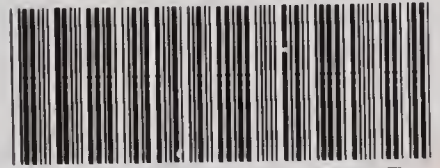


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The Lost Village

An Eighteenth and Twentieth Century Contrast

A Play for High Schools

By
MARGARET F. HILL

Copyright, 1916
By March Brothers

MARCH BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
208, 210, 212 Wright Ave., Lebanon, O.

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PS635
W9H65

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PRUDENCE ENDICOTT, just returned from boarding school.

DAME ENDICOTT, her mother

JACK HARDING, her friend.

DAME OGLEBY,

DAME WINTHROP,

DAME MATHER,

GOODMAN OGLEBY,

GOODMAN WINTHROP,

GOODMAN MATHER,

} Townspeople.

THE MAGISTRATE.

BLACK HAWK, Indian Chief.

INDIAN WARRIORS.

TMP92-009198

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SEP 14 1916 © Cl. D 44888

no 1

FOREWORD

[This preface must be read to the audience before the rising of the curtain; otherwise the action would be unintelligible.]

The scene is laid in a village on the coast of Massachusetts. For a century and a half this village has been lost to the world. Hidden in a rock-bound valley, and shut in by the sea, its existence has been overlooked and forgotten in the onward sweep of events. Its inhabitants still live their lives as did our Puritan ancestors of two hundred years ago, knowing nothing of the vast changes in the world outside. Even the great American Revolution itself is all unknown to them.

Hence, when Goodman Endicott sends his daughter Prudence away to school in Boston, supposing it to be as it was in the days of our forefathers, and she returns a full-fledged twentieth century girl, the result is as follows:

THE LOST VILLAGE

SCENE—A common in a village.

[*Enter DAME OGLEBY (R.). Enter DAME WINTHROP (L.).*]

DAME OGLEBY: Goodmorrow, Mistress Winthrop.

DAME WINTHROP: Goodmorrow, Dame Ogleby. [*Enter PRUDENCE from house, skips across the stage singing popular air. Exit (L.)*]

DAME OGLEBY: 'Tis Goodman Endicott's madcap wench. Since she hath returned from school she hath scandalized the town with her fripperies and her ungodly ways.

DAME WINTHROP: 'Tis a sore disgrace. I marvel that Goodman Endicott should suffer her to go to Boston. 'Tis a den of iniquity and a breeder of wantonness. She is the first maid of our village who hath ever been away to school. In sooth, methinks 'twere better had she stayed at home.

DAME OGLEBY: 'Tis a sad scandal! a sad scandal! [*Both exeunt (L.)*]

[*Enter DAME ENDICOTT (R.). Enter PRUDENCE (L.)*]

PRUDENCE: Oh, hello, mother, dear! [*Runs up to her and kisses her.*]

DAME ENDICOTT [*horrified*]: Tut! child! Fie! Fie! Hast thou not been taught that kissing is a sin? Thy light ways are a grievous affliction to thy mother. Prudence Endicott! What a gown thou hast doined! Shame upon thee! These are the garments of Belial. And thy father an elder in the church! Go at once and attire thyself with modesty and sobriety, and mind thou dost brush back thy locks and put on thy cap—curls are verily the device of the evil one. They ill become the children of Zion.

PRUDENCE: Oh, please, mother! Let me wear this dress! Jack Harding is coming down from Boston this afternoon in his auto. He's the jolliest thing! We'll—just have a swell time! I knew him at school, you know, and he's an awfully nice fellow! [*Honk of auto horn outside.*] There! I hear the auto now! I'll go and meet him. [*Exit (L.)*]

DAME ENDICOTT: What meant she when she cried, "I hear the auto?" I can not follow a moiety of her prattle. 'Twas indeed a strange, unearthly sound! I marvel what it could be! I am well-nigh distracted with her waywardness, yet she be not a wilful child, and I can not find it in my weak and sinful heart to use the rod.

[*Enter crowd of townspeople (L.), leading JACK HARDING, in automobile costume, and PRUDENCE.*]

CROWD: Witchcraft! Witchcraft!

GOODMAN WINTHROP: Burn him!

CROWD: Burn him! Burn him!

DAME OGLEBY: She's a witch!

CROWD: A witch! witch! witch!

