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“WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND”

A Play in Three Acts

BY

HARVEY O'HIGGINS

AND

HARRIET FORD

*Written for the benefit of the
War Orphans of the Allies*

Title from “Briggs” of the *New York Tribune*
Song, “Marching to Berlin”—Words by Oliver Herford.

Music by R. Hugo.

Produced under the direction of
George Henry Trader

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FOREWORD

The production of "When a Feller Needs a Friend," it was generally agreed, was one of the surest and most satisfactory of plans for propaganda and war-relief that the world brought into being. And though the armistice was declared just before the New York performance of the play was given, enough money was earned at this performance for the adoption and maintenance of a large number of war orphans.

The comedy was written for use by amateur organizations, societies, schools, colleges, lodges, churches, clubs, with the idea of first having a New York performance and then printing the play for production throughout the United States, free of royalty, the only condition being that the profits from such productions be given for the adoption of war orphans.

The enterprise was originally undertaken by the New York branch of the Stage Women's War Relief and the opening production in New York at the New Amsterdam Theatre, given on Sunday, December 1, 1918, surpassed all expectation in the heartiness and enthusiasm of the support it drew.

The All-Star Cast whose names appear all gave their services generously, no less than did the authors, directors, managers, printers and every one else connected with the production.

With the end of the war the play was turned over to "The Oasis," the newest of New York women's clubs, which now controls it. Already the reaction,

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inevitable at first, against war subjects, is dying out, and "The Oasis" feels that a great field is open, by means of this play, to help and relieve war orphans whose need remains, even though the war is over. It is with that object that "The Oasis" is now publishing this sparkling comedy and looks for a wide production on amateur stages throughout the country.

For rights and terms of production, address

The Play Committee, "THE OASIS,"

19 East 47th Street, New York City.

LETTERS OF INDORSEMENT

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

This play, "When a Feller Needs a Friend," has been contributed, free of royalties, by the authors, and will be produced first in New York by leading actors who will donate their services.

Arrangements will then be made for its presentation, free of cost, in every part of the country under the auspices of local charitable associations, fraternal orders, amateur dramatic associations, etc.

It is a novel idea that promises a very high degree of effectiveness, and I am glad to give it my heartiest approval and support.

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

* * * *

THE SECRETARY OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

This undertaking is unique and its success must be great. I am sure that "When a Feller Needs a Friend" will meet with the same generous response which has characterized the American spirit throughout the war. I warmly commend it.

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

* * * *

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON.

I thoroughly indorse the effort which is to be made to raise money for the orphans of the Allies through the production of the play, "When a Feller Needs a Friend." The hearts of all of us have been touched by the awful days through which these poor children have gone and are going, and we need no stimulus to urge us to do what we can to help them.

(Signed) FRANKLIN K. LANE.

* * * *

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WASHINGTON.

All America is concerned with the care and comfort of those orphaned by war in the fight for free nations, and I am happy that leading actors, who have responded generously in every way during the war, will present "When

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a Feller Needs a Friend" for the benefit of those innocent sufferers of the world tragedy.

(Signed) JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

* * * *

Those of us who are benefiting, and will benefit, from the sacrifices made by the men who have stopped and beaten back the enemy should not now forget the debt we owe them, and the greater debt we owe those that they left behind. They laid down their lives for us and we must support and cherish those whom they are no longer able to protect.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend" is aptly named because those for whose benefit the play is projected never needed friends more than they do now.

(Signed) BERNARD M. BARUCH.

* * * *

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, STATE OF NEW YORK.

I wish you every success in this undertaking, appreciating as I do the splendid work of the Stage Women's War Relief in connection with the war relief activities. Your unselfish labors in behalf of the sale of Liberty Bonds was one of the inspiring features of the Liberty Loan campaign in New York City.

(Signed) CHARLES WHITMAN.

* * * *

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.

I consider the Stage Women's War Relief a most efficient and excellent organization, and am glad to indorse the plan for the production of a war play, entitled "When a Feller Needs a Friend," to be given for spreading war propaganda and for raising money to help the war orphans of the Allies.

This plan has my hearty approval, and my best wishes for its success.

(Signed) EDWARD SWANN.

ORIGINAL ALL-STAR CAST

In order of their appearance

- FAIRFAX, colored butler at the Pryors' *Maclyn Arbuckle*
AUGUSTA, John Pryor's sister *Florine Arnold*
JOHN PRYOR, a Hoover war-worker . . *Tim Murphy*
JANET, John Pryor's daughter . . . *Charlotte Walker*
MARGARET RUSSELL, a Washington widow
Viola Allen
JARVIS, her son *Richard Barbee*
OLIVER CROMWELL NUTLEY, a war crank
O. P. Heggie
CHARLOTTE, Fairfax's wife, cook at the Pryors'
Helen Westley
CAPTAIN EVERETT, in Military Intelligence
Emmett Corrigan
KATHERINE KNOWLES, a girl Jack left behind him
Janet Beecher
JACK, John Pryor's son, a Pershing veteran
Shelley Hull
VICTOR FONTAINE, a Blue Devil *Paul Doucet*
FIRST EXPRESSMAN *William Collier*
SECOND EXPRESSMAN *A. E. Anson*
BOY SCOUT (Man in Barrel) *Clare Briggs*
SCENE—Living-room at the Pryor's in Washington

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Well-furnished living room in Washington.

Parquet floor cloth.

Large rug.

Six small rugs. Long runner for hall.

Hangings at doors C., and on window L. in cretonne.

Shades at window.

Padded window seat to fit window L. covered with cretonne.

Small grand piano R. with bench.

Sofa R.C. against piano.

Library table L.

Large, low-back armchair L. of table L.

Three other chairs at table L., and stool or backless seat, at upper L. corner of table for Janet.

Arm chair R. of C.D. and at L.I., and a high-backed attractive chair L. of C.D.

Small table up L.C.

Chair R. of small table up L.C.

Fireplace L. above window, with brass screen, and andirons.

Fender seat above front of fireplace.

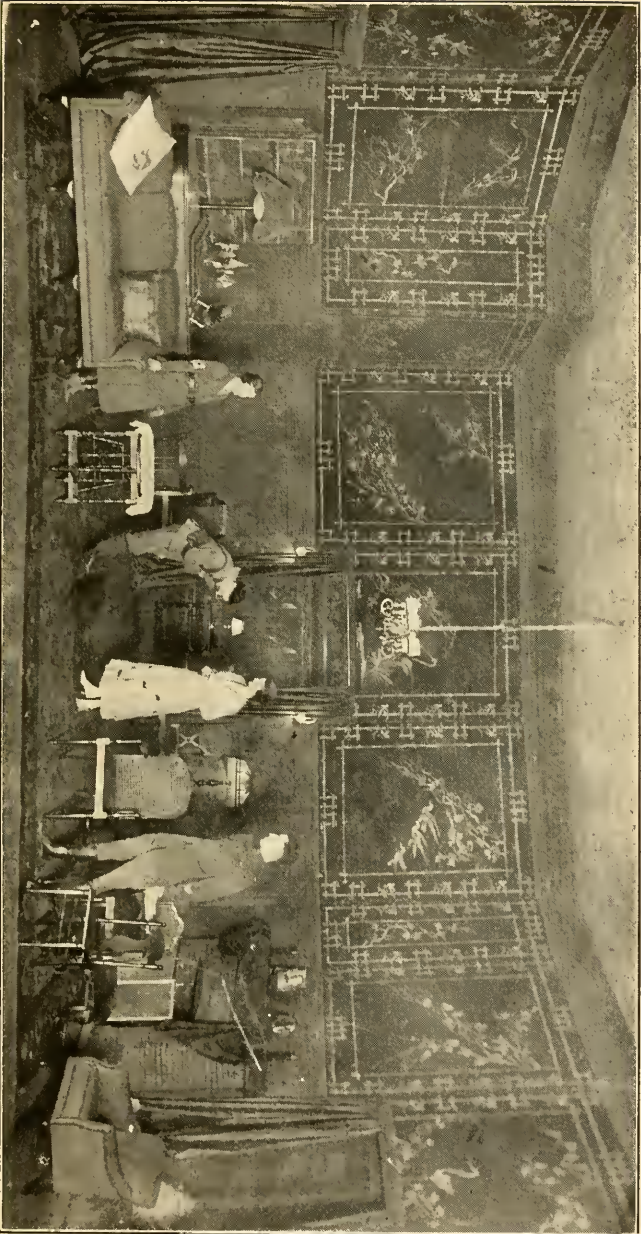
Clock and brass candle-sticks on mantel over fireplace.

Portrait or large picture over it.

Music cabinet at R.2.

Bookcases well filled at walls R. and L. at back.

Music on piano.



SCENE DESIGN—SAME FOR 3 ACTS

“WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND” 9

Six cushions, for sofa, window seat and arm chairs.

Carved bench in hall.

Oil painting for hall.

Four pieces of drapery for tables and piano.

Shaded piano lamp R. above piano.

Two shaded lamps, one for hall table and one for small table up L.C.

Electric light brackets.

Library writing set on table L. with pens, etc.

Books in rack on piano.

Pictures.

Six extra books on table.

Two photographs in easel frames on mantel.

Six magazines on table L.

Three Washington afternoon papers for June, 1918. (Large headlines for FAIRFAX.)

Four cotton towels (new) for AUGUSTA.

Prop. table off R.C.

Chairs for company off R. and L.

Open telegram for PRYOR.

Four flags about 10 by 20 inches, American—English—French—Italian, on short sticks, on piano.

Small set of same flags on a stand on piano.

Telephone on table, L.

Tea for four on tray, silver service.

Pot of newly made tea.

Lump sugar in low bowl with tongs.

Cream in creamer.

Four teacups with spoons.

Plate of assorted cakes on a napkin.

Small pitcher of hot water.

Plate of newly made corn bread for CHARLOTTE off R.3.

Pocketbook for Captain, containing three letters—folded twice, written on thin, foreign paper.

One heavier sheet of paper, folded differently

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Cigarettes and matches in case for JARVIS.

Coin for PRYOR.

ACT I

LIGHT PLOT

Daylight.

FOOTS:

1 row amber and rose.

1 row frosted white.

1 row blue.

} Foots, dead, 8 ft. at
each end.

1st BORDER: }

and

3rd BORDER: }

1 row, frosted white.

1 row, amber and rose.

1 row, blue.

1st border, dead, 4 ft. from boxing.

Long, white and amber strips, R. and L. of c. door, or over it. (These strips to work with 3rd border when lamp on table in hall is put out in ACT II.)

Amber and white strip at door R.3.

No strip R.1.

1,000 Watt lamp, pale amber frosted, at window L.

Brackets to suit handsome, dark interior.

(Out in this ACT.)

Switch R. of c. door.

Fire grate up L. not practical.

Piano lamp, R. hooked up with brackets and chandelier.

Table lamp, up L. hooked up with brackets and chandelier.

Electric door buzzer up L.

Small but powerful flashlamp for Jack.

Electric lamp on table in hall.

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with 8 slits in it like a pianola record, through which to read the writing.

Two suitcases off L.

Two large, heavily loaded, old English travelling bags off L.

Gold ring with a ruby or some valuable stone for JACK.

German trench helmet (old) for PRYOR off R.C.

Small piece of an exploded shell for CAPTAIN EVERETT, off R.C.

Trophies for MRS. RUSSELL and JANET, off R.C.

ACT II

SAME SET—tea things removed.

Door slam off L.3.

Cigarette case filled for CAPTAIN.

Match case for CAPTAIN.

Matches on table L.

Large pocket flashlamp for JACK.

Package of letters 3 inches deep, tied with a string, for JARVIS, R.IE.

ACT III

SAME SET—next morning.

Ready off LC. to be carried on, all labelled: new packing case, heavy—supposed to contain a man—about 4 ft. high, $3\frac{1}{2}$ wide and 18 in. deep, and a sugar barrel with piece of gunny sack hooped over the top of it.

Expressman's old receipt book, with receipt to tear out, and pencil for expressman.

Long, typewritten manuscript in blue cover and a pencil case for NUTLEY.

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ACT II

SAME SET—Night.

Brackets—Piano and table lamp to work with foots and 1st border when switch R. of c. door is pushed, leaving blue in same up—2 points. (And to work up when switch is pushed again.) Leave amber lights in 3rd border up 2 points when lamp in hall is turned out, if blue in hall is not sufficient.

No strip at R.1 or R.3.

1,000 Watt at window steel blue, cut way down to be very dim on dimmer or use plenty of frosts, or use 100 Watt lamp.

ACT III

SAME SET—Early next morning.

Brackets and lamps not lighted.

Amber and white strips R.3. Lit as in Act I.

Amber and white, 3rd Border and strips back of c. door up, as in Act I.

FOOTS and 1st BORDER two-thirds up, amber and white.

1,000 Watt at window L., one-half up, amber light frosted.

DESCRIPTION OF SET

Begin at boxing or tormentor, down R.

Small door R.1, backed by dark interior.

Four-foot piece, oblique.

Small double doors, or single door with small jog above it, backed by dining-room R.3.

Wings, with inserted book-cases to meet c. door.

Large c. doors, practical, back by hall. Must be deep.

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Wings from c. doors to meet fire-place, L.

Set fireplace L.3 to L.2.

French window down L., with window seat.

Boxing or tormentor down L.

Plain ceiling.

“When A Feller Needs A Friend”

ACT I

TIME:—*The present year—a late afternoon early in June.*

PLACE:—*Washington. An attractive living-room at the Pryors’.*

AT RISE:—ENTER FAIRFAX C. *from L., reading a Washington afternoon paper, a big smile on his face. He laughs and speaks to himself as he moves to back of table L. and puts down newspaper. He is a dignified old Negro, long in service.*

FAIRFAX. Huh—de American cullud troops doin’ great fightin’ in France! Lordy—Lordy—don’ I jes’ knows it! I kin jes’ see dem ole black boys now a pig-stickin’ dem ole Bush-Gurmans wif dat bay’net—bay’net—huh—big brudder ter Mista Razor. Dar! (*With a move as if stabbing with a bayonet*) I see dat ole black boy got him and stick him plum to de side ob de trench—den I see old black boy step back, an’ reach in his inside pocket an’ take out social weepson— (*Stopping an imaginary razor on the palm of his hand*) An’ say to dat ole Bush-Gurman, “My—My; but you sho’ skeered me when I fust seed yo’, but somehows you’s done changed. (*He lifts chin of imaginary man*) How do you do!—Dooie! (*Slashing as if with razor*) Now—dooie! (*Slashing again*) You’s dere wif me, an’ dooie. (*Slashing again*) I’s dere wif you, an’ dooie, dooie. (*Slashing again*)

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You'se dere wif everybody! (*Wiping imaginary razor on coat sleeve and returning it to pocket*) It suttently is de end of a puffick day!

(*Enter AUGUSTA C. from R. She is a spinster of forty-five, rather plump and pleasing, voluble and somewhat vacuous. She is quite fetching in an afternoon gown of youthful length and à la mode. She appears in a state of indignant astonishment, carrying two coarse cotton towels*)

AUGUSTA. (*Pausing c.*) These towels are cotton, Fairfax!

FAIRFAX. (*Rolling his eyes toward them*) Yeh—dey sho 'pears ter do jes' ornery cotton, Miss Augusta.

AUGUSTA. (L.C.) Where's all Mrs. Russell's linen?

FAIRFAX. (*Moving toward her a little*) I dun cain't say, ma'am.

AUGUSTA. We understood that this house was completely furnished with everything we'd need. And I find nothing but cheap kitchen crockery, no silver, cotton sheets and the bathrooms hung with towels of this sort! (*She sits L. of tea-table R.C.*)

FAIRFAX. (C.) Yes, ma'am, dat suttently 'pears ter be substantiated.

AUGUSTA. What will my nephew say to that—(*Holding out a towel*)—after weeks in the trenches!

FAIRFAX. I don' kno'—it sho am irritating, ma'am—

AUGUSTA. Irritating! (*PRYOR is heard off L.C. calling "AUGUSTA!" JANET also, calling—"Oh, Auntie, Auntie!" FAIRFAX goes up to hall and takes PRYOR'S hat as the latter enters from L. of hall.*)



MACLYN ARBUCKLE

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PRYOR *is a dapper, thorough-going American of about fifty. He looks well valeted in a dark grey, sacque suit*)

PRYOR. (*Coming down to L. of AUGUSTA—an open telegram in his hand*) Augusta, he's coming on the limited— (*Looking at his watch*)

AUGUSTA. Jack!

JANET. (*As she enters from L. of hall, coming to c. She is a charming girl about twenty. She wears the uniform of a Red Cross ambulance driver*) Oh, Aunt Augusta, what do you think? He's bringing a Blue Devil with him!

AUGUSTA. (*Rapturously, as she rises*) A Blue Devil! Oh, my dear—isn't that heavenly! (*She leaves towels on tea-table*)

PRYOR. (*Strutting down in front of table L.*) A Pershing Veteran and a Blue Devil—Washington and Lafayette had nothing on us! The house will be historic! (*Then going to L. of table. FAIRFAX, who has left PRYOR'S hat in hall to L., now crosses to R. at back and exits*)

AUGUSTA. (*With a change*) Well, I should think it had been looted. I've just been taking an inventory, Janet, and we haven't a bit of china or silver or any decent linen! (*Moving to c.*)

JANET. (*Going above piano, looks over music*) Oh, Dad, why didn't you let us know? We could have sent ours on here with the other things.

AUGUSTA. There's nothing coming but rugs and the things for your room, Janet.

PRYOR. Why, I didn't notice— (*Picking up newspaper*)

AUGUSTA. Now the linen and silver are all packed, and you know how I pack, John. (*Sitting R. of table L.*)

PRYOR. (*Sits L. of table, facing audience, looking over paper*) I know—

AUGUSTA. And in the storehouse! You know

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what it means to get anything out of the store-house.

PRYOR. Yes—I know that, too——

AUGUSTA. And the express companies—you know what they are.

PRYOR. Yes—that's three things I know.

AUGUSTA. (*With a final note of exasperation*) Why didn't you write me how matters were?

PRYOR. Why, I thought everything looked ship-shape.

AUGUSTA. Do you mean to say you've dried yourself with towels like these for a week and didn't know it?

PRYOR. Well, they felt pretty good to me after a week in sleepers. It's Washington in war time, you know.

AUGUSTA. It's pro-German, John, that's what it is—pro-German! (*JANET, still at the piano, has been listening in amusement, and laughs at this*)

PRYOR. Oh, heavens and earth! You smell it everywhere!

AUGUSTA. Well, anybody with the slightest patriotism wouldn't go and stint a war-worker on things this way. And the rent you pay! I wouldn't have believed it of Maggie Russell. And she couldn't have been afraid that we'd hurt her things. She knows what a careful housekeeper I am.

JANET. There must be some mistake. (*As she goes to back of table L. and sits on stool, she takes a newspaper and reads, leaning cozily against her father*)

AUGUSTA. I shall write to her about it at once. I sha'n't mince matters either. I shall tell her just what I think. And the servants she's left here—Charlotte and Fairfax—you needn't tell me—they're in collusion with her! (*JANET listens, laughing a little, glancing over newspaper*)

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PRYOR. Oh, it won't hurt us to get along without luxuries during the war.

