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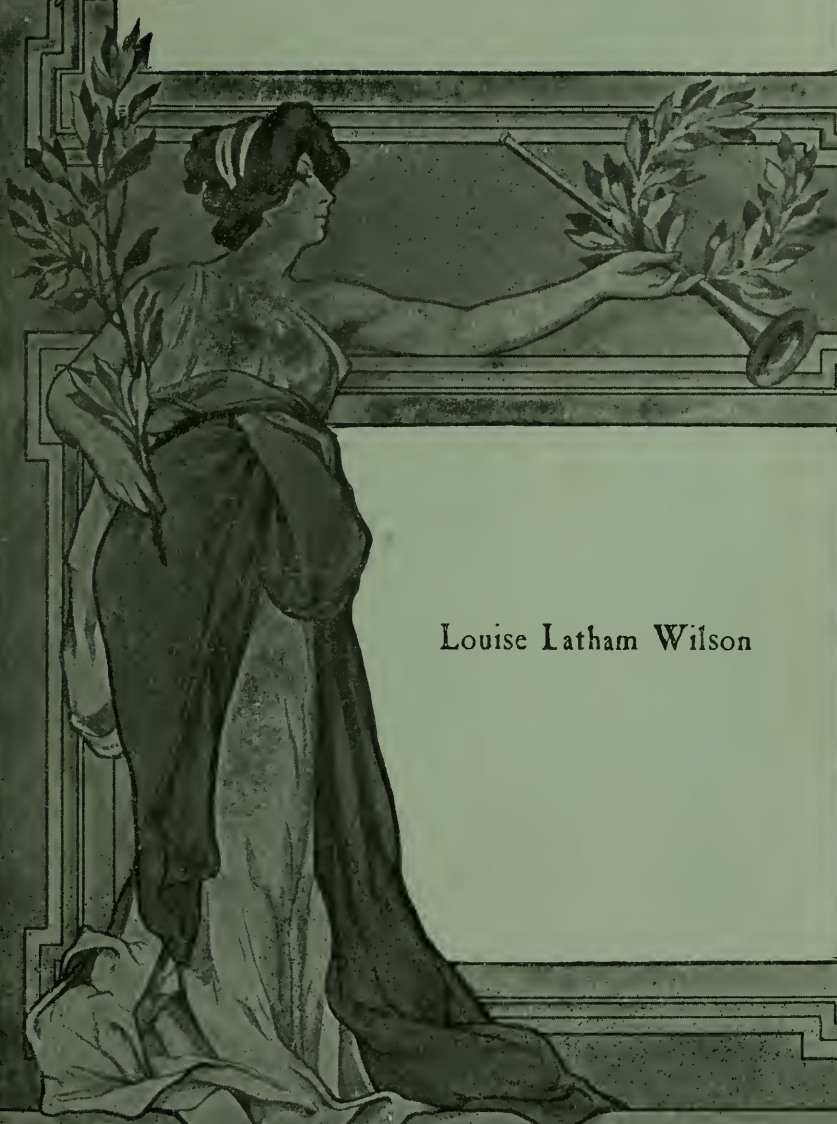
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Where Is Helen?



Louise Latham Wilson

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Successful Rural Plays

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Next Play

FARM FOLKS. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. For five male and six female characters. Time of playing, two hours and a half. One simple exterior, two easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Flora Goodwin, a farmer's daughter, is engaged to Philip Burleigh, a young New Yorker. Philip's mother wants him to marry a society woman, and by falsehoods makes Flora believe Philip does not love her. Dave Weston, who wants Flora himself, helps the deception by intercepting a letter from Philip to Flora. She agrees to marry Dave, but on the eve of their marriage Dave confesses, Philip learns the truth, and he and Flora are reunited. It is a simple plot, but full of speeches and situations that sway an audience alternately to tears and to laughter. Price, 25 cents.

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Where Is Helen?

A Farce Comedy in Two Acts

By

LOUISE LATHAM WILSON

*Author of "A Case of Suspension," "Cinderella
at College," etc.*



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1917

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Where Is Helen?

no. 1.

Where Is Helen?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HELEN BARTLETT	<i>visitor at Bellevue University</i>
DOROTHY	<i>a student at Bellevue</i>
HORTENSE ALLEN	<i>spinster, matron of Wordsworth Hall</i>
KATHLEEN	<i>a maid</i>
JACK JAMIESON	<i>a student of literature and love</i>
HAROLD }	<i>students, and friends of Jack</i>
TOM }	
DANIEL W. BARTLETT	<i>Helen's father</i>
PROFESSOR EMILIUS EDGERTON	<i>of the faculty Girl students, etc.</i>

PLACE.—Bellevue University.

TIME OF PLAYING.—One hour.

COSTUMES, ETC.

JACK, HAROLD, TOM. About twenty-one. Well dressed young fellows. Jack, particularly in Act II, is rather more careless of his appearance than the other two. On second entrance in Act II wears a kitchen apron over other clothes.

DANIEL. About sixty. Well dressed, but rather eccentric in costume and manner. Bald head. Side whiskers. Eye-glasses. On entrance in Act II clothing very much disarranged.

PROFESSOR EDGERTON. About fifty. An easy-going pedagogue. Dressed in black frock suit, rather shabby. Large eye-glasses.

HELEN, DOROTHY. About nineteen or twenty. Well dressed; indoor costumes. In latter part of Act II Helen is draped in white chiffon and Christmas tinsel, over her other clothes.

MISS ALLEN. About fifty-five. Gray hair. Eye-glasses. She dresses well, but is very prim in both costume and manner.

KATHLEEN. About twenty. Maid's costume of black dress, white cap and apron.

GIRL STUDENTS. All young college girls. Costumed in any suitable way.

PROPERTIES

TOM. Books, barber pole, cane.

HAROLD. Books, ruler, several small signs such as might be "swiped" by a college student.

