JOHN EPPS

By

Frank Prentice Rand

Presented by
The Roister Doisters
1921

JOHN EPPS

A play of M. A. C. in the days of '71

By

FRANK PRENTICE RAND

and presented by

The Roister Doisters

at the semi-centennial anniversary celebration of the
Massachusetts Agricultural College

June 1921

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Patsy, Dick, Hank, Hillyard, Kate, Mrs. Epps, John, Joey

In front of the old greenhouse

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(in the order of their appearance)

Prologue ..... Carroll A. Towne
Joey ..... Willard C. Frost
John Epps ..... Carl M. Bögholt
Mrs. Epps, his mother ..... Eleanor W. Bateman
Hillyard Epps, his cousin ..... Robert F. Martin
Kate Stevenson ..... Frances B. Martin
Col. Wm. S. Clark, Pres. of M. A. C. ..... Donald G. Davidson
Dick, John's room-mate ..... Lewis E. Dickinson
Patsy ..... Howard E. Weatherwax
Hank ..... George R. Lockwood
Henry H. Goodell, Professor of Modern Languages
Tscharner D. Watkins
Charles A. Goessmann, Professor of Chemistry
Emerson F. Haslam
Levi Stockbridge, Professor of Agriculture
Frederick V. Waugh

SYNOPSIS

Act I

Mrs. Epps' living room in Ashfield, the town in which President Clark was born. Time, October, 1870.

Act II

John Epps' room in North College, the evening before the regatta, July 1871.

Act III

President Clark's office in the Botanic Museum, the following morning.

Act IV

John Epps' room, that evening.

Between Acts 1 and 2, and 2 and 3, stereopticon views of the college, ancient and modern, presented by Prof. Frank A. Waugh.

John Epps, his Ashfield associates, his college friends, his entire story, although presumably representative of the early seventies, are nevertheless wholly fictional. The famous Big Four of the Faculty, however, are believed to be accurately historical; and the life of the College in those pioneer days has also been scrupulously portrayed. Acknowledgments are made to Doctors Tuckerman, Wellington, Lindsay and Brooks, Mr. Atherton Clark, and Professors Patterson and Prince, for helpful assistance. The author begs the indulgence of brother rhetoricians in view of certain minor liberties taken in the matter of punctuation for the sake of easier dramatic reading. The pictures of the cast appearing in this book were taken by Professor Frank A. Waugh.

ACT I.

PROLOGUE

Turn back the clocks, my friends,
Bid echo speak:

To let the sunlight once again
Down through the mists of fifty years;
To move familiarly with men
Whom every Aggie heart reveres;
To conjure back into our ken
Old ways, old places, old ideas;
To reaffirm our tribute then
To Alma Mater's pioneers;

Turn back the clocks, I say;
For echo speaks.

SCENE: a rural New England living room by lamplight. Beside the usual ill-assorted furniture, a bureau, table, chairs and the like stacked in the middle of the room. Through a rear exit outdoors, John Epps and Joey, in work-clothes, are moving this latter furniture. They are just returning for the bureau when Mrs. Epps, effusive and maternal, appears from exit to right and speaks.

MRS. EPPS—Careful, John; careful, Joey. Remember that bureau was your Uncle Henry's wedding gift.

JOHN—Yes, mother.

(She follows to the door and speaks looking out.)

MRS. EPPS—Have you plenty of bags and blanketing, John dear?....Oh dear, I am so afraid that something will happen to that rickety old hayrack going down the mountains. . . . John dear.

JOHN—Yes, mother.

MRS. EPPS—Hadn't you better tie the bureau to the bedstead?....It does seem as though those Riggs boys helped themselves to more than their share of the room....Where is the stove, John?

JOHN—Loaded, mother.

MRS. EPPS—Oh....I don't see it, John....John, I don't see the stove anywhere.

JOHN—It's right in front of the bureau, mother. You can't see through the bureau, you know.

MRS. EPPS—No-o-o, of course not....John, you haven't put the stove right up against your Uncle Henry's wedding bureau have you?

JOHN—It's all safe, mother; don't worry.

MRS. EPPS—Well....but I wouldn't have anything happen to that bureau for a cat and seven kittens. Your Uncle Henry said that it was genuine mahogany rosewood, and your dear father used it all the days of his life....I wouldn't have....

(John enters stridingly, gathers up a coil of rope and is about to exit when his mother taps his arm and beckons him off stage to right. He throws the rope outdoors and follows her, shouting back to Joey.)

JOHN—Be taking out the chairs, bub.

(Joey finally appears with lantern, drags one chair halfway to the door, sits thereon for a moment, goes then across left to mirror before which he poses and gesticulates oratorically, then comes to front of stage, arranges three chairs in a row and stepping back addresses them.)

JOEY—Gentlemen of the Congress!

(Makes sure all the doors are closed and returns.)

"Mr. President, I shall enter upon no encomiúm upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is. Behold her. Judge for yourselves."....

"What is it the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God."....

(Meanwhile the door to left is quietly thrown ajar revealing the face of Hillyard Epps. He is stylishly dressed in the fashion of the 70's. Joey at the height of his eloquence notices him and stumbles into anticlimax.)

Oh!

HILLYARD—What's the matter, chappie, been having a tooth pulled?

JOEY—No.

HILLYARD—No? Well now. Old cow kick you through the milk-pail? No? Not that either....Something you ate? Castor oil, eh?....Not colic....Well I'll be darned if I can think of anything else that would make a boy raise such a hullabaloo as that.

JOEY—You needn't be poking any fun at me, Hillyard Epps. Just because you're a student at Amherst College....And you needn't be putting on airs around here all the time either.

HILLYARD—Come, come.

JOEY—I guess I know something about you.

HILLYARD—Well what do you know about me, *little Joe.*

JOEY—I'll tell Kate what I know if you don't watch out.

HILLYARD—Ha, ha.

JOEY—It would make you laugh out of the other side of you mouth if I did, I guess.

HILLYARD—Come, come, what do you know, you weasel?

JOEY—I know what I know....Well, you needn't laugh. I guess I saw it myself.

HILLYARD—Well, out with it; what did you see?

JOEY—I saw our John wrastle you and put you on your back, down at the mill-pond, a year ago Fourth of July.

HILLYARD—Ha, ha, ha....nonsense.

JOEY—Stop your laughing. Stop it I say. You..you..you *dude!*

HILLYARD—Where's Kate, Joey?

JOEY—I won't tell you.

(Picks up his lantern and scuffles to the door, pausing however to throw back one grandiloquent defiance.)

My voice shall ring in the halls of Congress yet. (Exit)

(Hillyard goes to door on right and is about to rap when it opens and Kate comes in with a bundle.)

HILLYARD—Hello, Kate girl.

KATE—Hello, Hillyard.

HILLYARD—What have you got?

KATE—Something for John. Just a little surprise. Come help me hide it in the hayrack. (Both at left-hand door.) Couldn't we put it into something?

HILLYARD—Why not hide it in the stove? (She observes him intently.)

KATE—....No.

HILLYARD—Well, how would a bureau drawer answer?

KATE—Yes, please. Just slip it in and shut the drawer tight. Thank you, Hillyard. (They re-enter.)

HILLYARD—I didn't find anything in my bureau drawer when I went off to college.

KATE—No? Well, you surely could not have expected anything from me. Why that was three whole years ago. I hardly

knew you then. And you wouldn't have looked at me anyway.... Besides you didn't take down your things, you know. I remember very well. Your father drove down with you in the democrat, and the hired man went ahead with the furniture.

HILLYARD—Is there any particular virtue, do you think, in riding down to college in your own rocking chair?

KATE—No; that did sound a little silly, didn't it?

HILLYARD—It makes a difference too, you know. John is going down to that new college at the other end of town, Colonel Clark's farmer college. I fancy it would have caused something of a smile if I had come rattling up to Williston Hall, surrounded by my lares and penates, in a hayrack....As a matter of fact I don't intend to have John do it either. That's the principal reason I came over.

KATE—I'll go call him.

HILLYARD—No, hold on, Kate. He'll be coming soon enough. I want to talk with you.

KATE—Really? Wait then, till I get my knitting.

HILLYARD—You don't need any knitting.

KATE—I don't? It looks as though you do not know your Aunt Augusta.

HILLYARD—Aunt Augusta be hanged! Confound it, Kate, I'm pretty much disgusted with this summer. It doesn't seem as though we had made much progress.

KATE—Progress?

HILLYARD—Come, there's no use in mincing matters.

KATE—Remember your promise, Hillyard.

HILLYARD—Oh I remember it well enough. But the summer is over now and I'm going to talk out. I want you to know....

KATE—But of course I know already, Hillyard. It was a silly promise. You have been fair enough about it, but you have really broken it every day. You have been making love to me every single day...hold on...no, of course not in actual words, but in looks and actions and everything else.

HILLYARD—Well I didn't promise not to look at you, did I? Kate girl, you don't seem to realize that I am in earnest about

this. When I get through college next June, I want you to marry me....no, don't interrupt....I love you positively to distraction. Can't you believe that?

KATE—Yes, Hillyard, if you say it. But it is the wrong time of the moon.

HILLYARD—What the devil has the moon got to do with it?

KATE—The wrong end of the summer, Hillyard. Three months here in this dead little town with nothing to do—perhaps that is partly responsible. You should have told me last July.

HILLYARD—Heaven knows I tried to, hard enough; you wouldn't listen. You know it too. And you knew it then, and made me promise to keep my mouth shut like some confounded scare-crow.

KATE—August, Hillyard....But that's true. Perhaps I'll have to give you credit for that....Still you don't realize what it is you ask.

HILLYARD—I don't, eh?

KATE—No, Hillyard. You forget things. You forget that I am just a common country girl, bound out for board and keep and a trifle, because my father—we might as well speak plainly, Hillyard—because father doesn't seem to have had the stuff in him to support his family.

HILLYARD—No, no, that isn't fair. Your father has got stuff enough. It is a question of stock, not a question of stuff, with him. I fancy that if I had—how many of you are there?

KATE—Twelve.

HILLYARD—Twelve. Well if I had twelve kids to feed and clothe and send to school and nothing but a little farm so rocky you have to grind the sheep's noses to help them get to the grass, I fancy I'd want to bind out about eleven of the little brats. And the one I would keep would be—can you guess? Come Kate dear....

KATE—No.

HILLYARD—I don't see why you have to be so offish. It's half your fault; you're so maddeningly unresponsive. Hang it,

the girls down country don't stir up such a fuss about a fellow's making love to them a bit.

KATE—They don't?

HILLYARD—Well....they wouldn't.

KATE—Hush, someone's coming.

