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*American Dramatists Series*

# Dollars and Sense

Otto J. Kraemer and  
Lester W. Humphreys





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*American Dramatists Series*

# DOLLARS AND SENSE

*A Story in Four Acts*

BY

OTTO J. KRAEMER  
and  
LESTER W. HUMPHREYS



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*To those whose language and ideas we  
have so freely borrowed, and to  
Lucile Harlow  
as perfect a dimpled little brown-  
eyed darling as ever lived,  
this book is dedicated.*



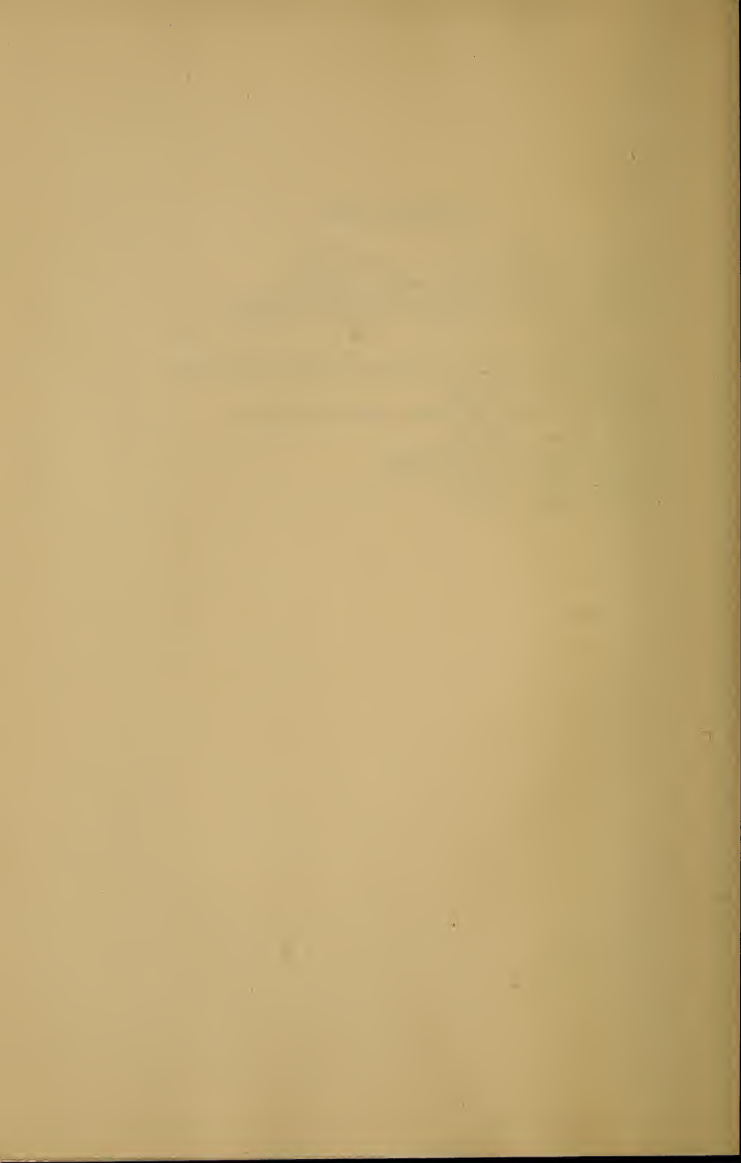
DOLLARS AND SENSE

A STORY IN FOUR ACTS



## CHARACTERS

- Fr.*—*Dr. Frank Mason, a physician.*  
*Ann*—*Ann Chandler, sister of George.*  
*Lord N.*—*Lord Nowit, an English nobleman.*  
*Geo.*—*George Chandler, banker, afterward governor.*  
*Luc.*—*Lucille, niece of George and Ann. (Age six)*  
*Ruth*—*Ruth Williams.*  
*Mrs. W.*—*Mrs. Williams, mother of Ruth.*  
*Jas.*—*Jasper Church.*  
*Gus.*—*Augustus Geldmacher.*  
*Nogi*—*Nogi, a Japanese servant.*  
*Rob.*—*Robert Gray.*





# DOLLARS AND SENSE

## ACT I

*San Francisco, Sunday afternoon, April 15, 1906,  
2 P. M. Drawing-room in the home of George  
Chandler.*

*(Frank meditating. Ann enters unobserved.)*

*Ann.* Well, what profound thoughts you must have. Is it a case of silent meditation fancy free? I would actually give you a penny for those thoughts.

*Fr.* Sold. The bargain's closed, and I'll trust you for the penny. "I was thinking of running waters,—how they their shores caress. How many times in kisses sweet, my lips to yours were pressed. How in all this wide, wide world I love you best of any. Now don't you think my thoughts are worth more than a penny?"

*Ann.* Certainly not. It was a case of my buying a cat in a sack. But I'm a good loser. I'll pay the penny.

*Fr.* Dearest, won't you ever be serious?

*Ann.* I am serious, but I have had such thoughts from you time and time again for nothing.

*Fr.* And you think them good for nothing?

*Ann.* Yes, that's it. I think them good for nothing and yet. No—

*Fr.* I should have added, that as I sat there in thought profound, this maxim wise I drew: "It's easier to love a girl, than make a girl love you."

*Ann.* Certainly, love is a thing you can't compel.

*Fr.* If ever a man loved a girl, I do you and you

know it. Heaven bear witness that no love could be more sincere. No one could revere you more. I worship you. You are an angel upon earth, if ever there was one. I can't live without you. I won't live without you. I'll—I don't know what I'll do.

*Ann.* Probably continue your sublime and royal life with kings and queens and their suits including knaves, and try to drown your sorrows in whiskey.

*Fr.* I know I deserve that remark, but if you would only promise to marry me, I'd never gamble again and I'd never drink another drop. I could then refrain, I swear it, but I can't without your help, without your love.

*Ann.* You have had my help. You have my love.

*Fr.* Yes, your love without your confidence. Your love without esteem. Your love as a duty. You don't honor me. You don't cherish me. You won't marry me. *Ann.* promise that if I don't gamble and don't drink for one whole year, you will then agree to become my wife.

*Ann.* Don't be foolish. I have not changed my mind about that. Before I forget—and a—to a—change the subject, Lord Nowit has asked me to accompany him to the play next Thursday. He wants to know if you will take Germain, in which event he will get four seats together. Will you go?

*Fr.* No, unless he takes Germain, or any one else he sees fit, and you go with me.

*Ann.* I am going with Lord Nowit, so you will not join us?

*Fr.* No, I will not join you. You know things are commencing to dawn on me. "There is no disguise which can long feign love where love does not exist, nor long conceal love where it does exist."

You're in love with that Englishman. That's it! That's the reason you treat me as you do. You're in love with his highness or else you want to marry a title.

*Ann.* I thank you for the information. I might never have known of it but for your kindness. And pray, good sir, does he love me? That is, do you think he loves me?

*Fr.* You know he does. Candy, flowers, gifts by the dozen to you and your charitable organizations, invitations to the theatre, and his every action shows it. Fools and children cannot conceal the truth, but I don't accuse him of being a child.

*Ann.* Then you think he loves me; and is that why you consider him a fool?

*Fr.* You know better than that, but all asses haven't long ears, and if ever there was a blue-blooded, short-eared one, he's it. He makes a fine appearance, but he cannot look, nor stand, nor walk, nor talk like a man of sense.

*Ann.* I suppose that's a trade-last. I will tell him about it.

*Fr.* Tell him. I would like to have you do it if I thought he would see the point, but you would be wasting your breath. Honestly, I would like nothing better than to buy his Lordship for what he is worth as a man and sell him for what he thinks he is worth. His percentage of manhood is about twenty-three and in his own mind he's just a trifle better than perfect.

*Ann.* There are others on whom the margin would be quite high.

*Fr.* Thanks, if you mean that for me.

*Ann.* You are welcome, if you see fit to apply

it. Our standard of manhood is probably not the same. Lord Nowit may not be very bright nor highly educated, nor good looking, nor interesting, but he has qualities of the heart that more than make up for what he may lack in other respects. His generosity has no bounds.

*Fr.* You are right about his generosity. I actually do believe that his heart is as thick as his head, and that's saying much.

*Ann.* Conceding that he is rather dull, you ought not jest at those who are simple, but rather remember how much you are bound to God who has made you so wise.

*Fr.* You are very sarcastic in the defense of his Lordship. I need no better evidence that you love him.

*Ann.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Fr.* I thought I never would be jealous of any one, but your actions are making me insanely jealous. That shows how much I love you.

*Ann.* Jealousy extinguishes love. In jealousy there is nothing but self love.

*Fr.* You'll drive me to madness.

*Ann.* Love may be madness, but madness is not always love.

*Fr.* This is no jesting matter. You'll never marry that Englishman while I am alive.

*Ann.* Never is a very, very long time.

*Fr.* If you refuse me, my blood will be upon your head. I cannot live without you.

*Ann.* Well, self-preservation is the first law of nature. I cannot live with you. Besides, you are not trustworthy.

*Fr.* Why do you say that?

*Ann.* Last year you vowed if I refused you, you'd pine away and die, and now see how healthy you look.

*(Enter Maid.)*

*Maid.* Lord Nowit.

*Ann to maid.* Show him in. *(Exit maid.)*

*Ann to Fr.* Lord Nowit is going with me to the hospital. Tell him I'll be down right away. And I'll promise you not to marry him until I've had another talk with you, when you are in a better humor.

*(Exit Ann.)*

*Fr.* There is not so agonizing a feeling in the whole catalog of human suffering as the conviction that the heart of the being whom we most tenderly love is estranged from us.

"A mighty pain to love it is,  
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss,  
But of all pains the greatest pain,  
It is to love and love in vain."

*(Enter Lord N.)*

*Lord N.* Ah! Frank. And how do you feel to-day, dear boy?

*Fr.* I look well, thank you, if you are interested.

*Lord N.* That's good, I'm glad to hear it, you know. Oh, I was told Miss Ann was in the room. I don't see her. She's not in here, is she? Really, she's not, is she?

*Fr.* You will certainly believe your eye in preference to anything I might say, won't you? For you have such a fine eye.

*Lord N.* Thank you, of course. And you noticed it immediately. I had a gold rim put around the

glass, you know, because it gives such a dignified appearance. It's wonderful, isn't it?

*Fr.* Yes, hardly believable. Marvelous, indeed. If I am not asking a state secret, why do all in your set wear one such glass?

*Lord N.* Well, it's a custom, you know. And it's a sign, you know, that one belongs to the best of English society,—to English aristocracy. If one were indifferent to such matters, how could the people tell that he belonged to the best society?

*Fr.* Give it up, unless you just put a tag on to that effect.

*Lord N.* I don't think that a good suggestion; really I don't. I prefer the glass, I do. I am sort of nervous to-day. I feel like a fool to-day, really I do.

*Fr.* But your thoughts seem calm and reasonable.

*Lord N.* Thank you, ah, thank you. So kind of you, really it is. By the way, what is the quickest way to get to the—hospital?

*Fr.* Start without a second's delay.

*Lord N.* No, you don't understand, you know. I mean what is the quickest way to get there by train?

*Fr.* Take the fast one.

*Lord N.* Oh, of course, but to what depot do I go?

*Fr.* Oh, just go to—well, to the S. P. Depot.

*Lord N.* Thank you. Do you know when the last train goes to Sacramento?

*Fr.* You should live so long.

*Lord N.* I do not comprehend you.

*Fr.* I said you should live so long.

*Lord N.* I asked when the last train goes to Sacramento.

*Fr.* I replied, you should live so long.

*Lord N.* I understand what you say, but I don't understand what you mean, really.

*Fr.* You wouldn't get a joke if it were fired at you from a cannon.

*Lord N.* Why, that's foolish, you know. They don't fire jokes from guns, do they? I must go to Sacramento to attend to some affairs of my uncle's estate.

*Fr.* By the way, I heard that you want to sell your uncle's automobile.

*Lord N.* Yes, I would like very much to do so. I am very anxious to sell it.

*Fr.* What price are you asking for it?

*Lord N.* Well, really, I would not like to set any price on the car to-day, because it is Sunday.

*Fr.* Well, suppose this were Monday, what would you ask for the car?

*Lord N.* Oh, if this were Monday, I would set a price of Two Thousand Dollars on it.

*Fr.* Well, if this were Monday, I would take it.

*Lord N.* Very good. I will send the car around in the morning. I never transact business on Sunday.

*Fr.* Do you find the business of the estate onerous?

*Lord N.* Oh, exacting in the extreme, you know. They pester me so that at times I almost wish my uncle hadn't died. There are a lot of blighters who took me for a duffer, and tried to over-reach me in some business matters. But they found that I wasn't such a bounder as they took me for. I got

the better of them, even though they were a lot of sharpers. They found that I know a few things.

*Fr.* Yes, I guess about as few as anybody. But I imagine you are getting rather conceited over it.

*Lord N.* Oh, nothing of the sort. I know I am not a bit conceited. You know, I don't think I am half as smart as I really am.

*Fr.* But all extremely bright men are conceited, anyway.

*Lord N.* Oh, I don't think so. I'm not.

(*Enter Ann.*)

*Ann.* How do you do, Lord Nowit? You gentlemen seem to have struck up quite a friendship. I am delighted, indeed.

*Lord N.* I hope I see you well. I expected to find you alone, from what the servant said.

*Ann.* I appreciate very much the beautiful flowers you sent yesterday and the immense box of candy sent to-day. In the words of the poet, permit me to say:

"Thanks for the sweets, my sweeter friend,  
Accept my sweetest thanks."

*Lord N.* For such thanks, I will send a box every day.

*Ann.* No, please don't send me any more candy, or flowers, or presents. I can't accept them. I—I don't like presents.

*Lord N.* To-morrow you will get some crawfish by express. I wired for them yesterday.

*Ann.* Some what?

*Lord N.* Crawfish, or crayfish.

*Ann.* I know that I have heard of them, but I don't remember what they are like.

*Lord N.* They are delicious to eat, you know.



They are little red beasts that walk backward.

*Ann.* I don't think I ever saw any.

*Fr.* You should remember them by the description Lord Nowit just gave. It's so accurate in all but three particulars. First, they are not red; second they are not beasts; and third, they do not walk backward. I showed you some in a market when we were in Portland.

*Lord N.* I thank you, I am sure, for the slight correction. You know a crawfish always reminded me of a lobster.

*Fr.* Now that you mention it, I think in the future a crawfish will always remind me of a lobster.

*Lord N.* Then it will be a case of great minds running in the same channel.

*Fr.* Yes, unless we think of different lobsters.

*Ann.* I think we had better be going to the hospital. I will accept the crawfish, but remember, nothing more.

*Lord N.* Aw, let's not quarrel about the future now, don't you know. (*To Fr.*) Tell me, are crawfish healthy?

*Fr.* I never heard any complain.

*Lord N.* Well, well, then they must be as wholesome as oysters. Good-bye, dear boy.

*Fr.* Good-bye, dear man. Good-bye to you, dear girl. Don't forget the promise you just made me.

*Ann.* A bad promise might better be broken than kept. But, I won't break mine. You'll not have cause to sue me for breach of promise. Tell George I've gone to the hospital and will be back at 4.30. (*To Lord N.*) May I help you on with your overcoat?

*Lord N.* No, thanks. It's silk lined and goes on easy.

(*Exit Ann and Lord N.*)

*Fr.* That girl seems to have a wonderful influence over me. Owing to her sentiments, liquor, hunting and cards have lost half of their charm for me. She has brought to the surface conscientious scruples I never thought were in me. But I seem to be possessed of an ample supply, judging from the worry they are causing me.

"Oh, conscience, thou tremendous power, that dost inhabit us without our leave.

Art within ourselves another self, a master self.

Yes, a master self that loves to domineer and frankly treat the monarch as the slave."

