

“The Battle”

A PLAY OF
MODERN NEW YORK LIFE

BY

CLEVELAND MOFFETT



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“THE BATTLE.”

ACT I.

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SCENE: The living room in Moran's tenement on Market Street, in the most crowded part of the East Side, New York City. At L. is an alcove kitchen containing a cook stove, stationary wash tubs and a litter of dishes, food, etc., scattered about. At R. are two doors, one up-stage, leading to the hallway. Between the two doors is a mantel-piece on which are three clocks, a big marble one with gilt trimmings, a white marble one and a little nickel one.

This living room is a wretched place, with floor of bare boards partly covered with bits of tattered carpet. The furniture is battered and broken and everything is in a shabby or filthy condition. Two iron beds, up stage, are covered with a huddle of bed clothes. At the bank are two windows which look out over the East River with a view of the Brooklyn Bridge. These windows are draped with cheap lace curtains, holding the dust of years, and between them stands a hat rack of black wood with a cracked looking glass, a relic of varnished respectability. On the walls are gaudy chromos of European rulers in gala dress, also a large picture of a man in diving costume. From the ceiling hangs a tarnished chandelier, one of its arms supporting a dusty Derby hat.

In front is a sewing machine with a small table near it.

TIME: The present. About seven o'clock in the morning of a winter day.

DISCOVERED: *As the curtain rises Jenny Moran is seen working at sewing machine by the light of a lamp on the table. This lamp shines full in Jenny's face, throwing into strong relief her striking and rather sensuous beauty. It leaves the rest of the stage in shadow. Jenny is dressed simply in black. Her face bears an expression of half resignation, half discontent. She takes neckties from a pile on the table, stitches them in the machine and throws them finished into a basket on the floor.*

The two beds are seen vaguely in the shadows and it gradually becomes apparent, through slight movements on the beds, coughing, etc., that they are occupied.

From one of the beds comes the sound of a child's coughing accompanied by the crying of another child.

MORAN. *(In same bed with children)* Oh, shut up! *(To Jenny)* What time is it?

JENNY. *(Without looking up from machine)* After seven. *(Moran grumbling, jumps up and hastily puts on his trousers and coat. He is a thin sharp-eyed man)*

MORAN. Can't sleep with that kid coughing and kicking. *(He goes to sink and souses his head in water under the faucet, then he wipes his face with a dirty towel.) (To Jenny)* Do I get any breakfast?

JENNY. There's bread and cold coffee over there. *(Moran searches among dishes in kitchen alcove and takes up a piece of bread. Then he pours out a cup of black coffee and proceeds to eat and drink.) (Joe Caffrey in the other bed sits, yawns, yawns and stretches his arms. Then he lights candle on a chair at his bedside, takes up paper and begins to read. The stage grows brighter.)*

JOE. (*Reading*) Here's a description of John J. Haggleton's private yacht. He's sailing to-day on a cruise in the West Indies.

MORAN. (*Savagely*) John J. Haggleton! Our landlord! I'd like to have him here. (*He finishes his bread and coffee.*)

JOE. (*Reading two or three lines aloud from paper.*) "The walls are panelled in satinwood, underfoot are velvet carpets twelve feet wide, without seam. Electric lights shine out everywhere like great opals. Closets open mysteriously out of the walls at the touch of a button. It will take no less than \$5,000 a month to run this ocean palace and its owner—."

MORAN. (*Interrupting violently.*) Damned millionaire! (*Wipes his mouth with back of his hand and pushes away from table.*)

JOE. (*Throwing down paper and stretching luxuriously.*) Oh—Hum! Think I'll take a yachting trip. Getting frightfully bored, don't you know! (*With exaggerated drawl.*)

JENNY. (*Stopping machine.*) (*To Moran.*) Father, I wish you'd stop at Mrs. Binney's and ask her to come around here and look at Benny. He might have croup.

MORAN. (*Disgusted.*) Benny! It's a rotten idea having these kids here anyway. Why don't they stay with their father?

JENNY. Their father pays us four dollars a month for their board. (*She starts machine again. The two children continue to cry in the bed. Moran takes hat from chandelier and goes to door. Then he turns and looks about him bitterly.*)

MORAN. (*Scowling*) This is a hell of a home! (*Exit Moran.*)

JOE. (*Good naturedly to children.*) Don't you cry, you two star boarders. You're going to have presents. Hear that? Presents! (*The children stop crying and sit up in bed listening eagerly.*) Come here, Emmy. (*Emmy gets out of bed in her nightgown. She is a child of ten but small for her age. Benny lies to follow but he is taken with a fit of coughing.*) You stay there, Benny. You're sick. (*Emmy comes to Joe's bedside.*) Now listen, I'm going to get up in a minute and that sympathetic and good looking lady over there, whose sister I married, is going to lend me two dollars.

JENNY. (*Tuning to Joe.*) Not on your life.

JOE. (*Ignoring this*) This two dollars I'm going to take over to Wallace's pool room and play it on a horse named Wild Cherry. Understand?

EMMY. Wild Cherry?

JOE. Precisely. Wild Cherry is a cinch at fifteen to one. So I'll come back this afternoon with thirty bones.

EMMY. Gee! Thirty bones!

JOE. (*Watching Jenny*) Of which the sympathetic and good looking lady yonder gets ten, leaving twenty for personal expenses and miscellaneous charities. Ahem! (*He tries to attract Jenny's attention.*)

JENNY. I tell you it don't go.

JOE. (*To Emmy*) That means a new doll for you Emmy, and—(*To the other child*) What do you want, Benny?

BENNY. (*In piping treble*) Want a yacht.

JOE. Ha, ha! we want a yacht like that millionaire, Haggleton. All right, my son, you get a yacht.

JENNY. Better cut out pool rooms, Joe, and look for a job.

JOE. Possibly, but—(*He yawns*) Emmy, hand me those cigarettes. (*The child obeys, Joe lights cigarette and blows the smoke reflectively*) (*To Emmy*) Now take Benny into the other bedroom and tell him about the yacht. (*Emmy goes to other bed.*)

EMMY. Come Benny. (*The little boy gets up and his sister helps him like a mother into the other room. (Exit Emmy and Benny into Bedroom R.)*)

JOE. (*To Jenny*) You suggest looking for a job, Jenny, but that implies a desire to work. And in me that would mean sweeping reform. Now reform may suit you, my dear sister-in-law, but—

JENNY. (*Sharply*) That's enough.

JOE. No offense! Have a cigarette?

JENNY. (*Shaking her head*) Sweet Caporals? Ugh!

JOE. I know you prefer Egyptians, but—if a girl will be an idiot. Here! (*He throws a cigarette to Jenny who catches it, lights it at lamp and smokes with keen relish*)

JENNY. An idiot!

JOE. (*Wisely*) It's all right to keep straight, but why go to extremes? (*As he speaks he notices that Jenny's eyes are fixed on the diver's picture. His face brightens with a look of sudden understanding.*) By George, I know why you did it!

JENNY. What do you mean?

JOE. It wasn't for my poor departed Liz that you quit sporting, it was for him. (*He points to picture.*)

JENNY. For Phil?

JOE. Yes, for Phil. (*Jenny smokes quietly for a few moments.*)

JENNY. You're not such a fool, Joe! (*Joe slips out of bed and begins to dress quickly. He is an intelligent and rather sympathetic young fellow with a weak face.*)

JOE. Then it's true? (*Jenny nods "yes"*) You're stuck on him? (*He points to picture.*)

JENNY. Good and plenty. (*Joe goes to kitchen alcove and gets bread and coffee.*)

JOE. (*Eating*) All right, I'll stand in with you. We'll have to sidetrack the other maiden.

JENNY. You mean that high-toned girl at Phil's boarding house?

JOE. Sure. The trained nurse. She's the only peach on the tree for Philip.

JENNY. (*Fiercely*) She'll never get him, never. If a girl as bad as I am ever loves a man, Joe, why—

JOE. That's right, but you'll need help, Jenny. (*Pause*) Say do I get that two dollars? (*Jenny shakes her head and goes on with her work at the machine*) Then I don't help. (*He draws up chair near lamp*) I'll read some more about John J. Haggleton! (*He reads in silence while Jenny works. Presently a step is heard in the hall and there is a knock at the door.*)

JENNY. (*Calling*) Come in. (*Enter Philip Ames*) (*Philip is a handsome, broad*

shouldered young man of twenty-five. His face is bronzed by exposure to all weathers. He has a frank, engaging manner with a certain air of authority. He carries a bundle. Jenny quickly throws away cigarette)

PHILIP. Good morning.

JENNY. (*Her face brightening*) Good morning, Phil.

JOE. (*Aside*) Talk of the devil! (*Joe shows in pantomime that he has an idea.*)

PHILIP. (*To Jenny*) Your father just stopped at the boarding house, he says Benny is sick.

JENNY. Benny's been coughing a good deal.

PHILIP. Mrs. Binney sent over this croup kettle. (*He lays bundle on kitchen table.*)

JENNY. Thanks! (*She pantomimes Joe to go out. Joe lifts two fingers. Jenny nods "yes."*)

JOE. (*To Jenny with meaning look.*) Shall I get the medicine you wanted? (*He holds up two fingers again*)

JENNY. Yes, here is two dollars. (*She opens purse and gives him money.*)

JOE. I'll hurry right after it. Good-bye, Phil.

