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No. 75.

THE FOOTBALL GAME

A Comedy in One Act

BY

SARA KING WILEY

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A Comedy in One Act

BY

SARA KING WILEY

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NEW YORK
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PUBLISHER
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LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD
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THE FOOTBALL GAME.

Characters.

- HARRY SHERWOOD, Junior....Half-back on the Barton Team.
- CHARLES EASTON.... His chum; an indiscriminate aspirant for literary honors.
- EVELINE EASTON.^c... A Vernon College girl; sister of Charles, and secretly engaged to Harry.
_{c c c c c}
- MAJOR HENRY SHERWOOD..... U. S. V. '61, Harry's Father.
- MICHAEL..... The man of all work.

TIME.—The present age of football worship, on the morning of the great game between Barton and Lyle Colleges.

12-40454

THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

SCENE.—*Parlor between the rooms of SHERWOOD and EASTON, at Barton College.*

(HARRY SHERWOOD discovered pacing up and down his room. Enter CHARLES EASTON.)

CHARLES. You said it was something important, and I left a sonnet that was nearly finished. I had all the rhymes in a line down the page, and they were *right*, and I was trying to make some sense fit them. Now, what do you want? Those idiots that edit the annual had been destroying my temper for an hour before you called me. They looked at their boots and were afraid to speak up, but finally they got it out that my poems were old-fashioned—that they must be either entirely realistic or utterly unintelligible.

HARRY. No matter about your sickly poems—I want to tell you something—er—um—I've had a letter from my father, fiercer than ever against foot-ball.

CHARLES. Why, you told me that!

HARRY. Yes, I know—that isn't it. It was "after the ball was over."

CHARLES. See here! I won't stand that! Here you have been for fifteen minutes wandering from your subject. One would think you were in the senate making a tariff.

HARRY. Well, here goes. She—

CHARLES. What, another girl? Is it serious? . . . You don't answer. Then it is. Hold on a minute, I'll work this in—everything goes to pot. (*He gets a stylographic pen and paper, and waits excitedly*)

HARRY. (*musings*) How she dances! She seems the very soul of rhythm.

CHARLES. (*disgusted*) O pshaw! That won't do. Too poetical!

HARRY. (*not noticing him*) We went outside, because all her dances were engaged, and we—that is, I—were afraid her partners would find her. We sat on the steps of our lodge, and we could see the lights glancing through the window of the ball-room, and the swaying of the waltzes reached us; and she said, “How strange that the moon should be over there! And how bright!” And we looked, and through the trees came a gray light, and behind the black chapel tower a pink cloud brightened, and it was the morning.

CHARLES. (*scribbling*) Yes, yes—

HARRY. She had torn the sleeve on her right arm, and was pinning it. I helped her—her hand—

CHARLES. Yes. Go on.

HARRY. (*suddenly observing him*) See here, what are you up to?

CHARLES. Oh, nothing, nothing.

HARRY. She was such a thorough lady—of course it was only chance—an instant—and I said (*losing himself*), “See how tawdry the lamps are below these flushing heavens. The joys of my past life are just such feeble lights before the coming of my sun—and, dear, the day is close at hand—see, it has changed the whole world about us already.”

CHARLES. (*scribbling*) They’d say that was too romantic, but I guess it’ll go.

HARRY. (*awakening*) What do you mean by scribbling there as if you were a reporter on a heresy case? Well?

CHARLES. Don’t be excited, old man. I’m going to write a realistic novel, that’s all. You don’t care, do you? Why, you’ve been through this sort of thing twenty times before. I was just taking notes.

HARRY. You know I’m half-back on the team?

CHARLES. Yes, why?

HARRY. You give me those notes, or I’ll—I’ll—(*advances*)

CHARLES. Here they are—here they are! But why do you care? I don’t see what you should mind. Why, the girl would be pleased if I let it out that I drew my heroine from her. Why, you look serious!

HARRY. I love her.

