.** I told him. *(Hands him another letter)* And here's another.

**John Paul.** What's that?

**Shayne.** An invitation from Mr. Jelllcot asking you to a little affair at the Ionian Yacht Club.

**John Paul.** Drop him a line, please, declining with a word of thanks.

**Shayne.** I did. *(Goes up c. to filing cabinet)*

**John Paul.** *(To Rowlands)* Now for these photographs. *(Telephone. To Shayne)* Miss Shayne, haven't you answered that yet? *(He and Rowlands smile)*

**Shayne.** *(Comes down and picks up phone)* Mr. Bart's office. *(To Bart, after listening a moment)* Miss Stanlaw to speak to you, sir.

**John Paul.** Tell Miss Stanlaw I'm very busy at present, but will look for her as was arranged at—

**Shayne.** Five thirty. *(In phone)* Mr. Bart is very busy just at present, but will look for you at five thirty. *(Listens a moment, then with a dry chuckle, hangs up)*

**John Paul.** What did she say?

**Shayne.** Nothing. She hung up.

**John Paul.** Fine! *(Shayne exits c. with the letters. Rowlands comes to r. of desk)* Now I want this stuff railroaded right through the works. There's not an hour to lose. We're facing the biggest crisis we've ever faced, and this must be before the public next Sunday without fail. How about it.

**Rowlands.** I'm your man. I'll make up the story to-night. Have you got a title?

**John Paul.** Yes, "Abraham Nathan, the Colossus with a Heart."

**Rowlands.** That's the goods! Contrast-drawn-heart interest—!

**Sonntag.** *(Taking Rowlands' tone)* Rubbish!
Rowlands. I beg pardon!

John Paul. Dr. Sonntag is talking to himself. (Sonntag grunts) How many words will you have?

Rowlands. About six thousand.

John Paul. (Rowlands over his shoulder) With the pictures that'll make two articles. And look here; what we want to plug and plug hard is this: Power and heart; A Napoleon of Organization; a Colossus among Pygmies; and yet the heart of the man simple and sweet as a schoolboy. Plain habits; loves his dog—(Shows a photograph) There's his favorite dog. Mathilda, with her puppies—hired for the day. I took them down with me last Sunday to his country place. Loves his home—loves his family—(Shows another photograph) There he is with his five little grandchildren.

Rowlands. Simply oozes! That'll go on the cover. But tell me, are there really five grandchildren?

John Paul. Oh, I may have borrowed a couple of extras.

Rowlands. (Laughs) I take off my hat to you!

Sonntag. (Sneeringly) Do! That's right! They're all doing it!

Rowlands. (Taking a step toward Sonntag) You're right, Little Sunshine, you're right!

John Paul. And there's Sally Georgianna Washington Jones—(Rowlands comes back to desk) the old Mammy that toted Mrs. Nathan when she was a baby. See, she's standing on the steps of the rose-covered cottage—rose-covered, don't forget that.

Rowlands. "Rose-covered."

John Paul. Mr. Nathan built for her, ending her days in peace. Happy old face.
Rowlands. Is it a fact that she calls Nathan her little old pet lambkins?

John Paul. Well, if she doesn't she ought to—self-evident necessity. *(Presses Buzzer on desk)* And here's a fac-simile of—*(Is about to show him another photograph, but hands them all to him)* No matter, they're all labeled and you'll know how to use them. *(To Shayne, who enters c. with a large envelope)* Miss Shayne, will you make a note of these photographs Mr. Rowlands is taking?

Shayne. I did; and here's the envelope. *(Takes the photographs from Rowlands and puts them in the envelope)*

Rowlands. You're all right, Miss Efficiency.

Shayne. I know it.

Rowlands. Mr. Bart, I certainly congratulate Nathan on having attached you to his interests. Why, a year ago the American Oceanic was the target for every cheap-jack mudalinger in the country, and now see what your publicity campaign has done. From Bangor to Seattle the American public is coming over to you. *(Takes photographs from Shayne, who moves up to cabinet c.)*

John Paul. The public was ready to come over; it was only waiting for the right word.

Rowlands. The right word, yes, but what was it? You found it. *(Crosses to l. c.)*

Sonntag. *(Rises and comes to c.)* Not at all—I found it.

John Paul. True. Dr. Sonntag is referring to his theories of Property.

Rowlands. Property? I see! Well, you may have found the word, Doctor, but you didn't know how to say it.

Sonntag. In other words, I am not a megaphone nor a semaphore nor a lady's lap dog! *(Indicates Bart with a look)*

Rowlands. Well, who said you were?
Sonntag. Oh, I know! You are like the rest. You think that is the way to win success. But I tell you a success like that has no foundation—it will crumble at a touch. And if you don't believe me, wait till the big strike comes.

John Paul. The big strike is not going to come.

Sonntag. (Goes in front of Rowlands to above Bart's desk. Rowlands gets his hat from the cabinet) Well, it's called for to-morrow.

John Paul. So I understand.

Sonntag. Yes, to-morrow! And the fault is yours!

John Paul. Mine?

Sonntag. Yes! Have you taken one of the steps recommended in my book to suppress the Proletariarchy? No! And now comes the result! Every shipyard of the American Oceanic will be empty and idle to-morrow. You wait and see! (Comes down-stage l. of desk)

John Paul. (As he rises, goes below desk and to r. c.) Well, while we're waiting, Mr. Rowlands, if you'll come with me I'd like to show you the model of our new shipyard at Sandy Point below Wilmington. (Rowlands goes r. above c. chair; Shayne moves to l. of desk and arranges papers) It's out here in the engineering department, and I believe there's a very good story in it for you. (Takes Rowlands with him as he crosses; Sonntag moves r.) Some innovations that are really epoch-making. Do you know there's an electric hoist that can actually lift—(Rowland goes in front of Bart and off r. Bart follows him off, closing the door, just as Sonntag reaches it).

Sonntag. (With a growl) Conceited young upstart!

Shayne. Who's conceited, I'd like to know! You shouldn't talk like that, Dr. Sonntag. Haven't you got a nice easy berth here? Don't you get twice
the salary you’d earn any other place? Where’s your kick?

**SONNTAG.** (As he goes up-stage r. to his desk) Oh, I see! You’re in love with him, too.

**SHAYNE.** I’m no such thing!

**SONNTAG.** It was just the same way with the young lady I’m going to marry. She was always teasing me for news of John Paul Bart, but I put a stop to that! It disgusts me how you women have no perspicacity. (Sits at his desk)

**SHAYNE.** Oh, is that so! (Up to c. door) Well, we can tell a man when we see one, anyhow! (Exits c. Voices are heard off l.)

**NATHAN.** (Enters l. and comes in front of c. chair, STANLAW follows him on, goes up l. and to c. WHITCOMB follows STANLAW and stays down l.) Good afternoon. Is Mr. Bart here?

**SONNTAG.** (Comes down to r. of NATHAN) No, President Nathan. I’m sorry, sir, but Mr. Bart has just stepped out with that newspaper man. Is there anything I can do for you, sir?

**NATHAN.** Yes; find him immediately and tell him I want to see him here.

**SONNTAG.** (Servile) Yes, sir. (Exits r.) (STANLAW goes down r.)

**WHITCOMB.** (Coming to c.) Do you actually intend to let him handle that workmen’s delegation this afternoon?

**NATHAN.** (Sits c.) I certainly do intend to let him handle that workmen’s delegation this afternoon.

**STANLAW.** Well, I must say it seems a little irregular. (Sits down r.)

**WHITCOMB.** (Testily) Irregular! Confound it, it’s preposterous!

**NATHAN.** Oh, very well, Whitcomb, will you handle it?
Whitcomb. I!
Nathan. Yes.
Whitcomb. (Indignantly, as he goes up r. of desk and to l. of it) What! Get into a free-for-all fight with a bunch of insolent pig-headed delegates! Well, I should say not! (Comes down l.)
Nathan. Gentlemen, you don't seem to appreciate the fact that we are threatened with a big strike.
Stanlaw. I appreciate it.
Nathan. Well, some one must handle it.
Whitcomb. Oh, my advice is: post your terms and let them take them or leave them! (Comes to r. of desk)
Nathan. I see. And suppose they won't take them?
Whitcomb. Then to the devil with them! What do you say, Stanlaw?
Stanlaw. You're wrong, Whitcomb, you're wrong! That kind of thing don't go any longer, does it, Nathan? Times have changed. You can't get away with it.
Whitcomb. Why not? Don't we pay them good wages? Mighty good wages! (Sits in chair r. of desk, moving it down a bit)
Stanlaw. But that ain't what they're after. There's something else in the air—something new. They've got—what's the word?
Nathan. Ideas.
Stanlaw. Exactly.
Whitcomb. Oh, poppycock!
Stanlaw. And the thing's got to be handled accordingly
Whitcomb. Then if you know so darn much about handling a strike situation, why don't you handle it yourself?
Stanlaw. Oh, no, that's just it! None of us old line fellows can handle it. Our ideas are set.
I tell you, the man who can handle this thing is the man with the—(To Nathan) What do I mean?