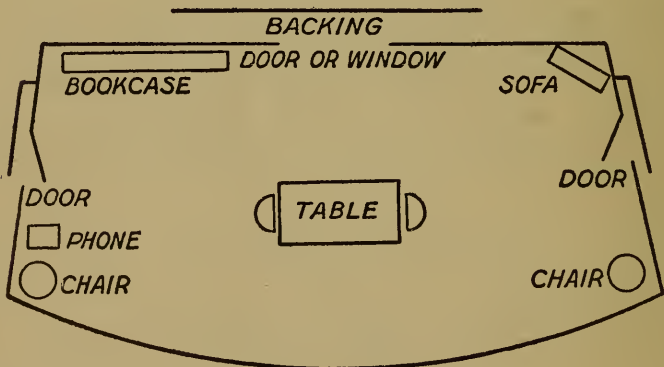
JACK. Watch, pencil, manuscript, telephone, and telephone book. Sofa pillows. Photograph of girl. Two or three feminine handkerchiefs; a colored veil. Square envelope containing a lace-edged chamois. A girl's kimono. Six or seven packages, to look as though they had come from a delicatessen store.

PROFESSOR EDGERTON. A watch.

DOROTHY. A box of candy, a silver quarter-dollar, an opera cloak or wrap.

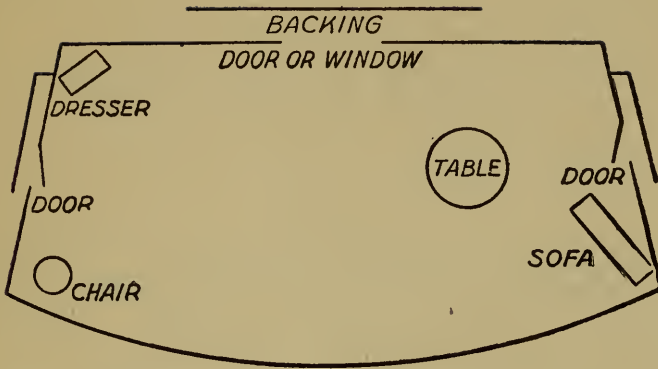
SCENE PLOTS

ACT I



SCENE.—Jack's room. Entrances R. and L. Window or door up c. Table with chairs c. Bookcase up R. Sofa up L. Large chairs down R. and L. Small table with 'phone down R. Other furnishings to make a college student's room.

ACT II



SCENE.—Dorothy's room. Entrances R. and L., and large door or French window up C. Table up L. C. Large chair down R. Sofa down L. Dresser or bureau up R. Chair near door up C. Other chairs and furnishings to make a college girl's room.

Where Is Helen?

ACT I

SCENE.—JACK JAMIESON'S *room in a fraternity house, Bellevue University. Doors, R. and L. Window or door up C. Table, with chairs each side of it, up C. Easy chairs down R. and L. Bookcase up R. Sofa up L. Small table, with telephone on it, down R. College pennants on the walls, athletic pictures, trophies, tennis racquets, golf sticks, etc. Other furnishings as desired. A typical college student's room.*

(*At rise of curtain TOM and HAROLD are seated at table, C., with books before them. JACK is pacing floor, R. to L., reading from a manuscript he holds in his hands.*)

JACK (*down L.*). And in showing the development of the world in every phase, let us note the progress in every direction, the evolution of all things from age to age. (*Crosses R.*) In literature we have come down from Greece's mythical poets, Alphæus, Musæus, Emalpus, and others whose names are even more so, to George Ade and Bernard Shaw. In history, from the founding of the Chinese Empire two thousand years B. C., to the two Williams, Bryan and Kaiser. These two gentlemen are alike in name only. (*Crosses L.*) And as we come down through the distant, dusty past — Some speech that, if I could only remember it.

HAROLD (*R. C.*). Remember it! I'd give you a nice new ten spot if you would only forget it. (*Studies.*) Let me see, I was just bisecting this triangle from the point AD to the intersecting line—h'm—mm—where's my ruler?

(*Picks up ruler from table.*)

JACK (*down L.*). But just listen a minute—there's a good point right here. Just notice how I bring out this idea.

TOM. Keep still, you joy destroyer ! I have an oration of my own to get, and you keep reminding me of it.

HAROLD. That so ? When's it due ?

TOM (*yawning*). Last Monday.

JACK. Now listen—you fellows don't appreciate good literature. Cultivate your taste ! Hitch your wagon to a star ! I'll just give you a few sentences to show you what a real masterpiece is. "And as we come down through the distant, dusty past, let us pause for a moment on our way, noting here and there a familiar face peering from the dim—peering from the dim—oh, peering from the dim——"

(*Tries to find his place on papers he carries in his hand.*)

TOM. Time's up ! And that reminds me, I saw a familiar face to-day, distant but not dusty, peering from a dim and distant taxicab. No cobwebs on her ! She was fresh as the morning dew. Say, she is a peach. Such eyes—such hair ! Oh, such a smile ! Loveliness personified !

HAROLD (*rising and coming down R.*). I should think she'd be afraid of lightning,—so attractive, you know.

TOM (*rising, and sitting on table, C.*). I'd laugh at that joke if I hadn't heard it several years ago. Also, you interrupted me. Such dimples ! Such eyes ! Remember Helen Bartlett, of our freshman days back in old Ammerton ?

JACK (*dropping papers on floor*). Helen Bartlett ! Helen !

TOM. Sure. You used to be pretty sweet on her yourself, Jack, in the old days. Well, she's here, and she's visiting at the home of a girl named—er—Jones, I believe. Yes, Jones.

JACK (*aside*). Helen Bartlett ! Helen ! (*To TOM.*) What Jones ? College or town ?

TOM. Don't know the initials, but I think they're town.

HAROLD. Jones ? Jones ? Where have I heard that name before ? Say, Tom, do you know we're wasting a lot of time in study and insulting a perfectly good spring day ? Throw your books under the sofa and come on.

TOM (*jumping down from table*). I'm with you, boy. Jack can stay here and dig dusty faces up from the dim and distant past until the place looks like a collection of Pharaohs. Me for the corner drug store !