CHARLES. Whew! That one jewel without any setting is too dazzling, Hal. It looks like a diamond instead of a rhine-stone. Put some lesser gems around it; say, “I love her dearly, sweet little girl;” or, “I love her—better than any of the others;” but just that—it rather scares me.

HARRY. I mean it, just as I said it. The one word.

CHARLES. Do I know who she is?

HARRY. Yes, indeed.

CHARLES. By Jove! Do I like her? You haven’t gone

and—say, do I like her? You haven't been poaching on my preserves?

HARRY. Well, I should rather think so!

CHARLES. Well, who in—not Nelly, I hope! Oh,—er—that is—Of course, if she is the one—she's a little flirt, but I've no doubt—

HARRY. Nelly! No, no, old man! It is—your sister.

CHARLES. What! Eva? Now what in the world did you see in her?

HARRY. Bat! Mole!

CHARLES. Why, I should never think of falling in love with old Eve—why you're mad!

HARRY. What blind dolts brothers are!

CHARLES. She's the finest girl on earth, of course. My dear old boy, I'm overjoyed! You know that. Only—I can't understand, you know, why you should care for old *Eve*, you know.

HARRY. Well, I don't know. And I'd have *you* know that I consider your sister *Eveline*—that—that I consider—if she will have such a fellow as I am—mind, I don't say I'm worthy of her—but if she could ever see—if she *could*—say—if—if—why—

CHARLES. You're shaking, old man. You'll never be able to play if you work yourself up like this.

HARRY. Charlie! You don't know—she said she did! She said she cared for me—think of it! Just think of it!

CHARLES. I give up. He won't think about the game. Poor fellow! What strange idiots this love makes men!

(Enter MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL. Masther Sherwood, who d'ye think I see gittin' aff the train—who d'ye think, sir?

HARRY. I'm sure I don't know. Some man from town with a bill. Stop gaping there like a chicken with the pip.

MICHAEL. Ach, sir! 'Twas your honored father, sir, going that fast to the ball grounds as if there was a glass of whiskey a-flying ahind of his mouth; and it's caught me he would, only I dodged in a twink, and I'm all in a quiver, yit.

CHARLES. Well, it was a *narrow* escape.

HARRY. Don't! This is serious. He must be coming on to arrest me, so that I shan't play. He is so set against foot-ball. Dearest old boy in the world, but as quick-tempered as a hornet.

CHARLES. Hal, you go dress, you've not got too much time. (*exit* HARRY) Mike, you go down to the field to meet the Major, and walk him round a while, and get him back here after we're gone. (*exit* MICHAEL)

I guess I'd better go help Hal. (*exit into room R.*)

(*A knock at the door.*)

CHARLES. (*from within*) Get out! Go to the devil!

EVELINE. (*entering*) You're exceeding rude, Charles Easton, but I know your voice.

CHARLES. (*within*) Hello, sis! Look around and amuse yourself. We'll be out in a jiffy. (*Sounds of altercation within.*)

EVELINE. What an extraordinary room! (*Sounds louder.*)

CHARLES. (*within*) All right, all right! (*enters and whisks various things into the coal scuttle.*)

EVELINE. O Charlie, what a queer frieze! Why, it is the little rubber things you put on chairs so they won't scratch the floor. How did you ever come to have so many?

CHARLES. Don't really know, my dear. (*aside*) Jolly old beer corks! (*aloud*) Eveline, Hal's in trouble.

EVELINE. Oh! Is he ill—or injured?

CHARLES. Would you care so very much, sis?

EVELINE. Of course,—he couldn't play ball!

CHARLES. Tender modern woman! No, my dear, he is hale and hearty, but his respected parent is going to prevent him from playing. He will be here shortly, and when he finds Hal is gone he will spin to the field and seize on him. Hal's not quite of age, you see.

EVELINE. Horrid!

CHARLES. Well. I must go to help him.

