



A KNIGHT OF LABOR;

OR,

THE MASTER WORKMAN'S VOW

A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMA, DEPICTING STIRRING
INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE GREAT
QUESTION OF LABOR AND
CAPITAL,

IN FOUR ACTS,

BY

F. PIERCE HUMMEL,

OF

READING, PA.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1888.



A KNIGHT OF LABOR;

OR,

THE MASTER WORKMAN'S VOW

A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMA, DEPICTING STIRRING
INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE GREAT
QUESTION OF LABOR AND
CAPITAL,

IN FOUR ACTS,

BY

F. PIERCE HUMMEL,

OF

READING, PA.



Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1888.

Reading Pa.
E. S. ... 1888

PG 635
.Z9 H925

Characters.

REESE WATKINS, The Master Workman.
TOM WILBUR, his Faithful Friend and Brother Knight.
JACK DABBLE, alias "Facility Jack," a Traitor.
ACTING MASTER WORKMAN.
SECRETARY.
BASIL BRANDON, a rich Mill-Owner's son.
JIMMY ISAACS, alias "Jimmy the Rat," the Hebrew Friend.
SAM LAMBERT, a Newsboy; the Faithful little Friend
POLICE SERGEANT, Mc GONNIGLE, a Model Officer.
MR. CORLISS, a Modern Debaucher.
ZEB GRINNELL, a Thieving Hotel Porter.
LAWYER PINCHER, Counsel for the Prosecution.
LAWYER BROWN, Counsel for the Defence.
JUDGE OF COURT.
WARDEN.
MRS. WATKINS, the Master Workman's Wife.
RUTH WATKINS, their Daughter.
MOTHER GRINNELL, an Old Hag.

Knights of Labor, Officers, Citizens, &c. &c.

COSTUMES, MODERN.

A KNIGHT OF LABOR;

—OR,—

The Master Workman's Vow.

ACT I.

SCENE 1ST.—*The Master Workman's Home at Throckton. Set house R. River backing. Stage a little dark. [Soft music at rise of curtain which continues until dialogue.]*

Enter SAM LAMBERT, L. U. E., fish rod on back. Goes off R. U. E. whistling.

Enter BASIL BRANDON and RUTH WATKINS, R. U. E., in boat. Basil at oars, Ruth at helm, slightly veiled.

BASIL. 'Tis sweet to row when love sits at the helm.

SAM. [*At R. U. E., unseen.*] Hi! Look out there! You are on the rocks! [*BASIL and RUTH startled, stop.*]

BASIL. Hang the luck! I wonder if that imp recognized us? I would rather than a thousand dollars that he had not seen us. We shall be the talk of Throckton before mid-night.

RUTH. He certainly did not recognize us in the gloom, Basil, and even if he saw your face; he did not see mine.

BASIL. Let us hope so.

RUTH. But what have we to fear if all the world saw us together? Have we not sworn to be all in all to each other?

BASIL. Very true, Ruth. We have nothing to fear, and we fear no one; but prudence dictates that I must not anger my father, or he would cut me off without a dollar.

RUTH. And even if he should, Basil, our love for each other would more than compensate for the loss.

BASIL. Ah, I know your love would compensate for a great deal, my own Ruth; but I believe it is best to be cautious. Love in a cottage is delightful, no doubt; but a little money thrown in should not lessen the ardor of love, or detract from the attractions of the cottage. If, by keeping our love a secret for a few

months, I can be admitted to a partnership in the Throckton Steel Works, and thus become independent, why not do so?

RUTH. And would it not be time enough for us to be married then?

BASIL. No, Ruth, my darling; I want you to be my little wife at once. My father is constantly urging my marriage with Edith Beaumont. She is rich and aristocratic, as you know, and it would please his pride to see our families united. Once married to you, all his pleadings on this point must fall on heedless ears. This is mainly why I am so anxious for our marriage now. I want to possess you. I cannot wait, and the thought that you might possibly become another's, makes me all the more anxious for the ceremony that shall make us one.

RUTH. And you think you can always love me like this, Basil, and have no regrets for preferring me to all the grand ladies of your acquaintance?

BASIL. [*Earnestly.*] For all time and eternity! [*Kissing her.*]

RUTH. Be it so, then. I'll go with you to the ends of the earth. [*They row off L. U. E., Music until off.*]

[*Enter MRS. WATKINS FROM HOUSE R.*]

MRS. WATKINS. [*Anxiously.*] Nearly mid night, and Ruth not yet returned. I fear something has happened to her. And her poor father! how his peace of mind will be disturbed when he misses her merry greeting. [*Sighs*] Oh, what shall I do? He'll soon return from his work and yet I dread to tell him [*Looks off L. U. E.*] Here he comes now. [*Music until dialogue.*]

[*Enter REESE WATKINS, L. U. E., in working clothes carrying dinner pail.*]

REESE. [*Greeting his wife pleasantly.*] Ah, wife, bless your dear heart; here you are to welcome me home once more from the long hours of honest toil. [*Kisses her and puts pail on small table on bench against house. Turns and notices his wife's down-cast look.*] Why, what's wrong, lass?

MRS. WATKINS. I'm only anxious for Ruth, Reese; she has not been home since night-fall, and I cannot think where she could have gone. I've been down to Sallie Upton's but she has not been there, and Sallie, who is most generally her companion, has not seen her. I fear something has befallen the child.

REESE. [*Eagerly.*] In Heaven's name what could have happened to her, Bess? Why did you not watch o'er her and see that she did not go out after dark? Eh, lass, this is a bitter blow. [*Old fashioned clock in WATKINS' house strikes 12*] Mid-night and Ruth away from home! 'Tis the first time, and I fear some-

thing awful must have happened. What shall I do? Where go to find her?

MRS. WATKINS. Patience, Reese, dear It may not be as bad as you think. Perhaps Ruth has been detained at some friend's house till morning.

REESE. Nonsense, Bess! What friend's house could she be detained at? It's the first time she's been away from home this late and believe me, wife, it means nothing good. It may mean death or disgrace.

MRS. WATKINS. Oh Reese, Reese, don't talk that way, you always think of the worst.

REESE. And you don't think at all, Bess. If you'd done a mother's duty the girl would now be home. A curse o'your easy-going, slipshod way! It has brought us misery, and made the gal an outcast or a corpse to-night. [MRS. WATKINS turns away weeping.]

[Enter POLICE SERGEANT, L. U. E.]

REESE. Sergeant, have you seen my Ruth?

SERG. Your Ruth?

REESE. Yes, my little gal. She went on some errand early in the evening for her mother, and she has not yet come back.

SERG. Do you suspect anything wrong?

REESE. [Impatiently.] I dont know; I dont know.

SERG. Oi'm sorry, Mr. Watkins; but Oi can't give you any information sorr. [Exit R. U. E.]

REESE. [Turning to his wife, sadly.] Poor Bess! [Goes and kisses her.] Forgive me, lass. I was to harsh with you, but then I felt provoked and bitter. But now go into the house and retire while I go in search of our child, for I shall not return until I find some trace of her. [Exit R. U. E. Music until next scene.]

MRS. WATKINS. [Looking after him.] And may Heaven aid you!

[Scene Closes.]

A supposed lapse of one day.

SCENE 2ND. A street in Throckton in 1st G. [Enter SAM LAMBERT R. 1 E., with bundle of newspapers under his arm, shouting. Several citizens enter L. 1 E. and go off R. 1 E.]

SAM. "Throckton Evening Journal!" All the latest news of the day.

[Enter POLICE SERGEANT L. 1 E.]

SERG. Here! Here! Don't be a' hollerin' as if you were troyin' to bust your lungs.

SAM. "Throckton Evening Journal!" All the latest news of the day. [*Offering paper.*]

SERG. No sorr! I niver rade the newspapers. [*Walks towards R. 1 E.*]

SAM. "Evening Journal!" Full account of the Police Sergeant who takes his toddy at the back door.

SERG. [*Turning quickly.*] Phwhat's that?

SAM. Not this Sergeant. Some other Sergeant. You're all-right.

SERG. Young man you're too smart. [*Exit R. 1 E*]

[*Enter REESE L. 1 E. looking dejected.*]

SAM. Mr. Watkins, did you find Ruth?

REESE. [*Walking past SAM without noticing him.*] Don't annoy me lad. I have not seen her.

SAM. But I saw her last night.

REESE. [*Turning to SAM, eagerly.*] Where lad? Where did you see my Ruth?

SAM. I saw her in a boat.

REESE. [*Startled.*] My Heaven! She must be drowned. Where was it Sam? Tell me lad, tell me quick! where did you see her?

[*Enter JACK DABBLE, cautiously L. 1 E. hiding behind wing L. listening.*]

SAM. You won't be mad if I tell you? I'm only a poor news-boy, Mr. Watkins, but I'm sorry for your trouble just as much as bigger folks, and I'm perticular sorry if anything has happened to poor Ruth.

REESE. No, I won't be mad, Sam; I'll be ever so grateful. But come tell me quick, and tell me all about it.

SAM. Well, sir, she was in a boat with Basil Brandon, and they rowed up the river. I was a fishin' down near the Witche's Landing, when who should I see start out, an' heading right agin' the current, but Basil and Ruth. He was pullin' the oars with all his might and would a struck agin' a rock but that I shouted out to warn him. He looked mad—an' I guess purty near swore—stopped a bit, then turned farther into the stream and made for the other side. Ruth's face was slightly covered with a veil, but I got a glimpse of her eyes and I'm sure it was her. I thought they were only goin' out for a short row, an' I havn't said a word to a livin' soul. I was away on the train all day and I didn't know you was a lookin' for Ruth until I came back this evening. [*This narrative causes REESE to shake with passion.*]

REESE. Sam, are you sure that what you tell me is the truth?