Nathan. The man with the 20th century imagination.

Stanlaw. That's it! Got to be able to see things.

Whitcomb. Yes, things that ain't there.

Stanlaw. No, things that are there. I talked the matter over with my wife and that's the way she feels about it.

Whitcomb. Your wife! What does your wife or any other female know about business affairs?

Stanlaw. My wife's a smart woman.

Whitcomb. There's no such thing as a smart woman. I never met one in my life.

Nathan. I'll have to give you an argument there, Whitcomb. It's the women of this country that will eventually be called on to settle the problems that we men have utterly failed to solve. Woman is the real power behind capital and the real power behind labor. Now this boy's plan is just the kind of proposition that the laboring man is going to take home and discuss with his wife. One thing is certain; the fight between capital and labor has got to stop. It means the salvation of American business, of the country itself; perhaps of the entire civilized world. It is the woman and the woman alone, who is going to settle these questions, you mark my words. (Rises)

John Paul. (Enters r.) Mr. Nathan, Dr. Sonntag said you wanted to see me.

Nathan. Yes. I do, Bart. (Shakes hands with him, then motions toward Stanlaw) You know Mr. Stanlaw. (Stands back of c. chair)

John Paul. (Turns and shakes hands with Stanlaw, who rises) How do you do, Mr. Stanlaw. How is that wonderful daughter of yours?

Stanlaw. Fine! Fine as silk! (Takes a step up)
Nathan. (To John Paul) I want you to meet our senior director, Mr. Ludington Whitcomb. (Indicates Whitcomb)

John Paul. (Crossing and extending his hand) Mr. Whitcomb.

Whitcomb. How do you do. (They shake hands)

John Paul. This is a moment I have long anticipated.

Whitcomb. (After looking him over) Young man, how old are you?

John Paul. Thirty-three years, four months and two days.

Whitcomb. (With a dry chuckle) Well, you do keep track of figures, don’t you? (Starts L.) Are you coming, Stanlaw?

Stanlaw. Yes, I’m right with you, Whitcomb. (Whitcomb opens the door. Stanlaw starts L. speaking to Bart as he passes him) Come up and see Corinne, young man. (Exits L. followed by Whitcomb, who closes the door)

Sonntag. (Enters r.) The committee from the Workingmen’s Council is waiting down-stairs in the main office.

Nathan. Show them in here.

Sonntag. Here!

Nathan. To Mr. Bart’s office. (At Sonntag’s look of surprise) If you please!

Sonntag. Yes, sir. (Exits r.)

Nathan. Yes, Bart, I’m going to leave them to you. You’re to have a free hand. We have decided to give that scheme of yours a try.

John Paul. (Gratified, but overwhelmed) Jerusalem!

Nathan. Yes, young man, but you’re to save the day. We expect success.

John Paul. (Faintly) Yes, sir.
Nathan. The American Oceanic company can stand for anything but failure.

John Paul. Yes, sir.

Nathan. (Placing his hand affectionately on Bart's shoulder as he passes him on the way to l. door) Better have a record kept of the proceedings, Bart.

John Paul. Yes, sir.

(Nathan exits l.)

Sonntag. (Enters r.) They're on their way up.

John Paul. (Pulls himself together and goes to his desk) Good! (Pushes buzzer on desk)

Sonntag. (With mock humility) May I have the great privilege of listening to your address?

John Paul. Why, certainly. (Sonntag exits r. Shayne enters c. with notebook) Miss Shayne, I want a record kept of the proceedings. Will you be ready?

Shayne. I am. (Comes down to l. of desk)

John Paul. And will you bring me those little memorandas I dictated to you this morning?

Shayne. (Handing him slips) Here they are. (Sits l. of desk and opens her notebook)

John Paul. We're going to make a little history here to-day, Miss Shayne.

Shayne. I hope so.

John Paul. I know so. (Sonntag ushers in Russell, Cain and Flynn) Come in, gentlemen, come in. (Russell comes slightly above desk, Cain c. and Flynn r.) I am very glad to see you. I am Mr. Bart.

Russell. I am Mr. Russell.

John Paul. (Bowing) Mr. Russell.

Russell. (Introducing the men) Mr. Cain.

John Paul. Mr. Cain. (Cain bows)
Russell. Mr. Flynn.
John Paul. Mr. Flynn. (Flynn bows)
Russell. But we expected to see Mr. Nathan.
John Paul. I realize that you are disappointed not to see President Nathan in person, but in his inability to be present at these proceedings, he has empowered me to act with plenipotentiary authority.
The Men. Oh!
John Paul. Dr. Sonntag, will you offer these gentlemen some chairs? (Sonntag shoves a chair r. c. to Flynn, then goes up r. and sits at his desk) Won't you be seated? (To Russell as Flynn sits r. of Cain c.) You have come to present your ultimatum?
Russell. Yes.
John Paul. You have it with you in documentary form?
Russell. Yes.
John Paul. May I see it, please?
Russell. (He hesitates, looks at the other men, then slowly takes a document from his pocket and hands it to Bart) There. (Draws chair forward and sits r. of desk)
John Paul. (Glancing through the paper) I see! And this embodies the same points outlined in the memorandum submitted last week?
Russell. Yes; and we have agreed that there are to be no changes.
John Paul. And the strike is definitely called for to-morrow?
Russell. Yes, sir. Unless our demands are accepted in full, the strike is definitely called for to-morrow.
John Paul. (Reading ultimatum) Calling out over 14,600 employees in the twelve shipyards of the American Oceanic Shipbuilding Corporation?
Russell. Every man.
John Paul. And stopping work on contracts—
(Puts the ultimatum on desk and picks up another paper and reads)—for steel ships now under construction for various lines representing a carrying capacity of 999,000 tons, and an investment of over one hundred and eighty-six million dollars. (Quietly) You bring all this to a stop to-morrow? (Puts the paper down)

RUSSELL. Yes, sir; to a stop to-morrow.

JOHN PAUL. I see. (Picks up the ultimatum) And this is your ultimatum.

RUSSELL. Yes, sir.

JOHN PAUL. Well, gentlemen, it can't be done! (Quietly tears the document to pieces. There is an instant of silence, then the three men jump to their feet and rush to Bart's desk)

(Together.)

RUSSELL. What are you doing!

CAIN. He's tearing it up.

FLYNN. You've got an awful nerve!

RUSSELL. Now, look here, young fellow, don't you try to get funny with us! We mean what we say—every damn word!

JOHN PAUL. (Quietly, but with decision, as he rises and faces them) And we mean what we say—Every damn word! I tell you it can't be done.

FLYNN. Well, we might just as well go back to Headquarters. (Crosses to r. door and opens it)

CAIN. (Goes to r. c.) We didn't come here to be insulted!

RUSSELL. (Starts to c.) Well, I should say not!

JOHN PAUL. Wait! (The men stop. FLYNN closes the door) Do you actually suppose you have the privilege or the right or the power to keep the world waiting for those ships at this crisis of history? An hour when every worm-eaten tub that can put to sea is bursting her hatches with her cargo—(RUSSELL and CAIN come back to former positions)—of food and clothing and structural
steel and machinery and implements and building materials—necessities of life, every one of them—and the whole public of the whole world crying out with its need of them!

Cain. (c.) Ah, the public be damned!

John Paul. (Quickly) Fine! Thank you for those words: The public be damned! There's the thing in a nutshell. I wonder if you remember who it was first uttered that significant little phrase? Was he a laboring man? No, my friends, he was a railroad president. You've reversed the roles, that's all. It's you that damn the public now. (Sits at his desk. Cain comes in front of c. chair)

Russell. (Moves to r. of desk) That isn't the way he meant it. He spoke too quick. But the thing is this: we know what we want and we're going to get it!

John Paul. And we know what we want—and we're going to get it.

Russell. Oh, you are, are you!

Cain. (Over to desk) That sounds pretty good!

Flynn. (Goes r. and is about to open door again) Oh, come on!

Russell. Wait a minute, Flynn.

(Flynn stops.)

John Paul. Yes, gentlemen, we're both going to get what we want because we both want the same thing.

Russell. What's that?

John Paul. The same thing. We've never discovered it before because each of us has gone on thinking only about himself and hating the other man, and this hate has kept on growing and blinding us more and more until now we can hardly see the simplest fact of all, which is that we belong together: that you can't do without us and we can't
do without you: that fundamentally our interests must be the same; identically the same. We both want one thing—success. (Rises) And look here, boys, if we're going to spend all our time getting in each other's way—(Turns to Shayne) Pardon me, Miss Shayne—(To the men) How the hell can we expect success! (The men laugh and come together c.) Now, tell me; are you ready to talk business with me on that basis? If you are, please sit down. (Russell nods to the men, the three sit) That's fine! (Sits at his desk) And first I want to say right out that we've been more to blame than you have. We've been dealing all these years with industrial units, with two-legged kilowatts, not with men. And we've missed all the best you have to give us through ignoring the fact that you're human; that you have ambitions and ideals of your own; that you care, and that if only we could get you to care for us, believe in us, be loyal to us—(Rises and comes to front of desk) You may not believe it, my dear Mr. Russell, but I know what it is to feel that your boss is down on you. I had a friend once, a wide-awake, manly, ambitious young chap—I knew him well—who worked in a tailor shop.