AUGUSTA. John, Mr. Hoover is turning you into a regular Spartan!

PRYOR. I don't care if he turns me into a wheat substitute.

AUGUSTA. Those boys will want to take the next transport back to France.

PRYOR. Don't you worry about those boys.

AUGUSTA. (*Almost in tears*) I've been thinking and thinking what a good time Jack would have in his bath-tub.

PRYOR. Now look here, Augusta, he isn't going to live in the bath—one bath'll clean a man. It isn't going to be a question of getting a layer off a day, you know.

AUGUSTA. John, you've been talking sacrifice everywhere till you can't talk sense any longer.

JANET. (*Springing up and pulling her father by the arm*) Never mind, Aunt Augusta, we'll get paper plates and Jap napkins and pretend we're roughing it. Dad, let's go watch for the boys. We can see down to the Circle from the upper windows. Let's be there with the colors flying. (*Running to c., and turning to them as she speaks*)

PRYOR. (*Still seated*) See here, Janet, don't you get too enthusiastic about those boys or you'll have me jealous.

JANET. (*Going above table, back to him, her arm about him*) Why, Dad, after all you've done!

PRYOR. Oh, I've been peddling around here with food problems when all the time I wanted to be over there, and I'm sore. I'm against this age limit anyway. Makes a man feel like a cold storage egg. I'm just as good as I ever was, even if the Government has gone and rubber-stamped my date on me.

JANET. Come along now, and I'll let you wave Old Glory.

AUGUSTA. (*With a change to enthusiasm—she rises and crosses to piano for flags, pausing L. of sofa*) Wait, Janet—I've a Tri-color and the Union Jack, and here's an Italian flag, too. I thought we'd decorate the tea-table with them, you know. Flags are so thrilling always—and they're so much cheaper than flowers these days. See—I've got them in all sizes!

JANET. (*Running to R.C.*) Oh, lovely! Look, Dad!

PRYOR. Splendid! (*He rises and goes above table to L.C.*)

(ENTER MRS. RUSSELL and JARVIS from L. of hall. *She is a very attractive, young appearing, forty-something, up-to-date widow. JARVIS is a good-looking Washingtonian in civilian clothes. About twenty-five. AUGUSTA puts flags back on the piano and turns to receive them standing down R.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. How d'y'do, everybody!

JANET. (R.C.) Oh, how d'y'do, Mrs. Russell! (*Shaking hands with her*) Hello, Jarvis!

JARVIS. (*Up R.*) Hello, Janet! (MRS. RUSSELL turns to PRYOR on her L.)

PRYOR. Glad to see you, Margaret! (*As they shake hands*) Welcome to your own home!

AUGUSTA. (*Down R.*) Well, Maggie, how do you do?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Moving down toward her*) Oh, so-so. How are you?

PRYOR. (*Up C.*) Good afternoon, Jarvis.

JARVIS. (*Goes to him and shakes hands—JANET moves to back of tea-table*) How are you, Mr. Pryor?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*To R.C.*) Do you think you people can put us up for two or three days? It's absolutely impossible to get rooms in a hotel.

PRYOR. (c.) Of course we can! Delighted to have you!

MRS. RUSSELL. Katherine Knowles and I motored in to see Jarvis—Katherine is going to spend the summer with me—and when we heard that Augusta and Janet had just arrived we thought we'd better come and help you get settled.

PRYOR. That's the right idea! Stay as long as you can.

JANET. Where's Katherine?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Sitting L. of tea-table R.*) She's coming. She had a little shopping to do or something. (*AUGUSTA sits at R. end of sofa*)

PRYOR. Well, Jarvis, I suppose we'll soon turn you into a doughboy.

JARVIS. My number seems to be pretty far down the line, sir. (*He crosses PRYOR and moves down to R. of table L. and picks up newspaper for a moment*)

MRS. RUSSELL. He's exempt, John! He's got to take care of me.

AUGUSTA. I knew it! (*JANET crosses at back to window seat*)

PRYOR. (*Moving to L. of MRS. RUSSELL*) Come now—that sort of talk isn't popular around here. You're not serious?

MRS. RUSSELL. Indeed I am! Jarvis is all I've got in the world. My affairs are in an awful state. That's why I had to rent this house.

AUGUSTA. (*Still on sofa*) Well, Maggie, all I can say is, you ought to be able to get along for the rest of your life on what John's paying you.

PRYOR. (*Hastily*) Come—come—we won't talk about that.

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh,—you should have seen the offers I had for this house before you took it! I gave John the very lowest figure—just because it

was John and a dollar-a-year man and all that. (*Patting his arm*)

PRYOR. (*Chaffingly*) Well, Jarvis, I sympathize with you. Hard luck, isn't it, when a feller has to stay home on account of his mother.

JARVIS. I'm supposed to be doing needed work here, you know—the same as yourself. The Senator thinks so anyway. (*He joins JANET at window L.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. They've got to have somebody there. It's just as patriotic as to go stumping over the country for Hoover. Why don't you train for a reserve officer, John?

PRYOR. (*In a loud whisper*) Can't—I'm flat-footed!

MRS. RUSSELL. I don't believe it—a thoroughbred like you!

PRYOR. Margaret, I envy that boy of mine with all my soul.

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh, don't be silly! You make me sympathize with the man that said this whole blame country was divided into patriots and damn patriots.

AUGUSTA. Well, the man that said that was pro-German.

(*Ready for doorbell.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. No—he was simply clever.

PRYOR. (*Indignantly*) The place for that comedian is court fool to the Kaiser. (*He moves up stage to hall*)

JANET. We're expecting Jack any minute, Mrs. Russell. You know he got back several days ago.

(*Going to chair R. of table R., JARVIS moves below table.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Yes, Katherine told me.

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AUGUSTA. When he landed, John was out in Arkansas and Janet and I were closing up the house in Chicago, so we've none of us seen him yet.

MRS. RUSSELL. Dear Jack!

JANET. (*Crossing to c.*) Oh, Mrs. Russell, he's bringing one of the Blue Devils with him, Victor Fontaine!

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rising*) Is he? I'm crazy to see one. I hear they're wonderful. Foreigners are always so fascinated and then when you get them all scarred and decorated— (*Going to JANET L.C.*)

PRYOR. (*Coming down a little*) Come, Janet—we're forgetting the reception we've planned for them.

JANET. (*She runs to piano and gets flags*) Oh, yes. Come, Jarvis! Here—take two of the flags.

JARVIS. What's doing?

JANET. Come on—you'll see. Here, Dad, these are for you. (*She gives American flag to PRYOR, English and Italian to JARVIS, and keeps for herself the French. Moving gaily and quickly, she begins to march around c., followed by JARVIS, with PRYOR bringing up at the rear. They sing one of the popular war songs. They march twice around c., then out to hall to R., JARVIS going out first*) I'll wave the Tri-color!

MRS. RUSSELL. (*She moves across and sits at lower end of sofa*) Well, it is good to be at home. I've a darling place in the hills, Augusta, but Washington is a habit with me, and I seem to get restless away. But you know I was in a constant state of nerves here—the whole country standing on its head.

AUGUSTA. (*Standing L. of tea-table*) Maggie, are you pro-German?

MRS. RUSSELL. Nonsense! I'm pro-free speech.

AUGUSTA. (*Sits L. of tea-table*) Well, it's the same thing. Free speech always seems to be some-

thing that helps the Huns. I'm for plain speech and I want to know why you put' away all your silver and fine china and left us these coarse, unwashed sheets and towels and things.

MRS. RUSSELL. What? (*Door-bell off L.*)

AUGUSTA. That's what I find.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Laughing*) It's Charlotte and Fairfax conserving the country's resources.

AUGUSTA. It's all new—such as it is. (*FAIRFAX passes through hall from R.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. I told them to go over the stock and get whatever was needed. I meant for the kitchen, of course.

AUGUSTA. Well, I certainly felt insulted—after all the years you've known me.

MRS. RUSSELL. I should say so. (*Enter FAIRFAX from L. of hall, ushering in NUTLEY. NUTLEY is a pudgy, successful rice importer, between forty-five and fifty. He is as bald as a cellar mushroom and about the same color*)

FAIRFAX. Mr. Nutley, ma'am.

AUGUSTA. (*Going up c. to greet him, delightedly*) Oh, Oliver, how nice of you to drop in. Maggie, this is Mr. Nutley, our old friend, Mrs. Russell, Oliver. (*FAIRFAX moves to R. at back, standing in front of bookcase*)

MRS. RUSSELL. How d'y' do, Mr. Nutley?

NUTLEY. (*Moving down to MRS. RUSSELL, shaking hands with her*) Good afternoon, Madam.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Retaining his hand*) Why—I'm sure I've seen you before. (*Meantime AUGUSTA takes towels from tea-table and gives them hastily to FAIRFAX, then she goes to c.*)

NUTLEY. I—I hope so, but I'm sure I couldn't have forgotten you. (*AUGUSTA looks from one to the other uneasily*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh, I know—it's Lord Reading!

NUTLEY. Lord Reading?



FLORINE ARNOLD



“WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND” 25

MRS. RUSSELL. (*To AUGUSTA*) He looks just like Lord Reading—the same air of distinction.

NUTLEY. Well, I'm sure that's very flattering.

AUGUSTA. It's very flattering to Lord Reading.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rising and crossing in front of NUTLEY to R. of AUGUSTA*) Serve the tea, Fairfax.

FAIRFAX. (*Moving to go R. 3, concealing towels*) Yes, ma'am—

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh, my dear—I forget that you're the first lady here! But don't mind me. Fairfax, where's all the silver and linen? (*Moving toward him*)

FAIRFAX. De silver an' de linen, ma'am? I cain't say—I suspec' dat ole woman, Charlotte, is 'countable fo' de disappearance, ma'am.

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, why didn't you tell Miss Augusta?

FAIRFAX. I don'—I don' kno'—I don' neber argufy wid a lady, ma'am. 'Pears ter me like it's ungenteel.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Passing FAIRFAX, moving up to the door*) You come with me, Fairfax, and we'll do a little argufying with Charlotte. (*Exit R. 3, followed by FAIRFAX*)

AUGUSTA. (*Moving to R.*) I am so glad to see you, Oliver! You got my message this morning?

NUTLEY. (*Moving toward her, to L. of tea-table*) Yes—at half-past nine.

AUGUSTA. Weren't you surprised?

NUTLEY. Well, I'm not like that—I'm not easily surprised.

AUGUSTA. (*Moving down to sofa*) I called you up the very first chance I had. Isn't it wonderful to meet in Washington in this way? (*She sits and with a gesture indicates the seat beside her. Unob-servant, he sits L. of tea-table*)

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NUTLEY. Well, I don't know—people of patriotic trend—we all reach here sooner or later.

AUGUSTA. I know you must be doing great things.

NUTLEY. No—no—not yet. My plans are all completely worked out—theoretically speaking.

AUGUSTA. Theoretically? Oh, how clever you are, Oliver! (*Moving toward him as she sits*)

NUTLEY. (*Modestly*) Well, I do think I have evolved a way to end this war.

AUGUSTA. To end the war? Oh, Oliver, do hurry!

NUTLEY. Yes—yes—I will. You can help me, Augusta.

AUGUSTA. (*Moving to end of sofa, opposite him*) Oh, I will—I will! What can I do? Tell me your plan.

NUTLEY. It's a business man's idea. The reason it hasn't been thought of before is probably this—wars have always been run by soldiers. They don't approach them from a business man's point of view.

AUGUSTA. Why, of course—they just keep on fighting and fighting.

NUTLEY. That's it exactly. My idea started with Phillip of Macedon—

AUGUSTA. You mean from Georgia?

NUTLEY. No—I think he was Grecian.

AUGUSTA. Oh, yes—

NUTLEY. You remember what he asked when his army couldn't reach the enemy in the mountains?

AUGUSTA. Why, no—I did know, but I seem to have forgotten—

NUTLEY. He asked his generals, "Is there a pathway wide enough for an ass to pass laden with gold?"

AUGUSTA. (*Absorbed*) Laden with gold—

NUTLEY. This war is costing the Government twenty billions a year.

AUGUSTA. (*Worriedly*) Yes, I know. Do you think that's too much? It isn't their fault, you know, they——

NUTLEY. (*Impressively*) No, but listen. My idea is to send airplanes over the German lines and drop printed dodgers into the trenches—a proclamation from the President, telling them that every German who deserts to the American forces will be given a thousand dollars each, and a homestead out in the West, and as soon as peace is declared we'll transport his family.

AUGUSTA. Why, of course!

NUTLEY. Here are these people that were getting out of Germany as fast as they could before this war broke. None of them want to stay there. I never met a German yet that wanted to stay there. They'd come across so fast it 'u'd look like a run on the bank. You can't tell me they want to fight. They're fighting because they got into it and they think it's the only way out of it.

AUGUSTA. Why, of course!

NUTLEY. Suppose there were twelve million in the German army, we could afford to pay them a thousand dollars each for privates, two thousand for the next grade, and so on, and we don't need to buy the officers—buy the army out from under them—and let them down on their backs flat and the Kaiser on top of the heap! In no time at all there wouldn't be enough of them left over there to fight a duel!

AUGUSTA. But that's an awful lot of money to be giving the Germans——

NUTLEY. It's better to give it to them than to spend twice as much killing them.

AUGUSTA. Oh, of course we could take it away from them after we got them over here.

NUTLEY. Yes, we probably would—one way or another.

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AUGUSTA. Oliver, I think you're inspired!

NUTLEY. Not at all—just common sense—approaching it from a business man's point of view.

AUGUSTA. You must tell the President at once!

NUTLEY. Now that's my difficulty. You know, he's so hard to reach. That's where you can help me.

AUGUSTA. But what can I—— I don't know him—— Do you think I could call on Mrs. Wilson, or something?

NUTLEY. Your brother is in close touch with one of our great administrators.

AUGUSTA. Oh, yes, you must explain it all to John, and he'll tell Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hoover'll tell the President—of course! Just think, we may be making history right here in this room at this minute.

NUTLEY. Well, Augusta, I must say I've talked this to a lot of people and they've none of them seen it the way you do.

AUGUSTA. (*Rising and moving to front of table*) I'd be careful if I were you. I shouldn't talk about it to a lot of people. If the Germans heard of it over there, they might find a way to stop it—by offering them more money, you know, not to desert.

(*Ready door bell.*)

NUTLEY. (*Rising*) No fear of that. The richest country in the world—we could outbid them easily.

AUGUSTA. (*Moving nearer to him*) Well, there's one person here that you mustn't mention it to—that's Mrs. Russell.

NUTLEY. The one that thought——

AUGUSTA. The one that thought Lord Reading looked like you—yes. She's pro-German.

NUTLEY. Is she really? (*He moves around to up c. and looks toward door R.3*)

AUGUSTA. (*Following up to R. of him*) Yes, and I wouldn't have this interfered with for any-

thing. I've been so worried about some way to stop the war. It doesn't matter so much to you men, but if it goes on, you know what it means to us women. (*Looking around over her shoulder*) Polygamy!

NUTLEY. Polygamy!

AUGUSTA. They have it in Germany already. It's coming everywhere. I see signs of it here. Do you ever see a soldier on the street that hasn't three girls with him?

NUTLEY. Oh—but really——

AUGUSTA. And you saw the way Mrs. Russell looked at you the moment she saw you—holding your hand and flattering you.

NUTLEY. Yes, but that was only——

AUGUSTA. There aren't enough marriageable men now in Washington. What'll it be when—— (*Enter MRS. RUSSELL door R.3. She comes to back of tea-table*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, Augusta, I've unearched the hidden treasure. (*Enter FAIRFAX R.3, carrying tea-tray laid for four. He places it on the table and then moves back up R. and stands waiting*) Charlotte had heard of the Germans looting the homes in Belgium, and she was afraid they'd raid Washington and carry my silver off to Berlin.

AUGUSTA. (*Over the tray*) That looks more like it.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Sitting back of table*) Shall I serve it?

AUGUSTA. Why, yes—do.

MRS. RUSSELL. Do have some tea, Mr. Nutley.

NUTLEY. (*Going to L. of tea-table*) No, thank you—no stimulants. I find my brain's been too active lately.

MRS. RUSSELL. That's the penalty of having one. It's worse than a heart, isn't it?

AUGUSTA. (*Uneasily, as she stands c.*) Don't you want to see John before you go? He's up on the balcony of the top floor. I'll show you. (*Taking him by the arm*)

NUTLEY. Excuse me, Mrs. Russell—I want to have a few words with Mr. Pryor about a Government matter. (*AUGUSTA hurries him out*)

AUGUSTA. (*As they go out c. to r.*) It's a very good time now to catch John before the boys get here. (*MRS. RUSSELL smilingly pours herself some tea. Enter R.3, CHARLOTTE, carrying a plate of corn-bread. CHARLOTTE is a typical old Washington negress, faithful and good-natured. She goes to L. of tea-table and puts the plate on it*)

CHARLOTTE. (*Standing L. of tea-table*) Miss Russell, ma'am, heal's some corn-pone I dun made. Dis fambly don' use no wheat in dis yere house while dere's a wa'. I tell dat ole man, Fairfax, he ought ter be 'shamed o' hissself not to have no chil-lun to make soldiers out o'. An' if I had a gal, Miss Russell, ma'am, she shouldn't marry nuffin but one o' dem unifo'ms. (*Door-bell rings. FAIRFAX, with an indignant look back at CHARLOTTE, goes out c. to L.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Charlotte, I told these people that you put away all my things.

CHARLOTTE. Dat's right, load it all on ter me, ma'am. I'se so used ter lyin' 'twon't bother me none.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Sipping tea*) You did it to save them for me.

CHARLOTTE. Yes'm, dat's de God's truth! (*She moves up toward door R.3 and pauses as MRS. R. speaks*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Fairfax tells me you've been saving every penny you could get to buy Liberty Bonds.

CHARLOTTE. Miss Russell, ma'am, I didn't buy dose Libe'ty bombs to save 'em. I dun bought dose

bombs to spectorate in. (*Enter FAIRFAX from L. of the hall, ushering in CAPTAIN EVERETT. He is about forty-five, altogether military in manner and bearing. Best type in our service*)

FAIRFAX. Captain Ev'rett, ma'am.

EVERETT. How d'y do, Margaret? This is luck.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rising*) Well, Frank—I am pleased! How did you know I was here?

EVERETT. I just looked in to find out where you were. (*Exeunt FAIRFAX and CHARLOTTE up R.3, CHARLOTTE going first*)

MRS. RUSSELL. You dear old boy—how are you?

EVERETT. (R.C.) Oh, moving along. Pretty busy at the office.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Sitting back of tea-table again*)
Tea?

EVERETT. Thanks.

MRS. RUSSELL. One?

EVERETT. Clear, please.

MRS. RUSSELL. Under the spell of the great man?

EVERETT. Uh-huh.

MRS. RUSSELL. It used to be four and cream for you. (*Smiling at him. Putting sugar in her own cup*)

EVERETT. (*Taking the cup from her, he moves below table and sits on sofa*) When I came in, the family were upstairs leaning out of the windows, with flags waving. I don't suppose it was all for me.

MRS. RUSSELL. Jack's coming.