(*Exit TOM and HAROLD, R., throwing books at JACK.*)

JACK. Helen Bartlett! The one girl! Twelve long months ago her father forbade her ever to see me again. Exhibit A. Then comes my father, Exhibit B, and tells me what he'll do if I ever look again at her. And of all the crazy, foolish, pig-headed reasons—it makes me sick! Then, to make sure that their fiendish designs are carried out to the limit, old Bartlett whisks Helen off to California, and father takes me out of good old Ammerton, and sends me here to do special work. (*Goes R.*) But now! Helen is in this very town—Exhibits A and B are miles away, and I am going to see Helen! I'll bet a Mexican dollar old Bartlett didn't know I was in this school when he let her come. Jones, they said, was the name. I'll call up every Jones in the city. (*Takes up 'phone book.*) Great Guns, ten, twenty, thirty—h'm—seventy-nine Joneses. But cheer up! The Smiths would have been a whole lot worse—three pages. Well, here goes. (*Looks at watch.*) Have to cut Latin, but it's a good cause. (*Places easy chair close to 'phone, adds cushions which he brings from sofa.*) Might as well be comfortable; this may take me some time. Main 7924. Yes. Yes. Hello.....Main 7924? Where's Helen? Oh, excuse me. I mean is Miss Helen Bartlett a guest at your home? No? Thank you.

(*Repeats many times with variations, giving an opportunity for "local hits" if desired. Crosses a name from book after each call. Enter PROFESSOR EDGERTON, R.*)

PROFESSOR. Hello, my boy!

JACK. How do you do, Professor? Have a seat. (*Waves hand.*) Please excuse me just a second. This is very important; I'll be at liberty in one minute.

(*Continues to telephone; PROFESSOR looks at paper, examines objects in room, looks at watch, seats himself, rises, etc.*)

PROFESSOR. A moment, I think you said?

JACK. Yes, just a moment, Professor, or possibly two. I am trying to locate a—er—friend. Nearly through the list now, that is, I have only—er—um—about fifty-five more.

(*Continues telephoning.*)

PROFESSOR. Ah, my boy, I know Miss Bartlett well. So she is in town. How pleasant!

JACK. Yes, sir. (*To 'phone.*) Main 7241, please. Yes. (*To PROFESSOR.*) It is if I can locate her anywhere. (*To 'phone.*) Hello.....is Miss Bartlett a guest there? Oh, excuse me, please. Well, I didn't know it was the crematory. (*To PROFESSOR.*) I believe I'll tell you about this affair, Professor, for you have given me good advice in the past, and I need a good dose of it now. You see, our respective fathers have interfered in the case of Helen and myself, and tried to make trouble between us.

PROFESSOR. Yes? and why?

JACK. One moment, please. (*To 'phone.*) Main 5341. Yes. It is so childish I'm ashamed to tell you about it, Professor. (*To 'phone.*) Hello.....is Miss Bartlett a guest at your home?.....Well, I didn't know you were a bachelor. Well, well, all right. I apologize. (*To PROFESSOR.*) You see, Professor, my father is a rampant prohibitionist, and Helen's is an anti. That doesn't sound so bad unless you know the men. Warm arguments on the subject grew into heated battles, which sowed the seeds of deepest hatred. In time they grew so bitter that they wouldn't even fight—they expressed their differences only in the iciest silence. Our dads wouldn't even recognize each other on the street. But hostilities continued. They still continue. Old Bartlett sends my father the "Brewer's Annual" and fills his mail with liquor advertisements and sample whiskies. While father sends Bartlett temperance lectures with terrifying charts showing what happens to your stomach if you drink. You know those things—in the first stage your stomach looks like a reclaimed desert, second stage, like a fried egg, and at last in the third stage becomes like a vivid autumn sunset, in proportion to your devotion to the Demon Rum. And so they go.

PROFESSOR. I see. It would have been the same had they differed about the distance of Mars from the earth. Just temperaments that would conflict.

JACK. Exactly. So here I am, but she is in town, and I will see her. (*To 'phone.*) Main 5340. Yes. Hello.....is Miss Helen.....Well, I apologize. I didn't intend to. You see, it's a very important—— (*To PROFESSOR.*) Professor, he hung up on me. Said it was the third time I'd called his house in ten minutes, and he was trying to take a nap. Don't see how I could have repeated that way. Well, Jeremiah Jones next. (*To 'phone.*) Main 6541. Yes.

(*To* PROFESSOR.) As I said, I am going to see Helen, or hang.

PROFESSOR. Well, my young friend, I would advise you to hang—up the receiver.

JACK. Might as well—line's busy here. (*Hangs up.*)

PROFESSOR. Because, as I was about to continue, if—er—old Daniel W. Bartlett has made his—er—decision about this, or any other matter, he has doubtless arranged every detail so that—er—such decision will stand. I recall very clearly how we endeavored to alter his decision in regard to the withdrawal of his endowment to our college, when this town went dry, using every means in our power to dissuade him. I myself talked to him, but it was—er—futile. The endowment has been withdrawn in favor of the Negroid race in Darkest Africa and the Universal Peace Party.

JACK (*to 'phone*). Main 7965. Yes. Well, Professor, I am going to see Helen if I have to canvass the town on foot; and I am going to put my case up to her from the point of view of our rights as individuals. (*To 'phone.*) Busy? All right. (*Rises.*) My freedom of action shall not be controlled by Daniel W. Bartlett or by any other human being.

PROFESSOR (*down L.*). Ah, my boy, the man who makes the boast that no one can control him is either untruthful—er—unmarried.

JACK (*down R.*). Then I make it now, while I can, for I'll not be a bachelor long.

PROFESSOR. And as to changing Daniel W. Bartlett's point of view—ah, I have lived in the world a long time, and I know that there is only one way in which it can ever be done. (*Rises.*)

JACK. And that way is —? (*Goes c.*)

PROFESSOR. When a man like Daniel changes his politics or his religion, or loses his appetite, it is a case of—*Cherchez la femme*. Come back to earth, my boy. I have two tickets for the game to-morrow. You are quite a fan, I know. Being unable to use them myself, will you not take them and—er—drown your sorrow, as it were, in our national game? (*Goes up R.*)

JACK. Sure I will, Professor. That is, I'll take the tickets and attend the game, with thanks. When shall I get them?

PROFESSOR. They are lying in the left-hand corner of the

top drawer of my dresser. Just go over to my room in Wordsworth Hall, head of the stairs, third story, and help yourself.

JACK (*down c.*). Thank you, Professor. Must you go? Just wait a minute—only forty-six more calls, and I'll be with you. Besides, I may locate her half-way down the list.