Sonnntag. (Sarcastically, as he leans back and looks at Bart) Well, well!

John Paul. (As the men turn and look at Sonntag) My secretary knew him, too, and he could tell you how they all hated him there. It was the same thing all day long: picked on for this, docked for that, never a word of praise or encouragement. And the result? A day came when that boy couldn't stand it any longer. He walked out. That little shop lost a man who might have built it up into a rival of Brooks' Brothers. There was stuff in that boy! There's stuff in every man if you can only bring it out. You want his loyalty? Then be loyal
to him. We want to be loyal to you. Let's get together, men. It can be done. (Crosses to c.) Look at what Charlie Schwab, the biggest industrial leader of the world, has achieved at Bethlehem. (Goes to r. of Flynn) Why, Mr. Flynn, why is Bethlehem steel the most productive and prosperous concern in the world? Because of its get-together. From president down to coal-heaver every man in Bethlehem roots for Bethlehem. Can't we do the same thing with our proposition? Isn't it worth a try?

Cain. That's very fine talk, young man, but just what are you driving at?

John Paul. At this, Mr. Cain: we are partners. (Goes to r. of Cain) For everything you give us we give you in proportion. We're ready, Mr. Cain, to institute a schedule of bonuses covering the entire industrial lay-out of American Oceanic. Not a man will be neglected, not even the man with the wheelbarrow. For every load he trundles over and above the computed hourly average he gets a specific bonus. (The men look at each other) And this same idea applies all the way up through the whole organization—stoker, presser, engineer, riveter—

Russell. (Interrupting with skeptical curiosity) Pardon me, Mr. Bart, but how can you apply that to a skilled mechanic? That was my job when I worked in the shops.

John Paul. Mechanic? (Goes up a step) Good! You're given a piece of work which averages, say, 20 hours, at a regular wage of forty cents per hour. Well, if you finish that job in the average time you get a bonus of twenty per cent. And again; if you finish that job in half the time—you could, couldn't you, Mr. Russell, many a time?

Russell. (Blankly) What?

John Paul. I say, you could often finish that
job in half the average time, couldn't you?

RUSSELL. (Reluctantly) Well, yes, if I had an inducement.

JOHN PAUL. (Going to r. of RUSSELL) Oh! Well, now here's the inducement. You still get the same bonus, and there you are with ten hours to the good, ready to tackle the second job on the same schedule. How does that strike you?

RUSSELL. (Thoughtfully) Interesting.

FLYNN. Let me understand this, Mr. Bart. You mean—?

JOHN PAUL. (Crossing to l. of FLYNN) I mean, Mr. Flynn, that every unusual effort you make is capitalized into profit for you. You give more—you get more! Do you know that, my friends? You get more than you ask for. Fully a quarter more than you demanded in those clumsy, shortsighted, unscientific stipulations. (Indicates ultimatum on desk)

RUSSELL. In other words—

JOHN PAUL. (Going to Russell) In other words, my dear Russell, we're partners! Capital and labor-partners! Ah, what a wonderful word; partners! Doesn't it make you feel things in a new way? It does me. (Turns to CAIN) What do you say? Shall we get together and give it a try?

FLYNN. (Thoughtfully) Say, do you know this damn thing sounds kind o' good to me.

JOHN PAUL. (Going to FLYNN) My dear Mr. Flynn, it is good! Talk it over with your wife, she'll tell you it is. And now tell me this: what's the biggest thing about the whole proposition? The fact that it comes now—now—just as America is jumping into the big place that's waiting for her in the world. I'm not a prophet, but I can read one thing out of the book of the future; a day is coming when this country—this land we love—will be drawn into the universal vortex of war! It's bound to come!
It can't be escaped! The thing will get us! And then a new cry will go up: Ships! Ships! Ships! Ships to feed the hungry! Ships to hound the pirates! Oh, wouldn't it be glorious if we men here—you and I—all of us together—could be the first over the top in offering to our country the supreme utmost of our capacity! That's the proposition. Are you ready? Shall we do it? Shall we do it?

RUSSELL. One moment, young man! If you're talking of the Government, we're with the Government tooth and nail.

JOHN PAUL. Fine! Do you realize, Mr. Flynn—

RUSSELL. (Interrupting with earnestness) Wait a minute, young man! Have you got all this written down somewhere so I can read it off to the men tonight?

JOHN PAUL. You bet I have, and a whole lot more. (Crosses in front of RUSSELL to desk) Miss Shayne? (She opens a drawer and hands him a paper) There you are! (Hands the paper to RUSSELL) The whole schedule of bonuses is outlined here. Take the matter up with your Council to-night, will you?

RUSSELL. Yes, sir, I will.

FLYNN. Yes, we'll be very glad to.

JOHN PAUL. And now how about the strike?

(RUSSELL looks at CAIN.)

CAIN. Well, we'll have to talk that over in Committee.

RUSSELL. (Rises) It may be hard to stop it now, but we'll see what we can do. We'll do our best. At least we can get a delay.

FLYNN. (Rises and goes to r. c.) Look here, Mr. Bart. I think it would be a good idea for you
to come over and speak to the Council yourself. Would you do that if we give ye an invite?

(Russell rises and comes down l. c.)

**JOHN PAUL.** (Over to Flynn) You bet I will! 
**CAIN.** (Rises) We'll send you word to-morrow. 
**JOHN PAUL.** What time? 
**RusSEL.** (To the men) Ten o'clock? 
**FLYNN and CAIN.** Yes, that's all right. 
**RusSEL.** Well, we've got to get busy. (The men prepare to go) 
**JOHN PAUL.** One last thing. Will you give me your word there'll be no strike until the men have had time to look into this proposition? 
**RusSEL.** I give you my word. 
**JOHN PAUL.** Will you shake hands on it? 
**RusSEL.** By all means. (They shake hands) 
**CAIN.** (Comes to r. of Bart) I should say so! (Shakes hands with Bart and steps up-stage) 
**FLYNN.** Want this one, too? (Crosses and shakes hands with Bart) 
**RusSEL.** (Crossing in front and going r. of arm-chair) Well, boys, if we're going to get action on this we must be moving along. 

(Flynn and Cain are crossing to r.)

**JOHN PAUL.** (As he follows Russell r. going above armchair) My dear Mr. Russell, I am very glad to have heard your ideas on the subject. (Opens the door. The men are talking as he ushers them out) Remember boys, we're partners. The more you earn, the more you get! (Closes the door leans against it and heaves a sigh of relief) 
**ShAYNE.** (Jumps to her feet as the men go) Splendid! 
**JOHN PAUL.** (Starts l. c.) Well, now I must
go and tell Mr. Nathan how they——

SONNTAG. *(Springs to his feet and comes down r. c.)* One moment! *(With mock humility)* Perhaps you will first consent to have a few little words with so humble a personage as myself.

John Paul. Why, of course, Doctor. Miss Shayne, I shall want a typewritten record of the proceedings.

Shayne. *(As she goes up l. to c. door)* I know it.

John Paul. Oh, and will you telephone down to the main office and see if my valet is there?

Shayne. Certainly. *(Exits c.)*

John Paul. *(Leaning on r. edge of his desk)* Now, Doctor.

Sonntag. *(r. c.)* I would like to know what you mean by getting chummy with those laboring men and patting them on the back. Is that according to the principles you learned out of my book! My book taught you to be the champion of Property.

John Paul. *(Quietly)* I am a champion of Property. Those men realized it. What are high wages but property? What is prosperity but property? What is self-betterment but property?

Sonntag. Not *my* ideas of property.

John Paul. Sorry, but I can't help that.

Sonntag. You think now you can go along your own way and leave *me* out of account.

John Paul. Am I leaving you out of account when I publish your book for you at my own expense? No, I am determined to win for you the thing you have wanted so many years—public recognition. *(A knock comes on r. door)* See who that is.

Sonntag. *(Glare at Bart, crosses and opens the door)* Your valet.

John Paul. All right.
Sonntag. (Angrily) Come in. (Goes up r. and sits at his desk)

Pomeroy. (Enters) Miss Shayne just sent word you wanted me, sir.

John Paul. Yes, Pomeroy; I wish you'd touch things up a bit. I'm expecting some callers.

Pomeroy. Very good, sir. (Straightens chairs down r.)

Greyson. (Enters l. and comes to Bart's desk) Mr. Bart!

John Paul. What is it, Greyson?

Greyson. Mr. Nathan would like to see you in his private office.

John Paul. Very well. (Exits l. followed by Greyson. Pomeroy turns on switch l. of c. door. Telephone on desk rings)

Sonntag. Answer the phone, Pomeroy.

