

PS 3503

.R53 W3

1921

Copy 1

Denison's Select Plays

*Way
Down Along*

by
Gladys Ruth Bridgham

T. S. Denison & Company
Publishers · Chicago
Price 35 cents



Plays for Schools and Colleges

AARON BOGGS, FRESHMAN

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy in 3 acts; 8 males, 8 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents

AFTER THE GAME

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 2 acts; 1 male, 1 female. Time, ¼ hours. Price, 25 Cents

ALL A MISTAKE

By W. C. Parker. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 4 male, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF POLLY

By Harry L. Newton. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 6 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents

AS A WOMAN THINKETH

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 3 acts; 9 males, 7 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 14 males. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents

THE CLASS SHIP

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Commencement playlet; 3 males, 8 females. Time, 35 minutes. Price, 25 Cents

CLUBBING A HUSBAND

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 3 acts; 12 males. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents

A COLLEGE TOWN

By Walter Ben Hare. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 9 males, 8 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents

THE DEACON ENTANGLED

By Harry Osborne. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 males. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents

AN EARLY BIRD

By Walter B. Hare. Comedy in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 males. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents

THE FIFTEENTH OF JANUARY

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 11 males, 8 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents

THE GRADUATE'S CHOICE

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Commencement playlet; 8 females. Time, 35 minutes. Price, 25 Cents

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO

WAY DOWN ALONG

A Cape Cod Comedy in Prologue
and Two Acts

BY

GLADYS RUTH BRIDGHAM

AUTHOR OF

*"Step Lively," "Brown-Eyed Betty," "At the Sign of the
Shooting Star," "Mrs. Haywood's Help," "Excuse Me!"
"The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl," "The Thirteenth Star," "A
Regular Rah! Rah! Boy," "Sally Lunn," Etc.*



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

[1921]

PS3503
R53W/3
1921



NOTICE

Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers. Moving picture rights reserved.



COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY
GLADYS RUTH BRIDGHAM

©Cl.D 58721

SEP 26 '21

WAY DOWN ALONG

FOR SEVEN MEN AND THREE WOMEN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAP'N ENOCH DENNING.	<i>Skipper of the "Lila Belle"</i>
CAP'N PEREZ NICKERSON.	<i>Skipper of the "Nellie Darling"; later Keeper of "Harbor View Light."</i>
JOE CRUGER.....	<i>Nickerson's Nephew</i>
THOMAS BANGS.....	<i>The Doctor</i>
TONY ALVE.....	<i>The Town Crier</i>
JOHN NELSON.....	<i>A Business Man</i>
OLIVER HASTINGS.....	<i>Nelson's Valet</i>
KETURY BANGS.....	<i>Tom's Mother</i>
MARGARET MATHEWSON.....	<i>The School Teacher</i>
BETTY.....	<i>Nickerson's Ward</i>

TIME—*Prologue, Springtime, Eighteen Years ago. Acts I and II, The Present; Late Afternoon and the Next Morning.*

PLACE—*Down Along Cape Cod Way.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours.*

PROLOGUE—*Living room called the "cabin" of Cap'n Denning's home on the shore, Harbor View, Cape Cod; spring, eighteen years ago.*

Acts I and II—*Room in the Harbor View Light-House, Way Down Along.*

STORY OF THE PLAY

Cap'n Nickerson and Cap'n Denning who are old shipmates make their home in Cap'n Denning's house on the shore of Harbor View, Cape Cod. Each is about to start on a voyage. Before leaving, Cap'n Denning writes a letter which he gives to Nickerson with instructions to open after he has gone, and with the information that it contains a secret of his life which he holds Nickerson on his word of honor never to tell. Denning had a daughter Anna, who had gone away and married and he had never heard from her since. Just after he leaves, Tom Bangs, who is studying medicine in Boston, comes home with Anna's baby and the news that Anna has died the night before in a Boston hospital.

Nickerson opens Denning's letter to find that his shipmate is never coming back and circumstances lead them to believe that Denning has committed suicide. Nickerson carelessly leaves the letter on the table, where it is taken by Tony Alve, the Town Crier, who is simple-minded, and uses it to write down a jingle he has composed. Nickerson decides that it is his duty to give up the sea and become a grandfather to his shipmate's granddaughter.

Eighteen years later finds Nickerson the keeper of the Harbor View Light. Anna's daughter, Betty, has grown into a charming girl loved by everyone, and the idol of Nickerson's life. Tom, who loved Anna in his younger days, now finds himself in love with the daughter, but believes his case is hopeless because of the difference in their years. During a storm a yacht is

wrecked on the cliffs and one of the party, John Nelson, is hurt. They seek shelter in the light-house. Nelson proves to be Betty's father and Nickerson thinks it is her duty to go away with her father, who is a wealthy man and can give her every advantage in life. Denning, who is of the party, is Nelson's partner. He has changed from a rough sea-faring man to a hard-headed man of business. He now tells Nelson that he has ruined him; that he left Harbor View to find Anna's husband and get revenge; that Nelson once took away from him all that life held dear and that now he has taken from him all that he has in life.

Tony Alve is dying and Tom is attending him. Among Tony's things Tom finds the letter which Denning wrote eighteen years ago. It contains the information that Anna was not Denning's daughter, but Tony Alve's, and Betty is Alve's granddaughter. Alve dies leaving Betty a little fortune. She turns to her father saying that she doesn't believe her mother would have wished for revenge and asks him to take her money to start life again. This leaves her free to decide upon her future for herself, and her choice is to remain with Tom, Way Down Along.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

THE PROLOGUE

DENNING AND NICKERSON—Are Cape Cod skippers, about forty-five years old. Rather rough in manners and sea lingo. Nickerson easily excited and explosive in his remarks; both are tanned by sun and sea. They wear blue uniforms.

JOE CRUGER—Twenty-five; the ordinary sea-faring young man—blue uniform.

TONY ALVE—Forty; an old sailor rig. He is simple-minded, has a vacant stare.

TOM BANGS—About twenty. Gray business suit. A trifle self-important.

KETURY—Forty. Calico dress, shawl. Tall and thin, sharp-featured and sharp-tongued.

THE PLAY

(The Characters are all eighteen years older than in prologue.)

DENNING—Has snow-white hair and beard; he has dropped his sea lingo and developed into hard-headed business man. Dark-blue business suit.

NICKERSON—Is more refined in manners and conversation. Has grown into a lovable old man. Wears uniform of light-house keeper.

JOE CRUGER—A present-day skipper.

NELSON—Is thirty-eight. Typical young business man.

OLIVER—About twenty-one. English servant — might be dressed as chauffeur.

KETURY—Black dress, heavy coat, hat and veil.

MARGARET—About thirty. Serge suit, silk waist, sailor hat. Sweet type of young woman, not very strong and rather sad.

BETTY—Eighteen. Blue middy suit, with bright red cap and tie. Change for act three to plaid gingham. Bright, lively, strong, rosy; loved by everyone.

LIST OF PROPERTIES

PROLOGUE

Center table. On table paper, pen, bottle of ink.
Old-fashioned hair cloth sofa.
Two small chairs.
Arm chair with cushion seat.
Rocking chair off stage which is brought in by NICK-
ERSON.
Small table. On table glass case with shells and sea
curios.
Chest. On chest model of ship.
Clock.
Picture frame, without picture.
Bag and letter for DENNING.
Telegram for KETURY.
Paper and bell for TONY.

ACTS I AND II.

Dining table. Red cover and lantern on table.
Four dining chairs.
Arm chair.
Rocking chair.
Cupboard. Table cloth and dishes in cupboard.
Small bookcase with open shelves, containing books.
Lantern chimney for NICKERSON.
Packages for BETTY.
Wine glass for BETTY.
Doctor's case for BETTY.
Dust pan and brush for BETTY.
Letter for TOM.

ACT II.

Dishes for OLIVER and KETURY.

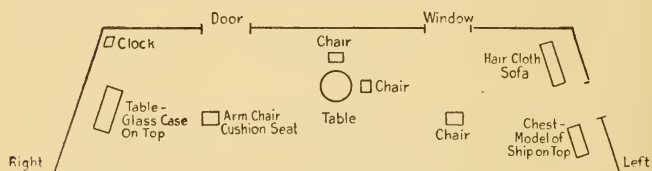
Towel for KETURY.

Pitcher for BETTY.

SCENE PLOT

PROLOGUE.

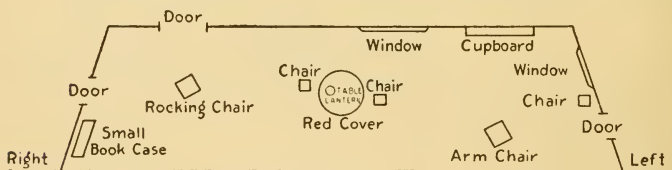
Back Drop - Ocean



ACTS I AND II.

White Wall Back Drop

Ocean Back Drop



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up stage; *D. F.*, door in flat, or scene running across the back of the stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

WAY DOWN ALONG

PROLOGUE.

SCENE: *Cabin of CAP'N ENOCH DENNING's home. Door at left; window at left center, door at right center in back flat, through both is a view of the sea. Table and two chairs at center. On this are a bottle of ink, pen and paper. Arm chair down right, clock at right up stage. Chair down left center which NICKERSON drags in near the end of the prologue. At right down stage, a table on which is a glass case containing shells and other sea curios. On wall left picture frame without picture. At left up stage, an old haircloth sofa; at left down stage, chest on which is a model of a ship. On floor near door in back flat, is DENNING's bag.*

LIGHTS: *Full on, as it is afternoon, three o'clock.*

At curtain DENNING sits at center table writing a letter, he folds the letter, places it in envelope and seals it. Clock strikes three.

CAP'N PEREZ NICKERSON *comes to door at L.*

NICKERSON (*from door*). Six bells and all's well.

DENNING. Right you are, mate. Mighty nigh time for me to pull up anchor.

NICKERSON *entering L.*

NICKERSON. I can't see no way the sense in you leaving the Lila Belle in Boston.

DENNING (*rising*). I've told you steen times she sprung a leak aft.

NICKERSON. Well, Mat Freeman has always been

good enough to do the job afore. What's the matter with him now?

DENNING. Not a thing. Not a thing. I jest wanted a little land travel for a change.

