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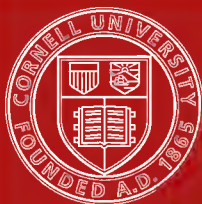
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DADDY LONG-LEGS

By JEAN WEBSTER



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his ever-lasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

DADDY LONG-LEGS

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

BY
JEAN WEBSTER

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CHARACTERS

JERVIS PENDLETON
JAMES McBRIDE
CYRUS WYKOFF
ABNER PARSONS
GRIGGS
WALTERS
JUDY
MISS PRITCHARD
MRS. PENDLETON
JULIA PENDLETON
SALLIE McBRIDE
MRS. SEMPLE
MRS. LIPPETT
SADIE KATE
GLADIOLA
LORETTA
MAMIE
FREDDIE PERKINS
CARRIE

} ORPHAN CHILDREN AT THE
JOHN GRIER HOME

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

The dining-room of the John Grier Home on Trustees' Day.

ACT II

Judy's college study, an afternoon in May, one year later.

ACT III

The sitting-room at Lock Willow farm, summer, three years later.

ACT IV

Mr. Pendleton's library, two months later.

DADDY LONG-LEGS

ACT I

SCENE: *The dining-room of the John Grier Home on Trustees' Day. A plan and full description of the scene will be found at the end of the play.*

DISCOVERED: *At Rise, Two Orphans are seated down stage at table L. of C. SADIE KATE R. of table and LORETTA on the stool below table, engaged in cleaning silver. GLADIOLA is up stage behind upper table R. polishing a cup. After the curtain is well up, GLADIOLA mounts on chair before cupboard to place cup in cupboard and FREDDIE PERKINS enters at lower R. I.*

They are dressed exactly alike in stiffly starched gingham pinafores (blue) with a row of white china buttons down the back and a suggestion of red flannel petticoat showing beneath. Each child has her hair strained back tightly and braided into two pig-tails. They sit nervously and work steadily and silently with no attempt at childish chatter. Freddie Perkins is about nine years old and is dressed in dark knickerbockers and a jumper made of the same striped blue gingham that the girls are wearing. His hair is shaved close to his head.

He carries a rolled-up rag rug over his shoulders, and as he passes, he purposely knocks against SADIE KATE. She hits back viciously and proceeds with her work. Freddie up and exits c. and l. 2 and 4 talking, 2 wipes 4's nose.

GLADIOLA on chair at back, in wiping a cup lets it slip from her hands and crash to the floor. She backs against the table c. and stands horrified, staring at the pieces.

LIGHTS begin to dim shortly after rise.

GLADIOLA. It's one o' them best cups!

SADIE KATE. Oh my goodness! You'll get it!

GLADIOLA. What'll I do?

SADIE KATE. Hide it, quick!

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Off stage*) Get out of my way!

LORETTA. She's coming! Oh, she's coming!

SADIE KATE. (*To GLADIOLA, snatching up one of the cups and leaning over, rolling it along the floor to GLADIOLA*) Say ye knocked this off wid yer elbow.

(*They resume their work in stolid silence. GLADIOLA gets down on her knees and hands and places the broken pieces under table-legs at r. of c. then stands behind table as MRS. LIPPETT enters from the pantry. She is a hard-faced, domineering woman of about forty with an unpleasant voice that grows shrill when she loses her temper. She is wearing a polka-dotted silk dress, very tight and rather fussily made with a profusion of cheap lace trimmings. It is turned up from the bottom and pinned so that she will not soil it.*)

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Holds entrance until GLADIOLA is up*) What was that noise? (*Stands inside U. R.*)

GLADIOLA. I knocked this off with my elbow, ma'am.

MRS. L. (*Crossing to c.*) I thought you'd broken something! Come, come. Sadie Kate! Are you going to be all day at this? (*Picks up spoons, examines them critically, hands one back*) Polish that again! (*Crosses to table R., looking over preparations*) Oh, good heavens, the sandwiches aren't made! Where's Judy Abbott? She ought to be here to look after things!

SADIE KATE. She's up in the nursery, ma'am, trying to keep the babies quiet so they won't disturb the trustees.

MRS. L. Well, you go up and tell her to come down immediately. I never knew anyone like that girl. She's always somewhere else. (*SADIE KATE rises and MRS. L. turns to her sharply*) Hurry up! Don't stand there staring! (*Pushes SADIE KATE, who exits R. 1. Exit 2 and 4. As GLADIOLA brings down spoon to table, lower R. MRS. LIPPETT is looking over the dishes*) Why, we're one cup short. I thought I got down enough! (*GLADIOLA, in fear, starts to tiptoe off to R. 1. Stopping abruptly as MRS. L. calls her name*) Gladiola Murphy! Come here! (*GLADIOLA approaches her apprehensively*) You stand on that chair and get down another one of those best cups.

GLADIOLA. (*Going up, gleefully*) Yes, ma'am!

MRS. L. And mind you don't drop it!

GLADIOLA. No, ma'am. (*Up to cupboard for a cup.*)

MRS. L. (*Looks thoughtfully over tray to see what is missing*) Napkins. (*Bustles off R. and exits R. 2 E. As she is going off FREDDIE enters at c. Seeing MRS. LIPPETT going off he throws a kiss after her. Looking around and seeing that he is unobserved, he goes down to table R. to sugar bowl.*

Putting his hand in he pulls out a fist full and stuffs it into his mouth. Puts his hand in again, gets another fistful and stuffs it into his pocket. As he puts his hand in again SADIE KATE enters R. I. and catches him. She crosses in between tables to R. of FREDDIE.)

SADIE KATE. Freddie Perkins, you let that sugar alone! (FREDDIE makes a face at her) I'll tell Mrs. Lippett!

(GLADIOLA turns and comes down R. of FREDDIE, putting cup on tray.)

FREDDIE. I dare you to!

GLADIOLA. Freddie Perkins, you just put that sugar back. I'll tell Mrs. Lippett.

FREDDIE. I dare you to! (SADIE KATE crosses over L.)

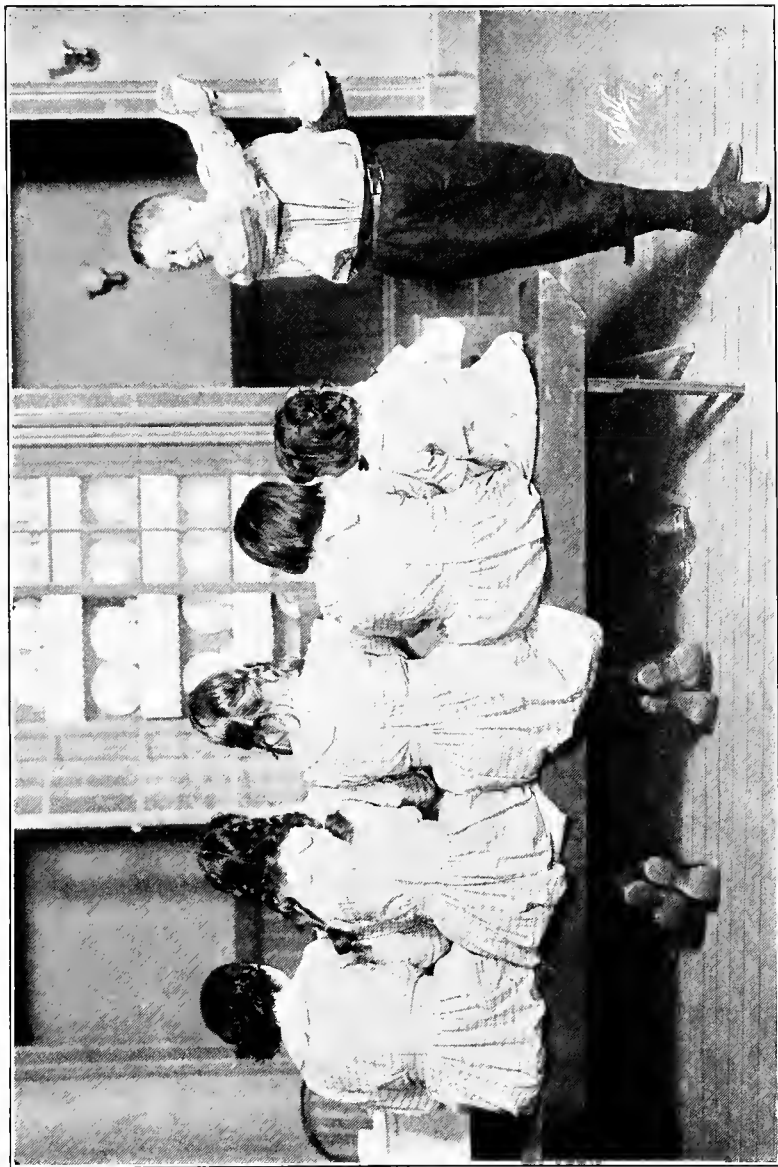
ANOTHER CHILD. She'll say I did it. (Both GLADIOLA and SADIE KATE push and shove FREDDIE.)

FREDDIE. All right, keep your hair on. I'll put it back.

GLADIOLA. You'd better, you'd better, you fresh thing!

(SADIE KATE returns to her task at L. table and GLADIOLA goes back to cupboard on chair, back to audience. FREDDIE looks around and seeing that they are not watching him, goes down to sugar bowl again and seeing the salt cellar, smiles and takes it up and begins to pour the salt into the sugar-bowl.)

FREDDIE. I'm putting it back! (Continues to



DADDY LONG-LEGS

pour salt until he hears MRS. LIPPETT speaking off stage.)

MRS. L. (*Off-stage*) Why, you good for nothing child, keep out from under my feet!

FREDDIE. (*Puts down sugar-bowl and salt cellar and runs off c. and l. exclaiming*) All right, I put it back!

(One child to cupboard, other child down and around to bench L., sits on floor. MRS. LIPPETT enters with napkins and dish of sliced lemons, crosses and sets them on the tray on table R.)

MRS. L. Hasn't Judy Abbott come down yet?

SADIE KATE. No ma'am!

(GLADIOLA comes down with a cup which she places on tray l. of MRS. L.)

MRS. L. Oh, for the land's sake! (*Picking up sugar bowl, looks in, is about to set it down when she catches sight of the mark of grimy fingers*) Gladiola Murphy! Aren't you ashamed? That's a pretty looking sugar bowl to send up to the trustees. You take it into the pantry and wash it. (*She gives the bowl to GLADIOLA, faces her toward the pantry and starts her with a shove. Examines a flamboyant watch that is pinned to her waist.*) Half past four! It's time to make the tea. (*Goes up and turns on lamp R. of c. arch*) Where is that Abbott girl? She's enough to try the patience of a saint! (*Turns up lamp L. of arch c. foots come up 3-4 full. Her back is turned as JUDY enters at R.*)

(JUDY is a vividly alive young girl of 18, dressed in the same blue gingham that the others wear, but made in a more becoming manner. There is a

suggestion of challenge in her manner. There is an air of all-conquering youth. Neither MRS. LIPPETT'S harshness nor the sordid air of the asylum has succeeded in cowing her. She crosses to R. of C. and stands, looking speculatively at MRS. LIPPETT'S back. Two children at cupboard up to pantry.)

JUDY. (*Crosses to R. C. sweetly*) Do you want me to help, Mrs. Lippett?

MRS. L. (*Turning quickly*) Well, Miss Jerusha Abbott! It's about time you turned up! You are the only lady of leisure in this institution today. (*Comes down C.*)

JUDY. I'm sorry. The nurse had to look after the sick babies and we couldn't leave the others alone.

MRS. L. You always have plenty of excuses.

JUDY. That new little red-headed child has licked all the green paint off the Noah's Ark—

MRS. L. And what do you think I was doing? Cutting the cake with one hand and receiving the guests with the other?

JUDY. That red-headed child has swallowed some green paint—

MRS. L. I don't care what that red-headed child has swallowed. I'm more interested in what the trustees are going to swallow.

JUDY. (*Speaking very hurriedly*) That red-headed child has licked the green paint off the roof of the Noah's Ark, and I think you'd better send for the doctor.

MRS. L. Will you stop talking and get to work?

JUDY. (*Going R.*) It was green and I'm afraid it will disagree with him.

MRS. L. You get those tea things ready.

JUDY. (*Going U. R. to pantry*) Green paint's

made of arsenic. It's poison. I learned that in chemistry.

MRS. L. You've learned altogether too much! You were a great deal more useful before you got that education! (*Goes back to children at L.*)

JUDY. (*At pantry U. R. C. with a gleam of mischief*) Mrs. Lippett—

MRS. L. (*Over her shoulder*) Well?

JUDY. Did you put those two guinea pigs into the babies' bath tub?

MRS. L. (*Whirling about*) Guinea pigs!

JUDY. I think they're guinea pigs. Little brown and white animals. . . . about so big.

MRS. L. Oh, good heavens! Those horrible boys!—What did you do with the beasts?

JUDY. I didn't touch them. I thought—

MRS. L. (*Crossing to table R.*) Quick! Get them away before the trustees find them.

JUDY. (*Coming down R.*) I thought maybe that generous new trustee you were telling us about brought them as a present for the babies.

MRS. L. And you thought I was planning to keep them in the nursery bathtub?

JUDY. It's so seldom used! (*Exits R. I E. GLADIOLA down to R. of Mrs. L. Other girl to cupboard*)

MRS. L. (*Turns back muttering angrily*) Guinea pigs! (*GLADIOLA comes down from the pantry with sugar bowl she has cleaned and puts it on tray*) If I had my way the whole race of boys would be swept off the face of the earth. (*SADIE KATE and LORETTA titter, then hastily repress themselves*) Yes—and girls too! (*Little girl laughs*) That's enough! Clean up this mess. They're likely to come in here. (*GLADIOLA lingers near Mrs. LIPPETT who slaps and drives her away. LORETTA rises and takes pan and wash material across R. and up into pantry*) I

suppose they'll be snooping all over the place. (*SADIE KATE brings spoons and places them on tea tray in front of MRS. LIPPETT, who slaps her. SADIE KATE crosses over R. to GLADIOLA. LORETTA comes down from pantry and joins them*) These visiting days are enough to make a person sick. (*The orphans stand waiting for further orders. GLADIOLA is lower R. near door. LORETTA L. of GLADIOLA and a little above. SADIE KATE L. of LORETTA and a little above, so they stand in a diagonal line. A buzz of conversation and laughter heard off c. Little child cries. MRS. LIPPETT hastily unpins her skirt*) Here they are now! Gladiola, pull up your stockings. (*GLADIOLA pulls up her stockings*) Loretta, wipe your nose. (*LORETTA stoops to use her petticoat*) No, no! Not on your skirt. (*SADIE KATE gives LORETTA handkerchief*) Sadie Kate, brush back your hair. You, too, stand up straight! (*To all*) If any of the trustees or lady visitors speak to you, you say "Yes, ma'am"—"No, ma'am" and smile.

ORPHANS. Yes ma'am, no ma'am.

(*MISS PRITCHARD and MR. CYRUS WYKOFF enter c.*

MISS P. is a charming, old-fashioned gentlewoman between fifty and sixty, with an air of kindly sympathy for everyone. MR. WYKOFF, a short, chubby, bald-headed man, is pompous and dignified, with an exaggerated idea of his own importance. He wears a brown suit which fits him quite snugly—a pair of tortoise-rimmed spectacles, and a gold watch chain. MRS. LIPPETT crosses to L. to receive them.)

MISS PRITCHARD. (*Coming down c.*) Well, Mrs. Lippett! We're here again!

MRS. L. Miss Pritchard! (*They shake hands and MISS PRITCHARD crosses to R. c. to children. She*

speaks to 1st child and each child in turn shake their heads "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," as ordered by MRS. L.) Mr. Wykoff!

WYKOFF. (*L. of MRS. LIPPETT*) How de do, ma'am. Thought we'd look about a little before refreshments. (*Crosses to L. examining.*)

MRS. L. (*Down c.*) It's a pleasure to welcome you. I always look forward to the first Wednesday of every month.

MISS P. (*Turns to 2nd child*) We have Mr. Jervis Pendleton with us today.

MRS. L. I believe we are indebted to you, Miss Pritchard, for inducing him to serve.

MISS P. (*Turns to 3rd child*) Yes, he is an old family friend.

WYKOFF. Good thing to get some fancy philanthropists on the board of an institution like this. Their ideas aren't always practical but their checks are.

MISS P. (*Crossing to WYKOFF*) Poor little dears! They're not like children. So little spirit!

WYKOFF. (*L. of MISS P.*) They are not a very classy lot.

MRS. L. (*R. of MISS P.*) It is awful depressing to live with them.

MISS P. And how is my dear Judy Abbott?

MRS. L. A great trial.

WYKOFF. She's the one we're educating?

MISS P. (*Nodding*) Her teachers say that she is very brilliant.

MRS. L. Oh, she's smart enough—I'm not denying that. But impertinent!

MISS P. She's a spirited girl and needs tact. (*Crosses over to L.*)

MRS. L. (*Momentarily forgetting herself*) Tact! She needs a good thorough whipping. And I'm sorry she's grown too big to get it. (*Crosses to R.C.*)

WYKOFF. (*Crosses to L. of MRS. L.*) That's the proper spirit, ma'am. Keep 'em in their places. (*JERVIS and FREDDIE are heard out in hall c. and L., playing ball. MISS PRITCHARD goes up stage L. and around to c. to join JERVIS. JERVIS backs on stage laughing and chatting as the ball passes between him and FREDDIE. At sound of JERVIS' voice WYKOFF turns and sees him, and turns back to MRS. LIPPETT*) Mr. Pendleton! (*Crosses L. to children, MRS. LIPPETT crosses to r. of c. FREDDIE catches sight of her, and rushes off as JERVIS comes in at c. WYKOFF passes up and between tables, inspecting everything. MISS PRITCHARD joins JERVIS as JERVIS comes in and they saunter down stage c.*)

(*JERVIS PENDLETON is a man-of-affairs, quiet and self-contained, but evidently used to having his own way. He has a somewhat grim sense of humor and an air of nonchalance which in reality covers a keen penetration. His manners are courteously deferential, but with a suggestion of indifference underneath, which he just politely manages to suppress.*)

JERVIS. Ah, dear lady! (*MISS PRITCHARD L. of JERVIS.*) So this is the dining room! Charming apartment.

MRS. L. (*Left of c.*) I believe I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Pendleton.

MISS P. (*L. of JERVIS*) Our matron, Mrs. Lippett.

JERVIS. (*Shaking hands*) Very happy to meet you, madam. (*Turns to MISS P.*)

MRS. L. (*c. of table r.*) The asylum has a great deal to thank you for. Your two dear boys are doing so well.

(*The ORPHANS at R. begin to fuss and fidget. LORETTA scratches her head. GLADIOLA stands on one foot, then on the other, and SADIE KATE tries to keep both quiet.*)

JERVIS. (*Vaguely. Hands in coat pockets*) My two dear boys?

(*WYKOFF off up back, looking around with back turned.*)

MRS. L. That you are sending to technical school.

JERVIS. Oh, yes, yes! The young engineers! Doing well, are they? That's good. (*Crosses over to children.*)

MRS. L. I trust their reports are sent every month as you requested.

JERVIS. Yes, I believe so. (*MISS PRITCHARD up to back and joined by WYKOFF*) My secretary looks after them. (*Sits on bench, studies children intently. To the nearest girl*) Come here, little girl, and shake hands with me. (*They back off*) Oh, don't be afraid! I won't bite. (*JERVIS crosses L. C. in front of LIPPETT.*)

MRS. L. (*Behind JERVIS and over his shoulder cautioning children. Softly*) Oh, children, children dear, this is the kind gentleman who sent the candy and peanuts and tickets to the circus. Shake hands with him, darling.

(*LORETTA advances, watching MRS. LIPPETT and offers JERVIS a limp hand.*)

JERVIS. (*Arm around GLADIOLA*) And are you a good little girl?

GLADIOLA. (*Wilting with embarrassment*) Y-yes, ma'am—no, ma'am.

JERVIS (*Rising, his arm about GLADIOLA, crossing over L. c. to MISS P.*) Happy, bubbling, laughing childhood! (*MRS. LIPPETT shooes children up into pantry and turns on lamp at R.*) Nothing so beautiful in the world!

(*Children exit L. at MRS. L.'s gesture.*)

MRS. L. (*Coming to R. c.*) It's a great pleasure to live with them. I always say that it keeps me young and happy and innocent myself.

JERVIS. (*Picks up cup from L. table. Striking cup with his knuckle, to MISS P.*) Durable!

WYKOFF. (*Coming down c.*) Can't indulge any artistic ideas in a place like this.

JERVIS. (*Turns around and sees text at back c.*) Of course! Of course! Ah! (*Indicating text*) The Lord will provide! (*To MISS P.*) Very touching!

MRS. L. (*R. c.*) You wouldn't want us to bring them up without religion?

JERVIS. (*Deprecating the idea*) No, no. But why not teach them the truth? The Lord will provide for the rich. The poor must provide for themselves. (*Turns to MISS P. and sets cup on table.*)

WYKOFF. (*c. and R. of JERVIS*) Well, I'm a practical man, Mr. Pendleton. I don't know as I follow you in all your new-fangled philosophy, but I—— (*JERVIS turns and faces him.*)

JERVIS. Yes——

WYKOFF. Er—I'm convinced——

JERVIS. Yes—yes——

WYKOFF. Er—er—I'm convinced! (*Turns to MRS. L.*) Here, here, Mrs. Lippett, this floor ought to be scrubbed. (*MRS. L. crosses to him and they go up and out c., WYKOFF complaining about conditions*)

and MRS. L. excusing them. MRS. L. turns on lamp in hall as she exits.)

(At cue "This floor ought to be scrubbed," the children come down from pantry in single file, and march off R.I.E. JERVIS crosses to R. of C. watching them, and stirred to pity by their dejected and whipped manner.)

JERVIS. (R.) Poor little kiddies. (Turning to MISS P.) There's nothing in it.

MISS P. (L.) What do you mean, Jervis?

JERVIS. Why, you can't bring them up like chickens in batches of a hundred like chickens in an incubator. It isn't natural—it won't work.

MISS P. (To L. C. Sits R.) Jervis! (He turns) I hate to be always begging. But there's one of these children for whom I should so love to manage a future.