SAM. As sure as I 'live, Mr. Watkins, Don't I know Basil

Brandon, and doesn't he give me a quarter a piece for the papers and not ax any change? And more than that, don't I know Ruth who's been as kind to me as a sister ever since my poor mother died?

REESE. [*Vehemently.*] Then, by the Eternal, if Basil Brandon has disgraced her, he shall die! I'll make the pampered ruffian feel that he cannot trifle with the honor of a poor man's child; and were he twice as rich and proud, I'll kill him as I would a rat!

SAM. Oh, Mr Watkins!

REESE. [*Right hand raised, solemnly.*] I vow to Heaven I'll kill him if he has wronged her! [*Composing himself.*] Sam, you're a good boy. [*Patting him on the head.*] I have one request to make. Never mention a word about this thing. If you keep the secret, I sha'n't forget it. Meantime, I want you to keep your eyes and ears open, and help me all you can to find Ruth.

SAM. I'll do everything in my power, Mr. Watkins. Indeed, I'm real sorry that Ruth has run away from her home. [*Shakes hands with REESE and exits L. 1 E.*]

REESE. [*Impetuously.*] Can it be possible, my Ruth gone with that reprobate, Basil Brandon? Oh, Heaven what a horrible thought it is that gnaws my heart!

[*JACK advances and listens intently.*]

I'll go over to Brandon's now, and if the young dog is there, I'll kill him in his fathers house, and before his fathers eyes! [*Rushes off R. 1 E. Music until off.*]

[*Enter SAM L. 1 E. unseen by JACK, listening.*]

JACK. [*Looking after REESE.*] Ha! Ha! So much for the proud beauty! When I offered her my hand I was repulsed. Now she has eloped with Basil Brandon and her father vows that he'll kill him. Well, I shan't forget that, for some day it may be of some advantage to me. [*Turns to go off L. 1 E. notices SAM and is startled.*] You young rascal! Have you been standing here listening to me?

SAM. I just got here.

JACK. I say you have been standing here listening to me. [*Tries to choke him.*]

SAM. Let go, Jack! Help! Help! [*Soft music until dialogue.*]

[*Enter POLICE SERG. R. 1 E.*]

SERG. Here! Here! You lubberly cuss, let go o'that boy, or 'Oill schplit your schgull fer you.

JACK. [*Releasing SAM, aside.*] Curse that boy! He knows too much. [*Exit L. 1 E.*]

SAM. I'm much obliged to you Sergeant.

SERG. Oh, don't mention it. [*Both Exit L. 1 E. Music until next scene.*]

Scene Opens.

SCENE 3RD. *Mother Grinnell's Thieves Lodging House N. Y. Rough looking interior. ZEB GRINNELL discovered sleeping on old lounge L. Lights down. [Soft music until ZEB starts up, then chord]*

VISION SCENE. *When curtain rises, flats are open at back disclosing illuminated tableau, illustrating ZEB GRINNELL'S dream of his crime. Two apartments are shown on an elevation, in left one of which, RUTH is represented lying on couch asleep, her head towards R. facing audience. In right apartment BASIL is represented sleeping on easy chair facing L. ZEB GRINNELL is represented stealthily going up to BASIL from behind thrusting his hand into his inner vest pocket withdrawing a wallet therefrom. He next tries to take his watch and chain, but in doing so awakens BASIL who jumps up and they clinch. ZEB by a quick movement hits the latter over the head with a billy, when he falls prostrated. ZEB is awed for a moment, then opens window at back, picks up the body as if to throw it out through. Flats close. Lights up.*

NOTE.—*The vision scene can be dispensed with, it depending altogether upon the taste of the manager and the facilities for making it.*

ZEB. [*Jumping up from lounge in terrible alarm.*] Ah! what have I done? Keep back!

[*Enter MOTHER GRINNELL, R. U. E.*]

MOTHER G. What's the matter with you, boy?

ZEB. [*Recovering himself.*] Oh, mother, is it you? I've had a dream so horrible, that it makes me shudder to think of it.

MOTHER G. Ah, nonsense! You chicken-hearted booby! What's in a dream?

ZEB. Nothing, of course—unless it is a vision of truth.

MOTHER G. [*Surprised.*] Truth?

ZEB. Ay, truth. And so vividly was the phantasy impressed on my mind, that I started up in alarm, imagining that I was pursued by officers. [*Voices and commotion heard without L. ZEB startled.*] Can it be, that they are already on my track?

MOTHER G. [*Going to door L. in flat looking off L.*] Don't be alarmed. Its "Jimmy the Rat" and another fellow carrying a gal between them and a whole gang following them heading right for this place too. [*Music until dialogue.*]

[Enter JIMMY ISAACS and another man at door L. in flat followed by crowd, carrying RUTH helplessly between them. Her hair flowing, laying her on lounge L. Head front]

MOTHER G. [*Angrily.*] What's this ?

JIMMY. It's a young lady, my dear. I vos a' vatchin' her from around de' corner, un' saw her a'goin right down to de river, und jumpin. Yust den "Tom de Shiner" jumped in after her un' koted hold on her by de hair, un' held on until help came, un' dey vos both pulled ashore drippin' vet like a hair auf Coney Island mermaids. De gal, she fainted, un' de boys dey tought ve'd better carry her here till she came to, poor ting.

MOTHER G. [*Angrily.*] And I don't thank you a bit for wettin', and spoilin' my floor with her.

JIMMY. Ah, nefer mind, Mudder Grinnell, we'll makit it all right. Let's hel'p de poor ting to. Who knows vot troubles she may haf at heart.

ZEB. Let's have a good look at her, any how. [*Goes up to her, then starts back terror stricken. Chord.*] Great Heaven! his sister!

ALL. [*In amazement.*] Whose sister ?

ZEB. Why—somebody's, of course. [*Aside.*] Something must be done here, and quickly too. [*Aloud.*] Stand back, every one of you! Don't you see the gal is dead? [*Music until dialogue.*]

ALL. [*Startled*] Dead! [*They all run out at door L. in flat except JIMMY, ZEB and MOTHER GRINNELL, the latter two going to door L. in flat looking after crowd. RUTH sets up looking around vacantly.*]

JIMMY. I nefer seed anybody halef so nice, und I vonder vot could de poor gal vant to drownd herselef for, I've halef a mind to gif back her money.

ZEB. [*Turning around looking at RUTH, then aside.*] I thought she was dead, but confound her, it looks as if she'd live after all.

RUTH. What place is this?

MOTHER G. [*Turning to RUTH, surly.*] It's a decent lodging house, and if you have any money you'd better pay me five dollars for the spoiling of my fine carpets. A few busy-bodies fished you out of the river after you threw yourself in, and they brought you here dripping wet, to destroy everything. A fine mess you've made of the place, and before you go away, you must settle with me for the damage you have done.

RUTH. I'm afraid, I haven't much money, somebody stole my purse this afternoon, and left me almost penniless. I'm

friendless, too, and there is not much I can work at in this great city.

[JIMMY gets nervous on hearing this speech.]

MOTHER G. Ah, that's all fudge! Who would be likely to take your pocket-book in the street in open day?

RUTH. It does seem incredible, but it is so, nevertheless; and I think the apple woman who witnessed the affair called the young man "Jimmy the Rat!"

JIMMY. [*Startled, aside.*] "Jimmy de Rat!" Jimminy Grickets!

ZEB. Ho, Jimmy then your'e the lucky cuss! [*Pointing at him.*]

JIMMY. Oxcuse me, it vos a misdook! [*Rushes out at door L. in flat. Re-appears by cautiously opening window R. in flat, sticking his head through, listening.*]

MOTHER G. [*Malignantly placing her arms akimbo.*] It's a very, very plausible story you tell. You pretend to be very innocent, don,t you? but if you think you can sponge a lodging here you are very much mistaken. The idea of a gal with such a pretty face as you have, saying she has no money is altogether too flimsy, and I can tell you it won't wash with this old child.

RUTH. What's one's face got to do with one's poverty? Isn't it possible for a girl to be good-looking and have no money in her pocket?

MOTHER G. Well, not in New York, Miss, unless the girl's a fool, and I can tell you that you don't look much like a fool.

RUTH. [*Despairingly.*] Heaven help me! [*Falls exhausted on lounge.*]

ZEB. [*Calling his mother aside to R. front.*] See here, mother, don't you crowd the gal. Let me tell you something. I'm the cause of all of that girl's troubles.

MOTHER G. How?

ZEB. Last night a young lady and gentleman stopped at the hotel and registered as "Basil Brandon and Sister." After the young man had done this, he asked for two of the best rooms in the house and paid the bill. As he did so, I discovered that he carried a large amount of money with him, and I made up my mind to get possession of it.

MOTHER G. Quite right!

ZEB. Accordingly, when I thought he had retired, I entered his room but was surprised to find him asleep in a chair. At first I did not know how to proceed, but finally concluded to thrust my hand into the sleeping man's pocket and run the risk of his awakening. I did so, and the plan succeeded.

MOTHER G. Good!

ZEB. I might have got away with this in safety, had I not also wanted his gold watch and chain. But while I was in the act of removing the latter he started up. Then ensued a terrible struggle, but with a quick movement I hit him over the head with a billy, and he fell senseless at my feet.

MOTHER G. Smart boy!

ZEB. Fearing detection, I seized the body and flung it through the window into the court-yard below. I immediately descended the stairs, passed out to where the body lay, and quickly removing therefrom all evidences of its identity, I had it conveyed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where I suppose it now lies cold and stiff in death a veritable "unknown."

MOTHER G. But what's that got to do with this gal?

ZEB. She is that young man's sister!

MOTHER G. [*Surprised.*] His sister?

ZEB. Yes, and all the money and other valuables that I secured through that transaction. ought to be sufficient to pay for her shelter, this night at least. Therefore, let her stay, and then in the morning you can send her adrift if you like.