NICKERSON. Well, everyone for his fancy as the old lady said when she got her first ride in a ortymobile, but personally I miss the horse. Gorry mighty, when I get shet up in one of them cars I feel like a clam in a bucket and personally I miss the sea. And by Christmas, if I couldn't see the Nellie Darling off to east'ard I'd feel as if I'd been cast ashore fifty thousand miles from home and not a sail in sight. (DENNING *picks up his bag.*) I'll trot along down to the train with ye.

DENNING. No, I don't want you should, Perez.

NICKERSON. Well, gorry mighty, if you're getting so all fired tony —

DENNING. No, 'taint that! 'Taint that! You know better. I been writing you a letter, Perez, an' I want you to stay right here and read it.

NICKERSON (*staggered*). A letter? Me? You? Read it?

DENNING. There, there, Perez! Don't get so excited.

NICKERSON. Me? Excited? I ain't nothin' o' the kind. I'm calm as a sou'west breeze, but gorry mighty, you're plumb loony.

DENNING. No, I ain't. Now, listen, Perez. You're the best friend I ever had. There's something I want you to know and I can't tell you, so I've written it. It will explain something I'm going to do. The train goes out at three-twenty. After it has been gone ten

minutes if you're alone here, read the letter. If you don't get no other chance, read it tonight in the cabin o' the Nellie Darling. I want your word of honor that you won't tell no one as long as you live what's in that letter.

NICKERSON. Here's my hand, I reckon you can trust me, Enoch.

DENNING. With my very life, Perez, with my very life. We wuz shipmates a good many years and I know you pretty well.

NICKERSON. I don't need to wish you luck. You always have it. The luckiest skipper that ever sailed from Harbor View.

DENNING. You haven't got much to complain about yourself.

NICKERSON. Not now, I ain't. That's a fact.

DENNING. And may this trip be the best yet. (*Looks around room.*) We — we been quite snug and comfortable here, Perez, when we wanted to anchor a spell.

NICKERSON. I reckon we have. Not much wrong with the cabin. Neat little place you got here when you get round to settling down.

DENNING. See here, ain't I always told you what's mine is yours?

NICKERSON. You have that.

DENNING. Then don't talk any more about my place. This is where you're going to settle down.

NICKERSON. All right, mate, jes' as you say. This is where *we* settle down. But gorry mighty it's going to be one while afore we get around to it.

DENNING. I reckon you're right. Here's the letter.

(*Hands it to him.*) And now good-bye, Perez. Good-bye! (*Wrings his hand.*)

NICKERSON. Good-bye!

DENNING (*breaks away from him abruptly, walks quickly to door R. C., turns, takes a long look*). Good-bye. (*Exits quickly R. C.*)

(NICKERSON *is puzzled and somewhat troubled; he goes to door R. C., looks after DENNING, then to window and looks out.*)

Enter JOE CRUGER through door R. C.

CRUGER. Hello, uncle!

NICKERSON (*without turning*). Hello, Joe!

CRUGER. What's the trouble?

NICKERSON (*turning slowly*). Nothing, I guess. Nothing. I was watching Enoch. He — he — gorry mighty, he acted queer, and, and — gorry mighty, he talked queer.

CRUGER. He's beginning to get old, I suppose.

NICKERSON. Old? Nothing o' the kind! What you talking about? Next thing you'll be saying I'm getting old.

CRUGER (*laughing*). Well, aren't you?

NICKERSON (*at the top of his voice*). Old? Me? No! Gorry mighty! Blast y'r win'ard sails! I'm worth a dozen cubs like you. I know what you want. You want to be a skipper o' the Nellie Darling. Well, you ain't going to be!

CRUGER. Never?

NICKERSON (*wrathfully*). No, never!

CRUGER. I thought it was all understood that you would sell out to me some day.

NICKERSON. H'm! Well, maybe — but it will be a late day. As long as I have strength to move a muscle it would take a strong anchor to hold me to this point.

KETURY (*outside*). Enoch! Enoch! Be you home?

NICKERSON. Come in, Ketury, I'm here and Joe's here.

Enter KETURY from door R. C.

NICKERSON. Anything we can do for you?

KETURY (*out of breath*). It's Enoch I want.

NICKERSON. Enoch's gone.

KETURY. Gone? On a voyage, you mean?

NICKERSON. Yes.

KETURY. Well, stop him!

NICKERSON. Good land o' goshen how can I do that? Train goes in a few minutes.

KETURY. For mercy's sake, has he shipped aboard a land craft?

NICKERSON. As far as Boston.

KETURY. Well, we can stop him there, can't we? O' course we can. We can telegraf, too.

NICKERSON. What you talking about?

KETURY. Tom did.

CRUGER. Did what?

KETURY. Telegrafed.

NICKERSON. What for?

KETURY. Land only knows. A tellegraf never says anything. You can read it. (*Hands him a telegram.*)

NICKERSON (*reads it, looks at KETURY*). What's he mean?

KETURY. How should I know? I didn't write it.

NICKERSON. What you make of this, Joe?

CRUGER (*takes up telegram, reads*). "Keep Enoch Denning at home. Anna coming on three thirty-five. Tom." (*Looks up startled.*) Anna? You don't suppose it's possible he's bringing Anna home?

KETURY. That's the way it sounds. Did you ever? Where do you suppose he ever found her?

NICKERSON. And gorry mighty, Enoch's gone! Joe, get to that train as fast as you can get there and if you miss it, tellegraf to Boston. Don't let him get aboard the Lila Belle!

CRUGER. Do the best I can. (*Hurries out door R. C.*)

NICKERSON (*looks at clock*). To think o' Enoch missing Anna by about five minutes!

KETURY (*fans herself*). My land, I never hurried so in my life. I didn't know as I'd have breath left to ever speak another word.

NICKERSON. That would o' been a calamity.

KETURY. Where do you suppose Tom ever found Anna? And where do you suppose her husband is? And what do you suppose Enoch'll say? And how do you suppose —

NICKERSON. Hold on! Gorry mighty, Ketury, hold on!

KETURY. It's jest like Tom. He's always doing something unexpected. I don't know I'm sure how Keziah and I ever raised such a son.

NICKERSON. You ain't got nothin' to complain of. Tom's a durned good boy.

KETURY. Am I sayin' he ain't. He's good as gold, but he never did nothing yet that he was expected to

do. Allus wanted to stay in school when his father expected him to go to sea with him. Allus studying one thing when the teacher expected him to study tother. Allus going fishin' when the minister expected him to go to Sunday School. Allus running around with Anna Denning when I expected him to go with Lucy Scott and then making a doctor of himself when his father expected to make a skipper of him.

NICKERSON. By Chrismus, Ketury, you'd be a sight o' help in a sail boat in a calm.

KETURY. O' course it would be Tom who found Anna.

NICKERSON. If she'd only married Tom.

KETURY. Or Joe.

NICKERSON. Yep. She had two mighty good chances.

KETURY. And had to go and marry someone none of us ever see. Do you suppose he's deserted her?

NICKERSON. How in tarnation should I know?

KETURY. I allus knowed no good could come o' her kiting up to Boston to study music. When her mother died, Enoch should o' given up the sea and stayed right here.

NICKERSON. Maybe so. Maybe so.

KETURY. I guess he sees it himself now.

NICKERSON. It jest about killed him losing Anna. (*Turns to look at picture, starts to his feet in surprise.*) Well, gorry mighty! Look at that!

KETURY. What?

NICKERSON. He's took Anna's picture out o' the frame. (*Crosses to wall L.*)

KETURY (*following him*). Well, did you ever? He

must o' took it with him. Don't that look like all possessed? A empty frame!

NICKERSON. By Christmas, that's a queer thing for him 'to do!

KETURY. Where in the name o' goodness do you suppose she's been all this time?

NICKERSON (*impatiently*). Gorry mighty, how should I know?

KETURY. Maybe if she's in trouble or anything he'll settle down to home for a spell.

NICKERSON. Maybe so, more'n likely I should think. (*Voice of TONY, the town crier, is heard in the distance.*)

KETURY. There's the crier. Wonder what he's saying. (*Goes to door R. C.*) You any idea? Can you hear?

NICKERSON. Gorry mighty, no! I can't hear nothing outside.

KETURY (*calls*). Tony! To-ny! Come up here! (*Pauses, turns from door.*) He's coming. He's loony as a coot, Perez. I believe he grows worse every day. And don't he run on? I declare I see him yesterday and he wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise.

NICKERSON. Gorry mighty, how'd he manage it?

Enter Tony, door R. C. with a slip of paper in his hand, and a bell.

TONY. Hello, Cap'n. (*Turns to KETURY.*) Fair-est of the fair, I salute you.

KETURY (*to NICKERSON*). Will you listen to that? (*Turns to TONY.*) What's going on? What be you crying?

TONY (*consulting slip of paper*):

Through the town I walk and call

Meeting tonight in the town hall

Harbor Lodge of Odd Fellows

To keep your fire going, use your bellows.

KETURY. Ain't it awful? Talks in rhymes most of the time.

TONY (*turns to NICKERSON*):

Cap'n Enoch's gone to sea

He'll come back no more to thee

In his dory staunch and tried

He goes to meet the incoming tide.

KETURY. Did you ever?

NICKERSON (*somewhat startled*). Wonder what made him say that? Tony, Cap'n Enoch's gone to the train. What made you say he was in his dory? Now don't talk in rhymes. Tell me straight.

TONY. Tell what?

NICKERSON. About Cap'n Enoch and his dory.

TONY. Tony saw him drifting, drifting away.

CRUGER *enters hurriedly, at door R. C.*

NICKERSON. Joe! Back already?

CRUGER. Yes, the train's gone. I met Pete Simms coming up. Uncle, Cap'n Enoch didn't go on the train.

KETURY AND NICKERSON (*together*). Didn't go?

CRUGER. There were just four people left on the three thirty and Cap'n Enoch wasn't one of them.

KETURY. But didn't he say —

NICKERSON (*frightened*). Wait! Tony, where did you see the Cap'n?

TONY. Drifting, drifting.

NICKERSON (*sharply*). Where?

TONY. Around the point — along the shore
Out to sea — then seen no more.

(*All exchange startled looks.*)

KETURY. Good land! We mustn't listen to the poor, crazy thing.

NICKERSON. Gorry mighty, the letter! (*Hurries to table, picks up letter, tears it open. Begins to read, suddenly gives choking cry.*) He ain't coming back! He's gone for good!

CRUGER. What? Are you sure?

KETURY (*fanning herself*). My land! My land! I'm limp as a herring.