EVELINE. (*alone*) Dear old Harry! I wish I could do something to help him out of his trouble. What a profane man to stop a foot-ball game! (*lifts his photograph*) Here he is—so neat and trim and spotless! How I do like that in so manly a man. He's never stiff, but yet always as if he'd just stepped out of a band-box. (*enter HARRY, horrible for the game: long hair, nose guard, etc.*)

EVELINE. (*shrieking*) Monster!

HARRY. (*opening his arms*) Come here and let me be sure of you.

EVELINE. No! You're horrible!

HARRY. Horrible?

EVELINE. Yes! Positively gory!

HARRY. Oh! That's all that prevents you?

EVELINE. That's enough.

HARRY. Come on, then. The spots are all red ink. Ah!

EVELINE. O Hal! I've heard about your father's coming. He must not stop that game. I'll stay here and keep him. Do you think I can?

HARRY. He has no eye if you can't. But, dear, I must tell you one thing. He doesn't know we're engaged. He

has old-fashioned ideas about women, and if I should tell him you were at Vernon College he'd never want me to marry you. This has often bothered me.

EVELINE. No matter now—we haven't time. I always think that everything's going to turn out right. Then I go to work and try to make it. Goodbye, dear. Win the game! Win the game!

(Enter CHARLES EASTON.)

Goodbye, big brother. I am going to face the foe and hold him captive.

CHARLES. Good for you, Eve. (exunt HARRY SHERWOOD and CHARLES EASTON.)

EVELINE. First move? Stop the clock. (does so.)

(Enter MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL. Major Sherwood's coming, Miss.

EVELINE. O me! I must smoothe my hair! This is Charlie's room. (exit into room L. Enter MAJOR SHERWOOD.)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. They don't seem to be here, Mike. That foot-ball is a most inhuman, barbarous performance. No sense in it. Those boys just smash each other for fun before a crowd of debased fools. If it were war, now, or any necessity,—but this wanton slaughter—no, my son shall never do it! I'll not allow it. I'll just go on to that field with the police. He'll find out whether he can defy his father's wishes. We'll see—we'll see.

MICHAEL. Must have just stepped out for a minute. Mr. Easton's sister is here, sir, Miss Eveline. She's just stepped into her brother's room when you came in. Shall I call her?

MAJOR SHERWOOD. No. (looks about the room and perceives things in the scuttle and lifts them) Those are pretty good guns, Mike. I don't know where the boy got 'em. They look new.

MICHAEL. Oh, I can tell ye, sir.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Nothing Hal doesn't want me to know, sir. I do not spy on my son.

MICHAEL. O no, sir! Bless your soul, he'd just as leave. You'd like to hear, sir, Master Harry's that smart. You know as how he painted a lot of picters last summer, sir? Well, sir, he took 'em to a friend of mine as is an auctioneer, and he says, "If ye'll name 'em they'll sell"—being as they was powerful bad, sir. So we named 'em, Master Harry and I. He made the names, and I signed 'em, he said as me signing was as bad as a real genius's. And he made all sorts o' fancy titles. There was "Until

He Comes." That was Susan, sir, sitting on the pier. He called it by Du Roule, pupil of Braine. Then there was Valversy and Jansen and Derwent and lots of other artists. but the best of all was Ernest Danvers, deceased. Sure, the paintin' was that bad, sir, I asked 'im should we burn it, but Master Harry said no, and he took black and smutched it, sir, and splashed it wild like, and then he put varnish on, sir, and rubbed it on the carpet, if ye please, sir, and got it all hairy; and that was *old*, sir, "A Nocturne," by Ernest Danvers, deceased. An' we went to the auction, sir, and I was to start 'em at a fiver, an' they all went,—all but Ernest Danvers, deceased, an' I thought sure we was stuck, when up jumps Master Harry, and says he, "Is that a real Danvers?" "Yes," says the auctioneer, "gentlemen, a real Danvers, a-go in for a five;" and Master Harry he bids right fierce, but the people they would have it, and we got the most of all for Ernest Danvers, deceased.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. That boy takes after me in his brains. My mother used to say if I was cornered I could creep through a knot-hole.