Well she hasn't tabooed smoking. I think I'll light my pipe. The more I fume, the less I seem to fret.

(*Curtain for one minute to denote lapse of two hours. Fr. still alone and reading.*)

(*Enter Lucille and Geo.*)

*Geo.* Hello, Doctor.

*Fr.* Hello, George. Glad to see you. Ann asked me to say that she has gone to the hospital and will be back at 4:30. And how is Lucille? What have you been doing to-day? (*Takes Lucille in arms and kisses her.*)

*Luc.* Played with my dolly and my teddy bear.

*Fr.* And which do you like better?

*Luc.* I love my teddy bear the best, but please don't tell my dolly. She's very beautiful, but she's got no brains.

*Fr.* You know that if you don't love your dolly as much as your teddy bear, I am afraid you love

your teddy bear more than me. Do you?

*Luc.* No, I don't. Oh, I just love you and love you and love you.

*Fr.* I think you're just fooling me.

*Luc.* No, I'm not.

*Fr.* Well, why do you love me?

*Luc.* Because you is you.

*Fr.* That's surely a good reason for a young lady. And how much do you love me?

*Luc.* O, way up to the sky and more than that. Doctor, is the moon a hole in the sky for God to look through?

*Fr.* No, dear, its—

*Luc.* Well, are the stars the moon's little babies?

*Fr.* No—

*Luc.* God's making another moon, aint he?

*Fr.* Yes, we will soon have a full moon.

*Luc.* But, Doctor, why don't he make a hot one?

*Fr.* A what?

*Luc.* A hot one.

*Fr.* I don't understand what you mean.

*Luc.* I would make one like the sun, a hot one. Can't we telephone God to do it?

*Fr.* No one can telephone to him.

*Luc.* Haven't you got his picture?

*Fr.* No, dearest, he doesn't let any one see him, but he sees and hears everyone and regulates everything. He makes the trees and fruit grow. He makes the water flow. He makes the wind blow. He—

*Luc.* Does God make the wind blow?

*Fr.* Yes.

*Luc.* Does it blow only when he breaves?

*Fr.* Oh, no. It is not his breathing.

*Luc.* Well, where does the wind go when it quits blowing?

*Fr.* Where does the light go when we press the button?

*Luc.* It goes out.

*Fr.* That's right, it does go out. Now, I didn't think of that. Well, the wind doesn't go out but it——

*Luc.* Did God make me?

*Fr.* Yes, certainly.

*Luc.* Well, he just made me a tiny little bit of a thing and I growed the rest myself, didn't I.

*Fr.* Yes.

*Luc.* Can God do anything?

*Fr.* Why, certainly.

*Luc.* Oh, I wish he would make me a little three-year-old sister in a minute.

*Fr.* Here, how will this do instead? (*Gives fan.*)

*Luc.* Oh, isn't that beautiful! See what Dr. Mason gave me for a present. It's to brush the warm off with, aint it, doctor?

*Geo.* Well, well, Lucille, I am surprised at you. You didn't thank the doctor for it.

*Luc.* Y-e-s I did, but I didn't tell him so. Doctor I am awful much obliged.

*Fr.* Well, aren't you going to kiss me for it? (*Luc. kisses Dr.*)

*Fr.* I don't think you like to kiss me any more, do you Lucille?

*Luc.* No.

*Fr.* You don't?

*Luc.* No.

*Fr.* Why?

*Luc.* Your kisses smell too smoky. When I kiss you I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose.  
(*Coughs.*)

*Fr.* Don't cough, dear. It's bad for your throat.

*Luc.* I'm not coughing (*coughs.*) It's coughing me.

*Fr.* Let me see your tongue.

*Luc.* (*Shows tongue.*)

*Fr.* Let me see more of it. Put your tongue way out.

*Luc.* I can't. It's fastened at one end.

*Fr.* Well, hold still, you muggins, just one minute. Oh, that looks fine. You just caught a little cold and you will be all right to-morrow. Do you remember how quickly I helped you last month when you had that splinter? How did it happen? I forget.

*Luc.* (*Embarrassed.*) Why,—I—I—I was sitting on the fence and—and I—I moved.

*Fr.* Oh, yes, I remember now.

*Luc.* That didn't kill me, did it Doctor?

*Fr.* Certainly not.

*Luc.* Well, if it did, how would I know that I was dead?

*Fr.* God would tell you, dear.

*Luc.* Is Lord Nowit killed?

*Fr.* Is Lord Nowit killed? Why certainly not.

*Luc.* Doctor have you got some medicine with you?

*Fr.* No, why?

*Luc.* Won't you give Lord Nowit some, so he won't die?

*Fr.* Why Lord Nowit isn't sick. I just met him. What makes you think that he will die?

*Luc.* Yes, he will, if you don't give him medicine. I know he will.

*Fr.* Lucille, you mustn't say that. It's naughty, and I don't understand why you say it.

*Luc.* He said so; then he's the naughty one.

*Fr.* Do you mean to say that Lord Nowit said he would die?

*Luc.* Um hum.

*Fr.* When?

*Luc.* Yesterday.

*Fr.* To you?

*Luc.* No.

*Fr.* To whom did he say it? I don't think you understood him.

*Luc.* Yes, I did. He told Aunt Ann that if she wouldn't marry him, it would kill him, and she said she wouldn't, and he just begged and begged; so please give me some medicine for him.

*Geo.* You little wretch, where were you?

*Luc.* In the closet.

*Geo.* Well, what were you doing there?

*Luc.* Dolly don't like to sleep in the light, so I put her in the closet and slept with her.

*Geo.* Frank, I think that you had better leave some medicine for Lord Nowit.

*Luc.* Why do you call doctor—Frank?

*Geo.* Because that's his name, and—I've known him for a long time.

*Luc.* Will you get some medicine for him, Frank?

*Geo.* Why do you call him Frank?

*Luc.* Well, aint I known him for a long time?

*Fr.* That's certainly one on me. We'll see that Lord Nowit gets his medicine, but I must be hurry-

ing along. I have to be at the maternity hospital soon.

*Luc.* Aint that where they have tiny little babies?

*Fr.* Yes.

*Luc.* O, will they make you stay there and have a baby?

*Fr.* You're the dearest muggins I ever met, and I love you. Oh, so much, (*hugs her.*) I am sorry that I gave you that smoky kiss, and I'll just take it back. There, that's better, isn't it?

*Luc.* I don't know. It smells just the same as when you gave it to me.

*Fr.* Well, you believe me when I say I love you, don't you?

*Luc.* Yes, of course I do.

*Fr.* Everyone loves you. I wonder why it is. Do you know?

*Luc.* No.

*Fr.* Don't you know?

*Luc.* I guess it's because I love everybody.

*Fr.* That's it.

*Geo.* Yes, that's it, that's it. Love everyone, love everyone always, and everyone will always love my darling.

*Fr.* If I leave you for a whole year, you won't forget me, will you?

*Luc.* No, where are you going?

*Fr.* I may go to war if we have one.

*Luc.* Oh, I remember the stories you told me about how they kill men in war. You wouldn't kill the papa of a little girl like me, would you?

*Fr.* Of course not.

(*Exit Fr.*) (*Lucille meditating.*)

*Geo.* What are you thinking about?

*Luc.* Oh, I was thinking of old times.

*Geo.* Of old times? Tell me, what were you doing so long ago as this morning?

*Luc.* I went to Sunday school, and then to the farm for eggs with Aunt Ann.

*Geo.* Did you get any?

*Luc.* Yes, a big basket full.

*Geo.* Did you gather them?

*Luc.* No.

*Geo.* Why? Didn't you look in the nests for them?

*Luc.* Yes, and there weren't any eggs in them. But there were a lot of hens standing around doing nothing. And there was one awful pretty hen they called the game rooster.

*Geo.* Well, what did you learn at Sunday School?

*Luc.* They learned me about the ten commandments.

*Geo.* Are you sure there were ten of them?

*Luc.* Yes, I know there was. And they said not to break them.

*Geo.* Suppose you did break one. What would happen?

*Luc.* Then there'd be only nine left, I guess.

*Geo.* Do you remember what we read last night?

*Luc.* Yes, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

*Geo.* Which do you like better, hearing Uncle Tom's Cabin read, or listening to your teacher tell of the ten commandments?

*Luc.* Uncle Tom's Cabin. But I forget Topsy's last name. What was it?



*Geo.* Topsy had no last name, dear.

*Luc.* Yes she has. I remember hearing it, a long time ago.

*Geo.* Well, what was it?

*Luc.* I forgot—Oh, I remember now. It was Topsy Turvy. If I get the book will you read some more to me now?

*Geo.* Not until later. We will be having dinner soon, and you had better put your dolly to bed before dinner.

*(Maid announces Ruth and Mother.)*

*Luc.* See where my knee is blue.

*Geo.* Does it hurt much?

*Luc.* No.

*Geo.* How did you get that?

*Luc.* I fell out of bed last night.

*Geo.* How did that happen?

*Luc.* I guess I slept too near where I got in.

*Geo.* That's probably true. But the blue spot will be gone by to-morrow, and I think you had better run along. *(Exit Luc.)*

*Geo.* What gift has Providence bestowed upon man that is so dear to him as children?

*(Enter Ruth and mother.)*

*(Geo. greets mother and Ruth, shaking hands with both at same time, holding Ruth's hand with his left for few seconds.)*

*Geo.* I am sorry Ann was not here to welcome you. She expected to be, but she was unquestionably detained at the hospital. She left word that she would be back by 4:30, and she will no doubt return in a few minutes.

*Mrs. W.* You need not apologize. I am rather glad we found you alone. I ought rather to apolo-

gize to you for talking business when calling for dinner, but it is so hard to get an opportunity at your office. I want to ask your advice about an offer I have had for my bank stock. Do you mind?

*Geo.* Certainly not. I regard it as a compliment that you value my opinion on such matters. I am always at your service, and you must not hesitate to command me at any time.

*Mrs. W.* I never have and am sure I never will. What I wanted to ask you about is this. Jasper has been wanting to buy my bank stock, and I refused to sell. He has been offering more and more, until yesterday he offered three times the par value of it. Do you think I ought to sell it? One reason why I was so anxious to ask you was that he particularly desired me not to say anything to you about it.

*Geo.* My answer is, yes and no. Yes for your sake; no for mine. Frankly, the stock is not worth anywhere near the price he has offered. If you can get that for it, you will be making a most excellent sale. You understand that I own forty-five per cent of the bank stock. Jasper owns forty per cent. You have five per cent, and Smith and Brown have the remainder. Jasper is apparently trying to get control of the bank, and for that reason has offered you such a high price for your stock, which would make his holdings equal to mine. Rather than have you sell it to Jasper, I will give you the same amount for it that he has offered you.

*Ruth.* If he had control, he could put you out of the presidency, couldn't he, George?

*Geo.* He could, and doubtless would.

*Ruth.* Well, mama, I wouldn't sell Jasper the

stock at any price.

*Geo.* No, your mother ought to sell. It would be bad business for her not to sell at that figure.

*Mrs. W.* Well, thank God I know true conditions. I wouldn't let Jasper have that stock if he doubled his offer. And I would not have you buy it for more than it is worth. You just continue to vote it in the future as you have in the past, and I suppose you won't elect Mr. Jasper president very soon.

*Geo.* Not *very* soon. However, I cannot permit you to make such a sacrifice for me. You really ought to sell at that price.

*Mrs. W.* But I won't sell, especially to a fawning and flattering hypocrite like Jasper, who would do anything for his own advantage.

*Geo.* Well, we will discuss it further at another time.

*Ruth.* You're the dearest mother that ever lived. I'll never forget this hour. It's one of the happiest of my whole life. Wouldn't you be proud of such a mother?

*Geo.* I certainly would.

*Mrs. W.* You cannot be more proud of me than I am of you.

*Ruth.* You'll be thinking this a mutual admiration society.

*Geo.* If I were to express my sentiments, it might be more than a mutual admiration society.

*Ruth.* (*Aside.*) Why don't you?

(*Maid announces Jas.*)

*Mrs. W.* Talk of the angel, he's sure to appear.

*Geo.* The devil, you say?

*Mrs. W.* I guess you are right. Pardon the

slip of my tongue.

*Geo.* Coming at this time, I know Jasper will expect to remain for dinner. He always does.

*Mrs. W.* I suppose Ann is the attraction. I know she is quite a favorite of his.

*Geo.* Yes, but he is no favorite of Ann's, and unless I am badly mistaken, she has let him know it. She has such a refreshing way of saying what she thinks. But I try to be tactful, and know that I make a hypocrite of myself when I invite him to remain for dinner under conditions such as these, when distance would make him so much more enchanting to us all.

*Ruth.* If anything would make him enchanting, it would be distance, and plenty of it.

*Mrs. W.* If that makes you a hypocrite, then we are all hypocrites who have asked him to dinner.

*(Enter Jas. apparently surprised to see Mrs. W. and Ruth. Greets all.)*

*Ruth.* You seem surprised to see us here.

*Jas.* I am somewhat, and yet, delighted.

*Ruth.* But just a little more surprised than delighted?

*Jas.* No. Surprised as I may have seemed, I am more delighted than surprised.

*Ruth.* That is surely some delight, and I thank you for the compliment, even though it was invited.

*Mrs. W.* You conceited girl. You thank him as if the compliment were all yours. I claim half of it, and join in the appreciation, as I know that Jasper would not be more than half as delighted if I were not along.

*Jas.* That is true. You must be a mind reader. And I am delighted that you are delighted with my

delight.

*Ruth.* That sounds well. And we appreciate your appreciation of our appreciation.

*Geo.* Help! Help! We've had enough of that. Call it a draw.

*Jas.* Agreed. By the way, George, knowing that I am welcome, I thought I would honor you with my company for dinner.

*Geo.* Rest assured that you are as welcome as usual.

*Jas.* Thanks old man. I do certainly feel at home here. And now that I have so successfully invited myself, would it be presuming too far for me in turn to ask you, Mrs. Williams, and you, Ruth, to join us? I am positive that George will second the invitation, won't you?

*Geo.* I can't do it.

*Jas.* What? You are joking, I know.

*Geo.* No, I mean it.

*Jas.* You put me in an awkward predicament. May I ask the reason?

*Geo.* Certainly.

*Jas.* Well, what is it?

*Geo.* I can't second your invitation, having already previously invited them.

*Jas.* The joke is on me. But I'll get even with you some day.

*(Enter Fr. Greets all.)*

*Fr.* I am late. I hope I haven't delayed dinner.

*Geo.* No, we are waiting for Ann and Lord Nowit.

*Fr.* What? Haven't they returned?

*Geo.* We have been expecting them some little time.

*Jas.* I didn't realize when I invited myself that I was intruding on a dinner party.

*Geo.* Let me do the worrying about your intrusion. You couldn't have chosen better company.

(*Enter Ann and Lord Nowit. Greet all.*)

*Ann.* (*To Mrs. W. and Ruth.*) You must pardon me for not being here to receive you. I hope that we have not kept you waiting long. A tire on our car was punctured.

*Lord N.* And, you know, one of those quick detachable tires couldn't be detached for over an hour.

*Mrs. W.* No apology is necessary, my dear. As misery loves company, it is not amiss to say that we all have had similar experiences.

*Fr.* (*To Ann.*) Did Lord Nowit recite his speech to you while you were waiting?

*Ann.* No. What speech?

*Fr.* The one he delivered at the Cricket Club Banquet last night. I stopped at the Club on my way here, and all the boys are talking about it.

*Lord N.* Oh, were they, indeed? What did they say?

*Fr.* Jones said he liked the fire you put in your remarks. Smith thought it would have been better to have put your remarks in the fire. Brown commented particularly on the brilliant outburst of silence between paragraphs. All the boys seemed to enjoy them. Ponsonby said it was sound from beginning to end. Dudley said it averaged well, in that it made up in length what it lacked in depth. Bixby expressed the hope that at the next banquet you would recite on Mount Shasta.