CRUGER. What else does he say?

NICKERSON (*choking over his words*). This house's mine and the Lila Belle's yours, Joe.

CRUGER. But where's he gone? What's he doing?

NICKERSON. I'm afraid, I'm afraid — (*Stops*).

CRUGER. You mean, he — he —. He wouldn't do that. What else does he say? Does he give a reason?

NICKERSON (*reading letter, suddenly crushes it in his hand*). My God, yes! Joe, quick as you can go! Take Tony. Hev him show you where he see Enoch last. Telephone the Life Savers. Rouse the town.

CRUGER. All right. Come, Tony. (*Grabs TONY by the arm and pulls him out door R. C.*)

KETURY. My land! My land! I'm fainting dead away.

NICKERSON (*picking up letter, smooths it out*). No,

you be n't. You ain't that kind. Talk awhile. It'll revive you.

KETURY. Perez Nickerson, what's in that letter?

NICKERSON. That's something you can't never know, Ketury.

KETURY. What?

NICKERSON. No one can ever know.

KETURY. Have you gone crazy?

NICKERSON. No, I promised Enoch on my word o' honor that I wouldn't never tell a living soul what's in that letter.

KETURY. And you intend to keep your word when — when —

NICKERSON. I do.

KETURY (*desperately*). Perez Nickerson, you'll have to tell me. If Enoch Denning has gone and drowned himself and I got to live on knowing that you know why he did it and won't tell, I can't never stand it. I shall be in an asylum afore the summer's out.

Enter TOM door R. C., with a bundle in his arms.

NICKERSON AND KETURY (*together*). Tom!

KETURY. Land sakes, it's you!

NICKERSON. What's the news?

KETURY. We thought you was bringing Anna home?

TOM. No, not Anna. (*Opens bundle.*) Her daughter.

KETURY. What?

NICKERSON. Gorry mighty, a baby?

KETURY. Oh, my soul and body! Tom Bangs, give

her to me this minute. (*Takes baby from Tom's arms.*)

NICKERSON (*choking*). You mean — that — that — is really —

TOM. Anna's daughter.

NICKERSON. Where is Anna?

TOM. Dead.

KETURY AND NICKERSON (*together*). Dead? Anna? Where?

TOM. In a hospital in Boston last night. It was her last request that I bring the baby to her father. He is here?

KETURY. Oh, Tom! Oh, ain't this terrible?

NICKERSON. I — I'm afraid, Tom, that Enoch is dead, too.

TOM (*aghast*). What in heaven's name do you mean?

NICKERSON. We thought he'd taken the train for Boston. Instead he was seen putting out to sea in his old fishing dory.

TOM. To the Lila Belle, of course.

NICKERSON. The Lila Belle is in Boston.

KETURY. He left a letter.

NICKERSON. Saying he'd gone on his last voyage, giving me this house and Joe the Lila Belle.

TOM. You mean — you think — that he — Oh, but you aren't sure!

NICKERSON. Joe has gone out to see what he can find out.

TOM. Did he give any reason for such an act?

KETURY (*excited*). Yes, he did, and Perez is such a simpleton he won't tell it.

NICKERSON. I promised him.

TOM. But surely under the circumstances.

NICKERSON. I gave him my hand. Tom, where is that child's father?

TOM. No one knows. He deserted Anna soon after he married her.

KETURY. Oh, this poor little waif. We'll take her right home, Tom.

TOM. Of course, Anna's child —

NICKERSON. Hold on! Not so fast. This is her grandfather's house. It was her mother's home. I reckon she belongs Way Down Along. Here she stays. What's her name? Has she got any?

TOM. Yes, Elizabeth. Her mother called her Betty.

NICKERSON. A durned good Cape Cod name.

KETURY. But, Perez Nickerson, be you crazy? How are you going to take care of a baby?

NICKERSON. Plenty of women in town that'll be glad of a job. Ketury, that's Anna's little girl. Enoch was the best friend I ever had. I reckon I can be a grandfather if I try hard.

TOM. Cap'n Perez, you're a brick. The poor little mite couldn't have fallen into better hands.

KETURY. Land sakes! I'm so upset.

NICKERSON. You can stay tonight, Ketury. Help me out till we get a regular housekeeper.

KETURY. Of course I will. Tom, we'll go over to the house and get what's needed, and I'll come right back.

TOM. And I'll come back and help.

NICKERSON. You? What in tarnation do you know about a baby?

TOM. Well, I'm pretty well acquainted with this little one. Please remember I brought her all the way from Boston.

KETURY. Jest like Tom. Didn't I tell you he was always doing the most unexpected things?

NICKERSON. Well, he hez this time, that's a fact.

TOM. And I guess you forget I'm an M. D.

NICKERSON. Yes. I do, Tom. It's hard to remember it.

KETURY. You're right it is.

TOM. Well, I'm going to settle down here pretty soon and after you've called me for Betty a few times, it will be easier to remember.

KETURY (*puts baby in NICKERSON'S arms*). Now for the land's sakes, be careful!

NICKERSON. Trust me, Ketury. I'll be right at the helm. (KETURY *exits door R. C.* TOM *follows to door.*) Don't see Joe coming, I suppose?

TOM (*looking back*). No.

KETURY (*calling from outside*). Not a sign of any one.

NICKERSON. Well, o' course he ain't had time —

TOM. Cheer up, Captain. I don't believe what you say about Cap'n Enoch. Not a word of it.

NICKERSON. I got an awful fear, Tom, an awful fear.

TOM. Well, go get rid of it, quick. You know it's the thing we fear that's sure t^o come upon us. We'll be back in no time. (*Exits R. C.*)

NICKERSON (*looking at the child in his arms*).

Anna's little girl! Anna's little girl. (*Puts the baby in an arm chair which has a cushion seat, places another chair in front of her so she can't fall out. Exits door L., slight pause.*)

Enter TONY at door R. C.

TONY. He put to sea in a dory. (*Looks about vaguely and repeats.*) He put to sea in a dory — (*Goes to table, picks up a pencil.*) Alas, alas, alas! (*Picks up letter which NICK. left on table, writes on back of letter. Speaks as he writes.*)

He put to sea in a dory

Alas, what a tragic story

Ne'er again we'll see his face

Cap'n Enoch's run his race.

(*Folds the letter and puts it in his pocket. Exits door R. C.*)

Enter NICKERSON from L.; drags rocking chair into room, takes up the baby, sits down in rocking chair. Enter CRUGER at door R. C.

CRUGER. Uncle, I telephoned the Station. Cap'n Enoch's dory went ashore on their beach.

NICKERSON. And Enoch?

CRUGER. Nobody knows. I've roused the town. Of course we can't be sure.

NICKERSON. We are sure as we need to be.

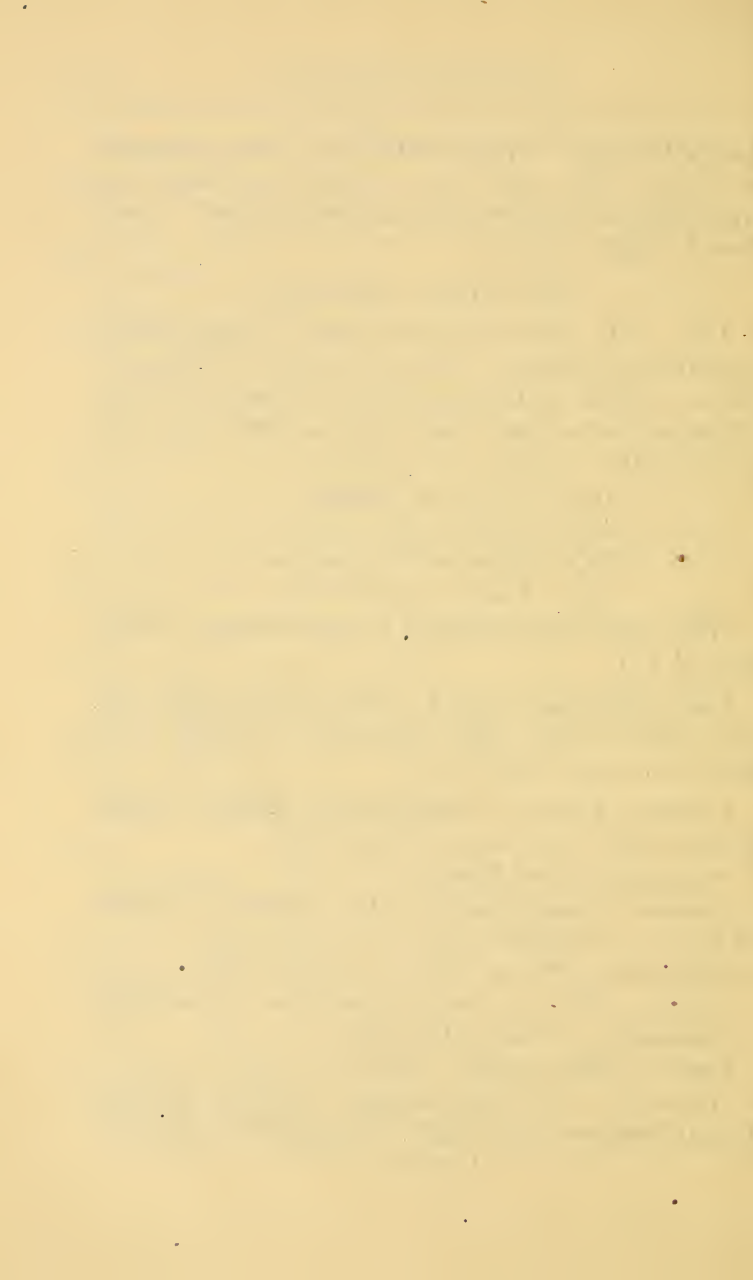
CRUGER. What in heaven's name are you holding?

NICKERSON. Anna's little girl.

CRUGER (*with a cry*). Anna?

NICKERSON. Joe, you can have the Nellie Darling. I'm staying home for a spell. I've found my anchor.

CURTAIN.



WAY DOWN ALONG

THE FIRST ACT.

SCENE: *Room in the Harbor View Light House. Plain white walls, narrow windows at center and upper left. Doors right, left and at right of center in back flat. At center dining table with red table cloth, on which is a lantern. Two chairs at this table, one at right of center window and one near door at left. Rocking chair at right of stage and an arm chair down left. Cupboard left of center window in which are dishes, table cloth and towel. At right near foot-lights, small book case, showing shelves of books. White wall backing at right center door, with view of ocean through center window.*

At curtain NICKERSON sits by table. A lantern on table; he is polishing the chimney.

