

PRICE 15 CENTS

# Thompson of the 'Varsity

A detailed illustration of a woman in classical-style clothing, including a long dress and a shawl. She is shown in profile, facing right, holding a laurel wreath in her right hand and a trumpet in her left. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with classical motifs, including a bearded man's head in the top left and a woman's head in the top right.

Edward M. Harris

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

# SHOEMAKER'S BEST SELECTIONS

For Readings *and* Recitations

Nos. 1 to 27 Now Issued

Paper Binding, each number,	. . .	30 cents
Cloth " " "	. . .	50 cents

Teachers, Readers, Students, and all persons who have had occasion to use books of this kind, concede this to be the best series of speakers published. The different numbers are compiled by leading elocutionists of the country, who have exceptional facilities for securing selections, and whose judgment as to their merits is invaluable. No trouble or expense is spared to obtain the very best readings and recitations, and much material is used by special arrangement with other publishers, thus securing the best selections from such American authors as Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Mrs. Stowe, and many others. The foremost English authors are also represented, as well as the leading French and German writers.

This series was formerly called "The Elocutionist's Annual," the first seventeen numbers being published under that title.

While the primary purpose of these books is to supply the wants of the public reader and elocutionist, nowhere else can be found such an attractive collection of interesting short stories for home reading.

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, or mailed upon receipt of price.

**The Penn Publishing Company**

**923 Arch Street, Philadelphia**

# Thompson of the 'Varsity

---

A College Comedy in Three Acts

BY

EDWARD M. HARRIS

Author of "THE FATAL BLOW," etc.



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1910

PS635  
.Z9 H3135

---

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

---

Thompson of the 'Varsity

© Cl. D 22860

# Thompson of the 'Varsity

---

## CHARACTERS

- PHIL THOMPSON . . . . . *Right tackle on the Huntingdon team*  
JOE GREEN . . . . . *His roommate*  
CHARLIE DAVIS . . . . . *Left half-back on the Huntingdon team*  
"FATTY" (HARRY) MERRILL . . . . . *Centre on the Huntingdon team*  
BERT HALIDAY . . . . . *Full-back on the Huntingdon team*  
STEPHEN GRAY . . . . . *Manager of the Huntingdon team*  
FRED WOOD . . . . . *Substitute right tackle on the Huntingdon team*  
BUCK HARDING . . . . . *Football coach*  
ADDISON HORNBLOWER . . . . . *Freshman and chum of Wood's*  
ALGERNON EVANS SEARS . . . . . *Of the sporty set at the University of Wooster*  
JERRY ADAMS . . . . . *Captain of Wooster team*  
"SHERLOCK" WATKINS . . . . . *The arm of the law*  
PROFESSOR CROWELL . . . . . *Dean of Huntingdon College*  
ELEANOR CROWELL . . . . . *His daughter*  
MRS. JOSEPH GREEN . . . . . *Joe's mother*  
HAZEL GREEN . . . . . *His sister*  
ALICIA TAYLOR . . . . . *Friend of Hazel's*  
SARAH . . . . . *Maid at Crowell's*  
*Members of the Huntingdon football team, students, etc.*

TIME OF REPRESENTATION :—Two hours and a half.

ACT I.—Room of Green and Thompson. Day before the game.

ACT II.—Training quarters of Huntingdon. Day of the game.

ACT III.—Room in the home of Dean Crowell. Day after.

## SYNOPSIS

Fred Wood, to win a large sum of money on the Huntingdon-Wooster football game, has accused Thompson, Huntingdon's big right tackle, of stealing, in order to get him out of the game.

Dean Crowell, prejudiced against Thompson, owing to a business difference between Thompson's father and himself, is only too ready to believe him guilty. Thompson is suspended through his inability to clear himself of the charge without admitting he was contemplating a secret marriage with Eleanor Crowell, the Dean's daughter. This affords Wood the opportunity he desires, of a place on the Huntingdon team. At a critical moment in the game, when Huntingdon is within sight of a touch-down, Wood turns traitor to his team and makes it possible for Wooster to win.

Thompson, blaming himself for the defeat that his team has suffered, is preparing to leave college when the Gym catches fire. He learns that Wood is trapped in the burning building, rushes into the burning building, and saves him.

Wood, realizing the nobility of Thompson's act, confesses to the theft of the examination paper and then leaves college. Thompson is exonerated and reinstated in his class, and his engagement to Eleanor is announced.

---

## PROPERTIES

ACT I. Music on piano. Pipes and cigarette-boxes, handkerchief and package for Joe. Crockery wash-basin, tray and glasses and a large pillow-case for Merrill. Paper for Wood. Note for Dean.

ACT II. Football. Sweaters and blankets for team. Large bell to ring off stage.

ACT III. Banners for student body bearing the following inscriptions :

“ ‘Sherlock Holmes’ Watkins.” “On the trail.” “One of the finest.” “Call and see Watkins. He's looking for you.” Bass-drum for one of the students.

## COSTUMES

THOMPSON. Modern college fashion throughout play. The same for GREEN, GRAY, HORNBLOWER.

MERRILL. Fat and good-natured, although the character does not require a really fat man, and can, with slight changes, be played by any young man. Modern clothing. Acts I and III, and in later part of Act II, football suit.

DAVIS. Modern clothing, Acts I and III. Football suit for Act II.

WOOD. Acts I and III, modern costume. Act II, football suit.

SEARS. Heavy automobile coat and soft felt hat.

HARDING. Large green sweater with a white letter. His trousers are turned up at the bottom, revealing a pair of heavy tan shoes. Cap on the side of his head. He is a man of about twenty-eight.

DEAN CROWELL. About fifty-five. Gray hair. Moustache or beard. A business suit.

WATKINS. About forty-five. A half-bald sandy wig and chin whiskers. He wears a regulation helmet and policeman's coat. Overalls tucked into cowhide boots.

MRS. GREEN. About fifty. Slightly gray. Hat and street gowns for Acts I and II.

ELEANOR. About twenty. Hat and street gowns for Acts I, II and part of III, then a house gown.

HAZEL. About eighteen. Hat and street gown for Acts I and II.

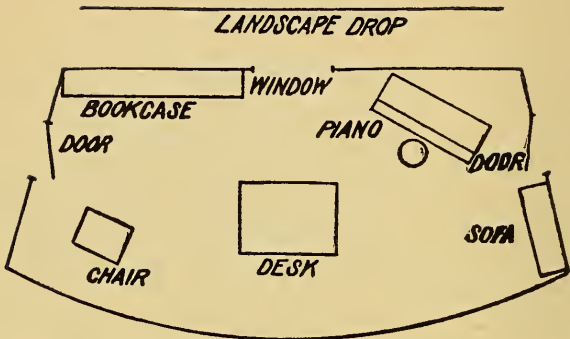
ALICIA. About nineteen. Hat and street gown for Acts I and II.

SARAH. Servant's costume.

Football uniforms for team. Grotesque gowns and masks for DAVIS, HALIDAY, and student body, in Act III.

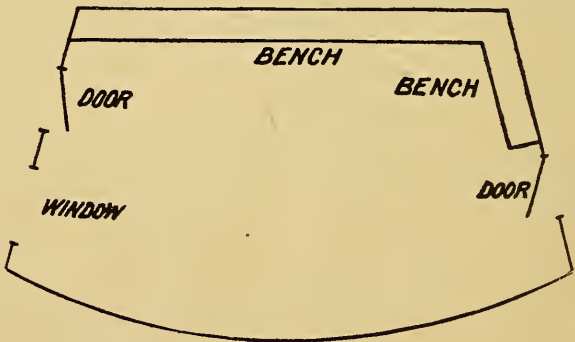
# SCENE PLOTS

## ACT I



SCENE.—Thompson's college room. Doors R. and L. Window c. Landscape or foliage drop. Bookcase up R. Piano up L. Sofa down L. Morris chair down R. Other furnishings as desired. (College pennants, pictures, cushions, musical instruments, athletic implements, etc., are appropriate.)

## ACT II

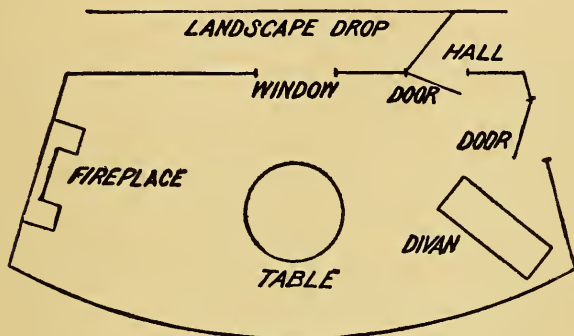


SCENE.—Training quarters at Huntingdon College. A rough sort of room. Door L. 2 leads to dressing-room. Window R. 2 overlooks athletic field and gymnasium.



Door R. 3 leads to field. Chairs scattered about. Benches at back, etc. If desired this can be called "Trophy Room at training quarters," and may be a handsome room, with trophies, banners, cups, footballs, etc., displayed.

## ACT III



SCENE.—Room in Dean Crowell's house. Landscape drop. Window in flat, c. Door in flat, L. c., leading to hall. Door L. 3 leads to other rooms. Fireplace R. Table c. Divan down L. Other furnishings as desired.



# Thompson of the 'Varsity

## ACT I

SCENE.—*Room of JOE GREEN and PHIL THOMPSON, at Huntingdon College. Usual college room. Window c., overlooking campus. Doors L., leading to another room, and R., leading to passageway and into main hall. Piano L. Flat-top desk up stage and at c. Sofa down L. Morris chair R. College and "prep." school flags, as well as pictures, are on the walls. Bats, racquets, a banjo, etc., strewn about. At rise GREEN, without his coat, is discovered making a frantic effort to straighten up the room. He collects a number of pipes and cigarette-boxes, and stands at c. for a moment, staring bewilderedly at them. He crosses to c. and hides the pipes, etc., in one of the desk drawers.*

GREEN (*looking at watch*). Jove! mother and the girls will be here soon. Wonder what's keeping Thompson? (*Whistling heard off stage.*) That sounds like Davis. (*Goes up stage and opens window, c. Calls out.*) Ho! Charlie. Charlie Davis.

CHARLIE DAVIS (*off stage*). What's the matter up there?

GREEN. Have you seen Phil Thompson?

DAVIS. No.

GREEN. Come on up.

DAVIS. What d'ye want?

GREEN. Come up and give me a lift. I expect mother and the girls down.

DAVIS. Who?

GREEN (*shouting*). Mother and the girls.

DAVIS. Girls?

GREEN. Yes.

DAVIS. Holy smoke! I'll be right up. (*GREEN closes window and comes down to desk, c., and begins dusting it with his pocket handkerchief, throwing things under sofa,*

*etc. Enter DAVIS, door R.)* Give it to him, Joe, give it to him.

GREEN. Straighten up the music on the piano, Charlie.

DAVIS (*arranging music on the piano*). Does Fatty Merrill know your sister is coming down?

GREEN. Yes. He corresponds with her regularly. Haven't you seen Thompson?

DAVIS. Not since football practice.

GREEN. Bet he's over spooning with Eleanor Crowell. He's got it bad.

DAVIS. Understand Dean Crowell objects to Phil's going around with Eleanor.

GREEN. Do you know why?

DAVIS. No. Why?

GREEN. Well, I've heard the Dean, some years ago, was interested in that mine that Thompson's father was promoting —

DAVIS. And it proved to be a bubble.

GREEN. The Dean dropped a barrel of money in it and blames Phil's father for it. That's why he doesn't want Phil racing around with his daughter.

DAVIS. There may be something in that. The Dean has always been down on Thompson, that's sure. Phil had better forget the girl and plug on English.