*Lord N.* That would indeed be a lofty subject. But why did he suggest that?

*Fr.* He regarded it more as an object, and suggested it because it was so lofty and so far away.

*Lord N.* Such remarks are very gratifying, really.

*(Maid announces dinner).*

*Jas.* It must have been an impromptu speech, Lord Nowit.

*Lord N.* It was. I had only one week of preparation. But, really, you know, I can't take all the credit. Miss Ann helped me materially, very materially, indeed. And even more than that.

*(Jas., Mrs. W., Ruth, Fr., Ann, and Geo. laugh.)*

*Geo.* Mrs. Williams, will you lead the way with me. *Jas.* will escort you, *Ruth.* Lord Nowit is generous in sharing those tributes with you, *Ann.* I hope they are merited. Suppose you reciprocate by going in to dinner with him; and Frank, you chaperon them.

*Ann.* I don't deserve all this.

*Lord N.* Yes, you do. You're just as smart as I am.

*Lord N. (To Jas.)* You did not know that I could make a speech, did you.

*Jas.* No, can you?

*(Curtain)*

## ACT II

*(Same scene as Act I. Three months later.)*

*(George Alone.)*

*Geo.* "Oh, Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Life a swift fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave."

The words of that poem seem to be echoing in my ears so much of late. What a sudden change. A quake of the earth and I passed from great wealth to poverty. My property was destroyed, my business ruined, and our bank is gone, though the depositors were paid in full. In ruins are the three buildings of which we were so proud, once towering edifices, now ashes. Yes, my entire fortune is gone—even this home—nothing left but my stock in a bank with no assets, but with a good name. Ann has \$25,000.00 in bonds and I have a moral obligation to pay half of one hundred thousand dollars. Over five hundred poor people confided their entire savings to the Building and Trust Company. Its assets are destroyed and these poor people, whose loss is due to their faith in our management, must be paid, if it requires the use of Ann's last cent. She



insists upon it, and has even convinced me that it is my duty to permit her the privilege of using the last vestige of her fortune for this purpose. Such a girl. Excelled by none, but equalled by one, Ruth. Fortunate indeed am I to have the love of two such beings, though all else is gone. Little did I ever dream that I would lose my fortune, and less, that having lost all, it would worry me so little.

I would have no cause for worry if I could only make Jasper see that he ought to do his share. He should be here now. The scrub is half an hour late. Before the earthquake, I could give him credit for one thing,—punctuality. Since my reverses, he seems habitually to keep me waiting without compunction. He is the only one who apparently seeks to make me feel my loss.

*Jas.* (*Taps lightly and rapidly on door, entering at the same time without awaiting invitation.*)

*Jas.* How are you?

*Geo.* Very well, thank you. Won't you have a seat?

*Jas.* (*Sitting.*) I have been thinking over our last conversation and might just as well say at once that I do not see things as you do. We are not liable for the loss incurred by the Trust Company, and we would be damned fools to pay those people \$100,000.00.

*Geo.* We might not be such damned fools as you think. There are a few facts for which you are responsible, which contributed materially to our predicament.

*Jas.* The earthquake would have wiped everything out anyway, so we might just as well attribute it to the earthquake. Besides, we have con-

sulted several of the best lawyers, and they all agree that there is no legal liability.

*Geo.* Who do you mean by "we?"

*Jas.* Well, then, I have consulted them—in behalf of the company.

*Geo.* And they say there is no legal liability? Did you ask them about our moral liability?

*Jas.* You are lawyer enough to know there is no legal liability. If there were a moral liability, there would be a legal liability. For the last ten years the Legislatures have been busy turning all moral liabilities into legal liabilities and even in some instances creating legal liability where there was none morally. I am not going to pay any money unless the law says I must. Let the other fellow do the worrying.

*Geo.* A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience; and you are adopting a harsh rule of conduct if you will do no more than the law will compel you to do. In a thousand pounds of law there is not an ounce of love.

*Jas.* And in the hearts of all these five hundred people to whom you want to pay this money, there will not be an ounce of love for us, if they get their money. They will not even be grateful.

*(Maid raps and enters.)*

*Maid to Geo.* There is a rough-looking man at the door, sir. He insists on seeing you.

*Geo.* I can't see him now. I am engaged.

*Maid.* This is the third time he has been here to-day.

*Geo.* Tell him to wait. I will see him in half an hour.

*Maid.* I told him you were busy, sir, but he said

you know him, and would see him if you knew he was here.

*Geo.* What is his name?

*Maid.* I couldn't understand it.

*Geo.* Did he say what he wants?

*Maid.* He says that you promised him the money, sir, that he put in some bank. He is a German. His name sounded like Bellmutter.

*Geo.* Bellmutter? Didn't he say Geldmacher?

*Maid.* Yes sir, I think that is the name.

*Geo.* I will see him now.

*Jas.* Oh, let him wait. His business can't be as important as mine.

*Geo.* He is one of the depositors of the Building and Trust Company. He has business with both of us.

*Jas.* I haven't any time to waste listening to hard luck stories. I don't want to hear any of these people whining and crying around about losing all their savings, and all that sort of rot.

*Geo.* (*To Maid.*) Have Mr. Geldmacher come up at once. (*Exit maid.*)

*Geo.* (*To Jas.*) This man's predicament is no worse than that of forty or fifty others with whom I have talked in the last month. Their plight is heart-rending. They must be helped.

*Jas.* I have troubles enough without shouldering those of such a herd. I don't want to see this fellow. Our business is brief. Let's end it, and I will get out.

(*Enter maid followed by Geldmacher. Geo. shakes hands with Gus.*)

*Geo.* Be seated. This is Mr. Church, President of the Building & Trust Company. (*Jas.*

*nods coolly.)*

*Gus.* Ah, so? Hass he got de money?

*Jas.* No.

*Gus.* V'en vill it be retty?

*Jas.* Perhaps never, the way things now look.

*Gus.* V'at? I von't get mine money?

*Geo.* I am just trying to arrange with Mr. Church so that you will get every dollar.

*Gus.* I got to haff it to-morrow.

*Jas.* You will be in luck if you ever get it.

*Gus.* You don't mean I loose all mine money?

*Jas.* I do. You might.

*Gus.* No! No! No! You don't keep it. You giff it to me. You must.

*Jas.* I haven't your money.

*Gus.* Aber de bank hass got it.

*Jas.* The bank hasn't got it. The trust company had it, but the earthquake destroyed everything the trust company had.

*Geo.* It wasn't all earthquake. Don't consider your money lost.

*Gus.* Aber I needs it now. Venn I loose mine money I loose mine mine.

*Jas.* I guess there is no danger of losing your mind.

*Geo.* He means his mine—his gold mine,—not his mind.

*Gus.* Ya, mine mine; not mine mind. Maybe I lose mine mind when I loose mine mine.

*Geo.* Don't worry, Gus. You go on working your mine for a few days and you will get your money.

*Gus.* Ach, I can't vork him now. Da've in-chunctioned me not to do it. I must haff de money

to make dis inchunction loose. Dey try to steal mine mine. Dey law me for it now. Ach Gott! All mine life I vork hard. Me und mine vife ve vork, ve scrape, ve safe. Sometimes ve safe fife dollars a mont', sometimes ten dollars; lots of times, nottings. After vwhile I got Two Hundred Dollars. I pay all I safe into your bank. I find dis mine. I no got enough money to pay men to help vork him. So I myself go und vork him a liddle vwhile. Denn I come back here und vork hard to buy food for mine vife. Venn I got a little money, I go back und vork him some more. Mine vife is sick. Gretchen must stay at home mit her, und can't vork for money.

Denn de eardqvake hit mine house, und fire burn it. Ve haff no home. Mine vife died. To safe her I need money for doctors. I ask mine money from your bank. You vill not giff it to me. How mine vife suffer. I vant money to buy funeral for mine vife. I ask mine money from your bank. You vill not giff it to me. I can't pay funeral, und de county do it. Ach Gott, Ach Gott, mine poor vife, mine poor vife.

Now dey steal me mine mine. For lawyer to safe him, I ask mine money from your bank. You vill not giff it to me. By Gott, you vill giff it to me. I vill haff it.

*Jas.* Why are you making such a fuss about your mine. It is probably only a hole in the ground. How do you know it is worth anything?

*Gus.* For more as ten years I vork in mines in Cripple Creek und de Black Hills. I know venn a mine is goot. I nefer saw vun besser as dis.

*Geo.* His claim must be good or those people

wouldn't be trying to jump it.

*Jas.* I have a hunch. I'll make you happy. I'll give you your \$200.00 and take a half interest in your claim.

*Geo.* That's unfair. He is entitled to his \$200.00. Why should he give up part of his claim for it?

*Gus.* I von't do it. Dem fellows offer me first fife hundred, denn vun t'ousant, now two t'ousant dollars for all. I von't sell.

*Jas.* Where is this claim of yours.

*Geo.* It iss de Bismark claim by Mound Shasda.

*Jas.* Oh—Then you are the man Grabber had to sue?

*Geo.* How do you come to know about it.

*Jas.* I own a half interest in that claim. This man has no rights there.

*Gus.* Yes, I haff. I found him und for three years I haff been in that mine und vorked him.

*Geo.* (*To Jas.*) Then why has he no rights there?

*Jas.* He hasn't complied with the law.

*Geo.* In what way.

*Jas.* I don't know the details. That is what our lawyers tell us.

*Geo.* (*To Gus.*) They must have given you some papers.

*Gus.* Ya.

*Geo.* Where are they?

*Gus.* Here.

*Geo.* Let me see them. (*Gus. hands papers to Geo. who reads them, ponders a moment, then says to Gus.*)

They claim first that you were not a fully natur-

alized citizen,—that you had only taken out the first papers; second, that the notice posted gave the date of discovery as 12/11/03, when you should have written it out, December 11, 1903; third, that the Notary Public before whom you made your affidavit was a woman, and under the law her appointment as a notary is a nullity.

*Jas.* I told you he had no rights there.

*Geo.* I am not so sure about that. These look to me like mere technicalities which do not affect the validity of his location.

*Gus.* Gretchen read dem, but I coul't not understand. I know mine notices vere right. Mine lawyer fixed dem.

*Geo.* Has he seen these papers?

*Gus.* No.

*Geo.* Why don't you take them to him?

*Gus.* He moofed away for goot more as a mont ago.

*Jas.* My friend George says our contentions are mere technicalities. He is a lawyer and should know. Why don't you give him the case?

*Gus.* (*To George*). You are a lawyer?

*Geo.* Yes, I practiced law for several years before my father's death, at which time I was compelled to take charge of the bank in which he was deeply interested, and so had to give up the practice of law.

*Gus.* Vill you take mine case?

*Geo.* Since Mr. Church has so highly recommended me, I will be pleased to, especially as I intend to practice law again.

*Gus.* But I haff no money.

*Geo.* Don't worry about that. It is not neces-

sary for you to have money. I will take care of your case and we can arrange about money later.

*Gus.* Ach Gott, I can't say how happy dot makes me. You vill safe mine mine und I vill giff you half of him.

*Geo.* We will arrange about that later. I'll keep these papers, study them carefully to-night, and I will want to see you to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

*Gus.* I be here sure.

*Jas.* To show that my heart is in the right place, I will give you \$2,500.00 for your mine, and we will drop this lawsuit.

*Gus.* No, I vill not do it.

*Jas.* Well, as a matter of charity, we will make it \$3,000.00, if you close now.

*Gus.* I vill giff you half of him for \$3,000.00.

*Jas.* We don't have to give you anything for all of it, but as I just said, to show our good faith in the matter, we are willing to really give you \$3,000.00. We won't let you keep any interest in the mine. You can take what we are willing to give, or you will get nothing.

*Gus.* I von't do it.

*Jas.* Remember what I say. You will feel sorry for this, Dutch.

*Geo.* Gus is German, not Dutch. You shouldn't address him in that way. It does you no good, and it hurts him.

*Jas.* I suppose he is as proud as he is poor.

*Geo.* I think I am lawyer enough to settle this case right now. Gus. has offered me one-half interest in his mine, if I win. Suppose you and your people take that half interest, let Gus. keep the other



half, and I will drop out of it.

*Jas.* We want the whole claim. We are legally entitled to it and we will get it.

*Geo.* Very well. Gus, there is no use talking about this matter any more now. Let me finish my business with Mr. Church. You come back tomorrow morning.

*(Exit Gus.)*

*Jas.* There is a fair sample of your depositors. Independent ass. He has no more sense of gratitude than a stone. The more you do for such fellows the less thanks you get.

*Geo.* We are not looking for thanks. If we knew now that not one of the five hundred depositors would be grateful, that should not discourage us, especially where it is our plain duty to reimburse them.

*Jas.* But this is purely a business proposition, and I am opposed to it as a matter of principle. Ostensibly this trouble was brought about by the earthquake. That was an act of God. How can we be held to blame for what was clearly an act of God?

*Geo.* Let us not deceive ourselves. You must realize that we resemble God in nothing so much as in doing our duty to our fellow creatures. "If each for each do all he can, a very God is man to man."

*Jas.* You are always harping about foreign matters. I say again this is a business proposition. When it comes to a matter of duty to our fellow man, who surpasses me? Didn't I give five thousand dollars toward rebuilding our church? You don't even attend, and haven't for some time. Has the earth-

quake knocked all the religion out of you? Or have you gone to some other church?

*Geo.* I am not practicing any particular brand of religion, but I know that some people ought to be ashamed of their best actions, if the world only knew the motives from which they sprung.

*Jas.* By which you mean—?

*Geo.* However brilliant an action, it should not be esteemed great unless the result of a great motive.

*Jas.* Well, what was my motive?

*Geo.* Don't you know?

*Jas.* I certainly do.

*Geo.* Then let that suffice. Name the conditions under which you will contribute your share of the hundred thousand dollars, if any, and if possible, I must comply with them. I am at your mercy.

*Jas.* In our last conversation I told you the only possible condition. Assign to me all your stock in the bank. I will pay you for it the \$25,000.00 that you need, and personally contribute half of the hundred thousand dollars.

*Geo.* You know we were offered one hundred thousand for the good will of the bank. You would only be allowing me \$25,000.00 when I ought to have about \$50,000.00. Is that a fair proposition, especially when that is my only asset, and you have gone through the earthquake with millions left, in spite of your losses?

*Jas.* If you personally are asking charity, that is a different matter.

*Geo.* You are the last man of whom I would ask charity.

*Jas.* I realize that. Therefore I am making you purely a business offer.

*Geo.* Well, as a business matter, why am I not entitled to my proportion of the hundred thousand dollars offered. The stock is well worth that amount for reorganization purposes.

*Jas.* If it is worth more than I offer, why don't you sell it to some one else?

*Geo.* No one would buy my stock without yours. In order to derive benefit the purchasers must have practically all the stock.

*Jas.* Then you have been peddling your stock about town?

*Geo.* I have been trying to sell it, if that is what you mean.

*Jas.* And no one else would make you as good an offer as mine?

*Geo.* What is the use of parleying? We both understand conditions thoroughly. If you choose to take advantage of my situation, I must sell at your figure.

*Jas.* I thought when I came you would realize that. You ought to be thankful that I am willing to do so much.

*Geo.* I didn't imagine that you would be so bitter an enemy as you have shown yourself to be of late.

*Jas.* He who is a bitter enemy is a strong friend.

*Geo.* One capable of being a bitter enemy can never possess the necessary virtues that constitute a true friend.

*Jas.* If Ann would come off her high horse, you would soon see what a good friend and brother I

could and would be.

*Geo.* Leave her name out of this discussion. I am not responsible for her feeling of antipathy against you.

*Jas.* Suppose you let her understand that it is within her power to prevent this sacrifice and to cause you to be made president of the reorganized bank, don't you think she might forget her antipathy?

