

Christian Science

A Comedy
In Four Acts

By

M. M. MANGASARIAN

*The light is known to have failed against folly,
sometimes; the laugh, never.*

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AN EXPLANATION.

If we do not wish to be laughed at, let us be reasonable; if we would have the respect, rather than the contempt, of our fellowmen, let us be honorable.

It is not reasonable to make a book, be it the Koran or the Bible, a *fixed and unchangeable* rule of thought and conduct for *growing* men.

It is not honorable to pretend that a doctrine or a practice when supported by texts, from the Koran for the Moslems, and from the Bible for the Christians, becomes true and should therefore be accepted as infallible.

The multitude will always believe because it is told to believe. But if the opinions of the multitude are practically worthless in matters of science, philosophy, art and literature, why should they be considered of great weight in religion?

Truth is not the creature of majorities, nor are intellectual questions decided by counting votes. One scholar is worth more than four hundred millions of devotees on their knees.

Between the man who knows and the man who does not, between the man who will not believe unless compelled by the evidence, and the man who is scared into acquiescence by alluring promises or fearful threats of the future, there is the same difference that exists between a real man and one who is only the appearance of a man.

This little book was not written to convert the followers of "Dr." Dowie or "Mother" Eddy. We have no hope of accomplishing any such results. Said the Greek sage, "A eunuch can never become a man again," which he meant in an intellectual sense.

"When the evil spirit of self-deception," writes Prof.

Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, "led by the fire of contagion and emotional excitement, begins to spread, reason has little control. With the spread of an education that fosters independence and self-reliance the soil upon which superstitions, psychic delusions, mental epidemics, or senseless fads are likely to flourish will gradually be rendered unfit."

But it will be easier to convert a heathen than for education to make an impression on an orthodox follower of Dowie or Eddy. When a man is willing to be a mere *thing*, permitting another to shape his brain as he pleases—for I understand all the sermons or readings in Christian Science churches are prepared at headquarters, and mailed simultaneously to all the various bodies—I say when a man would support a religious corporation or a monopoly that so minimizes independent thought, then there is really no hope for him.

No, our object is to reach those in whom the spirit of inquiry has not yet been hopelessly stifled.

We appeal to the sympathies of the critical public—not for the *form*, but for the *thought* in this little brochure.

Chicago, Ills.

CHARACTERS.

Dr. ALEXANDER MCHENRY, friend of General Simmons, deceased, and in love with Mrs. Simmons.

Mr. BEVERLY SIMMONS, son of Mrs. Simmons, in love with Miss Helen Rose.

Mr. ROBERT ROSE, father of Miss Helen Rose.

Mr. H. C. BARBOUR, Christian Science healer.

Mr. M. WILSON, assistant to Mr. Barbour.

JOHN CALDWELL, servant of the Simmons.

Mrs. H. B. SIMMONS, widow of General Simmons.

Mrs. R. ROSE, wife of Mr. Rose.

Miss HELEN ROSE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rose.

Mrs. M. WILSON, wife of Mr. M. Wilson.

Miss GERTRUDE EVA.

Messenger, Officer, Nurse, etc.

Time, present; place, a thriving town near Boston.

A year and a half elapses between the 3d and 4th Acts.

FIRST ACT—Parlor in Mrs. Simmons' house.

SECOND ACT—Office in H. C. Barbour's house.

THIRD ACT—Room in Dr. McHenry's private hospital.

FOURTH ACT—Parlor in Mrs. Simmons' house.

ACT I.

(JOHN and MARY at work in Mrs. Simmons' parlor.)

MARY. (Dusting.) Did you hear the bell, John?

JOHN. (Getting close to Mary.) I heard this belle!

MARY. I am sure I heard it ring.

JOHN. It was I, Mary, pulling at your heart-strings! Will you never—(kneeling)—

(Bell rings.)

MARY. There it is again. It must be the madam. I am afraid she did not find the doctor at home. There!

(Pushes John down with duster.)

(Exit MARY, JOHN slowly following.)

(Enter Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Mrs. SIMMONS. I have winked at this thing long enough. Beverly is losing his head. The foolish boy!—But what I can't understand is how Mr. and Mrs. Rose could ask such a sacrifice of Beverly. It is perfectly absurd! Oh, these mothers with marriageable daughters! Such scheming and wire-pulling, too. Why, politics is not a circumstance to it.

(Enter Mr. SIMMONS.)

Mr. SIMMONS. Everything is progressing admirably, mother, admirably! I am in great luck. Helen's parents have just given their consent—I wouldn't mind telling you all about it now, mother. The Roses are such charming people, too—you'll be delighted with them, mother, I am sure.

Mrs. S. Do you think so?

Mr. S. I have no doubt of it. And, mother, we all think that the sooner the marriage takes place—

Mrs. S. What's that?

Mr. S. You see, mother, we don't believe in long engagements.

Mrs. S. Who is we?

Mr. S. Why, Helen and I. And we have agreed upon the date, mother—the marriage is to take place—

Mrs. S. Did you say you had secured the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Rose?

Mr. S. Their full consent, mother.

Mrs. S. I suppose that was all you required?

Mr. S. That was all.

Mrs. S. What about me? Do you wish to make your own mother unhappy, Beverly?

Mr. S. I don't see why my marriage should make *you* unhappy—

Mrs. S. You are blind, Beverly, blind; you're not fair to yourself—or to the young lady, either. Such a marriage as you contemplate can only have one result—regrets.

Mr. S. Ho, ho, ho! I know what you are afraid of, mother, ho, ho! But there is nothing in that, nothing at all. Ha! ha! I must get Mr. Barbour to talk to you about Helen—

Mrs. S. It's easy enough for Mr. Barbour to satisfy you, but I know better. Why, you are like a baby, Beverly—you haven't got your eyes opened yet.

Mr. S. Well, I like that!

Mrs. S. What is your hurry?

Mr. S. Don't I love Helen?

Mrs. S. That's not enough.

Mr. S. Not enough!

Mrs. S. You have no business to be in love—

Mr. S. Mother!

Mrs. S. —with her. She has enough to do to take care of herself.

Mr. S. We are going to send out the announcements in a day or so.

Mrs. S. You have *my* consent to secure yet.

Mr. S. Why, I am to see the engraver this morning. Come, mother, you don't wish to spoil our plans? It will break my heart—I am devoted to Helen—I know I can't be happy without her—I love her so.

Mrs. S. There, there, don't make a spectacle of yourself. Enough of this for to-day.

Mr. S. Thank you, mother. I was sure you would give your consent. If you only knew how much I love her. I'll tell you what I'll do, mother, instead of taking my ride on horseback this morning I'll run and ask Mr. Barbour to call and see you. I'm sure he can satisfy you about Helen. (Exit BEVERLY.)

(Enter JOHN.)

JOHN. Dr. McHenry; Mrs. Simmons.

Mrs. S. Usher the doctor in, John.

(Exit JOHN.)

There is something the matter with John—I don't like the way he looks.

(Enter Dr. McHENRY.)

Dr. McH. Very sorry I was not at home when you called this morning, Mrs. Simmons, but your message was delivered to me upon my return and here I am.

Mrs. S. How kind of you—pray be seated, Doctor. I am sorry to have troubled you, but—

Dr. McH. Don't apologize, Madam. I deem it a pleasure to be in your company.

Mrs. S. You are very obliging.

Dr. McH. I mean just what I say.

Mrs. S. I am at my wit's end, Doctor, and I thought of you. You are so resourceful.

Dr. McH. You flatter me, Mrs. Simmons.

Mrs. S. Are you acquainted with the marriage laws of this State?

Dr. McH. The marriage laws?

Mrs. S. I am in earnest.

Dr. McH. Mrs. Simmons!

Mrs. S. O, don't be alarmed, Doctor, I am not asking the information for myself.

Dr. McH. I thought perhaps—

Mrs. S. O, no, no, no! I have no intention of inflicting myself a second time on anybody.

Dr. McH. Infliction! You would be conferring a great happiness—

Mrs. S. Thank you, but I am not such an enthusiast on marriage as to wish for it again. Once is enough. Besides, I believe there are altogether too many marriages nowadays.

Dr. McH. Too few, you mean.

Mrs. S. Too many. It isn't everybody who has a right to be married.

Dr. McH. The right to marry is one of those few rights of which the people have not as yet been deprived by the trusts.

Mrs. S. There should be a committee appointed to look up the record of each candidate for matrimony.

Dr. McH. I am afraid that will cause quite a falling off in the number of applicants.

Mrs. S. And no marriage license should be honored unless accompanied by a doctor's certificate showing the fitness of the parties.

Dr. McH. I am with you there!

(Enter JOHN.)

JOHN. The doctor is wanted at the telephone.

Dr. McH. That must be from the hospital; I told them they could reach me here. Will you pardon me, Mrs. Simmons.

(Exit DOCTOR.)

Mrs. S. John, tell Mary I wish to see her.

JOHN. I will, Mrs. Simmons.

(Exit JOHN.)

Mrs. S. I am going to find out what's ailing that fellow.

(Enter MARY.)

What's the trouble with John, Mary? He looks as though he was going out of his mind. I think the doctor ought to examine him. What's wrong?

MARY. He is always writing letters, Mrs. Simmons.

Mrs. S. Letters?—to whom?

MARY. To me—

Mrs. S. O, I see—the fellow's in love. The goose! What's the matter with the people in this house, anyhow? Everybody seems to be falling in love! Of course, you answer his epistles faithfully?

MARY. I don't want him to write to me.

Mrs. S. Ha! ha! That is why the poor fellow is going all to pieces.

(Exit MARY.)

(Re-enter DOCTOR.)

Dr. McH. I was about to say, Mrs. Simmons, that in self defense the State should forbid the marriage of people suffering from an incurable affliction, physical or—

Mrs. S. Mental.

Dr. McH. Precisely. Seventy-five per cent of the inmates of our penitentiaries and asylums had no right to be born.

Mrs. S. How long would it take to pass a law forbidding marriage without a doctor's certificate?

Dr. McH. Oh,—a century or so.

Mrs. S. Gracious! I don't want it then.

Dr. McH. But why should you be interested in such a law?

Mrs. S. I thought if we could have it passed,—say, in about a week's time,—you could then, to oblige me, refuse Beverly a marriage certificate.

Dr. McH. Is Mr. Simmons—?

Mrs. S. Yes—he has gone and engaged himself to be married. That's bad enough, considering my views on

marriage—but to go and choose a real sick girl for his wife is simply idiotic—it is more than I can tolerate. Of course I have pleaded with him, argued with him, and even resorted to tears—but all in vain. Why, he thinks that by ignoring my wishes he is only showing his loyalty to the young woman. Did you ever hear of such reasoning?

Dr. McH. Does Mr. Simmons know that the young lady is delicate?

Mrs. S. Delicate? Why she has the consumption!

Dr. McH. The consumption!

Mrs. S. But he insists that Mr. Barbour has cured her.

Dr. McH. Indeed?

Mrs. S. You know the young lady—Miss Helen Rose.

Dr. McH. Is it possible! And has she been cured by—

Mrs. S. Yes, by Christian Science.*

Dr. McH. Miss Rose was brought to my office some time ago, when I concluded, after a careful diagnosis that she was a dangerously sick girl. Told her parents so, too, and recommended that she be taken to a milder climate. But do you say she is about to be married to your son? Well, of all things!

Mrs. S. Beverly will be here soon, and I wish you would give him a piece of your mind, Doctor.

*Christian Science is one of the comparatively new "isms." Of course, like all other "isms," it claims not only to have the full support of the Bible, but also that it alone is after the mind of God. Of the rise and progress of Pagan and Christian practices, Charles Darwin has this to say: "How so many absurd religious beliefs have originated we do not know; nor how it is that they have become, in all the quarters of the world, so deeply impressed on the mind of man; but it is worthy of remark that a belief constantly inculcated during the early years of life, appears to acquire almost the nature of an instinct—and the very essence of an instinct is that it is followed independently of reason."

Dr. McH. That's a very delicate business, Mrs. Simmons; I wouldn't like to interfere with the love affairs of Mr. Simmons.

Mrs. S. But is it not your duty, Doctor? You know he is making a terrible blunder. Besides, you owe it to your old friend, the General, and—and—if you have any sympathy for a poor, perplexed mother . . .

Dr. McH. Mrs. Simmons!

Mrs. S. Don't let him, Doctor, don't—

Dr. McH. But what can I do?

Mrs. S. Speak to him, reason with him—tell him everything.

Dr. McH. It won't do any good.

Mrs. S. Couldn't you bring some pressure to bear upon Mr. Barbour? He's the cause of all the trouble.

Dr. McH. I know something of Barbour. Any interference on my part would only make him more determined.

Mrs. S. O but we must devise some means, some way to prevent it—it must be done.

Dr. McH. I must think—

Mrs. S. You must! I don't know what I'll do if this marriage comes off! Why, Mr. Barbour is no match for you. Oh, if you will only help me, Doctor, —I—I—

Dr. McH. But what can I do?

Mrs. S. Do anything—

(Enter Mr. SIMMONS.)

Well, Beverly?

Mr. S. Mr. Barbour will be here to see you at once, mother,—he says it won't take him but a wink of the eye to relieve your mind of all anxiety about Helen.

Mrs. S. You haven't spoken to the doctor, Beverly.

Mr. S. Dr. McHenry, how do you do? I really didn't see you, I was so—

Dr. McH. Interested—

Mr. S. You'll pardon me, though?