(Enter John bearing on his back an ancient trunk and followed by his mother with a candle.)

JOHN—Hello, who's this? How are you, Hill.

HILLYARD—Hello, John. Good evening, Aunt Augusta.

MRS. EPPS—Hillyard my dear, you grow more handsome every day. Kate dear, some tea. You remind me so much, Hillyard, of your great-grandfather Epps. I remember him so well—a fine figure of a man. I was just a little girl, of course, running over from the next farm. He used to ask me to help him get out into his chair on the porch, on sunny days, to see the loads of hay go by. He suffered a great deal, poor man....a great deal. I wonder where Joey is.

JOHN—Where will you have this trunk, mother?

MRS. EPPS—Oh yes, yes....Well let me see. Right here on these two chairs, John dear. No, no....wait a second....Bring it over here please. (He sets it down.)....But I can't see to put things into it there. I'm afraid you will have to bring it back to the chairs, John. How's Uncle Henry, Hillyard?

HILLYARD—He's well enough to keep a pretty close eye on my expense accounts, Aunt Augusta.

JOHN—Come Hill, lend a hand and help me with the rest of this truck for a minute.

(They carry out the other pieces of furniture as the talk continues.)

MRS. EPPS—Careful, boys; always be careful. That rocker's a bit wobbly already...It was your dear father's after-supper chair, John; that makes it an heirloom you know....I wonder where Joey can be. (She calls him.)

JOHN—What do you want him for, mother. I'll do it in a minute.

MRS. EPPS—I don't know as I want him for anything special,

not just now; but I might; and anyway he ought to be around. Yes, Kate—the sponge cake; the chocolate cake was made only a week ago bake-day. Sponge cake, child—and cream....John dear.

JOHN—Yes, mother.

MRS. EPPS—You must go kind of careful when you wash this dotted shirt; it isn't very powerful I'm afraid....And don't forget the second rinsing. I do hope you will have a good place to wash your clothes. Do you, Hillyard dear?

HILLYARD—I, Aunt Augusta? Why I never wash my clothes.

MRS. EPPS—What? You never wash your clothes? Why Hillyard Epps!

HILLYARD—I mean that I don't wash them myself. I send them out.

MRS. EPPS—Out? You send them out? Well, and do they all come back? I really don't think that your great-grandfather Epps would approve of your sending your clothes *out*....Joey.... Oh dear, where is that boy?

KATE—Tea, Auntie.

MRS. EPPS—Yes, dear, but I am afraid I shall never get this trunk packed ready to go to-morrow. There are so many things to think of, Hillyard. Now do you think John ought to take his splasher-dashers?

HILLYARD—His what?

MRS. EPPS—His splasher-dashers, for milking. Why Hillyard Epps, do you mean to sit there and say that you don't know what splasher-dashers are? I must really make you some at once. I can do it in ten minutes. Kate dear, an old pair of overalls and some shears.

HILLYARD—No, no, Aunt Augusta, please. I shall not milk another cow for six months.

(Kate is meanwhile serving tea about the table.)

MRS. EPPS—Well, well, perhaps not. But they're handy for lots of other things too. I do wish Joey would come in.

JOHN—Cheer up, mother, the cake will fetch him. Joey can scent food from clean beyond the lower meadow.

Mrs. Epps—Goodness gracious, John, I almost forgot the soap. And I have made up two whole pans of it a purpose. (Exit.)

Hillyard—Well John, twenty-four hours and you are a freshman.

John—Funny; now it's time to start, I feel just like holding back in the traces.

Hillyard—It's like the first swim in spring. You'll like it, when you get in. I'm driving down with the mare to-morrow, John; better ride along with me.

John—I'd like to, thanks....I wonder though if it would seem quite fair to the other fellows.

Hillyard—You mean the Riggs boys I suppose.

John—We are taking our stuff down together in the rack, you see.

Hillyard—But what's their grievance, I'd like to know. You're furnishing transportation for both themselves and truck, aren't you?

John—Yes.

Hillyard—And man. For Joey's going along I presume.

John—Yes, to drive back the team.

Hillyard—There's your answer then. If I gave you a fatted shoat you wouldn't expect me to come and slaughter it for you, would you?

John—That sounds reasonable. Somehow, Hill, you always seem to be right. And I always do what you want me to, in the end.

Hillyard—The deuce you do!

John—Well, don't I?

Hillyard—You haven't yet—not in regard to this college business anyway. You know plaguey well how I feel about your going down to this new agricultural school. Great Scott, with a college half a century old, dignified, humanistic....

John—Hold on Hill, that water's run over the dam; there's no use....

Hillyard—I am determined on one thing anyway. You're going to get a glimpse of what a liberal college is like while I am

there in town. I'm going to have you meet some of the fellows too; those Aggie students look from the distance like a pretty serious, unsophisticated crowd. As I look at it, there's no sense in going to college unless you can have a bit of fun on the side. And whether you ever come back to the farm or not....

MRS. EPPS—(entering)—Whether he comes back to the farm or not; why Hillyard Epps, what do you mean?

HILLYARD—Of course, he probably will; all the more reason for a little skylarking while he has the chance.

MRS. EPPS—Skylarking?

HILLYARD—Oh, church sociables and Sunday school picnics, you know.

MRS. EPPS—Well, I think that John ought to go to the church sociables whenever he can do so, without interfering with his lessons.

(Enter Joey, flushed.)

Goodness gracious, here's Joey at last.

JOEY—(panting) He's coming in.

MRS. EPPS—He's coming in! Well for the land of love! Who's coming in child? Kate, run to the window and see; I didn't hear any team.

JOHN—Who is it, Joey?

JOEY—I don't know. Looks like a minister. "My young man, is Mrs. Epps at home?" I don't know. Might be Daniel Webster.

MRS. EPPS—Daniel Webster, child! What do you know about Daniel Webster?

JOEY—"Union and liberty, now and forever, one and insep"..

MRS. EPPS—Oh horrors, the child is reciting again. Why did I ever take that boy to the lyceum!

KATE—He's here. (General confusion followed by rap on door.)

MRS. EPPS—John dear, please open the door. I'm positively faint.

(The door is opened upon a dignified man of forty-odd, well-dressed, genial, energetic, commanding. He is the first to speak.)

CLARK—Good evening. Good evening, Mrs. Epps. I trust that the lateness of the hour....

MRS. EPPS—Well of all things,—if it isn't Colonel Clark! How do you do? Well, isn't this a surprise! Kate, some tea, dear. Why we didn't even know you were in town. And Kate—the pumpkin pie, the newest one. Why Colonel....

CLARK—And is this the young man who is coming to our new college this fall?

HILLYARD—I am very sorry to....

MRS. EPPS—Oh no, Colonel. John, step out, dear.

JOHN—I am glad to meet you, sir.

CLARK—And I you, my lad. It just happened Mrs. Epps, that I was over in Conway this afternoon giving a lecture before the lyceum....

KATE—Oh, the lecture on salt?

CLARK—Yes, the lecture on salt. I gave it here in Ashfield once, didn't I? Well as I was saying, I found myself so near that it occurred to me to run over for the night, to see the one or two families we have kept in touch with all these years and especially the three Ashfield boys who are bound for M. A. C. Ah, it is a rare privilege, Mrs. Epps, to help to found a college. (to Hillyard) I know you, sir; I have seen you in Amherst.

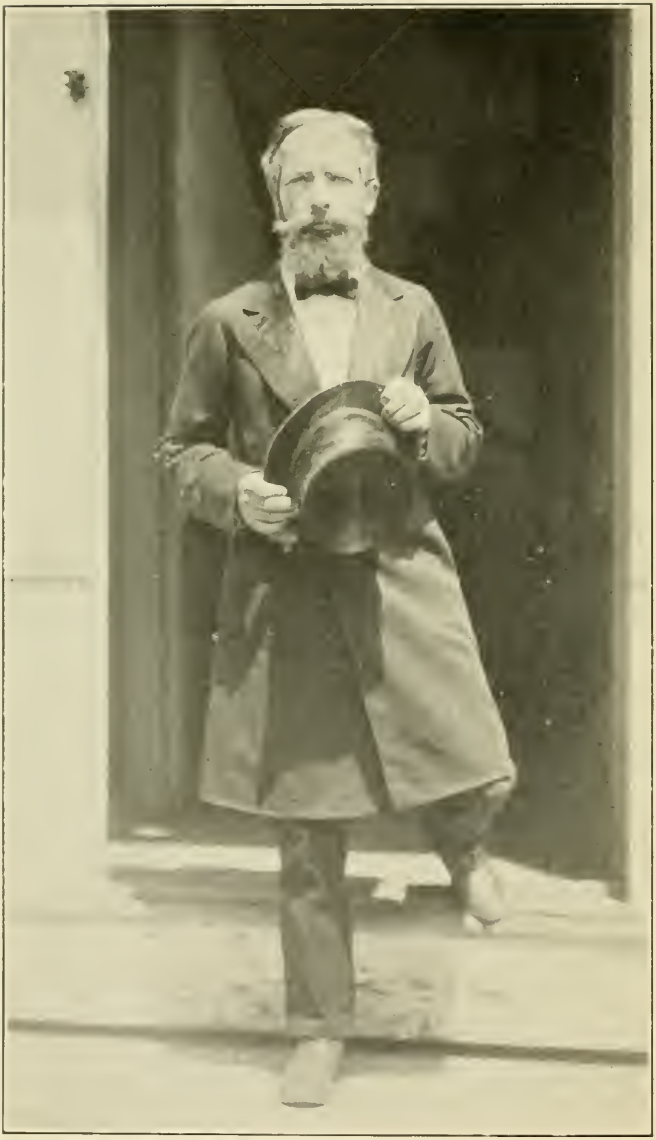
HILLYARD—I am a senior in Amherst College.

MRS. EPPS—He is Henry Epps' son....

CLARK—Oh indeed, yes, yes, of course. I knew your father as a boy; he was in the fifth reader when I was in the first. The difference seemed very great in those days. And your alma mater, ah how well I have known her! Yours is a sacred trust my boy—to bear worthily her high tradition. And this young lady, who is so interested in salt?

MRS. EPPS—She is Kate Stevenson, Colonel; she lives with us.

CLARK—Stevenson, Stevenson! It seems as though there used to be Stevensons down on the mill road.



President Clark
Leaving the Botanic Museum

KATE—Yes sir, that's where we live, sir.

CLARK—Yes of course, of course. And there was a peach orchard too. My mind is quite clear on the peach orchard. But my girl, there was no bloom there so fresh and so delicate as that upon this cheek....And who are you?

JOEY—I'm the boy.

CLARK—So you're the boy. Blessings on thee, lucky fellow. We'll have you down in Amherst by and by.

