



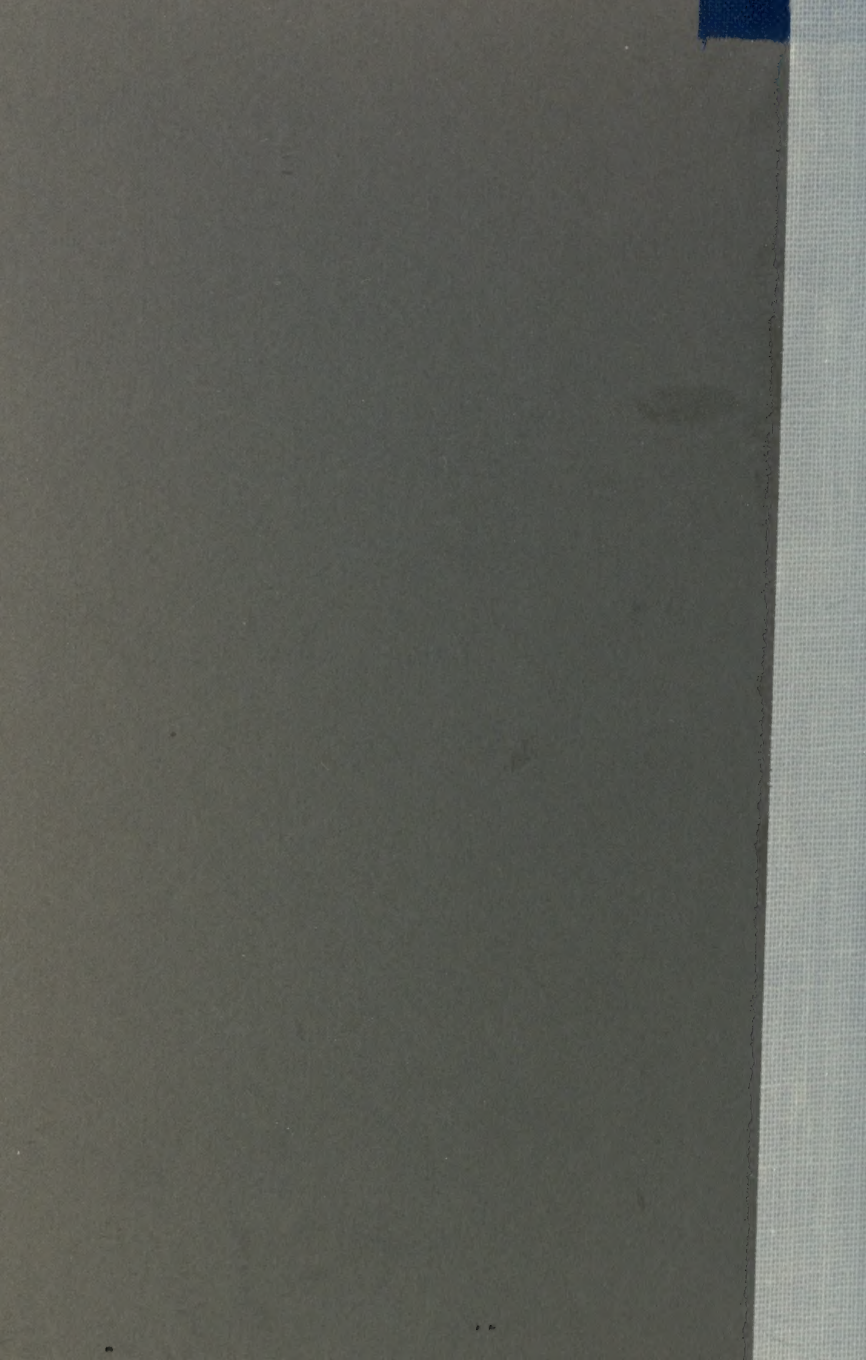
3 1761 05677766 7

Gale, Zona
The neighbours

PS

3513

A34N4



A play by
ZONA GALE

The
NEIGHBOURS

NEW YORK: B. W. HUEBSCH, INC.

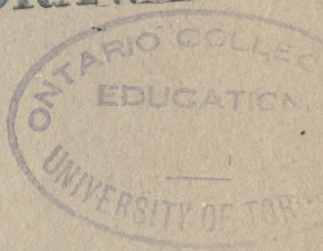


THE NEIGHBOURS

:: ZONA GALE ::



WITHDRAWN

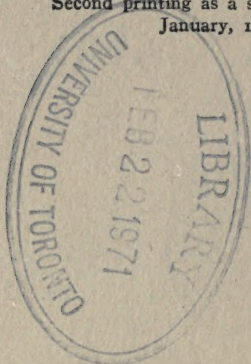


New York B. W. HUEBSCH, INC. *Mcmxxi*

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY
B. W. HUEBSCH

First printing as a separate volume
February, 1920

Second printing as a separate volume
January, 1921



PS
3513
A34N4

WITHDRAWN

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

1379

THE NEIGHBOURS

By ZONA GALE

THE NEIGHBOURS

may be performed under the following conditions:

The royalty on THE NEIGHBOURS is Ten Dollars for every performance to which admission is asked; or Five Dollars when there is no admission.

RURAL ROYALTY

For rural communities the offer is made to permit the play to be given without royalty on condition that some group or person plant in the community a roadside fruit tree; or else contribute in some definite way to community consciousness and and community development.

The royalty is payable to either the publisher or the author.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

GRANDMA

MIS' DIANTHA ABEL

EZRA WILLIAMS


PETER

INEZ

MIS' ELMIRA MORAN

MIS' TROT

MIS' CARRY ELLSWORTH



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE NEIGHBOURS

A kitchen. At the right an ironing-board, with full clothes-basket on the floor. At the back an open door, an open window with blooming plants on its outside sill, and a wide cupboard with a figured calico curtain before it. At the left an exit into a shed. A wooden bottomed rocker with high back and calico cushion, some wooden bottomed straight chairs, a table covered with a red cloth and ranged with four or five lamps, and at the corner farthest from the ironing-board, clothes-bars spread with a few freshly-ironed pieces.

By the window, left back, sits GRANDMA who does not leave her chair throughout the play until its end. She is very old. She is in bright-coloured calico, with ribbons on her black cap. She is cutting and winding white and black carpet rags, and a basket of the balls is beside her on the floor.

MIS' DIANTHA ABEL is ironing at the board. She has on a blue calico gown, a long gingham

apron, spectacles, and a black hat trimmed with faded flowers and a dilapidated ostrich feather. She irons slowly, as anybody would iron, tests her flat-iron, starts for the shed to renew it at the stove out there.

GRANDMA

[*Looking up.*] Seems to me Inez is a terrible long time gettin' that starch.

MIS' ABEL

I wish she'd hurry herself back. I ain't got enough starch to do the collars.

GRANDMA

I'll cold-starch 'em for you, if you want.

MIS' ABEL

No, Grandma, you jest set still and take care o' yourself. Don't you go botherin' about other folks's work.

GRANDMA

I'm terrible tired cutting up carpet rags. [MIS' ABEL *disappears in the shed.* GRANDMA, *sorting her rags, talks on, raising her voice to follow MIS' ABEL.*] 'Tain't as though they was goin' to be rugs. We got rag rugs all over the

house now. So has everybody else we know. Everybody's floors is plastered with 'em. I been cuttin' rags ever since I came an' doin' nothin' . . . [MIS' ABEL *returns with her fresh iron, testing it as she comes*] . . . but cuttin' rags. Seems like I'd ought to be able to make somethin' else with my fingers. Somethin' human. Where you goin', Dianthy?