JERVIS. (Good-naturedly) Another promising engineer?

MISS P. No—this time—it's a girl.

JERVIS. (In consternation) A girl! My dear lady!

MISS P. And such a pretty one!

JERVIS. (Amazed, crossing over L.) Oh, no! You can't catch me with that bait!

MISS P. She's more than pretty. (Sits bench R. of table L.)

JERVIS. (Wearily. Hands in pocket, crosses down R.) I know—she has a good record and deserves—

MISS P. She has the worst record of any child in this Home.

JERVIS. (Interested) What!

MISS P. She doesn't lie out of her misdemeanors

as the others do. She is disobedient and impertinent but——

JERVIS. And just what is it you want me to do for this pretty, disobedient, impertinent young person? (*Up around table R.*)

MISS P. I want you—to send her to college.

JERVIS. What? To college? From an orphan asylum? Impossible!

MISS P. She's eighteen. (*JERVIS faces front*) And ready to graduate from the High School.

JERVIS. (*Facing MISS P.*) So? I thought they never kept them after fourteen?

MISS P. Judy Abbott was so unusually bright that the Board of Trustees let her stay on and attend the village school.

JERVIS. Very generous!

MISS P. Of course it saved hiring someone to take care of the younger children.

JERVIS. Thrifty and generous.

MISS P. And she has done remarkable work in English. Her teachers say that she would make an author if she had the training.

JERVIS. An author? There are too many authors in the world already. (*Crosses to her.*) I don't wish to make any more.

MISS P. (*Solemnly*) Suppose she should be a genius? Have you any right to keep her down?

JERVIS. If she were a genius I couldn't keep her down. Do you think she would placidly stand all this? (*With a comprehensive gesture about the room*) She would rise and mutiny if she had any spirit.

MISS P. But she's only eighteen, and if you only knew——

JERVIS. (*Facing MISS P., stubbornly shaking his head.*) We all have the right to a few prejudices. You know yourself that you won't eat bananas.

No reason in the world except that you don't like bananas. Now I have an antipathy, too, I don't like girls. Never did like 'em. Never will like 'em.

MISS P. (*Rises. JERVIS walks L. MISS PRITCHARD rises*) You are a crabbed, ill-natured, hard-shelled, old bachelor, and you don't know what you are talking about! You've never known any girls.

JERVIS. Never known any? That precious sister-in-law of mine has a daughter coming on exactly like her.

MISS P. Baby Julia?

JERVIS. (*Turns away*) Baby Julia enters college next September.

MISS P. Think of that!

JERVIS. I might arrange for your impertinent orphan to room with my aristocratic niece. (*Chuckles at the idea*) That would be rather a neat joke on the Pendleton family!

MISS P. (*With asperity*) My little Judy deserves a chance for her own sake.

JERVIS. You damned her chance when you said she was pretty.

MISS P. Why?

Children READY

JERVIS. Why? Why, I'd no sooner get her educated than some young whippersnapper would come along and want to marry her. Education thrown away. I'd rather put my money into a permanent investment.

MISS P. Do you really mean it, or is it just one of your stupid jokes?

JERVIS. (*Seriously*) I really mean it. How could one of these orphans compete with the class of girls she would meet in college? (*Crosses R.*)

MISS P. But you haven't seen my Judy.

JERVIS. No. But I have seen this institution and I know that no child that was ever born could

live eighteen years in the John Grier Home and have spirit enough left to fight the world. (*Crossing L. C.*)

MISS P. But my Judy's different. Give her a chance.

JERVIS. My dear Miss Pritchard! In college your little Judy wouldn't have a chance. Do you think they'd take in an outsider—from an orphan asylum?

MISS P. It's not fair.

JERVIS. (*Bitterly*) Nothing's fair. But it's a fact. Don't you see that it would be no kindness to the girl? We should just be showing her a glimpse of a bigger, more beautiful life, such as she has never dreamed of, and then forbidding her to enter. No, no. Society has thrown away your little Judy—(*Hands in pockets*)—and it's too late now to pick up the pieces.

MISS P. (*L.C., crushed*) Yes—but it's cruel.

JERVIS. (*To MISS P., drawing her hand through his arm*) Well! Well! Come and let's have a look at that scandalous dark playroom. (*Going up c.*) Maybe you can induce me to build a new one. (*They go out c. and L.*)

(*As JERVIS and MISS P. exit both ad lib, SADIE KATE pokes her head into room, R. I., then crosses in front to R. C. and turns to beckon the others on.*)

SADIE KATE. Come on! (*Coming R. C. GLADIOLA, LORETTA and MAMIE enter R.*) Now's your chance! (*GLADIOLA crosses in front and up to get the broken cup. SADIE KATE over to c. and up a little.*) Take it and dump it back of the barn!

(*Two other girls go on and in front of table to L.,*

two little girls stop R., one takes up cup, other stops. Littlest girl enters R. and gets on bench and embraces JUDY.)

MAMIE. (*R. at end of lower table. LORETTA by R. I. E.*) Yes, hurry, before somebody comes and catches you. (*A sound is heard off R. in pantry.*)

SADIE KATE. Somebody's coming!

(*GLADIOLA jumps up and the orphans assume a know-nothing attitude until they see it is JUDY. JUDY enters c. and crosses between tables with tray of sandwiches, stands between MAMIE and LORETTA down stage and GLADIOLA up stage. SADIE KATE is on line with JUDY across at c.*)

JUDY. Well, Chicks, what's the matter?

READY Sammy

ORPHANS. (*Laughing*) Nothing.

JUDY. (*Cheerfully*) Well, run now, and wash your hands and faces and make yourselves beautiful, ready to pass the things.

(*The children go up into pantry, SADIE KATE passing at back with GLADIOLA. JUDY crosses to c. and puts tray on lower end of table L. Then she goes up to cupboard and gets black box and comes down between tables at R., opens box on bench behind first table and takes out caps and aprons. During scene she is humming gaily to herself, "Comin' through the Rye." MRS. LIPPETT enters.*)

MRS. L. (*Coming down c.*) I'm glad to see that

somebody's carefree. (*JUDY stops her song*) Is everything ready?

JUDY. (*At work smoothing out aprons*) Yes, Mrs. Lippett.

MRS. L. Seems though everything's gone wrong to-day. And just when we've got a rich trustee up from New York. (*Turning to L. window R.*) He's out in the play-yard now, talking to Freddie Perkins, with a hole in his pants that big. (*JUDY laughs*) Well, what are you laughing at? It's no laughing matter. Can't you keep that child mended?

JUDY. I mend Freddie Perkins' trousers every day of my life. There's no trousers left any more. Nothing but patches.

MRS. L. (*L. c., looking over at sandwiches*) Did you make those sandwiches?

JUDY. Yes, Mrs. Lippett. I know they're pretty thick. But the bread was so fresh I couldn't cut it. I'm awfully sorry.

MRS. L. (*Going up c. Mollified*) Well, maybe they'll taste all right. Look sharp now. I don't want any more hitches. (*Exits c.*)

GLADIOLA. (*Poking her head into room*) Judy, has she gone?

JUDY. Yes, and it's time for you to go! Come, fly into these. (*Led by GLADIOLA the ORPHANS come down R. GLADIOLA and LORETTA to lower R. and begin playing. MAMIE and SADIE KATE to R. of JUDY, who gives to each of them cap and apron she has been straightening out. They are regulation waitress' aprons, about three inches longer than the children's dresses. The caps are muslin bows fastened to an elastic. MAMIE and SADIE put on the aprons, JUDY buttoning MAMIE'S and MAMIE buttoning SADIE'S apron. They fasten behind. While they put on the caps GLADIOLA and LORETTA are down R. JUDY crosses to L. c., gets tray and sand-*

wiches and gives them to MAMIE. MAMIE up c. JUDY takes tray of cups at r. c., gives them to SADIE KATE. SADIE up to MAMIE at c. JUDY to r. c.) Now please be careful, children, and don't make any mistakes.

(The ORPHANS go out c. and l. JUDY, with a tired sigh, comes down front and sits on bench in front of table r. GLADIOLA kneels on bench beside her and LORETTA on floor, kneeling. She caresses them in a manner that shows her loneliness and longing for love.)

GLADIOLA. Judy! Tell us a story.

LORETTA. Cinderella!

GLADIOLA. No! Tell us Noah's Ark. I'll be the lion. *(Growls and throws her arms around JUDY, pretending to devour her.)*

JUDY. Not now, dear. Some other time.

BOTH. Yes, now!

JUDY. Poor Judy's so tired. This is the first time I've sat down since 5 o'clock this morning.

LORETTA. Tell it while you are sitting down.

JUDY. I must learn my lesson for school tomorrow.

GLADIOLA. What? 'Rifmatic?

JUDY. No, not 'rifmatic. French.

LORETTA. What's French?

JUDY. Tu es enfant tres bon et je t'aime beaucoup.

(The children laugh. FREDDY PERKINS enters c. from l. A large three-cornered rent in the back of his trousers.)

FREDDIE. (c.) When are we going to have supper?

JUDY. (*Good-naturedly, scolding*) Freddie Perkins, turn around, sir! (*FREDDIE makes turn.*)

FREDDIE. What's the matter? (*Children laugh. FREDDIE turns back to them.*) What are you laughing at? Cut it out! Cut it out!

JUDY. You bad, bad boy, to tear your clothes. (*Discovers a rent in the shoulder of his shirt*) You disgraceful little rag-a-muffin!

FREDDIE. (*Sits L. of JUDY*) I don't care, I'm hungry!

GLADIOLA. So'm I.

LORETTA. Me, too.

JUDY. You can't have supper till the trustees go.

GLADIOLA. I hate trustees.

LORETTA. So do I.

FREDDIE. What's to-day? Beans? (*Pause*) Or corn meal mush?

LORETTA. This is Wednesday.

GLADIOLA. It's corn meal mush.

(*The children all join in the ORPHAN'S yell while JUDY frantically tries to make each child be quiet. The last line tapers off into a dying wail.*)

ORPHANS:

Mush! Mush! Corn meal mush!

Slush! Slush! Same old slush!

How I hate it,

Corn—meal—mush!

JUDY. Hush, you naughty children.

(*FREDDIE sits on floor.*)

GLADIOLA. Judy, tell us a story.

JUDY. No, no, no!



DADDY LONG-LEGS

GLADIOLA and LORETTA. (*Imitating her*) Yes, yes, yes!

JUDY. (*Pleading*) Children! I'm so tired!

FREDDIE. (*Rising*) Draw us a picture!

JUDY. I've no paper!

(*Children run around looking for paper. LORETTA goes around behind table and discovers box cover. GLADIOLA takes the cover from LORETTA and brings it to JUDY.*)

GLADIOLA. Draw it on this.

(*JUDY looks dubious. Sits as before and LORETTA R. of GLADIOLA to former position. FREDDIE L. of JUDY.*)

JUDY. But I haven't any pencil!

FREDDIE. (*Turning away disgustedly*) Oh, gee!

JUDY. I can't draw with my finger, you know.

FREDDIE. (*Discovering piece of chalk in his pocket*) Here's a piece of chalk.

JUDY. Very well—Mercy! It's all over sugar.

FREDDIE. 'Did I give you sugar? (*Grabs chalk in an attempt to lick the sugar off. JUDY gets it back.*)

JUDY. Oh, you bad, bad boy! (*FREDDIE to c.*) Well, what shall I draw?

GLADIOLA. Elephant!

LORETTA. Circus!

FREDDIE. Cowboy chasing Indians! (*Gives imitation of a wild Indian.*)

JUDY. Oh, something easy. I'll draw a bad little boy who's torn his clothes.

(*Children begin to laugh at FREDDIE and cry "Shame, shame."*)

FREDDIE. (*Coming down domineeringly*) Cut it out! Cut it out!

JUDY. Freddie! (FREDDIE *turns away shamefacedly*) What'll I draw?

GLADIOLA. Oh! Draw a trustee!

LORETTA. Yes, draw a trustee!

FREDDIE. Yes, one of those guys that goes around like this. (*Crosses over L. and gives imitation of WYKOFF*) "This won't do, Mrs. Lippett! This won't do!" (*Comes back to c.*) "And this floor must be scrubbed" . . . (*Goes to c.*) "I tell you it won't do, Mrs. Lippett" . . . (*Comes down c. and stands puffing himself out à la Wykoff. The children watch him in ecstasy, laughing and applauding.*)

GLADIOLA. Yes—and make him fat. With a gold watch chain!

FREDDIE. And with a pair of searchlights!

JUDY. (*Drawing*) There's his body. And there's his head. (*While drawing the eye-glasses, FREDDIE begins to laugh. JUDY turns to him*) What are you laughing at?

FREDDIE. Those searchlights.

JUDY. And there's his searchlights. And those are his arms and those are his legs.

LORETTA. (c.) And where's his gold watch chain?

JUDY. And that's his watch chain! (*Holds the picture front and they all laugh.*)

GLADIOLA. (*Takes picture from JUDY*) It looks exactly like a June bug.

JUDY. (*Takes picture back from GLADIOLA, writing at bottom*) "This looks like a June bug, but is meant to be a portrait of any trustee."

(*The children laugh. FREDDIE takes the picture and marches around with it, followed by GLADIOLA and LORETTA.*)

CHORUS. Looks like a June bug! Looks like a June bug!

(They go over L. as SADIE and MAMIE return with a half-emptied plate of sandwiches which they place on table.)

SADIE KATE. Gee! You ought to see them eat!

(JUDY goes up to SADIE KATE and MAMIE. The others stop singing and hungrily look at the sandwiches. FREDDIE puts the picture on table L. of C. and crosses over to JUDY, followed by LORETTA and GLADIOLA.)

FREDDIE. Can I have a piece of bread?

GLADIOLA. Me, too!

LORETTA. I'm hungry.

JUDY. *(After a moment's hesitation)* Yes, you may all have one piece.

(They help themselves joyously. FREDDIE gets first piece and biggest to the disgust of the others. He goes triumphantly to lower L. and sits on bench. They keep up a chatter.)

FREDDIE. Say! *(Children all stop noise to listen)* I played a joke on those trustees! *(Boasting.)*

JUDY. *(Coming down R.)* Freddie Perkins! *(Suspiciously)* What have you done?

FREDDIE. I ain't goin' to tell.

(Trustees are heard talking angrily at back off L.)

GLADIOLA. *(Crosses up to door.)* Cheese it! They're coming!

JUDY. (*Surprised*) Scamper out, children!

(*FREDDIE at first sound has bolted L. GLADIOLA and LORETTA in front of lower table. MAMIE and SADIE KATE between tables R. GLADIOLA, LORETTA and MAMIE exit lower R. SADIE exits R. 2. E. MRS. LIPPETT enters c., followed by a group of trustees and visitors, MISS PRITCHARD looking worried, WYKOFF indignant, JERVIS amused. JUDY is at table R. of c. MRS. LIPPETT R. of c. PARSONS L. of c. MISS PRITCHARD and JERVIS stand at back. They have all been talking outside and it has grown in volume until they are well on and in place.*)

MRS. L. (*With sugar bowl*) Judy Abbott, what is the meaning of this?

JUDY. (*Bewildered R., about middle of table*)
The sugar bowl?

(*MISS PRITCHARD crosses at back and down L.*)

MRS. L. (*L. end of table*) It's full of salt!
(*JUDY turns and looks after FREDDIE.*)

WYKOFF. We put salt in our tea.

(*JUDY bursts into quick laugh. JERVIS crosses R. and down L. of tables, back turned to JUDY and amused by the scene.*)

MRS. L. When you have finished laughing, perhaps you will tell us how it came there?

JUDY. I don't know.

MRS. L. Of course you don't know. You never know anything.

MISS P. It was a mistake.

WYKOFF. (L. c.) Bad management. Bad management!

JUDY. (*Apologetically*) I didn't know about it, of course—I'm very sorry it happened!

(MRS. LIPPETT *sees the empty plate and crumbs on table.*)

MRS. L. What's this? (*They all turn and look*) So, you've been stealing the refreshments that were left?

(PARSONS *goes up c.*)

JUDY. The children were hungry—it's after their regular supper-time—and I gave them each a piece of bread and butter.

(PARSONS *discovers the broken cup.*)

WYKOFF. Mrs. Lippett, does this young woman run this institution?

PARSONS. (*Coming down c. with broken china*) Here! Here! What's this? (*JUDY stares in amazement.*)

MRS. L. (*Turning upon her sharply*) How did that get broken? (*JUDY is silent*) Well—don't stand there staring!

WYKOFF. Another little joke?

MRS. L. Answer me, Judy Abbott. Did you break that cup?

JUDY. (*With dignity*) No, Mrs. Lippett, certainly not!

(PARSONS *puts broken cup on tray at his R.*)

MRS. L. Who put it there?

JUDY. I don't know.

MRS. L. Seems as though you are old enough to take a little responsibility.

JUDY. (*Miserably*) I try to, Mrs. Lippett—but I can't be in two places at once. And to-day while the nurse was taking care of the sick babies—

MRS. L. I've heard that excuse before. (*Turns to trustees*) You see, ladies and gentlemen, the kind of stupidity I have to work against. This is our prize orphan—the one we have educated—but I can't trust her with a simple thing like sending in tea.

WYKOFF. (*Turns up L. to table*) Doesn't pay to educate 'em out of their class.

MRS. L. These children are the most deceitful creatures I have ever known. It's enough to make one lose one's faith in human nature.

JUDY. (*Facing MRS. L. quietly*) If you would trust the children, they would not deceive you.

MRS. L. So now, you are going to be impertinent, are you?

(WYKOFF *discovers picture on table L.*)

MISS PRITCHARD. (*Pleasantly, tries to end the discussion*) Dishes will get broken—suppose we join the others.

(WYKOFF *is examining the picture which he has casually picked up.*)

WYKOFF. (*Facing front explosively and showing picture*) Good heavens, Madam! What does this mean? Do I look like a June bug? (*Comes and exhibits it c. to MRS. L.*) And may I ask who is the artist?

(JUDY stands staring at the others with something of the air of a hunted animal.)

MRS. L. (*With ominous quietness*) Is that one of your drawings?

(WYKOFF shows it to trustees at c.)

JUDY. Yes, Mrs. Lippett.

MRS. L. Have you anything to say?

JUDY. (*Miserably*) I can't draw. I just do it to amuse the children.

WYKOFF. To amuse the children? Madam, is this the kind of respect that you teach?

(CODMAN puts picture on table at his L.)

MRS. L. (R.C.) How do you dare make fun of a trustee of the John Grier Home?

JUDY. (R., *frightened*) I—I didn't mean to make fun of anybody.

MRS. L. Oh! I suppose you think that is a fitting way to show gratitude for all that's been done for you? This Home has given you every mouthful you ever ate, and as a result, you ridicule your benefactors. I'll tell you this, Miss Judy Abbott—you'll be finishing school next month and then you'll be put to work. The kind of place you'll get will depend on your record here.

WYKOFF. (C.) And when you have to shift for yourself, young woman—then maybe you won't think life so funny.

(*Other Trustees nod approval.*)

READY *Dim Foots*

JUDY. (*Wearily*) I don't think it's so very funny now.

MRS. L. Oh, there's no use trying to make anything decent of her. I shall send you to a boarding house keeper who wants a little slavey to wash the dishes.

JUDY. I shall be very happy to go. Any place, anywhere will be better than this.

MRS. L. (*Beside herself*) You ungrateful little—imp! What do you mean?

JUDY. (*Commencing in low, intense tone, gradually rising to a fever of rebellion*) I mean—I don't feel any gratitude because I have nothing to be grateful for. There is no charity about it. I have earned my living in the John Grier Home. I have worked from the time I was a tiny child. For three years straight I polished brass door knobs until you discovered that I was clever enough to do other things. And you haven't kept me all this extra time just for my own good. When I was eleven years old that lady wanted to adopt me. But you made her take another child instead, because I was useful. I might have had a home, too—like other children—and you stole it away from me. And you call me ungrateful because I'm glad to go? I don't care *how hard* it will be. I can make my own way in the world. Just give me a chance. Anywhere—out of the shadow of this asylum, and I will prove what I am good for. I've lived eighteen years in prison. I *hate* the John Grier Home! (*As she hurls this last defiance she turns and runs out R.*) DIM

(*JERVIS has turned his back to the scene and stands down L. with folded arms and head bowed in deep thought, for JUDY has won his admiration by her plucky stand. After a pause the trustees recover from their astonishment.*)



See Page 32

DADDY LONG-LEGS

MRS. L. You see! You see!

WYKOFF. The quicker you pack her off the better.

MISS P. The child didn't know what she was saying!

CODMAN. Insubordination!

PARSONS. Bad example.

WYKOFF. Demoralize the whole institution!

PARSONS. She must be punished!

(They start to go, shaking their heads and talking excitedly at once.)

MRS. L. And punished severely. Oh, if you knew what I have to put up with——

(They go off c., the excitement and tumult gradually dying down. MISS PRITCHARD follows them up to c., trying to pacify them. JERVIS eases over to R. of c.)

MISS P. *(Coming down c.)* I am sorry this had to happen before you, but really, really, we have no right to be angry.

JERVIS. Angry? Oh, no, no! *(Crosses over R. of c.)* I was only hesitating because—well—I must be sure I'm doing the best thing for the girl. But, by jove! *(Turns to MISS P.)* It was great to see that little thing rise up and demand her right to live. She shall have it! *(Looks off R. I. E. and then slaps his hand as having arrived at a decision.)*

MISS P. *(c.)* What!

JERVIS. *(Turns to MISS P.)* I'll send her to college!

MISS P. *(Joyfully)* That is generous!

JERVIS. *(Gruffly)* Nonsense! I'm interested. I'd like to see if the girl really can pull it off!

MISS P. She will be so *grateful*.

JERVIS. (*Crossing L.*) No, no. None of that. She's never to know who does it.

MISS P. She will want to thank you.

JERVIS. Well, she can't. I won't have it. Why! She's had to give thanks for every mouthful she ever ate! I wonder she didn't choke. This college business comes as a free gift from Heaven.

MISS P. Don't you want to watch her progress?

READY Sadie Kate

JERVIS. From a distance. They can send me her reports.

MISS P. A college doesn't send reports.

