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1912











THE  
VOICE OF THE PEOPLE





THE  
VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY  
DAVID CARB

BOSTON  
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY  
1912

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TS 3505  
.A64 V6  
1912

THE FOUR SEAS PRESS  
SHARON, MASS. U. S. A.

JUN 10 1914

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no,

## THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

DAN MAGEE.

TOM FOLEY.

BOB JOHNSON.

DAVID.

FLYNN, a Ward heeler.

JENNINGS.

ALICE MAGEE, Magee's wife.

CATHLEEN O'DONOVAN.

MRS. JOHNSON.

MARY JOHNSON, her daughter.

BECKY.

SALLY, a maid.

MAGEE'S CONSTITUENTS.

The action takes place in Magee's house in a large city  
at the present time.

ACT I. Magee's office—the first floor—Five weeks  
elapse.

ACT II. Mrs. Magee's sitting-room—the second floor.

ACT III. Magee's sanctum—the third floor—A few  
days later.



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## ACT I.

*The reception-room-office on the first floor of Magee's house. The room—spacious, decorous, with a crystal chandelier and a marble fireplace—was evidently designed by people of taste, but now many of the crystals have vanished from the chandelier, the furniture is comfortable but ill-assorted, the pictures were selected merely to fill space.*

*In the back wall are two doors, the one to the left leads to the front hall from which stairs ascend; the other, on the right, opens into a back hall. In the right wall is a door into the dining-room, and in the left wall a cramped bow-window. There is a large oval table in front and to the left, several locked cabinets and files against the walls; a large liquor cabinet on which are things to smoke. The fireplace is cold—a gilded steam radiator stands beside it.*

*When the curtain rises, Sally is cleaning the room. She is a bit slovenly in appearance, and in habits. She blows the dust off the mantel-shelf, flaps a rag*

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*on the radiator, kicks a scrap of paper under the rug.*

*A key clicks in a lock—a door outside opens. Magee's large, breezy voice is heard in the hall.*

MAGEE. Come in—come in—don't hold back. What're ye afraid of? Ain't I yer friend an' ain't this me house? [*Genially*] Hustle—hustle—there's a bite o' breakfast an'— [*mysteriously*] an' maybe a drop o' somethin' for ye inside. [*Murmurs, laughs, "ahs"*] Go right into the first door ye come to. [*Several women appear at the door, hesitate, lean forward and peek in*] Don't be scared—ain't nothin' goin' to hurt ye. [*They sidle into the room*] Here, Flynn, help Jim Sullivan. [*Men, women and children have been coming in. The outer door slams. Magee pushes his way through the crowd and enters, assisting, with the aid of Flynn, an old man with a crutch. The Johnsons are helping Becky Rubinsky, who has a bandaged foot and a stick, is pale and very nervous. The Johnsons place her in a chair well down in front. It is a miserable crowd—several Irish and Jewish men and women with their children, one woman with an infant. The women have bundled themselves and their children hastily in odds and ends of clothing, shawls, cheap mangy furs, mother hubbards. They all look as though they had just dropp'd their domestic, or other work. They wear kimonas, old skirts and*

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*shirtwaists, one a nightgown and a shawl. . . . The children cling to their parents. There is a conspicuous absence of young men.]*

THE CRIPPLED MAN. It come near bein' the death o' me—that there fire.

A LARGE IRISH WOMAN. The first thing I thought on when I smelled the smoke was—"merciful Saints, an' its ole Jim Sullivan will be burnin' this day or mebbe chokin' to death wid de smoke."

SULLIVAN. An' I would 'uv, too, but for Dan Magee—an' he carryin' me down to safety. [*Murmurs of agreement.*]

JOHNSON. [*They have made Becky comfortable*] Now, let's get out o' here.

BECKY. [*Clasping Mrs. Johnson's arm*] You will not leaf me?

MRS. JOHNSON. [*To her husband*] Can't we stay with her, Bob?

JOHNSON. I don't want to be in his house.

MRS. JOHNSON. Just a little while.

JOHNSON. [*Angrily*] I don't want to have nothin' to do with Magee.

MRS. JOHNSON. The poor girl is alone.

JOHNSON. Oh, all right. [*He takes his little girl to the bow-window. Magee has been in the dining room.*]

MAGEE. [*Returning*] Grub'll be ready in a minute. Sit down, if ye can find seats. [*They remain stand-*

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*ing*] Come—come—don't be so cut-up. What's a fire? In a few days when ye're settled in nice, clean places ye'll be sayin' what a mercy it was that that old ramshackle of a tenement was burned down—an' nobody hurt.

A JEW. But ve vas hurt, Mr. Magee. Ve lost all our goods.

SEVERAL WOMEN. [*Moaning*] Aie, aie, aie. . . .

GANS. [*He and Flynn are ward heelers*] But de insurance, Goldgraber, huh? You ain' got it no insurance, huh? [*He laughs and cheers the man up.*]

THE MAN. [*Shrugging*] It ain't much. . . .

AN IRISH BOY. [*Screaming shrilly*] Me wagin's gone. Oh, oh, oh, I want me new shiny wagin.

HIS MOTHER. Be still, will ye?

THE BOY. I want me wagin. I want me red wagin. . . .

MAGEE. Close up, Jim—ye'll get another.

THE BOY. But I want me new, shiny wagin. . . . [*Magee cheers him up.*]

AN IRISHMAN. It's hard set we'll be to git clothes an' coal an' the cold winter comin' on. It's hard set we'll be, Ellen.

HIS WIFE. We will that, surely.

AN OLD WOMAN. [*Taking up the moan*] An' the cold winter comin' on—the bleak, cold winter. . . .

MAGEE. [*Heartily*] Don't ye be takin' on, Mother Murphy; trust to the Saints, and Dan Magee. [*He is wearing a derby and a cigar with a band on. A*



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*large man, he is, with a moustache and shrewd eyes. Otherwise he looks as commonplace as the dull colors of his clothes.]*

THE OLD WOMAN. [*Responding to the touch on her arm*] Oh, it's always the good lad ye were, Dan Magee.

A MAN IN HIS THIRTIES. [*Suddenly, brusquely*] I'll be goin'. [*He starts to break through the crowd.*]

MAGEE. [*Catching his sleeve*] Choke it, Sam, choke it.

SAM. Oh, hell, what's the use?

MAGEE. What's eatin' ye?

SAM. Just one damned thing after another.

MAGEE. [*Tenderly*] What is it, Sam?

SAM. My invention—it was nearly done—

MAGEE. You can make it again.

SAM. Yes, mebbe. But, where in hell d'ye think I'll git another coil?

MAGEE. Maybe—maybe hell'll cough it up for ye. [*He winks, but Sam is dejected*] Come, have a drink. Buck, Gans, here, git out the Saints' own stuff fer happiness—in that there thingamadodger. [*He points to the cabinet. Flynn and Gans have been cheering the victims. Now Gans goes into the dining-room for glasses. Flynn brings a bottle to the table. Magee draws the cork and pours. The heelers pass the drinks.*]

JOHNSON. [*At the bow-window, to Flynn*] Thanks, I don't want none.

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FLYNN. Oh, pitch in. D'ye care, Mrs. Johnson?

MRS. JOHNSON. [*A frail, little woman, very pale*] Bob knows what's best for him.

JOHNSON. [*A sturdy, tender, determined American workingman.*] I don't want none.

MAGEE. [*From the table*] Come on, Johnson. It's on me.

JOHNSON. Don't think I'll have any o' your booze, Mr. Magee.

MAGEE. [*Quickly—angrily*] Huh? [*Calming*] Mighty good booze, mine is. [*Flynn offers him a glass*] Everybody got some? [*Flynn nods, and takes a glass. Magee takes it from his hand*] Let the other man drink, Buck. [*Aloud*] Here goes. [*He lifts an empty glass and pretends to drink.*]

HARRIGAN. [*An old man*] Here's to Dan Magee.

MRS. HARRIGAN. Fred, don't, don't, ye've got to work today.

HARRIGAN. Jest a drop, me dear.

MRS. HARRIGAN. Oh, no, no, no. I couldn't stand fer ye to fall back into yer old ways on top o' this day's misery.

HARRIGAN. Oh, the devil. I want it. [*Loudly*] Here's to Dan Magee.

[*The cry is taken up. They are about to drink when the doorbell rings violently. The door is slammed and David, a young Polish Jew, breaks through the crowd, gazes about wildly and rushes*

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to Becky. He falls beside her, buries his face in her lap and sobs violently.]

DAVID. Becky—Becky—Oh, I vas afraid. You're nod hurd, Becky? You're nod hurd? . . .

BECKY. [*Weeping also*] David—my lofe—David—you'fe come at last.

DAVID. I did nod hear, Becky. I did nod hear of it till now. Oh, vad a *schlemiel!* Vad a *schlemiel!* You in danger and sorrow and I nod dere! Gott in Heafen—I nod dere—I nod dere. . . .

BECKY. I am vell, my heart—see, I am nod harmed. . . .

DAVID. I vas nod dere to help you. . . . [*Suddenly*]  
Nod again, Becky—today ve marry—today, Becky.

BECKY. No—no—no. . . .

DAVID. Let us nod be longer afraid of death—let us be togeder, vheder ve starfe or lif, let us be togedder, lof. Den vill I always be near to help you. . . . [*He looks at her breathlessly.*]

BECKY. [*Quietly, joyous*] Yes—today, my heart.  
[*There is an ecstatic moment of silence, then he springs to his feet.*]

BECKY. [*Frightened*] You vill not leaf me again, David?

DAVID. I go but for de papers, my lof, und to tell Rabbi Atoski to make ready. Den vill I come for you—for always. [*He rushes out.*]

BECKY. David—David—take me, leaf me not here alone.

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MRS. JOHNSON. [*Coming to her quickly*] I'll stay with you, my dear. Put your head on my shoulder. Don't be afraid, dear, just think I'm your mother. . . . [*The two women cry.*]

AN IRISHMAN. The poor darlint. [*There is a loud general sigh followed by relaxation, murmuring and chattering. Johnson puts Mary, his six-year old daughter, on his shoulder and looks out of the windows.*]

JOHNSON. [*His voice breaks*] You've got a mama, Mary, oh, such a mama!

MARY. [*In a loud whisper*] Is de lady Mama's baby, too?

JOHNSON. Such a mama, Mary!

MARY. I love you, too, papa. [*Her mouth is at his ear.*]

MAGEE. [*Kissing a baby*] What fine, curly hair she's got.

THE MOTHER. [*Proudly*] It's a boy.

MAGEE. It's many a tender woman's heart will be set thumpin' at the sight o' them curls. [*The mother nods a "did ye hear" nod to a friend.*]

AN OLD MAN. I've lost me pipe.

MAGEE. Here's one o' mine.

THE OLD MAN. For keeps? [*Magee nods*] Oh, I couldn't be takin' your pipe. [*He shows it to a friend.*]

MRS. HARRIGAN. Not another one, Fred—no more.

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[*Harrigan takes another glass.*]

A WOMAN. I was the first to smell the smoke. "Holy Saints," I says, "Somethin's burnin'."

ANOTHER. Beggin' yer pardon, Mrs. O'Brien, it was me was in the hallway first an' lettin' out yells would drown the noise of the fire bells thimsilves.

THE FIRST WOMAN. It was me, I tell ye, was cleanin' me iron skillet for the stew whin— [*They argue furiously.*]

A YOUNG GIRL. The album's burned, ma—an' poor Simon's picture. . . .

THE MOTHER. Aie, aie, aie. . . . [*They weep.*]

MRS. SCULLY. [*Looking about fearfully as she plucks Magee's sleeve*] Mr. Magee.

MAGEE. Ah, Mrs. Scully—

MRS. SCULLY. Mr. Magee, me—me weddin' certificate got burned up. Will it make any difference 'tween Scully an' me? [*She waits breathlessly for his answer.*]

AN OLDER WOMAN. I'll swear before all the Saints I seen ye an' Scully tied up. I got so drunk—

MRS. SCULLY. We *are* married still, ain't we, Mr. Magee?

MAGEE. Sure, Mrs. Scully. Don't ye bother yer little head.

MRS. SCULLY. Scully ain't been comin' home much lately, an' I was afeared he'd not be showin' up at all, if he knew we wasn't married no more.

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MAGEE. Licence or no licence, ye're married tigh.  
Didn't Father Curran say so?

MRS. SCULLY. [*Relieved*] Yes. [*She runs her sleeve over her eyes.*]

MAGEE. [*Giving his handkerchief*] Take this, me girl.  
[*She uses it, and keeps it. A woman offers her a glass.*]

MRS. SCULLY. I don't drink.

THE WOMAN. Come on. It goes illigant for home troubles. [*Mrs. Scully turns away*] Well, the blessin' o' God on ye. [*She tosses it off.*]

MAGEE. [*To Mary Johnson*] Give us a kiss, sister.  
[*Mary draws away*] Come on—

JOHNSON. Let her alone.

MAGEE. [*Angrily*] Come on. [*He snatches for the child. Johnson draws her away*] I will— [*Sally comes up.*]

SALLY. Grub's ready.

MAGEE. [*Glares at Johnson. Then he turns smiling and says loudly*] Grub's ready—step right in—  
[*And they step lively.*]

A WOMAN. They can't be enuf grub for us all.

MAGEE. Plenty—plenty—

MRS. SCULLY. They surely ain't enuf. I—I ain't a bit hungry. I had a fillin' supper last night. [*She laughs feebly*] So I'll be goin'.

MAGEE. [*Heartily—pushing her towards the dining-room*] Git along—git along. There's grub fer fifty.

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A JEW. Kosher meat?

MAGEE. All kinds o' meat. Jew *an'* Christian.

A WOMAN. Ye never fergit nothin', Dan Magee.

A MAN. They ain't no fergit in Dan Magee.

MAGEE. Now, laugh—all of ye—laugh hearty. Don't ye let me hear a groan or the splash of a tear or I'll—I'll—well, ye'll hear from me.

A WOMAN. [*Wiping her eyes*] I jist can't help it when I think how good ye are—

MAGEE. Cut out the worry. Ain't they enuf worry in the world fer ye to crack yer face into a smile when ye git a good breakfast? I tell ye I'll fix everything all right, and don't Dan Magee always keep his word? [*Loud shouts of "yes," "always," "sure do," etc.*] I'll see that me friends don't suffer.

A MAN. What'd we ever do without him? [*Several lift their hands as though they had been asked what they would do without God.*]

ANOTHER MAN. They ain't none like you, Dan Magee. [*With such exclamations they hasten out.*]

SALLY. There's a man, Jennings is his name, waitin' for you in the kitchen.

MAGEE. Oh, tell him to wait. [*Sally goes. Flynn and Gans have taken the crippled Sullivan into the dining-room. Magee looks uncertainly at Johnson, then at Mrs. Johnson whose arm is about Becky—the two women are exchanging confidences. Johnson looks furtively at his wife. There is a*

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*silence—uncomfortable for the two men.]*

MARY. Papa, I'm hungry.

JOHNSON. You'll git somethin' in a little while.

MARY. I want it now.

MAGEE. Won't ye—won't ye take her in, Johnson?

JOHNSON. We ain't hungry. [*Brusquely.*]

MARY. [*Loudly in her father's ear*] I is, papa.

MAGEE. [*With returning sureness*] Come wid me, me dear—I'll give ye all ye can eat. [*Mary tries to struggle from her father's arms. She whispers.*]

MRS. JOHNSON. What's tne matter, baby?

MARY. [*Running to her mother*] I'm hungwy, an' de man says he'll give me breakfas' an' papa won't go an'—

MAGEE. Oh, come on—all of ye.

BECKY. I'm too—too excited to eat.

JOHNSON. Let's be goin', dear. [*Mrs. Johnson hesitates.*]

BECKY. Oh, stay not for me, Mrs. Johnson.

MRS. JOHNSON. She has no mother, Bob.

JOHNSON. Excuse me—we're stayin' for the weddin', Becky. [*He sits. His wife looks at him gratefully.*]

MARY. [*Tugging at his hand*] Come on, I'm hungry.

MAGEE. Well, now, since ye're stayin', why can't we all have a bite an' a little glass o' somethin'—

JOHNSON. [*Hotly*] I tell you—no.

MRS. JOHNSON. Bob! Becky, dear, you'd better go.



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You'll need strength.

BECKY. If you belief so.

MARY. Me, too. [*She takes Becky's hand. Both men assist Becky to the dining-room whence arises a babel of voices, clattering of dishes. . . . Johnson returns with the reluctant, whimpering Mary. Magee follows.*]

MAGEE. Ye're cruel to the kid.

JOHNSON. Becky's in good hands now, dear.

MRS. JOHNSON. But we came here because she didn't have anyone else.

JOHNSON. We've got to find a place to live, an' I've got to hunt a job.

MAGEE. Ye're a plumber, ain't ye?

JOHNSON. Yes.

MAGEE. Why, I happen to know jest the thing fer ye.

Lucky, ain't it? Jest put yourselves in me hands—

MRS. JOHNSON. [*Quickly*] We can't do that, Mr. Magee.

MAGEE. Why can't ye? [*Mrs. Johnson plays with Mary's hair.*]

JOHNSON. [*Bluntly*] Because we ain't sure what your hands have been doin'. [*Magee takes an angry step towards him—then he opens the dining-room door.*]

MAGEE. Fixed all right? [*Gay murmur of assent.*]

JOHNSON. My God, I've got to have work—an' here's a chance.

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MRS. JOHNSON. Remember our promise.

JOHNSON. But—

MRS. JOHNSON. To go straight for Mary's sake.

MAGEE. [*Returning*] Look here, ye're all wrong about me, Johnson. I'm rich—is that a crime? Wouldn't ye be if ye could?

MRS. JOHNSON. I dunno. . . .

MAGEE. Well, rich men have duties. An' the first one is to help the—er—them that ain't got on so fast.

JOHNSON. So that's why you're wastin' so much time on us.

MAGEE. [*Smugly—rubbing his hands*] That's why—me duty to me fellow men.

JOHNSON. Mr. Magee, we come from New England, me an' my wife, an' it's sorter in our blood not to want to be took care of—nursed—

MAGEE. Nursed! Didn't you people elect me to look after yer interests?

JOHNSON. I didn't help—to elect you.

MAGEE. Well—well—that's a mistake ye'll git over. Now look at the thing straight. Yer out of a job—yer wife's overworked—yer kid's growin' up. Ye're in my district. I can fix ye up fine. Ain't it me duty to do it? An' ain't it yer duty to take it fer yer wife an' baby?

JOHNSON. What'll it cost us?

MAGEE. Nothin'.

JOHNSON. Come on—what'll it cost?

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MAGEE. I'm straight. I never went back on a friend.

Well, yer straight, too, Johnson—yer that kind. Ye won't go back on a friend. It's a swap.

MRS. JOHNSON. [*Quickly*] Bob don't need to worry—I've got plenty of washins'. Ain't it a mercy, Bob, that this is Sat'day an' all the washin's was sent home yestiday, an' none burned?

MAGEE. Now, when ye git this job—

JOHNSON. Nothin' doin', Mr. Magee. I ain't goin' to be one o' your boys—heelers—whatever you call 'em—so that's all to be said.

MAGEE. An' ye'll do without a job.

JOHNSON. We'll live somehow.

MAGEE. Ye don't mind livin' on yer wife, do ye, Johnson?