MARGARET MATHEWSON *outside, raps at door R. C.*

MARGARET. Captain Nickerson, are you in?

NICKERSON. I am.

MARGARET. May I come in?

NICKERSON. Sartain. (*Goes to door R. C. and opens it.*)

MARGARET *enters.*

MARGARET. How do you do, Captain Nickerson? I don't suppose you know who I am?

NICKERSON. Yes, I do. You're Miss Mathewson, the school marm.

MARGARET (*smiling*). That is correct.

NICKERSON (*shakes hands with her*). I'm glad to see you. Did you come over with Betty?

MARGARET. No, I came alone. I wanted to see you about your granddaughter.

NICKERSON. What's the trouble? Getting so bad you can't manage her?

MARGARET (*laughing*). No, nothing like that. We are the best of friends, Cap'n Nickerson.

NICKERSON. Sit down, sit down! (*Sits by table and takes up the chimney again. MARGARET sits near.*)

MARGARET. Thank you. With the close of this term of school my work here is over.

NICKERSON. I am sorry to hear that.

MARGARET. I am sorry, too, in some ways, although I am glad to be able to return to my home once more.

NICKERSON. You are feeling all right again?

MARGARET. Yes, thank you. Your wonderful ocean air has given me back the strength I was afraid I had lost forever.

NICKERSON. I'm mighty glad for you. There ain't no loss so great as your health.

MARGARET. I quite agree with you. Without it existence is a dreary thing. Before I went home I felt I must come here and talk with you about Betty. Do you realize that she is a very remarkable girl?

NICKERSON. I hope you haven't told her that.

MARGARET. No, I haven't told her. She wouldn't have believed me if I had. I hope you are not going to take the same stand.

NICKERSON. Why?

MARGARET. Because I want to make you see that

she should have a chance in the world. The chance she can't have if you are going to keep her forever on this lonely point.

NICKERSON. I suppose it's my business where I keep her?

MARGARET. Oh, certainly.

NICKERSON. She don't look starved, half clad, abused?

MARGARET. Far from it. You have done your duty, Cap'n Nickerson. Her own stories testify to a lifetime of devotion on your part. I know that you have been not only grandfather, but mother and father as well. And loving her as you do, it seems as if you must want to give her some of the advantages that girls like Betty should have.

NICKERSON. How do you know I'm not going to give her some?

MARGARET. I don't know. That's why I came. If you have the means and you are planning to send her away, why, just forget this visit. On the other hand, if you are not in a position to do anything more for her than you have done, I wanted to make an offer. I am going to Boston to my home, and I would be glad to take her with me. I can help her prepare for college and then get her a chance to work her way through.

NICKERSON. So that's it? You want to transplant my ocean lass to the heart of a city like Boston?

MARGARET. Isn't it her right?

NICKERSON. Have you mentioned this to her?

MARGARET. Certainly not.

NICKERSON. Has she mentioned it to you?

MARGARET. No. If she thinks anything about her future, she keeps it to herself.

NICKERSON (*with a sudden laugh*). Gorry mighty I don't know which would get the greatest surprise Boston or the girl?

MARGARET. She isn't just like other girls, I'll admit.

NICKERSON. And yet you seem to like her pretty well.

MARGARET. Like her? I love her.

NICKERSON. Perhaps that is why you are so anxious to take the sunlight away from me?

MARGARET. I suppose it would be just that, Captain Nickerson, but I believe you are the kind of a man who would make the sacrifice to give the girl her chance and it would only be for a time.

NICKERSON (*rising impatiently*). How do I know it would only be for a time? How do I know she would ever want to come back to me?

MARGARET. How do you know that the sun will rise again? The stars come out? The tide will turn. Her love for you is just as sure.

NICKERSON. I don't know. I don't know. I'll have to think. (*Slowly.*) I know another girl that went away from Harbor View to Boston. Didn't no good come of it that I could see. (*Walks to window L.*) You didn't choose a very good day for your first visit to the point. Did you notice what's coming?

MARGARET (*joins him at window*). Yes, a storm I never noticed until I was nearly over here. I left the school house thinking of you and Betty, and nothing else.

NICKERSON. Here's the girl!

MARGARET. Why don't you say, Here's the fish? She could live as well on or in the water as on the land.

NICKERSON. Why shouldn't she? She doesn't know anything else. She's lived all her life down along.
(*Turns away suddenly, walks to window L. C.*)

MARGARET. Isn't it rough? Just look at the waves!

NICKERSON. If you think it's rough inside the point, come over here and look out across the cliffs.

MARGARET (*crosses to window L. C.*). Oh, it's going to be terrible.

NICKERSON. It sartain is. Regular tempest sweep-
ing up the coast. Hello! Here's Joe making port!
Sure as you're born.

MARGARET. Captain Cruger?

NICKERSON. That's who.

MARGARET. How can you possibly tell?

NICKERSON. Well, if every time I saw you for fif-
teen years, you were wearing the same clothes, I should
be likely to recognize you. Joe made his first trip as
skipper o' the Lila Belle the same day I came to this
light-house as keeper.

MARGARET (*laughing*). Well, all sails look alike to
me.

BETTY *enters from R. C., her arms full of bundles.*

BETTY (*as she enters*). Are you here, grandfather?
(*Stops surprised as she discovers MARGARET.*) Miss
Mathewson? Why didn't you tell me you were coming
over? How did you come?

MARGARET. By land.

BETTY. Way round by the point? When I could have sailed you across in a third the time?

MARGARET. But I beat you just the same!

BETTY (*throwing her bundles on table*). But I had errands galore before I started.

MARGARET. I wanted to see your grandfather alone before you got here.

BETTY. Goodness! That sounds startling, but think my conscience is fairly clear.

NICKERSON. Well for you that it is.

BETTY (*throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him*). Oh, grandfather, you would never do anything. You would scold the wind and the waves and the stars and the moon, but never Betty!

NICKERSON. Here, here! What are you trying to do? Make it out that I spoil you?

BETTY. No, dearest, I spoil you. (*Turns to MARGARET.*) You cheated me of your company. Now you will have to give it to me. There is a storm coming that will keep you here until morning. Grandfather please invite Miss Mathewson to stay over night with us.

NICKERSON. Glad to have her! Glad to have her! There's some things I want to talk with her about. And we are going to have more company. Joe is making port.

BETTY (*running to window L. C.*). Really? Dear old uncle Joe!

NICKERSON. H'm! Not so terrible old.

MARGARET (*joining BETTY at window*). He's really

made the point. How did he ever do it? Hear the wind!

BETTY. He's having lots of fun. Uncle Joe likes a gale. He'll be with us in no time.

OLIVER HASTINGS (*outside*). 'Elp! 'Elp! Hi say! 'Elp! 'Elp!

MARGARET (*startled*). Who's that?

BETTY (*hurrying to door R. C.*). Somebody calling for help?

OLIVER (*calling again*). Anybody 'ome? Hi need 'elp!

BETTY (*as she exits through door R. C.*). Yes, we are home. Come in.

BETTY *enters from door R. C., followed by OLIVER.*

OLIVER (*breathlessly*). Hi thank God there's somebody 'ome. Hi'm jolly well hall hin. The bloomin' wind drove hour sail ashore down below the bloomin' cliffs.

NICKERSON. You at the helm?

OLIVER. No, sir, Mr. Widener was hour skipper, sir, an' 'ee's a jolly good one, but hit was a hegg shell we wuz hout in, sir, an' the bloomin' wind come hup in such a 'urry. We tried to climb hup the cliffs an' Mr. Nelson, the man hi works for, he slipped an' 'ee's 'alf dead. Can we bring him in 'ere if you please?

NICKERSON AND BETTY (*together*). Sartain! Of course.

BETTY. I'll go out with you. Want to come, Miss Mathewson?

MARGARET. I'll go out, but I won't promise how far.

OLIVER. Hits bloomin' kind. (*Exits R. C., followed by BETTY and MARGARET.*)

NICKERSON *goes to window L. C., looks out. Exits door L.*

JOE CRUGER *enters door R. C.*

CRUGER. Ship ahoy, uncle! Where are you?

NICKERSON (*off stage*). Here.

NICKERSON *enters from L.*

NICKERSON. How are you, boy? (*Shakes hands with CRUGER.*)

CRUGER. Sickly, uncle, living on tea and toast.

NICKERSON. Yes, you look it. Some gale we going to get.

CRUGER. Going to? I should say we were getting it.

NICKERSON. Someone's hurt down here on the cliffs. They're going to bring him here.

CRUGER. So? Better go down, hadn't I?

NICKERSON. No, there's two men to handle one. I don't know where you'd get a hand in.

CRUGER. Betty come over yet?

NICKERSON. Yes. She and Miss Mathewson's gone out on the cliffs.

CRUGER. Miss Mathewson? She's a new-comer over this way, isn't she?

NICKERSON. Yes. This is her first visit.

TOM (*opens door R. C. and looks in*). Hello, Cap'n. (*Looks back over his shoulder.*) All right, mother, he is here.

NICKERSON (*surprised*). Why, hello!

KETURY enters door R. C., followed by TOM.

KETURY. Here we are! Well, if it ain't Joe!
(Crosses to CRUGER; shakes hands with him.)

TOM (crosses to CRUGER). Hello, Joe! When did you get in? (Shakes hands with him.)

CRUGER. Just now.

NICKERSON. What in the name o' all fog horns brought you down here in this gale?

KETURY. I don't wonder you ask. It's perfectly ridiculous, but Tom would come. We been up to Alves'. I been helping Melissy. Poor Tony, he ain't going to last much longer, and the way he's saying rhymes is a caution. I declare it would be comical if it weren't so awful. And nothing for it but Tom would bring me clean down here before we started for home.

TOM. I had to come. I wanted to see Cap'n Nickerson.

KETURY. Well, goodness knows, you'll have plenty o' time. We can't never start back before tomorrow.

TOM. I can. I'll leave you here after I talk with the Captain.

KETURY. Tom Bangs, you can't never run that car up the point in all this —

TOM (interrupting). Oh, yes, I can, mother. I'll have to get back to Tony and all my other patients.

NICKERSON. You've come right in the nick of time, both of you. We'll need some help. There's been an accident down below and we're going to have a house full over night.