JOEY—Yes sir, I'm coming sure.

CLARK—So John Epps, you are ready, are you? Ready for pioneer work?

JOHN—All that remains, sir, is to persuade mother to close the trunk. We are taking our furniture from home; you may have seen it on the rack outside.

CLARK—Quite the proper thing to do. But tell me, sir, how it was that you happened to come to us instead of going with your cousin to the college on the hill?

JOHN—You, sir.

CLARK—I, my lad?

JOHN—Yes sir, you. I reckoned that if you were backing this college it was bound to make good.

CLARK—Bless you, my boy, your faith hath made me whole. But you do not know anything about me.

MRS. EPPS—Why Colonel, everybody in Ashfield knows all about you. Why, you sort of belong to us.

CLARK—Then I must be pretty much of a wayward son. But my boy, you mustn't make choices like that. It is our mission that calls you, our duty to the farmers of the Commonwealth. Ours is the people's college,—supported by them, answerable to them. This is the dawn of a new era in American education. The possibilities of the land grant colleges are infinite. My hope for them is great beyond description. Ah, I cannot wait; I cannot wait for it to be fulfilled.

JOEY—Was it true, sir?

CLARK—Was what true, my young farmer?

JOEY—That when you came back from the war, your com-

pany all killed, and you all alone crawling back through the rebels' lines after everybody thought you were dead....

CLARK—Yes, that is true I suppose.

JOEY—Well, then?

CLARK—And what then?

JOEY—That you came back home, and knocked at your own door, and asked the folks that answered it, Was the widow Clark at home? (embarassed laughter) Well, that's what I heard.

CLARK—You will hear a great deal before you die, my boy; and nothing I trust more harmful than that. Well, I must jog along. Perhaps I will take a peep at your load.

JOHN—Lantern, Joey.

MRS. EPPS—And how is Mrs. Clark, Colonel?

CLARK—Nicely, thank you, madam.

MRS. EPPS—And there are little ones?

CLARK—Innumerable. We have to call the roll for taps.... (exit and reappearance at door.)

By the way, young man, you may spare your horse that stove. The college supplies you that.

MRS. EPPS—Heaven be praised....It was the bureau I was thinking of.

CLARK—Rope tightly; your load will slip on the hills. Good-night.

JOHN—I will light you to the gate, sir.

CLARK—Not at all necessary. Well. Good-night every one. (Exit Clark and John. The others after perfunctory farewells linger about the door.)

JOEY—"By the way, young man, you may spare your horse that stove".

MRS. EPPS—Joey! Be still child. Have you shut in the hens?

JOEY—No ma'am.

MRS. EPPS—Well, go do it. And then go to bed. It's early to-morrow you know.

JOEY—Yes ma'am. (Exit)

"It's early to-morrow you know".

(John returns.)

JOHN—Wonderful horses! Handles them beautifully too.

HILLYARD—People say that when he was a baby he had a martingale ring to teeth on.

MRS. EPPS—Really?

HILLYARD—I guess it's true that he once rode a horse up a flight of steps into an Easthampton store.

KATE—Can't you just imagine him riding at the head of his regiment?

JOHN—Love at first sight, Katie?

HILLYARD—It was the peach bloom that did it.

KATE—Well, he's splendid anyway.

MRS. EPPS—Kate child....just a minute, dear. That scarf and wristbands—do you think we can find them by lamp-light?

KATE—Yes, Auntie.

(Exeunt.)

HILLYARD—Well John, you won't cut up any capers with that old fellow.

JOHN—No, but I'd follow him....to Appomatox.

HILLYARD—That's about what it will seem like I fancy.

JOHN—Isn't it lucky that everybody doesn't want to go to the same college?

HILLYARD—Yes, and that reminds me, John.

JOHN—Well, Hill.

HILLYARD—(securing the doors)—Is Kate in love with you?

JOHN—Is Kate in love with me?

HILLYARD—That's what I said.

JOHN—Is Kate in love with me?

HILLYARD—Yes. Damn it man, can't you do anything but stand there echoing me? I want to know whether you and Kate have any understanding.

JOHN—Is it any of your business I'd like to know.

HILLYARD—Come John, excuse me for speaking as I did. I had no right to of course. But I am good deal cut up to-night.

It really is some of my business John, because....I have asked Kate to marry me.

JOHN—Oh I see. Well, isn't she going to?

HILLYARD—No. That's the merry deuce of it.

JOHN—What does she say?

HILLYARD—Says she's just a bond girl; implies she isn't fit to marry me.

JOHN—Not fit to! Kate not fit to....look here Hill, if I heard any one else say that, I'd knock the pudding out of him. You'll travel a long, long ways before you'll find a better girl than our little Kate.

HILLYARD—Come, don't bristle up to me on that John. I agree with you perfectly. What she said was just a dodge.

JOHN—A dodge!

HILLYARD—There's somebody else she's in love with.

JOHN—The devil you say! Well, who is he?

HILLYARD—John, I think it is you.

JOHN—I?..I?..That's what you said before, wasn't it.... Why,....I never thought of such a thing....She wouldn't be likely to care for me.

HILLYARD—You have never talked with her about it then?

JOHN—Talked with her? No....What makes you believe she's thinking of me?

HILLYARD—Oh, nothing....Probably she isn't....It just occurred to me. Of course if it had been the case, you can understand that I should have wanted to know about it.

JOHN—Yes, of course.

HILLYARD—Well, let's drop it. Only just one thing more, John. Don't you ever let anything come up between you two without telling me.

JOHN—As far as that is concerned, Hillyard Epps, I'll tell you one thing right now. I reckon I've told you almost everything that ever passed through my brain. I reckon I've sometimes told you things I was sorry for afterwards. And if I should find myself in love with Kate, or with any other girl, to-morrow

morning, you needn't think I would tell you a confounded word about it, unless I wanted to.

HILLYARD—Come, come, don't get warm about it. I confided in you, and I thought you would want to do the same. But it doesn't make any odds to me of course.

JOHN—I reckon it wasn't just confiding, Hill.

HILLYARD—Forget it anyway, old man. To-night closes another chapter in our lives. The Colonel is a pretty ship-shape old body, isn't he? I love to hear him talk about his people's college.

JOHN—It's going to make good though—his people's college.

HILLYARD—Oh of course, of course. Do you know what we call the M. A. C. students down in Amherst?

JOHN—No, what?

HILLYARD—Bucolics.

JOHN—Bucolics! What does that mean?

HILLYARD—You look it up in your Greek reader....Well, I've got to mosey along home....Say good-night for me to the folks. See you in the morning.

JOHN—Good-night, Hill.

HILLYARD—So long.

(Exit.)

JOHN—(calling from the doorway)—Oh Hill.

HILLYARD—Eh, John?

JOHN—You needn't count on me to-morrow after all.

HILLYARD—(reappearing in the doorway)—What's that?

JOHN—(impressively)—I've made up my mind to go down to Amherst with the Riggses to-morrow, in the rack.

Curtain

ACT II.

PROLOGUE

Who would not live momentous days?
Who would not fain have heard
Great Agassiz's unstinted praise
And Wilder's stirring word?

Then come to College Hall, and mark
What all the people say;
There is no man like Colonel Clark
This first commencement day.

But now the festive guests are gone,
And still events unfold;
Momentous days keep crowding on;
As you shall see. Behold!

The scene is laid in John Epps' room, North College. To the rear are two doors, the left leading into the hall and the right into a closet; on the left wing is a window, on the right wing a door leading into the bedrooms. The room is furnished with a stove, coal hods, a table desk, a living-room table of the period, chairs, lamps, pictures, rifles, books. The curtain rises upon Hank, Patsy and Dick, recumbent, dressed in military shirts and variously, and singing lustily.

Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Away we go, away we go;
Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

DICK— No more drill and away we go,
ALL— Away we go, away we go;
No more drill and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

PATSY—No more room inspection either, boys!

DICK—Come on, three cheers for Capt. Alvord!

ALL—(three groans)

DICK— No more chem and away we go,
ALL— Away we go, away we go;
No more chem and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

PATSY—All right then, three cheers for Gursie!

ALL—(three groans)

DICK— No more crops and away we go,
ALL— Away we go, away we go;
No more crops and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

HANK—Three cheers for Prof. Stock and his "cantankerous old hoss"!

ALL—(three groans)

PATSY—Do we want to go home, boys?

ALL—No-o-o-o!

Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Away we go, away we go;
Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

DICK—I say, Patsy.

PATSY—Yes, Dick.

DICK—Quite a commencement, eh?

PATSY—Oh I don't know. Wait till they get to ours. After three rehearsals they ought to be able to husk out something really nice, what do you say?

HANK—Who in the devil was that fellow Agassiz they talked so much about?

DICK—Shame on you, Hank.

PATSY—Throw him out.

HANK—Well, just who was he anyhow?

DICK—Why, he was....you tell him, Patsy.

PATSY—Er....I guess I don't know exactly; but he's mighty important and comes from Fall River or Boston or some such place.

ALL—Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go....

DICK—Well, there's one good thing.

PATSY—Unload, Dick.

DICK—Prexy didn't read that scripture passage of his about the three galoots in the fiery furnace.

HANK—More's the wonder.

PATSY— Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego,
Abednego, Abednego;
Prexy Clark and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

DICK—Oh shut up, Patsy. Who do you think you are—Dick Norcross?

HANK—Patsy's voice ought to be cultivated.

DICK—Well, Prof Stock can tell you fifteen different ways of doing it, and just what kind of fertilizer to apply.

HANK—Patsy makes you think of Prexy calling down orders to Andy Bassett clean from his house up on the hill.

PATSY—Who started this singing anyway? Heaven knows I didn't want to. (He is smothered.)

DICK—Boys, who said "boat race"?

HANK—There's only just one thing I am sorry about.

DICK—What's that?

HANK—I'm sorry the intellectuals down the other end of town didn't enter a boat.

PATSY—No danger of our coming in last if they had.

HANK—Not after the way we beat them last year.

PATSY—I reckon that's what they thought too.

DICK—Well, if John Epps rows Number 5....

PATSY—Of course he'll row Number 5; what the devil's the matter with you?

DICK—They took Fred Somers down to Ingleside too....

PATSY—Substitute.

HANK—If John shouldn't row, it would be a dirty shame.

DICK—He's only a freshman you know.

HANK—I don't care. He's just as good an oarsman as there is in the boat.

DICK—Odd about George Leonard at that.

PATSY—What do you mean?

DICK—Invalid all of the two years before coming to M. A. C. and now captain of the crew.

PATSY—There's nothing the matter with him now, that's a cinch.

HANK—Most of those fellows are fraternity men.