JOHNSON. [*Hotly*] See here—

MRS. JOHNSON. That's our business, Mr. Magee. [*She clasps her husband's arm protectingly. Becky returns with a sandwich for Mary. Mary seizes it.*]

JOHNSON. Let it alone, Mary. [*Mary bites it.*]

MRS. JOHNSON. There's no harm, Bob. A bite of food can't buy us.

MAGEE. Of course not. Ye're so suspicious, Johnson. Give the kid some grub.

MRS. JOHNSON. Let's do, Bob—she's so hungry. It won't hurt nothin'. [*He shrugs*] Come on with us. [*He assists Becky.*]

JOHNSON. [*At the door*] But listen here, Mr. Magee,

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my wife an' me ain't eatin' nothin'. [*They go out. Magee shakes his fist after them. Then he calls Flynn.*]

MAGEE. Damn his hide.

FLYNN. [*Smoking a cigarette*] What's wrong?

MAGEE. It's that stubborn fool, Johnson. He ain't got a penny—he lives off'n his wife. An' yet he comes snoopin' aroun' here lookin' down on me just like I was one o' them dishonest grafters.

FLYNN. He don't cut no ice.

MAGEE. Yes, he does. That there reformer, Puss or Pierce or whatever he calls himself, is a wise guy. But I'm goin' to wallop him so hard this election he won't show his snoot aroun' here till monkeys an' women vote.

FLYNN. [*Pumping*] How're ye goin' to swing Johnson?

MAGEE. My business, me boy. Well, what's doin' today?

FLYNN. Maggie Maloney ties up Monday.

MAGEE. Let's see. . . . Jest how many votes is she connected with?

FLYNN. Two brothers an' a uncle.

MAGEE. Brothers married?

FLYNN. Nope.

MAGEE. Keepin' company?

FLYNN. Jis' flirtin' aroun'.

MAGEE. Four votes. [*He unlocks a cabinet and reveals an assortment of showy china, cut glass and*

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*German silver.*]

MAGEE. [*With a cut glass vase*] No—this is good for two votes.

FLYNN. Becky and David are tyin' up.

MAGEE. This is too good for 'em. David won't ever be much use. [*Selecting a small nut dish*] This is about their measure. [*He locks the cabinet.*]

JOHNSON. [*From the dining-room*] You can't have no more, Mary.

MAGEE. [*His jaws snap*] Look here, Flynn—we've got to git Johnson. An' in five weeks, too, before the 'lection. He can't stand out against Dan Magee. He's the kind of man that gits other men.

FLYNN. What d'ye want me to do?

MAGEE. I'll fire ye if he gits a job in this district. An' don't ye let it leak out, either. Pierce 'ud bite into it. Pierce an' the Civil Service law is ruinin' the nation. There can't be no real patriotism with them things goin' on. How're ye goin' to interest young men in their country if ye ain't got no jobs to give 'em when they work for the party?

FLYNN. Ye can't do it.

MAGEE. They say: "What's the use o' bein' patriotic an' workin' for yer country anyhow? They ain't nothin' in it." An' that makes 'em Anarchists.

FLYNN. Ye bet it does.

MAGEE. Well, I'll wallop Pierce.

FLYNN. Ye ain't never been downed yet.

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MAGEE. An' I'll git Johnson.

FLYNN. Sure thing.

MAGEE. Watch me smoke him out o' his fancy little dream. An' jes' ye watch me smoke. [*The door-bell rings. Magee looks at the clock*] It can't be them a'ready.

FLYNN. Expectin' somebody?

MAGEE. Me niece from Ireland—me dead sister's only child. She's comin' to live with me. Tom an' Mrs. Magee have gone for her. This here fire kept me back. [*David rushes in.*]

DAVID. Ve ain'd got a licence—und dey costs a dollar und a half—und—und—

MAGEE. [*Slapping him on the back*] An' ye ain't got it. [*David hangs his head*] Well, I'll lend it to ye.

DAVID. Ah-h. Safior. . . .

MAGEE. But don't ye fergit that Dan Magee sticks to his friends. Ye do the same, me boy.

DAVID. I fergit! Ach Gott! Safior of us all. [*Taking the money*] I know not how to be grateful enough. . . .

MAGEE. [*Jovially but significantly*] There's a 'lection comin' off in five weeks.

DAVID. Ah, yes—yes—und I vill tell all vhat you haf done for us—all—all—all—shall know. On Monday I pay you back. [*He stoops suddenly and kisses Magee's hand, then he runs out. Flynn laughs. But Magee stares at his hand. When he*

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*looks up his face is almost tender.]*

MAGEE. [*His voice is a bit husky*] This is a great game, Flynn, a great, big, fine game. [*Then he recovers*]  
Flynn, phone an' see if the *Empress* has docked yet.

FLYNN. When she lives here will Foley still live here, too?

MAGEE. *Will* he! There's a smart boy, Flynn.

FLYNN. [*At the telephone booth*] He's—you bet he's smart. He's too smart.

MAGEE. What d'ye mean?

FLYNN. Ain't he gittin' a pretty strong hold on ye?

MAGEE. Shut up. [*Angrily*] Ye keep yer mug plastered when it comes to Tom Foley or somethin'll hit hard. [*He towers above Flynn.*]

FLYNN. If yer so tied up wid Foley dat ye won't listen—

MAGEE. If yer wise ye won't give me nothin' to listen to. He's me boy an' she what's comin' is me gal—an' don't ye nor nobody else open yer heads about 'em. [*Mrs. Magee, Cathleen O'Donovan and Tom Foley appear in the doorway. Tom carries two bags.*]

MRS. MAGEE. There's your uncle, my dear. [*She speaks coldly. She is a large, handsome woman of thirty-five—restrained, impassive, beautifully gowned. Foley is ten years younger than she—boyish, enthusiastic, healthy—with straight, shiny, black hair and red cheeks. He has a fine manly*

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*aggressiveness. Cathleen, in her early twenties, is a regular Irish type—blue eyes, black hair. . . . She wears a cluster of red roses on a white tailored gown. Mrs. Magee moves to the back right—glances into the dining-room, shrugs, and stands at the hall door waiting to get away. She watches the scene without interest.]*

TOM. [*Buoyantly*] Here she is, boss. [*He sets the bags down. Cathleen stands an instant in the doorway—then she rushes to her uncle's arms. They embrace.*]

MAGEE. Me little girl. . . .

FLYNN. Kinder missed out on dis fire job, didn't ye?

TOM. Oh, come—come—we've got to work together.

FLYNN. Dat's what de lion said to de lamb. [*He goes into the dining-room.*]

*[Cathleen and Magee release themselves and stand holding hands, at arms length. Then Magee draws her to him again.]*

CATHLEEN. You're crushin' me roses—me lovely blood roses that Mr. Foley shook in me face an' me hurdlin' down the gang plank to touch the soil of freedom.

MAGEE. So this is me own sister's little gal. Ye're jist like her.

CATHLEEN. An' you're me rich, conquerin' uncle that's



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made a great name for himself an' all the Magees!

[*They stare at each other happily.*]

MAGEE. What d'ye think of her, Tom?

TOM. Well—I—er—er—

MAGEE. Spit it out.

TOM. She's—she's your own kin, Boss.

MAGEE. Tom's the boy I wrote ye about.

CATHLEEN. Why, I thought that was a *little* boy.

MAGEE. He used to be. Now, he's me interference  
—as the foot-ball fans say.

TOM. An' the boss is the rest of the team. [*He goes  
into the hall.*]

MRS. MAGEE. Tom, will you take the bags up? They're  
so heavy for Sally. [*He takes the bags.*]

CATHLEEN. [*Running after him*] Oh, an' Mr. Foley—  
[*She talks to him—they laugh.*]

MAGEE. [*Intercepting Mrs. Magee, who is following  
uncertainly*] Don't they look nice together, Alice?

ALICE. [*Coldly*] Yes—they look well together.

MAGEE. If—if they'd topple for each other I'd be the  
happiest man in the world.

ALICE. [*Without interest*] Would you?

MAGEE. Ye could help that along, Alice.

ALICE. Could I?

MAGEE. W—won't ye, Alice?

ALICE. No, Dan.

MAGEE. If ye'd jes' let 'em be together a lot—maybe  
—maybe—

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ALICE. You must work out your schemes—by yourself,  
Dan. [*She turns from him. Tom goes upstairs,  
singing.*]

CATHLEEN. [*Joyously*] He's kneelin' at your feet like  
all the world. [*Roguishly*] Isn't it true that the  
whole world is kneelin' at your feet, Uncle Dan?

MAGEE. Me dear!

CATHLEEN. [*Skipping to Alice*] Isn't it true, Aunt  
Alice? He's so modest— [*She takes Alice's hand  
affectionately.*]

ALICE. [*Withdrawing her hand*] Cathleen, I'm going  
upstairs now. When you are ready, knock on my  
door—it's the one above this—and I'll show you  
your room. [*She goes to the hall-door.*]

MAGEE. Alice—it was—kind of ye to help me out by  
goin' after Cathleen.

ALICE. [*Perfunctorily*] I shall be glad to help you,  
Dan—whenever I can.

MAGEE. [*Rushing to her*] Alice—will ye?

ALICE. Whenever I can. [*She goes up the stairs. He  
stands for a moment staring at her ascending figure.  
Then he sighs, shrugs and turns. Cathleen is  
amazed.*]

MAGEE. Me darlin'—me darlin'—I've been so lonesome.  
[*There is a sob in his voice.*]

CATHLEEN. [*In his arms*] I've been lonely, too, Uncle  
Dan.

MAGEE. What kept ye from me all this time?

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

CATHLEEN. I've been preparing for the sacrament.

MAGEE. The sacrament?

CATHLEEN. Studying to understand this Government—  
an' your great work.

MAGEE. [*As to a child*] An' do ye think ye know now  
what me great work is?

CATHLEEN. I know the theory. An' I shall soon learn  
how it works out. You'll teach me, won't you,  
Uncle Dan?

MAGEE. Sure—sure—

CATHLEEN. Oh, I'm in earnest. Why—Uncle Dan—  
a big lump forms in me throat when I think that  
you're mine, the only living soul that's kin to me.  
An' you—that's been a father to me—you're one  
of the men that runs this great, free land. Oh, it  
chokes me with awe. [*She presses his hand rever-  
ently to her cheek. He looks at it as he did when  
David kissed it. They stare at each other. She  
weeps suddenly—he draws her to him hungrily.*]

MAGEE. Me own little gal.

CATHLEEN. I've studied so hard—an' it *was* lonesome  
in London. I thought if I knew enough that maybe  
—maybe I could help you, Uncle Dan. Could I  
help you just a little? [*She is so deeply serious  
that her voice wavers.*]

MAGEE. Ah, ye can be so much to me.

CATHLEEN. I'm so madly happy— [*She sniffles*] I—  
I've lost me handkerchief.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

MAGEE. Here's mine. [*He hasn't any*] I must have lent it to somebody.

CATHLEEN. I'll get one. [*Tom comes downstairs buoyantly—and stops in the doorway, grinning. Cathleen turns back*] Don't go away—I'll be back in a minute. [*Magee kisses her. She runs quickly from him and almost collides with Tom*] Oh! [*They smile at each other. She runs up the stairs, looking at him, he at her. Magee is watching.*]

MAGEE. [*Tenderly*] Are ye hit, me boy?

TOM. Oh, well—er—er—

MAGEE. I don't blame ye—I am, too. She's a fine gal.

TOM. It—it isn't just that. It's—it's—

MAGEE. [*Patting Tom's shoulder*] I know—I know.  
[*Flynn enters.*]

FLYNN. Jennings is gittin' sore.

TOM. [*Alert*] Jennings of the Aberville?

FLYNN. [*To Magee*] He's been waitin' more'n a hour.

MAGEE. Bring him here. [*Flynn goes.*]

TOM. Could you spare me for a couple of hours this afternoon, Boss? I ain't meddled with my chemistry for a week. I feel stale—like I ain't had any exercise.

MAGEE. I can spare ye anything.

[*Flynn returns with Jennings—a bent old man. He shakes hands with Magee awkwardly—holds his hat in his hand.*]

MAGEE. [*Breezily*] Well—Jennings! How are ye, Fred?

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JENNINGS. Not so well, Mr. Mågee—my rheumatiz—

MAGEE. [*Not listening*] An' is yer wife all right, too?

JENNINGS. The missus is pretty much broke up about the whole business.

MAGEE. That's too bad. What's the trouble?

JENNINGS. They've foreclosed the mortgage, sir.

MAGEE. The mortgage on what?

JENNINGS. [*Wiping his nose on his coat sleeve*] On our farm in Lambert County. [*Pathetically*] They ain't nothin' else to mortgage. [*Tom pushes up a chair and Jennings sits*] It's only forty acres an' it ain't growed nothin' yit. But me an' the ole woman's been savin' fer it fer thirty year.

MAGEE. Was there any reason fer 'em to foreclose?

JENNINGS. Not as I know on.

MAGEE. Shure?

JENNINGS. Yestidy, their man comes aroun' an' when I ast him why they was takin' the farm away from us, he says, queer like: "You're janitor of this here joint, ain't yer?" "Been janitor here for eight year," s'ye. "You been buyin' your coal from the Egg Coal Co., ain't you?" "Ya'as," I says. "But last Thursday you bought coal from the Sturgis Co." "Ye see," I begins, "Sturgis sells cheaper, an' my boss trusts me—" But he shuts me off. "You'll have to pay up—intrust *an'* principal," he says, "or we take the farm." [*A pause*] That's

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all, sir. [*Another silence*] So I come to you, sir, to help me.

MAGEE. Ye did right, Fred—to come to me. [*There is a pause*] Come here, Tom. [*Flynn talks to Jennings*] Ye've been mixed up in this, Tom. I'll let ye handle the old man.

TOM. Anyway I want?

MAGEE. I trust ye, me boy.

TOM. Thank you, sir. [*He sits at the table. At a nod from Magee, Flynn goes.*] Er—ahem! [*Jennings doesn't hear. Tom leans forward. Magee watches him dotingly*] Oh—a—Jennings.

JENNINGS. [*Wheeling*] Yes, sir?

TOM. What d'you think we can do?

JENNINGS. If you'd jest talk to 'em—git 'em to hold off for a little while. The ole woman an' me's been workin' so hard for it against our old age—savin' an' pinchin'—

TOM. Wasn't your note due in July?

JENNINGS. The ole woman's been sick.

TOM. You didn't keep your word.

JENNINGS. It's the doctor's bills.

TOM. Still—

JENNINGS. Nobody 'ud be mean enough to pinch me when I been in so much trouble.

TOM. It ain't meanness—it's rights.

JENNINGS. It can't be. [*With weak anger*] I ain't got

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the money an' I won't give up the farm—  
I won't. . . .

TOM. The farm ain't yours yet.

JENNINGS. It is—my God, Mr. Tom—yes, it is—

TOM. [*Pounding the table*] I tell you what's ours is  
ours.

JENNINGS. Yours, sir?

MAGEE. Loosen up, me boy—

TOM. You told me to run this. [*Magee shrugs dot-  
ingly.*]

JENNINGS. [*Trumpeting his ear. Leaning forward*]  
Yours, sir?

TOM. Yes—ours. We hold your mortgage in the East  
Side Improvement Co., and you've got to buy your  
coal from the Egg Coal Co.

JENNINGS. [*Dizzy*] Good God!

MAGEE. Soft—soft—

TOM. Do you heed me?

JENNINGS. [*Miserably*] But how was I to know that  
it was you held the mortgage an' that there was  
any connection between buyin' coal an'—

TOM. Look here, Jennings—didn't I meet you in  
Murphy's saloon last Wednesday night? An' didn't  
I buy you a drink?

JENNINGS. You're a nice boy, Tom Foley—

TOM. Didn't I ask you where you was buyin' your  
coal? An' didn't I say when you told me that you  
had ordered it from the Sturgis people that you

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were making a mistake, that the Egg was a little higher but the coal was better?

JENNINGS. The coal ain't better—an' my boss trusts me—

TOM. Answer my question. Didn't I say that to you?

JENNINGS. Ye—es—

TOM. Didn't I say it again before I went out?

JENNINGS. Ye—es—

TOM. [*Sitting back*] Well!

JENNINGS. I didn't know but what you jist happened into Murphy's an' said them things sorter social-like.

TOM. [*Brutally*] Don't you lay your head on any social-like pillow.

JENNINGS. But, sir—

TOM. [*Yelling*] I was givin' orders Wednesday night.

JENNINGS. But how was I to know?

TOM. That's all today.

JENNINGS. But, Mr. Tom—

TOM. That's all. [*He pretends to busy himself with papers on the table.*]

JENNINGS. Mr. Magee—

MAGEE. The boy's doin' this. [*Jennings moves wearily to the door—Tom watching him slyly. Suddenly he turns.*]

JENNINGS. Won't you do nothin'?

TOM. Nothing. [*Jennings goes further upstage*] I'll



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tell you, Jennings—we'll hold off till—when'll you need more coal?

MAGEE. [*Relieved*] Ah—h—

JENNINGS. In five weeks about—if the weather stays cold.

TOM. Well, we'll hold off for five weeks—to see where you buy your next coal.

JENNINGS. It's 85 cents more a ton—an' the boss trusts me. [*Tom looks at him*] Oh, yes—sir. Thankee, thankee, sir. . . . You—you won't forgit?

TOM. I'm making a note of it now.

JENNINGS. [*Approaching*] Thanks—sir. The ole wom-an 'll be so happy— We ain't been sleepin' nights, an' now—

TOM. All right—clear out. [*Jennings goes. Tom leans back in his chair proudly, rather cockily, and lights a cigarette. A pause*] Everything Jennings touches until he cashes in he'll think we're mixed up in. There's men you've got to scare stiff before they'll be spry.

MAGEE. That's true.

TOM. He'll ask us where to buy his coffin. An' he'll tell everybody to fall into line—that we've got a strangle hold. [*He is boyishly dogmatic.*]

MAGEE. By God, I think ye're right.

TOM. [*Coming to him quickly*] Do you, sir? Am I learnin' the game?

MAGEE. Ye'll be outstrippin' me pretty soon.

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TOM. Do you think I'm learnin' to be a—a little like you?

MAGEE. I couldn't 'uv handled Jennings better.

TOM. I want to *be* like you, too.

MAGEE. [*With deep tenderness*] Ye—ye mustn't make such a tin-god o' me, Tom.

TOM. *I'm* not makin' anything of you.

MAGEE. I'm proud of ye, me boy.

TOM. [*Loudly*] Oh, what a great, exciting game it is! To hold people, to clutch 'em, to make 'em squirm—an' *force* 'em to do your will! To own 'em so completely that if you say wiggle they must wiggle—an' if you tell 'em to be happy—presto! they are happy.

MAGEE. [*Patting his shoulder*] Ye understand—ye understand—

TOM. I've found my ambition. It ain't chemistry now. That's tame. Why, sir, I used to feel masterful when I surprised pink litmus paper into turnin' blue. I used to do it whenever an experiment didn't go right just to make sure that I was master. But I'm learnin' to be master of real things now—of people who can suffer and laugh—and wiggle. [*Adoringly*] And you are that!  
[*Cathleen returns.*]

CATHLEEN. Aunt Alice is wonderful, Uncle Dan. [*Seeing Tom*] Oh!

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TOM. I'm just goin' to see about our charges, Miss O'Donovan. [*He goes into the dining-room.*]

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan, it's all unreal. It would have been enough just to be kin to you. But to be loved by you an' showered with all the blessings of the earth—

MAGEE. Ye're all I've got in the world, gal.