*Geo.* No. She knows you too well. I couldn't change her if I would, and what's more, I wouldn't if I could. My stock is here. Have you a check?

*Jas.* I ought not to give you even the \$25,000.00 after what has taken place. (*Takes check from pocket and writes*).

*Geo.* Don't for a moment allow yourself to believe that you are giving me anything. It is only to get money for those poor mortals who can scarcely keep body and soul together that I give this stock to you at any price, and you know it.

(*Curtain*)

(*Scene II. Same day. Ruth's home.*)

*Ruth and Mrs. W. in conversation.*

*Mrs. W.* My dear, you must see that George is impossible now that he is ruined financially. You must not think of marrying him.

*Ruth.* But, mother, we are practically engaged. We cannot break off an engagement for no other reason than that George has lost his money by the earthquake.

*Mrs. W.* You were not engaged. Doubtless you had an understanding, but it was not a formal engagement, and it has not been announced. There

will be no room for criticism. I shall insist upon it and will let George understand that he must not come here any more.

*Ruth.* I do not wish you to do that. I am no longer a child.

*Mrs. W.* Have not my losses through the earthquake caused me sorrow enough, without having your ingratitude added to them? Since the earthquake you have persisted in receiving George's attentions against my protest. You are making me very unhappy. But for George I should have been much better off financially.

*Ruth.* How did George cause you any loss?

*Mrs. W.* But for him, I should have sold my bank stock to Jasper Church for seventy-five thousand. Now I have the stock, and can get a scant five thousand for it.

*Ruth.* You are unjust to him, mother. You must remember that he advised you to sell; he told you that it was bad business for you not to sell, and even offered to buy it himself at the same figure Jasper offered.

*Mrs. W.* The fact remains, my dear, that it was because of George that I did not sell. He has nothing now, and I have determined that you shall not marry him.

*Ruth.* And I have determined that I shall.

*Mrs. W.* I can't understand you or your attitude of late. You never before spoke to me like that.

*Ruth.* And you never before made such an unreasonable demand.

*Mrs. W.* Unreasonable! Why, how can you say such a thing? You were not brought up for a

poor man's wife. You could not stand the drudgery—besides, there is no need. I want a serious talk with you.

*Ruth.* Serious talk. What are we having now? Is this jesting? I had nothing to say about my coming into life, nor will I have about my going out. Marriage is the one great event about which we have some choice. It is the seal of our earthly weal or woe. With your advice and approval, I have chosen, and chosen well.

*Mrs. W.* But, my dear, you did not, with my advice and approval, choose poverty. You would make a fine cook! And general housework is not quite in your line.

*Ruth.* No, I was reared to charm with the brilliance of my intellect, with my attainments in language, science and art, my music, etc., but you think that I cannot make a home comfortable and inviting for a poor man.

*Mrs. W.* It is not necessary. Social position, wealth and distinguished connections are still within your reach. Be reasonable.

*Ruth.* And listen to your reasons without reason. You tempt me with ease, luxury, social position and wealth. For these you would have me sell my love. For a month I have tried not to offend you, but there is a limit to my endurance. I know your ideas; you know mine. I will not change.

*Mrs. W.* If you persist, your obstinacy will be the death of me.

*Ruth.* Worse than death to me would be life without George. He is the one man who can make true answer to my soul's true love; whose soul is

all kindred to mine; whose life answers my ideal of manly demeanor.

*Mrs. W.* Fine words. That all sounds very pretty now, but it will be different when you awaken to find your status in society fixed by that of your husband.

*Ruth.* His status will always be good enough for me. I only pray to God to make me worthy of him. His character will never be endangered by poverty, and we do not regard wealth as the only or surest passport to honor and happiness.

*Mrs. W.* I have your best interests in mind and am only trying to do my duty by you. There is much truth in the old adage that a light purse makes a heavy heart. "When the wolf comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." You have not seen the other side. So far you have known only ease and comfort. You will find it very different when you are estranged from all your friends, and your life is changed from what you have known, to a dull struggle for existence.

*Ruth.* Mother, dear, do forgive me if I have spoken unkindly. You don't understand. You can't fully understand, or you would not persist in forcing your ideas upon me. Since you have conceived the idea of selling me to the highest bidder, you have made me most wretched. You did not hesitate to marry a poor man.

*Mrs. W.* I was trained differently than you have been. I was taught to do the things that would be almost impossible for you. But they were not easy. Because of the ordeals through which I passed, I am anxious to save you from them. Times have changed, and money is more necessary to

happiness than it was in my day.

*Ruth.* Even now wealth is a poor substitute for love, and misfortune can never suppress it. I might listen to you with more patience if you had any objection to George other than that he is poor, which is no objection.

*Mrs. W.* I must not let you be misled by romantic ideas which I know you will regret later. I need only say the word, and you will have an offer of marriage from one who will give you every luxury.

*Ruth.* Have you already made plans for bargaining me away?

*Mrs. W.* I have in mind one who would be a suitable husband for you.

*Ruth.* May I ask who the prospective purchaser is?

*Mrs. W.* Do not be impertinent, Ruth. You must realize that this is best for you. The man I have in mind is Jasper Church.

*Ruth.* What? Jasper Church? Would you really have me marry Jasper? To give up George would be terrible. To give him up for Jasper would be monstrous.

*Mrs. W.* Calm yourself, my dear. Calm yourself. Jasper is really a very desirable match. As Jasper's wife, your position in society would be assured.

*Ruth.* As Jasper's wife, my position would be unthinkable. And you, my mother, of all persons, to urge it. Now I can understand your bitterness toward George since the earthquake. Your attitude since then is clear to me now. You have been bartering me off to Jasper,



*Mrs. W.* I have only been trying to secure for you a suitable husband. Jasper has money and position, and is no worse than the average man. He cuts quite a figure in society, and is honest to a penny.

*Ruth.* It does not take a very sharp man to cut a figure in society. He may be honest to a penny, but not when there is more than a penny at stake. Honest, when it is convenient and profitable. When it costs nothing, and will pay well, he is most scrupulously honest; otherwise he gives honesty the slip.

*Mrs. W.* You are prejudiced against him. He is a deep thinker and believes that honesty is the best policy.

*Ruth.* He must be a deep thinker, for none of his ideas ever get to the surface. He ought to know that honesty is the best policy. He has tried both. He obeys literally the injunction, hold fast the truth; he seldom allows it to escape him. As a liar, he is equalled by few and excelled by none. He is as conceited as it will do for one to be and not crack open.

*Mrs. W.* My dear, you are hysterical. You misjudge him. You forget that he is one of the leaders in our church. He contributed most generously to the fund for rebuilding.

*Ruth.* Yes, his religion is vanity, attracting as much attention as possible with his money. He makes a show-bubble of it; that is his shade of religion. Hypocrisy, pretense and profession. He will help build high domes of worship with velvet seats and marble steps and golden altars, but he is deaf to the cry of beggary, squalid want and ragged

poverty. He talks more good in five minutes than he does in five years. He worships God only with his lips. He is a religionist. He's—a—

*Mrs. W.* Ruth, dear, you are working yourself into a frenzy. Be composed. I must go now. I promised to meet Jasper at his office at 4 o'clock. I am sure you will agree with me when you have thought this over quietly. Jasper will expect me to give him an answer. I shall tell him that you will marry him.

*Ruth.* You will tell him nothing of the kind. I will not marry Jasper. I am going to marry George.

*(Exit Mrs. W. to get wraps.)*

*Ruth.* I tell you I won't marry Jasper. I won't. I won't.

*(Ruth falls sobbing on sofa.)*

*(Maid raps at door. No response, maid enters.)*

*Maid.* *(Seeing Ruth prostrate.)* Miss Ruth: *(No response.)*

*Maid.* Miss Ruth! Miss Ruth! Are you ill?

*Ruth.* No please leave me.

*Maid.* I will call your mother.

*Ruth.* No, no. Don't do that.

*Maid.* Mr. Chandler is at the door. What shall I say?

*Ruth.* I will see him at once.

*(Exit Maid. Ruth wipes eyes.)*

*(Enter Geo.)*

*Ruth.* Oh, George. *(Geo. takes her in arms. Ruth sobs.)*

*Geo.* What is the matter, dear? What is the matter?

*Ruth.* I am so miserable.

*Geo.* Tell me why.

*Ruth.* Mother forbids our marriage.

*Geo.* What?

*Ruth.* I am so unhappy. What shall I do?

*Geo.* When did she say that, and why?

*Ruth.* She wants me to marry Jasper.

*Geo.* Marry Jasper? For financial reasons, I suppose.

*Ruth.* Yes.

*Geo.* So she wants you to break our engagement because I am poor?

*Ruth.* Yes, and I told her I wouldn't do it.

*Geo.* I wouldn't have believed it of your mother.

*Ruth.* She is getting on her wraps now to go and tell Jasper that I will marry him.

*Geo.* But she can't say such a thing.

*Ruth.* But she will.

*Geo.* Against your wish?

*Ruth.* She said she would.

*Geo.* I don't care what she tells him without your consent.

*Ruth.* She will never, never tell him that with my consent.

*Geo.* Then why should we worry about it.

*Ruth.* Mother will give me no peace so long as I refuse to marry him. She has had this in mind for a month. I can't explain how wretched it has made me.

*Geo.* I have a scheme. We can checkmate mother.

*Ruth.* How?

*Geo.* Marry me.

*Ruth.* When?

*Geo.* At once. This afternoon.

*Ruth.* (Still in Geo.'s arms, nods assent. *Geo.*

*kisses Ruth*).

*Geo.* Dearest, it has been just four months since you first told me that you loved me. And now—

*Ruth.* There isn't any stronger word, or I would use it.

*(Geo. kisses Ruth)*.

*Geo.* There is only one regret. I can't support you in the manner to which you have been accustomed.

*Ruth.* But I can accustom myself to the manner in which you can support me.

*Geo.* To hear you say that and to know you as I now do is worth all my so-called misfortune.

*Ruth.* There is something so sublime in the resolute manner in which you have suffered without complaining, that makes me love you more in your adversity than I did in your success.

*Geo.* My love for you is a giant power which has sustained me through all my trials, and has given me the strength that at every difficulty raises me to a higher might.

*(Geo. kisses Ruth. Mother enters and finds Ruth in Geo.'s arms)*.

*Mrs. W.* Ruth what does this mean?

*Ruth.* You may draw your own conclusions, mother.

*Mrs. W.* Very well. Mr. Chandler, Ruth will not marry you. I wish you to leave the house at once.

*Geo.* But Ruth tells me——

*Mrs. W.* I will not discuss the matter with you.

*Geo.* Permit me a word. I——

*Mrs. W.* There is nothing to be said.

*Geo.* Let me explain.

*Mrs. W.* I want no explanations.

*Geo.* I just wanted to tell you——

*Mrs. W.* I will not listen. Please go.

*Geo.* You can't prevent my speaking.

*Mrs. W.* You can't make me listen.

*Geo.* Ruth and I——

*Mrs. W.* Ruth is to marry Mr. Church. I am going now to tell him that she has accepted his proposal.

*Geo.* Let us accompany you as far as Judge Smith's office. You can tell Jasper Church we have gone there to be married.

*(Ruth and Geo. move toward door arm in arm—while curtain descends.)*

*Mrs. W.* Go to your room instantly!

*(Curtain)*

### ACT III

*Three years later, during which time George has won the case for Gus. and become half owner of the mine. He was also elected Governor of California.*

SCENE—Office of the Governor. *Nogi sweeping.*  
*Enter Rob.*

*Rob.* Sweeping out the room?

*Nogi.* No.

*Rob.* Well, what are you doing?

*Nogi.* Just sweeping out the dirt. I leave the room.

*Rob.* Why are you so late this morning?

*Nogi.* I miss the first car. I never behind, before.

*Rob.* I guess you didn't run fast enough.

*Nogi.* Yes, I know I run fast enough; but I no start soon enough.

*Rob.* You had better hurry. The governor will be here soon.

*Nogi.* I just through now. I so tired that some day I like to sleep a whole week.

*Rob.* That is a good idea. When do you want to commence?

*Nogi.* Some evening next Saturday.

*Rob.* And sleep until the day after the night before. By the way, *Nogi*, how long have you been in the United States?

*Nogi.* Three years.

*Rob.* How do you like it?

*Nogi.* Very much. But this is very funny place.

*Rob.* Why?

*Nogi.* You have few thieves.

*Rob.* I don't understand.

*Nogi.* Thieves are scarce. I read in paper you advertise for them and offer reward for their discovery. I want to advertise to discover my purse. You tell me if this is right for paper. (*Hands paper to Rob.*)

*Rob.* (*Reads.*) Lost on Saturday, loser knows not where, an empty purse with \$10.63 in it. On the outside are printed "Nogi," but worn so much it can not be observed. He who en-counters same may reward himself with the purse, but return my contents to Chronicle office.

That is not entirely accurate, Nogi, but I will correct it for you, after a while. (*Puts ad in pocket.*)

*Nogi.* I thank you, I much obliged. (*Produces handkerchiefs.*) I also much obliged if you tell me which of these is lavenderest.

*Rob.* This one. Why?

*Nogi.* I want to give it for birthday present to Miss Chandler. She has my distinguished self-respect. I think her a fallen angel.

*Rob.* She is an angel, Nogi. Where were you born.

*Nogi.* I was born in Nagasaki.

*Rob.* How big a place is that?

*Nogi.* It as big as San Francisco, but not built up yet.

*Rob.* I suppose you were there during the war with Russia.

*Nogi.* Yes sir.

*Rob.* Were you in the army?

*Nogi.* Yes sir.

*Rob.* What battles were you in?

*Nogi.* I the second one that fire the first shot at Port Arthur.

*Rob.* How many Russians did you kill?

*Nogi.* I no know, sir, but I kill as many of them as they kill of me.

*Rob.* Were you ever in jeopardy?

*Nogi.* I never heard of that place.

*Rob.* I mean, were you ever in great danger of death?

*Nogi.* Once they have rumor that I am killed, but I know it a mistake as soon as I hear it.

*Rob.* Well, I should think a veteran of the Russian war would not be so afraid of milking a cow as you seem to be.

*Nogi.* Maybe it not be so hard when I learn how.

*Rob.* There is only one way to learn, and that is to get right in and milk the cow.

*Nogi.* Could I not learn first to milk the calf? That be easier.

*(Enter Ann. Exit Nogi.)*

*Ann.* Good-morning.

*Rob.* Good-morning.

*Ann.* Alone?

*Rob.* Never less alone than now.

*Ann.* Thank you.

*Rob.* How are you?

*Ann.* Well and happy.

*Rob.* That serves you right.

*Ann.* I came to see my brother.

*Rob.* He is not here. But his secretary is at your service.

*Ann.* Won't his secretary invite me to wait for



the governor?

*Rob.* Do you need an invitation. You know how pleased I would be.

*(Enter Nogi, who proceeds to dust slowly door where he entered, listening meantime to the conversation.)*

*Ann.* How do you like being the governor's secretary?

*Rob.* Very much indeed. I find that I am under obligations to you for the position.

*Ann.* Isn't that nice to receive thanks from both of you. Only yesterday my brother complimented me for having suggested you for the position.

*Rob.* You have been more than kind. From chauffeur to Governor's secretary is a great promotion. But do not think me ungrateful when I say that sometimes I regret the change. I enjoy my present duties and responsibilities, but I more than miss the pleasant hours spent while in your service.

*Ann.* If that is ingratitude, I rather like to think you ungrateful.

*Rob.* *(To Nogi.)* Suppose you dust the other side of that door for a while.

*Nogi.* Yes sir. *(Proceeds slowly dusting inside.)*

*Rob.* I mean now, Nogi.

*Nogi.* Yes sir. *(Pulls door open as far as possible, door swings in, Nogi stands, holding door open and dusts while inside the room.)*

*Ann.* When you dust like that, Nogi, all the dust from the door comes into the room. Close the door, and stand on the outside and dust.