Pomeroy. (In phone) Hello!—Hello!—No—no, Mr. Bart has just stepped out for a few minutes—This is Pomeroy—Oh, Miss Huber—No, ma'am, he'll be—

Sonntag. (Rises quickly, crosses and snatches the phone from Pomeroy) Hello, Tanya!—Tanya—Tanya, is that you! (Yanks the holder up and down.) Hello, Tanya!—Hello!—Hello! (To Pomeroy, as he places phone back on desk) Why did Tanya Huber call up Bart?

Pomeroy. (Has gone down l. of desk as Sonntag grabs the phone) You never gave me a chance to find out.

Sonntag. (Going to r. of desk) I say, what did she want! Tell me, you damned cockney! (Bangs on the desk)

Pomeroy. (Jumps) Didn't I tell you I didn't know anything about it! (Bangs the desk) How should I!

Sonntag. (Starts r. c.) I'll find out!

Pomeroy. (Coming down to front of desk)
What are you going to do, Doctor?

Sonntag. I'm going to find out!

Pomeroy. Listen here, Doctor! (Sonntag stops) This is no affair of mine, but if it would in any way relieve your mind to know it, John Paul Bart is aiming a good bit higher than a tailor's daughter.

Sonntag. (Excitedly) Yes, for his wife he is aiming at millions, but for his pleasure, what is to prevent him from aiming at a tailor's daughter!

(Mrs. Stanlaw knocks on door r.) Come in.

(Mrs. Stanlaw and Corinne enter. Sonntag with a growl, goes above them and exits r. slamming the door)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (c. to Pomeroy, after watching Sonntag exit) What's the matter with that man?

(Corinne is r.)

Pomeroy. He's just a bit excited, Ma'am. Mr. Bart will be here directly. President Nathan wished to see him in his private office.

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Crossing to r. of c. armchair) I see. But weren't you formerly Mr. Jellicot's man?

Pomeroy. Yes, ma'am, but we had a little tiff over a dress suit, and Mr. Bart sent for me. (Starts up c. Corinne moves up l. and looks out of window) I will have Mr. Bart notified of your coming. (Exits c.)

(Corinne crosses to r. c. looking about the office.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. Very well. (After Pomeroy exits she moves in front of c. chair) You know, dear, this is not a very dignified thing you're doing. Corinne. What do you mean?

Mrs. Stanlaw. I mean coming here to Mr.
Bart’s office without a definite appointment. 

(Sits c.)

CORINNE. When I phoned him they told me he’d see me at 5:30.

MRS. STANLAW. But you shouldn’t have phoned. You should let him do that.

CORINNE. (Crossing up-stage to r. of Bart’s desk) He’d never think of it. He’s a business man.

MRS. STANLAW. And this is his place of business where only matters of business should be transacted.

CORINNE. That’s why I’m here: to transact the most important business of my life.

MRS. STANLAW. What are you going to do?

CORINNE. Invite him to spend the week-end with us at Lenox.

MRS. STANLAW. Corinne! Why, I do believe you’re actually forcing yourself on the man!

CORINNE. Mother! (Rising)

MRS. STANLAW. Well, it looks very much like it. When I was your age I never thought of doing such things.

CORINNE. (Crossing to r. of her mother) But, dear, you never was my age—always a generation younger.

MRS. STANLAW. Well, in this age or any other, the ordinary man never admired a forward girl.

CORINNE. But Mr. Bart is not an ordinary man. He’s a genius. It takes a genius to understand. (Looks at audience; imitates John Paul’s manner of Act II.)

MRS. STANLAW. Corinne, what are you thinking of!

CORINNE. (Soulfully) Of John Paul Bart! Of the things Napoleon left undone! (Crosses to r.)

MRS. STANLAW. (Rises and goes to r. c.) Corinne, you’re making a fool of yourself, and I’m not
going to allow it. We'll not stop here another moment. Come along.

**Corinne.** (Sits r.) No, not until I have invited him to Lenox for the week-end.

**Mrs. Stanlaw.** You'll do nothing of the kind. I'm the one to extend the invitation, not you.

**Corinne.** (Rises; overjoyed) Mother, will you do that? Will you do that for me?

**John Paul.** (Enters l., crosses to Mrs. Stanlaw who comes to c., and shakes hands) So sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. Stanlaw. Won't you sit down?

**Mrs. Stanlaw.** No, thank you. We just dropped in for a moment. We were quite lost in admiration of your beautiful office. (Goes above c. chair and sits r. of desk)

**John Paul.** (Crossing to Corinne) Oh, Miss Stanlaw! So glad to see you again!

**Corinne.** Are you, really?

**John Paul.** Why, of course!

**Corinne.** (Extends her hands, with a twinkle in her eye) Thanks! Thanks!

**Mrs. Stanlaw.** Our purpose in running in, Mr. Bart, was to ask if you would care to spend the week-end with us at Lenox. We're going to open our house.

**John Paul.** Lenox?

**Corinne.** Yes. Have you never been there?

**John Paul.** Never.

**Corinne.** Than you must come. It's glorious! It's Paradise! Those hills! Those wonderful hills! I've tramped them for miles and miles—all alone.

**Mrs. Stanlaw.** (Uneasily) Corinne is a very strange girl. She likes to be alone.

**John Paul.** So do I. I love to be alone.

(Laughs nervously)

**Corinne.** Not all alone.

**John Paul.** (Embarrassed) Well, no, I always
like to know that the hills are there with me, of course.

CORINNE. Oh, it will be such fun! You’ll just love Lenox! Won’t he, Mother?

MRS. STANLAW. (Rises) I hope so dear. (Crosses to Bart) May we expect you?

CORINNE. (Soulfully) Yes, may we?

JOHN PAUL. I expect so—that is, I should say, yes! Yes, of course! I’m crazy to see those hills you speak of! (This last to Corinne)

MRS. STANLAW. Very well. I’ll call you up to-morrow, Mr. Bart. (Starts r.)

JOHN PAUL. (Taking a step to c.) Very well, Mrs. Stanlaw.

MRS. STANLAW. (As she crosses and opens r. door) Come, Corinne.

CORINNE. (To Bart) You won’t forget; weekend—Lenox—the hills?

JOHN PAUL. I understand.

MRS. STANLAW. (Impatient) Come, Corinne.

CORINNE. Yes, mother. (Crosses to door, then turn to Bart) Good-bye!

JOHN PAUL. Good-bye.

(CORINNE exits r.)

MRS. STANLAW. Good-bye, Mr. Bart.

JOHN PAUL. Good-bye, Mrs. Stanlaw. (MRS. STANLAW exits r. JOHN PAUL stands for a moment thinking, then goes up c. switches off the lights, crosses to his desk and lights a cigarette. Pause)

POMEROY. (Enters c.) I’ve ordered some supper for you, sir.

JOHN PAUL. Thanks, Pomeroy. I’ll be in directly. (Comes down to l. c. thinking)

POMEROY. (Coming to l. of BART) A little bit in the doldrums to-night, sir.

JOHN PAUL. (Sits c.) I always supposed that
if a moment like this should ever come in my life
I'd be the happiest man in the world.

Pomeroy. And you may say you've reason for it, sir, hob-nobbing with a man like Nathan; welcomed everwhere by the blue-bloods; visited in your office by a famous heiress—and her mother. My word, it's quite like a fairy story, sir.

John Paul. Queer proposition, life!

Pomeroy. Queer's the word, sir.

John Paul. You set your heart on something; you resolve to possess it, to make it yours at any cost—nothing shall stand in your way. You struggle and sweat and strain every fibre of your body and finally, when you have it there in our hand, the thing you've set your heart on, sold your soul for, what is it after all? You thought that was happiness. It's not. Smoke, that's all—and ashes. There's something missing. Some one thing I want.

Pomeroy. How about a nice little cocktail, sir?

John Paul. No, that's not what I'm missing. (A short pause, then Tanya knocks loudly and hurriedly on r. door) See who that is, will you?

Pomeroy. Yes, sir. (Crosses and opens the door. John Paul rises, crosses to his desk and puts out his cigarette. Tanya enters and comes hurriedly and nervously to c.)

John Paul. (Comes quickly down to her) Tanya! Not you!

Tanya. (Nervously, looking about the room) Are you alone? (Pomeroy exits r. as she looks at him)

John Paul. Yes. Why, it seems years since I saw you last—years. Sit down.