JERVIS. (*Sits. Thinking out loud*) Well, let me see. We're to make a writer of the girl? H'm—there's no better practice in composition than good, old-fashioned letter writing. She may write me a letter on the first of every month, telling about her studies and her daily life—just such a letter as she would write to her parents—if—she had any.

MISS P. She will have to know your name.

JERVIS. Tell her Smith. John Smith. She will address her letters to Mr. John Smith—in care of my secretary, just as the boys do their reports. But she's never to expect any answer. (*Rises*) I can't have Judy a nuisance.

MISS P. I will explain the best I can. (*Rises.*)

JERVIS. And don't explain to anyone else. We must keep it a secret (*Looks off R. I. E.*) for the girl's sake. Let her forget the asylum. (*Back of MISS P.*) Blot the word "orphan" out of her mind. (*Turns up.*)

(*SADIE KATE enters from L.2E. and puts a spoon on lower table.*)

MISS P. (*Crosses to R. of JERVIS*) Sadie Kate, run quick and call Judy Abbott.

(*SADIE exits R., calling "Judy—Judy."*)

JERVIS. (*Going up c.*) And now I must run. I don't want the child to see me. Get her some pretty frocks—and all that sort of nonsense. Good-bye. (*Ad lib.*)

DIM

MISS P. Good-bye! Thank you! Thank you! (*Follows him up stage and watches him off as JUDY dejectedly enters at R. She comes to R. C. to MISS P. MISS P. turns, sees JUDY and goes to her.*)

JUDY. (*With dead voice*) Well—what are they going to do with me?

MISS P. (*Very kindly*) Nothing dreadful.

JUDY. (*Sits on bench L.*) I didn't mean to break out that way—but when you think bitter thoughts for years and years, some day—suddenly—they just won't stay inside you any longer. (*Turning away.*)

MISS P. Judy—(*Sits by JUDY*)—I have good news for you. (*JUDY faces front*) Something wonderful is going to happen to you.

JUDY. (*Slowly facing MISS P.*) Wonderful?

MISS P. Judy—a gentleman—one of our trustees—is going to send you to college.

JUDY. (*Rising. MISS P. also*) To college? Me? (*MISS P. nods affirmatively to her question*) Oh!

MISS P. With pretty new frocks and everything.

JUDY. (*To MISS P.*) You mean—I'm going just like any other girl—who has a real father and mother?

MISS P. Yes, dear.

JUDY. (*Slowly grasping the situation and as*

though choking over her joy, crosses over L.) Oh, oh, oh! It sounds just like the fairy stories I make up to tell the children.

MISS P. It's true, dear.

JUDY. (*Turning to Miss P. breathlessly*) Who is he?

MISS P. No one you know.

READY Light

JUDY. He wasn't here? To-day? Not one of those men?

WARN CURTAIN

MISS P. Yes.

JUDY. I didn't look at them. What's he like? What's his name?

MISS P. You are not to know his name—his real name. You may call him Mr. Smith.

JUDY. Smith?

MISS P. Mr. John Smith. He will be your guardian.

JUDY. My guardian! I'll belong to him? And I won't belong to the asylum any more? I'll belong just to him?

MISS P. Yes, dear!

JUDY. (*Turns—crying*) Oh, I'm so happy! I'm so happy! (*Turns to Miss P.*) Where is he? I want to tell him. I want to see him.

MISS P. You cannot see him, dear.

JUDY. But I want to know what he's like. I'll never bother him—never—if I may see him just once. So I can think about him. Oh, please, please, just this once? Please, please! (*Sobbing, she places her head on Miss P.'s shoulder, who lays her arms around JUDY tenderly and mothers her. A spotlight off L., swinging around on a pivot, throws a light through upper window around the room, indicating the approach of an automobile.*)

MISS P. Hush, dear. I promised to keep it a secret. (JUDY *sobs again*) But, he's there—outside now! (*Horn*) Waiting for his car. (JUDY *turns quickly, but MISS P. holds her at arm's length*) No, no, dear—it's too dark to see his face, but there, reflected on the wall, you can see his shadow! (*She releases JUDY, who crosses to table, looking off through window L.*)

JUDY. Oh, if I could only see his face. At last I have the shadow of a father. Oh, my daddy—my daddy— (*Laughing*) Look—what funny long legs the shadow has. I never saw such long legs. I know— (*Turning to MISS P.*) I'll call him my dear, old Daddy Long-Legs.

CURTAIN

1st Curtain—Grown-ups and Judy—not Jervis.

2nd Curtain—All children. Jervis.

3rd Curtain—All children.

4th Curtain—Judy.

ACT II

SCENE: JUDY'S college study, an afternoon in May, one year later. A plan and full description of the scene will be found at the end of the play.

AT RISE: JULIA and SALLIE are discovered hastily putting the room in order. JULIA down L., with a child's broom, is sweeping and working up stage to couch. Sweeps dust under rug. SALLIE, at R., is dusting picture R. of window, then crosses down to chair L. of table c. and holds up Tam-o'-shanter cap and tennis racquet.

SALLIE. (R. up, comes down) What on earth shall I do with these?

JULIA. (L. down. Crossing to R. of table) Dump them under the couch. (SALLIE goes up and throws things under the couch. JULIA picks up a coat and a sweater from the floor c.) Isn't it just our luck to have the whole family come bursting in without a word of warning? (Crosses R. and throws things into room R.2.)

SALLIE. (Coming L. of table to chair—Crosses L.) Your mother and Miss Pritchard did look shocked when they saw this room. (Crosses L., throwing basket-ball and mask into room U.L. under couch.)

JULIA. (Crossing to chair R. of table, picking up racquet and coat) They ought to let us know before they surprise us. I invited them for the reception this evening. I didn't ask them to spend the day. (Crosses R., throws things into JUDY'S room and closes door.)

SALLIE. (*To desk L. for golf bag at desk back R.*) If they had waited to come with the men on the five o'clock train— (*Sets golf bag above desk in corner.*)

JULIA. (*R. of c.*) We should have been ready.

SALLIE. (*Crossing c. behind table*) Shut your desk, Julia— (*Which is R. below door*) It's a sight.

JULIA. (*Pointing to desk up stage R.C. and then crossing down R. to close desk*) No worse than yours. (*Crosses R.*)

SALLIE. (*Crosses up, closes desk and then crosses over L. by couch—getting duster from couch and throwing it in room U.L., closing door*) And look at Judy's, in perfect order!

JULIA. Are there chairs enough?

SALLIE. (*Coming down, counting chairs and crossing over R.C.*) Mrs. Pendleton, Miss Pritchard, Judy, Julia, Sallie, brother Jimmie—(*Turning to L. of chair up stage by door*)—and Mr. Jervis Pendleton.

JULIA. (*Crossing up to R. of chair*) That chair won't do for Uncle Jervis.

SALLIE. Why not?

JULIA. It wobbles on its back leg. (*Rocking chair.*)

SALLIE. (*Coming down R.C.*) Oh, I forgot. (*Cross R. Indicates chair down R.*)

JULIA. (*Crossing to table c.*) I nearly dropped when mother said Uncle Jervis was coming.

SALLIE. (*Picks up book from floor R.C. and crosses to desk at R.*) Why shouldn't he?

JULIA. Oh, I bore him to death. This is the first time in years he has taken the slightest notice of me. (*Crosses up and puts fencing foils behind couch.*)

SALLIE. Men love to visit a girls' college. It's

like going to the menagerie and watching the animals eat.

JULIA. (*Crossing c. back of table and looking despondently at the table*) What'll we ever do with this mess?

SALLIE. (*Crossing to R. of table, seizing two corners of the cover*) You take the other end and we'll carry it into your room. (*Moves toward the door R., but JULIA, holding the other end of cloth, holds back.*)

JULIA. No! We'll put it in yours. (*She starts towards door U.L. and SALLIE holds her back.*)

SALLIE. It's full up. You couldn't squeeze a postage stamp into my room.

JULIA. We'll take it into Judy's and dump it on the bed.

SALLIE. Poor Judy! (*Laughing, they go to room down L. and exit. Series of slight crashes heard. SALLIE returns and crosses to table up stage and picks up a teacup from tray. JULIA returns with the cover for table and crosses below table arranging cover, and goes behind table. SALLIE blows into the cup.*) My, these teacups are awfully dusty!

JULIA. (*Behind table c.*) Oh! It won't show when the tea is in.

SALLIE. Where's the kettle? (*Both girls look around the room.*)

JULIA. (*Cross R.*) The kettle? The kettle? Oh, under the couch. (*SALLIE goes to couch, kneels down and gets kettle. A knock is heard on the door*) Good gracious, who's that?

SALLIE. (*Crossing to table c. with kettle*) Set that chair over the inkspot.

(*JULIA sets chair R. of table, over the inkspot and SALLIE goes up with kettle to table above as MRS. PENDLETON and MISS PRITCHARD enter.*)

JULIA. Ah, Mother!

MRS. PENDLETON. (*Coming down*) Well, girls, still at work? (*Crosses to L. of table c.*) How quickly you have put your room in order! (*MISS PRITCHARD closes door.*)

JULIA. (*Behind c. table*) Oh, there's nothing like a college education for teaching one to be a good housekeeper. (*Goes up to window seat, putting odds and ends on seat into the top drawer; MISS PRITCHARD coming down to R. of c. table.*)

SALLIE. (*Coming down L. of c. table*) Did you like the basket-ball game, Mrs. Pendleton?

MRS. P. (*Sitting L. of table*) It was very unladylike.

JULIA. (*Facing front*) Where's Judy?

MISS P. (*Sitting R. of table*) She had to go to a rehearsal. (*Sits.*)

SALLIE. She has too many engagements. (*Up to couch, arranging pillow.*)

MRS. P. Julia, what sort of people does Judy Abbott come from?

JULIA. (*Coming R. of Mrs. PENDLETON*) I haven't the slightest idea, Mother.

MRS. P. Doesn't she ever mention her family?

JULIA. She told me that she was descended from the first man ever hanged in the United States. (*After laugh—a knock sounds on the door at back. JULIA crosses to open it.*)

MRS. P. What an extraordinary thing to boast of!

JULIA. (*Opens door and takes card from the maid*) Mr. James McBride. (*Crosses R.C. SALLIE crosses to c.*) Here's your brother, Sallie.

SALLIE. (*Above c. table*) Ask him to come up.

MRS. P. Have you permission?

SALLIE. Just going to get it. The room's up-

holstered in chaperones. (*Crosses to desk and arranging it.*)

MRS. P. (*Turning to maid*) There will be another gentleman. Have the maid send him up when he comes.

MAID. Yes, ma'am. (*Closes door.*)

MRS. P. (*To MISS PRITCHARD*) Jervis is taking such an interest in Julia's college career.

JULIA. (*R.C. Turning to them*) Yes, I wonder what struck him all of a sudden.

MRS. P. He proposed coming of his own accord.

MISS P. That's very nice!

JULIA. (*Turning front*) What are we going to give them to eat?

SALLIE. (*Crosses to L. of JULIA*) Oh, I wonder!

MRS. P. (*Shocked*) Haven't you prepared?

JULIA. We've been too busy.

SALLIE. (*Crosses to c. above table*) Judy promised to make some fudge.

JULIA. She forgot it. (*Crosses L. of JUDY'S desk.*)

MRS. P. But you don't want candy for tea?

JULIA. Oh, yes, you do. It takes away your appetite so you don't mind what you get for dinner. (*Knock on door. SALLIE crosses to R. and opens door. JIMMIE McBRIDE enters.*)

SALLIE. Oh, hello, Jimmie. (*MRS. PENDLETON and MISS PRITCHARD both rise.*)

JIMMIE. (*Kissing SALLIE*) Hello, sis. (*SALLIE and JIMMIE come down stage.*)

SALLIE. Miss Pritchard, do you know my brother?

(*MISS PRITCHARD rises—SALLIE takes JIMMIE'S hat and crosses to couch with it. JIMMIE exchanges greetings with MISS PRITCHARD.*)

MISS P. Delighted to meet you!

MRS. P. (*Crossing to c. of table*) How do you do, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. (*Crossing to MRS. PENDLETON*) Mrs. Pendleton! (*Shaking hands with her.*)

JULIA. (*At L.*) Good afternoon, Jimmie!

(*JIMMIE crosses to JULIA as MRS. PENDLETON crosses to MISS PRITCHARD R. of table by chair.*)

JIMMIE. (*Crosses to R. of JULIA*) Miss Julia Pendleton. (*Bowing elaborately*) Yours to command! Well, I never was invited up here before. Why am I thus honored?

SALLIE. (*Coming down R. of JIMMIE*) We're giving a tea.

MRS. P. I wonder what's become of my brother-in-law. He should have been on your train.

JIMMIE. An opulent gentleman who takes a taxi?

JULIA. Yes.

JIMMIE. My trolley passed him on the hill.

(*A knock sounds on door. JULIA crosses to open door.*)

SALLIE. Ah—voilà.

(*JULIA opens door and JERVIS enters.*)

JULIA. Ah! Uncle Jervis. (*Kisses him and closes door, then takes box of candy he has brought and with an air of mock obsequiousness turns to announce him in the manner of a butler*) The Honorable Mr. Jervis Pendleton, and five pounds of candy!

(Positions are JERVIS at R., JULIA L. of JERVIS, MISS PRITCHARD R. of table C., MRS. PENDLETON L. of MISS PRITCHARD, SALLIE L. of table, and JIMMIE L. by JUDY'S desk.)

JERVIS. (Coming down to greet MISS PRITCHARD, and then MRS. PENDLETON as MISS PRITCHARD crosses to R., and sits at desk. SALLIE gets a pair of scissors from shelf underneath table and helps JULIA open box of candy. JERVIS turns to JULIA as MRS. PENDLETON crosses to R., taking chair L. of MISS PRITCHARD) Ah, ladies, I trust I'm not late!

JULIA. Early. We haven't permission to have you yet. This is Sallie McBride, my roommate. (JERVIS crosses to R. of table, shakes hands with SALLIE, who then joins JULIA above table.) And her brother, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. Oh! I say—

JULIA. Oh, pardon—Mr. James McBride of Yale.

JERVIS. (C. of table. JIMMIE crosses to shake hands with him) How do you do?

JIMMIE. How are you?

(SALLIE drops down L. of JIMMIE and JULIA L. of SALLIE.)

JERVIS. Is this your first visit, Mr. McBride?

JIMMIE. No—fourth.

JERVIS. Fourth? Well, well—very devoted brother.

SALLIE. Yes, isn't he? (Giving short burlesque laugh) Ha!—Oh, by the way, Jimmie— (JERVIS starts to cross R. and up—back turned.) You won't be able to see Judy Abbott this time. (JERVIS stops to listen.)

JIMMIE. Why not?

SALLIE. Why, because she——

JULIA. Has the mumps!

JIMMIE. Oh, I say! Why didn't you telegraph me not to come?

SALLIE. I thought you came to see me.

JIMMIE. Well, in a way, I did.

SALLIE. And in a way you didn't.

JULIA. Calm yourself. She hasn't the mumps.

SALLIE. She'll be here in a few minutes. (*Crosses in front to R. MRS. PENDLETON and MISS PRITCHARD.*)

JIMMIE. (*Crosses L. and sits at desk*) Ah, I breathe again.

JERVIS. (*R.C. Watches JIMMIE, then turns to JULIA, politely interested*) And—who is Miss Judy Abbott?

JULIA. Our other roommate. We three have this study together.

JERVIS. I see. A very pleasant arrangement.

JULIA. Sit down, Uncle Jervis. Don't mind us. We're getting the tea.

(*JERVIS turns to the wobbly chair and is about to sit when SALLIE screams and hastily crosses, preventing him also from occupying chair. As she screams, JERVIS starts back and JIMMIE jumps up.*)

SALLIE. Oh! This chair isn't comfortable. (*Takes JERVIS'S hat and gloves, goes down behind c. table*) Take that chair. (*Indicating chair over inkspot. JERVIS comes down, and is about to move chair over to MRS. PENDLETON. SALLIE puts hat and gloves on couch.*)

JULIA. (*Hastily interposing, screams and again JERVIS starts back—JIMMIE up L.C.*) No, no. You mustn't move it, Uncle Jervis.

JERVIS. (*Puzzled*) Why not?

JULIA. Well, take that chair. (*Indicates chair L. of table.*)

JERVIS. Thanks! I'll stand! (*Turns to L. of MRS. PENDLETON. SALLIE has gone to tea table and JULIA turns up and joins SALLIE. She stands on couch. JIMMIE crosses over R. at back between MRS. PENDLETON and MISS PRITCHARD.*)

SALLIE. (*Holding up bottle*) We're all out of alcohol.

JULIA. Maybe there's enough in the lamp.

SALLIE. (*Opening matchbox*) Oh, we're all out of matches.

JERVIS. (*Turns, takes match-safe from pocket and crosses up to table*) Allow me.

SALLIE. (*L. of table*) Thank you. Will you please light that? (*Indicates the spirit lamp.*)

JULIA. (*Peering into sugar bowl*) Only one lump of sugar!

MRS. P. I don't take sugar.

JULIA. Do you take sugar, Uncle Jervis?

JERVIS. Four lumps! (*With back to audience, pretending to light lamp.*)

JULIA. We'll borrow some. (*Up to couch*) Where's the tea?

SALLIE. In the bookcase. (*JULIA begins to look at one end of bookcase*) No, no. Back of Kipling! (*JULIA goes to C. shelf as SALLIE holds up cream pitcher. JERVIS saunters down R.C.*) We haven't any cream.

JULIA. We'll give them lemons.

SALLIE. Lemons, lemons! Oh, here's one. (*L. of C. table, and taking a tobacco skull from table; takes out one decrepit lemon.*)

JERVIS. Is that a lemon?

(*JULIA comes down L. with tea-caddy.*)

SALLIE. Yes.

JERVIS. It looks it. (*Sits R. of table. SALLIE returns lemon and skull to table.*)

JULIA. (*Peering into the caddy*) We're all out of tea.

MRS. P. Oh, my dear!

MISS P. I'm not in the least hungry.

JIMMIE. (*Crossing to L. of MRS. PENDLETON*) I am.

JULIA. (*Down L. SALLIE L. of table*) You all came too early. This party hasn't commenced yet.

SALLIE. (*To JULIA*) Julia, you hunt around and find something to eat while I get permission from the Dean. (*Crosses over R.C. and up, opening the door.*)

MRS. P. (*Rising*) I should like to meet the Dean. (*Joins SALLIE up stage.*)

JULIA. (*Up to table with tea-caddy*) Good idea, Mother. She can see with her own eyes that you are a perfectly capable chaperon. (*MRS. PENDLETON and SALLIE exit. JERVIS drops behind table C. JULIA crosses over R.*) Come along, Jimmie. (*JIMMIE crosses up to her as JERVIS goes down L. of C. table.*) It's not proper to leave you here.

JERVIS. Proper to leave me?

JULIA. (*Turning to him*) Mercy, yes! When a man's as old as you are——

JERVIS. Yes, I know. He ought to be chloroformed.

JULIA. (*Laughs*) And don't let the kettle boil over. (*Exits with JIMMIE, closing door.*)

JERVIS. (*Crossing to R. of table C., and a little eagerly*) Have you seen her?

MISS P. Yes.

JERVIS. Well?

MISS P. (*Crossing to JERVIS*) Oh, she's wonderful! I don't believe you'd recognize her.

JERVIS. I was trying to remember the other day what she looked like. All I can recall is a mass of light hair and a pug nose.

MISS P. You'll be surprised.

JERVIS. (*Cross L.*) No. Nothing will surprise me any more.

MISS P. What do you mean?

JERVIS. I've had nineteen letters from Judy this winter.

MISS P. You answer them?

JERVIS. *No!* Of course I don't answer them. I told you I wouldn't.

MISS P. But you *read* them?

JERVIS. Yes, certainly. Why not?

MISS P. I was afraid—maybe you'd turn them over to your secretary.

JERVIS. (*Down in front of table, hands in pockets*) Oh, no! Little Judy's letters are not the sort I could allow my secretary to read.

MISS P. (*Anxiously*) What are they like?

JERVIS. (*Teasing her*) Disgraceful!

MISS P. (*Horried. Rises*) What?

JERVIS. Shocking!

MISS P. Jervis!

JERVIS. Scandalous!

MISS P. Oh, no!

JERVIS. She makes love to me.

MISS P. The child thinks you are her father.

JERVIS. The child knows perfectly well that I am not her father.

MISS P. She thinks you are an old man.

JERVIS. (*Rises. Indignantly*) I'm not an old man. I won't be treated like an old man.

MISS P. Please don't be angry—

JERVIS. She draws pictures of me. (*Sits L. of table.*)

MISS P. Oh! I'm sorry—

JERVIS. She draws me bald-headed—without any hair—and legs that are long.

MISS P. (*Firmly*) It's not right.

JERVIS. She calls me "Daddy Long-Legs."

MISS P. I shall give her a good scolding. I can't have her treating you with disrespect.

JERVIS. I think I rather like being treated with disrespect.

MISS P. (*Reproachfully*) You were joking?

JERVIS. I think Daddy Long-Legs is a very nice name.

MISS P. Then you don't regret taking charge of her?

JERVIS. Regret it? My dear lady! Her letters alone have been worth the price of admission.

MISS P. You must see the child.

JERVIS. See her? Well, rather. You didn't suppose I came up here to look at my niece. (*Cross to C.L. to table.*)

MISS P. (*Sits R. of C.*) Jervis— (*He stops C. of table and turns to her*) It was foolish putting Judy in with those two girls.

JERVIS. Why?

MISS P. You know how particular your sister-in-law is about the people Julia meets and if she ever discovers the truth—

JERVIS. (*Hands up in mock horror and walks back of table*) There'll be the deuce to pay!

MISS P. (*To R. of table*) I don't know why you insisted—

JERVIS. (*Comes down*) What else *could* I do? I had to keep track of the girl somehow. Now, under cover of visiting my niece, I can very conveniently keep an eye on my ward.

MISS P. But why all this secrecy? It would be simpler if you would just come out openly and say you were the child's guardian.

JERVIS. Come out openly? My dear lady—you don't know what a parcel of interfering women I've got in my family. They talked enough about the boys I am educating. Do you think they would swallow a girl?

MISS P. It might be awkward.

