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A Slave of the Mill

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A FOUR ACT MELODRAMA

... BY ...

HAL REID AND HARRY GORDON

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1905

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JAMES BRANDON, foreman in the Iron Mills.

MORLAND CRANSTON, legal adviser and new partner in the Mills.

GILBERT FONTLEROY, private banker and owner of the Iron Mills.

MORGAN STEEL, leader of the strikers.

WALTER FONTLEROY, banking clerk in the Fontleroy Mills.

SI DO LITTLE, office boy. Wants to be a hero.

LANO BRATANO, an Italian organ grinder.

CALEB MORTON, broker on the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

ELINOR FONTLEROY, daughter of Gilbert Fontleroy, in love with James Brandon.

DONNAZETTA BRATANO, an Italian girl who was wronged by Cranston.

KITTY MURPHY, house maid; ambitious to make a man out of Si.

LITTLE MARY, the child of Donnazetta.

Strikers, Moulders, Firemen, etc.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Interior of Fontleroy's private banking office showing large safe, banking rail, and desk.—Large screen window U. C.—Time 9 A. M. Gilbert Fontleroy discovered reading morning paper.

FONT. So, so! The whole city of New Orleans is loud in its praise of Morland Cranston—a man of honor. He will be the future companion of my daughter. Little do they suspect the banking firm of Fontleroy, even now stands on the brink of ruin—and with its fall the great rolling mills yonder close their doors against a howling mob of unpaid toilers. (Enter Si Doolittle, the office boy.)

SI. A message for you, sir.

FONT. (Reads message.) "Silver Bar stock declines. Must meet the margin or you are ruined. Our holdings are 60,000 shares. Wire quickly. Maxwell Gregg." (Writes answer.) "Advance the margin and draw on the firm of Fontleroy & Cranston. Gilbert Fontleroy." (Hands message to Si, who exits.) And so they come. It is now 9 o'clock. Just one hour before the exchange throws open its doors. I must see Elinor and beg of her to treat the proposal of Morland Cranston with much consideration, for his union with my daughter is the only key to my escape from financial ruin. He is rich, and—(Enter Elinor Fontleroy down the steps.)

ELIN. Oh, father, the chase was glorious! I never saw my horse so full of life—the hounds so eager for the scent! How they bayed as we followed, jumping the streams, crossing the meadows, urged on by the love of the true sportsman's delight! Near the turn by the old Fort, I reached and plucked this spray of golden rod. See, father, how the work of Nature has modelled here all that is pure and beautiful.

a. m. 24, 1932



FONT. Pure and beautiful! Our Nation's emblem painted by the brush of Nature. Emblem of freedom, prosperity and happiness. Oh, glittering gold, for which we mortals thirst—idol of millions—emblem of toil, slavery, and ruin!

ELIN. Why, father, what has happened? You do not seem yourself this morning. It was only a few moments ago that I remarked to James how well you looked, and he expressed the hope that you would soon relent and receive him into our home. Oh, father, if you could only read my heart, my life, my very soul—and see, see deep down into its recesses! There you would read the word "LOVE"—love for him, my manly sweetheart!

FONT. What! A laborer, a mill hand—taken into my home to drag the name of Fontleroy down to shame and disgrace!

ELIN. Stop father! You know not what you say! James Brandon is a man of noble worth! Your only fault with him is that he is poor—poor in purse, but rich in manhood! Did you not say yesterday that he was the only man that could control the men in the great mills?

FONT. Yes, but the thought of bringing him into our home drives me mad! I want to ask you to reconsider. Morland Cranston will come this morning for the purpose of arranging the details for the announcement of your engagement.

ELIN. If Morland Cranston is coming here for any such purpose, he may as well stay away!

FONT. Listen, my child! You shall know why your father wishes and begs of you to accept Morland Cranston. Stocks have gone against me lately! Owing to the rise in raw material for the Mills and the dullness of a market verging on a panic, I have lost every dollar in speculation, and the Silver Bar Mine will be the central figure on the Stock Exchange this morning. The stock is held by Maxwell, Gregg & Co. Morland Cranston is their representative. If I fail to keep up my margin, my credit is gone, and the name of Fontleroy must go down in disgrace. Morland has offered to buy in the outstanding stock for me, when he has the promise of your hand.

ELIN. And so, father, you would sell me? You want to place a price on my head—you want to give my life, my love, my happiness, at the cost of a broken heart!

FONT. No, no, my child, not that, but I am old—with ruin staring me in the face! You are of age today and inherit the estate of your uncle. You should have some one to look after and care for you, and Morland has been very kind to me in my declining years.

ELIN. He has been kind to you, but kinder to himself, and the day will come when Morland Cranston will stand (enter Morland Cranston) before the world in his true colors—a thief—a villain! Oh, father, take the money I have and pay your margins! Let me make any sacrifice, but save

me from such a fate! Let me go to James—perhaps he will know of some way to help us!

FONT. No, he has nothing to help with. Send Walter to me at once. Tell him to come by the bank and bring the Burlington and Lake Erie stocks, also the 4 per cent bonds in the vault. (Exit Morland)

ELIN. Yes, father. (At the door.) I will go at once. Use every penny I have, my jewels, my gowns, but do not ask me to make my life a misery with Morland Cranston. (Music outside. Elinor exits.)

FONT. That music again! Every note sounds like a dirge, telling of danger, ruin and death—financially! (Going to the door or window.) Oh, it is only a poor beggar bereft of sight! Wretched mortal! In his eyes might once have glowed the light of hope and ambition! Oh, what a picture of despair, with a hand organ as the means of his living, gathering pennies here and there to keep his misery in existence. Life is sweet! (Morland Cranston enters C. D.) So goes the world! To those who have, it shall be given, and from those who hath not, it shall be taken away!

MORLAND. Let me add a fitting line: "The less we have, the less independent we can afford to be." Ah, my dear Fontleroy, you do not know how anxious I was to reach here this morning, to hear of our fair Elinor. I trust you have banished all thoughts of any relations with the shop foreman, James Brandon, whose services I think best to dispense with at once.

FONT. You are right, but at this particular time he is the only man who can avert a strike. Yet, his being out of the way is our only hope of ever blotting his memory from her mind.

MORLAND. It is a very easy matter to get him out of the way. Leave it all to me. (Aside) The raging terror of this threatened strike favors any desperate end that I might see fit to employ. (Turning to Font.) He must leave the country!

FONT. But the family honor? Suppose Elinor should object and cause publicity? She is headstrong, and—

MORLAND. If you will leave it all to me, my dear Mr. Fontleroy, everything will be safe when he is away and Elinor is mine! Then the firm will be Cranston and Fontleroy. We will bull the market on a slump and retire into the background to live comfortably for the rest of our lives, all happy together.

FONT. Has there been any settlement as to the scale of wages for September?

MORLAND. No, nor will there be any grievance presented, if this Brandon is removed. He is the fountain head of all the mill trouble, and if I may say, I am sure that your son, Walter, is in close sympathy with his every action and keeps him advised as to our movements.

FONT. Nonsense! Walter would not dare—

MORLAND. And yet he and Elinor are inseparable, and the hope

of one is the wish of the other! (Enter Si.)

SI. Mr. James Brandon.

FONT. Admit him. (Si exits) (To Morland.) Not one word as to what has passed between us. You must first see Elinor. (Enter James Brandon.)

JAMES. Mr. Fontleroy, I called to see if the Cramp order for the Armour platè was to be filled from the surplus stock or special cast.

FONT. I have placed all such matters in the hands of the financial manager, Cranston.

MORLAND. Who will take pleasure in referring you to the original order, as sent to the mill by Walter Fontleroy, my banking clerk.

JAMES. Your pardon, gentlemen, but the order was blank of any instructions so I thought it policy to call.

MORLAND. (Sneeringly.) Thinking that you, in your vaunting presumption, might perhaps see Miss Elinor, no doubt!

JAMES. A matter of business brought me here this morning, and I have no wish to discuss matters of personal nature, as my time is limited. There is danger, of a strike.

FONT. But their demands are unjust—

JAMES. I think that you are paying all you can under the circumstances.

FONT. What do you mean by circumstances?

JAMES. The opinion of the men is that the mill is paying well enough, but—

FONT. But what? Go on.

JAMES. But that Wall Street is the coffer that swallows up their hard earned wages and makes them want.

MORLAND. Who is so wise (Sneering) that the business of this firm shall be discussed by the toilers of the mill?

FONT. Yes, who could advance the idea?

JAMES. It is wrong for a man in broadcloth to think that men who wear working clothes are all fools—among them are many—who driven to common labor—feel as you feel above the labor they are compelled to do—and who spend much of their time in rebellion—which they voice to others—one such man has advanced the idea and the mill is ablaze with rumors of a strike.

MORLAND. It is quite evident that it is James Brandon who feels above his present position, and I believe it will be no longer necessary to employ you, after Saturday night.

JAMES. Very well, gentlemen, and be assured that I shall fill every duty until my last hour. (Aside) Thank God that I may be able to stay until Saturday night. Not for them, but for the love of Elinor. (Enter Walter with satchel of money, takes off street coat, puts on office coat, hangs street coat up on rack.)

WALTER. Why good morning, James! I was just going to the mill to tell you that I left the instruction blank on the Armour plate order, unintentionally at home. Please use those on hand. (Steps to safe to deposit satchel.)

MORLAND. You will pardon me, gentlemen. There have been too many such errors of late, and it has made discipline of the men most impossible under Brandon.

WALTER. (Angrily, forgetting to lock safe.) You lie! Morland Cranston.

FONT. Stop instantly Walter—(To Morland) I wish to speak to my son in the private office, if you will excuse me.

WALTER. The private office is not necessary, father. I have not said one word that I feel small enough to retract. To my positive knowledge, James Brandon has been in every way faithful to his employment. He is the only man today who holds a furious strike in subjection, with starvation wages, while you, Morland Cranston, and myself, speculate with their bread, on the Board of Trade. Even at the door groans a mob, and James Brandon, alone, stands between you and ruin.

JAMES. But, Walter, I am now discharged by the gentleman who has assumed control.

WALTER. Gentleman? When he stoops to kick a poor old musician from his path who implores him for a penny, to keep his miserable body from starvation? If that is what you call a gentleman, I thank God I am simply a man.

MORLAND. Bah! I have other things to do, than to stoop to every beggar I chance to meet.

WALTER. He is human. You are both from the same God, though Fate decreed you in a different walk of life. This Fate often brings such as you beneath your victims. Mark it! Morland Cranston! Such deep seated inhumanity never went unpunished yet! (Groans, uproar outside, Walter Fontleroy and Morland look surprised.)

JAMES. My God! The strike! I must hold them back. (Aside) —or Elinor, for Elinor! It means ruin to the Fontleroy's. (James exits D. F. Walter and Font exit after. Enter Elinor frightened.)

ELIN. What means all this noise? Who are those men?

MORLAND. It means, my dear girl, that unless your father meets their demands within 24 hours, two thousand men walk from the great mills; that the foreclosure of the Silver Bar mine takes place within 15 minutes, after the opening of the Stock Exchange, that your father will be forced into bankruptcy, and your home, luxury, bonds, stocks and all, go to the creditors, unless you—

ELIN. Yes, yes, I know. My father has told me all—and see, see I beg, I implore, for my sake, for God's sake—(Noise, mob groans) Hear those howling men! My poor father! The shock will kill him! Have

mercy on me, as you expect mercy from the God above us!

MORLAND. This is all idle nonsense. I love you—madly, passionately, and—

ELIN. Do not say it, for it chills my very soul, I have but one love, and that is a sacred trust in the bosom of one yonder (Noise) and my heart goes out to him with all the fervor of youth and womanhood. I will give you money—all that I have on earth—everything—everything—

MORLAND. Except your heart.

ELIN. That is not mine to give. But why do I waste words with you. You have my answer. I would beg rather than to give my heart to a man who would attempt to force the love of a woman, by such cowardly methods as you employ. Sneak that you are! Would that my poor father had known you better long ago. (Noise.) Listen Morland Cranston, that is your work! (Rushes to the door. Points out.)

MORLAND. (Aside) Yes it is my work and with its full fury. I can accomplish any end that I may choose. (Enter Si.)

SI. A messenger for Miss Fontleroy.

ELIN. (Reads.) Buy Lake Erie Stock. It is sure of an advance to-day. Maxwell Gregg" Lake Erie Stocks. I will place \$40,000 in it then, win or lose. (To Si.) No answer. (Exit Si.)

MORLAND. Are you mad? Will you throw away your good credit with that of your father? Lake Erie will drop, and with it, the last vestige of hope, to pay the demands of that seething mass, yonder. (Noise.) The Stock wire opens in half an hour and for the last time, will you accept, and save the Silver Bar Mine? Shall I call your father, and tell him that you have agreed to become my wife?

ELIN. You may call him if you wish, but my answer remains the same. I shall buy the Silver Bar mine with the raise in Lake Erie Stocks. I will return in time for the opening of the market. Now, Mr. Morland, Cranston, whether I win or lose, never approach me again with the subject of matrimony or I shall horsewhip you publicly for the scoundrel that you are! (Exit Elinor.)