PHILIP. Good-bye.

JOE. (*He pauses at door and winks at Jenny while he makes motions of a jockey riding a horse.*) (*Exit Joe.*)

PHILIP. Mind if I smoke?

JENNY. You know I don't. I love a good cigarette. (*Philip lights cigarette.*)

PHILIP. You mean you— (*He starts to hand her one but checks himself*) You don't want one?

JENNY. No, I—er—I've' stopped smoking.

PHILIP. Ah! (*A pause*) Well how are things going?

JENNY. Rotten, thank you.

PHILIP. Don't you feel—er happier?

JENNY. Happier! This is where I live. See anything here to make me happier? I get up at six o'clock and push cheap neckties through that sewing machine for ten hours a day. And get five dollars a week for it. See anything in that to make me happier?

PHILIP. (*Gravely*) You must be glad you've given up the old life? You're doing right, anyhow.

JENNY. (*Shrugging her shoulders.*) Who cares whether I do right?

PHILIP. Don't say that, you know we all care.

JENNY. Does father care? Does Joe Caffrey care? Nit! They'd rather have me hustling in the Tenderloin so they could work me for ten or twenty when they're broke. Oh, I guess yes.

PHILIP. Then it's only your promise to Liz that makes you do this?

JENNY. (*Shaking her head.*) It isn't even that. I promised Liz I'd keep straight but— Liz is dead. She'd never know what I do or if she did know, she'd see this life is too hard for me. (*She looks about the room.*) The only thing that keeps

me from going back—

PHILIP. Don't say that.

JENNY. It's true. The only thing is I— (*She fixes her warm eyes upon him*) I don't want to make you feel bad. That's the only reason. (*Philip looks at her uneasily and is silent*) It would make you feel bad, wouldn't it, Phil?

PHILIP. (*Earnestly*) It certainly would.

JENNY. I know. You were here that night when Liz died. It's only three weeks ago but it seems a year. She made us both kneel down by her bed didn't she? I had a big hat covered with red feathers. Remember? Then she made me promise to keep straight and she made you promise to help me.

PHILIP. I'll keep my promise, Jenny, I'll help you.

JENNY. I guess she thought I might do it for you. She knew how much I've always cared for you. Always, Phil, ever since we were little playmates together. (*A pause and then with a sigh*) Ah, If I hadn't married George!

PHILIP. (*Reproving*) Jenny.

JENNY. Well, it spoiled my life all right. My life! Look at it! George dies in the first year and leaves me with a baby and no money. Then I go out as a wet nurse, I have to, and the baby dies. My beautiful baby girl! Then I get reckless and— the lady's husband gets gay with me and— the lady fires me and— I go on the town. There you are! That's my life! I say I've never had a chance.

PHILIP. You have a chance now.

JENNY. It's too late. You—er— (*Suddenly as if clutching at a straw of hope*) You used to think I was pretty but (*Desperately*) Phil, you couldn't, you wouldn't— (*Philip draws back*) What a fool I am? How can you care for me when you love another girl? I know.

PHILIP. What do you know?

JENNY. (*In a burst of jealousy*) I know you're struck on that girl at the boarding house.

PHILIP. Miss Lawrence? Who told you?

JENNY. No one told me. I'm a woman. (*She controls herself with an effort*) It's all right, Phil. She'll make you a fine wife. (*A pause and then anxiously*) Have you— asked her yet? (*Philip nods "yes," Jenny gives a start of pain*) Did you ask her last night? (*Philip nods "yes."*) And she said "Yes?" (*Philip nods "yes."*)

JENNY. (*Deeply moved*) I want you to be happy, Phil, I—er— (*with an effort*) I congratulate you.

PHILIP. Thanks, Jenny.

JENNY. (*Anxiously*) You won't be different with me now you're in love? We'll be friends just the same?

PHILIP. Of course we will.

JENNY. (*Pathetic*) Because that's all I've got, your friendship. And you won't tell her? You mustn't tell her.

PHILIP. You mean about your—er—

JENNY. Yes. It would spoil everything if she knew that.

PHILIP. (*Perplexed*) She's a splendid, broad-minded girl.

JENNY. I'd be ashamed if she knew, I'd hate her. Don't you see? (*Philip thinks a moment*)

PHILIP. You're right, Jenny, I won't tell her. (*A knock is heard at the door*) Ah! (*He looks at his watch*) Half past eight. That may be she now, I asked her to come and look at Benny. You know she's a trained nurse.

JENNY. Half past eight. (*She hurries to table and throws the neckties into a basket. Then she catches up her hat and cloak. Philip goes to hall door and opens it.*) (*Enter Margaret*) Margaret Lawrence is a handsome girl of twenty-two with resolute eyes that look out from under wide calm brows, and fine health and a sense of humor. She has great charm of manner. She wears a trim tailor-made gown. (*As the lovers meet Jenny shows in pantomime her sufferings and her hatred of Margaret.*)

MARGARET. (*Brightly*) Good morning! (*She holds out her small, neatly gloved hand and Philip takes it eagerly in both his hands. He looks at her as if he longs to fold her in his arms.*)

PHILIP. (*Forgetting everything but Margaret's presence*) You darling! You beauty!

MARGARET. (*Archly*) Been thinking of me?

PHILIP. I love you, I worship you. (*He bends nearer and is on the point of kissing her when Jenny moves sharply towards the door. The lovers start back in confusion*)

PHILIP. (*To Jenny*) I beg your pardon, I—er— (*Awkwardly to Margaret*) I want you to know my old friend, Jenny Moran, Miss Lawrence.

JENNY. Sorry I can't stay, but I promised those neckties for eight o'clock. (*She moves toward door*)

MARGARET. I'll write down the instructions.

JENNY. (*Opening door*) Good-bye.

MARGARET. (*Kindly*) Hope to see you soon. (*Jenny pauses with a strange, fixed look in her eyes and then goes out. Exit Jenny rather abruptly.*)

PHILIP. (*Half apologetic*) She's a little crude sometimes— but she has a good heart.

MARGARET. I think she's very pretty. What eyes! What hair! She might be a gypsy queen.

PHILIP. She's had a hard life, I'll be glad if you—er—if you'll be a little kind to her.

MARGARET. (*Heartily*) Of course I will— (*Half doubtful*) if she'll allow me to.

PHILIP. Allow you?

MARGARET. (*With slight shrug*) She gave me a very strange look, just now, as she went out. (*Pause*) (*With sudden coquetry*) Anything else to make you glad?

PHILIP. (*Drawing her to him*) My precious! (*He looks into her eyes ardently*) It doesn't seem possible. It's too wonderful.

MARGARET. (*Smiling fondly*) What is?

PHILIP. You— this.

MARGARET. (*Mischievous*) I'm not wonderful. I'm just a lonely little trained nurse.

PHILIP. (*Bending nearer*) Are you lonely now?

MARGARET. (*Softly*) No dear!

PHILIP. My love. (*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET. (*Blissfully*) Philip. (*She rests in his arms a few moments and then disengages herself.*) This is most unprofessional. I'm here to look after a sick child. (*She starts toward bedroom*)

PHILIP. Wait! (*He draws up a chair*) This is a pretty awful place but— sit down a minute. (*They sit down*) I thought of something last night after I left you. I didn't sleep very well.

MARGARET. (*Demure*) Neither did I.

PHILIP. (*Earnestly*) You mean you thought seriously about the future— about our future?

MARGARET. (*Sweetly*) I wasn't so very serious, I was— happy.

PHILIP. But it's serious, too, isn't it? Just think. We meet in a boarding house where I belong and you don't. Naturally I fall in love with you because you're a splendid, beautiful girl, and all of a sudden, bang, you've promised to marry me. Don't you see how serious it is?

MARGARET. (*Amused*) Ha, ha— You big strong, nice man. Why do you say I don't belong in a boarding house?

PHILIP. Because you're a lady, you never lived in a boarding house before, did you?

MARGARET. N— no.

PHILIP. You were never brought up to earn your living. Were you?

MARGARET. N— no.

PHILIP. I knew it. That's what I was thinking about last night. And I want to tell you, darling, you haven't made any mistake. (*With emotion*) You see — I — I never loved a woman before and— this means everything to me. I'm only a working man, but I'm going to rise, it's in me, I know it, and if you'll trust me—

MARGARET. I *do* trust you.

PHILIP. I can do anything if I have you to work for, *anything*. I've had a wonderful feeling of power lately and— (*Eagerly*) Margaret, I'll gain the big prizes for you, money prizes, if you want them.

MARGARET. I don't want money. That's why I took up nursing, because my family insisted on my marrying a stupid idler who happened to be rich. (*Earnestly*) Listen, dear. I love you because you are working for something better than money, because you have noble ideals and because you give time and thought to helping the poor.

PHILIP. (*Confidently*) We'll help the poor in a big way, you and I, before we get through. It makes me wild to think of the luxury and misery right here in New York City.

MARGARET. (*Glowing*) Ah, that makes me love you. (*Sound of chime whistle is heard outside in the street. Philip turns toward window*)

PHILIP. It's Gentle. (*Margaret looks blank*) You know, my friend at the boarding house.

MARGARET. Oh, Mr. Gentle? (*Whistle sounds again*) Is he doing that?