(Enter EVELINE.)

EVELINE. Major Sherwood? (*exit* MICHAEL)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Yes. I suppose you were the designer of all these pretty cushions and things.

EVELINE. O dear, no! Other fellows' sisters, sir. Charles doesn't care for my work.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. I suppose you work for the other fellows.

EVELINE. Perhaps. I can make the most comfortable cushions you ever saw.

(Enter MICHAEL, *who motions*.)

Excuse me a minute. (*she steps aside with* MICHAEL)

MICHAEL. Game's begun. Lyle got the kick off and advanced their half back through the center, gaining ten yards. I'm afraid for Barton, ma'am, and their only hope's in Master Sherwood.

EVELINE. Well, what happened next?

MICHAEL. Came to tell you then.

EVELINE. Oh, go back again, quick, and stay all the time. No, come straight here and tell me. (*returns to* MAJOR SHERWOOD)

MICHAEL. If that isn't a lady's order I never hear one. (*exit*)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. You and Michael seem to be great friends.

EVELINE. O yes, he's so quaint. He never says things

quite like other people. I was asking him if the very unpopular student next door had gone, and he said, "'E 'as, Miss, and many a dry eye followed 'im."

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Well, Miss Eveline, I wish I could stay here and talk to you.

EVELINE. O do, Major Sherwood. After seeing nothing but professors for so long (I'm a college girl, you know) a Loyal Legioner is so delightful!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Miss Eveline! It is about impossible to resist after such a compliment, and from such lips, but I really must go.

EVELINE. Oh! (*aside*) I must not be too eager. (*aloud*) I'm sorry. (*holds out her hands*) Oh, but wait a minute and let me mend that shocking hole in your glove. I'm like Mrs. Robinson Crusoe—I always carry a little needle case in my pocket.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Fine idea. Thank you. (*gives her the glove*)

EVELINE. (*sewing*) I'd rather do any sort of plain sewing than fancy work—I just despise that.

(*Enter MICHAEL.*)

(*Aside*) I must know! (*aloud*) Michael, listen! Are many flowers being taken to the lady WHO HAS THE BALL to-night?

MICHAEL. (*grinning*) Yes'm, and as I came round by O'Grady's a man put on the BAR TONS of coal.

EVELINE. Oh, how perfectly lovely!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. (*to MICHAEL*) What for? (*to EVELINE*) Why so lovely?

(*MICHAEL and EVELINE together*) Because——

EVELINE. Ah! Go on, Michael——

MAJOR SHERWOOD. No, hold on! You tell me why a man's paying for drink with coal was lovely.

EVELINE. Oh—ah—why—because the drink would make him colder.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. You needn't speak, Michael. If your reason is as bad as that I won't hear it. (*receives his glove*) Thank you very much. Is that clock right?

EVELINE. (*aside*) I will *not* lie. (*aloud*) Michael! (*aside*) The Irish lie so cheerfully it seems like a sort of a joke. (*aloud*) Is that clock right?

MICHAEL. Just at this minute it bates old Father Time himself for consistent regularity. (*exit*)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. (*sitting down*) I've got a clock with a moon in it. I inherited it from my grandfather. That is, it came from just his part of the country, and it's the kind I knew the old gentleman would have liked, so I

bought it, and presented it to his ghost. Of course he didn't need it now, so I naturally inherited it. Well, I set my moon by the "Tribune," good republican time, but a mugwump professor staying with me turned cuckoo and began mussing with it. He said 'twould be a day short in two days. So that morning I rose early and went down to make sure it wasn't, and I was just poking it along, to keep up republican reputation, when I heard a shout, and there was the professor down for a like purpose. I thought the joke was on me, but I saw he'd forgotten his cravat in his haste, so I said, "You'd better stay upstairs till you're dressed, Professor," and he was so crestfallen he went meekly off. And, speaking of ties—my own awry—I'll straighten it. (*goes into room L. EVELINE shoves the clock on 15 minutes*)