PROFESSOR (*up r.*). My young friend, I have classes both to-day and to-morrow, also the entire coming week. I cannot tarry while you commune with the entire Jones population.

(*Exit PROFESSOR, R.*)

(*Enter HAROLD and TOM, R. They have a fine new barber pole, several signs, which they place artistically about the room. They have also a cane, which TOM brings down L.*)

HAROLD (*coming down r.*). You see our nice little collection? We return with a few trophies of our jaunt. "Have something to show for every passing hour," says Prexy. I bet he'd be pleased with these few offerings. See that pole? We got that by a close shave!

TOM (*down l.*). This cane was on a park bench—there was a bald-headed old party near, feeding the monkeys, but the little cane looked so wistful and alone that we adopted it. Want to come to Tom, little cane? Come on. Can you tell Tommy your name? (*Looks at plate on cane.*) Ah! he can. Daniel W. Bartlett! What a nice little name.

JACK (*down r.*). Great Guns!

HAROLD. What's the matter? How's the literary masterpiece getting on? Telephoning it to the papers? (*Jerks 'phone book from JACK'S hand.*) Oh, ye gods! the poor Joneses! Look, Tom! How could he do so many so soon? (*Goes c.*)

How doth the little busy Jack
 Improve each shining minute
 A-calling up each Joneses' home
 To see if Helen's in it!

(*TOM and HAROLD roar with laughter. JACK throws pillows at them.*)

TOM. Go to it, Jack, go to it! We're both with you. I'll hold the book!

JACK. Laugh if you want to. I am nearly half through. There were only seventy-nine of them to start with. Smith would have been a lot worse—three pages of Smiths. Where on earth is Helen? (TOM and HAROLD drop weakly into chairs, L.) What's the matter with you two—sun-stroke?

HAROLD. No, no. Go on. Telephone some more. We will hold your drooping head. Finish the Joneses, and then start over again. For we, who now confront you, were wrong about a name, just a common little name, but oh! the difference it makes. You don't need the Joneses, boy. Not a singletary Jones. Be-cause Miss Helen Bartlett is staying with a lovely family by the name of—SMITH.

(JACK drops into chair, down R., head in his hands.)

JACK. Well—I'll—be ——

TOM. Don't say it—don't say it!

VOICE (outside R.). You young upstart! I saw you! I followed you! I'll—I'll —— (Stops for breath.)

HAROLD. Great Guns, the bald-headed party!

(TOM drops cane down L. HAROLD and TOM disappear through window or door at back of stage.)

(Enter DANIEL W. BARTLETT, quite breathless, R.)

DANIEL. You—you young upstart—I'll have the law on you! I'll have the law on you! Well, I'll be—I'll be—I'll be—hanged! Jack Jamieson! I might have known that if there was any deviltry afoot you'd be at the bottom of it. (Comes down L.) All you young idiots raised on cold water are too—too—fresh! You're always up to something disgraceful—always raising cane!

(Brandishes cane, which he has picked up.)

JACK (calmly). Don't try to make a bad pun, Mr. Bartlett. This call of yours is quite unexpected, but really a pleasant surprise. Sit down, Mr. Bartlett. How is Helen?

DANIEL (going C.). You insolent young pup! I'll have the law on you! I'll thrash you with my own hands!

JACK. Why not use the cane? It looks durable.

DANIEL. That's right—show yourself up for what you are! Impudence and thievery are a fine combination. Cold water always did breed a race of thieves.

JACK. I assure you, my dear sir, I have nothing to do with this cane, which you say is yours. It was left here a short time ago by a young gentleman in whom I have implicit confidence; whom I consider perfectly respectable.

DANIEL. One of your associates, no doubt. He must be respectable. Does he drink water too?

JACK. Oh, yes, he can carry a lot of it without showing it at all. We are all so pleased, Mr. Bartlett, to learn that your daughter is in town. By the way, where is Helen staying?

DANIEL. She won't be here long! I'll pack her off tomorrow! Little did I know, young man, when I allowed her to come, that this University was polluted by your presence. Even so, I safeguarded her at every turn. I have her written promise not to attend a social function at which young men are to be present, nor to receive a masculine call; to restrict her social intercourse entirely to the feminine sex. She dare not speak to a young man! (*Goes L.*)

JACK. Good! Now I need fear no rival. Helen is very attractive, and I'll admit I've been worried about her the last year.

DANIEL. Confound your impudence! I'll have you arrested at once! (*Starts up L.*) Nominally for the stealing of my valuable cane, but there are other scores to be settled at the same time. A person like you is a menace to society!

(*Turns to leave room, going toward door or window up c.*)

JACK (*pointing to door of den, L.*). You are confused, my dear sir. This door out. (*Goes up c. DANIEL passes through door L. JACK turns key.*) A person like you is a menace to society, my dear Mr. Bartlett, so you are now all nice and safe in the den. Daniel in the Den!

DANIEL (*heard off*). What's this nonsense? Open the door!

JACK. Mr. Bartlett, I am not the man to flinch at a duty, however hard.

DANIEL. You let me out!

JACK. It's a quality you should admire in your future son-in-law.

DANIEL. Let me out at once, sir!

JACK. And I've decided that it's time you became a Prohibitionist.

DANIEL. Unlock that door! This is a state's prison offence!

JACK. And also overcome any foolish prejudices you may have against me as a future member of your family.

DANIEL. You are taking a tactful way of removing what few prejudices I may have against you, you blithering idiot.

JACK. What, don't you approve of me? Well, you will when you become a member of the Water Wagon Brotherhood.

DANIEL. Yes, I will,—then.

JACK. Thanks, Mr. Bartlett, I'll remember those words. And until that time, you will be kept in here on a diet of bread, sir,—bread and—water. (*Silence.*) WATER, I said. (*Comes down L. Silence.*) Guess that last word was too much for him. (*Softly.*) Poor old Daniel. (*Enter KATHLEEN, R., with duster. She is weeping bitterly.*) Well, well, Kathleen Mavourneen, why the tears?