GREEN. You're right.

DAVIS. Professor Wyeth said he'd give him a vacation if he didn't brace up.

(*DAVIS sits at piano and plays with one finger, and much out of tune, "For he's a jolly good fellow."*)

GREEN. Stop that, will you, Davis? Help me fix things. I don't want mother to think I've forgotten all her good advice.

DAVIS (*stops playing*). Got the makings, Joe?

GREEN. Not on your life! No smoking around here. Mother is coming.

DAVIS. Gee! but you're awful good! (*Knocking heard at door R.*) Come in! Hello, it's "Sherlock Holmes" Watkins, our efficient village constable. Come in, "Sherlock."

"SHERLOCK" WATKINS (*poking head in door*). No, ye don't. Can't catch me. I kin see all I want to from here. Guess ye ain't got it.

GREEN (*laughing*). Ain't got what, "Sherlock"?

WATKINS. Blatchford's sign. Stold last night. I'm lookin' fer it. (*Pokes head around edge of door, peering all over room.*) Ain't got it hid in the closet, hev ye?

GREEN. How long is it?

WATKINS. Twelve feet. An' two foot wide! It's a val'able sign.

GREEN. Well, I should say. No, it's not in the closet. (*Goes to WATKINS and puts hand on shoulder.*) Come in and look.

WATKINS (*breaking away*). Nope. No ye don't. If ye got it though, I'll find it. I'm goin' to put the feller that stold it in jail. So look out.

(*Shakes finger warningly at crowd and exits R.*)

DAVIS (*laughing uproariously*). My, it's a great old Watkins, ain't it? Hello, here's Fatty Merrill. (*Enter FATTY MERRILL, R.*) Fatty, Watkins is looking for a sign so high (*measuring with hands*) and so wide. I think he means you.

MERRILL. Gee, but you're funny to-day, Davis! Say, fellows, heard the news?

GREEN. } What news?  
DAVIS. }

MERRILL. Some one took Professor Wyeth's examination paper that he was preparing for the English exam.

DAVIS. Who told you?

MERRILL. Hornblower. He said that Dean Crowell thinks Phil Thompson stole it.

GREEN. Phil! Phil wouldn't do such a thing!

DAVIS. Say, how did the Dean come to make a mistake like that?

MERRILL. The way Hornblower tells the story is that old Wyeth left the paper on a table at the Dean's. Before he remembered it and had time to get back for it, Phil called at the Dean's to see Miss Crowell.

GREEN. I told Phil he'd better cut out the love-making until he got out of college.

DAVIS. Never mind that, Joe. Give us the rest of the story, Fatty.

MERRILL. Well, it seems that just as Miss Crowell and Phil came into the library a telephone call came for her, and she went into the next room, leaving Phil all alone. Wood

called to see the Dean, and the servant showed him into the library also. In a few minutes the Dean came in, just in time, it seems, to see Phil stuff a paper into his pocket. And right on top of that, back comes old Wyeth in great excitement, looking for his paper. Phil swore he never saw it. Wood says he saw him take off the table the paper he put into his pocket. Phil refused to show the paper he took—and there you are.

GREEN. How does Wyeth know he left the paper at the Dean's?

MERRILL. Because that was the only place he had the paper out of his pocket.

GREEN (*scornfully*). Huh! That's what he thinks. Anyway, I don't believe, for one, that Phil had anything to do with it. I'll bet Wood took it. He's a skunk! As for that shadow of his, Addison Hornblower, I'd like to hand him a few swift ones.

DAVIS. Hate to admit it, but Phil is rather back in English. You know he's been up before the Dean a number of times on account of his poor showing in Wyeth's room.

MERRILL. That's why the Dean is so ready to believe him guilty. They say he gave Phil until this evening to make a clean breast of it all. Why, say, fellows, they may expel him!

GREEN. See here, boys. I'll not stand for any one's saying Phil Thompson took that paper, or as much as saw it! Phil may not make a hit at English, but he'd never do a thing of that kind, even to save himself from flunking.

MERRILL. You're right, Joe. I don't believe it either! Phil's the whitest man in college.

(*Enter BERT HALIDAY, R.*)

HALIDAY. Heard the rumor?

ALL. Yes.

MERRILL. Ring off, Haliday, you're late.

HALIDAY. What will we do against Wooster to-morrow, if Thompson isn't in the game?

GREEN. Won't the Dean let him play? The captain of the team?

HALIDAY. Play! I guess not. Phil will be fired from college. That's all the playing he'll do.

MERRILL. It's a shame! We're up against it without Phil.

HALIDAY. It's tough, fellows. The honor of Huntingdon is at stake. We can't afford to let Wooster beat us.

DAVIS. It's hard luck. Why, we must win to-morrow! They've beaten us two years now!

GREEN. Say, you fellows seem to take it for granted that Phil is guilty. Where did you get your information? From a sneak! Has any one seen Phil?

ALL. No.

GREEN. Then you don't know what you're talking about. You make me sick!

*(Short pause before MERRILL speaks.)*

MERRILL. Phil's the best right tackle we've ever had. The whole college knows that.

DAVIS. You bet they do!

GREEN. I'll bet it's some trick of Wood's to get Phil out of the game. I haven't any use for that fellow.

DAVIS. He's nothing but a sneak. He knows his only chance to play in to-morrow's game is by getting Phil out of it.

MERRILL. That's just what he's trying to do. As for young Hornblower, Wood has only to whistle and he'll race after him like—like—a little dog.

HALIDAY. You're right, Fatty. I don't care much for Wood, but he's the only available man for the place, providing Thompson isn't in the game.

DAVIS. Yes, and he's punk. Wood is too familiar with that sporty crowd over at Wooster for me. He and Algernon Evans Sears and his selected bunch are too thick for my blood.

MERRILL. Understand they threatened to expel Sears and his crowd from Wooster for gambling, and so forth. Hullo, here comes Phil.

*(Enter THOMPSON, R. He enters slowly, as if in deep thought, and does not notice the other occupants of the room—who are somewhat up stage. He crosses to C. and stands there thinking, with his hands driven deep into his trousers pocket. All come down to THOMPSON, speaking almost simultaneously.)*

GREEN. Phil, old man, I ——

MERRILL. Hello, Phil!

DAVIS. Phil!

HALIDAY. Thompson!

THOMPSON. Joe! (*To others.*) Hello!

MERRILL. It's a shame, Phil. We don't believe it.

HALIDAY. We'll stand with you to the last.

DAVIS. You bet!

THOMPSON. What do you mean? You all know what—  
what ——

GREEN. Yes, for Hornblower is doing all he can to spread it. We don't believe it, Phil!

THOMPSON. I didn't steal that examination paper, I swear.

ALL. Oh, pshaw, we know you didn't! Of course not. You're all right, Phil, etc.

GREEN. Why didn't you ram the lie down Wood's throat?

ALL. Yes!

THOMPSON. I couldn't.

MERRILL. Why? Why not?

DAVIS. Yes—why couldn't you?

THOMPSON. I was visiting Miss Crowell ——

GREEN. We know that. What was this paper Wood claims he saw you put into your pocket? Was it Professor Wyeth's English exam?

THOMPSON. No.

DAVIS. Then what was it?

THOMPSON. A paper Miss Crowell had handed to me before she left the room.

HALIDAY. You showed the paper to the Dean, of course?

THOMPSON. No.

DAVIS. Why not?

THOMPSON. I—I couldn't.

GREEN. Couldn't? What's the matter with you?

THOMPSON. I couldn't with—without bringing a lady into it.

GREEN. Lady, bah! If you'd taken my advice and cut out your fussing around Eleanor Crowell until you got out of college, you'd have not got into this tangle.

HALIDAY. Well, the question is—Is the lady more to you than the college? What will we do to-morrow against Wooster if you are not in the game?

THOMPSON. I can't help it.



DAVIS. Can't help it! The big game of the year! And you captain of the team! What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? The honor of Huntingdon is at stake! That's more to us than some girl you—

THOMPSON. Stop! Where is my honor, my name, Charlie? Dragged in the mire of disgrace already, isn't it? Don't you suppose I'd save it—if I could?

HALIDAY. Ah, say, cut out the heroics. This is no cheap melodrama. Don't make a fool of yourself, Phil.

GREEN. Shut up, Haliday. Phil, old man, we've roomed together for almost four years. What's been mine has been yours, and what you have had has always been mine. We've had no secrets from one another, and don't let us begin now. We fellows are your friends, Phil. We know you didn't steal that examination paper. Can't you, won't you tell us what the paper was Miss Crowell handed to you?

DAVIS. Do, Phil.

MERRILL. We won't say a word to any one.

THOMPSON. Oh! why torture me, fellows? I want to play in the game to-morrow! I must play and help win for old Huntingdon. But—but I told you—there's a lady involved in this.

GREEN. Hang it all, Phil! how will it hurt her if we know? We want to help you.

DAVIS. Come, why make a chump of yourself?

HALIDAY. It's our right to know. I demand that you tell us your reason for playing traitor to the team.

THOMPSON. Traitor! No, I'm not! Don't accuse me of that! Look here—promise me you'll never breathe a word of what I'm going to tell you.

ALL. We do.

THOMPSON. On your honor.

ALL. On our honor.

THOMPSON. The paper Wood saw me put into my pocket was our marriage license.

MERRILL. Whose?

DAVIS. Phil! yours and Miss Crowell's?

THOMPSON. Yes.

GREEN. You—you are married?

THOMPSON. No, but we were going to be after the game to-morrow.

ALL. What!

HALIDAY. Doesn't the Dean know it?

THOMPSON. No.

GREEN. You were planning an elopement?

THOMPSON. Not exactly.

MERRILL. How romantic. (*Falls on his knees in front of DAVIS, and raises his arms appealingly.*) Ah, fair maid, by the light of yon pale moon, fly with me in my air-ship.

(*Madly clutches DAVIS by the hand. DAVIS shoves him away and he falls full length on the floor.*)

DAVIS. Merrill! you've as much sense as a cat.

MERRILL (*rising*). Well, say, to think of old Phil——

GREEN. That'll be about enough from you, Fatty.

MERRILL. I don't see what you're getting mad about. You're always picking on me. Because I'm fat you—you think I'm nothing but a football. If Phil's action wasn't romantic, what do you call it?

THOMPSON. No one wants to pick on you, Fatty. What I did there was no other way of doing. The Dean would never consent to my marrying his daughter.

HALIDAY. How do you know? You never asked him?

THOMPSON. I knew without asking.

DAVIS. How?

THOMPSON. Because the Dean claims my father robbed him. Some business venture that they were both interested in went to pieces. If he couldn't trust the father he couldn't trust the son. That's why the Dean has always been disagreeable to me.

HALIDAY. And that's why he would never consent to your marrying his daughter?

THOMPSON. Yes. And that's why I couldn't tell him what it was I had put into my pocket. That's why he's so willing to believe that I stole Professor Wyeth's examination paper, and expel me.

HALIDAY. Expel! Then—then you are expelled?

THOMPSON. Not yet. I wish I were. This agony of suspense is awful.

GREEN. See here, Phil. You're love-mad. It's sweeping you off your feet. You are allowing an imaginary duty to overshadow common sense. We can't afford to lose tomorrow's game. We can't afford to have you out of it. If you don't go and tell the Dean I shall.

THOMPSON (*grasping GREEN by shoulders*). You won't. You mustn't. You promised you'd say nothing.

GREEN. But Wooster, Phil—Wooster. Do you remember how they rubbed it in last year? It'll be ten times as bad if they win to-morrow. Oh, Phil, you can't!

THOMPSON. I—I know, it's awful.