*Nogi.* Yes, ma'am.

*(Exit Nogi, and closes door.)*

*Ann.* I didn't realize until you came here, how much I had depended upon you of late.

*Rob.* You make me regret the change all the more. I am ready to desert the governor for my old position.

*Ann.* Would you do that?

*Rob.* Would you allow me to?

*Ann.* I thought you a man of high ambition.

*Rob.* Is it not a high ambition to wish to be near you?

*(Enter Nogi. Slowly dusts inside of door again.)*

*Rob.* You were told to dust the outside of the door, Nogi.

*Nogi.* I just accomplished that.

*Rob.* Well, let the inside of it go for a while.

*Nogi.* Yes sir. *(Dusts picture, or other wood-work.)*

*Rob.* Nogi, I want you to let all the dusting and other work in this office go until to-morrow morning. Do you understand?

*Nogi.* Yes sir. You mean enough dusting is now too much?

*Rob.* That's what I mean.

*Nogi.* Yes sir. *(Exit Nogi.)*

*Ann.* Nogi is a great character.

*Rob.* He often seems to me like two in one. But haven't we had enough of Nogi for a while? Didn't we have a more interesting subject when he last interrupted?

*Ann.* It seems to me that we did. Last night I told my brother that I could not accomplish nearly all the good that he has planned, without your help. He hopes to arrange matters so that you will have some time each day in which to assist

me again, if you wish it.

*Rob.* The idea that I would desert the Governor and my present position for the privilege, shows how ardently I wish it. May I begin now?

*Ann.* Yes, at once.

*Rob.* Splendid.

*Ann.* Did he say how much to give to the famine sufferers in China?

*Rob.* He wants them to have a thousand dollars.

*Ann.* Only one thousand dollars for them?

*Rob.* Yes, but he wants an additional four thousand dollars given to the Missionary Society to pay the expense of getting the one thousand to the famine sufferers.

*Ann.* That sounds like one of my brother's jokes, but many a word spoken in jest is true. It well illustrates how frequently the needy get only a small portion of what was intended for them.

*Rob.* (*Starts and looks at watch.*) I must excuse myself now. I almost forgot a meeting of the Panama Exposition Commission at which I am to represent the governor. I have barely time to get there. When may your deserter assume his duties as your assistant?

*Ann.* At your earliest convenience.

*Rob.* How about to-morrow morning?

*Ann.* I will arrange with my brother accordingly.

*Rob.* I will leave you in sole charge of the office. The governor will be here very soon. Good-bye, until to-morrow. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Frank intoxicated.*)

*Fr.* Hello, dear.

*Ann.* Frank!

*Fr.* Yesh, dear.

*Ann.* Drunk, again? I can't express my de-  
testation of your conduct.

*Fr.* Dash good, dear. I'm mighty glad you  
can't. Don't cha try.

*Ann.* You're a nice one! You have broken the  
promise you made last week.

*Fr.* Never mind that, dear. I can make anosh-  
er jush ash good. I'm a promising young man.  
How'sh that for a joke?

*Ann.* You're a thoroughfare of good resolutions.  
How's that for a passage. I'll not waste any words  
on you while you are intoxicated. I am utterly  
disgusted with you.

*Fr.* Don't cha fly off the handle, dear. What  
makesh you think I'm drunk?

*Ann.* Drunkenness always reveals itself and a  
great deal more.

*Fr.* I'm ash shober ash a judge. I'm only  
eight or ten drinksh in. I've jush been drinking the  
healthsh of a few of the boysh.

*Ann.* Yes, you drink the health of everybody,  
and drink away your own.

*Fr.* I'm a physishian. I know that a certain  
quantity of liquor dosh no one any harm.

*Ann.* Then it's an uncertain quantity that is  
transforming you into a beast. I've given up hope for  
you. You have developed into a hard drinker.

*Fr.* Dash a downright shlander. I drink ash  
eashy ash anybody.

*Ann.* You recollect only the pleasure of getting  
drunk, but forget the pains of getting sober. Tell  
me why any sane man will put such an enemy into  
his mouth to steal away his brains. Give me some

reasonable account of yourself.

*Fr.* You can't 'sheckt an account of a man who hash losht hish balansh. Ashk me anosher quesshun.

*Ann.* You have lost more than your balance. You have lost practice as a physician, your principle, your character, ambition and self-respect.

*Fr.* Ish dat all? Outside of dat I'm all right, aint I.

*Ann.* Even your features show dissipation. You never before looked so old.

*Fr.* I dare shay. Fact ish, I never wash sho old before in all my life.

*Ann.* Whiskey is your worst enemy.

*Fr.* Then ish all right for me to love whiskey. I think the Bible saysh we mush love our enemiesh.

*Ann.* Such a plight. You are too drunk to think.

*Fr.* Did you shay drink? Yesh, I will take something. It will do me good.

*Ann.* You certainly will. And with Nogi. You will take a walk. It will do us both good.

*Fr.* I'm thirshty. My throat hurtsh.

*(Ann goes to door and calls.)*

Nogi, bring a glass of water.

*Fr.* I shaid I wash thirshty, not dirty.

*(Enters Nogi with water. Hands it to Fr. Fr. drinks.)*

*Fr.* That sthuff doeshn't hit the right place.

*Ann.* The right place for you is home. Nogi, Dr. Mason is drunk. Take him home at once.

*Nogi.* I suspected what I supposed.

*Fr.* I guesh I had better go to the home of Mrs. Shmiff. I've been doctoring her for a week. She had an halushionashion she was sick. I cured the

hallushionashion. She'sh sick now a'right.

*Ann.* You will not go there in that condition. Nogi, take him home.

*(Exit Nogi and Fr.)*

*Ann.* Drunkenness is a voluntary madness. The sight of a drunkard is the best sermon ever preached against liquor.

*(Enter Geo.)*

*Geo.* Hello, Ann.

*Ann.* Good morning, Governor. *(Laughingly.)*

*Geo.* If you persist in calling me governor, there will be war.

*Ann.* You threaten war? You who spend so much time and money to promote universal peace. You are the last who should use such a threat. Remember our slogan: "War nevermore."

*Geo.* Spoken like a true soldier. War is hell. And yet I never before felt more tempted to declare war.

*Ann.* What! Why?

*Geo.* I mean war against liquor.

*Ann.* I would like to be commander-in-chief of your army. You must have met Frank.

*Geo.* Yes, Nogi had him in tow. He was lecturing Nogi on English literature, and was trying to tell the story of the Progress of Pilgrim's Bunyons.

*Ann.* Isn't he disgusting?

*Geo.* He was full to overflowing, but not too full for utterance. Was he here?

*Ann.* Yes, I had to ask Nogi to take him home.

*Geo.* Wasn't Gray here?

*Ann.* No, he had gone to a meeting of the Panama Exposition Commission just before Frank

came in.

*Geo.* Yes, I remember about that. And you waited to see me.

*Ann.* Yes, Robert says he is willing to devote part of his time each day helping me in our work.

*Geo.* You didn't have to coax him, did you?

*Ann.* No, why?

*Geo.* I hardly imagined it would be necessary.

*Ann.* What do you mean?

*Geo.* Nothing. Only he seems very much devoted—to the work, of course.

*Ann.* And to you. But with your permission I am to have him to-morrow morning.

*Geo.* You have my permission. Did you get the synopsis of our financial statement from the auditors?

*Ann.* Yes, I am waiting to go over it with you.

*Geo.* Let's take it up at once. Gus will be here in half an hour, and I want to go over this with you before he comes. In round figures, what were our net receipts from the mine this year?

*Ann.* \$3,150,000. Last year it was \$1,925,000.

(*Enter Gus.*) (*Greetings.*)

*Geo.* Well! you are early.

*Gus.* It took too long to wait half an hour. I was so anxious to hear how much we made. How did you get it?

*Geo.* Yes, the auditor reports that we each made \$3,150,000 out of the mine this year; almost twice as much as last year. How does that suit you?

*Gus.* Well, we could make more if we didn't pay the men so much. Next year he says we make how much?

*Geo.* Over \$6,000,000 each net. The superintendent

tendent expects to work twice as many men.

*Gus.* He giff you how much gold ve haff in sight und how long it takes to mine it.

*Geo.* Yes, over ten years, netting each \$6,000,-000 a year.

*Gus.* Sixty millions more for me, Aber dot iss not all, aint it.

*Geo.* No. There is apparently a mountain full of ore.

*Gus.* You get me six millions next year vit'out vorking nights?

*Geo.* That is the intention.

*Gus.* V'y not vork also a night shift, und each get twelve million a year?

*Geo.* Night work is more dangerous for the men.

*Gus.* Not much more dangerous. Ve pay dem fife dollars each a day. Dey can take risks for dot.

*Geo.* What's the great hurry? The ore can't get away.

*Gus.* Venn I get it out I get interest day und night. In de mine it earns me nottings.

*Geo.* You surely don't need the money. You have made an independent fortune on our townsite speculation alone.

*Gus.* Dot is chust de reason. Venn I get money out of de mine I make fortunes mit it. You haff made chust as much as I have. I like to keep mine money. You like to giff yours away. Venn ve make more money I haff more to keep und you haff more to giff away.

*Geo.* We are getting more now than we can distribute to advantage. If we increase the output of the mine, we would be getting richer in spite of



ourselves.

*Ann.* Yes, it is difficult indeed to give to the best possible advantage. It has been extremely hard properly to distribute the three millions we had this year.

*Gus.* Dot iss funny, very funny. You haff trouble to giff your money away, und I haff trouble to keep from giffing mine away.

*Ann.* I didn't know you were ever tempted to be charitable.

*Gus.* I aint. Aber eferyone asks me always to giff dem money.

*Geo.* If it is hard for you to keep three millions a year increase, it will be more than twice as hard to keep from six to twelve millions.

*Gus.* No, dot makes no difference. I can refuse to giff chust as easy.

*Ann.* Don't you ever help the needy?

*Gus.* I do lots. De Governor makes me, und I tell him it iss not right. Ve haff ofer fife hundert men vorking de mine. He pays dem fife dollars a day each v'en ve could get de same men for two dollars a day. I ask mine bookkeeper to figure how much I loose a year by dot, und he tells me dot alone vastes ofer four hundert tousand dollars.

*Geo.* Well, you pay only half of that.

*Gus.* Efen so, dot iss lots of money. Und den you giff all odder people v'at vork for us on big vages more as twice too much. Den you always giff men damaches venn dey are hurt by der own foolishness. Dot iss not right. Always you do odder t'ings like dot. Vone half of dot iss mine. Chust see how much I giff.

*Ann.* You don't give anything to the men. It

is hard for me to understand why you begrudge these five hundred providers for families fair compensation for their toil.

*Gus.* Ven ve get de same kind of vork done for two dollars a day, den fife dollars a day iss more as fair vages. It giffs dem chust dot much, und I don't neffer believe in giffing nobody nottings for nottings nohow.

*Ann.* Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall surely receive it.

*Geo.* If we could get foreigners to do the work for one dollar a day, do you believe we should employ them?

*Gus.* Sure, v'y not? Dott iss peezness. Venn dey vant to vork for vun dollar a day, let dem do it. Den dot iss all it iss vort!

*Geo.* Thank Heaven, our contract gives me full management of the mine with the right to fix wages. Your objections to five dollars a day will be overruled as fast as you can advance them.

*Gus.* I don't like dot. It iss not fair. You haff de right, aber you do me wrong. For two years you don't listen to v'at I say about vages. I ask mine bookkeeper, und he tells me 'I now loose \$750.00 efery vorking day. Venn ve vork twice as many men, I loose \$1,500.00 a day. Venn ve vork day and night, like ve should, I loose \$3,000.00 a day.

*Ann.* No, according to your figures you would lose only \$1,500.00 a day—and \$1,500.00 a night.

*Geo.* Ann is right. In order to save you money, we will not put on a night shift.

*Gus.* I don't like dot, too. Dot safes me no money. I only don't loose so much. Aber six mil-

lions a year less comes out of de ground, for me. Chust think vat interest I loose, und v'at profits I don't make mit de money I don't get. Aint dot awful?

*Geo.* Awful is no name for it. It is a crime. What in God's world are you going to do with the money?

*Gus.* I haff enterprise. I ask mine bookkeeper und he tells me maybe I can be de richest man in San Francisco. I vant to be it. Now you know mine enterprise.

*Geo.* That is neither enterprise nor worthy ambition; just greed, pure and simple greed. The popular variety.

*Ann.* The accumulation of wealth only creates an appetite for more. "Fortune gives too much to many, but to none, enough."

*Gus.* I don't understand that.

*Geo.* Most people don't understand that. You are a very good example. You have too much money; more than you need, or know what to do with. And yet you have not enough; you are always planning and scheming and striving for more, and more, and more. It seems that "You always want to get hold of a little more gold, and are never so rich that you wouldn't be richer."

*Gus.* V'y shouldn't I do it? Venn I vass poor I vass always nobody. Venn I got money, eferybody paid attention to me. Venn I got richer, more people vanted to know me. De more richer I get, de more importanter I am.

*Geo.* It isn't you that's important, Gus. It isn't you that attracts people. It is your gold that draws them. Money is the power. Money is your

sole passport. Money alone has opened the way for you, money would open it for anybody else.

*Gus.* Vell, if it does dot for me v'y shouldn't I haff it? Since I haff money I am invited efery-v'ere. I dine mit senators, und bankers, und eferybody dot iss anybody. Sometimes I hardly know myself, dey make so much fuss ofer me, und Gretchen.

*Ann.* Did you ever consider how many things money will not buy, and these the best, and how many evils money will not cure, and these the worst?

*Gus.* No, v'at iss de use?

*Ann.* When will the world learn that poverty is not evidence of meanness and degradation, and that wealth is not evidence of character and culture?

*Gus.* I don't know. I don't care about dem t'ings.

*Ann.* Few seem to care about such things.

*Geo.* "We see what God thinks of riches, by the people He gives them to." I will study how to give a good account of my portion. I don't want to keep it nor add to it.

*Gus.* You giff too much away, I know.

*Geo.* In benevolence there can be no excess.

*Gus.* Charity, Charity! Eferyt'ing mit you iss charity.

*Geo.* You are mistaken. To distribute that for which we have no use and no need is not charity. All income more than a competence is a sacred trust for the public.

*Ann.* Conditions among the poor have never been worse than now. So many are without work and there is so much suffering. Just think how

many of them you could make happy by using your income alone, without spending any of your present fortune.

*Gus.* It iss not right chust to giff. If a man hass nottings, he must do someting to haff anytings. De great trouble mit dem dot iss poor iss deir ex-  
trafagance.

*Ann.* Oh, no. The trouble is not the extrava-  
gance of the poor. It is the great economy of the rich.

*Gus.* Vell, ve von't argue some more about dot. Ve can't neffer agree.

*Ann.* People say you care for nothing but a col-  
lection of gold.

*Gus.* Vell, v'at of it?

*Ann.* People are commencing to regard you as a miser.

*Gus.* Vell, v'at of it?

*Ann.* Then, even with more money, you won't be so popular in the future as you have been in the past.

*Gus.* Vell, v'at of it?

*Ann.* You won't live forever.

*Gus.* Vell, v'at of it?

*Ann.* Wealth is not current in another world.

*Gus.* Vell, v'at if it aint?

*Ann.* Some even say that you love gold more than Gretchen.

*Gus.* Vell, v'at of it?

*Ann.* There is no use arguing with you.

*Gus.* Dot's chust vat I said. Dere aint no use. Den let's don't.

*Ann.* You profess to be so religious. How can you love God, whom you have not seen, when you

don't love your fellow man, whom you have seen.

*Geo.* The more wealthy you become, the greater is your duty to your fellow-man.

*Gus.* I always done mine duty as I seen it; angels couldn't a' did no more.

