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When the Homeland Calls

—BY—

LINSEY BARBEE.



PRICE 25 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio

Denver, Colo.

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IN FLANDERS”



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THE ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO DENVER, COLO.

When the Home Land Calls

By Lindsey Barbee.

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—PUBLISHED BY—

ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,

FRANKLIN, - OHIO

DENVER, COLO.

CHARACTERS

BARBARA BENTON—An American girl who does her bit.

CHRISTINE HUNTER—A spy.

CELIA

KATE

PEGGY

EDITH

GLADYS

} Red Cross enthusiasts

HERMAN VON ELTZ—Pro-German in thought and action.

KARL VON ELTZ—His younger brother.

CAPTAIN WARD

LIEUT. ROBERTS

} Of the United States Army.

SCENE—America and France.

TIME—The present.

TIME OF PLAYING—About an hour and a half.

ACT I.—A Red Cross Benefit.

ACT II.—Near the firing line in France.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM

ACT I. Among various means of swelling the Red Cross treasury, the gipsy camp proves most effective; and beneath the shadow of its miniature tent, a double identity is revealed, a pro-German scheme discussed, a decision reached and a passport lost.

ACT II. The unexpected sight of a jagged scar helps Barbara to solve the mystery of the altered messages; and the sudden appearance of Karl proves that the American spirit outweighs the German tradition when the home land calls.

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CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

BARBARA—High-spirited, vivacious, radiating efficiency. In Act I, she wears a gipsy costume; in Act II, the uniform of a wireless operator.

CHRISTINE—Clever, shrewd, of a winning personality. In Act I, she wears a gipsy costume; in Act II, the uniform of a wireless operator, with disguise of wig and other make-up.

EDITH, PEGGY, KATE, GLADYS, CELIA—Bright, lively, up-to-date girls. They all wear pretty evening dresses.

HERMAN—A typical man of the world; polished and conventional. He wears evening clothes. Slightly gray about the temples.

KARL—Impulsive, enthusiastic and courageous. In Act I, he wears a business suit; in Act II, a German uniform.

CAPTAIN WARD and LIEUTENANT ROBERTS—Typical military men in conventional uniform.

PROPERTIES

ACT I. Gipsy tent with pillows. Small table with punch bowl and cups. Two booths, one with fancy articles (including a sachet, a boudoir cap, a knitting bag and a pair of worsted slippers) and a box for money; the other with candy in boxes and plates. Settee. Flags of America and allied nations. Tambourine, hand bag, envelope for Barbara. Banjo for Christine. Hand bag and money for Celia. Chocolate creams for Edith. Tray of small nosegays for Gladys. Boutonniere and bills for Herman.

ACT II. Cot with coverings. Table with papers, lamp, matches and telephone. Two chairs. Flashlights for Barbara and Miss Hall. Papers for Karl. Glass of water for Barbara.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

R. means right of stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L. left; U. E., upper entrance; D. F., door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up stage, away from foot-lights; down stage, near foot-lights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

When the Home Land Calls.

ACT I.

Scene—A room given over to a Red Cross Benefit Fete. Wide archway R. of C. in F. revealing wainscot drop. Entrance down R. Gipsy tent R. 2E. Table with punch bowl L. of C. in F. Table or booth L. U. E. bearing all kinds of fancy articles. Table or booth L. 2E. at which candy—in boxes or plates—is temptingly displayed. Settee down L. of C. American and allied flags everywhere. Stage well illuminated.

At rise, Barbara, attired as a gipsy, is seated within the opening of the gipsy tent counting money in her tambourine. Christine, in similar garb, is seated R. of tent opening, idly strumming a banjo. Peggy is back of the booth at L. U. E. Edith is arranging boxes on the booth at L. 2E. Celia is standing R. of punch bowl and Kate is serving her.

Celia—Punch without a punch! Ugh! (Makes grimace) I can't conscientiously recommend your wares, Kate.

Kate—Who asks you for a recommendation? All we want, my dear Celia, is your money.

Celia—(Handing Kate the cup) Take it away. (As Kate pours the contents of the cup into the punch bowl.) Kate!

Kate—Miraculous pitcher up to date! (Waves cup) Behold a practical demonstration of why it is inexhaustible!

Celia—(Aghast.) You don't mean to say that this is your method of keeping it filled?

Kate—Why not? The more material we save, the more money we make. Accordingly, I gather up the fragments.

Celia—But the fragments may be full of germs.

Kate—They probably are. The only germ in which we refuse to specialize is the germ out of Germany.

Peggy—And you can't even be sure of escaping *that*, these days. For all you know, Kate may be a death-distributing spy.

Celia—Not with that watered lemonade, Peggy.

Peggy—*(Beckoning.)* Come hither!

Celia—Not a step farther into this den of thieves.

Peggy—*(Coaxingly.)* Patronize home industry.

Celia—*(Advancing to her.)* —What, for example?

Peggy—*(Waving a sachet.)* A sachet with an indescribable and evasive perfume.

Celia—*(Sniffing)* It's evasive all right.

Peggy—Have you no power of imagination?

Celia—It isn't strong enough to detect the impossible.

Peggy—I'll put it in your hand bag. *(Opens bag.)*

Celia—I don't want it.

Peggy—But the Red Cross wants your money. *(Takes a bill from Celia's bag and drops it in her money box.)* All change abandon ye who enter here!

Celia—But—

Peggy—*(Airily tossing a boudoir cap on her head.)* Isn't this the duckiest thing you've ever seen?

Celia—*(Resentfully.)* I look like a fright in a boudoir cap.

Peggy—That's the very reason you should wear one. Even vanity should be disciplined during war times. *(Throws knitting bag over her arm.)* Here's a knitting bag.

Celia—But I have three already.

Peggy—Then this will make the perfect number. How fortunate that I can supply you!

Edith—*(Crossing to them from L. 2E.)* It isn't fair to spend all your money before you get to me. My candy is the real stuff—no camouflage. Here I'll donate a chocolate and you may judge for yourself. *(Places a chocolate cream in Celia's mouth.)*

Kate—*(Joining them.)* Donate one in this direction, Edith, and I'll sweeten the latest scandal for you. *(As Edith places candy in her mouth.)* There! I knew that would turn the trick.

Edith—And there really isn't any story?

Kate—Of course there is. Haven't you heard that—
(*lowers her voice and the four chat eagerly together.*)

Barbara—Twenty dollars! Pretty good for two hours' work, isn't it?