DAME WINTHROP: Drown her!

GOODMAN OGLEBY: Put her in the ducking stool!

CROWD: Duck her!

DAME MATHER: Burn them both!

CROWD: Burn them! Burn them! Burn them!

[*Enter* MAGISTRATE (R.)]

MAGISTRATE: What meaneth this unseemly riot?

GOODMAN WINTHROP: 'Tis witchcraft, your Honor! They are in league with the devil!

CROWD: Burn them! Burn them!

MAGISTRATE: Peace! thou brawlers! Who accuseth them?

GOODMAN WINTHROP: I accuse them!

DAME OGLEBY: I, too!

GOODMAN MATHER: And I!

GOODWIFE MATHER: And I!

MAGISTRATE: Goodman Winthrop, tell thy tale.

GOODMAN WINTHROP: Your Honor, at mid-day a carriage of monstrous size did pass my house, and 'twas going at such a rate that truly the foul fiend himself must have driven it. It left a cloud behind it like unto the smoke from the infernal pits of perdition, and a smell as of sulphur and brimstone, and as I hope for salvation, your Honor, it was not pulled by horse, or ox, or anything whatsoever, but went of itself alone!

MAGISTRATE: Nay, nay, Goodman Winthrop, thine eyes have deceived thee.

GOODMAN WINTHROP: Nay, I will swear upon the Good Book that I speak the truth.

MAGISTRATE: Hath any other of the townspeople seen this thing?

DAME OGLEBY: Aye, aye, I saw it!

GOODMAN OGLEBY: I saw it, too!

DAME MATHER: And I, too!

DAME WINTHROP: Goodwife Mather had such a fright that she fell to the floor in a swoon.

GOODMAN MATHER: I took a shot at it with my good blunderbuss, but the bullet was bewitched and turned aside.

JACK: Yes, and he nearly punctured my tire, too.

MAGISTRATE [*pointing to JACK*]: Who is this stranger?

GOODMAN MATHER: He is the devil's driver!

GOODMAN WINTHROP: Aye! aye! I saw him alight from the magic carriage.

GOODMAN OGLEBY: I saw him, too!

DAME MATHER: And I, too!

GOODMAN MATHER: I, too!

MAGISTRATE: What sayst thou, stranger? Didst thou drive this magic wagon?

JACK: Certainly. It is my brand new Ford!

MAGISTRATE: Ford! What meaneth this strange word?

DAME WINTHROP: 'Tis blasphemy he speaketh!

GOODMAN WINTHROP: 'Tis an incantation!

GOODMAN MATHER: 'Tis a spell!

DAME OGLEBY: He is conjuring up evil spirits! Oh, mercy! mercy!

PRUDENCE: Your Honor, he just means it is his automobile—his Ford machine, you know.

MAGISTRATE: Machine of Satan, I trow! Ford! Automobile! These words have no Christian sound!

[*Whirring as of airship, behind scenes. A "cricket" or watchman's rattle may be used.*]

DAME OGLEBY: What hubbub is that? [*All stand transfixed with horror, pointing upwards.*]

DAME WINTHROP: Oh! Oh! Oh! It's the very devil himself! He's flying through the air! [*She faints.*]

DAME OGLEBY: Oh! Have mercy upon us! It's the devil coming! Oh! Oh! Satan himself! Have mercy upon my soul! [*Falls upon her knees.*]

GOODMAN WINTHROP [*wringing his hands, his knees shaking*]: Wrath and destruction hath fallen upon us! 'Tis the day of judgment! Oh, mine iniquities are like mountains! Hide me! Hide me! [*Hides behind DAME ENDICOTT.*]

DAME MATHER: Save us!

CROWD: Save us! Save us!

JACK: By Jove! It's an aeroplane! It must be flying from Boston to Cape Cod!

GOODMAN WINTHROP [*pointing at Jack*]: 'Tis he, with his evil words and spells who hath conjured up the evil one!

DAME MATHER: Burn him!

GOODMAN OGLEBY: Burn him!

CROWD [*rushing at him*]: Burn him! Burn him!

MAGISTRATE: Stay! Stay! Let him be bound and tied to the stake, where he shall abide the judgment of the town meeting.

[GOODMAN MATHER and GOODMAN OGLEBY bind him with a rope.]