PHILIP. It's a whistle we use on the wrecking boats. He wants to know if I'm here. (*Goes to window, opens it and makes a signal. Then he closes the window.*)

MARGARET. I think he has a fine face, Mr. Gentle.

PHILIP. He's been like a father to me, I owe everything to him. You see my mother died when I was twelve years old.

MARGARET. And your father? (*Philip's face darkened.*)

PHILIP. I never knew my father. (*A knock is heard. Philip goes to door and opens it. Enter Gentle. Gentle is a man of fifty-five, of medium height and build. He has a gray beard and fine kindly eyes. He is simply dressed.*)

GENTLE. (*With cheery manner*) Ah, I'm glad to find you. Good morning, Miss Lawrence.

MARGARET. Good morning.

GENTLE. (*To Philip*) I've just seen the captain. He says you can have to-day off.

PHILIP. But the barge is in the east river?

GENTLE. She's sunk in thirty feet. Atkinson and I can get the chains under her when the tide turns. I told the Captain this was a special day for you. Ha, ha! (*He looks at Margaret*)

MARGARET. (*To Philip in a whisper*) Does he know?

GENTLE. Yes, yes, I know. Philip has no secrets from me. And such a secret. Ha, ha! (*He takes a hand of each with fatherly air*) My children! (*To Margaret*) You know he is like a son to me.

MARGARET. (*Sweetly*) Then I'll be like a daughter.

GENTLE. My daughter Margaret.

MARGARET. Yes.

GENTLE. (*Thoughtfully*) His mother's name was Margaret.

MARGARET. Really?

GENTLE. His mother would be very happy at the choice her boy has made.

PHILIP. (*With feeling*) That's true.

MARGARET. (*Touched*) How dear of you to say that!

PHILIP. (*Gravely to Gentle*) Gentle I wish you would tell Margaret about the night when you first saw my mother.

GENTLE. You mean that night when she came to Mrs. Binney's boarding house?

PHILIP. Yes. (*To Margaret*) I want you to know.

MARGARET. (*To Gentle*) Please tell me about it.

GENTLE. It was twenty-two years ago, a wild night and bitter cold. Mrs. Binney and I were playing checkers in the basement sitting-room when all of a sudden we heard the bell. "Sakes alive, who's that?" said Mrs. Binney. "I'll go and see," said I. And when I opened the door, there stood a woman in the storm holding a little boy by his hand and she was white as death. "God have mercy," said I. "What are you doing out in a night like this?" "We're in great trouble," said she. "Come in," said I, "in the name of God," and in

they came and I saw that the little boy was so cold that the tears were frozen on his face. (*He pauses and points to Philip*) That little boy was Philip.

MARGARET. Oh!

GENTLE. He was barely four years old.

PHILIP. And to this day I have never heard what sent my mother out into that storm.

MARGARET. (*To Philip*) She never told you?

PHILIP. Never. She died with her secret unspoken. (*He pauses in deep thought*) That is unless— (*He turns appealingly to Gentle*) Gentle, I have sometimes thought my mother told *you* her secret.

GENTLE. (*hesitatingly*) She— er she told me a little, Phil.

PHILIP. She did? And you've kept it from me?

GENTLE. (*G.avely*) There are things she did not wish you to know.

PHILIP. But— (*Peremptory tone*) Is the thing you are keeping back something that this girl, who is my wife, ought to know?

GENTLE. No!

PHILIP. (*With a sigh of relief*) Ah! (*To Margaret*) It's something about my father. Some trouble between him and my mother. (*To Gentle*) Isn't it?

GENTLE. Don't ask me about your father, Phil. (*Enter Emmy*) (*She takes a broken chair and carries it back toward the bedroom. Margaret runs to her quickly*)

MARGARET. You poor, forlorn, little waif! What do you want with that chair? (*Emmy puts down chair*)

EMMY. Want to play yacht with it.

MARGARET. Play yacht? What's that?

EMMY. (*Superior tone*) Don't ye know what a yacht is? We're chasin' Injuns on a yacht. I'm de Captain.

MARGARET. And what's your little brother?

EMMY. Benny? He owns de yacht, 'cause he's sick. He's a damned millionaire.

PHILIP. (*Reprovingly*) Why, Emmy!

EMMY. (*Stoutly*) Dat's what Moran said. He said John J. is a damned millionaire, dat's what he said.

MARGARET. (*Hiding her amusement*) John J.?

EMMY. Sure! Ain't ye never heard o' John J. Haggleton? (*This name draws Gentle from his reverie*)

GENTLE. (*With a start*) John J. Haggleton?

MARGARET. (*Also startled*) John J. Haggleton?

PHILIP. (*To Emmy*) What about him?

EMMY. Why he's de richest guy ever. He's our landlord. Ye ought to hear Benny playin' "John J." "Bring up de damned Injuns and cut off der heads," says Benny.

PHILIP. (*Smiling*) Benny's got the Haggleton idea all right.

MARGARET. I must look after that child. (*To Emmy*) Come, Captain, we'll see about the Injuns. (*She takes Emmy's hand and moves toward bedroom*)

PHILIP. (*Following her*) You'll find things in a dreadful state. Let me help you.

MARGARET. (*Gaily*) Those Injuns! Ha! Ha! (*To Philip*) Yes, come and help me.

PHILIP. (*Turning to Gentle*) Much obliged, Gentle, for fixing my day off. Going down to the boat now?

GENTLE. (*Preoccupied*) Not yet. I—er—I'm expecting someone.

PHILIP. Ah! (*Opening bedroom door*) Now, ladies! (*Emmy goes in first, then Philip stands a moment facing Margaret with a light of love in his eyes*) My darling!

MARGARET. My boy! (*Exit Philip and Margaret into bedroom. Gentle remains alone and shows in pantomime, by looking at his watch, etc., that something very important is about to happen. Presently the sound of an automobile horn is heard from the street, followed by a step on the stair. Gentle goes to door and opens it.*)

GENTLE. (*Standing at door*) Come in Mr. Haggleton. *Enter John J. Haggleton is a man of large frame, spare of build, pale of face. His mouth is wide, close shut, flexible, clean shaven lips. His nose is large, eyes of a strange steely blue, forehead high and massive. He is sixty years old but looks older. He is wrinkled, he is bald, he is evidently ill, yet one feels the presence of an extraordinary personality. In him and about him seems to breathe a spirit of domination. He speaks in a harsh, metallic voice. He is in rough yachting dress.*

HAGGLETON. (*Looking about the room in disgust*) Of all filthy places!

GENTLE. It's one of your tenements, sir. I wanted you to see it.

HAGGLETON. That's not the point. You said you had papers to show me.

GENTLE. (*Amiably*) So I have, so I have. (*He draws forward a chair*) Sit down. (*Haggleton looks suspiciously at the chair, takes out handkerchief and dusts it off, then he sits down in a state of nervous irritability*)

HAGGLETON. I have very little time. My automobile is waiting, and my yacht, too, with guests aboard. I told you I sail within an hour.

GENTLE. On a long cruise. I read it in the papers. That's why I called on you yesterday.

HAGGLETON. We could have settled this business at my house or at my office.

GENTLE. (*Quietly*) You're mistaken. The place to settle this business is—here. (*He draws a bundle of papers from his pocket, selects several letters and hands them to Haggleton who looks at them eagerly and with growing surprise.*)

HAGGLETON. (*With controlled emotion*) My wife! It's her writing! Then you knew my wife?

GENTLE. (*Nodding*) I knew her for years. (*Haggleton sits with hands clenched and with other signs of emotion, but presently controls himself and speaks quietly.*)

HAGGLETON. Go on. Tell me about her. How was my wife living when you knew her?

GENTLE. In the boarding house where I was. She had a little money, but it didn't last long. Then she tried to work, but it wasn't easy, and— I was earning good wages and— I helped her.

HAGGLETON. You helped her? Why?

GENTLE. (*Simply*) I loved her. I wanted to marry her.

HAGGLETON. Good Lord!

GENTLE. That's how she came to tell me her story.

HAGGLETON. What did she tell you? (*Sharply*) What did she tell you about me?

GENTLE. (*Business-like tone*) She said you were cruel in your dealings, consumed with greed for money. That is why she left you.

HAGGLETON. (*Reflective*) That is why she left me?

GENTLE. Yes.

HAGGLETON. But my son, my little boy. Why did she take him? Why did she steal him away?

GENTLE. To save him from your influence. He was her son, too. She wanted him to be an honest man.

HAGGLETON. An honest man? Who says I'm not an honest man?

GENTLE. Your wife said so.

HAGGLETON. (*Waving this aside*) We'll come back to that later, I— I— want to know about my son. (*With terrible self-control*) You said he is— living?

GENTLE. Living and well.

HAGGLETON. (*Half to himself*) Ah! My son that was lost. That little, curly-headed fellow. I'm to see him again. I'm to see him now. (*Authoritative tone*) Where is he? Why don't you send for him?

GENTLE. You'll see him presently.

HAGGLETON. (*Studying Gentle keenly*) Ah! You want to make terms. You want money?

GENTLE. No.

HAGGLETON. Come, come, I understand. You've done me a service, Mr. Gentle, a great service, you've given me my son and—

GENTLE. Not yet.

HAGGLETON. I say you've done me a service and it's right I should pay for it, yes, and pay handsomely.