EVERETT. Oh, I see. Fine boy, Jack. Wish I could get to the front. I say, Margaret, do you remember Baron von Feiffen?—of the German Embassy?

MRS. RUSSELL. I should say I do. We were great pals—one of my beaux, you know. We saw a great deal of him.

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EVERETT. I thought you knew him rather well.
(*A pause. He drinks his tea*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Why? What about him? Has he been killed?

EVERETT. Oh—I don't know about that, but I ran across a letter that concerned him the other day. It accidentally came to us. I put it aside and thought I'd ask you about it.

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, go on—what about it?

EVERETT. It was in code, you know, and as near as I could make out—it was directing somebody to recover a packet of papers that the Baron had left here.

MRS. RUSSELL. Left here?

EVERETT. Yes. Your name was mentioned in the letter.

MRS. RUSSELL. My name—

EVERETT. I gathered they thought that the packet had been left with you. (*Ready company for general entrance*)

MRS. RUSSELL. I don't know anything about it, Frank. He left nothing with me and I haven't had a line from him since he sailed.

EVERETT. Well, I thought I'd ask you.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Anxiously*) Has anyone beside yourself seen the letter?

EVERETT. I can't say as to that.

MRS. RUSSELL. If you're a friend of mine, Frank, you won't say any more about it. I don't want to be mixed up in any German intrigue.

EVERETT. I should say not.

MRS. RUSSELL. You know I'm against the war and the way things are managed and conscription and everything, but I wouldn't do anything to help the Germans.

EVERETT. (*Good-naturedly*) If everybody felt that way, Margaret, they wouldn't need any help—they'd have a walkover—as far as we're con-

cerned. (*She looks at him a second, then rises*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Have you got that letter with you?

EVERETT. (*Taking out his pocket-book, as he crosses to R.C.*) Yes—I thought you’d like to see it—it’s rather curious. (*Drawing out letter and giving it to her*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Reading, as she stands back of tea-table*) Why, I don’t see any reference to me in this—

EVERETT. See that word—“Rustle”?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Reading*) “Rustle it along”—yes—but that’s r-u-s-t-l-e.

EVERETT. Let me show you. (*He lays it on the table and places over it another paper, perforated here and there*) “Mrs. Margaret Russell”—(*Pointing*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Dropping the perforated sheet on table*) I see—I see—Frank, what are you going to do with that letter? If anyone should see it that didn’t know me, I might be in no end of trouble. (*Still looking at the letter*)

EVERETT. (*Picking up the perforated sheet*) Oh—it’s easy enough to prove you never heard of the packet.

MRS. RUSSELL. But it might get into the papers, and you never can clear yourself once that happens. I’m awfully worried, Frank. I wish you’d let me keep this letter.

EVERETT. (*L. of her*) Sorry, Margaret, I can’t do that.

MRS. RUSSELL. But I’m frightened—I don’t know what to do—

EVERETT. Nonsense—don’t do anything. (*JANET and PRYOR are heard off stage up R. calling as if from upper window*)

MRS. RUSSELL. There’s Jack now—

EVERETT. Sure enough— (*With a turn up L.*

toward hall, she quickly tears the letter into bits. He turns and starts toward her, exclaiming in indignant surprise and sudden suspicion) Margaret! That looks bad!

MRS. RUSSELL. (*To front of sofa*) I don't care—I should never know another moment's peace!

EVERETT. Fortunately that was only a copy.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Exclaiming in anger and fear*) Frank!

(*There is a rush through the hall and the sound of welcoming voices. "Jack—Jack! Welcome home!" "Hello, Father!" "Here you are at last!" "Hello, Janet!" "Oh, Jack, Jack!"*)

JANET. Oh, Jack, it's so good to have you back! We thought you'd never get here.

JACK. I've wondered about that several times myself.

JANET. Your wire didn't come in time for us to go to meet you.

(*Enter JACK with JANET on one arm and KATHERINE on the other. JACK is a fine young American soldier of twenty-four or five, tall and lean, in the khaki of a first lieutenant, a service chevron on his sleeve. KATHERINE is a lovely girl in her twenties. Quiet, earnest, direct manner, well but not over-dressed*)

JACK. Well, we'd just started to hunt up a taxi when I caught sight of Katherine waiting for us in a steamboat—I say, you're looking great, Katherine!

KATHERINE. 'Fess up, now—you didn't know me. (*MRS. R. is down at lower end of sofa. CAPTAIN EVERETT is back of tea-table. JACK C. with JANET on his R. and KATHERINE on his L.*)

JACK. Didn't know you! Say—I thought I was

back at Billets, looking at a pile of doughnuts in a canteen.

MRS. RUSSELL. So, Katherine, that's why you were speeding all the way in.

KATHERINE. I made up my mind to meet every train till they came.

JACK. (*Going down to her, JANET and KATHERINE go to R. of table L. KATHERINE at lower end of it. They stand, leaning against table. facing R.*) How are you, Mrs. Russell?

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, Jack—I've got to kiss you, you know.

JACK. (*Kissing her*) Got to! You couldn't escape me! I'm the quickest kisser in the regiment. How are you, Captain Everett? (*EVERETT moves down to L. of JACK*)

EVERETT. (*Wringing his hand*) Glad to see you, Jack!

(*PRYOR and VICTOR come in c. from L. of hall, followed by JARVIS, who gradually moves from up back of table L. down to L. corner. FAIRFAX and CHARLOTTE linger for a moment at the hall door, watching with shining eyes, then move off to R., carrying the luggage*)

JACK. (*As his father and VICTOR appear in doorway*) Come in, Victor. Here's one of the best ever! Mrs. Russell, my friend Victor Fontaine. (*He goes up to VICTOR and gives him a friendly shove down toward MRS. RUSSELL. PRYOR turns to EVERETT up R.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Down R., giving him her hand*) Welcome to Washington, Monsieur Fontaine.

VICTOR. (*Doffing his cap with the sweep of a cavalier and kissing her hand*) I am charmed, Madame. (*He is a dashing, debonair Blue Devil, about thirty, in the uniform of a French sergeant. His English is broken, our "th" bothers him.* MRS.

RUSSELL *sits on sofa*. CAPTAIN EVERETT *moves to L. of chair L. of tea-table*)

JACK. (L.C.) Captain Everett, Victor—Military Intelligence.

VICTOR. (*Turns to EVERETT, who is on his L.*) Ah—Intelligence Militaire?

JACK. (*As VICTOR and EVERETT shake hands*) Yes—peek-a-boo—I spy with the Germans—you know. (*AUGUSTA off c. to R. is heard calling, "Oh, my boy, my boy! Where is he?" She runs in and goes to JACK's arms L.C.*) Well, Auntie, old girl, how goes it? You look as young as a debutante. Here's a basier I smuggled out of France for you. (*Kissing her loudly on both cheeks*)

AUGUSTA. (*NUTLEY comes on c. from R.*) Oh—oh—you darling boy!

JACK. Hello, Mr. Nutley. (*Turns and shakes hands with him*)

NUTLEY. How d'y' do, Jack?

JACK. Victor, what do you think of 'em? Some family, *n'est-ce-pas?* *Que dites—vous* to my Aunt Gus? (*His arm about her*)

VICTOR. (*R. of them*) I am enchanté avec Aunt—Aunt—

JACK. Gus. That scared him. He thought I called you Aunt Gas. (*They all laugh, AUGUSTA goes up L. and sits beside NUTLEY*)

VICTOR. Oh, Shack—no—no—what shall I say?

JACK. (*Giving him a playful punch*) Use your dictionary, old scout! How do you like to be all alone in the midst of a foreign language? This is where I get even for all the short change I got over in your country. (*As they knock each other about like a pair of cubs, VICTOR gets to L. of JACK. JARVIS sits on chair below window L. The two girls are against table L., interested and laughing*)

VICTOR. Ah—Shack—no—behave ourselves, Shack! Behave ourselves!



TIM MURPHY

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PRYOR. (*Up R. of JACK*) I'm mighty proud of this boy, Captain Everett.

EVERETT. (*Back of tea-table*) I see you won your Croix de Guerre.

JACK. (C.) Oh, these are just for good conduct and punctuality. Look at Victor, he's the boy with the prizes.

VICTOR. (*L. of him*) No—no—it is nothing—

JACK. Father, you look fifteen years younger. I'm ashamed to call you Poppa.

PRYOR. (R.C.) Setting-up drill and war rations, son.

AUGUSTA. That's what Mr. Hoover's done for him, Jack.

JACK. Well, what he took off you, Dad, he put on us.

EVERETT. John, I hear you took all Arkansas' wheat off her last week.

PRYOR. Took it nothing! She shoved at me—every grain till the next harvest!

JACK. Come on, Victor, let's give Arkansas an over-the-top yell.

VICTOR. No—no, Shack, cool off yourself!

JACK. Wait till you hear him sing the Marseillaise—that's his stunt.

JANET. (*Rises and moves forward a little*) Oh, we'd love it!

VICTOR. (*Turns to her*) No—no—some ot'er time—*peut-etre, avec plaisir*. I sing very bad unless I am very much moved.

JACK. It's up to you, Janet—move him!

VICTOR. For you, Mademoiselle, I think I could sing very loud.

JACK. You must be careful how you jolly this young devil. He believes everything you say is straight stuff.

VICTOR. Do not believe that everyt'ing Shack say is stuffed straight. *Blaiseur!*

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JACK. This boy's awful quiet, but he's so full of schrapnel that when he walks he sounds like a baby's rattle. (*Giving him a shove toward PRYOR, then sitting on table L. between the two girls*)

PRYOR. Pretty fast going where you picked that up, I suppose.

VICTOR. (*Diffidently*) Oh—I don't know.

AUGUSTA. (*Still seated up L.*) Weren't you a bit panicky before a drive?

VICTOR. (c.) Oh, I don't know—it is all much the same.

JACK. Oh, he's seen such a lot of it that he's fed up. These fellows go off to the trenches like a bunch of miners trooping in for the day's work.

VICTOR. Oh, no—but it has been such a long time that we sit in a hole in the mud trying to kill them before they can kill us. It is patience that you have to learn. There are a great many Sher-mans and the war it will not end until we have killed sufficient. In the meantime, you part from so many of your friends, if you are not patient you go mad.

JACK. If you saw him going over the top with a yell, you wouldn't think he was very patient.

JANET. Oh, tell us—what does it feel like when you go over the top?

VICTOR. It is a relief—it is a change—how do you say?—somet'ing doing.

PRYOR. How did you feel about it, Jack?

JACK. Well, there's one thing about it—your skin feels awful tight on your face.

VICTOR. (*Grimming at him*) And t'irsty, eh, Shack?

JACK. Oh, *quelle soif!*

JARVIS. (*Seated down L.*) I guess none of you are too keen to go back. (*The others look at him in surprise*)

VICTOR. (*Turning toward him, coming down a*

little) We will go back and kill him or he will come over and kill you. He has said to the whole world you will be Sherman or you will be dead. We in France—we would rather be dead. (*The girls and JACK exclaim, "Hear! Hear!"*)

JARVIS. (*Still seated down L.*) That's a simple statement of the war. (*MRS. RUSSELL rises*)

VICTOR. (*Looking him over carefully*) Yes—I do not argue about the war. I leave that to the Shermans and their friends. They have more need of arguments than we have. (*He crosses to MRS. RUSSELL at sofa and stands L. of her. She says a protesting word to him in pantomime*)

PRYOR. (*Hastily*) Yes—yes—the time for arguments is past. You boys must need freshening up.

JACK. (*Going to c.*) Yes, Auntie, where are our dug-outs?

AUGUSTA. (*Rising and going to hall. NUTLEY rises*) Come right upstairs.

JACK. Dad, I've got a bag full of trophies. Don't you want to see them—everybody? (*Chorus of "Oh, yes—yes!" VICTOR goes up to hall with MRS. RUSSELL*)

AUGUSTA. You must hurry—I've got tea waiting for you. (*Exit to hall, going r., followed by VICTOR and MRS. RUSSELL, KATHERINE and JARVIS*)

EVERETT. (*As he moves out to hall with JACK*) Did you bring back an iron cross?

JACK. Oh, pshaw! They're so common we wouldn't cart 'em around. (*Exeunt to hall to r. PRYOR is last to go*)

NUTLEY. (*Detaining PRYOR, from his L.*) Just a moment, Mr. Pryor.

PRYOR. Yes—yes—yes—

NUTLEY. You were saying it would be difficult to get these proclamations to the Germans. Wouldn't it be a simple matter to drop them out of airplanes?

PRYOR. You better see Creel about that. I understand the Germans shoot anyone they catch reading our propaganda.

NUTLEY. Oh—oh, yes—that's a disadvantage. I'll have to think that out.

PRYOR. (*Moving to go*) And I saw in the papers that they shoot our aviators if they capture any that have been dropping stuff.

NUTLEY. (*At the door*) Well, couldn't we use toy balloons to carry them?

PRYOR. (*As they go out*) Yes, or you might fill shells with them, but still how are you going to get them read? (*Exeunt to hall to R. KATHERINE and JARVIS move down from L. of hall*)

KATHERINE. (*Drawing him down to L.C., lowering her voice*) Jar, you mustn't start an argument with them about the war.

JARVIS. (*Crosses her to just below table L.*) I'll bet darn few of them would have gone if they hadn't been drafted.

KATHERINE. Well, if you quarrel with them, you're going to make it awfully uncomfortable for me.

JARVIS. I don't see what you went to meet him for. He acts as if he thought you meant a good deal by it.

KATHERINE. (*R. of him*) We've always been great friends, and I'm awfully fond of him.

JARVIS. (*Putting his arm about her*) You're not as fond of him as you are of me, are you? (*Watch for general entrance*)

KATHERINE. Of course I'm not. Don't be silly, Jar. Janet and I have been like sisters and he was like a brother to me. It's different with you. (*He pulls her into his arms to kiss her as JACK calls from hall off R., "Oh, Katherine!" She draws away a little to R. as JACK enters. Seeing them, he turns as if to go*)

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JACK. Oh, I beg pardon——

KATHERINE. Oh, come in, Jack. (*With a move up to him*)

JACK. (*Down to R. of her*) Oh—I wondered where you were, Katherine. Here's something I brought you—a French soldier gave it to me. (*Giving her a ring*) He was our liason officer.

KATHERINE. (*Taking it. She is down L.C.*) Why, Jack—this is a very valuable ring!

JARVIS. (*In front of table L.*) Why did he give it to you?

JACK. (*Rather moved and embarrassed*) Well, he hadn't anyone else to give it to. The family had been wiped out up in the north of France. He'd been saving it for his sweetheart and when he heard what had happened to her—you know—that's the sort of thing that's going on there all the time.

KATHERINE. But——

JARVIS. But why to you?

JACK. Well, you see, he had been wounded and I got him back into a shell hole. I'd spoken about you to him, Katherine, and when he was dying he gave it to me for you.

KATHERINE. (*Deeply moved*) Oh—Jack!

JARVIS. I think it's kind of gruesome. I don't see what you'd want with that, Katherine. Can't you give her something more cheerful?

JACK. I hope you don't feel that way about it, Katherine.

KATHERINE. (*Looking at the ring*) What was he like?

(*Voices of the family heard as they return. Enter MRS. RUSSELL, JANET and VICTOR from R. of hall. JACK crosses to below sofa R.*)

VICTOR. (*Off stage as they come*) Oh, Made-

moiselle, I too have a box full of trophies, and you shall have them all!

JANET. Oh, I'd love them!

MRS. RUSSELL. (*A broken sword in her hand*) One is enough for me. (MRS. RUSSELL goes to sofa R. and sits. JANET to back of tea-table, VICTOR to L. of her. KATHERINE is down L., JARVIS in front of table. PRYOR enters and comes to L.C., followed by EVERETT, who pauses R. of him. PRYOR is carrying a trench helmet. EVERETT is fingering a piece of shell)

PRYOR. (*As they enter*) Well, you know this will probably be the most hated headgear the world has ever produced. It's the head of the human cobra—poisonous beast! (*Rubbing his hands in disgust as EVERETT takes it from him*)

EVERETT. (R.C.) And there probably weren't any more brains under it than you'd find under the hood of a cobra. Strange coincidence—out in India the snake-charmers always use cobra. They're very susceptible to music—German in that respect, too. (*He puts helmet on small table up L., then moves back to R.C.*)

VICTOR. For me—I have too much admiration for a snake to call him Sherman.

JARVIS. I don't see why you people can't be fair. I knew at least one German well, and you can't make me believe he wasn't a human being.

VICTOR. He might be a human being in Shermany—in France he is a swine. He will go home and wallow in his saur-kraut or we will cut his t'roat.

EVERETT. (*He moves down a little*) Who was this German, Jarvis? Was it the Baron von Feifen? (MRS. RUSSELL, on sofa, shows her alarm)

JARVIS. Yes, and he was neither a snake nor a swine.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Hastily*) You can't make this

crowd believe anything good of a German, Jarvis, now don't try.

JACK. Well, perhaps we'd better get this thing cleared up. Where do you get off on this war, anyway, Jarvis? You don't think the Germans have a leg to stand on, do you?

JARVIS. I imagine they feel about it very much as we do. We've got into a quarrel with them and I suppose we're going to fight it out.

JACK. How about you? Are you going to fight it out—or are you going to let someone else do it for you?

JARVIS. I don't know as I was consulted about this war. I wasn't asked to vote on it. They didn't put it to a referendum.

JACK. Your Senator voted for it.

JARVIS. My Senator voted against it.

PRYOR. (*Flaring. He is L.C. and comes down L. a little*) You talk like an anarchist. Do you suppose you're not going to obey any law you don't vote for?

JARVIS. I obey the law, all right, but I think according to my conscience—same as you do. If Congress voted to make peace to-morrow, you'd all be out yelling like a lot of stuck pigs.

EVERETT. (*Up R.C.*) If Congress voted to make peace to-morrow, the country would rise up and hang them. This is a representative government, and Congress does what the country wants.

PRYOR. And you'll do what the country wants or you'll find yourself lined up with Benedict Arnold.

JACK. Well, what do you think of that, Victor?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Crossing to L.C.*) Oh, don't start an argument. You'd better go, Jarvis.

PRYOR. (*Up C., R. of her*) Oh, come, Margaret,

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you're not going to encourage the boy in this sort of talk.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*R. of table L.*) I'm going to encourage him to do what he thinks is right. You are all very unjust to him. You've no right to call him a coward because you don't agree with him.

JARVIS. (*Crossing to her c.*) I don't care what he calls me. I have my own opinion of him, and I'll do what I please. Mother, you and Katherine come with me. (*Turning to her. KATHERINE is below table R.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Now, Jarvis, I'm not going to let this war break up all my personal relations.

JARVIS. You don't mean to say you're going to stay here?

MRS. RUSSELL. Where can I go? I can't get into a hotel, I can't stay at your club, and I wouldn't let the Kaiser himself put me in a boarding-house.

JARVIS. I should think you might go back home.

MRS. RUSSELL. Why, Jarvis, I've only just got here.