KATHLEEN (*up c.*). Oh, Mr. Jack, not that Oi shud inthrude me throubles on you, sor, but it's my young man, sor, my gintleman frind. He's—he's gettin' the habit of takin' a dhrop too much!

JACK (*going up c.*). You don't say! Hand in hand with the demon rum! That's an awful thing!

KATHLEEN. Don't Oi know ut? And he thinks to de-save me wid wan night cloves and wan night peppermint, but I know what he's doin'. And oh, Mr. Jack! Cud ye be tellin' me what to be sayin' to him to turn him shtraight loike?

JACK. It will give me great pleasure, Kathleen. How great, you do not know. Stand over here, close to this door. (*Leads her L.*) You can hear better. Also, I get more inspiration in this spot. Now, you tell your bibulous friend that the first drink may not hurt him very much; but as the habit continues, his stomach will begin to resemble a map of a desert reclaimed by irrigation, the system of ditches being done in bright red ink. Shortly, this pernicious habit taking a stronger hold, said organ becomes inflamed to the degree that it closely resembles a fried egg, done in four colors. Now what sane man wishes his interior to resemble such a thing as that? But the third stage of this awful indulgence is horrible! Oh, horrible indeed! The poor tortured tummy takes on the hues of an autumn sunset, and then—come nearer, Kathleen—(*stage whisper*) Delirium Tremens! Purple cats! Green Gorillas!

DANIEL (*from behind door*). Bah-h-h-h-h!

KATHLEEN (*screaming*). Murder! What's that?

JACK (*sadly*). A victim of alcohol. Not only an iridescent stomach, but—(*tapping forehead*) head, you know.

KATHLEEN. Hivens above! What are you doin' wid him here?

JACK (*reverently*). Rescue work, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN. Oh, the koind heart av ye!

JACK. Ah, yes, Kathleen, my heart is very, very kind. But 'twas ever my fate to be sadly misunderstood.

DANIEL (*heard off*). Gr-r-r-r-r-r —

JACK. I think he just saw a green gorilla.

KATHLEEN. Ah, Oi know ye for the good soul ye are! And thot in there will be thankin' ye some day whin he's himsilf. But it's no clanin' Oi'll be doin' here this day. Oi'll be goin'. Good luck to ye, sor, and Oi'll be tellin' Michael what ye tould me.

(*Exit KATHLEEN, R.*)

JACK. Well, I've certainly put my foot in it now. Let me see (*looking at watch*), it's getting pretty late, but he's sure to get out before the day's over, and then—poor Jackie. (*Comes down R.*) I guess I'll get all that's coming to me, from every side. Expelled, too, maybe. But there is one bright spot. I don't believe that father will be very hard on me for what I've done. Anyway, it's worth it! (*Laughs.*) Oh, Daniel in the Den! By the way, where is Helen staying?

DANIEL (*in a wild roar from the den*). Where you can't find her, you —

JACK. Oh, very well, if you feel that way about it. (*Settles in chair, down R., close to 'phone.*) Now those Smiths,—gee, three pages of them. Oh, well, faint heart never won fair lady! (*To 'phone.*) Fairmount 5614, please. Yes. Oh, hello. Is Miss Helen Bartlett a guest in your home? No? Thank you. Greenwood 6879. Yes. Is Miss Helen Bartlett —

DANIEL (*off*). Bah-h-h-h-h-h!

JACK. I shall not be able to telephone, Mr. Bartlett, unless you are more quiet. (*To 'phone.*) Main 6798. Yes, please.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—DOROTHY'S room in Wordsworth Hall. Entrances R. and L. French window or door up C. Dresser or bureau with mirror up R. Table up L. Large chair down R. Sofa down L. Chair by window or door up C. An opera cloak or bright-colored wrap hangs on wall or is thrown over a chair, L. Other furnishings to make a college girl's room—pictures, pennants, books, programs, etc.

(At rise of curtain, HELEN BARTLETT and DOROTHY down L. on sofa, eating from a box of candy.)

DOROTHY. Oh, my dear, I was so happy when I heard you were visiting Eleanor Smith, I just couldn't wait to see you. It hardly seems real that you are here.

HELEN. You don't know what it means to me, Dorothy, to see one of the old crowd. M-m-m-m—take one of these, my dear, they are simply heavenly. (*Hands DOROTHY candy.*) And I am so overjoyed to find so many of our old Ammerton class here—I never dreamed I'd be so lucky. Five of you!

DOROTHY. Isn't it lovely? We all wanted special work we couldn't get at Ammerton, so we came here. My father thinks this is a splendid college. I do too. So many of the boys have cars.

HELEN. I suppose things have changed frightfully in the long time since I saw you last.

DOROTHY. Oh, yes. Try one of these—nuts in them. (*Hands HELEN candy.*) Yes, important changes are always taking place in a big college like this. Everybody is going with somebody else, and some of them are even engaged.

HELEN. But Harold is still faithful to you.

DOROTHY. Oh, yes, but I intend never to marry. When I leave school I intend to devote my life to some great cause; either politics or slum work. (*Screams.*)

HELEN. Oh, what's the matter?

DOROTHY (*brushing sleeve*). I thought I saw a bug of some kind. I never can see a bug without screaming.

Yes, as I said, I think I shall take up slum work. It is so satisfactory to uplift a lot of people and feel that one's life has been nobly spent. (*Screams.*) There's that same bug! I shall go crazy if I see it again! I simply can't even see a bug without actually losing my mind. There! he's gone. Yes, I've decided on slum work, Helen. I believe I've been called.

HELEN. How noble you are, Dorothy! Oh-h, by the way, who is the happy recipient of Jack's attentions now?

DOROTHY. Jack? Jack who? Oh, yes, that one you used to like. You know we were abroad the year he entered Ammerton, and I really don't believe I ever saw him, but I hear of him from Harold. Harold tried to get him to call, but he wouldn't come. They say he has just moped around like a lost soul ever since he has been here. Why do you look so happy about it?

HELEN. The idea! I'm not. I'm awfully sorry. Some girl would doubtless rejoice at his attentions. The poor fellow oughtn't to hide his light. But oh, Dorothy! (*Squeezes her.*) I do think this is the most delicious box of candy I ever tasted!