GENTLE. (*Shaking his head*) If I wanted money I should have asked for it long ago. I've had these letters and papers for twelve years, Mr. Haggleton, ever since your wife died, and all that time I have earned my living as a poor man.

HAGGLETON. Twelve years! (*Accusing*) For twelve years you have kept my son from me?

GENTLE. It was his mother's wish. Her command.

HAGGLETON. Then why have you told me now? Why have you brought me here? (*Suspiciously*) If you don't want money, what the devil do you want?

GENTLE. One moment. I'll make it all clear. You understand I was in your wife's confidence. I was the only one who knew the truth about Philip.

HAGGLETON. Philip! That's his name! She kept his name!

GENTLE. She kept his Christian name with the name she assumed; she called him Philip Ames.

HAGGLETON. Philip Ames! And he knows nothing of this? Nothing of me?

GENTLE. Nothing. But let me finish. Your wife lived for years among the

very poor, she saw the facts of want and suffering face to face, and it was her dream that some day this boy should make atonement for your wrong-doing.

HAGGLETON. (*Sharply*) Atonement? How atonement?

GENTLE. Through your money. By the right use of it. Some day, when she was strong enough, Philip was to meet you, to know you as his father, and—

HAGGLETON. (*Snapping his fingers*) I see. He was to show me my evil ways and I was to be converted and fall on his neck. Rubbish! You've made a prig of him.

GENTLE. No, a man.

HAGGLETON. He doesn't live in this place?

GENTLE. Of course not. He lives in a decent boarding house—where I live.

HAGGLETON. What does he do? What can he earn?

GENTLE. He's a skilled workman with the Atlantic Wrecking Company. A diver.

HAGGLETON. A diver?

GENTLE. A master-diver. He earns from eight to fifteen dollars a day.

HAGGLETON. Ah!

GENTLE. He stands six feet in his stockings, and he's got an arm like an iron bar.

HAGGLETON. You don't say!

GENTLE. And a will of his own. And ideas. You'll see.

HAGGLETON. What sort of ideas?

GENTLE. Ideas his mother gave him, ideas of justice and kindness. She was a fine woman, his mother, a noble woman.

HAGGLETON. Yes, yes, but she never understood business. She was all wrong about business.

GENTLE. She didn't believe that one man should make slaves of thousands and take their earnings. Neither does Philip.

HAGGLETON. So that's the sort of thing you've taught him. I'll soon change that. (*Gentle smiles*) You don't think I can?

GENTLE. What I have taught him is little; what life and misery have taught him he can never forget. I tell you he's a man.

HAGGLETON. He's the son of John J. Haggleton, the only son, with great things to do in this world.

GENTLE. Exactly.

HAGGLETON. I mean great interests to protect. A great fortune to handle. (*He pauses with a contemptuous gesture*) What will he think of your pretty theories when he knows who he is?

GENTLE. (*Reflective*) When he knows who he is, then what? How often I've asked myself that! Pretty theories! I think he'll stick to them, Mr. Haggleton, I think so. (*Enter Philip from bedroom*)

PHILIP. (*Glancing carelessly at Haggleton*) Excuse me. (*Philip goes to kitchen alcove and begins searching for something. He looks on shelves, in litter of dishes and pans. He opens various boxes and cupboards, all the time angrily talking to himself. He pays no*

attention to Haggleton or Gentle. Haggleton starts to his feet as Philip enters and follows his movements with absorbed interest. Gentle observes both Philip and Haggleton) (To himself) I wish the scoundrel who owns this flat had to live in it. (Bus. for Haggleton and Gentle.) I'd like to make him sleep in that bedroom. (He rattles two or three boxes) Damnation? Where is the hammer? Ah! (He finds hammer under stove) And the nails? Now then! (He moves toward bedroom carrying hammer and nails) Poor little shaver, how can he get well in a hole like this. (Exit Philip into bedroom. Haggleton stands looking after him, his face showing intense emotion. Then he turns to Gentle and speaks with decision)

HAGGLETON. You needn't tell me. I want no proof. I know. I know the eyes, I know the chin, but especially the eyes. For twenty years I haven't slept without seeing those eyes. It's he. (Sound of hammering from bedroom)

GENTLE. Yes.

HAGGLETON. (With a glad cry) My son! (He starts toward bedroom)

GENTLE. Stop! (Haggleton turns in surprise) If you speak to him now, you'll regret it.

HAGGLETON. Why shouldn't I speak to him? I'm going to tell him who he is. I'm going to take him with me on my yacht.

GENTLE. Oh, no. (Haggleton is impressed by Gentle's air of quiet confidence and comes back to him)

HAGGLETON. What do you mean? I am his father who has been cheated of his son's love for twenty years. Who are you to say what I shall or shall not do?

GENTLE. His mother thought you were not fit to guide him twenty years ago. You must prove to me that you are now. (Gentle draws from his pocket and selects a folded document which he hands to Haggleton. (Pleasantly) Suppose you glance over this. (Haggleton takes document reads it through carefully—his face betrays no emotion but his fingers clutch the paper tight)

HAGGLETON. (In an awestruck whisper) My God!

GENTLE. Now you understand how things are between you and me?

HAGGLETON. (Looking at document) My wife made this document on her death bed?

GENTLE. Yes. With a clear mind. The doctor attests it.

HAGGLETON. (In great agitation) The order I gave that night— a copy.

GENTLE. The original is in a safe place. I suggest that you dismiss the idea of buying it. It's not for sale.

HAGGLETON. What are you going to do with this document?

GENTLE. You wouldn't want Philip to read it?

HAGGLETON. (With agitation) No! No!

GENTLE. Then I shall use it to increase your patience. You must be content to see your son and be with him on my terms. Which provide, for the present, that he shall not know you as his father.

HAGGLETON. It isn't fair. It isn't fair to him.

GENTLE. I will be judge of that.

HAGGLETON. Besides, how can I see him or be with him if he doesn't know who I am?

GENTLE. Show an interest in the problems of poverty, in tenement house reform, and Philip will spend his days and nights with you.

HAGGLETON. Tenement house reforms? But I'm going away. I'm sailing on my yacht. There! (*Automobile horn sounds in street*) It's my secretary. Time is passing.

GENTLE. Philip will be here when you return from your cruise.

HAGGLETON. When I return from my cruise in three months? Ah, you've never had a son! And lost him! And then found him!

GENTLE. (*Gravely*) I must put this boy's welfare before your feelings. I've loved him for years. I've trained him for a struggle with you! A great struggle that is coming now, and I'll see that the start is fair.

HAGGLETON. What struggles are you talking about?

GENTLE. A struggle between your money and his high purpose. You'll try to tempt him, I know it. You'll try to make him hard and worldly. That's why I've waited. He's only twenty-six and he's your son.

HAGGLETON. Ah!

GENTLE. But he's his mother's son, too, in a way he's my son and he's ready for the test. I'm sure of him.

HAGGLETON. We'll see. (*Gentle moves toward bedroom*)

GENTLE. I'll introduce you as—er—Mr. Jackson. (*Gentle opens bedroom door, calling*) Phil! (*Haggleton bus. of agitation and controlled emotion. Enter Phil. Has taken off his hat and rolled up his shirt sleeves, showing fine bronzed arms*)

PHILIP. What is it? I'm trying to make this room fit for the little kid to sleep in. (*He glances indifferently at Haggleton*)

GENTLE. I want you to know a friend of mine, Mr. Jackson. Mr. Jackson is interested in tenement house problems.

PHILIP. How are you? (*He shakes hands with Haggleton*) If you want problems you've struck the right place. This is Lung Block. The man who owns it is just starting off on a cruise in his million dollar yacht.

HAGGLETON. You mean Mr. Haggleton?

PHILIP. Yes, the doctors say he needs a change. I wonder what his tenants need?

HAGGLETON. (*Looking about the room*) I should say the ones who live here need to buy some soap and not so many marble clocks. (*Philip looks at Haggleton in surprise*)

PHILIP. Are you a friend of Mr. Haggleton's? Do you know him?

HAGGLETON. Why—er—yes.

PHILIP. (*Incredulous*) You know him personally? You can't know him personally?

GENTLE. Mr. Jackson has been helping Mr. Haggleton in schemes for tenement improvements.

PHILIP. I'd like to tell Mr. Haggleton a few things about tenement improvements.

HAGGLETON. (*To Philip*) What would you say to Mr. Haggleton?

PHILIP. (*Aroused*) I'd tell him he owns blocks and blocks on the lower East Side which are in such a lovely state that he might as well be running a factory for turning out— (*He checks himself*) What's the use?

HAGGLETON. Go on. A factory for turning out—?

PHILIP. (*Slowly, looking Haggleton full in the face*) Thieves— and drunkards and— wrecks of women. (*Enter Margaret from bedroom. Margaret looks at Philip and does not notice Haggleton*)

MARGARET. (*To Philip*) I must go now, really I must, I have other calls to make and the child is sleeping. I will come back this evening. (*She turns and sees Haggleton, with a start of surprise*) Oh!

PHILIP. You know Mr. Jackson?

MARGARET. Mr. Jackson?

PHILIP. He is interested in tenement house reforms. (*Margaret looks scornfully at Haggleton*)

MARGARET. Indeed he is not! He's interested in cruel schemes of plunder and his name is not Jackson.

PHILIP. What?

MARGARET. Don't you know who he is? Don't you recognize that face?

