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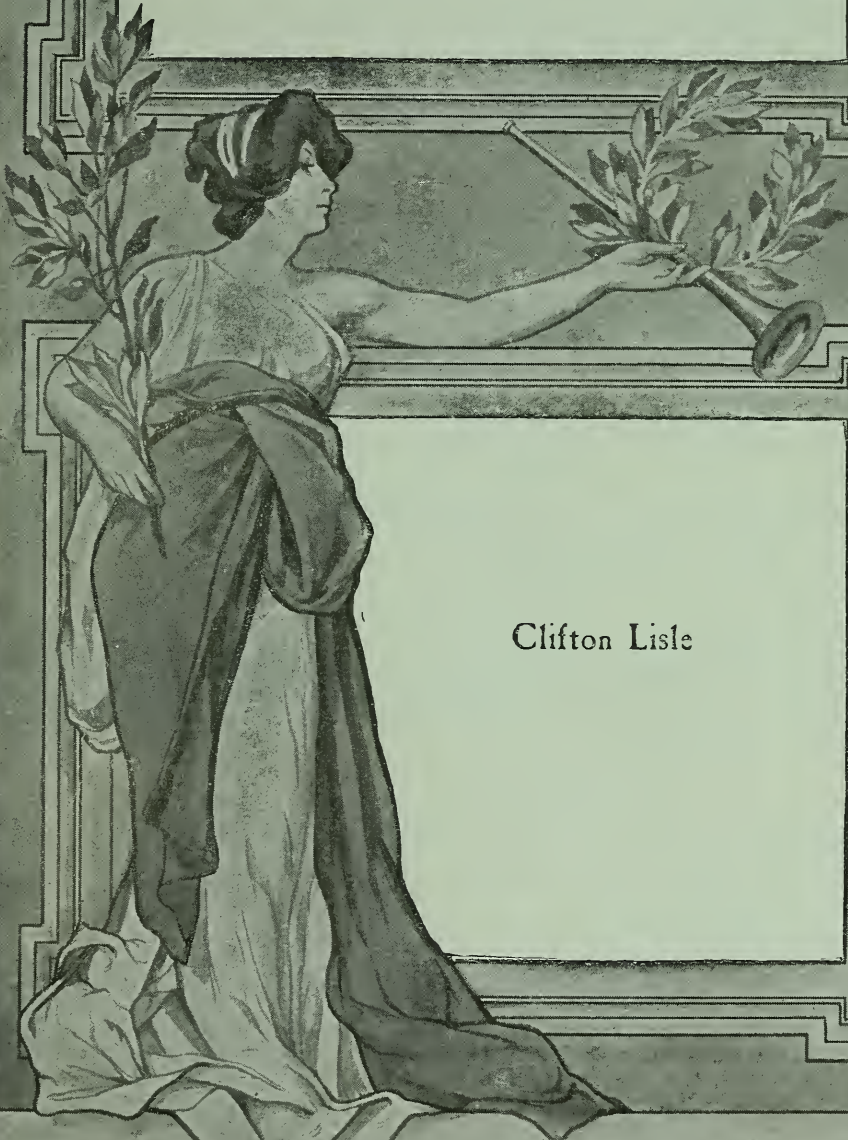
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# A Scout's Honor



Clifton Lisle

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PHILADELPHIA

# A Scout's Honor

*A Play for Boys in One Act*

By

CLIFTON LISLE

*Author of "Fair Play," "The Daniel  
Boone Pageant," etc.*



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1917

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A Scout's Honor

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# A Scout's Honor

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

TOM WINTERS . . . . .	<i>a second class Scout of the Lion Patrol</i>
HARRY BOLTON . . . . .	<i>a tenderfoot Scout of the Wolf Patrol</i>
BILLY PALMER . . . . .	<i>a first class Scout of the Lion Patrol, Tom's great rival for scouting honors</i>
NED SMITH, <i>patrol leader</i>	} . . <i>Scouts of the Lion Patrol</i>
"MONKEY" HORNER	
FRANK RANGER	
"FATS" MCKNIGHT	
JACK HAWKES, <i>patrol leader</i>	} <i>Scouts of the Wolf Patrol</i>
EARL GRENTIN	
"MICKEY" OWEN	
"LANKEY" LEWIS	
DICK SEATON	
MR. HARLEY . . . . .	<i>Scout Master of the Bacton Troop of Boy Scouts</i>

*Other Scouts in the patrols—as desired.*

TIME OF PLAYING.—About forty-five minutes.

## STORY OF THE PLAY

Tom Winters, a second class Scout and Harry Bolton, a tenderfoot, are left in charge of the camp. Tom is jealous of Billy Palmer and thinks he is the Scout Master's favorite. "Billy's his pet!" Tom deserts his duty and goes off for a swim. The Scout Master and the others return. "Who took the bread?" "Fats," the culprit, is pursued and punished. "You've eaten our bread; now you've got to sing. Tune up, dainty little humming-bird." Harry and Billy Palmer go to look for Tom. Billy falls in the lake and Tom rescues him. The boys make a hero of Tom, but he won't have it. "You don't understand, Mr. Harley. You see, I left camp—I deserted. May I start fresh as a tenderfoot?" Mr. Harley's decision: "Take your medicine, Tom, old man, since you want to, and we'll call it quits."

## COSTUMES AND DIRECTIONS

For costumes consult the Official Handbook for Boys, published by the Boy Scouts of America, National Headquarters, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and sold in all bookstores.

The boys wear the regulation scout summer uniform—hat, khaki shirt and shorts, brown stockings and belts, with haversacks, hatchets, scout staves, etc.

Mr. Harley wears regulation Scout Master's uniform—shorts and stockings, if desired.

**THE SCOUT SALUTE:**—The scout salute is executed by bringing the right hand to the forehead as in the regular military salute. The thumb is held upon the nail of the little finger, according to the Official Handbook for Boys.

**THE PATROL CRIES:**—The cry of the Lion Patrol is "Eu-ugh!" The cry of the Wolf Patrol is "How-oooo!"

**THE FIRE-DRILL:**—The fire-drill consists of a bow, drill, fire-pan and tinder. Directions for making fire-drills and their proper use are to be found in the Official Handbook for Boys, as published by National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. Complete fire-drills can be purchased ready-made at National Headquarters, if desired.