DOROTHY. Harold always did have good judgment in that direction. Do you remember that freshman who used to send us candy in a paper bag? (*Giggles.*)

HELEN. Oh, yes, the one with the baggy trousers! (*Rises.*) Well, dear, I must run down the hall and speak to Alice a minute. We'll be back, in just a jiffy, for your little spread.

(*Knock at door. Enter MISS HORTENSE ALLEN, R.*)

DOROTHY (*rising*). Oh, come in, Miss Allen. This is my old, old friend, Helen Bartlett. We were roommates ages ago at Ammerton College.

MISS A. (*R.*). I am glad to know you, my dear.

HELEN (*up C.*). Thank you, Miss Allen.

MISS A. Dorothy, I came up to speak to you about your little spread, as you call it, this afternoon. I am willing that you girls should celebrate in honor of your old friend, but you have been eating too many indigestible things of late. (*DOROTHY quickly moves to hide box of candy which is on sofa.*) I wish you to serve only what I have provided for the occasion. There are wafers and tea in the kitchen, and I will send them to you by Etta, the new servant.

DOROTHY. Oh, Miss Allen! It's kind of you to give us things, but please let us buy our own! And oh! what are wafers and tea when a man is starving?

MISS A. I'm not worried about starvation, my dear. Anyway, you'll forget it when you see Etta. Of all strange names for such a person, and of all persons for such a place—well, the servant proposition presents a new problem at every turn. Etta, indeed! Sometimes I'm not sure that Etta is in just the right position. However, time will tell. Now don't forget, my dear. Only wafers and tea. And look well at Etta!

(Exit, R.)

DOROTHY. Wafers and tea!

HELEN. Never mind, dear. We will have a good time, anyway. Now I must run to Alice a minute. We'll all be back soon.

(Exit, R.)

DOROTHY. I'll just step out and dust the cups for the tea! We can be clean, if we are starving. Wafers and tea!

(Exit, L.)

(Enter JACK, R.)

JACK (*looking around admiringly*). Well, well! Some room this! Pretty fancy place for a professor! Let me see, he said the tickets were in the left hand corner of the top drawer. (*Looks at large photograph of pretty girl on dresser up R.*) Professor, I never would have thought it of you. (*Runnages among feminine finery, some of which falls to floor.*) Left hand corner, top drawer. This must be it. (*Holds up square envelope and carefully extracts—dainty lace-trimmed chamois skin.*) Well, Je-rusalem! (*Notices pale blue silk kimono on chair up C.; picks it up.*) I guess I must be in the wrong pew. I'd better get out right now, while the getting is good! (*Enter DOROTHY, L.; screams.*) Ex—excuse me. Ex—excuse me.

DOROTHY. What are you doing here? You thief!

JACK. No, no, I'm not a thief! I—that is—you see—

DOROTHY. Then stop stammering and tell me what you are doing here.

JACK. Why—why—I was sent here,—by one of the faculty. Yes, that's it. I was sent here to get something.

DOROTHY. Sent here! Why, are you one of the servants? You don't look like—— Oh, I have it! You are Etta, the peculiar one!

JACK. Etta who?

DOROTHY. Oh, what a funny name—Etta Hoo! And for a man, too! But I'm glad to see you, Etta. We girls will want you to do a lot of things for us. You'll probably have to wait on us a large part of the time.

JACK. I'm Etta, all right. What shall I do first, miss? I came up to dust.

(*Comes down R. and wipes chair with blue kimono.*)

DOROTHY. Oh, not with that! You careless creature!

(*Takes kimono from him.*)

JACK. Excuse me, miss. I'm rather new. I'm only here on trial.

DOROTHY (C.). I never knew Miss Allen to employ a man inside the house before.

JACK (*down R.*). I needed the work so bad, miss.

DOROTHY. Poor fellow! Does your father drink?

JACK. Heavens, no! Never let the old gentleman hear you say that!

DOROTHY. I'm so glad. I hope you don't mind my asking. I want to study your type all I can, because I'm going to be a slum worker. But I'm sure I never knew that kind of people looked so—so—well, like you. I am sure that I am called to be a slum worker.

JACK (*up R.*). A noble calling, miss. I hope you will take up my family first.

DOROTHY. Oh, I will. I must start a list very soon. Now you must try very hard to do everything just right. (*Goes to him, R.*) Here is a quarter for you. If you wait on us nicely to-night, I will give you another.

JACK (*biting quarter and slipping it in pocket*). Thank you kindly, miss. This will buy father a bottle of (*DOROTHY looks up sharply*) Lithia water, miss.

DOROTHY (*up C.*). Now you can go. Oh, Etta! You know you are to bring our things up at just five o'clock!

JACK (R.). Things?

DOROTHY. Yes, the things Miss Allen left out for us, the things to eat for our spread. You won't have much to

carry. The girls will all be here any minute. We don't care how soon you have the things here. You know where they are.

JACK. Oh, ye—yes. I'll have them here, miss. Things for your spread. Yes, miss. (*Aside.*) Me for the delicatessen shop, and it will be a spread.

(*Exit, R.*)

DOROTHY. Well, that's the oddest thing yet—a male maid. Who ever heard of such a thing? One of us will very likely fall in love with him. (*Enter HELEN, R.*) Come in, my dear. Oh, you should have seen Etta! You just wait! And oh, Helen, I just thought of something. (*HELEN comes down R.*) I'm going to make a throne of this big chair with my opera cloak. (*Goes L., gets cloak, and comes down R.*) There! Now you sit down upon it, and let me fix you all up pretty and queenified with this white chiffon and this Christmas tinsel. Now you look just like an angel.

HELEN. I wonder what angels wear?

DOROTHY. Well, I'm not sure; but I know one thing. If I ever become an angel, I shall wear a surprised look.

HELEN. You silly.

DOROTHY. Now when the girls come in, you can receive them from your lofty throne. Isn't that original?

HELEN. Dear me, I'm afraid I'll look too important.

DOROTHY. No, only sweet and lovely, like your own dear self. There they come now. (*Any desired number of girls may now enter, R., greeting HELEN, laughing and talking. All except HELEN sit on floor down R. and C. Several college songs may be sung, and tableau continued until JACK enters R. He is very warm, wears a kitchen apron with which he wipes face. One arm is loaded with bundles. He steps inside door and beckons to DOROTHY, who is down L. on sofa. HELEN is chatting with girls, her face turned in opposite direction.*) Oh, Etta! dear me, what have you brought?