KETURY. I want to know. Who is it and what hap-

pened and how many and where be they from and—

NICKERSON. Gorry mighty, Ketury, I don't know. I ain't seen them yet.

KETURY. Did you put on a kettle of water?

NICKERSON. Good Lord, no!

KETURY. Ain't that like a man? I'll go right out and put some on. (*Starts for door L.*)

NICKERSON. What for?

KETURY. Never can tell how much hot water you'll need and anyway we'll all want a cup o' tea. (*Exits L.*)

NICKERSON. Can you beat that?

TOM. Leave it to mother!

NICKERSON. I'm glad you boys are here. I want some advice. Miss Mathewson wants to take Betty up to Boston with her.

TOM. She does?

CRUGER. What for?

NICKERSON. Get her ready for college.

TOM. Good-night!

CRUGER. Who started that idea?

NICKERSON. Miss Mathewson.

TOM. Does Betty want to go?

NICKERSON. It hasn't been mentioned to her.

CRUGER. Maybe she won't take kindly to the idea.

NICKERSON. You know very well she will take kindly to whatever I tell her is the best thing for her to do.

TOM (*impatiently*). Well, who knows it's the best thing for her?

NICKERSON. Miss Mathewson. She is in a position to know. She says Betty should have the chance and

she will help her to work her way through.

TOM AND CRUGER (*together*). Work? Betty? Now look here! I won't listen to that.

NICKERSON. Wait a minute! Wait a minute! One at a time.

TOM. I'll pay what you can't, Cap'n.

CRUGER. I'm in on this, too.

NICKERSON. Betty wouldn't accept her education that way, boys. You know it as well as I do.

TOM. But if she's going, we want her to go right. To have hats and dresses and a good time and get real college life. We don't want to see Betty make a drudge of herself.

CRUGER. Of course we don't. Now I have made some money out of the Lila Belle. That was her grandfather's property, why shouldn't she be allowed to have some of the proceeds? We want to see her go right.

NICKERSON. She goes with a healthy mind and a healthy body. I reckon that's about right.

CRUGER. Do you want her to go, uncle?

NICKERSON. What I want ain't the question. If it's her right I ain't standing in the way.

TOM. But after the way you have taken care of her and brought her up —

NICKERSON (*interrupting*). That ain't got nothing to do with it.

CRUGER. Do you realize what this place will be when she's gone?

NICKERSON. Yes, I reckon. The wind, the waves, the light, the stars, the moon, a deadly silence.

CRUGER. Well, I guess I've made my last voyage.

You've been teasing me to stay here as your assistant. If Betty is going to leave you, I stay.

NICKERSON. Thanks, Joe.

TOM (*rather crossly*). She hasn't gone yet. Joe and I want a word with Captain Perez and I (*looks at watch*) haven't any too much time. Do you mind (*hesitates*).

CRUGER. Of course not. I'll go out and help bring the cripple in. You won't go until you see what we've got on our hands?

TOM. No, indeed. I'll stay as long as necessary and do whatever is needed.

CRUGER. Good enough. (*Exits R. C.*)

TOM. Cap'n Perez, you remember the day I brought Betty to you?

NICKERSON. Think I'm ever likely to forget it?

TOM. And Captain Enoch's letter that was lost?

NICKERSON. Never'll forget that either.

TOM (*takes a letter from his pocket*). Here it is.

NICKERSON (*astonished*). What do you mean?

TOM. Tony Alve had it. I was hunting through his things for something his mother wanted and I ran across it.

NICKERSON. But how —

TOM. No use to ask. One of his jingles is written on the back. (*Hands it to NICKERSON.*)

NICKERSON (*wonderingly*). After eighteen years —

TOM. Lucky I was the one to find it.

NICKERSON. You read it?

TOM. Yes. I didn't realize at first what it was.

You have known all these years that Anna wasn't Denning's daughter?

NICKERSON. Yes.

TOM. Have you any idea who she was?

NICKERSON. Not the least.

TOM. And who is Betty?

NICKERSON. Anna's daughter.

TOM. But not Denning's granddaughter, and you have cared for her all these years, given her a home and name.

NICKERSON. Why not? Wouldn't Enoch have wished it? You read all the letter?

TOM. Yes. He loved Anna and she thought he was her father. Then she went off and married unbeknown to him. No wonder he couldn't stand it any longer.

NICKERSON. That's what I've never been able to get at. How could he have loved her that way when he brought her up and was old enough to be her father.

TOM. That doesn't make any difference. I'm old enough to be Betty's.

NICKERSON. Well, what's that got to do with it?

TOM. I love Betty.

NICKERSON (*staggered*). Tom!

TOM. I think it began the day I brought her to you. I imagined then I had loved Anna. I didn't know what love was. But don't worry, Cap'n Perez, I'm an old man to Betty. She will never know. She looks upon me as an older brother and always will.

NICKERSON. By Chrismus, Tom —

TOM (*warningly*). Hush!

BETTY enters R. C.

BETTY. Right in this way.

CRUGER *and* OLIVER *help* JOHN NELSON *in.* DENNING *follows,* DENNING *discovers* NICKERSON *and stands at one side gazing at him.*

BETTY. Grandfather, this is Mr. Nelson, the gentleman who was hurt. (NICKERSON *steps forward to greet* NELSON. BETTY *discovers* TOM *and goes to him.*)

NICKERSON (*shakes hands with* NELSON). I'm glad it happened near us. (CRUGER *pushes a chair forward* NELSON *drops into it.*)

NELSON. Thank you. It didn't seem very near.
TOM (*steps forward*). What is the trouble?

NELSON. I slipped and twisted my ankle.

CRUGER. He can't step. It was all we could do to get him up here.

TOM. Bring him out here. We'll see what can be done. (*Leads the way* L. CRUGER *and* OLIVER *help* NELSON *to exit* L.)

BETTY. Grandfather, this is Mr. Widener. (DENNING.) Was that the name?

DENNING. Yes.

NICKERSON. I'm glad to know yer. (*Shakes hands with* DENNING, *who is somewhat overcome.*) You ain't hurt, be yer?

DENNING (*taking chair*). No. Merely tired.

BETTY. I'll get you something to take. (*Exits* L.)

NICKERSON. Quite a little gale we're having.

DENNING. Yes. It's a bad one. I was a skipper in my younger days and I know something about storms.

NICKERSON. I followed the sea, too. I reckon we'll have something to talk about.

DENNING. I think we shall.

NICKERSON. Yes, sir. I was a skipper for a good many years, but something happened that made me give it up.

DENNING (*looking at him keenly*). Married, perhaps?

NICKERSON. Not on your starboard watch!

DENNING (*trying to appear unconcerned*). Oh! I thought the young lady called you grandfather.

NICKERSON. She did and always has, but she isn't really any relation to me. She's the granddaughter of the best friend I ever had. (DENNING *leans forward*.) He started on his last voyage eighteen years ago this month, and I been bringing the girl up for him. (DENNING *sinks back in his chair*.) Say, you're pretty well tuckered out.

DENNING. Yes.

BETTY *enters from L. with a glass of—*(*Contents left to the discretion of the producers of the play.*)

BETTY (*hands glass to DENNING*). Here, sir. Grandfather, Tom wants you.

NICKERSON. All right. (*Exits L.*)

BETTY. Do you feel better?

DENNING. Yes.

BETTY. You had a hard experience. We are used to rough weather on the Cape and don't mind it as much as strangers, although we aren't often shipwrecked, even on a small scale.

DENNING. You've lived here all your life, I suppose?

BETTY. Yes. My mother died in a hospital in Boston when I was a baby and they brought me here. Not to this light — To a little house just above here.

DENNING. And your grandfather brought you up.

BETTY. Not really. My grandfather was Enoch Denning, but (*as glass slips out of Denning's hand*) Oh!

DENNING. I beg your pardon.

BETTY (*picking up the pieces*). I beg yours, sir. I should have taken the glass. I forgot how shaken you are.

KETURY *enters L.*

KETURY. Betty, Tom wants you to run out to the car and get his case.

BETTY. All right. (*Exits R. C.*)

DENNING. Is my friend much hurt?

KETURY. No, it's his ankle. The doctor — (*importantly*) is my own boy, Tom. The doctor says it'll be quite a spell before he walks on that ankle again. Land sakes, break a glass? (*Kneels near DENNING'S chair and picks up a piece of glass.*)

DENNING. Yes. I am very sorry.

KETURY. Land, tain't any matter. Never cry over broken glass I allus says, and — (*looks at DENNING, suddenly gives a cry*). Enoch Denning? Be it you or be I looking at a hant?

DENNING (*warningly*). Hush, Ketury! The others didn't recognize me.

KETURY. And don't you want 'em to?

DENNING. Not now anyway.

KETURY. Enoch Denning, what did you commit suicide for? I been waiting eighteen years to find out and now I'm going to know.

BETTY enters R. C. with case.

BETTY. Here's the case.

KETURY. Ho, give hit to Holiver and 'e'll 'old hit for the bloomin' doctor.

BETTY (*laughing*). Why, Aunt Ketury, I didn't think you capable of that. (*Exits L.*)

DENNING. Ketury, you've got to keep my secret. I may decide to tell them. I may not. It depends.

KETURY. Great land o' goshen! I can't never live through it to know it's you and not tell anyone. But my land, I will though — jest to get even with Perez.

NICKERSON enters L.

NICKERSON. What's that about Perez?

KETURY. Nothing, nothing whatever. You needn't think you're the only interesting thing there is to talk about. I was jest sayin'— that — that — the wind is blowing like blazes.

NICKERSON. Gorry mighty, Ketury, gettin' vi'lent, ain't yer?

KETURY. H'm! Some other people'll be gettin' the same if Betty an' I don't see about some supper.

NICKERSON. I be'en thinking, Ketury, this room in here (*turns to door R.*) will be a good one for our visitors. What do you think?

KETURY. I don't see why not.

DENNING. We are making you a great deal of trouble I am afraid.

NICKERSON. Not a bit of it. The room's some cluttered up, but 'twon't take but a few minutes to straighten it out. Ketury, tell that Oliver chap to come in here and lend a hand.

KETURY. I'll tell him but, land knows, it'll be more cluttered than it is now if he gets to dropping his h's around. (*Exits L.*)

NICKERSON (*calling after her*). Look out! You'll be getting yourself in the newspapers if you ain't careful.

DENNING (*rising*). Let me help?