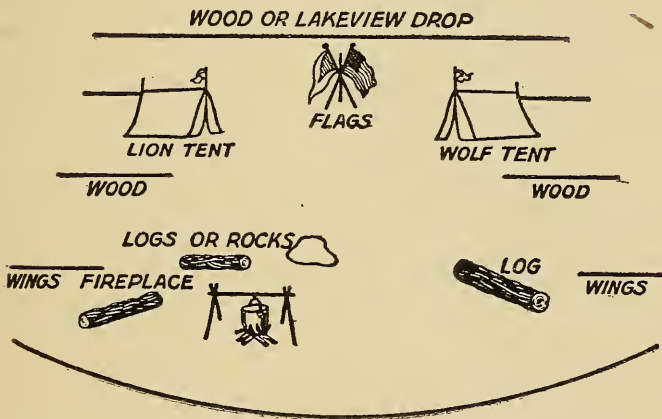
**TENT PITCHING:**—The tents of the Lion and Wolf Patrols can be easily pitched on the stage by the use of half a dozen nails or curtain-cord hooks instead of real pegs. The nails may be driven into the stage or into boards laid on the stage before the performance commences. On setting up the tents, the loops at the bottom need only be hooked over the nails. While this is being done, the Scouts can make a pretense of driving real pegs into the ground.

**THE FIREPLACE:**—The fireplace can be made more effective if it contain real wood ashes among the logs. A good plan is to have an electric light bulb painted red and concealed under the ashes and small sticks. Then when the boy works his fire-drill and begins to get some smoke, the red light may be made to glow among the ashes. This will save the danger of attempting a real fire on the stage and at the same time, if properly done, will produce an effect of the utmost realism.

## PROPERTIES

Two shelter tents. Scout staves, three for each tent and, at least, three to be arranged in a tripod. American flag on staff, scout flag on staff, small drum, bugle, first aid kit. Pair of swimming tights. Pots, pans, mess kits, plates, iron kettle and chain. Bread, cans of beans and a few potatoes. If these costumes and properties are not all available, the boys' usual camping pack and togs will serve as well—jerseys, rough breeches, etc.

## SCENE PLOT







## A Scout's Honor

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SCENE.—*The lakeside camp of the Bacton Troop on the afternoon of their arrival. Wood or lake drop showing distant view. Wood wings. A very satisfactory effect may be had by dressing the stage with bushes and green plants, omitting the drop or substituting a plain green, white or blue curtain for it. Up R., a shelter tent tied in a roll and lying on the ground with staves near by. Up L., a second shelter tent, rolled and with its staves near by. Centre back, a tripod of scout staves with American flag on a longer staff in the midst. The scout flag is set in the group, so that it hangs somewhat below the national colors. From the tripod hang a small drum, a bugle, first aid kit, etc. Down R., small sticks set to represent a "hunter's fireplace." Near by are pans, cooking kits, kettle, etc. Over the fireplace is hung an iron pot. Down R. and L., large logs or rocks placed here and there to serve as rough seats.*

*(The curtain rising discloses TOM WINTERS seated down R. C., and HARRY BOLTON seated down R., both by the fireplace. They are cleaning and polishing cooking utensils by dipping them in the iron pot and burnishing them with coarse cloths.)*

TOM. Say, Harry, call this fun? Hike your legs off getting here, then put to work, while the others have a good time! No swimming or anything. Gee-whiz!

*(Rubs at frying-pan rather lazily.)*

HARRY. Isn't much fun, Tom, you're right. Still, somebody has to guard camp. *(Rubs pot vigorously.)* We'll get all the swimming we want to-morrow, after we've settled down a bit. I say, wasn't Mr. Harley mad when

Billy sneaked off for some milk without asking leave! Mr. Harley said ——

TOM. Was that what the fuss was about? What did he say to Billy? Can him next time, or what?

HARRY. Oh, gave him a talking to. Couldn't hear what he said, but Mr. Harley looked mad enough to bite. Put a handful of wood ash into the pot, Tom; it makes dandy lye to clean the dishes with.

TOM. Same old bluff! Funny we have to stay here, though, like dirty sea-cooks, and Billy free to go with the bunch. That's Mr. Harley's way, all right! Can you beat it? Never saw him really punish his dear Billy yet, did you?

HARRY. Billy Palmer's a pretty good Scout. You know he's ——

TOM. What's the use of being good? A fellow does as he's told and tries to keep the scout law, then look what happens! Has to fool with a lot of dirty pots and pans and stick in camp! No fair, I say!

HARRY. Isn't any fun. Wonder when they'll be back? Billy said they'd bring a spread for sure. He said ——

TOM. Billy Palmer's the guy that ought to be here 'stead of us! He does what he likes and gets made a first class, while I do as I'm told and get all the dirty work. Bet you the gang's in swimming this very minute! Mr. Harley, too. No favorites, eh! No, I guess not.

*(Rises and goes up L., looking off.)*

HARRY. You wouldn't say that to Mr. Harley. You ——

TOM *(coming down c.)*. Course I wouldn't. Think I'm nutty? Mr. Harley's falling over himself all the same trying to keep his dear Billy near him. With nothing but Billy this and Billy that, I'm sick of the whole mess. Good mind to quit scouting, anyway! *(Goes L.)*

HARRY *(rising)*. Oh, come off. Billy's a good Scout! That's why Mr. Harley likes him. First class ahead of you, Tom, and look how small he is! Guess he is his pet, though.

TOM. Course he's his pet! That's why he's a first class ahead of me. Always grinding at something or other. Gee-whiz! I wonder how he ever had enough pep to sneak off this afternoon? Guess he thought Mr. Harley wouldn't say much.

HARRY. Made a mistake, if he did. Mr. Harley laid into him good and heavy.

TOM. Just to impress us. I see through all that. Suppose I had just slipped off on the sly?

HARRY. Then you'd have caught it instead of Billy, that's all.

TOM. Oh, yes. I know how it would be if he caught me. Old Man Harley'd get solemn as a hoot owl and say that every time I broke the scout law it hit the troop even more than it did me. Same old bluff!

