

gloomy caves within! Bob, suppose we go on an exploring expedition, and see if ANY body is below?

Miss Julia—It is an enchanted cafe.

Miss Euphemia—It is the cave of the Seven Sleepers.

Mr. Preston—It is the cave of Trophonius.

Mr. Pritchard—Break a glass.

Mrs. Courtenay—No, no violence. We are strangers, remember. Don't run any risks of being brought before a police court.

[Mr. Pritchard goes out by the front door.]

Miss Julia—Where has Mr. Pritchard gone to?

Grace—I'm sure I don't know. Sister may.

Miss Euphemia—He's just desperate. I never saw one look hungrier than Cousin Robert. He's sleepy, too.

Mr. Preston (aside to Mrs. Courtenay)—I should say he's in love. DOESN'T he look unhappy?

[Mr. Pritchard returns.]

Mr. Pritchard—We'll get him now.

All—How? What do you mean?

Mr. Pritchard—He was asleep in the back yard. I woke him with a stone.

Grace—Oh, Cousin Robert! You didn't hurt him I hope?

Mr. Pritchard—Mashed his nose.

Grace—Oh, how cruel!

Mr. Pritchard—He is the cruel one. He is starving me.

Mr. Preston—Here comes the sleepy-headed rascal!

[Waiter appears, looking mad, but sleepy too. Yawns, rubs his nose, yawns again, scratches his head. Looks at