(*Enter MICHAEL.*)

MICHAEL. First half over—furious close. Lyle's fast runner, Loomis, nearly did for Barton. Once he went for the right end and then turned and gained seven yards. They passed the ball to James, and he fumbled it, and Lyle's kicker tried his best, and their punt sailed along the wind right near our goal. But Master Harry caught it, and he raced down like a cyclone, and he struck into Lyle's men like a caterpillar—pult, I mean—and he won back a lot o' ground, I tell ye. How them tally-hos did roar! Time was called. Neither scored.

EVELINE. Oh, go back, go back! And bring me word quickly! (*exit MICHAEL*)

EVELINE. Lyle beat us last year, and oh, how they have crowed like turkey-cocks—no, that isn't what I mean—like cockerels. Well, I knew it was cocky somehow.

(*Enter MICHAEL.*)

MICHAEL. (*exhausted*) Second half begun. Lyle tried a wedge. I thought I'd a right to come back, as you'd be waitin'. I just heard that awful *crunch* as I left.

EVELINE. Oh! Oh! You must go back and come again before the Major returns.

MICHAEL. Och! Mem! The breath o' me 's nigh flown to heaven!

EVELINE. Oh, but do! do! Say you will—there's a dear!

MICHAEL. Sure, an' it 'ud be a hotter place I'd not go to afther that! (*exit running*)

EVELINE (*looking at door c.*) Dare I lock him in? (*crosses*) Dare I? I dare—(*starts to turn key.*) No! When he got out he wouldn't like me, and he might pre-

vent Harry from—persuade Harry that—No, he couldn't do *that*; but, anyway I shouldn't have a nice—father-in-law.

(*Enter* MICHAEL, *breathless.*)

MICHAEL. Gained almost nothing by wedge! Ugh—ah—Barton's kicker ki—kicked—k—kicked—l—ow p—punt—

(*Re-enter* MAJOR SHERWOOD.)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. I was interested in my son's books. Strangest discordance between covers and interiors. Solemn old Integral Calculus—opened it—thought I'd seen crooked—looked on cover again—by Jove! had "Three men in a Boat" inside. What's the matter with Michael? He seems astonished.

MICHAEL. It's Miss Eveline just took the breath out o' me body telling me you was a teetotaller, sir, and thinks I, looking at that fricassee there (*points to cork frieze*) how differences do run in families!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. That was a mistake, Miss Eveline, that *was* a mistake. (*exit* MICHAEL) Do you know, I don't trust that clock? Where *is* my watch? Well, I must have left it at home. Pshaw! I think I'll examine that clock's internal economy. (*advances*)

EVELINE. (*aside*) I *must* stop him! (*aloud*) Oh! Should women vote?

MAJOR SHERWOOD. (*stopping*) Certainly not! Women are illogical! They are so easily deceived by what appears right without investigating it further. Their attention is so quickly diverted from the subject on which they are engaged. They allow themselves to be influenced by any man who is bright and attractive and good-looking. They're too unsuspecting; they would never suspect that a pleasant-spoken fellow might be pleasant-spoken just to gain some end of his own. They'd be sure to think it was because *they* were so interesting. Then they're always illogical—always reason from a special case which proves nothing. Why, I knew one woman—

(*Enter* MICHAEL *with a glass of lager.*)

EVELINE. (*aside*) I won't tell him one woman's a special case.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Thank you, Michael, you're a man of discernment. As our old corporal used to say, "I wish my neck was as long as the Androscoggin river, and twice as crooked." (*drinks very slowly*)

EVELINE. (*aside to* MICHAEL) Well?

MICHAEL. Master Harry's made a wonderful run, Miss, but he's fell and been trampled on, and he's hurt.