DICK—Fred Eldred isn't.

HANK—I hear John had a chance to join D. G. K. I wish he had.

DICK—John doesn't think fraternities are a good thing in a college. I reckon he's wrong, but you have to respect him for standing up for what he thinks.

HANK—Yes, that's true.

PATSY—I wonder why Yale didn't put in a boat.

DICK—Yale's grouchy on the smaller colleges being in the association, I hear.

HANK—She hasn't any kick. It's a snowy Fourth of July when she wins from Harvard.

DICK—Do you know what they are saying down in Cambridge?

HANK—No, what?

DICK—Prof Henry was telling me. They say it's because they've got more culture and blue-blood down there. They're Brahmins, Prof Henry said. That's why they lick Yale every year.

PATSY—Brahmins hell! Just wait till they get up against George Leonard and Gid Allen and John Epps. We'll show them what it means to have a little agri in your culture.

HANK—Well, as far as I am concerned, I don't really believe we can beat Harvard, but I shall be one unhappy child if we don't come in ahead of Brown.

(At this point the door opens and John Epps strides in.)

HANK—Why, John!

JOHN—Hello, boys.

DICK—What's the matter John?

JOHN—Bounced, Dick.

Dick—No!

JOHN—Most unhappily yes....But I'll tell you one thing, boys, that's going to be the most wonderful race to-morrow you'll ever see as long as you live....I'd give ten years of my life to be in it.

DICK—I'm awfully sorry, old man.

JOHN—Oh I may get a crack at it yet. Simp may have a stroke of apoplexy at breakfast you know; or George Leonard may fall down the hotel stairs and break his neck. But I simply couldn't hang around that place any longer. I just skipped out.

HANK—Do you know what Prexy said last Wednesday?

JOHN—No, what did he?

HANK—He said he had rather the boys had flunked on the commencement platform than lose the boat race.

JOHN—Good for Prexy, he's got the right kind of stuff in him. You knew two of the seniors were down for speeches on the com-

mencement program? Prexy told them they'd better just stick to their rowing instead. They didn't even come up for the exercises.

DICK—How's the coach?

JOHN—Josh Ward?....Won't have any crew of his row without shirts. Doesn't want to offend the ladies.

PATSY—Rot, I say.

JOHN—Ward's all right though. He knows boats better than Prof Stock knows his old bull. He's made a new seat adjustment in our shell so that every man gets a better pull on his oar. And say—those oars he had Tim Donohue make for us, they're twelve feet and a half long. Tim says they are the longest he ever made. By George, but you ought to have seen our crew on the river this morning....But let's talk about something else. When are you going home Dick?

DICK—Saturday.

JOHN—Succeed in borrowing any money?

DICK—Yep.

JOHN—Where from?

DICK—Prof. Stock.

JOHN—Umhum! Going to the regatta?

DICK—Yep.

JOHN—How?

DICK—Walk.

JOHN—Say Dick, I've thought of a way of getting you home without borrowing that money.

DICK—Good for you, old man; tell me.

JOHN—By and by.

DICK—John, you're a trump. I'll take the old fellow's spondulics back to-night. I have been half sick ever since I asked him for it. There ought to be a faculty rule against going to him for money any more.

JOHN—Still he's not the kind of man a fellow would ever forget to pay....Hush, who's at the door? Come in.

(Enter Hillyard.)

Hello, Hill.

HILLYARD—Hello, John.

JOHN—Know all these fellows?

HILLYARD—I think so....(general greetings). Well John, driving home with me on Saturday?

JOHN—Delighted, I'm sure.

HILLYARD—No scruples, such as you had last fall, eh?

JOHN—Don't you think it's about time we buried that, Hill?

HILLYARD—I suppose so. Too good to forget though. Rowing to-morrow?

JOHN—No.

HILLYARD—No?

JOHN—I didn't make good.

HILLYARD—Tough luck, old fellow. I'm sorry. Another year coming though. How's the Colonel?

JOHN—So as to keep the black Morgans on the jump I guess.

HILLYARD—Hasn't found out who swiped our Prexy's portfolio yet, has he?

JOHN—What portfolio?

HILLYARD—Oh didn't you know?

JOHN—No.

HILLYARD—Um....What are you doing to-night?

JOHN—I was thinking of packing a little.

HILLYARD—Come on out for a bit of a spin. I've got the roan mare outside.

JOHN—No, I don't believe I am in the mood.

HILLYARD—Confound it man, that's just the reason I'm asking you. We'll just drive down around the tavern and back. Have you here before you know it. Hal Spaulding is out in the buggy. He's hilarious to-night. He can crack your gloomy old mask if any one can. Come on John; show some spunk.

JOHN—All right. Wait until I wash up a bit. (Exit.)

HILLYARD—Well, how's the race coming out?

PATSY—Nothing to it; we shall win easily.

HILLYARD—Amherst men are betting on Harvard.

PATSY—After the licking we gave you last spring?

HILLYARD—Yes, but what did we do to you in baseball? Remember? See here, you don't want to put up something on this race, do you?

PATSY—Well, I might lay a V on it.

HILLYARD—Even money?

PATSY—Even money.

JOHN—(from bedroom door)—You're a fool, Patsy. Down at the Boat Club they are backing Harvard five to four against Brown and fifteen to one against us.

HILLYARD—Are they really?

JOHN—And there are two or three men right here in this town who stand a good chance of making a pile of money off that race. Guess I'm ready, Hill.

PATSY—And I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Epps.

HILLYARD—All right.

PATSY—If instead of being so stylish and riding over to Hatfield for practice, your men had tramped both ways afoot the way ours had to, you might not have been beaten so badly.

HILLYARD—Ha, ha. My friend, you are probably right.

PATSY—That Brahmin stuff doesn't always work you know.

JOHN—All right Patsy; tell us when we get back. (Exeunt.)

DICK—By Jove, it's a shame.

HANK—What?

DICK—John's being dropped. He's hard hit too.

PATSY—I'm damned if I like that cousin of his.

DICK—What's the matter with him?

PATSY—I don't know exactly. Maybe it's just because he comes from the other end of town.

HANK—What was that about the portfolio?

PATSY—Hanged if I know.

DICK—Oh that? Nothing much. I heard something about it a while back. Somebody got away with Stearns' handbag or some such thing. He had a crazy idea that it was one of our crowd down here. Prexy made a few inquiries I believe.

PATSY—Anything in it?

DICK—Not much I guess. He got it back anyway, somehow or other.

PATSY—I'm sorry for that.

DICK—Patsy, you're carrying too much of a chip on your shoulder. It's silly. Prexy's an Amherst graduate you know. So is Prof Henry. We haven't got a monopoly on all the brains in town.

PATSY—No, and they haven't either, by jingo.

(Knock.)

DICK—Hush. (Sound of voices without.)

PATSY—By the great horned spoon! It's Prexy.

(In the midst of general confusion Dick opens the door upon President Clark, Mrs. Epps, Kate and Joey.)

CLARK—Good evening, gentlemen. This is Mr. Epps' room I believe.

MRS. EPPS—Oh yes, Colonel. There's his dear father's after-supper chair. And this is Dick I suppose....Mr. Dick?

DICK—Yes ma'am. How do you do, Mrs. Epps....And these others are Hank, and—here, come out of that clothes-press you rogue—and Patsy, ma'am.

CLARK—Umhum!....Patsy, eh?

PATSY—Yes, sir.

CLARK—Not Patrick though. James, if I remember rightly.

PATSY—Yes sir, really James, sir.

CLARK—Yes, indeed, indeed. (to Dick) You haven't Mr. Epps hidden away somewhere too, have you?

DICK—No sir, he stepped out for a little; but he will be back presently. Won't you all sit down?

CLARK—Well, I don't know. Mrs. Epps, an old friend of my family, gentlemen, came into town unexpectedly, and I am acting simply as campus guide. Perhaps under the circumstances I had better wait just for a moment or so.

(After much difficulty the guests are seated, Joey on the coal hod.)

DICK—More light, Hank.

(Hank and Patsy proceed to light the desk lamp, fail, and finally resort to the kerosene can. Meanwhile—)

Mrs. Epps—Where's that boy?

Joey—Here, ma'am.

Mrs. Epps—Joey, get out of that coal hod at once. Oh dear, that boy would find dirt in the New Jerusalem.

Joey—Yes ma'am.

Clark—This has been a very significant week, Mrs. Epps.

Mrs. Epps—Oh yes, of course, of course Colonel....Mr.... Mr. Dick, I am so anxious. Does John sleep with his head to the north?

Dick—To the north?....Oh yes, ma'am. He does.

Clark—Why to the north, madam?

Mrs. Epps—Oh, it's very much healthier, so I've read. Something about the magnetic pole, you know. I always sleep with my head to the north. I have written to John about it several times, but do you know, he never has said anything about it.

Clark—Yes,—well it certainly wouldn't do any harm. I am very sorry, madam, you couldn't have been here for our commencement exercises. Twenty-seven graduates—isn't that fine for a first class? And among the honored guests: the Governor of the Commonwealth, the honorable Justin S. Morrill, our own Marshall P. Wilder, and Professor Louis Agassiz, possibly the foremost zöologist in the world. It was indeed a notable occasion.

Mrs. Epps—Yes indeed, I am sure it must have been, Colonel. We came down, did I tell you?—to take John home with us for the summer.

Kate—And to see the regatta, Auntie. John is to be one of the rowers, isn't he Colonel Clark?

Clark—Well....no. I think not this time, young lady.

Dick—You knew that John has been dropped, sir?

Clark—I drove down to Ingleside this morning. The men are in excellent shape. If we should win that race, gentlemen, what a thing it would be for M. A. C! Mr. Ward is pleased with the crew. We are hoping for the best.

JOEY—And our John isn't going to be in it?

CLARK—Your John is only a freshman; his time will come later.

JOEY—Huh....I reckon I made a mistake this trip.

CLARK—My boy, the man who never makes a mistake will never make anything else in this world.

MRS. EPPS—Colonel Clark.

CLARK—Yes, madam.

MRS. EPPS—Those shirts....Mr. Dick's and Mr....Hank's ...what do they mean?

CLARK—Military, madam; they are part of the uniforms.

MRS. EPPS—And the letters?

CLARK—M. A. C. Massachusetts Agri....

MRS. EPPS—Oh of course. Massachusetts Agricultural College. Yes, of course. Kate, how very stupid of me.

DICK—There's another interpretation now, sir.

CLARK—Indeed?

DICK—The Mount Holyoke girls say the letters stand for Men Attending Cattle.

JOEY—Haw, haw!

MRS. EPPS—Joey, Joey. Be respectful, Joey.