PHILIP. (*Puzzled*) Why— er— It seems to me I do. (*Starting in amazement*) John J. Haggleton!

MARGARET. The cruelest, wickedest man in America!

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton*) Are you Mr. Haggleton?

HAGGLETON. (*Quietly*) Yes. Who is this young woman? (*Philip goes quickly to Margaret, then he turns to Haggleton*)

PHILIP. This young woman, sir, is the girl I love.

HAGGLETON. Hm! What's she got against me?

MARGARET. (*To Haggleton*) You'll know that when I tell you my name. (*She draws herself up proudly*) I am Margaret Lawrence.

HAGGLETON. (*Thinking*) Lawrence? Lawrence? Not the daughter of--? (*He looks at her keenly*)

MARGARET. The daughter of William Lawrence, the man you ruined and dishonored.

HAGGLETON. Nonsense! Sit down, Miss Lawrence.

MARGARET. No. (*She takes her coat and hat from chair*)

HAGGLETON. I want to explain to you—

MARGARET. (*Agitated*) I won't listen to you. I won't stay in the same room with you.

PHILIP. (*Turning comfortingly to Margaret*) Never mind him. Let me help you. (*He assists her to put on her coat*) I will meet you at luncheon. (*He goes to the door and opens it*) Good-bye, dear.

MARGARET. (*Fondly— aside*) Good-bye, Phil. I don't care who your father is, I love you. (*Exit Margaret*)

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton*) Now then. I don't know what you are doing here

under a false name, but— (*He turns to Gentle*) Did you think his name was Jackson?

GENTLE. (*Shaking his head*) I had a reason for introducing Mr. Haggleton in that way.

HAGGLETON. A very simple reason. I want to study tenement conditions without newspaper notoriety.

PHILIP. Oh!

HAGGLETON. It's not pleasant to be called cruel and wicked, either.

PHILIP. It's not pleasant for a girl to meet the man who ruined her father.

HAGGLETON. That's another story. Her father was the president of an opposition oil refinery and, in the course of business, er—

PHILIP. (*Dryly*) You crushed him. You destroyed him. I understand. (*He pauses for a moment and then bursts out fiercely*) My God, why can't you men be decent?

HAGGLETON. Business is business.

PHILIP. What a rotten idea. You can lie and steal, plunder people and break their hearts, and if you say "business is business" then it is all right?

GENTLE. (*Rubbing his hands*) Ah!

HAGGLETON. You've been reading "the muck-rakers."

PHILIP. Why not?

HAGGLETON. All rich men are robbers, eh?

PHILIP. I don't say that.

HAGGLETON. If I had a daughter, she'd be a princess?

PHILIP. Probably.

HAGGLETON. And my son would be a fool?

PHILIP. No doubt.

HAGGLETON. And reformers care nothing about money? And the Editor of the Evening Journal takes no interest in his salary, eh?

PHILIP. Even reformers have to live.

HAGGLETON. (*Grimly*) Listen to me, young man, there isn't a reformer in this country who wouldn't stop reforming damned quick if he found it was hurting his pocket book.

PHILIP. (*With fire*) That's false! Besides, it has nothing to do with the question. The question is, where do you get your money, you rich men? Do you earn it? Do you dig it out of the ground? No! You get it by the toil of men, by the tears of women and children; you get it by grinding human beings down to starvation wages and taking the rest, millions and millions that belong to the workers, Mr. Haggleton, but go into your fat pockets because you're strong enough and cruel enough to take it. (*There is a knock. Gentle goes to door and speaks to some one in the hall*)

GENTLE. Your secretary says there is no time to lose if you want to sail with the tide.

HAGGLETON. Tell him I'll be down shortly. (*To Philip*) Go on.

PHILIP. What's the use? You can't tackle the problems of poverty while

your yacht waits.

HAGGLETON. I can give certain orders, can't I? I can authorize certain improvements? Now talk quick.

PHILIP. That's the way with you rich people. You think you can settle everything by signing a check. Well, you can't do it. The only real help for the poor comes through love, and you can't pay someone to love for you. You might as well pay someone to eat for you or breathe for you, or sleep for you. You've got to do your loving yourself.

HAGGLETON. (*Startled— half to himself*) I never thought of that. You've got to do your loving yourself. (*Looks intently at Philip for some moments, when suddenly his face lights up as a new idea comes to him*) Ah! (*From this point to the end of the act, Haggleton shows in pantomime as he talks with Philip and Gentle that he is thinking of something else and is weighing the pros and cons before coming to an important decision*) After all, there must be a lot of these people who are not worth loving. They bring misfortunes upon themselves. I say the average man can conquer these tenement conditions if he will work and save and be patient. I know what I'm talking about! I started in a tenement myself.

GENTLE. That was years ago.

PHILIP. Conditions have changed since then.

HAGGLETON. Not a bit. A man with the right stuff in him can win out against poverty just as well to-day as he ever could.

PHILIP. (*Incredulous*) A man like Moran?

HAGGLETON. Who's Moran?

PHILIP. He's your tenant here. He's a baker. (*Haggleton gets up and walks about the room thinking hard— Gentle watches him curiously*)

HAGGLETON. (*Shrilly*) He can't be much good if this is the way he keeps his home.

PHILIP. He's half sick.

HAGGLETON. Half sick? So am I half sick. That's why the doctors have ordered me away on this yachting trip. (*He continues to walk back and forth*) How much does Moran earn?

PHILIP. Nine dollars a week.

HAGGLETON. (*After a pause*) Do you know what I'd do in Moran's place?

PHILIP. Yes. In Moran's place, you'd do about as he does.

HAGGLETON. You think so?

PHILIP. I'm sure of it.

HAGGLETON. (*Half to himself*) If I only had time! (*Long pause as he walks about the room glancing keenly at Philip now and then*) Does Moran own all this truck?

PHILIP. Yes.

HAGGLETON. (*Studying furniture*) Not a bad old hatstand, but it's in the way. We ought to get something on these marble clocks. And we don't need this sewing machine. H-m. (*He continues to walk about absorbed in his thoughts. Presently he steps close to Philip— abruptly*) How much money have you saved?

PHILIP. (*Surprised*) Why— er— about three hundred dollars.

HAGGLETON. Three hundred dollars? And we can get fifty or sixty for useless stuff in this room. Say three hundred and fifty. Three hundred and fifty dollars! We can conquer the world with that. I started in New York with a dollar and a quarter.

PHILIP. What are you driving at?

HAGGLETON. See here, are you two willing to let me work this thing out my own way? (*Haggleton's manner is confident, his eyes flash with authority, he is quite master of the situation*)

GENTLE. (*With meaning*) I am willing.

PHILIP. I don't understand.

HAGGLETON. Get me some paper. I want to write the captain of my yacht. I am going to tell him to sail at once as arranged, without me.

GENTLE. Without you?

HAGGLETON. I shall instruct him to let no one know, under any circumstance that I am not aboard the yacht.

PHILIP. (*In amazement*) You're not going on the yacht?

HAGGLETON. (*Slowly and impressively*) No. I'm going to stay here. I'm going to win a little bet I've made with your friend, Mr. Gentle. And I'm going to show you what John J. Haggleton would do if he had to hustle in a tenement without a dollar.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT FIRST.

“THE BATTLE.”

ACT II.

SCENE: The same as in Act I. except that the whole place has been made clean and attractive. All the rubbish has been cleared away. The floor has been scrubbed and covered with matting and the walls have been painted white. There are several tables with neat covers, lamps with pretty shades, books, etc., everything showing good taste. The filthy folding-beds are gone and in their place are two comfortable divans with bright covers. The windows are hung with neat white curtains. A sink in the corner L. and shelves R. are concealed by swinging doors covered with cloth and decorated with rough embroidery. The cheap pictures have been taken down and all around the walls, about six feet from the floor, is a line of shelves on which are placed in good order, various dishes, cooking utensils, bundles of clothing, carefully folded, and boxes of various things, previously strewn about the room. These shelves are covered with wide strips of dark brown denim, which conceal the articles on the shelves, but give access to them by sliding along on iron rods fixed above shelves. In other words, the whole place has been put in order and made clean and reasonably attractive. The picture of diver is still on the wall.

TIME: Ten o'clock on a pleasant, sunshiny day. A week has elapsed since Act I.

DISCOVERED: *Joe Caffrey, better dressed, is standing on rolling step-ladder, such as librarians use, arranging on shelves various articles which Jenny passes to him. Jenny is still in black.*

JENNY. (*Handing up packages*) Castile soap. Hand Sapolio. 'Bad for Bugs.' Say, Joe, he's a wonder.

JOE. (*Arranging packages on shelves*) 'Bad on Bugs.' I suppose you mean Mr. Jackson.

JENNY. That's who I mean. (*Joe turns and sits on top of ladder, slowly surveying room.*)

JOE. You're right, he is a wonder.

JENNY. He's only been here a week and— look at this room. (*An old fashioned visible spring bell over bedroom door rings and vibrates sharply, pulled by a wire*) There he is now. He wants his hot bath. (*Joe comes quickly down step-ladder*) He was out all night with Moran in that rotten bake-shop. Get a clean towel. (*Joe goes to one of the*

divans, lifts the end and draws from underneath a full sized green painted bathtub that rolls on rubber wheels. He pushes this over to the swinging door that hides sink, opens door and proceeds to let cold water run into tub. Jenny pushes step-ladder along row of shelves and gets towels)

JENNY. (*From step-ladder*) What did he spend the night in the bakeshop for, Joe?