JERVIS. When five women, with nothing to do, devote their energies to arranging one's life—a simple man might as well throw up his arms and sink. (*Sits L. of table R.*)

MISS P. I don't blame you for being a woman-hater. (*JERVIS laughs*) But—make an exception in little Judy's case.

JERVIS. (*Rising and coming to L. of MISS P.*) Oh, Judy and I are going to be great friends.

MISS P. I hope so.

JERVIS. Why, of course we are. I feel a proprietary interest in the girl. She belongs to me.

MISS P. Yes, yes, but the future, Jervis.

JERVIS. The future?

MISS P. It's all very well now, but—what are we going to do with her when the vacations come? We can't send her back to the Home!

JERVIS. That's all settled. I'm going to send her to a farm in Connecticut. Lock Willow's the name.

MISS P. Lock Willow?

JERVIS. Mrs. Semple's place, you know, my old nurse Lizzie Semple.

MISS P. Oh, yes.

JERVIS. She wanted to spend the summer with the McBrides', camping somewhere. I knew what was best for her.

(*MISS PRITCHARD is about to speak when they hear someone at the door. MISS PRITCHARD says "Hush" and turns to R. as JERVIS crosses to L. and up. MRS. PENDLETON entering.*)

MISS P. (*Crossing R., sits at desk*) Hush!—
What a pretty room the girls have!

(MRS. PENDLETON *brings down a plate of buns to table.*)

JERVIS. Yes, isn't it charming. What have you there? (*Crosses over to L. to MRS. PENDLETON.*)

MRS. P. Oh, something Sallie stole from a sophomore's room. (*Crosses to L. of table as JULIA enters —JERVIS going up to tea table L. of C.*) This is a very messy way in which to live.

JULIA. (*With a package of crackers, places it on table C.*) Kettle boiled? (*Goes up to tea table.*)

MISS P. (*Looking into kettle, gives kettle to JULIA*) There's no water in it. (*JULIA starts to exit with kettle.*)

MRS. P. (*Sitting L. of table*) Oh, daughter, dear. (*JULIA comes down behind table. JERVIS crosses to L. of MISS PRITCHARD.*) I've been speaking to the Dean about having you and Sallie room alone next year.

(*JERVIS has crossed and joined MISS PRITCHARD. They exchange looks.*)

JULIA. Why?

MRS. P. There's something queer about Judy Abbott.

JULIA. That's what makes her popular. You never know what she's going to say next.

MRS. P. I prefer to *know* what people are going to say next.

JULIA. Now, Mother, don't you interfere. Here, open these crackers—(*Passes box to her*)—and—behave. (*Exits with kettle R.C.*)

JERVIS. (*L. of MISS PRITCHARD, quietly*) Julia is coming on.

MRS. P. I never did approve of college for girls.

MISS P. Her roommates are *both* charming.

MRS. P. The McBrides are very good people. The father owns a factory.

MISS P. (*Turning to JERVIS*) Makes overalls!

JERVIS. (*Shuddering, crossing to armchair*) Overalls! My dear Florence!

MRS. P. They are very wealthy.

JERVIS. (*Bowing to her*) Oh, well, in that case——

MRS. P. But I don't know where Judy Abbott comes from.

MISS P. I told you that I knew her guardian. Mr. Smith is a charming man, what more do you want? (*Rising, crossing to JERVIS, turning helplessly to him*) You know him, Jervis, Mr. Smith——

JERVIS. Smith?

MISS P. Mr. John Smith.

JERVIS. Oh, John Smith—— (*Crossing to R. of table*) Yes—yes, John Smith. Splendid chap. Belongs to my club. Thoroughly respectable.

MRS. P. Yes, but Julia isn't rooming with him. (*JERVIS turns from her to MISS PRITCHARD. Hopelessly MISS PRITCHARD sits in chair R.*) Who's the girl? (*Rising*) Who was her father?

JERVIS. If this little Judy Abbott was fitted by nature to appreciate the best, it belongs to her, no matter who her father was. (*Crosses over to R.*)

MRS. P. (*Crosses over L. to desk*) Oh, dear, it's awful the way the different social classes are getting all mixed up.

JERVIS. Awful! Isn't it? (*Crossing to MISS PRITCHARD.*)

MRS. P. At least we old families can stick together. (*Sits.*)

(Enter SALLIE with tea, followed by JULIA with water and JIMMIE with sugar. JIMMIE closes door after him. Their manner is mock jubilant.)

SALLIE. (Crossing to L. of tea table) Tea!

JULIA. (Crossing to R. of SALLIE.) Water!

JIMMIE. (Crossing to R. of JULIA) Sugar!

(SALLIE and JULIA put the water and tea into teapot. JIMMIE stands with back to audience, taking his handkerchief, spreads it across his vest front in imitation of a waiter.)

JULIA. (Facing front) At last this function is ready to begin.

JIMMIE. (Facing front) The tango tea will now begin. (MISS PRITCHARD rises and JERVIS puts her chair at wall above desk. JIMMIE does a tango step down to JERVIS and MISS PRITCHARD while SALLIE and JULIA sing a tango tune. To MISS PRITCHARD) Sugar or lemon?

JERVIS and MISS PRITCHARD. (JERVIS crosses to L. of MISS PRITCHARD) Lemon! (JIMMIE tangoes to L. of table.)

JIMMIE. (To MRS. PENDLETON) Sugar or lemon?

MRS. P. Lemon.

JIMMIE. (Tangoing to R. and up above table) Three lemons. I beg your pardon.

(SALLIE comes down with cup of tea to JIMMIE, JERVIS and MISS PRITCHARD have eased over to JIMMIE, leaving stage free and clear up R. for JUDY'S entrance. JIMMIE takes teacup from SALLIE and turns, almost upsetting the tea by bumping into JERVIS JERVIS takes teacup from

JIMMIE, *passes it to MISS PRITCHARD. SALLIE has gone back to the table and JULIA has taken a cup of tea down to MRS. PENDLETON and returns to SALLIE at the tea table.*)

SALLIE. Jimmie, pass those buns!

JIMMIE. *(Taking plate of buns off table c.)* The stolen buns? *(Turns to JERVIS and MISS PRITCHARD)* Have a stolen bun? *(Without waiting, crosses over L. to MRS. PENDLETON. JERVIS and MISS PRITCHARD, laughing at him, ease up stage R. of c.)* Have a stolen bun? Do have a stolen bun. *(A vigorous knocking is heard. MRS. PENDLETON rises)* The police! Caught with the goods! *(Does a funny little dodge to L. of MRS. PENDLETON.)*

(The positions as JUDY enters are: MISS PRITCHARD R. and up. JERVIS L. of MISS PRITCHARD, so that JUDY doesn't notice them at first. At the knock JULIA comes down to behind table and SALLIE down to L. of table c. MRS. PENDLETON is over L. of SALLIE and JIMMIE L. of MRS. PRITCHARD. Enter JUDY. As she opens the door and stands in hall-way, she waves her hand and says "Good-bye" to classmates who laughingly respond. JUDY swings into the room, slamming the door behind her and leans against the door.)

JUDY. *(With a laugh)* Oh, I beg your pardon! *(Comes down a bit)* I forgot we were giving a ball.

SALLIE. *(Pointing accusing finger at her)* Judy Abbott, where's that candy?

JUDY. *(Crossing to R. of c.)* Oh!

JULIA. That you promised to make!

JUDY. Oh, I'm awfully sorry. *(Crosses to the table)*

and her eye lights on box of candy. She raises it amusedly and says solemnly) The Lord will provide! (*JERVIS turns away, smiling*) I learned that in my youth, and it's true. (*MRS. PENDLETON turns up and JUDY catches sight of JIMMIE. JERVIS turns to JULIA, motions for introduction*) Jimmie McBride! Are you here again?

(*JIMMIE crosses L. of table as JULIA drops down R. of JUDY.*)

JULIA. Oh, Judy, my uncle, Mr. Pendleton, my roommate Miss Abbott! (*JULIA crosses L., taking teacup from MRS. PENDLETON up to table. JERVIS comes forward and bows with some ceremony, holding out his hand to JUDY.*)

JERVIS. This is a pleasure.

JUDY. (*Without paying much attention, shakes hands*) How do you do? (*Without allowing him to finish she turns quickly to JIMMIE and shakes hands with him very cordially. JULIA takes MISS PRITCHARD'S cup to tea table as MISS PRITCHARD goes down R. and sits at desk. JERVIS drops down and over to R. of armchair.*) Jimmie, how do you manage to get away from Yale so often?

(*MRS. PENDLETON works up and across at back and over R., takes chair above desk, placing it L. of MISS PRITCHARD, sits. JERVIS, nonplussed at JUDY'S turning to the younger man, works over R. of armchair. JULIA and SALLIE drop down behind JIMMIE.*)

JIMMIE. (*His hand on his heart*) There's a magnet draws me.

SALLIE. (*Forces JIMMIE down into chair*) Jimmie, sit down and behave yourself.

(JIMMIE rises and turns indignantly to SALLIE, who comes L. of JIMMIE. JULIA above chair. JUDY turns to L. of armchair.)

JERVIS. (*Is about to move armchair from over ink spots to near table for JUDY*) Will you—

JUDY. (*Hastily pops into chair*) Oh, no, thank you. This is just where I like it.

JERVIS. (*R. of JUDY*) Is there anything the matter with that chair?

JUDY. (*Innocently looking it over*) I don't see anything the matter with it.

JERVIS. Is it nailed to the floor?

JUDY. (*Looks at him and across at GIRLS*) No, it isn't—but that's a very good idea. (*SALLIE and JULIA laugh with her*) Where'd all that candy come from? Did you bring it, Jimmie?

SALLIE. (*With satirical laugh at JIMMIE. Crosses up and around R. back of table*) Jimmie! Huh!

JUDY. You shouldn't be so reckless with your allowance.

JIMMIE. Well, I—

JULIA. (*To above table at c.*) A token of affection from Uncle Jervis. (*Crosses L. of SALLIE.*)

JUDY. (*Looking at JERVIS*) Oh, really. Uncles must be rather nice. I never saw an uncle before. (*They all look at her.*)

MRS. P. What?

JUDY. But I've often read about them.

(*JERVIS turns up stage, back turned to scene, enjoying JUDY's replies.*)

MRS. PENDLETON. And haven't you any uncles of your own?

JUDY. Never *had* anything of the sort.

MRS. P. (*Turning to MISS PRITCHARD*) What in the world does she mean?

JUDY. I never had any uncles nor aunts nor fathers nor mothers nor brothers nor sisters nor grandmothers—nothing!

MRS. P. Mercy, child! What happened to them?

JUDY. They were all swallowed up by an earthquake before I was born.

(*Everybody laughs—MRS. PENDLETON crosses to MISS PRITCHARD and sits, and JERVIS comes R. of JUDY.*)

JERVIS. You occupy a unique position, Miss Judy. Allow me to congratulate you. (*Holding out his hand.*)

JUDY. (*Regarding him with surprise*) Do you want me to shake hands with you again? I just did it. (*Giving him her hand and rising*) Oh, I'm willing to, but I thought you mustn't shake hands with the same man more than once in an afternoon. (*Releases hand*) I read that in a book of etiquette.

JERVIS. What's a book of etiquette between friends?

JUDY. I thought it took a long time to be friends with a man.

JERVIS. (*Playfully*) One minute is sometimes enough, with a man.

JUDY. (*Stepping back*) Do you want to know something—*funny*? (*SALLIE goes up to couch.*)

JERVIS. I should love to know something—*funny*.

JUDY. You're the first man I ever spoke to.

JIMMIE. (*Crossing to L. of table, SALLIE above table R. of JUDY*) Oh, Judy Abbott!

JUDY. I mean the first real man. (*JERVIS sits on rocking chair. JIMMIE crosses over to JULIA at L. JUDY to C. of table. JERVIS over to MRS. PENDLE-*

TON and MISS PRITCHARD, and above them) Oh, you're not a man.

SALLIE. (*Coming down to L. of JUDY*) How did the rehearsals go?

JUDY. (*C. in front of table*) Awful. Bessie Carter is the leading man and I'm the leading woman. And in the middle of the most touching scene—what do you think happened?

ALL. What?

JUDY. Her mustache dropped right into my lap.

(*General movement. JIMMIE and JULIA start up stage, JIMMIE to table for candy, JULIA to sofa, SALLIE over to L., JUDY up R. of table. JIMMY offers candy—JUDY declines. SALLIE shoves chair L. of table in. JIMMIE and SALLY up to couch—sit with JULIA, JIMMIE C., SALLIE R., JULIA L., JUDY to C. of table as MRS. PENDLETON crosses to armchair and sits. JERVIS to L. of MISS PRITCHARD. They all laugh. JIMMIE takes box of candy, SALLIE joins JULIA and JIMMIE at L. They go up and sit on couch. JUDY follows SALLIE over L. and goes up behind table C.*)

MRS. P. (*Crossing to chair R. of table at C. and sitting*) Oh, Miss Judy—to come back to that earthquake.

(*JERVIS shows by manner to MISS PRITCHARD his apprehension of MRS. PENDLETON'S attitude to JUDY.*)

MISS P. Florence! (*JERVIS anxious for JUDY.*)

MRS. P. You don't remember either of your parents?

JUDY. (*Behind table*) I lost them both, before I was born.

(JERVIS *relieved, smiles at* MISS PRITCHARD.)

MRS. P. But who took care of you?

JUDY. Different people. I have a *guardian*—who looks after me now. Daddy Long-Legs.

MRS. P. Who?

JUDY. (*Quietly*) Daddy Long-Legs.

JERVIS. (*Leaning over chair L.*) That isn't his real name.

JUDY. Just the pet name I call him by.

MRS. P. And what is the profession of this Mr.—Mr.—er—

JUDY. Mr. Long-Legs. He is an educator.

(JERVIS *sits L. of* MISS PRITCHARD.)

JIMMIE. An educator? Sounds like a biscuit!

(*A laugh from* JUDY *and the* GIRLS.)

MRS. P. By the way, Miss Judy, do you come from the New England Abbots or the Virginia Abbots?

JUDY. I believe—well, to tell the truth, I hardly know. My father never took any interest in his family.

MRS. P. And don't you take an interest?

JUDY. Very little. I have never even joined the Daughters of the Revolution. (*Crosses to* MISS PRITCHARD, *who rises.* JERVIS *is R. of* MISS PRITCHARD.) When will you see my guardian again?

(MRS. PENDLETON *rises and goes up to couch.* JIMMIE *and the* GIRLS *rise.* SALLIE *helps* MRS. PRITCHARD *with her coat.*)

MISS P. Very soon.

JUDY. Tell him I love him dearly. Then give him a kiss for me.

MISS P. Judy, Judy, what dreadful things you say. (*Turns up stage.*)

JERVIS. I don't wonder it embarrasses you. (*Crossing to JUDY. JIMMIE comes down, putting candy on table.*) I think such messages should be delivered in person.

(MISS PRITCHARD *joins* MRS. PENDLETON *up c.*)

JIMMIE. (*Coming R.C. L. of JUDY*) Oh, Judy, is it true you Freshmen aren't allowed to dance to-night?

JUDY. (*A step to JIMMIE*) No. The gymnasium is not big enough.

JIMMIE. I can't dance with you at all?

JUDY. (*Soothingly*) But you may have a nice long promenade up and down the bowling alley and all around the swimming tank.

JIMMIE. (*Grumbling*) I don't want to walk all evening. I want to dance.

JUDY. Oh!

(MRS. PENDLETON *leaves up stage group and drops down to L.*)

JERVIS. Then in that case you might bestow that promenade upon me.

JUDY. (*To JERVIS*) Oh, thank you. (*Turns and looks JIMMIE up and down*) I'd hate not to have any partners—(*Turning to JERVIS*)—especially at my first dance.

(JIMMIE *turns up and over R.*)

MRS. P. (*Down L.*) Your first dance?

JUDY. (*A step to c.*) This will be my first dance—(*Indicates JERVIS*)—my first man—and my first evening gown.

(MISS PRITCHARD *down to* MRS. PENDLETON.)

MRS. P. Mercy, child, how were you brought up?

JUDY. Very simply. We didn't dress for dinner.

(JERVIS *feels the hurt in her voice and turns away R.*)

MISS P. If we are going to see the campus—
(MISS PRITCHARD *and* MRS. PENDLETON *go up stage to* JULIA *and* SALLIE.)

JIMMIE. (*Comes down R. of* JUDY) You promised to show me your running track.

(MRS. PENDLETON *crosses to door U.R.*)

JUDY. Oh, no, indeed. You don't like to walk with me. Run along and join the others. I'm going to put the room in order. (*Moves c.*)

(MRS. PENDLETON *opens door and exits.*)

JULIA. (*Crossing to door*) Come along, Jimmie. (*JIMMIE crosses to her.*) She'll catch us.

(*JIMMIE exits with* JULIA *and* SALLIE *crosses to door.*)

JERVIS. (*At R.*) This doesn't seem fair.

JUDY. It's my turn. Besides, I'd rather. Sallie and Julia would just poke the dishes under the couch.

SALLIE. Judy thinks we're shiftless.

JUDY. You didn't have my training.

(SALLIE *exits*, MISS PRITCHARD *crosses to door as JERVIS goes up and waits for MISS PRITCHARD to pass.*)

SALLIE. (*Going out*) Will you come along, Miss Pritchard?

MISS P. I'll follow with Judy. (JERVIS *exits, leaving door open*. MISS PRITCHARD *comes down to JUDY*. They embrace) Judy—I wanted a chance to see you alone, dear.

JUDY. Isn't it wonderful that this is Judy Abbott?

MISS P. Yes, yes! But you must remember—it is better not to mention the asylum. (*Sits R. of table.*)

JUDY. I haven't told a soul.

MISS P. But you say such very surprising things.

JUDY. But how can I help it? You don't know what it feels like to be shut up in the dark for eighteen years and then suddenly be dumped right out into the world.

MISS P. I know——

JUDY. The cat's out of the bag a dozen times a day, but I grab it by its tail and pull it back.

MISS P. (*Laughs*) Yes, you must. People like—like Mrs. Pendleton would never understand.

JUDY. Do you know, she wanted to know my mother's maiden name.

MISS P. Oh!

JUDY. I never saw such an inquisitive old thing. I'm going to put her in a book.

MISS P. That's the way to take it.

JUDY. (*Lightly*) She doesn't bother me.

MISS P. You like the girls here?

JUDY. (*Nods*) Yes—they like me, too. But it's only because I don't wear blue gingham. (*Crossing to R. of MISS PRITCHARD and turning*) You can accomplish anything you want to in this world—if you only have the right clothes.

MISS P. My dear!

JUDY. I'm wearing silk stockings. (*Sticks out foot and exhibits them*) Isn't that a joke? Tell Mrs. Lippett when you see her.

MISS P. (*Embracing her*) Judy Abbott!

JUDY. (*Sits on arm of chair*) Jerusha Abbott—wearing silk—I wonder where she got that name. Jerusha Abbott.

MISS P. What do you mean?

JUDY. I suppose she took "Jerusha" off a tombstone. But I don't know where she picked the "Abbott." Unless, maybe, out of the first page of the telephone book.

MISS P. (*Distressed*) Why, my dear child, what an idea!

JUDY. (*Crosses in front of table*) I'd—I'd sort of like to know.

MISS P. (*Rises anxiously—following her, turns her round*) You are happy, dear?

JUDY. (*Rising, facing MISS PRITCHARD and throwing off her momentary soberness*) Happy! I'm so happy every moment that excited little thrills chase up and down my back. I can't wait to see everything and try everything. I want to live faster and faster to make up for the time I've lost.

MISS P. (*Rising and crossing to her*) Child! Child! You must face life soberly. It holds many disappointments for us all.

JUDY. No! No! I've left all my troubles at the John Grier Home! Wait! I want to show you something.

(*Exits L. JERVIS appears at open door of room, comes down R., leaving door open.*)

JERVIS. I was sent to order you out to look at the library.

MISS P. (*Crossing to JERVIS at R.*) I'm just waiting for Judy.

JERVIS. You might leave me to do that and I'll have a chat with her as we come along.

MISS P. Isn't she sweet?

JERVIS. (*About to express his delight, changes his reply to a non-committal*) Yes—er—er—she does very well.

MISS P. Now, do you take back what you said? Is it a bad investment to educate a girl?

JERVIS. Doesn't it strike you that she's pretty familiar with that young McBride?

MISS P. No!

JERVIS. It's just what I told you. We'll no sooner get her educated than some young whippér-snapper will come along and want to marry her.

MISS P. He isn't a whippér-snapper. He's a nice boy.

JERVIS. He'll be wanting to marry her.

MISS P. Well—when she's through college—

JERVIS. (*Crossly*) I don't care to have my ward throwing herself away on an overall factory.

MISS P. (*With a laugh*) Nonsense!

(*JUDY is heard off stage saying "Just a moment, MISS PRITCHARD."* JERVIS cautions MISS PRITCHARD quietly and escorts her up to door L. She exits and he closes door and comes down R., as JUDY comes from the room L., holding up in front of her a white evening frock, so that it completely shuts off a view of the room.)

JUDY. (*By door*) Look at my new gown that I'm going to wear to-night. Daddy gave it to me. Did you ever see anything so lovely?

JERVIS. (*R. of c.*) Well—I'm not much——

JUDY. (*Lowering gown and looking over top in consternation*) Oh, good gracious sakes alive! How did you get here?

JERVIS. Through the door.

JUDY. Where's Miss Pritchard?

JERVIS. Library. I told her we'd come along.

JUDY. (*Laughing*) Oh, I'm sorry. Just a second. (*She dives back into room, leaves the gown and re-appears, crosses to c.*) Ready?

JERVIS. (*R. by armchair*) That library doesn't appeal to me very much. Let's wait here.

JUDY. (*Dubiously*) Without a chaperone?

JERVIS. I'm an uncle.

JUDY. And then, of course—you're old.

JERVIS. Yes, exactly. I'm old. (*Motions to armchair*) Suppose we sit down here and have a cozy, elderly flirtation all by ourselves. (*JUDY sits—JERVIS gets chair at R. and comes back and sits R. of JUDY.*)

JUDY. (*With a laugh*) Oh, I'd love to have a flirtation with a Pendleton! That would be a beautiful joke.

JERVIS. Why a joke?