CATHLEEN. [*Chiding*] An' you with a fine wife!

MAGEE. [*Hastily*] Yes—yes—

CATHLEEN. [*Looking at him queerly*] We have the same blood—you an' I—the same blood. Nothin'—*nothin'* can make you not kin to me.

MAGEE. [*Vastly pleased at her exaltation of him*] There—there—Cathleen—

CATHLEEN. Ye needn't try to hush me. [*Daubing her eyes*] Ain't ye one of the rulers of this country? One of the most powerful an' greatest an' best men in all the West? Don't I know it? Didn't the young man tell me so, too? [*With a complete change of manner*] Who is the lovely young man?

MAGEE. Ah—ha—so he's "lovely" already! Oh—ho. . . .

CATHLEEN. [*Playing with the flowers*] He—he gave me these blood roses.

MAGEE. [*His hand under her chin*] He is a lovely young man, Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. Who is he?

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MAGEE. He was a newsboy—an' goin' to night school besides.

CATHLEEN. Ah—that's America!

MAGEE. [*Unctuously*] A bossy little fellow he was. He could make other boys work for him an' make 'em *like* to do it.

CATHLEEN. Why didn't he sell for himself?

MAGEE. He studied—an' he had to save his voice to sing in the church. That paid better'n sellin' papers.

CATHLEEN. An' you took him in, Uncle Dan?

MAGEE. His ma died—an' he was left alone.

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan! [*With sparkling eyes.*]

MAGEE. [*Deprecatingly*] I was lonesome—an'—an' I liked the boy. He's been sorter like a son to me. . . .

CATHLEEN. An' you sent him to school?

MAGEE. [*A bit ashamed*] Schools don't help you to get on. *I* wanted him to be with me, but he's got a will of his own an' he went to school. He's daffy about chemistry. He'll blow up the house yet with his gimcracks. [*With pride*] But they say he is a mighty good chemist.

CATHLEEN. An' you're so, so proud of him. [*She strokes his arm*] But me,—I'm a girl—I can go to school—I don't matter. [*She sulks, then laughing merrily she runs away from him as he attempts to embrace her, turns, surveys him critically with her head cocked on one side, advances slowly towards*

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him, and 'jumps suddenly, clasping him tightly about the neck. He staggers into a chair, she on his knee] Oh, Uncle Dan—Uncle Dan—after all the years an' years it's come true. I'm here—in your house—on your knee—soilin' your collar. I wonder if you imagine even faintly what you are to me— [She shakes her head—he shakes his] No? You're a great conqueror—huge—vast—but tender—oh, so tender. I've stared an' gazed an' absorbed your picture till I thought surely it must fade from too much gazing. [He bends his head and kisses her arm] The funniest thing of all was that I could never be sure that such a man—so successful—so powerful—so noble—could be my nearest of kin—mine! Father used to talk of you with awe in his voice—an' after he—was taken from us—mother would tell of you an' of the other great romances of Ireland. . . . Poor mother wanted so to see you again. . . .

MAGEE [*Huskily*] We were the only children—Eileen an' me. . . .

CATHLEEN. An' then when I was left alone an' you sent me the money to study an' to have lovely things—ah, you were the Dream that dances on the lids of a girl's eyes—the Haze that lures one fearlessly into the beautiful forests of the world. . . . [*There is a long silence. Magee's head is bent. He looks up.*]

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MAGEE. Cathleen, me dear, ye're cryin'.

CATHLEEN. I have a right to cry. Wouldn't you be cryin' if a great lump would be formin' in your throat, an' little quivers were chasin' each other up an' down your back?

MAGEE. Me dear, I'm not all ye think I am.

CATHLEEN. An' you'd be modest with me! Shame on you!

MAGEE. Ye make me blush with all yer gasps about me greatness an' me fineness.

CATHLEEN. I'm so full today—the flood won't last. Uncle Dan, I want to do something for you—something big as the ocean. Won't you let me?

MAGEE. Yes—yes—sometime—

CATHLEEN. Let me show you that what I'm saying— is from deep down—here. [*Her heart*] Let me— let me—

MAGEE. This game's too mixed-up for a girl to get on to—

CATHLEEN. Try me—give me the chance. Just try me, Uncle Dan. [*She catches his hands and looks pleadingly into his face.*]

MAGEE. Me love, whenever I can use ye I will use ye. [*The telephone bell rings*] Hello. Yes—Magee. Aw—Hendricks. Who's dead now? [*Makes a note*] Fagan—52 Olive—at ten. A' right. [*He hangs up the receiver. Then calls*] Tom!

CATHLEEN. Dead! [*Tom enters. There is much noise,*

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*laughter, clattering of plates as he opens and closes the door.*]

MAGEE. Mrs. Fagan's cashed in. [*Consulting notes*]  
52 Olive—funeral ten tomorrow.

CATHLEEN. [*Solicitously*] A friend of yours, Uncle Dan?

MAGEE. No, she lives in me District. . . . Widow—got a son who can't vote for three years. Ye'd better go to the funeral, me boy.

TOM. A'right, sir. [*Magee telephones. Tom talks with Cathleen.*]

MAGEE. Westland 4276. Tompkins? Wreath for a single vote—not ripe yet—Fagan, 52 Olive—tomorrow at nine. [*He winks at Cathleen as he hangs up the receiver.*]

CATHLEEN. Wouldn't you be tellin' him what kind of flowers you'll be wantin'?

MAGEE. He knows—I own most of his shop. It pays—there's so many wreaths to be sent. [*He looks from her to Tom and has an idea*] I'll be lookin' after me hungry squad. They're a touchy lot. [*He goes into the dining-room.*]

CATHLEEN. He does so much good.

TOM. If you knew half—all the Murphys and Sullivans and Malones, all the Goldbergs, baums, and steins he's always helping in one way or another! He's the most liberal man that ever lived.

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CATHLEEN. [*Toying with the roses*] That's one of his qualities that you've got.

TOM. Miss O'Donovan—

CATHLEEN. The lovely blood roses.

TOM. They look great on you—dashing, romantic.

CATHLEEN. Romance was born in them. I didn't mean that—yes I did, too. They're a symbol, Mr.—er—

Tom. Look at me.

TOM. Oh, I *am* looking. . . .

CATHLEEN. I'm going to tell you why I'm dressed all in white. It's—it's to celebrate my landing on this free, pure soil. I've seen so much misery in Ireland—an' in England, too—an' it's all caused by the men that govern. Oh, it's sacred—this land of youth an' innocence—this America that has swept the dead leaves from the civilizations of the world. . . .

TOM. Miss—Cathleen—it's—it's not like that—

CATHLEEN. Oh, it has its little sins an' vices—but no more important than the sins an' vices of a child. It is pure— [*laughing*] so I am all in white.

TOM. It is very beautiful. . . .

CATHLEEN. But I forgot that the symbol must have color in it.

TOM. God completed the symbol—the blue of the skies in your eyes.

CATHLEEN. But it remained for you to give the color of this new land—the color of life—an' romance.



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TOM. Have I brought you—romance? [*She looks at him quickly—then lowers her eyes.*]

CATHLEEN. They're precious flowers to symbolize—er—color. I shall wear them till the last petal has curled up an' fallen.

TOM. Then I'll bring you more blood roses—and more. . . . [*David rushes in waving a license.*]

DAVID. Ve haf it, my lof, ve haf it—Oh, I tought my Becky would be here.

TOM. She's in there—Why, is that a marriage license?

DAVID. [*Wild with excitement*] Years upon years ve haf vaited—years upon years. . . .

CATHLEEN. An' today—today it is to happen?

DAVID. [*Solemnly*] Today—for de first time, I know Gott. He is a Christian Gott— He is merciful. [*Goes towards dining-room.*]

CATHLEEN. No—no—see her alone. Mr. Foley will bring her here. [*Tom goes.*]

CATHLEEN. I am Cathleen O'Donovan—Mr. Magee's niece.

DAVID. You haf seen my Becky?

CATHLEEN. Not yet—but I shall know her when I do. [*Tom comes with Becky. David rushes to her assistance. The crowd follows.*]

TOM. Leave 'em together a while—go back—eat some more—

A WOMAN. I'm foundered.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A BOY. [*Rubbing his stomach*] I never was so full in my life.

A YOUNG WOMAN. [*Sings*] De—de—the bride an' gro—om—

CHORUS. Tra—lala—la—la—la—la—la.

DAVID. My eyes! My life!

BECKY. Dawn of my hope— [*She sobs.*]

DAVID. [*Tragically*] Do you weep?

BECKY. No longer—afraid. . . . [*They are surrounded by the laughing, chattering crowd.*]

MAGEE. Here's a weddin' present.

BECKY. Oh!

DAVID. So lofely! Ve are so tankful, Mr. Magee—so tankful. . . . [*The crowd murmurs appreciatively*] Come, my heart—Rabbi Atoski waits.

BECKY. Yes—yes. . . . [*Shouts of "Good luck," "I'm goin' to see 'em tied," humming, general chaos. The mob swirls towards the door. Cathleen has been standing thoughtfully, left front. As Becky and David reach the door in the van of the crowd—she runs and grabs his arm.*]

CATHLEEN. You must have memories.

DAVID. Memories?

CATHLEEN. Flowers an' music an' laughter—an' a dress! Oh, an' a dress that you can show your children—not a spotted skirt an' a soiled waist.

BECKY. [*Crying softly*] In Poland—yes—but [*shrugging*] vat must be—must be—

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

CATHLEEN. [*Embracing her*] It must not be. [*Firmly*]  
The wedding will take place tonight.

DAVID. She is mine.

CATHLEEN. [*Firmly*] Go an' find a room. An' some  
of you women will clean it, won't you? [*Joyous  
assent*] Mr. Tom—you spoke of flowers—send  
flowers to Becky an' David. My dear, let me give  
you the dress—it is white—lovely white. We'll  
have to let it out a bit in the waist an' take out  
the hem—

A BOY. I'll play me violin.

CATHLEEN. [*Touching his hair*] An' I'll sing.

MAGEE. Well, I'll give the supper.

CATHLEEN. No—no, Uncle Dan. [*Until now the  
crowd has not known who she is*] Let's each bring  
something.

ALL. Yes—yes—Great! Fine! . . .

CATHLEEN. David, go tell the Rabbi. Becky will stay  
with me today. Take her to my room, somebody.  
[*Sally leads Becky out. At the door she turns back  
and kisses Cathleen's hands.*]

BECKY. How my moder *selig*, in heafen vill rejoice.  
[*She goes upstairs amid a dead silence. Tom ac-  
companies David to the door giving him directions.  
Then the crowd loosens—it is tremendously stirred  
—it surrounds Cathleen, overwhelming her with ex-  
clamations of pleasure. Scraps of what they say*

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are heard: "Twelve together—a wedding cake," "cheese," "bread"—and the like.]

MAGEE. [*To a surly-looking man downstage*] It'll mean \$50.00 on each an' every count, an' maybe six months besides.

JACOBS. An' how much vill it cost me if I—?

MAGEE. How much do ye want to contribute to the campaign fund? Well, I think ye'd like ter give about twenty-five plunks.

JACOBS. Twenty-five?

MAGEE. Of course, if ye don't want to give it— [*turns away.*]

JACOBS. Oh, I gif it—I gif it— [*He counts out twenty-three dollars in small bills and two dollars in nickels and pennies. He has obviously known beforehand what amount would be required.*]

MAGEE. I don't want nickels and pennies.

JACOBS. It's all I got.

MAGEE. Oh, a' right. [*He counts the change and puts it calmly in his pocket. Jacobs looks as though he wished to say something but thinks better of it. He goes.*]

TOM. Boss, look at her—look what she's doin'.

MAGEE. Huh?

TOM. She's gittin' 'em.

MAGEE. It's the Magee in her— [*Suddenly*] I wonder—

TOM. What?

MAGEE. Tell the Johnsons to stay.

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CATHLEEN. Now let's all get to work. [*With nods, laughs, handshakes—they go—an excited, pleased crowd. Magee, Tom, and the henchmen cheer them along. When they are gone, Cathleen stands in the door a moment—then she turns and comes down swiftly*] Uncle Dan, they are dream people—so generous—so true—so human—

MAGEE. An' so poor.

CATHLEEN. Show me how to help them, Uncle Dan. Just show me how an' I'll make my own chances.

JOHNSON. You wanted us to stay?

MAGEE. Me offer's still open.

JOHNSON. [*Considerably softened*] I'll tell you, Mr. Magee, I won't hedge. I need a job like hell but your price is too high.

CATHLEEN. His price!

MAGEE. Price nothin'. All I'm asking is gratitude—common gratitude. [*Cathleen is relieved.*]

JOHNSON. I guess you'd make us too thankful.

CATHLEEN. Why, how silly.

MAGEE. Better think it over. [*To Mary, crouching to her level*] Hel—lo—finger in her little mouth? 'Emme bite it. Won't? Ur—r—r—I'll steal it. [*He grabs for her hand—she retreats to her mother. Magee rises and pulls out a handful of change*] Here, baby—Here's a penny. What're ye goin' to buy with it?

MARY. A all-day-sucker.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

MAGEE. A white one—don't git a red one, because red ain't good for little girls.

MARY. [*Jumping with glee*] Look what I got. Look mama—papa—see what de good man give me. I'm goin' to have a sucker—I'm goin' to have a sucker. . . .

JOHNSON. Give it back.

MRS. JOHNSON. [*Pleading*] Bob! [*To Mary*] Say "thank you" to the kind gentleman.

MARY. No, I won't. I'm goin' to give him a suck. [*Pointing one finger at him*] If you won't take more'n one.

MAGEE. I won't.

MARY. Cross your heart?

MAGEE. Cross me heart.

MARY. [*To her mother*] Ain't dat a nice "thank you"? [*Mrs. Johnson squeezes her. Johnson kisses her passionately.*]

JOHNSON. Did you ever see such a kid, Magee? [*He has thawed completely.*]

CATHLEEN. [*On her knees*] That's a fine "thank you," darlin'—the finest thank you in all the glorious world. I shall never say any other kind of thank you—dear, little teacher of great things.

MARY. [*Laughing wildly*] Mama—papa—de pitty lady says I'se a teacher. [*Drawing herself up*] Cafleen, spell Cat.

CATHLEEN. K-a-t.

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MARY. Wong. Go to de foot.

CATHLEEN. Oh, Miss Mary, I don't want to go to de foot. I'se ashamed.

MARY. [*Wiping Cathleen's eyes with her apron*] Well, don't cw. Spell cw.

CATHLEEN. C-w-y.

MARY. Wong—go to de foot. [*Cathleen boo-hoos. Mary, very pompously, takes her by the hand and leads her to the foot. The Johnsons have dropped to their knees, absorbed, proud, adoring. Tom and Magee are leaning far over, watching. Cathleen seizes Mary.*]

CATHLEEN. You 'darlin'.

MARY. We like her, don't we, papa? [*She hugs her. Johnson nods.*]

JOHNSON. You're mashin' the lady's flowers.

MRS. JOHNSON. [*In alarm*] Mary, dear—we must go.

CATHLEEN. Here, little teacher—here's one for you.

MARY. Oh, for me! Ain't it pretty? Oh, ain't it pretty, papa? Ouh—an' it smells so sweet—smell it. [*She presses it to her parents' noses. Then she dances with it*] I can't say thank you wif dis. Oh yes, I can. [*She gives Cathleen a petal*] Dere. [*Her parents draw her towards the door*] Good-bye, nice man. Good-bye, flower fairy. [*She runs back and offers her mouth to Tom. He seizes her in his arms and releases her as suddenly. She runs to her father. At the door Johnson turns.*]

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

JOHNSON. Mr. Magee, I ain't a goin' to take your job. I'll find one for myself. But I don't feel as strong against you as I did—because my little girl likes you—an' she ain't never wrong about people. [*They go. Tom comes to Cathleen.*]

MAGEE. I think we've copped the stiff-necked beggar. [*Cathleen is puzzled.*]

TOM. And you swung the others, too, Miss Cathleen,—that whole crowd.

MAGEE. That's right—she did—I wonder . . . Tom, come here. 'Scuse us, me dear. [*Cathleen moves about the room—elated, nervous*] Why not use her?

TOM. Use her?

MAGEE. We'll call her our secretary.

TOM. [*Pondering*] She's a wonderful mixer. . . By George, yes. She'll cinch the whole District. Great idea! You're a genius, Boss.

MAGEE. Go slow, though. She's been dreamin' fine things.

TOM. See what she says.

MAGEE. Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. Yes?

MAGEE. Wanter be our Sec'tary?

CATHLEEN. Me? Me? Why, I'm not fit—

MAGEE. Yer a natural-born politician.

TOM. Your Uncle's own niece.

CATHLEEN. Oh, am I!

TOM. Johnson's held out ever since he's been in the



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District—we've all tried our hand on him—and you got him in ten minutes!

CATHLEEN. He doesn't like *you*, Uncle Dan?

MAGEE. He does now. [*Laughing*] The beggar came cheap—a penny—

TOM. And a rose, Boss.

CATHLEEN. It was his little girl that made him like us.

MAGEE. Politics is war, me dear.

CATHLEEN. Do you always make men like you through their noblest emotions—like this?

TOM. [*Misunderstanding her*] Make is a harsh word, Miss Cathleen—it's like you make people love you—by kindness, dances, kisses—

MAGEE. I'm their best friend— When they're in trouble I get 'em out o' the hands of the police.

CATHLEEN. Whether they are guilty or not guilty, Uncle Dan?

MAGEE. They elect me—it's me duty to stand by 'em.

CATHLEEN. But isn't your first duty to the law?

MAGEE. Well, will ye help Tom an' me?

CATHLEEN. I—don't—know. . . .

MAGEE. [*Impatiently*] I thought ye was longin' for the chance.

CATHLEEN. I was. [*She pauses—ponders—suddenly makes up her mind and removes her hat*] Yes—I'll help you—

TOM. [*Elated*] Won't we put the rollers under Pierce now?

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

CATHLEEN. But if I am to help—I must know the workins’.

TOM. Of course. You see it’s this way—

MAGEE. [*Aside to Tom*] Careful—let me.

TOM. Ain’t she to be in on the game?

MAGEE. Queer look in her eye—don’t like it. Give her a report for publication. [*Cathleen has been taking off her jacket, pushing up her hair, etc.*] Ready, me dear?

CATHLEEN. [*Coming slowly downstage—a break in her voice*] I hope I haven’t harmed Mr. Johnson—

MAGEE. Harmed him?

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan, are you *really* their friend?

MAGEE. I’m a good organization man.