HARRY. Well, it would hurt the troop, you know, Tom. I'm not a sissy, but all the same what's the use of having a law and oath if we don't live up to them? Billy Palmer —

TOM. So you've hit the sawdust trail, too, have you, Hal? Well, all tenderfoots have to do it sooner or later. You'll get over it by and by. I did.

HARRY (*down c.*). I haven't hit any trail, but I do think scouting means something besides having fun. Mr. Harley says that —

TOM (*down L.*). Hal, you sure do get my 'goat! So you're another Harley's darling? Wings sprouted yet?

HARRY (*going R., rubbing at the pan he holds*). You certainly have some sense of humor, Tom. Keep it up! You will soon be almost as funny as Fats McKnight!

TOM (*going c.*). May be funny, but I'm not a fool! Don't let Mr. Harley put it over on you, Hal, with the sister Susie, mollycoddle sort of guff! Afraid to smoke now, I suppose? Not even corn-silk? Can you —

HARRY. No, I'm not afraid to smoke, but I don't intend to do it.

TOM. Bolton, you're a quitter, that's what you are. A quitter! So long! (*Starts up L.*) I'm going swimming. I'm —

HARRY. Oh, no, you're not! Mr. Harley said we were to take charge of camp and not stir till he came back. Quitter yourself!

TOM (*turning and facing HARRY*). Go easy there! Don't get too flip, you tenderfoot! Seeing how sanctified you are, you won't mind finishing this stuff? Doing your little good turn daily — (*Looks off L.*)

HARRY (*going c.*). You don't dare leave this camp! Mr. Harley said especially —

TOM (*up L.*). Don't dare, is it? Well, smarty, I do dare! You can't stop me or Mr. Harley, either! I'll show —

HARRY (*down C.*). You mean you'll quit on duty, you'll —

TOM. I mean I'll do as I like. I'm not a sissy like you or a pet like Billy Palmer! Ta! Ta! (TOM *crosses to Lion tent, up R., and picks up a pair of bathing tights. Turns once more toward HARRY.*) Take good care of everything, tenderfoot, while I'm gone! You'll tell on me, of course, for a Scout is loyal and must go back on his friends! Great dope to squeal on a chum, believe me!

HARRY (*down C.*). You're deserting, Tom, I suppose you know that? The law says —

TOM. You're as bad as Billy Palmer with your everlasting preaching about the law says this and the oath says that. You give me a pain!

(*Exit up R., whistling defiantly.*)

HARRY (*going up L. C. and calling off*). Don't be a fool, Tom. You know you can't go! Come back and show a little sense, can't —

(TOM *reënters up R.*)

TOM. Can't go, eh? What's to stop me going? You?

HARRY (*up L. C.*). Keep your shirt on, you gump! You talk like a teapot! The fellows are working just as hard as we are, lugging all that stuff up from the village. Harder, I should say. If you go, you're crazy. It means you'll get the sack for sure! You know the rules!

TOM (*up R. C.*). Hang the rules! I said I —

HARRY. Then what did you work so hard to be a second class for, if you are going to chuck it all? Be a sport, Tom! Mr. Harley hates a quitter, and that's just what you are, if you leave now. You're a —

TOM (*stepping to the flags up C., and tapping lightly on the drum*). When I say a thing, I generally mean it. Get that? I said I was going and I am. I don't care shucks for the Scouts and I —

HARRY. You're a fine example of loyalty.

TOM. You poor fish, none of the big fellows keep the law behind his back! Didn't you know that? How about



a swim now? I won't tell. Come on! He won't ever know!

HARRY (*coming down L.*). I'm not going to leave this camp, and you know it! Mr. Harley left us in charge and I'm going to stick! I'm not playing crooked and that's just what you —

TOM (*coming down L. C. toward HARRY, as if to fight*). Take that back! Do you hear? Take that back or I'll —

HARRY. No, I won't take it back, either, and you can't make me! You big bully! You agreed to the scout oath of your own accord and now you boast that you break it! What's that but being crooked, I'd like —

TOM. Say that again and I'll smash your head!

HARRY. I can't help it. It's true! You're lots bigger than I am, Tom, but I'm not afraid of you, not the least bit, I'm not. You're a rotten Scout, that's what you are, if you go off and leave camp against the rules. That's deserting, that's a quitter's —

TOM. So I'm a liar, eh? Rotten, am I? You little spy! We'll settle this later! I'm going now before it gets too late. You low-down —

HARRY. You're not going to leave this camp!

TOM. I'm not? Hoighty-toighty!

HARRY. No, you're not. I'll —

TOM. We'll see about that, you little squealer! That's all he left you here for, anyway—to keep tab on —

HARRY. Who's squealing? I'm not! Can't you see we're on duty? I'll lick you if you try to go! Can't you —

TOM. You'll lick me, will you? Suppose you try? You and Billy Palmer are some Scouts—telling tales and getting Mr. Harley to make first class Scouts out of you.

(*Pushes HARRY.*)

HARRY. That's a lie! You know it —

TOM. What! (*Springs at HARRY and strikes him. They fight and HARRY is knocked down.*) Stop me, would you? Learn whom you're trying to tackle, kid, before you sling that word around so free and easy! Now run and tell.

(*Exit TOM up R., whistling defiantly. HARRY gets up, rubbing his jaw.*)



HARRY (*going up R. and calling after TOM*). You'll be sorry! You big bully, you! (*Shakes his head and returns down C., pausing a moment to blow softly into the bugle, then comes down R., sits and commences his cleaning, speaking to himself as he rubs his jaw.*) Gee! Doesn't much pay to interfere, even if he didn't hit half as hard as he could! Guess it wasn't any of my business, anyway. (*Stops work; goes up L.; looks off; listens a moment.*) Poor fish! (*Looks off R.*) Canned this time, all right. The troop's coming back already! He's hardly reached the water yet. My eye! Tom sure is some jealous of Billy Palmer! (*Comes down R.*)

(*Distant shouts are heard off L., then singing, slowly growing louder.*)

THE TROOP (*heard singing off L., to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."*)

"There was a farmer had two sons,  
And these two sons were brothers,  
Bohunkus was the name of one,  
Josephus was the other's."