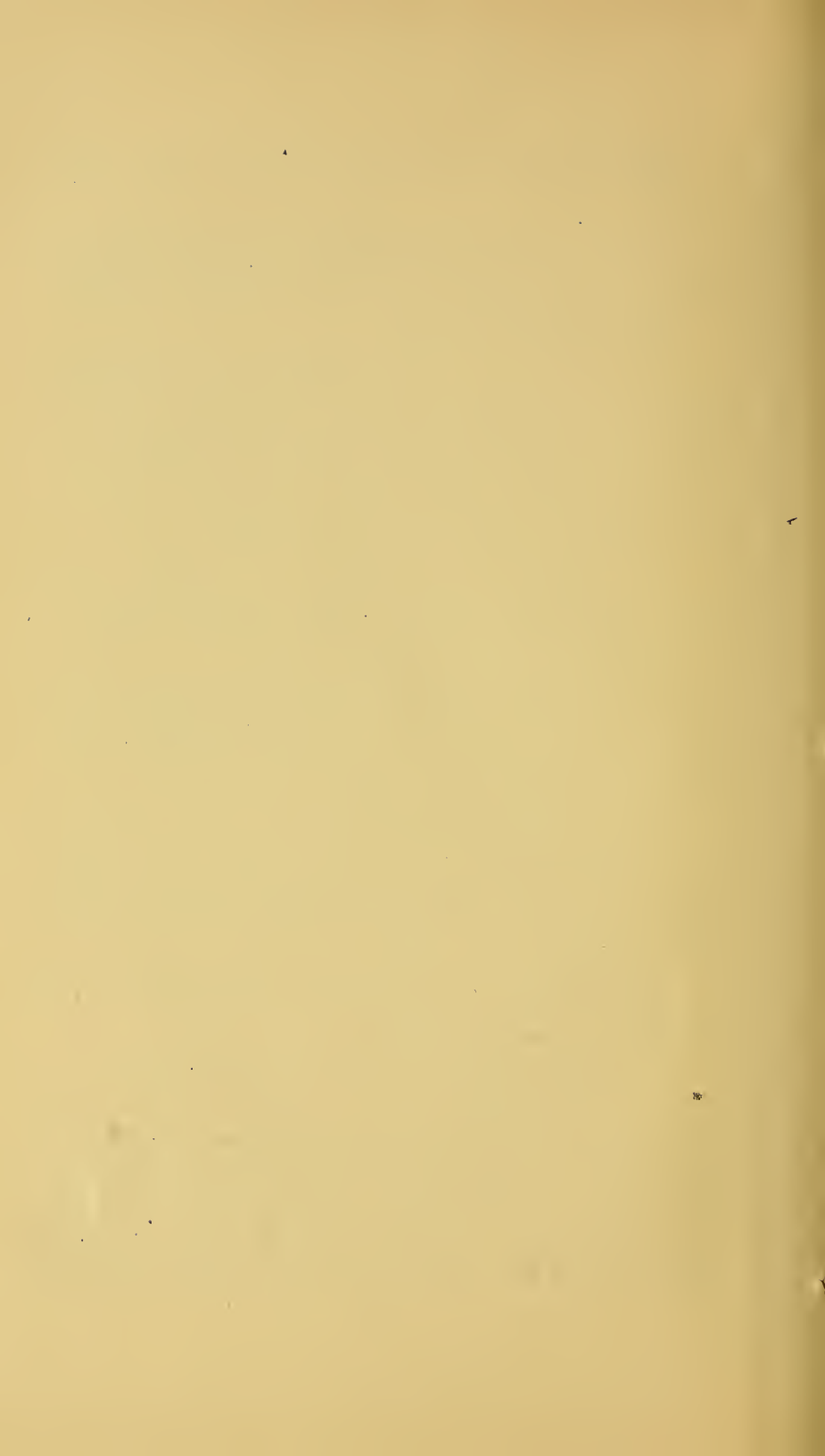
MORLAND. Win or lose. Will she win, shall I let her win? Will Lake Erie rise to-day—well not if I can help it. (Enter Si.)

SI. Message for Miss Fontleroy.

MORLAND. I will take it to her, she is in the next room.

SI. It isn't business Sir.

MORLAND. (Snatches message.) Business the devil—I am her father's partner and I will give her the message, there is no answer. Begone! (Exits Si.) (Reads message.) Stocks bulled buy Lake Erie—Maxwell Gregg. A second message, so she stands to win, this will never do. It means the loss of my game and the shattering of my cherished hopes. (Music outside.) There goes that infernal music. Ever since I kicked that blind beggar aside, every note seems to torture me as an evil



omen. His image to—his wicked visage—seems to haunt me that tune—the same my mother used to sing—the same that Donnazetta sang in her clear Italian voice years ago. When—when I—well, its all over now. Her glorious eyes burned into my soul—and set me mad with a desire to possess her, very sweet were those three years in Italy, under the azure skies—and in the glory of the sunsets—how she loved me, poor little devil, she was honest, she thought that we were honestly married. (Enter Donnazetta with tambourine dressed as Italian girl. She extends tambourine rattles it, extends it for pennies, sees Morland, drops tambourine, runs, kneels, grabs his hand, kneels, kisses it.)

DON. Ah! Deo mai—ah! Morlan! Morlan, at-a last—at-a last—I-a find-a you. (Sobs.)

MORLAND. Donnazetta!

DON. Se—se—Dennazetta—your-a wife—de-a waiting been-a so long—so long—but Donnazetta she-a pray—she-a pray-to-a de—good-a God for-a you. Datta som-a day she find-a you ah! me-o Morlan. I-a find-a you at-a last—at-a last?

MORLAND. (Looks about, aside.) Should anyone come I am lost (L. to Don.) and you love me still Donnazetta?

DON. Love-a you Mai King—se—se I love-a you, I love-a you, you could-a not help to go away—no—you could not-a help to go away?

MORLAND. No Donnazetta, I could not, you are right, I have loved you all the time, I love you yet!

DON. Ah Deo Mai—Deo Mai—(Fondles, kisses his hand.)

MORLAND. Where do you live Donnazetta—tell me so that I may come—

DON. Se—se. (Rises.) eet eez on-a de pape—(Hands him card) You-a will come—Mai Morlan—now zat I haf found-a you, you will-a come?

MORLAND. Yes. I wil come Donnazetta, this evening after business hours—I will come to see you my—my—wife!

DON. (Laughs gleefully, claps hands as a child.) Son-sa-lee-to Va veer-lo—son-sa-leeto—Va-veer-lo!

MORLAND. And the child, Donnazetta, the little girl, what of her?

DON. (Sadly.) Gone!

MORLAND. (Eagerly, gladly.) Dead?

DON. No-a thank de good-a God—she live!

MORLAND. (Disappointed) Lives where?

DON. I know-a not, de poor-a Fadd—(Father) he-a go-a blind—we-a starves—I take her to-a de—good-a sist, I puts on de pape her-a name Donnazetta—(To herself) Den-a some one-a com' and take-a her!

MORLAND. You took her to the Little Sisters of the poor and someone adopted her, is that it Donnazetta?

DON. Se—and-a now every day every hour I-a go wid-a de org—

I-a look—I-a look for-a de babe—mia heart cry out for-a my child.

MORLAND. (Aside) I'm safe enough on that score. (Aloud to Don.) Go now Donnazetta, I will see you this evening, go!

DON. So—se—I-a go—I-a go and-a wait and-a watch for-a you—
for-a you for my-a my king for-a mia Morlan! Sou sa lee—to va—veer lo-so
sa—leets—va—veer lo! (Exit Donnazetta.)

MORLAND. (Looking after her.) I will come Donnazetta—have no
fear, I will come, and you will go to your grave! (Ticker sounds, he
grabs the ribbons.) Buy—Lake Erie—Thomas W. Lawson, so Lawson is
with the Erie crowd—then she is sure to win. Elinor Fontleroy, you shall
not defy me. Donnazetta—nobody—nothing shall stand in my way. I
will humble you and your haughty pride to the dust at my feet. (Looks
at safe.) Everything she possesses lies there! (Mob yell outside.) Still
they rave—Morgan Steel has done his work well. (He goes to safe.)
Unlocked! (Mob yell.) Howl on, howl on you frenzied brutes. (He slowly
opens safe, opens satchel.) Ah! the bonds. The weekly pay roll. (Mob
yell.) Howl on, howl on, you human wolves—you'll have a real cause to
complain now!. (Fumbles in safe.) Ah! Elinor's \$40,000, mine all mine.
(Loots safe and satchel, replaces satchel in safe.) Let's see, let's see.
(Turns sees Walter's street coat upon rack.) That's it! That's it!
(Places a couple of papers in the pocket of Walter's coat.) I'd better lock
the safe which he forgot, when he gave me the lie! (Goes, locks safe.
Ticker sounds, he turns, grasps and looks at tape.) (Enter Walter.)

WALTER. Why are you skulking here like a cowardly cur while
James Brandon and my father are out there pacifying that howling mob.
You are as much a partner in this firm as father.

MORLAND. Contain yourself young sir, I fancy I know my business.

WALTER. Yes, that of coward and sneak—you may be able to
hoodwink my father, Morland Cranston, but it won't work with me!
(Walter exchanges office jacket for street coat during above speech.)

MORLAND. Indeed?

WALTER. Yes, indeed and so soon as this excitement is over, I
shall try to convince my father that I am right.

MORLAND. Do so by all means and I shall beggar you all, father
included, whenever he turns on me!

WALTER. Not while my sister has \$40,000 in this safe. (Goes to
it.) Why I left it unlocked. (Yell outside, Walter quickly slams safe
and turns combination.) We defy you Morland Cranston—I am going
now for our Broker and we shall fight our battle here! Exit Walter on a
run.)

MORLAND. It is war then—and it shall be war unto the death—
now to get rid of this swag so that it shall not betray me—to the Stock
Exchange a few moments and then back here—and old Fontleroy may take

his choice of me as a son-in-law—after I have disposed of Donnazetta, or total ruin—and I rather fancy I know which he will choose! (Exit Morland, enter Kitty leading little Mary nicely dressed, followed by Si.)

SI. Oh! Kitty, Kitty what has brought you here to see me the great broker.

KITTY. (Laughs.) You a great broker—you. (Laughs.)

SI. Yes, me the great broker—I'm broke all the time!

MARY. Where's Auntie Elinor, Kitty you said that she would be here?

KITTY. She'll be here presently Mary—go look out the window—and maybe you will see her comin'.

MARY. Oh! All right Kitty. I will, for I love Auntie Elinor so much. (Runs, looks out window.)

KITTY. (To Si.) And so she should love Miss Elinor, for adopting her from the sisters and giving her a home.

SI. That's right Kitty, I wish somebody would adopt me, you for instance—but what brought you here?

KITTY. Miss Elinor told me to bring Mary here to her.

SI. And we are alone my gentle, Juliette—we are alone—

KITTY. No we are not, Mary is here. (Points to Mary in window.)

SI. She's busy looking for Miss Elinor. I would not care if all the world were here. Kitty, oh Kitty, hear my palpitating heart, and feel my fervent words of love.

KITTY. If you really live me—really truly love me—die, and I will see that your grave is kept green.

SI. No, no, my angel Kitty—did, I swear I'll never die and leave you here, to toy with the young and susceptible affection of Abel Green.

KITTY. (To audience.) See what we poor women have to suffer.

SI. Now, when I was in the army—

KITTY. You never were in the army—

SI. I was.

KITTY. You weren't.

SI. I was.

KITTY. In what kind of an army?

SI. In the Salvation Army.

KITTY. Aw, pshaw! There is no fighting in that army. I'll never marry a man until he has proven himself a hero, by going to war and facing the cannon's mouth, (Bus) and when the enemy is advancing he must draw his sabre and charge.

SI. Charge—I've done that—I had this suit of clothes charged.

KITTY. No, charge up to the enemy, and rout them.

SI. I had some pork and beans charged at the lunch counter.

KITTY. Pigs have nothing to do with this. I mean an army.

SI. A pig could rout an army.

KITTY. No, a man is to rout an army, and then come marching home, and everyone will call him a hero.

SI. But suppose, Kitty dear, a cannon ball would gently splatter my brains upon a tree. What then?

KITTY. That would be impossible, you have no brains.

SI. But suppose, Kitty dear.

KITTY. If you should lose your head in the war, a hero, I would say, "He died bravely," and I would plant the sweetest for-get-me-nots on your grave.

SI. Kitty dear, my supporter! (Kneels.) Oh, I busted my suspender! Where, oh, where, will I find a war, so that I may give my heart's blood in my un-dying love for you?

KITTY. Go to Russia, you'll find one there.

SI. And get "Jappanned" not on your life—oh! a war, my kingdom for a war! a nice quiet—where nobody gets hurt war.

KITTY. Hear me Silas Doolittle, for here I swear!

SI. Oh, Kitty don't do it! Remember the child. (Points to Mary.)

KITTY. Unless you prove yourself a hero within the next month, I will marry Abel Green.

SI. That old bag of wind! I'll murder him! (Mysterious bus.) Sh! When you find my cold, cold corpse lying at your feet, think, oh, think, Kitty, my love, that I died for you—and in the defense of my country—a martyred hero, and when I am wading the icy river to the New Jerusalem, in my stocking feet, think, oh think, that the water is cold, and that my manly form is shattered by the schrapnel shells of the blood stained fields of battle. Will, oh will you then give me a lock of your hair?

KITTY. Yes, yes.

SI. Farewell! (On knees.) Ah, lovely creature, I leave you for a time but I will soon return. (Enter Elinor.)

MARY. (Runs to Elinor.) Auntie Elinor, Auntie Elinor, I'm so glad, so glad.