JUDY. You wouldn't understand—you know before I came to college I never realized that anything so superior ever existed as a Pendleton.

JERVIS. Oh, I see. You've had quite a dose of Julia.

JUDY. She has mentioned her family. I feel that it's a great honor to be seated in your presence.

JERVIS. (*Gruffly*) You rub some sense into my niece.

JUDY. I'm trying to do my best—but Gee Whiz!

JERVIS. What?

JUDY. Oh! Isn't it ladylike to say—Gee Whiz?

JERVIS. Never!

JUDY. Don't you approve of slang?

JERVIS. Not from you! (*Turns away.*)

JUDY. Would you like to hear me swear?

JERVIS. No!

JUDY. I could. I've picked up quite a large vocabulary from all the tough little Bowery boys I've known.

JERVIS. Where did you ever know any tough little Bowery boys?

JUDY. I used to be connected with a—charity.

JERVIS. What sort of charity?

JUDY. Oh, for children. A lot of nice, kind, benevolent old Johnnies used to come every month and pat them on the head and murmur, "Poor, homeless, little waifs!" And then find fault with the way the floors were scrubbed and have refreshments, and go home, and forget all about them for another month. It was very sweet.

JERVIS. And what part did you play in this little comedy?

JUDY. I? Oh, I used to watch them, and smile a little behind their backs. (*She gets up in a sudden access of fierceness*) I hate charitable people. (*JERVIS rises. JUDY turns and faces him contritely*) I didn't mean that! The only man I love in all the world is charitable. (*She notices that he has risen again, suddenly*) Do you have to stand up every time I do?

JERVIS. (*Takes chair back of table R.*) It's a polite thing for a gentleman to do.

JUDY. It must be an awful nuisance to be a gentleman.

JERVIS. Eh?

JUDY. I'm glad I'm not one.

JERVIS. I'm glad, too.

JUDY. You don't like my manners, do you?

JERVIS. You have very—sudden manners.

JUDY. I learned them out of a book. Cost a dollar and fifteen cents.

JERVIS. It pays to get a good quality.

(JUDY takes book from shelf under table, goes back to armchair. Sits.)

JUDY. Sit down. *(JERVIS sits and JUDY reads from book)* "A lady never accepts presents from a man but flowers and candy."

JERVIS. How about that new frock?

JUDY. From Daddy Long-Legs? Oh, that's different. He belongs to me.

JERVIS. *(Leans forward interestedly)* Oh!

JUDY. *(Turns another page)* "When a lady breaks her engagement to marry a man, she returns all his presents." That's a very useful thing to know. *(Rises, JERVIS also rises, laughing heartily. JUDY tosses book on table with a laugh)* Isn't it silly? *(Crosses to c. in front of table.)*

JERVIS. *(Crosses to armchair)* You stay kind-hearted and don't hurt people's feelings—and that's all the manners you need.

JUDY. *(Turning to him)* You know, Mr. Pendleton, I like you. You are so sort of sensible, and grown-up—

JERVIS. And old—

JUDY. I wish I had an uncle! I wish I had a *lot* of family.

JERVIS. I am entirely at your disposal. Anything you wish—by adoption.

JUDY. Really?

JERVIS. Yes.

JUDY. I want a grandmother more than any-

thing in the world. Will you be my grandmother, Mr. Pendleton?

JERVIS. No, I take that offer back. (*To arm-chair*) We'll just be friends.

JUDY. (*With a sigh*) It's sometimes awfully lonely without a family.

JERVIS. It's sometimes awfully lonely with a family.

JUDY. (*Thoughtfully*) But at least I've escaped one thing. I never get homesick. (*Turns away.*)

JERVIS. (*Breaks situation*) Where are you spending your vacation this summer?

JUDY. On a farm in Connecticut. But I wanted to go to the McBrides' camp in the Adirondacks.

JERVIS. Well, why don't you go?

JUDY. Daddy Long-Legs wouldn't let me.

JERVIS. (*A step to c.*) I see. Who owns this farm? (*Hands in pockets.*)

JUDY. Mrs. Semple.

JERVIS. Mrs. Semple?

JUDY. Lock Willow's the name.

JERVIS. Lock Willow! Well, well. Isn't that a coincidence. Lizzie Semple was my nurse when I was a little shaver.

JUDY. (*A step back*) Your nurse?

JERVIS. Yes.

JUDY. Gee whiz! (*Turns away.*)

JERVIS. Take care.

JUDY. (*Turns to him*) She must be awfully old.

JERVIS. Well, she's coming on. It's some time since I sat on Lizzie's lap and had my face washed.

JUDY. (*Laughs*) How funny!

JERVIS. (*Crossing to c. of table*) I occasionally motor through that country and stop for a little fishing. Maybe I'll see you.

JUDY. That will be very nice. (*Suddenly crosses*

over to L. and up as JERVIS, stunned by his abrupt dismissal, turns front) Thanks.

JERVIS. (*Crossing over R. and then turning to her*) And what are you doing in college? Have you learned anything?

JUDY. (*Coming to L. of chair, reproachfully*) Have I learned anything? The area of the convex surface of the frustum of a regular pyramid is half the product of the sum of the perimeters of its bases by the altitude of either of its trapezoids.

JERVIS. (*Bowing*) That is very impressive.

JUDY. (*Behind table*) I've finished—physiology. I know all about your insides.

JERVIS. Um—yes—

JUDY. (*Crossing to armchair*) I hope you never touch alcohol, Mr. Pendleton. It does dreadful things to your liver.

JERVIS. Thank you—I will remember.

JUDY. (*Sitting in armchair*) Did you know that we used to be monkeys?

JERVIS. (*Sitting R. of JUDY*) I've heard rumors.

JUDY. You, just as much as me.

JERVIS. And why not?

JUDY. But, of course, the Pendletons are descended from very superior monkeys—with beautiful silky hair and extra long tails.

JERVIS. Oh!

JUDY. Did you ever read Hamlet?

JERVIS. Yes.

JUDY. Isn't it corking?

JERVIS. Eh?

JUDY. Every night I put myself to sleep by pretending that I'm the heroine of whatever book I'm reading. Do you ever do that?

JERVIS. I never have.

JUDY. Just now I'm Ophelia!

JERVIS. Ophelia?

JUDY. Hamlet and I are married. The King and Queen are dead. But Hamlet didn't kill them. They just died of—pneumonia.

JERVIS. Um—much more modern idea.

JUDY. You know—Hamlet and I are having a perfectly lovely time. I've entirely cured him of being melancholy. He attends to the governing and I look after the charities. We've just founded the most remarkable orphan asylum. All of the children are happy.

JERVIS. And you, Miss Judy? Are you happy?

JUDY. Happy? (*Rises—JERVIS, too*) I'm the happiest person in the whole wide world.

JERVIS. Tell me the secret.

JUDY. We have ice-cream twice a week—(*Goes to R. of table*)—and we never have corn-meal mush.

JERVIS. That's something.

JUDY. (*R. of table, facing him, hands on table*) And I've lots of friends, and I've passed my examinations, and I've won a short story prize—

JERVIS. Good!

JUDY. And I've made the basket-ball team—(*Stands up*)—and I have eight new dresses—all of them different colors, and not, not one blue gingham. (*Turning away.*)

JERVIS. You don't admire blue gingham?

JUDY. No! I shudder at the thought! (*Crosses over L.*) Talk about something else quick. (*Goes up. JERVIS glances about the room.*)

JERVIS. What shall we talk about? (*Turning up a little*) Did you girls furnish this room yourselves?

JUDY. (*Coming to table c.*) The expensive things are Julia's. It's awful the way she wastes money.

JERVIS. (*Over to R. of armchair—sternly*) If I had a girl who belonged to me I'd give her an al-

lowance and I'd make her keep within it. I hope your guardian makes you keep within your allowance.

JUDY. (*Laughs and shakes her head*) No, he doesn't. He gives me lots of extra things.

JERVIS. That won't do. He'll spoil you.

JUDY. (*Facing him*) Oh! But it's such fun to be spoiled—(*Facing front*)—when you never have been.

(*JERVIS leans over armchair, looking at her tenderly. JUDY reads the expression and turns abruptly to L.*)

JERVIS. And which of all these things did you choose? (*Turns up.*)

JUDY. (*Behind table*) This rug—do you like it?

JERVIS. Yes—very pretty.

JUDY. And that window seat. (*Going up c.*) It used to be a bureau, but I took off the looking-glass and upholstered the top. (*JERVIS goes up a little also*) You pull the drawers out like steps and just walk up. (*She does it and sits on the top*) Wouldn't you like to try it, Mr. Pendleton? It's very comfortable.

JERVIS. (*Coming down R. of chair and pulling it up and off of ink spot*) I think I'll stay on dry land.

(*JUDY, in consternation, quickly descending from bureau.*)

JUDY. (*Hastily coming down*) No, no, no! (*L. of chair*) Now, you've done it!

JERVIS. (*Staring at the spot*) What's that?

JUDY. Family skeleton. We keep it under the

chair. I bought the rug for half price because it had an ink spot.

JERVIS. A what?

JUDY. Ink spot.

JERVIS. You call that a spot? (*Cross R.*) I'd call it a pond.

JUDY. (*Sets chair down on spot with a slam*) If people would just leave our furniture alone, it would never show. (*To R. of table.*)

JERVIS. (*R. of chair*) I'm sorry, Miss Judy. I won't offend again. But tell me, what sort of a man is your guardian?

JUDY. Daddy Long-Legs?

JERVIS. Yes.

JUDY. Oh, he's sort of tall—and skinny. He's getting a little shaky now, and has to walk with a cane. He's bald up here—but he has a nice fringe of white hair all around here.

JERVIS. Oh, yes, quite a beauty.

JUDY. He's a sweet lamb. And I love him more than anything in the whole world.

JERVIS. That must make him very happy.

JUDY. (*Facing him*) He doesn't know it. I wouldn't tell him to his face. It would spoil him. (*Turns away.*)

JERVIS. Maybe it would do him good. It would give him a fresh interest in life to think that a nice girl like you cared for him.

JUDY. (*Suddenly—turning to him. Sits on table*) When I get through college, I'm going to live with him.

JERVIS. (*Startled*) Are you really? Does he want you?

JUDY. Not now. But he will when he knows me better.

JERVIS. Maybe you'll change your mind when you know him better.

JUDY. Oh, no, I sha'n't. I have it all planned. I am going to read out loud to him, and plump up his pillow, and warm his slippers, and wrap up his throat in camphorated oil, and *always* make him wear his rubbers when he goes out.

JERVIS. (*Dubiously*) That's very touching.

JUDY. I am going to be awfully firm with him.

JERVIS. Oh, you are, are you? (JUDY *nods head*) Does he ever come to see you? (JUDY *shakes her head*) No? Why not?

JUDY. He doesn't care anything about me, really.

JERVIS. Nonsense, of course he does.

JUDY. I just pretend. You must have somebody to love, and he's all I have. So I make believe that he cares.

JERVIS. Maybe he does care—more than you think.

JUDY. (*Facing him, with a flash of fire*) No, he doesn't! He's a horrid, cross, old thing, with a mouth that turns down like that, and a perfectly dreadful temper.

JERVIS. So! And doesn't he ever write to you?

JUDY. No!

JERVIS. And don't you write to him?

JUDY. Yes, I write to him all the time—when-ever I get lonely. But he doesn't even read my letters.

JERVIS. How do you know?

JUDY. He throws them in the waste basket.

JERVIS. Oh, no, you're wrong. He keeps them tied together with a piece of red tape, and locked in a drawer of his desk, and winter evenings when he's all alone in his dark library, he gets them out and reads them over; and then he sits and looks in the fire and wonders what little Judy is doing, and wishes she were there to talk to him.

(JUDY listens with a pleased smile and faces him.)

JUDY. I like to think he does—— (Turning away) But it's only pretending. (Crosses L. and up behind chair L. of table.)

WARN CURTAIN

JERVIS. I wonder! I wonder!

(JUDY throws off her momentary sadness and faces him with a sudden change of manner.)

JUDY. Do you know that I am a genius?

JERVIS. Are you really?

JUDY. Yes. That's why my guardian is sending me to college. I'm going to be a great author.

JERVIS. That's very nice.

JUDY. (With a quick laugh) Wouldn't it be a joke on my guardian, if I turned out not to be a genius at all—but just a plain girl? (Crossing to L. of table.)

JERVIS. What an idea! Of course you're a genius.

JUDY. (Down L.) Do you think it would be fair to Daddy Long-Legs, if, after being educated to be a writer, I should give it up and marry somebody instead?

JERVIS. (Coming to R. of table) No! I do not!

JUDY. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a wonderful novel and make an awful lot of money and give it all to Daddy—and then I'll be free to marry anybody I choose.

JIMMIE. (Entering suddenly and standing by door) I say, Judy Abbott——

JUDY. (Crossing to him. They exit, laughing and chatting) Oh, Jimmie! I forgot all about you.

You want to see the running track—well, come right along.

(As JUDY crosses to JIMMIE, JERVIS turns and follows her movements. When she is off—he faces front, puzzled and nonplussed, as the curtain descends.)

CURTAIN

1st Call—Everybody.

2nd Call—Judy.

ACT III

SCENE: *The sitting-room at Lock Willow farm, summer, three years later. A plan and full description of the scene will be found at the end of the play.*

DISCOVERED: *At rise SALLIE, seated L. of table, looking more mature and womanly than in the preceding act, is discovered at rise, interestedly engaged in writing a letter. JIMMIE enters U.L., wearing a slight mustache and dressed in flannels. He enters, humming a song and carrying a gun.*

JIMMIE. (*Throws cap on piano*) Well—got him!
(*Places gun R. of what-not.*)

SALLIE. (*Looking up*) What?

JIMMIE. (*Crosses to L.*) Woodchuck!

SALLIE. (*Resumes writing*) That's good!

JIMMIE. (*Crosses to door U.*) Oh—Mrs. Semple!

MRS. SEMPLE. (*Off stage R.*) Y-e-s—

JIMMIE. The deed is done. (*Turns to SALLIE, who pays no attention, crosses R. of table*) I've been lying on my stomach for two hours, waiting for that old cuss to stick out his head. Gee, I'm stiff.
(*Goes through gymnastics.*)

SALLIE. (*Looks up and laughs despairingly*) My dear Jimmie, won't you ever grow up? You've been out of college two years, and you act like a Freshman.

JIMMIE. (*Turning to mirror over mantel up R.*

and twirling his mustache) Freshman! Did you ever see a Freshman with a mustache like that? (*SALLIE resumes writing. To mantel*) I say, where is Judy? (*Crosses to c. above table.*)

SALLIE. She drove to the village, to send off the manuscript of her new book.

JIMMIE. Well, why didn't she ask me to go along?

SALLIE. You were occupied.

JIMMIE. (*Sits R.*) I could have postponed that woodchuck until to-morrow.

SALLIE. To-morrow! Jimmie McBride, you must go home to-day. You had no business stopping off here at all.

JIMMIE. You visit Judy for two weeks. I should think I might have two days.

SALLIE. Father needs you in the factory.

JIMMIE. Factory? Work—work—work! It's awful the way we men have to work to keep you women in idleness and luxury.

SALLIE. You? Work! Ha! It's Judy who knows how to work!

(*MRS. SEMPLE enters R. and JIMMIE rises.*)

MRS. S. (*Crossing to R. of JIMMIE*) Well, did you get the critter? (*Crosses to R. of table.*)

JIMMIE. (*Weeping into his handkerchief*) It's all over. (*Crosses to piano—sits and picks out a one-fingered tune.*)

MRS. S. I'm real glad. He et all the tops off my young carrots. (*Up R., looking around the room—to set things in order—but no halt in the lines*) Mr. Jervis usually keeps the woodchucks pretty well shot-up; but he ain't been here lately.

PHONE READY

JIMMIE. (*Turning interestedly*) Is Mr. Pendleton in the habit of coming?

MRS. S. (*Crosses down a little R.*) Off and on.

JIMMIE. (*Curiously*) Off and on?

MRS. S. (*Continuing*) —for a little fishing.

JIMMIE. Fishing!

MRS. S. I'm always glad to see him, it makes it cheerful for Miss Judy.

JIMMIE. (*Rising*) Oh, fishing?

MRS. S. (*Crossing to piano, looking at picture of Jervis over window*) I can't realize that Mr. Jervis ain't still the little boy in that picture. Seems like he belonged to me. But of course I was only his nurse and after he growed up, he sort of drifted off. (*Sitting R. of table. JIMMIE at window.*)

JIMMIE. (*Comes down R.*) Until Miss Judy commenced coming—and then he sort of drifted back, eh?

MRS. S. Oh, he's awful fond of *fishing*. (*Phone rings, one long, followed by three short*) Telephone! (*Crossing to R.*)

SALLIE. That's not our number!

MRS. S. 13! The Weavers! Wonder who's talking to 'em? I'll just find out. (*She waddles off R. SALLIE resumes writing and JIMMIE crosses above table C.*)

JIMMIE. (*Crossing above table*) Don't you think it's darned queer for Jervis Pendleton to be visiting up here?

SALLIE. No! She's his old nurse!

JIMMIE. Nurse? Maggie Flannigan is my old nurse, but I don't spend my *summers* with her.

SALLIE. (*Mocking Mrs. S.*) Mr. Pendleton's awful fond of fishing.

JIMMIE. Fishing! Rats! (*Crosses to chair R. by fireplace.*)

MRS. S. (*Entering—crosses to up R.*) That was

Jim Weaver talking to their doctor. It's awful the way Jim Weaver swears over the telephone. I think every lady on the line ought to complain. Miss Judy had the telephone put in. We never had one till she came. Don't know what we'd do without it now. (*Sitting R. of table, crosses to R. for workbasket on table and returns to R. of table and sits and begins work on knitting*) Miss Judy does have more ideas! The first summer she was here she and Mr. Jervis knocked out the whole wall side of the house and had that window put in. Makes it look like all outdoors. It's fine for the summer, but they ain't here in the winter. (*Grunt. Workbasket on table*) And then she had that piano put in tuther room. The last I heard, they was planning a pergolley in the garden. But he ain't been up here for a month or so and I guess the pergolley notion has sort of dropped. I don't know what she'll think of next.

JIMMIE. (*Rises, twirling mustache with self-satisfied air*) She'll be getting married next, and then——

MRS. S. (*Looks across at JIMMIE*) When she does marry, I hope it will be to a man that amounts to something, and not to some trifling, good-for-nothing young fellow who's afraid of work.

JIMMIE. (*Gives himself a burlesque punch and turns up*) Ooh!

MRS. S. (*Putting workbasket on table*) Land sakes! (*Looks at clock on mantel*) What time does your train go? I mustn't let you miss it!

JIMMIE. (*Sweetly*) Thanks!

MRS. S. Too bad you weren't here when Miss Judy left; she could a-carried you to the station.

JIMMIE. Oh, I can postpone going until to-morrow, if it isn't convenient——

READY PHONE

MRS. S. Oh, it'll be *convenient*— (*Telephone rings, one long and one short. MRS. SEMPLE rises*) The Widow Dowd! I wonder who's talking to her? (*Hurries off R. JIMMIE turns to SALLIE.*)

READY PHONE

JIMMIE. (*Above table*) Are you writing a book, too? Is it catching?

SALLIE. (*Gathering up pages*) I'm just writing a *note* to Gordon.

JIMMIE. A note? You've got it bad! I hope when I get engaged, my girl won't write me notes like that and expect an answer.

SALLIE. (*Having enclosed note in envelope, rises*) Jimmie, wait a second! (*Crosses to L.*) I'll get a stamp. (*Goes upstairs and off, as MRS. SEMPLE enters at R.*)

MRS. S. (*To R. of table*) That was Mrs. Iry Hatch wantin' to borrow the Widow Dowd's ice-cream freezer.—Now what do you s'pose she wants to make ice-cream for in the middle of the week? (*Phone rings: two long and three short rings*) There it goes again! That's our number. I don't get no rest! (*Hurries off R. SALLIE enters.*)

SALLIE. (*Downstairs on landing to JIMMIE*) Oh, Jimmie! The Postman is coming up the road. Give him this and see if there is any mail for us.

(*CARRIE enters U.L. Crossing to C., carrying a broom and dust cloth; as JIMMIE turns to exit.*)

JIMMIE. (*Going up and off L. MRS. SEMPLE enters R. and crosses up to CARRIE at R.C. SALLIE to L. of table, closing writing desk*) I fly!

MRS. S. Carrie! Carrie! Mr. Jervis has just telephoned from the station. He's driving up and

he'll be here in half an hour. (*CARRIE crosses to door R.*) Ain't it lucky I made that jelly cake? (*Calls off R.*) Carrie! Carrie! You go and clean the best bedroom.

CARRIE. But Mr. McBride's in it!

MRS. S. (*R.C. above table*) Just set his things right out in the hall. He's going in a few minutes.

CARRIE. (*Upstairs*) Yes'm! (*Exits upstairs.*)

MRS. S. (*Crossing to R. to foot of stairs door and speaks to CARRIE*) And Carrie—don't tell Miss Judy. She ain't heard nothing from him in a long time and we'll just fix up a little surprise.

CARRIE. (*Off stage*) No'm.

(*MRS. SEMPLE closes door, as JIMMIE enters L. with mail. MRS. SEMPLE crosses to R. of table and sits.*)

JIMMIE. (*Coming to c. above table*) Hello, Sis! Mail!

SALLIE. (*L. of table*) Oh, did you get a letter for me?

JIMMIE. No! An advertisement for you. (*Gives her large music envelope*) Gordon's tired of writing. (*Gives mail, wrapped magazine to MRS. SEMPLE*) For you, Mrs. Semple! All for Judy. (*Takes remaining letters up R. and lays them on work-table.*)

SALLIE. (*Taking sheet music from envelope*) This is from Gordon. Oh, it's a song he wants me to sing. (*Sits at piano.*)

JIMMIE. You! Sing a song! Ha! (*To table above MRS. SEMPLE.*)

MRS. S. (*Sits R. of table looking over magazine.*) And here's instalment three of the remarkable serial by that rising young author, Jerusha Abbott.

JIMMIE. I say, look at the pictures. Aren't they corkers?

MRS. S. I don't know how she does it—I couldn't write a book, not if you was to pay me for it.

(JIMMIE turns up to window with a laugh.)