(*Enter the troop, L., still singing, MR. HARLEY in their midst attempting to beat time with his hands, though carrying a large armful of fire-wood.*)

THE TROOP.

"Now these two boys had suits of clothes,  
That were for wear on Sunday,  
Bohunkus wore his all the week,  
Josephus his on Monday."

(*The troop stop singing with a shout and scatter about the camp. Some pile wood near the fireplace, others open the haversacks and take out loaves of bread, cans of beans, etc. Some begin to unroll the two tents preparatory to setting them up. MR. H. begins to chop wood.*)

MR. H. (*coming down C.*). Hullo, Harry, camp all right?

HARRY. Yes, sir! (*Salutes.*)

MR. H. (*acknowledging salute*). Good! Now then, Monkey Horner, where are you? Shake a leg! Thought you wanted to know how to use an axe properly? Hey,

Monkey, get a wiggle on you! I can't wait here all night. Monkey Horner!

MONKEY HORNER (*crawling about near the Lion tent*). Coming, sir, coming, fast as I can, but I can't find my tights! Left them right here by the tent roll. Somebody's hooked them! (*Salutes MR. H.*)

MR. H. (*acknowledging salute*). Never mind the tights! Can't chop wood with tights. Axes are what we mostly use in Bacton Troop!

(MONKEY comes down R. Members of troop busy R. and L., leaving C. of stage clear.)

MONKEY. I'm ready, sir. Fire away! Oh, let me show you, will you? Billy Palmer told me how.

(*Takes axe and cuts wood, MR. H. correcting him from time to time. As he works, MONKEY sings softly, as to himself.*)

“Now these two boys a-courting went,  
Upon a lady fair,  
Bohunkus sat upon the floor,  
Josephus took a chair.”

NED SMITH (*hunting L. and down L.*). Say, you Lions, what the deuce have you done with the bread? I can't find it anywhere. Seen anything of it, Frank?

FRANK RANGER (*up R.*). Search me, Ned, not a crumb, I haven't. I lugged the beans. Trust yours truly to bring home the bacon! Heavy they were, too. Enough to sink a ship. Fats better not eat any, then go swimming!

(MR. H. goes L.)

FATS MCKNIGHT (*up C.*). Ain't that funny! Ha! Ha! (*Comes down C.*) Say, you guys think you're awful smart, don't you? Bet I can float when you'll sink! In fresh water, too!

HARRY. }  
FRANK. } Course you can! Too fat to sink!

NED. All fat people float. They're full of blubber, you know, like whales!

MONKEY (*stopping work for a moment*). Some whale you are, Fats! Glad we pitched camp well above the water mark. We'd be drowned for sure, if you went in, the water would rise so high! Good-night!

FATS. Ain't that funny! (*Sarcastically.*) Ha! Ha! You almost make me crack a rib, you're all so smart!

MR. H. (*down L.*). Quit your kidding, fellows, and get some work done. It'll be dark the next thing and nothing ready. Hey there, Ned, and you, Jack, why don't you both tend to business and get the tents up? What's our motto for, anyway?

FATS. Be Prepared—(*aside*) to eat!

(*Goes stealthily up C., opens his coat and takes out loaf of bread. Unseen by the others, he sits down near the flags and munches away with great signs of enjoyment.*)

NED. Just was going to. Give a fellow a chance, Mr. Harley.

MONKEY (*chopping and singing*).

“Now these two boys to the theatre went,  
Whenever they saw fit,  
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,  
Josephus in the pit.”

(*The Scouts of each patrol unroll the shelter tents and set about putting them up by means of three staves to each tent. While working, Scouts may pass off stage and on again.*)

LANKEY LEWIS (*up L.*). Hey there, Ned, I have some bread. Trade you a hunk for a piece of cake? Be a good patrol leader. Don't let your Lions starve! Where's the peg for this rope got to?

MICKEY OWEN (*L.*). No! me, Ned, me first! I was just going to ask the very same of you this minute! Wasn't I, Dicky?

DICK SEATON (*L., taking up a can of beans*). Hand me the can opener, can't you, Mickey? Yes, the can opener, of course! What do you suppose I'd open this with?

MICKEY (*sweetly*). Sure, Dicky, me laddy buck, I thought perhaps ye'd use the foine thin edge of your timper! It's that sharp. Here's your peg, Lankey.

EARL GRENTIN (*L.*). That's a good one, Mickey! You hit him there all right! Now, Seaton, you'll be good, I hope. Open the can with the foine thin edge of your timper! Mickey, me darlin', ye're a genius.

NED (*R., searching here and there in haversacks, etc.*).

Where has the bread got to? It must be in camp somewhere. Quit fooling, fellows, it's getting late. Can't you even get the tent up?

(*Exit up R.*)

JACK HAWKES. The Wolves have theirs all right. One good thing. Hey, Earl, ask Mr. Harley for his axe, will you, when Monkey's done using it? I fen the axe next, Mr. Harley! Our tent is almost ready except for the pegging.

MR. H. Righto! In just a minute, Jack. Where's Billy Palmer?

BILLY (*coming down, saluting*). Here. How's Monkey doing with his axe work?

MR. H. (*acknowledging salute*). Pretty fair. He's —

MONKEY (*ending his singing*). "In the pit." Say, Billy, I've passed all right! Now I only need cooking and I'll be a second class. How long did it take you? Not long, I bet!

MR. H. Hold your horses there, Monkey! I only said I'd give you a chance to pass in the morning. You'll flunk out most probably, you know.

MONKEY (*down R.*). Same thing as to-night, sir! Good as passed already.

BILLY. Don't fool yourself! Wait and see what he makes you do!

MONKEY (*down R.*). Oh, I should worry! Can't catch me on knife and hatchet, no siree bob! Besides, you coached me, so if I flunk, you're to blame! See, Mr. First Class Scout, Billy Palmer? That'll take some of the conceit out of you!

MR. H. All right, Monk, that'll do. Now go help Ned find the Lions' bread. I hear them roaring about it. Maybe you had better help with the tents, though. Hurry them up!

MONKEY (*saluting and going up R., singing*).