JOE. To study the job. He says we don't know how to make bread. You ought to have heard him! Moran said: "I suppose you're going to show us how to run this bakeshop, Mr. Jackson?" He thought he'd kid him a little, but Jackson snapped his teeth like an old wolf. "Yes," said he, "That's what I'm going to do." (*During this speech Joe has poured hot water from the stove into bath tub*)

JENNY. He'll do it, too. Here's your towel. (*She puts towel over Joe's arm, Joe rolls steaming bath tub to bedroom door, knocks, opens door and pushes tub inside. He presently reappears*)

JOE. A bottle of tooth powder and a clean shirt.

JENNY. (*Shaking her head*) Three shirts in a week! (*Briskly pointing to shelves*) Tooth powder there by the plates. Shirt in the gents' furnishing goods, next to ladies' underwear. (*She points. Joe using ladder, gets articles in question and takes them into bedroom. Presently he returns with an air of importance, carrying shirt*)

JOE. He says I'm to wear this shirt myself. And, beginning to-day, I draw ten dollars a week, if I cut out pool rooms.

JENNY. Ten dollars a week? How?

JOE. In a new bakery scheme.

JENNY. Ten dollars a week! That's the scheme he's been talking to Phil about.

JOE. Phil seems to take a lot of interest in Mr. Jackson. He's here most of the time. (*Jenny is silent, her eyes on the picture of diver.*)

JENNY. (*Thinking*) Yes, he's here most of the time. (*Pause*) Remember what I told you, Joe?

JOE. About Phil? Sure. Little Jenny wants him for herself. (*He turns to picture*) And if she can't have him for herself, then— then the trained nurse lady had better look out.

JENNY. (*Eagerly*) What time is it?

JOE. (*Going to window*) The factory clock says half past ten.

JENNY. Listen! Phil and Gentle will be here pretty soon. They're going out with Mr. Jackson. Now, you must help me. I want to be alone with Phil, I have a little idea and— er—

JOE. Go on, my resourceful sister-in-law. You can't shock me.

JENNY. I want you to write Phil a note, saying you're in great trouble and must see him at once. Tell him you're waiting here and everything depends on his not losing a minute. And tell him to come alone.

JOE. But—

JENNY. Hang around outside until Phil goes out with the others. Then send some little boy after him with the note. That's all.

JOE. I see. Phil gets the note and hurries back to find poor Joe in his trouble and instead of that he finds lovely Jenny in a wrapper. Ha, ha!

JENNY. I hadn't thought about the wrapper. That's a good point.

JOE. But why make me write the note? Why not write it yourself?

JENNY. If I wrote the note he wouldn't come alone. (*With feeling*) Joe, he seems afraid to be alone with me.

JOE. (*Wisely*) Ah? (*Pause*) What do I get out of this?

JENNY. You had two dollars the other day.

JOE. Yes, but— that horse 'Wild Cherry' was a goat. Now to-day I have a sure tip and— Jenny, could you lend me a dollar? Only lend it? You know I'll have money now myself.

JENNY. (*Opening her purse*) Here's your dollar. (*She gives it to him*) You'll make the note strong?

JOE. Don't you worry, I'll write it now. (*He moves toward door*) I'll write it on Salvation Army hotel paper. That'll bring him sure. (*He pauses at door and winks gravely*) This is my last flyer, Jenny, before I settle down to business. (*Pantomime of jockey riding a horse. Exit Joe. Jenny stands looking at picture of diver with pantomime of sadness, yearning and fierce purpose. Enter Haggleton from bedroom. He is plainly dressed. He stands silently at door observing Jenny.*)

HAGGLETON. Ahem!

JENNY. (*Turning*) Ah, Mr. Jackson!

HAGGLETON. (*Looking at picture*) He's a fine young fellow, eh?

JENNY. Phil? That's what he is, but if anybody tells you he's easy to understand—

HAGGLETON. Gentle seems to understand him.

JENNY. Gentle thinks he does, but— (*She smiles brightly*) Say you've got Gentle worried allright.

HAGGLETON. I? How?

JENNY. Oh, with all this bakeshop business. Before you came it was nothing but wrongs of the poor, now it's nothing but money-making schemes.

HAGGLETON. (*Pleased*) You think Philip is interested?

JENNY. Interested? You know he's interested. Why yesterday Gentle was trying to talk tenement reform to Phil and Phil hardly listened. He said he was figuring out the profits of some electric machine you told him about for kneading bread.

HAGGLETON. Ha, ha, ha! Good!

JENNY. I never saw Phil that way and— er— Oh, never mind!

HAGGLETON. Go on.

JENNY. Well, you see I— er— I— er—

HAGGLETON. You like him.

JENNY. Like him? I love him. (*Pause*) And this sort of encourages me.

HAGGLETON. (*With growing interest*) How so?

JENNY. Why, you've made me see that there are two Philips, (*She points to picture*) the one Gentle knows and another one. You've begun to wake up the other Philip, so why shouldn't I do the same?

HAGGLETON. Hm! Wake up the other Philip. (*Pause*) But he loves this

trained nurse.

JENNY. I tell you there are two Phillips. One of them loves her, but— what's the matter with the other Philip loving me?

HAGGLETON. (*Half to himself*) Two Phillips! That's a strange fancy.

JENNY. Fancy? It's a fact. I'll prove it.

HAGGLETON. Do you really think you can win him away from this girl?

JENNY. (*Wisely*) Do you really think you can win him away from Gentle?

HAGGLETON. I don't know.

JENNY. I don't know either, but there's going to be a pretty little fight and when we get through he'll know he's been in it. What do you think?

HAGGLETON. (*Smiling grimly*) A pretty little fight! Perhaps so! I think it very likely. (*Chime whistle is heard outside*)

JENNY. There's Gentle, he'll be coming up. (*She goes to window and waves her hand*) I suppose I'd better fix your room.

HAGGLETON. Yes. Put up fresh curtains and— (*He thinks a moment*) Oh, the butter we use should be cut up in small squares. There's less waste. And we must get our coal by the ton. It costs twice as much by the bucketful. I'll see about storing it and— (*He thinks again*) Let's see, you earned five dollars a week sewing neckties?

JENNY. Yes.

HAGGLETON. We can afford to give you eight. And if you will let me know quietly how things are going why— er— (*He looks at picture*)

JENNY. (*Promptly*) I'll let you know. (*Jenny walks to bedroom door and turns*) Say, Mr. Jackson, I don't know what your little game is, but it looks to me as if you knew how to play it. (*Exit Jenny into bedroom. Haggleton walks about the room inspecting things and finally stands in serious meditation with his eyes fixed on Philip's picture. A step is heard in the hall and Haggleton turns toward the door. Enter Gentle. He seems disturbed*)

HAGGLETON. Ah, Mr. Gentle. (*He motions to chairs and they sit down*) What's the trouble?

GENTLE. I'll come straight to the point, Mr. Haggleton, as I expect Philip shortly.

HAGGLETON. He's coming to report on our bakeshop organization.

GENTLE. Ah! You ask what the trouble is. There it is. We have nothing but bakeshops here, nothing but schemes for making money. I wanted you to study the problems of poverty with Philip.

HAGGLETON. That was not the arrangement. You agreed that I should work this thing out in my own way. I'm a poor man hustling for a living.

GENTLE. A poor man! It's a wonder no one has recognized you.

HAGGLETON. The newspapers say I'm away on my yacht— and— who knows me down here? If one of those smart reporters happen to see me, he'd say: "Hello. There's an old baker who looks like John J. Haggleton."

GENTLE. I suppose so, but— what's the use of it?

HAGGLETON. The use? I'm going to win my son. And he's worth winning.

The more I see of him the better I like him. Besides, it's a lesson for all you kickers. A mighty good lesson. Look at this room and think what it was. (*Pause while he studies room*) By the way, what's the matter with joining these two little windows into one large observation window? We'll have the finest view in the city.

GENTLE. (*Smiling*) But the landlord?

HAGGLETON. The landlord never objects to changes that improve the property, if the tenant pays for them. We'll pay for that window. We can afford to. By to-morrow we'll control an organization of East Side bakeshops that's going to be very profitable. Wait till you hear Philip's report.

GENTLE. That's the point. Philip is demoralized. I hardly know him.

HAGGLETON. You've never known him. You're just getting acquainted with him. He's my son.

GENTLE. (*Shaking his head*) It's a temporary infatuation, nothing more. He is fascinated by the idea that John J. Haggleton has done this extraordinary thing.

HAGGLETON. Yes, and he'll be more fascinated when he knows why John J. Haggleton did it.

GENTLE. And why did you do it?

HAGGLETON. (*Reflective*) Why did I do it? Don't you know?

GENTLE. It was a clever move.

HAGGLETON. (*Shaking his head*) No. It turned out to be a clever move. I'm gaining ground with the boy every day, but that's not why I did it. I'm sixty years old, Mr. Gentle, and used to my comforts. Do you think I'd stand all this because it was a clever move? No, sir. I stayed down here on account of a few little words that my son fired at me. Remember? Maybe you didn't notice. He looked me straight in the eyes and he said: 'You've got to do your loving yourself.' By God, that hit me hard! I've been up against tough problems in my life and made some quick decisions, but I never did anything that surprised me as much as this. I'm not getting sentimental, I'm going to fight you for all I'm worth, Mr. Gentle, but when you've played your last card and told this boy the worst you can tell about me, then— anyhow he's got to know that his father came down here and lived in a tenement, (*Slowly and impressively*)—because he wanted to do his loving himself.