MOTHER G. Well, Zeb, if you'll have it so, all right, but for my part, I'd rather put her out to-night.

ZEB. If she goes to-night, she may do some silly thing to attract the attention of the cops, and it's better to have her here.

MOTHER G. You talk as if you were in the gal's power. Now, if you are, the thing is in our own hands. What's easier than to finish her during the night, and to say that she died as the result of her jumping into the river?

ZEB. That might lead to an investigation.

MOTHER G. [*Contemptuously.*] Faugh! You're a coward! You haven't the courage of "Jimmy the Rat" I could finish her without leaving as much as a finger-mark upon her dainty neck, and you needn't know a thing about it. I tell you such people are more dangerous alive than dead. If she wasn't so good, we might make something out of her; but I think she is too Sunday-schoolish to be of any use, and I have no patience with such people.

ZEB. [*Disgustedly.*] Oh, do as you please about it. What do I care about the way you run your ranch? As for me, I think my health needs a change of air, and I'll dig out as soon as I can. There's a man at a place called Throckton, who wants a fellow to take charge of a gang to "ease up" freight-trains, and I think I can put in a month profitably at the business. I don't want to monkey around here, and stand the chance of getting caught by some of those confounded blood-hounds of the law, and don't let that slip your mind. My advice to you, though, is, let that

gal live and go her way, or you may get into trouble.

MOTHER G. What trouble can I get into? Isn't the police solid for me? Don't they get their regular divies out of what I makes? and are they likely to ask any questions if a dead gal is found among my lodgers in the morning? Zeb, you're a chicken in the business, and that little job you did seems to have made a regular softy of you. Leave this thing to me, and you'll find that one of the biggest witnesses against you, in case you ever get into trouble over the killing of that chap, will be missing when her name is called.

ZEB. All right, I'll not interfere. I've a notion to pull up stakes and dig out this very night. If you do anything, do it up slick and leave no marks.

MOTHER G. Trust me for that. And now lets say no more about it. I'll offer this cherry-cheeked damsel a bed for the night, and make her feel as if she had a mother in me.

ZEB. Very well, and now I'm off. [*Exits door L. in flat, as he turns to go JIMMY closes the window and withdraws his head.*]

MOTHER G. [*Looking after ZEB, giving a hard, heartless laugh.*] "If I do anything!" Why, Zeb, you're a fool! [*Goes to RUTH and addresses her in extreme hypocritical kindness. As she does so JIMMY reappears at window as before.*] Miss! Miss! [*RUTH opens her eyes, MOTHER GRINNELL strokes her hair.*]

I'm afraid I was too harsh with you, my dear; but I'm not as severe as my words would lead you to believe. You must stay here to-night and rest; then in the morning, you may go where you please.

RUTH. [*Sitting up.*] I must go away to-night I know not where, but still I must go away.

MOTHER G. You will be better able to go in the morning. Let me put you to bed, and get you a nice warm drink. You need it, my dear. [*RUTH shakes her head sadly.*] Oh, don't refuse, There, now, it will be all right, and I'm sorry I spoke so rough to you a little while ago. The truth is, we meet so many rough people here that we can't always tell at first, and I made a mistake, but now I can see that you are a real lady, and I'll do anything I can for you. Come, now, don't hesitate, I was once a girl myself, and I know what it is to be without friends. [*Kisses her.*]

RUTH. How good you are! I will remain for the night.

[*JIMMY looks dismayed.*]

MOTHER G. That's a good girl. [*Lays her down.*] Now just lie down here a bit and rest yourself. I'll be back shortly. [*Goes to R. U. E., casting a fiendish glance at RUTH and exits. Music until dialogue. As she exits JIMMY closes the window*

and withdraws his head until after her exit when he re-appears as before.

JIMMY. Curse de luck! I couldn't get a vord or a nudge in edgevays to varn de poor ting, und like as not de old gal vill make a gorpse out of her before morning. [*Calling in a hoarse whisper.*] Are you avake, Miss? [*Pause. No answer*] Oh, get up kevick! Your life's in danger, I'm your friend!

RUTH. [*Starting up.*] Who's there, and what do you mean?

JIMMY. Never mind who I vos—I vos your friend, und I haf been vaitin' here all night to varn you. I couldn't bear to see you hurt. Look owit for Mudder Grinnell, und get away from here as fa-t as you can. Good night. [*Closes window and withdraws his head.*]

RUTH. Heaven help me! What shall I do? Hark! I hear some one coming. [*Lies down and feigns sleep. Soft music until JIMMY speaks.*]

[*Enter MOTHER GRINNELL, stealthily, R. U. E. carrying a vial in one hand, sponge in the other; pours liquid from vial on sponge and advances toward RUTH who suddenly jumps up and makes a break for door L. in flat, but is instantly caught by MOTHER GRINNELL, and clasped tightly in her arms, when she presses sponge to her nose and mouth.*]

RUTH. Oh, Heaven! Don't murder me! Help! Help! [*Falls prostrated on lounge*]

[*JIMMY re-appears at window as before, looking terified, MOTHER GRINNELL again pours liquid on sponge and presses it to RUTH'S nose and mouth.*]

JIMMY. [*In a hoarse whisper, his head almost entirely withdrawn.*] Mudder Grinnell! Mudder Grinnell!

MOTHER G. [*Startled.*] Who's—who's there?

JIMMY. You are vanted down stairs; de cops are comin'.

MOTHER G. [*Contemptuously.*] Oh, confound the cops! Go away!

JIMMY. But it ain't p'lice! it's de detectives.

MOTHER G. [*Terribly startled.*] "Detectives!" [*Throwing aside sponge.*] Curses on them! they shall not defeat me! [*Rushes off R. U. E. Music until curtain.*]

JIMMY. [*Jumping in through window on chair,*] Id vos a close shafe, but if de gal lives I'm sdill in time. [*Goes up to RUTH calling.*] Miss! Miss! [*Pause, no answer.*] Maybe she vos dead already. [*Puts his hand to her heart.*] No! her heart beats! Tank Heaven she sdill lives! Now to get her away from here before dot old hag comes back. [*Looks around cautiously, then pauses.*] But how vos I to do it? Poor ting she can't even valk, No matter! I've made up my mind to

save her, und by de help of Heaven. [*Looks up and takes off his hat.*] I'll do it or die in de attempt. [*Throws off his coat and hat and picks her up, when she shows signs of revival and they totter to door L. in flat.*]

[*Enter MOTHER GRINNELL excitedly R. U. E. discovers JIMMY and RUTH at door L. in flat*]

MOTHER G. [*Shrieks*] I've been tricked, and by my own friends! but vengeance is mine! [*Produces dagger and rushes furiously toward JIMMY and RUTH.*]

JIMMY. [*Supporting RUTH with one hand, drawing revolver with the other on MOTHER GRINNELL.*] Put down dot knife! [*MOTHER GRINNELL stands transfixedly near centre, and drops dagger.*]

PICTURE.—CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE 1ST. [*A room in Watkin's house. SAM LAMBERT discovered lying on cot L. looking pale. MRS. WATKINS sitting beside him. Soft music at rise of curtain.*]

SAM. Where is Ruth?

MRS. WATKINS. Hush, Sam, lad! The doctor says you must keep perfectly quiet. You have spoken a great deal of late—a great deal more than is good for you, and you must be still if you hope to get well.

SAM. I am getting well, Mrs. Watkins, and I know what I am saying. Formerly, I was dreaming, and some queer things crossed my mind; but now I'm fully awake, and I want to know the worst way where Ruth is.

MRS. WATKINS. Alas! My child, nobody but the good Father Himself. [*Casting her eyes upwards,*] knows where my poor Ruth is. She has not darkened our door ever since you came here, and that is about two weeks ago.

SAM. And why don't you find out where she is?

MRS. WATKINS. "Why don't we?" Her poor father has done nothing but search for her day and night since she disappeared; but it's no use; I fear we shall never see her again.

SAM. Then why not ask Basil Brandon? He knows, if he wants to tell.

MRS. WATKINS. But he has not been home, either, and the strangest feature of the mystery is, that nobody knows where he is, or what's become of him.

SAM. [*Uttering a long low whistle.*] That beats all, Mrs. Watkins. They are surely together somewhere, and maybe married. You just wait until I'm able to get around again, and if I don't find them, you call me a chump.

MRS. WATKINS. Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort, Sam. It is not so easy to find them as you may imagine.

SAM. But I'll find them or die in the attempt. Oh, I can ferret out a good many things when I try, Mrs. Watkins, and even if I am small, there's lots o'people a good deal bigger that can't do as well as I can in that line.

MRS. WATKINS. Let us hope so.

[Enter JACK cautiously door R. in flat, unseen by MRS. WATKINS and SAM.]

SAM. Has anybody but Mr. Watkins been a'looking for her?

MRS. WATKINS. Oh, yes; all the neighbors have been very kind. Tom Wilbur has done all he could, and even poor Jack Dabble, against whom everybody appears to be prejudiced, has inquired wherever he went.

SAM. [Startled] What! "Facility Jack?" You don't mean to say that he's been a-helplin' to find Ruth? Oh, Mrs. Watkins, don't trust him! Don't trust him! He's the man that tried to kill me. He's the one that set the building on fire. Don't let him near the house. He's a bad man.

JACK. [Advancing.] The boy is raving again. [MRS. WATKINS and SAM startled.]

SAM. [Courageously.] I'm not raving a bit, Jack. You know you did it; you know you tried to kill me, and that I saw you setting fire to the building.

JACK. [Fiercely.] You lie! [Rushes towards SAM, threatening to strike him. Music until TOM speaks.]

MRS. WATKINS. [Springing between JACK and SAM, raising her arm in a defending manner.] You will kill me before you touch the lad!

JACK. [Furiously, catching MRS. WATKINS by her arm, trying to drag her away] Get out of my way woman!