"Now these two boys they came to die,  
May their bones lie in rest.  
Bohunkus died of cholera,  
Josephus by request."

FATS (*up C., aside*). There's a time to fight and a time to run. Guess I'll get a move on or mine'll be by request!

(Exit FATS, L., on hands and knees, stuffing bread into his mouth. The other Scouts finish putting up the tents and begin to fix them for the night.)

(Enter NED up R.)

NED (still looking for the bread). Say, you Lions, roar a bit! It may scare up the bread. Got that tent up yet? That's the stuff!

(The Lions roar, giving their patrol cry.)

JACK (up L.). Wolves! The Lions roar after their bread. Let's show 'em how to make a real noise. One, two, three!

(The Wolves give their patrol cry.)

MR. H. (down c.). Billy, here a minute. I've something —

FRANK (up c.). Tally-ho! Gone away! I've hit the trail! I've —

SCOUTS. Where? Who? etc.

FRANK (up c.). Fats has hooked the bread! See the crumbs here by the flags! Oh, the blubber hog! He's eaten it all by now, I bet!

NED (L.). Dead or alive! My cake to the fellow who gets him! All out for the Fats chase! The cake to the winner!

JACK. The Wolves'll help! Roar, fellows! (Wolves roar.) Wolves are better trackers than Lions any day! Hurrah for Ned's cake!

(The Scouts drop their work about the tents and rush to FRANK up C.)

MR. H. (down R., blowing whistle). Not so loud! nobody's deaf! What's up?

SCOUTS (shouting). Fats McKnight!

(They all rush down C. and L.)

LANKEY. Dead or alive!

MR. H. Fats has made off with the bread, has he? Serves you right for teasing him. Hey, Ned, you try to catch him—and you, Mickey. Only you two, mind! The rest of you fellows get to work! Make it snappy! Now



then, cooks for to-night, see to the grub! Signalers, practice a bit before supper! We'll watch the soldiers signaling in the morning over at the post across the lake. They'll show us a wrinkle or two, I bet!

*(Exeunt, up L., NED and MICKEY, saluting MR. H., as they follow FATS' trail of crumbs.)*

LANKEY. That's no fair! Fats has the bread and Mickey'll get the cake!

MR. H. Lankey, you practice first aid bandaging on Monkey Horner for a while. It'll take your mind off your supper a bit!

HARRY (R.). Shut up! Get to work, Lankey!

DICK (L.). Not for you, Harry, he won't. You're not his patrol leader!

JACK *(coming down L. C.)*. Well, I am, Dick. Does that suit you? Come on, fellows, do as Mr. Harley says.

*(During following dialogue two Scouts set about collecting the food from the haversacks, etc. Another pokes at the fireplace and starts to work at his fire-drill to produce a flame from friction.—If a real fire be possible on the stage, so much the better.—Four Scouts go to the rear and send messages to each other, using their arms as semaphore signals. LANKEY and MONKEY practice various bandaging stunts with large triangular bandages, splints, etc.)*

BILLY *(coming down C.)*. That's the talk, Jack! *(Salutes.)* You said you wanted me, Mr. Harley. I'm cookee to-night, helping Harry Bolton, you know.

MR. H. *(down R., acknowledging salute)*. Oh, yes, Billy, I was forgetting. It's about the signal tower. You can go the semaphore over forty a minute. It's only fair you should be in charge of the signalers. Those four are doing pretty well! *(Points to the Scouts, who are sending messages to each other.)* Let's have a look at the saplings for the scaffolding.

BILLY. I'm supposed to be getting supper with Harry. He's cook and I'm cookee. Could Tom Winters go? He's mighty good at signaling.

MR. H. All right; that's good, Billy. Stick to your work. I'd have asked Tom in the first place, only I was afraid he might be too tired. That's why I left him in

camp while we went for the grub this afternoon. Tom'll do very well. Hey there, Tom! Rested yet? Tom Winters! Anybody know where Tom's got to? Sneaked off with Fats' trailers, I bet. Must have been awfully tired! You'll do, Grentin. Let Dick cut the Wolves' bread. Three can signal all right. Come along. We'll pick out the trees and be back in five minutes. Keep at it, fellows! Get that head bandage on right, Lankey, while you're at it!

(BILLY sits on log down L.)

EARL (*up L., saluting*). Righto! Here, Dick, take the knife. Catch! Don't maul it all up that way, Holy Mike! Cut it nice and even, like I was doing—with the foine thin edge of your timper, if you want to! It's sharper than any knife. Ha! Missed me that time!

(*Exeunt L., MR. H., and EARL, R., the latter dodging a piece of crust thrown at him by DICK, who has stopped signaling and begun to cut the bread into rough hunks.*)

DICK. Never hear the end of that joke, I guess. Some humor, Mickey has! Punch him in the slats pretty soon!

(*Sits down L. and cuts bread. HARRY comes down L. and joins BILLY. They sit on log down L., a pail of potatoes between them.*)

BILLY. Want any help, Harry, with the 'taters? You're boss; what'll I do?

HARRY. Why, sure, Billy! Pitch in, if you want to.

BILLY. Righto! Sling me a few.

(*They peel potatoes.*)

HARRY. Say, Billy, is it hard to be a first class Scout?

BILLY. What do you mean, Hal? Naturally, you've got to work some to get there.

HARRY. Oh, I know that all right; but is it hard to do all the extra stuff? Mr. Harley's always telling you to do this, that or the other.

BILLY. Well, it does mean work. But it's fun to get ahead. That's why Mr. Harley gives me so much to do. Guess you fellows think I'm his pet, don't you? Eh?

HARRY. Oh, no, we don't. That is, leastways, I don't.

I —

BILLY. Yes, you do, Harry, old top. I see how you feel. Don't crawl!

HARRY. I'm not trying to crawl. I'm only ——

BILLY. Oh, yes, you are. You think I'm his pet, all right. So does Tom Winters. He's jealous as a June bug! Mad because we kept so even as tenderfoots and second class till I got a wee bit ahead as a first class. Poor simp! He's as quick at signaling and can beat me in most all athletics! Still he's jealous!

HARRY. Guess he is, a little bit. Awful temper, too!