TOM. [*Proudly*] And cock of the political walk. We about *own* the walk, don’t we, Boss? [*Cathleen looks hard at him—slowly draws out the pin and throws the roses on the table.*]

TOM. You promised to wear ’em—

CATHLEEN. Yes—yes—only—they—they’re in the way. The scent lures— [*With nervous vivacity*] All ready—draw the curtains! [*She sits behind the table—the two men at either side.*]

MAGEE. [*Aside, as they take their seats*] Strong on the kindness dope. [*With great candor*] Ye see, me dear, the people in me District are poor—an’ I make it me business to help ’em. That’s the whole game. Pretty simple, ain’t it? [*Laughs*] Well, now the

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way we go about it is this— [*Cathleen is leaning forward—looking hard into his face.*]

QUICK CURTAIN



## ACT II.

*Mrs. Magee's sitting-room on the second floor. In the left wall is a door leading to the bedroom—in the right wall a white marble fireplace. At the back and far to the left is a door into the hall which when opened reveals an ascending stair. Nearly half of the back wall is French windows which lead to a balcony with a stone balustrade. The room is wide and shallow.*

*The furnishings and decorations are both elaborate and luxurious. The color scheme is daring—yet not without taste. Everything in the room bespeaks a lavish expenditure. Facing the footlights well down stage is a wide, deep, long, heavily upholstered sofa. A grand piano stands between the windows and the fireplace. Deep, rich chairs—a dainty table for smoking things. Fine bric-a-brac, bronzes, marbles. A carved escritoire—a pier glass down stage. The curtains and portieres are of heavy velvet. Shaded lights throw a yellow glow over the room. It is evening—about five weeks later.*

*Alice Magee, dressed in an elaborate evening gown that harmonizes with the colors of the room, is discovered before the pier glass draping several fine, flimsy scarfs of various colors about her—and study-*

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

*ing carefully the effect of each. After a moment she grows weary and lets the scarfs drop listlessly to the floor. She lifts her arms to study the pose. Then she looks about for something to do—stirs the fire—drops the poker absently—opens a window—shivers in the cold air—closes the window. She picks up a paper-bound novel—lies on the sofa, turns the pages and rises again. She picks up the scarfs and drops them on a chair, hums, touches the piano keys, drapes one of the scarfs on the piano, studies the effect. A dog barks. She runs to a cradle in the corner, lifts a wooly little dog and fondles it.*

ALICE. Does de light bozer 'oo? [*She presses the dog to her cheek*] Es it does. [*She takes the dog into her bedroom. Then she walks aimlessly about, sighs, lights a cigarette and takes up her book again. There is a knock. She sits up expectantly and listens. The knock is repeated.*]

ALICE. Come. [*Magee enters and closes the door. His hair is disordered and he is biting his cigar hard. They stare at each other. She lies back yawning*] It's nearly nine.

MAGEE. [*Leaning over the back of the sofa*] Alice—I'm lonely—up there in that little creakin' room.

ALICE. I've had ten years of loneliness—down here—in these big creaky rooms.

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MAGEE. [*Eagerly*] Then let's not be lonely no more—  
you an' me.

ALICE. You may sit down, Dan.

MAGEE. [*Coming toward her*] Ye mean it?

ALICE. [*Propping herself*] Over there. [*He obeys.*  
*Then he jumps up and paces the room.*]

MAGEE. Everything's goin' to hell. Pierce is gainin'  
strength every day. An' the 'lection nex' Tuesday!

ALICE. Oh, if you're going to bother me with that—

MAGEE. I'm desperate.

ALICE. That's characteristic of you—always to be des-  
perate.

MAGEE. But this time— Why, Johnson—Johnson that  
I thought I had cinched is makin' speeches for  
Pierce—*makin' speeches*. [*A pause*] An' I gotter  
win—I *gotter!*

ALICE. [*Smiling*] But suppose you don't win?

MAGEE. It makes me shiver to think of it. What'd I  
do with me life if I lose out? I mustn't lose out—  
there ain't no comin' back in this game. Once down  
an' out—always down an' out. It's runnin' me  
crazy—

ALICE. Poor fellow.

MAGEE. I don't know what's got into people. That  
damn cur's got 'em bulldozed—that's what he's  
done. If I'd been crooked with 'em there'd be a  
reason. But I've always been square.

ALICE. [*Sneering*] I have no doubt you think so.

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MAGEE. Who is it they come to when they're in trouble, I'd like to know? Who gits 'em jobs an' pays their fines an' sends 'em weddin' presents an' funeral wreaths? Who does everything for 'em like as if he was their father?

ALICE. [*Oratorically—with an extravagant gesture*]  
Dan Magee!

MAGEE. [*Dampened*] An' now they're blinkin' me.

ALICE. "Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms" . . . [*She puts out her cigarette with great care. He hesitates—then he comes quickly and stands over her.*]

MAGEE. Alice, won't you help me?

ALICE. I?

MAGEE. It won't be much trouble—just a pie to Mrs. Johnson—a new cough syrup to old Finkel, a birthday present to Mrs. Goldstein. . . Why, it wouldn't take an hour an' they'd stick to me like a plugged quarter.

ALICE. Oh, must we start the old quarrel over again?

MAGEE. We won't scrap. Jist ye do this—

ALICE. [*Picking up her book*] Don't be foolish.

MAGEE. It wouldn't hurt ye, would it?

ALICE. No.

MAGEE. Think of all the pleasure ye'll be givin' pore folks. They'll think ye're Saint Brighid or whoever the Jew Saint Brighid is. They'll fall on their



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knees before ye in gratitude. Won't ye do it?  
Won't ye?

ALICE. No.

MAGEE. Jis' this once. I won't ask it agin. I ain't asked nothin' of ye for ten years. Do jist this one thing—pitch in tomorrow—

ALICE. [*Throwing down her book*] Must I keep saying all my life—over and over and over again that I will not be mixed up in your practices?

MAGEE. Me practices! Look here, don't ye be thinkin' I'm a crook. I'm straight— I've always stayed within the law. An' I never went back on a friend.

ALICE. That might hurt your—business. [*With a flash of anger*] You and your kind are selling the country.

MAGEE. [*Flaring up*] Sellin' it! Oh, well—what's the use? Ye ain't never give me a square deal—

ALICE. [*Nonchalantly*] Perhaps not.

MAGEE. [*Continuing*] Here's you an' me—livin' in the same house, eatin' at the same table—man an' wife—an' not so much as touchin' each other for ten years. Alice—

ALICE. You'd better go now.

MAGEE. Everything's tumblin' about me ears. I'm lonesome— I'm losin'— I need yer help.

ALICE. Dan, please go.

MAGEE. I need yer help.

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ALICE. If you're lonely—if you need help—there's Cathleen—

MAGEE. [*Bitterly*] She mixes with the Johnsons an' all me other enemies.

ALICE. She didn't tell me she wasn't any longer—your secretary.

MAGEE. She is still. But with all her tricks an' curves she ain't helpin'. She's kickin' the mud o' them gutterbugs in me face. She's with 'em all the time—

ALICE. Not all the time. She's with Tom some. That was your fondest wish.

MAGEE. I wish I hadn't been so keen on that. If she's goin' to be skittish like ye, I don't want her to be influencin' Tom. She shan't either, damn her.

ALICE. Hush, Dan.

MAGEE. Oh, why won't somebody stick to me? Ain't there no woman left in ye, Alice? My God, I've been good to ye.

ALICE. You're liberal—yes.

MAGEE. Well, what do *I* git out o' it?

ALICE. From me? Oh-ha-ha, ha, ha—what do you get out of it? Protection, my dear Dan, protection.

MAGEE. Ye seem pretty well fixed here.

ALICE. Great Heavens, do you think I've enjoyed this life? You don't think that, Dan—

MAGEE. Whether ye enjoy it or not ye blow in a lot o' me money—

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

ALICE. [*Rising*] My dear man, I won't stay an instant—not a moment. If I hadn't thought you were in earnest when you pleaded with me just to live in the house with you because the Jews are strong for marital felicity—and they mustn't find out that you are impossible to live with—why, I'd have been gone these ten years. I *can* go without ruining you? Oh, what a weight is removed. I'm going now—tonight. [*She approaches the bedroom door.*]

MAGEE. [*Intercepting her*] Ye've got to stay.

ALICE. Oh, no-no-no-no-no more of this deadly life.

MAGEE. Ye've got to stay—an' ye're goin' to help me.

ALICE. [*Breathing deeply*] The miserable farce is over—I'm free— [*She passes him.*]

MAGEE. [*Screaming*] Alice! [*She turns*] Alice, I meant it all. Don't go now—it 'ud ruin me.

ALICE. That's the truth?

MAGEE. I swear it.

ALICE. [*Returning—all her elation gone*] Then—good-night, Dan.

MAGEE. I'm lonesome.

ALICE. Goodnight.

MAGEE. I need ye.

ALICE. If you don't go—I will—for good.

MAGEE. I'll have the priest—

ALICE. Tsct—tsct—

MAGEE. I'll cut off every penny ye git.

ALICE. Very well—I'll leave.

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MAGEE. [*Losing his head*] Somethin' fer nothin'—  
that's yer game—somethin' fer nothin'. It's graft—  
Ye take me money an' throw it away— [*gesture to  
the room*] an' what do I git? Well, I won't be  
buncoed no longer. Somethin' fer somethin'—  
[*He grabs her in his arms. She beats him off  
wildly*] Some—thin'—fer—some—thin'. . .

ALICE. Let me loose—let me—

MAGEE. I'm lonesome an' shot to pieces—

ALICE. Let—me—loose—

MAGEE. I'm in hell. Ye've got to console me—

ALICE. [*Breaking away from him and leaning against  
a table—panting*] You—you cur—

MAGEE. Ye needn't call names— Ye're mine— I mean  
to have ye. [*He advances—she retreats—her hand  
touches the telephone—she picks it up*] Put that  
down. [*She doesn't heed*] Put it down. [*He  
rushes towards her—she lifts the receiver.*]

ALICE. The Morning Post—hurry—

MAGEE. Alice— [*Shrilly*] Ye loved me once—don't ruin  
me, Alice, don't—

ALICE. Connect me quick—

MAGEE. What did ye marry me fer if ye won't help me  
when I need ye? [*She looks at him startled.*]

ALICE. The Post? News room—

MAGEE. What in the name of God did ye marry me  
fer? [*He rushes out blindly and slams the door.*]

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*Alice puts the receiver on its hook—the telephone on the table.]*

ALICE. What did I marry him for? [*She clasps her hands behind her head*] Oh God. . . What did I marry him for? [*She wanders aimlessly, quickly, about the room, nervously excited, repeating the question over and over. She tears her handkerchief to shreds. She looks about as though she was imprisoned—then runs to the piano and plays wildly. There is a knock on the door—she does not hear. The door opens and Cathleen and Tom enter. They are in full evening dress. Cathleen comes hurriedly into the room.*]

CATHLEEN. Alice—Alice—stop that awful noise—Alice — [*Alice does not hear. Cathleen catches her hands*] What a terrible din!

ALICE. [*Jumping up startled*] Oh! You should have knocked, Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. We did. But the noise you were making!

TOM. Look at my knuckles—from knocking.

ALICE. [*Patting his hand maternally*] Poor knuckles. Why, Tom, your hands look like the day after Easter. More chemistry? [*He nods.*]

CATHLEEN. Tell Alice.

TOM. Oh, you make such a fuss—

CATHLEEN. The National Chemical Co. has offered Tom a laboratory and as many assistants as he needs and a fine salary—

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ALICE. What to do?

CATHLEEN. To carry on his experiments with—what are they, Tom?

TOM. Alloys.

ALICE. [*Taking his hands*] We're going to lose you, Tom?

TOM. Of course not. Why, don't you know by this time, Mrs. Magee, that I belong to the Boss?

ALICE. [*Dropping his hands*] Yes—I suppose you do.

TOM. What he's doin' is bigger than any lab.

ALICE. No comparison—in enormity. [*She turns away.*]

CATHLEEN. One of your—grouches? [*She pronounces the word queerly*] I shall never learn your American slang.

TOM. Say it again. It puckers your lips like when you say "prunes." Do—just once more.

CATHLEEN. [*To Alice—making a face at Tom*] One of your grouches, dear?

TOM. Thanks. [*She sticks out her tongue at him.*]

ALICE. I? A grouch! Ha, ha, ha—

CATHLEEN. Something's wrong.

ALICE. A universal experience.

CATHLEEN. Seriously—you seem as excited as we.

ALICE. [*Evading*] As you! Why, [*glances at the clock*] why, it's only nine. Didn't you go to the theatre?

CATHLEEN. No—we didn't go. Tom, take my things.

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TOM. [*Assisting Cathleen*] Oh, we've had a fine hour and a half, we have.

ALICE. Where have you been?

CATHLEEN. To terrible political meetings.

TOM. [*Angrily*] If they weren't cowards they'd speak the truth.

ALICE. I sometimes think that only cowards speak the truth.

CATHLEEN. I don't believe Mr. Johnson would lie, Tom.

TOM. Wouldn't he! Johnson, Pierce, Lathop—the whole bunch are crooks. They to call the Boss a crook! They! An' the poor fools listen to 'em. But I'll bet Pierce wouldn't get a job for one of 'em. In his world jobs are vulgar, doncherknow.

ALICE. Most jobs are vulgar, Tom—unless men earn them.

TOM. Why, the poor simple fools listen to that gaff.

CATHLEEN. It *was* convincin'— [*quickly*] the way they said it. But Alice—Pierce's people had given the men whisky! The place reeked with it. The men are tipsy! If I ever had any sympathy for the reformers I've lost it. Uncle Dan's way may not be perfect—but it doesn't *ruin* people.

TOM. [*Embarrassed*] The booze don't matter, Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. The booze *does* matter. Think—think! To get people drunk and make 'em vote for you! A felon is not as bad.

TOM. He said we bought votes outright. We never

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did. I've been in this game ten years an' I never saw a vote bought outright.

CATHLEEN. To pollute people! An' the polluted creatures elect—

TOM. [*Impatiently*] Tsct—tsct—

CATHLEEN. I told you in the cab—

TOM. And I told you that Johnson was lying—that's the important thing. [*Magee enters.*]

CATHLEEN. Oh, Uncle Dan— You can settle it for us—We've been to a Pierce political meeting—

MAGEE. Ye have?

CATHLEEN. They were gettin' the people drunk. [*She shudders*] I claim that that is why Pierce ought to be beaten. Tom is indignant merely because Johnson said you bought votes.

MAGEE. The dirty dog.

CATHLEEN. Oughtn't he be beaten for my reason alone?

TOM. An' oughtn't he be horsewhipped for lying about you?

ALICE. [*At the piano—with snaky malice*] Which— which, Mr. Justice, is the less criminal?

MAGEE. Oh, settle yer own squabbles. Come here, Tom. [*They come downstage*] How's it goin'?

TOM. David an' Flynn are soakin' 'em in booze.

MAGEE. I gave David a roll as big as me fist.

TOM. Sh—sh—

MAGEE. Is it all gone?



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TOM. He didn't get a chance to say. But there was plenty of booze inside the poor fools.

MAGEE. [*Chuckling*] What'd they do to them skunks?

TOM. Well-er-a-a funny thing was happenin'. The drunker they got the more they—er—

MAGEE. Well? [*He smiles in anticipation.*]

TOM. [*Blurting*] The more they yelled for Pierce.

MAGEE. Hell's fire.

TOM. But we've scooped that gang. I told Flynn to get a lot of torches and take 'em through the whole District and to make 'em raise hell. An' you're to give 'em a rousin' speech. They'll forget there's a reformer in the world.

MAGEE. To think of 'em—cheerin' that skunk on me own booze! [*He walks away.*]

CATHLEEN. This gloom is horrible. Uncle Dan, recite. Recite Sheamus O'Brien. [*Magee glares at her and goes out*] Why—

ALICE. [*Quickly*] Don't mind, dear—don't mind—

TOM. He's worried. I'm sure he didn't mean to hurt you.

CATHLEEN. [*Forcing a laugh*] Of course he didn't. Alice, play something—something tender and fragrant. I seem to smell that awful whisky everywhere. Ugh.

ALICE. [*Going to the piano*] You must sing.

TOM. Oh, do—Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. With you. [*She sweeps in a circle—takes*

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*his arm affectedly, holds her hand up as though she were carrying a lorgnette, and struts with him to the piano*] We shall coo together—like doves in the springtime.

TOM. [*Softly to her*] Together.

*[Alice strikes a chord and then faces them imitating a conductor. They sing:]*

Oh, I know me love by his way of walkin',

An' I know me love by his way of talkin'

An' I know me love—

*[Cathleen seizes Tom's arm and raises it to indicate that "love" is to be held. They look at each other and smile happily. Alice turns away]*

by his coat of blue—

An' if my love left me what would I do-oo-oo.

An' still she cried—Bonny boys are few.

*[He sings "girls"—and she puts a hand over his mouth. He snaps at it and she slaps his cheek gently. He holds her hand]*

An' if my love left me what would I do?

CATHLEEN. You spoiled the song.

TOM. You taught it to me.

CATHLEEN. I didn't teach you the foolishness.

TOM. Strange! I never knew it till you came.

CATHLEEN. Silly.

TOM. [*In a whisper*] Sing to me—all alone—

CATHLEEN. Silly—silly—

TOM. Sing a song you'll sing to no one else.

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CATHLEEN. Selfish.

TOM. Then it will be *our* song—yours and mine—all alone.

CATHLEEN. It *would* be—cozy.

TOM. Come. [*They look hard at each other. Alice has watched them with mingled pleasure and pain. She tries to slip past them.*]

CATHLEEN. Alice—

ALICE. Goodnight, dear.

CATHLEEN. Oh Tom, how could you!

TOM. [*Stuttering*] I—I meant a song for—for all three of us.

ALICE. I'll have my share of it some other time. I'm very tired tonight. [*She moves across the room. Tom and Cathleen are distressed. There is a knock on the door. Alice opens it. Flynn appears.*]

FLYNN. Howd'ye—Boss here? [*He peers into the room.*]

ALICE. He's probably upstairs.

FLYNN. Sorry to break in. [*Starts to go.*]

TOM. Flynn.

FLYNN. Huh?

TOM. Things goin' any better?

FLYNN. Is dey? We're givin' 'em hell.

TOM. Cut that.

CATHLEEN. What's happenin'?

FLYNN. [*Dancing with glee*] We've swung de whole

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gang agin. Gee, but dem woid-slingers is sore. I tell yer—

TOM. What are the boys doing?

FLYNN. Notin'. Jis' puttin' a blinder on de moon wid dem torches.

TOM. Where are they?

FLYNN. Comin' dis way—as fast as dey can navigate. An' fightin' excited dey is. Say, dey won't be a white reformer's eye in de whole District by mornin'.

CATHLEEN. Tom, you don't permit violence?

FLYNN. Us! Vi'lence! Say, we's mollycoddles, we is. [*Laughs loudly*] We jes' slaps 'em on de wrist. [*Laughs again*] Say, ye oughter seen de bloke wot hangs out wid Pierce. Putty little feller, wid a nice white flower in his coat. "You'se guys is bein' bulldozed," he says, "ain't gittin' a square deal. Dis here Dan Magee person," he says, "is doin' de double pass on ye." Wow! A husky fist lands on his putty little eye— Ye should a' seen it swell. Den one o' de boys yells: "T'hell wid reform" an' dat starts tings. Bang—bang—biff— [*He illustrates with his fist*] One o' dem guys tells us we'se drunk—an' den de boys gits mad an' de dirt begins to fly. Ye couldn't see where yer own fist was landin'. Oh—oh—oh—such a mixup. . . [*He dances in sheer ecstasy.*]

CATHLEEN. The Police—

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FLYNN. [*To Tom—pointing over his shoulder at Cathleen*] De cops— Say, ain't we de innercint one!

CATHLEEN. Is it—is it still goin' on?

FLYNN. *Is it!*

CATHLEEN. [*Sharply*] Go out at once—at once—and call off your crowd.

FLYNN. Wot?

CATHLEEN. Stop them. [*He looks from one to the other*] Do you hear me?

FLYNN. Why, Miss—

CATHLEEN. [*Stamping her foot*] Do as I say!

FLYNN. [*A bit dazed*] Why, Miss, it ain't policy to tell de boys not to do wot ye've a'ready told 'em to do.

CATHLEEN. You told them to do it! [*She is astonished. Then she grows angry*] Tom, go out and stop them.

TOM. It's politics, Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. But you—

TOM. [*Impatiently*] Pierce's gang would do the same. [*She looks long at him—then she turns to Alice.*]

CATHLEEN. Alice—

ALICE. I think you *had* better do something, Tom.

TOM. [*Stubbornly*] This ain't a parlor game. We're playin' it the only way it can be played.

CATHLEEN. Are you goin'?

TOM. I can't. [*She stares at him, then she finds her coat and hustles into it*] What are you doin'?

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[*She makes for the door—still trying to get into her coat.*]

TOM. [*Catching her arm*] You shan't.

CATHLEEN. [*Breaking away*] Wait and see. [*She gets to the door. Suddenly she stops—hesitates—turns*] Yes—that's it.

TOM. What?

CATHLEEN. I'll tell Uncle Dan—he'll stop them. [*Alice and Flynn laugh*] Why are you laughin'?

ALICE. It's like telling the clouds not to rain—that's what they're clouds for.

TOM. *I'm not laughing.*

CATHLEEN. [*She comes to him joyfully*] You'll ask Uncle Dan?

TOM. What's the use?

CATHLEEN. I—I couldn't respect you if you didn't.

TOM. Come on, Flynn.

FLYNN. Don't ye mix up in dis.

TOM. [*Imperatively*] Come on. [*He goes upstairs—Flynn follows reluctantly. Cathleen opens a window and stands gazing out. The coat has fallen from her shoulders. After a while, Alice speaks.*]

ALICE. You had better close the window, dear—and draw the curtains—

CATHLEEN. [*Turning quickly—big eyed*] I feel like all the smoke an' the fire an' the torture of the Fiend himself had been belched upon me. [*Passes her*

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*hands over her eyes*] One side gets 'em drunk—an' the other side uses their drunkenness to make 'em destroy—

ALICE. [*In a monotone*] After awhile—it will not bother you—nothing will bother you.

CATHLEEN. The police do nothin'—the police of the people—paid for by the people! [*She sighs—closes the window and draws the curtains.*]

But if that were all!

CATHLEEN. [*Grasping her arm and looking up into her face, pleadingly*] There can't be more. Not worse than that in this America of my bright dreams.

ALICE. Your Unc—some of these men not only own the government that the people pay for—they own the people— [*With a bitter laugh*] and they make the people pay them for being owned. Everything—everything they work for and die for is taken from them or debauched. Poor, poor slaves.

CATHLEEN. [*Excited*] Is Uncle Dan one of the masters?

ALICE. He's a successful politician.

CATHLEEN. [*Clapping her hands*] Oh, glorious—glorious—

ALICE. Glorious!

CATHLEEN. He's what a man should be—master of his world.

ALICE. Such a master!

CATHLEEN. Good or bad—he's master. [*Alice studies*

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*her for a moment—seems to reach a determination—and speaks as she sits.]*

ALICE. Listen, Cathleen. You'd better know everything—all the truth. There's no glory in your Uncle Dan.

CATHLEEN. There must be. I will have it so. I've believed in him all my life—I *can't* have that belief destroyed—I won't! He's—he's magnificent—

ALICE. [*Disliking her task*] If he were a great criminal you and I would love him—because there's still some wildness left in us. If he were a great criminal—oh, how I would love him!

CATHLEEN. [*Shaking Alice's arm*] He's *not* a great criminal.

ALICE. He's not a great anything—to me—because he believes he's honest.

CATHLEEN. [*Pacing the room*] Well, what more can ye be askin'?

ALICE. A deluded *little* man. He waves flags and calls it patriotism; he makes money on inside information and dubs it business; he keeps these men and women in jobs—and chains them by the jobs—that is friendship. Buying votes, controlling the police, pilfering the public's money, perverting ideals—that, my dear, is politics.

CATHLEEN. It's not true—it's not true—

ALICE. *Isn't* it?

CATHLEEN. Why haven't you fought it, then?



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ALICE. [*Laughing mirthlessly*] I? I'm not the fighting kind. [*Cathleen's lip curls*] I'm not like you. I've only loafed since I found out. I've done nothing—except spend your uncle's bad money just as fast as I knew how. Perhaps, it has gone back to the people he sucked it from.

CATHLEEN. So that accounts—for this. [*A gesture to the room.*]

ALICE. What's the use? He takes it all away from them again.

CATHLEEN. How does he take it?

ALICE. By the simple formula of something for nothing. [*Laughs*] He accused me of doing that. But as I think of it—that's the whole secret of his school of politics—to give the shadow and to take the substance. Something for nothing.

CATHLEEN. Alice, it's not true of Uncle Dan—I won't believe it.

ALICE. You will believe—in time.

CATHLEEN. Ah, I had dreamed such a fair dream. . .

ALICE. He's good of his kind—better than most—

CATHLEEN. He doesn't make drunkards of ignorant men.

ALICE. [*Bites her lip. Then*] You'd better see clearly, my dear.

CATHLEEN. See clearly?

ALICE. That in all things your Uncle just manages to—evade the law— [*She pauses*] The ethical law,

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too. [*There is a long silence*] I haven't told you all this before—I knew it would hurt you so— But tonight you had to be told.

CATHLEEN. [*Throwing out her hands as in challenge*] Prove it. [*Then suddenly her courage forsakes her and her voice becomes a sob*] My Uncle—Canoges—St. Patrick—Galahad—the Great Hero—oh, Alice—Alice— [*She shakes back her head with bravado*] Prove it. I will not doubt him without proof— [*David enters through the open door.*]

DAVID. I am sorry. She said Mr. Magee would be here. [*He sees Cathleen and bows awkwardly several times.*]

ALICE. He's upstairs. [*She glances at Cathleen*] I'll see if you can come up. [*To Cathleen*] Here is the proof. [*She goes upstairs.*]

CATHLEEN. Why hasn't Becky been to see me this week?

DAVID. Oh—you miss my Becky, den?

CATHLEEN. Why has she stayed away?

DAVID. I say to her: "My lof, ve are too tankful to Miss Cadleen—she vill veary of us."

CATHLEEN. Oh, how could you be so unfair to me!

DAVID. You do nod veary of us, den?

CATHLEEN. Foolish.

DAVID. [*With fervor*] Ah, gracious Lady, you are so goot. My Becky she prays: "Protect, oh God of our Faders—vatch ofer de fair lady dot haf done

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so much for us—who haf gifen us eardly happiness—” Und I say: “Shower dy plessings upon her.”

CATHLEEN. [*Deeply moved*] You should not—exalt me so.

DAVID. Id is nod exaldation—it is lof. [*Impulsively she gives him her hand*] Ve would serf you—always my Becky would serf you—und I am your serfant. [*He would kneel but she restrains him*] I hope I serf you vell now.

CATHLEEN. Serve me?

DAVID. I do for your Uncle. Is it nod also for you?

CATHLEEN. Yes—but what do you do?

DAVID. Id is nod pleasant. But my Becky she say: “My lof, vwhatever dey ask, dat ve mus’ do.”

CATHLEEN. [*Shaking his arm*] And so you are working for him tonight.

DAVID. Oh, de poor people—de poor shicker people.

CATHLEEN. Shicker?

DAVID. It is Yiddish. [*He explains by holding an imaginary bottle to his mouth, reeling and staggering.*]

CATHLEEN. My God! [*Alice descends the stairs followed by Magee. Tom and Flynn follow—Flynn receiving his instructions. He goes out.*]

MAGEE. [*To David*] Well, me boy, how’s it comin’? [*Cathleen goes to Alice and holds her hand while they listen.*]

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DAVID. Oh, I would you had asked oder tings of me.

MAGEE. [*Slapping him on the back*] Tush—tush. Don't ye be gittin' cold feet. Ye're a promising boy an' I'll make somethin' out of ye.

DAVID. You cannot be wrong—und yet. . .

MAGEE. [*Heartily*] Come-come— They won't be no worse in the mornin' for a head.

DAVID. Dey fight. [*Tragically.*]

MAGEE. A black eye don't hurt nobody. Need more money? [*With bowed head David nods*] Come upstairs—I'll give it to ye. [*David goes upstairs.*]

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan, you're using his gratitude—

MAGEE. Best thing in the world to use. [*To Tom*] Don't you see, me boy, how fighting mad it would make 'em if I stopped their fun now?

TOM. But Boss—

MAGEE. [*Very tenderly*] Trust me, me boy. I do 'em more good than harm. I git their livin' for 'em. [*Silence*] Don't ye believe it's for their good? [*Tom watches his toe. He looks up quickly—smiles into Magee's eyes and extends his hand.*]

TOM. I believe you. [*Magee takes his hand—He drops it abruptly and goes upstairs. Tom follows him.*]

ALICE. Is it proved, Cathleen? [*There is a long silence. Cathleen opens a window and stands looking out. Then she closes the hall door—without any apparent purpose, turns and stands against it.*]

CATHLEEN. Alice, why have you cooped yourself up

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an' let such black plagues ravage the green face of the world?

ALICE. [*Sitting on the sofa and toying with the reading lamp*] I've asked myself why a million times. At first I was in love with him and I *wouldn't* believe—and then when I *had* to believe—why I'd lost the ability to care much.

CATHLEEN. Coward!

ALICE. I'm not like you, dear. I'm negative. So long as I took no active part in what your Uncle did I felt no responsibility.

CATHLEEN. [*Shocked*] Alice!

ALICE. Oh, there have been times when I wanted to fight. But I'm not the fighting kind. I'm just negative—that's all to be said.

CATHLEEN. But even a negative person has a sense of honor.

ALICE. Don't be unfair. There was much to consider.

CATHLEEN. Oh, I don't see how you could do it—I don't know how you could have sold out to him for—this.

ALICE. Sold out! God in heaven, for what?

CATHLEEN. For all this splendor, I suppose.

ALICE. [*Laughing bitterly*] What a price—if I had! This is my life, Cathleen—for ten whole years. Just this. [*And she waves to the room.*]

CATHLEEN. And yet—you do not seem—unhappy.

ALICE. [*The lines in her face deepen*] I have this

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floor—I decorate the rooms to suit my mood, or the season—I play—I read—I have my dog—just these things day after day—year after year—forever and ever. . . [*They stare at each other. Cathleen walks deliberately to Alice.*]

CATHLEEN. You and I will destroy all this—horror—

ALICE. Too late. I've told you this only to warn you.

CATHLEEN. To warn me!

ALICE. To make you see plainly. Because you and Tom— [*She stops.*]

CATHLEEN. Yes? [*Pause*] Go on?

ALICE. What your Uncle is, Tom will become. [*She hesitates. When she speaks again her voice is somewhat lower*] And what I am Tom's wife will be.

CATHLEEN. No—no—Tom's wife will save him—she has been warned.

ALICE. Then you— [*Cathleen looks away*] Oh, tear it out, Cathleen, tear it from your soul. Look what I am—look—look—look— You are sure of yourself now—but I know what will happen—God in heaven, how well I know! First love, then passion, then coolness, disgust—and then—this. Oh, my dearest—don't—don't—

CATHLEEN. If I loved Tom—

ALICE. You do.

CATHLEEN. *If I loved Tom—I'd fight for him—I'd fight Uncle Dan—himself—the whole world. I'd*

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fight and I'd save him. [*Tom enters. David is seen going down the stairs as Tom closes the door.*]

TOM. He—he won't stop 'em, Cathleen.

ALICE. Goodnight, dear—and remember. [*She kisses Cathleen, taps Tom's shoulder and goes into her bedroom.*]

CATHLEEN. Then you must do it.

TOM. The Boss's word goes.

CATHLEEN. You *must*.

TOM. He knows the game from A to Z.

CATHLEEN. Tom!

TOM. [*Doggedly*] An' he's doing the right thing. He always does the right thing.

CATHLEEN. Right!

TOM. He's got all life can give—money, power, influence.

CATHLEEN. The *way* he gets it.

TOM. This ain't a world of means. Results count. The Boss has what he wants—what every man wants.

CATHLEEN. Having "What every man wants"—he is still not happy.

TOM. He would be if Mrs. Magee—was kind.

CATHLEEN. It's not her fault.

TOM. [*Advancing*] No man can be happy, Cathleen, unless the woman is—kind—

CATHLEEN. [*Trying to head him off*] Are you going

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out now, Tom, an' tell them they are not to hurl another stone nor another blasphemy?

TOM. [*Coming yet closer*] Do you want 'em stopped— or is it that you want *me* to stop 'em?

CATHLEEN. [*Looking bravely into his face*] I want you to stop them, Tom.

TOM. [*Softly*] Why? [*She doesn't speak*] Because you care for me? [*Still she is silent*] Is it because you care for me?

CATHLEEN. This is no time to be askin' such questions.

TOM. Always is the time, Cathleen, always is the time—

CATHLEEN. Go out an' do your duty.

TOM. This is the time.

CATHLEEN. They're being maddened with drink.

TOM. You—you care?

CATHLEEN. [*Holding her ears*] I won't be listenin' to you now. They're gettin' drunker—

TOM. [*Taking her hands down and retaining them*] Nothing matters—nothing, nothing, nothing—except—I want you. [*He leans his face almost to hers*] Do you hear? I want you— [*Quickly*] And you want me—I know it—you want me—

CATHLEEN. Hush, Tom, hush. There are big things out there—wicked, terrible things—

TOM. We're all that's in the world—

CATHLEEN. Not now, Tom—

TOM. Now—now— When you came hurdling down the



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gangplank a fire started in my blood. And you gave the rose to Mary Johnson and she brought the warm kiss from your lips to mine. The fire flamed then, Cathleen—it is still aflame—till the end of the world it will flame. . .

CATHLEEN. So you lied to me!

TOM. I! Lied to you!

CATHLEEN. You were silent when Uncle Dan told me lies about how he does things. You let me believe him.

TOM. He is—my Boss.

CATHLEEN. I was so credulous. I pinned your roses on again and I wore them till the last blood petal had fallen. Oh, I think all the petals of the world are turning brown and falling.

TOM. That's all outside—like clothes and houses and—  
and people. Inside me there's a great lump—it's choking me. [*With abandon*] Oh, Cathleen, all the days have been mornings since you came—all the nights twilights. . . . I've been wrapped in the haze of the Seven Stars.

CATHLEEN. The Seven Stars—and Lord Antrime. . .  
The Galahad of the Mountains. . . [*She looks at him with big eyes. Then very low*] I told you that story.

TOM. My mother told it to me, too. You are like her, Cathleen, but more—you are all women—sister,

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playmate, friend—and love. And love—and love,  
Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. [*Extending her hands*] Sh—sh— . . .

TOM. [*Bowing over her hands*] You are all the sacred things in the world. I think if I kissed your lips I'd be saved for all time. I think St. Peter would throw wide the Gates to the man who had kissed your lips.

CATHLEEN. [*Absorbed in his mood*] Heaven must be like the sunrise on Inishere—all enfolding, complete. . . [*Withdrawing her hands*] No—no—I won't listen to you. You are tainted, too— You buy and sell them—an' cower them through their ignorance—

TOM. [*His voice rings with dominance*] It don't matter. I'm a man—me—and you are you. An' if I was the blackest thing in the sight of God—it 'ud still be me crying to you for love. Me as I am crying to you as you are—good or bad—white, or black as the shades of Hell. Me an' you, Cathleen, away from all other things in the Universe.

CATHLEEN. You an' I. . . .

TOM. Will you take me, Cathleen?

CATHLEEN. [*Weakly*] So many things would have to be forgotten—

TOM. [*Throwing his arms wide*] Will you take me?

CATHLEEN. [*Answering the challenge*] No—not as you are. [*He had thought his question merely rhetori-*

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*cal. His hands drop to his sides. Before the pain in his face her resolution evaporates] Yes, oh, yes— [During the silence which follows she watches him, fascinated, as he advances slowly towards her. They are both breathing rapidly. He seizes her fiercely.]*

CATHLEEN. Stop—stop— First you must—

TOM. There is no first—nor last— [*In the struggle which ensues his strength, of course, wins. But she manages to get her stiffened arm between them. Gradually the weight of his body bends her back in his arms. He leans over her. The stiffened arm slowly relaxes. She is bent far back—he lowers his face to hers, looking steadily into her eyes the while. Both are breathing heavily] Cathleen! [It is only a breath. Their lips are nearly touching. She does not speak. His lips touch hers and cling fiercely. Then suddenly, bent backward as she is, she flings her arms about him. The kiss is long, deep, hungry. All at once he releases her and falls, sitting, on the sofa. She staggers, recovers herself, and without hesitation drops to the floor between his knees—and buries her head in her arms on his knees. A long time they sit thus. When she speaks her voice is a monotone. She seems not to be talking to him—merely to be crooning aloud what she feels—a sort of oozing out of emotion.]*

CATHLEEN. You are all the great lovers since the world began—Colum and Leander—Tristan—Lord of the

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Stars. . . . Not the greatest man nor the best nor the tallest nor the wisest— You're just—my love. [*She chuckles*] Such wondrous things you have been—the smiling Big-man, a knight on a great white charger, Poet of the Dawn and of sorrowing souls—King—President—Priest— And this is above them all—this love that you are. [*A silence. She begins crooning the last verse of Yeats's "Song of Wandering Aengus." But after a couple of lines she stops. He has thrown his head back on the back of the sofa. She looks up at him.*]

TOM. [*Huskily*] I—am—so—small—

CATHLEEN. [*Not heeding him*] I've sobbed for you under the stars, my heart. I have sung for you in the sunlight—I have danced for you when the moon bewitched the hills and the trees. . . . [*He sobs. She rises quickly to her knees and fondles his head*] My broth of a boy—my sweet broth of a boy. . . .

TOM. [*Throwing out his arms wildly*] I can't stand this—I'm choking. Cathleen, let me do something for you—something great—daring. I will be glorious for you, Cathleen. Tell me how—

CATHLEEN. [*Still fondling his head*] You are— [*She stops. Threats are yelled—a voice saying something about "Pierce will end the graft." The speaker is hooted down. The noise increases as the mob gets under the balcony. The lights of*

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*torches are seen dimly through the curtains—and distinctly where the window is opened.]*

JOHNSON. What did Magee ever do for you?

CATHLEEN. It's Johnson. [*She and Tom seem transfixed.*]

A WOMAN. Who else 'ud give us jobs?

JOHNSON. Yes—he gave you jobs, but whose jobs were they to give? Who got the most out of it—you or Magee? Answer me that—who got the most out of it? [*The confused helter-skelter movement of the torchlights shows the excitement.*] Pierce is straight—elect Pierce. *He* won't whip us like dogs. [*Cries of "Who's a dog?" "Whoever whipped me?" etc.*] Who's country is this, anyway? Dan Magee's or the people's? [*Someone yells: "It's ours an' Dan Magee's."*] *Is* it ours? Don't he squeeze us like lemons? Don't he? Don't he?

A VOICE. [*Husky with drink*] He sticks by his pals—Dan does.

JOHNSON. He's a grafter—a damned grafter. We'll put him in the pen yet. [*There is a crash as of a brick hurled through a window. The confusion becomes hectic. Women scream. A man yells: "That'll fix him." Several sing "A Hot Time in the Old Town" with maudlin glee. There is pandemonium. Tom and Cathleen have remained in their positions—fear and horror frozen on their faces. The crash rouses Cathleen. She rushes to*

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*the windows—throws them wide—and goes out on the balcony. The light from the torches suffuses the ceiling. The lights, always moving chaotically, throw a great yellow, reflection over her. She leans far over the rail.]*

CATHLEEN. Oh God—someone's hurt. [*Screams*] It's Johnson. [*Running back into the room*] Tom—they've hurt Johnson. [*He is sitting—staring straight ahead. She shakes him*] Tom—don't you hear? [*Shaking him harder*] They've hurt Johnson—and they're beating him. [*At the top of her voice*] Call 'em off.

TOM. [*Slowly*] I can't—I can't. . .

CATHLEEN. Save him.

TOM. I won't go back on the Boss. [*He jumps up.*]

CATHLEEN. They'll kill him.

TOM. No—they won't—not quite—we've seen to that.

CATHLEEN. Tom, if you love me—

TOM. I want to stop 'em—God knows I want to. [*He sits again—covering his face with his hands.*]

CATHLEEN. Coward. [*She rushes upstage. He grabs her wrist*] I'll call them off. [*They struggle—her hair falls down her back. Mrs. Johnson rushes in with Mary clinging to her.*]

MRS. JOHNSON. [*Running to Cathleen. She is hysterical*] It's Bob—my Bob— [*She pulls Cathleen's dress*] Hit—with a stone—so—so large— [*She is*

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*dragging Cathleen towards the door. Magee enters.*]

MRS. JOHNSON. [*Clutching Magee's sleeve*] My Bob—

MARY. [*Crying*] My papa—

MAGEE. Cool off, me woman—

MRS. JOHNSON. With a great stone—so—so large—  
[*She sobs hysterically.*]

MAGEE. Sit down. [*He laughs to quiet her*] He'll be a' right—a man's medicine. [*Alice enters in deshabille. She takes the woman and the child to a chair and tries to comfort them. At each noise of the mob Mrs. Johnson moans afresh.*]

CATHLEEN. [*To Tom*] Will you stay here an' see that—[*gesture to the windows*] that happen?

TOM. Cathleen—

CATHLEEN. Tom—quick—

TOM. I can't—

CATHLEEN. [*Pushing him fiercely towards the door*]  
Go—like a man— [*Magee holds him. She draws back from them and her voice has tragic pleading in it*] Like a man—who loves— [*He avoids her gaze. Magee's hand tightens on his arm.*]

TOM. They won't kill him— [*She walks deliberately to him and slaps him across the mouth with the back of her hand.*]

TOM. [*Wrenching loose from Magee*] The kid's father—an' I am a man— [*He runs out.*]

JOHNSON. [*His voice is almost smothered*] For God's

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sake— You're killin' me— [*Mrs. Johnson screams.*]

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan—

MAGEE. [*His head bowed*] It 'ud ruin me. God, how I wish I was out of all this.

CATHLEEN. [*Thinking he is softening*] You will stop 'em?

MAGEE. [*Recovering*] Little fool. [*She runs to the balcony, beating Magee there.*]

TOM'S VOICE. Break away. Get—a—way— There—there—there— [*The words are accompanied by resounding thumps, then moans of pain—then clatter*] Oh!

CATHLEEN. He's down—they've got him down. Beasts. [*Great, resentful noises. She screams*] Tom—behind you. Cowards—cowards—oh! They're kicking him. He's got an iron bar. Tom—look out. David—great—take it away, David. He's down again— Wretches. Uncle Dan— Somebody—Quick— It's Tom— Oh, God in Heaven. . . [*She leans over the rail.*]

MAGEE. Tom! Good God!

CATHLEEN. Tom—can't you—get up? David try— [*Her hands fly to her head. She looks about wildly—seizes a vase from the piano and hurls it down. The first cry of pain is followed by one of anger.*]

A MAN. Magee's gal.

ANOTHER. She done it.



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A THIRD. Me face is cut.

A FOURTH. Me doin' his work, too. [*The cry is taken up: "Us doin' his work—smashed by his gal."*]

THE FIRST. His men are fightin' us.

THE SECOND. An' his wimmen.

THE THIRD. T'hell wid Magee.

CHORUS. He's turtled us—he's played us dirt—t'hell wid Magee. [*The front door slams violently.*]

CATHLEEN. Tom's safe. [*To the crowd*] Yes—he's played you dirt.

MAGEE. Come off o' there.

CATHLEEN. D' you think he cares for you. Swine of the gutter—who in God's name could care for you? Slaves, beasts, swine of the gutter— [*A smoking torch is hurled into the room. Alice drags Cathleen inside*] Cowards— Cowards— [*Johnson is brought in by Tom and David. The latter are in rags and dishevelled—Tom has a gash over his eye. Johnson is covered with blood—his clothes are in shreds—muddy and dusty. Cathleen, with a low cry, runs to Tom and tries to stanch his wound. Mrs. Johnson and Alice and David take Johnson to the sofa.*]

FLYNN. [*Rushing in*] Dey're gittin' sore. Kick Johnson out. It's suicide. Listen to 'em. [*And indeed the sounds are angry*] Foley fightin' 'em. An' yer goil trowin' tings—an' callin' names—an' Johnson here—

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MAGEE. Take him out—and tell the boys I sent him.  
[*Flynn goes to Johnson.*]

TOM. Get away. [*Flynn tries to pull Johnson up*] Get away—

MAGEE. I give orders here. [*He pushes David forward—points to Johnson and the two heelers lift him again.*]

MRS. JOHNSON. [*To Alice*] For Jesus' sake—

MAGEE. Take him out o' me house.

MRS. JOHNSON. [*To the heelers*] Don't touch him.  
[*Tom elbows them away.*]

DAVID. Oh, Gott in Heafen—vat haf I become. . . .

JOHNSON. I ain't hurt bad, honey. If Mr. Tom hadn't come when he did—

A VOICE. [*Rising above the rest*] He'll be havin' us pinched next.

ANOTHER. Fer doin' what he tole us to do.

FLYNN. Hear dat?

MAGEE. I hear.

FLYNN. Talk to 'em, Boss.

MAGEE. Go down an' do what ye can.

FLYNN. It might not be too late if ye'd kick dis gang out an' tell de boys ye're wid 'em.

MAGEE. Too late. [*Flynn goes*] It's done—done—  
[*He advances on Cathleen who is tending Tom's wound*] I'll show ye— [*Tom comes between them—he pushes Tom aside. Cathleen lifts the smoking torch*] Git out o' me house.

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ALICE. She'll stay with me, Dan. [*The lights outside have grown fainter—the noises have quieted, somewhat—the crowd is breaking up.*]

FLYNN. [*Outside*] He's up dere fightin' his whole damn family.

TOM. [*To Cathleen*] Tell 'em you didn't mean it—tell 'em you were jokin'— Quick—Cathleen, it'll save the Boss— [*He tries to pull her to the balcony*] They'll go to Pierce—

CATHLEEN. Which side are you on?

TOM. [*Defiantly*] The Boss's.

CATHLEEN. [*Throwing down the torch*] That's my love—I throw it away forever, unless—

TOM. Unless?

CATHLEEN. Unless you turn its stinkin' blackness into a clear flame.

A VOICE. Come on, boys—a yell for Pierce. [*There are three hearty cheers for Pierce.*]

MAGEE. [*Who has been pacing the room—stopping abruptly before Cathleen*] Git.

CATHLEEN. [*To Tom*] Which is it—smoke or burn? [*Tom hesitates, looks at Magee—takes a step towards Cathleen.*]

MAGEE. Ye'd turn Tom against me, too. [*He approaches her angrily. Flynn runs in and plucks his sleeve.*]

FLYNN. Dey won't listen to us.

MAGEE. I'll bring 'em around. [*Cathleen prevents his*

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*going to the balcony by blocking the windows*] I've  
been square with ye—

CATHLEEN. You got 'em drunk.

DAVID. Vot haf I become. . . .

CATHLEEN. [*Hearing him*] You've scattered ruin ev-  
erywhere—ruin and destruction. [*Waves towards*  
*David and Johnson*] Well, you shall taste your own  
medicine—ruin and destruction—

MAGEE. By God, I'll break ye—ye low traitor—I'll  
smash ye—

CATHLEEN. [*Facing Magee*] An' I'll beat you yet—you  
[*To Tom*] and you—if it breaks my heart—you an'  
all your kind—I'll beat you yet—I'll beat you yet. . .

CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

*Magee's Sanctum on the third floor. A low room with small-paned, recessed windows at the back. At the right a door to Magee's bedroom; on the left is a door to the hall. Tom's desk is towards the back; Magee's downstage. There are several card indexes. Posters, transparencies, lettered cards—all lauding Magee—are on the walls. A huge advertisement calendar. Pipes, cigars, cuspidors, fishing tackle and the like—are scattered about. The room, because of its low ceiling and the great amount of furniture, is cozy. It is late in the afternoon some five days later. Towards the middle of the act the lights are switched on.*

*Cathleen in a perfectly tailored walking gown is sewing on a baby garment. Her hat lies on a chair nearby. Mary Johnson sits on a stool at her feet, also sewing.*

CATHLEEN. You're not holdin' the thread, dear. No—let me show you again. See how easy it is? [*Mary tries it again*] That's right.

MARY. I like to feader stitch. [*Cathleen touches her hair. They work*] What's de rest of de story, Aunt Calfleen?

CATHLEEN. [*As they both sew*] Well, the next mornin' the little boy—

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MARY. What was de boy's name?

CATHLEEN. T—Tom. Tom went into the garden with his little sister—

MARY. What's a garden?

CATHLEEN. Things grow in a garden—flowers an' grass an' trees, an' birds sing. Some day I'll take you to a garden, dear.

MARY. Oh, will you, Aunt Calfleen?

CATHLEEN. Hold the thread. Well, when Tom an' his sister got to the garden—guess what they found there.

MARY. A bird—

CATHLEEN. Where they had planted the little girl's yellow curl—a daisy had sprung up—a lovely yellow an' white daisy. An' that was the beginnin' of daisies. [*They are silent.*]

MARY. I don't like dat story. Tell me anoder one.

CATHLEEN. Greedy! We've got to work now. Let's see who gets through first. Little Esther won't have any clothes when the stork brings her if we don't hurry.

MARY. [*Loudly*] Where does de stork bring her from?

CATHLEEN. Sh—sh—Mr. Tom's in there. [*She nods towards the next room. Flynn comes.*]

FLYNN. Hel-lo-o. Ain't ye and de kid got into de wrong nook?

CATHLEEN. The polls closed half an hour ago, so the fightin's over.

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FLYNN. [*To Mary*] How's yer pa?

CATHLEEN. He went to work today.

FLYNN. [*Grinning*] We didn't kill him, after all.

CATHLEEN. [*Glancing at him angrily*] Mary, dear, run down and see Mrs. Magee. She'll show you how to feather stitch.

MARY. Can I come back?

CATHLEEN. After while. [*Mary goes. Cathleen puts up her sewing. Flynn watches her admiringly. He has been reared in the sides of the street—between the sidewalk and the open roadway. To him "goils is goils."*]

FLYNN. Say, youse some goil.

CATHLEEN. What do you mean?

FLYNN. Ye've got every man, woman, an' kid in de District tinkin' ye're de ony flapjack in de pan.

CATHLEEN. [*Pleased*] They don't think that.

FLYNN. Don't dey, dough! It's Miss Cat'leen says dis an' Miss Cat'leen says dat evy place ye strike. Dey follow ye aroun' like de rats did de ole codger wid de noisy trombone.

CATHLEEN. I wonder if I *have* had any influence. I've worked so hard these few days.

FLYNN. [*In a whisper*] Say, I wouldn't swear dat ye ain't beat de Boss.

CATHLEEN. [*Thawing very rapidly*] Nonsense.

FLYNN. Yer de stuff a' right.

CATHLEEN. I don't expect to beat Uncle Dan in this

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election. I haven't had but five days to try. But the next time I'm going to have men like you to help me—you'll help me, won't you, Mr. Flynn? [*She touches his arm.*]

FLYNN. Ain't dat a large order—goilie? [*He looks at her keenly. She has not heeded his familiarity—he mistakes her lack of resentment. He covers the hand on his arm. She jerks her hand away.*]

CATHLEEN. Oh!

FLYNN. Ain't no use to git sore. [*She is indignant*]

CATHLEEN. I must go—

FLYNN. Say, I'm strong for youse. [*Her humor overcomes her. She decides to play the game.*]

CATHLEEN. Are you now? [*He draws a chair very close to her.*]

FLYNN. Honest t' Gawd, I ain't a bad guy.

CATHLEEN. [*Her hand again on his arm*] Oh, I'm sure of that.

FLYNN. [*Looks at her—then at the hand on his arm—edges closer*] I ain't a cheap guy, eider.

CATHLEEN. [*Leaning over and looking up into his face*] I'm sure you're not.

FLYNN. [*Coming ever closer*] Say, I tell ye wot. Dere's a Laundry Woikers' Ball Sat'day night. Dere'll be some tall raggin'. Will ye go wid me?

CATHLEEN. If—I—can—

FLYNN. [*His arm on the back of her chair*] Oh, yes ye can. I'll pay yer way. [*She turns from him to*



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*conceal her laughter*] Gee, won't I be de whole pazzaza wid a skoit like youse draped on me arm! Are ye game? [*She is silent. He tries to peer into her face. Failing—he takes her chin and turns her head around. She tries to rise. He restrains her*]  
Is it a go?

CATHLEEN. [*Attempting to free her chin*] Some other time.

FLYNN. Nix on dat. What d'ye say?

CATHLEEN. I—I must go. [*She fears him now.*]

FLYNN. Not till ye've— [*He puts his arm about her quickly—in the most approved manner.*]

CATHLEEN. Oh, stop.

FLYNN. Give us a kiss—to square de deal.

CATHLEEN. No—no—please—

FLYNN. On'y a little kiss—wot's a kiss? [*He lunges for her—she tears herself free and cries out.*]

CATHLEEN. Tom—Tom—

FLYNN. Aw, ain't yer de flossy dame. [*He flings out in justified disgust. Tom comes. There is a scar on his forehead.*]

TOM. [*Joyously*] Cathleen!

CATHLEEN. [*Recovering*] I did a terrible thing. I played with Flynn—

TOM. With Flynn!

CATHLEEN. It was my fault. There's a devil in me.

TOM. That low—

CATHLEEN. Come back here. I wanted to see how

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much respect my Uncle's man had for my Uncle's niece. I've found out.

TOM. What'd you expect from a creature like Flynn?

CATHLEEN. You work with him.

TOM. That's different.

CATHLEEN. I've been wondering—people love their children because they see themselves in the youngsters. Aren't the popular leaders the men who are most nearly like the people who elect them?

TOM. Yes—that's so.

CATHLEEN. Then it's foolish to fight Uncle Dan. He's the voice of these people—just a particular drop selected from the ocean—no different—only selected.

TOM. You've been unfair to him.

CATHLEEN. Not he, then, but the *ocean* must be changed—so that the next drop selected will be purer. Oh, how I've made him suffer.

TOM. You bet, I know it. Have you come back to me, Cathleen?

CATHLEEN. No, Tom.

TOM. Can't we make up?

CATHLEEN. Not until—Oh, Tom, I'm so disillusioned.

TOM. I—I haven't changed.

CATHLEEN. If you'd only stand with me. . . [*He is silent*] to keep the ugliness away. Ah, the fair dreams I've had of this America! It was young and innocent.

TOM. It is only a country—with a future.

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CATHLEEN. The older men were wise—they said Mecca was in the East. An' I came to the West to find it. Foolish me! Mecca is still in the East.

TOM. Dearest, it is like people—good and bad—

CATHLEEN. But I thought to find Romance in America—and I have found only the embryo of youth.

TOM. [*Eagerly*] Yes, I know. Like having all the parts of a machine before you—but all separate. They have to be assembled.

CATHLEEN. [*Looking at him gratefully*] Ah, yes. America is unassembled—it's unborn—I wonder what it will be when it becomes a people—one people. . . Have I ever told you about the Martins'? [*He shakes his head*] They lived across the way from us in Kinvarra. Shawn an' Brighid were so happy—so ruddy—so gay. They played the merriest, they danced the lightest—Brighid's laugh was like the wind kissing the tide in Galway Bay. An' Shawn seemed to have parted the clouds to step out of the mornin'. Oh, how they danced an' sang an' ran an' leaped! So joyous—so fresh. . . [*Her voice trails off. She pulls herself together and speaks hurriedly*] An' then—like a sudden blast—the breath of passion was breathed upon them, an' they went mad. Shawn is crippled, diseased, loathsome. An' Brighid—Brighid—played—roughly with the boys—an' married a stranger who did not know her—an' then she went away with another man—an'

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with still another. . . [*A pause*] America seems like that to me.

TOM. America!

CATHLEEN. Over the purity of her young ideals something blew the breath of madness—an' now she runs jibbering, helter-skelter, obeying her keepers—slaves to them. Oh, Tom, Uncle Dan is one of the keepers! That hurts so.

TOM. Cathleen, all this has nothing to do with you an' me—

CATHLEEN. Please—please—

TOM. Why can't we—?

CATHLEEN. I'll tell you. Because your ambition is to be a keeper. To corrupt a country before it is born. I won't have such a man.

TOM. Oh—talk—talk—I'm sick of abstractions.

CATHLEEN. An' I of despoilers. [*Magee enters. He is dejected.*]

TOM. How's it goin'?

MAGEE. Looks bad, Tom. Ward 8 is close. [*Sees Cathleen*] What are ye doin' here?

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan, it's over now—

MAGEE. Ain't I got trouble enough without seein' ye—

CATHLEEN. Shall I go?

MAGEE. Don't put yerself out. [*He goes into his bedroom and slams the door.*]

CATHLEEN. Oh, how it hurts him! Poor Uncle Dan!

TOM. You're the cause of it.

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CATHLEEN. What could I do?

TOM. This ain't a woman's business.

CATHLEEN. It's everybody's business.

TOM. Cathleen, let's get married. An' you take care of the house—I'll do the rest.

CATHLEEN. [*Shaking her head*] "A house divided." . . . It wouldn't work.

TOM. Oh, what's the use of all this hair-splitting? We love each other—

CATHLEEN. There's more than that to consider.

TOM. You'll ruin my life—an'—an' yours—

CATHLEEN. Oh, God—it's not my fault.

TOM. Whose then?

CATHLEEN. What you are—an' what I am. [*The telephone rings. Tom hastens to it. Magee comes in.*]

MAGEE. Well?

TOM. Ward 6 has gone for—Pierce.

MAGEE. Good God! How much?

TOM. Three hundred and fifty.

MAGEE. Damn 'em—damn 'em—

TOM. It's not over yet. There's the Fourth Ward—

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan, we disagree—but we can still love each other.

TOM. That's what I just said.

MAGEE. The fools—to let ye talk 'em out o' their common-sense.

CATHLEEN. They *are* ignorant—that's the most depressing thing about them.

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MAGEE. They *ain't* college perfessors.

CATHLEEN. They can't see that when you give them a penny—you take their watches.

MAGEE. Watches! As if one of 'em ever had a watch.  
How much did ye say?

TOM. Three hundred and fifty.

MAGEE. Fools—fools—all of 'em. He'll skin 'em alive  
—if he gits the chance. But he won't git the chance.  
I'll starve the whole pack first—I'll starve 'em out—

CATHLEEN. Don't talk that way, Uncle Dan.

MAGEE. A down-an'-outer—that's what ye'd make  
o' me—a down-an'-outer. [*Terrified*] God in  
Heaven, what'll I do with me life? What'll I do  
with me life? [*Neither answers him. He mumbles*] Talk about me past glory—one o' them dubs  
what tells anybody that'll listen about how great  
he used to be. . . No—no—no—they shan't make  
that o' me. I'll starve 'em first—the dirty, drivellin'  
dogs—slinkin' aroun like cats—

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan—

MAGEE. Ye're the worst o' the lot—ye purrin', slippery  
snake—

TOM. Boss—

MAGEE. Ye're helpin' her. Don't ye lie to me.

CATHLEEN. He's been square with you.

MAGEE. I wouldn't dirty me hands as some of 'em does.  
An' *they* don't have no trouble bein' elected. But

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they ain't good to nobody so nobody don't go back on 'em—

TOM. You aren't beaten, yet, Boss.

MAGEE. Oh, I'm done for—I'm done for— [*With renewed anger*] All I got to say is there's many a man would be in hell if it wasn't for me—an' many a woman on the street—an' there'd be fewer doctors for the sick, an' fewer jobs for the strong—an' no Annual Picnic at Stokely Farms with tons o' ice cream, an' cows an' sheep barbecued whole. An' Mahoney 'd not had breakfas' *this* mornin'—an' there'd a been no \$15.00 in the fund for St. Patrick's Hospital. . .

CATHLEEN. To think they'll *take* it! An' for their one great possession—the vote—

MAGEE. If I didn't tell 'em how to vote, they'd vote bad.

CATHLEEN. It's not a question of good or bad—it's liberty—the freedom to be good or bad.

MAGEE. Anarchy.

CATHLEEN. Perhaps—but freedom.

MAGEE. That's just where ye an' yer kind go wrong. People don't want freedom. But when they're hungry they do want grub an' they'll vote for the man that gives it to 'em; an' when they're cold, freedom won't keep 'em warm. An' the man that ain't shocked when yer drunk—that shakes hands with ye when ye come out o' jail, or keeps ye from goin'

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there—who's yer friend against all the forces o' man an' nature that hold a pore fellow down—he's the man for yer money. An' that's why, me well-meanin' lady, I ain't none o' the terrible things ye think I am. I do for 'em an' they do for me—an' even exchange ain't no robbery. [*He has completely justified himself to himself. He sits and bites the end from a cigar.*]

CATHLEEN. But they *are* goin' back on you.

MAGEE. They always come back to the Organization.

CATHLEEN. Then why are you so—excited now?

MAGEE. That's another story.

CATHLEEN. I don't see—

MAGEE. If I lose me grip—I'm done for. The Organization goes on but I'm a has-been.

CATHLEEN. Oh, but *can't* you see that it's all—all wrong—that it ruins—destroys— [*The door opens abruptly and Becky enters. She is very pale.*]

BECKY. [*In a shrill voice*] Where is he?

CATHLEEN. Becky!

BECKY. [*Rushing to Cathleen*] Where is my David?

CATHLEEN. David! Why, what—

BECKY. Nod today—nod yesterday haf I seen him. All night I look und all day. Dey haf killt him. [*She shrieks.*]

CATHLEEN. He's gone? Tom—

BECKY. Miss Cadleen, you will help me—oh, find him for me.



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MAGEE. No harm's come to him.

BECKY. [*Refusing to be consoled*] Oh, no—no—no—  
he would nod so leaf me. [*Gesticulating wildly*]  
Days upon days—he is busy—so busy. Bud he vill  
nod tell me—me, his vife. “David, my heart,” I  
say, “David, vhat do you so much away from me?”  
Bud he only smile. “Sometime I tell you”—und  
he kiss me. Und now he does nod come.

CATHLEEN. Be quiet, dear—

BECKY. On Tuesday night he come to me schicker—

CATHLEEN. [*Drawing in her breath*] Thursday!

BECKY. I hear de noise und de shouds und I see de  
lighdts und den de great crash—so, I runs here.  
Bud he haf gone. I look und look—und suddently,  
like a paper in de vhirlvind, he come down de street.  
I rush to him—I take him in my arms—so— I  
drag him home— Oh, und den I see—Schicker—  
schicker—[*Her face puckers with disgust*] My pure  
one. . . [*She is kneeling as though over his bed.*  
*She covers her face with her hands. Cathleen tries*  
*to comfort her. Finally she sobs in Cathleen's arms.*  
*Tom and Magee are moved.*]

CATHLEEN. There—there—dear. What did he say?

BECKY. Ofer und ofer—ofer und ofer: “Vhat am I  
become? Vhat am I become?” [*She swallows hard*]  
Und he cries—here—on my breast. . . like my baby.  
. . . [*Cathleen fondles her head. Magee and Tom*  
*both make a movement towards her—but stop as she*

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*continues*] Und now I cannod find him—he does nod come to me—he is gone from me—my heart's heart—*aié, aié, aié*—he is gone from me. . . [*She rocks herself in her anguish.*]

MAGEE. [*His voice is husky*] He will come back to you, me gal—

BECKY. He is vell?— He is nod harmed?

MAGEE. He's—he's doin' some business fer me—that pays well— Ye'll have a new dress, Becky.

BECKY. You vill send him to me?

MAGEE. I'll send him to ye right away.

CATHLEEN. Now dry your eyes an' go home. No—don't cry any more. You would not have him see your eyes red. There—go home an' wait for him. [*She kisses Becky on the forehead.*]

BECKY. [*Meekly*] Yes, I vill go home. Ah, I knew I should bud come to you und all vould be well. You make all tings vell. [*She bows before Cathleen—touches her skirt reverently. Suddenly she straightens up, looks at Magee, breathes a faint "thanks" that is like a prayer. Then quickly she kisses his hand and stumbles out smiling. The three stand silent. Tom is looking at Cathleen, Cathleen at Magee, and Magee at his hand.*]

MAGEE. See—if ye—can locate him— [*Tom goes to the telephone—he looks in the directory. Apparently the first call does not find David for he has*

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*to look up another number and call a second time.  
It has begun to grow dark.]*

CATHLEEN. You're ruinin' that boy—an' all his kind.  
What was it he said to her? "What am I be-  
coming?" Oh God, what *will* he become?

MAGEE. A rich man—if he sticks.

CATHLEEN. Like you—corrupt—

MAGEE. Oh, t'hell wid ye. [*He goes towards the bed-  
room.*]

CATHLEEN. [*With a grave air—ludicrously at vari-  
ance with her youth*] Conscience is your particular  
vanity, Uncle Dan. So you *think* you're right—  
you've made yourself think it. Well, that's hopeful.  
But you've lost yourself in details—near details—  
perhaps, to still your conscience. That's what makes  
you so shortsighted an' narrow. . .

MAGEE. Narrow?

CATHLEEN. So shortsighted—so—ignorant—

MAGEE. [*Turning—and shaking his finger at her*] If  
yer so bloomin' smart—what was it made ye so?

CATHLEEN. Uh?

MAGEE. How 'ud ye ever been so damned smart if I  
hadn't got me grip on some o' this tainted money?

CATHLEEN. Why—

MAGEE. Answer me that. I guess ye ain't been livin'  
off'n it—an' fillin' yer head full o' rot which ye call  
edication, all with this money that I made in such  
terrible—such awful ways.

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CATHLEEN. Oh, that's true—the ruin did it. . . If I could tear it out of me. An' this, too—an' this—  
[*She throws her rings and bracelet and furs on the floor*] An' this— [*She begins to take off her coat. Suddenly she stops—laughs mirthlessly*] How silly.  
[*Tom picks the things up. She puts the jewelry on again*] But I must pay. . . [*She ponders—the idea comes to her*] I've begun already—I've been teaching them— And one ward has gone against you—and maybe the election will—

MAGEE. It won't—it can't.

CATHLEEN. I'm paying my debt—with interest compounded and compounded—I'm payin' up. You'll lose.

MAGEE. [*There is agony in his voice*] God in Heaven, will ye never be done with me? [*He goes into the bedroom and slams the door.*]

CATHLEEN. Oh, how I hate myself—hate—hate—

TOM. He won't lose.

CATHLEEN. He *must* lose. That is the only way I can pay. He musn't an' he must. Tom, tell me what to do.

TOM. Cathleen, drop all this heroics. I love you—

CATHLEEN. [*Ignoring him*] They must be paid back what they've loaned me—clothes, education, happiness. . . An' if they are paid, what of him—pain an' dullness all his life! Oh, it's intolerable. . .  
[*She covers her face with her hands. He stands by*

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*helplessly. At length, her hands drop*] Kiss me.  
[*He is amazed. She comes to him*] I'm so tired of  
all this—make me forget. . . [*She stands glued to  
him, facing him*] Take me in your arms. [*He  
throws his arms about her madly, passionately*]  
Lash me—break me—an' pant. Pant at the sight  
of me—at the thought of me. . .

TOM. Ah, yes—

CATHLEEN. Say that you own me—an' nothin'—nothin'  
can take me from—my master. . .

TOM. I love you.

CATHLEEN. [*Weakly*] My master. . .

TOM. I love you—I love you. . . [*Releasing her*]  
Cathleen, let's be married now.

CATHLEEN. Now!

TOM. Today.

CATHLEEN. Impossible.

TOM. No more loneliness—till the end of the world.

CATHLEEN. To be together—always. . .

TOM. [*His words tumble out*] God only knows what  
it will save me from. I'm afraid, Cathleen. I've  
just begun to see what I'm becoming—hard, selfish,  
tyrannical, a bully—

CATHLEEN. We'll go away from here—an' you will  
help me pay my debt—

TOM. [*Hesitating*] The Boss is so dependent on me—  
an' he loves us— Let's give up our cub ideas—an'

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be happy. Cathleen, let's be happy. Let's forget everything else. You an' I—

CATHLEEN. Oh, so happy we could be. . . [*Stopping her ears*] Oh, God—Tom, don't tempt me—leave me my sense of right—

TOM. You an' I—an' the Boss—so happy—

CATHLEEN. [*Recovering*] You said you were afraid to stay here. Come with me. We'll go out together an' scatter happiness over the world— Will you come with me?

TOM. If we didn't have to break with him—

CATHLEEN. Will you come with me—to *earn* our right to live—to build in our youth glorious memories for our old age— Will you come?

TOM. He needs me so—

CATHLEEN. With me. . .

TOM. But the Boss needs me, Cathleen.

CATHLEEN. Then stay with him. . . An' you an' he an' all the world shall come to me. [*She begins to put on her outdoor things. Mary comes in.*]

MARY. Dere's a ole man wants to see Mr. Magee.

TOM. What's his name?

MARY. Mr. Jennings. [*Tom starts for the bedroom to ask Magee. But before he reaches there the telephone rings and he hastens to it. Cathleen puts on Mary's hat. Tom slams up the receiver and runs to the bedroom.*]

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TOM. [*Overjoyed*] He's won—the Boss has won—  
[*He disappears. Cathleen straightens up.*]

MARY. Why is Mr. Tom dancin'?

CATHLEEN. Because—because—he's so—young— [*Magee and Tom enter. Magee is buoyant.*]

MAGEE. Well, we done it to 'em again. 2,000 to spare.

CATHLEEN. You had 4,000 last time.

MAGEE. A little slump.

CATHLEEN. You know that's not so.

MAGEE. Oh, well—if ye want a little glory—take whatever ye want—I won.

MARY. Why is you laughin'?

MAGEE. Because people like me.

MARY. I like you.

MAGEE. An' I like you. [*Takes her hands*] Ring aroun' a rosy—people like us—

MARY. [*Very happy*] Pocket full o' posies—I like you—I like you—

MAGEE. [*Dancing with her*] An' I like you— Four an' twenty blackbirds—sittin' on a fence—on a fence—on a fence. . . [*Dropping exhausted into a chair*] Oh.

CATHLEEN. The blackbirds are still sitting on your fence, Uncle Dan.

MAGEE. An' always will 'slong as I've got grain to give 'em.

MARY. What does blackbirds eat?

MAGEE. [*With unction*] My blackbirds eat whatever I

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give 'em. [*To Cathleen*] Birds on a fence, me dear, git restless. An' one of 'em maybe, flutters away—an' another maybe, but always—in the end—they flutter back. [*David comes in—a bit tipsy. His hat is askew. He removes it, however, upon entering.*]

MAGEE. Well, well, me boy—

DAVID. Glad you von, sir.

CATHLEEN. [*To Mary*] Run down, dear, an' tell Mr. Jennings he can come as soon as Mr. David leaves. [*Mary goes.*]

MAGEE. [*To Tom*] Didn't ye tell him to go to his wife what's ravin' crazy for fear?

DAVID. I vill nod see her. She chust veeps und veeps — Poof! I vill nod stand id. [*He snaps his fingers.*]

CATHLEEN. David! It's Becky—your wife—Becky— [*His eyes drop.*]

DAVID. Always she grexes und grexes. I schicker! Vell, does a liddle booze kill a man? I ain'd home all de time—ain'd a man got his business to vatch oud fer. I ain'd doin' righd [*shrugs*] vone mus' make a lifin', huh?

MAGEE. [*Densely*] Sure thing. Don't let her henpeck ye.

CATHLEEN. Uncle Dan!

TOM. Boss! [*But Magee's words have aroused David. Becky is his wife and he alone can abuse her.*]



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DAVID. [*Quietly*] I would nod be ashamed to opey my  
Becky.

CATHLEEN. Ah.

DAVID. She tells me to come here, now.

MAGEE. She's broke ye in a'ready.

DAVID. I vill vork no longer fer you, Mr. Magee. I  
haf voted fer you—I rejoice you haf von. Bud no  
more vill I schicker men und schicker myself. I  
vill nod be ashamed before my Becky.

MAGEE. Why, me lad—

DAVID. I haf seen vhat I vas becomin'. I vish you  
goodbye. [*He makes a deep, flourishing bow and  
turns to the door.*]

MAGEE. [*Winking at Tom*] Wasn't it you tole me about  
the nice, little flat ye had—three rooms an' a kitchen?

DAVID. Ah, so schön.

MAGEE. Didn't ye say it cost ye \$3.00 a week?

DAVID. Id is cheap at dat.

MAGEE. Well, how're ye goin' to pay yer rent out o'  
\$7.00 a week—even if ye keep yer job. [*He says  
the last ominously. Cathleen goes to Tom plead-  
ingly.*]

DAVID. [*Helplessly*] Dat's so.

MAGEE. An' the green plush parlor set in McCurdy's  
window?

DAVID. Id is lofely—so shiny—

MAGEE. [*With finality*] Well.

DAVID. Vone cannod lif vidoud *some* lofely tings. . .

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

MAGEE. Think it over. An' while ye're thinkin', go tell some o' me flock that they want to congratulate me. But ye must make 'em believe it's their idee. Tell the boys to let ye handle the job—ye've got Roosian diplomacy.

DAVID. [*Pleased*] Ve Russians haf diplomacy.

MAGEE. Well, here's a good job for ye—a chance to make good.

CATHLEEN. David, Becky—

DAVID. Oh, yes—I haf promised. I vill bid you good-bye.

MAGEE. She'd hate like hell to have to live in one room.  
[*A pause.*]

DAVID. I vill do your bidding. [*He goes.*]

TOM. [*Musing*] He'll be like Flynn an' Gans an' all the others. . .

CATHLEEN. Tom—help me—help me to save him. Think of what he will grow to be—an' all those in the past—an' those who are to come—with their fresh gratitude frozen into—horror.

TOM. I *am* thinkin'. . .

MAGEE. [*He has been at the telephone*] He's a new hand. Ye'd better go out, Tom, an' help the boys git excited.

TOM. Yes—yes— There's time, Boss—

MAGEE. [*Rubbing his hands*] In politics, me boy, there's time fer nothin'. It's prize fightin'—politics is—an' ye've got to have yer punch ready all the time.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

That's why little girls ain't very strong at the game.  
Ha, ha. [*Jennings enters, with a swagger. He is "cocky."*]

JENNINGS. Howd'ye.

MAGEE. Hel-lo.

TOM. Evenin', Jennings.

JENNINGS. [*Sitting and crossing his legs*] I jist dropped in to tell ye I'm trough wid ye, Mr. Magee.  
[*Cathleen stares at him—his assurance is comic.*]

MAGEE. [*Amazed*] Huh?

JENNINGS. Keep cool—keep cool—

MAGEE. [*Fiercely*] What—

JENNINGS. I ain't easy scared now. Ye see, I'm yer ekal.

MAGEE. [*Impatiently*] What the devil are ye gassin' about?

JENNINGS. [*Lighting a clay pipe with a flourish*] I've crawled out from under yer thumb.

MAGEE. [*Grinning*] Ye look like ye'd been mashed.

JENNINGS. [*With just a suggestion of anger*] You ain't got no more hold on me. The interest is paid—an' the mortgage itself is paid! [*He waits for the effect. No one shows any particular excitement. That dampens him. When he continues there is resentment in his voice*] The farm is mine—it's paid for. An' I'm trough wid folks as treat ye like dogs. I'm trough wid ye, Mr. Magee. [*He settles in his chair. A pause.*]

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

MAGEE. [*Genially*] Well, I don't give a damn.

JENNINGS. [*Angry because his sensation is taken calmly*] I wash my hands of the whole dirty lot o' ye. You an' yer gang can go to hell. [*He snaps his fingers.*]

MAGEE. Well, old sport, if ye've had yer say maybe ye'll vacate the premises.

JENNINGS. [*Rising and taking a step or two with a swagger*] Jist dropped in to express me sadness at yer hard luck—too bad yer down an' out—

MAGEE. [*Winking at Tom*] Don't rub it in, Jennings.

JENNINGS. [*Grinning*] Too bad I couldn't see me way clear to vote fer ye. [*He laughs loudly—tilts his hat on one side. Then, seeing Cathleen, he removes it*] Beg pardon, Miss. [*Rubbing his hands*] Felt it me duty—the duty of a sovren voter—free citizen— [*He laughs loudly again.*]

MAGEE. How dare ye—

JENNINGS. [*Snapping his fingers again*] Ye can't scare me no more. I'm free—free—don't owe ye nothin'. [*Magee looks at him curiously*] Free!

MAGEE. Who lent ye the money, Jennings?

JENNINGS. Them is decent people I borrowed from.

MAGEE. So—o—o?

JENNINGS. They ain't fer squeezin' the life out o' a pore man, *they* ain't.

TOM. Did they let you have the money on easy terms?

JENNINGS. They knows how much I can save outer me

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

salary—an' they'll let me pay it off that away. [*Insolently*] There's somethin' in dealin' wid gentlemen.

MAGEE. Must be pretty sure of yer job.

JENNINGS. [*Swaggering*] Thirty year I been with the company.

MAGEE. The Argus Buildin' an' Loan 'Sociation controls the buildin' where ye work, I believe?

JENNINGS. An' fine, straight people they are, too. *My kind.*

MAGEE. Yes—fine, straight people. Me boy here, Tom Foley, owns a pretty big hunk o' Argus stock.

CATHLEEN. Oh. [*There is a slight pause. Magee smiles. Jennings's assurance vanishes—he seems to grow feeble. It is difficult for him to believe that again he's been trapped.*]

JENNINGS. Owns—Argus—stock—?

MAGEE. [*Relighting his cigar*] Quite a bunch of it. [*Jennings looks wearily from Magee to Tom and back again*] Might find it hard to keep the farm if ye lost yer job, eh? [*Jennings sinks into a chair.*]

JENNINGS. [*Mumbling*] Lose—me—job. . .

MAGEE. [*With finality*] Tom, ye'd better make a note—new janitor for the Aberville. Give the place to Edwards. [*Tom does not move.*]

JENNINGS. [*Weakly*] No—no—

MAGEE. Ye see, me man, ye can't run up against Dan Magee without gittin' yer head smashed. [*Magee*

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

*throws away his dead cigar—selects another and lights it. Then as he blows out the match] Smashed. [Several times Cathleen has started to interfere, but each time she has glanced at Tom and decided to wait.]*

JENNINGS. [*To Tom*] Is—that—straight? [*Tom nods*] Ye can—have me—fired? [*Tom looks away*] Will ye? [*Tom lowers his head. Cathleen restrains herself with difficulty. Jennings rises and extends his trembling hand*] Will ye? [*He waits for an answer—there is none*] Ye will—ye will—an' the farm's gone—an' me job, too. . . [*Magee sitting in the swivel chair, leans back and smokes leisurely. Cathleen crosses and pushes Jennings gently into a chair. When Jennings speaks he addresses Tom. He speaks simply, quietly, without hysteria or theatricality.*]

JENNINGS. When I was your age I was agoin' to boss the world. I had red cheeks an' they was fat—too—though ye couldn't tell it now. They wasn't nothin' I wasn't agoin' to do— [*Looking up at Cathleen*] All boys is that away—they don't never think they can git old—like me. I allers turned up me nose at ole folks—I was that proud. An' then when I beat Jim Waters out wid Sue, *I tell you* I could a licked lions. [*Chuckling*] Sue an' me hit it off great. She ain't the spendin' kind what wants a man to buy her the whole shebang—she never was. She started

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

right in to save—Sue did—an' all the time we'd say "Nex' year we'll leap—we'll take a chanct an' branch out." [*Shaking his head sadly*] But somehow nex' year never found us quite ready. An' so we went on. . .

CATHLEEN. It never does find one ready. . .

JENNINGS. It didn't make no difference—we was young—an' when yer young ye think ye can do anything. But when I seen some o' these here gray hairs—an' found out I wasn't as spry as I ust ter be—we got afraid. Ye don't know— Ye don't know—that kind o' fear. . . . [*There is a pause. Magee has ceased smoking and is leaning forward listening; Cathleen smiles to keep from crying; Tom is ashamed to look up*] That's why we bought the farm—'cause we was afraid. "What's savin's fer?" Sue says, "'cept fer ole age—an' we'll buy the farm against our ole age." We've been payin' on it ever since—all we could scrape an' save—years o' scrapin' an' savin' it's took—an' we didn't never seem to owe no less. But it was gittin' to be our'n—we was gittin' it. An' now— [*He jumps up. Cathleen pushes him into the chair very gently. He grows tremblingly excited*] Now they'll take it away—the farm an' all the years an' all the scrimpin' me an' Sue has put into it—God A'mighty, all them years! [*Magee blows his nose. Jennings has a flare of weak anger*] I wouldn't kick if they' was

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

any reason why I oughter lose me job—I ain't a crybaby. I'll take me medicin'. But they ain't no reason—I allers worked hard an' was honest. That's why he's sore—[*pointing to Magee*] 'cause I'm honest. [*Jumping up again only to be restrained again*] They ain't no reason to fire me. [*With a sudden change that shows his age pitifully*] Where's a ole man like me to git another job when there's strong men ready to take 'em all? What'ud there be left fer me an' Sue to do? [*Becoming limp*] They ain't no place in this world fer ole folks—no place fer ole folks. . . [*He mumbles and then his voice dies out. Cathleen strokes his hair slowly. Tom dares not look up. Magee has been affected—but when he speaks his voice seems to saw.*]

MAGEE. Ye'd better go home, now.

JENNINGS. Mr. Magee—

MAGEE. Ye came here to rub it in.

JENNINGS. An ole man—

MAGEE. I been too soft on all o' ye—that's what's the matter. Well, I'm goin' to begin makin' examples—

JENNINGS. If ye'd on'y—

MAGEE. Nothin' doin'.

JENNINGS. My little vote couldn't hurt ye—

MAGEE. Ye tried to cut me throat. I'll learn the whole lot o' ye who yer foolin' with. Kindness don't go with your kind. [*Peremptorily*] Tell him he's



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fired, Tom. [*He turns away. Cathleen looks hard at Tom—Tom does not lift his head.*]

TOM. [*Very quietly*] I—I can't tell him that.

MAGEE. [*Wheeling*] Why not?

TOM. Because he is not goin' to be fired.

CATHLEEN. Ah—h—h——

MAGEE. What!

TOM. Why, Boss, it ain't in you to fire that old man after the story he's just told us.

MAGEE. *Ye'll* do the firin'.

TOM. Why, he'd starve.

MAGEE. I've ordered ye— Do what I say.

TOM. The stock belongs to me.

MAGEE. Who give it to ye?

TOM. I've worked for it. An' I'm ashamed now of the way I worked for it.

CATHLEEN. You see—at last!

MAGEE. Are ye goin' to do what I tell ye or are ye not?

TOM. I am not.

CATHLEEN. [*Joyously*] Tom!

MAGEE. I'll force ye.

TOM. [*Speaking hotly for the first time*] Force is a strong word.

MAGEE. [*Going towards Cathleen*] You done this.

TOM. A moment ago I almost lost her—because I wouldn't break with you. But I know now her's is the way I must go.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

MAGEE. Ye'll stay here—an' ye'll do me will or I'll starve ye. D'ye hear—I'll starve ye.

TOM. Remember I was raised on the streets—an' what nerve the streets didn't give me, politics did. So I think I'll risk it.

MAGEE. It ain't so easy as ye think to git away from me. I'll show ye a thing or two.

TOM. I've discovered a thing or two in the last few minutes. An' one of 'em is that I don't owe you gratitude for trying to make me what you are.

MAGEE. [*With both contempt and anger*] You that I spent ten years of me life on—showin' ye how to make good—

TOM. I've decided I don't want to make good that way. Jennings shall keep his job. I don't think it's smart any more to strangle an old man because he might dare to be free. That's over. I've made the choice, Cathleen.

MAGEE. Is this straight?

TOM. Straight.

MAGEE. Damn ye— [*He strikes at Tom—Tom avoids the blow and pinions his arms.*]

TOM. We part company now, Boss—now.

MAGEE. Git out—ye—traitor.

TOM. [*Releasing him*] You'd better go, Jennings. [*The old man totters across to Tom—stops—tries to speak but the words won't come. He sobs—a dry sob—looks adoringly into Tom's face—and*

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

*stumbles out. When he has gone a silence falls. Tom fidgets—seems unable to reach a decision. Finally he approaches Magee.]*

TOM. It *had* to happen—sooner or later.

MAGEE. [*His voice breaks*] I don't never want—to see—ye—again.

TOM. After all, my life is my life. It's not only my right—it's my duty to see it through in my own way.

MAGEE. The kindness I've showed ye—

TOM. [*With an effort*] I know—an' it's been great kindness, too. But, Boss, I'll have to pay if I misuse my life. That gives me the right to choose how to use it.

CATHLEEN. That's the final argument for freedom, Uncle Dan. If we must bear the punishment for crime we must be allowed to decide for ourselves whether we will go in for virtue or vice.

MAGEE. Oh, ain't they nothin' in the world to hold on to? [*Alice comes in with Mary.*]

ALICE. [*Looking from one to the other*] Ugh! Shall I wear mourning?

TOM. You must rejoice. Cathleen an' I are to be married in the mornin'.

CATHLEEN. In the mornin'?

TOM. Tomorrow at ten.

CATHLEEN. [*She goes to him*] I'm glad you're so—so masterful.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

TOM. Not masterful.

CATHLEEN. I want you to be that. Only—can't we postpone the wedding?

TOM. Why should we?

CATHLEEN. It will fix me so—

TOM. Fix you?

CATHLEEN. Oh, well—it doesn't matter.

TOM. What do you mean by "fix," dear?

CATHLEEN. Why, I mean that marryin' you—fixes me in America forever. . . [*She laughs, but the laugh is curiously like a sob*] What was it the great Pope said? "I have loved justice an' I have hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." . .

TOM. Not exile with us—home—

CATHLEEN. Perhaps like Dierdre an' Naisi, dearest, we'll pitch our tent an' find Heaven—everywhere.

MARY. [*Loudly*] Why is you cwyyin'? [*Tom and Cathleen turn to find Alice wiping her eyes. Magee is gazing out the window.*]

CATHLEEN. Come with us, Alice.

MAGEE. [*In terror, wheeling*] Alice—

CATHLEEN. You think we're right. Come, work with us. [*Alice smiles and shakes her head. She has been looking hard at Magee.*]

ALICE. I'm fixed—frozen. Doing things is beyond me now. That's the wage of the negative.

CATHLEEN. [*Enthusiastically*] We'll show you how.

MAGEE. [*His voice breaks*] Alice—Tom is goin' away.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Ye—won't leave me, too—alone— [*His pain is written on his face. Alice considers well before speaking.*]

ALICE. I can't leave him alone. It's not as though you were wilfully wicked, Dan. Change is hard for you, too. [*Smiling grimly*] Perhaps, we've both come to love our lovelessness. [*To Cathleen*] He's been good to me, Cathleen, in his way—kind and generous and gentle through all these years that I have stood holily aloof. And now—someone has to look after his house.

CATHLEEN. Soon he, too, will join us—

TOM. [*Pleading*] Will you, Boss?

ALICE. [*Shakes her head*] Maybe what he is, is my fault. If I'd fought for him as you did for Tom—if I'd fought with him and for him—he might be different.

TOM. The Boss makes these people—but they make him too. He's merely an expression of them.

ALICE. Oh, Tom, you're lucky—you'll be different.

CATHLEEN. Alice, you won't come?

ALICE. I'll stay here. I didn't try to get you out of it, Dan, so I'll see you through. [*Magee is dulled. A pause. Alice shrugs and crosses*] No—I'll hang around and cling to my little vanities—and spend your money—and—and at least you'll know there's a human being in your house.

MAGEE. [*Approaching her slowly*] Alice, ye mean

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

more'n yer sayin'—ye've come to me at last—in me hour of victory—an' defeat.

ALICE. [*Waving him back*] Things must be as they have been these ten years—we must go on and on in dull monotony. . . [*David bursts into the room.*]

DAVID. I'fe done id. Und all by my lonesome. [*Slang from him is ludicrously jarring*] Hurry—hurry—he's chust goin' oud. [*He winks at Magee over his shoulder*] Come on. [*He waves madly into the hall. A crowd enters—many of the people from the destroyed tenement. Becky, looking miserable, hovers on the edge. The crowd reaches into the hall. It is jovial, good-humored. The children, with glad cries, run to Cathleen, hang to her skirts, laugh and chatter. Such phrases as "I seen her first," "I did," "She's mine," "Mine," "Ain't oo mine, Miss Cathleen?" and the like—they speak together as they push and shove for the favorite places. The affection of the women for Cathleen is noticeable. Meanwhile the men, mustered by the officious David and the jealous Flynn, form into a rough line and congratulate Magee. They say: "Good work," "You fer mine," "We put de rollers under dem guys agin," "Glad ye done it," "I was bettin' on Dan Magee," "Ain't nothin' kin lick you," "Put it there," etc.]*

FLYNN. [*To David*] Say, if youse runnin' dis uprisin'—git some life in it.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

DAVID. Vat s'all I do?

FLYNN. Make some noise.

DAVID. A'right, boys, make some noises. Tree cheers fer Dan Magee. Von—two—tree. [*They cheer. David whispers to several men*] Make it dat he s'all speak. [*Cries of "speech—speech." Magee modestly declines. The cries grow more insistent.*]

MAGEE. [*Raising his hand for silence*] Me friends—for ye are me friends—everyone o' ye—[*cheers*] I thank ye. An' I've jist got this to say: What is a friend? A friend is a man that'll help ye when ye're in trouble. Well, that's me. [*Vociferous cheers. David yells till his face grows red*] When ye're in trouble come to Dan Magee—same as ye've always done. [*Cries of "He's allers stood by us," "Won't we, though!" and the like*] I ain't no decoration—I'm the servant o' the people—elected by the people to serve the people.

A MAN. [*Excited—emphatic*] He's O. K.

ANOTHER. Betcher life—ay—ay—ay—

MAGEE. All I do is to speak for ye—tell 'em what ye want. An' I know what ye want because I want the same things.

A MAN. Sure thing—yer our voice.

MAGEE. [*Glancing at Cathleen, who stands surrounded by children and women. He looks at Tom—reaches a determination. His jaws snap—he takes a step forward*] They ain't no closin' hour in this here

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

shop—we're open fer business all the time—an' it's your business an' I'm here to do it. [*Cheers—hearty and loud. He looks again at Cathleen—moves forward another step—jabs his hands into his pockets*] I believe in gratitude—I've had too much o' the other thing in me own house not to believe in it. [*There are whispers, nudges, craning of necks. Magee leans over in his excitement*] Ye've seen the sad sight o' the gal I spent me money on an' me love on—she's wearin' me finery now—ye've seen her turn agin me. An' soon ye'll see the sadder sight o' the lad I lifted from the streets an' took to me breast—ye'll see him bite the hand that fed him. [*There are hisses, cries of "Shame," "traitor." The crowd surges forward*] They're goin' to fight me—them two. They think they can lick Dan Magee. They want to stab me in the back. But we'll put a crimp in 'em—we'll show 'em— [*His voice is lost in the uproar.*]

FLYNN. [*Striding forward*] Down wid de scabs.

GANS. Ay, down wid 'em. [*That lights the fuse. The mob surges forward.*]

MAGEE. Show 'em now how we treat scabs. Show 'em. [*And the mob explodes. As it gets to Tom—the mob lust for destruction urging it on—Cathleen jumps in front of Tom. Alice prevents Magee from pulling her away.*]

CATHLEEN. Don't you touch him. Fools—ignorant



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

fools. If you weren't stupid you'd know that the finery he gave me was bought with tribute squeezed from you. [*A man seizes her arm—she wrenches it loose, and with the other keeps Tom back*] An' that's how me learnin' was bought, too. You paid for me education. Well, that education you bought shall liberate you. [*Derisive cries of "How?—How?" "Git out o' de way—" "Let's git, him, boys," "Talk United States"*] I'll tell you how. Tom Foley an' I are to be married in the mornin'—[*the women find time to nod appreciatively. The children are with Cathleen, facing their parents*] an' we're goin' to start at the very bottom. I'm goin' to teach your children in the kindergartens—show them what freedom is. [*Someone yells: "Rot—Cut de gaff"*] An' I'm goin' to know every one of you women an' I'll make you see how you are bein' robbed an' chained. [*The men resent this.*]

MAGEE. Shut up. [*Alice holds him.*]

CATHLEEN. An' my husband will show the men. An' those that see will make others see. [*As she approaches her climax the crowd changes from anger to resentment, to surliness, to interest, to receptivity. Magee, noticing the change tries to win back his advantage.*]

MAGEE. Let's git 'em, boys. [*A few push forward but most sh—sh—sh.*]

A MAN. Cut it—let's hear her.

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

CATHLEEN. In the course o' time he an' I shall liberate souls from our own bodies—[*the women gasp at her boldness*] an' as the children caper an' dance an' are happy that they are alive—just like your own babies here—they will teach *their* friends freedom. [*As the crowd grows quiet Tom's belligerent attitude melts—he stands behind Cathleen, his arms about two children, playing absently with their curls*] An' so from this District to other Districts an' to others—till all the Western World shall strike down these gadflies an' be free.

MAGEE. [*Madly angry*] Stop it—Hush—

CATHLEEN. For free you shall be—I'll make you free in spite of yourselves.

MAGEE. Damn ye—I'll—

A WAGGISH YOUTH. How're ye goin' to do dat, Missie?

ALL. Sh—sh—sh—

CATHLEEN. Somethin' for nothin' is not my motto. You shall have what you have bought—yes, an' you shall give my husband an' me a receipt—you shall write the receipt at the polls. I accept no charity. I'll give you what you've paid for whether you want it or not—whether you want it or not. . . [*There is profound silence. Then in subdued tones people explain to each other what she meant.*]

A WOMAN. [*To a deaf woman*] She's goin' to pay—pay—

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THE DEAF WOMAN. Pay money?

THE WOMAN. No— No money.

THE DEAF WOMAN. What then? [*The murmur of appreciation rises as Cathleen's meaning soaks in.*]

MAGEE. [*In a desperate effort*] See here, me friends—

A YOUTH. Dat's de truth, Miss.

MAGEE. She called ye fools—

A MAN. I guess we are.

MAGEE. Ignorant—

ANOTHER MAN. Come on, folks.

A WOMAN. Aye—let's go home. [*Cathleen nods dismissal.*]

MAGEE. Hold on— [*But they don't stop.*]

A YOUTH. [*Flippantly*] See ye later. [*Several laugh.*]

BECKY. David, my lof, come home.

DAVID. Soon—I come.

BECKY. Now—now— [*He shakes his head*] vid me—

DAVID. I vill nod be—henpecked.

BECKY. My lof—

DAVID. [*With harsh command*] Vaid oud dere: [*A look of startled anguish comes into her face. She crosses her hands in silent misery and goes.*]

MAGEE. Ye messed this.

DAVID. Id vas nod my fault.

MAGEE. Wasn't ye runnin' it?

DAVID. [*Humbly*] I do better nexd time.

MAGEE. Well, see that ye do if ye want to keep workin' fer me. [*David slinks out. Cathleen has been try-*

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

*ing to induce the children to leave her. She has to take them to their parents at the door. A man who has cheered Cathleen loudly, lingers and pulls Magee's sleeve.]*

THE MAN. [*Whispering*] Now dat de shoutin's over— what d'ye say about dat little favor?

MAGEE. [*His assurance returns—here is the old, brutal, elemental fact that conquers all the oratory in the world*] Oh—h— Ye ain't followin' the gas wagon, then?

THE MAN. Say, what d'ye take me fer, anyway.

MAGEE. [*Patting his back*] I'll fix ye up a'right, Healy. [*The man goes.*]

CATHLEEN. Mary, dear, put on your coat. [*Tom assists her and then buttons his own. The telephone rings.*]

MAGEE. Well? Sure. Oh, Harrigan. Thanks. Ye—es —I'll see to it. Don't ye worry, Harrigan. So long. [*To Cathleen*] I give 'em what they *have* to have.

CATHLEEN. Mary, say goodbye. [*Mary kisses Alice— offers her hand to Magee. He pats her cheek.*]

MAGEE. Well—ain't we putty. Here's somethin' for ye. [*He selects a penny from a handful of change and gives it to her.*]

CATHLEEN. Mary, give the penny back.

MARY. I wants some candy.

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CATHLEEN. Here's a nice silk rose—it won't wilt. Now give the penny back.

MARY. [*Holding one gift in each hand*] I wants a sucker so bad, Aunt Casleen.

CATHLEEN. The flower is red like the sun, dear.

MARY. No—no—I don't want dat. [*She throws the flower down*] I wants a sucker—a white sucker. [*She goes to Magee*] Can't I keep it? [*Alice is gazing out the windows.*]

MAGEE. Sure, ye'll keep it.

MARY. [*Dancing*] Oh—oh—oh—I wants to kiss you. [*She throws her arms and legs about him*] I'll tell my mama an' my papa about de nice, good man dat gives me pennies.

MAGEE. [*Smiling at Cathleen triumphantly over Mary's shoulder*] Ye think ye'll beat me.

CATHLEEN. [*Near the door*] Ah, Tommie, it's a long work we've set ourselves. . . .

THE END.

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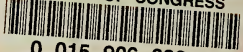


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