PRUDENCE: Oh, please! Your Honor! Jack didn't mean any harm!

DAME WINTHROP: She's a witch herself!

DAME OGLEBY: Aye! I saw her go to meet him! She is the devil's handmaiden! I weened that all her wanton levity did bode no good!

DAME MATHER: She's a witch!

GOODMAN OGLEBY: A witch!

CROWD: Witch! Witch! Witch!

MAGISTRATE: Bring the maid hither! [*Points to her dress.*] What manner of garments are these? These tricks and trumperies of vanity! They are the snares of Satan. They are the pitfalls of Babylon! Woe unto the stiff-necked and perverse generation! Roaring lions and ravening wolves shall devour them, and the seed of Sodom and Gomorrah shall writhe in everlasting fire! This shameless hussy shall sit in the stocks till Sabbath morn.

[*They place PRUDENCE in the stocks, and exeunt (L.), leading JACK and shouting, "Burn him!"*]

Enter INDIANS. [*They dance a war dance; finally the chief, noticing PRUDENCE, stops and stands gazing at her. Braves do the same.*]

PRUDENCE: Say! If you'll let me out of here I'll show you the fox trot! It beats that all to pieces!

[*One of the INDIANS releases her. He starts to scalp her.*]

CHIEF: Spare the paleface maiden! She is as beautiful as the moonshine upon the waters. She shall dance with me and be my bride.

[*CHIEF and PRUDENCE dance in the middle of ring of INDIANS.*]

PRUDENCE: See? Like this. [*Shows him some steps.*] Oh, that's fine! You're getting it!

GOODMAN WINTHROP [*behind the scenes*]: Indians! Indians!

[*Enter TOWNSMEN, with guns, shouting, "Indians!"*]

PRUDENCE: Oh, don't shoot him! He's a dandy dancer!

[*INDIANS and TOWNSMEN fight, INDIANS are gaining the advantage.*]

PRUDENCE: I'll go and untie Jack! He'll make them stop! [*Exit PRUDENCE (L.)*]

[*Fighting continues; GOODMAN MATHER is killed. The Chief scalps the MAGISTRATE; other INDIANS are beating upon the door of the house. The chief holds up the MAGISTRATE'S scalp. This is the cue for the INDIANS to break into the house. The women come rushing out. They wring their hands over the dead bodies.*]

DAME OGLEBY [*pointing to left behind scenes*]:
Oh! Oh! Oh! The Witch of Endor approacheth,
riding on a broomstick!

DAME WINTHROP [*pointing (L.)*]: 'Tis very
truth! The Witch of Endor! Oh! Oh! Heaven
help us!

DAME MATHER: Flee!

TOWNSMEN: Flee! Flee!

[*All TOWNSPEOPLE, including the dead ones,
rush from stage (R.), leaving INDIANS on stage.
INDIANS re-enter from house.*]

CHIEF [*pointing (L.)*]: Lo! It is the Great
Spirit!

[*Enter JACK (L.), riding a broom, attired in
witch's costume.*]

JACK [*performing witch's dance with broom*]:
'Tis I! 'Tis I! 'Tis I!

I sweep the cobwebs from the sky!

I trip and skip on toe and heel!

I ride upon a wagon wheel!

[*Throws down broom, makes circles of light
with an electric flash light.*]

I wind me 'bout with rings of fire,

To bend mankind to my desire.

In my right hand I hold a star;

The heavenly orbs my servants are.

Along the milky way I sped,

And plucked my star at midnight dread;

In dimmest paths and darkest night

It guides me by its glimmering light.

[*Turns light on CHIEF*]: Well, who are you, old sport?

CHIEF: I am the great Chief Black Hawk, king of the twelve tribes beyond the rivers. I am Fleet Foot, the slayer of a hundred deer, and in my belt I wear the scalps of twenty white-face chiefs.

JACK: Well, I should worry, you haven't got anything on me. I am the great Wizard of Kibosh, eater of frogs and mice. My name is Squeak-toe, and in my wallet I carry thirteen rats' tails. Do you see this star? I told you I stole it from the milky way. I can make it shine, or I can make it go out, just as I please. Watch me, now.

Eny, meeny, miny mo!
 Catch a nigger by the toe!
 Amo, amas, amat,
 Amamus, amatis, amant!
 Go out!