*(Rubs his jaw.)*

BILLY. Sure, he is. He thinks I'm Mr. Harley's pet because I have to work twice as hard as he does. Tom's all right, but he'd be a lot better liked if he weren't so surly at times. Chuck me another 'tater, Hal. Thanks! Tom should worry! Why, he'll be a first class in no time and beat me hollow at merit badges! Still he's awful sore at me now. I can't help it!

HARRY. Say, Billy, I'm a bit worried about Tom. He's not running after Fats, you know.

BILLY. He isn't?

HARRY. No. We scrapped a bit and he left camp just before you fellows came back with the grub. Not two minutes before. Guess he must have heard you singing and got scared. He's been gone more than half an hour now. Wonder where he is?

BILLY. Where he is? Didn't he say why he left? Not gone swimming? What? I hope ——

HARRY. I didn't ask him. He cracked me one on the jaw and left, the big bully! But he's not chasing Fats, I know that much!

BILLY. What did he say? What was the trouble about? You must ——

HARRY. I'd hate to tell on him. But something may be wrong. He's been gone an awful long time.

BILLY. Bet he's swimming, and you know all about it! Why didn't you report to Mr. Harley or Ned?

HARRY. I'm no peacher, squealing on a fellow. What do you take me for, anyway? A Scout is loyal!

BILLY *(rising)*. Loyal to what? To Tom? How about the troop? You're a fine Scout!

HARRY *(rising)*. I don't know what is the right thing

to do, Billy, honest I don't. I know I should think of the troop, but all the same it's a dirty trick to squeal on a fellow. Tom called me a sneak, but I'm not one, so I've kept mum. I've ——

BILLY. Reporting on duty isn't squealing. Besides, Tom hit you! You should have told. You should have ——

HARRY. Hit me? What the deuce has that got to do with it? Think I'd tell that! Guess you're right about reporting the deserting, though. I didn't see it just like that before. Squealing's a low, mean trick, I say, duty or no duty!

BILLY. Being a Scout isn't the easiest thing in the world, and you ought to have reported whether you liked the job or not. Tom deserted while on duty!

HARRY (*looking off R.*). Here comes Mr. Harley now. Guess I'll have to tell him about Tom.

BILLY. Get the idea you're squealing out of your head, Hal. You're only helping the troop.

(*Enter MR. H. and EARL, R. MR. H. comes down R.*)

EARL. All right, sir, I'll chop the two lower ones first thing in the morning. Billy Palmer can take the other two.

(*Salutes and joins the other Scouts, L. HARRY goes R.*)

MR. H. (*acknowledging salute*). I think they'll do all right. Hullo! Hal, what do you want? Finished the potatoes?

HARRY (*saluting*). Almost, Mr. Harley. Mr. Harley, can I hunt up Tom Winters? He's not chasing Fats. It's most supper time. Can I?

MR. H. May you? Will you hurry right back?

HARRY. May I? I'll be right back.

BILLY (*coming C. and saluting MR. H.*). I'll go, too, if you don't mind, Mr. Harley. We won't be long. Just find Tom and be back in a jiffy. He must be wandering about somewhere near.

MR. H. All right. I see the potatoes are finished. Hustle off now, and as you go, tell Ned and Mickey to quit mauling Fats. They've caught him, it seems.

BILLY. Righto!

HARRY. Thanks, Mr. Harley! Come on, Billy, beat it!



(*Exeunt HARRY and BILLY, R., saluting MR. H. as they go. MR. H. down R.; sits by the fireplace.*)

JACK (*saluting*). Is it time to begin cooking, Mr. Harley? The grub is all ready.

DICK (L., *showing hunks of bread*). Never saw bread cut like that before, did you, Mr. Harley?

MR. H. Never did, Dick, that's a fact!

(*Scouts stop signaling, first aiding, etc. Come down and gather round.*)

LANKEY. I'm hungry as a bearcat, and hollow as a kettle-drum! Bandaging is hard work. What did you cut it with, Dicky, a knife or the foine thin edge of your timper?

DICK. Shut up, Lankey, before I make you!

EARL. You should see the trees for the signal tower, Jack. There's one hickory —

FRANK. Anybody lend me a knife?

MONKEY. Here's mine, Frank. Sharp as an icicle on the Fourth of July! How's this head bandage, Mr. Harley? Triangular, you know. (*Shows bandage.*)

MR. H. Pretty good, Monkey. Might be a bit more smooth, though. Here they come with Fats!

(*Enter NED and MICKEY, L., dragging FATS by the collar. His mouth is full of bread. They bring him down c.*)

NED (*saluting*). Caught in the act! What'll we do with him, Mr. Harley?

MICKEY (*saluting*). I grabbed houl't of his hind leg first! The cake is mine by all right, isn't it, Mr. Harley? I got to him first.

LANKEY. 'Told you so! It should have been mine.

NED. It's Mickey's! Hey, fellows, what'll we do to Fats?

SCOUTS (*shouting*). Duck him in the lake! Put him on bread and water for a week! Give him the paddles! Make him sing us a song!

(*Scouts form a line and put FATS through the paddles, amid frantic cheers.*)

MR. H. That's all right now! He's had enough!  
(*From here to speech of HARRY, on page 23, beginning,*



"*Help! Quick!*" may be omitted, if preferred.) Make him pay the rest by singing a song! Stop the paddles, fellows, that's enough!

NED. All right! Get up, Fats! You've eaten our bread, now you have to sing! Tune up, dainty little humming-bird! Sing well, or we'll paddle you more!

JACK. Short and sweet, tom-tit, we're hungry. Make it snappy!

LANKEY. Let him swallow first or he'll choke. Can't you see he's full of bread?

MONKEY. Don't be bashful, little warbler! Don't blush behind the ears! In love? Don't mumble your words!

EARL. Sing sweetly, child, or (*chanting*) "In the water you shall go, you shall go, you shall go, in the water you shall go, you ——"

FATS. Shut up, you fellows! What'll I sing? Must I, Mr. Harley?

MR. H. Surely, Fats. You stole the bread, you must pay the piper.