CLARK—Not at all bad though.

PATSY—It pleased Professor Stockbridge, sir. He's always saying, we don't want to teach anything that they teach at the other college; he says that we want to teach something new.

CLARK—Ah, that's it, young men. Something new. It is a glorious experiment we have here, and we are all working it out together. The eyes of the whole nation are upon us. We have got to make good. And we shall. One class already graduated; the others well filled; a superb location; the farm well under way; half a dozen good buildings; and some of the best teachers you may ever hope to see. We have received some very fine compliments from prominent men this week. And do you remember what Mr. Wilder said? It was from the Bible—old Simeon's prayer of praise when he was permitted to behold the Christ child:

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Oh Lord, in peace." Oh I am proud of our college, gentlemen; and I am proud of every one of you connected with it.

(Sound of footsteps without, followed by an ominous hush; then the door is thrown open, and John Epps, with Hillyard in the doorway, staggers into the room.)

JOHN—Hello. Hello....everybody. How do you....do. Glad to see....you....

KATE—....John!

CLARK—What does this mean?

JOHN—....Kate!

Curtain

ACT III.

PROLOGUE

The mother-heart is broken
When manhood stoops,
And words remain unspoken
In friendship groups;
It is the bitter token
That honor droops,
For more than hearts are broken
When manhood stoops.

SCENE: President Clark's office in the Botanic Museum; one window left, and two, the right-hand one being a triple one, in the rear; to the right a door; on the wall a picture of Wöhler; in right-hand corner a bookcase; to the left and facing the door the president's flat-top desk littered with papers; wooden arm chairs, et cetera. President Clark is discovered sitting at his desk.

(A knock.)

CLARK—Come in.

(Enter Hillyard.)

HILLYARD—Good morning, sir.

CLARK—Good morning, Mr. Epps. Pray be seated.

(Continues writing, uses sand, and then—)

I was very deeply pained by last night's episode, as you may imagine. Not only am I mortified in a personal way, being as it happens an old friend of your family, but I am also distressed for the good name of our new college. It was a very serious offense, and, staged as it was before the young man's own mother, a brutally horrible one.

HILLYARD—Of course John had no inkling that there would be guests in his room, sir.

CLARK—I should have hoped not, indeed.

HILLYARD—. . . . But why have you sent for me, sir?

CLARK—A rather irregular action I must admit. The fact of your kinship is largely the explanation. Your cousin will be in to see me soon, but, coming as this does just at the break-up of the term, prompt action is imperative, and I desired to advise with you as to your cousin's conduct, both last evening and formerly.

HILLYARD—Well, sir?

CLARK—He came back to his room in your company. May I assume that he did his drinking in your company as well?

HILLYARD—You may, sir.

CLARK—You yourself were not intoxicated however.

HILLYARD—Oh no, of course not, sir.

CLARK—Indeed, indeed.... Well is there any reason, beknown or unbeknown to your cousin, why he should have been in so much worse a condition than you?

HILLYARD—No, sir.

CLARK—What's that?

HILLYARD—Well sir, now that you speak of it, I am inclined to think that the cause may have been his depression.

CLARK—You mean in regard to the regatta?

HILLYARD—I do?

CLARK—Very likely....very likely. Now Mr. Epps, have you ever seen your cousin in this condition before?

HILLYARD—That, sir, is an unfair question. I decline to answer it.

CLARK—Yes....Well, you have answered it.

HILLYARD—I have answered it? How?

CLARK—By your declination.

HILLYARD—Colonel Clark, I will say this. John Epps is not a drunkard, nor an habitual drinker, any more than I am, or, in view of your smiling, yourself. If he has taken two or three drinks, or two or three too many, on occasion—strictly on occasion understand—it is only what most other young men do. It is nothing to be unduly excited over.

CLARK—Young man, one drink is something to be unduly excited over when it involves the happiness and good name of others.

HILLYARD—I beg your pardon, sir. No doubt you are right.

CLARK—Yes. Well I am. Now Mr. Epps, there is something else.

HILLYARD—Yes, sir?

CLARK—Some weeks ago there occurred a rather mysterious and an altogether unfortunate incident, of which you may or may not be aware. It was late in the evening. President Stearns of your college was returning from some gathering with Professor Tyler, and as they were about to part by the common, they paused to talk for a little, with their backs to the street. It seems that Dr. Stearns had with him a portfolio containing both important

documents and money, and he laid this down beside him, on the common fence, as he talked. When he finally turned to go home, the portfolio was missing. It was found, however, not far this side of the square the following morning. In reviewing the whole matter, Dr. Stearns recalled being brushed by a young man who hurried by during the interview. He had given him a passing glance, enough merely to ascertain that he was not an acquaintance, not sufficient to identify him at a later date. The general appearance of this individual, who apparently was the one to appropriate the portfolio, and the location where the article was eventually found, led him to assume that the thief was a student at M. A. C. In one sense, the whole matter is not serious in the least; in another, it is considerably so. I have canvassed in my mind our whole student body, and investigated quietly a few suspicious individuals, but have found no evidence. Now I want to ask you, Mr. Epps, what you know of this matter.

HILLYARD—Just what you have stated, sir.

CLARK—I have stated the case correctly then?

HILLYARD—Why yes, as far as I know, you have.

CLARK—Um. . . . Could it be possible, do you think, that your cousin, John Epps, might have been the culprit?

HILLYARD—Why, really sir. . . . why I suppose it might have been possible.

CLARK—You don't think it at all probable, however?

HILLYARD—Why sir, it isn't the least like John. No, I shouldn't say that it were probable.

CLARK—Your cousin has been down on your campus sometimes?

HILLYARD—Yes sir, a little—not a great deal.

CLARK—More, probably, than any other M. A. C. student, however?

HILLYARD—Well, as to that I couldn't accurately say.

CLARK—He has usually been there as your guest?

HILLYARD—Why yes, I presume that he has, usually.

CLARK—As far as you know, always?

HILLYARD—As far as I know, always; yes sir, certainly.

CLARK—You are then presumably informed as to his conduct on those occasions?

HILLYARD—I suppose that I am. Of course I could hardly be expected to know what might have happened after he had started for home.

CLARK—Ah!

HILLYARD—What sir?

CLARK—Mr. Epps, you have given me two very important pieces of evidence.

HILLAYRD—Concerning this case? Hardly sir.

CLARK—Yes, but you have.

HILLYARD—May I inqure what they were?

CLARK—Certainly. You have indicated beyond any possibility of doubt, first, that you know more about this matter than you desire to reveal, and second, that you are exceedingly scrupulous about telling a categorical lie.

HILLYARD—I am sure that I have said nothing....

CLARK—It isn't what you have said, my young man, but rather what you have adroitly avoided saying.

HILLYARD—Well sir, those are very ingenious inferences, but I don't see how they can help you very much.

CLARK—They can clear the whole mystery in about three minutes. I did not intend that this interview should develop just as it has done, and as matters stand now, it is obvious that there was no need of its doing so. I might have known, for that matter, that no Ashfield Epps would lie. It is to your credit, perhaps, that you so dexterously evaded my more or less leading questions. It is apparent, however, that if I should press the matter with direct interrogations, you would be bound to tell me truthfully the facts of this incident.

HILLYARD—Well, naturally sir, I am no liar.

CLARK—Naturally sir, you are not. And just as naturally, neither is your cousin. I prefer not to hear any more about this from you. When your cousin comes in, I shall ask him explicitly whether he is or not the guilty person, and he will tell me.

HILLYARD—But Colonel....

CLARK—No more now, if you please. Believe me sir, I am getting no happiness out of this development. Your aunt is coming up the path; will you kindly stay her interview, and then continue within call until this matter is cleared up. There was nothing at Antietam as formidable as a woman's tears.

(Knock.)

Come in. (Enter Mrs. Epps and Kate.)

MRS. EPPS—Oh Colonel Clark....

CLARK—Yes, my dear Mrs. Epps. Your nephew, Mrs. Epps.

MRS. EPPS—Good morning, Hillyard.

HILLYARD—Good morning, Aunt Augusta.

MRS. EPPS—Colonel Clark, what does it all mean?

CLARK—It means, pardon my frank speech, that your son has been drinking.

MRS. EPPS—Yes, yes, I know. But what will happen to him?

CLARK—As far as his drinking goes, probably nothing more than a disagreeable headache this morning, supplemented by about ten minutes of very red hot shot from his superior officer.

MRS. EPPS—Red hot shot?

CLARK—Words, madam, charged with the powder of moral indignation.

MRS. EPPS—Then he won't be expelled from college? His life won't be blasted?

CLARK—The two are not synonymous, madam. However, as I implied before, as far as this episode is concerned, he probably will not be expelled from college.

MRS. EPPS—Oh Colonel, you don't know....

CLARK—Wait, madam.

MRS. EPPS—Yes, sir?

CLARK—We might as well face the facts early as late.

MRS. EPPS—Yes....yes, sir.

CLARK—There is another charge against your son.

HILLYARD—Colonel Clark, you have no proof of that.

CLARK—I shall have the boy's admission within a very few minutes, sir.

MRS. EPPS—What is the charge, sir?

CLARK—The charge is petty larceny.

MRS. EPPS—Larceny, sir?

CLARK—Theft.

MRS. EPPS—Oh....oh Kate.

CLARK—And what action the faculty will take in this instance I do not know.

KATE—Colonel Clark, John Epps is no thief. I don't believe a word you say. I tell you, sir, there is some horrible mistake.

CLARK—My dear young lady, I hope that there is.

KATE—I know that there is.

CLARK—Yes, of course, of course. And now Mrs. Epps, as your nephew remarked a little while back, nothing is yet proved or admitted. I have been simply, rather heartlessly perhaps, preparing you for what I foresee ahead. There may be extenuating circumstances; of course we all pray that there are. Besides, your son is an Epps. He will give a frank account of the whole thing. If it proves to merely a boyish prank, or a speedily repented impulse, I shall be inclined to recommend clemency. Meanwhile allow me to take you up to my house; and we will let you know immediately when anything develops.

MRS. EPPS—Oh Colonel Clark, a mother's prayers....

CLARK—Yes, Mrs. Epps, I know all about them. Come, let us go.

(Exeunt; the young people remain behind.)

KATE—Hillyard, what are you doing here?

HILLYARD—I came at Colonel Clark's request.

KATE—You have done something underhandedly.

HILLYARD—My dear Kate, I give you my word of honor that I have done nothing underhandedly.

KATE—What have you been telling the Colonel in this room?

HILLYARD—To the best of my knowledge, I have told him absolutely nothing.

KATE—Then what does it all mean?

HILLYARD—It means that last night's episode....

KATE—Oh Hillyard, don't!