JIMMIE. Oh, by jove—here she is now! (*Crosses and exits L., leaving door open as JUDY is heard "helloing" off stage. JIMMIE and JUDY carry on a chatter outside as MRS. SEMPLE goes through her speech with SALLIE playing the air on piano with a gradual crescendo, ending on the word "famous" as JUDY steps inside.*)

MRS. S. Now, ain't that grand? To see her name printed right out in letters half an inch high! I always said that Judy was going to be famous.

(JUDY enters and comes to L.C., carrying hat in one hand and millinery bag in other. SALLIE rises as JUDY enters. JIMMIE follows JUDY, carrying a small market basket, laden with bundles.)

JUDY. Hello, everybody!

(JIMMIE crosses behind JUDY and sets basket on table c.)

SALLIE. (*At L.*) Good gracious! What's all that?

JUDY. (*Coming down L. of table, SALLIE to L. of JUDY, JIMMIE L. of MRS. SEMPLE*) I am September Santa Claus. I've brought you all a present from the village store. (*JUDY removes coat and puts hat and coat on windowseat.*)

JIMMIE. (*Crosses down R.*) I like the way you set me to catching woodchucks. (*JUDY comes down L. of table*) And then go off on a pleasure drive.

JUDY. When we take a tramp in for the night, we expect him to work for his board.

MRS. S. What kept you so long? We were afraid old Grover had run away with you.

JUDY. Oh, I stopped to give the money to old Mrs. Barber. (*Explaining to JIMMIE*) They're an awfully poor family, who have had such bad luck. I wrote to Daddy Long-Legs about them, and he sent me a check for a hundred dollars for them.

SALLIE. (*Crossing to JUDY, arms around her*) What did she say? Was she pleased?

JUDY. (*Laughs*) She said, "Thank the Good Lord," but I told her it wasn't the good Lord. It was my Guardian.

MRS. S. But it was the good Lord that put it into his head.

JUDY. (*R.*) Oh, no, it wasn't! I put it in his head myself. (*Takes two haying hats from bag she had placed on the table, as JIMMIE crosses to table above MRS. SEMPLE*) Look! The latest importations in fall millinery. One for Sallie and one for Judy, to save the skin on our noses when we go blackberrying. (*Tries hat on SALLIE, who turns and crosses over L. to mirror, below staircase, to try on hat herself as JUDY turns and takes from basket a flour sifter. Holding up sifter*) A new flour sifter for Mrs. Semple. (*JIMMIE has unwrapped a package containing pink cambric, which JUDY takes from him*) And last, but not least—here is some stuff to make aprons for Carrie.

MRS. S. (*Examining the material*) Landsakes! What did you pay for that a yard?

JUDY. Fifty cents.

MRS. S. Fifty cents! Why didn't you get blue checked gingham?

JUDY. Oh!

(JIMMIE *crosses to window, twirling mustache. Sits on arm of chair.*)

MRS. S. You could of got that for 12 cents a yard.

JUDY. (*Shuddering and turning up, as SALLIE crosses up to JUDY and puts hat on piano*) Oh!

JIMMIE. (*At R.*) I never saw anything so silly, as the way you women fuss over clothes.

JUDY. (*Facing JIMMIE. SALLIE behind JUDY*) Silly, eh? I heard of another man who grumbled about women's clothes being silly, until finally his wife, to please him—adopted dress reform. And then——

JIMMIE. Then what? (*Twirling mustache.*)

JUDY. He eloped with a chorus girl. (*Looks of horror from MRS. SEMPLE.*)

MRS. S. Good grief.

SALLIE. Oh, Jimmie, do let that mustache alone. Kill it, but don't worry it to death.

(JIMMIE *crosses to SALLIE and they exchange shots in a light tone as JUDY plays the prelude to the song. SALLIE cautions JIMMIE to be quiet and stands above JUDY ready to turn pages for her. JIMMIE stands L. of table, leaning against chair and watching JUDY. MRS. SEMPLE sits back in her chair R. of table, ready to listen with great satisfaction.*)

SONG "INFAMY"

JUDY. Where did you get it?

SALLIE. Gordon sent it.

JUDY. (*Crosses to L. of table*) Oh, has the mail

come? (JIMMIE quickly crosses to R. and returns with letters) Any letters for me?

JIMMIE. (To table, sits on table, handing letters to her) A million-dollar check from your publishers. (Takes magazine from table) Instalment three of the great American novel by Jerusha Abbott.

JUDY. (Having looked through letters) Is this all?

JIMMIE. All! Were you expecting a love letter, too?

JUDY. (Sitting L. of table) Don't be silly, Jimmie! (Opening one letter, laying others on table) I wonder what my publishers have to say of the idea of my new book.

(SALLIE sits at piano and softly plays the song.)

JIMMIE. (C. above table) What's the name of your new book?

JUDY. "The Rufus Gaunt Home."

(JIMMIE above table, JUDY sits L., MRS. SEMPLE R.)

JIMMIE. "The Rufus Gaunt Home?" That is a cheerful title! Is it an insane asylum or just a poorhouse?

(SALLIE looking out window.)

JUDY. It's—an orphan asylum.

JIMMIE. An orphan asylum? Oh, I say, if you're going to write a book, why don't you choose a subject you know something about?

JUDY. (Looks up from letter then around to JIMMIE; then slowly faces front again) That's just what my publisher asks.

SALLIE. But wait till he reads it! It's a beautiful book—isn't it, Mrs. Semple?

(During this scene, JIMMIE devotes all his attention to JUDY.)

MRS. S. Of course it's beautiful. Everything Miss Judy writes is beautiful—but I did think the book you wrote that first summer was grand!

JUDY. *(Laughs)* It was dreadful! When I got back to college I borrowed the engineer's furnace. I felt as though I cremated my only child. The next morning I started a new one. I am an awfully optimistic person. I think if I lost a husband and seven children I'd bob up the next day and hunt for a new set.

MRS. S. You can say what you please, but I like hero-ines rich.

JUDY. But my heroine can't be rich, she is in an asylum.

MRS. S. Are you plumb set on that asylum?

JUDY. Yes, I'm plumb set!

MRS. S. You see the trouble is, nobody will ever want to marry her, if she's out of an orphan asylum.

JUDY. Oh!—But she doesn't get married.

MRS. S. Folks won't read it unless it's got a love story.

JIMMIE. You bet! We've got to have a love story.

JUDY. But she's just a little girl. She doesn't grow up.

MRS. S. I'll tell you how you can fix it, Miss Judy; if you're set on having her an orphan. Get over them troubles in the asylum as fast as possible, and then discover that she ain't no orphan at all. She got stolen out of her cradle when she was a baby, and her father is a real millionaire, he spends

fifteen years searching for his lost daughter, and he recognizes her by a strawberry mark on her left arm.

JIMMIE. (*Crosses R.*) What's a strawberry mark?

MRS. S. That's the way you tell lost children.

JIMMIE. Oh!

JUDY. But things don't happen that way. It wouldn't be true.

MRS. S. Land sakes! Miss Judy, nobody cares if a book's true, so long as it's comfortable—that's the way I'd write it. Then you'd oughta make her grow up, and marry someone real nice like—

JIMMIE. (*Down to R. of MRS. SEMPLE*) Like me.

MRS. S. (*Turning to him*) You—never. No—like Mr. Jervis.

JIMMIE. (*Goes R.*) Ha! I think I see the proud and haughty Mr. Pendleton marrying a grimy little orphan out of an asylum. (*Up C. above table*) No, Judy, I am sorry but I'm afraid we can't fall in love with your hero-ine.

CARRIE. (*Enters R. to R. of MRS. SEMPLE*) Mrs. Semple, we are all out of molasses.

MRS. S. (*Rising*) Oh, Miss Judy, did you forget the molasses? (*Takes market basket and hands it to CARRIE. NOTE: All the bundles were replaced in basket as soon as used by JUDY.*)

JUDY. (*Rising*) I left the jug in the buggy—Jimmie, would you mind going down to the barn and getting it?

(*CARRIE has made her exit with the basket; MRS. SEMPLE has taken work basket from table and crosses to place it on work-table at R.*)

JIMMIE. (*Going, mimicing MRS. SEMPLE*) Land sakes! I don't get no rest!

MRS. S. (*At R., comes back to R.C.*) Oh, Miss Judy, we're going to have a surprise to-night.

JUDY. (*Crossing to MRS. SEMPLE*) A surprise?

MRS. S. (*Crossing down to door R.*) Something you ain't expecting!

JUDY. (*To chair R. of table*) What is it?

MRS. S. (*Shaking her head*) I ain't going to tell. (*Goes out R.*) I ain't going to tell.

(*As MRS. SEMPLE exits, JUDY sits R. of table, facing away from SALLIE in a sad and dejected mood. A brief pause—and SALLIE turns—notes JUDY's attitude.*)

SALLIE. (*Rising from piano. Standing above table*) What's the matter, Judy? (*Crossing to L. of table*) Don't worry about what that old publisher says. He hasn't even read the book. It's the best thing you've ever written.

JUDY. (*Standing L.*) Because it's true!

SALLIE. It's wonderful, Judy—the imagination you have! Why, the atmosphere of that asylum seems as real as though you'd seen it with your own eyes. I don't know how you do it! I couldn't picture the inside of an asylum and the way a little orphan girl feels—not if my life depended on it.

JUDY. (*Slowly rising*) It didn't require any imagination. Those are the things that really do happen.

SALLIE. (*To front of table*) Yes, but how, how do you know? (*Sits on stool, facing JUDY.*)

(*JUDY turns away from SALLIE and faces up stage, then suddenly returns to SALLIE, taking chair and bringing it down and sits a little above SALLIE.*)

JUDY. Oh, Sallie! I want to tell you *the truth*. I can't stand it any longer—this pretending and pretending to be something I am not. I don't belong with all you other girls, who have homes and families. I try to be silly and laughing and care-free like the rest of you; but—I'm only an impostor.

SALLIE. What do you mean?

JUDY. You wondered that I knew so well how the little orphan girl felt. I knew because—I myself was that little girl.

SALLIE. You!

JUDY. My childhood was one long, sullen stretch of revolt. I was brought up in an asylum—in blue-checked gingham. Oh, I feel sometimes—(SALLIE *sympathetically puts her arm on JUDY'S shoulder*)—as if those miserable checks had stamped themselves on my very soul. And then one day—suddenly—like a miracle, Daddy Long-Legs came and lifted me out of all that misery—and gave me freedom and a chance to live. Oh, I was delirious with joy. I thought every trouble in the world was ended.

SALLIE. I can imagine what it would mean to lose one's parents.

JUDY. I don't know what I am or where I came from. Oh, I try to be sensible and courageous, but I feel sometimes as though I could never escape from the shadow of my childhood. I dream about it at night, I wake up shivering in the dark, feeling as though I must run faster and faster, because Mrs. Lippett is after me with her arm outstretched to grab me back.

SALLIE. Why, Judy, you're growing morbid. All this makes no difference.

JUDY. Not with you, perhaps. But to others—

SALLIE. Who?

JUDY. Well, do you think Julia Pendleton's

mother would have let her daughter associate with me if she had known? I know how much they think of family.

SALLIE. It doesn't matter what the Pendletons think.

JUDY. And perhaps they know already.

SALLIE. Why?

JUDY. Well—Jervis—Mr. Pendleton used to come here frequently for a few days' fishing and he and I became very good friends. We went tramping and fished for trout, read books together and had such good times. But for a long while now he has stayed away and I wonder why. Unless—he has learned the truth. (*Rises.*)

SALLIE. (*Rising also*) It doesn't matter, Judy, he doesn't count. Some day some other man will come and ask you to be his wife.

JUDY. And I would have to *tell him* about the *John Grier Home*.

SALLIE. (*Putting her arm around JUDY'S waist*) He would marry you just the same.

JUDY. Yes—through kindness perhaps—through pity. But when I told him if I saw a look of doubt on his face, if I saw the slightest shadow, oh, Sallie—(*Turning to SALLIE*)—I couldn't bear it! It would kill me! (*Sobs and buries her head on SALLIE'S shoulder. SALLIE tenderly mothers her.*)

SALLIE. (*After a pause; lifts JUDY'S head*) Oh, Judy! You speak as though someone has already come. (*JUDY shakes her head, and slowly crosses to L.*) Has someone already come?

JUDY. (*L.C.*) No, no! I was only pretending.

SALLIE. (*Following JUDY a step*) But he'll come and be proud to do so. You are going to be a famous author.

JUDY. I don't want fame. (*Crosses to staircase*) I just want—happiness.

SALLIE. (*Crossing to piano*) Poor Judy!

(JUDY starts upstairs, halting, as MRS. SEMPLE enters at R. and excitedly crosses up c. to window.)

MRS. S. (*Going up c.*) He's coming!

JIMMIE. (*Crosses down to R. and exits with jug*)
Yes, here I am.

MRS. S. (*Coming down c. above table after laugh*) No, I don't mean you—I mean Master Jervis.

(JUDY pauses on stairs as JERVIS enters and comes down L. of MRS. SEMPLE.)

JERVIS. (*Taking her in his arms*) Well, Lizzie, how are you? Bless your heart.

MRS. S. Bless yours, Master Jervis. The sight of you does my old eyes good.

JERVIS. (*Taking her face between his hands and kissing her eyes*) Ah! Bless them—bless them!

SALLIE. (*Left by piano*) How do you do?

JERVIS. (*Crossing to SALLIE*) Ah, Miss McBride—this is an unexpected pleasure— (*Sees JUDY on the stairs and advances to her. JUDY comes to meet him and SALLIE crosses at back over to MRS. SEMPLE.*)

JUDY. And how are you, Mr. Pendleton?

JERVIS. (*Coming down c. and then front of table*) Mr. Pendleton—oh! Have I been away so long that Jervis is forgotten?

JUDY. Well, you must admit you're something of a stranger to our gates. We began to fear we had been forgotten.

JERVIS. What! May I hope then that I've been missed?

MRS. S. (*Up R. Coming down R. of table*)

Missed! Why, Master Jervis, the five weeks you've been away seems like an age——

JERVIS. (*Crossing to L. of MRS. SEMPLÉ*) Oh, you flatterer—— (*JIMMIE enters and stands R. of MRS. SEMPLÉ. A look passes between JIMMIE and JERVIS*) Oh! And Mr. McBride!

JIMMIE. (*Coming down*) How do you do, sir?

JERVIS. (*As they shake hands*) And you . . . (*Crosses to JIMMIE.*)

JIMMIE. Nicely, thanks.

MRS. S. Oh, Master Jervis—Mr. McBride shot that woodchuck you tried to get. You know that one you tried to get—the one that ate up all my young carrots.

JERVIS. I congratulate Mr. McBride upon succeeding where I failed. (*Turns and crosses over to JUDY*) No, I shall not presume to hope that I had been missed. (*JERVIS and JUDY turn up a step above piano as SALLIE crosses down to L. of JIMMIE.*)

SALLIE. Come along, Jimmie—the time has come for you to go—— (*Crosses to L. and upstairs.*)

JIMMIE. (*Following SALLIE*) I was thinking that myself.

MRS. S. (*Coming down R.*) Oh, Mr. McBride— (*JIMMIE stops at L.C. below JERVIS and JUDY*)—I told Carrie to put your things out in the hall.

JIMMIE. Eh?

(*SALLIE waits at head of stairs.*)

MRS. S. You don't mind, do you?

JIMMIE. Oh, no, no! Not at all. (*Crosses to foot of stairs—then turns*) You're sure you didn't put them in the road?

MRS. S. Oh, no! (*Exits off R.*)

SALLIE. Oh! Come on, Jimmie!

(*Exits. JIMMIE on stairs starts to sing dolefully as he goes up and off, his last line heard off stage.*)

JIMMIE. (*Singing*)

I'm coming—I'm coming—

For my head is bending low—

I hear those angel voices calling

(*Off stage, closing door*) Go! Go! Go!

MRS. S. (*Entering R.*) Oh, where's your bag, Master Jervis? Yer old room is ready for you.

JERVIS. (*Crossing R. to MRS. SEMPLE*) No, no, Lizzie, I haven't come to stay.

(*JUDY looks at JERVIS and then slowly turns back to piano.*)

DIM LIGHTS—SUNSET

MRS. S. Didn't come to stay?

JERVIS. Well—not this time. (*JUDY sits at piano*) The man who drove me here is waiting—I must catch the 7:30 train.

(*JUDY plays softly the song she has sung.*)

MRS. S. Why, it hardly seems worth while yer coming for so short a time.

JERVIS. Oh, I hope not, Lizzie. (*Looking over his shoulder at JUDY*) I trust it will prove—oh, so worth while—

MRS. S. (*Looks from JERVIS to JUDY and understands why*) Oh! Well, ye'll have a cup of tea?

JERVIS. Yes.

MRS. S. And I've got some of that jelly cake you used to like when you were a little boy, Master Jervis. (*Exits R.*)

(JERVIS, closing door after her and turning slowly at door, looking across to JUDY. JUDY has finished playing, rises and looks across at JERVIS. JERVIS breaks the scene.)

JERVIS. (*Moves chair. Crossing up to R. of table, JUDY going to L. of table*) Well, Judy, it seems to me I've been away so long I'm sure there is much to tell me. How are affairs at Lock Willow? How's old Grover?

JUDY. Well——

JERVIS. Cautious and sedate as ever?

JUDY. (*Sitting L. of table*) The same.

JERVIS. And how's the new book? How's that progressing?

JUDY. Cautiously, too, like old Grover, under the restraining influence of my publisher.

JERVIS. Oh, that's not fair. Your imagination should have free rein.

JUDY. It's flattering to know that—you still take interest in our small affairs.

JERVIS. I shall never cease to do that, not for a single moment.

JUDY. That is difficult to believe.

JERVIS. And why?

JUDY. Well—five weeks away and not a word or sign or token.

JERVIS. Yet every moment of those weeks you've been in my thoughts. I went away, I stayed away because of something I had learned.

JUDY. (*Apprehensively*) About me?

JERVIS. Concerning both of us—the truth of which has forced itself upon me, and it became a problem I've been trying hard to solve.

JUDY. A problem? How——

JERVIS. (*Sitting R. of table*) A conflict of my heart and mind in which I can find no peace. And

so I've come back to ask that you decide. The freedom of our comradeship has gone and I am a dependent now upon your answer. I love you, Judy.

JUDY. Jervis!

WARN

JERVIS. With a love so deep, so great that it overpowers what the world would call my sense of right, but how could I help it? You came into my gray existence like a spirit of Spring and sunshine, bringing to it an interest that I had never known. But the difference of our years forbade that I should recognize the truth and so I deceived myself that your friendship was my sole desire. And the playtime of my life began. And then the thought thrust itself upon me that I was deceiving *you*. My reason mocked and ridiculed my love. That I, past youth, should offer youth the remnant of a life . . . and so I went away to fight it out alone. I feared perhaps your sympathy might lead you into that greatest sacrifice, a loveless marriage. Then hope transformed me with the thought that in my great love, you might find some measure of content. And so, quite conquered, beaten in the struggle between my reason and my love, I ask your aid, remembering always that beyond all else your own happiness is at stake. Have no thought of the hurt that might come to me, and yet, if somewhere in your heart there is a spark of feeling for me that my devotion might warm into a glow of love, oh, give me the blessed chance to try—and so, dear heart, I'm waiting—fearing—hoping—will you be my wife? (*Pause.*)

JUDY. (*Shaking her head slowly*) I cannot—I cannot!

WARNING CURTAIN

JERVIS. (*Rising*) Oh, Judy, are you sure? Is there something that I cannot hope to put aside?

JUDY. (*Rises, her back turned to him, slowly*) Yes.

JERVIS. (*Goes back of table. Looks upstairs with thought of JIMMIE*) I think I understand. And so the sun of all my happiness has set.

JUDY. (*Crosses to piano—murmurs in suffering*) Oh, please—please——!

JERVIS. (*Back of JUDY*) I know, I know, I'm a coward. Forget my folly in speaking to you of this. I should have known. (*Takes hat from table and crosses to L. of JUDY*) Tell them all I could not stay. Make some excuse for me, and some day when my reason reigns supreme let me come back to you, dear comrade—till then, God bless and keep you, Judy—always, always, always! (*Turns and slowly goes up and off U.L.*)

(*JUDY is at piano and as JERVIS goes off, sinks to her knees and throws herself on chair below piano, crying bitterly as curtain descends.*)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE: MR. PENDLETON'S library, two months later. A plan and full description of the scene will be found at the end of the play.

AT RISE: GRIGGS is discovered at the desk, engaged in writing. When curtain is well up, the doorbell is heard ringing off R. A pause, and the MAID crosses at back from L. to R. A moment later, MISS PRITCHARD enters at C. The MAID follows MISS PRITCHARD and exits off L. MISS PRITCHARD goes down back of table.

MISS PRITCHARD. How do you do, Mr. Griggs?

GRIGGS. (*Rising on MISS PRITCHARD'S entrance*)

Miss Pritchard! Good afternoon!

MISS P. How is Mr. Pendleton? (*To L. of table, sits.*)

GRIGGS. The wound is entirely healed. But he doesn't improve as much as we could wish. He's very low in spirits!

MISS P. I am so sorry! I've been away, and I only just heard about the accident this morning. How did it happen?

GRIGGS. It happened four weeks ago, on a hunting trip in Canada. The gun exploded and he got his hand poisoned.

MISS P. How dreadful! Is he able to see people?

GRIGGS. He'll be able to see you, Miss Pritchard. You're such an old friend, but he's hardly strong enough for relatives yet.

MISS P. Where is he?

GRIGGS. Well, the doctor's with him just at this moment—if you don't mind waiting—

MISS P. Not in the least. But I've been shopping all the afternoon, and I'm nearly famished. *(Rises)* I think I'll beg a cup of tea from the housekeeper. *(Turns as if to go, and GRIGGS turns to desk to ring bell for housekeeper)* Oh, don't trouble. I know the way. She and I are old friends! *(Crosses up to c., and GRIGGS turns to desk to resume writing. MISS PRITCHARD turns at c.)* Oh, Mr. Griggs, I asked a young lady to meet me here. Should she come, will you please let me know?

GRIGGS. Certainly. *(Sits at desk.)*

(MISS PRITCHARD exits off c. and L. and WALTERS comes downstairs and into the room.)