GREEN. Don't forget we've been proud of you, Phil. And we are yet.

ALL. That's right. We sure are, etc.

THOMPSON. Well, boys, it's an awful fix. But I tell you what—I'd like to think it over a bit. Maybe I can find a way out. Leave me alone a while, will you?

*(He crosses and exits R.)*

DAVIS. Say, I feel sorry for that boy, but what are we to do?

GREEN. We can't do anything. It's all a trick of Wood's to get Phil out of the game. Phil's love affair has only helped matters along. Fellows, not a word of this.

ALL. Mum is the word.

GREEN. We must watch Wood. And we must save Phil from himself.

*(GREEN begins again to straighten up room, arranging, dusting, etc., during following speeches.)*

HALIDAY. I must be going. Coming my way, Fatty?

MERRILL. I—I—got an engagement.

DAVIS *(laughing)*. Joe's sister is coming, Bert.

HALIDAY. Oh, yes, I forgot Fatty was so inclined toward the ladies. Look out, Joe, he doesn't fall in love with your mother instead of your sister.

*(Exit, R.)*

DAVIS. I'm going your way, Bert.

HALIDAY *(off stage)*. Come along, then.

DAVIS. Take care, Joe, that Fatty doesn't try to elope with your sister. How romantic.

MERRILL. Bah! Don't get jealous, Davis.

DAVIS. I won't. Don't be too sure of your ground, Fatty. I may cut you out.

MERRILL. Try it.

DAVIS. It wouldn't be hard. Hazel is a dear friend of mine. Isn't she, Joe?

GREEN *(smiling)*. Well, I've heard you tell her so.

HALIDAY (*heard off*). Oh, you Davis. Come along.

MERRILL. Run along, little boy. I'm not afraid of you. She wouldn't look at you.

DAVIS. Don't get jealous, Fatty. All's fair in love and war.

MERRILL. Joe! fire him out,—he'll talk the girls to death.

DAVIS. He doesn't need to, I'm going. (*Melodramatically.*) Henceforth we are rivals! Eh, Fatty?

(*Exit, laughing, R.*)

GREEN (*at door R.; speaking off*). Coming back later?

HALIDAY } (*off stage*). Yes.  
DAVIS }

MERRILL. D-do you think, Joe, that Hazel cares anything for Davis?

GREEN. I don't think anything about it. Don't bother me. (MERRILL *crosses slowly to piano, L., and sinking down on to stool starts to play*—"The Heart Bowed Down." GREEN *beats up cushions.*) Stop that, Fatty, and go make the lemonade.

MERRILL (*stops playing; sighs*). What—what are you going to make it in?

GREEN. You'll find a punch-bowl in the other room.

(MERRILL *exits, L., as ADDISON HORNBLLOWER enters R.*)

HORNBLLOWER. Hullo! Green! Thompson got back?

GREEN. Is your friend Wood anxious to find out how well his scheme is working?

HORNBLLOWER. Wh-what do you mean?

GREEN. You know well enough, Hornblower. This trick of Wood's to get Thompson out of the game isn't going to work. I'll bet, if the truth was known, you had a hand in it, too.

HORNBLLOWER. Now, look here, Green, really you oughtn't to —

(*Reënter MERRILL, L., with crockery wash-basin.*)

MERRILL. Is this what you call a punch-bowl?

GREEN (*who is sweeping dirt under sofa*). Does it look like one?

MERRILL. How do you suppose I know? (*Aside.*) Ah! Hazel, if I only knew that you had a place in your heart for me. (*Goes up stage.*)

GREEN. You'll find it in there, wrapped up in brown paper.

MERRILL. That bundle on the bed?

GREEN. Yes.

HORNBLOWER. Hullo, Fatty!

MERRILL. Hullo, Mr. Hornblower! (*Looks at HORNBLOWER scornfully a moment, then exits, L.*)

HORNBLOWER. I—I hear your sister and Miss Taylor are coming.

GREEN. Who told you?

HORNBLOWER. Wood.

GREEN (*growlingly*). What's he know about it?

HORNBLOWER. He's quite smitten with Miss Taylor.

GREEN. Humph!

MERRILL (*off stage*). Where's the sugar, Joe?

GREEN. By Jove! (*Calls to MERRILL.*) I forgot to get it. (*Puts on coat.*) I'll go get some right away.

(*Exit, R.*)

HORNBLOWER. This is luck! Now to get rid of Merrill and the coast will be clear for Wood, if he hasn't got tired of waiting. Say, Fatty, are we going to win to-morrow?

MERRILL (*off stage*). I don't know.

HORNBLOWER. Sears, of Wooster, is offering five to four that his team is going to win.

DAVIS (*off stage and under window, c.*). Fatty! Fatty Merrill!

MERRILL (*putting his head in door L.*). Is that some one calling me?

HORNBLOWER. Sounds that way.

MERRILL. Who is it?—I'm busy, tell him.

DAVIS (*off stage*). Are you dead, Fatty?

HORNBLOWER. It's Davis. Why don't you answer him? (*Aside.*) What luck!

MERRILL (*entering L.*). I suppose if I don't he'll never shut up. (*Goes up stage to window and opening it speaks out.*) What do you want? Don't you know I'm busy?

DAVIS. Buck Harding wants you over at the Gym.

MERRILL. I can't go.

DAVIS. But you must.

MERRILL. Why must I?

DAVIS. Forget her, Fatty. Buck wants you.

MERRILL (*sighing*). All right. (*Closes window and comes down.*) Got to go to the Gym. Tell Joe I'll be right back.

HORNBLOWER. Yes, I'll do it. (*Exit MERRILL, R.*) This is luck. Now to get Wood. (*Goes up to window c., and opening it whistles softly. Whistle heard off stage.*) All right, Fred. (*Closes window and comes down.*) If they don't come back too quickly we'll fix Thompson.

(*Enter FRED WOOD, R.*)

WOOD. This is luck.

HORNBLOWER. You'll have to work quickly, for they'll be right back.

WOOD. Don't get excited, Hornblower. (*Takes paper from his pocket.*) That's the paper that will put Thompson out of the game, and incidentally beats Huntingdon, I guess.

HORNBLOWER. You don't mean to sell Huntingdon out? I thought you took that paper only to get Thompson out of the game?

WOOD (*laughing*). Keep your mouth shut and there'll be something in it for you. And look here. (*Speaks fiercely.*) Remember, I know a thing or two about you.

HORNBLOWER (*hastily*). Oh, all right, Fred. Anyway, I've got no use for Thompson.

WOOD (*dropping examination paper on desk*). I was with Thompson in the Dean's library all right. But the paper the Dean saw him put into his pocket was not the examination sheet, for I had taken it myself when Thompson wasn't looking.

HORNBLOWER. Suppose Thompson tells the Dean that it was a letter he put into his pocket?

WOOD. The Dean won't believe him. The evidence, with my assistance, points directly at Thompson.

HORNBLOWER. It may be all right for the Dean, but the Faculty will want more conclusive evidence than your mere say so. I understand they meet to-night.

WOOD. That's why I got you to come here. I'm going to partly burn the paper and give you the rest of it.

HORNBLOWER. What will I do with it?

WOOD. You'll go before the Faculty and swear that you

were about to enter Thompson's room when you saw him burning something.

HORNBLOWER. I can't do that!

WOOD. Listen to me. Say that before he had a chance to finish it you entered the room, and he shoved the half-burnt paper into the desk drawer.

HORNBLOWER. Don't drag me into it, Fred.

WOOD. Are you going back on me?

HORNBLOWER. I'll—I'll be expelled from college if I'm caught.

WOOD (*coldly*). You'll be expelled anyway if I tell all I know. But see here. Don't get chicken-hearted. I'll take care of you.

HORNBLOWER. Yes, you will.

WOOD. Certainly. We'll leave a few pieces of the burnt paper in the drawer so in case the Faculty ask you to show them which drawer it was in they'll find the ashes. That will let you out.

HORNBLOWER. Suppose Thompson swears that I never came into the room? Quick! Some one is coming!

WOOD. Where's the paper?

HORNBLOWER (*rushing to desk and picking up paper*). Let's hide it! It might be Dean Crowell! It's just like him to prowl around here.

(*He has just time enough to hide it amongst the music on piano when GREEN enters R.*)

GREEN (*ironically*). This is an unexpected pleasure, Wood.

WOOD. Why—er—I thought Miss Taylor had arrived.

GREEN. You can have another think and go.

(*Goes to desk and places there package which he has brought in.*)

WOOD. Thanks, I was just going.

(*WOOD motions to HORNBLOWER to try and get the paper. WOOD exits R. HORNBLOWER edges toward piano and is trying to get examination paper when GREEN turns and comes down.*)

GREEN. What do you want there, Hornblower?

HORNBLOWER (*picking up sheet of music from music-rack*). I wanted to see this new song. Looks attractive.

GREEN. Don't be attracted to it to the extent of carrying it away with you.

HORNBLOWER (*placing music on rack*). I don't want it.

GREEN. Where's Fatty?

HORNBLOWER. He went out to see some one.

GREEN. Well, Hornblower, you can go out and see some one, for I don't want you here. (HORNBLOWER *glances at piano*.) Hurry up! (HORNBLOWER *crosses slowly R., and then looks back*.) Good-day. (*Exit* HORNBLOWER, R.) What kind of a scheme have those fellows been hatching? Why did Hornblower hate to leave the room? I can't understand it. But I will!

(*Reënter* MERRILL, R.)

MERRILL. Where's Hornblower?

GREEN. Never mind where he is. Do you know that I found Wood here with him? They're up to some devilment, I'll warrant.

MERRILL. I couldn't help it, Joe. Buck sent for me to go over to the Gym.

GREEN. He did?

MERRILL. Yes. Perhaps Wood thought that he would find the English exam. paper here.

GREEN. Humph! I guess Wood knows where that paper is, all right.

MERRILL. It's mighty mysterious where it went to.

GREEN. Not to me.

MERRILL. Joe, do you think I stand any—any show with your—your sister?

GREEN (*again busy cleaning room*). You ought to know. You write to her, don't you?

MERRILL. Well, yes, not very often. Say two or three times a week. That's not much for a fellow who's in love.

GREEN. Forget it, Fatty, and go and make the lemonade. I'm tired of you love-sick youths.

MERRILL (*taking from desk package that GREEN has brought in*). I'm going to propose to her before she goes home.

GREEN. Hurry up!

MERRILL. That's not the way to talk to your prospective brother-in-law.

(GREEN *picks up book from desk and makes an attempt to throw it at* MERRILL, *who hurriedly exits* L. *A knock is*



*heard on door R. GREEN crosses to door R., and admits MRS. GREEN, who is followed by HAZEL GREEN and ALICIA TAYLOR.)*

MRS. G. My boy!

GREEN. Mother! (*They kiss.*)

HAZEL. Joe!

GREEN. Hazel! So glad you decided to come down to-day rather than to-morrow.

HAZEL. You've met Miss Taylor, Joe?

GREEN. Oh, yes. How-do-you-do, Miss Taylor?

ALICIA. I'm glad to meet you again, Mr. Green.

HAZEL. Alicia is an admirer of Wooster, Joe.

GREEN. Hope you'll have a different opinion after to-morrow's game.

*(Reënter MERRILL, L., without a coat. His sleeves are rolled up and a large pillow-case is tied around his waist for an apron.)*

MERRILL. Hullo, everybody!

WOMEN. Ah, Mr. Merrill.

HAZEL. I want you to meet Miss Taylor, Harry.

MERRILL. Oh, howd'ye do, Miss Taylor? I met you in Chicago, last spring. I wonder if you remember——

GREEN (*aside to MERRILL*). Better change your rig, Fatty.