Tanya. Oh, no, I can't! Mr. Bart, I wouldn't have come only I know—I mean I didn't know who might open your letters for you, and—and then when I tried to telephone you—half an hour ago—
John Paul. Tell me, what is it?
Tanya. I came to you because I thought I ought to tell you something.
John Paul. Why, what is it, Tanya? Something I can do for you? You know I'd do anything in the world for you.
Tanya. Oh, no, it isn't me—it's for you.
John Paul. For me!
Tanya. Oh, John Paul, Dr. Sonntag hates you so terribly! I know some dreadful thing is going to happen! He says things that frighten me so! He threatens to expose you! (John Paul comes slowly to R. of desk—Tanya goes up above c. chair) I begged! I pleaded with him! I couldn't bear to have him spoil it all for you now! I couldn't bear it. (Goes up a step)
Greyson. (After a slight pause—he enters down L. carrying a paper, as he sees Tanya) Oh, I beg pardon!
John Paul. What is it, Greyson?
Greyson. (Going to Bart) Mr. Nathan wished you to give this your immediate attention. (Hands him the paper)
John Paul. All right. (Greyson exits L. Bart lets the paper drop on his desk)
Tanya. (Comes down again) Oh, John Paul, I am so proud of your success! Why, almost every day I manage to hear some little scrap of news about the wonderful things you're doing, and it's so nice to think that great man who's bringing the world to his feet, used to be there, one of us, in that little shop; we were friends. (Sits c.) It's given me a feeling of having a share in it myself—that I was really doing something, don't you see? Oh, they mustn't spoil it now! They shan't spoil it! It has been so beautiful! (Bows her head, almost in tears)
John Paul. Tanya, is it true? You care? (She
I never dreamed anyone cared. It makes everything look so different. Why, it's a different world.

TANYA. (Rises) I must go now. I only wanted to tell you.—Oh, John Paul, please be careful and don't do anything that might offend him because I don't know what he might do, really, I—good-bye. (Extends her hand)

JOHN PAUL. (Takes her hand) Not yet, please.

TANYA. No, I must go. I'm afraid I oughtn't to have come at all.

JOHN PAUL. But can't we be friends? Aren't we going to see each other again?

TANYA. What would be the use? You belong to your world and I belong to my world. You're going higher and higher, doing bigger things all the time, and I—I'm going to watch you from a long way off and always be so proud of you!

(Bart moves toward her as though to embrace her.)

POMEROY. (Off r. c.) You can't go in! He's not going to see anyone to-night!

SONNTAG. (Off r. c.) Let me in, you dog, or I'll kill you! (He bursts into the room, followed by Pomeroy, who is trying to stop him. Tanya goes in front of Bart. Pomeroy goes over r. Sonntag comes down r. c.) Ah, I thought so! This is what happens the moment I am away! You watch till I am gone and then you come hurrying here for his kisses!

(Tanya moves above c. chair.)

JOHN PAUL. Dr. Sonntag, I give you my word of honor—

SONNTAG. Your word of honor! Your word of
honor! There was something between you even in the tailor shop, but I was not lucky enough to catch you. *This* time it is different.

**John Paul.** Will you let me explain?

**Sonntag.** No, I will not let you explain. Do you think I can't see for myself!

**Tanya.** *Down quickly to Sonntag* Oh, but Gustavus, it was my fault! Do anything you like to me, but don't—don’t—

**Sonntag.** Yes, plead for him, you! *Plead* for him!

**John Paul.** Dr. Sonntag, she has done nothing that deserves any blame. Nothing; but if you must blame someone, I am here, and for God's sake, let us settle this between ourselves.

**Sonntag.** Very well. *(To Tanya)* You go home.

**Tanya.** No! *(Moves over to John Paul)*

**John Paul.** Dr. Sonntag is right; you had best go home.

*(Sonntag goes up l. c. out of the scene, but watches them.)*

**Tanya.** No, please let me stay!

**John Paul.** *(As he moves slowly over r. with her)* Don't be afraid; it's all right. Don't you see you can't do the least bit of good by staying?

**Tanya.** Please don't send me away!

**John Paul.** Don't be afraid; it's all right—it's all right. Pomeroy, will you please see Miss Huber home?

**Pomeroy.** Yes, sir. *(Drops down and opens r. door. Tanya exits followed by Pomeroy)*

**John Paul.** *(Moves up r. c. Sonntag turns to him)* And now, sir, I am ready to hear what you have to say—*(Sonntag starts to speak)*—but I warn you right here—the first word you speak
against Miss Tanya will be the last word you speak in this room. Her name must be kept out of this. She is entirely without blame and if you can’t believe it, so much the worse for you.

SONNTAG. And you think it matters to me now who is to blame! Too late for that! One thing is plain enough and you need not try to deny it! You love the woman that belongs to me!

JOHN PAUL. She does not belong to you! She never did belong to you! You never had her love! You never asked for it! You never even thought of asking for it! All you cared about was—

SONNTAG. (Furiously) Ah! you think you can tamper with another man’s property and not pay a price for it! I tell you this is the end! You were the man I made and now you are the man I will un-make! The world shall have your story! It shall know that only nine months ago you were a scurvy tailor’s hand, and that it was by stealing the dress suit of one man and the brains of another that you sneaked your way into the society of your betters. You are done for! (Crosses to r. door) To-morrow every newspaper in New York will have your story! (Exits slamming the door)

SHAYNE. (Enters c. with her notebook, and comes to r. of desk) I’m ready!

JOHN PAUL. (Leaning on back of c. chair) Ready! Were you listening?

SHAYNE. Certainly!

JOHN PAUL. I’m going to beat him to it!

SHAYNE. I knew it! (Sits r. of desk)

JOHN PAUL. Dictation. To the Associated Press, for immediately delivery. John Paul Bart submits the following statement in resume of his recent personal history: On Tuesday, the 23rd of last March, being at that time employed as a presser in the tailoring shop of Mr. Anton Huber—(Ring curtain) he deliberately appropriated a dress suit
belonging to Mr. Theodore Jellicot, the well-known yachtsman, and appeared at a reception where he introduced himself to Abraham Nathan, President of the American Oceanic Shipbuilding Corporation—

*Average time of act, 38 minutes.*

**ACT IV**

**Scene:** *Same as Act I.*

*Morning of the following day. The scene is set the same as Act I except that the arm-chair R. of door is in front of table up R., and the pressng board under bench down R.*

**Discovered:** *At rise of curtain Mrs. Stanlaw is seated l. c. Corinne is seated r. c. Huber is standing r. of desk l., holding a long slip of paper on which are names and figures. Peter is seated on the work-table with some sewing in his hands. Huber’s hat and coat are on table up l. of door. He wears an apron and is in his shirt-sleeves.*

**Corinne.** *(As the curtain rises)* Of course you realize that the whole town is laughing.

**Mrs. Stanlaw.** So you see, Mr. Huber, when we read the extraordinary story in the paper this morning we came directly here to make sure it was true.

**Huber.** Yes, Madam, it’s the truth, but I don’t know anything at all about the man.

**Mrs. Stanlaw.** Then it is actually true that he was employed here?

**Huber.** Yes, Madam, I am sorry to say. *(Points to work-table R.)* That was the table where he worked—when he did work.
(Corinne rises and crosses to work-table.)

Peter. The rest of the time he was talking.

(Mrs. Stanlaw and Corinne laugh.)

Corinne. (Laughs as she holds up a pair of trousers) So this is the thing Napoleon left undone!

Huber. Yes; and now think what a terrible scandal he has caused. (To Mrs. Stanlaw) You say you have seen the newspapers?

(Corinne moves over to r. of Mrs. Stanlaw.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Coolly) Yes—glanced at them.

Huber. Columns and columns! The whole town is talking. The telephone has been ringing since before I was out of my bed, and always the same question: “Do you know anything about John Paul Bart?” And how should I know?” I ask them. You can’t expect me to keep track of all the bad help I got to discharge.

Peter. I should say not!

Huber. (Crossing to Mrs. Stanlaw and showing her the phone list) Look once, lady! Here’s a list of the people I’m to notify if I hear anything.

(Peter gets off the table and stands r. of it.)

Mrs. Stanlaw. (Coolly) I see.

Corinne. Little danger of hearing anything about John Paul Bart! He’s probably on his way to South America by this time.

Mrs. Stanlaw. It’s an excellent place for him! He will be sure to start a revolution. (Rising and moving up c.)

Peter. I always said he’d have a nice little uni-
form with stripes goin’ round this way.

(MRS. STANLAW and CORINNE laugh and move up c.)

HUBER. Attend to your work! (PETER does so. HUBER goes up to MRS. STANLAW) Permit me, Madam, to express my deep sympathy for you.

MRS. STANLAW. My dear Mr. Huber, we don’t need any sympathy. We hardly knew the man, but we thank you all the same for your kind intentions and the information. (She and CORINNE laugh and exit c., toward l.)

HUBER. (Closes the door and comes down c. l. PETER goes up r. and around to r. c.) There, you see! John Paul not only corrupts himself, but he makes a fool of all the society people. (MOVES l. c. chair to r. of desk l. c. SONNTAG is seen at back, coming quickly from l.)

PETER. (MOVES r. c. chair to l. of work-table) If I hadn’t kept a sharp look-out I would have been corrupted myself, so I would, workin’ next him all day.

HUBER. I wouldn’t wonder.

SONNTAG. (Enters and comes down c.) Good morning, Mr. Huber.

(PETER gets newspaper from work-table.)

HUBER. Good morning, Dr. Sonntag.

SONNTAG. (Nods to PETER) Peter!

PETER. (Shows SONNTAG the newspaper) Dr. Sonntag, have you seen this?