JARVIS. Well, it's the last you'll see of me as long as you stay here! (*Exit angrily to hall to L.*)

JACK. (*Down R., seated on end of sofa*) I'll miss him! (*He moves to below tea-table. JANET moves up to R. of c. door. VICTOR is R. of her*)

KATHERINE. (*Greatly troubled*) Don't you think we'd better go, Mrs. Russell?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Sitting R. of table L.*) Certainly not. I should think that just good manners would keep people from quarreling about politics and wars. That used to be one of the pleasant things about Washington—nobody took those things seriously. Now you'd hardly recognize the place—all these strangers coming in and biting each other's heads off.

PRYOR. (*R. of her*) I don't think that's a very



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patriotic thing to say, Margaret—all those boys over there dying for us.

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, patriotism is like religion—it's all right for Sundays and the Fourth of July, but I don't think you ought to be dragging it out every day in the week.

PRYOR. I must say I don't agree with you and I don't like to hear anyone talk that way, either. As long as our boys are willing to fight for the country I think we ought to be willing to argue for it.

KATHERINE. (*Painfully*) I don't feel that I can stay— (*She crosses to JACK down R.C. and gives him the ring*)

JACK. Katherine!

KATHERINE. You're not fair to Jarvis. He has a good reason for everything he does and says. He's thought more about this war than any of us.

JACK. Katherine—you're not really going—

KATHERINE. I—I am— (*Exit KATHERINE, greatly distressed, controlling herself with difficulty. She goes out to hall to R.*)

JANET. (*Following her off*) Oh, Katherine—don't go!

JACK. My God—while I've been off at the front—that rotten slacker— (*He drops despondently in a chair L. of tea-table, and VICTOR puts his hand on his shoulder in sympathy*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rising*) Slacker! I've stood a good deal, but I'll not stand that!

PRYOR. (*Up L.C.*) Well, by the gods, Margaret, I've given my only boy to this war, and I've given up my business. I stand to lose everything that I've been living for because I've come to realize like millions of others that everything is at stake that makes life in this whole world worth living for. Every ideal that our country has believed in these Huns are against. There's no democracy, there's

no freedom, no kindliness, there's no decency possible if they win. It's the Day of Judgment for humanity! And you're chattering around here like a ground-hog in an earthquake because your own little burrow has been disturbed!

(Ready everybody for calls at end of Act)

MRS. RUSSELL. I certainly sha'n't stay another moment in a house where my son is called a slacker, and I'm called a ground-hog and I have been practically accused of being a German agent! *(Exit to hall to R.)*

PRYOR. *(Going up to hall door)* A German agent!

VICTOR. *(Consoling JACK)* Oh, don't you care, Shack. There will be girls enough left in the world.

JACK. Yes—but I've been thinking about her and counting on her. I thought when I came back—

PRYOR. *(Coming down to c.)* What does she mean by calling herself a German agent?

EVERETT. *(Crossing up stage to L. of table L.)* I'm beginning to think there's something seriously wrong. *(Taking out his pocketbook, he draws from it a letter.)* Look at this—we're all in the lodge. *(PRYOR beckons VICTOR to come. He goes to back of table and VICTOR pauses at upper R. corner)* This came across from Switzerland to a man in St. Louis. It was hidden in a newspaper.

PRYOR. What is it—a piece of pianola roll?

EVERETT. No—it's a very simple cipher. We made several copies and sent on the original, and kept an eye on the fellow's mail. That was some months ago.

PRYOR. Cipher!

EVERETT. Yes, and this is what it's the key to. *(Showing another paper)* This arrived the other

day. Look here, Jack. (*JACK joins them, and sits R. of table*) You see it's an innocent-looking, personal message, asking this fellow if he can get news of a girl named Margaret, and rustle it along to him, and so forth. Now here's what this key gives you—"Recover package with Mrs. Margaret Russell, Washington. Important. Destroy unread." Bear in—that's Baron—Fife. (*Pointing down the lines*) —in—that's Baron von Feiffen.

PRYOR. What—

JACK. What does it mean?

EVERETT. Well, I'll tell you what I think it means. That isn't from von Feiffen. It's probably from some official in Germany who has learned that von Feiffen left incriminating records here.

PRYOR. With Margaret Russell?

EVERETT. That's what he says.

JACK. Do you mean it's true she's a German agent?

EVERETT. If she's doing it, she's doing it innocently for von Feiffen. She's been pretty thick with him and so has Jarvis. I should think they were documents that von Feiffen was afraid to take away from here, but didn't want to destroy. I don't mean that they incriminate him so much as they do his government. You see if they were something that would incriminate him, he'd have destroyed them before he left.

VICTOR. I knew it—that Sharvis—he is a spy! Eh bien, this will fix everything all right for you, Shack! (*To EVERETT*) You will shoot him! (*R. of JACK*)

(*Warn curtain*)

PRYOR. Good heavens—no! We don't do things that way!

EVERETT. Not so fast! We have nothing but a suspicion.

VICTOR. (*R. of JACK*) What is it you want? We

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had one in our trench—we did not take chances wit' him. Leave this Sharvis to me. (*Putting on his cap*) Where is it that he lives?

JACK. (*Turning toward him*) Holy smoke, Victor! You can't do that—wait a minute——

VICTOR. He is a slacker—he is a pro-German—he is a spy. What more is it that you want? I will find him—good-bye—— (*He crosses and gets cap from sofa and rushes up c.*)

EVERETT. Sergeant Fontaine, you obey orders! (*VICTOR comes to salute*) You leave this affair to your superior officers. (*VICTOR takes off his cap and moves down, rather crestfallen, to corner of tea-table*)

PRYOR. There must be some mistake. These people have always been all right. Margaret has probably talked the boy out of going to the front because she couldn't stand losing him. And when this Senator—what's his name—that he's working for—he owes his election to a German vote, and he's given him a wrong slant on the war and all the rest of it. You boys ought to take him in hand and get this stuff out of him. What that feller needs is a friend.

VICTOR. What he needs is an enemy! (*Turning to R.C.* JACK goes to him and throws his arm over VICTOR'S shoulder as if in accord with him)

EVERETT. You're right—what he needs is an enemy, and if these von Feiffen papers are what I think they are, I've found one for him. (*He picks up his papers composedly, and puts them in his pocketbook. They all turn and look at him in puzzled expectancy*)

CURTAIN

CALLS: Entire company.

ACT II

SCENE:—*The same.*

The following night at about eleven-thirty.

(Ready door bell.)

AT RISE *the stage is clear. The telephone is ringing insistently. CHARLOTTE enters R. 3rd., apparently ready for bed. She looks at the telephone with rolling eyes, goes toward it reluctantly, then up to the entrance to hall at back and calls.*

CHARLOTTE. Fai'fax—Fai'fax! *(She grumbles to herself at receiving no reply)* Whar' is dat ole black slacker—I dun know—— *(Goes to the telephone as it rings again, and after some hesitation, takes the receiver and puts it to her ear)* Hello—hello—dat's what I say—hello. No, suh, Cap'n Ev'rett—I caint hea' nuffin—wha'—wha'—I caint hea' nuffin. Dar's no use ringin' dis yere telumphun—dar's nobody home—dar's nobody home. *(She hangs up with relief)* I dun cain't tell wha' folks is sayin' unless I can see deir faces movin'. *(Enter FAIRFAX from hall, coming from R. She moves to him)* Fai'fax, whar' was yo' when I called? Yo' know I don' eber ansa de telumphun. Wha' yo' doin' sno'in' yo' black head off so loud yo' cain't hea' me callin'? It's only ha' pas' ten. *(She drives him step by step a little to R. as she speaks)*

FAIRFAX. Ha' pas' ten!—It's ha' pas' 'leben, woman.

CHARLOTTE. It's ha' pas' ten, yo' fool nigga' yo'! Dat's God's time. Yo' cain't change dat. Yo' dun got no right sleepin' at ha' pas' ten.

FAIRFAX. Cha'lotte, yo' wasn't sleepin' at ha' pas' six dis mo'nin', was yo'?

CHARLOTTE. Suttently I wasn't sleepin' at ha' pas' six dis mo'nin'. Wha'—wha' yo' all say dat for?

FAIRFAX. I say dat coze it wan' no ha' pas' six. It was ha' pas' five yo' wasn't sleepin' dis mo'in'. Yo' was savin' de daylight fo' de Gove'ment, woman.

CHARLOTTE. Yo' can't tell me nuffin' 'bout dat. I know all 'bout dat—savin' de daylight fo' de Gove'ment. We'se talkin' 'bout de night time. Yo' cain't save no daylight in de night time, an' it's ha' pas' ten an' no mo'! Ole fool nigga—t'ink I don't don't know daylight from da'kness. Yo' don't know black from white, I reckon. Mebbe yo'all be sayin' yo'se a light cullid nigga nex'. (*The door bell is heard*)

FAIRFAX. (*Hurrying up to hall*) Go 'long, woman. Yo' go 'long. (*Passing her, then turning in doorway*) Yo' cain't be seen roun' yere like dis—all neggljay!

CHARLOTTE. (*With a yell*) Wha'!— (*He jumps, going out quickly to hall to L.*) Wha' dat yo' calls me?—naked like a jay? Dat ole man's dun gone crazy. He makes me so mad he drives de hope o' heben right out o' my soul. Ole fool nigga—he's got no edumencation. (*She starts to go to door R.3 when Mrs. RUSSELL enters quickly from L. of hall, followed by KATHERINE. FAIRFAX is seen passing through hall and off to R.*) Oh—Miss Russell, ma'am—

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Coming down to c.*) Charlotte, has Mr. Jarvis been here? (*KATHERINE moves down to chair R. of table L. and sits, facing Mrs. RUSSELL*)

CHARLOTTE. No, ma'am, not since he was hea' yeste'day. He don' come hea' reg'lar, ma'am.

MRS. RUSSELL. No—I know, but I left a message for him telling him to meet me here to-night.

CHARLOTTE. Well, if it was one o' dem yere telumphun messages, Miss Russell, ma'am, he'll never get it.

KATHERINE. I don't believe he'll come here.

MRS. RUSSELL. Where is everybody?

CHARLOTTE. Eberybody's out somewhar, ma'am. Miss Augusta an' dat yere plasterfist am dun gone ter de movies, an' Miss Janet an' de Blue Debil dey dun gone ter sell libe'ty bombs an' dere's no 'countin' fo' de res' ob de fambly.

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, Charlotte, I've got to stay here. Our house was broken into last night. (*Giving CHARLOTTE her motor coat*)

CHARLOTTE. Bu'gla's, ma'am—yo' don' mean bu'gla's?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Going back of table L. to telephone*) Yes, burglars, and I can't stay there.

CHARLOTTE. Dat's right, ma'am, don' yo' do it. I say when bu'gla's bust into de house yo' jes' get right out an' leb it to 'em—yes, ma'am—

MRS. RUSSELL. What rooms was Miss Augusta going to give us, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE. Your rooms am all ready an' waitin', ma'am, an' yo' won' fin' no bu'gla's in dere. (*KATHERINE rises and gives her motor coat to CHARLOTTE*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Sitting back of table and taking the receiver*) Well, Charlotte, I wish you'd go and make sure.

CHARLOTTE. I'll tell yo' wha' I will do, Miss Russell, ma'am, I'll go an' sen' dat old man, Fai'fax ter see. (*Exit C. to R.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Hello—hello, Central—5200, Franklin—yes—

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KATHERINE. (*Standing R. of Mrs. Russell*) I'm sure he won't come here.

MRS. RUSSELL. If I could get hold of him, I don't care where I see him—I've got to see him to-night. Hello—has Mr. Jarvis Russell come in yet?

KATHERINE. Well, he can't have gone out of town or he would have told me when I 'phoned him last night. I don't understand why he didn't get the message we left in the office.

MRS. RUSSELL. When the Senator's away you never find him in the office. Hello—oh, he hasn't. Then he hasn't got my message. What?—Well, I left a message for him. Will you please see if it's still there? (*To KATHERINE*) Since all these outsiders came to Washington the telephones haven't been a bit of good.

KATHERINE. You know I don't like to stay without Jarvis knowing that we're here.

MRS. RUSSELL. You're very considerate of him, my dear. As his mother I've found it easier to give consideration to Jarvis than to get it from him.

KATHERINE. (*Thoughtfully crosses to chair L. of the table R.*) Oh—

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Into 'phone*) Then it's still there? (*A pause*) Well, will you please be sure to see that he gets it the moment he comes in?

(*Enter JACK from hall, coming from L.*)

JACK. (*Delightedly*) I thought that was your car.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rather flatly, as she rises*) We're back you see.

JACK. (*A little embarrassed*) Yes—yes—I see— (*To KATHERINE as he goes to her*) I'm glad to see you.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Moving up to door c.*) Well, I do think, Jack, that you owe me an apology, but I'll not insist upon it. There's one thing I've made up my mind not to fight about, and that's the war.

There are too many people fighting about that now.
(*Exit to hall going R.*)

JACK. (*Eagerly*) Does that mean you're going to stay?

KATHERINE. (*Standing in front of sofa R.*) Well, we've been driven out of Hilltop by burglars.

JACK. (*In front of tea-table*) Burglars!

KATHERINE. (*Sitting on sofa*) Yes, somebody got into the house last night and ransacked the place from top to bottom.

JACK. (*Sitting L. of tea-table*) Why, you must have had a scare.

KATHERINE. What puzzles us is—they didn't take a thing apparently. Mrs. Russell's money and everything right in plain sight—mine too.

JACK. What did you do?—Did you call the police?

KATHERINE. No, she wouldn't. She called up Captain Everett, but couldn't get him, and we've been trying all day to get—someone else, but couldn't—and we'd no place to go.

JACK. (*Hitching his chair a little toward her*) Well, I'm awfully sorry—about the burglars, but I'm glad it brought you back here, so I can get a chance to a—to see you again. I wanted to explain. When I offered you that ring last night—and everything—I didn't know that you and Jarvis were—Are you engaged to him?

KATHERINE. Why, no—not exactly—

JACK. (*He rises and goes to her*) Because—I've been thinking since last night that you didn't understand—I didn't tell you—and I couldn't write it with those censor ginks reading a fellow's letters, you know—but over there I've been thinking that when I got back—

KATHERINE. Oh, Jack—

JACK. (*Sitting beside her on sofa*) And if it isn't too late—

KATHERINE. Jack, I'm awfully sorry——

JACK. (*Taken back*) No—that's all right—I don't want you to be unhappy about it. Russell's all right, I guess—if you feel that way about him, and it's a good deal better for you than a man you don't know whether he'll ever come back, or how much of him'll come back——

KATHERINE. Oh, don't, Jack!

JACK. You know army life's kind of lonely and over there you get thinking a lot of things that aren't so, and you forget that people at home go on living their own lives.

KATHERINE. I didn't know, Jack—you never said a word—I never thought of you that way——

JACK. No—I know—it's awfully hard for me to say things—but—I wish you would take that ring, Katherine—I've been carrying it around for you, and Geraud gave it to me for you—and it 'u'd mean a lot to me to have you have it.

KATHERINE. No, Jack, you keep that for the girl you do marry.

JACK. (*Despondently*) Oh, gee, Katherine, that's all up for me. I never could have thought of marrying anyone but you. I never saw a girl in my life I cared a cent about except you. I'd be satisfied if you just kept it and let it remind you of me once in a while.

KATHERINE. (*Rising and standing at foot of sofa*) No—no—Jack—I can't take it.

JACK. (*He rises and stands beside her*) You could explain to Jarvis so he wouldn't be sore about it——

KATHERINE. No—no—it isn't that——

JACK. Well, if it's just between you and me, wouldn't you like to have something in case I stay over there—just so I could think you liked me enough to remember me and had something around you that belonged to me? You know there are lots



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of times over there when a feller needs a friend, and likes to feel there's someone home thinking of him——

KATHERINE. (*Almost in tears, turning to him*) Oh, Jack—give it to me! (*Taking the ring*) Of course I want something to remember you by—I can't stand having you talk like that. Of course you're coming back, and I'll wear it till you do. I've always been fond of you——

JACK. Katherine! (*With a move to her*)

KATHERINE. (*Checking him*) Same as I have of Janet—and I don't care what anybody thinks!

JACK. Well, if you feel that way about it, I don't care who you marry—as long as it can't be me——

(*Enter JANET and VICTOR from L. of hall. VICTOR goes to R.C., L. of tea-table*)

JANET. (*Coming down to L.C.*) Oh, Katherine, when did you come? I hope you haven't been waiting here long.

KATHERINE. Oh, no—— (*Crossing to JANET, leaving JACK down R.*)

JANET. We've been at the theatre, selling liberty bonds.

VICTOR. Good evening, Mademoiselle.

KATHERINE. Good evening, Monsieur Fontaine.

VICTOR. To-night, Shack, from the stage they auctioned wit' me as if I were a very good bond *liberté, vous savez*. I am selled for ten t'ousand dollars to a beautiful lady. What you t'ink of that, eh, Shack?

JACK. Oh, go on! They don't come beautiful with ten thousand dollars.

VICTOR. (*Going to piano as he speaks*) *Mais, après* that I am a discouragement—she would not take me togeter wit' that bond. That is what I expect. (*They all laugh*) I am what you call left.

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(*He is seated at piano, looking at music on the rack*) This is the song they sang at the theatre to-night. (*He begins at once to play and sing it*)

"Berlin! Berlin! We're marching to Berlin!
We're in! We're in! We're in the war to win!"

(*JANET crosses to sofa and sits, leaning back against piano, singing with him. KATHERINE moves up to hall, JACK joins her and they soon move out of sight to R.*)

"We come from God's own country, in the ships
of Uncle Sam," etc.

VICTOR. (*After the song, rising*) Oh, that song—how I love her! When I return to my France I shall go and sing her upon the bridge that is Mr. Wilson's! You see how it is with me—already in English I sing very loud for you. (*As he speaks he comes to upper L. corner of tea-table. JANET crosses near, at L. end of sofa*)

JANET. I wish I could sing the Marseillaise in French just as loud for you.

VICTOR. I wish you would come across to my France and I shall teach it to you *rapidement*—very quick.

JANET. Oh, I wish so, too!

VICTOR. And I wish also when I have anoter wound it shall be in your ambulance that I am carried back.

JANET. But you see they won't let me go over with an ambulance because I have a brother at the front.

VICTOR. (*In sudden dejection*) No? I had forgot about that! And is it true—you cannot come until after the war?

JANET. They won't let mothers or sisters or wives go over.

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VICTOR. (*With sudden inspiration*) I know—there is one way you can go!

JANET. I'm afraid not—

VICTOR. (*Leaning forward earnestly*) Oh, but yes! You can go if you are the wife of a Frenchman!

JANET. (*Laughing in embarrassment, she rises, crossing to L.C.*) Oh, that's a way I never dreamed of—

VICTOR. (*Eagerly turning to her*) But you will please dream of it now—it is a very good dream indeed. We shall talk about it—yes? What you say? (*JACK and KATHERINE move back into the room from hall coming from R.*)

JANET. (*Hastily as she sees them*) Oh—it's awfully late! You look as if you were going right away again, Katherine. (*Joining KATHERINE up L.C.*)

KATHERINE. I am—to the garage with the car.

VICTOR. (*Going up c., between KATHERINE and JACK*) I shall go for you—*permettez—moi, Mademoiselle*. Come, Shack.

