

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Boston Dip: A Comedy, in One Act, by George M. Baker

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Boston Dip: A Comedy, in One Act

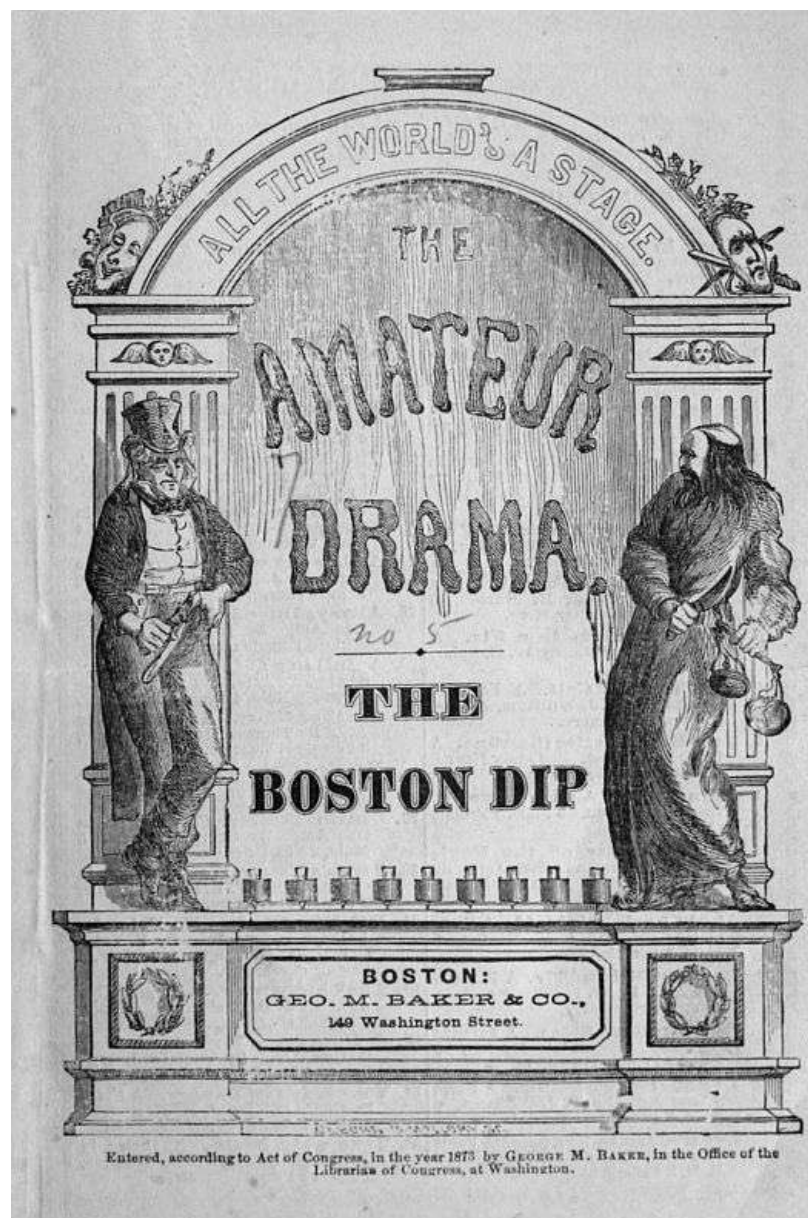
Author: George M. Baker

Release date: July 28, 2016 [EBook #52665]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by David Edwards and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BOSTON DIP: A COMEDY, IN ONE ACT



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

THE

AMATEUR DRAMA.

THE BOSTON DIP

BOSTON:
GEO. M. BAKER & CO.
149 Washington Street.

KILBURN & MALLORY, SC.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873
by GEORGE M. BAKER, in the Office of the
Libraries of Congress, at Washington.

THE BOSTON DIP.

A Comedy, in One Act.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“Sylvia’s Soldier,”
“Once on a Time,” “Down by the Sea,” “The Last Loaf,”
“Bread on the Waters,” “Stand by the Flag,” “The Tempter,” “A Drop too
Much,” “We’re all Teetotalers,” “A Little more Cider,” “Thirty Minutes
for Refreshments,” “Wanted, a Male Cook,” “A Sea of Troubles,”
“Freedom of the Press,” “A Close Shave,” “The Great
Elixir,” “The Man with the Demijohn,” “Humors of
the Strike,” “New Brooms sweep Clean,” “My
Uncle the Captain,” “The Greatest Plague
in Life,” “No Cure, no Pay,” “The
Grecian Bend,” “A War of the
Roses,” “Lightheart’s
Pilgrimage,”
“The
Sculptor’s
Triumph,” “Too
Late for the Train,”
“Snow-Bound,” “The Peddler
of Very Nice,” “Bonbons,”
“Capuletta,” “An Original Idea,” “My
Brother’s Keeper,” “Among the Breakers,”
“The Boston Dip,” “The Duchess of Dublin,” “A
Tender Attachment,” “Gentlemen of the Jury,” “A Public
Benefactor,” “The Thief of Time,” “The Hypochondriac,” “The
Runaways,” “Coals of Fire,” “The Red Chignon,” “Using the Weed,”
“A Love of a Bonnet,” “A Precious Pickle,” “The Revolt
of the Bees,” “The Seven Ages,”
&c., &c., &c.

BOSTON:
GEORGE M. BAKER & CO.,
149 WASHINGTON STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873 by
GEORGE M. BAKER,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Rand, Avery, & Frye, Printers, Boston.

THE BOSTON DIP.

A COMEDIETTA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MOSES MULLIGRUB, once Proprietor of a Fish-cart, now a rich Speculator.
MONSIEUR ADONIS, a Dancing-Master.
MR. RICHARD DASHER, a Fast Man.
MR. LAVENDER KIDS, an Exquisite.
MRS. MOSES MULLIGRUB.

MISS IDA MULLIGRUB.

MISS EVA MULLIGRUB.

COSTUMES

Full Evening Dress.

SCENE.—

Handsome drawing room in MONSIEUR ADONIS'S Academy. Entrances, R., L., and C. Lounges, R. and L. Screen, L. corner, back. Two chairs, R. and L. of door in flat.

Music, as curtain rises, Straus's waltz, "Beautiful Blue Danube." MISS IDA and MISS EVA discovered waltzing, introducing "The Boston Dip." They waltz a few moments, then stop. Music ceases.