JACK (*handing her various tempting looking articles*). The refreshments you desired, miss.

DOROTHY. Refreshments! Miss Allen must have had a change of heart!

JACK. Yes, miss. I think—I think she's got religion, miss.

DOROTHY (*placing things on table*). Oh, Helen! Just look here!

(HELEN *turns*.)

JACK. Helen! (*Holds out hands, dropping remaining bundles*.) So this is where you are?

(*He comes down c. Girls rise.*)

HELEN. Oh, Jack!

(*Steps from throne, goes c., places her hands in his.*)

DOROTHY. Etta! What do you mean?

HELEN. Oh, Jack! What are you doing?

JACK. Helen, I'm looking at last into the sweetest, bluest eyes in the world.

HELEN. Oh, Jack! You're just as fine and handsome as ever, but do take off that apron! What does it mean?

JACK (*untying apron, holding it up*). That, Helen, and beautiful ladies, is my passport into your honored presences. I swiped it from the kitchen.

DOROTHY (*coming down l.*). Well! Will somebody unravel this riddle for me?

HELEN. Yes, Jack, please explain it.

SENTIMENTAL GIRL. Oh, I know it's something dreadfully romantic. Mayn't we all have a share in it?

DITTO. Oh, let's all go out on the balcony in the moonlight, and hear all about it. You'll tell us, won't you? You'll unravel it?

JACK. Well, I'll pull out a few threads at least.

GIRL. Oh, we're all dying to know about it!

(*Exeunt all, through long window or door up c.*)

(*Enter MISS A., r.*)

MISS A. This is strange—there is no one here. Ah, well, they are perhaps looking at the moonlight. Yes, I hear them laugh. It seems but yesterday that I was one of them, and yet it is so many years ago. (*Seats herself on HELEN'S throne down r.*) I wonder if people ever forget; if any number of years can cure the heartaches—some of the heartaches—that came to us when we were young. They say that time heals everything; they are mistaken. Time

only buries pain a little deeper ; if we have really cared, there is no forgetting, and remembrance too often brings us only sorrow. Ah, well ! I must bury the sad things deeper, and pile pleasant thoughts on top. The world is full of pleasant things, after all.

(Pounding on door R., then door is flung open and DANIEL enters in exceedingly disheveled condition.)

DANIEL *(shouting)*. Where's my daughter ? I want my daughter ! Where is Helen ? I want her immediately !

(Goes L., opens door there and looks in, slams it, comes down L.)

MISS A. Calm yourself, my good man. I very much fear that you do not know where you are.

DANIEL. I know where I am only too well, and I had the Dickens of a time getting here, too. This institution — Hortense ! is this you ? Is it you, Hortense ?

(Goes toward her.)

MISS A. *(rising)*. Daniel Bartlett ! Why have you come back into my life ?

(Their hands slowly clasp, then fall apart.)

DANIEL. I've tried to find you, Hortense, for seven years, ever since—well, you know. I have made every effort to discover you.

MISS A. It is exceedingly odd, Daniel, that your efforts in that line should have been so fruitless.

DANIEL. I am telling you the truth, Hortense. In spite of our misunderstanding of long ago, and the—er—developments following later, your image has been enshrined in my heart for twenty years. Life has played us some queer tricks, Hortense.

MISS A. *(down R.)*. Life ! Say rather your own obstinacy ; your absolute inability to see any side of any question except the one that you, in your omnipotent wisdom, had decided was right !

DANIEL *(down R. C.)*. Oh, Hortense ! Do not judge me so harshly ! The years may have made me a better man. Perhaps I am more yielding. Perhaps—perhaps I am very gentle, Hortense.

MISS A. Gentle! Then will you tell me why you have just tried to break down this door, and shouted for your daughter as though you lived in the dark ages? Look at your clothes! Doubtless you have been proving to some one that you are the gentlest man on earth!

DANIEL. Oh, Hortense! Don't doubt me so! (DOROTHY *appears at window up c., looks in and beckons off.*) If I could only prove to you that I am a changed man! As I see before me the one woman in the world, as the old memories come back to me, I know that I must never, never lose you again. (*Interested group quietly gathers at window or door up c.*) Give me a chance to prove that I can yet be molded to the character you would wish me to have. I can offer no greater test than this, Hortense.

MISS A. Daniel, I will not deny that it has been impossible for me to forget you. I have fought against that memory for years, but it has ever been with me, too real, oftentimes, for my happiness. I have always missed you, Daniel. But life with a man of your temperament would be unendurable. However, you say that you are changed; that you are ready for any test, however severe, to prove that change.

DANIEL. I am, Hortense; believe me, I am.

MISS A. Then, Daniel—(*drawing a long breath*) Daniel (*placing hand on heart*), Daniel—(*looking into his eyes*) Daniel, do you believe in Prohibition? (*Business. Daniel walks to L., shakes head, ponders deeply, turns and regards MISS A. fixedly.*) Daniel, this is perhaps the last time you will ever see me. It remains for you to decide.

DANIEL. Ask—ask me again, Hortense.

MISS A. Daniel (*very slowly*), do—you—believe—in Prohibition—in Total Abstinence, Daniel?

DANIEL (*almost gasping*). Hortense, I do.

(*Rushes R. to MISS A. and embraces her. Loud cheers from young people. DANIEL and MISS A. turn in confusion.*)

HELEN (*coming down L.*). Dad, what are you doing?

(DOROTHY, JACK and girls come down L.)

DANIEL (*shouting*). Doing? Minding my business! What are you doing with that young—that young—that—(*points to JACK.*) MISS A. *touches his arm; gives*

meaning look. DANIEL, *mildly*) with that young—er—friend of yours, Helen, my dear?

HELEN. Oh, daddy, dear, he and I, and all the rest, are just rejoicing because we are all Prohibitionists!

DANIEL (*sadly, shaking his head*). Yes, we are all Prohibitionists. (*Sorrowfully.*) Yes, this is indeed a joyous time, my dear.