HILLYARD—....has suggested something to the Colonel as to the authorship of a rather inconsequential stealing some time ago. As I said while he was here, he has no proof.

KATE—But can he get any proof?

HILLYARD—I think that John's statement will close the case.

KATE—Oh, thank heaven for that.

HILLYARD—....Kate.

KATE—Yes, Hillyard.

HILLYARD—I don't suppose you would like to drive down to the regatta with me this afternoon?

KATE—I don't think so, Hillyard.

HILLYARD—It would make me very happy, Kate.

KATE—We will wait and see how this....this mess comes out.

HILLYARD—You will tell me then?

KATE—Ye..es, I will tell you then. Come we must not stay here. There is the Colonel coming back already.

HILLYARD—He drives like the very devil.

(They are accosted by Clark in the doorway.)

CLARK—Take the rig if you care to, Mr. Epps. You know where I live?

HILLYARD—Yes sir, but I think we prefer to walk.

CLARK—Very well. But come back to the office presently.

HILLYARD—Yes sir. (Exeunt.)

(Clark has finally seated himself at his desk when Goodell enters.)

GOODELL—Good morning, Mr. President.

CLARK—Good morning, Goodell. (He pronounces it Gúdel.) Have a chair.

GOODELL—Well this is a richly glorious day for M. A. C.

CLARK—It isn't over yet.

GOODELL—Oh, the boat race!

CLARK—I had forgotten all about the boat race.

GOODELL—What's that?

CLARK—Nothing. Go ahead.

Goodell—My thought, Mr. President, was of the second of October, 1867, the day this college first opened. As you may recall, we drove over to this very building to set the entrance examinations, together. I shall never forget a remark which you made to me that morning. It was this: "I do not know", you said, "of a single man who is coming to-day, but I believe the heart of the old Bay State will beat true to the opportunity presented to it." Mr. President, I wish to congratulate you upon this, your first commencement. Your faith has been most abundantly justified.

Clark—Thank you Goodell, thank you. Yes what you say is true. We have been having some rough sledding, you and I and the others. But our college has come, and you and I know that it has come to stay. Ah, here are Goessmann and Stockbridge. Come in, come in gentlemen.

(They enter; greetings all around.)

Well Goessmann, how are your sugar beets progressing? Are we going to have something to send over to those fellows at Göttingen in a year or so?

Goessmann—Na yes, Mr. President, I tink so.

Clark—Good enough. Nice day for your business, Stockbridge.

Stockbridge—Well sir, it will cure hay.

Clark—How are you going to run your farm now that the boys are leaving?

Stockbridge—I was thinking of putting Goodell here into the cow barns. And maybe big Goessmann could pull turnips in the corn.

Clark—Ha! Did you ever eat any Indian turnip root, Goessmann?

Goessmann—No, not to my recollection.

Clark—You wouldn't eat it any other way. Now it would be just like this fellow Stockbridge to bring you in a nicely peeled little bulb to sample. I'd do it myself, if you weren't such an irascible and indispensable old scientist. Yes Stockbridge, I

have been just mean enough to play that despicable trick two or three times in my career.

GOESSMANN—Mr. President, do you remember once about the skunk?

CLARK—Ha, ha, ha! Did I ever tell you about that, Goodell? Didn't I? You either Stockbridge? Really? Well what do you know about that? Let's see, it's vacation, isn't it?

GOODELL—Pray tell it, sir.

CLARK—Well, just briefly. It was when I was over in Germany. There was, as it happened, a very stolid and scholarly young instructor who was always poking his investigatorial nose into out-of-the-way corners, so to speak. So I asked him one day if he had ever analyzed the protective fluid of the skunk. He said that he never had; in fact that he knew nothing at all about it. Was inclined to be incredulous as to the little animal's security as explained. He was very eager to examine some of it. So I sent over to this country, and some friends emptied the perineal glands of a defunct mephitis and sent the secretion over to me. I gave it to the young doctor at the beginning of a lecture period. He was instantly and scientifically alert. He exhibited the vial to the class and discussed at length the properties of its contents. At last he announced that he was ready to open the vial and prepare for the analysis.

GOODELL—Well, what then?

CLARK—After he had got that seal off, it wasn't thirty seconds before the laboratory was absolutely empty. And let me add that the young doctor had a head-start and made the most of it.

GOESSMANN—That was one very fine story.

CLARK—Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to trouble you this fine morning. By the way, Goodell, I am driving down to Ingleside with my boy after dinner; won't you come along with us?

GOODELL—Very gladly, sir.

CLARK—I'll call for you at South College. . . . And now gentlemen, the point is this. I have run into a rather dirty matter involving one of the freshmen, and I want your advice.

GOESSMANN—Who is the young man?

CLARK—Young Epps. I'm all cut up about it. I knew his mother as a girl; went to school with her. Fine family! Well, the situation is this. Last evening I ran across Mrs. Epps by the Botanic Walk, looking for her son's room. I took her over to it, and while I was still there, the boy appears on the scene—drunk.

GOODELL—Mr. President, you amaze me.

GOESSMANN—He was one fine boy; I should not have thought that he would have drunk too much.

STOCKBRIDGE—After all, Mr. President, this isn't wholly without precedent. The boy ought to be made to realize that there is a whip in the buggy, against another such caper you understand.

CLARK—Ah, gentlemen, but that isn't the whole of it. You all recall the incident of President Stearns' losing his portfolio.

GOESSMANN—Na yes, that was once a very strange affair, ish not.

CLARK—Last evening's episode caused me to suspect young Epps of that mischief, too. I have talked this morning with his cousin, a senior at the other college with whom John Epps has associated more or less. The cousin clearly knew a good deal about that affair, and as clearly was anxious to shield the culprit. The known facts of the case and the whole manner of this cousin point to only one conclusion.

GOODELL—That John Epps took the portfolio?

CLARK—Precisely.

STOCKBRIDGE—But did the cousin tell you anything to that effect?

CLARK—Not in so many words. I preferred to have it from the boy himself. But there is no shadow of doubt in my mind. My whole concern now is how the boy will conduct himself when confronted with the accusation.

GOODELL—Well, what can we do about it? Do you want us to sit in on the interview?

CLARK—No, not that. I should, however, like to know what you would recommend in case the boy admits that he took the

Professors Goodell, Stockbridge and Goessmann
At the Stockbridge House

portfolio. Consider the penalty in the light of that offense plus his misconduct last night.

STOCKBRIDGE—Mr. President, wouldn't it make some difference what he did with the portfolio afterwards? It was found the next morning I believe.

CLARK—I cannot believe that the boy was downright vicious in the matter. He may have become frightened or remorseful you know. It is inconceivable that he simply lost it. Assume for the time being some such extenuating circumstance.

GOODELL—Expulsion?

GOESSMANN—No, no! Dat was once a boyish trick, ish no?

GOODELL—Thank you, Goessmann, I was counting on you for that.

STOCKBRIDGE—Mr. President,—restrictive probation running through next year. Shorten his tether a bit, and watch him.

CLARK—Is that the judgment of all of you?

(All indicate approval.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Now suppose that the boy denies everything.

CLARK—He won't, Stockbridge.

STOCKBRIDGE—He might.

CLARK—No sir. I know him too well for that. He won't deny it.

GOODELL—But Mr. President, if he should, could the guilt be proved against him?

CLARK—Undoubtedly.

GOODELL—*Then* what should be the penalty?

CLARK—What? Drunkenness, theft, falsehood? Immediate expulsion of course.

STOCKBRIDGE—Agreed.

CLARK—Ah, but it isn't as bad as that, not as bad as that. Though, my friends, you have no idea how this troubles me. Come let's adjourn.

GOODELL—Here's your boy right now.

CLARK—Yes, I expected him. The interview will be brief. If you care to take a look at my squashes, I can let you know about it before you leave.

Goodell—We will be about the greenhouse for a few minutes, sir.

(Exeunt; and enter John Epps.)

Clark—Good morning, sir.

John—Good morning, President Clark.

Clark—Be seated, pray.

John—President Clark, you cannot add to my shame. I am heart-broken over what happened last night.

Clark—I am glad to hear it....Have you any explanations to make?

John—None, sir. I am wholly to blame.

Clark—You understand, of course, that it is not merely a personal or a family affair. The honor of our college was also at stake. It has been my proud and frequent boast that our men are not of the type that tear around nights, guzzling over a bar.

John—I understand, sir....As far as I am concerned, it shall never happen again....Is that all, sir?

Clark—Not quite. John Epps, you come of a family of honest men and women. Your word, too, I suppose, is absolutely dependable?

John—Of course it is, sir.

Clark—Yes. Now I want you to tell me what you know about the disappearance of President Stearns' portfolio.

John—I know nothing about it.

Clark—Nothing?

John—Nothing, sir—absolutely nothing.

Clark—What? Then I am to understand, of course, that you yourself had nothing whatsoever to do with it?

John—No sir, I did not.

Clark—There is something strange about this. Wait a moment.

(Exit.)

Oh, Stockbridge, Goodell—will you three step into the office.

(They soon appear.)

(A little later Clark re-enters with Hillyard; general confusion incident to sitting.)

Be seated, gentlemen. There seem to be some unforeseen difficulties in connection with what we were speaking of a little while ago. This is Mr. Hillyard Epps, Amherst College, '71. These young men are cousins and both from Ashfield. Now Mr. Epps, it seems to be necessary after all for you to tell us what you know about the disappearance of President Stearns' portfolio. I might say, gentlemen, that I do not know what Mr. Epps may be able to reveal, but that he has given me perfect assurance that he is a man of his word. Whatever he says we may depend upon.

HILLYARD—Colonel Clark, may I inquire....

CLARK—No. I think the less preliminaries there are to this statement, the better it will be for all concerned.

HILLYARD—Would it be permissible for me to talk with you alone?

CLARK—The time for that, too, has passed. Proceed.

HILLYARD—This is a very unpleasant piece of business, sir.

CLARK—Naturally,—and equally so for all of us. Proceed.

HILLYARD—Well sir. My knowledge of the matter is this. Upon the evening in question my cousin had been my guest at the other campus. We had spent a rather gay evening, my roommate, he and I. In fact I must confess, I fear, that we had been drinking a bit, and we were a trifle boisterous when we broke up the party. My roommate and I accompanied my cousin as far as the crest of the campus hill.

GOODELL—Was it necessary, sir?

HILLYARD—Not at all. He could travel all right. However we paused a bit and watched him out of sight. There was a bright moon, you see. We saw President Stearns and Professor Tyler standing by the common fence. As he approached them, John paused. Then as he drew nearer we thought we saw him pick something from the fence. He hurried along, and we watched him until he had disappeared. Thereupon we returned to our room. That, sir, is all that I know of the affair.