*Geo.* Your duty is to help the needy. That you have never done. When you hoard money, you increase the misery in the world. It is incredible what a great quantity of good may be done in this county by one man, especially a wealthy man, when he does his duty.

*Gus.* You tell me v'at you done mit v'at you giff away last year.

*Geo.* (*To Ann.*) Just read the synopsis that you have.

*Ann.* (*Reads.*) First: for the purpose of assisting in bringing about the settlement of all international differences by arbitration instead of war, \$1,500,000.

*Gus.* (*Impatiently.*) Ach, foolishness. You waste all dot money; und so much. You can't stop vars. Vat odder money did you giff away, und for v'y.

*Ann.* (*Reads.*) For libraries, \$19,000.00.

*Geo.* Not a very large sum for libraries.

*Ann.* No, Carnegie has covered that field pretty well, and we determined not to compete with him.

*Gus.* I spent more as fife t'ousant dollars last year for Gretchen's library, und buyed her only luxurious additions. Dey are de best. Most of dem are green und red and blue vuns. It iss her birthday next week, und I vant you to please buy me for her about four shelves of gilt edge vuns mit yellow backs. Dey look goot mit de odders.

*Ann.* Certainly. I know what will please her.

*Gus.* Dot iss goot. Aber don't spend more as vun hundred dollars.

*Geo.* What is next on our list?

*Ann.* (*Reads.*) For Humane Societies, \$250,000.00.

*Geo.* I believe every cent of that was disbursed to the best possible advantage. Gray's idea to have an active society established in every county seat in the union is excellent; his manner of bringing it about, perfect; and I will never rest content until it has been accomplished. Next year we can appropriate twice as much for this purpose, if necessary.

*Ann.* The reports we get are most satisfactory. A wonderful change in sentiment is taking place, and wanton cruelty is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

*Gus.* Dem societies iss chust for animals, aint dey?

*Ann.* Yes, largely.

*Gus.* Vell, v'y vaste money on dem? You get no t'anks. De animals don't know der difference.

*Geo.* We know there is a difference.

*Gus.* How I would hate to haff mine money vasted on dogs, und cows, und I guess pigs, too. Aint it I am right?

*Ann.* Yes, even pigs. "All creatures are of and from God." The lower animals have rights which must be respected.

*Geo.* Read the next item, *Ann.*

*Ann.* (*Reads.*) For Newsboys, \$250,000.00.

*Geo.* We must also double our appropriation for them. The results of our work in their be-

half were even more gratifying than for the Humane Societies.

*Gus.* Dem little rascals sure don't appreciate nottings.

*Ann.* You are wrong about that. Of all the people we try to help, none are so grateful, none make so much of opportunities given them, none are so loyal as the newsboys. They are such independent, interesting and energetic little fellows. I love them all.

*Geo.* You and Gray are playing the newsboys favorites, but they deserve all we can do for them. And Gray certainly does know how to do for them.

*Ann.* He has wonderful ideas.

*Geo.* Yes, his ideas have made our fortune a much greater blessing to mankind than it ever would have been without them.

*Ann.* Since you have monopolized him, I realize more than ever the truth of what you say.

*Geo.* Just since I have monopolized him, eh? Absence makes the heart grow fonder?

*Ann.* The next item is for churches, \$11,000.00.

*Gus.* V'at? You giff only \$11,000.00 for churches? I beat you. I myself giff de church \$12,500.00.

*Ann.* But ten thousand of that was when your congregation built a new church.

*Gus.* Yes, aber I giff it to religion, chust de same. So bleased am I dot I beat you, I can't tell.

*Geo.* Don't try.

*Gus.* Ach, dot iss goot; dot iss goot.

*Ann.* (*Reads.*) For direct local work, total \$479,000.00. The items are given here. Do you want them?



*Geo.* No, unless Gus gave more. Did you?

*Gus.* Ach, no. Dot iss vat I don't belief in; dem kind of charities.

*Ann.* (*Reads.*) California park, 21,000 acres, \$580,000.00. Tools and machinery, \$50,000.00. Labor, \$459,000.00. Total, \$1,099,000.00. Do you want more details?

*Geo.* No.

*Gus.* How many men you vork dere?

*Geo.* The same as at the mine, five hundred. Next year we will have a thousand.

*Gus.* How much you pay dem?

*Geo.* Three dollars a day.

*Gus.* Dot iss not right. You giff our men at de mine fife dollars a day, und you giff your own men only dree dollars a day.

*Geo.* Well, I will let you in on the snap. You can pay half of their wages.

*Gus.* V'y for I vant to do a t'ing like dot? You make nottings efen ven you get dem for vun dollar a day.

*Geo.* That's right. I guess I am running a losing proposition.

*Gus.* Vell, venn you know it, v'y do you do it? Unless maybe you sell de land for a big profit some day.

*Geo.* No, I can't do that. I have given it to the state.

*Gus.* For nottings?

*Geo.* Yes, for nothing.

*Gus.* Vell, v'y do you vork men dere if you haff giffen it away?

*Geo.* I have two reasons. First, to provide a place where every man, woman and child may enjoy

to the fullest extent all the beauties and blessings of Nature, a church of churches; God's own temple; second, to employ, for their own benefit, and for the benefit of mankind, as many as I can possibly afford of those who would otherwise be without employment.

*Gus.* Dem tree dollar a day men aint all married, are dey?

*Geo.* No, why?

*Gus.* Oh. I see. You don't care about married men venn you don't vant to make money out of dem, aint it?

*Geo.* What do you mean?

*Gus.* At de mine you won't haff nottings only married men. Dot iss so ve haff lots of people on our townsite, aint it? De scheme iss to make a big city quick und make de lots vorth lots more, aint it?

*Geo.* That is far from the idea. Married men should have the preference because of those who are dependent upon them. It is true that more families make our townsite worth more. And when we employ twice as many, it will result in more than doubling the value of our acreage. It is now worth a fortune. I wish I were certain of the best way to give our employees the fullest benefit of it. Since we have determined to double the force, this problem has been uppermost in my mind. Ways and means will be devised to solve it, so as to bring about the greatest good to the greatest number.

*Ann.* Gus will also want to do the greatest good to the greatest number. But with him the greatest number is number one.

*Gus.* You sure don't mean you vant to giff

away our town lots.

*Geo.* That's just what I mean. Ann and I together have in bonds what we know to be a competence, and we have both determined not to accumulate another penny. Enough is as good as a feast.

*Ann.* Yes. What real good can an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure. Not any. One may be rich in giving, but not in saving. Simply multiplying wealth will never bring contentment. Contentment alone can make one rich. There is no wealth without it.

*Gus.* Vun t'ing I am glad of. Mine interest in de town-site you can't giff away. You are crazy. You don't know v'ere to stop giffing.

*Geo.* No. When once you start our system, the joy is so supreme there is no stopping.

*Ann.* The Governor is certainly right. The highest happiness is derived from doing deeds of kindness, and wondrous are the pleasures of generous acts.

*Gus.* Vell, I make dot kind of pleasure for you. Venn you haff too much money, giff it to me. I take it.

*Geo.* Well, if we give it to you, and you become the richest man in San Francisco, what then?

*Gus.* Maybe some day I could be de richest man in California.

*Geo.* What then?

*Gus.* Maybe some day I could be de richest man in America.

*Geo.* What then?

*Gus.* Maybe some day I could be de richest man in de vorld.

*Geo.* What then?

*Gus.* Maybe I could be de richest man dot efer liffed. Now, you haff really mine enterprise, und anyhow, dan money dere iss no better serfant.

*Geo.* Money may be a good servant, but it is a dangerous master. Money is your master, not your servant. You do not possess it. It has taken possession of you.

*Gus.* Dot iss funny talk. V'at you mean I don't understand.

*Geo.* I will make it so plain that you will understand. I mean that you have sold yourself, body and soul for the sake of gain. I mean that you delight in naught but gold; that you worship money, that your greatest and only soul satisfying joy is not in doing good for anyone, but in just gathering gold; piling money higher and higher in your chests; increasing your bank account; adding bonds to bonds, mortgages to mortgages, and stocks to stocks. Is that clear?

*Gus.* I am not so vorse as you t'ink, although some of us iss a great deal better dan most. Dere iss lots vorse men dan me.

*Geo.* And lots better, too.

*Gus.* I radder be chust vat I am dan lots of odder t'ings. All mine dollars iss honest. I am a self-made man.

*Geo.* Then you can't blame anyone else. "Many a self-made man is proud of a poor job."

*Gus.* If I die I giff somet'ing away like you vant.

*Geo.* That shows how selfish you are. You are willing to give when you die only because you can't keep it any longer.

*Ann.* You pass through this world but once.

Therefore, do now whatever kindness you can for your fellow-man. You shall not pass this way again. By benevolence you would win the affection of all.

*Geo.* I would rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow-man than heaps of gold.

*Gus.* I haff both, und dot iss better dan either. Efery body iss mine friend und likes me. Dey tell me so.

*Geo.* Those whom you think your friends are but flatterers, and I know that many of them do not hold you in esteem. Theirs is the friendship that follows wealth. When you are gone, they will little mourn, nor long remember you.

*Ann.* You surely don't entertain the foolish notion that you will live on this earth forever?

*Gus.* Vell, it will be a long time before mine last fatal illness, und venn I am gone, I am gone, so vat iss de difference den vat dey t'ink.

*Ann.* As you realize that you can't dwell here forever, why prepare for everything but death?

*Geo.* Gus, when you die, this will be your epitaph:

“Here crumbling lies beneath the mould  
 A man whose sole delight was gold;  
 Content was never once his guest,  
 Though many millions filled his chest;  
 For he, poor man, with all his store,  
 Died in great want—the want of more.”

*Gus.* It don't make me feel pretty good to talk about deat'. Dot iss de last t'ing I vant to do, iss to die.

*Geo.* Well, that probably will be the last thing you will do.

*Ann.* I should think you would be ashamed to be so stingy.

*Gus.* Vell, I radder be ashamed dan giff away mine money.

*Ann.* Nothing can excuse a want of kindness to fellow creatures in distress. Why not join us in our work and devote just a portion, say even half of your income, for the benefit of humanity.

*Gus.* For v'y should I do it?

*Ann.* You are in a position to do so much, that you could earn the gratitude of millions yet unborn, and your name would be a blessed memory.

*Gus.* Dem t'ings don't help a dead man none, I radder haff de money.

*Ann.* When you are dead, you won't have the money, anyway.

*Gus.* Do you t'ink your friends iss better dan mine friends?

*Ann.* Why do you ask?

*Gus.* You say mine friends come to me on account of mine money. Dot iss not true. I giff dem nottings. You buy your friends mit vat you giff dem, aint it. If you qvit giffing, don't you loose dem all?

*Geo.* No, my friends get little or nothing from me. Most of what I give is for the benefit of those whom I don't know, who are not my friends; and yet—they are my brethren. One God is the father of us all. He never intended that the blessings of the earth should be hoarded by the few, while the many suffer.

*Ann.* Most of the suffering and misery in the

world come from the unequal distribution of wealth. It is an artificial condition—man made—nursed and fostered by those whose sole ambition it is to heap up stupendous fortunes at the expense of the toiling millions. These know life only as a bitter struggle for existence.

*Gus.* You always talk charity. I say again, mit you eferyt'ing iss charity.

*Ann.* If everyone did right and there were universal fair dealing in the world, earth would be a heaven, and there would be no need of charity.

*Gus.* You are satisfied mit how you giff your money away last year?

*Ann.* Yes.

*Geo.* Yes, more than satisfied.

*Gus.* Dot iss goot. You both are satisfied mit how you giff yours away; I am satisfied mit how I keep mine. We are all dree satisfied; so let's make no more talk about it.

*Geo.* Just one more question. Do you think that you could get any one to look after all your millions for nothing more than board and clothing.

*Gus.* No, no. To do dot, any man would be a great big fool.

*Geo.* Well, that is all you are getting out of it.

(*Enter Robert.*) (*Greetings.*)

*Geo.* (*To Rob.*) Well, what did you accomplish at the meeting?

*Rob.* Nothing. The commissioners reported progress, and took up the entire session discussing your resignation.

*Gus.* You vill honestly resign as gofornor?

*Geo.* Yes.

*Gus.* I vouldn't do it. Eferybody says as how

you are de best gofornor dot efer vass.

*Ann.* That is one thing on which I can agree with Gus. Everyone is opposed to your resignation.

*Geo.* That is very gratifying.

*Rob.* Even the hostile newspapers are praising you now. A wonderful tribute to a living man. With newspapers that seek to control, it is always a rule or ruin policy. Little attention do they pay to whether or not the power of those in authority is exercised in the cause of better government. They magnify mistakes, impugn motives, belittle ideas, ignore achievement, and stop at no distortion of facts, or misrepresentation to bring about what they desire.

*Geo.* That is true. But to their friends the newspapers are as blindly loyal as they are blindly hostile to their opponents. Only about the things in which they have no interest, do they make an honest effort to learn and print true facts.

*Gus.* I hear eferybody say you should not resign. Dey say if you stay gofornor, you be president. You be a great man.

*Geo.* The most useful man is the greatest. That is why I am resigning. I believe that I can accomplish the most good, and be most useful by devoting my entire time to the proper distribution of the immense wealth which Providence has placed under my control. There are hundreds of others who can acceptably fill my position as governor. I consider it my duty to resign.

*Gus.* Dot iss not right. If you resign I can't tell people de gofornor iss mine partner. Venn I tell dem dot, dey t'ink me somebody.



*Geo.* I never thought of it in that light.

*Gus.* I vould giff vun hundert dollars if I could say dot de president iss mine partner, und if me und Gretchen could visit him in de Vite House.

*Geo.* Much as I would like to pry you loose from so much money, I refuse to be President.

*Gus.* How you refuse to be President so easy, surprises me.

*Rob.* It looks as if you will have to offer the Presidency to some one else.

*Gus.* V'en you stop being gornor.

*Geo.* Next month after the legislature adjourns. I want to see half a dozen or more laws enacted; one of which provides for an inheritance tax.

*Gus.* Aint ve got more as plenty taxes now? V'at kind of a vun is dot—vot you call it?

*Geo.* An inheritance tax. It means that when a rich man dies, part of his property goes to the state. The richer he is, the heavier the tax. I want the state to get half of all a man leaves in excess of one million.

*Gus.* You don't mean if I die de state takes more und more until it gets almost half mine money.

*Geo.* That is the idea.

*Gus.* You chust choke to tease me, aint it?

*Geo.* No.

*Gus.* If I leave a hundret millions, you vant to state to get almost fifty millions of mine money?

*Geo.* Yes.

*Gus.* Dot be no taxes. Dot be robbery. Dot be unconstitutional. So long I liff, I vould not let mine estate pay dot. I vould fight it. I aint afraid, aber it vorries me. You better resign right away. V'at else you got?

*Geo.* Nothing else that need excite you. I can't explain them now, but I want to see enacted a workmen's compensation act, an eight-hour law, a blue sky law for corporations, a law regulating child labor, a law to punish false advertising, pure food laws, especially one to compel all packers to stamp on every can and package of food the exact date when it was put up, and social hygiene laws.

*Gus.* I got such a headache; I go home now.

*Rob.* (*At desk. Takes papers from drawers.*) You had better take this with you.

*Gus.* V'at iss it?

*Rob.* Your naturalization papers. I got them this morning. (*Hands papers to Gus.*)

*Gus.* (*Unfolds paper and looks at it.*) Dot iss goot. Dot iss fine. I am now a native born citizen.

*Rob.* While you are here, I want you to sign this affidavit.

(*Gus signs.*)

*Rob.* Raise your right hand. You solemnly swear that the facts stated in this affidavit are true, as you verily believe, so help you God?

*Gus.* Yes, I do. Vat iss it?

*Rob.* Your oath as a director of the Bismark Mining Company.