MERRILL (*to GREEN*). Never mind me, or how I'm dressed. Get your mother and Miss Taylor out of the room or I won't be your brother.

GREEN. Don't be foolish. I can't.

ALICIA. What a charming room you have, Mr. Green!

MRS. G. Yes, Joseph, very pleasant and really very orderly—isn't it, girls? Where is Mr. Thompson?

GREEN. He—he'll be back soon.

ALICIA. When I met Mr. Wood, in Chicago, he said that Mr. Thompson was madly in love with Dean Crowell's daughter. Is that so?

GREEN. Why—er—er—you'd better ask Wood.

MRS. G. Joseph, I must call and see Dean Crowell before I go home. You know we are old friends.

GREEN. I told him yesterday that you were coming down to-day, and he said he would try to drop in to see you.

*(Enter ELEANOR CROWELL, R.)*

ELEANOR. I saw you going across the campus, Mrs. Green, and I couldn't resist the temptation to rush right over to see you.

MRS. G. So glad you did, Eleanor.

HAZEL. Eleanor!

ELEANOR. Hazel! (*They kiss.*)

HAZEL. I want you to meet Miss Taylor, Eleanor. Miss Crowell, Miss Taylor.

ALICIA. This is a pleasure, Miss Crowell. I've often heard Hazel speak of you.

ELEANOR. We were classmates at Vassar, you know. Is this your first visit to Huntingdon?

ALICIA. Yes.

ELEANOR. Well, we'll all try to make it an enjoyable one.

(*Reënter DAVIS and HALIDAY, R. They go and shake hands with MRS. G. and the girls.*)

GREEN. Fatty, serve the lemonade.

MERRILL. I'm busy.

(*MERRILL and HAZEL are holding a lively conversation.*)

HALIDAY. Why don't you be agreeable, Fatty?

MERRILL (*jumping to his feet; fiercely, to HALIDAY*). Haven't you any sense? Just cut out that Fatty when we're in the presence of ladies.

HALIDAY. I'm sorry, old man, but I didn't stop to think.

(*MERRILL glares at him and then exits L.*)

(*Enter THOMPSON, R. He does not notice other occupants of the room, and starts slowly to cross to L.*)

DAVIS. Phil!

THOMPSON (*stopping and looking around*). Oh,—er—I beg your pardon. I—I was thinking. I beg pardon. I'm glad you've come down, Mrs. Green, and you, Hazel. Miss Taylor, I hardly thought that you would ever grace Huntingdon with your presence.

(*Exit GREEN, L.*)

ALICIA. I came down to see Wooster defeat you.

ALL. Oh, Miss Taylor!

(*Reënter MERRILL, with his coat on; he has a tray and glasses of lemonade, which he proceeds to serve.*)

MRS. G. This is delicious! Did you make it, Mr. Merrill?

MERRILL. Yes, thank you.

(DAVIS is talking to MRS. G., HALIDAY to ALICIA, and MERRILL to HAZEL.)

THOMPSON (*seeing ELEANOR for the first time*). Eleanor!  
I—I —

ELEANOR. Phil!

THOMPSON. You—you don't believe—I—I stole that—that paper?

ELEANOR. No, Phil, I don't. I don't! To protect me you are—are dis —

THOMPSON. I'd sell my soul to protect you!

HALIDAY. Are you ladies going to remain for the dance next Saturday evening?

MRS. G. We've not decided yet.

(*Reënter GREEN, L., carrying cake, etc.*)

GREEN. Oh, but you must!

(*Enter DEAN CROWELL, R.*)

DEAN (*surprised*). Mrs. Green!

MRS. G. Oh, Dean Crowell! It is very good of you to come. I had fully intended calling to see you before I went away.

DEAN. You must, Mrs. Green, or—er—Margaret—you know I used to call you that. I—I knew you were to be here to-day, but did not expect you as early as this.

MRS. G. (*laughing*). I'm disappointed. I had hoped your call was especially for my benefit.

DEAN. Er—er—I'm sorry that it was not so intended. Perhaps we can adjust matters so that it will be.

MRS. G. Thanks, but if it's a matter of official business we may be in the way. Come, girls.

DEAN. Don't! Please don't go. Mr. Thompson, I have received this note (*taking note from pocket*), giving me certain information concerning a subject that you and I are interested in. I had sent for Mr. Wood to come here, fully intending to end this affair.

THOMPSON. I don't know what information you have secured, sir. I can only say —

DEAN. Perhaps we'd better not discuss it in the presence of the ladies.

(*Enter WOOD, R.*)

WOOD. You wish to see me, sir?

DEAN. I did. But—but I've decided to defer matters until later. You and Mr. Thompson will come to my office at four.

WOOD. Yes, sir. (*To ALICIA.*) Miss Taylor! (*To GREEN.*) You will pardon me, Green, if I remain for a few moments? (*Crosses to ALICIA.*)

GREEN (*aside*). Well, I like the nerve of that!

ALICIA. I did not suppose it was necessary to ask permission to remain here, Mr. Wood. I thought all you football men were especially devoted to one another.

WOOD (*meaningly*). We are. (*To DEAN.*) Has the thief confessed, sir?

LADIES. Thief!

DEAN (*embarrassed*). Er—er—the fact is, Margaret, a valuable paper was stolen from my study this morning. I'm trying to find the one that took it.

MRS. G. How dreadful!

ALICIA (*who has been talking to WOOD*). It can't be possible that you would have any suspicions of a football man. What a dreadful loss it would be to the team if one of them was guilty! Of course, it isn't possible.

DAVIS. No, it isn't, Miss Taylor.

DEAN. Er—er—really, we'd better not discuss it. I must be going. I had only a moment.

(*DEAN is talking to MRS. G. HALIDAY, DAVIS and MERRILL are talking. GREEN, ELEANOR and THOMPSON are talking. HAZEL and ALICIA.*)

WOOD (*aside*). This is my chance. (*He crosses down to piano at L., and in passing it, seemingly by accident—but does it purposely—knocks the music off the top. It spreads over the floor, displaying the examination paper. HORN-BLOWER enters R.*) By Jove! see what I've done.

ALICIA (*picking up examination paper*). What's this?

DEAN. The examination paper! (*Takes it.*) Mr. Thompson, how did this paper come here?

THOMPSON. I don't know, sir.

DEAN. Mr. Wood, is that the paper you saw taken from my library table to-day?

WOOD (*emphatically*). Yes, sir, it is.

(THOMPSON *starts toward* WOOD, *then checks himself*.)

DEAN. Mr. Thompson, do you still deny that you took that examination paper, brought it here, and hid it in that music?

THOMPSON. Yes, sir.

HORNBLOWER (*to* DEAN). Pardon me, sir, I'm sorry to have to contradict Mr. Thompson. But I saw him hide it here.

THOMPSON. What!

(*He springs at* HORNBLOWER, *but suddenly checks himself, and instead of a blow gives him a contemptuous push.*  
HORNBLOWER *almost falls*.)

DEAN. How dare you act like that in my presence, sir?

THOMPSON. I—I beg your pardon. But no one shall accuse me unjustly.

DEAN. If this isn't the paper you put into your pocket, what paper did you put there?

THOMPSON. I—I—can't tell you, sir.

DEAN. I insist!

ELEANOR. Father! I'll—I'll ——

THOMPSON. Eleanor! I forbid you. Believe me, Dean Crowell, this is simply a trick to get me out of the game to-morrow.

DEAN (*coldly*). Game or no game, I am sorry to say I cannot believe you.

THOMPSON (*sadly*). I hardly expected you would. You have always seemed ready, sir, to accuse me when anything went wrong.

DEAN. Mr. Thompson! you—you—are ——

ELEANOR (*rushing to* DEAN). Father!

(*He brushes her aside*.)

DEAN (*shaking his finger emphatically at* THOMPSON). Suspended!

## ACT II

SCENE.—*Training quarters at Huntingdon. Rough sort of a room, with door L., leading into dressing-rooms. Door R., leading to field and to gymnasium. Window R., overlooking field. A few benches and a chair or two are scattered around the room. Cheering for Wooster and Huntingdon is heard off stage just before rise. At rise HORNBLOWER is discovered at window, and ALGERNON EVANS SEARS is sitting on a bench, L.*

SEARS. Can't you tear yourself away from that window long enough to listen to me, Hornblower?

HORNBLOWER. I want to see the game. I don't see, Sears, why you should drag me into this place just to talk. Haven't you any interest in the game?

(*Cheering heard off stage—"Huntingdon! Huntingdon!"*)

SEARS. I've more interest in this game than any other person on the field. That's the reason I asked you to come here.

HORNBLOWER. Funny way to show it.

(*He edges toward window as cheering is heard off stage—"Wooster! Wooster!" intermingled with cheers for Huntingdon.*)

SEARS. I asked you to come here because you can get a chance to talk to Wood and I can't, without arousing suspicion.

HORNBLOWER. I'm not so sure of that. Buck Harding will fire me out of here.

SEARS. My dear Hornblower, how absurd! You're a student at this college, and have the same right here as any one else.

HORNBLOWER. No, I haven't. This is the training quarters, and it's only for the teams. What do you want, Sears? I'd like to see the game.

SEARS. Don't get angry. Any one around that's apt to overhear us?

HORNBLOWER. No, only old Timmins, and he's probably out watching the game.

SEARS. Tell Wood to come to the chapter house to-night and I'll pay him the money I promised. That is (*meaningly*) if he has earned it.

HORNBLOWER. I'll tell him.

SEARS. There's a big bunch of money in this game. He'll not lose by it. You'll come over with him, won't you?

HORNBLOWER. Oh, I guess so. (*Cheering, "Merrill! Merrill!" is heard off R.*) What's happened? (*Goes to window.*) Some one is hurt!

SEARS. I'd better get out. (*Starts toward L.*)

HORNBLOWER. It's Merrill!

SEARS. So much the better for me! I wish the whole team would get smashed up.

HORNBLOWER. They're bringing him in here.

SEARS. Don't forget my message.

(*He exits L., as GREEN and a student enter R., with MERRILL, who is hurt. They seat him on bench C. Exit Student, R.*)

GREEN. Did we hurt you very much, Fatty, bringing you in?

MERRILL. No. Think of it, Joe, out of the game before the first half is over! It's tough luck! I don't see why Buck sent me out. I didn't want to leave the game. I'm all right! Only a kick in the side.

HORNBLOWER. Buck knows what he's doing, Fatty.

MERRILL. How do you know? And don't you call me Fatty! What are you doing here? If it hadn't been for your friend Wood, I'd not have been kicked.

GREEN. You'd better get out of here, Hornblower, before Buck comes, or you'll get into trouble. The first half is almost over.

HORNBLOWER. I want to see Wood.

MERRILL. You can't do it. It's against the rules, and you know it.

HORNBLOWER. Oh, I don't know. You're mad because you're out of the game.

MERRILL (*trying to rise*). Somewhat sore. (*He rubs his right side. Cheering off stage.*) Some one has made a touch-down, Joe!

(*He sinks back on to bench as GREEN crosses to window R. Whistle is heard off stage.*)

GREEN. First half is over!

MERRILL. Sure no one scored?

GREEN. Yes, for they were nowhere near the goal.

MERRILL. Think of it, Joe! Hazel out there in the grand stand, and I'm taken out of the game like a kid!

GREEN. It wasn't your fault.

MERRILL. You bet it wasn't! Here I've been waiting all these months for this one day—so I could show Hazel the kind of a fellow that's in love with her. Then I must be dragged out of the game before I even had a chance to shine.