Christine—Can't we raise it to twenty-five?

Barbara—Impossible, I'm afraid. We'll get only a few stragglers now that it's time for the dancing. Everybody is gravitating toward the ball room.

Christine—Revealing the future has been fun.

Barbara—(*Laughing.*) Especially when one hardly knows the life line from the heart line. Oh, that doesn't apply to you, only to stupid me.

Christine—I've invented most of my charming confidences, also.

Barbara—But you've done it effectively. Being the strange and mysterious Miss Hunter has brought you clients.

Christine—Mysterious! Absurd. I'm very commonplace.

Barbara—But not so commonplace as Barbara Benton, who has lived here all her life.

Christine—And by this time I'm no stranger. My six weeks in your pretty little city have made me almost a fellow citizen.

Barbara—How did you happen to choose our quiet little college?

Christine—On account of its quiet—and because it promised me high standards—scholastically and otherwise.

Barbara—That's quite a tribute, isn't it? We're glad you made this particular choice.

Christine—So am I. For you and your friends have included me so generously in your festivities.

Barbara—In flippant phrase, my dear gipsy, the pleasure is all ours. Can you reach me my bag? It's hanging just inside the tent flap and I think it's better to deposit some of this wealth before we waylay further victims. (*As Christine reaches for the bag, her sleeve falls back revealing a vivid jagged scar.*) Oh, my dear,

how did you hurt your arm? (*As she takes the bag from Christine she grasps her arm and looks at the scar closely.*)

Christine—(*Attempting to pull away her arm.*)
It's an old scar.

Barbara—(*Still retaining Christine's arm.*) But an interesting one. Almost in the shape of an M. If this were palmistry, I'd say you were destined for money in abundance.

Christine—(*Laughing nervously.*) But it isn't palmistry, unfortunately. (*Loosing herself and pulling her sleeve over the arm.*) Ugh! Let's hide the ugly thing—I'm sensitive about it. (*Nods toward Celia, who with Peggy and Edith are approaching.*) Can't we persuade Miss Wilson to try her luck? (*Kate returns to punch bowl.*)

Barbara—(*Rising and catching up pillow upon which she has been seated.*) Let us tell your fortune, Celia.

Celia—(*Sinking on settee.*) I have no fortune—only misfortune.

Barbara—(*flinging pillow in front of Celia and seating herself.*) Cross my palm with silver, pretty lady. (*Edith and Peggy stand back of settee*)

Celia—I'll do nothing of the kind. In the first place, I've been robbed of all my silver; in the second place, you can't tell me anything that I don't already know.

Christine—(*Standing by tent*) Five dollars would be such a help!

Celia—Five dollars! At the present moment, I could just as easily present you with five hundred.

Barbara—But you're our last hope.

Celia—Oh, no, I'm not. Herman von Eltz is in the other room and he has the purse of Fortunatus.

Barbara—(*Sighing.*) Heaven send him our way!

Christine—Herman von Eltz. What a very German name!

Peggy—Nevertheless, it belongs to a very American man.

Christine—German born?

Peggy—Yes, but partly educated here.

Edith—While his younger brother is *all* American. Isn't he Barbara?

Barbara—So much so that he is fairly entwined with the Stars and Stripes.

Christine—But this love for the Fatherland—does it ever quite loosen its hold?

Kate—Perhaps not—sentimentally considered.

Christine—(*Reflectively.*) I wonder—

Peggy—If you mean that the von Eltz brothers are pro-German—

Christine—(*Hastily.*) I don't mean anything. I'm simply moralizing.

Edith—Pro-German! Why the two have been fairly reeking with patriotism ever since the war began.

Kate—When does Karl arrive?

Barbara—Tonight.

Kate—How do you happen to know?

Barbara—By means of that second sight which enables me to pierce the veil of the future.

Peggy—That means you've had a letter from him.

Barbara—(*Mockingly.*) "Oh, wise young judge!"

Edith—Where has he been all this time?

Barbara—Washington—on business.

Celia—(*Scornfully*) Business! Don't you get sick of that elastic excuse? It's the most aggravating word in the masculine vocabulary.

Barbara—Aggravating, my dear, only because there is such a thing as feminine curiosity.

Kate—Is he in the service?

Barbara—If he isn't, he will be.

Christine—This Karl seems to be an interesting person.

Kate—(*Mischievously.*) Ask Barbara.

Christine—(*Suggestively.*) Oh—I—see.

Barbara—You girls make so much out of nothing. Why, I've known Karl all my life.

Celia—And so well, that the veil of the future on which you seem to have so much of a monopoly is likely to prove a wedding veil.

Barbara—That's where you all guess wrong, and I can prove it. The immediate job which the future presents me is that of a wireless operator. (*Takes envelope from bag.*) Here's my passport—and soon I'll be off to France.

Celia—Barbara!

Kate—You're too young.

Peggy—Why didn't you tell us?

Edith—How I envy you!

Christine—When do you start?

(*Enter Herman with Gladys from R. Barbara hastily returns pass-port to bag.*)

Herman—(*At right of C.*) Is this the Tower of Babel—or merely a rosebud garden of girls?

Gladys—(*Who carries a large basket containing small nosegays.*) Isn't his flowery language delightful? It comes on account of patronizing me.

Herman—(*Pointing to his button hole.*) And look what I've drawn from the collection. Merely a bachelor's button.

Gladys—Truth hurts sometimes doesn't it? Why don't you reform in such a way as to eliminate bachelors' buttons?

Herman—Who'll help me?

Edith—What a perfectly reckless question to ask. Suppose we should all volunteer.

Herman—That wouldn't do me a particle of good. I couldn't possibly make a choice.

Gladys—In exchange for that pretty bouquet of yours, you shall have another of mine without extra charge. (*As she pins flower upon him.*) How will a bleeding heart offset that bachelor's button? (*Turns to others.*) As to the rest of you, no such generosity prevails. I'm here to sell—and sell I will. (*As she calls each one by name she tosses a nosegay to her.*) Here's a rose with a little thorn—just like you, Barbara; pansies for thoughts, Kate, you need 'em; sweet peas for you, Peggy—all on account of the first letter of your name; a beautiful, appropriate snap dragon for Celia; a bit of

sage for Edith—a tribute to your intelligence, my dear; (*Pauses.*) Now what shall I bestow upon you, Miss Hunter? How would this little tight-shut rosebud do? It refuses to open its leaves and reveal its heart.