Dr. McH. Of course.

Mr. S. So good of you. Have Mr. and Mrs. Rose been here this morning, mother? They said they were coming. (To Doctor.) You'll be at the wedding. Why, haven't you heard the news? I am about to be married to Miss Helen Rose!

Dr. McH. Miss Helen Rose?

Mr. S. Congratulate me, sir!

(Mrs. SIMMONS makes a gesture of disapproval.)

Mother, I know what you are thinking about again. Can't you wait until you've seen Mr. Barbour? You know Mr. Barbour, Doctor, the wonderful healer? Mother thinks Miss Rose has the consumption, ha! ha! Mr. Barbour couldn't help laughing when I told him that. . . . The Christian Scientists don't believe in consumption—you knew that?

Dr. McH. I think I did.

Mrs. S. Why don't you ask what the doctor thinks of Miss Rose?

Mr. S. But, mother, am I not the one to be consulted? Besides, I take the Christian Science view of things. It is so much more sensible. I do not believe there's any such thing as sickness. Why should there be? Do you know of a single good reason, Doctor, why there should be any sickness in the world?

Dr. McH. I do not.

Mr. S. And to think that such a lovely creature as Helen Rose could be a consumptive, dying by inches, dying daily—why it's wicked—it's heathen!

Mrs. S. (Aside.) He is too far gone I am afraid.

Mr. S. Hasn't Christian Science opened my eyes, though! I see everything differently now.

Mrs. S. You say Mr. Barbour has cured Miss Rose of consumption, and then you say there's no such thing as sickness in the world—I wish you would use your *head* a little, Beverly.*

*Some one asked Mrs. Eddy why Christian Scientists insisted

Mr. S. I do!—Mr. Barbour only treats people who imagine they are sick. It is—the mortal mind—enticing people into the—delusion—that they are—sick;—and you say I don't use my head! You will understand me better, Doctor,—don't you think the *mortal mind* is the cause of all our troubles?

Enter JOHN (with cards which Beverly, rising, examines quickly and impatiently).

Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Rose. Show them in, John.

Mrs. S. No, no. I will see them in the library.

(Exit Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Mr. S. Then I'll go with you. Doctor, will you excuse me if I—

Dr. McH. I don't wish to be left alone, Mr. Simmons. Besides, now that we are by ourselves, I would like to have a little chat with you. . . . I won't be long.

Mr. S. You will let me see the ladies first, though, just for one minute—

Dr. McH. But I have already been telephoned for from the office.

Mr. S. You say it won't take long—

Dr. McH. I suppose I can light a cigar?

Mr. S. Can you spare the time?

Dr. McH. Won't you join me, Mr. Simmons?

Mr. S. Thank you, I can't spare the time just now.

Dr. McH. (Lighting a cigar.) Mr. Simmons, I am not, as you well know, a controversialist. I am a practitioner, not a debater. I don't believe anything can either be proved or disproved by arguments alone.

Mr. S. Well!

upon treating disease when the thing did not exist. She answered that "it was like giving the lie to a lie." A salvationist was caught lying, and he pleaded that he was only using the devil's weapon to beat the devil with; in other words, he was lying "for the glory of God."—Huxley's letters on General Booth's "Darkest England."

Dr. McH. One may argue poorly for a good cause, while another forcibly for a bad one.

Mr. S. Did you say they telephoned for you, Doctor?

Dr. McH. I am coming to the point—so we won't discuss Christian Science.

Mr. S. I wouldn't object to see you and Mr. Barbour in an argument though, he would make it interesting for you.

Dr. McH. I don't doubt it.

Mr. S. And quote you all the Scripture you want, and Shakespeare, too.*

Dr. McH. I believe it.

Mr. S. Oh, he is great; he is divine.

Dr. McH. I have no objections. But if you will permit me, I shall speak to you of a very serious matter—one that has worried me considerably of late.

Mr. S. If it won't take too long.

Dr. McH. It's about your health.

Mr. S. My health! (Jumping to his feet.)

Dr. McH. I didn't mean to alarm you.

Mr. S. Have I got the consumption too?

Dr. McH. No,—but—please be seated.

Mr. S. What's my trouble?

Dr. McH. You are far from being a well man, Mr. Simmons.

Mr. S. That's interesting!

Dr. McH. Indeed, in one sense you are in a critical way.

Mr. S. And right on the eve of my marriage, too.

Dr. McH. I advise you strongly to—

Mr. S. Go on, sir, go on—

*Mrs. Eddy frequently quotes Shakespeare's "There is nothing good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so." But this proves too much for Mrs. Eddy, for it makes the good as well as the bad, God as well as the Devil, merely a matter of opinion.

Dr. McH. —to submit to an operation—

Mr. S. An operation! On me? O, these doctors! What's wrong with me? An operation! Why, I am sound from head to toe.

Dr. McH. Are you sure?

Mr. S. Ask my mother.

Dr. McH. She tells me you are a pretty sick boy.

Mr. S. My mother?

Dr. McH. Did you not meet with an accident some time ago?

Mr. S. You mean when I was thrown from the horse?

Dr. McH. Exactly. You hit your head against the cobblestones, did you not?

Mr. S. Eh?

Dr. McH. I understand your head was badly hurt.

Mr. S. Only a little.

Dr. McH. Are you sure it's all right now?

Mr. S. My head?

(Enter JOHN.)

JOHN. Mr. Crandon, sir. He says you made an appointment with him.

Mr. S. O, yes, that's the engraver—he is to get out the announcements—I must see my mother. Excuse me for a second, Doctor.

Dr. McH. One moment, Mr. Simmons, the engraver can wait; he can call again—you should give a physician the precedence. Please be seated.

Mr. S. Tell Mr. Crandon, John, that I am engaged just now. Let him call again in about a half hour.

(Exit JOHN.)

Dr. McH. I believe you became unconscious after your fall?

Mr. S. I did.

Dr. McH. Your entire system sustained a violent shock—but, of course, as you say, your head suffered the most. Wasn't there an abnormal accumulation of blood in your brain, Mr. Simmons?

Mr. S. But the accident only left a very slight depression on the back of my head.

Dr. McH. Let me see, please (feeling for it on Beverly's head). O, yes, here it is. It is quite a depression. Just place your finger there, Mr. Simmons, right there—don't you feel how hollow it is there?

Mr. S. (Nervously.) I think I do.

Dr. McH. Now that depression should have healed long before this. You don't find it on perfectly sound—I mean normal, heads,—(Mr. S. keeps feeling the spot with his fingers)—and if it isn't attended to at once—

Mr. S. Do you really think it is serious?

Dr. McH. I am *compelled to say*, I do. If you don't attend to it at once you may in time have to part with some of your brains. (Laughing.)

Mr. S. Doctor!

Dr. McH. Not all of it, of course. (Laughing.)

Mr. S. This is worse than consumption!

(Enter JOHN.)

Keep away John. Don't keep dragging yourself in all the time. Get out!

(Exit JOHN.)

That fellow has no sense at all.

Dr. McH. Yours was quite a serious mishap, Mr. Simmons.

Mr. S. But what would you have me do?

Dr. McH. Have your head examined at once.

Mr. S. What do you mean?

Dr. McH. A slight surgical operation might save you from very grave complications.

Mr. S. An operation on my head when I am about

to be married—(feeling for depression on his head). There, I have lost the place.

Dr. McH. (Rising and feeling Mr. Simmons' head.) Here it is, Mr. Simmons.

Mr. S. But do you think I have suffered from it any?

Dr. McH. Well, sir, I have spoken very plainly to you—as a doctor should.

Mr. S. Can't the operation be postponed until after the wedding?

Dr. McH. Would you leave your wife immediately after your marriage to go to a hospital to have your head treated?

Mr. S. Would it take long?

Dr. McH. The operation? No, but you understand, of course, that you will have to be placed on a special diet for some time and kept perfectly quiet and alone.

Mr. S. Isn't it terrible?

Dr. McH. It's nothing to be afraid of.

Mr. S. Everybody will be talking about my head.

Dr. McH. It's nobody's business to do so. You leave that to me. (While Mr. Simmons is feeling nervously again for the spot in his head.) There is not a moment to lose, Mr. Simmons.

Mr. S. But I must first consult Mr. Barbour about it.

Dr. McH. Oh, I see you have no confidence in me. (Getting ready to leave.) Very well, then you may consult Mr. Barbour. Good day, Mr. Simmons.

(Exit DOCTOR.)

Mr. S. There, I have offended the family physician! (Feeling his head.) I must be getting crazy. Doctor! One moment: I'll walk with you a little ways, if you'll let me? (Takes his hat and follows.)

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. ROSE and Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Mrs. ROSE. No, I can't say that I agree with your views on marriage, Mrs. Simmons. (Seeing photograph

of Beverly on table.) O, what a fine likeness of him! Isn't it some day next week, Mrs. Simmons, that Helen and Beverly expect to be—

Mr. ROSE. United in holy matrimony.

Mrs. R. Mr. Simmons is such an enthusiast.

Mr. R. And Helen is such a superior girl, so intellectual—that's what modern husbands prize most in women, you know.

Mrs. R. Our Helen is quite a poet, Mrs. Simmons.

Mr. R. And has brains enough to do for two.

Mrs. S. How fortunate! But don't you think they are both rather too young to be in such a hurry? People should not think of marriage before they are about—thirty-five, at least.

Mr. R. Goodness! That's too ideal for the majority of us.

Mrs. R. When two young people love each other, it would be a pity to keep them apart.

Mr. R. My sentiments exactly. If marriage is a good thing, why postpone it?

Mrs. R. Besides, the young people of to-day are not apt to mind their parents in love affairs.

Mrs. S. They would if their parents had a little more backbone.

Mrs. R. You wouldn't interfere, would you?

Mrs. S. If I thought my son was making a mistake I certainly would.

Mrs. R. What would you do?

Mrs. S. Use every means in my power to bring him to his senses.

Mrs. R. And if you failed?

Mrs. S. I don't allow myself to think of that.

Mrs. R. Our Helen has always been an obedient child.

Mrs. S. Obedient! There are no obedient children

any more. We hear so much of the new woman nowadays—why don't they say something of the "new children" who are always trying to run their parents?

Mrs. R. Why, Mrs. Simmons!

Mrs. S. Aren't you going to take Miss Rose to a warmer climate?

Mrs. R. Who, Helen? Ha! ha! Haven't you seen her since she has been going to Mr. Barbour?

Mr. R. Why, she is like a different person now.

Mrs. S. Doesn't she take any medicine?

Mr. and Mrs. R. Medicine!*

Mr. R. Nothing but Christian Science, madam, the greatest discovery of the century, the quickest and most inexpensive cure.

Mrs. S. No medicine at all?

Mr. R. None whatever,—which is quite an item, mind you—

Mrs. R. And anybody may learn to practice it—

Mrs. S. They sha'n't practice it on me.

Mr. R. They don't kill any more than the doctors do, and it costs less—why, there's Mr. Barbour!

(Enter Mr. BARBOUR with a book under his arm.)

Mr. B. Excuse me for walking in without any ceremony, Mrs. Simmons, I—(Mr. Rose offers to introduce him.) No, I don't need an introduction, Mr. Rose, no formalities for me. And now to the point: Mr. Simmons requested me this morning to call upon you, madam. I understand you are laboring under the impression that your son is marrying a sick girl.

*It is the contention of Christian Scientists that material means are an insult to the power of the Divine Mind. But did not Jesus use clay and water and the touch of his flesh and bone hands to effect His cures? Of course we can interpret the Bible in the interest of almost any theory we please, but if we are to juggle with it, we should not complain when thoughtful people denounce us as jugglers.

(Mr. and Mrs. ROSE slowly retire to the rear of the room.)

Mrs. S. Isn't she suffering with the consumption?

Mr. B. How perfectly absurd! Miss Rose is as sound physically as she is mentally. There's not the shadow of a foundation for your fears. The thing you fear is impossible, if there's a God. Which will you take, God or consumption?*

Mrs. S. Have you made a careful examination?

Mr. B. I don't believe in examinations. You ought to take up Christian Science, Mrs. Simmons, it will make everything clear to you. You have a copy of our wonderful book, haven't you? No? Well! One might as well dwell in a house without any windows as try to live without the light of this book. (Showing book.) By the way (beckoning to the Roses), you will all be interested to hear of a little boy I am treating, just now. I am on my way there now—Mrs. Eva's four-year-old son—a dear little fellow. I suppose if the doctors could get at him they would pronounce it a case of diphtheria and proceed forthwith to paint his throat or inject some kind of poison into his system.

Mrs. R. How dreadful!

Mr. B. I told his mother to keep him out of bed and about, to let him eat and drink as he pleases.

Mrs. S. Do you let other children go near him?

Mr. B. Why not? I don't admit he is sick at all. Such an admission would be paramount to a denial of my faith. Can't do it. To say any body is sick is the same as saying God is not All in All.

Mrs. S. Well!

Mr. B. But you ought to see how the little darling is improving. The first thing that his mother says to me as she opens the door is, "Little Georgie is doing splendidly, he is as well as he can be." I have ordered her to say that.

Mr. R. Mr. Barbour, you are hurting the doctors.

*"Christ or Catsup."—Mrs. Eddy.

Mr. B. The doctors are not particularly fond of me, Mr. Rose, I must admit. But I must be about my work—good morning all.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Good morning.

(Exit BARBOUR.)