HORNBLOWER. Wanted to be like the gladiator who leaped into the arena for the lady's glove—the whole show, didn't you, Fatty?

MERRILL. That'll do for you!

GREEN. Here comes the team.

(*Enter DAVIS, HALIDAY, WOOD, also members and substitutes on the Huntingdon team. All are in football uniforms, which are soiled and dirty. Some have sweaters on, some have bath-ropes, while others have highly-colored blankets wrapped around them. All look as if they had been working hard. Some sit on the benches, some throw themselves on the floor, while others stand in groups talking. HORNBLOWER goes to WOOD.*)

HALIDAY. Tough luck your getting knocked out, Fatty!

DAVIS. You bet it is! Say, fellows, we're not doing so badly! Nothing to nothing.

HALIDAY. We'll wallop them this half!

MEMBER OF THE TEAM. You bet!

2D MEMBER OF THE TEAM. We've got them going!

3D MEMBER OF THE TEAM. We had the ball in their territory all the time!

HALIDAY. What are you doing here, Hornblower?

HORNBLOWER (*talking to WOOD*). Don't you see what I'm doing?

HALIDAY. You'd better cut it out, for here comes Gray.

(*Enter STEPHEN GRAY, R. He is not in uniform, but is dressed in the most modern college style.*)



WOOD. It's none of your business, Haliday, whom I talk to.

GRAY. But it's mine. Get out of here, Hornblower!

WOOD. Who are you talking to? Because you're manager of the team, don't think you're going to put him out!

GRAY. It's against the rules, and you know it, Wood!  
(WOOD and HORNBLOWER continue to talk.) Buck will put you out of the game.

WOOD. Let him do it.

GREEN. Why don't you act squarely, Wood? You know we're in a hole with Thompson out of the game, and now Merrill's broken up.

MERRILL. There wasn't any need of sending me out!

DAVIS. It's hard luck, Fatty.

MERRILL. My last year, too. The biggest game of my whole college career, and—and—think of it, fellows, to be out of it! Yes, and—well, it's hard luck.

GREEN. How do you suppose Thompson feels?

HALIDAY. Is he here?

GREEN. I don't know. I left him at our room this morning.

DAVIS. It was a beast of a trick to accuse Thompson of having taken that paper.

*(All look meaningly at WOOD and nod their heads.)*

*(Enter BUCK HARDING, R. He has on a large green sweater with a white letter. His trousers are turned up at the bottom, revealing a pair of heavy tan shoes. His cap is jammed down over his left ear. He sees HORNBLOWER, and without speaking takes him by the collar and forces him out R. WOOD slinks back into the crowd. All laugh and cheer. The following four speeches are spoken simultaneously with HARDING'S putting HORNBLOWER out.)*

MERRILL. Don't hurt the child, Buck!

1ST MEMBER OF THE TEAM. Handle him gently!

2D MEMBER OF THE TEAM. He's a precious thing!

3D MEMBER OF THE TEAM. The dear little fellow!

HARDING *(closing door R., and coming to C.)*. What do you fellows think you're doing? You're playing football like a lot of kids. Because Thompson isn't in the game is no reason for you to lie down!

MERRILL. Wasn't any need to put me out, Buck!

HARDING. Don't argue with me! Davis, get more life into you. Stiles, you play lower. Your interference is rotten. Wood, are you afraid of Adams?

WOOD (*gruffly*). No.

HARDING. On your toes, then, and get after him. He's pushing you all over the field. The whole line is rotten! No team work! Wake up! You're all asleep! Get after the ball! Watch it. Get through their line! You ends get through there quicker! Got lead in your shoes? The line must play lower! You're not trying to pick cherries! Haliday, watch the ball. You've fumbled it twice. Squeeze it! Smith, cover the man with the ball! Break up their interference. Dive in! Tackle them! Tackle low! You fellows ought to be playing ping-pong! The last half, now, play to win! Get into the game. Don't wait and wake up just after Wooster has scored! They mustn't score! If you get the ball on their ten-yard line use the criss-cross play, and not before. Wood, that means you're to get it over! I want you to get it there. Do you understand? Remember, 7-24-6-34-3, means a touch-down.

ALL. 7-24-6-34-3, and a touch-down. Hurrah! you bet!

HARDING. Mitchell, you're rattled. Keep your head! When you snap the ball back don't try to knock a star out of the sky! Wood, you're a four-flusher! Who told you you could play football? You can't play enough to keep warm. If you don't get into the game I'll go out there and wipe the field up with you!

WOOD (*sulkily*). I'm playing all right.

MERRILL. No, you're not!

WOOD (*going toward MERRILL*). Who are you talking to?

(*All the team come forward.*)

HARDING (*pushing WOOD to one side*). We've heard enough from you! (*Whistle is heard off stage.*)

GRAY. Time's up!

HALIDAY. Now, fellows, for the honor of Huntingdon!

ALL (*excepting WOOD*). For the honor of Huntingdon!

(*All exeunt, excepting MERRILL, R.*)

MERRILL. I've got to sit here like an old woman. Bah! (*Cheering off stage*). Enough to make a fellow cry. It wasn't right to put me out of the game! (*He rises slowly*)

*and goes to window R.*) They're at it again! Play away back, fellows! Wooster is going to kick! There she goes. Get under it, Haliday, get under it! He's going to drop it. No, no! a fair catch! Hurrah! hurrah! Well done, Bert, old boy! Now, fellows, plug it down the field! •

*(Enter THOMPSON, L. He sits dejectedly on bench L. MERRILL turns and sees him.)*

MERRILL. Hallo, Phil!

THOMPSON. Wh-what are you doing here? Why aren't you in the game?

MERRILL. I got kicked in the side, and Buck sent me out. It's a shame, Phil! I'm all right.

*(He crosses slowly to c. and doubles up from the pain, as he sinks on to bench.)*

THOMPSON. You act as if you were.

MERRILL. Think of it, Phil! you and I out of the biggest game of the year!

THOMPSON. Yes, I—I—know it. I couldn't stay away. I couldn't go out there on the field before that crowd. Because—because—they'd say, "There's Thompson, the thief!"

MERRILL. It's a shame, Phil. It's a dirty trick! I'll bet Wood stole that paper.

THOMPSON. I never took it.

MERRILL. You don't think I'd believe you did?

THOMPSON. No, Fatty. I'd rather stay at old Huntingdon for the rest of my life, than get my degree by doing such a thing as that.

MERRILL. I know you would. There—there doesn't seem to be much chance of their wanting me again, so I'll—I'll go and change my clothes.

*(THOMPSON goes to him as he rises and they slowly cross to L.)*

*(Exit MERRILL, L.)*

THOMPSON *(coming to c.)*. Yes, Fatty, you and I are in the same boat. Willing to fight for the honor of old Huntingdon, but—but can't!

*(Enter ELEANOR, R.)*

ELEANOR. Phil!

THOMPSON. Eleanor! What are you doing here? This is no place for you!

ELEANOR. I—I saw you from the stand, coming across the campus, and I—I thought perhaps you might be here. Oh, Phil, Phil, you don't know how I've suffered over the loss of that paper! Think of the disgrace that has befallen you! Why did that telephone ring just at that time? I don't trust Fred Wood. I think he took it.

THOMPSON. Don't worry about it. I can't understand it. But you did wrong in coming here.

ELEANOR. What do I care for what people may say? I wanted to see you. To ask you to forgive me for my part in this affair.

THOMPSON. You are no more to blame for the suspicion that rests upon me than I am myself. It's a plot to remove me from the game, that's all.

ELEANOR. Yes, yes, Phil, I know it.

THOMPSON. Ah, Eleanor, we look with awe and pride on the record of Bunker Hill—of Gettysburg. But the battle out on that field for the honor and glory of Huntingdon is being fought just as hard, and means just as much to us, as did those battles to the men that had a part in them!

ELEANOR. And to protect me, Phil, you are denying yourself the right to be there.

THOMPSON. No, no, but because some contemptible cur has slandered me I'm robbed of the right to defend Huntingdon. Disgraced, I must leave the old college. (*Sinks on to bench.*) But I'm innocent,—innocent!

(*Cheering off stage.*)

ELEANOR. Phil! Phil! let me go and tell my father what that paper was you put into your pocket.

THOMPSON. No, Eleanor. But I relieve you of your promise to marry me. I'm going out into the world and make a place for myself. When I do—I—I'm coming back for you. Un—unless you have found some—some one else.

ELEANOR. Never, never! You are sacrificing yourself to save me from the anger of my father. I'll not give you up. In your disgrace I'll stand with you even to the end.

THOMPSON. No, no! I had no right to suggest our being married secretly. I should have gone to your father.

ELEANOR. He would have refused you.

THOMPSON. I know it, I know it! Better that than the way it is now.

ELEANOR. Ah! Phil, why should you suffer? I'm as much to blame as you are. Let me go to my father and tell him all.

THOMPSON. No!

ELEANOR. I'd rather have him knock me down than accuse you wrongfully. You must let me go to him.

THOMPSON. I can't

ELEANOR. It's my duty! Ah, a woman would not be worthy of the man who would make her his wife if she failed him at such a crisis as this. You must let me go, you must. (THOMPSON *starts to speak*.) Don't say no, Phil, don't! Don't let me be tortured with the knowledge that you are sacrificing yourself for me!

THOMPSON. Don't! Don't make it harder for me. What you suggest is impossible.

ELEANOR. What do you mean?—That—that you—you—did steal—— Ah! Phil! Phil! tell me that you didn't.

THOMPSON. Eleanor! you do not know what you are saying! You are excited. Go home and forget—that—that there was ever such a person as Phil Thompson.

ELEANOR (*expressively, and throwing her arms around his neck*). Phil!

THOMPSON (*kissing her*). Good—good-bye.

(*Exit ELEANOR, R. THOMPSON stands looking after, then turns and comes down to C.*)

(*Reënter MERRILL, L. He is dressed in the modern college fashion. He walks weakly.*)

MERRILL. How's the game?

THOMPSON. I don't know. (*Sinks moodily on bench.*)

MERRILL (*looking at watch as he crosses to window*). Five more minutes to play. Look, Phil, look! It's our ball. They're on Wooster's twenty-five yard line!

THOMPSON. Yes.

MERRILL. Haliday has it! See, see, will he get through? will he get through?

THOMPSON (*rising and crossing quickly to window*).

Yes, yes, go it, Haliday, go it. Not at centre, you idiot! Round the right end!

MERRILL. Oh, oh, they'll get him! they'll get him!

THOMPSON. He's got through, he's got through! Look out for Fredericks, look out! Dodge him! dodge him! Not to the right! Go left, go to the left! Oh, oh—

MERRILL. He's got by him. Look out for Adams, Haliday!

THOMPSON. Adams won't catch him. Go it, Bert, old boy, go it!

MERRILL. He's stumbled! Adams has him!

THOMPSON (*exultantly*). Wooster's ten-yard line. First down. Now, boys, get it over.

MERRILL. They're bucking centre! They've fumbled it! Oh! get it, somebody, get it! Where are you, Huntington?

THOMPSON. Davis has it!

MERRILL. Hurrah! Charlie, old boy! (*Cheering off stage for DAVIS.*) Second down. Seven yards to gain.

THOMPSON. Did you hear that number?

MERRILL. Yes, 7—24—6—34—3, the criss-cross!

THOMPSON. Yes, there goes the ball to Haliday. See, he's passed it to Grant. Now we've got you guessing, Wooster!

MERRILL. Grant is coming right.

THOMPSON. He's passed it to Wood. Now, Wood, get it over and save the day. Oh, why don't you move? You've got a hole big enough for a train of cars.

MERRILL. He's running back!