FATS. Oh, well, I got the bread, anyway. That's the main thing! Here goes! (*Sings in a high, shrill voice contrasting with his great bulk.*)

"There was a farmer had two sons,  
And ——"

SCOUTS (*interrupting him with cat-calls and shouts*). Get the hook! Can it! Something new! Duck him! Paddle him! Listen to the nightingale! Get the hook!

MR. H. (*sitting on log, down L.*). Quit, fellows! Quit, I say! Go on, Fats! You'll be a Caruso yet!

FATS. Give a fellow a chance, can't you! (*Sings.*)

"Now these two boys they joined the Scouts,  
And worked to lick creation,  
Bohunkus kept the first aid kit,  
Josephus cooked the ration!"

(*Shouts of applause from MR. H. and the Scouts, rattle of pans, etc.*)

SCOUTS. Go to it! Yea, Fats! Fats! Fats! Hurrah for the poet! Yea, Fats!

FATS (*singing*).

“Now these two boys they took some tests,  
And passed them in the summer,  
Bohunkus was a bugling Scout,  
Josephus was a drummer!”

SCOUTS (*amid great cheering and laughter*). Best ever, Fats! Keep her rolling! Go to it!

MR. H. That's all right, Fats! Go on!

FATS. That's all I've done so far. Give you more to-morrow!

NED. Bully for you, old Fats, me darling! I never thought you had it in you! How the deuce did you make them up?

MICKEY (*dropping his cake and slapping FATS on the back*). I said the Irish in ye would out regardless! The paddling brought it out!

MONKEY. You done noble, Fats! You sure done noble!

(*Shouts heard off R. Enter HARRY, breathless. Comes down R.*)

HARRY. Help! Quick! Billy's drowned! Oh, Mr. Harley, Tom Winters —

MR. H. What's that? Where? Who did you say?

(*MR. H. jumps up, unbuttoning his coat. Scouts drop their work and gather round.*)

HARRY. Billy Palmer! He fell off the landing into deep water! Tom went right —

MR. H. (*throwing off coat*). Come on, fellows! Quick! Harry, get a blanket and follow us! Ned, you make a coat stretcher! You help him, Earl! Did you try artificial —

(*Exit MR. H., up R. Scouts follow, except HARRY and FATS.*)

HARRY. Hey, there! Fats! Don't you run, too! Help me find a blanket, can't you! Unroll that pack!

FATS. Drowned, is he? Gee-whitaker! I'm going to run see!

(*Exit, up R., panting.*)

HARRY. That's a nice trick! Can't you help a fellow? Hey, Fats, I say! (*Rushes about, grabs a blanket from a roll and starts to follow the others. Shouts and loud talking are heard in the wings, up R. Enter Scouts, R., all talking at once. MR. H. and TOM are supporting BILLY on either side. BILLY and TOM have wet and bedraggled hair, as if just come from the water.*) How is he? Here are a couple of blankets! (*Throws them around TOM and BILLY. If this be done just as they appear on the stage, the uniforms need not be wet, as they will be well hidden by the folds of the blanket.*) Can I help any, Mr. Harley?

MR. H. That's the stuff! Easy now, Billy. Feeling better? Here, lie down, that's the boy. (*BILLY, coughing, lies down by fire, R.*) Say, Ned, get me some ammonia from the kit, quick, will you?

NED. Yes, sir! Half a teaspoonful in a cup of water? Gee! I'm sorry, Billy.

TOM. All right, Billy, old man, just a moment! I'll slip this haversack under your head. More comfortable? You'll be fit as a fiddle in a little while.

DICK. Holy Mike! He looks sick! We met Tom helping him.

MICKEY. Ye're looking foine, Billy, boy.

LANKEY. Say, did he try to bite you, Tom, when you grabbed him in the water? They most always do. What did he do, Harry?

MR. H. Hurry up, Ned, can't you find the ammonia? Don't be all night about it!

JACK. Here, take mine! (*Hands cup.*) Come, Billy, you'll be all right in a minute. Take this.

EARL. There's too much water in it. That'll do him no good. Wonder if he's hurt much inside?

FRANK. Want to give it to him raw and burn his mouth off! Learn your first aid, you poor simp, before you try any of it on me.

MONKEY. Here, Tom, take my coat. You're all soaking wet! How did it happen anyway?

TOM. No, thanks, Monkey, the blanket does fine. Why, Billy fell in and I yanked him out. Wasn't anything to it.

MR. H. Feeling any better, Billy?

BILLY (*sitting up and coughing a little*). Thanks, fellows, I'm fine! (*Coughs.*) Don't make such a fuss. Let me be, can't you? I'm all right.

MR. H. Rest a bit longer. Don't try to talk, Billy, just yet. It only makes you cough more.

BILLY. Where's Tom? Say, Harry, where's Tom Winters? (*Coughs.*) I've something to say to him.

MR. H. Take it easy, Billy. Lots of time! Hey, there, you other Scouts, get after supper!

(*The troop busy themselves getting plates, etc., from the haversacks. They whisper excitedly as they work.*)

TOM. Here I am. What can I do, Billy, old cheese? Gee-whiz! You're a game one!

HARRY. He sure is! How do you feel now, Billy?

BILLY. I'm all right, thanks. I'm feeling fine! Look here, Tom, I've something I've—got to say to you (*coughing*), but I—I can't seem able to put it right. (*Coughs.*) I can't—I want—oh, say, Tom, you know how I feel, don't you? I just——

TOM. Shucks, Billy! Forget it! I understand. You'd do the same, first chance you got.

MR. H. Go easy, Billy, old chap!

BILLY. All right, Tom, I'll not say any more about it, but, believe me, I feel a lot! I—I—you might have been drowned getting me out! I hope you——

MR. H. I think Tom understands, Billy. You needn't say any more. How did it happen, anyway? How did you come to be away from camp, Tom?

TOM. You see, Mr. Harley, I was mad at Billy's getting ahead of me to that confounded first class badge, he's so much smaller. That started it. Then it seemed as if this afternoon was about all I could stand, me left in camp and Billy going with you to the village. I was just a sore-head, so I hooked it.

MR. H. You deserted camp before I came back? You——

TOM. Yes, Mr. Harley, I guess I did. Just that. I hid by the lake and watched the soldiers over at the fort.