NICKERSON. Sure, if you feel like it. Everybody lend a hand. (*They exit R. Slight pause.*)

CRUGER and OLIVER help NELSON in from L. They are followed by TOM. They help NELSON to a chair.

TOM. There! How's that?

NELSON. Very comfortable, thank you.

TOM. Good. (*Exits L.*)

OLIVER. Hi say, sir, which is the room the lady mentioned, hif you please?

CRUGER. In there (*points R. OLIVER exits R.*) Well, John Nelson, I never hoped for a chance like this.

NELSON (*surprised*). I don't believe I understand.

CRUGER. Don't remember me?

NELSON. I'm afraid not.

CRUGER. Wouldn't know you ever saw me before? (*NELSON shakes his head.*) Well, maybe you ain't very observing. Did you notice Betty?

NELSON. Betty? Mr. Nickerson's granddaughter?

CRUGER. That's who I mean.

NELSON. Why, I didn't notice her especially. I was suffering so —

CRUGER (*interrupting*). Well, notice her especially. She is your daughter.

NELSON. What in heaven's name do you mean?

CRUGER. What I say.

NELSON. Are you mad?

CRUGER. Not much. I know what I'm talking about. I was a witness when you married Anna Denning.

BETTY *enters from L. with a dustpan and brush.*

BETTY. We'll have a room ready for you in no time, Mr. Nelson.

NELSON (*trying to speak naturally*). Thank you. (BETTY *exits R.*) Tell me what became of Anna?

CRUGER. Died soon after you deserted her.

NELSON. I never intended to desert her.

CRUGER. You can explain all that to the man who brought your daughter up. You'll have to make up a pretty good one if you don't want him to wring your neck and feed you to the fishes. I just as soon help him. You will find that all the people in this town were your wife's friends.

NELSON. Was this her home? I never thought to ask where we are.

CRUGER. Yes, this is Harbor View.

NELSON. Do these people know that you — (*hesitates*).

CRUGER. No, they don't. I promised Anna that I

wouldn't tell and I never have. I'm not going to now. You are going to do your own telling.

NELSON. Why should I believe all that you say?

CRUGER. Do you admit that I was present when you were married?

NELSON. Yes, I remember you now.

CRUGER. Well, there's plenty of proof of the other things. I've got my eye on you and I'm going to keep it there for the rest of your life. You deserted your wife, but you are going to stand by your daughter. You've got plenty of money, haven't you?

NELSON. Well, I don't have to worry about anything.

CRUGER. Captain Nickerson has done the best he could by the girl. Now you are going to give her the education and advantages that are rightfully hers.

NELSON. Do you think I wouldn't be willing and glad to do it for her?

CRUGER. Well, I'm not so durned certain about the glad business, but I know you are going to be willing. I'm going to see to that. (*Exits R.*)

Slight pause. MARGARET enters R. C.

MARGARET (*steps forward*). John!

NELSON (*in astonishment*). Margaret! My God! It must have been fate that sent me to this house today.

MARGARET. I recognized you when they brought you in. I stayed outside as long as I could. I dreaded to see you so. I don't see why I had to meet you again, just when I was learning to forget.

NELSON. Margaret, have you never come to look at things in a more charitable way?

MARGARET. How could I? Leading me almost to the altar when you were a married man.

NELSON. But I hadn't seen my wife for years, couldn't find any trace of her. I knew she must be dead.

MARGARET. No, you didn't know. That was just the awful part of it.

NELSON. I know it now, Margaret. She has been dead for eighteen years.

MARGARET. But you didn't know it then.

BETTY enters R., followed by OLIVER.

BETTY. Oh, Miss Mathewson, you know Mr. Nelson?

MARGARET. We have met before. Some time ago.

BETTY. Oh, that makes it pleasant for Mr. Nelson.

MARGARET. Very. Betty, let me do something to help.

BETTY. Sure. Supper. We have a regular hotel tonight.

MARGARET exits L.

OLIVER. Your room is habout ready, sir. Would you like to rest?

NELSON (*wearily*). I should be glad to.

BETTY. I'll help. (*BETTY and OLIVER help NELSON to exit R.*)

NELSON (*as they exit*). I am afraid I shall tire you, Miss Betty.

BETTY. Not I. I'm as strong as the gale. A reg-

ular child of the sea. (*Returns at once, takes a cloth and some dishes from cupboard and begins to set table for supper.*)

NICKERSON *enters from R.*

NICKERSON. Well, we got him comfortable. Gorry mighty, Betty, I don't know just where we are going to put everybody, but I suppose we can manage some way.

BETTY. Of course we can. Let the storm rage. Who cares? We'll be a happy family within.

NICKERSON. Betty, light the lantern for me. It's time I was going aloft.

BETTY. Yes, sir. (*Lights the lantern for him.*)

NICKERSON. Betty, did you ever think about your future?

BETTY (*surprised*). My future?

NICKERSON. Do you want to spend all your days on this lonely point?

BETTY. Do you want me to?

NICKERSON. I want you to answer me truthfully. What do you want to do?

BETTY. Just what you want me to do. Don't you suppose I realize my duty to you?

NICKERSON. Leave me out of the question. Did you ever think you would like to go away to college?

BETTY. Why, grandfather, I know you couldn't do a thing like that for me. What I have really thought is that it was time I was doing something to help you. Time I was turning in some money.

NICKERSON. Betty, I demand an answer to my

question. Have you ever felt that you would like to go away to college?

BETTY. Once — when Miss Mathewson was telling me some stories of her college days.

NICKERSON. Careful not to say anything about it, weren't you, lass?

BETTY. I ought not to have even thought about it. You have taken care of me all my life and I am satisfied with what you have done.

NICKERSON. You are easily satisfied. Miss Mathewson came over here today to offer to help you get a chance to work your way through.

BETTY. Did she? That was kind of her. She is always kind.

NICKERSON. You don't seem to enthuse any?

BETTY. Maybe I would if things were different. It is my duty now to try to make a return for at least some of the things you have done for me.

NICKERSON. Even if I wanted a return there is plenty of time ahead to do it, and you would be in a position maybe to make a better return if you went through college.

BETTY. I didn't think of that. Well, of course, if you think it's best I'll do it.

NICKERSON. You are going to decide yourself, Betty. Do you want to do it?

BETTY. I'm not sure. Do you think maybe people who have been through college themselves would think I ought to go? Do you think maybe they might like me better if I went?

NICKERSON. Like you better? Gorry mighty, what do you mean?

TOM *enters L.*

NICKERSON. Tom, come and find out what Betty's talking about. I got to light up. (*Exits R.*)

TOM. What is it, Betty?

BETTY. I was talking with grandfather about college.

TOM. Oh, yes.

BETTY. Oh, do you know about it?

TOM. He mentioned it to me. (*Sits in an arm chair.*)

BETTY. Well, what do you think?

TOM. What do *you* think?

BETTY (*sits on arm of chair and puts her arm around his neck*). Tom, do you want me to go away from Harbor View?

TOM (*sits quite still for a second. Suddenly un winds her arm, rises*). Betty, what I think has nothing to do with this matter.

BETTY. Oh, but it has. I care so much about what you think.

TOM. I don't see why you should. (*BETTY stands in front of him and holds him by the coat.*)

BETTY. Because I am so fond of you. Dear old Tom.

TOM. Yes, dear old Tom, exactly.

BETTY. Do you think every girl ought to go to college?

TOM. Not necessarily. It is to her advantage of course.

BETTY (*points to chair at head of table*). Please sit there just a minute, Tom. (*TOM sits as directed.*)

Now a girl doesn't have to go to college to set the table and cook a nice dinner and — (*sits opposite him*) and sit like this opposite *some one*. Now does she?

TOM (*rises abruptly*). Betty, if you will be serious I will tell you what I think.

BETTY (*quietly*). Yes, Tom?

TOM. It is for Captain Perez to say what he wants you to do.

BETTY. Yes, it must be as he says.

TOM. He is your guardian until you are twenty-one. After that if there is something you have in mind that you want to do —

BETTY. Yes, there is.

TOM. Would you mind telling me what it is? I didn't know you had formed any definite plans for the future.

BETTY. I guess maybe I'd better not tell you, Tom.

TOM (*somewhat hurt*). Oh, certainly not, if you don't care to. I must go. I'll be over in the morning after mother. Good-night.

BETTY. Good-night. (TOM *exits R. C.* BETTY *stands for a moment undecided, then runs to door — calls.*) Tom! Dear old Tom!

TOM (*outside*). Yes, Betty?

BETTY. I guess I'll tell you. After I'm twenty-one I'm coming home to *you*. (*Closes the door quickly, leans back against it laughing and somewhat breathless.*)

CURTAIN.



WAY DOWN ALONG

THE SECOND ACT.

SCENE: *Same as the first act. The next morning.*

At curtain CRUGER stands by window L. C. looking out. NELSON sits in arm chair down R. NICKERSON sits by center table facing NELSON.

NICKERSON. Well, gorry mighty, it's so, I suppose since you both say so, but it's durned hard to sense it.

NELSON. I hope you'll believe me when I say that I didn't desert Anna. We quarreled, I'll admit it needn't have been. I was more to blame than she. I'm willing to admit all the blame. I went back and did my best to find her. She seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. Mr. Cruger doesn't believe me. (*Glances toward CRUGER.*) Won't you, Captain Nickerson?

NICKERSON (*slowly*). Wal, I don't know any reason why we shouldn't believe it. Gorry mighty, we don't none of us know anything about it.

NELSON. I had to suffer.

NICKERSON. I reckon. We can't any of us make a mess of our lives without suffering.

NELSON. I have lived through years of uncertainty. A year ago I wanted to marry again and this very uncertainty stood in the way. Of course, appearances are against me, but I can try now to do something to

convince you that I want to do the right thing. There's my daughter.

NICKERSON. Yes, there's Betty.

NELSON. You will let me make up to her for what I didn't do for her mother?

NICKERSON. It's your right. I wouldn't be the one to take it from you.

NELSON. When I think what you have done all these years! You will at least let me return some of the money you have spent on my daughter?

NICKERSON. No, you can't do that. Betty has been my life. I couldn't take money for what has been a joy and a blessing. Seems as if you ought to be able to see that.

NELSON. I do see it. I beg your pardon. And what shall we do now? I would like to take Betty away with me, but I can't feel that I have the right to take her away from you.

NICKERSON. Yes, you have. I have had your daughter all these years. You weren't in no way to blame for not knowing that you had a daughter. Do you suppose I would keep her away from you any longer?