THOMPSON. What's he doing that for? See, see! McLaughlin has broken through! He's tackled him. Well, of all the stupidity! Wood has dropped the ball!

MERRILL. McLaughlin has it. Where are you, fellows?

THOMPSON. Haliday, Davis, where are you? McLaughlin has a clear field! After him, boys! Are you asleep?

MERRILL. Davis will get him! Oh, get him, Davis! Ah! (*Disgusted gesture.*)

THOMPSON. There—they stopped him at last. But on the fifteen-yard line! Why am I out of the game? I—I—can't stay here! Fatty! I'm going into the game!

(*Throwing off his coat, starts toward R., but MERRILL stops him.*)

MERRILL (*handing him back his coat*). Don't make an exhibition of yourself, Phil. You can't play. They—they won't let you.

THOMPSON. They won't let me? Yes,—you—you're right,—right. I'm no longer—I'm a disgrace, an outcast.

(*Sits on bench L. as cheering is heard off stage. MERRILL at window R.*)

MERRILL. Look, look! Adams got through! Right through Wood. He'll make a touch-down! (*Screams.*) Stop him! Stop him! Oh, oh, he—he's over. (*He comes to c. Cheering off stage—"Wooster! Wooster! Adams! Adams!"*) We're beaten, beaten! (*Whistle off stage.*) Time up. It's all over.

THOMPSON. I—I—must go. I can't stay and face the fellows now. I did want to say good-bye to them. But—but —

MERRILL. You're going to leave college?

THOMPSON. Yes.

MERRILL. I'm sorry, old man. The fellows don't believe that you are guilty. They'll never forgive you if you go away without saying good-bye to them.

THOMPSON. I haven't the courage to face them after this defeat. I—I'll try and come back and see them before I go.

(*Exit, L.*)

MERRILL. The whitest man in college! Oh, I'll shake the truth out of that Wood!

(*Team enter R., all talking at once.*)

GRAY. You lost the game, Wood! It was a dirty, low trick! Why did you do that?

HALIDAY. You sold us out, you contemptible traitor.

WOOD. What do you mean?

HALIDAY. You deliberately ran back on the criss-cross.

WOOD. You lie!

ALL (*coming forward*). Yes, you did! You're a sneak! You didn't try to get by McLaughlin! You're a disgrace to the college!

WOOD. It wasn't any fault of mine! I did the best I could. You fellows didn't support me. You were sore because I was in the game. Why don't you blame Thompson?

If he'd been in his regular place I'd have been in the side-lines.

(*Enter HARDING, R.*)

MERRILL (*going threateningly toward WOOD*). Don't you drag Thompson into it!

HARDING (*coming between them*). Go on over to the Gym, Wood! (*WOOD starts to speak.*) I don't want to hear anything from you. Go, before there's trouble.

(*Exit WOOD, slowly, R.*)

MERRILL. Oh, why didn't you let me hit him one?

GRAY. Fellows, you played a good game. We lost, never mind how. The man that can lose and shut his mouth and smile is the man that ultimately wins. You know what I mean.

(*All cheer "Gray! Gray!" Team exeunt R. and L., except GRAY, MERRILL and HARDING.*)

HARDING. Well, I'm sorry, Gray, that my last year as coach for the team shouldn't have proved a winning one.

GRAY. It was no fault of yours, Buck. You worked like a Trojan to make the team a success.

MERRILL. Yes, and it would have been, if Thompson had not been out of the game.

GRAY. You're right! The fellows lost courage. They couldn't trust Wood.

HARDING. I know it. Do you think Thompson stole that paper?

GRAY. } No!  
MERRILL. }

HARDING. I don't! Wood appears to know too much about it.

(*Enter GREEN, R.*)

GREEN. Tough luck to lose. We ought to railroad Wood out of college.

MERRILL. Say, you're dead right! Did you see Thompson. Joe?

GREEN. No.

MERRILL. He was here. He says he's going to leave college.



GRAY. We mustn't let Phil leave. He must face this and disprove it.

GREEN. We'll take this matter into our own hands.

GRAY. We'll make Wood face him.

MERRILL. We'll force him to tell the truth. Then march them both up to the Dean.

HARDING. Wouldn't it be better to have a few of the fellows call on the Dean? Then present the facts that we get from Wood.

GRAY. That's the thing to do.

MERRILL. Suppose Wood refuses to say anything?

GRAY. Leave that to the boys.

MERRILL. What's the use of saying what we'll do until we find Phil?

HARDING. You're right, Fatty.

MERRILL. Buck, that was a raw deal you handed to me.

HARDING. What?

MERRILL. Taking me out of the game.

HARDING (*earnestly*). You were all in, Fatty. What's that?

(*Muffled booming, as produced by an explosion, heard off stage R.*)

GREEN. What's that? Has Wooster a cannon?

HARDING. That wasn't a cannon. It's more like an explosion.

GREEN. This town doesn't possess anything with life enough in it to explode.

GRAY. "Sherlock" Watkins was saying that the selectmen were going to give him a new revolver. He's probably practicing with it.

(*Enter THOMPSON, L.*)

GREEN. Phil!

HARDING. Thompson! (*All go to him.*)

THOMPSON. I—I'm sorry, fellows, for this defeat. I—I thought I could go away without seeing you, but I couldn't.

GRAY. You'd have never heard the end of it if you did.

HARDING. I smell smoke!

MERRILL (*jumping about*). Who's afire? Where is it?

GREEN. Yes, where is it?

(*Enter other members of team, L.*)

MEMBERS OF TEAM. What's the matter?

HALIDAY (*rushing in door R.*). All out! The Gym and locker-rooms are on fire!

ALL. What! (*Members of the team excitedly rush in R. Some are fully dressed, others partly so, while some have on their football suits. They shout excitedly.*) The Gym is gone! It's roaring like a furnace! We just had time to run! (*Enter others in football suits.*) All our clothes are gone!

HALIDAY. If you hadn't fallen asleep you wouldn't have lost them.

(HARDING, GRAY, MERRILL and GREEN start toward R., but stop as DAVIS, followed by three more of the team, hurriedly enters R. This scene must go very fast.)

DAVIS. It's going like a volcano! I only had time to jump.

OTHER MEMBERS OF TEAM. Out of the first floor window?

(*Shouting, and a bell heard off R.*)

HARDING. Come on, fellows, let's try and put it out!

(HARDING, GRAY, and some of the team rush out R. Shouting and bell again heard nearer. Noise continues, growing louder.)

(*Reënter GRAY, R.*)

GRAY. The left wing is all ablaze.

(*Reënter HARDING, R.*)

HARDING. It's working around to the main building.

(*They all crowd around door and window looking off R.*)

MERRILL (*dancing around excitedly*). Thought you fellows were going to help put it out? What are we staying here for? That punk fire department won't get to work till the building is burnt down!

DAVIS. Did all the boys get out?

HARDING. Where's Wood?

HALIDAY. He's here.

SEVERAL VOICES. No, he isn't.

DAVIS. He didn't dress in the same room with us.

ALL. He's in that building! I tell you it's Wood. He's in there, fellows, etc., etc.

(HARDING *rushes out R.*, followed by all but MERRILL, DAVIS, GREEN and THOMPSON.)

MERRILL. He can't be in there.

DAVIS. He must have come out before it caught fire.

(*Reënter HARDING.*)

HARDING. You can't get near the building. It's one mass of flames.

MERRILL. If he didn't get out, he's—he's ——

DAVIS. 'Course he got out! Wood's no fool.

VOICES (*off stage*). Some one's in the building! Some one's in the building! See! he's at the window! Get a ladder! A ladder!

ALL (*crowding to window and door*). Wood!

THOMPSON. We can't let him die like that!

(*Starts toward R.*)

HARDING (*stopping him*). Don't be foolish! You'll never get out alive!

THOMPSON. Let go of me!

(*Pushes HARDING aside. Rushes out R.*)

VOICES (*off R.*). Where're you going? Keep away from that building! Stop! Stop him! He's crazy! Don't let him go in there! etc.

THOMPSON (*off stage*). Out of my way! Out of my way! I'm going in after him!

GREEN (*rushing to door R.*). Oh, don't let him go in! Don't! Stop him! (*Exit, R.*) Phil, come back! Come back!

VOICES (*off R.*). Stretch out that line! Bring up a ladder! Hurry up!

GREEN (*reëntering*). He got away from them. He's in the building.

MERRILL. Why did we let him go?

VOICES (*off R.*). Bring that line over here. Bring it over! Bring it over! Look out! Get back! Get back!

(*Crash and cracking noise heard off R.* HALIDAY *rushes to R.*)

HALIDAY (*at door*). The roof has fallen in.

(*Cheering off R., "Thompson! Thompson!" GREEN rushes to door R.*)

GREEN. He's got him! He's got him! (*Cheers heard off*).

(*All cheer THOMPSON as he staggers in R. with WOOD. Their faces and hands are grimy with smoke, etc.*)

WOOD (*weakly*). Thompson,—you're white.—I—I'll—do—what's—what's—right.

(*WOOD sinks to the stage as THOMPSON plunges forward into HARDING'S arms.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

### ACT III

SCENE.—*Room at DEAN CROWELL'S. Window c. Door L. c., leading to hall. Door L., leading to other parts of the house. Fireplace, with fire burning, at R. Large armchair near fireplace. Divan L. Other furniture is scattered about the room. Table at c., with books, papers, etc., on it.*

(*At rise DEAN is discovered standing at c. MRS. G. seated on divan L.*)

DEAN. You can be assured that I will rigidly investigate the storing of gasoline in the Gymnasium.

MRS. G. I hope you will. What's more, I consider you have dealt unjustly with Mr. Thompson. A young man, who so courageously entered that burning building as he did, would never stoop to such an act as stealing.

DEAN. Perhaps you are right, Margaret. But I couldn't trust the father, and surely you could not expect me to trust the son.

MRS. G. Trust the father! No more honorable a man ever lived than Phil Thompson's father! I knew him very well. You forget we were boy and girl together. Because he was honest, because he believed all men to be honest was why he fell a victim to the scheming roguery of others.

DEAN. There are always two sides to a story. Do you mean to tell me that he did not know that the Merryweather mine was worthless? Would you have me believe that he did not profit by the thousands of dollars that I and others sunk in it? He cheated me! And I—I thought he was my friend.

MRS. G. John Thompson was as innocent of any wrong in connection with the Merryweather mine as I am. If you lost a few thousand dollars, James, he lost every dollar he possessed. The house that he took such pride in had to go to settle his indebtedness. To-day he's a physical, as well as a financial wreck. My own husband lost heavily, but he didn't turn against John Thompson for it. Because he knew the truth.

DEAN. Well, I—I didn't know that. All these years I have believed he had cheated me.

MRS. G. Yes, and haven't you taken it out just a little upon the son, a fine boy who has not been ashamed to do any kind of work to secure an education? Did Phil Thompson stop and think of what Wood had done to him when he dashed into that burning building to save him?

DEAN. No.

MRS. G. (*warmly*). But you have forgotten how John Thompson risked his own life to save you from drowning. Who came to your aid when your father lost his fortune? John Thompson.

DEAN. Yes—yes.

MRS. G. And you've forgotten these things, James Crowell, because you lost a few dollars. I'm ashamed of you. You can never repay John Thompson for what he has done for you.

DEAN. Margaret—don't be too hard on me. You don't know the whole story. But I'm afraid you are right in part. I have been rather narrow! I'm glad you came—you have made me see myself in a new light. But the boy—you admit all appearances have been against him in this matter of the examination paper!

MRS. G. Perhaps. I don't believe you know all that story, either, Charles. But give the boy a chance. I'm going to see him now. Can I take him a message from you?