KATHERINE. Oh, thanks! Monsieur Fontaine, I'll drive you around town to see all the sights worth seeing to-morrow, if you like.

VICTOR. (*Up c.*) That will be so kind. *Vous êtes très gentille, Mademoiselle*. We shall go, Mees Janet? And we will leave behind us Shack, *n'est-ce pas?*

JACK. (*R. of him*) You do and you'll be a sight worth seeing.

(*Ready door bell.*)

VICTOR. There is no car in the world that I cannot drive somehow.

JACK. How about the car that turned turtle with you on the road to Soissons?

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VICTOR. *Mais*, that was not the car that turned over wit' me—that was the road. (*Exeunt to hall, going to L.*)

JANET. (*As she and KATHERINE follow them out, going to R.*) Katherine, I felt awfully bad when you went off that way yesterday.

KATHERINE. Oh, never mind. We had to come back—we were frightened out of Hilltop by burglars.

JANET. (*Off stage*) Burglars—

(*Enter R. 3, MRS. RUSSELL, followed by CHARLOTTE.*

MRS. RUSSELL *goes directly to the telephone*)

CHARLOTTE. (*As they enter, pausing R.C.*) Yes—Miss Russell, ma'am, I've said ma min' an' I sho was nebber known to back down on it.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*At 'phone*) Hello—hello—

CHARLOTTE. (*Crossing and standing R. of her*) Dis is ma final oletmatter—

MRS. RUSSELL. Give me 8400-Main, please.

CHARLOTTE. Dey say as how eberybody in Wash- in'ton 'cep' Fai'fax an' me is gettin' some profiteers outer dis yere wa'. All de cullud folks is gettin' rich outer wha' deir boys ea'ns fightin' fo' deir country. Fai'fax an' me dun got no boys, an' we got ter puse've ourselves fo' de future. We all be gettin' a little ageful fo' long.

MRS. RUSSELL. Hello—

CHARLOTTE. We don' wan' much. We all be satisfied wi' mo' money an' mo' time to ourselves an' not so much wo'k to do—

MRS. RUSSELL. Charlotte, go and get Miss Kath- erine's room ready.

CHARLOTTE. Yes, Miss Russell, ma'am—I'se gwine—I'se gwine right along. (*Exit c to R.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Hello—hello—Frank?—This is Margaret—yes—I'm at home—I mean at the Pry-

ors'. Well, something happened out there in the hills last night. I can't talk over the 'phone—I must see you. Can't you come over here right away? Oh, it isn't too late. Everybody's out—
(*The door bell is heard. She continues more hurriedly*) Oh, is John there?—Well, tell him I'm back. (FAIRFAX *passes through the hall from R. to L.*) Yes—please do—come as soon as you can. (*She hangs up as JARVIS bursts angrily into the room from L. of hall*)

JARVIS. Mother, what are you doing here? You've got to come away with me at once!

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, Jarvis, where have you been? I've called up your office again and again. (*Rising and moving to R. of chair R. of table L. FAIRFAX moves through hall from L. to R.*)

JARVIS. I had to go down to the State Department this morning and I haven't been back to the Capitol at all. Is Katherine here too?

MRS. RUSSELL. Of course—

JARVIS. You're not going to stay!

MRS. RUSSELL. Jarvis, I'm in trouble. The War Department has intercepted a letter telling German agents here to get a package that the Baron von Feiffen left with me!

JARVIS. German agents!

MRS. RUSSELL. (*She sits facing him below table L. He draws chair down from R. of table closer to her and sits*) Yes, I saw the letter—in cipher. Frank Everett showed it to me.

JARVIS. Where is the package?

MRS. RUSSELL. Why, there isn't any—that's the strange part about it, Jarvis. He never left a thing with me, and last night someone broke into the house and went through everything I possess out there. I'm terribly upset. I don't know whether it was the Germans or the secret service people. I

couldn't stay there another night! I don't know what to do. I've sent for Frank.

JARVIS. (*After a slight pause*) Mother, the Baron left a package with me.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Aghast*) With you—Jarvis!

JARVIS. Why, it wasn't anything—I was in his room one night when he was packing up, and he took down a lot of old photographs off his mantel, and a lot of old letters out of his desk—he didn't want to burn them and he didn't want to lug them around with him—that was all—and he asked me to keep them till he got back.

MRS. RUSSELL. Why should he want to keep them?

(*Ready door slam*)

JARVIS. Oh, I don't know—sentiment, I guess. Some of them were love letters, he said. I put the package away and forgot all about it.

MRS. RUSSELL. Where?—where is it?

JARVIS. I think I left it in one of my trunks when we got out of here.

MRS. RUSSELL. We must get it and destroy it.

JARVIS. Better not say anything about it. It's you they're after, not me. (*He rises and goes to R.C.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Excitedly following him, and seizing him by the arm*) But they'll search this house—if they haven't already. I don't mind the German agents so much as the secret service. They think it may be something important to this Government. (*He makes a move to R. again and she stops him*) You see, Jarvis, there must be something beside letters and photographs. If the secret service people should get them, it would be hard to explain that we aren't mixed up with the Germans—especially after the way you declared yourself here. Good heavens—they might intern us!



RICHARD BARRY, JR.

JARVIS. But, Mother, they don't intern Americans.

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, indict us or something. Anyway, we'd be suspected and watched and disgraced and—— (*She draws him to sofa as she speaks, sitting above him*)

JARVIS. But, Mother, Baron von Feiffen wouldn't turn over important papers to me in that sort of way. He wouldn't know but I might leave them around where anyone would see them.

MRS. RUSSELL. Didn't you look at them at all? I should think you might have taken that precaution.

JARVIS. Well, I couldn't help noticing that the one on top was a letter in your hand-writing——

MRS. RUSSELL. What!

JARVIS. At any rate the envelope was.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Taking him by the shoulders and shaking him in her excitement*) Where are they?—Where are they?—We've got to get them—we've got to burn them at once—if any of them are my letters! I'd rather be mixed up with the German war plots than have my letters read by the Federal officers and military men—like Frank Everett!

JARVIS. (*In blank astonishment*) Why, what sort of letters were they?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rising*) What do you suppose? (*Going to front of tea-table*)

JARVIS. (*Disgustedly*) Oh—I thought you were through with that sort of thing. (*Rising*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Turning quickly*) Now you needn't play Hamlet with me, Jarvis. Men always make love to me, and I was very fond of the Baron. I wrote a lot of foolish stuff that I wouldn't have anyone read for the world—it would kill me! Jarvis, we've got to go through your trunks to-night.

JARVIS. Where are they?

MRS. RUSSELL. I don't know. We'll find out from Fairfax. (*The outer door is heard to close*) Wait—someone just came in! You must come back later—when they've all gone to bed. I'll open the door for you.

JARVIS. I've got my latch-key. (*Crossing her, going to R.C.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*In half-whisper. Detaining him*) Now, Jarvis, you've got to be more diplomatic with these people here. You've got to apologize.

JARVIS. (*Pulling away*) Oh—

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Putting her arms about him*) Please—for my sake— (*Enter from L. of hall PRYOR and EVERETT*)

PRYOR. (*Cordially as he comes*) Well, Margaret, I certainly am glad to see you back—and Jarvis, too! (*Holding out his hand to him*) That's the right spirit, my boy!

JARVIS. (*As they shake hands R.C.*) I'm sorry I broke up the party yesterday, sir.

PRYOR. That's the way to talk.

JARVIS. How are you, Captain Everett?

EVERETT. (*More formally*) Good evening, Jarvis. (*He goes to back of table L.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Crossing to EVERETT*) Frank, it was good of you to come to-night.

EVERETT. Oh, not at all.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Turning to PRYOR*) John, I wish you'd let me talk to Frank alone a minute.

PRYOR. Certainly—certainly— (*He moves toward door R.3*)

JARVIS. Well, good night, Mother—I'll see you to-morrow. (*Going up to door c.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. Yes, Jarvis— Good night.

PRYOR. Wait a minute, Jarvis—come and have a smoke.

JARVIS. Thanks, I will. (*Joining him up R.*)

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PRYOR. (*As they go*) I want you to tell me what they're doing in politics. I'm all mixed up with food—and anyway, we seem to have lost the politicians in this war. What are they doing? (*Exit R.3.* EVERETT and MRS. RUSSELL are silent for a moment. He looks at her with cool inquiry)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rather embarrassed*) Frank, you acted awfully suspicious and funny yesterday.

EVERETT. Did I?

MRS. RUSSELL. I don't wonder. Of course I was quite wrong to tear up that letter. I didn't realize what I was doing!

EVERETT. (*L. of table*) Didn't you?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*R. of table*) Of course I didn't. It was just a sudden impulse to get it out of the way. You know how I'd hate any disgraceful—er—common sort of publicity like that, and you ought to know me better than to put a wrong construction on anything I do. (*Drawing the chair that JARVIS moved back to R. of table, she sits facing him*)

EVERETT. (*Sitting L. of table*) War creates new standards in judging individual motive.

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh, don't be so—official! You're not imagining that— You don't really think that I'm—that I'm doing something to help the enemy, do you?

EVERETT. I don't know yet what to think. Just why did you want to see me?

MRS. RUSSELL. I want you to stop the secret service people. They broke into my house last night.

EVERETT. How do you know it was the secret service?

MRS. RUSSELL. Because they did everything you would expect of second-story men except steal. (*Appealingly*) Frank, can't you arrange for me to

see them privately? I know I could convince them that I haven't any connection with the Baron von Feiffen.

EVERETT. I don't think it was our men that broke into your house.

MRS. RUSSELL. Then those Germans got a letter through to their agents here in spite of you.

EVERETT. It would seem so. Margaret, there's something back of all this. Better make a clean breast of it. If the Baron left papers here of value to the Government, you want us to have them, don't you?

MRS. RUSSELL. I swear to you, Frank, that he left nothing with me.

EVERETT. Aren't we just going round and round in a circle?

MRS. RUSSELL. Do you mean to say that you don't believe me?

EVERETT. I wasn't in the least suspicious when I brought that cipher letter to show you. I am now.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rising*) Frank, I'll never forgive you!

EVERETT. Sorry.

MRS. RUSSELL. So you refuse to help me? (*Desperately*)

EVERETT. I've told you what I think is the best course for you to follow.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Standing back of chair R. of table*) You know I am just trying to avoid publicity and scandal, and if you were a real friend, you'd find some way to protect me.

EVERETT. We're at war, Margaret. I'm in it to help protect the country, not my friends. I'm convinced that the Baron von Feiffen left important documents in your care and you couldn't make the Federal people believe to the contrary in a thousand years—you're too plainly guilty. You've got something that the Germans are going to a good deal of

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trouble to get possession of, and I mean to get ahead of them.

MRS. RUSSELL. Why—you might as well accuse me of treason!

EVERETT. Yes.

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh—you miserable coward!
(*She struggles helplessly for words in her rage and finally rushes from the room, going out to hall and to R.*)

EVERETT. (*He sits again L. of table and draws the telephone towards him and takes the receiver*) Hello—— (*He waits an instant for reply*) Main—2570—yes. (*He drops the receiver, takes out his cigarette case, and deliberately lights a cigarette, then as if hearing a voice, quickly picks up the receiver again*) Hello—give me B—22. (*A pause*) Hello—— This is Everett—yes. Send me a couple of men right away—Pryor's. (*He hangs up and stands smoking, then goes up to c. door and calls, looking off R.C.*) Where are you, John?

PRYOR. (*Off R.*) We're in here—in the dining-room. (*EVERETT exits R.3. Enter KATHERINE and JARVIS C., coming from R.*)

KATHERINE. (*Worriedly*) What do you want, Jarvis?

JARVIS. I want to know what you're doing with that ring.

KATHERINE. Why, I'm wearing it. (*Going to chair L. of tea-table R., leaning on the back of it*)

JARVIS. (*L. of her*) I thought you told me over the 'phone last night you'd given it back to him.

KATHERINE. So I did, but he felt so badly about it I took it again.

JARVIS. I don't care if he does feel badly. Let him find some one else to wear it for him.

KATHERINE. (*Turning from him, going to front of tea-table*) I care, Jar—I'm not going to be unkind to him. He's going back to the front and he

wanted me to have something to remember him by in case he didn't return.

JARVIS. (*He turns her toward him and searches her face before he speaks*) He's been making love to you!

KATHERINE. Well, he asked me—and I told him I'd never thought of him that way. And he asked me about you—and I told him, and I thought you wouldn't mind my wearing the ring out of friendship.

(*Ready door slam*)

JARVIS. I do mind! I know what he's doing—he's making himself out a little hero going to the wars and he wants you to wear that ring so you'll keep thinking about him and annoy me. Here—give it to me!

KATHERINE. (*Crossing him to L.C.*) No, Jarvis—I told him I'd wear it.

JARVIS. (*Following her*) If you're going to wear any ring—after what you said last night, you're going to wear mine! (*Trying to draw her into his arms*)

KATHERINE. He was afraid you'd be jealous, but I didn't think you'd be so small about it. (*Moving to lower end of table L.*)

JARVIS. (*Following*) He knew darn well I would. He knew what he was doing. He knew he was going to get up a quarrel between us, and he knew if I backed down on it, I'd feel like a fool every time I saw you wearing it. Give it to me! I'm going to give it back to him!

KATHERINE. (*With difficulty*) No. I can't.

JARVIS. You can't!

KATHERINE. (*She moves to pass him and he blocks her way*) No—good night—

JARVIS. Here—you can't go off and leave this thing up in the air this way!

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KATHERINE. (*Moving in front of him, moving up*) I don't want to talk about it.

JARVIS. (*Catching her hand as she passes him*) Well, I want to talk about it.

KATHERINE. (*Breaking away*) No—good night. (*She goes out quickly to hall and to R. He follows up to c. door and stands watching her for an instant, then exclaims*)

JARVIS. Damn!—Damn him! (*Enter PRYOR R.3, followed by EVERETT*)

PRYOR. What's the matter, Jar, blessing the Kaiser?

JARVIS. (*With an embarrassed laugh*) Yes—

PRYOR. (*Crossing to back of table L., EVERETT moves on more slowly, pausing up R.*) What's he done to you?

JARVIS. Oh, nothing much.

PRYOR. Well, you're luckier than some people.

JARVIS. I was just going—good night. (*Exit to hall to L.*)

PRYOR. Good night.

EVERETT. (*As the door slams*) Well, whatever he came for I guess he didn't get.

PRYOR. No, if she brought the stuff with her, she evidently didn't hand it over to him. (*Sits L. of table L.*)

EVERETT. Oh, it may have been here all the time.

PRYOR. Yes—they left several trunks.

EVERETT. (*Going to R. of table L.*) Where are they?

PRYOR. In a room upstairs and two in a store-room in the basement.

EVERETT. Better lock those rooms.

(*JACK and VICTOR enter c., coming from L.*)

JACK. (*To R.C.*) Wasn't that Jarvis we passed out there?

(*Ready at lights*)

PRYOR. Yes—he was here to see his mother.

(EVERETT *sits on edge of table L. above chair R. of it. JACK moves down to sofa R. and sits*)

VICTOR. (C.) That is the only thing I do not like about this country.

PRYOR. What's that?

VICTOR. Well, you let so many of these people walk around who ought to be lying down somewhere—very quiet.

PRYOR. Nonsense—he's all right. He's just been apologizing to me.

VICTOR. Yes?—Well, that was polite. Maybe some day those Shermans will apologize to you for drowning the *Lusitania*, eh? Maybe they will come to us French and say, "We have murdered your country—we have cut up to pieces your wives and your little children. It is too bad—we are so sorry—thank you—don't mention it." Oh—*quelle infamie!* Your people are too patient. How can they hear the voice from all the wounds of my France—of England—of Italia, and not rush out from their houses—from their t'eatres—from everywhere upon that Shermans—that brutality—that enemy of mankind, until he t'rows up his hands wet wit' bloods to scream, "Kamarad!" (*Throwing himself in chair L. of tea-table*)

PRYOR. That's all right—you wait. We may be slow, but we're thorough.

JACK. Don't you worry, old bearcat. We want to start out with our gasoline tank full—we don't intend to stop at any halfway house. We intend to see that word "Kamarad" on the welcome arch as we roll across the Rhine.

EVERETT. (*Moving slowly to R.C.*) Meantime, boys, how would you like to do a little sentry work?

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(*JACK and VICTOR spring to their feet. VICTOR is in front of tea-table, JACK to R., down a little, and EVERETT L. of them*) I rather expect enemy agents to drop in here to-night. They were out at Mrs. Russell's place in the country, and I think they'll follow her here.

JACK. After those things of von Feiffen's?

EVERETT. Yes, apparently.

(Warn door slam)

JACK. Where do you think they are?

EVERETT. I don't know. She denies that she has them. I want you to keep your eyes open to see if something doesn't happen to indicate where they are.

JACK. *(Taking out a flashlight and looking it over)* You mean she may go prowling around here after them?

EVERETT. Yes. I'm putting men on the house. I'll watch upstairs myself and you two take this floor.

PRYOR. *(Rising and moving up above table to c. door)* Pshaw! I'm going to bed. If anybody tries to break in, come up and tell me about it. *(Yawning. Exit c. to R.)*

(Put out strip light off R.3.)

VICTOR. This is what I shall enjoy—fighting the Boche in America.

EVERETT. Don't do any killing, sergeant.

VICTOR. I may not kill a Boche if I catch one?

EVERETT. Not in a strange parlor. I'll walk around the Circle and pick up our men. Have you a latch key?

JACK. *(Moving up to R. of EVERETT)* Here's one. *(Giving him key)*

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EVERETT. Make a noise about saying good night to me, and by the way, you'd better make believe you've turned in and then pussy-foot down here again. (*Moving up to hall*)

JACK. (*Following him and raising his voice*) Well, good night, Captain.

EVERETT. (*Loudly*) Good night.

VICTOR. Good night, Capitaine.

JACK. Good night.

(*Exit EVERETT, going out c. to L., closing the outer door with a slam. JACK and VICTOR begin to sing the Berlin song as they move up stage. JACK pushes the button in panel R. of C. door. This puts out the lights in brackets on the walls, piano-lamp, and lamp on table up L., also white and amber in footlights, and the same in first border, leaving blue in footlights two points up, faint blue lamp on backing at window, none in border. When JACK reaches hall, he puts out lamp on table there. At the same instant the third border goes down to two points up, and the strips and all other stage lights, except those mentioned, are out. House must be dark. The boys are heard singing as they go upstairs. When all is quiet, CHARLOTTE counts five and enters R.I. She crosses, mumbling to herself, to window L. She fumbles there a moment and fastens it. JACK and VICTOR enter quietly from R. of hall. CHARLOTTE hears them and utters a stifled cry of fright*)

CHARLOTTE. Oh, God a'mighty, sabe me! Who all's dat?

JACK. (*In a threatening whisper*) Throw up your hands! (*Turning the flashlight on her*)

CHARLOTTE. (*Holding out her hands and coming forward*) Oh, don' yo' tech me—don' yo' tech



O. P. HEGGIE

me! I ain' gwine ter do nuffin'—I ain' gwine to make a soun'! I'se gwine right back ter ma bed an' make b'lieve I ain' nebber saw no bu'gla's. Yo' can carry off ebe'yt'ing in dis yere house fo' all o' me.