216

Ida. Now, isn't that delightful?

Eva. Delightful! It's positively bewitching. Bless that dear Monsieur Adonis. He deserves a crown of roses for introducing to his assembly the latest Terpsichorean novelty. O, we shall have a splendid time to-night!

Ida. Especially as those charming waltzers, Messrs. Richard Dasher and Lavender Kids, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," are to honor us with their presence.

Eva. Yes, indeed. What would the dance be without them?

Ida. Not worth the trouble of dressing. But don't you think that Mr. Dasher is a little too attentive to Miss Eva Mulligrub,—eh, sister?

Eva. Not more attentive, certainly, than is Mr. Lavender Kids to her charming sister, Miss Ida Mulligrub.—Eh, sister?

Ida. But seriously, Eva, I begin to think that you are carrying this matter a little too far. Mr. Dasher might reasonably expect, from the partiality you unhesitatingly show for his society, and the smiles you bestow upon him, to be considered your lover.

Eva. You begin to think. Why, bless you, Ida, I've thought and thought and thought, for a long time, that were I Mr. Lavender Kids, I should pop the question at once, so undeniably entranced are you by his attentions.

217

Ida. Eva!

Eva. Ida!

Ida. You're talking nonsense.

Eva. Well, you began it.

Ida. But you know you like Mr. Dasher.

Eva. To be sure I do. He's the best waltzer in the city. Graceful, agreeable, and decidedly good-looking.

Ida. And you would marry him?

Eva. Not unless he asked me, and then—

Ida. And then—

Eva. I should remember that he is considered a fortune-hunter, that he is too fond of horses, that possibly he might have an eye on father's bank-book, that I don't want such a husband, and should very sweetly, calmly, but decidedly say, No, thank you, Mr. Dasher.

Ida. Exactly what I should say to Mr. Kids, without the sweetness and calmness.

Eva. I hope we shall not have the chance, for then, of course, we should lose their society—and they are such superb waltzers.

Ida. But what in the world could have possessed mother to have us come so early. Hurry, girls, hurry! And here we are before the hall is lighted.

Eva. I'm sure I don't know. It's one of her whims. One would hardly think that, at her age, she would care for dancing.

Ida. But she does. I caught her to-day attempting a waltz before the glass in her room; and such work as she did make of it!

Eva. She's not very nimble with her weight of years and flesh, but she would come to-night, and without father, too.

218

Ida. Catch him in such a place! No doubt he's already snoring at home in his easy-chair, speculating

on corner lots in his dreams.

Eva. Better that than the old life, dragging a handcart through the streets, and shouting, "Cod! haddock! halibut! eel—eel—eel—eels!"

Ida. Why, Eva, don't speak of that; and such a noise, too.

Eva. Who cares. Everybody knows what we once were, and I, for one, am not going to be ashamed of father's old occupation. He has made money in an honest way: so let us have no false pride, *Ida.* "Cod! haddock! halibut! eel—eel—eel—eels!"

Enter MRS. MULLIGRUB, C.

Mrs. M. Well, I never! *Eva* Mulligrub, I'm blushing with shame, petrified with mortification, and stunned with grief, to hear such words as those proceeding from your lips. I never heard such language before, never.

Eva. Why, mother! And I've heard father say those very words brought you to the window many a time when he passed; that they were the bait by which you were caught, and that you were the best catch he ever made.

Mrs. M. Fiddle-de-de! That's his twaddle. We're above such language now. But come, girls, fix me up! I'm all coming to pieces. Is that what's-its-name behind all right, and this thingumbob on my neck, and the what-you-may-call-it on top of my head? Dear me, I'm all in a pucker.

219

Ida. Everything about your dress is charming, mother.

Mrs. M. Well, I'm glad on't. Now girls, look here, I've made an assignment with *Munseer* What's-his-name to-night.

Eva. A what?

Ida. Assignment? You mean an appointment.

Mrs. M. Well, it's all the same. I'm going to learn to do that dipper thing, if I die for it.

Eva. I don't understand.

Ida. She means The Boston Dip.

Mrs. M. That's it—where you go tipping about, while the fiddlers play *Struse's* Beautiful Blue Dan-u-by.

Eva. You, mother, learn to waltz!

Mrs. M. And why not? There's *Mrs.* What's-her-name gets through it, and she's older and heavier than I. I'm going to learn it. What's the use of having money if you can't spin round like other folks. But don't say a word to your father. Bless me, how he would roar! But he's safe at home, snoozing in his chair by this time. I've arranged it all. I've engaged this drawing-room for my own party, and when you're all dancing in the hall, *Munseer* A—A—what's-his-name will slip in here, and practice the waltz with me, and nobody will know anything about it until I'm deficient.

Ida. Proficient, mother.

Mrs. M. Well, what's the difference? It's all arranged. I'm not going to make a fool of myself before folks when I can pay for private lessons.

DASHER *appears*, C.

220

Dasher (*loud*). Eureka!

Mrs. M. (*starting*). Good gracious! You what?

Dasher. "Fortune favors the brave." Like *Cæsar*, I came, I saw, and I'm overcome. May I come in?

Mrs. M. Certainly, Mr. *Dasher*. Your presence always adds a charm to our—what's-its-name—circular.

Ida. Circle, mother.

Mrs. M. Well, what's the odds?

Dasher. Thank you, *Mrs.* Mulligrub. You are arrayed like an empress; Miss *Ida*, your costume is only eclipsed by your charming face; Miss *Eva*—

Eva. "Last but not least in our dear love," must of course be divine; so spare my blushes and your breath. (*Sits on lounge*, R.)

Dasher. Thank you. And now congratulate me. I threw down my pen, after a hard fight with figures, to seek the lonely recesses of my bachelor's quarters, heartily sick of life, when it suddenly occurred to me that this evening *Monsieur Adonis* gives one of his charming assemblies. Perhaps, thought I, there I may find rest for my weary brain from the figures of the ledger, which are dancing in my head, in the figures of the dance. But did I dream of falling into such charming society? No; most emphatically and decidedly, no. Therefore, like *Cæsar*—

Mrs. M. And pray, Mr. *Dasher*, who is this *Cæsar* you're making such a fuss about?

Ida. Why, mother!

Mrs. M. La, child, there's nobody of that name I'm acquainted with.