MIS' ABEL

I'm a-goin' to get this ironin' out of the way, short off. That is, I am if Inez ever gets back from Mis' Ellsworth's with that cup o' starch.

GRANDMA

What you got your hat on for?

MIS' ABEL

So's if anybody runs in they won't set half the day, henderin' me. They'll think I'm goin' off.

GRANDMA

I know. The neighbours do hender terrible. [*A pause.*] Sometimes, though, I think it must be kind o' nice to have somethin' to be hendered at.

MIS' ABEL

[*Ironing—but not fast.*] I always say mornin's is wove and cut out for hard work. I don't want Mis' Moran or somebody comin' in an' settin' the whole forenoon. This ironin's got to be got out of the way this mornin', no matter what happens to who.

[*Her iron sticks, and she rubs it vigorously on the carpet.*]

GRANDMA

[*Who has dropped her work and is reaching to pick dead leaves off the plants in the window.*] I don't seem to have no go in me no more. I don't know what's come over me. I ain't no more interested in them carpet rags than I am in the dipthery.

[*EZRA WILLIAMS appears at the open window. He is large and flushed and furious.*]

EZRA

Mis' Abel! Mis' Abel!

MIS' ABEL

[*Looks at him, then turns and goes on ironing.*] Well, Ezra, as a family, we ain't deaf.

EZRA

Is this you folks's wood out here?

MIS' ABEL

[*Over shoulder.*] Wood?

EZRA

I want to know if you folks ordered any cord wood?

MIS' ABEL

No. We didn't order no wood.

EZRA

Well, they've brought you some. Only they've unplied it in front of my door on the piece that's new-seeded and that I've tended like a baby.

MIS' ABEL

Ezra, you're that reasonable that I s'pose it's reasonin' that keeps you so calm. That wood never heard of us.

EZRA

You sure?

MIS' ABEL

Not as sure as you are about things. You don't often find folks as sure as that. But—sure.

EZRA

— Well, it's somebody's fool wood, an' I've got to go an' find the fool that ordered it up— [*He strides off, still talking.*] Whoever heard o' anybody gettin' cord wood in, anyhow, in the middle o' the summer?

[GRANDMA, *who has stopped picking off dead leaves and has listened attentively during his stay, looks after him till he disappears; then she turns.*

GRANDMA

What did he say?

MIS' ABEL

Did he talk too soft for you, Grandma?

GRANDMA

He was so mad I couldn't keep my mind on what he *was* saying.

MIS' ABEL

Oh, well, he was just talkin' to hear himself talk. About some cord wood.

GRANDMA

It don't seem as if anybody *could* be so interested in cord wood.

MIS' ABEL

They ain't nothin' in the world for Ezra but just Ezra. Nothin' in the world for him but just—him.

GRANDMA

[*Looking off.*] Don't you s'pose there is? It don't seem like they's enough to *anybody* to occupy 'em the whole time.

[*Up to the open door comes PETER. He is tall, awkward, grave; long, uncovered wrists, heavy, falling hands; but he has an occasional wide, pleasant, shy smile.*]

PETER

[*On the porch.*] Good morning, Mis' Abel.

MIS' ABEL

Oh, good morning, Peter. I just happen to be ironin' a flat-piece, so I don't have to put my mind on it. I'm goin' to do the collars next [*pointedly*], and they take thought. What's wanted?

PETER

[*Shuffling, turning his hat.*] Any groceries this morning, Mis' Abel?

MIS' ABEL

Groceries?

PETER

[*Nods and enters.*] I've started takin' orders for Ferguson.

MIS' ABEL

Well, I'm glad to hear that. When do you start?

PETER

To-day.

MIS' ABEL

Does many order to the door?

PETER

I dunno. I've just started. I'm just startin'. Now.

MIS' ABEL

[*Rubbing her iron on the carpet.*] I ain't doin' no orderin' to-day. We've got to eat up what we've got. Unless you want to bring me fif' cents worth o' granulated sugar. You might do that. Get up there and get me that basket of odds an' ends on the top of the cupboard. Seems to me I see a piece o' beeswax up there.

PETER

[*Finishes writing down the order for sugar and brings a chair from near GRANDMA'S chair.*] I thought I'd just stop in an' see. You don't think she—[*he stumbles over the chair he is carrying*]
—she wouldn't want anything this morning, would she, Mis' Abel?

MIS' ABEL

Who's she? Who you talking about?

PETER

Why, Inez.

MIS' ABEL

I thought it was Inez. Why didn't you say so in the first place? I hate di-plomacy in man or beast.

PETER

[*Who has not quite reached the cupboard with the chair, sets it down and turns abruptly.*] Well, then, I'll say it now. Mis' Abel! Why don't she treat me right?

MIS' ABEL

Treat you right? [PETER, *his momentary courage going, takes the chair on over to the cup-*

board, turns, nods mutely.] Why, I don't see how she can. Near as I can make out, you never open your head when you're with her.

PETER

[Climbing on chair.] It's funny about me, Mis' Abel. *[From the chair.]* Honest, I dunno what to do about me, sometimes.

MIS' ABEL

Well, *stop* thinkin' about you so much.

PETER

[Spreading out his hands.] I do try to. But when I try to think how to stop myself thinking about myself, there's myself thinkin' about me.

MIS' ABEL

Think about somethin' else, then! Get me down that basket. You can stand and talk to me all day. I don't see why you can't talk to her.

PETER

[Reaching for basket.] I could talk all right enough. But my tongue won't. I could—but my tongue, it won't. *[Turns with the basket.]* Why, some girls I know I can jolly like the dick-

ens. But Inez—when she comes along, Mis' Abel, I can't remember anything I know. [*Has down the basket and turns with it in his hands.*] History now—I know a real lot of history. And about birds and things. I'd *like* to talk with her about them. But last week, when I took her to the picnic, I couldn't think out any of 'em to say no more'n a *hen*.

[*He makes a large gesture with the basket at a perilous angle.*]

MIS' ABEL

[*With a quick movement to catch the basket.*] Well, don't ask me to tell you how to court. Men that don't know history from a coach-and-four can court successful. [*Hunting for bees-wax in the basket.*] But you can't expect Inez to know whether she likes you or not if you sit like a block. Say something—do something, so's she'll know you're alive.

PETER

[*Despondently, as he climbs down.*] I know it. I ain't much. An' what little I am don't show through somehow. [*He drags the chair back to its place beside GRANDMA in MIS' ABEL'S assenting silence. Sets the chair down with a*

bang.] Honest, Mis' Abel, I wouldn't care much what happened to me.

[GRANDMA *looks up at him, and drops a ball of carpet rags. PETER picks it up and it unrolls away from him toward the door. GRANDMA suddenly laughs out, an old woman's laugh, shrill, but not unkindly.*

PETER

[*Miserably.*] I guess I *am* a joke.

GRANDMA

Joke nothin'. You're a human. You're a human an' you don't know it. I see a-many in my day.

MIS' ABEL

[*Waxing her iron.*] Well, a body needn't be a fool if they are human. My goodness, if Inez don't get here with that starch—

[INEZ *comes up on the porch. She is slight, and very girlish. She wears a straight, dull reddish gown. She is hatless and excited.*

INEZ

[*With marked and slightly ironical sweetness to PETER, who is almost at the door.*] So sorry

to have missed you, Peter. Good-bye, then.
Mother! Guess!