*Gus.* (*Noticing letters on desk.*) You got all dem letters to-day?

*Rob.* Yes.

*Gus.* I get so many letters as dot efery day. More as dree fourt's vant money.

*Rob.* How do you answer them?

*Gus.* So quvick I find out vat dey vant I put dem in de vaste basket unopened. Oh, gofernor, I know somet'ing I vant to tell you und Ann, aber

it iss a secret, und I vant nobody to know it. All drie of you say nottings.

*Ann.* Then why tell us? Can't you keep a secret?

*Gus.* Yes, I can keep a secret, aber de people I tell dem to don't.

*Ann.* Then don't tell us.

*Gus.* I von't, aber it iss too funny not to tell. Jasper Church for more as two veeks vants to marry mine Gretchen, und asks me about it many times.

*Ann.* Does Gretchen want to marry him?

*Gus.* Vat Gretchen vants makes no difference. I don't vant she shall marry him, und Gretchen don't vant it, too. Ain't dot funny. Venn I am poor he makes fun of me und Gretchen. Now he vants de man he called Dutch, for his fader-in-law.

*Geo.* Strange things do happen. That gives Jasper the refusal of three of the finest girls I know, Ann, Ruth, and Gretchen.

*Gus.* I haff anoder secret. Dis vun you must not tell anybody at all, eider. Lord Nowit, I t'ink, maybe loves Gretchen I know, und vants me for fader-in-law. Dot makes me glad, den mine daughter iss Lady Nowit some day maybe.

*Ann.* You ought to be proud of Gretchen.

*Gus.* I am. I bin dot girl's fader all her life.

*Geo.* Gretchen and Lord Nowit will make an excellent match and I look forward to seeing your hopes fulfilled.

*Rob.* Marriage may generally be regarded as a lottery, but this marriage would not be. Each would be assured of the greatest prize on earth; the one an excellent husband; the other an ex-

ceptional wife.

*Geo.* More than your greatest expectations have been realized in many ways.

*Gus.* Yes, dot iss true; aber I t'ought dey would. I got mine automobile to-day.

*Rob.* How do you like it?

*Gus.* It iss fine, aber it skiddooed mit us dis morning.

*Rob.* You mean skidded?

*Gus.* Vell, one of dem both; dere aint no difference.

(*Gus shudders.*)

*Geo.* What is the matter? Still frightened because of the skidding?

*Gus.* Ach, no. Silk undervear, it itches, dot's vot. (*Scratches.*) I got to go now. Be sure, Ann, to pay no more as vun hundred dollars for dem books. I guess dey trust me for de money.

*Ann.* Very well.

(*Exit Gus.*)

*Rob.* Gus practices economy more faithfully than a poor man.

*Ann.* Yes. You would have enjoyed our conversation this morning. We were trying to get him to give according to his means.

*Rob.* But like most others, he gives according to his meanness.

*Geo.* Experience has taught me that when a man wants money or assistance, the world is, as a rule, very obliging, and lets him—want it.

*Ann.* I think benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. One very seldom sees another in distress without wishing some third person to relieve him.

*Geo. (to Rob.)* Are there any matters requiring my personal attention at present?

*Rob.* No, but you received a most complimentary letter from the president.

*Geo.* He is not offering me his position, or wanting to make me his deputy, is he?

*Rob.* No, he is not so generous with the office of President as Gus is.

*Geo.* What did he write?

*Rob.* He wrote to congratulate you on your stand against war. His letter is long, but ends as follows: (*Reads.*)

I believe, with you, that war will soon be a thing of the past, and placed in the same fiendish category as the rack, the stake and the inquisition. Great strides have been made in moral advancement during the last twenty years, and the day is fast approaching when universal peace—a paradise worth having—will have come to earth. You have worked miracles in the past year with the \$1,500,000 that you have devoted to this work, notwithstanding that growth in this direction is slow and must be determined and directed by the moral sentiment.

I realize that no man, be he ever so wise, can of himself, and no nation, be it ever so advanced, can of itself accomplish so much; though on the other hand I agree with you, that all men of all nations striving therefor can, should and will, sooner or later, attain the desired end. By distributing prizes to the high school students throughout the nation for essays on this subject, you have chosen the most fertile field, and the one where the deepest and most lasting impressions will result. You have caused almost all of these students and many of their parents

to devote much time and thought to a consideration of the evils of war, and of the absolute efficiency of arbitration as a remedy, thereby hastening to a happy maturity that which is now surely the most important bud of advancing civilization. Your system is bringing this crying necessity before the minds of the most able and influential at this most opportune time, when every man in the country with a mind large enough to be visible to the eye of intelligence is thinking in that line. Thousands of invaluable ideas are being circulated by reason thereof, and after a few years of such a sunshine of intelligence in that direction, the result will meet your highest expectation, and the world will be ripe for the desired step.

It is my purpose to ask Congress to appropriate an amount equal to the cost of only one battleship to be used along the lines that you have marked out. By using the cost of only one battleship annually, we could soon create a force more potent against war than the most powerful navy the ingenuity of man could assemble. Other nations would follow our example, and the day of universal peace, instead of being an iridescent dream, would soon become a magnificent reality.

*Ann.* You should be proud of such a letter.

*Geo.* I am.

*Rob.* The Governor has received dozens of letters equally gratifying, though not from so high a source. To assist in preventing the misery and suffering caused by war, to stop its rivers of blood, and dry its seas of tears, is an ambition of which any man might be proud.

*Geo.* I am going into my private office. I have

much to do, and will see no one until this afternoon.

(Exit Geo.)

*Ann.* I nearly forgot that I have a quarrel with you.

*Rob.* You can't quarrel with me. Have I offended you?

*Ann.* Yes, indeed.

*Rob.* I apologize. What have I done?

*Ann.* You passed me yesterday without looking at me.

*Rob.* If I had looked at you, I never should have passed.

*Ann.* You excuse yourself so prettily that I cannot take offense.

*Rob.* Then don't.

*Ann.* I won't, but don't let it occur again.

*Rob.* I promise. It is just one year today since I first met you.

*Ann.* I know it.

*Rob.* Had you thought of it?

*Ann.* Yes, why?

*Rob.* Oh, I just wondered.

*Ann.* Is it any more strange that I should remember it than that you should?

*Rob.* Yes, it wasn't so important an event for you as it was for me.

*Ann.* Well, it was important enough to remember.

*Rob.* I am pleased to know that.

*Ann.* I must have been a sight when you first saw me.

*Rob.* You were.

*Ann.* A fright, I mean. I was so provoked to

have a blowout the first time I had ever taken the car for a long drive alone; and more provoked when after an hour's work I had made little or no progress toward changing tires; and most provoked to think that all my trouble was brought about by the intoxication of my chauffeur.

*Rob.* I appeared at the psychological moment.

*Ann.* You did, indeed.

*Rob.* The story of our meeting reads like a page from a novel. Drunken chauffeur; indignant lady; chauffeur discharged; lady drives car alone; tire blows out; lady in distress; passing stranger offers aid; replaces tire; lady grateful; gives stranger position as chauffeur; he holds it eleven months; then through her influence becomes secretary to the Governor of California. Sounds like a romance, doesn't it? Its remarkable.

*Ann.* More remarkable are the far reaching effects.

*Rob.* In what way do you mean?

*Ann.* Your ideas and assistance to the Governor and to me have worked wonders.

*Rob.* Isn't it strange how often events which one had not dared even to hope for, come to pass unexpectedly and by chance?

*Ann.* Yes. Often what seems a trifle—a mere nothing in itself, turns the scale of Fate and changes the trend of a life.

*Rob.* That day surely changed mine. Broken in health from overwork at college, without funds, ordered by the doctor to take a vacation in the open air and to give up my ambition to follow a literary career, I found you in need of a chauffeur. I knew how to drive a car, offered my services, and when



you agreed to let me have the position, it was my salvation.

*Ann.* And it proved the salvation of many others.

*Rob.* Subtract all that I owe to chance, to opportunity, and to you, and but little will remain for which I deserve credit.

*Ann.* Opportunity does not supply generous motives, nor does chance create ability.

*Rob.* You were the inspiration that enlisted talents that otherwise would have lain dormant. I was plunged deep in bitterness that came from believing the ambition of my life could not be realized. You were the star whose bright rays reached me in my gloom—you were the beacon that led me out of the shadows.

*Ann.* It makes me very happy to feel that I have helped you. But you flatter me when you give me so much credit for the fine things that you have done.

*Rob.* It is only the truth. I have said little to you of the great obligation I feel for all that you have done for me, but I do want you to understand how much you are responsible for the very things for which you praise me.

*Ann.* You make me responsible for much. But it is a welcome responsibility. If you have found me an inspiration, it is because I have found an answering inspiration in you.

*Rob.* You have been more than an inspiration to me. I have been driven by a divine power, created by my love for you. I love you. I love you because I must love you. It is not within my power not to love you.

*(Takes her hand.)*

Tell me you are not angry at what I have said.

*Ann.* I am not angry.

*Rob.* May I hope that in time you will learn to love me?

*Ann.* I have already learned that.

*Rob.* And do you love me?

*Ann.* Yes. *(Kiss.)*

*Rob.* Is anything sweeter than the consciousness of true love?

*Ann.* Yes, it is sweeter to know that you love me.

*Rob.* I do love you. And it were but little, could I say how much. It seems as if I have always loved you.

*Ann.* Isn't it difficult to know at what moment love begins?

*Rob.* Yes. It is a thing divine—a gift from Heaven, unswayed by our control. It seizes on us suddenly without giving warning. It cannot be premeditated. The most precious possession that ever comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart.

*Ann.* Your love makes earth a paradise for me, and life most sublimely grand and glorious—It's a mighty solemn thing to get married, isn't it?

*Rob.* Yes, but wouldn't it be more solemn not to? A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in Heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys. How I wish I could tell you of the delight, the joy, the ecstasy, which your love imparts; words fail me—Do you know, I believe the man who invented the English language never was in love.

*Ann.* Why?

*Rob.* He didn't invent any words to express it.

*Ann.* You're a darling. Doesn't that express it?

*Rob.* Splendidly. (*Kiss.*)

(*Curtain*)

## ACT IV

*One week later.*

*(Same as Act III. Nogi dusting vigorously. Enter Lord N.)*

*Lord N.* I see Miss Ann is not here, is she?

*Nogi.* No sir.

*Lord N.* I will wait for her.

*Nogi.* Yes sir. Take a chair.

*Lord N.* I am Lord Nowit.

*Nogi.* Yes sir. Yes sir. Take two chairs. Right away when I know who you are I recognize you. Miss Ann sure be here soon.

*(Enter Ann. Greetings.)*

*Lord N.* How is Gretchen this morning?

*Ann.* She is comfortable and much more calm than she has been since her father's death.

*Lord N.* That is good news, really.

*Ann.* She said she would like to see you after luncheon.

*Lord N.* I am pleased to hear that, indeed I am. You know I must thank you for your extreme kindness to Gretchen. When she heard of the automobile accident by which her father was killed, it was such a frightful shock to her. The dear girl, you know, was left without a relative, and what she needed, really, was just such a friend as you have been to her. I say, Miss Ann, I am very, very grateful to you.

*Ann.* Gretchen has been very brave in her mis-

fortune. She is a wonderful girl.

*Lord N.* Isn't she, though?

*Ann.* No daughter was ever more devoted to a father, than she, although she was so superior to him in every way.

*Lord N.* I observed that very often, and really adored her the more for it.

*Ann.* She never acted toward him as if she felt that he was her inferior.

*Lord N.* It was a very clever idea of yours that I should marry Gretchen. Since our engagement, I have actually grown quite fond of the girl.

*Ann.* I am sure that you will love her and that you will be happy together.

*Lord N.* Aw, yes. Most assuredly.

*(Enter Frank. Greetings.)*

*Fr.* I expected to find Lucille here with you.

*Ann.* No, I left her with Ruth. They will be down later.

*Fr.* I am disappointed. I looked forward to seeing her.

*Lord N.* She is really a most engaging youngster.

*Fr.* You should have heard her spell cat last night.

*Ann.* How did she spell it?

*Fr.* Guess.

*Ann.* K-a-t.

*Fr.* No.

*Lord N.* K-a-t-t.

*Fr.* No.

*Lord N.* C-a-t-t.

*Fr.* No.

*Lord N.* C-a-t-e.

*Fr.* No.

*Lord N.* C-a-a-t.

*Fr.* No.

*Lord N.* Well, then, how did she spell it?

*Fr.* C-a-t.

*Lord N.* Aw, but that is the way one really spells cat, isn't it, now? I feel that it is time for me to be going.

(*Exit Lord N.*)

*Ann.* You are never satisfied unless you can jest at Lord Nowit's expense.

*Fr.* He is such a good subject. He lends himself so readily to a jest.

*Ann.* Many a word spoken in jest sinks deeper than ever was intended or expected and causes unnecessary pain.

*Fr.* Well said, and true. But Lord Nowit causes me a lot of unnecessary pain. Let me give you a painless one on him. The other day he was talking about the servants he expects to have after his marriage to Gretchen; and he said: "Tell me, dear boy, do these Japs they have about the household bathe the dishes?"

Here's another on him. Last Sunday he was suffering from tooth ache, and asked me for medicine to relieve the pain. In the course of the conversation he remarked: "Wouldn't it have been a great blessing to have been born without teeth?" I replied, "Well, weren't you?" His expression was worth traveling miles to see.

He reminds me of something I want to forget.

*Ann.* Well, let's forget him, for the present.

*Fr.* Agreed. There are a few other things I want to forget.

*Ann.* For instance?

*Fr.* I want to forget my misfortunes.

*Ann.* Wouldn't it be better to remember them, and avoid them?

*Fr.* I have tried, and tried. You don't know how hard I have tried, but I can't, here. I am going away from it all. I have been appointed first lieutenant in the Fifth Cavalry and am going to accept it. The regiment has been ordered to the front, and I will leave tomorrow to join it. We will be under fire within a month.

*Ann.* Please, Frank, don't do that; for my sake, don't do that.

*Fr.* It is too late. I have already been appointed.

*Ann.* But you don't have to accept.

*Fr.* Yes, I have decided. Conditions here have become intolerable.

*Ann.* You have made the conditions; you can change them. Be the man that you are. The place to fight it out is here.

*Fr.* You must think me depraved.

*Ann.* No man who shows such love as you have for little Lucille and as you have shown for me, can be quite depraved.

*Fr.* If we were not cousins, I wonder if I might not have won your love.

*Ann.* No, it is not that. We were brought up together. You have been more brother than cousin to me, and I have taken a sister's privilege of scolding you for your sins. With all your faults, I have grown to love you as dearly as any sister could.

*Fr.* But only as a sister. For years I hoped that you might be more than cousin or sister to me.

I remember, on your tenth birthday, some one asked why I did not marry. I said I would if I could find a girl who would have me. You instantly looked up at me and said: "Why, I will marry you. I love you." From that day I have lived in the hope that as a young lady of twenty you would keep that promise. It meant so much to me. You were my ideal in every way. I frequently gave you trifles, and on giving you a ring when you were about twelve, you put your arms around my neck, told me how very much you loved me, and said: "Don't always buy me presents. I would love you just as much anyhow." You did love me until at the age of seventeen, you went away to school. You were gone two years. When you returned, your attitude changed decidedly. You have never been the same to me since that time. You did love me, didn't you, Ann?

*Ann.* I did, very much; and I still do.

*Fr.* But why did you change so?

*Ann.* I changed because I saw that you had changed.

*Fr.* Why, I loved you then even more than before.

*Ann.* The change to which I refer was not in your feelings toward me. Your standard of manhood had changed. When I went away to school, you were clean, high-minded, honorable, respected and ambitious. When I returned, I found you without ambition, drinking, gambling, selfish; a cynic, sneering and scoffing at those qualities which I had admired in you. You had lost your self-respect, and were losing the respect of others.