Christine—How very unflattering if you mean that I fail to respond to all your lovely courtesy and hospitality.

Gladys—Not a bit of it. I'm merely saying in my poetical way that you're a stranger.

Herman—(*Glancing about.*) What hasn't been sold?

Edith—My biggest box of candy. (*Holds it out.*)
Going—going—

Herman—Gone! (*Takes it and slips bill in her hand*)

Peggy—(*Glancing at the bill which has changed hands.*) Oh, you extravagant thing! Slip me one for these beauties. (*Rushes to booth at L. U. E. and holds up a pair of bright knitted slippers.*)

Herman—(*Following her.*) The very thing for the trenches! (*Tucks them under his arm and hands her a bill.*) And keep the change!

Kate—(*Seizing his arm.*) The Spring of Eternal Youth is over here. (*Pushes him toward punch bowl.*)

Herman—Not so fast, young lady, not so fast. You can drive me to that punch bowl but you can't make me drink.

Kate—I don't want you to drink—merely to pay for it. (*Music starts off stage.*)

Herman—(*Sighing.*) Here goes then. (*Hands her bill.*)

Gladys—Listen! The dancing is about to begin. (*Catches Kate's hand and turns to Herman.*) You don't mind if we go? (*As he shakes his head, they laughingly hurry through archway.*)

Herman—(*As Peggy, Edith and Celia move toward the archway.*) Is everybody determined to desert?

Edith—Why not? Business is over—here.

Peggy—And partners are waiting—(*Points.*)—there.

Celia—So—do you blame us?

(Exit Edith, Peggy and Celia at archway.)

Barbara—But business isn't entirely over—here. You haven't as yet extended to us the financial hand of friendship. *(Rises and holds pillow.)*

Herman—*(Crossing to C.)* Meaning—

Barbara—That we lack five dollars of bringing our fund to twenty-five—and for that muchly desired five we'll give you a huge slice of the future. *(Tosses pillow to him.)*

Herman—*(As he catches it.)* A huge slice of the future! That's worth more than five dollars to the man of today. Which one of you is to do the fatal deed?

Barbara—Oh, I'll pass it on to Miss Hunter. Everybody wants her.

Christine—*(Smiling.)* That isn't so at all. *(Seats herself by tent opening.)*

Barbara—Oh, but it is. She looks like the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter.

Christine—The only one in captivity. *(To Herman.)* Won't you be seated? *(Herman throws down pillow, sits opposite her and she gravely inspects his hand.)*

Herman—*(Laying bill upon it.)* Must the palm be crossed with silver only?

Christine—This does just as well—and better. Even gipsy etiquette is subject to change.

Barbara—*(Peering over Herman's shoulder and abstracting the bill.)* That looks good to me—so I'll add it to the fund. *(Slips it in bag.)* Will you place this inside the tent, Miss Hunter? *(Hands bag to Christine, who thrusts it inside the tent.)*

Christine—*(As she looks closely at his hand)* A tortuous life line.

Barbara—She's told that to everybody. Nobody knows what it means—and is ashamed to ask—so it makes a hit.

Christine—A strong head line.

Barbara—*(Peering over Herman's shoulder.)* I can't see the faintest resemblance to one.

Herman—Look here ,you prattlesome gipsy, who is attending to this fortune?

Barbara—(*Hurrying to C.*) Not I, kind sir. I'm hunting my own—in the other room.

Herman—You don't need to hunt it; you carry it with you, I'm thinking.

Barbara—Prettily said. Give him his money's worth, Miss Hunter. (*Waves her hand and disappears through the archway.*)

Christine—(*with bent head.*) This is the palm of a man who dares great things in order that a great cause may triumph. It reveals manifold plans which are far-reaching—

Herman—(*Softly*) And which will succeed.

Christine—(*After a pause.*) Which will succeed. (*In a lower tone.*) Are we quite alone?

Herman—(*After a hasty survey.*) Quite.

Christine—Please keep your eyes lowered and follow my words as if I were reading your palm. There is always the possibility of a sudden entrance.

Herman—(*As she pauses.*) Well?

Christine—In the role of a conscientious and painstaking collegian, I have at last discovered the vulnerable member of the faculty. Through a network of understanding students, the seeds of unrest and dissatisfaction are being scattered. This is a part of the propaganda, I believe?

Herman—Assuredly. Go on.

Christine—A strike is imminent in the munition factory.

Herman—Have you been instrumental in bringing this about?

Christine—Partly. It has not been difficult to fan the flame of discontent among the wives of the workers.

Herman—You've been able to do this without bringing suspicion upon yourself?

Christine—What reason have you to doubt my cleverness? With a dual personality and a box of make-up I can work wonders.

Herman—But these are minor issues. What of the greater task?

Christine—Fischer will undertake it.

Herman—Are you sure of him?

Christine—Absolutely. He is entirely at our mercy.

Herman—And his price?

Christine—Is great.

Herman—That need not be considered an obstacle.

Christine—So I have surmised.

Herman—And his venture?

Christine—Is for tomorrow night. He can easily gain access to the factory—and after that it is simple. A light to the fuse—a quick get-away—and destruction follows.

Herman—Is there to be a signal?

Christine—From you. Three flashes from the bridge.

Herman—(*Excitedly.*) From *me*? Have you dared to reveal my identity—or to drop a hint as to my part in this matter?

Christine—(*Ironically*) Don't excite yourself. Your identity as you call it, has been kept quite in the background. There isn't the slightest danger of the charitable and patriotic Mr. von Eltz being suspected of pro-German sentiments and pro-German schemes.

Herman—I don't like the sneer in your tone.

Christine—Far be it from me to criticize the part you have chosen to play. But at least, I have enough conscience left to realize how despicable is my own role. I have neither German name nor tradition to excuse it. (*After a moment.*) What I meant to convey, Mr. von Eltz, is that you are responsible for the signal.

Herman—Naturally. At the present moment I feel that I am also responsible for you.

Christine—(*Quickly.*) What do you mean?

Herman—That you have been traced to this very town.

Christine—Impossible.

Herman—Unfortunately—quite possible.

Christine—But I left no clue.

Herman—You must have left a clue—some slip in your schedule, some careless move—

Christine—(*Angrily.*) Careless move! When I sacrificed—*this*—in your interests. (*Holds up arm with scar*) Even money can not pay for some things.