[*Puts out flash light.*]

Hic! Haec! Hoc!
 And quibus, quibus, quibus!
 Shine, star, shine!

[*Turns on flash light again.*]

Presto! Change! Disappear!
 Now you see it, and now you don't!

[*While saying this he puts the flash light in his pocket and takes out a match. Holds up match.*].

Do you see this stick? I can strike fire from it. I am the master of the elements. Everything obeys my will; even fire burns at my command.

[*Waves match around; goes through motions of an incantation.*]

Now, all ready!
Will-o'-the-wisp!
In the mire! In the mire!
Hokus Pokus!
Come, fire!

[*Strikes match.*] See! It burns when I tell it to. Oh, I'm some medicine man, believe me! [*Aside.*] No! Wait a minute! I guess it's a god I am! Sure, I'm a god. [*To CHIEF.*] Say, old Rain in the Face, do you get me? I am a god! A god! Behold! the Great Spirit!

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!
Great Creator of the Nations;
Father of the winds of Heaven;
Ruler of the land of Sunset."

There's some class to me, Hiawatha; fall down and worship me. Bow down! You bet you don't go to the happy hunting grounds unless you do.

CHIEF [*commanding his men and pointing at JACK*]: Duwamish Manito, chehalis wa wa! pow, wow!

BRAVES: Ugh! Ugh!

[*CHIEF and BRAVES fall down and worship him.*]

JACK: Good boys! Now, old Sitting Bull, come and kneel before me. [CHIEF *kneels to* JACK.] Promise me by the sun and moon and stars that you will go away and never trouble the white face village again. Bury the hatchet. You saby?

CHIEF: I promise, oh, Great Spirit!

JACK: Remember, now! Never again!

CHIEF: Black Hawk will obey the commands of the mighty maker of fire.

JACK: All right, old chap! Now it's back to the woods for you. Beat it!

CHIEF [*to BRAVES*]: Mish tum Minnehaha wigwam. [*Exit* CHIEF *and* BRAVES (R.)]

JACK: The witch is going to vanish now, believe me, before these incendiary villagers appear again. I don't just fancy being burned alive, myself. Impersonating a beefsteak doesn't appeal to me. [*Exit* JACK.]

[*Enter* TOWNSPEOPLE *and* PRUDENCE (R.)]

PRUDENCE: Jack! Jack!

DAME OGLEBY: The witch has vanished!

PRUDENCE: It wasn't a witch at all! It was Jack Harding, and nobody even said "Thank you" to him for saving us from the Indians! I am going to find him and bring him back. [*Exit* PRUDENCE (L.)]

GOODMAN WINTHROP: Then 'twas the driver of the magic carriage!

DAME WINTHROP: He saved us from the Indians!

DAME OGLEBY: Truly, it must be that he meant us no harm, then.

GOODMAN WINTHROP: Forsooth! He did but use his magic power to deliver us from the hands of our enemies!

MAGISTRATE: Let us appoint him Provost of the town.

GOODMAN OGLEBY: Aye! Aye! Let him be Provost!

GOODMAN WINTHROP: I will go and fetch the charter and the seal. [*Exit.*]

CROWD: Aye! Aye!

[*Enter PRUDENCE and JACK (L.)*]

MAGISTRATE: Welcome, worthy stranger! Thou didst suffer grievous abuses at our hands, and yet thou hast rendered us a most gracious service. In token of our gratitude we beg thee to abide among us and become our Provost.

PRUDENCE: Oh, goody! Do stay, Jack! A Provost is something like a Mayor, you know.

JACK: Mayor! Why, thanks; I'm much obliged, I'm sure; I'd like the job of Mayor.

[*Re-enter GOODMAN WINTHROP with charter.*]

MAGISTRATE: We pray thee to accept the great seal and charter of our town, as the symbol of thine office. [*Presents charter, with sweeping bow. JACK accepts it, returning the bow.*]

JACK: I thank you all. I'll gladly be your Provost. It will be great sport! We'll have a civic improvement club—

PRUDENCE: And woman's suffrage!

JACK: Why, certainly! And we'll have municipal ownership and pure food laws and direct primaries and dairy inspection and a football team—

PRUDENCE: And a dancing class!

JACK: Happy thought! We'll begin now! Take your partners for a one-step! Come on, Prudence, we'll show them how! [*All dance.*]

[CURTAIN.]

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