Ida. You know, mother, *Cæsar* was the great Roman general, who—

221

Mrs. M. La, yes; Mr. Dasher was only speaking metagorically. Cæsar was the man who crossed the what's-its-name, and was stabbed by a brute.

Eva. Never mind Cæsar. Here's my card, Mr. Dasher. Of course your name will be the first I shall allow upon it.

Dasher (sits on lounge beside EVA). Am I to be so highly honored. (*Takes card.*)

Eva. For a waltz, and only one.

Mrs. M. La, child, don't be so unscrupulous. You'll dance till you drop if you get a chance.

Ida. Hush, mother.

Mrs. M. Now what's the matter with you? Mr. What's-his-name will dance with you, too. Don't be so anxious.

Ida. O, dear, was there ever such a torment. (*Sits on lounge, L.*)

Enter KIDS, C.

Kids (with glass to his eye). Now, weally! Have I stumbled into the bodwaw of a bevy of enchanting goddesses?—have I, weally?

Ida. O, Mr. Kids!

Eva. You have, weally, Mr. Kids.

Dasher. Lavender, my boy, how are you?

Kids. And will the divine goddesses permit me to entaw, to disturb their tableaw of beauty with my horwid figgaw?

Eva. Yes, trot your horwid figgaw in, Mr. Kids.

Mrs. M. Eva, I'm astonished at such language as those. Mr. Kids, we are delighted to see you.

Ida. Yes, indeed, Mr. Kids. I've kept my card for you.

Kids. Divine creachaw, you overpowaw me—you do, weally. (*Sits on lounge beside IDA, and takes her card.*) Just one waltz?

Eva. As many as you please, Mr. Kids.

Mrs. M. Now that's what I call generous. I wonder where Mr.—no, Munseer—Adonis can be. (*Retires up.*)

Eva. Mr. Dasher, how can you tell such falsehoods, when you know, that I know, that you know, we were to be here to-night.

Dasher. What a knowing young lady. It's one of the frailties of masculine nature, Miss Eva. I'm glad I was not George Washington, for I should certainly have spoiled that hatchet story by a lie. Now I am here, dear Miss Eva, overpowered with the burden of a weighty secret, I am going to disclose it. I—I—

Kids. I say, Dashaw, I've had my bwains surveyed to-day.

Dasher. Have you? I didn't know you had any.

Kids. Yaas, several. Destwuctiveness, combativeness, idolitwy—

Dasher. Ideality.

Kids. Yaas, it's vewry wemarkable how those phwenological fellows lay out your bwains, and name them just like—aw—stweets.

Dasher (aside). They must have labeled some of yours "No Thoroughfare."

Eva. O, don't talk about brains, Mr. Kids. The discussion of such a subject might fly to your head.

Dasher. And so light is the material there, cause a conflagration.

Kids. Yaas, yaas, like a Mansard woof. And, Dashaw, I've got a diwectory of my bwains, and it's deucedly clewaw; for if an ideah gets into my bwains, I can trace it out in the diwectory, and tell just where it lies, you know, and know just where to find it. Deuced clewaw.

Dasher (aside). 'Twould die of starvation before you found it.

Mrs. M. (comes down). Ah, here's Munseer Adonis at last!

Enter MONSIEUR ADONIS, R.

Mons. A. Charmant, charmant, leedies and gentimen, I kees your hands. You do me proud. I feel ze glow of satisfaction in ze inermost inside of zis bosom, when you do me ze *grande honneur* to grace my salon wiz your presence. I feel ze glow all ovar.

Mrs. M. O, Munseer Adonis!

Eva. Politest of Frenchmen.

Ida. Paragon of dancing-masters.

Mons. A. Pardon me, *charmant* medmoiselles and adorable madam, if ze modest blush of shame paint my cheek wiz ze hues of ze roses. I am ze humble instrument of ze divine art which gives ze grace to ze figure, and ze airy lightness to ze beautiful toes of madam and ze *charmant*

medmoiselles.

Eva. Now, Munseer Adonis, we are all impatience. When will the dance begin?

Mons. A. On ze instant. Ze company have assemble in ze grande salon. When madam and her friends make ze grande entrée, zen will ze music strike ze signal.

Ida. We are all ready.

Mrs. M. Munseer Adonis, one word with you.

Mons. A. Wiz ze uttermost pleasure. Am I not ze slave of ze matchless madam (*aside*) and her money. (*They retire up stage, and converse.*)

Dasher. Miss Eva, I must have an interview with you this evening. I have much to say. Meet me here in half an hour.

Eva. Certainly. I'll slip away at the first opportunity.

Dasher. Thank you. The first dance is mine, you remember.

Kids. Aw, Miss Ida, I must speak with you alone; I must, weally. There's something on my bwain—no—on my bweast, that must be welieved. Don't go. Stay behind with me.

Ida. And lose the first dance?—No, indeed.

Kids. Weally, I couldn't ask that. Couldn't you contwive to meet me here alone?

Ida. At the first opportunity. I'll do my best. (*Rises.*) Eva, one moment.

Eva (*rises and comes, c.*). Well, dear?

Ida. Don't you think, Mr. Kids wants me to meet him here alone.

Eva. Does he? The same thought must have wandered into his bwain that crept into Mr. Dasher's, for he expects me to meet him here alone.

Ida. Do you know what it all means?

Eva. Certainly—proposals.

Ida. And will you permit Mr. Dasher—

Eva. No, indeed. Marry that fickle thing? Never!

Ida. Exactly my mind. Mr. Kid's a fool.

Eva. But, like Mr. Dasher, a splendid waltzer. We cannot afford to lose them.

Ida. Indeed we cannot. Partners are so scarce.

Eva. They want father's money.

Ida. But they must not have his daughters.

Eva. No, indeed. You watch me, and I'll watch you, and there'll be no proposals. (*Retire to R. and L. MONSIEUR ADONIS and MRS. MULLIGRUB come down stage.*)

Mrs. M. And you got my note, Munseer Adonis?

Mons. A. Ah, madam, I have it next my heart. (*Produces an envelope, opens it, takes out note, puts envelope in his pocket. Reads.*) "Meet me in the private drawing-room when ze company are waltzing. Do not fail me. Hannah Mulligrub." Zat is all it say.