GENTLE. All that does you honor, sir, and yet you would influence Philip to be hard and selfish.

HAGGLETON. I want him to be a fine business man.

GENTLE. (*Slowly*) I want him to be a fine *man*.

HAGGLETON. Hm! As far as that goes, I don't expect my son to be a business man and nothing else. I'm glad to have him study these problems of poverty and solve them, if he can. All I ask is that you and he be reasonable. Suppose we draw up a plan that will satisfy all of us. I won't give a dollar for sloppy, sentimental nonsense, but I'll put up a million, two millions, five millions, if we can work out some sound scheme of public betterment.

GENTLE. (*Impressed*) Five millions!

HAGGLETON. Yes, sir. And I should want the work of carrying out such a scheme, the executive work, to be in your hands.

GENTLE. (*Surprised*) In my hands?

HAGGLETON. Precisely. You're honest and you mean to do right. That's a whole lot in these days. (*Pause*) It's a great chance for you.

GENTLE. Then Philip would know you as his father?

HAGGLETON. Of course.

GENTLE. And his mother? What about her?

HAGGLETON. (*Studying Gentle keenly*) We will tell Philip there was trouble years ago between his mother and me. I'm willing to admit I was much in the wrong— absorbed in business, too keen about money. That ought to fix it.

GENTLE. Oh, no.

HAGGLETON. Why not?

GENTLE. Philip must know why he has been separated from you all these years.

HAGGLETON. I told you why, there was trouble between his mother and me.

GENTLE. That's too vague. He must know exactly what the trouble was.

HAGGLETON. (*Impatient*) You mean he must see that statement?

GENTLE. (*Gravely*) I mean justice must be done to a noble woman or— he might come to hate her. (*Pause*) If it's a question between hating his mother and hating you—

HAGGLETON. (*Quickly*) You'd sooner have him hate me. What good will that do? Will it do you any good to have my son hate me? Will it do him any good? Will it do his dead mother any good? (*With increasing feeling*) Is that why you got me down here, is that why I'm living in a tenement, to have my son hate me?

GENTLE. (*Taken aback*) Why— er—

HAGGLETON. You talk about my wife and the wrong I did. Well, I can't pay her for that wrong, she's dead. If I pay anybody I've got to pay the living, haven't I?

GENTLE. Exactly.

HAGGLETON. I'm ready to pay the living, but we'll let it stop there. After all, that was what his mother wanted, to have Philip do good with his money. You said so yourself. Now he'll do more good than she ever dreamed of. I have a large fortune. I'll put aside— what did I say? Five millions? I'll put aside ten millions for a great battle against poverty.

GENTLE. (*In awestruck tones*) Ten millions?

HAGGLETON. But not one dollar unless I get my son.

GENTLE. (*Moved*) I'm surprised and— touched to hear you talk like this, but— (*Perplexed*) there still remains your wife's statement.

HAGGLETON. (*Persuasive*) As long as her wish is accomplished without the statement, as long as you don't need it—

GENTLE. (*Wavering*) I see, You think I ought to— to destroy it?

HAGGLETON. Don't you?

GENTLE. I'm beginning to agree with you, but— (*He hesitates and then changes suddenly*) No, no. I must think of my duty to Philip.

HAGGLETON. (*Tempting*) Think of the good you can do with that money. Ten million dollars! Think of the misery you can relieve.

GENTLE. I received this statement as a sacred trust.

HAGGLETON. With a certain discretion as to using it.

GENTLE. (*Doubtful*) Ye-es, but— (*Again he changes*) No, no. I can't take the responsibility.

HAGGLETON. (*Shrewdly*) Suppose Philip preferred not to see this statement?

GENTLE. (*Surprised*) You mean you would leave the decision to him? (*A step is heard on the stairs*) Ah, this may be he now.

HAGGLETON. If the matter were presented fairly to him, he would respect our wishes.

GENTLE. (*Shaking his head*) He would want to see his mother's statement.

HAGGLETON. Not if you advised against it. (*The step comes nearer*) And you would advise against it?

GENTLE. (*Yielding*) Under the circumstances I— I think I would.

HAGGLETON. Then we'll leave it to him— when I say the word. (*Enter Philip*)

PHILIP. Good morning.

HAGGLETON. Well, did you succeed?

PHILIP. (*Nodding "yes"*) I've got the electric kneading machine on credit with a hundred dollars paid down. (*He sits down*)

HAGGLETON. That does the work of six men. And the flour?

PHILIP. (*Enthusiastic*) The Wisconsin Flour Mills will furnish it to the combination at fifteen per cent off the jobbers' price.

HAGGLETON. And accept thirty day notes from different bakers?

PHILIP. Exactly. No trouble about it at all.

HAGGLETON. (*To Gentle*) You see we'll save on wages and materials. We'll do a bigger business because we'll sell better bread. And cheaper bread. (*To Philip*) How many bakers have come into the combination?

PHILIP. Six so far, but we can get more.

HAGGLETON. Get more? Within ten days all the little bakers on the East Side will be tumbling over themselves to get in.

PHILIP. They've got to come in or—

GENTLE. Or what?

PHILIP. Or go out of business.

GENTLE. (*Gravely to Philip*) Do you realize that you are building up a little trust? That you will turn men out of work?

PHILIP. A few men. And we'll give better bread and cheaper bread to the whole East Side.

HAGGLETON. What does Miss Lawrence think of this scheme?

PHILIP. She thinks it's fine.

GENTLE. (*Reproving*) Because you tell her it's fine.

PHILIP. I tell her we're benefiting the people-- and we are.

HAGGLETON. (*Pleased*) Ah! And incidentally I am proving that a poor man like Moran can conquer these tenement conditions if he has any gumption. That's what I started out to do and I've done it.

PHILIP. (*Wondering*) Yes, you've done it but-- *why* have you done it?

HAGGLETON. You'll know that before long. The point is in a month we'll have a prosperous business going here. (*He thinks*) Ah! We'd better take that empty flat across the hall for sleeping rooms, we'll need this one for offices.

PHILIP. I suppose we will.

HAGGLETON. In a week you'll see Joe Caffrey at work in a clean shirt with pool rooms cut out and you'll hear no more ranting from Moran.

GENTLE. I doubt that.

HAGGLETON. As long as a man has no money he's a kicker about the wrongs of the poor. Give him some money and he stops kicking. That's why socialists are poor. They have nothing to lose.

GENTLE. Some socialists are rich.

HAGGLETON. Yes, parlor socialists, but they never earned the money themselves. And I notice they hang on to it all right.

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton*) Still, the main point is that things in this country are not fair between the rich and the poor.

HAGGLETON. Not fair? I'll tell you how fair they are, there isn't a poor man in this country that's any good who can't better himself and leave his children comfortable. And if they're any good they can leave their children rich. Which is more than you can say of any country in the world.

GENTLE. But the big industries, the trusts?

HAGGLETON. (*Emphatic*) They've built up this country, sir.

GENTLE. You can't deny that they oppress the people.

HAGGLETON. (*Snapping his fingers*) What do you expect? They're in business to make money.

PHILIP. Ah, you admit that?

HAGGLETON. Certainly. It's true. It always has been true and it always will be true. You can't expect one class to fight the battles of another class. Why should they? Do you fight our battles? If you want us to run our railroads and mines and factories in a certain way, it's up to you to make us do it. You've got numbers and votes; we've got money and organization. Well, there you are, it's a fight, class against class; you want to get rid of your grievances, we want to keep our privileges. Now go ahead, make laws, inspect our books, learn our secrets, put us in jail, do something, anything; but if you *can't* do anything, keep still, take your medicine, and don't come whining to us to play your game for you; we'll *never* do it, never; we're too busy playing our own game. (*During this speech Moran enters and stands at the door listening in perplexity.*)

MORAN. What's all this?

GENTLE. (*Smiling*) A little argument. Mr. Jackson thinks—

MORAN. (*Scowling at Haggleton*) I know what Mr. Jackson thinks. He thinks he can grab the whole bakeshop business of the East Side and throw hundreds of men like me out of work.

PHILIP. Men like you?

MORAN. Yes, sir. My boss has joined your combination and I've had notice to quit. It's an outrage. (*He turns fiercely to Haggleton*) I say to you—

PHILIP. Hold on!

HAGGLETON. (*To Philip*) Let me talk to him. (*To Moran*) See here, this combination is a good thing.

MORAN. It's a damned monopoly.

HAGGLETON. (*Aside to Philip*) Now watch him. (*To Moran*) We'll make better bread and cheaper bread than has ever been sold on the East Side.

MORAN. (*Oratorical manner*) Yes, and you'll ruin homes in every street, you'll starve little children, you'll break the hearts of struggling mothers.

HAGGLETON. We're going to make a lot of money.

MORAN. Blood money. Any man who would touch a penny of it is a low hound.

HAGGLETON. I'm sorry you feel that way. I had picked you out as assistant manager.

MORAN. (*Astounded*) Assistant Manager?