DEAN. Yes. Say—say, that if he's able, I'd like to have him call and see me—to-day.

MRS. G. I will.

(*Exit, L. C.*)

DEAN. Oh, John, John! My friend, what an unreasonable weakling I've been. How selfish I have been because my loss hit me hard. Well, if the boy has been harshly treated I will not rest until I set it right.

(*Enter ELEANOR, L.*)

ELEANOR. Father!

DEAN. Yes, Eleanor.

ELEANOR. I—I—want to speak to you.—You won't be angry with me at what I'm going to say?

DEAN. My child, you are all I have in the world. Have I ever been angry with you?

ELEANOR. No.—What—what I want to speak,—to—to say, is that I know the paper that Mr. Wood claims he saw Mr. Thompson put into his pocket was not Professor Wyeth's examination paper.

DEAN. Why didn't you tell me this before?

ELEANOR. Be—because I was afraid.

DEAN. Afraid! Afraid of what?—Of me?

ELEANOR. Yes.

DEAN. Have I been such a father to you that you should be afraid of me?—Are you still afraid?

ELEANOR. No.—Father—father, I love Phil Thompson.

DEAN. What!

ELEANOR. I—I—I've promised to be his wife.

DEAN. His wife! He has not spoken to me.

ELEANOR. No. He—we both—feared your answer. He knew your attitude toward his father.

DEAN. Oh!—Then—then this paper Wood saw Thompson put into his pocket was something you knew about?

ELEANOR. Yes.

DEAN. Something that concerned you and Thompson?

ELEANOR. It—it was our—our marriage license.

DEAN. You were going to be married without my knowledge?

ELEANOR. Father! forgive me! Do not blame Phil. I am as much at fault as he was. Father! when a woman loves a man she would go to the end of the earth for him.—I love Phil.

DEAN. Eleanor, Eleanor! my daughter, to have so little confidence in me.—Are—are you married?

ELEANOR. No, father, Phil was too honorable to ask me to share his name while he is under this disgrace. Father! you don't believe him guilty?—Say you don't.

DEAN. I don't know. Ever since that examination paper was stolen I have undergone a series of rude awakenings. What I may expect next I cannot tell. So he refused to speak in order to shield you.

ELEANOR. Yes. Father,—you—you—will forgive me—and him?

DEAN. Eleanor,—I—I—— (*With feeling.*) Eleanor!

ELEANOR. Father!

(*He takes her in his arms.*)

(*Enter SARAH, L.*)

SARAH. The butcher is here, Miss Eleanor.

ELEANOR I—I'll be there immediately. (*Exit SARAH.*)  
 Father, I expect Hazel and Miss Taylor. Should they come before I return, ask them to wait.

DEAN. Yes. (*Exit ELEANOR, L.*) Eleanor in love! With young Thompson! Ah, John, to think that after all these years of bitterness toward you this must come about, just as I realize the absurdity of my attitude. Does it come as an opportunity for atonement? I—I—don't know.

(*Enter HAZEL and ALICIA, L. C.*)

HAZEL. Is Eleanor at home, Dean Crowell?

DEAN. Wh-what —? Oh, I beg—beg your pardon. You startled me, young ladies.

ALICIA. Good-afternoon, Dean Crowell.

DEAN. Eleanor was expecting you. She is busy downstairs for a few minutes. You'll wait?

HAZEL. Yes.

DEAN. You'll excuse me? I must go and see Mr. Wood.

ALICIA. Was he burnt very badly in the fire?

DEAN. Painfully, but not seriously, I believe. I have not seen him yet. Good-afternoon.

(*Exit, L. C.*)

ALICIA. The Dean seems rather grumpy. Has he been affected by the result of yesterday's game?

HAZEL. I think it's real mean of you, Alicia, to show so much elation over Huntingdon's defeat! I don't think it's just right "to—to—rub it in," as Joe says.

ALICIA. Oh, I was only teasing you, Hazel. You know I'm acquainted with more men at Wooster than I am here. Perhaps it would have been different if Mr. Thompson had played. What a hero he is to-day.

(*Enter DAVIS, L. C.*)

DAVIS. Hullo. Talking about Phil? Isn't he a daisy? Were you at the fire yesterday?

HAZEL. No, but every one's talking about it.

DAVIS (*excitedly*). You should have been there! It was the most spectacular thing I ever saw. Gee! it was



quick. We just had time to get out, and that's all. And then Phil's saving Wood's life—my! It was an exciting day, all right.

HAZEL. Yes, it was.

DAVIS. All we could do was to stand around like a lot of frightened sheep. Phil was the only man in the crowd that had sand enough in him to do it.

ALICIA. Why, Mr. Davis, you are just as good as an extra in the evening paper!

HAZEL. I think it's just horrid of you, Alicia, to say that. It's all too serious to joke about. Oh, here's Eleanor.

(*Enter ELEANOR, L.*)

ELEANOR. Have I kept you waiting long?

HAZEL. No, not very long, Eleanor.

ALICIA. Mr. Davis has been giving us the most graphic account of the Gym fire.

ELEANOR (*tremulously*). Oh, wasn't it dreadful?

HAZEL. Well, it might have been—but for Phil. We all think he's splendid, Eleanor. Have you seen him?

ELEANOR (*smiling happily*). No, but I heard—no, I haven't seen him.

DAVIS. Well, not another man in the college had the courage to do it. Yet they accuse Phil of stealing.

HAZEL. It was a shame! I don't believe Phil Thompson took that paper. Do you, Eleanor?

ELEANOR (*quietly*). No, Phil is too honorable to do such a thing.

HAZEL. Don't you think, Eleanor, your father might have investigated the matter more thoroughly before suspending Phil?

DAVIS. That's the way we fellows feel. That's why I'm here, to see if the Dean won't grant an interview to us, and reopen the case. We don't believe that Wood knocked the music off the piano by accident. He did so because he knew it was there. Besides, we have good reason to believe that we can produce evidence that will clear Phil.

ALICIA. What do you mean? How would Mr. Wood have known it was there?

DAVIS. Well, Joe told us afterward that he found Wood and Hornblower alone in his room. He said that Hornblower appeared greatly interested in the music.

ALICIA. Nothing suspicious in that. Mr. Hornblower is rather an accomplished musician, I understand.

DAVIS. Well, you see, we know Hornblower, Miss Taylor, and we think the thing ought to be investigated. If the Dean hadn't been so set against Thompson, he would have seen how flimsy it was. Is the Dean at home, Eleanor?

ELEANOR. No, he's gone to the hospital to see Mr. Wood.

DAVIS. I'll wait, if you don't mind.

(*Sits on divan near HAZEL.*)

ELEANOR. Not in the least.

(*Enter MERRILL, L. C.*)

MERRILL. Say, Charlie, how long do you think the fellows are going to wait for you to find out if the Dean will see us?

DAVIS. I don't know. (*Talks to HAZEL.*)

ALICIA. Did you make any thrilling rescues at the fire yesterday, Mr. Merrill?

MERRILL (*looking at HAZEL and DAVIS*). Hum. Oh, yes, yes.

HAZEL. What!

MERRILL. No, no.

ELEANOR. Have you seen Mr. Thompson?

MERRILL (*still staring at HAZEL, etc.*). Oh, yes, yes.

ELEANOR. Is—is—he burnt badly?

MERRILL. Oh, yes, yes. Er—er—that is—er—— What did you say?—Oh, oh, yes. No, I'm not burnt. I wasn't in the fire.

ELEANOR (*smiling*). I didn't ask if you were in the fire, Mr. Merrill.

MERRILL. Didn't you? Whom do you mean?

ALICIA (*smiling*). We were speaking of Mr. Thompson. You're asleep at the switch, Mr. Merrill.

ELEANOR. Have you seen Phil, Mr. Merrill?

(*Pause. MERRILL stares at HAZEL and DAVIS, who are holding a lively conversation.*)

ALICIA (*melodramatically*). You're lost, Mr. Merrill. Lost—and in a great city!

MERRILL. Eh—oh—what?

ELEANOR. Come, Miss Taylor, and I'll show you that dress pattern, as we seem to be in the way.

(ALICIA *laughs and both exeunt, talking, L.*)

MERRILL. Pardon me, Mr. Davis, for interrupting your interesting conversation, but what shall I say to the fellows?

DAVIS. Don't bother me. Don't you see I'm engaged?

MERRILL (*savagely*). I'm not blind! Are you going to the dance to-night, Hazel?

HAZEL. Yes. Mr. Davis has been kind enough to invite me.

MERRILL. Davis has invited you? You're going with me!

HAZEL. I said Mr. Davis had invited me.

MERRILL. Yes; I heard what you said. But where does my invitation come in?

HAZEL. I don't know. I've not seen it.

MERRILL. Why, I—I—— Oh, come, you know I took it for granted that you were going with me.

HAZEL (*archly*). But you take a good deal for granted?

MERRILL. I—I—suppose all your dances are engaged?

HAZEL (*smiling coquettishly*). I'm afraid they are.  
(MERRILL *deliberately crosses and sits on divan, with DAVIS and HAZEL. DAVIS is forced to the edge of divan. They glare at one another.*) Do you gentlemen know that this divan isn't built for three?

(*Neither man moves. Pause.*)

MERRILL. Enjoying yourself, Davis?

DAVIS. Yes, are you?

MERRILL. No.

HAZEL (*giggling*). You'll have to excuse me.

(*She rises, and as she does both MERRILL and DAVIS rise hastily. MERRILL shakes his fist at DAVIS behind HAZEL'S back.*)

DAVIS. I don't know as I want to wait and see the Dean. Wouldn't you like to go and see the ruins, Miss Green?

MERRILL. No you don't! You were anxious enough a little while ago to see the Dean. So now wait. I'll take Miss Green to see the ruins,

DAVIS. I much prefer taking Miss Green. You see the Dean.

HAZEL (*delighted at the situation*). Yes, do, Harry. You know you hate to walk. Mr. Davis will show them to me.

MERRILL. No, he won't!

(*Enter HALIDAY, L. C.*)

HALIDAY. Davis! Merrill! Some one stole Blatchford's signs yesterday. Sheriff "Sherlock" Watkins is on the trail. He's coming to see the Dean.

DAVIS. The Dean's not at home.

HALIDAY. Oh, say, is that so? The fellows are going to have some fun with Watkins. Come on.

(*Goes toward door L. C.*)

MERRILL. You'd better go, Davis. Miss Green will excuse you.

DAVIS. Oh, you go. Don't miss all the fun.

MERRILL. I won't. I'll stay right here. (*Goes to DAVIS, and in an aside.*) If you don't get out of here, Davis, I'll hand you something for keeps.

DAVIS (*aside, to MERRILL*). Oh, come off, Fatty, I was only getting a rise out of you. Don't elope with her. (*Laughs; aloud.*) Seeing that you are so disagreeable, Merrill, I'll go. You'll excuse me, Miss Green?

HAZEL (*smiling*). Oh, must you go, Mr. Davis? Well, do come again.

DAVIS. Oh, I will. (*Laughs.*)

(*Exit, L. C.*)

MERRILL. Hazel, you—you are making it awfully hard for me.

HAZEL. Didn't Mr. Davis play beautifully in the game yesterday?

MERRILL. Yes, but that's no reason why you should freeze me. It's bad enough to have been out of the game, without having every fellow stealing you away from me.

HAZEL (*with assumed severity*). Can't I speak to any one else without your permission?

MERRILL. Oh, look here. (*He rushes up stage and*

looks off L. Then comes down and falls on his knees in front of HAZEL, who is seated R. in armchair.) Hazel, I love you! I want you for my wife.