CRUGER (*turning impatiently*). Give the girl herself a voice in the matter. Mr. Nelson can do his duty by her without taking her away.

NICKERSON. Well, what about her duty to him? He is her father.

CRUGER. I don't see that has anything to do with the case. (*Turns away.*)

NELSON. I don't believe it has under the circum-

stances. Let us consult the young lady herself.

NICKERSON. Very well. I'll find her. I think she and Miss Mathewson went out on the cliffs. (*Exits R. C.*)

CRUGER (*turns from window*). Well, you lied yourself proud.

NELSON. I don't know what position you are in to judge the veracity of my statements.

CRUGER. Huh! If you had ever been very anxious about finding Anna, you could have come to Cape Cod to do it. My uncle is one of the most generous minded men who ever lived. He is ready always to believe the best about anyone. You could easily put it over on him. But believe me, you don't fool Joe Cruger. (*Exits L.*)

DENNING *enters from R.*

DENNING. You don't fool me either.

NELSON (*surprised*). Mr. Widener?

DENNING. I have been standing right there by the door. I heard all the conversation.

NELSON (*astonished*). You were listening?

DENNING (*coolly*). I was.

NELSON. Well, I must say, Mr. Widener, I hardly expected that sort of thing from you.

DENNING. Probably not, but you see this thing interests me. John Nelson, I had an object in bringing you down here.

NELSON. I am glad to know you had a hand in it. I had begun to think that fate alone was running things.

DENNING. Maybe you won't be so glad when you

find out why I had my hand in it. Eighteen years ago I left this town to find you.

NELSON. What in the name of common sense do you mean?

DENNING. I am Enoch Denning.

NELSON. Are you crazy? Enoch Denning died years ago.

DENNING. No, he didn't. He is right here talking to you.

NELSON. And do you suppose you can make me believe that? Why these people would have recognized you in a minute.

DENNING. One of them did, but I asked for silence. I have changed, and thinking me dead, the others haven't recognized me yet.

NELSON (*uneasily*). If this is true, you — you have known all this time we have been in business together?

DENNING. Yes.

NELSON. And you knew Anna was dead.

DENNING. I didn't know it when I left Harbor View. I found it out later.

NELSON. Why didn't you tell me?

DENNING. I wasn't ready.

NELSON. And I suppose you knew that I had a daughter.

DENNING. No, I didn't know about Betty. If I had, it might possibly have made a difference.

NELSON. Made a difference in what?

DENNING. In what I have done to you.

NELSON. Done to me? What in heaven's name are you talking about?

DENNING. I have ruined you. As soon as you are able to investigate the business you will find that I have every cent of your money and I have done it in such a way that the law can't touch me. I made you trust me and I haven't left you even a penny. I brought you down here to Anna's home to tell you, so that you would understand.

NELSON. You couldn't have done such a thing.

DENNING. I not only could, but have.

NELSON (*beginning to be convinced*). My God!

DENNING. That was why I went into business with you.

NELSON (*choking*). Why — you — you — (*Tries to rise, sinks back with a groan.*)

DENNING. You aren't in a position to strike back.

NELSON. And you are the kind of a man to strike a man when he is down? I can't believe it.

DENNING. I wouldn't care what I did to you. It's taken me years to get you, but I have done it. I had to train myself to meet you on your own level. It wasn't easy. I was a rough sea-faring man.

NELSON. And — and you deliberately left this place and set out to find me with revenge in your heart? All these years? It's a wonder you hadn't murdered me.

DENNING. That wouldn't have accomplished anything. I left this place to find you. I didn't know then that Anna was dead or that you had deserted her. It was when I found that out that I planned to take all you had in life away from you just as you had taken my life away from me. Well, this has even worked out better than I could have hoped for. You think now

that you can have this girl and make up to her for your treatment of her mother? Well, you can't. You haven't a damned cent to give her.

OLIVER and KETURY enter L. with dishes. OLIVER places them on table. KETURY transfers them to cupboard.

KETURY. Thank you, Mr. Oliver. I must say you're really handy to have around. (To NELSON.) He washed up all the breakfast dishes as good as I could myself.

NELSON. I am glad some of us can make ourselves useful. Oliver, help me to my room. I am getting pretty well done out.

OLIVER. Yes, sir. (Helps NELSON to room R.)

KETURY (to NELSON). You hadn't ought to overdo. You got quite a shock yesterday. Tom'll be along pretty soon. (NELSON and OLIVER exit R.) I declare, Enoch, I like that Mr. Nelson first rate. How do you happen to be in with him?

DENNING. That's too long a story to tell now, Ketury.

KETURY. Enoch, ben't you going to tell these people who you are? Seems as if I should collapse, thinking about what they'll say.

DENNING. Yes, I'm going to let them know. I'll let you tell them, Ketury.

KETURY. Enoch Denning, do you mean that?

DENNING. Yes.

KETURY. My land o' goshen! When?

DENNING. When I say the word.

KETURY (*desperately*). Will it be much longer?

DENNING. No, probably this morning. (*Looks out window.*) Here's Tom. I'll go out in the kitchen. I don't want anyone to recognize me until I'm ready. (*DENNING exits L., slight pause.*)

TOM *enters door R. C.*

TOM. Good morning, mother. (*Kisses her.*) Did Betty go over to school?

KETURY. No. It was too rough to sail across and it seemed as if it would be pretty hard walking around until the wind died down some. Miss Mathewson was worried about not being there.

TOM. That's all right. I telephoned down to the school and told the principal where she was. Will you be ready to go back with me after I have seen Mr. Nelson?

KETURY. No, I shan't.

TOM. Oh, you are going to stay to help Betty.

KETURY. No, tain't that. She's got help enough around here. I got something to do before I leave this house.

TOM (*looks at her curiously*). Something to do?

KETURY. Yes, something to say and I don't know just when I'm going to say it, but wild horses won't drag me away from here before I got a chance to say it.

TOM. For goodness' sake, mother, what do you mean?

KETURY. You'll know later. Don't ask me any questions now. I'm ready to explode as it is.

TOM. Oh, all right, if it is as bad as that. Where's Mr. Nelson? (*Turns R.*) In here?

KETURY. Yes. (*TOM exits R., slight pause.*)

OLIVER *enters R.*

OLIVER. Hif you please, ma'am, the doctor wants a towel and some warm water.

KETURY. Oh, he does? Well, he's mighty independent giving off orders to his own mother.

OLIVER. Hi'll get them, ma'am, hif you tell me where.

KETURY. My land, I allus hearn tell an Englishman had to be waited on hand and foot. I'll tell the next one that says that, I know one that didn't have to be. (*Takes towel from cupboard drawer.*)

OLIVER. Hand hi 'ave halways 'card has 'ow han Hamerican never looks hout for none but number one. Hi'll tell the next one has says that, hi know some Hamericans that looks hout for the other chap first.

KETURY. Well, the idea of their daring to talk about us like that. Here's the towel. I'll get the water. (*Exits L.*)

NICKERSON *enters R. C.*

NICKERSON. Well, it's calming down some.

OLIVER. Yes, sir; hit is. That was a storm as I'll never forget, sir.

NICKERSON (*slowly*). I don't believe any of us ever will. I guess we got cause to always remember.

BETTY *enters with a pitcher, from L.*

BETTY. Here is the water. (*Hands the pitcher to OLIVER.*)

OLIVER. Thank you, miss. (*Exits R.*)

NICKERSON. I have been looking for you, Betty. I thought you went with Miss Mathewson.

BETTY. Too much to do in the house.

NICKERSON. All this crowd has made it hard for you.

BETTY. Gracious, grandfather, as if I minded that. I'm glad we could take care of them all.

NICKERSON. Betty, you have been thinking over what I said to you last night?

BETTY. You mean college?

NICKERSON. Yes.

BETTY. Yes, I have thought about it.

NICKERSON. Well?

BETTY (*indifferently*). I will go if you want me to.

NICKERSON. But you don't want to yourself? Perhaps you don't like the idea of working your way?

BETTY. Oh, it isn't that. Indeed it isn't. I'm not afraid of work. It's just that I don't seem real anxious to go away from Harbor View. Are you anxious to have me go, grandfather?

NICKERSON. Betty, it isn't a question any more of what I want. There is another who has a right to speak. This Mr. Nelson who has come to us, is your father.

BETTY. My father? Why, grandfather, what do you mean? How can he be? Where has he been? Why have I never seen him?

NICKERSON. I don't believe I will undertake to explain much of anything. He can take care of that himself. He married your mother nineteen years ago. I supposed he was dead and he didn't dream that he had a daughter.

BETTY. Grandfather, you are sure? Sure?

NICKERSON. Yes.

BETTY. My father?

NICKERSON. Mr. Nelson is a man who is well off. You can have from your father what other girls receive from wealthy fathers.

BETTY. But I don't want it. You can't possibly expect me to accept anything from this stranger.

NICKERSON. Yes, I do expect it.

BETTY (*desperately*). But, grandfather, I — don't even like the man. It is hard to be courteous to him.

NICKERSON. That doesn't make any difference.

BETTY. But — what is it I am to do?

NICKERSON. You will have to go to his home, of course.

BETTY. Grandfather! No! Never!

NICKERSON. Will you make me force you to do the right?

BETTY. Why is it right? Oh, how can you want me to go with a man like him?

NICKERSON. You have only talked with your father a few minutes. What right have you to say "a man like him?" I never knew you to make such a hasty judgment. You are pretty likely to be fair. What's the matter with you now?

BETTY. I don't know. I don't remember that I ever felt just the same towards anyone before.

NICKERSON. Well, that's too bad, but you will have to get over it. He isn't to blame for not knowing he had a daughter. He lost his wife. Can't you understand how he must feel now to find a daughter he can love and care for?

.

BETTY. Oh, I don't see why this had to happen.

NICKERSON (*taking BETTY in his arms*). For years I have been blessed with the affection and devotion of a daughter, a blessing that belonged to another man. We don't know what he has been up against, what kind of life he's had, or what it might have been if he'd had you. It's my duty to give to this man the daughter I almost feel as if I'd stolen from him. If you can't do your duty too, I have been a miserable failure at bringing you up.

BETTY. Oh, I'll try to do the right thing, grandfather, but there must be some other way.

NICKERSON. There's only one way when duty is calling us. You know how many times we've talked about that when little things have bothered us. Are you going to fail now when the first big test comes?

BETTY. No, grandfather.

NICKERSON. And you will go to your father?