SONNTAG. (Glancing at it) Yes, I’ve seen it. (Brushes it aside. PETER returns to his work r. of table) Look here, Mr. Huber, where is Tanya?

HUBER. Why, up-stairs, Doctor.
SONNTAG. Up-stairs? Did she tell you what she was doing last evening?

HUBER. (Not understanding) Why no, Doctor, not as I remember.

SONNTAG. (Knowingly) I see!

HUBER. Oh, but I am sure it was nothing.

SONNTAG. (Same tone as before) Oh!

HUBER. Why yes, now it seems to me she was home all evening quiet with her sewing in her room.

SONNTAG. In her room! Well, she was not in her room when she was paying a secret visit to John Paul Bart!

(Peter listens.)

HUBER. What are you saying!

SONNTAG. I found them together! I—I found them!

HUBER. (Aghast) That is not true!

SONNTAG. Very well, ask her!

HUBER. (Pause, as the two men stand eyeing each other) I will! (Goes l. and calls, SONNTAG turns up r. c.) Tanya! Tanya!

TANYA. (Off l.) You want me, father?

HUBER. (Firmly) Come down, please.

TANYA. (Off r.) Yes, father, dear.

HUBER. (As he moves over toward SONNTAG) Tanya would never deceive me like this. Impossible! She was always obedient to her father. (Goes r. c. SONNTAG moves l. HUBER turns and sees Peter gazing off l.) Go to your work!

(Peter exits r.)

TANYA. (Enters l. and goes quietly to l. of HUBER, who is r. c.) You wanted me, Father?

HUBER. Tanya, Dr. Sonntag has told me a thing which I do not believe.
Sonntag. (Drops down l. c.) And therefore I wish him to hear it from your own lips. Kindly tell your honorable father where it was I found you last evening.

Tanya. (Quietly) You found me with Mr. Bart.

Huber. (Staggered) Tanya!

Sonntag. And who was there besides you two alone?

Tanya. (Quietly) Nobody.

Sonntag. (With malignant triumph) There you have it from her own lips! She was alone with him!

Huber. Tanya, this is not the truth!

Sonntag. Yes, it is the truth! For a long time I have noticed a change in her. I knew there was something wrong, but she was clever and I never got any proofs till last night. But no matter! Better last night than some night after I had married her!

(Tanya moves up r. c.)

Huber. (Crossing to Sonntag) Dr. Sonntag, how dare you talk that way in the presence of my daughter!

Sonntag. (Derisively) Your daughter! I'll give you some advice about your daughter!

Huber. I don't want your advise! (Goes up c.) But I'll give you some good advice. (Opens the door) Get out! (Points off. Sonntag exits up-stage c. to l. Tanya goes to l. c. Huber closes the door quietly and comes down to r. of Tanya, putting his arms about her) Tanya, there is no need to tell me. I know you have done nothing to be ashamed of—(Tanya looks at him gratefully) —and if Dr. Sonntag can't believe you are a good girl I am glad that you are done with him, glad! It
was time! But Tanya, why would you disobey your father?

TANYA. Can't you see, Father dear? Some things are so much more important than obedience.

HUBER. That is not true, my child. A thousand generations behind you rise up and tell you that is not true.

TANYA. What is behind me does not matter any longer. This is America. I look forward—forward. (Stands looking out in front of her)

HUBER. (After a pause) Tanya, did you love Dr. Sonntag? (John Paul comes slowly from L. and stands quietly looking in at window of c. door. Tanya shakes her head in answer to Huber's question) Is there someone else? (She nods—looks up as if to speak, then drops her head) Who is it, my child?

TANYA. It doesn't matter. He doesn't—(Unable to control her voice, she quickly exits L. Huber stands looking sadly after her, then sinks into the chair r. of desk l. c.)

(John Paul opens c. door and stands inside holding it open. At the same moment Peter, carrying an armful of clothes, opens door r. and stands holding it. He and Bart stand and look at each other.)

John Paul. (With the same manner as in Act I) Good morning, Mr. Huber. (Closes the door and comes c. Huber rises. He and Peter stand staring at Bart) I trust my slight tardiness has not caused you any inconvenience. I was unavoidably detained.

(Peter closes r. door and puts clothes on the table.)

HUBER. Detained! After nine months! After
nine months you walk in here and talk as if you were late for work! Are you dreaming!

John Paul. Perhaps—I'm not sure. It seems like a dream. (Pause—then he slowly moves down r.) Peter! (Nods casually to Peter; then goes to work-table, whistling, takes off his coat, hangs it up and starts to work. Peter crosses up-stage and goes to Huber. The two stand and watch Bart several seconds without speaking.

Huber. (Handing Peter the telephone list) Telephone these people. (Peter exits L., gazing at Bart. Huber goes to c.) And now, John Paul Bart, will you have the kindness to tell me what is the meaning of this?

John Paul. Destiny—(Tests the iron)—Mr. Huber.

Huber. What!

John Paul. (Pressing a pair of trousers) Yes, it picks you up by the coat-tails, whisks you off among the clouds, and then by and by back you come again! Voila!

Huber. So you imagine you can work here again just as if you was an honest man! You expect me to look over that you are a thief and an imposter and a rascal and a scapegoat!

John Paul. I don't expect anything, Mr. Huber—not just now. I'm holding my mind in a state of crystalline suspense—waiting.

Huber. Then it may interest you to know that Mrs. Stanlaw and her daughter were here just a few minutes ago.

John Paul. I'm sorry I missed them.

Huber. Sorry! (Laughs scornfully) Well, it's lucky that you did!

John Paul. (Gathering the story from Huber's manner) Oh, I see! I thought so! Still, I would have liked a chance to offer my apologies.

Huber. Apologies! From a tailor! Mein Gott,
you’re funny! (Goes l. c. laughing scornfully)

JOHN PAUL. (Thoughtfully) Yes, it would have been funny—I dare say—still—(Quits his work and goes to c.) And now, Mr. Huber, I should like a few words with Miss Tanya.

HUBER. Yes, it’s likely I would let you speak to my daughter! You, the man who has caused the ruin of all my hopes!

JOHN PAUL. Just as you wish! I can wait. (Returns to his work)

PETER. (Enters l., comes down and taps Huber on the shoulder) Well, I telephoned back to them. (Hands list back to Huber)

HUBER. (Goes above desk) Peter, I have business up-stairs. Stay here and keep your eye on that man. I don’t purpose he shall get away with another dress suit! (Exits l.)

PETER. (Goes r., moves chair l. of work-table to r. c. sits, folds his arms and faces BART) So this is what it comes to.

JOHN PAUL. Instructive, isn’t it?

ROWLANDS. (Enters c. and comes down above work-table, laughing) Well, well, well, back at the old job! Say, Bart, that’s the one solution I never figured out. Look here, are you aware there’s a mob of reporters playing Pinkerton on your trail?

JOHN PAUL. I thought I might escape them here.

ROWLANDS. Well, I’m glad I found you ahead of them, for it’s my belief that something might be saved out of the wreckage.

JOHN PAUL. You think so?

ROWLANDS. Yes, sir, I think there’s good stuff in you—somewhere.

PETER. May be, but mixed up wi’ an awful lot of rotten.

ROWLANDS. (Turns to Peter) What are you doing here?

PETER. I’m workin’ here.
THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

Rowlands. Working! (Laughs; Peter imitates him. To Bart) Yes sir. I believe that I could put your story before the public in such a way that they might change their attitude—even give you another chance, and I wou'd——

John Paul. (Interrupting) I see! You wish to do an illustrated article on my origin, early influences, education, home life——

Rowlands. (Interrupting) That's it exactly; write you up. Show what it was that sent you off on the wrong track. Put the blame, not so much on you as on your unfortunate environment. (Bart points to Peter, who glares at him; Rowlands laughs) And just to show you how fair I want to be I'm going to propose that if you'll give me the story of your life, all rights——

(At the line "your unfortunate environment" Westlake, Bessie and Mrs. Dupuy are seen outside coming from l. They stop outside the door and talk)

Westlake. (Enters c.) Is Bart here?

Peter. Yes; there he is. (Moves his chair backwards to l. c.)

Westlake. (Calls to Mrs. Dupuy and Bessie, who are outside) It's all right, Mrs. Dupuy; you can come in. (Moves down l.)

Mrs. Dupuy. (Enters c. with Bessie) Very well, just for a moment. But, Bessie love, stay close to mother. Thank you, Bobby. You don't mind waiting?

Westlake. Oh, dear no, not at all! (Goes up l., exits and off l.)

Rowlands. Well, Mrs. Dupuy, you see I got here ahead of you.

(Bessie crosses to l. of work-table.)
Mrs. Dupuy. Oh, Mr. Rowlands, I’m so relieved! (As Rowlands starts up c.) Don’t go! One never knows about these places.

(Rowlands goes up c.)

Bessie. (Watching Bart at work) Oh, look Mother, look what Mr. Bart is doing! He’s ironing some pants! (Picks up large brush from table)

Mrs. Dupuy. (Crosses, takes the brush from her, and goes back to c. with her) Trousers, dear, trousers! And don’t look any more. It isn’t quite nice for a young girl.

Bessie. But it’s so funny!

Mrs. Dupuy. No, it isn’t. Mr. Rowlands, will you amuse my little Bessie while I have a few words with this person?

(Peter turns in his chair and watches the group up l. Rowlands takes Bessie over and up l. c.)

Rowlands. Why, with pleasure.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Turns toward Bart and bumps into Peter) What are you doing!

Peter. My duty, Madam.

Mrs. Dupuy. Well, do your duty somewhere else. (She goes below and to r. of him, then turns angrily) Oh, scat! (Peter slides his chair up l. c. Mrs. Dupuy turns to John Paul. She is still holding the brush she took from Bessie. She fires it on the table) Now, young man, I have something to say to you.

John Paul. (Amiably) I wonder if I can save you the trouble of saying it. You wish to let me know you have found it advisable to give up the little series of Lenten Afternoons.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Furious at his intimate manner) Bessie child, come here!
Bessie.  (As she crosses to l. of Mrs. Dupuy) What is it, Mother?

Mrs. Dupuy. I want you to look at this person very carefully. I want you to notice that peculiar shifty expression about the eyes—(Peter slides his chair down to r. of chair l. of desk, and stares at Bart)—and I want you to remember that is always a bad sign in a man. Yes, your poor father had it.

Huber. (Enters l., comes below desk to l. of Peter) I beg your pardon, ladies! Mr. Rowlands! Peter, why did you not inform me?

Peter. They come to see him.

Huber. Go to your work! (Peter rises and goes up r. Bessie has crossed to bench, and she and Peter exchange glances as he exits r. Huber goes to l. c.) Is there anything I can do for you, Madam?

Mrs. Dupuy. (Crossing to r. of Huber) No, unless you can explain to me why you employ such a man here.

(Bessie goes above desk l. c.)

Huber. (Greyson is seen outside, coming from l.) Ah, Madam, he is here only for an emergency. No, indeed, I am most particular about the moral character of my assistants.

Mrs. Dupuy. That's as it should be.

Greyson. (Enters c. To Huber as he closes the door and stands just inside it) Are you the proprietor of this establishment?

Huber. Yes, sir.

Greyson. Well, I came to find out about John Paul Bart.

Huber. (Pointing) There he is.

Greyson. (Looks at Bart and laughs) Mr. Nathan is outside in his car. He wished me to in-
quire if—(Laughs) Good Lord! (Exits c. and off L.)

Huber. Abraham Nathan!

Rowlands. (Drops down L.) Well, young fellow, you have stirred up some excitement.

Nathan. (Enters c., followed by Greyson) Good morning.

Mrs. Dupuy. Abraham Nathan coming here!

Nathan. Wait in the car, Greyson.

Greyson. Yes, sir. (Exits c. to l.)

Huber. (Obsequiously, as he goes up to l. of Nathan) Is there anything I can do for you today, sir?

Nathan. Thank you, no. There's the man I came to see. (Turns toward Bart)

John Paul. Good morning.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Crossing to l. of Nathan, Huber giving way) Ah, Abraham, I'm so sorry! I can imagine how terrible all this must have been for you.

(Bart sits cross-legged on the work-table.)

Huber. (Going to l. of Nathan) And I wish you to know, Mr. President, that long ago I would have exposed this impostor to the world had it not been for my daughter's sake. (Mrs. Dupuy moves l. c. as Huber starts the above speech)

Nathan. I see. Then I think I understand the attitude of all those present with the exception of the person chiefly involved. (Turns to Bart) Young man, I wish you would tell me what you mean by this eccentric behavior.

John Paul. It isn't eccentric, it's scientific. I'm making an experiment.

Nathan. Experiment?

John Paul. With Destiny.

Nathan. I don't understand.
JOHN PAUL. If the world can do without me, this is where I belong. If the world can't do without me, it must take me from here, out of the tailor shop, goose and all.

NATHAN. I see. And the result of your experiment?

JOHN PAUL. The main result hasn't resulted yet.

NATHAN. You refer to—?

JOHN PAUL. Yourself.

HUBER. Permit me to say, Mr. President, that he is in the shop against my will.

NATHAN. Are you going to keep him?

HUBER. Keep him! After what has happened? Well, I should say not!

NATHAN. Then if he is willing to return to me I will be delighted to restore him to the position he was holding yesterday.

JOHN PAUL. (Under his breath) Jerusalem!

MRS. DUPUY. Why Abraham! Are you serious?

NATHAN. (Raising his hat as he moves to r. of her; HUBER going r. c.) My dear Kitty, not one of you seems to have realized that in this country a man is valued by what he gets to, not what he started from. Look at our biggest Americans; the men we are proudest of. How did they start? One began as a messenger boy. Another was a waiter in a restaurant. Another sold papers on the street. And another, the biggest of them all—you probably have never heard of him, Mr. Huber—(Turns to Rowlands)—though doubtless you have, Mr. Newspaper Man—was a rail-splitter. Here is a young American who began in a tailor shop, and unless I very much miss my guess he's going to be numbered in that same company.

HUBER. (Moves down r. of NATHAN—his whole attitude completely changed) Well, it's certain John Paul was always a very clever young man. No one can deny that.
Nathan. (Amused) - Thank you, Mr. Huber. You are very discerning. (Bows, with an ironical smile—Huber returns the bow) Now, may I ask for a few minutes alone with him?

Huber. Why, certainly, sir! To be sure! (Goes up L. and bows himself off L.)

(Nathan moves to r. c. John Paul rises and stands L. of work-table.)

Rowlands. (Going up to L. of Nathan) Mr. Nathan, I take off my hat to you, sir. No wonder you're a big man. (Turns to Mrs. Dupuy and Bessie) Good morning, ladies. (The ladies bow) Bart, I'll see you in your office. (Bessie moves down and over to below desk. Rowlands exits c. and off r.)

Mrs. Dupuy. (Goes to L. of Nathan, Bessie moving with her) Of course, Abraham, if you look at it that way, I know you must be right.

Nathan. (Amused) Thank you, Kitty. You are as discerning as Mr. Huber.

Mrs. Dupuy. Yes, but watch me make up for it. (Comes down to Bart extending her hand. Nathan moves L. Bessie comes down with her) Mr. Bart, will you shake hands with a silly old woman? I take back every word I said.

John Paul. (Laughingly, as he takes her hand) Including the shifty eyes?

Mrs. Dupuy. Bessie dear, it's never safe to judge a man by the eyes; eyes are changeable. But look at that forehead. Good-bye, Mr. Bart. (Goes up to c. door) Bessie dear, say good-bye to Mr. Bart.

Bessie. (Curtsies) Good-bye.

Mrs. Dupuy. (Prompting) Mr. Bart.

Bessie. "Mr. Bart."

John Paul. Good-bye, Miss Bessie.
MRS. DUPUY. Ask Mr. Bart to come and see us.
BESSIE. Will you come to see us?

JOHN PAUL. Thank you.
BESSIE. Thank you. (Goes up to door c., opens it and stands outside)

MRS. DUPUY. And there’s just one thing more, Abraham. Whether you believe it or not, I think you’re just a darling, so there! Good-bye, Mr. Bart. Come, Bessie. (Exits c. closing the door, Bessie preceding her)

NATHAN. (Crossing down to BART) Bart, the Workingmen’s Council have agreed to give your scheme a ten months’ trial.

JOHN PAUL. They have!
NATHAN. On condition that you be put in charge of the Committee of Readjustment. Will you come back to us?

JOHN PAUL. You really want me?
NATHAN. (Affectionately) My boy, must I say it again? Yes, I want you—more than I can say. Don’t desert me now.

JOHN PAUL. You bet I won’t.
NATHAN. Good! Good! (Business-like, as he goes up to c. door) Your office is waiting for you and the day’s mail needs to be attended to. Half a day off is enough for a busy man like you. (Starts to go, then turns back) Bart, I don’t know how you’ve done it, but you make me feel like a young man again, and I tell you, that between us we’re going to do things that will surprise them. Yes, sir. You watch! (Exits c. and off l.)

HUBER. (Enters c. and goes up l. c.) You will excuse me, Mr. Bart, if I run out for a few minutes? A little account at the bank that needs adjustment. (Takes off apron, puts it on table up l. and puts on coat) And, Mr. Bart, I was going to say—if you would care for a few words with Tanya—?
John Paul. I would, very much.
Huber. She was just coming down to look over her books. A good girl, Mr. Bart, a good little daughter. Perhaps I have been wrong in trying to bring her up too much by the old rules. I dare say there is something to be said for the American way, after all. You will make yourself quite at home, Mr. Bart? Quite at Home—yes, sir—if you please. (Bows himself off c. c. toward l.)

(John Paul moves slowly over to l. c.)

Tanya. (Enters l. and is deeply startled to see Bart. She moves to l. of him) Oh, I didn't know! Nobody told me! (With an overmastering impulse of sympathy) Oh, John Paul, I'm so sorry! It was all my fault.

John Paul. (With surprise, as he tenderly takes her hands) Your fault! Tanya, don't you know what's happened?

Tanya. Yes, I read it in the newspaper. (Unable to hold back the truth any longer) But, John Paul, that doesn't make any difference to me. Nothing could make any difference—ever.

John Paul. (Still holding her hands, he forces her gently into a chair and sits beside her) Tanya, Mr. Nathan has been here. (She looks startled) He asked me to come back to him. He wants to set me at a bigger job than any I've tried so far.

Tanya. (Withdrawing with a little pang of dismay) Oh, then you're going back?

John Paul. Yes, back into the big world. Will you go with me?

Tanya. Go with you! Oh, but I can't! I'm nobody, and you——

John Paul. But I'm nobody, too. That's just why we ought to be so happy together. (Peter enters r. with an armful of clothes. As he sees
TANYA and BART with their heads together, he throws the clothes on the work-table and moves over to c., listening with his hand behind his ear) I wish you could have heard what Mr. Nathan said about that just now. "It's not what a man starts from," he said, "It's what he gets to—what he does." (Ring curtain slow) And he believes there's a chance, if I do my best, that some day—Oh, Tanya, isn't life the most wonderful proposition: with so much ahead, always—so many big things waiting to be done! And a chance——

Curtain.
THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

ACT I—FURNITURE

Carpet to cover
Oblong table down r. c. chair l. of it
Row of hooks on wall down r.
Row of hooks on wall up r.
Clothes stand above door r.
Safe in corner above door r.
Long table in front of window r. c.
Long table in front of window l. c.
4 tailor's dummies; 1 in window r. c, 1 in window
l. c. 1 r. of c. door; 1 l. of c. door
Fitting stand discovered c.
Show case above opening l.
Desk (with practical drawers) l. c.
Armchair l. of desk; single chair r. of it
Cheval glass below opening l.
Arm chair r. of c. door
Practical shades to windows r. c. and l. c., also
   door c.
Light switch on wall l. of c. door
Curtains to opening l.
Small curtains to windows l. c. and r. c.

ACT I—PROPERTIES

On desk l. c. Pens, ink, blotting paper, ledger, receipt book, fashion books, "Sonntag’s" book in
top down stage drawer
Clothes in showcase up l.
Rolls of cloth, scissors and string on table in front
of l. c. window
Large cardboard boxes underneath this table
Rolls of cloth, tape measure and wooden measure
   in front of window r. c.
Sample books of cloths on safe up r.
Various garments on hooks up r. and down r.
Coat hanger on hooks down r.
Electric heated irons, board, and complete ironing outfit on table down r. c.
Various portions of clothing on table r. c.
Huber's coat on stand up r.; his top-coat and hat off l.
Rowland's top-coat on table up by window r. c., his coat on back of chair l. of r. c. table; his keys, on r. c. table
Dress suit off r. for Peter
Sack suit off r. for Peter
Hat box and suit case off r. for Pomeroy
Organ and tambourine off r.
Books off l. for Sonntag
Ledger and two rolls of linen off l. for Tanya
Photograph of two children for John Paul
Pink slips for John Paul
9 fashion plates (framed) on scene; i below door r.; i above; 3 r. of r. door; 3 l. of c. door; i above opening l. i below opening l.

ACT II—FURNITURE

Carpet to fit scene
Carpet to staircase
Carpet in opening l. c.
Rug in opening up r. c.
Carpet to steps and opening r.
Curtains to openings r., r. c., staircase, and opening l. c.
Baby grand piano c. Piano bench r. of it
Upholstered settee in front of the piano
Upholstered armchair down r.
Small dark oak chair down l.
Table down l.; Single chair l. of table, armchair r. of it
Ornamental chair up l.
Oak chair and chest in hallway up l. c.
2 Jacobean dummy light standards with stone bases;
1 above and 1 below opening R.
3 Palms through opening R.
3 Palms and 2 plants on steps R.
Fancy chair up R. and a bowl of palms on a pedestal above this
Tapestried armchair in opening up R. C.
Tapestried curtains to conservatory opening
Oblong table R. of opening
Basket flowers on pedestal L. of opening

ACT II—PROPERTIES

Oblong silver tray of drinks off up R. for servant
Oblong silver tray of drinks off down R. for Peter—consisting of cocktails, rickies and Scotch highballs
Small round silver tray of champagne (6 glasses) off up R. C. for Peter
Fans for Mrs. Dupuy, Corinne and Mrs. Stanlaw
Two fifty dollar bills for John Paul

ACT III—FURNITURE

Carpet to cover
Large oblong desk with drawers, L. C.
Single chair below the desk; swivel armchair L. of desk
Small armchair R. of desk
Large leather armchair C.
Large leather armchair down R.
Small table up R.
Single chair in front of it
Filing cabinet up L. of C. door
Armchair L. of cabinet
Light switch L. of C. door
Leather window seat L.
Rug and armchair off up C.
Dummy shades on windows
ACT III—PROPERTIES

On desk l. c.—Inkstand, calendar, pens, blue and black pencils, wicker tray of documents, blotting pad, telephone, bell buzzer, blotter, some large mounted photographs (1 of a dog and puppies, 1 of a colored woman and 1 of a group of children) Telephone book, paper knife, small date pad, printers’ proofs; a typed page of statistics (see MS) in down-stage top drawer; an important looking document of several typed pages.

For Shayne.—Large envelope for photographs, note book and pencil, several business letters, one private letter, and some pink slips.

On Table Up r.—Several printers’ proofs, blue pencil, inkstand, and pens and blotter. Several pages of typed matter clamped together off l. for Greyson. Several pages typed matter clamped together for Russell.

ACT IV—FURNITURE AND PROPERTIES

The furniture and properties remain the same, with the following exceptions:
The chair for r. of desk is placed l. c. and the chair from l. of r. table is placed r. c.
The armchair r. of c. door is moved further over r.
The fitting stand is now under the table up r.
The clothes on the dummies have been changed, and those on the hooks and in the showcase rearranged to show the lapse of nine months.
The pressing board is now under the table.
A pair of trousers, some garments, and a newspaper are on the work table r.
2 large armfuls of clothing off down r. for Peter
A long strip of names and telephone numbers for Huber
Huber’s hat and coat are on table up L.

**ACT I—LIGHTING PLOT**

*To Open.*—Foots, amber, straw and white, Full Up

Concert border Full Up

4th and 5th border, straw and white, Full Up

Amber and white bunch lights in doorway down r. and in opening down L.

On back cloth 4 M. Watt lamps (frosted and straw mediums) 2 r. and 2 L.

Chandelier from ceiling OUT

Chandeliers in windows r. and L. Out through Act

Street lamp out, to open

Two hot irons on table r.

Light switch L. of c. door

*At Cue.*—Pomeroy’s entrance:

Check foots and borders; white and straw to ½

Change watts to light amber

*At Cue.*—John Paul’s Exit:

Change watts to dark amber

Check foots and borders slightly

Take out white in 3rd and 4th borders and bring up blues in these borders, slowly

Light street lamp

*At Cue.*—As each shade is raised jump foots and concert border down; whites and straws out and ambers at ½, as last shade is raised change watts to blue and bring up borders 3 and 4 to blue, taking out ambers and whites.

*At Cue.*—When Tanya pushes switch:

Concert border and foots and chandelier up to FULL.

NO FURTHER CHANGE.

**ACT II—LIGHTING PLOT**

Foots and concert border FULL UP
Chandelier, 3 light brackets, lighted, and two 2 light brackets lighted
Table lamp lighted
Borders 3 and 4, amber and white FULL UP
Off down R. 1 frosted light amber watt-
Off down R. 1 straw frosted watt
One amber watt focussed from off down R. to c. above piano
One amber and frosted watt suspended above stairway
One amber and frosted watt in opening up L. c.
ONE STRAW FROSTED WATT FROM UP R. NO CHANGE IN THIS ACT.

ACT III—LIGHTING PLOT

To Open.—Foots and concert border FULL UP
Amber and white bunch lights in doorways down L. and down R.
2 straw Watts on window backing L.
1 Amber Watt R. of c. doorway
Telephone on desk L. c. to work from off R.
Buzzer on desk L.
Two straw baby spots in concert border; 1 focussed on c. chair and 1 on desk L. c.
Light switch L. of c. door
Chandelier and 4 two light brackets OUT to open

At Cue.—Exit of Labor Delegates:
Check white in foots and border
CHANGE Watts off L. to frosted, then to light amber
Check foots and border a little more
Change Watts off L. to dark amber
Check foots and border still further

At Cue.—When Pomeroy pushes switch:
Chandelier and brackets up to FULL
Foots and border UP TO FULL
At Cue.—When John Paul pushes switch:
Brackets out
White in foots and border down ½
Change Watts off L. to blue
NO FURTHER CHANGE OF LIGHTS

ACT IV

Same as opening of Act I. Iron must be HOT.
NO CHANGE.
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

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111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111