Mr. R. There's a really great man for you. He has the faith and power of an apostle, and why shouldn't he? If Barnabas could work miracles, why not Barbour? Barbour charges for his, I admit, but that only proves him the smarter man. You can have more faith in God on a full than on an empty stomach.

(Re-enter BARBOUR.)

Mr. B. I haven't seen anything of the couple you spoke of the other day, Mr. Rose.

Mr. R. Haven't they called on you yet?

Mr. B. Do you think they can do my work?

Mr. R. They'll give you satisfaction, I'm sure. Wilson is a very clever fellow; and his wife is the best of housekeepers.

Mr. B. Is that so?

Mr. R. You'll hear from them very soon, I have no doubt.

Mr. B. I hope I will; good morning, again.

(Exit BARBOUR.)

Mr. R. Good morning. That man hasn't been in town over a year and he's already looking around for an assistant.

Mrs. R. The number of the sick seem to be increasing every day.

Mr. R. He read to us the other day about Methuselah.

Mrs. R. —how he lived to be about a thousand years old by keeping shy of the doctors.

Mr. R. I believe it. We could all live very much longer if the doctors and druggists would only let us.

Mrs. R. What was that about the antediluvians Mr. Barbour read to us, dear?

Mr. R. O, yes,—let me see if I remember it. “The antediluvians”—let me think a moment—it is one of the strongest arguments against the doctors I have heard of —“the antediluvians would be living to this day”—they would be living to this day—“but for the”—

Mrs. R. Deluge! wasn't it?

Mr. R. No,—the doctors come in there somewhere; I forget it now, but it's something about—how the doctors teased Noah to hurry up with the deluge—thinking it would make business lively.

Mrs. R. Ho, ho, you haven't got it right yet; there were no doctors then.

Mr. R. I know it—didn't they all get drowned?

Mrs. S. There are still a few left.

Mr. R. Of course, one or two sneaked into the Ark.*

(Enter MARY handing card to Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Mrs. S. (Looking at card.) What does he want?

MARY. He says Mr. Simmons asked him to call.

Mrs. S. Take Mr. Crandon's card to Mr. Simmons.

MARY. He is not in the house, ma'am.

(Exit MARY.)

Mr. R. Mr. Crandon? I think I know what he wants; it must be about the announcements.

Mrs. S. What announcements?

Mr. and Mrs. R. For the wedding.

*In “Science and Health” Mrs. Eddy lays great stress upon the longevity of the antediluvians as proving the possibility of living ten times longer than we now do, without drugs or doctors. In this little piece of reasoning the founder of this American cult has outdone herself. It never occurs to Mrs. Eddy that it is one thing to assume a thing and another to prove it. She assumes there was a deluge; assumes men lived longer before the deluge; assumes there were no doctors before the deluge; assumes men's lives were cut short after the deluge because of the doctors, and these four or five assumptions prove for her and her followers the following incontrovertible inference: The antediluvians were Christian Scientists. But Mrs. Eddy has overlooked the fact that with all their science the antediluvians could not prevent the deluge.

(Enter JOHN, handing a telegram to Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Mrs. S. (Reading in silence, then with a start.) Mercy! What does this mean? John, ring for my carriage. Isn't it dreadful! (Rings bell.) What could have happened to my boy!

(Enter MARY.)

Help me on with my things, Mary, quick! I am in a hurry.

Mr. R. We hope it isn't any bad news, Mrs. Simmons?

Mrs. S. Poor boy!

Mrs. R. Can't we do anything for you?

Mr. R. Is it about Mr. Simmons?

Mrs. S. (Reading telegram again.) Beverly has been taken to a hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hospital!

(CURTAIN.)

ACT II.

OFFICE IN BARBOUR'S HOUSE.

(BARBOUR discovered giving absent treatment.)

Mr. BARBOUR. (Seated at desk and reading from a note book.) The next patient—is—Mrs. Crawford. . . . She asks to be relieved of a—cataract in her left eye. I think page 19 will do it.* (Turns over leaves of his book, reads silently, and then closes the book and placing his hand to his eyes remains silent for a second.) There, she won't be troubled with it any more. The next (consulting his note-book again) is a Mr. Arnold—ninety-seven years of age. His legs are beginning to tremble a little (takes up book again), page 11 (reads in silence, throws his head back, closes his eyes, then waking suddenly as from a trance). There, that will take the shake out of his legs. (Reading from note-book.) Miss Roxanna Shinn—age 37, complaint—hysteria—*hysteria*? Pages 53—and 71 (when about to read some one knocks). Walk in.

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. WILSON.)

WILS. Is this Mr. Barbour?

BAR. Yes, sir. What is your trouble?

(WILSON hands note.)

(Barbour opens and reading note.) From Mr. Rose—O, yes, I have been expecting you. This is your wife?

WILS. Mrs. Wilson, sir. (Introducing her.)

*The reading of Mrs. Eddy's book is the substitute for medicine. "Is not the power of God greater than any drug?" asks Mrs. Eddy. But if we can't quote God's power against the use of food, clothing and shelter, why should it be invoked against science, surgery and medicine? The power of God, presumably, is greater than the storm, but it does not do away with the necessity of having roofs to our houses or lightning rods to protect them from the thunder shaft. Why is it an "insult to God" to use an herb or a liquid, created by God, let us suppose, and not an insult to use food to preserve life, or clothing to keep ourselves warm?

(Mrs. WILSON returns bow.)

BAR. She understands housekeeping, of course?

WILS. She has earned a reputation in that profession, sir.

BAR. Indeed! And do you think you could make yourself useful around the office? I am terribly rushed.

WILS. I can try, sir?

BAR. I will give you both a trial. Mrs. Wilson, let me have a good home-made dinner to-day, I am tired of boarding-house meals. But there is one thing I want both of you to remember above all while you are in my employ, and that is, to do everything in your power to further the interests of the *great Cause*.

WILS. What cause is it, sir?

BAR. The Cause of Truth!

WILS. Why, certainly, Doctor, *certainly*.

BAR. I am not a doctor.

WILS. Beg pardon, Mr. Rose told me you didn't believe in medicine.

BAR. I have absolutely no use for medicines, drugs, powders, poisons, potions, pills, mixtures or nostrums of any description. I won't permit them in this house. If you want me to engage you, you must denounce the *mortal mind* and all its works.

Mrs. W. (Aside to Wilson.) What is that, Wilson?

WILS. Wait until he says it again.

BAR. There is not going to be any sickness in this house, either,—no headaches, coughs, colds, rheumatism, or any other complaint—I can't allow it. (Mrs. Wilson feeling for her rheumatic ankle.) What's that?—you haven't got a pain there?

WILS. O, no, sir! O, no! Mrs. Wilson doesn't know what pain is. (Mrs. Wilson makes a gesture indicating great suffering.)

BAR. There's another thing I ought to tell you about—whatever you eat or drink in this house *must* agree with you.

WILS. If that's the rule of the house, we are satisfied.

BAR. And you must never complain of the weather.

WILS. (Looking pitifully at his wife.) I won't.

BAR. The mind is everything.

WILS. To be sure, sir, that's only common sense. Without the mind we wouldn't be able to tell what was ailing us.

BAR. One other rule—

WILS. Yes, sir.

BAR. You must feel the same every day in the year. (Mrs. Wilson about to protest when her husband interrupts.)

WILS. Not a bad rule, indeed.

BAR. One day is as good as another.

WILS. It ought to be.

BAR. And if you can be well on one day, why not on another?

WILS. (Addressing his wife.) That's reasonable, Minnie, isn't it?

BAR. If you desire to help the Cause you must each accept for a part of your first month's wages a handsome copy of (taking copy of "Science and Health" down from the shelf) this wonderful book. It's only Five Dollars a copy.

Mrs. W. (Aside.) Ten dollars! It wasn't meant for the poor, surely.* Tell him one copy will be enough, Wilson.

WILS. (To his wife.) Never mind, Minnie,—look

*It is significant how Christian Science avoids the poor. Jesus said, "Unto the poor the Gospel is preached," and again, "It is easier for the camel to enter through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." But Mrs. Eddy has raised the price of salvation; it is no longer free; no free cures, such as Jesus and His apostles are supposed to have worked, are permitted now. The new doctrine is, "It is impossible to keep a rich man out of the Kingdom of Heaven."

upon it as an investment. (Addressing Barbour.) The book is too cheap, sir. (Taking the books.)

BAR. Now then, let us all to work. When anybody calls, usher them into my office as courteously as you can.

WILS. Yes, sir.

BAR. And don't fail always to wear a smile,—both of you.

(Exeunt WILSON and wife.)

That fellow looks intelligent enough. There! (Hurries to his desk.) I forgot Miss Roxanna Shinn,—age thirty-seven, complaint—hysteria. (Turning over leaves of book rapidly.)

(Re-enter WILSON.)

WILS. The milkman, sir.

BAR. I have engaged one already.

WILS. But he says the other fellow doesn't keep pure milk.

BAR. How stupid!

WILS. We can't be too careful, sir, there's a great deal of sickness about—

BAR. Mr. Wilson, one cow's milk is as good as another's. Have you forgotten so soon what I said about making everything we eat and drink to agree with us? Tell the milkman that the people in this house cannot be made sick by the milk they drink. Come here, sir. It is not what we take in from the outside that hurts us, but what proceeds from the inside—from the *mind*.

WILS. It is as you say, sir; what we take in from the outside, whether it be water or something a little stronger, hadn't ought to hurt anybody. Mrs. Wilson ought to hear that argument.

BAR. THE MIND IS EVERYTHING!

WILS. Yes, sir, I'll tell the milkman that.

(Exit WILSON.)

BAR. Miss Rose is late this morning. Well, I suppose she is too busy to think of her health just now. It

is a great thing to be in love. Well, if any one wants to know what Mind can do, there's an example. When she first came to me she was just ready to collapse; but now she is as robust as I am, and about to be married,—which I cannot say of myself. Well,—O, yes, Miss Shinn—I almost forgot her again—(as he sits down to give her the absent treatment Wilson's voice is heard without).

WILS. Walk right in, ma'am. You will find Mr. Barbour in his office. Fair weather we are having.

BAR. Talking of the weather again.

(Enter WILSON.)

WILS. (Smiling.) Walk right in, walk right in.

(Enter Miss EVA, looking very sad.)

BAR. Miss Eva, what is the good news? You are looking bright and cheerful this morning—I never saw you look so well—you must have some very good news.

Miss EVA. I have not, sir, I am feeling miserable—my little brother is worse. Your treatment, mamma says, hasn't helped him a bit,—he is dying.

BAR. Why, Miss Eva, what do you mean—your brother dying! It's impossible!—you are dreaming. Do not let the mortal mind impose on you like that.

Miss EVA. Mother insists she will send for Dr. Mc-Henry.

BAR. I think you need a treatment, Miss Eva. (Miss Eva puts her hand to her forehead.) What, a headache! That's my specialty. Sit down here. Mr. Wilson, hand me that book. I will relieve you instantly. Now then, concentrate your mind on the *truth*—think of nothing else but the truth. (Barbour is seated on a chair facing Miss Eva, reading in silence—after a brief pause)—Are you not feeling better already?

Miss EVA. I think I am.

BAR. Say, "Of course I am." Say it, now. Come, be brave. Don't deny the truth.*

Miss EVA. "Of course I am."

*Behind that word Truth what selfishness, what conceits, what absurdities pose for public approval.

BAR. There, we have won the victory! The headache's gone; and so have the tears. Ha! ha! you don't need to send for Dr. McHenry—no, indeed.

Miss EVA. I feel so much better.

BAR. Now then, go and do for your mother what I have done for you. Stop her from *thinking* that Georgie is dying. Tell her to sit down and read chapter seven of the book I sold her, seven times without interruption.* That's my prescription. Don't forget it. (Walks out with her.)

WILS. (Alone.) A first rate prescription. I wonder how much he will charge for it. Humph! it's tip-top—if the little fellow dies nobody can say it was his medicine that killed him. Hi! hi! hi!

(Enter Mrs. WILSON, in a new dress and tying on her apron.)

Where is your smile, Minnie?

Mrs. W. (Smiling.) Here it is.

WILS. I hope you like your job as well as I do mine.

Mrs. W. What do you think I had better cook for his first dinner?

WILS. O yes—why, let's see—

Mrs. W. How would a couple of pork chops do, with some mayonnaise sauce?

WILS. Pork and mayonnaise!—he won't eat it.

Mrs. W. He's got to, it's one of the rules of the house.

WILS. Ha! ha! One sauce is as good as another. I see you've caught on. Ha! ha!—say, Minnie, that apron looks swell on you.

Mrs. W. The apron looks swell!

WILS. I don't mean the apron—how stupid of me. The mind's everything!

*The Moslems read the Koran over the sick to cure them of their diseases.

Mrs. W. I hear Mr. Barbour coming—I must leave.
(Exit Mrs. W.)

(Enter BARBOUR.)

BAR. Wasn't that neatly done, Mr. Wilson?

WILS. Sir?

BAR. You saw Miss Eva's face when she walked in?

WILS. I thought she was going to faint, sir.

BAR. But she was smiling when she left.

WILS. Your treatment, of course.

BAR. It only goes to show what science—

WILS. With a little tact—

BAR. No, no, you don't need anything else.

WILS. It's a great system, sir.