*Fr.* If you had married me on your return, all



would have been different. You would have saved me.

*Ann.* If a man's innate self-respect does not save him, all the female influence in the universe would not avail.

*Fr.* You have always been sisterly in your frankness, to say the least.

*Ann.* Few persons have the wisdom to prefer censure, which is useful to them, to praise, which deceives them.

*Fr.* Don't censure me now. I am going. Will you kiss me good-bye?

*Ann.* Certainly, but your going distresses me. If you feel that I can be of help to you, stay and give me the privilege. Most of your shortcomings are due to liquor. No habit, custom or practice is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline. You can cease drinking as easily as you can open your hand.

*Fr.* What do you mean?

*Ann.* Simply this. (*Takes glass.*) Whenever you start to raise liquor to your lips, open your hand. (*Opens her hand and glass drops to floor.*)

*Fr.* I can, and I will. Let this be my parting pledge to you,—one that I will not break. Good-bye. (*Kiss.*)

*Ann.* Don't say good-bye. I love you for that promise, and I do believe you will keep it. Make me just one more promise.

*Fr.* What is it?

*Ann.* That you will not join the army.

*Fr.* You are asking too much. Am I too good to serve my country?

*Ann.* No, love of country is a lofty virtue. But

you can better serve it with your life than by your death. And you are too good to commit murder in the name of war.

*Fr.* Murder? Nonsense! You are sentimental. You don't understand.

*Ann.* It is you who do not understand.

“War, cruel war, is only splendid murder;  
One murder marks the assassin's odious name,  
But millions bring the hero into fame.”

*Fr.* You malign all the heroes of the past.

*Ann.* No, no. I would not do that. But times have changed. We have reached that point in civilization where war is no longer necessary.

*Fr.* It is ridiculous to compare a soldier in battle with an assassin. The soldier strikes only for his country; the assassin is the enemy of his country and strikes only for his own sordid ends.

*Ann.* Is death more cruel from the private dagger than in the field visited upon thousands by the hands of thousands?

*Fr.* War is necessary, always has been, and always will be. It is man's nature to fight. A nation is merely a great number of individuals. To a nation, war typifies the same spirit that impels a man to resort to his fists. If one nation infringes upon the rights of another, then must that other nation resort to war to protect itself.

*Ann.* What you say is true of men in a state of barbarism. But in so far as we are removed from barbarism, just so far are we removed from the necessity for war. As courts have taken the place of fighting, to settle individual differences, as well as

differences between cities, counties and states, so an international court can be used to settle all differences between nations.

*Fr.* God created man with this fighting spirit in him. To subdue it, you must change human nature. That is impossible. Until the impossible is accomplished, a court of peace will be impossible.

*Ann.* It is not necessary to change human nature. Human nature does not demand war, with all its passion, hatred, envy and greed; its ravaging and raging; its famine, want and misery. In every man, there is an inborn instinct for fair play. Human nature does not insist that might makes right; but rather, that the weak shall not suffer injustice because of the strength of the mighty. Study history and learn what wonders have been accomplished by arbitration, where right prevails, without sorrow, devastation and death. In this country, more than eighty controversies which might otherwise have led to war between civilized nations, have been settled by arbitration.

*Fr.* "As long as there is injustice in the world, men will make war against it!"

*Ann.* That is true, and for that very reason war will be abolished, because war itself is the greatest injustice and iniquity. "It is the foulest fiend ever loosed from Hell." It enables the strong to tread upon the weak. Its heaviest burdens fall upon those least able to bear them. To the soldier slain in battle, death is the end; but the heavy hand of war oppresses the widow and orphan long after the soldier's requiem is stilled. War proves nothing, save which nation is stronger. It has no relation to justice.

*Fr.* "Wars will not cease as long as men have ambition, pride, love of liberty and courage."

*Ann.* Those are the very things that will make war impossible—true ambition, true pride, true love of liberty, true courage. There is no worthy ambition which does not seek the welfare of mankind. How much better for the human race to enjoy the blessings of peace than to groan under the tortures of war. That pride is false pride which can be gratified in no other way than by grinding the wealth and manhood of a nation in the mills of war, producing a grist of poverty, cripples and death. If you love liberty, you must hate war, because war restrains the liberty of the strong and destroys the liberty of the weak. Courage is only deserving of the name when it stands simply for right and justice. "A valiant and brave soldier seeks rather to preserve one citizen than to destroy a thousand enemies."

*Fr.* Well, suppose a court of peace were established, how could it ever enforce its decrees?

*Ann.* The same spirit which would impel nations to submit to arbitration would impel them to accept the verdict. In the future as in the past, the honor of nations will suffice.

*Fr.* But suppose it didn't?

*Ann.* The united power of all the civilized nations would be behind the court, just as the united force of the people of this state supports the local courts. A rebelling nation would be as helpless as one man rebelling against all his fellow citizens.

*Fr.* War is not a thing to be wished for, and yet it is not an unmixed evil.

*Ann.* It is an unmixed evil. It is all evil. What

good thing comes from it?

*Fr.* It stimulates the manufacture of arms and supplies.

*Ann.* Yes, and of spoiled beef, artificial arms and legs, paper soled shoes, and shoddy army cloth.

*Fr.* The armies and navies give direct employment to thousands and thousands.

*Ann.* Yes, to hundreds upon hundreds of thousands; to millions.

*Fr.* Surely not millions.

*Ann.* Yes. There are about three millions kept under arms year after year.

*Fr.* That makes my argument all the stronger. Then it gives employment to that many millions.

*Ann.* But at whose cost? That of the people, principally the laborers. The present cost of the armies of Europe is over \$500,000,000 per year. The interest on war debts paid by the people is over \$500,000,000 more per year. It has been well said that every workingman in Europe carries on his back a fully equipped soldier or sailor.

*Fr.* I think you have been misinformed. I think those figures are exaggerated.

*Ann.* I obtained them from most reliable sources. But discount them fifty or seventy-five per cent if you like, and the result is nevertheless appalling. "Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I could purchase almost every foot of land upon the globe. I could clothe every man, woman and child in attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I could build a school house on every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole earth. I could build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able pro-

fessors. I could crown every hill with a place of worship. I could support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, of the gospel of peace on earth, good will to men."

*Fr.* Even your preachers of peace on earth would be constantly at war among themselves. It is hard to get one of them to occupy another's pulpit. It is true that the cost of war has been stupendous; but the manifold advancements in human progress which has been achieved on the fields of battle have justified it.

*Ann.* Be that as it may, they have not justified the cost in human life. Do you know how many lives were lost in the Civil War?

*Fr.* No, how many?

*Ann.* More than half a million. The slaughter of every man, woman and child in the whole state of Oregon would be no greater than that wrought by this one war. And yet the catastrophe would not be so horrible, because it would leave no cripples, and would not bring sorrow and anguish to so many different families, as war destroys only vigorous men, most of them the mainstays of families.

*Fr.* Warfare now is not so inhuman as it was formerly. There is not so much bloodshed, the wounded are better cared for, and prisoners are treated more considerately.

*Ann.* With all that, the horrors of war are not sensibly abated.

*Fr.* Well, I am going.

*Ann.* You won't stay?

*Fr.* No.

*Ann.* Nothing I can say or do will prevent you?

*Fr.* Nothing.

*Ann.* Then don't forget the promise you made to Lucille.

*Fr.* What promise?

*Ann.* That if you went to war, you would never kill the father of a little girl like her. You ought not to kill the father of a little boy, either. Also, remember, that brothers, sweethearts, sons and husbands should not be killed.

*Fr.* You have killed the spirit within me. You make it impossible for me to go.

*Ann.* Oh, Frank, truly?

*Fr.* Yes, truly.

*Ann.* Then the spirit within you is not killed, but only awakened.

*Fr.* You are right.

*(Embrace and kiss.)*

*Ann.* That is a noble thing for you to do. I never loved you so much as I do now. *(Kisses Frank. Enter Robert, finds Ann in Frank's arms.)*

*Ann.* Oh, Bob, Frank has promised me that he will not join the army.

*Rob.* Good for you, old man; but why this sudden change?

*Fr.* Ann is responsible for it. Ask her.

*Rob.* You are a wonder, Ann.

*Fr.* She is that. And as I could not win her, there is no other man I would rather see have her than you, Bob. I believe you are worthy of her. You know what that means.

*Rob.* I do. That is a genuine compliment, and I thank you for it.

*Fr.* I must leave you now. Au revoir, but not good-bye.

*Rob.* Before you go, I insist on your returning

the kiss I saw you take from Ann.

*Ann.* My master's voice. Heed it.

*Fr.* Willingly. (*Kiss.*)

(*Frank shakes hands with Robert. Exit.*)

*Rob.* You are a girl of girls. With you to live is not merely to breathe; it is to act. How did you persuade Frank to stay out of the army? You must have hypnotized him.

*Ann.* I just reminded him of his promise to Lucille.

*Rob.* And that did it?

*Ann.* Yes, after all my arguments had failed. By the way we have an invitation to a very elaborate affair which Mrs. Allrich intends giving two weeks from tonight. Do you want to accept?

*Rob.* Just as you please.

*Ann.* The Four Hundred will be there. I guess they can manage to get along without us. Let's not go.

*Rob.* All right. Why is it that the Four Hundred won't mix with the Five Hundred or the Three Hundred much better than oil does with water?

*Ann.* I have often wondered at that. Many are kept in position mainly by their pinnacles of gold. The leaders of society are chosen from those having the highest pinnacles; whether knave or blockhead is of little consequence.

*Rob.* Wonderful leaders they, really slaves to it. Busily engaged in the frivolous work of polished idleness; elevating their heels instead of their minds.

*Ann.* With them it is anything to make time fly.

*Rob.* And in the effort, they divide themselves into two classes—the bores and the bored. They



pursue nothing but pleasure. Their round of life is to play, to eat and to sleep. They profess to love life, yet they squander time, the stuff that life is made of.

*Ann.* I should think such a life of pleasure the most displeasing life in the world.

*Rob.* And the most selfish.

*Ann.* Yes. Few of them ever dream of trying to make the world a better place to live in, or of extending the hand of brotherhood to the needy, the sick, or the fallen.

*Rob.* They may dream of it in dreams that are but dreams. Such thoughts would never enter their minds while awake. They are foreign to the self imposed and all absorbing obligations of high society.

*Ann.* We should not be too severe on the Four Hundred—many give quite liberally of their surplus cash.

*Rob.* Of their surplus cash—well chosen words. Metallic aid; often a small percentage of the surplus given to square themselves; as a balm to their consciences, and to open the gates of Paradise. No heart or soul or spirit is in the gift.

*(Enter Mrs. W. and Ruth. Greetings.)*

*Ann.* Where are Lucille and Junior? I thought that you would bring them both.

*Mrs. W.* We had Lucille, but Frank just stole her from us. The maid took Junior to the park.

*Ann.* I'm disappointed.

*Rob.* So am I. I wanted to congratulate Junior on his second birthday. He's a great chap.

*Mrs. W.* Isn't it wonderful how these little tots endear themselves. Junior is such a mischief, and

so bright; the most perfect little darling ever born. He resembles his father more and more each day. I am so proud of him.

*Ruth.* Then it's because he so resembles his father that he is such a wonder. Think of your daughter.

*Mrs. W.* You know I mean no reflection. You are as proud of the likeness as I am. May it develop in all ways. Night and morning I pray that he may be as good a man as his father. No better was ever created.

*Rob.* That's true. Junior is getting to be quite a chatterbox, isn't he?

*Mrs. W.* Oh, I must tell you what he said to Mrs. Brown this morning. She called, and while there Lucille gave the boy a whistle. He was constantly blowing it and so I said: "Don't blow the whistle till the lady goes." Quick as a flash he went to Mrs. Brown and said: "Lady go. Lady, go." We just screamed. (*All laugh.*)

*Mrs. W.* Where is the Governor?

*Rob.* He will be here soon.

*Mrs. W.* I can't be reconciled to his resignation. It seems a pity for him to give up his office as governor and his chances of being president. It would be a great honor for him, and he in turn would be an honor to the nation. He is the calibre of which presidents should be made. He combines all the manly virtues. He has the heart to conceive the best interests of the people, the understanding to direct, and the power to execute.

(*Enters George. Greetings.*)

*Ruth.* You should have heard the nice speech mother just made about you. She wants to bestow

the presidency upon you.

*Geo.* I guess that is the same office I refused from Gus last week. Having refused his offer, it does not seem right that I should accept it from any one else.

*Mrs. W.* Don't joke. I am serious. You really should be president.

*Geo.* Yours is an opinion common to mothers. Most of them think their boys should be president. We have just probated Gus' will.

*Mrs. W.* Oh, I am just dying to know what he did with his property. Tell us all about it.

*Rob.* Who drew the will?

*Geo.* Judge Marshall. Gus wanted me to draw it, but his desires were so contrary to my ideas of right that I refused.

*Mrs. W.* Did he leave it all to Gretchen?

*Geo.* Well, Gretchen will get most of it if she lives long enough. He creates a trust providing for the accumulation of his fortune for as long a period as the law will permit, and gives Gretchen a very small part of the income each year.

*Ruth.* I wonder why he did that?

*Rob.* He was keen. He knew Gretchen's disposition and her generous impulses and no doubt feared that she would disburse the greater part in much the same way as the Governor and Ann are doing with theirs.

*Mrs. W.* It wouldn't surprise me if Lord Now-it would refuse to marry her under such conditions.

*Ann.* It would surprise me, very much. You don't know Lord Nowit. He is a noble fellow, generous to a fault.

*Geo.* Yes, after the earthquake he tried in half

a dozen ways to help me most substantially, and was highly indignant when I refused to let him. He even wanted to quarrel with me because I wouldn't borrow fifty thousand from him on my note without interest.

*Rob.* He always wants to be in on the ground floor when there is an opportunity to do good. I never met a more sincere man, nor one more modest with his help.

*Ann.* If Lord Nowit had the say, he would want Gretchen to use all the income from her father's estate for philanthropic purposes.

*Ruth.* How strangely he is misjudged. How little his real character is appreciated.

*Rob.* Lord Nowit is the very opposite of Gus. Tell us more about the will.

*Geo.* It is prefaced, "In the name of God, Amen," and it is the most ungodlike document I ever read. He gave \$10,000 to the church, and \$3,000,000 for a monument to himself, to be known as the Geldmacher monument. In the will he gives detailed plans. He takes the Washington monument as a pattern, and proceeds to outdo it. His is to cost twice as much, be two hundred feet higher, all of marble, and very elaborate.

*Rob.* He gives to the hungry a stone.

*Geo.* Yes, and he wants it set up in Golden Gate park, and if permission is refused, then he wants the trustees of his estate to purchase the most suitable acre bordering on the park for that purpose.

*Rob.* The authorities surely will not permit it in the park, and they ought not permit it any place within the city limits. "Those only deserve a monument who have raised themselves a monument in

the heart and memories of men. No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one." If I could prevent the erection of such a monument in any place, I would be tempted to do so.

*Ann.* I wouldn't, dear. The marble will keep merely a cold and sad memory of a man who would otherwise be forgotten, and be a monumental lesson against selfishness. If this monument is erected, nearly all the money will go to pay the wages of workingmen, instead of being hoarded indefinitely with the rest of his millions.

*Rob.* There never was a cloud too dark for you to find its silver lining. A fortunate trait, indeed.

*Ruth.* I wonder if he doesn't realize now that it would have been better for him to have lived rich than to have died rich.

*Rob.* I hope so; otherwise he will be rejoicing in the fact that he beat the inheritance tax, and that the State won't get any part of his fortune.

*Geo.* He was rich with the riches that he neither gave nor enjoyed. But it is not for me to criticize him. He is not here to defend himself. He has passed beyond the mists that blind us here, to face a Judge of infinite wisdom. "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behoves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

(*Curtain.*)











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