Herman—All of this is not to the point. What you must consider is immediate escape.

Christine—Immediate escape. Where?

Herman—Your cleverness will decide. (*Anxiously*) If there had only been time for a pass-port! A ship leaves tomorrow morning—and you could have crossed in safety.

Christine—(*Suddenly*) A pass-port.

Herman—Of course it is out of the question.

Christine—But it isn't out of the question. (*Rises*) I am Miss Benton's height, coloring, style—am I not? (*Seizes bag.*) Well here is a pass-port—for her—why not for me? (*Takes envelope from bag and thrusts it in her gown.*)

Herman—(*Rising.*) Would you dare?

Christine—(*Laughing.*) Dare? What would my vocabulary be without this word?

(*Enter Karl at archway.*)

Karl—*Herman*—old fellow!

Herman—(*meeting him at C.*) Why, boy, I didn't expect you until later.

Karl—Made an earlier train—and followed you here. Barbara told me where to find you. (*With a glance at Christine.*) I hope I am not intruding.

Herman—You are merely interrupting the recital of a very brilliant future which Miss Hunter finds in my hand. (*Turns.*) Miss Hunter, my brother, Karl.

Karl—(*As he takes her hand.*) Will my interruption in any way hinder the realization of the fortune?

Christine—(*Laughing.*) I think not. You see, it's been well paid for. (*Starts toward archway.*)

Karl—Please don't hurry away.

Christine—But I must be true to my role. You see, I deal with the past—and future—not the present. And what you and your brother have to say to each other after

your separation must obviously be an affair of the present. Accordingly—I would be *de trop*.

—Herman—But we'll see you later?

Christine—(Turning at archway and speaking to Herman suggestively.) You'll see me—later. (Exit.)

Herman—(Seating himself on settee.) Now tell me about this sudden and mysterious trip of yours.

Karl—(Sitting at Herman's right.) Mysterious? How absurd! It was a business trip—pure and simple.

Herman—Surely you have entered into no business proposition without my consent and approbation.

Karl—(Laughing.) You forget that I have reached an age which warrants my deciding for myself. (As Herman winces.) Oh, I didn't mean it that way, old fellow—I really didn't.

Herman—Are you in any trouble?

Karl—So that's what is bothering you. Not a bit of it. I said goodbye to scrapes when I left college.

Herman—(Impatiently.) Then tell me—why have you been to Washington?

Karl—(Thoughtfully) Has it ever occurred to you that I have a future to consider?

Herman—I have thought of little else. You must remember, Karl, that your welfare is my very life.

Karl—Forgive me again for my awkward way of trying to explain. I can't think of a future without you, Herman, but if I am to be any sort of a citizen I must hew out my own path.

Herman—Then you have reached a definite decision?

Karl—I have. I am going in to the service.

Herman—Whose service?

Karl—How can you ask? My country's

Herman—Under what flag?

Karl—(Glancing at the American flag) Is there any other flag—for a good American?

Herman—But you are not an American.

Karl—I am of German name but of American spirit—and of distinctly American outlook.

Herman—(Dryly) Rather an impossible statement, my dear brother, when you stop to realize that our father

has returned to Germany and is a loyal adherent of the German government; that our sisters have married German officers; that every drop of blood in us is German blood. You should feel the power of this blood drawing your sympathies and loyalty to Germany.

Karl—But I don't. Notwithstanding the affection I have for those in Germany, there isn't an atom in me which isn't for America first, last and all the time.

Herman—And you call *this* loyalty to your family and to your fatherland!

Karl—Faced by a world crisis, the lesser loyalty toward family or tribe should not interfere with the larger loyalty toward the country which has brought us protection, happiness and success.

Herman—(*Rising*) You talk madly. (*Walks to L. of stage.*)

Karl—And there are times when one must renounce blood relations in order to be true to the principles of justice and liberty on which America is founded.

Herman—(*Turning*) Rather than hear you voice such sentiments, I would wish you in your grave.

Karl—(*Rising*) Rather than to realize what is gradually being forced upon me—that you are a traitor to the land of your adoption—I would wish that no tie of brotherhood existed between us. (*Stands R. of C.*)

Herman—(*Stepping forward*) What right have you to speak like this?

Karl—The right given to every American citizen to protest against treachery and subterfuge.

Herman—Exactly what do you mean?

Karl—That your words have betrayed you. (*Leans forward*) Herman, are you working against America—for Germany?

Herman—That is not the question under discussion. Rather, what are you going to do?

Karl—(*Resting on arm of settee*) As I said before—I am going into the service.

Herman—(*In a conciliating tone*) Why not show the proper deference to family tradition by being neutral?

Karl—It isn't a time for neutrality, Either we must become mere expatriates, or we must stand firm, strong and unyielding for American government and American democracy.

Herman—But surely the American government expects no more than a passive loyalty from a citizen of alien birth.

Karl—There is no such thing as passive loyalty. If the German-American can not fearlessly choose to stand for America in return for the privilege of full American citizenship, he had better return to that land to which he is bound by ties of sentiment and clannishness. (*Sits himself by Herman.*)

Herman—You dispose of a big question in a few sweeping terms.

Karl—It is a big question—this Americanizing of alien elements, this transforming of Russian, Pole, Irishman, Jew and Italian into beings infused with the American spirit—the spirit of freedom and individualism.

Herman—It is a question not likely to be solved.

Karl—Again I differ. For the country which generously and hospitably opens its doors to all nations without thought of self interest, which has been the melting pot for diverse elements will realize her dreams of a great and universal Americanism just as surely as she will play a noble and a triumphant part in making the world safe for democracy.

Herman—You are the victim of anti-German propaganda.

Karl—(*Rising and speaking excitedly.*) What of the pro-German propaganda which insidiously eats its way into the heart of our country, which aims to check this assimilation of aliens into American citizenship, which strikes at the heart of American institutions and American democracy? (*Comes down stage.*)

Herman—(*After a pause*) Can't you realize, Karl, how all of this—hurts—me?

Karl—(*turning*) Forgive me, old fellow. (*Comes to him.*) I can realize and I'm sorry—I honestly am. We're the only members of the family here in this coun-

try; I want to stand with you—and yet—(*impulsively*)
Oh, Herman, you know I'd do anything for you!

Herman—(Rising) Then keep out of the army.

*Karl—*I can't—I wouldn't. And if I wished to do so—
—what of the draft?

Herman—(Eagerly) I could arrange it. I have influence—

Karl—(Quietly.) Let's not talk about it.

*Herman—*Then if you must fight—fight with the fatherland.

Karl—(After a pause) Can you say that to me, Herman, after what you've heard?

*Herman—*I say it—because you don't understand, because you're young, because there must be some way to hold your allegiance. Will you promise me one thing?

*Karl—*If it is within my power.

*Herman—*See father before you make your final decision. It is his right. I can get you safely across—safely to the lines—and then it will be easy to reach him.

*Karl—*But my mind is made up.

*Herman—*Don't say that until you do what I wish—what you owe to father.

Karl—(After a moment's thought.) I'll promise.

*Herman—*And not a word to anyone.

(*As they grasp hands, Barbara enters at archway.*)

*Barbara—*Dear me! Have you been holding hands all this time? I never before heard of such brotherly devotion.

Herman—(Laughingly) Holding hands has been something of a specialty with you all the afternoon.

*Barbara—*But it's my profession—that makes all the difference in the world.

Herman—(Nodding toward tent) Did you come back to open shop?

*Barbara—*No—only to tell Karl's fortune. He's pining for it and it would be downright cruel to let him take another careless step without warning him of the pitfalls along his path.

*Karl—*You sound like the real thing.

Barbara—I am. Amid a cloud of camouflage I shine forth a serene and steady light.

Herman—Where's your companion in prevarication?

Barbara—Gone home with a headache—so there's no escape for Karl.

Herman—I imagine he isn't seeking any escape.

Barbara—Why seek the impossible?

Herman—Well, I won't delay matters. Don't make his fortune too alluring or he'll prove obstreperous.

(Exit at R.)

Barbara—*(Seating herself at tent door)* Come, kind gentleman—the fates are waiting.

Karl—*(Sitting by her)* Do you think I intend to let you waste time on this nonsense when I haven't seen you for six weeks? *(Seizes both her hands.)*

Barbara—How can I shape your future when you do the hand holding?

Karl—Do you want me to tell you just how you *can* shape it?

Barbara—*(Drawing away her hands)* No, I don't. Tell me about the trip instead.

Karl—There's nothing to tell.

Barbara—*(Mockingly)* Six weeks away—and nothing to tell!

Karl—Nothing that would interest *you*.

Barbara—Wasn't it a success?

Karl—It was.

Barbara—And did you accomplish what you wished to accomplish.

Karl—I did.

Barbara—Oh, what snippy answers! You *deserve* to be quizzed.

Karl—Quiz away.

Barbara—Well, what was the business?

Karl—How do you know there was *any* business?

Barbara—Business trips usually have to do with business, don't they? Or have I been misinformed?

Karl—Come now—talk about yourself. Why in

thunderation should I want to discuss my trip when I can discuss you?

Barbara—But can you?

Karl—I can and I will.

Barbara—Then I claim the right to hurl a few more questions at you. Why aren't you in khaki?

Karl—Give me time.

Barbara—To answer the question or to don the uniform?

Karl—Both.

Barbara—Or perhaps khaki isn't becoming to your German name.

Karl—What's in a German name if the man behind it is a good American?

Barbara—I was just joking, you silly. Of course you're a good American and of course you'll do your bit.

Karl—Let's hope that Fate will put a fairly good bit in my way.

Barbara—Life's changed for all of us—hasn't it? I might characterize my own case as *The Awakening of Barbara Benton*.

Karl—How would this do for me—*The Americanizing of Karl von Eltz*?

Barbara—How can anyone who is already American be Americanized?

Karl—Do you feel that way about it?

Barbara—How queerly you talk! Why shouldn't I feel that way about it?

Karl—(*Earnestly*) Barbara, I want you to believe that when the home land calls, I'm listening and answering.

Barbara—(*Dreamily*) When the home land calls—

Karl—(*Softly*) And before I go—I want you to promise—

Barbara—(*Checking him*) Wait, Karl. Don't ask me to promise anything until—after the war.

Karl—But you remember what you told me that night?

Barbara—I remember; but oh, so much has hap-

pened since then--and it was the time when I was living in the Land of Romance.

Karl—Isn't it still the Land of Romance?

Barbara—(*Whimsically*) Let's call it No Man's Land until—after the war. Do you understand?

Karl—(*After a pause*) I understand.

Barbara—For I, too, am listening when the home land calls—and I'm going to France!

Karl—Barbara!

Barbara—To France! My dream of being a wireless operator has been realized—and— (*reaching for the bag*) already I have my passport—here.

(*She fumbles in the bag, removing the various articles. As she searches, her expression becomes puzzled, then frightened, and in great consternation she rises and turns to Karl.*)

Barbara—It's gone Karl, gone! My passport! What does it mean—what can it mean? (*Karl rises in bewilderment.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

Scene—A room in a deserted house "somewhere in France" used as headquarters. Practical doors down R. and L. French window L. of C. in F. Cot R. of C. in F. Table at C. with telephone, lamp, matches and papers. Chair on either side of table. Stage is only partly illuminated since it is late afternoon.

At rise, Captain Ward is seated at L. of table and Lieutenant Roberts is standing R. of table.

Captain—I don't understand the situation.

Lieutenant—Nor do I. And yet— (*hesitates*)

Captain—(*Impatiently*) Yes?

Lieutenant—There seems but one inference when the purport of two wireless messages is deliberately changed.

Captain—Carelessness on the part of the one who receives the communication?

Lieutenant—Hardly. He is one of the best and most reliable operators in the service.

Captain—Then—something is wrong at this end of the line. (*Leans forward*) You say that the message is verbatim save for the omission or change of one or two words?

Lieutenant—Exactly.

Captain—For example?

Lieutenant—The message, “Do not send scouting party tonight,” was received “Send scouting party tonight.” As a result our detachment was almost annihilated.

Captain—Go on.

Lieutenant—The same with the ammunition car. A negative command became an affirmative—and we lost our ammunition.

Captain—I could never question Miss Benton’s honor.

Lieutenant—Nor I. (*Abruptly*) When does she return?

Captain—Tomorrow. The girl has certainly needed her week’s rest.

Lieutenant—Who has been her substitute?

Captain—Miss Hall. She has been most efficient and came with the highest recommendations. (*After a pause*) I am positive that the inaccuracy does not originate with our station.

Lieutenant—It is the popular supposition that something of critical importance is brewing within the enemy’s lines.

Captain—(*Rising and pacing back and forth*) Which brings to mind for the thousandth time that our messenger has not reported.

Lieutenant—You mean—

Captain—(*Excitedly*) Don’t say his name—here. For I’m beginning to believe that the very walls have ears. He was due some days ago; the delay can mean but one thing—

Lieutenant—His failure?

Captain—His capture. His life wouldn't be worth a copper cent if the enemy should discover.

Lieutenant—Dare-devil fellow!

Captain—The most splendid courage I've ever seen. The boy doesn't hesitate at any obstacle; and what he has brought to our lines has been of inestimable value.

Lieutenant—I'm sorry.

Captain—But there may be a chance after all. What would this sort of life mean—without hope? (*Knock sounds at R.*)

Lieutenant—(*In a whisper*) Perhaps it is a direct answer to—prayer, shall I say?

Captain—Hardly that. He doesn't usually herald his approach.

Lieutenant—Shall I investigate? (*Captain nods and Lieutenant opens the door. Barbara crosses the threshold.*)

Captain—(*In surprise*) Miss Benton!

Barbara—I'm a bit ahead of time. Do I need to apologize?

Captain—Hardly that. But you should have rested until the very last minute of your furlough.

Barbara—I couldn't. I just *had* to come—tonight.

Captain—And why?

Barbara—You'll think me silly, of course; but I had a presentiment that I would be needed.

Captain—Presentiments are often trustworthy—especially in times of military stress.

Lieutenant—Shall I be needed further, Captain Ward?

Captain—Not until later when you will report upon the matters under discussion.

Lieutenant—Very well. (*Salutes Captain and bows formally to Barbara. Goes out at R.*)

Captain—(*Drawing out chair R. of table for Barbara*) Now, suppose you explain the presentiment. (*Seats himself L. of table.*)

Barbara—One cannot explain a presentiment. I

simply could not shake off the feeling that I could be of use.

Captain—Your being of use, Miss Benton, has been undoubtedly proved. Indeed, your work has been of the very highest quality.

Barbara—It pleases me to hear you say that. I had a wonderful instructor and I want to be a credit to him.

Captain—Where did you study?

Barbara—In New York.

Captain—And your home?

Barbara—Is near by, Lester.

Captain—(*Thoughtfully*) Lester. I seem to have heard of it.

Barbara—We have had three claims to notoriety—a college, a munition factory and a spy.

Captain—The last mentioned is hardly a distinction nowadays. The breed infests every spot on the map.

Barbara—This particular spy roused my personal animosity—that is why she lingers especially in my memory.

Captain—How did she come into contact with you?

Barbara—Abstracted my passport, made her escape by means of it and caused me a great deal of inconvenience. That's all.

Captain—Have you ever traced her?

Barbara—Never. She is too clever to be traced. I only infer that she is—over here.

Captain—Now I know why I remember Lester. Once upon a time I had business transactions with a certain Herman von Eltz.

Barbara—The name von Eltz is not popular in Lester at present.

Captain—Too German?

Barbara—Too traitorous. Herman von Eltz, after being suspected of directing an explosion at the munition factory, left suddenly for regions unknown. (*With ill-concealed bitterness*) Karl von Eltz—the younger brother—is fighting on the German side.

Captain—Karl von Eltz? Are you sure of this?

Barbara—*Sure?* Why shouldn't I be sure? His action is all the more contemptible because he posed as a loyal American.

Captain—The ties and traditions of the home land proved too strong, I suppose.

Barbara—It depends upon what one calls the home land. In my opinion, the home land is the country which protects, educates and gives the best of its spirit and its life to the one within its gates—not the far-off region which is merely a mass of tradition, sentimentality and false ideas of loyalty.

Captain—America is, after all, a vast crucible into which have been cast the elements of many alien races. If she can fuse these elements into the white heat of American patriotism and American nationalism, she will create a mighty force which can not be overcome.

Barbara—She will do it, Captain Ward, she will do it; and it would be a wonderful inspiration, a wonderful triumph, in these days of stress and turmoil, if a young German, bound by every tie to the fatherland, should shake off the fetters which restrict soul and mind and spirit, and should stand out in fervor of transformation—a true American!

Captain—(After a pause.) It may be given you to see this very thing, Miss Benton.

Barbara—(Laughing) In my ecstatic vision of the future, I have rather overstepped my limits and have digressed from my prime object in coming here. As a matter of fact, Captain Ward, has everything gone smoothly and do you need me tonight?

Captain—Everything — apparently — has gone smoothly.

Barbara—What do you mean?

Captain—That no thought of inefficiency entered our minds until something of serious moment was brought to our attention.

Barbara—Is it out of my province to ask what it is?

Captain—I have intended to tell you. Two messages, supposedly sent from our station, have been transmitted

in such a way that the original command has been changed and perverted with disastrous results.

Barbara—Could the fault lie with the receiving station?

Captain—Hardly.

Barbara—Then—may I ask about Miss Hall?

Captain—I know little, save that she came with proper credentials and that she has been quiet, efficient and satisfactory.

Barbara—It might have been carelessness.

Captain—But we don't deal with *might be's*. The facts are right with us and we must discover the whys and wherefores of these distorted communications immediately. We have already paid too high a price.

Barbara—(After a pause) Is it too presumptuous in me to make a suggestion?

Captain—I should not have told you the circumstances had I not expected you to express yourself.

Barbara—Then may I see Miss Hall—for a moment? I know it is unkind to suspect a person who may be innocent, but on the other hand, there is no harm in submitting a test.

Captain—And what test have you in mind?

Barbara—A simple one. Call her in on some pretext—either to meet me or to tell her of my return tomorrow; let her know that you have business elsewhere and that I, too, am going; then let fall carelessly some remark in regard to important military movements pending; and if she is involved in this trouble she will soon transmit such information.

Captain—But, even in that case—

Barbara—Wait. I shall return—she won't suspect—and I promise to watch her, follow her and do my best to solve the mystery. (Pauses. The captain makes no reply) You don't quite countenance it, do you?

Captain—I don't quite see—but have it your own way. It can do no harm and Lieutenant Roberts is on the trail anyway. (Suddenly) Only this—don't risk anything that savors of danger.

Barbara—(Excitedly) I won't—I promise.

Captain—And I, myself, will return shortly.

Barbara—Now—call her, please.

(Captain Ward rises and opens door at L.)

Captain—*(Calling upstairs)* Miss Hall?

Miss Hall—*(Off stage)* Yes, Captain Ward.

Captain—Here—just a moment, please. *(Returns and stands L. of table.)*

(Enter Miss Hall at L.)

Captain—*(Turning)* Miss Hall, I want you to meet Miss Benton whose place you have so admirably filled; also to know that Miss Benton will resume her duties tomorrow.

Barbara—*(Rising as Miss Hall comes to C.)* I feel that I owe all my good rest to your capability, Miss Hall. I have heard nothing but praise of your efficiency. *(Takes her hand.)*

Miss Hall—It has not been easy to fill your place, Miss Benton. You leave your successor too high a standard to reach.

Barbara—*(Laughing)* Aren't we nice to each other with all our pretty speeches? I wish I might talk to you a little longer even at the risk of trespassing on your office hours—but I must be off.

Captain—And I. If you will permit me, Miss Benton, I will escort you as far as the cross roads. *(Barbara nods assent)* And I'll be summoning you soon, Miss Hall—for important communications *(Nodding toward table)*—will mean conferences over the wire.

Miss Hall—*(Quietly)* Yes, Captain Ward. *(Moves toward L.)*

Captain—Are you ready, Miss Benton? *(Crosses and opens door at R.)*

Barbara—Quite ready. *(Crosses to door and nods to Miss Hall.)* Goodbye.

Miss Hall—Goodbye. *(Exit at L. as Captain and Barbara go out at R.)*

(As the act progresses, the stage becomes gradually darker until at this point there is almost complete darkness. Stage is clear for a few moments then a slight noise is heard. The French window is opened and by the aid of a flashlight Barbara is revealed. She makes her way to the cot and seats herself. In few moments the door at L. opens. Miss Hall, also with a flashlight appears and goes directly to table. Using the flash light, she searches hastily and nervously through the papers; then with an ejaculation of impatience, she lights the lamp. Again the search, and for greater ease she hastily turns back the cuffs of her sleeves. In the light of the lamp, a vivid, jagged scar on her arm is revealed. Suddenly she stops shortly and stands listening.)

Miss Hall—Who's there?

Barbara—(Advancing into the lamp light) Only I. I left my handkerchief and came back for it, (turning and pointing) through the window. I hope I didn't startle you.

Miss Hall—Not at all. I, too, was looking for some property, a memorandum—but I evidently did not leave it here.

Barbara—(Who has been gazing in fascination at the scar) What a strange scar! I have seen only one like it.

Miss Hall—(Carelessly) I flattered myself I had the only one in existence. Shall I leave the light—or have you found what you were looking for?

Barbara—(Quietly) I have found what I was looking for.

Miss Hall—Well—good night again. (Exit at L.)

(Barbara follows her to the door, listens, then thoughtfully crosses back to table and lowers light. As she does so, there is a sound at the window. She shrinks back, the window slowly swings open, and Karl von Eltz in a German uniform, arm in a sling, staggers into the room.)

Karl—(Making his way with difficulty to the cot

and sinking upon it.) I'm safe—safe—(Sighs and falls back in exhaustion.)

(Barbara turns up the light, he opens his eyes, sees her standing there, and, murmuring her name, attempts to rise.)

Barbara—(In an agony of fright) Karl! _Karl!
Do you know where you are?

Karl—Out of my mind, I think. Is it really *you*, Barbara, or just one of those fancies which have been tormenting my mind for so long?

Barbara—You don't realize what has happened.

Karl—But I realize that it is *you* and that's enough reward for all that I've suffered—all I've gone through.

Barbara—(Kneeling by him) Karl! Listen. You don't understand and you've made a terrible mistake. You're inside the American lines.

Karl—That's where I want to be.

Barbara—In that uniform?

Karl—In *this* uniform.

Barbara—Oh, why did you come here—why—
(Rises) Come. I'll help you to get away—I'll find you some other clothes—I'll—

Karl—Don't worry, Barbara. I'll be drawing a khaki uniform of my own before long.

Barbara—What do you mean?

Karl—Just this; I've deserted.

Barbara—Deserted!

Karl—For good. From this time forward, I fight openly under the Stars and Stripes.

Barbara—You don't know what you're saying.
(Moves to L.)

Karl—Oh, yes I do. I'm speaking the truth and being myself for the first time in months.

Barbara—You *can't* be yourself—you—

Karl—I'm through with the Germans—through, I say. I've seen enough of their brutality, their efficiency, their kultur. I've been one of their infernal machines too long—and I'm through with it all.

Barbara—A deserter! Oh, the shame of it!

Karl—(Weakly) I'm faint! Water—water—

(*Barbara hastens to door at L., goes out and returns with glass of water which she holds to his lips.*)

Karl—Ten days in swamps and forests—with raw vegetables and bitter roots—and—But that's all over now and I'm here—safe.

Barbara—Listen, Karl, and try to understand. You're not safe—you're in the utmost danger—and if any American officer were to enter now—it would be ruin to you. Let me help you escape. There must be some chance—and then you can find your way back to your own lines.

Karl—I can't. I'm wounded—here. (*Touches ankle.*)

Barbara—Oh, what *can* I do! Captain Ward may be here at any moment. (*Crosses to table and places glass upon it.*)

Karl—Captain Ward! Better still. Just let me rest—quietly—and I'll be all right. I've come back—to America.

Barbara—(Angrily) But why should America want you? Why should she trust her safety to you? A man who is a traitor to one country is easily traitor to another.

Karl—But if I say that America has been my first, last and only thought?

Barbara—I do not believe you—I can't. Once upon a time you told me with a fervor which I could not doubt that you would answer the call of the home land. (*Ironically*) Perhaps you did—and I was merely mistaken in the home land.

Karl—Listen.

Barbara—I listened—then—and believed. And in less than a week you sailed away without a word or sign, to take your place under the standard of my country's enemy.

Karl—Won't you have faith, Barbara?

Barbara—Where there is no respect, there can be no faith.

Karl—Then won't you let me say that the story is not ended? There is something yet—to follow?

Barbara—A late allegiance to America will not wipe out the disgrace of your desertion in the time of need.

Karl—*(Faintly)* Sometime you'll understand.

(Miss Hall enters at L. unseen by them and stands with her back against the door.)

Barbara—*Perhaps.* We shall not speak of it again. Once more, I beg of you to go—anywhere—only away from here. There must be some way—and I'll help you—I'll—

Miss Hall—*(Mockingly)* Oh, you will? Will you? *(Barbara wheels around)* Is this—*(Nodding toward Karl)* what you came back to find, Miss Benton?

Barbara—*(Coolly)* And if it—is?

Miss Hall—It will be unfortunate to lose it—so soon. You see, officers' headquarters prove a poor rendezvous for lovers.

Barbara—Aren't you assuming a good deal?

Miss Hall—I think not. Hiding a German soldier within American lines is proof positive I fear that your allegiance is divided. However, I admire your daring.

Barbara—And I admire your disguise.

Miss Hall—I fear I do not understand.

Barbara—I am sure you do. A well-fitting wig and a clever make-up quite change you. If it were not for the scar—*(Pauses significantly)*

Miss Hall—Well?

Barbara—I might never have suspected that you were Christine Hunter.

Miss Hall—Suspicion is not proof.

Barbara—But not often does nature give two identical scars.

Miss Hall—Well, what are you going to do about it?

Barbara—First, satisfy the demand of a personal resentment on account of a stolen passport. The town is still talking, Miss Hunter, about your treachery.

Miss Hall—*(Shrugging her shoulders)* It is well to be remembered by one's loving friends.

Barbara—Next, advise the proper authorities in regard to the spy in their midst. I fancy it will not be difficult to account for the altered messages which have resulted so disastrously for our side.

Miss Hall—If you have quite finished, Miss Benton, I have a word to say, and a duty to perform. The telephone will prove the most convenient in informing the authorities—as you call them—that their trusted wireless operator is not only hiding a German soldier, but planning his escape. The soldier, I might suggest, is doubtless a spy.

Barbara—That *you* should talk of spying!

Miss Hall—I am protecting my own interests—as always.

Karl—Then let me protect Miss Benton's. She had no idea of my presence here until she encountered me—unexpectedly. I came from the German lines—of my own accord.

Miss Hall—How will such a statement protect Miss Benton's interest if I may ask? I can testify that I heard her offer to help you escape. (*Rushes to telephone and takes it.*) The matter is not worth the discussion.

Barbara—*Stop!* You shall not do it.

Miss Hall—I can also bear witness that Miss Benton's feeling for—the German—is more than friendly.

Karl—Be careful.

Miss Hall—(*Mockingly*) And accordingly her judgment is not to be trusted.

Barbara—Karl, I can't see you captured. They would show no mercy—they—

Miss Hall—Then strike a compromise. Say nothing of my identity, give me an opportunity to escape, and I shall not only hold my peace but shall aid you in effecting his departure. Is it a bargain?

Barbara—Never. My country comes first and I shall do nothing to jeopardize her interests. (*Turns to Karl*) I'm sorry, Karl, but you understand.

Karl—I understand; and, at present, my greatest desire is to have Miss Hunter send that telephone message.

Miss Hall—(Mockingly) Then your desire shall be gratified.

(As she is about to telephone, the door at R. suddenly opens and Captain Ward appears. Barbara involuntarily stands in front of Karl as the Captain looks inquiringly around.)

Barbara—Your wireless operator, Captain Ward, proves to be the same spy who surreptitiously removed my passport some months ago. I think that, upon investigation, you will find her responsible for the false messages which have been sent from our station.

Captain—I, too, have been learning of Miss Hall—

Barbara—(Interrupting) Miss Hunter—

Captain—And several other names. I acknowledge her cleverness and her worth to Wilhelmstrasse, but I fear her career of usefulness has been permanently checked.

Miss Hall—Then she will play her last card before leaving. Your choice of wireless operators, Captain Ward, seems unfortunate. The other one (Nodding toward Barbara) is at present shielding a German soldier—probably spy—and offering him safe convoy.

Karl—(Pushing Barbara aside, half rising, and saluting) Captain Ward!

Captain—(With an expression of delight as he recognizes Karl) You lose again, Miss Hall. For your enlightenment I'll say that the supposed German spy is one of our most valued secret service men. For months, in the garb of the enemy, he has risked his life for our cause and has brought us information and military knowledge that has helped us to push our way successfully. (Barbara crosses to L.)

(For a moment, Miss Hall stands speechless from amazement, then with a gesture of despair she starts toward door at L.)

Captain—May I open the door for you, Miss Hall? You will find military escort—outside. (Opens door at

R. For a moment Miss Hall hesitates, then passes out at R.)

Karl—(As Captain hurries to him) Thought I'd lost out, did you, Captain? (Takes paper from coat) Well, here's your information just in time to spoil Fritz's pretty plan for tomorrow and I've plenty more (touches head) in here. I've had a hard time getting to you but I've arrived and if you want to do me a good turn let me put on my own uniform—and keep it on.

Captain—(putting his hand on Karl's shoulder) You've won it, von Eltz and a general's epaulets besides, I'm thinking. Come right away to a conference and let every body duly thank you. (Takes paper.)

Karl—(Touching his arm and ankle) Sorry—but—

Captain—Heavens, boy, you're wounded—why didn't you say so before?

Karl—Just a scratch.

Captain—But we can't afford even a scratch at this stage of the game. I'll send a surgeon immediately. (Hurries to door at R. and turns) Now, Miss Benton, do you understand my covert allusions of this afternoon?

Barbara—(Demurely smiling) I think I do—and—Captain Ward?

Captain—Yes?

Barbara—I have been given the vision of a true American. (Captain laughs and goes out at R.)

Karl—Barbara, before that old saw-bones arrives—come here.

Barbara—(Kneeling by cot) Oh, Karl, Karl, forgive me for all those cruel things I said.

Karl—There's no time for talk like *that*. Now, do you understand my trip to Washington, and why I couldn't tell you? And why I left without a word? It was the best that I could offer my country and when the opportunity to serve in the German army came my way, I didn't hesitate.

Barbara—Oh, Karl—

Karl—Soon I'll be wearing the khaki and proving myself a true son of America. (Softly) Must I wait long for your promise, Barbara?

Barbara—You have it—now.

Karl—The war can't last always, dear; the smoke of battle must clear away; the shot and shell must be silenced—forever. We'll brave the danger with all trust in the future and we'll go back together—

Barbara—*(Softly)* When the home land calls!

CURTAIN



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