BAR. And withal so simple. As soon as she stepped in I addressed myself at once to her soul, to the ego, to the psychic self in her, to what we in Boston call the invisible and indivisible *noumen* (Wilson looks puzzled), which is more real than the mere *phenomen*. (Wilson looks more puzzled.) While the doctors, these "soi-disant savants" (Wilson gives up in despair), with their mummerly and mephitic, nauseating nostrums, never penetrate beyond the fragile and transitory tabernacle commonly called the body!*

WILS. O yes, yes, I understand—you're talking about the doctors. They are terrible. The way they stick the thermometer down your throat is enough to stop anybody's pulse.

BAR. Now that you are with me, you can dispense with the pleasure of visiting them.

WILS. I never called on a doctor for pleasure.

BAR. Do you think I am going to keep my health to myself? I want to share it with everybody. The doctors are incessantly howling about infectious diseases, about microbes and bacteria, germs in the water, in the

*Barbour, naturally, has great faith in the book, the author of which claims that even if read backward "it will be found to agree in statement and proof."

air, in everything—but they never seem to find health anywhere.

WILS. They can't afford it.

BAR. Instead of giving the small-pox to your neighbor, why not give him your health, your appetite, your—

WILS. Constitution.

BAR. This new principle will yet revolutionize all our ideas on science, art, religion—and think of it, Mr. Wilson, a woman discovered it.

WILS. Bravo!

BAR. I want to show you a few letters I have received from people I have cured.

WILS. Of what?

BAR. Of—why—I cured them of—

WILS. Of sickness.

BAR. No—but they thought they were sick. That is very much worse, you know.

(There is heard without a great commotion—cries and shrieks of “He is dying!” “Send for a doctor!” “Why don’t they open this door?” Pounding on door—Wilson runs out—voices grow louder.)

(Re-enter WILSON.)

WILS. An accident, an accident! Mr. Barbour—a runaway! A bad accident, sir.

(WILSON runs out again, returning with Mrs. SIMMONS.)

(Enter WILSON and Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Mrs. S. (Very much excited.) O, Mr. Barbour! Mr. Barbour! Come out quick!—a little newsboy—I thought I would faint—come out, sir, he is cut badly! O dear! (Covering her face.)

BAR. Calm yourself, madam, and let me hear the particulars. (Commotion without.)

(WILSON goes out again.)

Mrs. S. There’s no time to lose, Mr. Barbour—O, if the doctor would only hurry!

BAR. You have sent for a doctor, have you?

Mrs. S. Why, of course—O, what a sight! There was that wild animal galloping and tearing his way up the street and this little fellow with his bundle of papers under his arm, trying to get across—I can't go on, I can't—(covers her face again).

BAR. Where is the boy now?

(Enter WILSON.)

WILS. They're bringing him in here, Mr. Barbour!

(Enter a number of people and Mrs. WILSON.)

Mrs. S. Lay him down gently—there—poor boy!—

BAR. Is the boy in pain?

Mrs. S. Why, Mr. Barbour, don't you see how he's suffering? Oh, if we could only give him something to stop his pain—some morphine—

BAR. There's not a drop of *poison* in my house, madam; but I have something better—

Mrs. S. Give him that—and won't you bandage his poor little head?

BAR. It is unnecessary.

Mrs. S. Why, he will bleed to death.

BAR. I will take his case, Mrs. Simmons, on one condition—

Mrs. S. I will pay all the charges.

BAR. If I am to treat him you must send word to the doctor not to come.

Mrs. S. How could he hurt the boy?

BAR. No, no; it's against my principles!—I must be consistent.

Mrs. S. Well, go on, Mr. Barbour—there's no time to lose—help him in your own way, only be quick about it.

BAR. Let me have that book, Mr. Wilson. You must all keep perfectly still while I am reading. (Wilson hands book; Barbour sits down to read in silence.)

Mrs. S. Are you not going to bandage his little head? I wish *I* knew how to do it.

BAR. I am doing all I can for him, madam, and no one could do more.

Mrs. S. Why, you are not doing anything!

BAR. I am giving him a treatment.

WILS. You will soon observe a wonderful improvement in him, Madam. I shouldn't be surprised to see him jump up and run home.

Mrs. S. The man's crazy!

BAR. He has seen what this book can do and you haven't.

Mrs. S. Humbug! I suppose if the boy had that same book in his pocket, the horse would have run down someone else.* I will go for the doctor myself. (As she nears the door Dr. McHENRY enters hurriedly.)

(Enter Dr. McHENRY.)

Mrs. S. I am so glad to see you, Doctor, so glad to see you! (In her excitement she almost embraces the doctor.) Here he is, here he is! You will save his life, Doctor, won't you! (Barbour stops his treatment, suddenly closing his book.)

Dr. McH. Poor fellow! (Takes his cuffs off, opens his bag, takes out pieces of linen, sponges, etc.—to Mrs. Wilson): Will you please get me a large bowl of water?

(Mrs. Wilson returns with the water. Doctor, surrounded, attends to the boy. Loud and rapid ringing of bells heard without. Wilson and Barbour, thinking it

*According to Christian Science the "mortal mind," whatever that may be, though we suspect it is only a new name for an old thing,—and not God, is the cause of all the unpleasant things in life. But the Bible says distinctly in more than one place that God sends both the good and the bad. Paul says, "God sends a strong spirit of delusion that men may believe in a lie and be damned." Jesus declared that Bartemeus was born blind for the glory of God; that the fault was neither his nor his parents'. Evidently Jesus had not yet read of the Key to the Scriptures.

a fire alarm, get very much excited and try to escape from the room.)

WILS. Fire! Mr. Barbour!

BAR. (Opens window to jump out.) What! Where!! Help!!!

Dr. McH. (Observing their excitement and coolly.) It is the ambulance.

(BARBOUR and WILSON are quieted.)

(To the men helping him bandage the boy)—There, he is now ready to be carried out. (Men carry boy out.) Gently, place him on the couch in the ambulance—you'll find it waiting at the door.

(Exeunt Crowd, Mrs. WILSON, etc.)

Mrs. S. You won't let him die, Doctor?

Dr. McH. We can only do our best. (Wiping his hands.)

BAR. (Walking up to doctor.) There's where we have the advantage over you, Doctor McHenry—you have only a wavering, uncertain belief in your remedies, while we have positive faith in ours.

Dr. McH. What did you do for the boy?

BAR. I—well—I—the—why—if you will take a seat, sir, I shall be glad to have a friendly argument with you.

Dr. McH. Thanks, I am a very poor talker.

BAR. You wish to know what I did for the little fellow? Would it be in order to inquire what *you* did for Miss Rose?

Dr. McH. I understand you have cured her entirely.

BAR. And what is more, as Mrs. Simmons will bear me out, she is soon to become a bride.

Mrs. S. Do you approve of a sick girl like Miss Helen Rose getting married?

BAR. She is not a sick girl!

Mrs. S. Neither was the little boy run over, was he? Good day, sir.

(Exeunt DOCTOR and Mrs. SIMMONS.)

BAR. O, Mr. Wilson—I was going to get you that bunch of letters—

(Exit BARBOUR.)

(Enter Mrs. WILSON.)

Mrs. W. Do you think they can save the mite?

WILS. Smile, Minnie, smile! Remember the rules.

Mrs. W. Don't feel like it.

WILS. But you have got to.

Mrs. W. I won't! (Frowns.) There!

WILS. Come now, is your dinner ready?

Mrs. W. No, sir. I won't cook in that kitchen for anything; I am going to look for another position.

WILS. What's the matter, Minnie, don't you like your surroundings?

Mrs. W. You never saw such dirt in all your life—and my rheumatism—oh!—oh!—

WILS. (Aside.) I will try Mr. Barbour's prescription on my wife.

Mrs. W. Why, there hasn't been a broom touch this old rat-trap for—I don't know how long—and the vermin, the mice, the roaches—why, I never saw anything like it.

WILS. (Clearing his throat and solemnly.) I tell you, Minnie, there's absolutely nothing of that kind in this house. Mice! Roaches! The idea! The mind is everything!

Mrs. W. (Pulling him by the arm.) Come down stairs with me and I'll show them to you—all you want—

WILS. They are in your mind.

Mrs. W. What is the matter with my mind?

WILS. I don't know; but there is nothing of that kind in this house. You better get the mice out of your head.

Mrs. W. (Looking about.) There! There! There goes a mouse now. (Jumps on a chair.)

WILS. (Frightened.) Where? Where? What?—
Minnie—don't— (Jumps on a chair.)

Mrs. W. Why, they are all over—there's another.

WILS. One's enough, Minnie—don't—is it gone?—

Mrs. W. (Getting off the chair, slowly.) What have you to say now?

WILS. (Getting off, and aside.) I need more practice before I can do anything with that prescription. (Aloud.) My dear, it is the mortal mind imposing on you. Why doesn't Mr. Barbour see them?

Mrs. W. Wilson, you have been taking something strong again. Tell Mr. Barbour to buy some poison or something to kill them with, or I am off.

WILS. But, Minnie, you heard Mr. Barbour say he wouldn't allow anything but mind in the house.

Mrs. W. I need a hundred mouse-traps.

WILS. But Mr. Barbour objects to mouse-traps.

Mrs. W. So do the mice.

WILS. But—

Mrs. W. All right, then, I'm off—this house has got to be doctored if I am to stay here.

WILS. Now, Minnie, look here, we don't want to lose our job on the same day we got it. I will buy you all you want; Mr. Barbour need not know anything about it. There, I hear him coming. Run down stairs like a good woman—there, hurry now—

Mrs. W. (As she is leaving.) It looks like rain, Wilson.

WILS. Why, there isn't a cloud in the sky—

Mrs. W. But I can tell—my rheumatism—

(Exit Mrs. WILSON.)

(Re-enter BARBOUR.)

BAR. Does Mrs. Wilson need anything?

WILS. Nothing at all, sir. I was complaining of her neighbors to her.

BAR. Neighbors?

WILS. I mean her neighbors in the house, sir. You see, my wife is something of a philosopher. I was calling her attention to the mice and roaches crawling all over the rooms. (Wilson imagines he sees one and shifts about—Barbour imitating Wilson; when quiet again.) And I says to her, "Why, Minnie, we must buy some powder or poison to get rid of them." "No, no," she says, "if poison could kill them, they would have been dead long ago." "Let's try 'mind' on them," says I. "No," says she, "we will only be driving them into some other house." Really, Mr. Barbour, her faith beats mine.

BAR. She is quite a philosopher.

WILS. 'Twas all the dowry she had, sir.

BAR. She was poor, eh?

WILS. And rheumatic, sir.

BAR. What is that?

WILS. Not any more, sir, not any more!

BAR. (Handling letters.) Here are those letters I promised you; Mr. Wilson. Read them at your leisure. I am compelled to keep an engagement now.

WILS. I will read them at once, sir.

BAR. If Miss Rose calls while I'm away, ask her to wait for me, by all means.

WILS. Very well, sir.

BAR. If there should be other callers they can leave their names for absent treatment. (Aside.) There's that Miss Roxanna Shinn with the hysteria—(to Wilson)—it costs a dollar less—

WILS. The absent treatment?

BAR. It will do them just as much good. And try and sell as many copies of the book as you can—for cash! Your commission will be forty per cent.

(Exit BARBOUR.)

WILS. Cash? (Rubbing his hands walks toward

desk; is seated and about to open drawer when Barbour returns.)

BAR. Mr. Wilson!

WILS. (With a start and jumping to his feet.) Sir!

BAR. Tell Mrs. Wilson to please hurry a bit with the dinner—I am beginning to feel hungry.

(Exit BARBOUR.)

WILS. It will be ready very soon, sir—I wonder if he's really hungry or whether he only thinks he is! Ha! ha! ha! (Seated at desk.) O, well, it's not my place to reform the world—I wasn't cut out for that. (Searching for something in drawers.) If there's a demand for humbug, you've got to supply it. People will abuse you if you don't. Where does he keep his tariff? There's humbug in everything—more or less. To know just how much of it to put in anything is the secret of success. It is too bad, but—such is life. (Finding paper, takes it out.) Ah, here it is. (Reading.) Three dollars for office treatment; two dollars for absent treatment. (Turning paper over.) Treated during week ending Friday, nine cases of insomnia; seven of sleeplessness; three of lying awake at night; one of drunkenness—(imitates the hiccough)—that's a hard one to cure; one case of diphtheria; ten of mel-an-melanco-lia—whew! that's a big one—it must be some Boston disease; (reading again) and thirteen cases of softening of the brain. (Taps forehead with fingers.) There's where the trouble is. Well, let me see—why, that's nearly one hundred dollars of business in one week. It isn't bad for a man starting without any capital at all. (Knocking at the door.) I do hope that's a patient—I am dying to try my hand at it again. Come in. With a little practice and one or two hits, I could open a place of my own. (Knocking again.) Come in! But what if it should be some one with the rabies, or another runaway accident—No, sir. (Locks the door.) We're not in this time—I ought to have an easy one to begin with. (Knocking louder.) I may be throwing away the greatest opportunity of my life, though. (Unlocks.) Come in!

(Enter JOHN.)

WILS. (Aside—after scanning John's dejected looks carefully.) It's another case of softening of the brain. Good day, sir! You look brilliantly well, sir. Can I do anything for you?

JOHN. (Feebly.) I am not well, sir.

WILS. Wouldn't have believed it. (Aside.) I only wish Barbour would hurry up now. (Aloud.) It isn't anything serious, I hope.

JOHN. It is.