MIS' ABEL

[*Ironing.*] Guess what? I'm too busy.

INEZ

Well, but listen. It's important. It's awful—

MIS' ABEL

[*Pausing, iron in hand, and looking over her shoulder.*] Well, out with it. What is it? What you making such a fuss about it for?

INEZ

It's Mis' Ellsworth's sister. She's died out West. And they're sending her little boy out here to Mis' Ellsworth.

MIS' ABEL

[*Setting down her iron.*] My land a living! Carry Ellsworth with a boy on top of everything else!

INEZ

I know it. She just heard last night. And she's home trying to think what to do.

MIS' ABEL

When's he going to get here?

INEZ

To-night. To-night on the 7:58.

MIS' ABEL

[*Pushing her hair back and taking her hat with it.*] Ain't that just the end of everything?

INEZ

And her with nobody to do a thing for her.

PETER

[*Who has dropped the ball again at sight of INEZ, has been making more and more of a tangle of the carpet rags ever since she entered.*] They couldn't anybody do anything, could they?

INEZ

Well, of course they could! There'll be things for everybody to do that knows her.

[*PETER comes toward her, his tangle of carpet rags following him. He and INEZ talk apart, he awkward and mostly mute, she evidently mocking him as they try to disentangle the rags.*

MIS' ABEL

[*Has walked over toward GRANDMA and stands, one arm akimbo.*] Did you understand, Grandma, Carry Ellsworth's sister's boy is coming to live with her.

[*With disapproving emphasis.*

GRANDMA

Boy? A little boy?

MIS' ABEL

Yes, sir. To-night. Comin' to-night on the 7:58.

GRANDMA

[*Placidly.*] Ain't that nice?

MIS' ABEL

Nice? And her all alone in the world?

GRANDMA

Yes. Him comin' and her all alone. She won't be alone no more. I wish't I was younger and could do for one.

MIS' ABEL

My land, I should think you've had enough to do for. I guess you never had no peace till you

come into our family that you didn't begin by belongin' to.

GRANDMA

[*Bursting out.*] Peace! That's it. Now I've got peace. Peace an' carpet rags.

[*When they are not looking she gives a big white ball of carpet rags a vicious throw through the shed door.*]

MIS' ABEL

[*Harking back.*] Nice. You think it's nice. Why, Carry Ellsworth won't know what to do with a boy no more than nothing in this world. I dunno what she *is* goin' to do to dress him.

INEZ

[*Turning with the properly wound ball.*] We'll have to think of somebody that'll have some cast-off clothes.

MIS' ABEL

[*Impatiently.*] Boy's duds makes awful good weather strips. Before we got the upstairs plastered I use' to wish I'd had a boy or two. It's goin' to be an awful nuisance, doin' for him.

There's some of your pa's clothes she might use. I dunno's it'll need clothes first pop, though. But they's everything to think of—

[PETER starts forward, his face bright with what he means to try to say.]

PETER

Oh, Inez. . . . That is, oh, Mis' Abel. I'm a boy. I mean I was a boy. I mean I've got some trousers—and a coat—and another coat. Shall I get 'em?

MIS' ABEL

What do you mean—something to cut over? Well, get 'em, of course. What you standing there for? Get 'em and bring 'em here. Inez, you run over an' ask Mis' Trot to come in for a minute. Mind you say *a minute*, or she'll set the whole forenoon.

PETER

[*At the door.*] Are you comin' now, Inez? I—I go that way too.

INEZ

[*Airily.*] Oh, don't you wait for me, Peter. I've got some things to see to.

[*Exit PETER, looking at her dumbly.*]

INEZ

Mother, hasn't Peter got any lungs?

MIS' ABEL

Lungs?

INEZ

Or maybe it's brains. He looks nice enough—he looks real nice. But he acts as if he didn't have good sense when it comes to talkin'.

MIS' ABEL

Your pa was the same way.

INEZ

[*Indignant.*] *Father?*

MIS' ABEL

Certainly. After we was married, whenever he begun actin' like he knew it all, an' like I wasn't nothin' but the fly-leaf o' things, I used to remember how perfectly simple he did use' to act when I first knew him—when he was first makin' up. An' many's the time I've just laughed to myself, and gone and done like he told me to, sheer through rememberin' how simple and scairt and green he did use to act.

INEZ

[*Softly.*] Father? *Father!*

MIS' ABEL

Him. Now run for Mis' Trot and don't be lettin' me let my spare room pillow shams dry. I guess I'll carry this one in here out o' the dirt.

[*Exit with sham.*

GRANDMA

Daniel was like that too. He done things regular greenhorn. I remember the day we was engaged, he almost made such a botch of it I didn't know what he meant. He busts out and says, "*Will you?*" an' I thought he meant would I go to the huskin' bee and I said, "Yes." When I see my mistake—well, I let it go at that. I see what hard work he was makin' of it.

INEZ

That was old uncle Daniel, wasn't it? I remember him. He was awful old.

GRANDMA

Well, but I bet he was consider'ble more up to snuff than your young popinjays is now!

INEZ

[*Hastily.*] Oh, yes. Oh, I know— [*She retreats to the door and is met on the threshold by MIS' ELMIRA MORAN.*] Oh, good morning, Mis' Moran. Come in. Mother'll be back in a minute. Sit down.

[*Exit.*]

MIS' MORAN

[*Stout, sixty, gets about with difficulty. She has a scarf wound many times about her head, but no shawl. Unwinds scarf deliberately and sinks in rocker as she speaks.*] I dunno as I can. My leg is so bad I can hardly hobble. And my left shoulder don't get no better. Nor my head—it don't act right. I dunno but my time is come and my grave is diggin' around the next corner. I feel that way. I told Jake so.

[*Enter MIS' ABEL.*]

MIS' ABEL

Good mornin', Mis' Moran. Ain't it just perfectly dreadful about—

MIS' MORAN

Dreadful! I dunno what I am goin' to do if it keeps up. I was just sayin', I said so to Jake

only this mornin'. I says, "Jake," I says, "I'm gettin' so that I'm su'prised whenever I wake up alive. Whenever I do it," I says, "it's like every blessed mornin' of my life was a genu-ine resur-rection for me. I feel it."

MIS' ABEL

What you talkin' about?

MIS' MORAN

If that ain't just like Jake's treatment of me. Right while I was talkin' to him, Jake asked me if I'd remembered to set the pancakes. Said he didn't hear me do it.

MIS' ABEL

Well, but land, land—what's that got to do—

MIS' MORAN

I'd been goin' to tell him about my back, but I hadn't the heart. I just laid and cried. Mis' Abel, my back's been behavin' so queer, I can hardly move it. Why, the last few days—

MIS' ABEL

[*Positively.*] Just you put your finger on the

place, Elmiry Moran, till I tell you the news. Carry Ellsworth's got a baby.

MIS' MORAN

[*Sits bolt upright suddenly and with ease.*] A what?

MIS' ABEL

Yes, sir. It ain't here yet. It's due to-night.

MIS' MORAN

[*Rises, steps toward MIS' ABEL easily and eagerly.*] What under the sun do you mean, Dianthy Abel? Carry Ellsworth's goin' to have a baby

MIS' ABEL

To-night. On the 7:58. Her sister's that died out West. At least the boy's alive and they're sending him to her.