BETTY. Yes, I will go.

NICKERSON. And be a daughter to him?

BETTY. I will try.

NICKERSON. I guess maybe we won't talk any more. Seems as if we'd had about enough.

BETTY. More than enough.

NICKERSON *turns away, slowly exits L.* BETTY *turns to window L.C.* TOM *enters R.*

TOM (*discovers BETTY*). Betty!

BETTY (*turns quickly*). Oh, it's you, Tom? (*Tries to pull herself together, gives a nervous laugh.*) Dear old Tom.

TOM. Please don't. Betty, why did you say — (*hesitates*) what you did to me last night?

BETTY (*helplessly*). I don't know.

TOM. You don't know?

BETTY. I just seemed to have to. Something compelled me to.

TOM. And you didn't mean anything?

BETTY. What could I mean but just foolishness?

TOM. Betty, I have been nearly crazy. It was all I could do not to come back here last night. If it hadn't been for Tony Alve I should have come.

BETTY. I didn't mean to upset you like that. I know I shouldn't have said it. I couldn't help thinking about it. Please forget that I said it.

TOM. As if I ever could.

BETTY. Oh, but you must. I'm so desperately sorry, Tom.

TOM. Then you didn't mean —

BETTY. Of course not. It was so ridiculous of me. You are years older than I am and — Oh, Tom, please forgive me for making such a mess of things!

TOM. It's all right, dear. You are young and —

BETTY. Oh, of course, I know I'm a child side of you. I'm old enough though not to make jokes like that.

TOM. We'll forget.

BETTY. There'll be plenty of chance. I'm going away.

TOM. You have decided to go?

BETTY. Yes. Grandfather says it's my duty.

TOM. That settles it then. I'm sorry you are going to have a hard time of it.

BETTY. You mean the working? I'm perfectly well. (*Tries to smile.*) Tom, I can work all day and study all night.

TOM. Admitted.

BETTY. I only wish I was going to work.

TOM. Well, aren't you? What do you mean?

BETTY. I'm going to have lots of money and everything, and I don't want it.

TOM (*astonished*). What on earth are you talking about?

BETTY. Oh, Tom, Mr. Nelson is my father.

TOM. Mr. Nelson? This Mr. Nelson? The man who was hurt?

BETTY. Y-Y-Y-e-s.

TOM. Betty, if you cry, I'll commit murder.

BETTY. Oh, I won't Tom, but I wish you didn't think I was such a child.

TOM. Who says Mr. Nelson is your father?

BETTY. Grandfather, and he thinks I ought to go away with him.

TOM. Ye gods! Betty, where is Cap'n Perez?

BETTY. In the kitchen, I guess.

TOM (*striding towards door L.*). I'm going to find out about this. (*Exits L.*)

BETTY *stands looking after him.* MARGARET *enters R. C.*

BETTY. Oh, Miss Mathewson, what do you think about duty?

MARGARET. Duty?

BETTY. Yes. Are you ever in doubt about doing it?

MARGARET. No, we can't be in doubt about doing it, but we can be in doubt as to what our duty is.

BETTY (*excited*). We can?

MARGARET. Indeed yes, I am right now.

BETTY. Oh, I'm so glad. No, I don't mean that, Miss Mathewson. I mean I'm glad people can be in doubt, because I'm in such terrible doubt. Oh, Miss Mathewson, I'm so miserable.

MARGARET. Betty, dear, what in the world has happened?

BETTY. Everything that could. Mr. Nelson is my father and —

MARGARET (*astonished*). John Nelson? Your father?

BETTY. Yes. Isn't it awful? Seemes to me I can't believe it.

MARGARET. Betty, when did you find this out?

BETTY. Just now.

MARGARET. Did he know?

BETTY. No. I guess he's as surprised as I am. Oh, Miss Mathewson, he wants me to go away with him. And I just can't. I—I love some one in Harbor View and I don't want to go away.

MARGARET. You love someone? Oh, you mean your grandfather.

BETTY. No, I don't. It isn't that k-k-kind of love at all. I really l-l-love someone and maybe I better go away, because he d-d-doesn't l-l-love me. He thinks I'm a k-k-kid! (*Breaks down completely.*)

TOM and NICKERSON enter L., followed by DENNING and KETURY.

TOM. There, you see! Look at that child, crying to beat the cars! I tell you I won't stand it!

NELSON *appears at door R.* OLIVER *helping him.*

NELSON. Dr. Bangs, help me please.

TOM (*calming down*). Certainly. (*Helps NELSON to chair.*)

NELSON. You may go, Oliver. (*OLIVER exits R.*) Now what's the excitement about my daughter?

CRUGER *enters L.*

TOM. Just this. It may be true that you are Betty's father, but just the same you are a stranger to her and I won't stand by and see her forced to do something she doesn't want to do just through a sense of duty.

NELSON. And what do you have to do with it?

TOM. I love Betty. I didn't intend to blurt it out like this. I know I'm years too old for her and I haven't any idea of forcing myself onto her, but —

BETTY. Oh, Tom, and I thought you didn't care!

TOM. Thought I didn't care — why — what — Betty, you don't mean that you care?

BETTY (*coming forward*). Of course I do!

TOM. You — you can't mean that you love me?

BETTY. Of course I do!

TOM. Good lord! Say it again!

BETTY. I love you.

TOM (*catching her in his arms*). Say it again.

BETTY (*laughing*). I love you!

NICKERSON. Well, gorry mighty, break away!

KETURY. I should say as much. Did anyone ever

see the like? Tom Bangs, do you know this room is full of people?

TOM. What do you suppose I care about that? Maybe, Mr. Nelson, you understand —

NELSON. I assure you it is perfectly apparent. And I assure you that I am not in your way. This morning I told Captain Nickerson there was nothing but what I would do to make up to my daughter for what I didn't do for her mother. I supposed I was in a position to make such an offer. It seems that I was not. My business partner informs me that he has ruined me. That I haven't a cent in the world. It is probably true. He wouldn't have any object in saying it unless it was true.

DENNING. You bet it's true.

NELSON. As I understand it, he has been planning for about eighteen years to avenge Anna's memory.

NICKERSON. Anna? (*To DENNING.*) What do you know about Anna?

DENNING. Tell them who I am, Ketury?

KETURY (*dramatically*). He's Enoch Denning.

ALL. What?

NICKERSON (*stepping forward and looking at DENNING keenly*). Gorry mighty, I believe it is.

KETURY. And I've known it ever since last night. My land, you all been blind as bats.

BETTY (*looking at DENNING*). And is that man my grandfather?

NICKERSON. No, he ain't, and I'm durned glad of it. Enoch Denning was the best friend I ever had, but he weren't an Enoch Denning that went around with revenge in his heart planning another man's down-

fall. I'm durned glad you ain't got no claim on Betty. Who was Anna? You might as well tell us now.

DENNING. Anna was Tony Alve's daughter.

ALL (*in astonishment*). Tony Alve?

DENNING. You remember that Tony used to go to sea with me?

NICKERSON. Yes.

DENNING. He married in one of them foreign ports and when Anna was born his wife died. Tony went crazy about it and never got over it entirely. I knew he wasn't fit to bring up a child so my wife and I took her.

TOM (*to BETTY*). Then Tony was your grandfather. He died last night and he left quite a sum of money that he inherited. Betty, that money belongs to you.

BETTY. To me? Then I can — (*Suddenly turns to NELSON*). Mr. Nelson, father — I don't believe I had a mother who would want her memory avenged. You say Mr. Denning has taken all you have. I don't know how much I have got, but whatever it is, I want you to invest it for me in something that will help you to start again.

MARGARET (*going to NELSON*). And I will help you to start. A year ago I had to turn from you, but now that you are in trouble I am glad to know that I have the right to stand by you. I will marry you tomorrow if you say the word.

BETTY AND KETURY (*together, while the others express their surprise*). Miss Mathewson! Did anybody ever?

NELSON (*to DENNING*). I am afraid your request isn't quite all that you could ask. (*DENNING turns away.* NELSON *turns to BETTY*).

NELSON. And now, little girl, there is only one who has any right to say what your future shall be. (*Points to NICKERSON.*) The man to whom you owe everything.

BETTY (*turns to NICKERSON*). That is right. Grandfather, what do you want me to do?

NICKERSON. The thing that will make you happiest.

BETTY. Then there is no question. I am going to stay with Tom, way down along.

TOM *joins them and NICKERSON stands with one arm around BETTY, the other around TOM.*

CURTAIN.

ays for Schools and Colleges

HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN

By Charles Ulrich. Comedy in 3 acts; 12 males. Time, 2 hours. Price, 25 Cents.

KINGDOM OF HEART'S CONTENT

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 12 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

BETH A LA MODE

By Walter Ben Hare. Burletta in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females. Time, 1¼ hours. Price, 25 Cents.

TUBBS OF SHANTYTOWN

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 4 males, 7 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

FOR MARRIED MAN

By Walter Ben Hare. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AIRIE ROSE

By Edith F. A. U. Palnton. Comedy-drama in 4 acts; 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

REAL THING AFTER ALL

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 7 males, 9 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AMING OF THE SHREW

By John W. Postgate, Shakespearean travesty in 1 act; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 45 minutes. Price, 25 Cents.

H IN A RUSH

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 7 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AGELAND

By Walter Ben Hare. Musical comedy in 2 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 75 Cents.

A SONG OF SENIORS

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedietta; 7 females. Time, 30 minutes. Price, 25 Cents.

R BRIGHT

By Edith F. A. U. Palnton. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AGUETA OR MONEY TALKS

Translated from the Spanish by Clarence Stratton. Comedy in 2 acts; 7 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

S. Denison & Company, Publishers

Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO



Standard and Am

Our list of plays comprises hundreds of titles; dramas, comedies, farces, vaudeville sketches, monologues, entertainments, etc. All shades of sentiment are represented, all varieties of talent, number of characters and time required in presentation are provided for in this list.

Popular Entertainment Books

Under this heading are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field, Dialogues, for all ages, Speakers, Recitations, Monologues, Drills, Entertainments, suitable for all occasions, Jokes, Minstrels, Hand Books, etc. Over sixty titles. These books are not filled with old material, rehashed and simply made to sell; they are fresh and original matter, each written by a specialist in his given line. The books are finely made, clear print, good paper and each has a most attractive, individual cover design. One of the best and most complete entertainment series published. *Paper Binding Only.*

Send for Complete Descriptive Catalogue

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO