

Chorus. Four dollars and eighty-five cents!

Mr. N. and Griffith (*hilariously*). Entire profit wiped out!

Dick. So I've won my wager after all!

Mrs. Jo (*reading*):

"Please stop on your way to the meeting this p. m. and tell me how we came out. I'm dying to know; but I'm ill—quite worn out, in fact, and I shan't be able to be there.

Yours devotedly, SARA."

If I had "yours devotedly," Sara Henderson, here, this minute, I'd make her—cringe. The idea of spending all our profit for flowers and messenger-boys and crepe paper shades.

Mrs. C. I always did dislike Sara Henderson, and now I loathe her:

Bess. So do I; making me lose my wager!

Mr. N. Not to mention the sorrowful disappointment of the poor orphans who have been confidently expecting——

Mrs. Jo. Think of all the time and work we've wasted.

Mrs. C. Think of the teasing I'll get, if my husband hears of this. I shall commit suicide!

Mrs. Jo. If that miserable, sarcastic, cynical old editor of the *Society Argus* finds us out, he'll put us into his funny paragraphs for the next year. Jo, I think I'll go off to a health resort—*or somewhere for a while*. I can never live it down here!

Mr. N. Oh, it's not so bad as that, Eva.

Dick. Well, my wager's won anyway. Pay up, Miss Stephenson! I don't approve of wagers, but since you insisted upon it, I demand my money; and, to help the Emerson-Osgood-Adams Recital Fund out, I'll donate it to Mrs. Jo.

Bess (*meekly*). Oh, will you, Dick? It's awfully good of you. Jo, I—I left my purse at home. Could you——?

Mr. N. (*offering his wallet*). Here, my child, it's at your disposal.

Bess (*looking into wallet*). My! I wish it were! What lots of money! If it were——

Mr. N. What would you do with it, Bessie? Buy peanuts for the orphans?

Bess. No! After paying my wager, I'd give the rest to the Emerson-Osgood-Adams Recital Fund. Then Eva wouldn't need to go into exile, and Mrs. Chevalier's suicide——

Mrs. Jo (*clapping her hands*). Quick Bess! Give it to me! He said it was at your disposal! Quick!—Jo you're a dear!

Mr. N. But Eva, look here! I didn't say——

Mrs. Jo (*counting bills*). Ten—twenty—thirty—thirty-five—Be still, Jo! You put it at Bessie's disposal, and she has given it to our Fund! It's too late now.

Mr. N. But—see here—!

Bess. Jo, dear! Dear Jo! Think of the poor orphans.

Mr. N. Oh, bother the orphans!

Mrs. C. And of the awful teasing you'll save me!

Bess. And of your poor, tired little overworked disappointed wife.

Mr. N. But——

Mrs. Jo. Where's my report! (*Crosses to escritoire.*) I must charge up Sara Henderson's hateful four-eighty-five, and credit. (*Counting.*) Seventy-five—eighty-five—ninety. Oh, to think after all our recital is a success. Jo, you are a dear! (*Tosses him the looted wallet.*) Now (*writes furiously*) nobody need ever know, and I'll have it announced in the *Argus* that the Emerson-Osgood-Adams Recital cleared—— Let me see, how much did we clear? (*Begins to add up columns.*) Jo, come help me, do! How much!

Mr. N. (*as he rises, aside to Griffith*). I shall have to cinch somebody tomorrow to make up for this. (*Crosses to escritoire.*) Well, my dear (*to Mrs. Jo*) I hope your conscience won't——

Mrs. Jo (*rising*). Here! Sit down here! (*Her husband obeys.*) Now balance it up for me. (*Leans over him.*) I'm so excited I

can't.

Mrs. C. and Grif. How much? (*They cross over to escritoire and bend over Mr. North with their backs toward Bess and Dick.*)

Bess (*extending both hands with a radiant smile*). Oh, Dick, to think that if it hadn't been for you—for you—for our wager, brother Jo would never had thought of this!

Jo (*emphatically, over his shoulder*). I didn't think of it. I simply submitted to it.

Dick (*holding Bessie's hands*). Bess Stephenson, if you ever treat me so—so coldly again, I'll do something desperate.

Bess. Desperate? Oh, Dick!

Dick. Yes, I will. Nobody's looking, Bess.

Bess (*earnestly*). I—I give you my word, Dick, I never will. Oh! You mustn't, Dick, don't!

Mr. N. (*rising*). There you are! A hundred and fifteen, clear!

Mrs. Jo. Eureka! Jo, you saved me from disgrace. How delighted with my management everyone will be. I know they'll insist on getting up another recital immediately, since this one has been such a complete success!

Griffith. Ha! Ha! Carolyn was right. A complete success.

Chorus (*amid general handshaking*). A complete success!

CURTAIN.

### A LETTER.

I wrote you a letter today,  
dear,  
And poured out my heart  
on the sheet,  
And told you all of its sadness,  
And all of its longings,  
sweet,  
And a shadow darkens the sun,  
How I pine through the night  
for the morning,  
And am glad when the day is done.  
I told you how oft I falter,  
And my heart faints under my task,  
For wanting your praise or blame,  
dear,

What matters it? I ask.

How in the sweetest music,  
There's a minor chord in the strain,  
And in the glory of sunset,  
A sense of storm and rain.

There's a blight on the fairest flowers—  
And I told you so in tears—  
And that the to-day is burdened  
With an omen of lonely years.  
Of: I look from my book with the fancy  
That you stand beside my chair,  
And I seem to lose you newly,  
With each thought I would have you share.

And this I told you, my darling,  
In the letter I wrote to-day;  
Then I tore the sheet into fragments,  
And a bleak wind bore them away.  
It eased my heart to write it,  
But it were better left unread,  
But if we ever meet in a world of Peace,  
I may tell you all that it said.

Miss Kittie Allen, in "Hot Tamalies," gave the best exhibition of dancing seen on the Lansing stage this season.

Manager Zehrunge saw Pauline Hall in "Dorcas" in Des Moines, Monday night. He is enthusiastic in his admiration of the new musical comedy. "Dorcas" is to be presented at the Funke week after next.



"FIRING CHINA."