HAZEL. Why, Harry! you—you take my breath away.

MERRILL. I know it, Hazel. I—I—can't wait. I love you madly. My letters haven't told you half of what is in my heart.

HAZEL. Mother says I'm too young to marry.

MERRILL. I'm not asking for your mother's opinion. I don't want to marry her.

HAZEL. Oh, I'm sure they're coming back. Don't let them see you in that ridiculous position.

MERRILL (*rising*). Then you refuse me? Have all your letters been meaningless things? Have you been making light of my love?

HAZEL. How tragic, Harry.

MERRILL. You think, like all the rest, because a fellow is fat he hasn't any feelings.

HAZEL. Oh, Harry, you misunderstand me. I—I—do like you, and perhaps I might like you better some—er—some time.

MERRILL. Some time! Why not now? I promised Joe I'd be his brother; won't you help me make good?

HAZEL. Promised Joe you'd be his brother!

MERRILL. Yes.

HAZEL. Indeed! Before you knew my opinion?

MERRILL. I—I'm sorry, Hazel. But—but Joe knew how I—I love you. I couldn't conceal it from him.

HAZEL. There's no reason why you should go around telling every one you meet that you are going to marry me. How do you know you are?

MERRILL. I—I—don't know it. But then—er—— Ah, Hazel! why be so hard on a fellow?—I love you. That—that ought to be excuse enough for a fellow to—to—to—er—jump out of—his—his shoes. (*Goes to her.*) Hazel!

HAZEL. You'll promise not to be a jealous husband?

MERRILL. I'll promise anything.

HAZEL. Well, maybe I'll consider it—some time.

MERRILL. Won't you be serious, Hazel? I want you for my wife. I'll get my degree in June. Then I'm going into the office with father. I'll be in a position to take care of you. Don't you think that some time might—might be now?

HAZEL (*with pretty despair*). Oh, Harry, don't you know when it's time for—for a touch-down?

(*Covers her face.*)

MERRILL (*rushing to her and taking her in his arms*). Hazel, do you mean it? That I'd won and didn't know it?

HAZEL (*her head on his shoulder*). Harry, you big goose, you certainly need somebody to look after you.

MERRILL. Hazel!

(*Embrace as GREEN enters L. C.*)

GREEN. Offside, Fatty!

HAZEL. Oh! (*Runs off L.*)

MERRILL (*laughing*). Offside! Not much! I've done it, Joe. I'm your brother. That is—er—I'm going to be.

GREEN. What do you think mother will say?

MERRILL (*sinking into chair, R., as GRAY enters L. C.*). Whew! I—I don't know.

GRAY. Hullo! Dean here, boys?

GREEN. No; he went over to see Wood.

(*Enter ALICIA, L.*)

ALICIA. The rest of the committee?

GREEN. Yes.

GRAY. I understand the Dean is over at the hospital with Wood.

GREEN. Yes, and Hornblower has taken French leave of the college.

MERRILL. What!

GRAY. Fact. Sneaked out early this morning.

MERRILL. Well, good riddance, I say.

(*Pounding of bass-drum heard off stage at a distance.*)

ALICIA. What's that?

MERRILL. Here comes the constable.

ALICIA. Constable!

GREEN. Yes. Some signs were stolen yesterday. He's coming to complain to the Dean.

ALICIA. Does he always come with a bass-drum?

GRAY. Oh, no. Some of the fellows are assisting him.

(All go up to window c., as the pounding grows nearer.)

ELEANOR. Oh, they have on those Hallow'een costumes.

ALICIA. Here they come!

(Cheering off stage, "Ray! Ray! Ray! Watkins! Watkins! Watkins! Tiger!" Mad pounding of drum.)

WATKINS (off stage and at a slight distance away). If yer fellers dun't stop yer pesky fool'n' I'll have the law on yer.

ALICIA (laughing). Isn't that ridiculous?

GRAY. Too bad the Dean's not at home.

WATKINS (outside). The Dean at home?

SARAH (outside). No, sir.

WATKINS. Wal, I'll come in an' wait.

(Enter WATKINS, L. C.)

CROWD (off stage). Out of his way. The majesty of the law must be respected. (Pounding of bass-drum.)

(Enter ELEANOR and HAZEL, L.)

ELEANOR. Oh, Mr. Watkins, how do you do? (WATKINS is dressed in a regulation coat and helmet, but has on overalls tucked in cowhide boots. He is followed by HALIDAY, DAVIS and a crowd of students, who are robed in grotesque gowns and masks. One has a bass-drum, while others carry banners bearing the following inscriptions: "Sherlock Holmes' Watkins." "One of the finest, nit." "Who stole the sign?" "Call and see Watkins. He's looking for you.") I'm sorry my father isn't at home, Mr. Watkins. (To students, smiling.) Are you escorting Mr. Watkins? (Crowd is much amused.)

HALIDAY. We think it's not quite dignified for such an important personage to go about unattended.

CROWD. Whoop! That's so! (Beating of drum.)

ELEANOR. That's about enough noise, isn't it? Now, boys, do go before father comes back.

HALIDAY. Oh, don't you worry about us, Miss Eleanor. We've posted a man outside to let us know when the Dean appears. Now, Mr. Watkins, speak your little piece.

WATKINS (glaring at students). Miss Crowell, I kem

here to enter formal complaint to the Dean. This here stealin' signs and destroyin' propertys got to stop. I'll put some of these here students in jail—I'll ——

HALIDAY. That'll do. Miss Crowell, you've heard Mr. Watkins' complaint. And you'll see that the Dean gets it—won't you?

ELEANOR (*laughing in spite of herself*). Certainly. Oh, you ridiculous boys.

HALIDAY. Then that'll be about all, "Sherlock." It's your cue to exit.

(*Two students seize WATKINS, force him to bow to ladies, and rush him L. C.*)

WATKINS. Ye all orter be in jail. I'll have the law on ye—I'll have the law on ye all!

(*Exeunt WATKINS, DAVIS, HALIDAY and crowd. All others laugh heartily.*)

ALICIA. Oh, dear, that was funny!

ELEANOR. He's a town character. To tell you the truth, I think he enjoys it as much as the boys do. (*Looks off L.*) Here comes father. The crowd got around the corner just in time.

(*Enter DEAN, L. C.*)

DEAN. Gentlemen, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I understand you wish to see me about Mr. Thompson. I have sent for him. Ah, here he is now.

(*Enter THOMPSON, L. C., with his right arm in a sling.*)

THOMPSON. You wish to see me, sir?

(*GREEN, MERRILL and GRAY go to him.*)

DEAN. Yes. I wish to congratulate you on your heroism of yesterday. It was splendid, Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON. It was the least I could do.

DEAN (*taking THOMPSON's hand*). My boy, you acted nobly. I'm sorry for the fact of the fire, yet I can only say that it happened for the best. (*To all.*) Mr. Wood has confessed that it was he who stole the examination paper from my study. He asks me to make this fact public, in justice to Mr. Thompson.



GRAY. There! What do you think of your friend Wood, now, Miss Taylor?

ALICIA. Why, I think it was disgraceful. I can't hardly believe it.

DEAN. Wood also confessed to-day that he deliberately did what he could to lose the game for Huntingdon yesterday. He was paid by Sears, of Wooster. I telephoned President Sims, and he has sent Captain Adams over to apologize. Sears, it seems, has also confessed and left college. (*Goes to door L.*) Will you come in, please, Mr. Adams? (*Enter ADAMS, L.*) Mr. Adams, ladies and gentlemen.

THOMPSON. Oh, how d'ye do, Adams? (*Shakes hands.*)

ADAMS. How d'yè do, Thompson?

DEAN. Mr. Adams, I asked you to wait until these others could hear you. Now (*smiling cordially*), you don't mind speaking before them all, do you?

ADAMS. Not at all, sir, though I am here on a very unpleasant errand. I regret to say that the laurels won by Wooster, yesterday, were not honorably obtained.

DEAN. We welcome you nevertheless.

ALL. Indeed we do. It was fine of you to come, etc.

ADAMS. Thank you, sir. In the eyes of the world Wooster must remain the acknowledged victor. Yet from what Sears says the game rightfully belongs to Huntingdon. I hope (*to all*) that you will accept the apology of Wooster, and realize that had we been aware of the compact between Wood and Sears we would not have stood for it for one moment. (*All cheer ADAMS, and then Wooster.*)

THOMPSON. The sting of defeat is very severe to all of us here, old man, because the fault was chiefly in one of our own men. However, as captain of Huntingdon, I can only say, to you and the fellows of Wooster, that we are grateful for your apology.

(*Students cheer ADAMS, THOMPSON and both teams, as they crowd around ADAMS and THOMPSON. ALICIA is talking to HAZEL. ELEANOR to DEAN.*)

DEAN. I don't know how you can ever forgive me, Philip, for having acted so hastily. All I can say is that I hope you will pardon me.

THOMPSON. It's—it's been rather hard on me, sir. But I—I—appreciate your position, and—it's all right, sir.

DEAN. Thank you. Now let me right a great wrong that I have done your father. I believed him guilty of having cheated me. But I've been awakened to my mistake. My best apology will be to show the confidence I now have in you. Eleanor has told me all. (*Turns to others.*) I wish to announce the engagement of my daughter, Eleanor, to Mr. Philip Thompson.

ALL. What!

THOMPSON. Dean Crowell, I—I can't—— I don't know what to say. It's—— This is so unexpected——

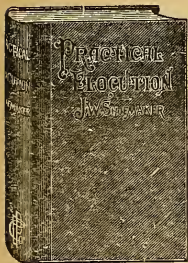
ELEANOR. Phil! you'll—you'll—forgive me for—for telling——

THOMPSON (*giving hand to DEAN*). Eleanor!

(*Gives both hands to her.*)

CURTAIN

# Practical Elocution



By J. W. SHOEMAKER, A. M.

300 pages

Cloth, Leather Back, \$1.25

This work is the outgrowth of actual class-room experience, and is a practical, common-sense treatment of the whole subject. It is clear and concise, yet comprehensive, and is absolutely free from the entangling technicalities that are so frequently found in books of this class.

Conversation, which is the basis of all true Elocution, is regarded as embracing all the germs of speech and action. Prominent attention is therefore given to the cultivation of this the most common form of human expression.

General principles and practical processes are presented for the cultivation of strength, purity, and flexibility of Voice, for the improvement of distinctness and correctness in Articulation, and for the development of Soul power in delivery.

The work includes a systematic treatment of Gesture in its several departments of position, facial expression, and bodily movement, a brief system of Gymnastics bearing upon vocal development and grace of movement, and also a chapter on Methods of Instruction, for teachers.

Sold by all booksellers, or sent, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

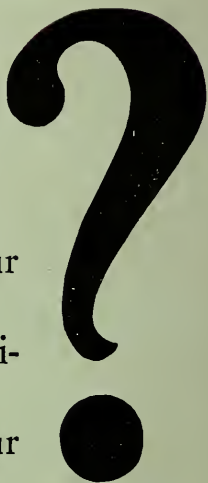
**The Penn Publishing Company**

**923 Arch Street, Philadelphia**



0 017 198 593 6 ●

- Do you want to be an Orator  
Do you want to be a Teacher  
of Elocution  
Do you want to be a Public  
Reader  
Do you want to improve your  
conversation  
Do you want training in Physi-  
cal Culture  
Do you want to increase your  
power in any direction



A CATALOGUE GIVING FULL INFORMA-  
TION AS TO HOW ANY OF THESE AC-  
COMPLISHMENTS MAY BE ATTAINED  
WILL BE SENT FREE ON REQUEST

The National School of  
Elocution and Oratory  
Temple Building Philadelphia