[Enter TOM WILBUR quickly at door R in flat, rushing up to JACK and striking him a blow that sends him sprawling.]

TOM. Take that, you cowardly whelp!

JACK. [Jumps up, sees TOM, and hisses out.] Oh, it's you is it? Well, I'll get even with you in good time. [Walks towards door R. in flat and looks savagely at TOM.]

SAM. Hit 'im again, Tom! He deserves all you can give 'im.

TOM. I've a good mind to. He's a miserable coward and sneak. [Advances towards JACK, raising his fist in a menacing manner. The former moving towards door R. in flat.] Now, you get out of here, you miserable cur, before I'm compelled to kick you out!

JACK. Curse you Tom Wilbur! You shall pay dearly for this, and mighty soon too. [Exit door R. in flat scowling.]

[Enter REESE WATKINS door R. in flat.]

MRS. WATKINS. Oh, Reese, dear, have you any news of her?

REESE. Only a slender clew. Away down at the village of Hinston, I found young Brandon's boat in the possession of a farmer. I asked him how he obtained it, and he told me he saw it floating by one day about two weeks ago and as nobody claimed

it, he thought he would keep it, I knew it at a glance, and I've been thinking ever since I saw it, that maybe Ruth and her abductor were drowned. I wish I was quite sure of that. It would be a great comfort to know that our child was drowned instead of being disgraced by this pampered scoundrel.

[Enter POLICE SERG. door R. in flat.]

SERG. Gintlemen, O'im sorry 'to inform you that it is moy painful duty to take you into custody on the charge of conspiring to take the loife of Basil Brandon. [Everybody startled.]

MRS. WATKINS. Arrested! Mercy! [Weeps.]

REESE. There is some terrible treachery, some horrible mistake here, man! I have not seen young Brandon since the scape-grace stole my child. If he crossed my path I'd kill him. All the world may know that. [Turning to his wife] But there, Bess, don't cry. Heaven knows we've had trouble enough, lass, and where this last disgrace will end, I know not. Be brave and take good care o'poor little Sam until I come back. Mercy! What injustice there be in this world! Come, Tom, I'm ready. Let us go with this man, and see what hand has prepared this latest dose of gall for us.

TOM. [Fervently.] And may Heaven protect and defend the innocent! [Picture. Music until next scene.]

SAM. Wait till I get well, and if I don't straighten things out call me "Facility Jack," or any other hard name you can think of.

[Scene closes.]

'SCENE 2ND. A street in Throckton, 1ST G. [Enter JIMMY ISAACS, R. 1 E.]

JIMMY, Jumpin' Jehosaphat! Rebecca und Schmearkase! Vot an oxberience I've had in der last dwo veeks. I haf saved a gal from bein' killed, und I haf seen Zeb Grinnell go ub like a schgy-rocket und his body daken for somebody else's. Und Mudder Grinnell, she's blayin' solitaire mit her nose behind a brison door. Vell, I guess dey are both enjoyin' demselves immensely. I haf seen so much, und found owit so much, dot I can make some beople verky happy, und give to oders, deir dues vot long ago belonged to 'em. Und I'm agoin' to do it or I'll bust mit emotion. Und I vosn't goin' to bust yet. Und der first veller vot vill get his dues vill be Jack Dabble. [Looking off L. 1 E.] Dalk about his Sadanic Majesdy, und he vas sure to abbear.

[Enter JACK, L. 1 E.]

JACK. Well!

JIMMY. Vell!

JACK. Why are you still in Throckton?

JIMMY. Bizness.

JACK. Business?

JIMMY. Oexactly.

JACK. What do you mean?

JIMMY. I mean dot bizness vos bizness.

JACK. I understand your insinuations, but if you insist on hanging around here, and interfere with any of my affairs, I shall inform the New York officers of your whereabouts.

JIMMY. Dot's very good. Don't forget to tell'em dot you're here too. I know dot I vos forced to do a good many tings by Mudder Grinnell's gang dot vosn't right, but I haf turned over a new leaf and I mean to take good care dot it von't get dirty. As for you, I know enough about you to send you to brison for life, und maybe to de end of a hemp schtring. I know, too, dot you vos up to some mean piece of bizness around here, but auf you don't let up on it, I'll gif de whole schnap away.

JACK. [*Furiously.*] What! You mean to "peach," but you shall not have the opportunity! [*Produces dagger and rushes furiously towards JIMMY.*]

JIMMY. [*Produces pistol and points it at JACK*] No you don't, for a halef a dollar! [*JACK retreats, Chord.*]

JACK. Curse you!

JIMMY. Don't do dot again or I'll make you go to schleep.

JACK. See here, Jimmy. I guess we've both been too hasty. Now I tell you what we'll do. Lets call it quits, and stand by each other and do the square thing. Here's my hand on it. [*They shake hands*]

JIMMY. Oh, cairdainly.

JACK. Very well. The compact is sealed; and now I must be off. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

JIMMY, [*Looking after JACK*] You pets dot, I'll schstand by you all de time, und bretty close too. Und as for de schquare ting, you'll find owit dot I'll do dot too when it comes to round up and your doom vos sealed, und now I must be off. [*Exit L. 1 E. Music until next scene*]

[*Scene opens.*]

SCENE 3RD. [*Meeting Room of the Knights of Labor. Knights assembled and seated R. T. L. Acting Master Workman in chair, centre back. Secretary in front R. JACK L. front. TOM standing R. front addressing the meeting.*]

TOM. Brother Knights, I desire to call your attention to a matter of great importance. The life of our Master Workman, Reese Watkins, is in danger. He's been arrested and committed to prison, on suspicion of a crime of which he knows nothing. He's accused of the killing of Basil Brandon, whose body was found in the river near the Steel Mills, and a large portion of this community has made up its mind that he is guilty. I know that he is innocent—ay, as innocent as any man of you, and yet he is to be hounded; persecuted and probably hung. His accusers remember what provocation he had and without a word of evidence they condemn him for what they think he ought to have done. They believe that he vindicated his child's honor and slew her betrayer. I don't know what he might do if he had the opportunity; I don't know what any father in this community might do under similar circumstances, but I do know that Reese Watkins had nothing whatever to do with the death of Basil Brandon, and I want this assembly not only to assume the cost of his defense, but also to see that he is ably defended. I move, therefore, that a committee of three be appointed from this assembly, by the present Master Workman, to conduct the defense of Reese Watkins, and draw on our treasury for the necessary amount.

JACK. [*Rising.*] That proposition is monstrous and unheard of! If this assembly sets itself up to defend all its members who may get into the courts, it will have its hands full. My motto is, don't go to law, and you won't get into trouble.

TOM. [*Hotly.*] But what are you to do if you be arrested and falsely accused?

JACK. Well, that's for the court to ascertain. If Reese Watkins is innocent, no power on earth can hold him. Why, then, should we expend the finances of this assembly in his defense? [*Resumes his seat.*]

TOM. Why should we? Because it is in harmony with the spirit of our institution. The question now arises, are we a dress-parade organization, or do we mean business? If we are united for palaver and platitudes, we will leave our worthy Master Workman to his fate, but if we are a practical body, believing what we profess, we will go to his assistance, and see that justice is not denied him. Remember that our order is founded on the noble principle "that it is the most perfect government in which an injury to one is the concern of all." I would not have this assembly do anything radical or wrong, but I believe that when the liberty—nay the very life of one of its members is in peril, it is time for it to take action and

use all lawful means to save him. Now I renew my motion for the appointment of said committee.

JACK. [*Rising.*] And where do you think such power as you would confer on this committee would end?

TOM. [*Very emphatically.*] Honestly! It would end honestly, Jack, provided you, or no man like you has a hand in it.

ACTING M. W. [*Calling them to order.*] The meeting will confine itself to the question. Has the motion of Brother Wilbur been seconded?

ALL. I second the motion!

ACTING M. W. It has been moved and seconded "that a committee of three be appointed from this assembly, by the present Master Workman, to conduct the defense of Reese Watkins, and draw on our treasury for the necessary amount." Are you ready for the question?

ALL. Question!

ACTING M. W. All those in favor of the motion will please signify their assent by saying "Ay."

ALL. Ay!

ACTING M. W. Contrary, if any—"No." [*Pause. Silence.*] The motion is carried and it's so ordered. Mr. Wilbur, Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones will constitute that committee.

TOM. [*Rising.*] Master Workman, I rise to prefer charges of the most serious nature against a member of this assembly. [*Members look astonished and gesticulate to each other.*] It is a painful duty for me to arraign any man, but a duty which I owe to this noble order and to myself. We have among us, tonight, a man who is false to every principle for which we are organized. He talks glibly, professes an interest in our welfare, calls himself a working-man, and all that, but I can prove him to be a loafer, an incendiary, and a would-be-murderer!

ALL. Name him! Name him!

TOM. I can prove to this assembly, that the very man of whom I speak, and who takes part in our discussions, set fire to the building that we were burnt out of a short time ago, and that, in addition, he attempted to take the life of a poor orphan boy who caught him in the act.

ALL. Who is he? Point him out!

[*JACK looks alarmed.*]

TOM. This man has not respected our secrets. Not content with setting fire to our room to gratify a mean spirit of revenge, he has given out our work openly, read our ritual in saloons, and by his conduct endeavored to bring disgrace upon us. You may ask why I have not mentioned this matter before. It was because I would not prefer a charge until I was quite sure of

my ground. Nothing is meaner than to wrong a man on suspicion, and although I was satisfied that this man had done us great injustice, I preferred to wait until such time as I had secured the evidence that placed his guilt beyond a doubt. That evidence I now have in my possession, and am prepared to lay it before you.

[JACK moves towards door back.]

Although this man has injured us a great deal, I would advise patience and prudence in dealing with him. The man of whom I speak, is Jack Dabble! [*Pointing his finger at him and pausing. Music until TOM speaks again.*]

ALL. [*Rising excitedly.*] Traitor!

[JACK makes a break for door R. in flat, but is quickly caught by two men and firmly held at centre back. Lively commotion.]

TOM. I now move that he be expelled from membership in this assembly,

ALL. I second the motion!

JACK. [*Hissingly; struggling to free himself.*] It's all a lie, a diabolical lie!

ALL. Put him out! Expel him!

TOM. No, no, let him have a hearing. He says I have lied, and wronged him. In the interest of fair play, I am willing to let him tell this assembly what he has to say for himself. He has been the enemy of Reese Watkins for some reason, and why? Because on one occasion he offered insult to Reese's daughter Ruth, and the indignant father chastised him for it.

JACK. That's also false! I see the whole assembly is set up against me, and I'll say no more.

ACTING M. W. [*To JACK.*] Then if you'll make no defense, there is nothing left for me but to put the motion of Brother Wilbur, namely, that you be expelled from this assembly. [*To assembly.*] Are you ready for the question?

ALL. Question!

ACTING M. W. All those in favor of the motion, will please say "Ay."

ALL. "Ay!"

ACTING M. W. Contrary, if any. [*Pause. Silence.*] The motion's carried and it's so ordered. [*To JACK.*] Jack Dabble, you have been officially expelled from membership in this assembly, and you are therefore required to leave the room forthwith. [*Music until TOM speaks.*]

[JACK is released by the two men.]

JACK. [*Draws revolver on TOM and fires, but his arm is quickly caught by one of the men, and the shot goes upwards and misses, whereupon he is disarmed.*] Take that, Tom Wilbur!

ALL. Throw him out! [*Rushing for JACK, who quickly rushes out door R. in flat.*]

TOM. Brothers, be calm! Don't stain your hands in his despicable blood. Let him go and enjoy his disgrace to its fullest extent.

[*They all come to order again.*]

[*Enter REESE door R. in flat disguised; advances to centre of room and throws off disguise, when they all rise and look startled. Music at REESE's entrance, and chord at undisguising*]

REESE. Brother Knights, no doubt you are surprised to see me here. It does seem strange but it is simple. I have pledged my honor to a man who is bound to all of us by the golden link of brotherhood, that within an hour I shall return to my cell, and I mean to keep my word. Knowing that you were in session to-night, I longed to tell you that I am innocent of the great crime of which I am accused. I was vain enough to think that if I told you this, there is not a man in the assembly who would doubt my word. I had, as you all know, great provocation. The daughter I loved dearer than life had been stolen from me, and what I might do under certain circumstances I cannot say, as I am merely human; but in this crime they accuse me of I had no part. As I live and hope for a hereafter, I did not touch this young man Brandon, who has wronged me so deeply; neither did I see him, and the finding of his body in the river was as much a mystery to me as to any man in Throckton. The verdict of the Coroner's jury, implicating me as it does, I consider an outrage, and I know not how the case may end, nor do I much care; life has no charms for me now, but I could not bear to think that any man of you would for a moment harbor a suspicion of my guilt. That is why I am here to-night.

ACTING M. W. We believe every word you have uttered, and you will find that this assembly will not desert you in your hour of need.

SECY. But why should he go back to prison now that he has his freedom? He has merely given his word that he will go back and what does a word amount to when one's life is in danger? I firmly believe his prosecutors will hang him if they can, and why should an innocent man die? The way to save his life is to keep him from going back to that den of death. Brothers, let us do it. We have Reese Watkins with us now. Let us save him. We may never have such another opportunity again. What say you?

TOM. I say amen to every word!

ALL. And so do I! So do I! [*Crowding around REESE.*]

SECY. [*To REESE.*] Let us set you free. Do not go back again to that dirty dungeon, and in the morning you can be many miles away from Throckton.

REESE. [*Sadly. Soft music until end of speech.*] Oh, brothers, don't tempt me, don't tempt me. I know that liberty is sweet, and I know that I stand in great danger, yet I have pledged all I am worth in the world—my word of honor—that I'll return, and I mean to keep my word if I die for it. I'll take the memory of your friendship with me. It will make my cell bright. And now let me say good-by! There's one more that I want to see before going back.

TOM. Ay, boys, let him go. Reese Watkins cannot be induced to go back on a friend, and whoever it is that let him come here to-night should not be betrayed. [*They all resume their seats except REESE and TOM.*]

REESE. [*Grasping TOM by the hand.*] Well spoken, Tom. And now, lad, come along with me. I want to see Bess a few minutes before I go back to my den.

TOM. Certainly.

REESE. [*To assembly.*] Only a few words more and I have done. I thank you one and all, brothers, for your interest in me, but believe me, if my prison doors were left open all the time, I would not go away as long as there's a shadow on my name in Throckton. When I regain my liberty it must be as a freeman, not a fugitive. I have an abiding faith in the eternal cause of justice—in the ultimate triumph of Right, and I'll never run away as long as Faith and Hope do not desert me. Because of the prominence you have given me, I somehow feel that the honor of our noble order is more or less at stake in my case, and I want to make things clear to all the world, so that those who do not understand may not be able to condemn us. You know that, in the eyes of some persons in Throckton, to be poor is a crime, and to labor at hard, honest toil in the mill a disgrace. Many of those who hold such foolish notions concerning the workingmen were poor themselves years ago, and not all of them made their money honestly.

SECY. That's very true; and as a rule they are the very ones who will employ unorganized labor, not because they want its services, but to use it as an instrument against the great army of organized breadwinners.

REESE. It makes my blood boil to hear such people talk of us as Communists, merely because we have solved the problem of organization and improved upon the old plan of "every man for himself," by adopting the principle that "the injury of one is the concern of all." If it were only to vindicate our order,

therefore, and to vindicate the assembly that made me its Master Workman, I will stand my ground, come what may. [*Soft music until end of speech.*] The mid-night chorus of the mill filling my cell with its solemn music in the loneliest hours of night, while I think of my wife, my daughter and my ruined home, will be dearer to me than liberty, haunted by the thought that I had played the part of a coward, and proved false to the friend who had placed such great confidence in me as to let me come before you this evening.

ALL. Bravo! [*Applause.*]

REESE. And now good-night! [*Re-assumes his disguise. JACK in the meantime cautiously appears at door R. in flat, peeps in and suddenly withdraws REESE goes to door R. in flat, followed by TOM, when the former starts back in terrible alarm. Music until curtain.*] Great Heaven! I've been betrayed! Officers are now approaching the building! What shall I do? I must keep my word!

TOM. I have it! Quick, let me have your disguise! [*REESE throws off his disguise, TOM puts it on. REESE meanwhile puts on TOM's coat, &c.*]

TOM. Now you can escape by the back way.

REESE. [*Grasps TOM by the hand.*] Heaven bless you, Tom! [*Exits door L. in flat.*]

TOM. [*Goes to L. front, folds his arms and faces audience.*] Now let them come! Reese Watkins is safe and will keep his word!

[*Enter POLICE SERG. hurriedly door R. in flat followed by five other policemen.*]

SERG. [*To TOM.*] Reese Watkins, you are known! Surrender yourself to the law!

TOM. [*Turns and faces policemen boldly.*] I will!

PICTURE.—CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE 1ST. *A New York Park. Lively music at rise of curtain.*

[*Enter JIMMY ISAACS, L. U. E. humming a tune.*]

JIMMY. Vell, here I vos back in Ny Yorrick once more. Now if I can only find dot gal vot I left on de oder side of de river vone night, [*pointing off R. U. E.*] I will knock de beoble of Throckton silly, und show Jack Dabble dot dere nefer vos a schmart feller made yet midout a schmarter vone vos made bretty kevick, right avay afterward. [*Exit R. U. E. Music until dialogue*]

[*Enter RUTH, L. U. E. terribly frightened, closely followed by Mr. CORLISS*]

CORLISS. [*Catching RUTH by her arm.*] You shan't go until I tell you how much I love you. I loved you the moment I first saw you in our show-room, and I made up my mind that you would not be long wearing out those pretty fingers at cloak-making.

RUTH. Mr. Corliss, I beg that you will not talk about love. Coming from the lips of a married man, your language is a gross insult, and I must entreat you to let me go.

CORLISS. [*Laughing.*] What does it matter if I am married? I love you none the less, and I must have a kiss. [*Tries to overpower her, she in the meantime screaming and struggling to free herself. Music until dialogue.*]

[*Enter SAM LAMBERT, suddenly L. U. E. hitting CORLISS a stunning blow over the head with a club; the latter quickly turns intending to strike SAM with his fist, when RUTH flies between them and is accidentally hit, and falls unconscious.*]

SAM. There! You've killed her! [*Kneels down and holds up RUTH'S head.*]

CORLISS. You miserable little cur! It was all your fault! and I've a good mind to chastise you for it. [*Raises his fist menacingly over SAM.*]

SAM. For Heaven's sake don't strike me! See, she has no friend but me to help her. [*Very significantly.*] You may be a rich man, but you can't afford to kill two poor people in one day. I couldn't help hittin' you when I saw you insult her.

CORLISS. But I did not insult her.

SAM. Didn't I see you? Didn't I follow you across the park a'waitin' for an opportunity to speak to her?

SAM. [*Looking in RUTH's face.*] Ah, my poor Ruth, I didn't think it would come to this! [*Weeps.*]

RUTH. [*Showing signs of consciousness.*] Water, water, [*CORLISS goes off R. and returns with glass of water and offers it to RUTH who takes it and revives. SAM in the meantime steps back a little.*] I am better now; thanks. [*Rises.*]

CORLISS. Let me see you to your lodging-house.

SAM. [*Springing to RUTH's side.*] No, you don't! I'll see her home.

RUTH. [*Startled on seeing SAM, then embraces him.*] Sam! my dear little Sam! How glad I am to see you!

CORLISS. [*Looking astonished, then aside.*] What can this mean? [*Aloud.*] Here take this. [*Offers SAM a bill.*]

SAM. [*Scornfully.*] I don't want it.

CORLISS. At least you will let me pay it to this young lady on account? [*Pointing to RUTH.*] She works for me, and there is nothing wrong in her accepting what is rightfully her own.

SAM. [*To RUTH.*] Is that true?

RUTH. Yes; I work at his place, but he does not owe me much.

SAM. If that's the case, I'll act as your treasurer, and we'll give the *gentleman* credit for the balance. [*Accepts bill and pockets it.*]

CORLISS. Very good. [*Aside.*] Baffled! and by a shabby little brat like that! [*Aloud.*] and now I will leave you to yourselves. Good-day. [*Bows and exits R. U. E.*]

SAM. Good-day; glad you're gone.

RUTH. Sam, how came you here? What news have you from home? How are my poor father and mother? What do they say about me, and what do the neighbors say? Oh, tell me everything!

SAM. That's a lot of questions to answer all at once.

RUTH. But I expect a truthful answer to them all, Sam.

SAM. Well, that ain't so easy. [*Leads her to a rustic bench at L. back. She taking a seat, SAM standing by her side.*] Mebbe you know something of home already.

RUTH. I know nothing. I have not heard a word since I left Throckton.

SAM. Then if you hain't, don't ask me to tell all now, Ruth.

RUTH. [*Eagerly.*] But I want to know. I want to know everything.

SAM. Before I answer anything, let me ask one question.

RUTH. Any question you please.

SAM. How did you part from Basil Brandon? [RUTH hangs her head sadly, pauses and does not answer.] If it pains you to tell me, you needn't speak.

RUTH. But I want to tell you. [Soft music until end of speech.] Heaven only knows how I have suffered since the night we left Throckton, and I have not had a friend to whom I might confide my utter misery. I have learned to hate the name of Basil Brandon. He deceived and deserted me. The very night we came to New York he seemed all smiles and happiness, and before we parted planned how we should meet in the morning and be married. When morning came Basil Brandon was nowhere to be found, and I have not seen him since, neither have I heard from him. I suppose he is at home in Throckton, basking in the smiles of the lovely Edith Beaumont, and possibly married to her. For my part, I rue the day I ever met him. But be that as it may, I have answered your question, now I want you to answer mine.

SAM. Promise me, that you'll be strong if I tell you news that ain't very good.

RUTH. I promise, Sam. The knowledge will not be as bad as the suspense.

SAM. Then if you're good and brave, and can stand a hard shock, same as they do at the dentists' without wincing, and without faintin' or nothin' like that, I'll tell you; but I'd rather not.

RUTH. [Very anxiously.] Yes! Yes! Go on.

SAM. Seem' as you hate Basil Brandon, you wouldn't be real sorry no matter what happened to him.

RUTH. I don't think I would, provided it's not something awful bad.

SAM. [Shaking his head.] But he acted mean to you, he did, and if I were you, I wouldn't care no matter what came of him.

RUTH. There, there, Sam; never mind. I can bear your story, I've had a more bitter experience since I left Throckton.

SAM. [Aside.] Maybe. [Aloud.] In the first place, you ask me, what brought me here. Well, I left Throckton forever, for more than one reason. I thought by doing so I might find you; and I wasn't mistaken. A woman living across the river told me you were in New York, looking for work,

RUTH. Ah, yes; that must have been good, kind Mrs. Kimmel.

SAM. I believe that was her name, but never mind her now. Say—wouldn't it be better, though, for you to come home, and learn everything there is for yourself, than have me tell you?

RUTH. I shall never go back to Throckton again.

SAM. Not even to see your poor father and mother, who think you dead, and are wearing their hearts away in grief about you?

RUTH. They would not own me now, I'm dead to them.

SAM. Ah, Ruth, don't say that. You wrong them. There's not a day they don't think of you, or a night they don't dream about you, and why stay away, if that bad man, Basil Brandon, ran off and left you here alone in this big city?

RUTH. He did. He was heartless. I thought him the soul of honor, but I was deceived. He deserted me, and left me here without a friend, knowing that I dare not return home. Heaven knows I have paid dearly for my folly.

SAM. And he has paid dearly for his baseness.

RUTH. How is that? In what way has he been punished?

SAM. Basil Brandon is dead!

RUTH. [*Terribly startled.*] "Dead!" [*Weeps then recovers herself.*] Sam, are you quite sure that what you tell me is true, and that it is no rumor set afloat for the purpose of deceiving the people of Throckton? Tell me all, I beg of you, or my heart will break.

SAM. It is no rumor, Ruth. I thought you must have known it yourself. Basil Brandon is really and truly dead. His body was found in the river, near the Throckton Steel Mills. It was badly mangled, but enough was found in his pockets for his people to know it was him, and he was buried. You can see his name on the gravestone.

RUTH. "See his name on the gravestone!" You say his body was found in the river, badly mangled. Do they know how it got there?

SAM. Yes; they believe he was murdered?

RUTH. [*Startled*] "Murdered!" Sam, what you say amazes me, and fills me with a thousand fears.

SAM. But why should you fear anything, Ruth? You did no wrong, and as for Basil Brandon, he was a scamp and went back on you, and he deserved to die. Why, then, should you fear for your own sake or mourn for his? Come with me to Throckton to-night, and see your poor mother, who has been crying her eyes out ever since you left home. Come, and you will learn of things that will astonish you.

RUTH. I could not—dare not go back now. The very sight of Throckton would be more than I could endure, even if I knew the venomous tongues of slander would not slay me. No, no, Sam. I'll work my way out in this great, heartless city, where no one will be found to pity or condemn me. But

I want you to tell me more about Basil Brandon's death. Tell me everything. I can bear the very worst you can possibly say

SAM. Ah, Ruth, I don't think you know your own strength when you say that.

RUTH. I've suffered more than you know, Sam, since I left Throckton, and it has made me strong.

SAM. Then I'll tell you, if you promise you'll be brave and bear up.

RUTH. My heart is hardened, I can bear any torture now.

SAM. Well, then, they say your father killed Basil Brandon, and is now in jail—[*Soft music until RUTH starts up.*]

RUTH. [*Uttering a piercing cry.*] Oh, Heaven, what have I done? [*Falls prostrated in front of bench. SAM startled.*]

SAM. Poor Ruth!

RUTH. [*Recovering.*] Father and lover, I have killed them both!

SAM. [*Goes to RUTH trying to raise her up.*] Come Ruth, Ruth, you are dreanning.

RUTH. [*Starting up,*] Sam, was that awful thing you told me, a dream or a dread reality?

SAM. Don't ask me to say any more now, Ruth, but let me take you home, where you can have the rest and care you need.

RUTH. [*Rising to her feet ; very resolutely.*] Yes, I will go home! They must not kill my poor father!

SAM. [*Fervently.*] Heaven bless you for those words.

[*Enter JIMMY R U, E. sees RUTH and SAM and gesticulates ala Hebrew. Hurried music until next scene.*]

[*PICTURE.—Scene closes.*]

SCENE 2ND. *A street in Throckton in 1ST G.* [*Voices and commotion heard without, R. 1 E.*]

[*Enter SERGEANT hurriedly, R. 1 E.*]

SERG. [*Turning suddenly, looking off R. 1 E. flourishing his mace.*] Here! Here! Sehtop your nuisance now an' move along! [*Turning to audience.*] Oh, phwat a foine schnap it is to be a policeman! It's so foine that Oi'm a'goin to quit it, go to worruk, make an honest livin an jine the Knights of Labor. Bo'y the way, O'i have something to till you, an' this is the way it runs: [*Here introduce an appropriate Irish song or recitation. At the end, voices and commotion heard without, L. 1 E*]

SERG. [*Looking off L. 1 E.*] Hillo! Phwat's that? Oi'll go and see. [*Exit L. 1 E.*]

SERG. [*Without.*] Come along now! Oi'll take care av you.

[Enter SERG. L. 1 E. hauling a drunken man on a wheelbarrow.]

SERG. This is another example of phwat a fine schnap it is to be a policeman. This man is not drunk—in his moind. He is simply sufferin' from narvous prostration and Oi'm a'goin' to take him to the "cooler" in the patrol wagon and get him a noice soft bed till he recovers. [Exit R. 1 E.] *Music until next scene.*

Scene opens.

SCENE 3RD. *Warden's Office in the Throckton Jail in 3RD G.—Desk and chair back.*

[Enter WARDEN door R. in flat followed by RUTH and TOM.]

WARDEN. [Pleasantly] This is not the usual hour for visitors, but I'm not going to refuse any request that is likely to make Reese Watkins happy. Remain in this office, and I'll bring him here. [All bow, and WARDEN exits door R. in flat. TOM takes position L. back, RUTH L. front. Soft music until after TOM's first speech.]

RUTH. [Nervously.] I tremble at his approach, not knowing whether I shall encounter his love or his hate.

[Enter WARDEN door R. in flat bringing in REESE. WARDEN exits door R. in flat. REESE sees RUTH and seems dazed for a moment; then his lips quiver, and his entire body shakes with violent emotion.]

RUTH. [Falling on her knees before him in pitiful repentance.] Father, dear, I've come to you. Kill me if you will, but, oh, have pity if you can!

REESE. [Without noticing her, looks around slowly, then notices TOM and speaks in a choking voice.] Oh, Heaven, Tom, what shall I do?

TOM. Pity and forgive your child. There's no use in being angry with those who love us, Reese, when there are so many people in the world who deserve our hate. Poor Ruth has been greatly wronged.

REESE. But she has wronged us all, man. She has disgraced our honest name, and brought ruin to our little home. She has cast the shadow of shame upon me by her guilty love for a reprobate, and made the community regard me as a criminal.

RUTH. [Looking up wistfully.] Oh, father, father dear, don't taik like that. I have been wayward, disobedient and foolish, but not guilty in the sense you say. My love was a mistake, but not a crime.

REESE. [Indignantly.] Not a crime lass! not a crime? In Heaven's name, then, what do you call it? What do you

think the world calls it, when a girl cared for as tenderly as you, runs away from her home in the night with a young ruffian who has no regard for any woman's reputation? I call that the worst crime a woman can be guilty of, and I am strongly tempted to kill you. How dare you come back and look me in the face?

RUTH. I would not come back but that I heard you were in trouble, and I could not bear to think that I had caused it all.

REESE. How much better do you think you have made things by coming? I hate the sight of you. Leave this place at once before I am tempted to strike you, and let me never see your face again.

RUTH. [*Rising to her feet and flinging her arms despairingly around her father's neck. REESE looks at her repulsively.*] Father, dear, don't drive me away thus! Kiss your own little Ruth—say you forgive her, and I'll leave Throckton this very night, never, never to come back and annoy you with my presence again.

REESE. [*Shaking her off and speaking impassionately.*] Silence! I'll hear no more! I loved you once as I did my own life, but you deliberately plunged into a vortex of degradation and shame, and brought dishonor upon us, causing me to hate you as I would a reptile! Now go out into the world, it may tolerate you if it will not trust you. To me, you are dead forever, and I would not own you if your's should be the last eyes into which I might look from the scaffold on my way to eternity! [*Soft music until curtain.*]

RUTH. [*Meantime begging piteously for mercy.*] Father!

REESE. [*Very impassionately.*] Begone! On your life, I command you! [*Rushing furiously toward RUTH, who screams and totters, TOM catching her limply in his arms at L. front. MRS. WATKINS, SAM and WARDEN enter hurriedly door R in flat looking startled. MRS. WATKINS takes position L C. WARDEN, R. SAM, R. front.*]

TOM. [*Holding up his hand beseechingly to REESE.*] Mercy on your child! [*REESE stands transfixedly.*]

PICTURE—CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Court Room.—Practical centre doors.—JUDGE on bench L. back—CLERK L. front of same at table.—Witness box R. front of CLERK—JURY L.—Audience extreme R.—MRS. WATKINS, RUTH, TOM, BASIL, and SAM R.—BASIL disguised in light brown beard, wig and working clothes,—REESE and LAWYER BROWN at table near front centre —LAWYER PINCHER and JACK at table near L. front.—All seated.—Soft music at rise of curtain.]

PINCHER. [*Rising, facing JUDGE and bowing.*] May it please the court. [*Turning to JURY.*] Gentlemen of the jury. The prisoner at the bar, Reese Watkins. [*Pointing to REESE.*] is indicted here for the murder of Basil Brandon. The crime was committed under the following circumstances: Some time ago the victim eloped with the prisoner's daughter, and this so enraged the father that it finally culminated in a murderous hate, and led him to slay the supposed destroyer of his child. This is no imaginative sketch, no theory, no coinage of the brain, no circumstantial combination of circumstances, but a grim fact which we propose proving by competent testimony. We can show you, gentlemen, that this man, Reese Watkins, solemnly vowed to take Basil Brandon's life, and that he kept his vow, and slew one of the most promising young men that ever adorned the social circles of Throckton. Some may say that he had great provocation; but no provocation justifies the taking of human life, the shedding of one man's blood by another. Besides, when this deed was done, Reese Watkins did not know whether he had been injured to any extent. He jumped at a rash conclusion, and indulged in a wild revenge. Society must protect itself against such lawless conduct and we therefore ask for a verdict of guilty. I shall now call the first witness, Samuel Lambert. [*Resumes his seat.*]

SAM. [*Comes forward reluctantly, addresses REESE sadly.*] What can I do to aid you?

REESE. Sam, lad, speak the truth. Don't swear a lie for me. No, boy; if it should save my life, don't commit perjury and crush your conscience with a false oath. Tell the truth, whatever comes.

PINCHER. The prisoner's advice is not needed. This witness needs no coaching from anybody.

[REESE looks contemptuously at PINCHER. SAM takes the witness stand, and is sworn by CLERK by uplifted hand.]

PINCHER. Did you hear Reese Watkins vow that he would take Basil Brandon's life?

SAM. [*Wistfully to JUDGE.*] Must I answer that?

JUDGE. [*Kindly.*] Yes, boy; answer the question.

SAM. Well, if I must, I s'pose I must. I did hear Reese Watkins say that if Basil Brandon wronged Ruth, he would kill him.

PINCHER. [*Triumphantly.*] When was this?

SAM. The night I told him that I saw Basil Brandon and Ruth goin' out on the river from the Witches' Landing in a row boat. He was a good deal excited, and mebbe he didn't know what he was saying.—

PINCHER. Stop, stop! We don't want your opinion. We simply want to know the facts. You told him you saw Basil Brandon and Ruth Watkins going off in a small row boat, and then the prisoner, Reese Watkins, said he would kill Basil Brandon. Did he swear that he would do it?

SAM. I believe he did, sir.

PINCHER. Are you quite sure that he did?

SAM. I believe I am.

PINCHER. That will do. You may step aside.

BROWN. We have no questions to ask this witness. [SAM leaves the witness stand and resumes his seat.]

PINCHER. We will now call Jack Dabble. [JACK takes the witness stand, slightly intoxicated, and is sworn as before]

PINCHER. Your name is Jack Dabble?

JACK. It is.

PINCHER. Did you witness the murder of Basil Brandon?

JACK. I did.

PINCHER. State the circumstances as well as you can remember.

JACK. It was a dark night. The moon had gone down. I was loitering about the mill, where I expected to sleep that night, when I was aroused by a scuffle between two men. I crept closer, and saw that one of them was Basil Brandon and the other Reese Watkins. Brandon was struck down by Watkins, who held a bar of iron in his hands. Then a third party came up and helped Watkins. I think the third party was a man calling himself Dick Russell. Watkins and Russell both struck Brandon on the head and face. He moaned pitifully and cried for mercy, but they called him a dog, and said he must die. At last, when he was not able to speak any longer, they flung him into the river, where his body was found shortly after by some of the mill hands. [REESE looks sternly at JACK.]

BROWN. You say you saw all this. What, then, was your motive for keeping it secret at first?

JACK. Because I was afraid of Watkins' friends. I feared they would do me violence in case I appeared against him, and for a time I made up my mind not to say anything about the matter.

BROWN. Did you ever ask Reese Watkins' daughter Ruth to become your wife?

JACK. I don't see what that's got to do with it.

BROWN. Well, we will show you presently. You are not exactly what might be called a dude, Mr. Dabble, but I understand that you occasionally try to play the masher. Is it not true that you asked Ruth Watkins to become your wife, and, when she refused you, you said you would swear her father's life away?

JACK. [*Hissingly.*] It is false! I never asked her any such thing, and whoever says so lies.

BROWN. That will do, Mr. Dabble. Don't show your anjelic temper. We will excuse you for the present, but I would recommend the officers of the court to keep an eye on you, as we may need you again. [JACK *steps from the witness stand and resumes his seat*]

PINCHER. [*Rising and addressing the JUDGE.*] Your Honor, we have no more witnesses to call on behalf of the Commonwealth. [*Resumes his seat.*]

BROWN. [*Rising; facing JUDGE and bowing.*] If the court please. [*Turning to JURY.*] Gentlemen of the jury. The great injustice that has been done my client [*Pointing to REESE,*] by trumping up this terrible charge against him and depriving him of the precious boon of liberty, stands without a parallel in the annals of criminal procedure. I shall not call many witnesses, yet I trust to be able to prove to you gentlemen of the jury, to my fellow citizens of Throckton, and to the wide world, that this brave, patient, and noble hearted man, Reese Watkins, [*Pointing to REESE,*] is innocent of the fearful charge against him, and for which he has suffered so much already. The evidence, establishing these facts, will be of such a character as will secure his triumphant acquittal at your hands. I shall now proceed to call our first witness, Richard Russell. [BASIL *takes the witness stand and is sworn as before*]

BROWN. [*To BASIL.*] Please state to the court and jury what you know regarding an interview between Ruth Watkins and Jack Dabble, in which the latter threatened to swear away Reese Watkins' life because his daughter refused to become his wife.

BASIL. Last evening I was down along the river bank, below the Steel Mills, where I overheard a conversation between Ruth Watkins and Jack Dabble. I was completely hidden from

their view by a clump of trees, but I heard all that was said. From their conversation, I soon learned that Miss Watkins was enticed to that place by Dabble under the pretext that he could save her father's life. Among other things, he said to her: "Be my wife and I'll not swear against your father." This she firmly refused. Then he became violent and said: "That's your father's death sentence."

PINCHER. And you swear positively that you saw and heard all this?

BASIL. I do.

PINCHER. [*Jumping up excited.*] Well, sir, nobody but a sneak and a coward would be guilty of such conduct. [*Smiting the table.*] and besides, we don't know who you are, what you are, or where you came from. The principal witness here thinks you were an accomplice of Watkins in the murder of Basil Brandon, and, if justice were done, you would not be allowed to testify at all. I repeat, sir, that we don't know who you are, what you are, or where you came from.

BASIL. [*Triumphantly.*] Then, sir, you shall know! I am Basil Brandon! [*Quickly plucks away his disguise. Marks of wound on right temple seen. Stands transfixedly, looking at PINCHER. Chord and hurried music until RUTH speaks. Everybody jumps up startled. WATKINS friends cheer. JUDGE raps for order when everybody quiets down.*]

RUTH. [*To her mother.*] Mother see! It is Basil Brandon come back from the grave!