ELIN. And so am I dear. (Kisses Mary.) Wait here Kitty—I promised Mary a doll today and so told you to bring her. I had no idea of being so busy—and yet I always like to keep my word—I'll be back in just a few moments. Come Mary!

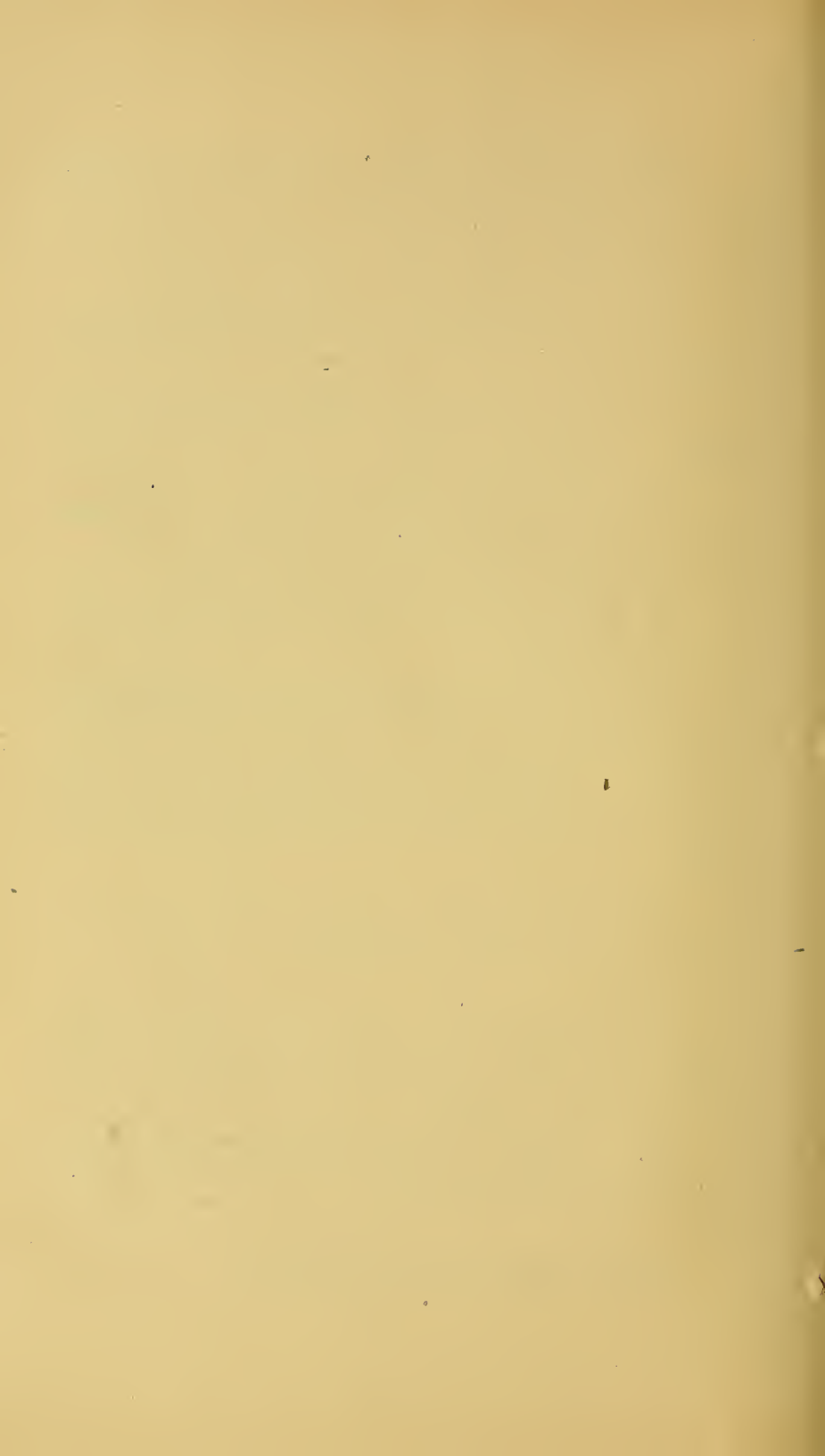
MARY. A great big dollie. What shuts her eyes Auntie Elinor?

ELIN. (Laughing.) Yes a great big dollie what shuts her eyes—come along. (Exit Elinor and Mary.)

KITTY. What was that new song you were singing last night Si?

SI. Will you love me if I sing it to you?

KITTY. I won't promise—let me hear it first.



SI. All right (Specialties for Si and Kitty.) (After specialty re-enter Elinor and Mary. Mary carries a doll.)

ELIN. Here we are Kitty, come on I'll go a ways with you.

KITTY. Yes maam Miss Elinor. (Exit Elinor and Mary.) (To Si.) Farewell, fare thee well sweet Montague. I shall "bust" with that consuming grief until I again behold you. (Exits tragically.)

SI. Oh for a war—a bloody—reeking—thundering war—I'd mount my snorting charger—and gallop up to the very mouths of the brazen cannon and slay—and slew—and slay and slit—(Makes pass as if cutting R. and L. with sword.) (Enter Morland followed by Steel. Steel is a low browed bewhiskered workingman.)

MORLAND. (To Si.) Get out you fool!

SI. Get out—you bet—(Si exits.)

MORLAND. (To Steel.) When did you say, Steel, that you could bring this strike to a crisis?

STEEL. Can't say exactly. Within two or three days.

MORLAND. How is it that things have gone against you of late? I thought it was on now.

STEEL. No, Brandon—D—n him held it off again, say what's your game anyway?

MORLAND. Oh! (Dissembling) Nothing so very big but since you have been compelled to seek labor, as a means of employment, I can throw a few dollars in your way, so you can gain your former footing. I know you are not a man who will be contented with honest employment long, and that you only use work to help you to something better. Cause this strike and a hundred is yours.

STEEL. A hundred for the job is very little and I know you do not play for stakes that are very small.

MORLAND. I really cannot stand any more. I too, have met with bad luck. Years ago in Italy, I succeeded in making a haul, but it cost me twice that to get clear of that job in Paris. I saw prison bars staring me in the face, and I could only clear myself with money, as I was in a strange land. This is easy. These workingmen will easily fall before your influence, and you can incite this strike, and get your start. It's dead easy, and you are just in the position to do the work.

STEEL. What is your object in my causing this disturbance?

MORLAND. My object is this—I, for some reason or other have fallen desperately in love with this Miss Fontleroy. Brandon this foreman, is my rival, and I am not the man to let such as he out-do me, in my infatuation, so you see, my object is not for money. Now, as a favor to a friend, who has been with you in many a job, will you help me through this?

STEEL. Cranston, you love nothing. You only imagine you do. Many a man, like you and myself, has allowed a woman to put him behind

the bars. Do not be foolish, and allow her to swamp you.

MORLAND. In this case, I shall not be outwitted by a mill-foreman. Will you do it, or not?

STEEL. Yes, I'll strike for a hundred.

MORLAND. It's yours.

STEEL. Good-day, I'll get docked by your friend, if I stay longer. (Exit Steel.)

MORLAND. Good bye, old pal. He believes me. I would be willing to pay him a thousand, but he would want more, even at that. No one here. (Seats himself.) Oh, well, there is time enough, for this is the day that marks the close of the career of Fontleroy, Wall Street has lured him too far. How are those so mighty fallen? While he is so minute in the greater details, he overlooks the lesser ones, me for instance, who am now ready to assume control while he and family fall into the background of retired and aristocratic poverty. The Silver Bar comes under my control to-day, Lake Erie may rise, but the Fontleroy's are without money. It is all mine now. (Looks at watch.) How time drags. I am so anxious to behold his proud posterity humbled to the dust, Fontleroy ruined, Walter a branded criminal, and Elinor humbled to the dust, within my power. (Enter James.) Disturbance still continues at the mill?

JAMES. I induced the men to go back to the mill and to work, they are all quiet now, until 6 o'clock, and God knows what will happen after that.

MORLAND. (Smiles) What brings you here?

JAMES. A little business of my own. (Seats himself on desk.)

MORLAND. I see you are quite at home.

JAMES. Oh, yes. I was a messenger here for 5 years.

MORLAND. It seems to me that your business is at the mills.

JAMES. My business here, is for the mills, in a kind of a round about way.

MORLAND. In what way?

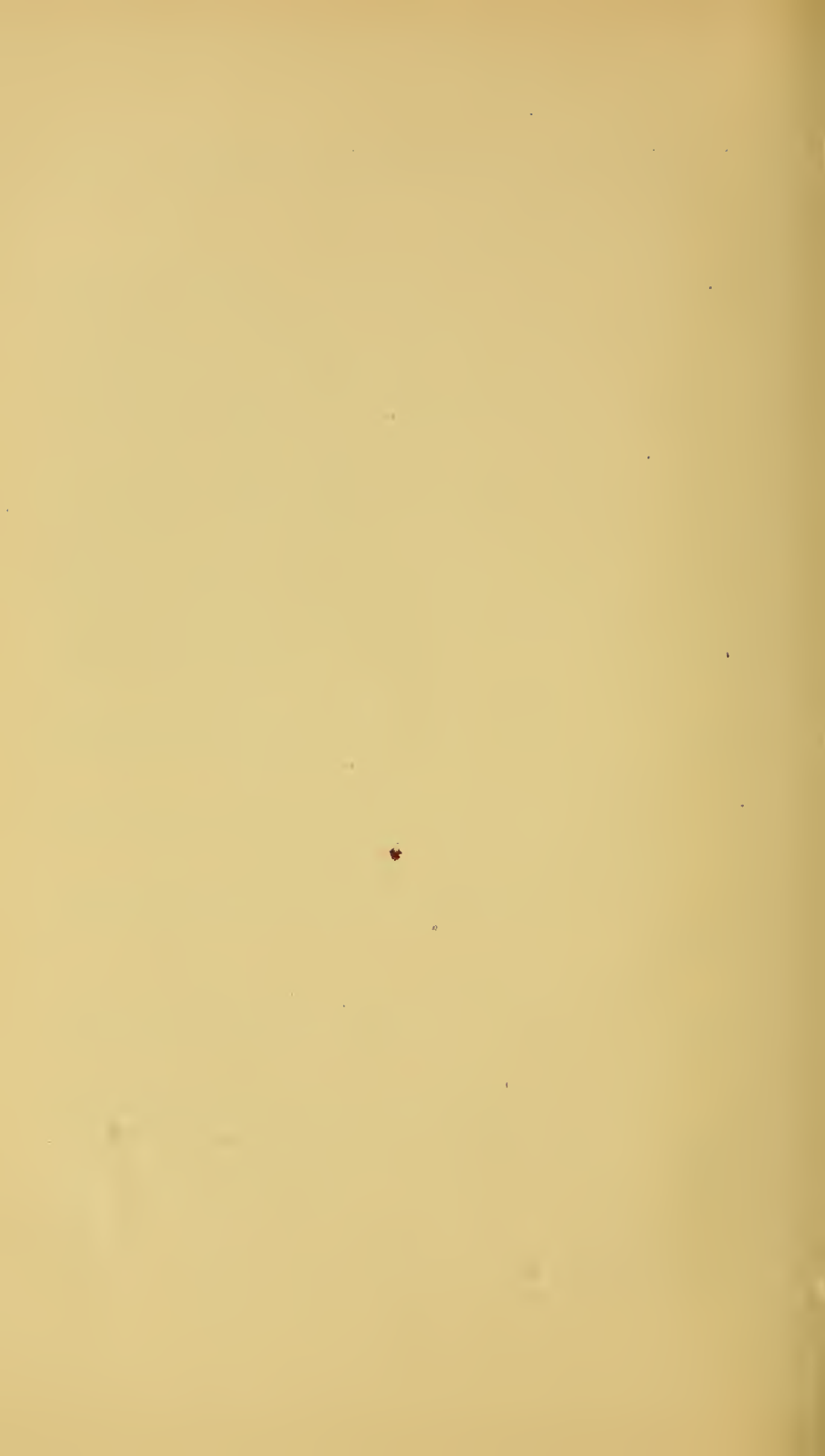
JAMES. My prescnce at the mills now only tends to excite questions for the men, that I am not expected to explain, so I came here to speculate.

MORLAND. You speculate! What have you got to speculate with?

JAMES. With very little, that's a fact, but a small speculation, in this case, promises to pay well. I sold our home not ten minutes ago, for \$1,200.00. It might make me rich. If I lose I can at least have the satisfaction of having been a speculator. (Ticker, both rush, James reaches instrument first.)

JAMES. Lake Erie! (Stops short, tears off ribbon and lights cigar from gas jet.)

MORLAND. Lake Erie. Any news from Lake Erie?



JAMES. I am sorry. I just lit my cigar with it. An old trick acquired while I smoked cigarettes.

MORLAND. Quite a trick I see. (Aside) It is a little dangerous for money to fall into his hands at this particular time. Bah! What are twelve hundred dollars on the Board of Trade, in these days of the fast old world? What leads you to speculate? (Aloud)

JAMES. Motives inspired by love. My poverty is a curse, held in the iron hand of fate. I believe that Lake Erie goes up to-day. The stocks have been held in a slump too long. They are worth more than quoted and they've got to raise.

MORLAND. Lake Erie will drop still lower today. How strange that you and Miss Fontleroy insist on Lake Erie's going up. Two hearts that beat as one, I suppose. You are both going to find yourselves missing on Lake Erie. It will drop still lower. The Fontleroy's have nothing to lose at this particular time, and you have very little.

JAMES. Well, the idea with me is this, in this speculation I am sure to win. If we both lose, she comes to my level, poverty, if I win, I step a step nearer her's, riches. I'll stake all on this single turn.

MORLAND. Queer philosophy, yours. Do you think we can avert the strike?

JAMES. I believe not, as long as you continue to hold talks with it's chief promoter.

MORLAND. (Springing up.) What do you mean?

JAMES. I mean that some one is inciting this strike, and my suspicion is in your direction. To anyone else but myself, such suspicion would be out of reason. To me, it is a settled fact. You can stop this strike.

MORLAND. How dare you make such insinuations?

JAMES. I dare because I speak the truth. You can stop this strike in the one way which is safe to the interests of the mills. Advance wages. That is all that will save Fontleroy's ruin. You know it. You refuse, and it is good evidence, that you wish his downfall. The wages are starvation. The mills can pay more, yet it refuses, and Fontleroy is so blind that he cannot see it.

MORLAND. You speak in a way that is contemptuous, because, I stand as your rival.

JAMES. I do not regard you as a rival, Morland Cranston, your favor in the eyes of Elinor is not much that I should fear you as a rival. I fear you only as a man ready for any end that will bring about your own desires. Not as a rival, for you do not stand highly enough in Miss Fontleroy's estimation. Will you raise the scale of wages?

MORLAND. No! No!

JAMES. Then to-night the men are beyond my power, and you will have your satisfaction unless I can get money to right matters for

Miss Fontleroy's sake. If I win on Lake Erie, I can do it.

MORLAND. The strike is no concern of yours. Attend to your own business.

JAMES. It is a personal concern of Miss Fontleroy's, and she will accept any aid that I shall give her, in this hour of her despair, until the disadvantage that causes the disturbance can be removed.

MORLAND. What is the disadvantage?

JAMES. You are the disadvantage.

MORLAND. (Starts) You I—!

JAMES. (Warningly) Be careful, raise the wages, if it is not the truth. (Enter Caleb Morton, a broker.)

MORTON. Why, hello James! What brings you here?

JAMES. What brings them all here?

MORTON. So, you are going to speculate my boy. Thought you'd get into it long before this. Bad business for some. What you going to buy?

JAMES. I believe in Lake Erie.

MORTON. Lake Erie is slumped. Better look out.

JAMES. How's she quoted?

MORTON. 68, $\frac{1}{4}$. Better try wheat.

JAMES. Ten shares. Protect two points. (Enter Fontleroy, broker and James dumb conversation.)

FONT. Ah, Morland, I see that you are here.

MORLAND. Oh, yes, I'm here. How do things stand in the Silver Bar Mine?

FONT. Can't hold it. I've tried to unload, as the stock has advanced so. I cannot protect it any longer. Raised three points yesterday, it's no use Morland, the only hope is in the mills. Suppose we raise the wages. We can stand it.

MORLAND. Let them strike.

FONT. But we can't stand a strike. It means ruin for me. If I could stave it off even for a week, then I might have some chance.

MORLAND. Oh! I don't believe they will strike. (Pointing to James.) You see our foreman here, speculating a little.

FONT. He should be at the mills.

MORLAND. Why not give him his time now, for the neglect of duty?

FONT. My God! Morland, it would never do. He alone holds me from ruin. (Turning to James.) James why are you here at this particular time? Why not at the mills?

JAMES. It is much better that I am away from the mills now. My presence there only incites the men to continue the excitement.

FONT. I did not think of that. There is a great deal of truth in it. (James goes back to Morton, Elinor enters.)

ELIN. My money is here father, all that I have. Buy Lake Erie. Sell and protect the Silver Bar for all it is worth—

MORLAND. (Aside) By Heaven, she talks well.

FONT. Never did I hope to live the day that I would use my child's money on the Board of Trade. (Dumb conversation with Morland in which Fontleroy appears to be much grieved.)

ELIN. Why, James, are you here? I am so glad to see you.

JAMES. I am here to speculate. I believe also that Lake Erie has got to rise. (Ticker, all rush.)

MORTON. The market's opened, gentlemen. (Writes on black-board.) "Silver Bar 186."

FONT. She goes up. I can't stand such advances much longer.

MORTON. (Writes.) "Union Pacific 98."

MORLAND. That stock holds its own well. Very little for sale. I am anxious for Lake Erie.

FONT. Greatly improved. She's got to do something soon.

MORTON. Canadian Pacific 89.

FONT. Will Lake Erie never come?

MORLAND. Silver Bar advances two points.

FONT. Great Heavens, I can't stand it that long. Will Lake Erie never come?

MORTON. Lake Erie two points down.

ALL. Lake Erie!

ELIN. Now's your time, father.

JAMES. (To broker.) Protect two points more.

MORTON. Lake Erie 86.

JAMES. Up she goes. Now is your time!

ELIN. I believe, father, now is the most favorable time. Pool all I have.

MORTON. Lake Erie goes down two points, 84.

MORLAND. Fontleroy, I tell you the stock is uncertain. It will be the most foolish investment you ever made. Buy Silver Bar and save your credit.

FONT. That is impossible. \$40,000.00 will never cover it.

MORLAND. Silver Bar preferred today, gave color to the rumor that the Northwest situation is getting near a settlement, and that a definite announcement of plans will shortly be made. Silver Bar preferred sold up to 196, and closed 194, 1/2. A net advance of 3, 1/4 points, buy what you can and save yourself!

MORTON. Silver Bar.

ALL. Silver Bar.

MORTON. 98.

JAMES. That's his advice. It would have ruined you in two minutes time.

MORTON. Lake Erie jumps 5 points.

JAMES. There you are Mr. Fontleroy.

ELIN. See what you would have made father.

MORTON. Lake Erie 89. Advance 10 points.

ALL. Ten points.

MORLAND. (Aside) It's too late for him now.

JAMES. Another jump like that, and I'll have enough for life.

ELIN. Oh, father, if you had only seen it.

FONT. I am afraid, my child, I'm afraid.

MORTON. Lake Erie drops two points.

MORLAND. Protect two points.

MORLAND. Down she goes.

JAMES. Not on your life!

MORLAND. Lake Erie 184.

JAMES. Sell. She's reached her limit, and down she goes.

MORLAND. Keep out of it Mr. Fontleroy. Ruin stares you in the face. That stock will drop.

JAMES. It is bound to rise. Now's the time. Good Heaven, Mr. Fontleroy, where is the head you possessed years ago, when I was a messenger here? Listen to Morland Cranston, and you are ruined. Buy the stock. She can't stay there. Stocks are bulled. Can't you see it? Whoever heard of Lake Erie being so low? The slump is but a manipulated one, and won't stay ten minutes. She's got to go up. The bears have got to unload.

FONT. James, please remember your position. My God! I don't know what to do.

MORLAND. Take my advice, let it alone! (Enter Walter.)

WAL. Lake Erie dropped two points. James, I told you so, she's got to go up. (Enter Silas.)

SI. Message for Mr. Fontleroy.

FONT. (Reads) "Buy Lake Erie. Maxwell Gregg & Co." I'll buy it now. Broker 20,000 shares. (Throws bag on table.) Win or lose.) (Opens bag.) Elinor! My God! you have been robbed.

ALL (Rushing up.) Robbed!

FONT. Yes, robbed.

JAMES. There must be some mistake.

ELIN. That is the sack that contained it. It was there an hour ago. Walter got it.

WAL. Is it possible?

MORLAND. Who was at the safe last?

WAL. Why I was there last. Can it be possible that—

ELIN. Can't you explain. Think for God's sake, think!

MORLAND. It's plain enough. Who else would know the combination? No one, but you!

WAL. Ah, yes, I see it now, I see it now. Ah! it was then when I told you that you lied, then my God! I forgot to turn the combination, I left it open, you remember James, you were there. I know it's you Morland Cranston, it's you who robbed my sister. (Springing on to him.) Tell me where the money is, or, by Heaven, I will strangle you. (They pull Walter away.) The bonds, the stocks, the pay roll! Oh, my God! Gone! Gone! Would you dare brand me as a thief?

MORLAND. Thief that you are, where is the bond that you accidentally dropped in my presence, and then shoved into your pocket, where is it I say?

WAL. You lie! You lie! You lie! I have no bond in my pocket. (Hastily pulls papers from pocket.) My God! Here is a bond.

MORLAND. Ah! Who is the liar now?

FONT. (Taking bond.) My son! My son! (Quick) That bond is like the others. Oh, is it to-day, in the hour of my ruin, that you rob your father and sister? And the pay roll! Gone, I can hear the fury of the strikers now, I can feel death clutching at my throat!

MORLAND. Yes, it is to-day that he betrays the trust of his old and stricken father, in this, the hour of the impending danger.

ELIN. Morland Cranston, you lie! This is no concern of yours, oh, father, there is some mistake. (Rushes to father.) Oh, father! father! there is some mistake.

FONT. There is no mistake, my child, your brother has robbed us both!

WAL. I swear by the memory of my dead mother that I am innocent!

FONT. Leave my sight, and never dare to cross the threshold you have called "Home."

ELIN. Oh! father, have mercy!

FONT. I disown you. Go mingle with the scum of the street. Sink down in the depths of crime. Never darken my door again. Go! for God's sake, go!

WAL. Give me time to prove it for I swear that I am innocent.

FONT. Not another word, lest the lie choke you, this is indeed a day of ruin and disgrace for the honored name of Fontleroy.

ELIN. Oh! Father, father, hear me!

FONT. (To Elinor.) Not another word. (To Walter.) Go I tell you, leave my sight!

WAL. I am going father, but you will live to see the day that you will regret not having given me the chance to prove my innocence and regret the day you branded one of your own a criminal!

ELIN. Oh! My God! (She faints.)

JAMES. (Catches Elinor.) Stay where you are, Walter, face the accusation, and hand in hand and heart to heart, we'll run the thief to

earth!

MORLAND. And pray whom do you think the thief?

JAMES. A man by the name of Cranston!

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

“SLAVE OF THE MILL.”

ACT II.

SCENE.—Full Stage.—Picket fence across stage, gate center, modest but pretty cottage. Exterior with porch, and steps up and down L. Porch posts are entwined with morning glories. Set tree, R. of C. Garden bench under tree. Drop showing mills in distance, rose bushes, and villages. Holly leaves, etc., along fence sun flowers, at corner of fence. R. etc., etc. At rise Kitty discovered, at gate looking off R., she has a broom, sweeps by gate.

KITTY. Si, come on, I've been waiting for you for nearly an hour. Hurry up!

SI. (Outside.) Aw! I'm a hurryin.,

KITTY. Well if that's what you call hurrying, I'd like to have you bring me bad news, for it would never get here. Throw away that five cent novel, and come on. (Enter Si, R. reading book.)

SI. This hain't none of them five cent novels, this is my guide to marriage.

KITTY. Your guide to what?

SI. My guide to marriage. It's a manual of arms.

KITTY. A manual of arms, what's that?

SI. It tells you how to drill!

KITTY. Nobody but a lunk head would need a book to tell them that, all you have to do is to get a crowbar, find a rock, and start in! (Illustrates with hands and broom, drilling motions.)

SI. Oh, not that kind of drillin'! I mean, Solgers drillin', like this. (Si grabs broome.)

Tention! Right shoulder shift, ground arms. Left shoulder shift, etc. (As Si gives command, he makes every movement, wrong, and as awkwardly as possible, and all for comedy.)

KITTY. (Laughs at him.) Oh! my Si, but you'll make a fine soldier, you will; you looked like a hay wagon in a cyclone then!

SI. It's all your fault if I did, cruel stony-hearted, girl that you are, it's be a solger and a hero, or you won't have me and if I should fail winning your fair hand in wedlock, I'd feel like ten cents worth of dog meat.

KITTY. And is that why you are studying that book, so you will know how to be a soldier and a hero to win me?

SI. To be, certainly it is, and I've studied and studied until I dream at nights of guns, cannons, swords, sabres, bombs and things, and

only last night I had an awful dream of a fierce battle, that I was in!

KITTY. Oh, did you? Tell me about it, Si; tell me about it.

SI. Well there was a battery on a hill, that was belevin' forth fire and sendin' death and destruction into our ranks, and try as we would we couldn't dislodge it. It got woose an' woose, and suddenly the general came gallopin' over to me on his snortin' charger, and he said to me, he said, Captain Doolittle!

KITTY. Captain Doolittle! Oh, was it that glorious, and did you have on gold lace and brass buttons, and a sword?

SI. (Scornfully.) To be certainly, I did.

KITTY. Oh, Si! go on, go on!

SI. The general saluted me, and said, Captain Doolittle, go take that battery, so I saluted and the general galloped off. I turned and looked at the battery, and it was woose than ever. Boom, boom fizz, bang! It was certain death to go toward it, but I called my men, drewed my sword, and—

KITTY. Yes, Si, yes, and then, and then?

SI. I run like Hell!

KITTY. So you boldly confess your disloyalty to me?

SI. Dis— —nuthin'—I barely escaped with my life.

KITTY. Escaped with your life, nothing, how absurdly you talk, you were never in danger, it was only a dream.

SI. Only a dream, when I bumped my noggin so hard against the wall runnin' in my sleep, that I knocked the plasterin' off, look at this bump on my head, do you call that only a dream?

KITTY. You'd better have kept your dreams to yourself, for I never could make up my mind to marry a coward, any way you could fix it.

SI. Coward, me a coward: I'd like to know how you figure that out?

KITTY. How dare you deny it, after what you have just told me?

SI. I do deny it most emphatically, and I can prove it.

KITTY. I'd like to know how.

SI. By quoting from Napoleon.

KITTY. And what do you know of Napoleon?

SI. I know what he said after the battle of Bull Run.

KITTY. And what was that?

SI. "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day."

KITTY. The great Napoleon said that?

SI. To be certainly he did.

KITTY. Are you sure, Silas?

SI. To be certainly, I'm sure.

KITTY. Ad right then Silas I forgive you, but where's the groceries Miss Elinor sent you for?

SI. (Suddenly.) By jing, I got to readin' this book and practisin'

under the big tree out there, and I plumb forgot!

KITTY. Forgot did you, well how would you feel if Mr. James forgot to give you your wages next Saturday night?

SI. Rotten!

KITTY. Well then, don't give him that kind of work, but cut right out and hustle to the store, for the things Miss Elinor wants.

SI. All right Kitty, I'm gone. (Commands himself, and obeys awkwardly.) Attention! Right face! File by ones. Double Quick, for'd march! (Exits at gate C. and R. Sound of organ off L. Kitty runs to gate. Looks L. Enter from cottage door L. 2 E. little Mary.)

MARY. (Runs to Kitty.) Oh! Kitty an organ, an organ!

KITTY. Yes dear and it's coming this way!

MARY. (Dances and claps her hands.) Oh, I'm so glad, I'm so glad! (Music nearer, and enter L. back of fence Danzetta and Lano, playing organ Lano. When they reach gate music stops.)

DANA. (Gazing wraptly at Mary.) Who are you my child, who are you?

MARY. I am Mary Fontleroy, and I was listening to the music. (Points to Lano.) What's the matter with the poor man can't he see?

DANA. No, no, he cann-a not-a see. He iss-a blind.

MARY. Blind, poor old man, isn't that too bad, run Kitty and look in my little bank, and you will find some pennies, I want to give them to the poor blind man.

KITTY. Bless your little heart, and so I will! (Kitty exits cottage door, L. 2 E. Every second of the time Donazetta is gazing wraptly at Mary.)

MARY. (Goes to Lano, who has set organ down, Mary takes his hand.) Come poor man, you must be tired, come and sit down.

LANO. (To family.) Datta voice, datta voice, itta sounds like-a de voice-a of-a de Danazetta, when-a she-a leettil-a babe.

DANA. (Clasping hands.) Do-a you tink-a so my-a Fadd, do-a you-a tink-a so?

LANO. De voice of-a de-a child tak-a me back to-a de Itallie! To-a de home of-a your-a childa hood.

MARY. Come on poor old man, come on and sit down. (Leads Lano to bench and seats him.) Now then, wait right there until I come back, will you?

LANO. Se-se I will-a wait!

MARY. Promise me?

LANO. Se- se- I promise-a you.

MARY. Cross your heart?

LANO. Se, I cross-a my heart-a. (Does so.)

MARY. All right, I won't be long! (Exits door cottage, Danazetta stands looking at door, hands clasped, as in a dream.)

LANO. Donazetta?

DANA. Yes, yes!

LANO. I getta vair old-a man, eh! Donazetta?

DANA. Yes, yes, vair old, vair old. (Abstractly looking at door.)

LANO. Com-a here Donazetta! (Danazetta comes to him, kneels by him.) Why-a you no getta marry, Danazetta, I lik-a de lil child-a lik-a dat to-a com-a to me, atta de night, when-a I com-a home.

DANA. (Shrinks away.) I never dare tella heem, he kill-a me, so. (Illustrates as though stabbing.)

LANO. (Turns, stares blindly.) What-a you-a say, Donazette?

DANA. (Constrained.) I-a say, I canna not leav-a you.

LANO. You-a need-a not leav-a me. I can-a liv-a wid you. I gott-a some mon, de peop-a pity de blind.

(Enter cottage door, Mary carrying glass of water.)

MARY. Here poor man, is a glass of water, you must be thirsty!

LANO. (Takes it.) Grat-a grat-a.

MARY. What did you say?

LANO. Thank you thank you. (He drinks.)

MARY. Oh, you're welcome.

(Takes glass, turns to Danazetta.)

Do you want some too?

DANA. No, no, I no-a want som, I no-a want nuttin'. (Turing aside.) I-a only want to die, to die. (She sobs. Enter cottage door, L. 2, E. Kitty.)

KITTY. (To Mary.) Here's your little bank, dearie, my but I had a time finding it!

MARY. (Takes toy bank.) Thank you, Kitty excuse me for not telling you where it was. (Opens bank, empties it, holds out handful of pennies.)

Here you are, poor man, all I have.

LANO. (Gesturing her away.) Grat-a, grat-a, I-a no want-a your pennies.

MARY. Oh! Please take them!

LANO. No, no, I no-a want-a dem.

MARY. All right then. (Mary looks at Donnazetta who is turned away, puts finger to mouth, silencing Kitty, tip toes over and puts pennies in Lano's pocket.)

LANO. (Rises.) Com' Donnazetta, we-a go, we-a go.

DON. (Comes to Lano.) Se, se, we-a go. (Looking at Mary, Donnazetta leads Lano to gate, suddenly sobs, runs, kneels, kisses the hem of Mary's dress. Rises takes Lano's hand, who has lifted organ, and they exit off R. James and Elinor enter cottage door L. 2.)

ELIN. Oh, here you are, Mary, auntie missed you.

MARY. There was a poor blind man, here and a lady who cried

and I gave him my pennies.

ELIN. (Pats Mary's head and kisses her.) And that was right, dear. (Lifts one of Mary's hands.) But oh, my, what dirty hands you have, Kitty.

KITTY. Yes, Miss Elinor.

ELINOR. Take Mary in, and wash her hands.

KITTY. Yes, Miss Elinor. Come Mary.

MARY. All right. (Xing with Kitty to steps of porch.) But if you'd been making mud pies in the back yard, you'd have dirty hands too. (Exit Kitty leading Mary cottage door L. 2. E.)

ELIN. (To James.) Must you go so soon, James?

JAMES. (Laughs.) So soon, and pray Miss Stingy, do you call this soon, why I should have been over to the mills long ago, and if you are going to keep me away so long every lunch hour, I shall have to take my luncheon in a basket, or bucket like the rest of the boys. Remember the new owners who kept me over, after the sale, don't know me very well yet!

ELIN. But there's a difference, dear, the rest of the boys are not just married and settled down, to their honeymoon in a, (Looks at it,) dear cozy delightful darling little cottage like ours.

JAMES. And you like it Elinor, this our modest little home, you who have been surrounded all your life by luxury, are you satisfied here, as a working man's wife?

ELIN. You ought to be whipped for asking me such a question. What was all the luxury, what were all the big rooms, and tapestried wall, without you in them, dear?

JAMES. (Kisses her.) God bless you Elinor, God has indeed been good to me in giving me your priceless love, in giving me such a loyal wife.

ELIN. And giving me the one man I loved in all the world, you speak of our modest surroundings. Did not you spend every dollar you had in the world, that awful day to save my father from ruin?

JAMES. (Reprovingly.) Remember our bargain, you were never to mention that!

ELIN. Poor father, it nearly killed him, when the mills were sold to strangers and, his fortune lost, besides his only son.

JAMES. Poor Walter, I wonder where the boy is? I tried my best to comfort him, but he would not stand it to have his own father think him a thief, and he took to drink, in which Morland Cranston aided him at every opportunity.

ELIN. The very mention of that scoundrel's name chills me to the heart. I wonder where he is?

JAMES. Nobody seems to know, in Europe like as not. I made it pretty warm for him, if you remember, and he skipped out. (Enter gate C. L. Gilbert Fontleroy haggard and worn. Silas enters C. R. with

baskets and exits back of house L.) (Heartily) How are you father? I'm so glad you have called. (Holds out hand.)

GIL. (Stiffly) How are you, sir. (Refusing hand walks and sits on bench, moodily.)

ELIN. (To James.) Excuse him dear, I'm so sorry.

JAMES. (Brightly.) I don't mind it at all, sweetheart. He'll come around some day, he hasn't gotten over our marriage yet. By-ble, dear, I am late. I'll leave you together. (Kisses Elin. To Gilbert.) We should be glad to have you to supper, sir, if you will stay. (Waits for answer, gets none, smiles at Elinor, throws her a kiss, exits C. R.)

ELIN. (Coming down.) Father, I think your conduct beastly, and in no way becoming a gentleman.

GIL. (Rising.) Indeed, then I presume I am to pattern my deportment after your blue blooded (Sarcastically) working man husband, am I?

ELIN. If you desire to be a gentleman, and a noble man, yes!

GIL. (Sneers.) A nobleman in overalls, and a jumper. Fine trappings for the nobility.

ELIN. His working clothes are a badge of honor, which shows that he labors for what he gets instead of breaking hearts and homes on Wall street as you were doing when you met your ruin!

GIL. That's it, that's it, throw my poverty into my face!

ELIN. I am doing nothing of the kind, in your greed for gold, you were willing to sell me, body and soul to an adventurer and a thief; I have the man I love better than my life, he is my husband, mine I tell you, until death do us part, and you even though you are my father, shall not stand there and villify him!

GIL. You dare!

ELIN. Yes, I dare, I dare defend my husband against you, and all the world. (Enter gate C. L. dissipated, broken and half drunk, Walter.)

GIL. And this is my repayment, for the luxury, I afforded you all your life. A fine pair of children I have to be sure, one a daughter who turns apostate for her insane love of a low working fellow, and the other a son, a son, and a thief.

WAL. (Coming down.) You lie. I tell you, you lie!

ELIN. Walter, Walter, my brother, at last.

(Morland enters C. L., stands listening.)

WAL. Don't touch me, Nell; don't touch me. I'm not worthy, I've been kicked and cuffed, and cursed, until I'm not fit to be touched by your hands. I am an outcast, a Parish, an evil thing, I am that honest boy, branded a thief by the lips of my own father! (Points to Gil.)

GIL. And rightfully so, for as God is to judge me, I believe you stole that money.

WAL. Be careful what you say, I have suffered the tortures of

the damned, for your having said it once, and some day when I am mad with liquor, you will say it once too often, and I will kill you for it! (Morland smiles, exits C. R.)

ELIN. Brother, Walter, what are you saying?

WAL. (Sobs.) Oh! I don't know Nell; I am nearly mad from drink, drink that I have taken to drown my sorrows, and to kill the pain at my broken heart. Oh! God, I wish that I were dead. (Sinks on bench.)

GIL. And it's a pity you are not. I'd sooner bury with my own hands, than to have found in you a thief, and to see you as you are. It would be a God's mercy if you were to die tonight.

WAL. (Rises fiercely.) But I won't, I tell you, I won't, I'm going to live, until I prove to you my innocence, and then I care not if I die the next moment. (Starts for gate.)

ELIN. Walter, brother, where are you going?

WAL. Oh, I don't know, and I don't care; somewhere, anywhere that I can hide away from the sound of that awful word, thief, thief, thief; it rings in my ears all day long, and I dream of it at night, I hear that horrid sound in the voice of my father, thief, thief, thief!

ELIN. Come back, brother, don't go away again, this is my home, come back and live with me.

WAL. No, no, I tell you I'm going to go away, away and try to forget, forget. (Sobs and exits C. R.)

GIL. (Sinks on bench.) And this, this is the end, the end of my shattered life. (Breaks.)

ELIN. (To him caressingly.) Don't feel badly father, there, I forgive you about James; Walter will come back some day, and some day you will know he is innocent; I have prayed the Heavenly Father that it may be so, and I have faith, that He will hear and answer. Come in dear, won't you, come in and lie down a while!

GIL. No, no, leave me alone please, I wish to be alone!

ELIN. Very well father, think it all over, and try to think kindly of my husband. Try to think who saved your life at the risk of his own, from that howling mob, that awful day, and who loaned you every penny he had in the world.

GIL. Leave me, pray leave me alone. (Enter C. R. Morland, he listens.)

ELIN. Very well, I hope you will feel better; I'm going out the back way to visit a sick neighbor, and take Mary and Kitty with some dainties, shall you wait until I return?

GIL. Yes, yes, leave me.

ELIN. (Lightly.) All right, father; think it over and try to stay to supper with us, and I'll make you a famous cup of coffee.

(Smiles and exits cottage door, L. 2. E.) (Gilbert's head sinks to his hands, Morland looks both ways and quietly enters gate C. R. and

comes C.)

MORLAND. (To Gil.) Quite an interesting little family discussion, my dear Fontleroy.

GIL. (Rising angrily.) So you hound, you have sneaked from your dishonest kennel and come into the light of day, to whine and bark at all who pass, have you?

MORLAND. (Coolly.) Why, my dear Fontleroy, I was never so surprised in all my life, this from you to me, who never harmed you in a single thing?

GIL. You lie, you thief!

MORLAND. (Between teeth.) Be careful, be careful, what you say.

GIL. I am weighing every syllable, sir; I have never even acknowledged it to my children, but the experts who went over our books after you had disappeared, found that you had robbed me of thousands, thousands—and again, I call you a thief.

MORLAND. And suppose for the sake of argument you are right, pray what are you going to do about it?

GIL. (Starts for gate.) Call the first officer I can see, have you arrested and sent to prison, where you belong!

MORLAND. Go right along sir, you've got to prove what you say. (Morland steps aside. Enter C. R. Donnazetta she watches.)

GIL. And I can prove it, you Judas; the books themselves tell the story. (Gilbert is about to cross Morland, when Morland throttles him, and pulling a knife stabs him to the heart. Morland drops knife, places his hand over his mouth, holds him up, whirls him slowly around and sets him on bench, propped up against tree. Exit C. R. Donnazetta, Morland looks all about, pulls handkerchief, wipes off his hands. Picks up knife, looks at it, places it stage C, walks to gate, looks up and down, returns, picks up knife, goes sits by Gilbert's body, takes out penknife, begins to carve on handle of knife, looks at Gilbert, takes his handkerchief and hangs it so as to cover Gilbert's face. Resumes carving coolly, shuts knife, puts it in his pocket, looks at big knife, critically.)

MORLAND. (Looks out R. 2. E.) Stay where you are, Steel: keep watch and warn me if anyone comes. (Looks at knife.)

W. F.—W. F. Walter Fontleroy, a splendid calling card, after his threat in her presence, to kill his father. (Lays knife stage C, goes to gate, looks R. Runs and exits R. 2. E. Enter James C. R.)

JAMES. (At gate.) I wonder where Elinor is, the idea of my going to the mills and forgetting the key to my tool box, won't she laugh at me, when I get in there! (He does not notice Gilbert, laughs, and exits cottage door L. 2. E. Enter staggering C. R. Walter, he staggers C, sees Gilbert.)

WAL. He's asleep, poor old dad, asleep, see here dad. I'm sorry I am, that I talked the way I did a while ago; I was thinking it all over,

down there and I was mad, but then I thought of mother, and how you used to bring us, Nell and me, our Christmas toys, and I turned around and came back, I'll own up dad. I stopped and had a couple of drinks, but I'm going to stay here with Nell, and straighten up, honest I will this time, no foolin'—forgive me, dad, won't you?

(Stands waving unsteadily back and forth looking at Gilbert.) Come on now, you've got to forgive me anyway, come on, we'll go in the house and tell Nell. ¹Enter door cottage L. 2. James and Elinor. Walter grabs Gilbert, lifts him, turns C. and both fall, Walter on top. Enter R. 2. E. Morland with officer.)

ELIN. Walter, Walter, what is wrong, and what's the matter with father? (Walter only stares dumbly at Gilbert.) (Enter C. R. and listens Donnazetta.)

MORLAND. (Lifting hat.) I'm very sorry to tell you that your brother just stabbed him to death.

JAMES. Morland Cranston, you lie!

MORLAND. Why see, officer, there lies the knife with which the deed was done. (Picks it up.) See here, are the initials on the handle, W. F. Walter Fontleroy, and his sister heard him threaten his father's life today. Ask her if that is the truth?

OFFICER. (Props.) Is this true mam?

Elinor sobs and falls into James' arms.

MORLAND. Do your duty, officer and arrest the murderer!

(Officer places hand on Walter's shoulder, who is still staring at Gilbert.)

JAMES. I'd stake my soul, officer, that you've got the wrong man, you'd better take him! (Points at Morland.)

MORLAND. (Points to Walker.) No, he is the guilty man, I'll swear I saw him do it. (Officer placing hand back on Walter, enters cottage door Mary, and stands looking.)

OFFICER. You'll have to come with me!

WAL. (Suddenly breaks.) Father, my poor old father, and he's dead, he's dead. (Sobs, his head sinks to Gilbert's breast. Morland starts for gate, meets face to face Donnazetta who has entered, Donnazetta looks at him, crosses herself with sign of the cross, sinks to knees.)

DON. And-a diss is-a de fadder of my child!

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

"A SLAVE OF THE MILL."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Exterior of mill at night. Drop in one showing buildings and tall stacks. Smoke and flames issuing from them, etc.

Enter Kitty R. I. E., followed by Si; Si is covered almost entirely with great coat. Kitty carries lunch basket.

KITTY. Now then, Si; what's your secret?

SI. Well can't you wait a minute 'till I catch me breath?

KITTY. Don't you know better than to ask a woman to wait after you have mentioned the telling of a secret to her? Go on, Si. Tell me what it is; that's a good boy—what is it?

SI. (Mysteriously.) Oh! I've proved it. I've proved it!!

KITTY. Proved what, Si?

SI. Proved my love for you, Kitty. (Struts proudly.) I've gone and done it, Kitty. I've gone and done it!!

KITTY. Gone and done what, Si—are you going to tell me or do you want me to stand here and drop dead with curiosity?

SI. Guess what it is?

KITTY. See here, Si Doolittle. I wouldn't marry you if you were crusted with diamonds and made of solid gold. You've got a streak of cruelty in you that would make any woman's life who was fool enough to marry you a living hell. So keep your old secret and attend strictly to your own business and I'll attend to mine!!

SI. (Loftily.) Oh! You don't mean that, not a word of it. (Struts.) I have been too loyal—too gallant—I've gone and done it and I have you cinched. Kitty—you are now and henceforth my very own kitten!!

KITTY. (Grabs Si, shakes him.) Yes, and a kitten who will scratch your eyes out if you don't tell me this instant what you mean—we women—can stand almost anything, but in this case patience has ceased to be a virtue and you'll tell me or I'll shake you until your teeth fall out!! (Shakes him.)

SI. Let me loose. Kitty, let me loose and I'll tell you.

KITTY. (Loosens him.) Well, what is it? What is it?

SI. (Strikes pose.) Kitty, I've joined the army!!

KITTY. (Admiringly.) Si—you don't mean it.

SI. (Loftily.) Oh! But I do!!

KITTY. Joined the army—for love of me.

SI. That's just what. Kitty, that's just what.

KITTY. (Delighted.) Oh! Silas. How noble—how—loyal—how perfectly lovely you are—now that's something like—and when do you get your uniform?

SI. (Posing.) Got it on now, underneath this coat.

KITTY. (Drawing in breath admiringly.) No! You don't mean it, Si?

SI. (Loftily.) Oh, but I do.

KITTY. Do you really?

KITTY. And—and may I see it?

SI. To be certainly I do.

SI. I suppose you're satisfied now that I love you.

KITTY. May be so—I won't tell you until I see your uniform.

SI. (Loftily.) You'd have none but a brave man Kitty—is that right?

KITTY. Certainly it's right, if a girl can't pick the kind of a man she wants for a husband, she's in a bad fix indeed.

SI. Could a man do more to convince a woman than to join the army?

KITTY. Not much Si.

SI. Well, I guess not much—think of the risk a man runs—may be have to go right up and face the cannon's mouth or fight hand to hand with swords or face to face with the enemy—and use the butt of his musket to save his life at short range—range—

KITTY. That's so Si and you have done all of this for me?

SI. To be certainly—I have—I'm not afraid.

KITTY. But the uniform, Si dear, I'm just dying to see it.

SI. Well turn your back and I will show it to you—but wait until I count three before you look—I don't want to shock you too sudden—you know.

KITTY. All right Si, but hurry.

SI. Now wait!! (Reaches under coat and slaps on a cap whips off coat.) One—two—three—look!! (Si stands in full uniform of Salvation army. Si. poses.) (Kitty holds her sides and shrieks with laughter.) What you gigglin' at?

KITTY. (Pretends to cry) I'm not giggling—I—I—I'm crying.

SI. Well what you cryin' about?

KITTY. (Sniffing) Oh! The dangers—those awful—awful dangers you will have to face—those cannons. The fierce enemy—the clubbed muskets—(laughs holding her sides) In the Salvation Army.

SI. And don't you love me? Hain't you goin' to marry me?

KITTY. No sir. I told you a while ago that I wouldn't marry you, if you were gold—and I won't.

SI. But I'm not gold Kitty.

KITTY. Oh yes you are. You're a gold brick!!

SI. A gold brick?

KITTY. Yes, but don't you take me for a hay seed—there's nothing doing Si. There's nothing doing. (Scornfully) Joined the army, indeed—go back to the army—shoulder arms, pick up your tambourine or your base drum, and charge!! Silas charge!! (Laughs and exits L.L.E.)

SI. Kitty, Kitty come back, come back!! Don't leave me here alone in the dark!! (Runs and exits L. I. E. calling) Kitty!! Kitty!! (Until lost in the distance) Enter R. I. L. Morland followed by Donnazetta.)

MOR. I won't have it Donnazetta, you may as well know it once for all, I will not have you following me about like a spy.

DON. Is-a itta a wrong for-a wife to follow-a her husband—Morlan—you-a promise-a me to come—but you never-a do-a datt Morlan. You-a never-a come!!

MOR. Donnazetta you must understand that I have other things to do than to dance attendance upon you.

DON. But-a you never-a com—Morlan—you never-a com.

MOR. Oh! For Heavens sake don't whine, don't whine—it annoys me!

DON. Butta I love-a you Morland—you-a are-a de fadder of my-a child.

MOR. (Crossly) Oh! I know that without being reminded of it every moment in the day.

DON. Denna why don't-a you letta me tell-a my Fadd: you will-a do dat Morlan?

MOR. No I'll not "letta" you do anything of the kind, and you'd better not tell him anything about us, unless you want him to kill you!!

DON. My-a Fadd he no-a kill me for-a datt I marry you.

MOR. You might as well know it now as any other time, you are not my wife and never were.

DON. Notta your wife-a Morlan. Why-a you joke—de good-a Priest in-a de Itallie—

MOR. Was a friend of mine disguised—we were never married. I tell you so, now cease annoying me. Go your way hereafter and I will go mine. (Don stands staring at Mor like a stricken soul but utters no sound.) Well!! What are you staring at? Don't be a fool—but go away and don't annoy me—I have business to attend to. (He starts for L. 1 E.)

DON. Morlan! Morlan

MOR. (Stops) Don't annoy me I say I'm done with you forever—so be gone!! (Starts L)

DON. Wait Morlan Cranston—you-a are walk—to your death.

MOR. (Turns quickly) What's that?

DON. I-a see-a you kill-a de old-a man!!

MOR. (Between his teeth.) What did you say?

DON. I-a see-a you kill-a de old-a man!! Den—cutta de knife—De-a name—on-a de knife—(Pleading) Yon not-a leave-a me lik-a datt Morlan. You-a not-a leav-a de Donnazetta—for-a datt her heart-a shall break!!—I-a no-a tell-a anyone—I-a no-a tell—you-a de Fadder of-a my child.

MOR. Forgive me Donnazetta for being cross a while back. I have an important business on hand to-night and take my word for it dear—trust me just one more time and I will come to you Donnazetta—keep my secret and I'll marry you fair and square—will yo do it?

DON. De-a woman she-a die for-a de man—she-a love Morlan.

MOR. Then go back home and leave me for tonight. I will do

right by you—and if I don't you may go to the police and tell them all you know, see Domazetta you hold my life in your keeping, so you can trust me.

DON. I-a go Morlan. I-a go and-a wait I-a wait for-a you, for-a you, for-a de man I-a love!! (Exit Don R. I. E.)

MOR. (Looks after her) So my Italian beauty—I was walking to my death was I—and you are walking to yours—go right along loving me—my dearest and one of these nights your dead body will be found floating in the river, you and your brat together—for if you do not know that Mary adopted by Elinor Brandon and our precious daughter are one and the same I do and so would you if you only had sense enough to go to the Little Sisters of the Poor and find out—go on loving me I say—and your precious love will be the death of you. (Dog howl in distance L. Enter L. I. E. Steel. He looks behind him fearfully and is frightened. Steel is doubled by Gilbert.) Well here you are—and what's the matter with you? You're trembling like a leaf.

STEEL. There's no use talkin' pard—we'd better eall to-night's work off and that's all there is to it.

MOR. Call it off after we have it all planned out and why?

STEEL. Didn't you here that dog howl out there just now?

MOR. Morgan Steel you are a superstitious ass—and that's all there is to it!!

STEEL. Well mebbe I am and mebbe I'm not, but I tell you I believe in signs

MOR. What signs?

STEEL. Plenty of them. I passed a cross-eyed nigger down by the railroad track and that in itself is enough to Hoodoo a man for a month, let alone the rest.

MOR. What rest?

STEEL. I was blocked by a frieght 'train down at the crossin' and when it stopped the number of the car opposite me No. 13,113 was staring me in the face.

MOR. Well, what of it?

STEEL. A howling dog—a cross eyed nigger and 13,113 all in one night and you've got the nerve to stand up there and ask me what of it. I tell you Cranston we'd better eall the deal off for to-night or we'll get the worst of it just as sure as fate!

MOR. See here Steel I'm beginning to think you're a coward a d——d sneaking coward.

STEEL. (Fiercely) Who says I'm a coward, don't you do it—or I'll show you quek!

MOR. Well let it go at that—but listen a moment to me—

STEEL. Well go on!!

MOR. We stand here this minute with long teecs in prison staving

us in the face—as I am guilty of—well—we both know of what we are guilty. Jim Brandon has devoted every spare moment to tracing our crimes to us—is that correct?

STEEL. You know it is—why ask idle questions?

MOR. He is our bitter implacable enemy—and will never stop until he has us landed.

STEEL. Well?

MOR. By the best of luck he has been placed at the head of the night shift—and at a certain hour—is virtually alone in the mills for when the rest of the men take their midnight lunch and go to Sasey's saloon to eat it and take their half hour off he will not leave the plant.

STEEL. Well, I know all of that,—tell me something new.

MOR. I simply wanted to remind you—that these being the facts—we can put him out of the way—and make it appear as an accident.

STEEL. An accident how?

MOR. You know that they are to have a run of pig iron to-night.

STEEL. Well?

MOR. What is easier than for you to refuse to go to work—me to disguise as one of the men, knock him in the head and by opening the cupola door—let the melted iron run over his cursed body and fry him to death: we escape—the other men return and he is found **accidentally** dead!

STEEL. Accidentally? Oh! That's different—Fade away—Howling dog—back to the woods, cross eyed nigger—to the Round House for your car 13.113. I am your mutton Mister Cranston—will you join me in a snifter before you don your working clothes?

MOR. Thank you, I don't care if I do.

STEEL. Then come right along and we'll sample Casey's best!

MOR. Thank you Morgan, you are very kind. (Exit Mor. and Steel l. 1 E.) (DARK CHANGE.)

SCENE 2:—Fly the drop in one. Lights up and discover interior of foundry thus: Boxed—Large double doors at R. 2 E. small half sized—as to height door at L. 3 E. up stage C. a cupola—large made to imitate iron and riveted on top of this large red glow shown and effect as of heat assisted by stereopticon to produce effect as though cupola was open at top and filled with boiling iron—Large firebox under cupola to contain glow as if containing fire—about six inches from bottom of cupola an oval door with latch as to open and discharge the melted iron—almost black floor cloth on stage and some piles of moulders' sand shovels model frames etc. Men in red flannel shirts, overalls, etc.—all busy working at rise, James with them as foreman. The scene is semi-dark and there are frequent flashes of fire from top of cupola and at fire box when opened and furnaces left. Flat entire left represents two immense furnaces with large riveted iron doors to open and show glows of heat. An original

scene to the stage so far as the recollection of the writer goes.

At change enter Si and Kitty. Double doors R. 2 E.

SI. Say not so Kitty my Kit—I mean my Cat.

KITTY. How dare you call me a cat. Now that does settle it.

SI. I didn't mean it Katty, I mean Kit— Kitty, I mean Katty— oh! you've got me so rattled that I don't know my own name, let alone yours.

KITTY. Don't you ever speak to me again Silas Doolittle, go back to the Salvation Army and save your life, for if you bother me any more I'll scratch you to death, me a cat indeed.

JAMES. (Who has been working, comes to them.) Here, here what's this all about?

(Together) KITTY. Why he—

SI. Why she—

(Together) KITTY. Why Si—

SI. Why Kitty—

JAMES. (Laughs) Here, here one at a time—now Kitty you tell me.

KITTY. There's nothing to tell—I'm forever done with him that's all.

SI. Hear that Mister Brandon—I am doomed.

KITTY. (Handing lunch basket to James) Here's your lunch Mr. Brandon and I'm going back home.

JAMES. Had Mrs. Brandon returned before you left Kitty?

KITTY. No sir, not yet!!

SI. (To Kitty) Kitty, can't I see you home?

KITTY. No sir! The idea of wanting to see me home and all your enemies to see you in full uniform and to begin firing those muskets, cannons, batteries and dynamite bombs at you—expose my life by being seen with so brave a soldier as you are, well I guess not!! (Laughs, and exits double doors R. 2 E.)

SI. Oh! Kitty, Kitty don't leave me behind with a bubbling blistering breaking heart. Wait Kitty, Wait!! (Exits double doors R. 2 E. James looks after them and laughs.)

JAMES. Poor Silas, your course of true love is rough indeed. (Workmen every now and then open doors and show glows and shovel coal etc. etc. Enter doors R. 2 E. Elinor and Mary, Elinor in mourning.) Elinor my wife, what are you doing here?

ELINOR. Our train was late dear—and as it was on the way home I thought I'd drop in to see you for a few moments. I could not wait to see you, my heart is full to bursting. (Sobs.)

JAMES. (Embraces her) Yes! Yes! Sweetheart I know— I know, and how was he, how was Walter?

ELINOR. Hopeless, hopeless, James, hopeless and heartbroken, the



lawyer you engaged to defend him called to see him to-day and told him it was only fair to warn him that he was in a dangerous fix and to prepare for the worst, that he felt certain that he must be convicted.

JAMES. Poor Walter, poor boy, it is indeed awful and although I have devoted every spare moment to trying to discover the slightest clue to his innocence I have failed, ignominiously failed.

ELINOR. And I am helpless, helpless. I asked the lawyer to-day and he told me that as the District Attorney had subpoenaed me that I would be compelled to testify under oath that I heard Walter threaten to kill Father, think of it James think of it my God isn't it awful that I must help to swear away the life of my only brother? I shall go mad, I know I shall.

JAMES. You must not go on like that Elinor, you will bring yourself to illness. Be brave little wife be brave, I had a praying mother, Elinor, an old fashioned mother who is resting now on the very steps of God's big white throne, she prayed and believed, and I have been praying and believing, that Almighty God in his mercy would make me the means of proving Walter innocent, and I believe He's going to do it. (Mary who has been wandering around looking at the men work comes down.)

MARY. Oh! Uncle Jim, Uncle Jim, Auntie took me to see Uncle Walter and he's in a big cage—what is he there for Uncle Jim?

JAMES. There—there dear—run along and look at the men at their work!!

MARY. All right, Uncle Jim. (Goes and in childish chant swinging her arms) Funny Uncle Walter locked in a cage. Funny Uncle Walter locked in a c a g e. (Wanders about.)

ELINOR. I cannot, cannot stand it James to testify against my brother, oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?

JAMES. (Looks about) Listen Elinor before you shall undergo such an ordeal I shall send you secretly away somewhere.

ELINOR. But isn't that against the law dear, since I have been subpoenaed.

JAMES. Yes it is against the law, but what is all the law in the world compared to your life and I believe it would kill you to go on the stand and help murder your brother!!

ELINOR. Murder him?

JAMES. Yes, murder him. I tell you the execution of men and women by the law is murder, cold blooded deliberate murder—the human being who kills his fellow man does it in anger or nine times out of ten when maddened by whiskey, he at least has the excuse of temporary insanity, but the stern, cruel Judge—that Human Hyena of a District Attorney who works coldly, deliberately and ceaselessly to condemn the prisoner, those twelve men who constitute a jury, when they conspire under the guise of that thing called law to condemn a fellow human, and do it

deliberately, they are murderers, cold blooded, deliberate murderers, and if there is a hell they will go to it and be the first to meet the victim they have sent on before them.

ELINOR. James, James!!

JAMES. I tell you I am right Elinor. God alone can give life and God alone has a right to take it away!! If you want to punish a man for taking human life, lock him up until he dies—and there he can do no further harm.

ELINOR. But they won't do that with Walter, husband, they will send him to that awful, awful chair and strap him in and kill him—they will kill him, I tell you they will kill my brother!!

JAMES. Elinor!! Elinor!! I cannot allow you to go on like this, stop it, stop instantly. (Embraces her) There, there dear heart. Be calm, be calm, for before Walter shall die such a death I will get him the means to cheat them.

ELINOR. But why must he die at all. He is innocent I tell you, he is innocent I know it. I can feel it here in my poor breaking heart. (Sobs.)

JAMES. There, there Elinor, don't despair, don't despair—some way or other I have hope, I have hope that all will be well, come Elinor let me take you part of the way home—I cannot go all of the way—so take this dear, so that if anyone molests you, you can defend yourself. (Hands her a pistol.) Come dear out the little door, we'll take the short cut. Hurry home dear and take a quieting powder, there are some of those the doctor prescribed left. And lie down and rest yourself.

ELINOR. Yes, yes, I am tired, very very tired.

JAMES. Come Mary, we're going home.

MARY. All right Uncle Jim—and when is Uncle Walter coming—do you know?

JAMES. Some day Mary—some day. (They are at small door L. 3 E.)

ELINOR. And pray Heaven you are right, my husband, and that Walter will come home—some day, some day—for if he does not, I am afraid that I'll go with him!! (Exit Elinor, Mary and James small door L. 3 E. Enter doors R. 2 E. Mor. and Steel, Mor disguised as workingman.)

MOR. There they go, it's nearly midnight the men will knock off in a minute for their half hour and then's our chance—He's only going part of the way, I stood out there near the door and heard him say so.

STEEL. Say Pardner hain't dere no odder way. I chucked 13 with the dice down there twice hand runnin'.

MOR. No, there's no other **sure** way, haven't I told you that Donnazetta saw me do it and that that kid is hers and mine and that Elinor Brandon has raised her and cared for her, and if Donnazetta ever learns the truth about the kid she'd give me away out of gratitude to them to

a certainty. A woman's love for her husband is one thing, but a mother's love for her child is quite another—Jim Brandon will hound us to the chair if he lives, and once dead, I'll soon bring Elinor to terms. I haven't given up in that direction yet. So you see there's no other way. (Whistle blows out R. Men drop tools and all exit doors R. 2 E.) Get up there each of us on one side of the door—and the moment he enters knock him senseless and then—

JAMES. (Out small door) All right, Brannigan, I'll attend to it! (Mor and Steel run, one gets one side of small door the other on the other side. James enters small door L. 3 E. Steel strikes him over the head, James staggers turns.) Morland Cranston—(Mor hits him on head, so does Steel. James groans and falls.)

MOR. (Laughs) Well done Steel, now then hurry before any of them return—help me carry him over to the cupola. (Steel draws knife raises it over James.)

STEEL. Why not settle him with this, it's quicker!!

MOR. No! No! You fool do as I tell you, I want it to appear an accident.

STEEL. Oh, all right, but hurry, someone might come. (Mor bending taking James' head and shoulders)

MOR. Come on make haste. (Steel takes James' feet and legs and they carry him and lay him in front of the cupola.) That's it, now to open this door—and the melted iron will cook him to a cinder. He came here to open the door, accidentally slipped and fell and met his death, too bad wasn't it Steel. He was such a nice fellow. (Laughs.) (Puts hand to latch of door.) Now then Jim Brandon your time has come!!

(Mor is about to open the door, enter small door L. 3 E. Elinor, she levels pistol on Morland and Steel.)

EL. Move a muscle either one of you and I'll kill you where you stand!!! (Steel starts for Elinor. Enter door L. 3 E. Si and Kitty, they level pistols on Steel and Morland. Enter double doors R. 2 E. two work- ingmen.) PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

SECOND CURTAIN: Morland and Steel off stage, James and Elinor centre, Elinor holding James head in her lap, Si and Kitty back of Elinor. Group of workmen looking at Elinor and James. PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

A SLAVE OF THE MILL.

ACT. IV.

SCENE:—Night. Interior and exterior cottage 3-4 across stage door at R. 2 E. of cottage opens to yard. Door at L. 2 E. of cottage inside window in flat C. neatly and nicely furnished, table and chairs R. & L. L. of C. with lamp lighted, rocker R. of C. cottage small chairs about ad lib. etc. etc. Picket fence shows across stage at R. back

of cottage wood wings R. picket fence runs up and down stage R. with gate at R. 2 E. At rise Kitty discovered.

KITTY. (Sings) "In days of old when knights were bold
And barons held their sway
A warrior bold all dressed in gold
Sang merrily his lay

My love was young and fair,
My love hath golden hair
So what care I though death be nigh
For love I live and die,
So what care I though death be nigh
For love I live and——die!!

(Enter Si door L. 2 E. wears medal.)

My love was young and fair
Red as a rose his hair.

Si. (Loftily) Oh! is that you Kitty—what are you doing—sing-
ing?

KITTY. It didn't sound as if I was crying did it Silas?

Si. Silas, Silas—who is that? You mean Mr. Doolittle don't you?

KITTY. Oh! yes I forgot Mister Doolittle.

Si. Well I should say: Mister Doolittle sounds very much better coming from a little girl like you. (Sits down and yawns.) Excuse me from further conversation now won't you. I am rather enuied with the day—and the constant congratulations of my friends. Really it's a bore—a confounded bore to be a hero one scracely gets time to attend to one's own business. for such a mob of people insist upon shaking one's hand really, Miss—Miss—what's your name—oh, yes Kitty—Really Kitty—my right hand and wrist are positively sore tonight—down at the corner the crowd positively blocked the crossing, gapping at me as I passed.

KITTY. (Looking at him in dumb admiration.) Oh! Tell me all about it again Silas—I mean Mr. Doolittle; won't you—that is if you please?

Si. (Airily.) Oh! It was scarcely—worth mentioning—really—the child fell into the water and—(Loftily clears throat)—I just jumped in and swam to shore with her. (Quickly.) Just like that—that's all.

KITTY. And they gave you a medal—oh! Just think of it Si—I mean Mr. Doolittle—a medal for being a hero and saving a life. Oh, my, wouldn't the lady who marries you be proud to have that medal framed and hang in her parlor in a red velvet frame? (Looks livingly at the medal.)

Si. (Loftily yawns.) Oh! I dare say. I dare say, she would—but I should say it will be quite a "numbah of yeahs" before I marry.

KITTY. (Shyly.) Oh! Why, Si—I mean Mr. Doolittle—

Si. (Airily.) Oh! Because since this slight incident in my career

there are such a numbah of girls—offering that it will really consume some considerable time for me to “chuse” between them.

KITTY. (Shyly.) I don’t wish to appear forward Si—I mean Mr. Doolittle, but I always kind of thought that you—sort of—kind of thought pretty well of me.

SI. (Yawns.) Did you? How very odd. (Property man made up for a sailor sticks his head in window in flat.)

SAILOR. Hey mate!!

SI. (Shakes and trembles) Who—who’s that?

SAILOR. It’s me and if you don’t fork over that medal I got for savin’ that child and what you hired off’n me, I’ll come in there and shiver your timbers!!

SI. (Trembling—trying to unpin medal, but shakes so he can’t.) All right, good Mr. Sailor, I’ll give it back to you—in—in—just wait a minute.

SAILOR. (To Kitty.) I begs pardon, Miss, but he hired my medal for one day and has kept it two en—I was gettin’ nervous about it.

(To Si.) Hurry up thar, you Pirate, or I’ll send a broadside into you that’ll send you to Davy Joneses locker.

SI. (Loosens medal.) He—he—here it is—(Walks knees knocking together to window and hands medal to sailor.)

SAILOR. Next time I meet you outside I’m goin’ to ram your bowsprit into flinters and don’t you forget it!! (Exit at window sailor.) (Si collapses Kitty convulsed. Points to Si.)

KITTY. Gaze—gaze upon the hero—whose hand is sore from receiving congratulations—Oh, farewell—hero—a long—a fond—a lasting fare—the—well. (Loftily imitating.) Oh! The child fell in and I just jumped in and swam to the shore. (Quickly.) Just like that—that’s all. (Kitty laughs tauntingly and exits door L. 2. E.)

SI. (Stands looking after her.) I’ll bet a horse that my name is mud, she’ll never forgive me never!! But from out the stygian darkness of this me hour of defeat there comes one consolation in that I’d rather be a live coward than a dead hero. (Exit Si door R. 2. E. into yard and out gate R. 2. E.)

(Enter L. 2. E. door inside Mary and Elinor.)

(Elinor sits at table, Mary kneels beside her.)

MARY. And won’t he be back tonight, Auntie?

ELINOR. I don’t know, dearie—Uncle James has gone to look for those bad men who tried to kill him, and to see if he can find out anything to help poor Uncle Walter.

MARY. And do you think he will, Auntie Elinor.

ELINOR. Oh! I don’t know my darling—I only know that this suspense is killing me and that my heart is breaking slowly—breaking hour by hour.

MARY. Then why don't you turn to Him, Auntie?

ELINOR. Turn to who, darling?

MARY. Don't you know, dear; Him you read to me about from the Big Book—don't you remember what is said in that book?

ELINOR. (Absently.) No darling, Auntie don't remember what you mean.

MARY. I mean where it says—that which you taught me so that I know it by heart.

ELINOR. And what was that, Mary?

MARY. "And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

ELINOR. How am I reminded to have faith in my prayers by the lips of a little child—it seems like a benediction from the steps of the throne. You are right, Mary, I shall pray again and again as I have been praying and I shall have faith.

MARY. (Yawns.) I'm sleepy, Auntie—

ELINOR. Yes, It's time for you to go to bed—come say your prayers.

MARY. (Kneels, clasps hands.) All right Auntie—now I lay me—
(Enter gate R. 2. E. with bloody forehead Donnazetta, she knocks on door R. 2. E. to house.)

DON. Help-a—help-a for-a da pity of Heaven help-a. (Elinor runs to door opens it, enter Donnazetta in terror.) Lock-a de door—quick—quick! !

ELINOR. (Locks door.) What's wrong, poor girl—and how were you hurt? (Calls.) Kitty, Kitty, come quickly.

DON. Ett-a was-a heem—ze man I lov-a ett was-a Morlan Cranston.

ELINOR. Morland Cranston.

DON. Se—se—he chok-a me—he—strike-a me in-a de dark. I-a fall he tink-a I been dead. He-a kick-a me wid his-a foot—and-a laugh-a at me—(Sobs.) And-a I lov-a him so—I lov-a him so. (Enter Kitty L. 2. E. door.)

ELINOR. Bring some warm water and a towel, Kitty, as quick as you can.

KITTY. Yes, Miss Elinor. (She exits to L. 2. E.)

ELINOR. Morland Cranston—where is he?

DON. Out-a dere—in-a de dark—sam-a place—he-a hide.

ELINOR. And I am here virtually alone—it is dangerous—dangerous. He tried to kill my husband only a few nights ago in the mill.

DON. He-a—is-a a fiend-a—

ELINOR. Yes, a fiend without mercy. (Enter door L. 2. E. with bowl of water and towel Kitty.) (Elinor bathes Don's wound and wipes it.) There now, you will soon feel better—and he shall not harm you—we are

here alone but thank Heaven my husband left me his revolver—and—
(Opens table drawer, takes it out, lays it on table.) I have it here, and
if Morland Cranston dares to molest us I will kill him without mercy!!
What is your name my poor girl?

DON. Donnazetta—(Kisses Elinor's hand)—gratia—gratia—you-a
so-a good-a to me! !

* ELINOR. Donnazetta, how strange, how strange!! (Kitty exits
with bowl and towel door L. 2. E.)

DON. De-a nam you-a mean de-a nam.

ELINOR. No, it is not that—but that is Mary's real name—when
I got her fro mthe Little Sisters of the Poor there was a card and written
on it were these words—"Her name is Donnazetta."

DON. (With the cry of a soul overjoyed runs and embraces Mary.)
She-a is-a mine—she-a is-a mine—my-a Donazett—I tak-a her to-a de—
Little-a Sist, I writ-a de card: She-a is-a mine! !

(Weeps and kisses Mary.)

MARY. What does the poor lady mean, Auntie—she was here with
the blind man that day and she kissed my dress—WHAT does she mean?

ELINOR. She means—

DON. (Rising, to Elinor.) No—no! ! (To Mary, slowly as though
every word was killing her.) I-a mean-a nuttin—I-a mak-a de meestake
—de-a man hitta me on-a de head—I-a go crazed—I-a know-a not-a what-a
I say—I-a only a poor-a girl—here-a you-a have everything, everything.
I-a make-a de beeg meestake—your-a your-a mudd (Sobs.) er iss dead! !
(Sinks to knees sobbing.)

ELINOR. (To Mary.) Come, dear, finish your prayer and go to bed.

MARY. All right, Auntie! (Elinor sits and Mary kneels at her
knee.)

DON. (Rises.) No-a no! ! (Sits.) Here-a at-a my knee—just-a
de once—just-a de one-a time! !

ELINOR. Go say your prayer at the poor lady's knee tonight dear.

MARY. All right! (Mary goes kneels at Donazetta's knee.) Now
I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die
before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." And God bless Auntie
—and my Uncle Jim—and Si—and Kitty—Amen.

(Goes to rise.)

DON. No-a no, nott-a yet—say-a God bless-a my-a mudder just-a
diss-a one-a time—won't-a you for-a me?

ELINOR. Say it dear for the poor lady.

MARY. And God bless my mother—my poor mother who is dead! !
amen! ! (She rises, goes to Elinor. Don kneels arms outstretched to
Mary.) Good night, Auntie—(Kisses Elinor), and may I kiss the lady
good night, Auntie—I am so sorry for her.

ELINOR. Yes, darling.

(Enter Kitty door L. 2. E.)

MARY. (To Don, kisses her.) Good night, lady—and God bless your little girl if you have one!! (Don weeps.)

ELINOR. Kitty, take Mary and put her to bed.

KITTY. Yes, Miss Elinor. (Exit Kitty and Mary. Don stands staring after them, crosses herself, kneels, poses looking upward mutely.)

ELINOR. Poor girl, poor wounded woman—why have you denied your child? I should not keep her from you. (Morland shows at window.)

DON. (Rising.) It-a is-a not-a dat—It-a is—dat I canna not tell-a her who-a her fadder is—but-a you—you-a have-a cared for-a her—you-a hav-a shelter her—for-a you I shall-a do—somating your-a brud—(Don turns, sees Morland.) (Sinks to knees.) He iss-a dere he is-a dere.

ELINOR. Poor thing, her mind wonders—(Enter from around the house Mo. Enter R. 2. E. Steel he holds pistol at Si's head.) My brother—my poor brother—do you know anything of him?

DON. No-a I-a know nuttin—I-a know-a nuttin—(Weeps.)

MORLAND. (Outside at door to Si.) Knock and tell them it is you, utter another word than what I tell you and Steel will blow your brains out!! (Si knocks at door.)

ELINOR. (Goes to door.) Who is it?

STEEL. (To Si.) Answer, or I'll shoot!!

SI. It's me!!

ELINOR. Oh! I'm so glad, Si—we are quite alone—(Opens door, enter Morland, Steel and Si, Steel pushes Si in and whirls and locks door.)

MORLAND. But are alone no longer, my dear Mrs. Brandon. Mr. Steel and I have done ourselves the honor to call!!

ELINOR. You—you—(Shrinking away)—

MORLAND. Even me and don't forget, my dear friend Mr. Steel—and as I live if here isn't Donazetta, why my dear, I really thought—we had killed you down the road, but have no fear—we'll do better this time. (Elinor moves toward pistol on table, Morland beats her to table, grabs pistol.) I shall relieve you of that if you please. (Looks about.) Quite a delightful little family party I'll be bound. (Suddenly.) Stand ready Steel, this woman will do my way now or we'll kill the lot of them, the child included and set the house on fire to consume the evidence of our work!!

DON. De—a child you no-a do datt.

MORLAND. Steel, stop her mouth—and tie her hands here—I'll help you. She might prove dangerous. (Steel gags Don while Morland keeps Si and Elinor covered with the revolver he has taken from the table, Steel ties Don's hands.) There, she's quiet for the time being, and later we'll silence her forever!!

ELINOR. What is it you want, Morland Cranston—in Heaven's name, speak.

MORLAND. I am here in the role of philanthropist, my dear Mrs. Brandon, to give you a chance to save your precious brother's life. His trial comes up tomorrow and you have a chance to save him.

ELINOR. A chance to save Walter, only tell me how?

MORLAND. Consent to my plan and I will leave this part of the country tonight and Steel will go with us—we are the only witnesses to the deed and without our testimony the District Attorney cannot convict your brother and he will go scot free!

ELINOR. Name your price, Sir, and I will pay it even though it takes this home, which my husband put in my name I will give you everything, everything I possess.

MORLAND. That is it—I want you—

ELINOR. Me!! (Angrily.) What do you mean, sir?

MORLAND. That if you will leave here tonight now, and go with me, to be mine all mine, that I will not appear against your brother that I cannot do so—for I will be far away with you!! What is your answer?

ELINOR. You beast, you Judas to enter an honest man's home and insult his helpless wife in his absence—let my brother die if he must—I'd rather place him in that chair myself and die beside him than to pollute my soul by contact with such as you!!

STEEL. (To Mor.) I told you so!!

MORLAND. And I told you that Jim Brandon was miles away, and that if she would not come quietly we would take her by force. Get ready (Steel and Morland start for Elinor. Like a flash Jim smashes in window, stands with brace of pistols pointed at Steel and Morland.) (Kitty enters L. 2. E.)

JAMES. Yes, get ready to die if you dare not move an inch!! (Calls.) All right, boys.

ELINOR. James, my husband—thank God!! (Four working men followed by Lano enter R. 2. E.)

JAMES. Si, go unlock that door!! (Si does so. Working men rush in and disarm Steel and Morland. James steps through window still holding revolvers, Elinor runs into James' arms still outstretched.) It's been a long chase, Cranston, but I've landed you at last, and when Walter is tried for murder tomorrow you will be held for attempting my life!!

MORLAND. Indeed, you'll have to prove the charge—I'm willing to run the risk.

JAMES. Someone unloose that poor girl—(Points to Donnazetta. Si and Kitty do so.) (To Morland.) Oh! I'll prove it all right, and see you landed in prison where you belong.

MORLAND. And give me all the better chance to see your precious brother-in-law die, eh?

DON. No!! He-a shall-a not die for-a I saw-a you kill-a de old-a man my-a self!!

MORLAND. D——n you, you have betrayed me! !

(Stops suddenly, slaps his hand over his mouth.)

JAMES. No, Morland Cranston, you have betrayed yourself!!!
Witness everybody that he is guilty of the murder!! Elinor, do you hear,
Walter will be home tomorrow!!

DON. You-a ruin-a me—you-a try-a to kill-a me—now-a go-a to
your-a death!! (Morland breaks away from men.)

MORLAND. Curse you—I did do it and I'll kill you too—help me,
Steel, as you helped me kill the old man!! (Lano with a wild cry, gropes
blindly and fastens onto Morland's throat and bears him down.)

LANO. Ta-a da hell—tola de—hell—to-a de hell!!

ELINOR. James, stop him, stop him—let the law take its course.
(James and one of the men try to break Lano's hold but cannot, Lano
stands like a statute fastened onto Morland's throat.)

LANO. (Looks up.) Madre Mariae!! (He pitches forward over
Morland's body. Donazetta kneels, examines them, crosses herself.)

DON. It-a is-a de-a end—dey-a both dead and-a I am alone!!

ELINOR. No, Donazetta; for you shall live here with us and your
child.

JAMES. (Points to Steel.) Take him away, boys; you all heard
Cranston say he was guilty as accessory. Justice, Elinor—Justice at last;;

ELINOR. (Points to Morland and Lano.) But see my husband,
the awful price.

JAMES. (Reverently.) The Book is right, my Sweetheart—"The
wages of sin is death!!"

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.



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