WILS. (Aside.) Heavens! I see my finish before I have begun!

JOHN. Do you think you can help me, sir?

WILS. (Aside.) Where's that old Barbour? (Aloud.) It depends upon what your trouble is. (Recovering himself.) O, no, it doesn't at all—we cure all kinds of complaints. This is no guess-work—this is science, sir, science! science!! I say this is SCIENCE!

JOHN. I thought it was woman's science?

WILS. You mean Christian Science, and that's what it is—but we only charge for the science.

JOHN. I am in love, sir.

WILS. Is that all? (Aside.) If Barbour would only keep away awhile now.

JOHN. I am a love-sick man, sir. See how thin I have gotten. I have lost twenty pounds in twenty days.

WILS. That's a pound a day.

JOHN. My appetite's gone—my sleep—my health, and I have taken to drinking.

WILS. What?

JOHN. I am afraid I will lose my mind, sir.

WILS. You can't do that. (John sighs pitifully.) You say you are in love—with a girl, of course?

JOHN. Oh, Mary!

WILS. Well, doesn't the fair one return your passion?

JOHN. She does not love me, sir.

WILS. How heartless! She is the one to be treated, then.

JOHN. I have a rival, sir.

WILS. A rival—I see—ha! ha!—well, in that case we must treat him.

JOHN. If I could only get him out of the way, sir.

WILS. I understand. But can't you first bring the young lady here?

JOHN. She won't come, sir.

WILS. She won't, eh? Well, let me see—that makes it a little harder for me—but—I can give her absent treatments—I forgot about that. It can't hurt her, you know—I mean, it will do her just as much good—and—it costs less. Now then, we have no time to lose—let us get to work. You want a copy of this book for yourself. There's one for you; and one for—for—Mary—isn't that her name?

JOHN. How could you tell?

WILS. (Aside.) I've made a hit already. (To John.) That shows what I can do. Why, sir, you have MARY written all over you. I can see her in your eyes, hear her in your voice, feel her in the breath of your nostrils, and read her name on the red of your lips.

JOHN. Oh, Mary!

WILS. Now then, here is the other copy for Mary.

JOHN. Two books?

WILS. And I advise you to get a copy for your rival—

JOHN. Three books!

WILS. Let me think—no! I don't believe that'll work. Buy one for your rival, too.

JOHN. Four books!!

WILS. If you each have one apiece you won't be any better off than your rival. We have to arrange it differently. (Thinking.) Now, I've got it—you take one copy for yourself—Mary will take two—she needs the

treatment more than you do, and you must allow only one copy for your rival—

JOHN. Must I pay for his book, too?

WILS. You see, he can't begin to hold out against your three books with his one copy.

JOHN. What good will the books do?

WILS. We make all our cures by the book. What do you think we publish them for? Place them under Mary's pillow, and you will see the effect. (Holding out the book) Just touch the book once. sir—touch it—touch it, I say!

(Enter Mrs. WILSON.)

What, now? I am busy, Minnie, don't you see I have a patient? (Mrs. Wilson hands letter.)

WILS. Oh, a letter. (Takes letter and places on table.)

(Exit Mrs. WILSON.)

JOHN. (Feeling for his pocket-book.) I am willing to try.

WILS. It is your only hope. Your name and address, please?

JOHN. John Caldwell. 83 Westminster Terrace.

WILS. (Aside.) Ah! I will raise his bill!

JOHN. I am Mrs. John Simmons' butler.

WILS. Will she pay the bill for you? (Presenting the bill.) The four books cost \$20. Mrs. Simmons is a very fine lady—and there's a statement for my services.

JOHN. Just now she is very much worried about her son—he is sick.

WILS. Not the same kind of sickness as yours, is it? (John nods.) Why don't you tell him to see me about it?

(JOHN whispers in WILSON'S ear.)

You don't mean it!—affected his head, eh? (Aside.) It's all there. (Tapping his forehead.)

(JOHN whispers again.)

Hospital! Too bad! Well, if Dr. McHenry fails to help him, tell Mrs. Simmons to give me a chance. And here's the bill for my treatment—not an unreasonable charge, as you will see.

JOHN. Must I pay for it now?

WILS. It's to your advantage to do so. You see, my treatment consists in thinking of you as hard as I can. If you don't pay now, I shall keep on thinking of you, which will only make your bill very much larger.

JOHN. In that case, I had better not let it run on—

WILS. I admire your judgment, sir. (Receives money.) Thank you. Let me hear from you again.

(Exit JOHN, carrying four books under his arm.)

WILS. Now I must hurry and tell my wife of my first cure. If Mary would only accept this fellow, my fortune's made—Mrs. Wilson won't have to cook for Mr. Barbour any more. I'll open a place of my own and make *heart trouble* my specialty.

(Exit WILSON.)

(Enter BARBOUR.)

BAR. Not here yet—O yes, while I am waiting I can give Miss Roxanna Shinn her treatment. (Walks to desk; consults note-book.) What was her complaint? Hysteria, I believe; (taking up book) page nineteen—oh, here's a letter. (Reads aloud.) "Dear Mr. Barbour: You have completely cured my hysteria. Please discontinue treatment. Enclosed you will find my check. Yours gratefully, Rox. Shinn." (Coughing heard without; Barbour throws letter in drawer, jumps to his feet and walks quickly to the door.) That's Miss Rose, I know her cough. (Opening the door.)

(Enter Miss ROSE.)

Well, at last! I was getting just a bit anxious.

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. ROSE.)

You here, too! This is more pleasure than I anticipated. How are you all?

MR. ROSE. Haven't you heard the news?

BAR. If it is about the wedding—

Miss R. I am afraid that's all over, Mr. Barbour.

BAR. Miss Rose!

Mrs. R. Helen, dear, you are in a draft there.

(Miss ROSE rises to change her seat.)

BAR. (Interfering.) Please remain seated where you are, Miss Rose.

Mr. R. Let me close the door then.

BAR. (Interfering again.) Mr. Rose, we can't serve two masters at the same time.

Miss R. I am all right, papa.

BAR. That's a brave girl. But you haven't told me about the news yet.

Mr. R. Why, Mr. Simmons has disappeared.

BAR. Disappeared?

Mr. R. You see, while we were counting on everything as settled, Mrs. Simmons was quietly laying her wires for a big surprise.

BAR. Why, this is serious! The police ought to be notified.

Miss R. I was afraid she would spring something at the very last moment.

BAR. When did you first find out about it?

Miss R. Papa and mamma called to see Mrs. Simmons yesterday—

BAR. That was the day I saw them there?

Miss R. —to talk about the wedding—

BAR. Yes—

Miss R. While they were all chatting pleasantly a telegram was received—

BAR. A telegram?

Miss R. —announcing that Mr. Simmons had been taken to a hospital.

BAR. What a scheme!

Mrs. R. Didn't she tell us she would do anything to prevent the marriage?

Miss R. I know he has been hurried out of the country.

BAR. To Europe, perhaps, eh?

Miss R. I think it is very mean. (Coughs.)

Mrs. R. Don't get excited, dear, it only makes your cough worse.

BAR. Do you think Mrs. Simmons is working all alone in this matter?

Miss R. Of course not; there is that old doctor—he is madly in love with her.

BAR. Dr.—

Miss R. McHenry, the—

Mr. R. You know the saying, Mr. Barbour, that “a man will do anything for the woman he loves.”

BAR. I understand; the doctor and Mrs. Simmons are on very good terms. I had occasion to learn that this very day, and right in this office, too.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Were they here together?

Miss R. What brought them here?

BAR. Never mind; I'll tell you all about it some day. Dr. McHenry is doing everything to injure my good name, but we'll get even some day. I don't care for myself, it's the truth I'm anxious about.

Miss R. I shall call on him at once for an explanation. I'll give the old meddler a piece of my mind.

BAR. And I shall send him a note (rings bell)—duty commands me—I must forget my private interests for the sake of humanity.

(Enter WILSON.)

Mr. R. Well, there's Mr. Wilson.

Mr. W. How do you do, Mr. Rose—Mrs. Rose!

Miss R. And—

WILS. O, excuse me—how well you are looking, Miss Rose!

BAR. So she is. (To Wilson.) Could you take a

note to Dr. McHenry? You are apt to find him at his private hospital at this time of day—you know where it is; don't you?

WILS. I heard a man speak about it this morning, sir.

BAR. Who was he?

WILS. Mrs. Simmons' butler—

Miss R. Yes—was it John? What did he say?

WILS. He said Mrs. Simmons was very much worried over her son's sudden illness.

Miss R. What else did he say?

WILS. He was not very communicative, Miss Rose, but I got the impression that Dr. McHenry was treating his head—he was not quite right, or something—I believe he was too much in love—

Miss R. Did you ever!

BAR. (Showing Wilson to the door.) Thank you; I'll ring for you again when I am ready, Mr. Wilson.

(Exit WILSON.)

I never thought people could resort to such practices. I am shocked, aren't you? Why, this is nothing but a conspiracy—a conspiracy, sir, (to Mr. Rose) between the doctor and Mrs. Simmons. They tried first to induce Mr. Simmons to break his engagement with your daughter by telling him she was a doomed girl. Of course, Mr. Simmons was too smart for that—then what do they do but tell Mr. Simmons he is crazy. O, these doctors! Where were they when the Red Sea closed upon Pharaoh and his hosts?

Miss R. Crazy! Ha! ha! ha! Crazy! Ha! ha! ha!

BAR. It's an outrage, an outrage!

Miss R. Well, I haven't got a moment to lose, I must be at his side, I must save him from their trap—and I *will*, too. I am coming, Beverly!

BAR. It is the worst thing I have heard of. Just think of making a sane man think he was crazy! Ha! ha!

Mr. R. It's certainly worse than making a sick man think he was well.

BAR. Very much worse; it is deception—that's what it is.

Mrs. R. Where are you going, Helen, dear?

Miss R. To find Beverly. I must be near him—if he is crazy, I am crazy too;—they shall place me in the same ward with him. (Coughing.)

Mrs. R. Don't do anything rash, dear. Speak to her, Mr. Barbour.

BAR. Miss Rose, we had better send a note first. We can then call on the doctor together. (Rings.)

(Enter WILSON.)

(While Barbour is talking to Wilson the Roses are talking aside and evidently trying to prevail on Miss Rose to postpone her departure.)

BAR. I will write a note for you to take to the doctor.

WILS. (While Barbour is writing.) Miss Eva called again, Mr. Barbour.

BAR. What, again!

WILS. To tell you that her little brother—

BAR. Yes.

WILS. —had died, sir. I tried to comfort her all I could, but she cried so.

BAR. What did you tell her?

WILS. I told her—he oughtn't to have died, sir.

Miss R. Mr. Barbour, I think I ought to call on the doctor myself first—I am going there at once—I cannot wait.

Mrs. R. But Helen, you are not well!

Miss R. Yes, mother, I am feeling better than ever—this thing has just braced me up. I have made up my mind not to die yet awhile, anyhow—just to tease that old doctor—

BAR. You don't need any better medicine than that, Miss Rose.

Miss R. I feel that they are preventing Beverly from writing to me—it is simply frightful—and here we are doing nothing to save him when he might be dying to see us—I won't wait another moment—good-bye all. I'll be home before long, mother.

(Exit Miss ROSE.)

Mrs. R. (Running after her) Helen!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE—A room in the private hospital of Dr. McHENRY.

(Nurses discovered moving about.)

(Enter Dr. McHENRY and Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Dr. McH. How do you find Mr. Simmons this morning—getting reconciled?

Mrs. S. He is making a brave effort. But he wants to know if we have explained everything to Miss Rose.

Dr. McH. I have not allowed him to read or write any letters or to see anybody but yourself.

Mrs. S. How soon will you be ready for the operation, Doctor?

Dr. McH. Next Thursday if nothing should prevent it.

Mrs. S. You really think an operation necessary?

Dr. McH. I have been worrying quite a little about that scar on his head—it should have been healed before this.

Mrs. S. It isn't anything serious, though?

Dr. McH. We are acting in time.

Mrs. S. But we must think of some other plan when he is free again.

Dr. McH. There is time enough for that; we may prescribe an ocean voyage for him—we may succeed in changing his fancy—or, in the meantime, the young lady might—

Mrs. S. —Die? (Holds her mouth.)

Dr. McH. —get well.

Mrs. S. I hope so. You must think I am awful—

Dr. McH. I understand your feelings.

Mrs. S. O, if I could only stop this thing in time, and get him to forget all about Miss Rose.

Dr. McH. You may.

Mrs. S. I will be so happy, Doctor.

Dr. McH. Is that the only wish you have in the world, Mrs. Simmons?

Mrs. S. What do you mean?

Dr. McH. (Drawing closer.) Could you not, if you tried—I mean—don't you think, Mrs. Simmons, you could—if you wished—that is to say—is there nothing else in the world you would—you know what I am trying to say?

Mrs. S. I don't, really.

Dr. McH. (Drawing nearer.) You remember, yesterday, when I arrived at Mr. Barbour's to dress the little urchin's head—

Mrs. S. O yes, how is he?

Dr. McH. —you were so glad to see me—you—

Mrs. S. Indeed I was—

Dr. McH. —put your arms about me.

Mrs. S. I?

(Enter NURSE.)

NURSE. Miss Helen Rose.

Dr. McH. What does she want?

NURSE. To see you—privately.

Dr. McH. (To Mrs. Simmons.) I expected this. Show her in, please.

Mrs. S. Here! I must get out of the way. (While Mrs. Simmons is hurrying about doctor draws aside portieres behind which Mrs. Simmons takes her position.)

Mrs. S. (From behind portieres.) She can't see me here, can she?

Dr. McH. (Still arranging portieres which he slowly opens to peep in.) No.

Mrs. S. You won't let her go into Beverly's room, Doctor?

Dr. McH. I won't.

Mrs. S. Promise.

Dr. McH. I promise.

Mrs. S. (As the doctor turns away from the portieres, Mrs. Simmons putting her head out a little.) Doctor!

Dr. McH. (Returns to portieres, putting his head through.) I'll keep my word.

(Enter Miss ROSE.)

(Upon discovering Miss Rose.) Miss Rose!

Miss R. (Nods her head.) Yes, sir.

Dr. McH. I haven't seen you for quite some time—how are you? (Pointing to a seat.)

Miss R. Thank you.

Dr. McH. Are you feeling better?

Miss R. I am not sick. (Coughing.)

Dr. McH. What are you taking for your cough?

Miss R. I don't have to take anything.

Dr. McH. But you are still coughing.

Miss R. Of course, the moment I stepped into this room I felt my old trouble coming back—(feeling her temples with both hands)—I am burning!

Dr. McH. Be seated, please.

Miss R. The way you look at me is enough to make me feel I had no business to be living.

Dr. McH. Miss Rose!

Miss R. I want you to know, sir, that I am not a sick girl any more.

Dr. McH. Be honest, Madam; you don't wish to be misled, do you?

Miss R. Explain yourself, sir.

Dr. McH. Instead of getting better, I see you are

growing worse. (Miss Rose is about to protest when doctor, with a gesture indicating silence, continues.) All your mental efforts have not stopped the progress of the disease in you.

Miss R. It is not so. I am cured.

Dr. McH. By Mr. Barbour, I suppose.

Miss R. By Mr. Barbour.

Dr. McH. Mr. Barbour has only succeeded in keeping you in ignorance of your real condition.

Miss R. You do him an injustice, sir.

Dr. McH. Was it on his suggestion that you assured Mr. Simmons you were in perfect health and fit to become his wife?

Miss R. Was it on your suggestion that Mr. Simmons has been pronounced out of his mind?

Dr. McH. Miss Rose!

Miss R. Dr. McHenry!

Dr. McH. It is a doctor's painful duty to be frank, Miss Rose. I know we are frequently abused for it, but our mission is not to please people, but to help them. You are not only doing yourself an injustice, but also to —Mr. Simmons.

Miss R. An injustice?

Dr. McH. Is it not your duty to tell Mr. Simmons the truth?

Miss R. I am hiding nothing from Mr. Simmons.

Dr. McH. You are.

Miss R. Dr. McHenry, I cannot submit to this any longer.

Dr. McH. Instead of coming here, my dear Madam, you should have staid at home and in bed, enjoying the care of a competent nurse. . . . But I suppose you came to ask about Mr. Simmons.

Miss R. You owe me an explanation, Dr. McHenry.

Dr. McH. In what way?

Miss R. Where is Mr. Simmons?

Dr. McH. He is not far from here.

Miss R. Is that your answer?

Dr. McH. He is under treatment for an important surgical operation.

Miss R. Important! Important! (Coughing and laughing.) And, pray, what is the nature of Mr. Simmons' trouble?

Dr. McH. He may tell you all about it himself some day.

Miss R. Of course you won't tell me. I suppose he is too sick to see me now? O, yes, an important operation. He is the victim of a conspiracy, sir.

Dr. McH. You think so?

Miss R. A conspiracy between you and Mrs. Simmons.

Dr. McH. Be careful, Miss Rose.

Miss R. It is my turn, now.

Dr. McH. Don't get excited, it isn't good for you.

Miss R. Thank you for your sympathy—if Mr. Simmons is here, I am going to see him. (Miss Rose walks about in the room; approaches portieres.)

Dr. McH. (Standing between portieres and Miss Rose.) I don't believe it will be good for you to see him in your present condition.

Miss R. What is the matter with me?

Dr. McH. Calm yourself, Madam—be seated, please—and now that we have each expressed our minds freely, let us—(trying to lead her to a chair when she breaks away from him).

Miss R. (Excitedly and hurrying about on the stage.) Show me to Mr. Simmons' room. Beverly! You are holding him here against his will—he is your prisoner—he is in trouble—I know he is—it is my duty to save him—losing her voice for a few seconds, and then regaining it). Yes, to save him from—his friends.

Dr. McH. And it is my duty for the present to refuse your request.

Miss R. Then I shall appeal to the law.

Dr. McH. Miss Rose, do you think you ought to lend yourself to further Mr. Barbour's machinations?

Miss R. And you, sir, do you think you ought to overstep the bounds of your profession to further Mrs. Simmons' machinations? (Miss Rose goes towards portieres and is about to walk through them when doctor interferes again.)

Dr. McH. You are going a little too far, Madam.

Miss R. I have a right to. You don't believe in mental suggestion when practiced by Mr. Barbour, but when to advance your own interests you resort to it yourself to scare Mr. Simmons into a hospital or out of the country—

Dr. McH. You will know the truth some day.

Miss R. I know it now. I suppose the price you are willing to pay for Mrs. Simmons' favor (hesitating, and with great effort) is a matter of indifference to you.

Dr. McH. You do me an injustice, I protest.

Miss R. Then let me see Mr. Simmons. (Advances toward portieres, when doctor suddenly steps up between her and the portieres.)

Dr. McH. Not just now.

Miss R. I must see him now. Mr. Simmons and I are engaged to be married—we are devoted to each other, and I don't see why you should try to come between us. Let me see Mr. Simmons.

Dr. McH. It will not be safe for either of you—

Miss R. You refuse?

Dr. McH. I must, under the circumstances.

Miss R. Then I shall denounce you to the whole world. (As she turns about to leave the room in haste she cries spasmodically.) It is an outrage! It is cruel! (Gasping for breath.) Oh! Oh! I can't breathe, I—I am choking—air—give me air—hold, I am falling! (Faints. Doctor hastens to her support. Doctor rings.)

(Enter NURSE.)

Dr. McH. Bring in the invalid's chair. (Nurse returns with chair, Miss Rose is removed and wheeled out of the room.)

(DOCTOR re-enters.)

(Prepares a solution—rings for nurse.)

Dr. McH. Give this to the young lady right away—it will put her to sleep. Take good care she is not disturbed.

Exit NURSE.)

(Doctor sits down at a desk to write a message when Mrs. Simmons is seen looking from between the portieres. Doctor folds note, closes the envelope and leaves the room. Mrs. Simmons comes out from behind the portieres.)

(Re-enter DOCTOR.)

Dr. McH. We have them both in the hospital now.

Mrs. S. Isn't this getting to be rather serious?

Dr. McH. I must confess I don't like this new turn in the situation; it could not be helped, however.

Mrs. S. What are you going to do about it?

Dr. McH. I have just sent a message to her parents explaining everything.

Mrs. S. Gracious! That means another scene.

Dr. McH. If Mr. and Mrs. Rose consent, I shall keep her here for treatment. Dr. Pomponazzi, an Italian doctor, has just announced a remarkable cure for consumption, which I would like to try on Miss Rose.

Mrs. S. Keep her here in the same building with Beverly?

Dr. McH. I didn't think of that. Well, Mrs. Simmons, with all our efforts to separate them we have only succeeded in bringing them closer together. (Walks up to Mrs. Simmons.) "Love," they say—

Mrs. S. I must keep a close watch on Beverly—I will hurry up to see if he suspects anything.

(Exit Mrs. SIMMONS.)

(Doctor retires by a different door. After a few seconds a knock is heard on the door. The nurse appears and answers knock.)

(Enter Mrs. WILSON.)

Mrs. W. Dr. McHenry in?

NURSE. You wish to see him?

Mrs. W. Did he say he wished to see me?

NURSE. No.

Mrs. W. Then, I wish to see him.

NURSE. Your name, please?

Mrs. W. I have come to apply for a position here as nurse.

NURSE. Any reference?

Mrs. W. Dr. Barbour is my reference.

NURSE. Dr. Barbour! Is he in charge of a hospital?

Mrs. W. I am in charge of the whole house.

NURSE. Is it a specialty hospital or a general—

Mrs. W. General housework.

NURSE. Housework?

(Enter WILSON.)

WILS. What are you doing here, Minnie?

Mrs. W. Getting myself engaged as nurse.

WILS. What do you know about nursing?

Mrs. W. Nothing.

WILS. Well!

Mrs. W. Do I have to?

WILS. Why, certainly.

Mrs. W. What do you know about healing?

WILS. Minnie!

Mrs. W. Dr. Barbour said it wasn't necessary to know anything—we have only to make up our minds that we do.*

*Will the time ever come when we shall dispense with schools, etc., by simply thinking ourselves into musicians, artists, poets, philosophers, etc., as easily as we may think ourselves out of the smallpox or the Asiatic cholera?

WILS. You just go home now. Mr. Barbour is expected here at any moment (whispering to her) on very important business.

Mrs. W. Will he be detained here long?

WILS. He may be here for hours.

Mrs. W. There's my chance! I'll run back and give the house a good big dose of that poison you bought.

WILS. Good! and Barbour won't know a thing about it—good idea—bully!—away then; and close everything up tight; don't let a soul escape.

Mrs. W. (To the nurse as she is leaving.) Do you know anything good for rheumatism?

WILS. There, there, don't let Mr. Barbour find you here making inquiries about your rheumatism. Good-bye.

(Exit Mrs. WILSON.)

(To the nurse.) I have a note here for Dr. McHenry.

NURSE. I will deliver it to him.

WILS. A word, please—are you the head nurse here?

NURSE. Yes, sir.

WILS. Could I have your ear for a minute?

NURSE. Could you have my what?

WILS. Have you got any heart trouble?

NURSE. What's that?

WILS. I have had wonderful success in that line—don't you want a treatment?

NURSE. What is your treatment?

WILS. I can tell your secret; let me see; look at me. How your eyes sparkle! You have loved and been loved eh?—there, didn't I know it?

NURSE. How could you tell?

WILS. I'll give you another proof of my mental power—look at me again. You have wept—deny it if you can! But, never mind, I know how to bring lovers together.

NURSE. Do you?

WILS. A copy of this book . . . (Handing book.)

(Enter DOCTOR.)

I have a note from Mr. Barbour, sir.

Dr. McH. (Reading note aloud as Mrs. Simmons enters.)

"Dr. McHENRY:

"Dear Sir:—If convenient to you, I would like to see you at your office at once on important business. Please reply by bearer. Yours truly,

"H. C. BARBOUR."

(Folds note—hands it back to Wilson.) It will not be convenient for me to see him. Tell him that.

(As WILSON opens door to leave, he sees BARBOUR coming.)

WILS. (Handing note back to doctor.) You will have to deliver it yourself, Doctor, for here comes Mr. Barbour himself.

(Enter BARBOUR, looking anxiously about the room.)

BAR. Where is Miss Rose? Hasn't she been here?

Dr. McH. She has.

BAR. And left already.

Dr. McH. No.

BAR. No?

Dr. McH. She is still here.

BAR. Where?

Dr. McH. In safe hands.

BAR. O, I see—another prisoner!

Dr. McH. Take care, sir, take care.

BAR. Another prisoner!

Dr. McH. Mr. Barbour!

BAR. Miss Rose is one of my patients, sir, and I have a right to know what you have done with her.

Dr. McH. One of your patients—you must be a physician, then.

BAR. I am not.

Dr. McH. I understand you are treating Miss Rose for consumption.

BAR. I don't believe in any such disease; and what is more, I have just as much a right to practice my religion as you have to practice medicine.*

Dr. McH. Oh, ho! Is that the way you reason?

BAR. You can abuse me all you wish, I am satisfied to have the truth on my side.

Dr. McH. Whose truth?

BAR. There is only one truth.

WILS. (Aside.) And we've got it!

*This is also Dowie's defense. His business is his religion, and his religion is his business. The following letter from "Leaves of Healing" gives us some idea of Dowie's religious business. The letter is headed, "A Corn in the Toe Cured by Prayer," and is signed by a woman and addressed to 1343 Michigan avenue, Chicago: "I asked you to pray for a very bad corn on my toe about one week ago. The pain left it shortly after that. . . . I thank God and thank you for praying for me." This is a good illustration of that energetic mediocrity which, in the name of religion, blights the intellect, distorts the morals, and robs the simple of their savings. Now contrast with this corn-curing god of Dowie the famine and earthquake manufacturing deity of the Rev. C. Borup and of the "Christian Mission Herald" editor. The former, speaking of the fearful starvations in India, says that "the hand of Providence was in these visitations [meaning the recent Indian famines] as the hand of Providence is visible in the famines recorded in the Bible." But why is God angry at the Hindoos? The reverend answers: "It must be remembered that India, long ago, had the opportunity to accept Christianity. Europe accepted it, and the East did not. . . . India rejected the message at the time it was originally offered, and God had reminders for those who disobeyed his law." Dear, dear. This is the style of a god that people are anxious to impose upon the heathen at a cost of many millions a year. If the Indians are famine stricken because they rejected Christianity, what about the Turkish massacre of the Armenians who embraced Christianity 1,500 years ago? The next reverend says that Martinique was blown up by God because its people rejected the Protestant missionaries, and concludes: "It is an important fact that God did not destroy this wicked place until they had the gospel preached to them for a number of years, and allowed all the missionaries to get out." I think I prefer the corn-curing god of Dowie.

Dr. McH. A fine cloak to hide behind. In what sense then is Miss Rose a patient of yours?

BAR. I am giving her Science Treatments.

Dr. McH. Are you paying anyone to treat you?

BAR. I don't need it, but Miss Rose does.

Dr. McH. Then Miss Rose is not as well as you are? She is sick, and you say there is no sickness.

BAR. The mortal mind—

Dr. McH. Why don't you people, if you love your fellows as you say you do, and have the power besides, treat the mortal mind out of existence? What prevents you?

BAR. Dr. McHenry, enough, I won't let you force me into a controversy. You know why I am here.

Dr. McH. Well, what are you here for?

BAR. To see Miss Rose.

Dr. McH. I am not under any obligations to let you see her.

BAR. But I insist.

Dr. McH. I shall have to find out first if the young lady cares to see you.

Mrs. S. Mr. Barbour, you don't wish to disturb her now, she is—

BAR. She is what?—Your excuses and explanations do not satisfy me in the least. Miss Rose is in trouble, and I'm here to help her.

Mrs. S. But what trouble could she be in?

BAR. I'll find it out soon enough. Here, Wilson, run and tell Mr. and Mrs. Rose I want to see them here *at once*.

WILS. At once.

BAR. On your way back, stop at the house, and if you find anybody at the office let them know where I am and—why.

WILS. I understand.

BAR. If I don't return—you hear—if I should—disappear, too, you'll know where to look for me.

WILS. If you should get lost, you'll be found here, sir.

(Exit WILSON.)

Mrs. S. (Aside, to doctor.) Didn't you say you sent a message to her parents?

Dr. McH. They'll be here soon.

Mrs. S. I hope they get your message, first.

Dr. McH. O, they will—I know—

(Enter MESSENGER.)

Well?

MESS. They were not at home, sir.

Dr. McH. No?

MESS. The maid said I might find them at Mr. Barbour's.

Dr. McH. And—?

MESS. I went there, but it was a long time before they would open the door.

Dr. McH. What was the trouble?

MESS. The woman, sir, who finally answered the bell, said she was treating the house.

Dr. McH. Treating the house!

MESS. She said she was poisoning the—

Mrs. S. I thought there wasn't a drop of poison in that house.

Dr. McH. What did you do with my note?

MESS. I took it back to Mr. Rose's house, and left it with the maid.

Mrs. S. (To doctor.) No doubt they are on their way here now.

Dr. McH. I hope they got my note, though. I am afraid this fellow is getting ready for a demonstration when they arrive.

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. ROSE.)

Mrs. R. Mr. Barbour!!!

Mr. R. What is that Wilson says—

Mrs. R. Dr. McHenry! Mrs. Simmons!

Dr. McH. Madam! . . .

Mrs. R. Where's Helen?

BAR. She is not here.

Dr. McH. I sent you a note by a special messenger.

Mrs. R. A note!

Mr. R. What's wrong?

Mrs. R. (Looking for Helen.) Helen!

BAR. I have been trying my best for the last half hour to get the doctor to tell me, but—

Mrs. R. Mrs. Simmons!

Dr. McH. Unfortunately, Madam—

Mrs. R. My poor child!

Dr. McH. —you were not at home when the messenger called.

Mrs. R. Wilson told us all about it.

Mrs. S. He doesn't know a thing about it, Mrs. Rose; why don't you give the doctor a chance to explain.

BAR. Mr. Simmons has not been found yet, either.

Mrs. S. Who told you Mr. Simmons was lost?

Dr. McH. There is no cause for alarm, Mrs. Rose, your daughter had a—

Mrs. R. Doctor!

Mrs. S. A fainting spell. That isn't anything new, for her, is it?

Mrs. R. My poor child!

Mr. R. But where is she?

Dr. McH. She is here, sleeping quietly.

Mrs. R. Sleeping?

BAR. Why don't you tell the poor people the truth, sir? Why do you keep torturing them in this way?

Mrs. R. I was afraid something would happen, I didn't want her to call here.

BAR. You can imagine my utter amazement, Madam, when I learned that your daughter, too, had disappeared.

Mrs. S. She has not disappeared.

BAR. Mr. Simmons has not, either.

Mrs. R. Helen! Helen!

BAR. Mr. Rose, don't you think it is our duty to report this to the authorities?

Mrs. S. (Aside.) I won't stand this any longer.

(Exit Mrs. SIMMONS.)

BAR. (To Mr. and Mrs. Rose.) What we need is an officer of the law.

(Enter WILSON, in a hurry.)

WILS. An officer, Mr. Barbour. He says he wishes to see you at once.

BAR. An officer! How fortunate! Mr. Rose, an officer. He'll help us clear up this matter, I am sure.

WILS. He was waiting at the house, sir, and insisted on coming here.

BAR. Show him in at once, Wilson—just the man we want.

WILS. He is showing himself in, sir.

(Enter OFFICER.)

OFF. Horace Cheshire Barbour?

BAR. My name, sir, I am glad to see you—I understand you are an officer. We were about to send for one. Come in.

OFF. I have a warrant here for your arrest.

BAR. (Stammering an inaudible protest.)

OFF. You have been treating a child sick with the diphtheria—George Eva—he is dead.

BAR. Well?

OFF. You failed to report the case to the proper authorities, and neglected to isolate the child, with the result that another member of the family, Miss Gertrude Eva, has contracted the disease.*

BAR. It is a case of persecution and I know the author of it. (To doctor.) Two victims were not enough for you—you are bound to have a third!

OFF. The whole neighborhood is up in arms against you.

BAR. Of course! . . . If a patient dies under a doctor's treatment it is lawful; if he dies under my treatment, it is a crime—a murder.**

*In self-defense the people, not possessing any miraculous power to ward off disease, have made the reporting of infectious cases obligatory. To violate this law of the whole community in the interest of a private cult is a crime.

**Medicine is willing to try any experiment to save a patient, but Christian Science, where it has authority, denounces all other means except its own as an offense to God. And why? Because one or two texts in the Bible forbid the medical practice. This taking from the Bible what suits our purpose and ignoring the rest presents an interesting psychological study. For instance, both the Dowieites and the Eddyites insist they are simply carrying on the work Jesus began two thousand years ago—and in His own way. Did not Jesus say: "He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also?" But if He said that, He must also have said this: "Raise the dead, cleanse the lepers; freely ye received, freely give." And this, too: "Get you no gold, nor silver, nor brass—neither two coats, nor shoes." (Matt. x:8-11.) I have a suspicion that the money-making prophets—male and female—will answer that these words of Jesus were meant only for the people of his time. But perhaps also the Jesus we have in the Gospels was meant only for the people of those times and countries, and that we ought to have a new Jesus of our own. For if we are to decide which saying of Jesus should be followed, and which discarded, are we not setting up our reason and interests above revelation? We humbly ask the same question to the liberal orthodox, who say the Bible only *contains* the Word of God,—the inference being that all is not inspired in the Bible. But how are we going to argue as to what is and what is not "infallible" in the Bible? Shall we say that only every other chapter, or every third chapter, or every seventh chapter is inspired? Or shall we submit the whole question to our reason? But if our finite reason is to be the last court of appeal, where does the authority of God come in?

OFF. It is for your failure to report the case that I am obliged to—

BAR. Arrest an innocent man! Why don't you arrest him? (Pointing to the doctor.)

Mrs. R. My poor child; O, my Helen!

BAR. Do you hear that? These people have lost their daughter and—(looking about him just as Mrs. Simmons reappears followed by Mr. Simmons at a distance)—that lady, her son, and there is the man who is responsible for the disappearance of both of them.

Dr. McH. The accusation is false.

BAR. It is the truth and here are my witnesses (pointing to the ladies).

Mrs. R. (Calling loudly.) Helen! Helen!

Dr. McH. No one has disappeared.

BAR. *Where are they, then?* (Just then Miss Rose, having been awakened by her mother's cries, appears at the door, and Mr. Simmons seeing her runs to meet her; Miss Rose also sees Mr. Simmons and runs to him.)

Mr. S. Helen!

Miss R. Beverly!

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE: A room at Mrs. SIMMONS'.

(JOHN discovered arranging the mail on the table.)

JOHN. (Thoroughly recovered, grown stout and quite gay.) Those four books did the job in fine shape; Mary just dotes on me now. Hi! hi! hi! She calls me Johnnie, and dearie, and honey,—it'll be "hubby" very soon. O, but it's nice to be loved. Where's that chap who thought he had a cinch on Mary? My doctor fixed him all right (surveying himself). Say, but I'm getting a little too big—I wonder if Dr. Wilson is keeping up his treatment.

(Enter MARY.)

MARY. Say, Johnnie—

JOHN. Say, Mamie—

MARY. What was I going to say?

JOHN. I forget.

MARY. Isn't this nice?

JOHN. O, so nice!

MARY. Do you think this is real love, John?

JOHN. The home-made article.

MARY. Just like what we read in story-books.

JOHN. Better—this is paid for in advance.

MARY. O, my dearie!

JOHN. O, my beauty!

MARY. O, my lovey!

JOHN. O, my lady!

MARY. O, my honey!

JOHN. O, my cherry!

MARY. O, my Johnnie!

JOHN. O, my property!

MARY. How long will this last?

JOHN. Till we are married. But see what you missed. Mary, by not loving me from the first.

MARY. It was your fault, why didn't you get those books sooner?

JOHN. (Aside.) The best purchase I ever made.

MARY. John! Mrs. Simmons knows all about it now.

JOHN. She does?

MARY. Ha! ha!

JOHN. She is not trying to spoil our fun, too, is she?

MARY. She said, she didn't care—

JOHN. You've secured her consent, then?

MARY. —if we wished to make fools of ourselves.

(Enter WILSON, unobserved, with a book under his arm.)

JOHN. If Mrs. Simmons knew how this tasted (kissing her), she would think differently.

WILS. (Aside.) The first fruits of my philosophy.

MARY. When are you going to see the minister, John?

JOHN. (Aside.) I think I'll have to remove that book from under her pillow for a couple of days—she's getting too impatient.

WILS. (Aside.) A suggestion from my versatile brain drew these two affinities into the inextricable meshes of love. I'm catching on to those big Boston words.

JOHN. (Discovering Wilson.) Why, Mary, here's Dr. Wilson. Your treatment, sir, was—

WILS. A great success—I see.

JOHN. Am I not looking well?

WILS. (Examining John carefully.) Getting just a little too conspicuous around the diaphragm.

MARY. You must have a wonderful power, Doctor.

JOHN. I don't know how to thank you, sir.

WILS. Thank the books. You haven't yet heard even of the names of the diseases which this book(showing book) has cured. Have you been to any of our experience meetings?

JOHN. Not yet, sir.

WILS. You ought to,—at once. People come there with all sorts of trouble and go home rejoicing.

JOHN. Do you hear, Mary?

WILS. The blind find their eyes, the deaf their ears, the lame their legs.

MARY. We must go there soon.

WILS. Others come there and lose their tumors and cancers—their bunions and boils—while no end of people come there and lose their minds.

MARY and JOHN. Their what?

WILS. Their *mortal* minds.

JOHN. Where's the best meeting to attend?

WILS. In Boston—O, Boston! you ought to know what mentality has done for that town.

JOHN. Mary, you come from Boston, don't you?

WILS. That is why the book has had such an effect on her. Let me give you some facts: Boston is our headquarters. We save the town annually millions of dollars. To begin with, we have dispensed with the Board of Health and the Weather Bureau. Isn't that a great item? And besides; vaccination, fumigation, dispensaries, hospitals, street cleaning, public baths, food inspection, quarantines, sewers—all these useless institutions have been done away with,—with the result that the doctors can barely earn their car-fare now.*

MARY. Don't people get sick in Boston?

*"Dr." Wilson is evidently not in accord with the United States Ambassador to Germany, who, in his well-known book writes: "Sanitary authorities have in half a century done far more to reduce the rate of disease and death than has been done in fifteen hundred years by all the petiches which theological reasoning could devise or ecclesiastical power enforce."

WILS. It is forbidden by the new religion. Besides, our Book is ready to cure them, if by any mistake they should forget to keep well.

MARY. But the children?

WILS. No children's diseases and no ailing women, the two principal sources of doctor's income. Why just look at the death rate in this town, Mr. Caldwell,—ten out of every one hundred die—they have got to—according to statistics. Now that is what I call an outrage; yet you never hear of people calling a mass meeting to protest against it. In Boston the death rate is—the death rate in Boston is—it is—in Boston the death rate is only—why *there is no* death rate in Boston.*

MARY. Don't people die there?

WILS. But why should they?

MARY. I had word only the other day that one of my friends died in Boston.

WILS. It isn't a good place to die in, but then, we call death, change, in Boston—and that's not the same thing.

JOHN. I think I heard Dr. McHenry's voice.

WILS. What!

MARY. He is not due yet. He calls about 11 o'clock to see Mrs. Simmons. She has been under the weather lately.

WILS. Her complaint isn't something like yours—heart trouble, is it?

(Exit MARY.)

(John nods significantly.) Disease spreading, eh?—I am devoting myself now only to that one branch of the science. I don't take surgical cases at all—peritonitis, appendicitis, tuberculosis—I leave all those for the doctors—they must have something to do too, you know. Infectious diseases too, I don't handle.** It wouldn't be

*Mrs. Eddy says in her book that Christian Science is "more safe and potent than any other sanitary method."

**Mrs. Eddy has just sent out instructions to her healers to refrain for the present from treating infectious diseases. Had the young lady who recently died in Washington while under Christian Science treatment recovered, it is not likely that Mrs.

quite fair to take everything away from them—at once. Besides, I have no time, I'm too busy as it is. You've no idea how many people are suffering from heart trouble. A hospital full of nurses was taken down with it not long ago. So I leave all the other cases to the doctors,—these “soi-disant” savants with their mummary and mephitic and nauseating nostrums—ahem! (aside) how was that?—Here, I forgot to tell you I'm in business for myself now I have changed my address. My former partner, Mr. Barbour, when he went away—for his health—left the office entirely in my charge; but he used to take all kinds of cases, with the result that they kept coming there, and made it rather awkward for me, so I decided to move. But I must be off—good-bye. (Coming back.) Mr. Caldwell, I don't use *four* books now for my cures—*two* is all I require.

(Exit WILSON, JOHN following.)

(Enter Miss ROSE and Mr. SIMMONS.)

Miss R. Yes, I am gaining every day, the doctor is amazed at his success. He says I have out-generaled his science.

Mr. S. And won the victory, haven't you?

Miss R. I only hope the improvement will be permanent.

Mr. S. It will, dear, love will give speed to science.

Miss R. I just made up my mind I wouldn't die—I couldn't, you know, I loved you so!

Mr. S. Sweetheart!

Miss R. If every trouble could end in—

Mr. S. Happiness like this—(kissing her.)

Miss R. O, Beverly, I haven't told you yet of my dream.

Mr. S. A dream!

Miss R. When I was put to sleep in the doctor's hospital.

Eddy would have issued this prohibitory order. It took over a quarter of a century for the Christian Scientists to learn that they must leave some diseases alone.

Mr. S. You dreamed of me, of course.

Miss R. Such a lovely, lovely dream!

Mr. S. You must tell me all about it.

Miss R. I dreamed that you and I had gone to Italy—

Mr. S. Well, that was a dream.

Miss R. —and were sitting down on the grass, side by side—

Mr. S. (Drawing closer.) Like this?

Miss R. —under a bower of roses—

Mr. S. I love *roses*!

Miss R. The air was deliciously sweet—it tasted like wine.

Mr. S. Did it intoxicate us?

Miss R. We sat there admiring the blue sky. "Helen," you said, "a prayer will reach heaven quicker here, it seems so near"—

Mr. S. And what did you say?

Miss R. I began to quote poetry—

Mr. S. The air did affect us after all, didn't it?

Miss R. "Surely thou
Must be the sweetest clime the sun illumines,
And mistress of all the arts, O, Italy!
Is not thy dust ashes of heroes dead?"

Mr. S. Beautiful! Beautiful!

Miss R. There were little children there, black-eyed ones, playing all about us, and one of them looking like a Raphael cherub came toddling to where we were sitting with a rose in its hand that was simply too sweet for anything.

Mr. S. Did you take it?

Miss R. I was about to do so when you interfered. "Be careful, Helen," you said, "be careful of the thorns."

Mr. S. That was thoughtful of me, wasn't it?

Miss R. "But Beverly," said I, "there is no rose without thorns."

Mr. S. That's so, too.

Miss R. "But there are thorns without a rose," you answered.

Mr. S. What an idea.

Miss R. Just then I thought I heard my mother's voice calling: "Helen!" "Helen!"—she seemed to be in distress. I awoke and found myself in the doctor's office with my poor, poor mother really crying for me.

Mr. S. Ah, but, Helen, dear, you found somebody else there.

Miss R. My, Beverly!

(Enter DOCTOR.)

Dr. McH. (Observing their happiness.) I won't inquire after your health, seeing you are both in the seventh heavens.

Mr. S. Ah, doctor, you are so devoted to your profession you don't know the thrills of love.

Dr. McH. (Aside.) I know its torments!

Mr. S. Does he, Helen?

Dr. McH. Mr. Simmons, you should not say that—why, you know—I—you—how is your mother, Mr. Simmons?

Mr. S. Very much better, sir; she came down to her breakfast this morning—I think I hear her now.

Miss R. Yes, it is Mrs. Simmons, Doctor. I will tell her you are here.

(Exit Miss ROSE.)

Mr. S. (Following.) I think *I* should tell her that—Helen—

(Exit Mr. SIMMONS.)

Dr. McH. (Alone.) He can't bear to see her out of his sight for one minute. Well, I can't claim the credit of saving her life; it was not medicine that did it; it was love! Love! Love! There is no better restorative, no better tonic. It is Nature's prescription for the children of men.

(Enter Mrs. SIMMONS.)

You are looking like yourself again, Mrs. Simmons.

Mrs. S. Everybody is getting well in this house.

Dr. McH. But that is as it should be, isn't it?

Mrs. S. There's John, he is just bubbling over—

Dr. McH. With happiness, I suppose.

Mrs. S. "What's the matter with you, John," said I, "you have changed so of late."

Dr. McH. Yes—

Mrs. S. "I have become a Woman Scientist," he says.

Dr. McH. What?

Mrs. S. He means a Christian Scientist.—"I wouldn't think of sleeping without that book under my pillow for anything," he says; and if he is feeling extra good, he removes the book, for a day or two.

Dr. McH. Simplicity!*

Mrs. S. John has always been kind of tender on Mary, but the girl never cared for him. What should he do but buy a few copies of a book for Mary to place under her pillow at night.

Dr. McH. Love finds a way every time.

Mrs. S. Now they want my permission to go off and—

Dr. McH. Build a cozy little home of their own.

Mrs. S. Everybody here has the marriage craze.

Dr. McH. Everybody?

Mrs. S. I am afraid my turn will come next if I don't go away or do something.

Dr. McH. But, Mrs. Simmons—

Mrs. S. How am I going to replace John and Mary? They have been with me so long. Of course you can't appreciate my predicament,—you don't know anything

*"Not many wise, not many learned are chosen," says the Bible. And what a multitude there is of those who are neither! Yes, enough to give Mohammed his two hundred millions, Buddha his five hundred millions, and still leave a large following for Booth, Eddy, Dowie, and for others yet to be born.

about housekeeping. Well, I always thought you were a sensible man not to have ever married. . . . I suppose you have no time to bother yourself about women. You never cared for women,—did you? . . . Why, Doctor McHenry!

Dr. McH. O, pardon me, Mrs. Simmons, I—I was—
Mrs. S. What were you thinking of?

Dr. McH. Of the book Mary placed under her pillow, and which turned her heart to John.

(Enter Mr. SIMMONS and Miss ROSE.)

Mr. S. Don't you find mother looking like herself again, doctor?

Dr. McH. Yes, yes.

Miss R. I don't see how anybody could help getting well under the doctor's treatment.

Dr. McH. Now, Miss Rose—

Miss R. I mean it, my dear Doctor.

Dr. McH. Come, come.

Miss R. You have been so good to me, Dr. McHenry—even when I least deserved it.

Dr. McH. You embarrass me, Madam.

Miss R. I don't see how you could ever have forgiven me.

Dr. McH. But it is I who owe you an apology.

Miss R. No, no.

Dr. McH. I was too severe, too prejudiced.

Miss R. You mustn't think that way, Doctor, for a moment,—I am the one to blame for forgetting that one truth is not the whole truth.

Mr. S. Well, my darling, we both know now, he was our true friend, even when we least suspected it. Let me see (feeling for the scar on his head), it is all healed now, Doctor. You don't think another operation necessary?

Dr. McH. O no, O no, your head is all right,—it's all right.

Mr. S. I came in, mother, to take the doctor to the library. Mr. and Mrs. Rose have arrived, and I am sure the doctor would like to see them.

Dr. McH. Why certainly, certainly.

Mr. S. Helen! (Indicating that she is to conduct the doctor to the library—as Miss Rose and doctor are walking out, Mr. Simmons whispers to his mother) Mother, why don't you invite the doctor to dine with us? I am sure we would all be pleased to have him.

Mrs. S. Do you think he would care to stay?

Mr. S. I am sure he will. Doctor, mother would like to speak to you.

Dr. McH. To me?

Mrs. S. Won't you stay and dine with us, Doctor? Dinner will be served soon.

Dr. McH. But won't I be in your way? I understand this is a family gathering.

Mr. S. But we look upon you as one of the family—didn't you know my father long before I did?

(Exeunt all except Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Mrs. S. (Alone.) I am not feeling well! Theory is one thing; life is another. It is not well for man to be alone. No! nor for woman, either! I used to think it was. But did I believe it? Love! Love! still and ever sovereign! My mind says, *no!* . . . My heart, says, *yes!* . . . I think I'll mind my heart!!

(Enter DOCTOR and Mr. and Mrs. ROSE.)

Dr. McH. (To Mr. Rose.) No, I haven't heard anything of Barbour.

Mr. R. He was a queer chap.

Dr. McH. He was a symptom as well as a victim of the times. But we doctors needed some such movement as Christian Science to save us from having the big head.

Mr. R. I understand that man Wilson has put out a shingle of his own.

Mrs. S. They say he is doing wonderfully well, too.

Mr. R. I always thought he would push ahead.

(Enter Mr. SIMMONS and Miss ROSE.)

Mrs. S. Beverly, tell John to put a plate for the Doctor.

Mr. S. A plate for the Doctor—(whispering to his mother),—next to you, mother? (Exit BEVERLY.)

Miss R. O, Beverly, one minute—
(Exit Miss ROSE.)

Mr. R. Those two are like the opposite faces of the same coin.

Dr. McH. And a gold coin, at that.

Mr. R. Where health and love and youth are, there is happiness!—By the way, Doctor, have you heard of the latest cult!—it comes from—

Dr. McH. Boston?

Mr. R. From Paris, this time. It is the worship of Isis. I believe she was an Egyptian deity who had something to do with the pyramids or the Nile,—I don't quite remember which. I wonder how long we will flirt with this new goddess?

Dr. McH. O—(putting his hand in his pocket and looking for a letter), I came near forgetting all about it. How careless of me. Your speaking of Paris reminded me of it. (Feeling in his pockets for letter, the others gathering about the doctor.)

Mrs. R. You have something pleasant for us, I hope?

Dr. McH. I don't know whether we can call it pleasant, but—O, here it is! I was afraid I had forgotten to bring it with me.

Mrs. R. A letter!

Dr. McH. From Dr. Pomponazzi—you know he is the great Italian specialist on—

Mrs. R. Is it about Helen?

Dr. McH. I have been corresponding with him right along about Miss Rose, and have strictly followed out his instructions.

Mr. R. He must be very proud of the success of his treatment; it has worked like a miracle!

Dr. McH. O, yes, but—

Mrs. R. What, Doctor, it isn't any bad news, I hope?

Dr. McH. It isn't bad news, though I can hardly call it good news, either. The doctor has ordered—that is, he urges strongly that Miss Rose be taken to a climate less trying than ours, and he strongly recommends—Italy.

Mrs. S. For how long a time?

Dr. McH. Well, he doesn't say, but he really thinks our climate is the worst in the world for pulmonary troubles.

Mrs. S. I know what that means.

Mr. R. Ah, life's like an uneven road,—

Mrs. R. Farewell our hopes!

(Enter Mr. SIMMONS and Miss ROSE.)

Miss R. Why, what's the matter, mother, you've been crying.

Mr. S. Doctor!—why, mother!—what makes you all look so sad?

Dr. McH. I am the cause of it, Mr. Simmons. Dr. Pomponazzi writes that Miss Rose should be taken to a warmer climate.

Miss R. I?—Where?

Dr. McH. Italy!

Miss R. Beverly!

Mr. S. Isn't it strange? (Takes Miss Rose in his arms.) Your dream, my dear, will yet come true. We shall hunt for that rose garden in beautiful Italy, and on the same spot, and on some such day as you dreamed of, when the skies were so near and so clear,—and when the air tasted like wine—

Dr. McH. The young people don't seem to mind it at all.

Mr. S. I shall call you my wife. You'll all be there, of course; and you too, Doctor.

(Enter JOHN.)

JOHN. Dinner is served, Mrs. Simmons.

Mr. S. Come now, we can discuss the details later, don't let Dr. Pomponazzi's letter mar the pleasure of this occasion. Mother, will you take the doctor in? Helen! (Offering his arm to her.)

(Exeunt all but DOCTOR and Mrs. SIMMONS.)

Dr. McH. (Offering his arm.) Mrs. Simmons!

Mrs. S. (Hesitating.) I tried hard to prevent this marriage, but have not only failed, but must now consent also to be separated from him—perhaps for life.

Dr. McH. You must not consider it in that light, Mrs. Simmons.

Mrs. S. I have little to look for now.

Dr. McH. Be brave!

Mrs. S. I can't—no—no—(rising). There's a malady, Doctor, for which you have no remedy.

Dr. McH. But I have, Mrs. Simmons. (Opening his arms and approaching her.)

Mrs. S. (Slowly walking up to him.) You have?

Dr. McH. Yes—"love, still and forever sovereign." (Embraces her.)

(Enter Mr. SIMMONS and Miss ROSE.)

(When they see the doctor, etc., etc., they step back a little, Mr. and Mrs. Rose join them.)

Dr. McH. At any time of life a great love is a great happiness!

CURTAIN.

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