MR. H. Humph! (*In a louder tone.*) You left camp, you say, because you were angry at Billy? Thought I had favored him? Is that the trouble?

TOM. Well, yes, sir, that's just it. Looked as though I was doing all the dirty work.

MR. H. I see. Humph! The mistake was mine. Know why I left you here?

TOM. No. I thought it was because you liked Billy ——

MR. H. Not at all. I'll tell you why. Just because I saw you were all in and needed a rest. You never thought of that, did you, old man?

TOM. Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Harley! I never ——

MR. H. The fault was mine, but you should have had more sense, Tom! Now how about Billy's rescue? I haven't got that clear yet.

TOM. Oh, that wasn't anything. Billy and Harry came down to the lake looking for me, and Billy slipped off the landing, where it was deep. I was hiding to see what they would do. I pulled him out. That's all. Harry helped a lot.

BILLY. Oh, Mr. Harley, it wasn't like that at all! I grabbed him and fought him and pulled him down. I was scared and tried my best to ——

HARRY. Believe Billy, Mr. Harley! I saw it all, but I didn't help. Tom got pulled under three or four times, but he kept on hanging to him and got him out at last! We started artificial respiration, and Billy came round in a minute or so, and then I ran to fetch you. I never saw such ——

MR. H. Tom, this will mean an honor medal, or I'm greatly mistaken!

BILLY. I'm glad of that! Oh, Tom, that's fine! That's the best ——

TOM. You don't understand, Mr. Harley, quite. Thanks just the same. You see, I left camp. I deserted! You have to carry out the rules. I'm sorry now, but I can't take it, sir.

HARRY. Oh, shucks—a first honor medal! Bully for you, Tom, old man!

MR. H. What's that? Not take an honor medal for life saving? Do you ——

TOM. I deserted on duty, Mr. Harley, and that's not all. I called Billy Palmer yellow, and I said that you were unfair and I lied to Harry Bolton. Oh, yes, I did! I said we older Scouts broke the law and oath whenever we wanted to, and I hit him a bat on the jaw! I ——

HARRY. Gee, Tom, I'd clean forgotten all about that in the excitement! He didn't hit me hard, Mr. Harley.

MR. H. This is the first I've heard of it! You never told me, Harry.

TOM. Didn't he say I'd deserted? Didn't he say that I'd ——



MR. H. Not a word! He just asked leave to find you. He did the thing as ——

TOM. Well! There's another chap I've been thinking of in the wrong way! Will you do me a favor, sir? I see I've been on the wrong tack, being jealous of Billy and all. Let me start fresh as a tenderfoot?

MR. H. A tenderfoot? Why ——

TOM. Yes, I mean it. I'll run this scouting lots different, if you'll give me a chance. You know the rules. I broke them. It's this or kick me out for good!

MR. H. (*down R.*). Know what you're asking, Tom? You'll be a first class in a week or two. You'll be able ——

TOM (*down C.*). I know. I want to do it. I want to, really. I think ——

MR. H. All right. It's hard, but I know you've chosen the proper course. I'm proud of you! My fault a bit, I admit. Still, you did desert. Take your medicine, Tom, old man, since you want to, and we'll call it quits. You've got some sand in your make-up, boy!

TOM. Will you shake, Billy? I called you yellow. I'm sorry. We're not rivals, you know, now. I'm starting fresh—a tenderfoot again. Let's be friendly Scouts and work for old Bacton! (*Holds out hand.*)

BILLY (*down R.*). Why, Tom, you're crazy! (*Takes hand.*) Didn't you just save me! (*Coughs.*) Didn't I nearly pull you under for good and all!

(*They shake hands, then TOM hands his badge to MR. H. The Scouts cheer loudly.*)

HARRY (*down L.*). Me, too! I'm in on this! Shake, Tom, will you? You only made pretend to soak me, I know that! You really could have knocked the jaw clean off me!

(*They shake hands.*)

SCOUTS. Yea, Winters! Winters! Winters! Bacton! Bacton! Bacton!

(*The Scouts all try to shake hands with TOM, crowding round him.*)

TOM. Oh, forget it! You fellows give me a pain! Cut it out, can't you?

MR. H. That's the spirit! Pull together, fellows, after this, and remember I'm back of every one of you! Let's make this the best little troop of Scouts in the country! Let's begin by getting the life-saving honor medal for our new Scout—Tom Winters, only a tenderfoot!

SCOUTS (*amid great cheering*). Yea, Winters! Yea, Winters! Tenderfoot! Tenderfoot! Tenderfoot!

MR. H. Now then, that's done. How about supper? Does that —

SCOUTS. Yum! Yum!

FATS (*picking up MICKEY'S cake and beginning to eat it hurriedly*). First the Lions' bread, then Mickey's cake! This sure has been my lucky day!

MR. H. Huh? Does that listen well to you? It does to — Hark! There goes our dinner gong! The sunset gun over at the post! You lie still, Billy. Patrols, attention! Salute the colors!

(*The patrols fall in line before their respective tents, facing each other. Then, one by one, the Scouts, led by MR. H., step out from the ranks and give the scout salute before the colors. As the bugler sounds retreat at the distant army post, BILLY rises and salutes. TOM helps him. They shake hands once more, BILLY pointing toward the troop flag, as he grasps his friend by the hand. The curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN

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# The Power of E

Expression and efficiency go hand in hand.

The power of clear and forceful expression brings confidence and poise at all times—in private gatherings, in public discussion, in society, in business.

It is an invaluable asset to any man or woman. It can often be turned into money, but it is always a real joy.

In learning to express thought, we learn to command thought itself, and thought is power. You can have this power if you will.

Whoever has the power of clear expression is always sure of himself.

The power of expression leads to:

- The ability to think "on your feet"
- Successful public speaking
- Effective recitals
- The mastery over other minds
- Social prominence
- Business success
- Efficiency in any undertaking

Are these things worth while?

They are all successfully taught at The National School of Elocution and Oratory, which during many years has developed this power in hundreds of men and women.

A catalogue giving full information as to how any of these accomplishments may be attained will be sent free on request

## THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY

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Philadelphia