WALTERS. *(Up stage R. of arch)* Oh, Mr. Griggs—the doctor is just going! And Mr. Pendleton is coming down.

(JERVIS comes downstairs, preceded by DOCTOR. They stand at foot of stairs as WALTERS exits R. to open door for DOCTOR.)

JERVIS. *(Shaking hands with DOCTOR)* All right, Doctor, I'll behave. I'll follow directions—good-bye! *(DOCTOR exits off R. and JERVIS comes into the room c. He wears a long dressing gown, and is pale and somewhat irritable)* Oh, good afternoon, Griggs!

GRIGGS. *(Crossing to R. of JERVIS)* Good afternoon, Mr. Pendleton. I trust you are feeling better.

(WALTERS crosses at back and goes upstairs off L.)

JERVIS. Yes, yes! Thanks! A good deal better. (*Crossing to armchair front of fire.*)

GRIGGS. (*Crossing to desk R. for papers*) Do you feel able to take up the matter of those bonds?

JERVIS. No, not just yet. But there is a matter I wish to discuss. You remember that several months ago I spoke to you about settling a certain definite sum upon Miss Abbott?

GRIGGS. Yes, sir, I remember.

JERVIS. That was before my accident, and I've not yet had a chance to arrange the matter. I want you to look up some good securities. Something paying about six per cent, you know, stability—that's what I want! You understand?

GRIGGS. Yes, sir, I understand. I'll make a list.

JERVIS. Be good enough to attend to that immediately. And, Griggs, I want you to take down a letter—(*GRIGGS takes note-book from desk and comes to c. above table, ready to receive notes*)—to Miss Abbott. Something to the effect that Mr. Smith has been led to believe that she is considering the question of marriage with Mr. James McBride, and that, if her happiness is at stake, he approves of the step, and wishes her every joy. Then put in a word about Mr. Smith's belief that a married woman ought to be independent of her husband in financial matters; and that he has created a little trust fund which he sends as a wedding present. Say he feels that with her final settlement in life, his own share in her career is at an end. That he thanks her for the four years of charming letters she has been good enough to send and with this final expression of his esteem he begs to remove his shadowy presence from her life. Sign it—(*WALTERS comes downstairs with tray and medicine to L. of table*)—and bring it to me to look over. (*Sinks*

into armchair as though exhausted. He seems in a moment to have become the old man that JUDY thinks him.)

GRIGGS. And you'll attend later to the matter of those bonds?

JERVIS. Yes, yes, that's all just now. I'm not up to much business yet.

(GRIGGS up and exits off L. WALTERS comes down to R. of armchair. On tray he has a medicine bottle, partly filled, a glass and a medicine graduate.)

WALTERS. Your medicine, sir.

JERVIS. *(Very quietly)* Take it away! It doesn't do any good!

WALTERS. But, if you please, sir, the doctor said——

JERVIS. *(Rising, crossing to R. of table)* Oh, take it away!

WALTERS. *(Following him to R.)* Now, Mr. Jervis, you should have taken it at four o'clock. It's half past now, and the other kind comes at five. It isn't best to mix them, sir. They ought to come in layers. *(Places tray on corner of table. The drinking glass placed handily for JERVIS. Sits R. of table.)*

JERVIS. Walters, you're a good man, but you're obstinate. Now, when I say a thing, I mean it. *(Sits R. of table.)*

WALTERS. *(With patient persistency)* But Mr. Jervis, you promised the doctor that if he'd let the nurse go, you wouldn't make any trouble for me. *(Takes graduate in left hand and bottle in right.)*

JERVIS. *(Rises and takes glass in R. hand)* Oh, very well.

WALTERS. (*Starting to pour medicine*) One teaspoon, sir. Just one.

(*JERVIS takes bottle from WALTERS and begins to pour the contents into the glass, then drinks it as the horrified WALTERS takes bottle from him, remonstrating. JERVIS sets glass on the tray and turns to WALTERS.*)

JERVIS. There! I have taken the whole lot. Now, I hope you're satisfied. Don't let me hear the word "medicine" again! (*Sits R. of table, WALTERS takes tray and crosses to L. of C. and exits L. as JULIA enters C. from L. of JERVIS, and WALTERS exits off L.*)

JULIA. (*Behind JERVIS, kissing him on cheek over L. shoulder*) Hello, Uncle Jervis! (*Crossing to R.*) Feeling better?

JERVIS. (*Surprised*) How did you get in?

JULIA. Through the basement—along with the butcher. You are going to have chicken for dinner.

JERVIS. Umph! Thanks!

JULIA. That brute of a Walters will never let me in.

JERVIS. He has orders.

JULIA. This is the third time I've called. And your own relative.

JERVIS. Julia, I'm not well enough to talk, the doctor says I have to keep quiet.

JULIA. You can't fool me. You see lots of people. You are just cross.

JERVIS. (*Rising*) Yes, that's it—I'm cross! I am not fit company for anyone! (*Crossing to L. of table and sits*) Now you run along.

JULIA. (*Crosses to R. of JERVIS, above table*) Ah, nunkey, don't be cross. I won't bother you. But

I want your advice about something important. I want you to talk to mother.

JERVIS. No—no! I'm not strong enough to talk to your mother.

JULIA. Oh, please, Uncle Jervis, it's very important! Please!

JERVIS. Well, well, what is it?

JULIA. (*Resting on chair L. of table*) Mother's picked out someone *she* wants me to marry.

JERVIS. Well, marry him!

JULIA. But I don't like him!

JERVIS. Why don't you like him?

JULIA. Well, he's got a long mustache that looks like a chicken wing, and no chin.

JERVIS. Very well, don't marry him!

JULIA. And *I've* picked out exactly the man I *do want* to marry.

JERVIS. Very well, then marry him.

JULIA. Mother doesn't think he's good enough to marry me.

JERVIS. Nonsense! Anybody's good enough to marry you.

JULIA. (*Rising and crossing to his L.*) Uncle Jervis! (*Cross L.*)

JERVIS. No, no—I don't mean that!

JULIA. I tell you now if she doesn't let me, I'll elope.

JERVIS. Yes, please elope!

JULIA. Yes, but I don't want to elope. (*Sits on arm of armchair.*)

JERVIS. Why don't you want to elope?

JULIA. I want some wedding presents.

JERVIS. If you'll only elope, and leave me alone, I'll give you a wedding present. I'll give you twenty presents. (*Crosses R.*)

JULIA. Yes, but won't you talk to mother?

JERVIS. What's her objection?

- JULIA. Well, his father owns a factory.
JERVIS. A factory?
JULIA. Yes—makes—overalls.
JERVIS. (*Puzzled*) Overalls?
JULIA. Yes—you know! Things that wind up
and over. Mother doesn't think they're nice!
JERVIS. What's his name?
JULIA. Jimmie McBride.
JERVIS. (*Rising*) Did he ask you?
JULIA. (*Laughing*) Yes, of course he did.
JERVIS. (*Turning front*) I don't understand—
JULIA. Oh, I see. You thought he was heart-
broken over Judy Abbott. He liked her. She's a
nice girl, but he's in love with me.
JERVIS. (*Shakes hands vigorously*) Well, I'm
delighted to hear it! Now you run on and elope.
JULIA. Yes, but the wedding presents?
JERVIS. (*Swings her around to R. of him*) I'll
give you all the wedding presents you want if you'll
only elope.
JULIA. (*Working up c. to C.L.*) I'll take a coun-
try house—
JERVIS. Yes.
JULIA. A pearl necklace—
JERVIS. Yes, yes!
JULIA. And a touring car!
JERVIS. Anything you want, but for goodness'
sake elope!

(MISS PRITCHARD *enters to R. of JULIA at c.*)

- JULIA. (*Turning to MISS PRITCHARD*) Oh, Miss
Pritchard! Don't stay. He's in a dreadful tem-
per!
JERVIS. Oh, yes—please stay!
JULIA. Oh!—Well, good-bye, Mr. Bear—and
don't forget my presents. (*She exits up and off R.*)

(MISS PRITCHARD *crosses to JERVIS, shaking hands.*)

JERVIS. This is a pleasure!

MISS P. You're sure I won't tire you?

JERVIS. (*Sits R.*) Tire me—no—no! Here—sit down! (*Crossing to armchair*) I'm already tired to death of my own company. (*Swings armchair around to face chair L. of table*) Another week of this and I'll be strangling Walters, just for the sake of a little excitement. (*MISS PRITCHARD crosses and sits in armchair*) You don't mind if I prowls about? (*Crosses over to R.*) I've been shut up so long that I feel like a caged hyena. (*Crosses up back to c. behind table.*)

MISS P. I hear that Julia's engaged——

JERVIS. And I thought he was interested in our little Judy!

JERVIS. The same idea crossed my mind.

MISS P. Jervis! (*He faces her. Crosses to her. She rises*) I came to talk to you about Judy.

JERVIS. Yes?

MISS P. (*Crossing to him eagerly*) Are you sure I won't bore you?

JERVIS. No, no! Sit down! Please go on! (*MISS PRITCHARD sits L. of table and JERVIS at fireplace.*)

MISS P. She's not happy!

JERVIS. What's the matter?

MISS P. She is brooding over something.

JERVIS. It's that young McBride. If that con-founded young cub—— (*Rising.*)

MISS P. No. I've seen his sister and I know it's not that.

JERVIS. What is it, then?

MISS P. Jervis, I'm going to talk to you quite frankly.

JERVIS. (*Sits again*) Go on, say anything you like!

MISS P. Well, then—I think you have been very much in the wrong in your dealings with Judy.

JERVIS. What more could I do?

MISS P. I don't mean as her guardian—John Smith—Daddy Long-Legs—whatever you wish to call yourself—I am speaking of your behavior in your own character, as Jervis Pendleton.

JERVIS. What have I done?

MISS P. You have been playing a double part. As Judy's guardian you made her spend her vacation on that farm. Then as Jervis Pendleton, you went and visited her.

JERVIS. You're not insinuating—

MISS P. I'm not insinuating. I know that you have been very unthoughtful of her happiness!

JERVIS. I've thought of nothing else for four years!

MISS P. Yes, to you it meant nothing, but you were simply amused in watching the child's development.

JERVIS. My dear lady—

MISS P. But it was very unfair to Judy. She is an abnormally inexperienced child. She has been shut away from the world all her life, and then to be thrown with a man like you—

JERVIS. Like me?

MISS P. With your knowledge of the world—your experience. It's a type that is very fascinating to a young girl!

JERVIS. I? Fascinating? Why, I'm old and world-weary and done for. Little Judy is standing on the edge of life. What chance would I have of interesting her?

MISS P. Of course I know it's imposisble. A girl of her antecedents—

JERVIS. That's nothing to me and you know it. I don't care where she comes from—Judy is herself, that's all I care! But this is beside the point. The girl is not interested in me, except as she is interested in every human being.

MISS P. I am not sure!

JERVIS. I am! You have let your imagination run away with you.

MISS P. On one thing I am going to insist. She must know the truth about Daddy Long-Legs!

JERVIS. Why spoil her illusions? She looks upon me as a nice, fatherly old man. I am neither quite so nice, nor quite so fatherly as she thinks.

MISS P. This mystery has gone too far!

JERVIS. Don't you see the position you place me in? She already knows me as a friend. I can't appear now as a benefactor, demanding gratitude and a reward.

MISS P. I understand. (*Rises*) Jervis, last week she sent her guardian a letter.

JERVIS. Why, she hasn't sent a word in two months.

MISS P. Begging him to advise her about something important.

JERVIS. Are you sure?

MISS P. Yes.

JERVIS. (*Starts*) I've never received it. They've been keeping my letters back. (*Rises, and starts to cross R. to ring for GRIGGS. MISS PRITCHARD places restraining hand on his arm.*)

MISS P. It doesn't matter, Jervis. She can tell you what it was herself.

JERVIS. What do you mean?

MISS P. After talking with Sallie McBride, I determined to take matters into my own hands, and yesterday I sent a telegram to Judy, asking her to meet me here to-day.

JERVIS. Here!

MISS P. And now you must tell her the truth!

JERVIS. No—not to-day!

MISS P. Yes—to-day. She should be here now at any moment.

JERVIS. (*Alarmed, sits on table*) I'm a sick man.

MISS P. Jervis Pendleton! (*GRIGGS enters from L. and crosses down R. to desk, for note-book on table*)—you're a coward!

JERVIS. (*Sees GRIGGS and turns*) Oh, Griggs, did a letter come last week for John Smith? (*Crossing to C.*)

GRIGGS. Why, yes, sir.

JERVIS. (*Crossing to R. of table*) Why wasn't it given to me at once?

GRIGGS. (*Taking letter from drawer of desk*) I'm sorry, sir. Doctor's orders, and I forgot to call your attention to it this morning.

(*JERVIS snatches letter from him and hastily opens it, crossing over L. to MISS PRITCHARD. GRIGGS to R. of table, awaiting instructions.*)

MISS P. (*As JERVIS crosses to her*) Now, we shall see—(*JERVIS stops and MISS PRITCHARD not wishing to presume*)—unless——

JERVIS. (*L. of table*) Oh, no, no! (*Motions her to be seated. Turns and notes GRIGGS' presence and dismisses him*) That's all, Griggs, that's all! (*GRIGGS goes up and off L. JERVIS sits L. of table. He opens letter and reads aloud to MISS PRITCHARD.*)

“Dearest Daddy Long-Legs,

“For four years you have stood in the background brooding over my life, and I have loved you very much, but I want to see you. I want to touch your hand, I want to know that you are real,

"Something has happened and I need your advice. Maybe you know where I came from? Maybe you know who I am? You must tell me the truth, even if it's dreadful. I'd rather know than imagine. It's very important that I should know; for perhaps it will change my whole life. May I tell you a secret, Daddy dear? I love another man besides you."

(A look between JERVIS and MISS PRITCHARD. JERVIS hastily continues.)

"But he comes from a family all full of ancestors—and I've never had the courage to tell him about the John Grier Home. . . ."

(MISS PRITCHARD begins occasionally to dab her eyes with handkerchief.)

"I let him go away believing that I didn't care. And now I miss him and miss him and miss him! The whole world seems empty and aching. I hate the moonlight because it's beautiful and he is not here to see it with me."

(MISS PRITCHARD is affected by the reading, and JERVIS tries to conceal his emotion.)

"Yesterday I heard that he has had an accident"—

(Pause. Looks at his hand, then to MISS PRITCHARD.)

—"and has been very ill. . . ."

(Looks at MISS PRITCHARD and hastily continues.)

"I know he is unhappy, and I have been thinking, maybe—I ought not to let anything in the world

stand between us. But, of course, I may be wrong, because I had a funny bringing up. May I come and talk with you just once? I will never, never bother you again.

“Yours always,

“JUDY.”

(*JERVIS rises slowly and MISS PRITCHARD also. JERVIS looks at her. MISS PRITCHARD is weeping. JERVIS, feeling he must do something in his joy, hugs MISS PRITCHARD. JERVIS laughing—MISS PRITCHARD crying—and after a pause, JERVIS’S eyes fall upon the postscript.*)

Hello! What’s this postscript?

“Have you a butler? I am afraid of butlers”—

(*Another look at MISS PRITCHARD. WALTERS enters with tray, comes c. above table.*)

“and I don’t know who to ask for at the door.”

(*He squares his shoulders as if throwing off a weight. He is happy, excited and full of energy.*)

WALTERS. Your medicine, sir.

JERVIS. (*Turning to him*) What do I want with medicine? (*Crosses over to R. WALTERS, looking at him in blank amazement*) I’m tired of this invalid business. (*To MISS P.*) Will you excuse me while I get in some clothes suitable for a smart young chap like me? Take it yourself! (*He runs out and upstairs while WALTERS stares after him in horrified bewilderment.*)

WALTERS. Do you think—it’s dangerous?

MISS P. (*Crossing up c., laughing*) Don't worry, Walters, he'll recover. (*Exits L.*)

(*As MISS PRITCHARD exits, WALTERS crosses to L. to armchair. GRIGGS enters to c.*)

GRIGGS. Oh, Walters! Where's Mr. Pendleton?

WALTERS. He's gone out——

GRIGGS. Gone out?

READY BELL

WALTERS. Of his mind, sir. (*Swings armchair around to face the fire.*)

GRIGGS. (*Crosses to desk at R. and places typed letter to JUDY on the desk*) Oh, Walters, please call Mr. Pendleton's attention to this on his return.

(*Bell rings off R. and MAID crosses L. to R. at back.*)

WALTERS. Certainly, sir. (*Goes to mantel as GRIGGS exits off L.*)

(*A pause—and the MAID returns, followed by JUDY.*)

MAID. (*Up c., motioning JUDY into the room*) I'll let Miss Pritchard know you're here!

(*LIGHTS. Dim Foots. Take 5 minutes to end of act.*)

JUDY. Thank you. (*MAID exits off L. and JUDY comes down into room, looking around wonderingly. WALTERS is at mantel, back turned to JUDY and concealed by the armchair. JUDY comes to R. of table and looks around to L., as WALTERS turns towards her. His head and shoulders are visible to JUDY*)

and she is startled, thinking it to be "Daddy Long-Legs") You—you are——

WALTERS. (*Stepping below chair*) The butler, Miss. (*JUDY, frightened, turns to go up C.L. and WALTERS crosses to chair L. of table*) Who is it you wish to see, please?

JUDY. (*Coming down R. of table*) Oh, I wish to see Mr.—Mr.—er—— How is the old gentleman?

WALTERS. (*Startled*) The old—old—oh, yes, Miss! He's far from well.

JUDY. Oh, I'm so sorry. I haven't heard—I hope it isn't serious?

WALTERS. (*To L.C., above table*) He's pretty bad, Miss. He can't seem to pick up.

JUDY. Oh, and, of course, at his age he must be very feeble?

WALTERS. Feeble, Miss? (*Turning and looking upstairs, then turning back to JUDY*) Well, not exactly feeble, Miss—er—between ourselves, he's a little bit out of his head!

JUDY. (*Troubled, stepping back to R.*) Oh! I'm so sorry! Why—who——

(*MISS PRITCHARD enters C., crosses down to JUDY, as WALTERS sees MISS PRITCHARD and goes up and off L.*)

Miss P. (*Embracing JUDY*) Judy, dear! (*Takes JUDY's furs and puts them on desk and turns to her*) You're late! Did you have any trouble finding the house? (*Sits at desk.*)

JUDY. Oh, no, the taxicab brought me straight to the door, but when I got here I was afraid to ring the bell. I walked twice around the block to get up my courage—but I needn't have been afraid. The butler is such a nice fatherly old man.

Miss P. (*JUDY bus. Spotlight from lower R.*)

through window—focussed before rise and thrown up stage—covers JUDY) Did my telegram surprise you?

JUDY. (*Sits R. of table*) If I live to be ninety-nine, I shall never forget how surprised I was when I read that message.—Yesterday, before it came, I was feeling so discouraged and unhappy and down, as though all the light had gone out of the world for me—and then—when I learned that I was to see Daddy Long-Legs! He has made things right for me before—maybe he can do it again! Oh, I was so excited that I couldn't sleep last night—not a single wink. Mrs. Semple called me this morning at four o'clock. I ate breakfast in the kitchen by candle light, and drove five miles to the station through the most glorious October dawn. The sun came up and all of the trees were crimson, and the cornfields and stone walls covered with frost—the air was so clear and keen and promising. I just felt something was going to happen! And all the way in the train, the rails kept singing: "You're going to see Daddy Long-Legs! You're going to see Daddy Long-Legs!" And all the time I had the feeling that maybe before the journey ended, I should see someone else—someone dearer—dearer than Daddy. . . . (*She turns to hide her tears from MISS PRITCHARD, who rises and crosses to her.*)

MISS P. (*Tenderly*) My dear!

(*JUDY turns to her and observes portrait over the mantel. Crosses over to L. of table to get a better look and observes a resemblance, slowly turns around to MISS PRITCHARD.*)

JUDY. Why—whose portrait is that?

MISS P. (*To R. of table*) That is his brother.



DADDY LONG-LEGS

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(JUDY turns back to picture) His eldest brother who is dead.

JUDY. (To MISS PRITCHARD) Daddy Long-Legs' brother?

(JERVIS starts to descend stairs.)

MISS P. Yes.

JUDY. (Turning to picture again) Strange!—
(JERVIS swings down into room to R. without observing JUDY. MISS PRITCHARD crosses up to JERVIS and meets him a little above R. of table. Tenderly indicates JUDY'S presence and quietly exits off L. JERVIS comes down to R. of table, on line with JUDY)—it looks so like—so very—so very—(Turns to MISS PRITCHARD)—like—(Sees JERVIS)—Jervis!
(Drops her head.)

DIM MORE

JERVIS. Judy!

JUDY. Why are you here?

JERVIS. (Playfully) Why are you here?

JUDY. I came to see Daddy Long-Legs.

JERVIS. And have you seen him?

WARN CURTAIN

JUDY. No. (Raising her head and looking at him and noticing his pallor, and taking a step to C.) Oh, you've been ill?

JERVIS. (Taking a step to R. of JUDY) Yes, and quite a little sad.

JUDY. (Again with head drooping) I'm sorry.

JERVIS. (Tenderly) Oh, Judy! Judy! Why did you send me away from you?

JUDY. (Turning from him) Please, please don't ask me why!

JERVIS. May Daddy Long-Legs know?

JUDY. Yes—he knows.

JERVIS. Oh, my dear, my dear, and did you think my love for you so mean that a matter of your birth could make me pause? You are you—that's all I ask, my great, my only need—

JUDY. My birth—then—you know?

JERVIS. I have known it always—always—since I first heard a child's voice crying out for freedom. From the day a careless hand threw in her path a grain of hope—a grain which lodged in the richness of her soul and grew before his watchful eyes, into a wondrous flower. . . .