(Ready at lights again)

JACK. *(Sotto voce, as if in great surprise)* Why, Charlotte—you old scamp!

CHARLOTTE. Is it you, Marse Jack? Is it sho you an' dat blue debbil? I 'clare to goodness I t'ought de bu'gla's was in hea' a'ready.

VICTOR. What is it, Shack? Is it that she was trying to let someone in?

CHARLOTTE. Let dem in! Why, golly days, I jes' came down ter see dat de windas was all fas'en up tight. So much talk 'bout bu'gla's roun' yere, I sho couldn't sleep a wink.

JACK. You go back to bed and keep quiet, Charlotte, or I'll tell everybody what you said.

CHARLOTTE. *(Moving down to door R.I.)* I'se gwine—I'se gwine. It's mighty lucky fo' yo', Marse Jack, dat yo' wasn' no bu'gla's. Jes' one minute mo' an' I'd a sho had de police on de run hea. *(Exit R.I. The boys move down, stiffling their laughter)*

JACK. *(Suddenly)* Ssh—there's someone on the veranda! *(VICTOR goes to window L. and peers out. He is at lower end, JACK above him)* Is it Captain Everett?

VICTOR. No—it is a man wit' a black hat. He is trying to open that window down there.

JACK. Here—take off the latch. *(VICTOR turns it carefully, then they conceal themselves on either side of the window and wait. Silence for a moment, then the window is raised very slowly and carefully. In the dim light a head is seen, then*

the full bulk of a man's figure comes through and sprawls over the seat to the floor. Instantly VICTOR is upon him. They struggle around in front of table. JACK runs to them from above table to R. The three men struggle around once, and NUTLEY falls with VICTOR on him)

NUTLEY. (*In a muffled voice. It must not be recognized by the audience*) Damn you! Let me go. What do you take me for—a thief?

VICTOR. (*As they struggle*) *Mais oui*—what you take yourself for?

JACK. That's right, Vic, squeeze the wind out of him!

NUTLEY. (*Struggling for breath*) It's all right—I'll explain. Tell this Frenchman to get off me!

(*PRYOR has dashed down in his pajamas, entering c. from L., and now switches on the lights. Foots and first border go up as they were with lamps and bracket lights. Lights in hall are not turned on during balance of act*)

PRYOR. (R.) What's this? Have you got him safe? (NUTLEY sits on his knees, his face showing for the first time) Good Lord, it's Nutley!

JACK. Nutley!

NUTLEY. The devil take you—let me up!

JACK. (VICTOR gets up reluctantly) What are you doing here anyhow?

PRYOR. Why didn't you say who you were?

NUTLEY. (*Getting up and pulling himself together*) I couldn't—he had me by the throat.

VICTOR. I beg a t'ousand pardons, Monsieur.

NUTLEY. These damn soldiers come back from the front and want to kill the first man they see! (*Sitting R. of table L.*)

VICTOR. They would not permit me to kill you.

NUTLEY. Kill me? What you want to kill me for?

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JACK. (R.C.) Well, you came in here as if you thought you were on a trench raid.

NUTLEY. I came in to open the door for Miss Augusta—she forgot her key.

JACK. (*Rushing out to hall to L.*) What—Aunt Gus! Well, this is war! (PRYOR *moves to L.C.*)

NUTLEY. (*Almost hysterical, sitting down in chair near him*) I knew this war'd get me yet. A man isn't safe anywhere. And nobody'll listen to the plans I've got for ending it.

PRYOR. (*R. of him*) Now look here, Nutley, don't start to act as if you'd had shell-shock.

(JACK *enters from L. of hall, supporting an almost hysterical AUGUSTA*)

AUGUSTA. (*As she comes*) Why, what's happened? What is it?

JACK. (*As he leads her down and seats her L. of tea-table*) You nearly lost him, Auntie.

(JANET and KATHERINE, *in pretty negligées, come to hall entrance from R.*)

AUGUSTA. Oh, how dreadful!

JANET. (*To R.C., facing AUGUSTA*) What's the matter?

KATHERINE. (*C.L. of her*) What is it?

PRYOR. Go back to bed, girls—Aunt Augusta's the burglar.

AUGUSTA. Yes—

JANET. Aunt Augusta—all that noise!

JACK. (*Standing back of AUGUSTA*) She and Mr. Nutley tried to get into the window and got held up on the barbed wire. (*He moves R. of tea-table to front of sofa. KATHERINE to back of tea-table*)

JANET. Why, Aunt Augusta!

AUGUSTA. Well, Janet, I forgot my keys.

JANET. Aren't you scandalous?

AUGUSTA. (*Coyly*) I suppose you thought I was snug in bed.

PRYOR. Woman, what are you doing out at this time of night, anyhow?

AUGUSTA. Why, John, we walked home from the movies—it's such a lovely moonlight night. I didn't realize how late it was. Then when I found I'd forgot my key I didn't want to wake up everybody, so Mr. Nutley said he'd climb in through the window. (*Everybody exclaims, "Why, Mr. Nutley!" and turn, looking at him to his confusion. JACK sits on sofa*) He always thinks of a way out of every difficulty, you know. Then when I heard all those awful sounds I nearly fainted. What did they do to you, Oliver? (*She rises*)

NUTLEY. Oh, it's all right, but it might have been a tragedy.

AUGUSTA. (*Her hand on her heart*) A tragedy!

VICTOR. (*Excitedly*) I t'ought he was a Fritzie.

AUGUSTA. A Fritzie! Oh—my heart! (*Dropping into a chair, the girls run to her. NUTLEY rises*)

JANET. Aunt Augusta!

PRYOR. (L.C.) What's the matter now?

AUGUSTA. (*Gasping*) It's palpitation.

PRYOR. Palpitation! Now, Augusta, you stop that—stop it right there!

AUGUSTA. Now, John, I can't. When my heart acts this way—all fluttery—you know what it means.

PRYOR. Yes, I know—

AUGUSTA. Can't you hear it, Oliver?

KATHERINE. Let us help you up to your room, Miss Augusta.

AUGUSTA. Oh—oh—it flutters so! (*Rising, she moves to c., assisted by KATHERINE*)

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PRYOR. Yes, take her upstairs and get her out of those tight things.

AUGUSTA. (*Reviving for an instant*) Well, the things *you* have on are loose enough.

PRYOR. What do you expect—rouse a man out of a sound sleep?

AUGUSTA. (C.) Quick—run quick, Janet—my drops—five in a little water, you know.

JANET. (*From R. of her, hurrying out to hall to R.*) Yes, Aunt Augusta.

AUGUSTA. I don't seem to stand any excitement at all since the war broke out.

VICTOR. (*Running to L. of her. PRYOR moves a little out of his way to L.*) Oh, Mees Kat'erine, I shall help you! *Permettez-moi*, Madame—I shall carry you! (*Putting his arms about her and quickly lifting her*)

AUGUSTA. Oh, what are you doing? No—no—you can't! Oh—my heart!

JACK. (*Seated on sofa R., laughing*) Go to it, little ambulance!

AUGUSTA. No—no!

VICTOR. Do not be afraid, Madame.

AUGUSTA. Oh, you'll drop me—I know you'll drop me!

PRYOR. (*He has moved to back of table L.*) Make it five drops in a little water.

AUGUSTA. Oliver, you take me—you're so strong—you're the only one I'll trust myself to.

NUTLEY. Well, really, you know, I'm kind of used up myself, and I'm afraid of heart disease—I was close to a man once that fell dead with it. (*He sits again R. of table L.*)

AUGUSTA. (*With a change as she hears him*) Oh, let me down—let me down—I'm feeling better! (*VICTOR puts her gently back on her feet*) I really am feeling better. You know that's the way with palpitation—it passes off just as suddenly as it

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comes. It isn't heart disease, Oliver—it's indigestion. You know what we had for dinner, John.

PRYOR. Yes, I know—

AUGUSTA. I really am quite all right again. (*Going up to c. door*) Good night, Oliver.

NUTLEY. Good night. (*Exit AUGUSTA, leaning on KATHERINE, to r. of hall. VICTOR follows them off*) I feel as if I needed a stretcher.

PRYOR. (*With a move to r.*) Wouldn't you like a nip of something, Nutley? I've got a little first aid put by, you know.

NUTLEY. (*Rising, following him up*) Thanks—no stimulants. My brain gives me no rest as it is. Do you know as I put my head in at that window an idea struck me—an idea that will solve our problem.

PRYOR. (*Up r.c.*) Our problem?—What problem?

NUTLEY. (*L. of him*) Why, how to get propaganda over to the enemy. You know you were objecting that they'd be afraid to read it—that they wouldn't pick it up.

PRYOR. (*In a hopeless tone*) Were you thinking of that when you came in the window?

NUTLEY. What the Germans want more than anything is soap. We'll give them soap. We'll give it to them wrapped up in a printed dodger.

PRYOR. But, Nutley, they'll take the soap and throw away the paper.

JACK. (*Comfortably seated on sofa*) Any German I've seen—a cake of soap wouldn't do him any good—you'd have to drop him a barrel.

NUTLEY. Well, then, if you won't have soap, say—candy—conversation lozengers—like we used to have when we were kids. We'll get a good advertising man to make up a lot of short slogans to go on them—like a—you know—"Eventually, why not now!"—Peace, you know.

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PRYOR. Hell, Nutley—we haven’t any sugar to throw away!

NUTLEY. Well, I don’t care—there’s an idea, if you’d be halfway open-minded about it. You’ve got nothing but objections—objections—like all the rest of these Government officials. When a man comes to you with a suggestion all you can think is reasons for not carrying it out. Why don’t you meet it halfway, and go to work on it?

PRYOR. All right, I will. You go home and have a sleep and get the thing laid out properly in your mind. I’ll take it up with you to-morrow—or next day. (*Urging him on toward c. door*)

NUTLEY. (*Moving up to hall*) I’ve got it all laid out. I could dictate it all to a stenographer in half an hour.

PRYOR. Yes, but I have a feeling that you’re trying to break into Germany through the window, and you haven’t figured out what’s waiting for you on the inside.

NUTLEY. (*As he goes, PRYOR, following, looks back with a wink to JACK*) Yes—and the only idea you people have is to batter in the front door. (*Exeunt to hall, going to L. Enter VICTOR from R. of hall*)

(*Ready lights, in room only, again*)

VICTOR. (*Comes in quickly to R.C.*) I do not think we will see that Fritzie to-night, Shack.

JACK. (*Rising*) You’re right—too much artillery.

PRYOR. (*In hall, crossing from L. to R., with a yawn*) Better go to bed, boys.

JACK. (*He is standing before tea-table*) No, we’re under orders. (*Exit PRYOR, going R. JACK closes the window L. and sits on seat. VICTOR sings the song, “Marching to Berlin.”*)

VICTOR. (*Sitting on lower R. edge of table L.*)

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"We're in—we're in—we're in the war to win," etc.

JACK. Vic, old top, have you a wife or sweet-heart in any port?

VICTOR. (*Breaking off his song*) Comment?—what is that you say, Shack?

JACK. Is there a Mrs. Fontaine, or anybody that ought to be, anywhere?

VICTOR. *Hélas*, no! Have you not seen how sometimes I have the melancholy very bad? That is when I am feeling so much all alone in the world.

JACK. I have to see that little sister doesn't misplace her young affections, vous savez.

VICTOR. There is no danger, Shack, I do not know how to talk to an American girl. I cannot find the language for love.

JACK. (*Going above table to door c.*) You've got nothing on me. I simply go tongue-tied. Are you like that?

VICTOR. Ah, no—wit' me in my French the passion is always eloquent. (*He hums another strain of the Berlin song*)

JACK. (*Pushing out the lights*) All right, old eloquence, shut off the orchestra. (*Lights go down as before, leaving two points blue in footlights and blue at window. JACK moves down R. VICTOR goes below table to window seat. After a moment, of silence, count five, there is a slight sound in the hall, then two figures. EVERETT and a DETECTIVE cross the opening at back, going from L. to R. JACK watches them*)

VICTOR. (*Rising*) *Q'est-ce que c'est que ca?*

(*Ready for Lights*)

JACK. The Captain. (*VICTOR drops back, and JACK comes down to sofa R., and sits. The room is quite still for a space, long enough for EVERETT to pass through hall without meeting MRS. RUSSELL*)

coming downstairs. Then MRS. RUSSELL is dimly seen at the hall entrance. She stands there in a listening attitude, peering into the room)

MRS. RUSSELL. *(In a half whisper)* Jarvis—Jarvis! *(JACK rises silently and moves up R. of tea-table, above it)* Oh, Jarvis, I thought you weren't coming. One of your trunks is in the store-room upstairs, but the door is locked. The other is in the basement. You'd better go down there and see if the letters are in that trunk. I'll go and find some keys. *(Moving down R.)*

JACK. *(Keeping in the shadow)* Ssh—Yes—*(Whispering)*

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh, everybody's in bed. *(She goes out R.I. JACK waits a moment, then crosses to VICTOR)*

JACK. *(Back of table L., in suppressed excitement)* Did you get that?

VICTOR. No, Shack—*(Getting up softly L. of table)*

JACK. That was Mrs. Russell. She thought I was Jarvis. They're looking for these papers. I'm going to tell the Captain. You wait here—keep out of sight. *(JACK goes out to hall to R. VICTOR steps back of the window-hanging. Another moment passes. These spaces of time must be carefully observed. Then a man's figure is seen in the hall, coming from L. It is JARVIS. He comes a little way into the room, hesitant, then goes back to entrance and stands looking upstairs. After an instant he moves down into the room. MRS. RUSSELL enters down R.)*

JARVIS. *(Going to meet her)* That you, Mother?

MRS. RUSSELL. *(Meeting him down R.C.)* Yes, here are some room keys. Did you look in the basement?

JARVIS. I've been waiting outside—a man was watching the house, so I moved on and waited.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*In sudden alarm*) What! Weren't you here—just a moment ago?

JARVIS. I just came in.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Frightened*) Good heavens!—I took some one here for you and talked to him!

JARVIS. Took some one for me?

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Distractedly*) I don't know what I said—oh—what did I say? Something about the letters being in your trunk in the basement! You'd better go!

JARVIS. No—you go back upstairs. I'm going to get them. (*Urging her up c.*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Fearfully*) You say a man was watching the house?

JARVIS. Yes—

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Distractedly*) The secret service. Oh, dear—what shall I do?

JARVIS. See here, Mother, you've got nothing to worry about. Go back upstairs.

MRS. RUSSELL. But, Jarvis—

JARVIS. No—no—go on—go on! (*She moves out to hall reluctantly and to R. JARVIS waits a moment watching her go, then he xes to door R.C., opens it cautiously and goes out, closing door. After a pause VICTOR comes from behind the hanging, count five and JACK enters from R. of hall*)

JACK. (*Coming in quickly, speaking excitedly in suppressed voice*) All right. We're to let him get the stuff and then grab him.

VICTOR. (*L.C. JACK C.*) He was here—he is gone down in the basement.

JACK. Which way?

VICTOR. (*Indicating door up R.3*) Out t'rough that door.

JACK. Come on—let's follow him up. (*Exeunt R.3. A pause, count five, and KATHERINE enters from R. of hall. She stands a moment, uncertain, goes out to L. then comes into the room and turns*)

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on the light. Lights up in room as before. She comes a little way into the room and looks about, rather afraid. She starts in alarm as JARVIS comes in hastily and very secretly down R. He turns and sees KATHERINE watching him)

JARVIS. (*He quickly closes the door after him*)
Katherine!

KATHERINE. (c.) Oh, it's you, Jarvis. Why, what are you doing?

JARVIS. (*Coming R.C. to her, a package of letters in his hand*) Nothing—I thought you were in bed.

KATHERINE. I saw you cross the street and come in.

(Ready Everybody for Curtain Calls)

JARVIS. Here, Katherine—take this up to your room for me—quick!

KATHERINE. (*Taking a package from him*)
Why, what is it?

JARVIS. Oh, it's nothing at all—there's been some mistake about it, and if I don't get it out of here, it'll make trouble for mother. It's some letters of hers. There comes some one!—Hide them—hide them! I can't explain now—I'll tell you in the morning. (*She quickly conceals the package in the folds of her dress*)

JACK. (*Suddenly entering with VICTOR R.3, comes directly to R.C.*) Oh, there you are!

JARVIS. (*Turning to them. KATHERINE moves to below chair R. of table L.*) Well, what's the matter with you?

JACK. (*Holding VICTOR back as the latter seems about to spring upon JARVIS*) I want those von Feiffen papers.

JARVIS. Yes, I'd like to talk to you. You run along, Katherine. We've had a little misunderstanding here—we've got to straighten it up.

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KATHERINE. Can't you explain it before me?

JACK. No, Katherine, I think perhaps you'd better keep out of it.

VICTOR. (*Moving back and down a little to R.*) Pardon, Mademoiselle, Shack is very gallant, but it is better for everybody that you know the t'rut'. This Sharvis has been down in the basement getting some Sherman information out of a trunk, and if he had not sneaked up by the way of the back stairs we would have caught him with them. He is a Sherman agent!

JARVIS. (L.C.) You crazy Frenchman—you've got German agents on the brain!

KATHERINE. (*To JARVIS*) What does he mean by German information?

JARVIS. Oh, he doesn't know what he's talking about. Go on upstairs and leave this to me.

KATHERINE. (*Crossing JARVIS to L. of JACK*) No,—I want to know.

JACK. Well, Katherine, this Baron von Feiffen was here at the German Embassy. He was a friend of theirs and left a lot of paper with them. That's why some one broke into your house last night at Hilltop. They were trying to get them.

KATHERINE. Jarvis, is this true?

JARVIS. (*L. of her a little below*) Don't you believe it, Katherine—it's all a mistake.

JACK. You'll find out whether it's a mistake or not. I know that you've got those papers, and you're liable to spend the next ten years in a Federal prison for aiding the enemy.

JARVIS. Yes, you tricked my mother into talking to you here in the dark when she thought she was talking to me.

VICTOR. (*Quickly crosses to R. of JARVIS and JACK springs to L. of him. They struggle with him L.C. and search him*) You are a pair—you ought

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bot' to be in prison! Give them up! (KATHERINE retreats up L.C. watching in fear)

JARVIS. Take your hands off me! I haven't any papers—you can search me if you want to.

(Enter EVERETT from R. of hall. He comes to R.C.)

JACK. (As EVERETT enters) If you haven't them, you've hidden them again. Captain Everett, he's been down in the basement and got the papers out of the trunk and he's hidden them somewhere on this floor. (JACK is below table L. JARVIS in front of chair R. of it. VICTOR above JARVIS R. of him)

EVERETT. Well—I'll see that they don't get away. You're under arrest, and you'll stay here till you tell us where they are. (Coming to c. as he speaks)

JARVIS. All right. When you find them you can shoot me if you want to! I'll never tell you where they are if I stay here till the fall of Berlin! (Dropping in a chair, tense and dogged. KATHERINE backs slowly across from up L.C. to hall and out to R., her eyes wide with fear)

CURTAIN

SECOND CURTAIN

(EVERETT with a gesture directs VICTOR and JACK to make themselves comfortable. JACK sits L. of table L. VICTOR stretches himself out on sofa R. EVERETT draws armchair from up R. of c., door down to near tea-table and settles himself in it)

THIRD CURTAIN

Everybody

ACT III

TIME.—*Early the next morning.*

SCENE.—*The same. The doors to hall are closed.*

(Ready door bell)

DISCOVERED.—JARVIS *still seated where we left him, R. of table L., haggard and still determined. JACK is seated L. of the table, his elbows on it his chin in his hands, contemplating JARVIS blankly. VICTOR is lying on the sofa asleep, and EVERETT is sunken in a chair L. of it, with his legs outstretched. Nobody speaks for a moment. PRYOR bursts in suddenly coming from R.3)*

PRYOR. Well, has the jury agreed on a verdict yet? *(Pausing c.)*

EVERETT. *(Rising slowly and stretching)* No—the guilty man is still standing out for acquittal.