GOODELL—You are sure you were in a condition to see straight at that time?

HILLYARD—Well sir, my roomate and I would not be likely to experience the identical illusion I should say.

CLARK—Are there any other questions? None? Well, John Epps, what have you to say?

JOHN—Why it's a.... President Clark, the story that you have just heard is made up, all of it, out of whole cloth. It is a malicious and an unvarnished lie.

HILLYARD—See here, John.

JOHN—By thunder Hill....

CLARK—Wait young men. Keep your hands down I say.

JOHN—This is no time for courtesies, sir.

CLARK—Goodell—Stockbridge—if you please....

JOHN—Well....President Clark, do you mean to say that you would throw out the sworn statement of one of your own men and take the word instead of a damned intriguer from that other college?

HILLYARD—Take that back, John.

JOHN—Never! I will never take it back. And by heaven, I see through it now. I understand at last.

HILLYARD—What do you understand?

JOHN—It's all your damned jealousy, that's what it is. You knew that Kate was coming down here last night. You took me out and got me drunk in order to bring me back to make a rotten spectacle of myself before her.

HILLYARD—John!

JOHN—Yes, and then you trumped up this miserable lie about that portfolio to complete the whole dirty business. You knew blamed well that she would never marry you unless....By heaven, I'd like to kill you.

HILLYARD—John! Listen to me.

JOHN—Well?

HILLYARD—There isn't a syllable of truth in what you say. I can prove it.

JOHN—You'll have to. I may be down and out right now, but I'll tell you one thing, Hillyard Epps. It's up to you, by God....It's up to you.

Curtain

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE

Meanwhile at sunny Ingleside,
With oars that dip and strain,
The boats, like water insects, glide
Along the river main;
And watchers, tense and eager-eyed,
Guess which is which—in vain.

But on they come in close array,
And loud becomes the din;
With even stroke and flecks of spray
The shells come sweeping in.
Good Fortune, row with us to-day,
And grant our boys may win!

SCENE: same as for Act 2. Evening again. John is sitting at his desk in his shirt-sleeves, trying to write. Three times he crumples the sheet, the last time with the expletive "Damn". A considerable pause before he speaks.

JOHN—"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow"..... "Oh I am fortune's fool!".....

(Knock.)

Come in.

(Enter Joey.)

Hello, Joey.

JOEY—Hello, John.

JOHN—Have a chair, old fellow.

JOEY—You don't act very chipper, it seems to me.

JOHN—I'm afraid I don't Joey....It looks like a hard winter ahead for me.

JOEY—Huh....You mean last night?

JOHN—Mostly.

JOEY—Shucks, my dad never made no bones about getting drunk. That ain't nothing much.

JOHN—It depends on what's expected of you, old fellow.

JOEY—Well, maybe that's so. Guess nobody ever expected much from dad....I don't reckon I'd let it knock me out though.

JOHN—Joey, come over here.

JOEY—Yep, John.

JOHN—Joey, did you ever drink any liquor?

JOEY—Nope, not yet.

JOHN—Then don't you ever do it. I want you to promise me that you never will. And I will promise you, in exchange, that I will never touch the cursed stuff again—as long as I live. It will be just a little bargain between us....It's raised one merry havoc with my life, and it knocked out your father too, and Joey, if you and I are ever to amount to a hill of beans in this world, we've got to keep ourselves clean of it, understand?

JOEY—I reckon I do.

JOHN—Then shake with me on it. It's a secret too; we'll just keep this between us, a kind of trust, so that we shall go straight, always. You understand what I mean? Not one drop. Not one drop, ever.

JOEY—Not one drop, John.

JOHN—All right, Joey.

JOEY—All right, John.

(Then striking an attitude and exuberantly—)
"Union and liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

JOHN—By George, Joey, that's just what it means, too. Union and liberty for both of us....Well, I feel a little better.

JOEY—(after a long pause)—Wonder how the race came out.

JOHN—I wonder too.

JOEY—Must be all over now?

JOHN—Oh yes, long ago. It was to start at seven o'clock.

JOEY—How far did they race?

JOHN—Three miles.

JOEY—How long would it take them, do you think?

JOHN—Not over eighteen minutes.

JOEY—Whew! Six men?

JOHN—Six men....Do you know, Joey, when Josh Ward told me that I couldn't row in that race, I actually thought that nothing worse could ever happen to me in this life.

JOEY—Well, there couldn't *much*, could there?

JOHN—Joey, they've proved me a drunkard, and a thief, and a liar. They have expelled me from M. A. C. Colonel Clark despises me; my mother is heart-broken;....and what do you imagine Kate thinks of me now?

JOEY—Oh yes, that's what I came for.

JOHN—What do you mean?

JOEY—Kate, she sent me. She wanted to come over to see you for a minute maybe.

JOHN—Kate? Isn't Kate down at the regatta?

JOEY—Nope; she didn't go to the regatta.

JOHN—I thought she was going down with Hillyard.

JOEY—Nope; didn't neither one of them go. I don't believe that either of them wanted to, much.

JOHN—Joey, I can't see Kate.

JOEY—I don't see why you should mind, if she doesn't.

JOHN—That's true. I'll go to her; where is she?

JOEY—She doesn't want you over there, with all those folks around. She wants to see you private, I reckon. I'll go get her.

JOHN—All right, Joey. I'm here.

(Exit Joey.)

(John is putting on his coat when Dick enters.)

DICK—Heard anything about the race?

JOHN—Not a peep. You?

DICK—No. Quite a crowd collecting outside. Even Gursie and Prof Stock are hanging around waiting for news.

JOHN—Confound it Dick, there wasn't any sense in you fellows staying away from that race to-day.

DICK—We hadn't any business going, anyway, roughing it the way we should have had to. But old man, if you had been rowing, we should have been there just the same.

JOHN—Oh Dick, I have certainly made a mess of everything, haven't I?

DICK—Well, I don't know all the facts of the case, but I don't believe things are as bad as you think they are.

JOHN—They are, though. And a great deal worse.

DICK—It looks to me as though that cousin of yours played you dirty.

JOHN—That's what I thought too....But I can't seem to think quite straight on the whole business. I've tramped all over Shutesbury Hill this afternoon trying to see the thing as it is, and trying to make up my mind what to do. It's just possible, you know Dick, it's just possible Hill's statement may have been true.

DICK—What in the world do you mean?

JOHN—I had been drinking that night, too, as you may recall —oh what a beast I am anyway? It's funny, but I can't seem to

handle as much booze as the other fellows. I get silly while they are hardly warmed up.

Dick—You haven't been overboard more than three or four times the whole year, John.

John—But I've been overboard every time I drank at all, I reckon. And that night! I don't remember very much about it, to tell the truth. I've tried and tried to think just what I did. Coming home, you know! Dick, I can't remember. I can't remember. I seem to have been gloriously hilarious, coming down the street. I may have taken that damned portfolio after all. I'd give a hundred dollars if I knew.

Dick—There, what did I tell you! That puts an entirely different complexion on the whole business. You simply picked it up for a joke, and then threw it away after a little, and then quite naturally forgot all about it. Nothing was ever said to you about it, was there?

John—No, not until last night. Hill mentioned it in the room here, you may remember. I hadn't heard anything about it, and I never gave it a thought until Prexy sprung it on me over in the office this morning.

Dick—Fine! That explains everything. I will....

John—No it doesn't, either. Not by a long shot! That assumes that Hill was honest in everything he said. Well of course he may have been, but between you and me, Dick, I don't believe it; I don't believe it. I haven't talked very much about my private affairs, even to you Dick. It just isn't my way, you know. But there was a good deal at stake between Hill and me; and that good deal was—Kate. I didn't know that Kate and mother were coming down yesterday; but he must have known; she may have told him about it in a letter; and then with his diabolical cunning he planned the whole beastly business of last night. And as for that other matter! I tell you Dick, I have thought this thing through until my head is ready to crack. I may have taken that portfolio. But—he may have taken it, either he or that roommate of his. He found out last night that I didn't know anything about it; the roommate is graduated and gone Heaven

only knows where; so he just naturally takes advantage of Prexy's suspicion to throw the whole thing over on me. And if I knew that....

DICK—Hush, there is some one outside.

JOHN—That's Kate. You get out, and take the boy with you, Dick. I'm going through the valley now all right.

(Enter Kate and Joey.)

KATE—John!

JOHN—Yes, Kate. Dick, do you suppose there is any news?

DICK—I'll see, John. Come on, bub.

(Exeunt.)

KATE—I have been looking for you all the afternoon.

JOHN—I've been out taking the air, somewhere. I think it was in Shutesbury. I thought you were going to Ingleside.

KATE—Oh John, how could I?

JOHN—Kate, the sooner you bury this whole matter, and me with it, and forget, the better it will be for all concerned. It would have been easier, already, if you had gone to the regatta with Hill. Whatever may sometime be discovered about that portfolio, last night still stands.

KATE—John, do you think that Hillyard lied about the portfolio?

JOHN—What else can I think?

KATE—But John—this is what I have wanted to say—if I can....

JOHN—It's all right, Kate, anyway; tell me.

KATE—Well, you see John....you didn't seem to know very much what was happening....last night....when you came in.

JOHN—Yes; go on, Kate.

KATE—I wondered....How much did you know that other night?

JOHN—Ah, that's the eternal hell of it. I don't know, Kate. I didn't know.

KATE—But that would make a difference, wouldn't it John? I mean with the Colonel? With every one?

JOHN—Kate, do you think that Hillyard told the truth this morning?

KATE—Yes John, I think he did. He's all cut up about the whole thing, John. You know he didn't say anything more to me about the boat race, nothing after this morning. I don't think that he wanted to go there either.

JOHN—Kate, did you write to Hillyard that you and mother were coming down to surprise me yesterday?

KATE—No John, not a word.

JOHN—Could he have heard about it from Uncle Henry or in any other way?

KATE—Why, no. We didn't know about it ourselves until yesterday morning. It was Joey's idea. We didn't plan it at all; we just started.

JOHN—He couldn't have known.

KATE—No, John, he couldn't have known.

JOHN—Well, I guess that makes a good deal of a cad out of me....It looks as though I owe Hill an apology. You say he didn't go to Ingleside?

KATE—No, he's over at the boarding-house with Auntie.

JOHN—(at window)—Joey.

JOEY—Yep.

JOHN—Joey, run over and fetch Hillyard and my mother, will you. And make steps.

JOEY—Yep, I will.

JOHN—Drunkard, thief, liar—that is certainly a fine record for the son of Arthur Epps.

(Sounds of excitement and galloping hoofs in the distance, growing constantly nearer and louder, until at last the mighty voice of President Clark shouting to the bent of his lungs, "We've won! We've won!")

That's wonderful.

(Confusion continues, reaching into the hall; then Dick's voice—)

DICK—Come in this way, sir.

(Enter Clark, Dick, and presently Goodell.)
Oh, excuse me, John.

Clark—That you, Epps?

Dick—President Clark asked for a drink of water; so I brought him right in. (John exits and returns with dipper.)

(Meanwhile—)

Clark—Just a sip, just a sip. I have been shouting the good new all the way through town. We have been driving furiously. Passed everything we saw this side of Ingleside, didn't we Goodell?

Goodell—Mr. President, you were never more magnificently reckless.

Clark—Ah, thank you Mr. Epps, thank you.

John—It's not very good, I'm afraid.

Clark—Delicious, actually delicious. Here Goodell, have some. (to Dick) I saw Professor Goessmann and Professor Stockbridge outside I think; won't you ask them to step in for a moment.

Dick—I will, sir. (Exit.)

Clark—Epps, drop into the office for a minute before you leave town to-morrow.

John—Yes sir.

Clark—Ah, what a day it has been! Want Ward on the faculty, Goodell?

Goodell—Mr. President, the time will soon come when we shall want Ward, or a man like him, on the faculty.

Clark—Right you are, right you are. Ah, here they come.

(Enter Dick, Goessmann, Stockbridge, Patsy, Hank.)

Stockbridge—We are delighted, Mr. President.

Clark—Stockbridge, to-morrow all over the country people will be reading about M. A. C. Let me tell you about it.

(Enter Hillyard, Mrs. Epps, Joey.)
Madam, sit here. . . . We left Atherton out with the horses?

Goodell—Yes sir.

Clark—They're spent anyway. . . . Ah Goessmann you should have been there. The wind had died down. The water was as smooth as a mirror. Great fretted rifts of sunshine played over

the shaggy sides of Mount Tom. The shores were packed with people, yes gentlemen, literally packed. Chicopee Bridge appeared as though a gigantic swarm of bees had settled there. Special trains were running back and forth from Springfield. There were any number of omnibuses with students from Brown. Harvard men, too, were everywhere. And everywhere our own boys, wearing their maroon and white—no more changing of our colors now, young men. I shouldn't dare to guess how many thousand spectators there were to see that race. Goodell and I found a place on the heights near the finish. There were all kinds of cheap talk, and a good many greenbacks in evidence. Men were betting on the outcome between Harvard and Brown; nobody seemed to give our crew a thought. The sunset was just beginning to color the west, when we heard a shot and knew that the race was on. It seemed years before the first tiny dot came into sight around the bend. We hadn't the least idea which boat it was. Every one said Harvard's; but no one knew. As a matter of fact, gentlemen, that leading boat was the one from M. A. C.

Dick—Hurrah!

Clark—Yes, but we didn't know it though. Then the second boat appeared; and then the third. Jove, how we watched them! Along the shores rolled in a muffled cheering, as the boats swept forward and the unexpected word was passed along the line. The first boat was gaining all the time; the second was pulling away from the third. It flashed through my mind that that third boat might be ours, and my heart sank; and just then I heard some one shout, "By Jingo, it's Leonard—see the sun on his glasses." And then some one else, "Why, it's the damned farmers". I jumped to my feet and threw my hat in the air; at least that's what Goodell says. Josh Ward was yelling exultantly out to the crew, "Sock it to her, Georgie; sock it to her". And there came our beautiful boat, fairly leaping through the water, and finally streaking over the line a dozen good lengths in the lead.

(A general buzz.)

Joey—Gee, I'll bet Daniel Webster couldn't have told it like that. "Union and liberty"....

MRS. EPPS—Joey, Joey; you mustn't be disrespectful.

(Everyone shaking hands with someone else.)

JOHN—Hillyard.

HILLYARD—Yes, John.

JOHN—Right now, before any one goes away, I want to say just a word....Hillyard, I apologize to you for what I said this morning.

CLARK—Eh? What's that?

JOHN—I have come to believe, sir, that I was guilty of hasty and unjust conclusions.

CLARK—Then your cousin's account of the portfolio was true.

JOHN—That, sir, I do not know. Unfortunately, however, I do not know that it wasn't. I am afraid that I was hardly responsible at the time the portfolio disappeared. The whole story was a complete surprise to me this morning, and I denied it flatly. I have come to realize now that I was not in a position either to deny or to plead guilty. My mind is a total blank regarding what happened on my way home from Amherst that night. My cousin's account is doubtless correct. And as for the second thing I charged him with, I find that I was utterly in the wrong. In my anger I jumped to a conclusion which was wholly unwarranted by the facts. Hillyard, forgive me.

HILLYARD—The affair is closed, John.

CLARK—But is this credible, Mr. Epps?

HILLYARD—Certainly. I must confess that I wasn't quite generous as a witness. John had drunk no more than we had that night; but it affects him more quickly. It had occurred to me before now that he might not have known what he was doing when he snatched President Stearns' parcel.

CLARK—Indeed, indeed. John Epps, do you give me your word of honor that this statement you have made is true?

JOHN—Sir, I do.

CLARK—And I believe you, implicitly. Professor Goessmann, hadn't we better reconsider that sentence of expulsion?

GOESSMANN—Na yes, I tink so. But young man, hereafter you had better be more careful what you drink.

JOHN—It has come hard, sir, but I have learned my lesson. Believe me, everyone, I will never touch another drop as long as I live.

HILLYARD—Nor I either, John, and here's my hand on it. We have made a frightful mess of this whole affair, and in a final analysis I am afraid that it is really I who am to blame.

GOESSMANN—Ah, and the young lady? Is this the young lady we heard spoken of?

JOHN—Yes, Professor, it is she.

GOESSMANN—Yes. Well, my Fraulein, with both of these young lovers reformed, which will it be?

KATE—Well, neither one, I guess....

GOESSMANN—Eh?

KATE—(with a glance at John)....just yet.

(The sound of a bell is heard.)

MRS. EPPS—Oh Colonel, is it fire?

CLARK—No, madam, it is our chapel bell. It rings for victory.

Curtain

George W. Edman, Manager

Carl M. Bögholt, President

THE ROISTER DOISTERS

Prior to January 1910 dramatic productions at Massachusetts Agricultural College were simply class affairs. In the spring of 1910, however, a constitution was drawn up for a club organized under the name of The Massachusetts Agricultural College Dramatic Society. The following year a three-act farcical comedy, *The Private Secretary*, was presented, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mills, in Amherst, Montague and Ware.

In 1912 the name Roister Doisters, taken from the title of the first English comedy, was adopted. This season, under the leadership of George Zabriskie, 2nd, '13, the club presented *What Happened to Jones*, giving eight performances and taking the play on tour into New York and New Jersey. The following season saw the production of a farce, entitled *The New Boy*.

The season of 1913-14 brought about the undertaking of two plays so successfully that the double bill has since become a custom. These plays were *Mr. Kelley from Kalamazoo* and Shakespere's *Comedy of Errors*, the latter being coached by Professor Smith of the Department of Language and Literature.

In 1914-15 the society reached the stage of its greatest activity before the war. Besides presenting *Her Husband's Wife*, it successfully staged and took to Northampton a musical comedy written largely by Frank Anderson '16 and S. M. Massie and Hyde Smith, '15, and managed by James Nicholson, '16. It was entitled *Pluto's Daughter*. This was a notable production in itself, and especially as the only one originating in the society. Mr. Nicholson's management extended over the following season and two good plays were well presented: *Under Cover* at prom time and *A Full House* at commencement. It was this year that the Roister Doisters came under the supervision of the newly created Non-Athletic Activities Board.

The program for 1916-17 was cut short by our declaration of war, and the only play that season was *The Arrival of Kitty*. The spring of 1919, however, found the club re-established, and the program for that year was *Officer 666* and *Are You a Mason?*

In 1920, under the leadership of Charles M. Boardman, '20, and Jonathan H. Smith, '21, the society gave the prom guests a very clever performance of *Nothing but the Truth*. At commencement it presented Augustus Thomas' well-known play, *The Witching Hour*. The outstanding feature of this season was the introduction, in the instance of the commencement play, of girls into the cast, thus making possible for the first time the production of something better than farce.

It was about this time that the society became an advocate of "the best in drama", and that spirit has been evident throughout the current year. The production of *A School for Scandal*, that fine old classic by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, received some very gratifying compliments from discriminating critics and set a standard of which the undergraduate society is very proud.

In looking back over a decade of growth the Roister Doisters on this, their tenth anniversary, take a pardonable pride in their record. They have become one of the most popular activities on the campus as is evidenced by the keen competition at try-outs. They are self-supporting, as is shown by the popularity of their productions and by a substantial balance in their treasury. Through their newspaper publicity they have become a decided factor in advertising the college. But best of all, in achieving these things, they are doing a cultural work worth while.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

FRIDAY, JUNE 10—CITIZENS' DAY

10:00 Faculty-Senior Baseball Game, Alumni Field.
1:00 Luncheon for invited guests, Dining Hall.
3:00 Addresses by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, Governor Cox and Commissioner of Agriculture Gilbert, Auditorium Tent.
6:45 Interclass Sing, Stockbridge Hall.
8:00 Dramatics, *John Epps*, Bowker Auditorium.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11—ALUMNI DAY

9:00 Address by President Butterfield, Memorial Hall.
9:30 Alumni Meeting, Memorial Hall.
1:00 Alumni Dinner, Auditorium Tent.
3:00 Alumni Parade.
4:00 Amherst-Aggie Baseball Game, Alumni Field.
7:00 Band Concert, South College Green.
9:00 Fraternity Reunions.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12—DEDICATION DAY

10:30 Baccalaureate Address by President Butterfield, Auditorium Tent.
3:00 Dedication of Memorial Hall, Memorial Hall.
6:00 President's Reception, Rhododendron Garden.

MONDAY, JUNE 13—ANNIVERSARY DAY

8:30 Alumni Campus-Activity Leaders' Breakfasts, Dining Hall.
9:00 Cavalry Drill.
10:30 Class Day Exercises, Senior Fence.
1:30 Junior Frolic.
2:30 Anniversary Meeting, Auditorium Tent.
4:30 Sophomore-Freshman Baseball Game, Alumni Field.
8:00 Dramatics, Second Performance of *John Epps*, Bowker Auditorium.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14—COMMENCEMENT DAY

10:30 Commencement Exercises, followed by President's Reception to the Seniors and their Guests, Auditorium Tent.
8:00 Sophomore-Senior Hop, Memorial Hall.