JUDY. (*Turning to him*) Then—you are—

JERVIS. Oh, Judy, couldn't you have guessed that *I was Daddy Long-Legs?*

(*JUDY slowly raises her eyes to his and reads the great meaning as JERVIS puts his arms around her and gathers her in embrace—as the curtain descends.*)

CURTAIN

ACT I

SCENE: *The scene shows the dining-room of the John Grier Home. A bare, dreary room with plastered walls. Main entrance at C. leading into a bare hall outside. R. of C. is a large cupboard; partly opened; shelves covered with cheap fringed paper and filled with plates; dishes and earthenware crocks. On the lowest shelf is a black paste-board box containing white muslin caps and aprons. R. of cupboard is an entrance leading into the pantry, at back a low shelf on which are various kitchen pans. At lower R. is an entrance leading to children's department. Above it another entrance with door leading to kitchen. Entrances lower R., back R. and C. are open entrances. At L. are two large windows through which is seen the porch outside and the yard beyond.*

The room is furnished with four long tables, two R. of C. are placed across stage R. to L. Two L. of C. are placed up and down stage. Table L. of C. is lower, for the smaller children. Dimensions, 8 x 2, stand 22 inches high, other tables 8 x 2 stand 28 inches high, benches on each side of tables, and stools at end, 18 in. high. Benches and stools for small table 14 in. high. The tables are covered with white marble oil-cloth and rest on horses. The tables are set for the next meal. A large soup-plate, cup and soup-spoon at each plate. 14 at a table. On

each table a large salt-cellar. Table L. of c. down stage is cleared and a dish-pan with polishing rags and soap placed there for the orphans to clean the teaspoons for the Trustees' tea. On lower table R. at L. end is a tray containing cups, saucers and sugar bowl to be sent to the Trustees' room. Salt-cellar on this table filled with sugar, not salt.

The only decoration in the room is a large lettered illumined text, painted over door at c. "The Lord will provide."

The light at rise is of late afternoon dimmed at cue to dark evening and coming up a little as MRS. LIPPET turns on bracket lights. Off stage at R. 2 E. is a table. On table a tray containing two plates of bread sandwiches for Judy, also napkins and dish of sliced lemons for MRS. LIPPETT.

ACT II

THE SCENE shows a prettily furnished college study. At c. back is a large bay window flanked by smaller windows R. and L., through which is seen the college campus and country beyond. R. of window at R. is the entrance into the room, the door opening on and down stage. A hall at rear, leading off R. At R. middle of plot, a door opening off into JUDY'S room and above it, L., a door opening off into SALLIE'S room.

Between doors L. is JUDY'S desk, with chair. This desk is well arranged. Over it a small sign stolen from some store by the girls, reading "We study to please." Above the sign a large framed picture of Mona Lisa. On wall above upper door L. is tacked a college poster of the

Freshmen's Tree ceremonies. Under window L. of c. is a round table on which is a tea tray containing cups, saucers, spoons, teapot, cream pitcher and empty sugar bowl. Also a spirit lamp, empty alcohol bottle and empty box of matches. L. of this table a couch and pillows in disorder. Under R. end of couch the kettle. Over couch, tacked on wall, is a Princeton college pennant. Above couch, fastened on wall, a bookcase with books. On wall above case hangs a large rabbit's head (papier mache). At c. a large bureau with upholstered top sets in the box window. Drawers to open like steps. On top, pillow, books and a memorandum case are scattered, later put in top drawer by JULIA. A large, ornamental Japanese lantern hangs above in c. Shade curtains on windows, with draperies in front on all windows. C. draperies hang to floor, side draperies to window length. On side window sills, small vases filled with spring field flowers. Before window R. of c., SALLIE'S desk, in wild disorder, with chair. R. of desk an oak armchair with one short leg, the "wobbly" chair. Above chair a large picture of Sir Galahad. Tacked on wall at window, a college poster of "Field Day" with an illustration of JUDY running c., copied from book (Daddy Long-Legs). Above SALLIE'S desk a small stolen sign, "No smoking allowed." Over door at back a larger stolen sign, "Our success is not mere talk." On door outside an old-fashioned brass knocker. Below door at R. is JULIA'S desk, also in disorder, and chair. Another single chair a little L. and up from this desk. On door R. a poster of the Sophomore's Cotillion. On wall R. and L. of door R. a large picture.

At c. on floor a pretty medallion rug, about

12x15. At R. of rug from c. a large inkspot about a foot in diameter. At c. to left a combination flat-topped desk with shelves at R. and L. R. of table a large rattan armchair with hour-glass shaped bottom, caned to floor, concealing inkspot later. An oak armchair L. of desk. On shelf L. of desk, a tobacco jar, skull, with two aged lemons. Also a pair of scissors. On shelf R. of table, a small book for JUDY. Cover on desk and it is covered with a heterogeneous mass of vases, books, ink bottles, tennis balls and a pair of fencing foils. Chair R. of desk has a sweater and tennis racquet, and a feather duster for SALLIE. On floor by inkspot are a couple of girls' out-of-door coats and a note-book. On chair L. of desk is a fencing mask, a basket ball, a tennis racquet, a tam-o'-shanter, also child's sweeping broom for JULIA. On chair by JUDY'S desk a golf bag with sticks.

Off L.I.E. is a small crash and an extra cover for c. table, same material as one on stage which JULIA takes on after crash avoiding waste of time. Also a gown for JUDY. On table off stage back R. a table with box of candy for JERVIS, card and tray for maid, plate of buns for MRS. PENDLETON, cup of sugar for JIMMIE, cup of tea for SALLIE and kettle of hot water and box of tea biscuits for JULIA.

ACT III

SCENE: *The sitting room at Lock Willow Farm.*

The room is that of an old-fashioned New England farmhouse, flat ceiling to mid-stage, and then sloping down at back. A large window at center with cushioned seat, through which is seen the garden outside, a stone wall

beyond, and in the distance, a rolling landscape of Connecticut.

A jut at left extends on about one-quarter of stage to L. of C. L. and down stage to about 7 feet from curtain line. In front of jut at lower L. presenting a side view to audience a short flight of stairs with white spindle posts and mahogany rail lead to a door opening off stage to the living rooms above. At upper L. side of jut is the main door leading into the yard. At the lower R. is a door opening off the kitchen.

A fireplace at middle right, filled with ferns and goldenrod. An old-fashioned, three-cornered colonial cupboard in upper R. corner. The walls are covered with a soft-shaded cretonne of green and white stripes, blended with a small rose pattern of flowers. The doors, windows, fireplace and all woodwork are in ivory white, and a mahogany baseboard extending around the room.

The furniture is all old colonial mahogany. A mahogany drop-leaf table at C., a lacquered single chair at R. of table, an armchair at L. and a mahogany upholstered stool below table. An old cashmere covering on table, and an old-fashioned inlaid desk with writing materials on table for SLLIE.

At R. in front of mantel, an upholstered mahogany armchair with tidy. At R. above mantel a square work-table; a small work-basket on table. At L. of cupboard an armchair L. of window a what-not filled with shells, vases, and odds and ends of ornaments. At stage L. a small mahogany upright piano, with single mahogany chair and cushioned seat for JUDY. Music on piano. Below piano another single chair. At lower L. below stairs a small ma-

DADDY LONG-LEGS

hogany card-table, leaf raised against wall. On table an old clock and pair of old-fashioned silver candlesticks with partly burned candles. Over table, an old mahogany mirror.

In lower front side of jut—on wall, on a diagonal line with staircase are hung some old family silhouettes. Over piano (on side wall of jut) hangs an oil painting of JERVIS PENDLETON at the age of four. Above piano near door hangs an old framed engraving of George Washington. Over what-not at L. back hangs a large engraving of Gen. Grant and family, flanked by smaller old framed pictures of Lincoln and Jackson. At L. back between window and cupboard hangs a colored Martha Washington and below a small engraving of Washington at Valley Forge. Over mantel at c. hangs an old-fashioned, oblong mirror, with top picture panel. On either side of mirror hangs old-fashioned life-size crayons in oval frames of MR. and MRS. SEMPLE. On either side of fireplace, flanking the SEMPLE pictures, are small characteristic pictures of colonial subjects. An old copper warming pan hangs at lower end of fireplace.

A large rag medallion on floor at c. and around the room some hand-braided rugs. White shade curtains at c. overhung with lace curtains. A plaited valance across top of window with side draperies, and cushioned seat in window with hanging drape to match top of valance—all of same material (green and mahogany water stain) serve as a picture frame to window and complete the room. Off stage to R. is a telephone bell. Off stage at lower L. a stamped envelope for SALLIE. Off stage L.U.

the other properties for CARRIE, JUDY and JIMMIE.

The light outside is a soft September afternoon of rich amber. Within the room the light is full but not bright. Dimmed at end of act into a mellow sunset.

ACT IV

SCENE: *The scene shows JERVIS PENDLETON'S library, a dark, richly-furnished man's room. The room is panelled in Circassian walnut and topped by a green and gold frieze. The entrance c. is a square arch, hung with curtains partly open and topped with lambrequin. It leads to the hall outside. The back wall in hall is tapestry covered; stairs at c. lead up and off L. A grandfather's clock at R. of stairway. In room at R., a large window corresponding in width to arch at c., hung with curtains and lambrequin at c. arch, and lace curtains. In front of window a desk, and on desk, writing materials and papers, a push button at L. of desk and a telephone at R. of desk. A lower (L.) drawer of desk opens, and in it is a written letter addressed "John Smith." On desk papers for GRIGGS, a stenographer's note-book and extra note-book which GRIGGS returns for in Act.*

A long library table at c., running L. and R., a chair at each end. On table c. a book rack and books. At back of either side of entrance are large bookcases filled with books and ornamented on top with large vases. At R., above desk, a teakwood table and large lamp. At L. a mantelpiece and open grate fire with steel fender. Above the mantel a painted portrait of JERVIS PENDLETON'S brother. On mantel a

DADDY LONG-LEGS

library clock and vases. Before fireplace a large, upholstered armchair.

Off stage L., on table, a tray containing a glass, bottle of medicine, with small quantity of medicine for JERVIS to drink and the medicine graduate. An additional bottle for WALTERS and second entrance with medicine change. A doctor's surgical bag, typewritten letter for GRIGGS (JUDY'S letter). Off stage R., a doorbell.

The time is late afternoon of an October day.

At R., through window, a spot-lamp spreads over desk. Practical fire in grate at L.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

1 ground cloth; 1 large cupboard, with shelf; cheap fringed shelf paper; plates, dishes and earthenware crocks in cupboard; 1 black box, containing 2 white aprons and lace caps on shelf; in pantry, low shelf, containing various kitchen pans; 7 benches; 7 stools; 4 oilcloth covered tables; 4 horses for same; tables 8 feet by 2 feet—28 inches high; 1 table only 22 inches high; 2 benches 22 inches high; 4 tables as described; 4 benches same height; 4 dozen plates—white enamel; 4 dozen mugs—white enamel; 4 dozen tablespoons; 1 salt cellar filled with sugar (not salt); 2 black Japan trays; 1 tea set (6 cups, 6 saucers, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cream pitcher); 4 large salt cellars; 2 dishpans; 1 wash basin; polishing cloths, soap and towels; extra cups to break; 1 dozen teaspoons; 4 kitchen chairs; 1 shelf—in pantry.

Properties Off Stage R. 1 E.—1 rag rug; on property table, 1 tray containing 2 plates of bread sandwiches, 1 dish of sliced lemon; 6 napkins.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT II

Desk with chair; desk well arranged. (JUDY'S desk.) Over it, small sign reading: "We study to please." Above sign, large framed picture of Mona

Lisa ; college poster of Freshman's Tree ceremonies ; tacks to tack it on wall ; round table ; on table, a tea tray containing cups, saucers, spoons, tea pot, cream pitcher and empty sugar bowl ; spirit lamp ; empty alcohol bottle ; empty match box ; couch and pillows in disorder ; kettle ; Princeton college pennant tacked on wall ; bookcase, with books to hang on wall ; papier mache rabbit's head tacked over bookcase ; large bureau with upholstered top and drawers to open like steps ; on top, pillows, books and memoranda case are scattered ; large ornamental Japanese lantern hangs above in C. Shades on windows, with draperies to window length ; on side window sills, small vases filled with spring field flowers ; another desk in wild disorder (SALLIE's desk) with chair ; old oak armchair with one short leg—the "wobbly" chair ; large picture of Sir Galahad ; college poster of "Field Day" with illustration of JUDY running, copied from book (Daddy Long-Legs). Small sign, "No Smoking Allowed." Another sign, "Our success is not mere talk." Old fashioned brass knocker for door. Another desk, also in disorder (JULIA's desk) and chair ; another single chair ; poster of Sophomore's Cotillion ; large pictures on wall ; pretty medallion rug, about 12x15 ; large inkspot on rug ; combination flat top desk with shelves at R. and L. Large rattan arm-chair with hour-glass shaped bottom, caned to floor (to conceal ink-spot). Oak arm-chair ; tobacco jar ; skull ; 2 aged lemons ; pair of scissors ; small book ; cover on desk ; mass of vases, books, ink bottles, tennis balls ; 1 pair fencing foils on desk ; chair at desk ; sweater ; 2 tennis racquets ; feather duster ; 2 (girls') out-of-doors coats ; note-book ; fencing mask ; basket-ball, tam-o'-shanter ; child's sweeping broom ; golf bag with sticks.

Properties Off Stage L. 1 E.: small crash; extra cover for C. table, same material as one on stage; gown for JUDY; on table R. at back, a table with box of candy, card and tray, plate of buns, cup of sugar, cup of tea, kettle of hot water, box of tea biscuits.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT III

Fire-place (middle right) filled with ferns and goldenrod; all furniture is old Colonial mahogany. Old fashioned 3-cornered Colonial cupboard; drop leaf table; lacquered single chair; arm-chair; upholstered stool; old cashmere cover on table; old fashioned inlaid desk; writing materials; upholstered arm-chair; tidy; square work-table; small work-basket; arm-chair; what-not with shells, vases, odds and ends of ornaments; small mahogany upright piano; cushioned seat; music on piano; another single chair; small mahogany card table, leaf raised; old clock; pair old fashioned silver candlesticks; partly burned candles; old mahogany mirror; old family silhouettes; oil painting of JERVIS PENDLETON at age of 4; old fashioned engraving of George Washington; large engraving of General Grant and family; old framed pictures of Lincoln and Jackson; colored Martha Washington; small engraving of Washington at Valley Forge; old fashioned oblong mirror with top picture panel; old fashioned life-size crayons in oval frames of MR. and MRS. SEMPLE; warming pan; large rag medallion; several hand braided rugs; white shades; lace curtains; plaited valance for top of window, with side draperies;

cushioned seat in window; hanging draperies to match top of valance—all same material.

Properties Off Stage R.: telephone bell; off lower L. stamped envelope. L.U. the other properties for CARRIE, JUDY and JIMMIE.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT IV

Grandfather's clock; curtains, topped with lambrequin for arch; curtains, lambrequin and lace curtains for window; desk; writing materials and papers; push button L. of desk; telephone R. of desk; letter addressed "John Smith" (in lower L. drawer of desk); papers; stenographers' note book; extra note book; long library table; 2 chairs; table; book rack; books; bookcase filled with books (at entrance) large vases (on top); teakwood table; large lamp; mantelpiece; open fire grate; steel fender; painted portrait of JERVIS PENDLETON's brother; library clock and vases (on mantel); large upholstered chair.

Properties Off Stage: L. on table, tray with glass, bottle of medicine, small quantity of medicine for JERVIS to drink; medicine graduate; additional bottle; doctor's surgical bag; typewritten letter. Off R. door-bell.

ELECTRICAL PLOT

ACT I

Foots, amber and white up one-half at rise.

Foots dimmed at cue to one-fourth up. (Bunch lamps and strips dim on same cue.)

At window L. and amber and white bunch lamp above and below on each backing.

At windows L. a 7 blue light strip on each backing up full through Act.

Over doors C. and R. of C. a three-lamp strip dimmed at cue as above.

Over doors at R., R.1 E., R.2 E.—a two lamp strip.

Bracket lamps, one at R. between doors, one R. of C. door, one L. of C. door, and one in C. of C. hallway to be turned on by MISS LIPPETT at cue.

Footlights come up a trifle when brackets are on.

A five-lamp strip (32 power lamps) in foots at C. up full through Act.

A spot lamp off L., upper window, to swing on pivot, into and around the room, indicating the approach of a motor car, at near end of Act, cue from JUDY "I can think about him. Please! Please!"

ELECTRICAL PLOT

ACT III

The light outside is a soft September afternoon, of rich amber.

Within the room the light is full but not bright.

Dimmed at end of Act into a mellow sunset.

ELECTRICAL PLOT

ACT IV

The time is late afternoon on an October day. At R. through window, a spot lamp spreads over desk. Practical fire in grate over L.

LIGHTS. Placement. Fixtures NOT ON.

Floods outside window R.

Bunches Amber in arch C.

Spot in window R.1 to hit R.C.

Proc. Spot to hit Briss, R.C.

Proc. Spot to hit chair L. of table.

RISE FULL UP. Briss ENT. DIM. FTS. to

$\frac{1}{2}$ —5 min.

Rise door bell R.

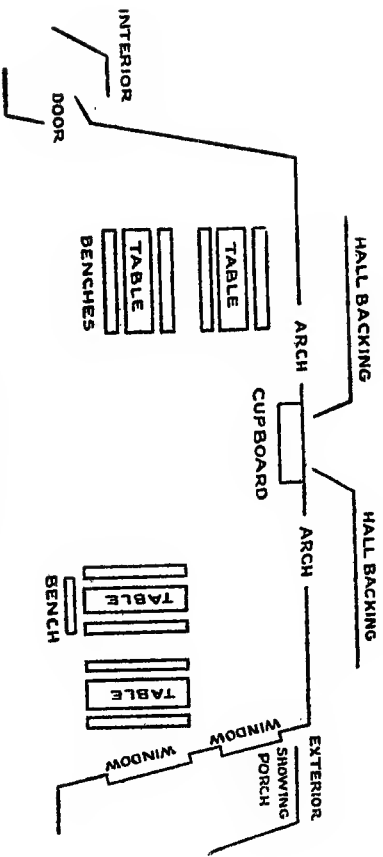
Red 1 5.

Red—Foots.

Amber—Foots.

White—Foots.

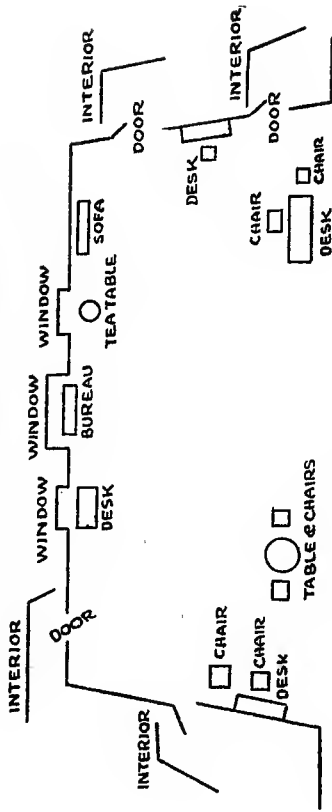
"DADDY LONGLEGS"



ACT I THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

"DADDY LONGLEGS"

LANDSCAPE WITH CAMPUS IN FORE GROUND

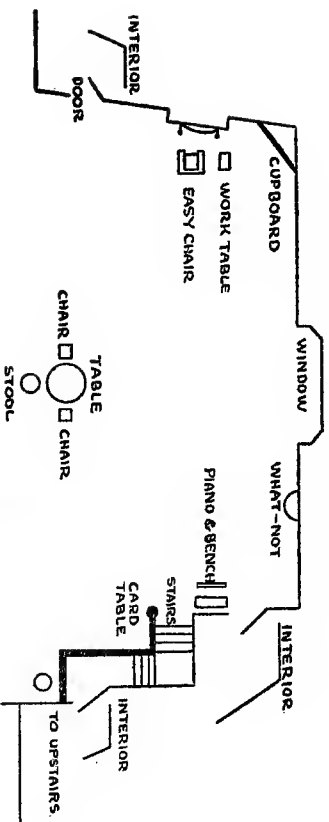


ACT II

JUDY'S STUDY AT COLLEGE

"DADDY LONGLEGS"

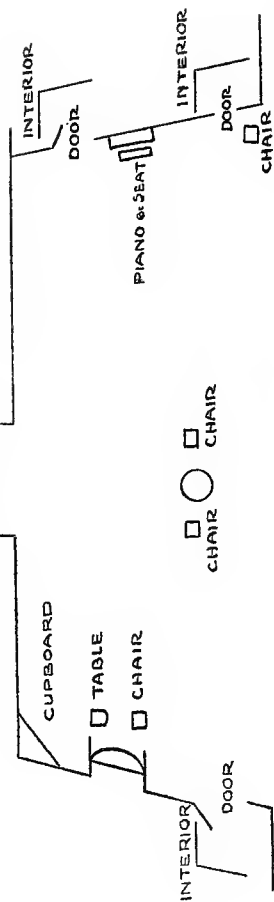
LANDSCAPE WITH GARDEN IN FOREGROUND



ACT III

SITTING ROOM OF FARM HOUSE

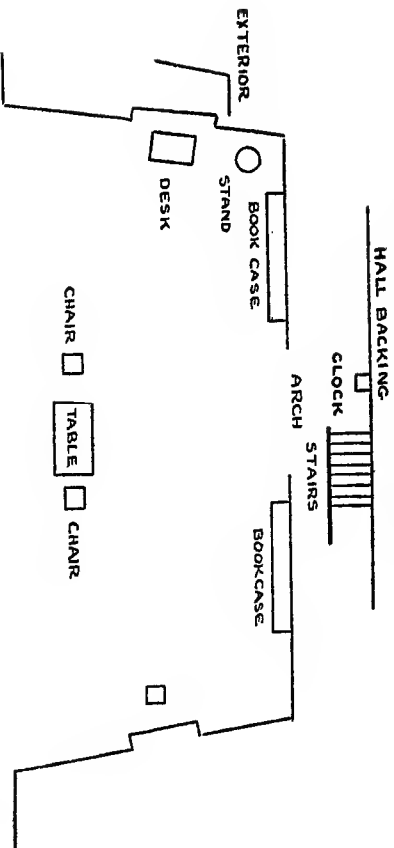
GARDEN & LANDSCAPE



SITTING ROOM OF FARM HOUSE

SIMPLIFIED SETTING FOR **ACT III**

"DADDY LONGLEGS"



ACT IV

PENDLETON'S LIBRARY

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

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MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success. Price, 60 Cents.

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A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce. Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents.

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