MIS' MORAN

[*Limps slowly back to her chair.*] You'd ought not to give me them turns, Dianthy. The doctor says I mustn't forget for a single minute the condition I'm in. How old is he?

MIS' ABEL

Well, let me see. . . .

[INEZ appears in doorway with MIS' TROT. MIS' TROT is little and "wiry" and active and alert. She comes in with a collar in one hand and a brooch in the other.]

INEZ

Here's Mis' Trot, Mother.

MIS' TROT

Well, did you ever *hear* anything like it, ever? Carry Ellsworth, of all the folks under the canopy.

MIS' ABEL

That's just exactly what I said.

INEZ

[*Going to table where lamps are ranged and beginning to clean them.*] How much does she get a month now?

MIS' TROT

[*At the mirror over the shelf, putting on her collar, speaks with the brooch between her lips.*] Why, she only gets her eight dollars a month pension from her husband's leg.

MIS' ABEL

And then of course whatever she earns substitutin' clerkin', when clerks are sick.

MIS' MORAN

But barrin' Christmas week I don't believe that amounts to shucks for pay.

MIS' TROT

[*Drawing up as a matter of course to help INEZ with the lamp chimneys.*] It struck me all of a heap. An' we'd just found a buffalo bug in the parlour carpet. Yes, sir. A buffalo bug. In my *parlour*. I tried to step on it—but you know how they are. No corpse to 'em whatever. I couldn't tell whether I hit it or not—and they always run like horses. I've come right off an' left him there, if he *is* there. I wouldn't of done such a thing, but, thinks I, what's Carry Ellsworth goin' to *do*? How old's this child?

MIS' ABEL

That's what we was figurin' when you come in. Now, Lucretia Ellsworth was married the year we moved out of the Kane house—no, that was Elmira, wasn't it? I guess Lucretia wasn't married till the next year. We was livin' in the Mitchell house.

MIS' MORAN

I thought you lived in the Mitchell house before you lived in the Kane? Wasn't you livin' in the Mitchell house when our barn burned?

MIS' TROT

N—o. [*That 'peculiar, long-drawn "no," with a sound of d in the n.*] You wasn't. Why—[*to MIS' MORAN*—your barn never burned till the winter I was livin' alone. I remember wakin' up alone in the house and seein' the glare.

MIS' ABEL

I *know* we was livin' in the Mitchell house when Lucretia was married because I remember runnin' acrost home for more spoons durin' the ceremony. I know I missed my cry altogether, 'count o' not gettin' back till the congratulations. I'd hid my spoons in the spare room closet and I come over after 'em, all hurried and rattled an' dressed up and I could *not* remember where I'd put them. Let's see that was six—seven—eight—

MIS' MORAN

Oh, that wasn't more'n seven years ago this summer. Because we bought out the Sparks grocery most eight years ago, an' I remember

sellin' Hackett Ellsworth the five pounds o' rice.

MIS' TROT

Why, Mis' Moran—it was *all* of eight years ago. You forget how Time flies. I'd 'a' said nine, to be on the safe side.

MIS' ABEL

— Yes, it must 'a' been eight years ago. I know it was the year Inez had her first ready-made suit.

— Yes, Carry's boy must be about six-seven years old. It don't seem possible.

INEZ

Carry? I thought you said Lucretia's wedding?

MIS' ABEL

Well, Carry was married right after. She hadn't meant to be so soon. But her father didn't want to put up the parlour stove so long's the girls wasn't goin' to be home, so she was married in the fall to save the bother of a stove weddin'.

MIS' MORAN

Six-seven years old. Land, land. Just the hard age to take care of, when they begin to be smart. What *is* she goin' to do?

MIS' ABEL

Just his mere victuals is an item.

MIS' TROT

[*Sighing.*] Yes, sir. Another mouth is another mouth excep' when it's a boy's mouth. Then it's a regular bureau drawer.

MIS' MORAN

This is goin' to be an awful pull for the poor thing. She wouldn't take money, though, I don't suppose, even if anybody had any to offer her?

INEZ

Oh—not money!

MIS' TROT

No—the last way to help anybody is to give 'em money.

MIS' MORAN

Well, of course Carry'll look to us all to advise her some.

MIS' TROT

Oh, I dunno but advice is next worse than money.

MIS' ABEL

Well, it's goin' to be a terrible lot of trouble, whatever way you look at it. I should say the thing she needs is a *job*. But while she's gettin' it she'd ought to have some clothes and some extry bedding and I dunno what all. And you know what that means—attemptin' to get together truck like that.

MIS' TROT

I could 'a' done a little somethin' to-day if it hadn't been for that buffalo bug. But as it is I mustn't stay a minute longer. That animal'll be up into my lace curtains. How you goin' to go at gettin' the stuff together?

MIS' ABEL

[*Ironing hard.*] Well, I do hate to load it onto her in tied-up bundles at the back door. I dunno but we'd ought to go to the trouble of a pound party or somethin' like that.

MIS' TROT

[*Looking up with changing expression.*] That would be kind of nice—wouldn't it?

MIS' ABEL

Carry didn't have much of any wedding presents. And she never had a baby. I dunno as

I ever set foot in her house to any real occasion excep' a funeral. [*Turns with her iron in her hand.*] S'posin' we was to give her a kind of a shower?

MIS' MORAN

A what? A shower?

MIS' TROT

Like they have for babies?

INEZ

Oh, no. I know what Mother means. Like they have for brides.

MIS' ABEL

[*Sets down her iron, turns and leans against the ironing-board. Puts pillow sham on chair-back.*] I mean a shower—whether for bride, babe, or just anybody. It would be a lot of back-aching work, but we could make it real nice for her.

GRANDMA

[*Who has worked on, without looking up, until MIS' ABEL has said "shower." Then she has listened.*] So you could. Go on and do it. Seems to me you could make it so sort of sociable

and friendly it wouldn't seem a bit nasty, like charity does.

MIS' TROT

[*Looking away, with expression growing more rapt.*] Be kind of nice if you could have it the night the child gets here. But that's to-night. Of course you couldn't do that.

MIS' MORAN

Well, of course, I can't do a thing on account o' my back. But I should think if you could scrape the things together to-day so's to take 'em with you when you go, you could have it to-night all right.

MIS' TROT

[*Sitting upright—not suddenly, but still with her rapt manner, leaning forward with her hands across her knees.*] An' be there with 'em when she comes back from the depot with the boy!

MIS' MORAN

And you could have all the things she needs piled in the middle of the front room floor and you be in there with the door shut when she got there—[*edging forward on her chair*—clothes and groceries an' I dunno but some toys—

MIS' ABEL

Be an awful job, managin'. How'd we let ourselves into the house?

MIS' TROT

[*Really kindling.*] Easiest thing in the world. I could go in an' set with her awhile before she starts for the 7:58. I could take her in a cup o' jell, or somethin'. And then I could tell her I'd set there on the porch so's to have a look at him when she got back.

MIS' ABEL

And then you could let us all in. That's the ticket! My land, look at me near settin' on my spare room pillow sham.

MIS' TROT

[*Laying down last lamp chimney and going to the door to shake the cloth. Speaks over shoulder, shaking cloth.*] Well, you do that and you can count on me to be over there when you come. You won't have much trouble gettin' the stuff. [*Giving the cloth to INEZ and turning toward the door.*] I've got to get back to that buffalo bug now, or it'll be layin' eggs in every pattern in the carpet.

[INEZ carries lamps to their high shelf, puts away cloths.]

MIS' ABEL

You come back here.

MIS' TROT

[Looks at her in surprise.] But—

MIS' ABEL

You can't be going home, not with all there'll be to see to.

MIS' TROT

I just can't do it. That buffalo bug—

MIS' ABEL

You forget that buffalo bug, Mis' Trot, an' tell us what to have for refreshments. Strawberries? Or a little canned fruit and loaf-cake?

MIS' TROT

[Returning.] Why, of course we've got to feed 'em. I never thought o' that. *Canned fruit.* I'd just as soon anybody'd set me down to oat-meal as canned fruit—*when* it's a party. Strawberries—well. . . . No, for the land's sakes, if we're going to do it, let's us do it. Let's us have ice-cream or nothin'. . . .

MIS' MORAN

Be nice for the little boy, too.

MIS' ABEL

But, my land, it costs so to buy it—

MIS' TROT

Buy it? Who said anything about buying it? I'll freeze it. I can make it cheaper'n anybody in this town.

MIS' ABEL

Well, of course you can. That's what we'll do. You freeze it.

MIS' TROT

[*Excitedly.*] I can make it for fourteen cents a quart and freeze it myself, puttin' in our own cow and chickens. Yes, I'll do it—buffalo bug or no buffalo bug. A gallon'll be enough. We can all chip in—

[*Stamping up on the porch comes EZRA WILLIAMS. He is still more exasperated, and he comes in without greeting and with his hat on his head.*]

EZRA

Well, I been to both you folks's houses, huntin' you up. An' I been down town lookin' for the

men. Which one o' you ordered wood? Whoever it was can send your men folks straight out here and unpile it from in front of my door, a stick at a time.

MIS' ABEL

I've told him we didn't order no wood.

MIS' MORAN

Well, *we* didn't. We been cuttin' wood from the wood lot for years.

MIS' TROT

We don't burn none. We burn soft coal—what we have left over after we've sprinkled the house with it thorough, an' our clothes an' our hands an' our necks.

EZRA

[*Stands puzzled but still warlike.*] Well, it's somebody's fool wood. It must belong somewhere in the block. Just ask your men folks when they come home this noon. I bet you one of 'em—

MIS' ABEL

Let's tell him. Wait a minute, Ezra. We want—

EZRA

I can't wait. I've got my hands so full they sag.

INEZ

Oh, Mr. Williams! I know whose wood that is. It must be Mis' Ellsworth's. I heard her wonderin' this morning why it hadn't come.

EZRA

Well, of all the snide swindles! I've got too much to do to unpile no cord of wood for no woman, widow or worse. . . .

[He is at the threshold when MIS' ABEL stops him.]

MIS' ABEL

[Clapping her hands and following him.]
Ezra! Ezra Williams. Stop goin' on and listen hard. Carry Ellsworth's sister's boy is comin' on to her to-night to support.

EZRA

[At the door.] Support? Well, I can't help that. I'm doin' some supportin' myself—working my wings off at it. And when it comes to an extry job for nothin'. . . .

MIS' ABEL

Yes, but Carry Ellsworth ain't you. Here's a boy plumpin' down on her to feed and clothe and lug up to man's estate.

EZRA

Well, ain't that just like a woman! Always gettin' herself come down onto by a lot o' distant relatives to support.

MIS' ABEL

Well, it *is* goin' to make trouble for everybody, but we thought we'd ought to—

MIS' MORAN

We thought it'd be real nice to do for her friendly, at a party—

MIS' TROT

And have 'em have refreshments—ice-cream and cake. And have everybody bring things.

MIS' ABEL

Wait till I tell him. And all be there when she gets back from the depot—all waiting, in her house, to s'prise her. Couldn't you get hold of some men and see what they could get together? Us ladies'll see to some clothes but—

MIS' MORAN

You scrape up some money, Ezra. Or some groceries—canned stuff, or like that—

MIS' TROT

And have 'em all sent to one place, hadn't we better?

MIS' ABEL

Have 'em all sent here. Then some of the men can come and tote 'em over when we see her go off to meet the 7:58.

EZRA

[*Who has stood shaking his head, edging away.*] Yah—pa'cel o' women. Ain't that just like 'em? Do you think I ain't got anything else to do? Ain't enough o' you women to tend to the society end of this town and its relations? No—don't you expect no time out of me. I might send over some little thing—but I ain't a minute to spare to-day, I tell you.

[*He is out the door with the last words.*]

GRANDMA

[*Who has been looking up at him with fixed attention.*] Well, now, would you think any-

body would be that much interested in cord wood?

MIS' ABEL

No, sir, you wouldn't.

MIS' MORAN

Well, ain't that just awful for him not to do one thing?

MIS' TROT

Him with nothin' but cord wood on his hands, mind you—and me with a buffalo bug!

MIS' ABEL

As near as I can see we've got to put this thing through ourselves. You take up-street, Mis' Trot, and Mis' Moran, you take down-street—and I'll take the business part. Everybody's always after them, so I think you really squirm more askin' though you do get it so easy. Inez, you might be lookin' up some of your old picture books for the boy, or somethin' to amuse him. Come on, ladies. .

MIS' TROT, MIS' ABEL, MIS' MORAN

[*All talking together as they go out, MIS' MORAN having forgotten her limp.*] Who'll I get to bake the cakes? Well, I'd get some good

cake makers, for mercy's sakes, and there's only about six in town. I know where I'm going for a cake. I'm goin' straight for Mis' Ezra Williams.

[*Exeunt all three.*]

INEZ

I'll iron off a flat piece or two first.

[*She goes to the shed to change the iron.*]

GRANDMA

[*Peering out of the windows, through the plants.*] Dum 'em. They've gone off to do things. And I'm so old, so fool old. [*She smites her hands together.*] Oh, God. Can't you make us hurry? Can't you *make* us hurry? Get us to the time when we won't have to dry up like a pippin before we're ready to be took off? Our heads an' our hearts an' our legs an' our backs—oh, make 'em last busy, *busy*, right up to the time the hearse backs up to the door!

INEZ

[*Returns, picks up a piece from the basket, looks over at her.*] What's the matter, Grandma?

GRANDMA

Eh, nothin'. Only, I'm *folks*. That's all. I mean I was folks—me that was folks and now ain't.

[INEZ looks at her, puzzled, and stands rubbing the iron on a newspaper when PETER re-appears in the doorway, the sugar under his arm, and in his hand a paper.]

PETER

Mis' Abel! I forgot to ask you just what things you need for that little boy— Oh, you here, Inez? I thought you was out. I thought— Here's your mother's sugar.

INEZ

[Cooling her iron and not looking at 'him.] I'm sorry Mother isn't in. She'll be back in a few minutes. Won't you come back then?

PETER

Inez! I've got lots of conversation in me.

[INEZ searches his face swiftly. Goes on with ironing.]

PETER

[With determination.] I mean I don't say half the things I could say.

INEZ

[*With a moment of understanding and sympathy, she leans on the board and looks at him.*]
What about, Peter?

PETER

About—about—oh, things. I think of so many things, Inez, when I'm alone, that I'd like to tell you.

INEZ

[*Still the same.*] Why *don't* you tell me, Peter? What are they about?

PETER

Well, woods things, and about water rats—and gophers—and—and—birds' nests!

INEZ

[*Still understanding, still patient.*] Well, I like these things, too, you know, Peter. Tell me some now.

PETER

[*Looking wild.*] Well. . . . Birds' nests. They's—they's quite a few birds' nests in the trees this spring. . . .

INEZ

[*Bursts into sudden uncontrollable laughter.*]
In the trees! Oh, come now, Peter! Not birds' nests in the trees! Oh. . . . Peter! You mustn't tell me things like that!

PETER

[*Struggling desperately.*] Well, orioles now. Orioles. . . . I saw an oriole by Thatcher's barn. It's note was all wavy—

INEZ

[*Grave again.*] I know it. I've heard 'em. I love 'em.

PETER

And I thought—what was it I thought when I heard him call. . . .

INEZ

What . . . Peter?

[*Sets down her iron and, an elbow in her hand, the other hand over her mouth, she watches him quizzically and somewhat wistfully.*]

PETER

[*Simply.*] It was something I liked to think. And I know I thought how you'd like it too.

Most folks don't hear 'em call. Lots of folks don't hear lots of things. But you do. And I do. Ain't that kind of nice—like them things was for you and me. . . . [*He catches at a corner of her apron, lifts it, and drops it, disconcerted.*] Mebbe you dunno what I mean.

INEZ

Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter! [*Laughs with her eyes shut.*] Oh, Peter!

PETER

[*Turns away, looks up in another part of the room.*] I know it. I don't know why it is I can't talk to you, Inez. I think of things I want to say to you, but when I'm with you I don't seem able to think 'em over again. There's history, now. I was readin' some history last night. There was so many things I wanted to tell you in it. I—I know you'd of thought so, too!

INEZ

Really. You think I would. Well, then, here I am. Try me!

PETER

I can't. I didn't plan it out this way—and you laughing.

INEZ

Oh, tell me—do. Was it about robbers—and princesses—and castles, Peter? Was it about knights and swords and roses—

PETER

Oh, it was better things. One was about Peter the Great, you know. Him. He was a—my, he was just a dandy!

INEZ

[*Now really at the end of her patience.*] Was that what you wished to tell me?

PETER

[*Miserably.*] No. But—

INEZ

Because if it was, I'm not in the least interested in Peter the Great! Not-in-the-least! [*She marches across the floor to the shed door to renew her iron, and on the threshold she turns, overcome again by the sorry figure he has cut.*] Peter, oh, Peter. . . .

[*Laughs with her eyes shut, and goes into the shed. PETER sits where she has left him, and drops his head in his hands.*

GRANDMA

[*Suddenly wheels in her chair.*] Young man!
[*PETER lifts his head.*] Do you call that courtin'?
[*PETER makes a helpless gesture.*] Because if I couldn't court no better than that I'd go and batch it and be done with it. You court like a stick of wood.

PETER

[*With a hopeless gesture.*] What'll I do?

GRANDMA

Do? Do what most everybody in the world has to do before they can fit their skins and skulls. Quit thinkin' about yourself. Dunce!

PETER

Well, but I—I—

[*INEZ comes back with the iron.* GRANDMA *subsides.* PETER *rises miserably.*

PETER

I guess I'll have to be going.

INEZ

Oh, must you? Well, good-bye, Peter.

PETER

I s'pose it's all done there is to do about the little chap—the one that's coming?

INEZ

Why, of course it isn't. Who did you think did it all?

PETER

Do—do you think I could be any use to 'em?

[INEZ amazes him by dropping her flat-iron with a clatter on the ironing-stand and bursting into sobs.

PETER

Inez! What is it?

[He leaps to her, for the first time unconscious of himself, and puts his arms about her. For just a moment she leans to him, then springs free and speaks angrily.

INEZ

It's nothing. It's nothing, I tell you. Go 'way, Peter. Please go 'way.

PETER

[Stands still for a moment, then flings up his head and speaks in wonder.] Inez! Inez! Do you care because I'm a fool?

INEZ

Go 'way, Peter. Please go 'way.

PETER

Well, I will go—now. But by the great horn spoon, Inez, I'll come back!

[*He rushes out. INEZ runs to GRANDMA, sinks beside her, buries her face in her gown.*]

INEZ

Grandma, grandma. Why can't he be like other folks? *Why* can't he be like other folks?

GRANDMA

[*With great tenderness.*] Hush . . . dearie. Hardly anybody ever is. Hardly *anybody* is.

[*Moment's pause.*]

[*The door opens, and MIS' ABEL enters sideways, her arms piled with old clothes. She is calling to somebody over her shoulder.*]

MIS' ABEL

Well, supposin' they *are* too big? Send 'em along—send 'em along. I've cut over more of 'em than I ever made new ones. [*Closes the door behind her by pushing against it.*] My land,

that's been a tug. Folks has kept a-givin' me things an' I've kep' sayin' I'd take 'em right along. [*Droppin' things on the floor and keepin' them together.*] I know 'em. If folks had waited to send the stuff by somebody they'd 'a' took to lookin' it over again an' got to snippin' off the buttons and mebbe decide they was too good to give away at all. You needn't tell me. Folks is *folks*.

GRANDMA

[*Patting INEZ's arms—INEZ has risen, and stands surreptitiously drying her eyes.*] That's it—that's it. Folks is folks, no matter how different—or similar. They can't fool us. Folks is folks.

INEZ

[*Turns and sees the garments which her mother is vaguely sorting.*] Oh, mother, how fine. Isn't that a pile? How fine!

[*Examines the garments and after a moment goes to the shed with her flatiron.*]

MIS' ABEL

They's everything here. Enough to clothe Carry Ellsworth's nephew till he's black in the face. [*Enter MIS' TROT, breathless.*]

MIS' TROT

I've solicited the rest of the stuff for the ice cream and I've got four cakes promised. [*Seeing the things on the floor.*] What a lot of splendid truck!

MIS' ABEL

Well, I'm most dead luggin' it.

[*She is stooping, turning over the things.*]

MIS' TROT

[*Looking toward the door.*] And ain't the air nice in the forenoon? It seems like breathin' somethin' else. Comin' along by the wood yard, somethin'—I dunno whether it was the smell of the cedar shingles or the way the fence looked so nice and shady—but—[*little laugh*]—I ain't never felt so much like when I was a girl since I was born one. If it hadn't been for the thoughts of that buffalo bug in the house, I declare I would most of enjoyed myself.

MIS' ABEL

[*In falsetto.*] Did you? Why, I was just thinkin' that out in Main Street—that it seemed somethin' like quite a while ago. I thought it was the smell of the sage where somebody was fryin' pork, but mebbe it wasn't.

[*Enter MIS' MORAN. She is walking nearly erect and is hurrying somewhat.*]

MIS' MORAN

It's all right. I just see Carry Ellsworth goin' into the post office, and I turned in on purpose. I told her somebody'd come over to-night and set while she went to the station, and be there when she comes back. She seemed to like the idee. Is this stuff all here?

MIS' ABEL

Yes, and more to come. Don't you think we'd best all be setting in there in the dark when she gets there with him, and all of us yell "Shower," shan't we? Just like they do?

MIS' TROT

[*Down on the floor beside the things.*] Poor little soul—it's him I'm a-thinkin' of. His mother dead and his home broke up and him dragged away from what folks he knows. *Look here!* Well, of course we're glad to have any of these things. [*Holds up a very ragged garment.*] How's this for a contribution? Nobody could patch that without they had a piece of cloth the size of the American flag—and not a button on it.

I'll bet you Mis' Hemenway give this—didn't she now?

MIS' ABEL

[*Looking closely.*] Yes, sir, she did. If you'd packed as many missionary barrels as I have you'd 'a' known it was Mis' Hemenway's without lookin'. Mis' Hemenway is a splendid cake-maker, but she *is* near-sighted about gifts she gives the poor.

MIS' TROT

[*Goes on sorting.*] I got to thinkin', supposin' it had been my Jeddie, if I'd been took, and him trapsed off to a strange state, and all. Ain't it real pitiful—well, now, would you think anybody'd give away a thing as good as that is?

[*She holds up a garment, and MIS' MORAN, who has been shaking her head over the other one, takes it from her.*

MIS' MORAN

No, I would *not*. Why, it looks like new from the store. They ain't a thread broke in it. *And* the buttons on. Who give this, Mis' Abel?

MIS' ABEL

[*Who is piling up some things from the lot on the table.*] I was wondering what he'd be like?

Nice little thing, I guess maybe—Carry's so nice. . . . [*Looks at the garment.*] Oh, that's Mis' Fitch—couldn't you tell? Her that always sends a thirteen-egg angels' food to the church suppers when a loaf o' pound cake would go down just as easy.

MIS' TROT

And her husband on thirty dollars a month. My good land, ain't folks the funniest things?

[*They all shake heads and compress lips, and*

Mis' TROT goes "T-t-t-t."

GRANDMA

Ah—ain't you got used to that about folks yet, Mis' Trot? I want to know—I want to know. It don't hurt folks none to be funny, does it?

INEZ

[*Who is entering from the shed.*] Grandma, look. Here was one of your balls of carpet rags rolled way out there. Would you think it could?

GRANDMA

[*Peering at it.*] That's the very one I been lookin' for. I want it for the head.

INEZ

The head of *what*, Grandma?

GRANDMA

Never you mind. I got my own occupations. You ain't the only busy folks in the world, if you do act so cocky about it. I need something to do for as well as you.

INEZ

[*Who has been looking out the window.*]
Mother, Mis' Ellsworth is coming.

MIS' ABEL

Mis' Ellsworth!

[*The women scurry around but they are too late. MIS' ELLSWORTH enters. She is a slight, pretty woman in a light blue gingham gown and wide straw hat. She is much agitated, and sinks in a chair by the door. She has a letter and a little parcel in her hand.*]

MIS' ABEL

[*With the other two women, trying to hide the piles of garments.*] Why, Carry Ellsworth! You did give me a start. I'm—we've—we're—don't this look like carpet rags, though?

MIS' ELLSWORTH

[*Hardly hears.*] Oh, ladies. I've just got a letter—I've had another letter. 'Seems my little boy ain't comin' at all.

ALL [save GRANDMA]

Not comin'?

MIS' ELLSWORTH

[*Slowly.*] No. A sister of his pa's decided last minute she'd take him in. She's got five of her own, but she writes she dunno's one more'll make any difference.

MIS' ABEL

[*Sitting limply back in the clothes.*] Well, ain't that just the end of everything!

MIS' MORAN

Well, Carry—you can't help it, but be glad the little fellow ain't had all the way to come alone.

MIS' TROT

An' I ain't a doubt in the world he's got a better home than you could give him—anybody that can afford to have five children is rich enough to have six.

MIS' ABEL

And it *was* going to be awful hard on you to have him to do for.

MIS' ELLSWORTH

I know, I know. But it's goin' to be awful hard for me not to have him to do for. Last night—when I begun to plan—it come over me like it never done before what I'd missed in *not* bein' left with one. I was goin' to make him a bed on the lounge—I'd got it planned what clothes I could spare for the bed, and what I could make more of. I never got meals for a child—and I'd begun thinkin' what he could eat and what little things I could fix up for him. I was plannin' to keep chickens and to fix a sandpile in the backyard and a swing under the maple out in front—and I was thinkin' about his school and who'd be his teacher and what desk he'd have. I just see this little cap in the post-office store and I bought it for him. [*Unwraps a cap from a little package.*] I thought the feather'd look kind o' cute, stickin' up in front. And now here comes this—and it's all for nothin'—it's all for nothin'.

MIS' ABEL

But, Mis' Ellsworth, it *would* be hard for you.
It would now!

MIS' ELLSWORTH

I'd like that kind o' hard.

MIS' TROT

And s'pose you'd of took down sick?

MIS' ELLSWORTH

Better body sick than heart sick.

MIS' MORAN

And s'pose you'd of *died*, Mis' Ellsworth?

MIS' ELLSWORTH

I'd of lived first now, anyway. And now I
ain't. I never knew it—but I ain't.

MIS' ABEL

Oh, but Mis' Ellsworth. You've got your
health and your gettin' along economical to
brood over as it is.

MIS' ELLSWORTH

This would of kept me from broodin'.

[INEZ *goes softly, and mutely slips her arm
about* MIS' ELLSWORTH.]

MIS' ABEL

[Openly breaks down and wipes her eyes on the garment she is holding.] Oh, ladies! What's the use? We all know. I ain't had but one, but I know.

MIS' TROT

Yes. I've got seven an' sometimes I'm drove most to death with 'em—but I know.

MIS' MORAN

Well, I never had none—but I know.

GRANDMA

Eh, mine's dead—all dead. But I know.

INEZ

Oh, Mis' Ellsworth. An' I know, too.

[In a moment at the door appears PETER, his arms ludicrously full of clothes and parcels.]

PETER

Look, Inez, look-a-here. See all I got a holt of—for the little chap.

[He sees their mood and pauses, crestfallen.]

INEZ

[*Goes to him swiftly.*] Peter! What a lot you got. Dear Peter.

[*The door is pushed open by EZRA WILLIAMS. He has a small, closely wrapped bundle under an arm, and he is carrying a little chair.*

EZRA

[*Handing bundle to MIS' ABEL.*] There's a few little things my wife just sent over. This here little chair—I made it myself for our little boy before he was hardly out o' long dresses. I done the whole thing—pegged it myself, so's he could throw it around and it wouldn't get broke. He—he never grew up enough to use it . . . it's been settin' around my workroom—kind of in the way. It ought to be doin' somebody some good.

MIS' ABEL

That's certainly good of you, Ezra.

EZRA

Say, you'd ought to see Mis' Ellsworth's wood, piled by her back door neat as a kitten's foot. She ain't to home— [*Sees for the first time that MIS' ELLSWORTH is there, over near GRANDMA.*] Good souls! Have I let the cat out of the bag?

MIS' ABEL

No, Ezra—no, no. I was tryin' to tell you. He ain't comin'. The little boy ain't comin' after all.

EZRA

He ain't comin'?

MIS' ELLSWORTH

[*Coming forward.*] No, Ezra. They ain't goin' to give him to me. Somebody else has took him.

EZRA

Well, ain't that a shame. [*Bristling.*] Who's got him? Want I should get him for you?

MIS' ELLSWORTH

[*Shaking her head.*] No—you can't, Ezra. But you don't know—you'll never know how I feel about what you've done a'ready—you and the ladies and Peter and Grandma. . . . Would—you mind if we looked at the little clothes?

EZRA

No—why, look at 'em. They ain't much, I guess, for now-a-days. But his ma says she'd like you to have 'em. They was real good cloth in the beginnin'.

MIS' ELLSWORTH

[*Fingering the garments, turns quickly to the women.*] Ain't that what it is to have neighbours? Ain't it, though? Look at the bother you've been to. . . . An' now I won't need 'em.

MIS' ABEL

Don't you think a thing about us. We was glad to do it. I was feelin' cross as a wolf with all I had to do when Inez come in with the news. [*She is taking off her hat as she speaks.*] And now I feel—I feel like folks. An' Mis' Moran's leg and her back and Mis' Trot's buffalo bug—I guess they feel just the same about it.

GRANDMA

And me. So do I. I was just hatin' the sight o' my carpet rags. But look at what I stodged up for the little chap.

[*She holds up an absurd black doll with a white head.*]

MIS' ELLSWORTH

Oh, Grandma!

GRANDMA

Don't you thank me. I liked doin' it. It was somethin' for somebody. It was real human to do.

MIS' ABEL

Well, we might as well pick 'em up.

INEZ

[*Turning to PETER, who stands apart.*] Peter, how dear of you to get all these things for him.

[*MIS' ABEL unwraps them, and they draw about her to look, all save PETER, who is standing a little apart. INEZ turns to him.*

PETER

I didn't get 'em *all* for him. I got 'em part for you.

INEZ

Well—it was dear of you anyway. What—what's that in your pocket, Peter?

PETER

[*Brings shyly from his pocket a little clown on a stick.*] I saw it in the store. I didn't know but what he might like it. If he ain't a-comin' we might as well throw it away.

INEZ

No! Give it to me.

PETER

[*Still holding toy and looking down at it.*]
 Why, it's nothin' but a clown. Like me, I
 guess. . . .

INEZ

Well, I want it all the same. . . . Oh, Peter,
 Peter, what a dear you are when you forget your-
 self!

[*He looks at her breathlessly, then suddenly
 takes her in his arms . . . and as he does
 so, tosses the clown-on-a-stick into the lit-
 tle vacant chair.*]

PETER

Inez—Inez! Do you *mean* that? Oh, Inez,
 I tell you I'm forgettin' now. I'll never remem-
 ber any more. [He kisses her.

[*As they stand so, MIS' ABEL turns and sees
 them. The others follow her look.
 GRANDMA, too, and they all turn and look
 at each other, silent and smiling. And
 then GRANDMA rises, and comes slowly
 down to them—bent and peering and
 kindly, and holding by one arm the doll
 she has made. As she passes the little
 vacant chair, near which INEZ and PETER*

stand, she drops the doll over the chair's back in order to take their hands. She stands between and a little back of them, facing the audience. She looks up at them and tries to speak to each in turn, and gives it up with a little helpless gesture and a smile and a hand patting the shoulder of each. They are all gathered near the two, the little garments EZRA has brought still in the women's hands and MIS' ELLSWORTH still holding the cap with the feather.

MIS' ABEL

[*Wiping her eyes swiftly.*] Strikes me the little chap is accountable for a whole heap he never even heard of.

GRANDMA

Eh—most folks always is.

ONE-ACT PLAYS OF DISTINCTION

WISCONSIN PLAYS

Including: The Neighbours *by* Zona Gale
In Hospital *by* T. H. Dickinson
Glory of the Morning *by* W. E. Leonard
\$ 1.50.

WISCONSIN PLAYS *Second Series*

Including: The Feast of the Holy Innocents
by S. Marshall Ilsley
On the Pier *by* Laura Sherry
The Shadow *by* H. M. Jones
We Live Again *by* Thornton Gilman
\$ 1.50.

EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND *by* GILBERT CANNAN
75 cents.

CRIMINALS *by* GEORGE MIDDLETON
60 cents.

THE PIONEERS *by* JAMES OPPENHEIM
60 cents.

TEN PLAYS *by* DAVID PINSKI
\$ 2.00.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL BOOKSELLERS OR OF THE PUBLISHER

B. W. HUEBSCH
NEW YORK



Gale

1379

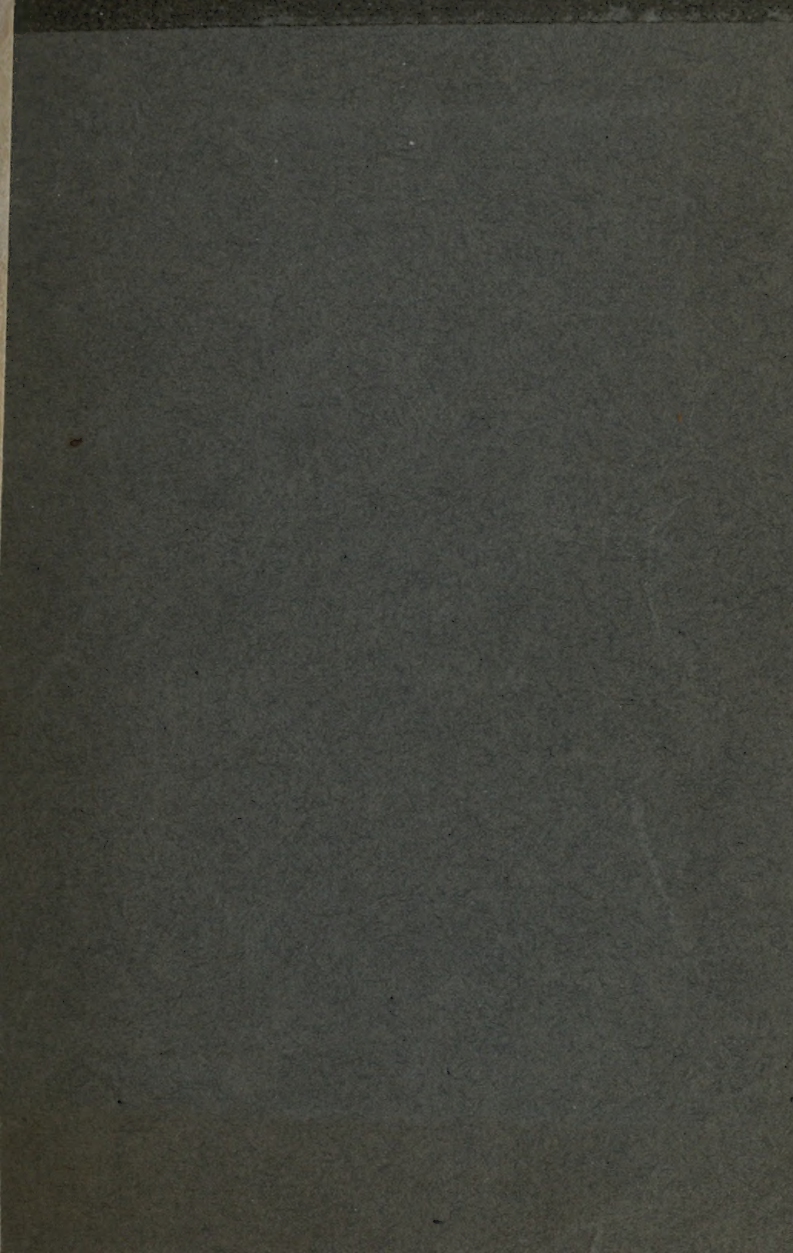
The neighbours

812

G

WILSON

W





**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