EVELINE. Oh, I must go to him!

MICHAEL. The boss would go too, Miss.

EVELINE. O yes! Is he much hurt?

MICHAEL. I don't know, Miss.

EVELINE. Oh! I won't go! He may go on. We must win!

MICHAEL. I was just a-sayin' to Miss Eveline I had a right to bring her somethin' nice too. But I couldn't make her feel as happy as you, sir, without I brought her wan o' thim beautiful new opery cloaks, I see the leddies have, all lined with vermin.

EVELINE. Michael! Ermine.

MICHAEL. Och, ermine, is it? Wal, I thought 'twas a horrid name, but I thought as how it come from thim little black things a-spoilin' the nice white av it. Sure ye *never* can tell what a leddy 'll take a notion to. (MAJOR laughs)

EVELINE. (*aside*) Oh! Harry, Harry! Go quick and see! (*exit* MICHAEL)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Are you strong-minded, Miss Eveline?

EVELINE. Oh, very!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. You don't look it! Ah,—that's a compliment.

EVELINE. Indeed!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. I suppose you're modern, though. Analyzing my mind? These analysts! They think they know how to deceive a man—a kitten could deceive them. Why, I was coming out from New York with two of your modern young women, and a man in front of us put his hand up to his face and kept it there. They began a subtle analysis of the reason. One talked in Meredithramatics. She said: "He does that, because, bewildered by physical nearness of many human beings, the touch of his own flesh to his own flesh gives him vital self-cognizance, and removes all other mortals to star distances." Her friend was a Theosophist (should be called I-sophist). She said: "Possibly he holds his hand before his eyes to shut out an overwhelming rush of knowledge of identical surroundings in a former state." I happened to sit where I could see the poor man. He was scratching his nose! And I suppose the strong-minded lady would never marry? No matter how many gentlemen's hearts were wrecked?

EVELINE. On one condition.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Condition! What *have* we come to? Women used to be glad enough when a good fellow was able to take care of them. What is your condition?

That he knows Greek enough and English enough to use double negatives only in the right tongue?

EVELINE. No.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. What is it?

EVELINE. That I love him.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Good, good! Mending my other glove, eh? Forgive me, my dear, but I wish my son had seen you before—some one else.

EVELINE. What! Is your son engaged?

MAJOR SHERWOOD. So I've been told—not by him, though. Rascal!

EVELINE. Indeed!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Yes, he doesn't take after me in good taste. He picked out a spectacled college girl—I suppose she's spectacled, anyway. I *know* she's a carrotty-headed skinny goractus.

EVELINE. *Who* told you that? (*enter* MICHAEL) O Major, do think up an army story for me—I love them so! Michael, come here a minute.

MICHAEL. Oh, he's gone on playin', Miss, and I wish you could hear the cheerin'! And on the next down Lyle made a bad fumble, and Master Harry he had his eyes wide open and he snatched the ball and ran nearly forty yards like the winds of the autumn, and was at last thrown out o' bounds. This brought the ball down close to their goal, and we tried our captain, but the men was too thick there; and then they called Master Harry, and he went through at left tackle for a touch down after fifteen minutes of play. His goal kick was a good un, and Barton has scored. (*exit*)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Well, it was when we were down at Morris Island. I had a command in Fort Wagner, and the Johnnies were over across the marsh. There were some chaps down there from the Christian Commission; some of 'em were very good men, but one "coon" that came round us,—well if you had bought him for what he was worth, and sold him for what he thought he was worth, you'd have made a fortune on the transfer. He'd been very shy of us since the shells began to drop, but the Rebels hadn't been firing for some time, so I suppose he thought it was safe and as I looked across the interior of the fort there I saw the Pious One. He was standing by my friend Cuscaddin (Cus. for short, and a mighty fitting name) who was sitting on an empty shell box with a big sandwich in one hand and a tract in the other. He had taken one big bite out of the sandwich. Just then I heard boom from the Rebel battery, I knew it was their ten-inch gun and I stopped stock-still, and waited. In a second came the shell, swish-swish over my head, struck in the sand of the