JACK. Mr. Bartlett, I owe you as sincere an apology as it is possible for a man to give. May I hope that it will be accepted?

DANIEL. You young upstart—(*glancing at Miss A.*) that is, yes, my boy. I am a man of very gentle nature.

JACK. What? Then, Mr. Bartlett, then—may I have Helen?

(MISS A. *places hand on DANIEL'S arm, whispers, "Yes, Daniel."*)

DANIEL (*softly*). Yes, Daniel. I mean—Jack.

(*Cheers from girls.*)

(*Enter HAROLD and TOM, R. They come down C.*)

TOM. You girls have got your nerve, leaving us out of your party. We saw you through the window.

HAROLD. And we just thought we'd try our luck without any invitation. Jiminy, there's the owner of the cane!

DOROTHY. Good for you! Sit down, boys. We have the greatest news for you!

(*She goes to table L. C. and begins to prepare food.*)

(*Enter PROFESSOR and KATHLEEN, R.*)

PROFESSOR. Pardon me—perhaps we intrude; but I found this poor girl crying on the stairs as I was passing to my room. No words of mine could stay her tears, and I thought that some of you young ladies might know what to do for her. I did not know that you were giving a social function.

DOROTHY. Come in, come in, Professor, and Kathleen too.

(*KATHLEEN and PROFESSOR come down C.*)

HELEN (*to KATHLEEN*). What is it, you poor dear?

KATHLEEN (*sobbing*). It's my gintleman frind, mum, under the influence agin. Mr. Jack understands. He thinks to desave me wid wan night cloves and wan night peppermint, and to-day he had garlic, but I know what's goin' on, and wreckin' the future foundations of a happy home. Oi thried him wid what you tould me, Mr. Jack, about how it would look; but he says, let it look like Niagry Falls at sunset, he'll be havin' his dhrop wid the boys.

DANIEL. Let me speak to her. My girl, there is only one way to approach your young friend. Do not torture his imagination with lurid tales of his interior, but appeal to his better nature through his—er—devotion to yourself. If that devotion is—er—sincere, he will see and uphold your point of view, even at the expense of his—er—his saner judgment.

MISS A. Daniel!

(JACK goes R.)

DANIEL. I speak, my dear, as one having experience.

KATHLEEN. Oi thank ye koindly, sor. This very night will Oi threaten him wid transferrin' my affections to the iceman, who has a good route and stiddy habits. (*Reflectively.*) Oi loike the iceman first rate, annyway.

JACK. Cherchez la femme, Professor. Who's the lady?

PROFESSOR. It's the oldest story in the world.

DOROTHY. Professor Edgerton, and boys, we can't keep still any longer. We have been seeing things you'd never guess. Please forgive us, Miss Allen, if we are a little sudden, but you know, we saw. I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to announce two engagements: First, that of Miss Allen and Mr. Bartlett.

MISS A. Dorothy! I'm surprised at you! Why do you say such a thing?

DOROTHY. Well, Miss Allen, if you're not engaged, you ought to be! We all saw what you did, and it was setting an awful example for us girls at the best! And, ladies and gentlemen, salute Helen and Jack, loved and known by everybody! At least, if they aren't, they ought to be!

(*Cheers and cries of "Speech! Speech!"*)

JACK (*pushing DANIEL forward*). After you, father.

DANIEL. No, no, I—I'm not ready. (*To Miss A.*)
Tell me what to say.

(*Miss A. whispers to him.*)

(*Cries of "Jack! Jack!"*)

JACK (*mounting chair down R.*). I can assure you that it gives me great pleasure to be with you on this happy occasion. I am proud to admit that I am soon to be—er—married. Marriage is a great institution. It is an old institution. Epictetus was married. Socrates was married. Xantippe was married. And as we come down through the ages of the dim and dusty past, let us pause for a moment on our way, noting here and there a familiar face peering from the dim—peering from the dim—from the dim— Hang it all—that's where I always forget it!

TOM. Cut it out, Jack. That's no speech for this occasion!

JACK. It's the only one I know.

HELEN. Oh, Jack, I think it is just beautiful! Say the rest of it!

CHORUS. Don't do it! Don't do it!

(*JACK steps down from chair and goes up C.*)

HELEN (*joining JACK up C.*). They don't appreciate you, Jack. Come over here and say it to me.

(*They step outside French window.*)

CHORUS. Speech, Mr. Bartlett!

DANIEL. Why, yes, my friends. Hortense—er—Miss Allen has just been helping me a little—er—suggesting a subject. It is a subject that I probably would not have chosen for myself, but—er—doubtless a very worthy one from certain points of view. I am about to propose some toasts. Are we all here? (*Sternly.*) Where's my daughter? Where is Helen?

HAROLD. Outside, Mr. Bartlett. I believe Jack's saying good-night.

DANIEL. He's taking long enough! Helen!

HELEN (*appearing at window*). Yes, father!

DANIEL. Doesn't that young man know how to say good-night?

HELEN. Why, yes, father; he does it beautifully, and he's teaching me!

DANIEL. Come in!

JACK. Certainly, father.

(Enter HELEN and JACK.)

DANIEL. I have the honor, my friends, to propose a toast; in fact, a series of toasts. First, to the college! (*Cheers.*) Second, to the ladies! (*Cheers.*) Third, to the charming brides to be! (*Cheers.*) And fourth and lastly, to—to—— (*Turns to Miss A.*) You say it, my dear.

MISS A. (*firmly*). No, Daniel, you must do it yourself.

DANIEL. Fourth and lastly, my friends, I am sure that we will all be glad to give a hearty cheer for—er—H₂O! Water forever!

(*Cheers.*)

PROFESSOR. My young friends, we have often discussed the problem of what would happen should an immovable object meet an irresistible force. (*Points to Miss A. and DANIEL.*) You see before you the result of such an encounter. The question is for all time settled.

DANIEL. She is irresistible, all right. Hortense, will I do now? Are you satisfied?

MISS A. Oh, Daniel! Daniel, you will. Daniel, I am!

JACK. Hurrah! What's the matter with father?

CHORUS. He's all right!

JACK. Who's all right?

CHORUS. Father!

JACK. Whose father?

CHORUS. Helen's!

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