[*JACK makes a break for centre door but is quickly caught by TOM at centre back*]

TOM. Dabble, you are cornered at last. It is your turn now to occupy a prison cell, and I think the law will have little mercy for you

JACK. [*Tremblingly.*] Tom, for Heaven's sake let me go.

TOM. No! You have been too long at large, while honest men have been suffering for your crimes. You belong to the law, and so heartless a wretch as you need expect no mercy. You have used your liberty to make life a burden to others, and you deserve the severest penalties that can be imposed for all the bitterness and sorrow you have brought upon an honest ^{man} name.

PINCHER. [*To BASIL.*] Well, I declare! Can it be possible that this is really Basil Brandon?

BASIL. Yes, it is Basil Brandon himself, and he is here to see that justice is done to more than one person who has been greatly wronged by what some of you may call a rash mistake, but what I call a cruel outrage. Reese Watkins has suffered, his poor wife has suffered, his charming daughter, Ruth, has suffered and been greatly wronged; but I too have been a suf-

ferer, and though I have not come back from the grave, as many of you doubtless supposed when you first saw me, I have come back from the border-land of death.

PINCHER. But what is the meaning of this melodramatic demonstration? Why have you caused your family so much misery, when you might have relieved them from anxiety and remorse?

BASIL. I don't blame anyone for chiding me. It looks as if I had played a mean part toward everyone, and especially toward the young lady whom I had invited to become my wife, and who gave me her confidence and her heart, but after you have heard me, I do not think a man or woman in this court room will be willing to say that I have done wrong. [*Looks at JUDGE.*]

JUDGE. Go on with your story.

BASIL. The night that Miss Watkins and I rowed across the river our intentions were to be married by the Rev. Ira Woodburn at his residence on the other side, but a fatal mishap to the clergyman prevented the ceremony. We then concluded to go to New York and be married there the following morning. We arrived in that city late at night, went to a hotel and registered as "Basil Brandon and sister." Shortly after I went to my room, a thieving hotel porter entered who attacked and robbed me and afterward flung my helpless body through the window into the court-yard below. From that moment, and for weeks after, the world was a blank to me until one day, ^{when} I found myself a patient in St. Vincent's Hospital. As soon as I had sufficiently recovered, I left there determined upon hunting down my assailant, but when I learned that the father of my affianced wife was to be tried for a murder that he did not commit, I resolved to come back at once and save an innocent man's life.

PINCHER. Why did you not reveal yourself at once and obviate the necessity of these proceedings?

BASIL. Because the condition in which I found things here, suggested the wisdom of my waiting to see how far injustice would go in wronging an innocent man. The perfidious testimony of Jack Dabble satisfied me on that point, and so I felt that the time had come for me to speak, and put an end to this tragical farce that had been carried on in the name of the Law. You see that Reese Watkins has not taken my life. The scoundrel who attempted it is still at large, and if I should succeed in catching and convicting him, I could die happy.

PINCHER. [*With owl-like solemnity*] But whose body was taken from the river, indentified as yours, and buried from the family mansion?

BASIL. [*Smiling.*] It certainly was not mine, and I'm astonished that you should ask such a ridiculous question.

PINCHER. [*Dryly.*] I don't ask you, young man. I merely ask the question on general principles. Somebody has been killed—somebody that must have looked very much like you, else the victim would not be identified by your own parents as their son, and mourned and buried with all the honors that belonged to you.

BASIL. Mr. Pincher, that fellow was a usurper, and he must get out of my grave as soon as possible. I shall also dispose of a second-hand tombstone and epitaph cheap—in fact, I may add, "dirt cheap," as the dealers say, since I don't expect to have any use for such things for many years to come.

PINCHER. That's very smart indeed, sir. But we would like to know who was murdered and flung into the river the night that Mr. Dabble witnessed the tragedy of which he has told this court and jury.

BASIL. I can't enlighten you as to that.
[*Enter JIMMY quickly at centre door.*]

JIMMY. But I can! [*Chord.*]
[*Everybody looks surprised at him.*]

PINCHER. [*To JIMMY.*] What brought you here?

JIMMY. Musgular action.

BROWN. [*To BASIL.*] That will do Mr. Brandon. [*BASIL leaves the witness stand and resumes his seat.*]

BROWN. James Isaacs, please take the witness stand.

[*JIMMY takes the witness stand and is sworn as before.*]

PINCHER. [*To JIMMY.*] What do you know about this affair?

JIMMY. I know de coat vot vos took from de river. It vos Zeb Grinnell.

BASIL. [*Rising excitedly.*] What! the scoundrel who attempted my life and robbed me in the hotel! [*Resumes his seat.*]

JIMMY. [*Coolly.*] Der same schnoozer. I heard him tell his mudder how he robbed you. Dey tought dot pooty gal over dere [*Pointing to RUTH,*] vos your sister, un' afeared dot she might make dronble. Mudder Grinnell tried to put an end to her too, but I balked de old hag. I carried de gal on my back to a boat, un' vos crossin' de river mit her when a lot of train-robbers over took us. Zeb Grinnell had charge of de gang, for Jack Dabble. I left de gal at Hoboken und dey forced me along. When we got to Throckton, Grinnell, he got owit of de cars, und while he was foolin' around de track he vos run over by anoder train und killed as dead as a salt mackerel. Den de gang took und flung his body into the river afeared dey'd be cotched if dey bothered mit him. Grinnell had on some clothes und jooelry belongin' to Mr. Brandon here, [*Pointing to BASIL,*] und dot's, I subbose,

how everybody t'ought, when de body vos found, dot it vos dis young shentlemen's gorbse, und dot's all I know about it. [*Leaves the witness stand and sits R.*]

JUDGE. [*To JURY.*] Gentlemen of the jury. In as much as the Commonwealth has utterly failed to make out a case against the defendant at the bar, it would be unjust to convict, and you are therefore directed to render a formal verdict of acquittal without leaving the box.

[*Jurymen gesticulate with each other.*]

JUDGE. [*To JACK.*] Jack Dabble: From the evidence here given, you are *prima facially* guilty of numerous crimes, and you will therefore consider yourself under arrest until such time as you shall have answered to the Law. [*To JURY.*] Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?

JURY. [*Rising.*] We have.

JUDGE. What say you? Guilty or not guilty?

JURY. Not guilty!

JUDGE. And so say you all?

JURY. We do. [*Jurymen resume their seats.*]

JUDGE. A most righteous verdict! [*To REESE.*] Reese Watkins, [*REESE rises,*] you have been legally and honorably acquitted of the great crime with which you have here been charged, and it is with extreme pleasure that I say to you that you are discharged. [*Applause by the spectators. REESE bows to the court, then clasps BROWN by the hand*]

REESE. [*Goes to MRS. WATKINS, and embraces her.*] My wife! [*Goes to RUTH, and embraces her.*] My child! [*Goes to BASIL, clasps him by the hand, then takes him to RUTH.*] Take her! [*Music until curtain.*] [*Then takes position at centre back with MRS. WATKINS.*] JACK in the meantime makes a break for centre door, where he is met by an officer, who grasps him when he crouches; the latter holding a drawn mace over him.

[*Flats open at back.*]

TABLEAU. Goddess of Justice seen on an elevation. A smaller goddess on each side of her, pointing and looking at her. The one on her right holding a banner in her right hand with the word "Labor" on it, and the one on her left holding a banner in her left hand with the word "Capital" on it

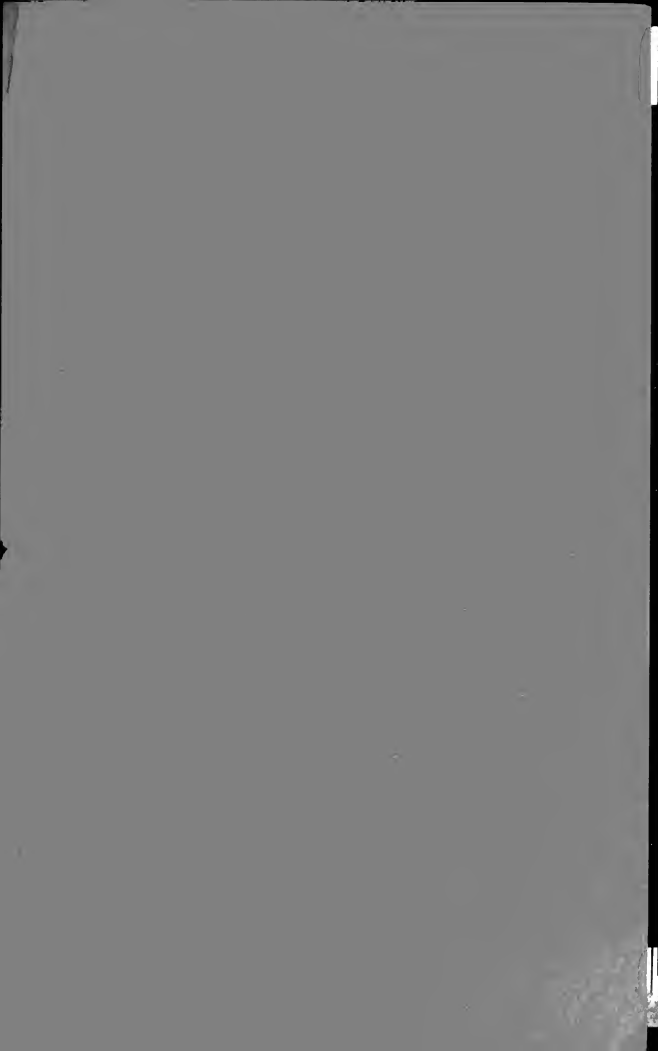
REESE. [*Looking up, fervently.*] Thank Heaven! Justice at last.

PICTURE—CURTAIN.

THE END.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 400 659 3

PRESS OF
E. THALHEIMER,
READING, PA.