PRYOR. Any chance of his getting it?

EVERETT. Not a chance in the world.

PRYOR. *(R. of JARVIS, after looking at him steadily for a moment)* Young man, it's too bad you couldn't be showing all this grit in a better cause. What's the matter with you anyway? *(He turns to EVERETT)* Have you let him see his mother yet?

EVERETT. No.

PRYOR. Well, what are you going to do with him? You can't keep him here forever, can you?

JARVIS. He hasn't any right to keep me here at all! This country isn't under martial law. If



EMMETT CORRIGAN

you've got a case against me, you can prosecute me. I've a right to legal advice and I've a right to see my mother.

EVERETT. You have a right to disgrace yourself and your mother publicly—if that's what you mean, but I'm trying to save you from it. You had those papers—there's the cipher message saying you had them, and your mother told Jack where you were to look for them—they saw you in the basement hunting for them. There's case enough to put you and your mother in a Federal prison for the next ten or twenty years.

JARVIS. Well, I'll leave all that to the lawyers.

EVERETT. I'm doing this out of friendship to you both.

JARVIS. I don't want your friendship—I don't want any of your friendships. You let me out of here—that's all I want from any of you.

EVERETT. It looks as if you'd only go out of here to go to jail.

JARVIS. All right—jail'll be a relief after you.

VICTOR. (*Sitting up with a yawn*) It is a waste of time to try to make a spy talk wit' kindness. You are like those bully English wit' the soft heart. Before they stick a Boche wit' a bayonet they say "Sorry, old man,—have to do it."

JACK. (*Turning front*) I wish I could smell the chow.

PRYOR. Wait till I see if I can't hurry those darkies up with it. (*Going up to hall door. As he opens it the door bell is heard*)

EVERETT. (*Rising and moving up*) Who's that? Don't let anybody in. (*At hall, looking off L.*)
PRYOR *goes out to L. in hall and EVERETT stands watching him. FAIRFAX comes from R. in hall, pausing there*) All right, Fairfax, we'll attend to this.

PRYOR. (*Coming in c.*) Why, it's just an ex-

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pressman with some of our belongings from home.

EVERETT. (*Up L.C.*) I don't want anyone going upstairs.

PRYOR. Well, they can leave them in the hall here.

EVERETT. Yes, or they can bring them in here out of the way. No need to block up the hall with them.

PRYOR. Right in here—put them right in here. (*BARTLETT rolls in a barrel with a piece of gunny sack secured on the top of the upper hoop. He places it up R. near piano. FAIRFAX follows him in, pausing up R., watching and grumbling at him*)

FAIRFAX. (*As BARTLETT rolls the barrel in*) Say—look-a-hea', mister 'spressman, I ain' wishin' ter be imp'lite, but dis ain' no steamboat wa'house. (*BARTLETT goes out to hall and returns at once with another secret service man, in the guise of an expressman, carrying a large packing case*)

EVERETT. Here—put it anywhere. (*Indicating a place L., not far from upper R. corner of table*)

FAIRFAX. (*As the men drop the case L.*) Don't drap dem things so keerless like—wha's matter wif you?

PRYOR. (*As BARTLETT gives him receipt book to sign. The other man goes directly out c. to L.*) Any charges?

BARTLETT. No—all paid.

PRYOR. (*Going into his pocket for change*) Well, here you are.

BARTLETT. (*Taking it*) Oh, thanks. (*Exit to hall to L.*)

FAIRFAX. (*To c. door, watching them off*) De fron' do's jes' ahead of you, an' yo' hoss's waitin' fo' you. (*Turning into the room*) Po' white trash! (*To PRYOR who is L.C.*) Scuse me, marse Pryor, but yo' breakfas' 's pupa'ad an' waitin', suh.

PRYOR. All right, Fairfax, put it on the table

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for us. (*Exit FAIRFAX R.3*) Are you going to bring the condemned man to breakfast?

EVERETT. (L.C.) Yes.

PRYOR. (*Moving toward door R.3*) It may loosen him up. I've noticed that coffee always makes people talkative. Too bad it's a dry town. Come along, boys. (*Exit PRYOR R.C. JARVIS rises suddenly when MRS. RUSSELL enters quickly from R. of hall, evidently in a desperate state of mind*)

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Down to R.C.*) Captain Everett, I want to talk to you!

EVERETT. Well?—

MRS. RUSSELL. This is an outrage!

EVERETT. Go ahead, Jack. You needn't wait, sergeant.

JACK. (*Crossing at back to R.3*) It smells like ham and eggs.

VICTOR. (*Joining him up R.*) Is this the time that your sister breakfasts herself? (*Exeunt JACK and VICTOR up R.3*)

EVERETT. (C.) Now, Margaret, we'd better understand each other. If I don't have those papers within half an hour, I shall telephone the Department of Justice and have the men come here with warrants for your arrest.

MRS. RUSSELL. (R. of him) You can't do it! —you can't do it!

JARVIS. (L. of him, down a little in front of table L.) Don't you let him bluff you, Mother.

EVERETT. You're guilty of aiding the enemy by concealing a package of some sort or other that was left in your care by an agent of the German embassy.

JARVIS. We haven't anything of the kind—we never had! You can't make a case against us on a cipher that wasn't even directed to us.

MRS. RUSSELL. I don't believe it referred to us at all.

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EVERETT. Then why did you come down in the middle of the night to tell him where to find the package?

MRS. RUSSELL. I knew you were going to search the house, and I had a lot of letters—if you must know—foolish, personal letters from the Baron, written before the war, that I didn't want anyone to read, and I was afraid that—taken with the cipher message—they might arouse a suspicion against me.

EVERETT. Show me those letters.

JARVIS. (*Quickly*) I got them and I destroyed them.

EVERETT. You didn't have time to.

JARVIS. (*To Mrs. Russell*) There you are—there's no use talking to him—he won't believe you! They've gone out on a spy hunt and they've got to find a spy.

MRS. RUSSELL. Frank, after all the years you've known us—you can't really believe that we're German agents. Even if we have letters, you ought to know that we aren't trying to conceal anything from the Government to help the Germans. You ought to know that we aren't lying to you.

EVERETT. If you have any such letters, you ought to know after all these years that you can trust me with them. It's no use, Margaret, you're not telling me the truth.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Dropping in chair L. of tea-table—breaking down and beginning to cry*) It's shameful—it's shameful—keeping this boy here all night, torturing him! As for me—I haven't slept a wink—worrying.

JARVIS. Don't you worry about me, Mother, I can stand it as long as he can. (*There is a knock at the hall door. Everett goes up as if to open it, turns quickly to look at them, then calls*)

EVERETT. Come in.



HELEN WESTLEY

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KATHERINE. (*KATHERINE opens the door and enters, pale and distressed—pausing up R.C.*) Captain Everett, will you let me speak to Jarvis?

EVERETT. (*Up L.C.*) Certainly.

KATHERINE. (*Going down to JARVIS*) I want to talk to him alone.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Rises. To EVERETT as she moves up to hall*) If this had been in the old days, I'd have thrown you out of your commission so quick! You think because I've no friends here now—— (*Exit to R. of hall*)

EVERETT. I'll leave you alone with Jarvis, but I'll have to put some one on these doors, and I'll have to watch him through the window. (*He goes up to R.3, and calls*) Jack!

JACK. (*Off stage, out of sight*) Yes, Captain——

EVERETT. Will you see that nobody enters or leaves this room?

JACK. Very well, Captain.

EVERETT. Put the sergeant on the other door. (*EVERETT goes out to hall to L. closing doors. After a moment he appears at the window*)

KATHERINE. (*In a terrified whisper*) Jarvis,—they're German papers!

JARVIS. (*In sudden alarm*) They are!

KATHERINE. He's taken a lot of old letters and he's put things among the pages.

JARVIS. (*He is below chair R. of table L.*) Damn him!—big German blunderhead! He's got us in a nice mess! What are they?

KATHERINE. (*R. of him, a little above*) They're in German. Some of it's like a diary. A lot of them are about things that happened at the embassy—callers and conversations.

JARVIS. My God—Katherine—burn them! If they get them now, we won't have a chance in the

world! (*He turns down distractedly, then back to her*)

KATHERINE. (*Still R. of him, facing him*) No—if the Government wants them, you've got to give them up. They're valuable—they're full of names of people—spies and agents.

JARVIS. Don't you see, Katherine, I can't give them up now. They've got this cipher message sending German agents here to get them from my mother. We could never prove now that we weren't in it!

KATHERINE. Why didn't you tell me the truth? Why did you say that they were your mother's letters?

JARVIS. I didn't know that they weren't. She'd been writing silly stuff to von Feiffen, and I was trying to get a chance to go through them somewhere and see what they were. These people were right on my heels and all I could do was pass them to you. (*KATHERINE looks at him incredulously*) Don't you believe me? Katherine!

KATHERINE. Well—you acted so—guilty, and you said you were doing it to save your mother.

JARVIS. I was—I was! Don't you believe me?

KATHERINE. I don't know what to believe.

JARVIS. Oh, it doesn't matter what you believe now. (*Regretfully*) I've gotten you into it as bad as I am. If they find you've got them, they'll say you did it to protect me—just as I did it to protect my mother. You must get them out of the way! Then we'll all be safe. If they don't find them, they've got no case against any of us.

KATHERINE. Oh, if you had only told the truth in the beginning, you'd have saved all this trouble. (*With a move up as if to go*)

JARVIS. (*Drawing her back*) Oh, Katherine—please—please! You can get yourself out of it—you can get us all out of it!



PAUL DOUCET

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KATHERINE. No—no! (*The hall door opens and EVERETT comes in*)

EVERETT. (*To R.C.*) Well, Katherine, time's up.

KATHERINE. (*In painful hesitation—going up to him L. of him*) Captain Everett—I—I——

EVERETT. Yes?

KATHERINE. Oh, I can't—I can't!

EVERETT. (*Patting her on the shoulder*) Never mind—you have your breakfast now and we'll talk things over when we're all feeling better. Go on, Jarvis. (*At door to JACK*) Jack, you and the sergeant take Jarvis here in to breakfast. (*Exeunt KATHERINE and JARVIS R.3—KATHERINE goes first. EVERETT to C. door looks off R., then L., then closes the doors and goes to R. of express box up L. and leaning against it takes out cigarette case. As he draws out a cigarette he says—*) Well, what did you get? (*No reply is audible. After he lights his cigarette he speaks again*) Where are they? (*Again there seems to be no reply. Again he speaks—after an interval*) Yes—that's probable. (*He goes up stage and throws open doors to hall. Exit to hall to R. Enter R.3, JANET running on, followed by VICTOR*)

JANET. (*In laughing protest as she comes*) Oh, no—no!

VICTOR. But yes, Mademoiselle!

JANET. (*Pausing C. and turning to him*) But—I've only known you two days——

VICTOR. (*In hurt surprise*) But it is war time, Mademoiselle!

JANET. That doesn't make any difference about—— (*She goes to chair below table L. and sits facing R.*)

VICTOR. (*Following her*) Ah, yes, but it does! When there is war one cannot be slow to fall in love. A man must take quick his happiness or he will lose it forever. He may not have but a few

days to love. But you, Mademoiselle, I should adore you the first time I look in your eyes—if there was no war. There is nothing more to know about me—I am very quick to see t'rough me. (*He is standing beside her, as he speaks, R. of table*)

JANET. But wait—wait a little while—

VICTOR. (*Sitting R. of table*) Wait!—How long must I wait then?—until I go back to the front and then come again? I may not be the same man. I may not be very good to look at. Now I have been hit here and here and somewhere here. (*Indicating his shoulder, thigh and forearm*) But suppose it get it in the face—suppose I can no longer look at you and you turn your eyes away at the sight of me, then you will be sorry you did not be loved by me now.

JANET. (*Rising, laughing and embarrassed*) Oh, but I must think about it—think it over a little, you know. (*Crossing to about C.*)

VICTOR. (*Rising, following to L. of her*) Oh, don't think about it, Shanet,—love about it! That is what you should do. Is it that I tell you I love too close apart? (*She turns facing R. with a little laugh. He goes back of her to her R. to look at her, then continues*) *Peut-être* I should say it more far to get'er.

JANET. (*Laughing*) No—no—

VICTOR. Is it that you do not like me at all?

JANET. No—no—not that—I don't know—

VICTOR. If you like me now, that is all there is to it. In two t'ree minutes you shall love me. That is the way it was wit' me—I like you and then—two or t'ree minutes—I love you!

(*Enter AUGUSTA busily from hall, to R.*)

AUGUSTA. Mr. Fontaine, your breakfast is getting cold. (*She goes directly to telephone, sits back of table, and takes the receiver. JANET runs out C. to R.*)



JANET BEECHER

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VICTOR. (*Coming up to L. of C. door, then turning with a struggle between politeness to AUGUSTA and his wish to follow JANET*) Oh, t’ank you, Madame, but I have had all of it warm that I want. (*He quickly goes out C. to R.*)

AUGUSTA. Hello—hello, Central—give me Main, 8460, please—yes—— (*As she waits she turns and sees the box and exclaims*) Why—— (*To ’phone*) Mr. Nutley—Mr. Oliver Cromwell Nutley, please. (*Holding the receiver to her ear, she half rises, looking the box over, exclaiming to herself*) Why, what’s this? (*Then quickly to ’phone*) Hello—oh, is that you, Oliver? Good morning! Oh, I’m well, but I’m fearfully worried—well, I wish you’d come right over—no—it’s about the war—something pro-German. We need you very much—I can’t explain on the ’phone—no, I can’t—yes—no—I don’t know what—well, you see—— Yes, I—I was going to say—— Well, do come right over. (*She hangs up as CHARLOTTE comes in C. from R., her eyes as big as saucers*)

CHARLOTTE. Why golly days!—wha’—wha’—wha’—are all dese yere trifles doin’ hea’?

AUGUSTA. I don’t know, Charlotte. When did they come?

CHARLOTTE. Why, Miss Augusta, ma’am, I don’t kno’ no mo’ ’n a orphan ’sylum. Is dose dere your t’ings—done up in a ornery gunny sack? (*Indicating the barrel*)

AUGUSTA. (*Looking at label on box*) No, indeed they’re not. I don’t know where they came from. They must have been left here by mistake.

CHARLOTTE. It’s dat ole fool nigga, Fai’fax, un-loadin’ t’ings inter de front pa’lo’. He suttently is aggrafrettin’. Ef yo’ don’ keep yo eyes on dat black man ebery minute, he’ll make a house look like an automobile ga’bage. (*She hurries out R.3*)

AUGUSTA. (*Puzzling over the label*) There’s no

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name on these things—— (*Turning as PRYOR enters from R. of hall*) John, these aren't ours.

PRYOR. (*With somewhat exaggerated surprise*) They're not?

AUGUSTA. And what are they doing in here anyway?

PRYOR. (*Coming down to table L. for a match and lighting his cigar*) Why, the Captain didn't want them carried upstairs, and I didn't want to clutter up the hall——

AUGUSTA. Well, why didn't you have them taken to the basement?

PRYOR. That's so—I never thought of that.

AUGUSTA. I think you might have called me. I'm supposed to be doing the housekeeping, you know.

PRYOR. Now what's the use of getting a palpitation over it. I'll call up the express company from my office and tell them to come and get them. Leave them alone—don't bother.

AUGUSTA. A lot of strange things in the parlor—people up all night—and spies and pro-Germans—and trying to strangle Mr. Nutley—we might as well be in Belgium!

PRYOR. What are you trying to do with Nutley—marry him?

AUGUSTA. Now, John Pryor, don't you be low! Oliver Nutley is the only man I've ever met in my life I could respect, and he's the only man I've met who has any sense about this war.

PRYOR. Good Lord, Augusta!

AUGUSTA. Well, he's the only man that has any intelligent plan for ending it.

PRYOR. (*In exasperation*) If we've got to have that fellow propagandering around in the family—— (*Exit to hall, going R. AUGUSTA goes directly to 'phone and takes the receiver*)

AUGUSTA. Hello—Central?—please give me In-

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formation. (*A pause*) Information?—Will you please give me the Government office for the express companies? I can't see the number—my glasses are up—yes, thanks.

(FAIRFAX *enters* R.3)

FAIRFAX. (*Coming to R.C., well up stage*) Miss Augusta, I 'pologize fo' dis clutteration. I'se not responsible, ma'am. Mr. Pryor an' Cap'n Eve'tt—

AUGUSTA. Hello—is this the express company? Well, you've delivered some boxes and barrels and things here by mistake—Pryor—1580—K-street—yes—and I don't want them left here— They don't look at all sanitary. I want them taken away from here at once. Well, I don't know—I don't know but what they have bugs in them—yes—right away? Very well. (*She hangs up, and rising turns to FAIRFAX*) Never mind, Fairfax, they'll be taken away. (*Moving up to door* R.3)

(*Ready door bell*)

FAIRFAX. (*Following her*) Yes, Miss Augusta, —thank you, ma'am. I'm relieveder.

AUGUSTA. (*Going out* R.3) Be sure to call me as soon as Mr. Nutley comes.

FAIRFAX. Yes, Miss Augusta, I'll give it my undivided intention. (*Exit* R.3)

(*Enter* KATHERINE *quickly from R. of hall, drawing* JACK *in with her, and down to R. of table L.*)

KATHERINE. (*As they come*) There's no one in here, Jack,—come in here. (*She closes the door and turns to him*)

JACK. What's the matter?

KATHERINE. (*In suppressed excitement*) Jack—last night—Jarvis gave me that package of papers!

JACK. Katherine!

KATHERINE. He said they were his mother's letters—he said she'd be disgraced——

JACK. He was lying to you!

KATHERINE. Yes—they weren't—I looked at them this morning—and they were German—written in German——

JACK. (*Eagerly*) Yes——

KATHERINE. Papers from the embassy.

JACK. Have you got them still? Where are they?

KATHERINE. Jack, they're gone!

JACK. Gone!

KATHERINE. I came down here and told Jarvis he'd have to give them up and he wouldn't, and while we were arguing about it some one got in the room and took them!

JACK. Who did it—do you know?

KATHERINE. No—I had my door locked—I had them hidden in the drawer of the bureau, and when I went back—just a few minutes later—they were gone!

JACK. Did his mother know where they were?

KATHERINE. No—nobody knew but me, and nobody knew I had them except Jarvis.

JACK. I'll bet he told her.

KATHERINE. No—I'm sure he never had a chance. Captain Everett was watching all the time. Besides, my door was locked.