fort about as far from me as that chair, ploughed a big trench, "ricasshed" over the parapet and down onto the beach below, where it exploded. Of course it drove up a great cloud of dust and earth and I couldn't see my friend at all. When the dust rolled away there he lay on his back with the tract and the bitten sandwich, one in each hand. No sign of the Pious One; he had got into the bomb proof quicker 'n scat. First I thought Cus was dead, but when I got nearer I saw and heard he wasn't. He had his mouth chuck-full of sand and was spitting and swearing about as hard as he could. As I came up he raised the tract and looked around for the vanished Pious.

"Spt, spt," says old Cus, "I want spt—cuss this blankety sand (*here he read the title of the tract*)—"I want to go to a better world"—spt. By Jove, that fellow didn't seem in a hurry to get there; was the first darned galloute to 'cover' from the shell."

(Enter MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL. (*aside to EVELINE*) Lyle's got a touch-down and kicked a goal, and as I left their men were flying down the field, and they were cheering like mad, and I'm afraid we're beaten again. Must go back. (*exit*)

EVELINE. (*aside*) Oh, we can't—we mustn't be beaten again. (*distant sounds of cheering*) (*aloud*). Hark! Is that the Barton yell? Oh, it was, it was! (*gives the yell*) 'Rah! rah-rah—Rah! rah-rah—Barton bar-Barton—Rah! rah-rah!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. What do you mean?

EVELINE. No matter. They're over—won! Listen! Listen! (*they hear the yell of "Lyle! Lyle!"*)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. I believe they're playing ball. I believe—Hal is playing ball! I believe—you know Hal is playing ball!! (*seizes his hat.*)

EVELINE. They are not through—you cannot go.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Pardon me!

EVELINE. Oh! (*she faints*)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Michael! Michael! Oh, the very devil! He's gone to that cursed game! I can't leave her this way, alone. (*he applies water to her head*) Poor girl! Pretty little lady! Ah! This is too long—I believe she's shamming.

(Enter MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL. O wurra, wurra! Miss Eveline, Barton's lost! The men were so rattled they've fumbled everything!

EVELINE. Oh! No! (*leaps up*)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Goodbye.

EVELINE. (*wildly*) Stop him!

MICHAEL. I durna. (*exit SHERWOOD*)

EVELINE. Oh, we're lost! Everything's gone now. He'll ruin our only chance! (*weeps*) He'll stop Hal from playing. My fault! (*cheering without*) Those odious Lyles, how they crow! How rude of them! Hark! I do believe it's our own dear boys rejoicing. O, shout louder! Oh, it is—it is! (*crowd without*: "Barton! Barton! What's the matter with SHERWOOD? He's all right. Who's all right? SHERWOOD!!")

(*Enter MAJOR SHERWOOD, talking excitedly with CHARLES EASTON.*)

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Yes, sir, yes. I got there just in time to see that run. By Jove! That boy's got the old fighting spirit—got it from his old dad!

CHARLES. He just won that game!

MAJOR SHERWOOD. He did—he did!

(*Enter HARRY, supported by MICHAEL.*)

Ah, Miss Evéline, you ought to be proud of your brother's room-mate.

EVELINE. Hal! My Hal! Are you hurt?

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Well, I'll be— Have I any head or not? I do believe—

HARRY. (*embracing her*) Not one bit, little girl.

MAJOR SHERWOOD. Hal, my boy! You're a trump, sir, you're a trump. We think alike, sir. This is the very girl I would have chosen for you. She'll rule you, sir, I do believe it. She knows how to get 'round your old father already.

HARRY. O sir! (*takes his father's hand, and puts his other arm around EVELINE, who puts her head on his shoulder. Crowd, without*: "What's the matter with SHERWOOD? He's all right"!)

CURTAIN.



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