Mrs. M. But you know what it means. I am anxious to learn "The Boston Dip." Were I to come to your school I should be laughed at, but here, while the company are waltzing, no one would know it, and the inspiring music would aid me. I don't want to make a fool of myself, you understand.

Mons. A. Certainly. All zat I shall remember. I have written on ze back of ze note "Boston Dip." I put him in ze pocket wiz my handkerchief, so zat when I pull him out to wipe my face ze note will arrest my attention, and I shall fly to you, madam. (*Puts note and handkerchief in his pocket.*)

Mrs. M. O, you Frenchmen are so inveterate.

Dasher. Come, Monsieur Adonis, the dance, the dance! I'm all impatience (*aside to EVA*) for its end.

Kids. Weally, the delay is vexatious; it is, weally. (*Aside to IDA.*) Meet me here, you know.

Mons. A. Pardon me, I am all impatience. *Charmant*, madam, shall I have ze pleasure. (*Offers his arm to MRS. MULLIGRUB.*) Ze night is ver warm, ver warm. (*Music, "Beautiful Blue Danube." MONSIEUR ADONIS takes out his handkerchief. The note falls on stage. He wipes his face, passes out door, R., followed by DASHER and EVA, KIDS and IDA.*)

Enter MULLIGRUB, C.

Mulligrub. So, so, here we are, Mrs. Mulligrub, unexpectedly, and no doubt unwelcome. You imagine the old codger snoozing away at home, but here he is, and wide awake too. It's about time the head of the house knew what is going on. And here's where the money goes. Well, who cares? There's lots of it, so let it fly. But I've a wonderful curiosity to know how my Hannah carries herself among all these fine snobs, so I'm bound to have a peep. (*Goes towards door, R. Sees note on carpet.*) Hallo! what's this? a billy-deux? (*Picking it up.*) Where's my specs? (*Reads.*) "Meet me"—ho, ho! here's a nice little plot—(*reads*)—"in the private drawing-room"—that's here—(*reads*)—"while the company are waltzing. Do not fail me. Hannah Mulligrub." My wife! Ye gods and little fishes! my wife. "Do not fail me." Is this the reward of my generosity? My wife! What does it mean?

Who is the scoundrel that is tampering with the affections of Hannah, and the peace of Moses Mulligrub? (*Turns note over.*) "Boston Dip." Who's he? "Boston Dip." There's a name. I've heard of the "Manchester Pet," and the "Dublin Baby," but the "Boston Dip,"—confound him, let me get hold of him, and I'll Christen him with a dip that will drown him. Here's nice goings on! A respectable wife, and a mother, too, making an appointment with an individual bearing such a name as that—"Boston Dip." He shall not fail you, Mrs. M., but he must meet me too. I'll not stir from this place until I know what this means. This comes of letting women roam abroad when they should be kept at home. O, Mrs. Mulligrub! if I don't cut down your pin money for this my name's not Moses Mulligrub. I'll not leave you a pin to stand on. (*Takes chair; slams it down, c.*) "Boston Dip." (*Sits, and jumps up.*) Gracious! he must be a sparrer, and that's his fighting name. No matter, let him come on. (*Sparring.*) The old man's a little out of practice, but he's game. (*Sits; folds his arms.*) If this little party does not end in a shindy, it won't be my fault.

DASHER *backs in, r., waving his handkerchief.*

Dasher. Does she mean to come? I cannot attract her attention. (*Backs up still, waving his handkerchief.*) Why don't she come? (*Backs against MULLIGRUB'S chair, sending it over, and MULLIGRUB on to the floor.*) I beg your pardon.

Mulligrub (picking himself up). Sir!

Dasher. I really beg your pardon. Did you break anything?

Mulligrub. No, sir; but I shall presently break the peace and your head.

Dasher. I beg you won't do anything of the kind. It was an accident; and besides, you are trespassing here.

Mulligrub. O, I am! And pray, sir, will you be kind enough to explain the meaning of that remark?

Dasher. Certainly. This is Mrs. Mulligrub's private drawing-room, where none but her friends are allowed to enter.

Mulligrub. Indeed! (*Aside.*) This must be "Dip." (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, I am one of her friends—a particular friend.

Dasher. I see: an old friend of the family. You're just the man I want to see. Yes, sir, the moment I set eyes on you I said to myself, "There's a man who can serve me."

Mulligrub. Indeed—(*aside*) with a broken head.

Dasher. Yes, sir. You know old Mulligrub?

Mulligrub (aside). Old Mulligrub! (*Aloud.*) Intimately.

Dasher. Good. I've never seen him, but people say he's immensely rich. What do you say? Will he cut up well?

Mulligrub (aside). "Cut up!" Confound his impudence.

Dasher. I've particular reasons for wishing to know. I may say, I am very much attached to a member of his family, you understand. I'm not mercenary; but you know times are hard, and to make a respectable show in society, have a nice house, a half dozen fast horses, and all that sort of thing, requires money. Now, what I want to know is this, will the old man shell out?

Mulligrub. Shell out? Look here, young man, for coolness you certainly would take the premium at the largest display of frozen wares in Alaska. If I don't answer your polite questions, it is because your audacity has so astounded me, that, hang me, if I know whether there is an old Mulligrub to "cut up" or "shell out" at all. (*Aside.*) It must certainly be "Dip."

Dasher. O, you won't tell. Hush! there's somebody coming—somebody who I am particularly anxious to meet alone, you understand. Just step out of that door (*pointing, c.*), that's a good fellow.

Mulligrub. Sir, I shall do nothing of the kind.

Dasher. But you must—only for a moment, and then you shall return. (*Pushes him back.*)

Mulligrub. Sir, do you know who I am?

Dasher. Certainly; a friend of the family; and, as a friend of the family, when the time comes you shall know all. Now go, that's a good fellow. (*Pushes him back to door, c.*)

Mulligrub. But, sir, I shall not. (*Aside.*) Stop. I'll watch. (*Aloud.*) Very well, sir; as I seem to be in the way, I will retire.

Dasher. I knew you would—you're such a good fellow.

Mulligrub. Good fellow! (*Aside.*) Confound his impudence.

[*Exit, c.*]

Dasher. Ha, ha! Got rid of him. (*Comes down stage. MULLIGRUB enters, c., and steps behind screen.*) Now for a tender interview with Miss Eva, ending in a proposal, which I know she will accept. (*Enter EVA, c.*) I knew you would come.

Eva. Because I promised. O, Mr. Dasher, that waltz was delightful.

Dasher. Indeed! I am glad you enjoyed it. If it gave you pleasure I should be satisfied, though my heart is heavy, and the waltz had little inspiration for me.

Eva. Dear me, Mr. Dasher, you look as melancholy as an owl. What has gone wrong?

Dasher. Nothing—everything—Miss Eva. I am on the verge of a precipice, a frightful precipice. (MULLIGRUB'S head appears above screen.)

Mulligrub (aside). There's "Dip" and—Eva, as I live!

Eva. I don't understand you, Mr. Dasher.

Dasher. Upon the verge of a frightful precipice I totter. Beneath me are the whitened bones of many a mortal. If I fall not a tear will be shed for me.

Mulligrub (aside). Nary a tear, young man.

Dasher. 'Tis the valley of disappointed hopes.

Mulligrub (aside). Dip's getting grave.

Dasher. Into this must I fall, unless the succoring hand be stretched forth to me.

Mulligrub (aside). The sucker!

Dasher. You, Miss Eva, you—admirable, divine, angelic—can stretch forth that hand to save Dasher from dashing himself into the valley.

Eva. Mr. Dasher, have you been drinking?

Dasher. Draughts of bliss from the fountain of love: basking in the sunshine of your presence. O, Miss Eva, will you save me?

Eva. Once again, Mr. Dasher, I tell you I do not understand you.

Mulligrub (aside). 'Twould puzzle a Dutchman.

Dasher. Have I then been mistaken? have those little delicate attentions which I fondly imagined were gaining for me a corner on your heart—ah, I mean in your heart—been wasted on the desert air? 231

Mulligrub (aside). Dip's getting airy.

Dasher. On the brink of a precipice I stand—

Mulligrub (aside). On the rocks again, Dip.

Dasher. Can you see me rush headlong to ruin, angelic Eva.

Mulligrub (aside). Dip's getting high—

Dasher. You are the star of my destiny; you are the prize for which I strive, you are the divinity of my adoration. Here on my knees—(Falls on his knees L. of EVA.) I swear nothing shall part us.

Enter IDA, R., *hurriedly.*

Ida. O, quick, quick, Eva! I've got you such a partner! He's all impatience. Quick! the music is just about to commence. I wouldn't have you lose him for the world.

Eva. But Ida—

Ida. Don't stop to talk. Come quick! quick! (*Drags her off, R.*)

Mulligrub (aside). Ha, ha! Dip's left on the brink again.

Dasher (jumping up). Confound that girl! I've lost the chance. This comes of making a long story about a very short question. The precipice was a failure. I'll go and pump the friend of the family. (*Exit, c. MULLIGRUB comes from screen.*)

Mulligrub. That can't be Dip, after all. He's after Eva. But he can't have her. Thanks to his confidential assurance, I can send him over the precipice into the valley of disappointed hopes in short order. 232

Enter KIDS, C.

Kids. Now weally, I saw Miss Ida enter this woom, positively saw her, and now she's gone. Hallo! an intrudaw. Sir, I have not the honow of your acquaintance. This woom is the wesort, the westing-place of a bevy of divine goddesses. No masculine mortals are allowed to entaw here.

Mulligrub. Show! then you are not a masculine mortal, I take it.

Kids. Sir, you are impertinent. I am—I am a particular fwriend of the lady who is the lawful possessor of this wesort.

Mulligrub (aside). Can this be Dip? (*Aloud.*) Sir, I am a particular friend of the lady in question, being the brother of her husband's brother.

Kids. Weally, the bwover of her husband's bwover. Pon honow, that's a sort of cwoss-eyed welation.

Mulligrub. What do you mean by that? Do you doubt my right to be here?

Kids. Hey? wight?—no, no. (*Aside.*) He must be a witch welation. (*Aloud.*) Do you know Mr. Mulligwub?

Mulligrub. Intimately.

Kids. I say, would it be a good investment to wun away with a membaw of his family?

Mulligrub (aside). It must be Dip. Shall I mash him? No, no, the proof first. (*Aloud.*) Splendid! Can I help you?

Kids. Well, I don't know. He's a wough specimen, and he so vulgaw. Sold fish in a handcart, too. I detest fish, it's on such a low scale. Now isn't that good? It's owiginal, too. I don't like the odaw. Dreadful low people, but then, there's lots of money. Yaas, I think I will sacwafice myself.

Mulligrub (aside). I'll sacrifice you, you monkey. (*Aloud.*) But tell me, who is the favored member of the family?

Kids. Hush! somebody's coming. You must wetire.

Mulligrub. What, and lose the fun? No, I thank you.

Kids. You must, weally. The lady is coming. It would shock her delicate nerves were you to be pwesent at the interview. So go, that's a dear fellah. (*Pushes him back, c.*)

Mulligrub (aside). He calls me a good fellah. Shall I fell him on the spot? No, I'll wait; vengeance can afford to wait.

Kids. Do wetire, and, when it's all ovaw, I will call you. (*Pushes him back, c.*) Good fellah.

Mulligrub. You'll call me when it's all over. (*Aside.*) I'll be on hand while it's going on.

[*Exit, c.*]

Kids. There, the bwover of the husband's bwover is excluded from the apartment of the wife of the bwover's husband—no, that ain't it, it's the bwover's wife's husband—no, or—(*Mulligrub enters, c., and gets behind screen.*) Here she comes, lovely as a poppy, because she's got a rich poppy. That's good—owiginal, too.

Enter IDA, R.

Ida. Here I am, Mr. Kids, to fulfill my promise.

Kids. Yaas, Miss Ida, like the bounding fawn that—that—weally, I forget what the bounding fawn was doing—O, weally, bounding, of course. That's very good—isn't it?—owiginal, too. But where was the bounding fawn bound? that's the question.

Ida. I wish I could answer your question, but, not being versed in natural history, I am unable to say.

Kids. Weally. Well, never mind the fawn. Listen, O, listen! I'm a miserable wetch, I am.

Ida. Miserable? you?

Kids. Yaas, weally. I'm standing—I'm standing,—where am I standing?—O, on the bwink of a howid pwecipice.

Mulligrub (sticking his head above screen). Hallo! another brink, another precipice, and—Ida, as I live.

Ida. La, Mr. Kids, what a dangerous position.

Mulligrub (aside). Kids; then it's not Dip, that's certain.

Kids. O, dweadful, dweadful. But you can save me.

Ida. How, Mr. Kids?

Kids. That's the ideah, Miss Ida; for when a fellah is on the bwink of such a pwecipice, as the pwecipice I am on the bwink of, the best way to save him is to push him ovaw.

Ida. Well, that's certainly an original idea.

Kids. Yaas, it is an owiginal, idea—mine, too—I found it in my bwain, with the help of the diwectory. When a fellah's on the bwink of matwimony, of course his safety and his happiness is secured by his being pushed into it. You see my ideah.

Mulligrub (aside). Deuced clumsy one.

Ida. But how can I help you?

Kids. By pushing me ovaw. Miss Ida, you are bewitching, you are lovely, you are divine, and on my knees I ask you (*falls on his knees* L. of IDA) to give me a push.

Mulligrub (aside). Confounded jackass.

Ida. But, Mr. Kids, I don't understand. You're so—so—(*Aside.*) Where can Eva be? (*Aloud.*) You say you are on the brink of a precipice.

Kids. Howid, howid; and if you consent to be—

Enter EVA, R.

Eva. Quick, quick, Ida! mother's fainted.

Ida. You don't mean it?

Eva. Yes, yes, come quick! What are you waiting for?

Ida. But Mr. Kids is on the brink of a precipice.

Eva. Let him stay there. Come with me. (*Drags EVA off, R.*)

Mulligrub (aside). Won't somebody be kind enough to remove that precipice?

Kids (rising). Yaas, weally, that owiginal ideah will kill me, I know it will. I must go and bathe my

head in Cologne, I must weally. Miss Ida didn't push well; in fact, I don't believe she's fond of pushing fellah's ovaw, I don't, weally.

[Exit, c.

Mulligrub (comes from behind screen). I don't think that's Dip—I don't, weally. Egad! those girls of mine are determined not to be caught by chaff. I wonder if I can say as much for the old lady. I wish she would make her appearance. This must be the room. Ah, here she comes. Now for something interesting. (*Runs behind screen.*)

236

Enter MRS. MULLIGRUB, R.

Mrs. M. The fiddlers are tuning up for a waltz, and if Munseer Adonis is to keep his word now is the time. I wonder what Moses would say if he knew what I was about. But he can't know. He's safe at home, and there's certainly no harm in obtaining a graceful *inquisition* to my other accomplishments. (*Music, Beautiful Blue Danube, soft and low.*) There they go. O, isn't that splendid. (*Waltzes about stage in a very awkward manner.*)

Mulligrub (with head above screen). What's the matter with Hannah? She's bobbing about the room like a turkey with's its head off.

Enter MONSIEUR ADONIS, R.

Mons. A. *Charmant, charmant!* (*Music stops.*) Madam, you are ze ecstasy of motion. You have ze grace of ze antelope, and ze step of ze fairy.

Mrs. M. O, don't! You have come—

Mons. A. Wiz ze "Boston Dip," as I have promise.

Mulligrub (aside). "Boston Dip." That's him—the scoundrel!

Mrs. M. O, I'm so nervous.

Mulligrub (aside). You ought to be, you hypocrite.

Mons. M. Zar is not ze least occasion. We are here alone.

Mulligrub (aside). Not quite, Dip, not quite.

Mons. A. No one will dare to enter here. Zar is none to look at you but I, and am I not discretion itself, madam?

237

Mrs. M. O, you are the soul of honor.

Mulligrub (aside). Humbug!

Mons. M. Now, zar is no time to lose. Permit me. (*Takes her hand and leads her c.*)

Mulligrub (aside). Dip's taking her hand. I shall choke!

Mons. A. Put your left hand in mine—so.

Mulligrub (aside). She obeys him. Ah, faithless Hannah!

Mons. A. Zat is good. Do not tremble—zar is no danger.

Mulligrub (aside). Don't be so sure of that.

Mons. A. Now, my arm around your waist—so.

Mulligrub (aside). O, perfidious Hannah!

Mons. A. Now let your head drop upon ze collar of my coat. Ah, zat is good, zat is exquisite.

Mulligrub. She presses his collar, and my cholar is rising. I shall choke with rage.

Mons. M. All right. Now, one, two, three, and off we go.

Mulligrub (pushing the screen over on to the floor. Discovered standing in a chair, with doubled fist). Stop! (*Very loud.*)

Mrs. M. Ah! (*Screams, and falls into MONSIEUR ADONIS'S arms.*)

Mons. A. Sacre! Who calls so loud?

Mulligrub. An injured husband.

Mrs. M. (jumping up). O, it's Moses!

Mulligrub. Yes, it is Moses! Moses the deluded; Moses the deceived; Moses the betrayed; Moses on the brink of a precipice.

238

Mom. A. Moses!—Who be Moses?

Mrs. M. My husband.

Mons. A. Monsieur Mulligrub! O, ze light break upon my head.

Mulligrub (jumping down). Tremble, rascal! You're discovered. Woman, begone! O, Hannah! can I believe my eyes. You—you make an appointment with such a miserable, contemptible, sneaking cur as that? But I'll be revenged, rascal! (*Takes MONSIEUR ADONIS by throat.*) Blaster of peaceful families (*shaking him*), I'll have your life!

Mons. A. Help! help! I am choke all over too much! Help! help!

Mrs. M. O, Moses, spare him!

Mulligrub. Never! I'll shake the life out of him. Rascal!

Mons. A. Help! somebody, quick!

Mulligrub. Scoundrel!

Mons. A. Help! help! He squeeze my windpipe all too much.

Enter, R., IDA and EVA; C., DASHER and KIDS.

Eva. Father here?

Ida. And fighting?

Dasher. What is the meaning of this?

Kids. Weally, a wow, a wiot, a wumpus!

Mulligrub. Meaning of it! Look at this miserable wretch!—this thing who answers to the name of "Boston Dip."

All. "Boston Dip."

Mons. A. Sar, you insult me. My name is Monsieur Achilles Adonis.

Eva. And "Boston Dip" is the name given to the latest movement of the waltz.

Mulligrub. What, not the name of an individual? Then, what is the meaning of that? (*Shows note.*)

Mons. A. Zat is my note, monsieur.

Mrs. M. Yes, written by me to Monsieur Adonis, asking him to give me a private lesson here.

Eva. And father thought it a love affair? O, father!

Ida. A man with the name of "Boston Dip!" O, father!

Dasher. Friend of the family, you've made a mistake.

Kids. Yaas, dipped into the wong man. Now isn't that good—owiginal, too.

Mulligrub (*looks at each in a foolish manner, then takes MRS. MULLIGRUB by the hand; leads her c., and kneels*). Hannah, I'm on the brink of a frightful precipice. I've made a fool of myself. Forgive me, and let's go home.

Mrs. M. I think you have, Moses.

Dasher. There's not the least doubt of it.

Kids. Yaas, Moses into the bull-wushes! That's good—weally owiginal, too.

Mulligrub (*rising*). Monsieur Adonis, I beg your pardon for my rudeness. I will make amends, ample reparation. Greenbacks shall shower upon your classic academy. To you, gentlemen, I need make no apologies. You see the old man has "cut up," and perhaps may be made to "shell out." I don't think my girls will be able to assist you on that precipice. With your permission, I will retire.

Eva. Don't go, father. Stay and enjoy yourself.

Ida. And see us waltz. We have splendid partners.

Mons. A. Proficient in all ze elegancies of ze art.

Mrs. M. Moses, I'm ashamed of you. You're really *proficient* in the usages of fashionable *depravity*; but I'll forgive you, and make you acquainted with my new flame, one which you so grievously mistook, my harmless pet, "The Boston Dip." (*Music, Beautiful Blue Danube.* MR. MULLIGRUB *bows, and retires up, c. Waltz, MONSIEUR ADONIS and MRS. MULLIGRUB; DASHER and EVA; KIDS and IDA.*)

CURTAIN.

*A Collection of COMEDIES, DRAMAS, and FARCES,
adapted to either Public or Private Performance.
Containing a full description of all the necessary Stage
Business.*

PRICE, 15 CENTS EACH. ↻ No Plays exchanged.

1. **Lost in London.** A Drama in Three Acts. 6 Male, 4 Female characters.
2. **Nicholas Flam.** A Comedy In Two Acts. By J.B. Buckstone. 5 Male, 3 Female characters.
3. **The Welsh Girl.** A Comedy in One Act. By Mrs. Planche. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
4. **John Wopps.** A Farce in One Act. By W.E. Suter. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.
5. **The Turkish Bath.** A Farce in One Act. By Montague Williams and F.C. Burnand. 6 Male, 1 Female character.
6. **The Two Puddifoots.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
7. **Old Honesty.** A Comic Drama in Two Acts. By J.M. Morton. 5 Male, 2 Female characters.
8. **Two Gentlemen in a Fix.** A Farce in One Act. By W.E. Suter. 2 Male characters.
9. **Smashington Goit.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 5 Male, 3 Female characters.
10. **Two Heads Better than One.** A Farce in One Act. By Lenox Horne. 4 Male, 1 Female character.
11. **John Dobbs.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 5 Male, 2 Female characters.
12. **The Daughter of the Regiment.** A Drama in Two Acts. By Edward Fitzball. 6 Male, 2 Female characters.
13. **Aunt Charlotte's Maid.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
14. **Brother Bill and Me.** A Farce In One Act. By W.E. Suter. 4 Male, 3 Female characters.
15. **Done on Both Sides.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
16. **Dunducketty's Picnic.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 6 Male, 3 Female characters.
17. **I've written to Browne.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 4 Male, 3 Female characters.
18. **Lending a Hand.** A Farce In One Act. By G.A. A'Becket. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
19. **My Precious Betsy.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 4 Male, 4 Female characters.
20. **My Turn Next.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 4 Male, 3 Female characters.
21. **Nine Points of the Law.** A Comedy in One Act. By Tom Taylor. 4 Male, 3 Female characters.
22. **The Phantom Breakfast.** A Farce in One Act. By Charles Selby. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
23. **Dandelions Dodges.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.
24. **A Slice of Luck.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.
25. **Always Intended.** A Comedy in One Act. By Horace Wigan. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
26. **A Bull in a China Shop.** A Comedy in Two Acts. By Charles Matthews. 6 Male, 4 Female characters.
27. **Another Glass.** A Drama in One Act. By Thomas Morton. 6 Male, 3 Female characters.
28. **Bowled Out.** A Farce in One Act. By H.T. Craven. 4 Male, 3 Female characters.
29. **Cousin Tom.** A Commedietta in One Act. By George Roberts. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
30. **Sarah's Young Man.** A Farce in One Act. By W.E. Suter. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
31. **Hit Him, He has No Friends.** A Farce in One Act. By E. Yates and N.H. Harrington. 7 Male, 3 Female characters.
32. **The Christening.** A Farce in One Act. By J.B. Buckstone. 5 Male, 6 Female characters.
33. **A Race for a Widow.** A Farce in One Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 5 Male, 4 Female characters.
34. **Your Life's in Danger.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
35. **True unto Death.** A Drama in Two Acts. By J. Sheridan Knowles. 6 Male, 2 Female characters.
36. **Diamond cut Diamond.** An Interlude in One Act. By W.H. Murray. 10 Male, 1 Female character.
37. **Look after Brown.** A Farce in One Act. By George A. Stuart, M.D. 6 Male, 1 Female character.
38. **Monseigneur.** A Drama in Three Acts. By Thomas Archer. 15 Male, 3 Female characters.

39. **A very pleasant Evening.** A Farce in One Act. By W.E. Suter. 3 Male characters.
40. **Brother Ben.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
41. **Only a Clod.** A Comic Drama in One Act. By J.P. Simpson. 4 Male, 1 Female character.
42. **Gaspardo the Gondolier.** A Drama in Three Acts. By George Almar. 10 Male, 2 Female characters.
43. **Sunshine through the Clouds.** A Drama in One Act. By Slingsby Lawrence. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
44. **Don't Judge by Appearances.** A Farce in One Act. By J.M. Morton. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
45. **Nurse Chickweed.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.
46. **Mary Moo; or, Which shall I Marry?** A Farce in One Act. By W.E. Suter. 2 Male, 1 Female character.
47. **East Lynne.** A Drama in Five Acts. 8 Male, 7 Female characters.
48. **The Hidden Hand.** A Drama in Five Acts. By Robert Jones. 16 Male, 7 Female characters.
49. **Silverstone's Wager.** A Commedietta in One Act. By R.R. Andrews. 4 Male, 3 Female characters.
50. **Dora.** A Pastoral Drama in Three Acts. By Charles Reade. 5 Male, 2 Female characters.
51. **Blanks and Prizes.** A Farce in One Act. By Dexter Smith. 5 Male, 2 Female characters.
52. **Old Gooseberry.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.
53. **Who's Who.** A Farce in One Act. By T.J. Williams. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
54. **Bouquet.** A Farce in One Act. 2 Male, 3 Female characters.
55. **The Wife's Secret.** A Play in Five Acts. By George W. Lovell. 10 Male, 2 Female characters.
56. **The Babes in the Wood.** A Comedy in Three Acts. By Tom Taylor. 10 Male, 3 Female characters.
57. **Putkins: Heir to Castles in the Air.** A Comic Drama in One Act. By W.R. Emerson. 2 Male, 2 Female characters.
58. **An Ugly Customer.** A Farce in One Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
59. **Blue and Cherry.** A Comedy in One Act. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
60. **A Doubtful Victory.** A Comedy in One Act. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.
61. **The Scarlet Letter.** A Drama in Three Acts. 8 Male, 7 Female characters.
62. **Which will have Him?** A Vaudeville. 1 Male, 2 Female characters.
63. **Madam is Abed.** A Vaudeville in One Act. 2 Male, 2 Female characters.
64. **The Anonymous Kiss.** A Vaudeville. 2 Male, 2 Female characters.
65. **The Cleft Stick.** A Comedy in Three Acts. 5 Male, 3 Female characters.
66. **A Soldier, a Sailor, a Tinker, and a Tailor.** A Farce in One Act. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.
67. **Give a Dog a Bad Name.** A Farce. 2 Male, 2 Female Characters.
68. **Damon and Pythias.** A Farce. 6 Male, 4 Female characters.
69. **A Husband to Order.** A Serio-Comic Drama in Two Acts. 5 Male, 3 Female characters.
70. **Payable on Demand.** A Domestic Drama in Two Acts. 7 Male, 1 Female character.

Price, 15 cents each.
Descriptive Catalogue mailed free on application to

GEO. M. BAKER & CO.,

149 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

By GEORGE M. BAKER.

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-room Stage," "A Baker's Dozen," &c.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

DRAMAS.

In Three Acts.

Cts.

My Brother's Keeper. 5 male, 3 female characters.

15

In Two Acts.

Among the Breakers. 6 male, 4 female characters.

15

SYLVIA'S SOLDIER. 3 male, 2 female characters.

15

ONCE ON A TIME. 4 male, 2 female characters.

15

DOWN BY THE SEA. 6 male, 3 female characters.

15

BREAD ON THE WATERS. 5 male, 3 female characters.

15

THE LAST LOAF. 5 male, 3 female characters.

15

In One Act.

STAND BY THE FLAG. 5 male characters.

15

THE TEMPTER. 3 male, 1 female charac.

15

COMEDIES and FARCES.

The Boston Dip. 4 male, 3 female characters.	15
The Duchess of Dublin. 6 male, 4 female characters.	15
WE'RE ALL TEETOTALERS. 4 male, 2 female characters.	15
A DROP TOO MUCH. 4 male, 2 female characters.	15
THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS. 4 male, 3 female characters.	15
A LITTLE MORE CIDER. 5 male, 3 female characters.	15

Male Characters Only.

Gentlemen of the Jury. 12 char.	15
A Tender Attachment. 7 char.	15
The Thief of Time. 6 char.	15
The Hypochondriac. 5 char.	15
A Public Benefactor. 6 char.	15
The Runaways. 4 char.	15
Coals of Fire. 6 char.	15
WANTED, A MALE COOK. 4 char.	15
A SEA OF TROUBLES. 8 char.	15

FARCES.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. 8 char.	15
A CLOSE SHAVE. 6 char.	15
THE GREAT ELIXIR. 9 char.	15
THE MAN WITH THE DEMIJOHN. 4 char.	15
HUMORS OF THE STRIKE. 8 char.	15
NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN. 6 char.	15
MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN. 6 char.	15

Female Characters Only.

The Red Chignon. 6 char.	15
Using the Weed. 7 char.	15
A Love of a Bonnet. 5 char.	15
A Precious Pickle. 6 char.	15
THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE. 8 cha.	15
NO CURE, NO PAY. 7 char.	15
THE GRECIAN BEND. 7 char.	15

ALLEGORIES.

Arranged for Music and Tableaux.

The Revolt of the Bees. 9 female characters.	15
LIGHTHEART'S PILGRIMAGE. 8 female characters.	15
THE WAR OF THE ROSES. 8 female characters.	15
THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH. 1 male, 4 female characters.	15

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The Seven Ages. A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female characters.	15
TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN. 2 male characters.	15
SNOW BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE. 3 male, 1 female character.	25
BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT-KING. 3 male, 1 female character.	25
THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE. 7 male characters.	15
AN ORIGINAL IDEA. 1 male, 1 female character.	15
CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED. 3 male, 1 female character.	15

TEMPERANCE PIECES.

THE LAST LOAF. 5 male, 3 female characters.	15
THE TEMPTER. 3 male, 1 female character.	15
WE'RE ALL TEETOTALERS. 4 male, 2 female characters.	15
A DROP TOO MUCH. 4 male, 2 female characters.	15
A LITTLE MORE CIDER. 5 male, 3 female characters.	15
THE MAN WITH THE DEMIJOHN. 4 characters.	15

Transcriber's Note

Punctuation has been normalized.

The first page of Spencer's catalog originally located in the front of the book has been moved to the back of the book with the balance of the catalog pages.

The author's choices of spelling and hyphenation, and variations therein, have been maintained.

Spellings of the names of the following authors listed in Spencer's catalog have been maintained, however it is noted to the reader they differ from other published sources:

Montague Williams has been noted as Montagu Williams in other sources.

Lenox Horne has been noted as both Lennox Horne and Charles F. Lennox Horne in other sources.

George A. Stuart has been noted as George A. Stewart in other sources.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BOSTON DIP: A COMEDY, IN ONE ACT ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name

associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in

a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection

will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.