JACK. That looks as if some one got in from the outside. Are you sure they're not there? (*Door bell is heard*) Come on—let me look. (*They hurry out at back.* FAIRFAX *from R.3 goes out to the hall to L. He soon ushers in NUTLEY*)

FAIRFAX. I'll res' yo' hat, suh. (*Taking it and leaving it on table in hall before they enter*) Make yo'se'f puffec'y commodious, suh. I'll info'm Miss Augusta ob yo' arrival. (*Exit R.3.* NUTLEY *sits L. of tea-table R., and takes out an important looking*

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type-written manuscript. He puts on his bone-rimmed glasses, takes a pencil from his pocket, and makes some alterations in an engrossed manner. Enter AUGUSTA R.3. He is so absorbed that he doesn't hear her)

AUGUSTA. (*Coming to back of tea-table*) Well, it does me good to see a man with some concentration. (*NUTLEY rises*) This whole place has been like a mad house ever since you left it. This room—why, Oliver, you've given it a different atmosphere already.

NUTLEY. (*Full of his plan*) Well, I've got it all here typewritten—I've had a stenographer working all night on it.

AUGUSTA. (*Going R. of tea-table, sits at upper end of sofa*) Oh, do tell me—you haven't been over-working, have you, Oliver?

NUTLEY. (*Sitting again*) I wouldn't be ashamed to lay this before General Pershing himself!

AUGUSTA. Because that's just the way a man like you makes himself ill—when you have nobody to stop you.

NUTLEY. I want to read this to Pryor. He asked me to lay it out—

AUGUSTA. Oliver, I'm worried about you—have you had your breakfast?

NUTLEY. Yes—yes—and I've got it laid out, Augusta!

AUGUSTA. I love the way you say Augusta! You put such force into it—such feeling!

NUTLEY. And I've got it laid out in such a way that he can't help but see it!

AUGUSTA. Why do you bother with John at all—a man of your personality. You ought to be able to carry this thing through yourself, instead of letting other people get the credit for it. You ought to take it direct to the President and just insist on its being done. You know I stand with you, Oliver.

Together we ought to be able to accomplish anything.

NUTLEY. (*Pounding the papers*) If they'd follow this, Augusta,—it's just a matter of time before we'd end the war!

AUGUSTA. Now, Oliver, you've got to let me help you!—and let us plan together a regular campaign.

NUTLEY. You're right, I will!

AUGUSTA. You've got to settle down here and get a house—hotels are bad for you.

NUTLEY. You're right!

AUGUSTA. In Washington these things have to be done in a social way. You need to get people to your own house and entertain them. That's where I'll be a help to you.

NUTLEY. Augusta, you're right—I will!

AUGUSTA. Oh, Oliver, I'm so happy—you make me so happy! To have something to work for—something worth while! These people—they don't appreciate me any more than they do you, Oliver. I'm sure together we can do anything! (*Rising and seizing the surprised NUTLEY by the hand*)

NUTLEY. (*Rising—flabbergasted*) But, Augusta—you see this plan has been so much on my mind—I hadn't thought of anything—except to end the war——

AUGUSTA. Yes, I knew how engrossed you've been, Oliver, but even in war time life must go on. (*Enter PRYOR from R. of hall. AUGUSTA drops NUTLEY'S hand as she sees him—moving back a step*) Oh, John—come in—come in—Mr. Nutley and I have—have come to an understanding. He wants me to help him with his work, and we've agreed to go into a partnership on it—not that our relations have been wholly unromantic.

PRYOR. (*Coming down to L. of him*) Now that's fine, Nutley! I've been feeling that I wasn't the

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person to help you with this. (*Reaching down and seizing his limp hand and shaking it vigorously*)

NUTLEY. (*Blankly*) Yes—yes—

PRYOR. And I can recommend Augusta. She's the very one to take hold of a scheme like yours and talk it across. Nobody better! We'll have to drink to it! You know that first aid I told you about?—come on out and try some. (*Taking him by the L. arm*)

NUTLEY. No—no, thanks—I feel a little—little dizzy already—

AUGUSTA. (*Gaily*) Yes, come on, Oliver. (*Picking up the manuscript from the table and taking his R. arm*) Let me carry the manuscript! (*They lead the dazed NUTLEY up C.*)

PRYOR. (*As they go out R. in hall*) Well, I can tell you this about Augusta—whenever she goes after a thing she gets it. (*Exeunt*)

(*Enter from R.3, JARVIS, KATHERINE, then JACK.*)

JARVIS is puffing at a cigarette and JACK about to light one. JARVIS goes to R. of table L., KATHERINE to L.C. JACK to C.)

JACK. I simply want to let you know, Jarvis, that Katherine has told me you gave her the package last night and she went through it and found it was a lot of stuff the Huns would give you an iron cross for hiding.

JARVIS. Katherine, did you do that?

KATHERINE. (*Sitting L. of tea-table*) Yes—

JARVIS. (*Flinging his cigarette away, and crossing to sofa R., sits at lower end, facing up*) All right—that ends it! It finishes me and it finishes my mother. I suppose they'll let you off as an informer in the case.

KATHERINE. I don't care—I don't care what happens to me.

JARVIS. (*Bitterly*) No—you can be perfectly

easy in your mind. You've ditched the rest of us, but that needn't worry you.

JACK. (C. to KATHERINE) He evidently doesn't know.

JARVIS. Doesn't know what?

JACK. The stuff has disappeared again.

KATHERINE. No—

JARVIS. Disappeared!

JACK. Did you tell your mother that Katherine had it?

JARVIS. No, I did not, and you can just leave my mother out of this. She hasn't had anything to do with this from the start.

JACK. Well, then the Germans have got it. The fellows that broke in at Hilltop have evidently climbed in upstairs. I wondered when none of them turned up here last night.

JARVIS. (*Eagerly—rising*) Does Everett know?

JACK. No—not yet.

JARVIS. (*Crossing to R. of table L.*) Well, there you are! What are you all worrying about? It's gone and nobody's hurt and that's all there is to it!

JACK. (*To L.C.*) What do you mean—that's all there is to it?

JARVIS. Why, you're not going to tell Everett now that it's all over? It can't do the Government any good now—they can't get the information that was in the papers—if there was any.

JACK. No, but—

JARVIS. No, but nothing! I told Everett that it was a package of my mother's letters and that I'd destroyed them. They're gone and that lets us all out. Katherine needn't be involved in it at all nor my mother, and Everett doesn't have to know that they were German papers.

KATHERINE. (*Quickly, rising*) No—we've got to tell the truth!

JARVIS. Now look here, Jack, you know that's

nothing but talk. The truth won't do the Government a bit of good and it'll do us all harm. If I were guilty, you might hold it against me, but I got into this thing as innocently as she did.

JACK. You can talk till your teeth drop out—I've got to tell Everett the whole story and you know it. (*Turning up c.*)

JARVIS. Oh, he's fond of you, is he, Katherine? Yes—he isn't going to do a thing but mess you all up in this business. Here we are with the whole thing settled and he——

KATHERINE. If he doesn't tell Captain Everett, I will! (*Crossing to JARVIS*)

JARVIS. Katherine, I thought you cared enough for me to—why, we were——

KATHERINE. (*Deeply moved*) No—not any more! I can't——

JARVIS. I knew it—I knew it! He's worked this whole thing on me from the ring down!

JACK. (*Turning down to them quickly exclaiming*) Why you——

KATHERINE. (*Checking him*) Jack—please! (*Then to JARVIS*) No—you did it yourself. I didn't realize when I took the ring why I wanted to wear it so much. (*Holding out her hand to JACK*)

JACK. (*R. of her, eagerly taking it*) Oh, Katherine! (*JARVIS with a gesture of despair moves away in front to table to window L.*)

(*Enter EVERETT from R. of hall*)

KATHERINE. (*Going up to L. of him*) Captain Everett, Jarvis gave me that package of papers. I hid it in my room all night and this morning it was stolen.

EVERETT. I see—I see—Katherine, will you tell Mrs. Russell to come here? (*KATHERINE looks at him in perplexity, then goes out to hall to R.*)

JACK. (*Up L.C.*) Katherine thought they were his mother's letters.

JARVIS. (*Turning at window*) I thought they were myself. All I wanted was a chance to go through them. If I'd found they were German, I'd have given them up to you.

EVERETT. (R.C.) Well, they were German, weren't they?

JACK. Katherine read them and told him they were.

EVERETT. (*To JARVIS*) And you didn't give them up. You tried to persuade her to destroy them.

JARVIS. (*Coming to lower end of table*) Well—I'd lost my nerve—having you ballyragging at me all night. I couldn't explain. I thought it was too late.

EVERETT. There's worse than ballyragging coming to you. Sit down there. (*JARVIS drops in chair R. of table L. Enter MRS. RUSSELL C. from R. still defiant, followed by KATHERINE and PRYOR. MRS. R. goes directly to C. KATHERINE sits on sofa, going to it R. of tea-table. JACK stands at upper end and PRYOR goes to back of tea-table*) Margaret, you and your son have got me into a position now where there's nothing for me to do but turn you over to the Department of Justice.

JARVIS. All right, Mother, let them turn us over. The letters are gone and let them do what they like.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Frantically crossing to JARVIS down L., pausing above him*) Gone! Where are they? Who got them?

JARVIS. It's all right, Mother, they weren't your letters at all.

MRS. RUSSELL. Not my letters?—how do you know?—are you sure?



SHELLEY HULL

JARVIS. Katherine went through them. They were a lot of German dope and the Germans got away with them.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*With a look to her*) Katherine!—

EVERETT. (*Sternly*) Yes,—now listen to me. This man, von Feiffen, gave you a lot of photographs and personal letters that he said he wanted to keep for sentimental reasons, and on top of them he deliberately put a letter in your mother's handwriting, Jarvis, so as to make you believe that some of them were letters from her. He set this very trap for you into which you fell.

JARVIS. I don't believe it!

EVERETT. No—but you will.

PRYOR. I never knew anyone yet that got mixed up in a friendly way with one of these Prussian scabs that he didn't find he'd been swindled.

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Indignantly*) Baron von Feiffen—

EVERETT. (*He speaks not loudly but weightily, in intense indignation*) Baron von Feiffen was the most secret and special agent that the German Great General Staff had in America.

JARVIS. He's trying to scare us—he's trying to bluff us—

EVERETT. (*R.C., drawing two or three ordinary envelopes and some letters from his inside pocket*) These Prussian plotters are a strange study in psychology. They'll do things so secretly that their Gott himself couldn't trace it to them, and then they'll sit down and make a report on it as methodical as a bookkeeper. Now here's a record that this fellow made of an order he got late in May, 1918, directing him to open what were practically war accounts in half a dozen German-American banks. That was nearly two months before the Austrian assassination that gave his General Staff an excuse for declaring war.

PRYOR. (*Excitedly R., still back of tea-table*)
What!—You don't mean it!

JARVIS. (*With a change*) Is that true? Is that there?

EVERETT. Yes. He plotted against you and he plotted against your country as if you were the worst enemies he had.

MRS. RUSSELL. Oh, I can't believe it!

EVERETT. (*Turning R. and placing papers on tea-table as he ends speech*) He puts it all down here, page after page like a diary, and when we gave him his passports home he was afraid to take it through the British lines and he was afraid to trust it to any of his people here, so he plays you for a pair of gulls, and tricks you into hiding it for him. Now if you think you can go before a court and prove that you are innocent, how are you going to do it?

PRYOR. (*Taking the papers and looking them over with JACK*) Well, I'll be jiggered!

JACK. Isn't that the goods!

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Collapsing completely to chair R. of table L.*) Frank—we're innocent—you know we're innocent!

EVERETT. No, I don't. You've been against this war and you've held your son out of it.

MRS. RUSSELL. I didn't—I didn't!

EVERETT. And he's been the tool of his pro-German senator and played the German game.

MRS. RUSSELL. No—no! We didn't know, Frank—we trusted him. (*Rising*)

JARVIS. (*Very pale and determined, turning front, as he stands below table L.*) All right—go as far as you like, but if you put me in jail with one of that gang, I'll strangle him in the night.

PRYOR. Well, you begin to talk like a human being once more!

MRS. RUSSELL. (*Going to EVERETT and clinging to him*) Frank, don't do it—you can't do it! He deceived us more than he did anybody! Jarvis did

it for me—I was frightened—my letters—I wasn't thinking about the war.

PRYOR. (*Still back of tea table*) She wasn't thinking of the war! What's the use of people like us spending millions of dollars advertising it.

EVERETT. Have you any more of this stuff?

MRS. RUSSELL. No—no—I never had it!

EVERETT. (*To JARVIS*) Have you?

JARVIS. (*Still below table L.*) I wish I had! I wish I had enough to hang them all!

MRS. RUSSELL. Frank—we've been foolish but we haven't been guilty! You can't—you won't—

PRYOR. Captain, how in hell—I beg your pardon—how did you get this?

EVERETT. Oh, I found it through a friend of ours.

(*Warn Curtain*)

JARVIS. (*To L. of Mrs. R., R. of table L.*) Well, what do you want us to do?

EVERETT. (*To Mrs. Russell*) There's only one thing you can do to save yourself with me. You've got to stop talking against the war. (*To Jarvis*) And you've got to enlist.

JARVIS. That doesn't worry me. I'll enlist fast enough. I'd just as soon fight Germans as fight all you people!

MRS. RUSSELL. Well, Jarvis, we've been wrong, and we might as well admit it, but they can't say we haven't had the courage of our convictions. And I don't care, I'm proud of you, Jar. At least, you haven't been a quitter.

JARVIS. All right, Mother, you leave it to me. If I meet von Feiffen on the other side, I'll say what I've got to say to him!

(*Enter from R. of hall, AUGUSTA with two EXPRESSMEN back of her. They come in quickly and go directly to express case up L.*)

AUGUSTA. Captain, I'm sorry to interrupt you but the expressmen have come for these things. I want them taken out of here. I'm afraid there might be something in them. (*NUTLEY has followed and pauses up R. of AUGUSTA*)

EVERETT. Well, there is. (*The men have tipped the case and raised it to carry it out, and as they straighten up with it, one of them exclaims in fright*)

MOORE. My God—there's a man in it! (*They drop the barrel with a thud. Enter, running on R.3, JANET and VICTOR*)

EVERYBODY. (*But PRYOR and EVERETT*) What! A man!

AUGUSTA. (*Up stage c.*) Oliver—It's a pro-German! (*Turning to him for protection*)

VICTOR. (*Up R. with JANET*) It is a Boche!

EVERETT. (*R.C.*) No—it's that friend of ours. I thought this was a place where all of us fellers needed one.

CURTAIN

MARCHING TO BERLIN

By Oliver Herford. Music by R. Hugo.

We come from God's own country, in the ships of
Uncle Sam.
We're going to get the William goat of Kaiser
Will-i-am.
We know it is verboten, but we do not give a damn,
As we go marching to Berlin!
We're from the dear old U. S. A., the land of Liberty;
We've crossed a hundred rivers, three thousand miles
of sea,
To teach the Huns a thing or two about Democracy,
As we go marching to Berlin!

Hurray! Hurray! We'll wave the Stripes and
Stars!
Away, away with Emperors and Czars!
And when we get the Kaiser we'll put him be-
hind the bars.
As we go marching to Berlin!
Berlin! Berlin! We're marching to Berlin!
We're in! We're in! We're in the war to win!
There'll be a hot time coming to the Kaiser and
his kin
When we go marching to Berlin!

We've left our happy homes that we may help to win
the war.
We're a million strong already and there'll soon be mil-
lions more;
And when the job is done, with Kaiser Bill we'll mop
the floor,
As we go marching to Berlin!

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Our battle-cry is Freedom, and we'll show the Prussian
swine
That Freedom, good old Freedom, is the only Right
Divine;
And when we catch old Kaiser Bill we'll pitch him in
the Rhine,
As we go marching to Berlin!

Hurray! Hurray! We're going to make it hot
For Hindenburg and all the bloody lot;
And when we catch the Kaiser we'll present him
to his Gott,
As we go marching to Berlin!
Berlin! Berlin! We're marching to Berlin!
We're in! We're in! We're in the war to win!
There'll be a hot time coming to the Kaiser and
his kin
When we go marching to Berlin!

Marching to Berlin

Words by Oliver Herford Music by R. Hugo

Voice

We come from God's own

BAND

country in the shape of Uncle Sam, We're gone to get the Wil-Low part of

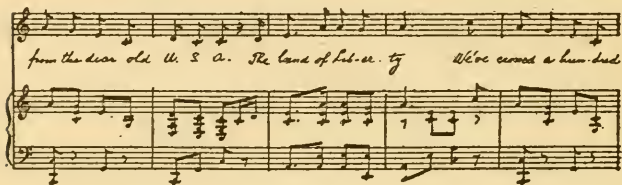
Flour - our Wil-Low We do know it is our - bet - ter.

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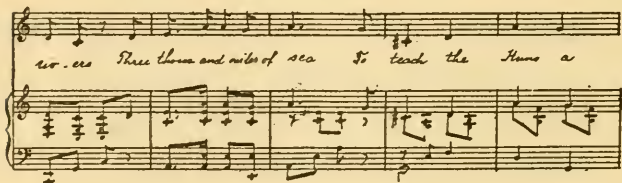
but we do not give a damn ——— We're



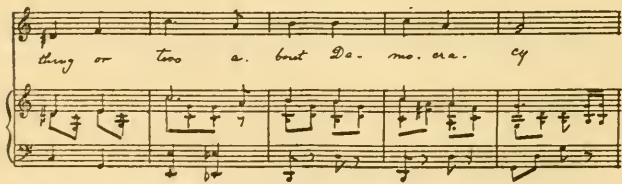
from the dear old U. S. A. The land of lib-er-ty We've crossed a hun-dred



two-ces Three thous- and miles of sea To teach the Hun-ns a



thing or two a. bout Do. mo. cr. cy



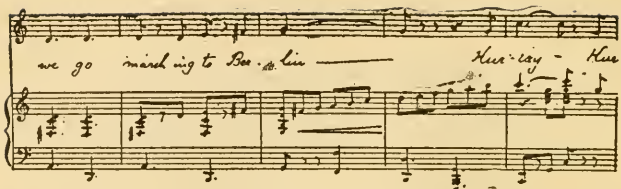
Handwritten musical notation for the first system. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The word "Hue -" is written in the vocal line.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "ray - Hue-ray - We'll wave the stars and stars - a".

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "away - a-way with Em-per-ors and Czar's, And".

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "when we get the Kae-see we'll put him behind the bars, a".

we go marching to Bee-lin ———— *Hue-ray - Hue*



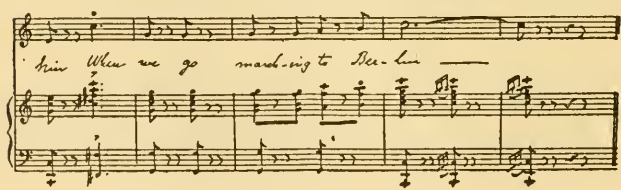
ray - We're marching to Bee-lin We're in We're in - We're



in the war to win - There'll be a hot time coming to the Meas and his



him When we go marching to Bee-lin ————



LbFe 21

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