HAGGLETON. With a salary of eighteen dollars a week.

MORAN. (*Overwhelmed*) Eighteen dollars a week!

HAGGLETON. Of course I can't ask you to take it knowing how you feel.

MORAN. (*Dazed*) Eighteen dollars a week. For me?

HAGGLETON. You would regard it as blood money.

MORAN. (*Confused*) Yes, of course— that is to say— come to think of it I don't know as I would.

HAGGLETON. (*Smiling*) You would always be thinking of those struggling mothers and starving children.

MORAN. (*Scratching his head*) As assistant manager I could make things easier for 'em.

HAGGLETON. Then you accept?

MORAN. Yes, I accept. I see it's my duty to accept. I'm much obliged, sir.

HAGGLETON. You'll have to keep yourself clean and stop drinking.

MORAN. (*Respectful*) I will, sir.

HAGGLETON. Good. Go down to the Madison Street Bakeshop and help set up the electric kneading machine.

MORAN. (*Backing toward door*) Very well, sir, I'm very grateful, sir. (*Exit Moran. Haggleton folds his arms and eyes Philip and Gentle in grim amusement.*)

HAGGLETON. You see? It's as easy as that.

GENTLE. (*Shaking his head*) Not with all of us. (*To Philip*) Oh, I forgot, Margaret is waiting for you.

PHILIP. Margaret? Where?

GENTLE. At the boarding house. She wants you to bring Mr. Haggleton. We're going to make some tenement calls.

HAGGLETON. (*Impatient*) There's no use in these tenement calls.

GENTLE. Oh, yes there is. You'll see a little old lady who lives on two dollars a week and is dying of consumption.

HAGGLETON. We all must die.

GENTLE. You'll see a longshoreman wasting away with cancer of the stomach.

HAGGLETON. These people are unsound. They can't resist. They're bound to perish and it's better they should. The only way to improve the race is to prune away the weak and the unworthy. That is what poverty does.

PHILIP. And the weak ought to perish—you really mean that?

HAGGLETON. Certainly.

PHILIP. That's the most brutal talk I ever heard.

HAGGLETON. Brutal, yes, but—think it over young man, think it over. I say the weak and unworthy ought to perish. It's true when you grow fruits and flowers, isn't it? It's true when you breed animals, isn't it? Then why isn't it true if you want to build up a race of men?

GENTLE. Because the greatest authority in the world is against you.

HAGGLETON. What authority is that?

GENTLE. (*Giacly*) The authority that says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (*A pause and then Philip rises*)

PHILIP. I'm going. Come, Gentle. (*To Haggleton*) I'll tell Miss Lawrence you did not care to accept her invitation?

HAGGLETON. (*Thinking a moment*) No. I'll go with you. (*They move toward the door*) I have a few words to say to Miss Lawrence myself. (*Exit Philip, Gentle and Haggleton. Jenny has been watching at the bedroom door, ajar, for their departure. Now she hurries to the hall door and listens to their footsteps, then to the window and stands looking after them with pantomime of keen interest. She is dressed in a loose wrapper and looks very beautiful*)

JENNY. (*At window*) There's Joe? He has the note? (*Pause*) Ah, he's given it to a little boy. The boy is running after Phil. Quick now! (*She hurries to the looking glass and lets down her hair in alluring disorder over her shoulders. She powders her face, touches up her eyes with black and her lips with red. Then she opens her wrapper and puts dabs of gold dust liquid over her bare shoulders. A step is heard on the stairs and Jenny, with a satisfied smile, withdraws into the bedroom. Enter Philip, holding a note. He shows surprise at finding the room empty. Enter Jenny from bedroom*)

JENNY. (*With feigned surprise*) Why, Phil?

PHILIP. Have you seen Joe Caffrey? Hasn't he been here?

JENNY. No.

PHILIP. I just got this note from him.

JENNY. Sit down. (*She gives a start of pain and presses her hand to her eyes*)

PHILIP. What's the matter?

JENNY. I feel dizzy. (*She half staggers toward the wall and leans against it*)

PHILIP. (*In concern*) You're weak and faint. Here, you must lie down. (*He helps her over to divan, she lies down obediently and he fixes pillows for her*) Want something over you?

JENNY. No. Maybe I have fever. (*She holds out her hand to him*)

PHILIP. (*Taking her hand*) Your hand is warm but— it feels all right to me.

JENNY. It was that gold dust factory.

PHILIP. Gold dust factory?

JENNY. Yes. I worked there before I did the neckties. But I couldn't stand it. The air poisoned me.

PHILIP. What is a gold dust factory?

JENNY. You know, where they guild frames and things. They use gold dust and aluminum dust. We had to pack it in boxes and some of the girls dip plaster statues in bath tubs, full of the liquid stuff, and say, you ought to see 'em when they get through. Their arms and shoulders shining like gold. It's the very devil to get the stuff off. It seems to eat right into you. See here? (*She throws back her wrapper and shows the gold dust marks on her bare back and shoulders. Philip looks at her uneasily*)

JENNY. How strangely you look at me, Phil. (*Pause*) Do you ever think of the old days— before I was married? You were fond of me then, weren't you? You told me so and— you said I was pretty.

PHILIP. (*Unsteadily*) You were pretty and— you are pretty.

JENNY. (*Brightening*) Yes? And you used to like my hair, you said it was so shiny and silky. Remember? (*She spreads her hair alluringly over her bare white shoulders*)

PHILIP. Ye—es. (*He is evidently affected by her beauty*)

JENNY. And, Phil,— you— you kissed me once.

PHILIP. (*Half rising*) I must go, Jenny— really I must.

JENNY. (*Begging*) Not yet, Phil. Sit by me a few minutes— here. (*She takes his hand and draws him toward her.*)

PHILIP. (*Releasing himself*) No, no. I can't wait. (*He rises*)

JENNY. (*Bitterly*) You're a fine friend. A nice man to keep a promise! You were going to help me, weren't you? You promised Liz on her dying bed that you'd help me.

PHILIP. I want to help you, I will help you, but— (*Jenny springs up quickly, leaving her wrapper open, and runs to him*)

JENNY. (*Pleadingly*) I'm so lonely, Phil. (*She takes his two hands in hers and looks at him with burning eyes*) Look into my eyes and see how lonely I am.

PHILIP. (*Agitated*) I— I'm sorry, Jenny!

JENNY. (*Pathetic*) Think what my life has been! I had a husband and he was taken. A little baby and she was taken. Then I had nothing left but— my body— and that was taken. (*Pause*) In all this city there isn't one person who cares for me.

PHILIP. I care for you.

JENNY. You pity me, but— you wouldn't even kiss me— not on the cheek— like a brother.

PHILIP. Yes, I would. (*He bends forward and kisses her cheek. As she feels his lips she throws her arms fiercely around his neck and clings to him*)

JENNY. (*Passionately*) I love you! I love you.

PHILIP. You— you mustn't say that. (*Her face is close to his.*)

JENNY. Kiss me, Phil. (*She draws him closer and his lips touch hers*) No, no! Not that way! Not a cold kiss! Just once! (*He kisses her*) Ah! again. (*He kisses her passionately and holds her in his arms.*)

JENNY. (*Clinging to him*) Phil! (*Suddenly he thinks of something and pushes her from him*)

PHILIP. What have I done? (*In anger*) You little devil! (*She starts back in fear and surprise*) Let me see those stains! (*He tears open her wrapper and roughly rubs his finger over the stains*) Ah, I thought so. You said it wouldn't come off. It comes off quite easily. You were lying to me. You put this stuff on your shoulders. You— you— (*He checks himself with an effort*)

JENNY. (*Pleading*) Don't be angry. There's no harm.

PHILIP. No harm! My God! What do you call harm? You hate the girl I love, you have no decency, you get me here by tricks and lies to— to play the wanton. (*Pause*) You're a bad girl, you're bad all through. (*She looks at him in silence and then her manner changes*)

JENNY. (*Quietly*) All right, then I am, I'm a bad girl. I got you here by a trick. That's so. And I hate the girl you love. You bet I do. (*She pauses and then says slowly and gloatingly*) But what are you? You're a loyal lover, you're a preacher of reform, you're a lot of things, Philip Ames, but you held me in your arms, and you kissed my red mouth. (*Pause*) And you liked it, you liked it.

PHILIP. (*Hoarsely*) No!

JENNY. (*Triumphant*) Ah! (*He sinks into a chair and covers his face with his hands*)

JENNY. (*Comfortingly*) Come, come, Phil.

PHILIP. (*Pushing her away*) Don't speak to me. (*She stands looking at him*)

JENNY. (*Half to herself*) I mustn't speak to him. (*To Philip*) Say, do you mean that?

PHILIP. (*With violence*) Yes, I mean it.

JENNY. (*With sudden decision*) Then it's all off. (*Pause*) I'm going, Phil. (*Pause*) I won't trouble you any more. (*She takes up a long cloak and hat and moves toward the door. He sits motionless with his face in his hands.*) Good-bye. (*He makes no answer. She opens the hall door and stands hesitating. Then in broken tones*) I'm sorry, Phil. But I— I love you, and when a girl as bad as I am loves a man— why— it's hell. (*She slips on long cloak over wrapper and puts on hat*) Good-bye.

PHILIP. (*In dull tone*) Good-bye. (*Exit Jenny. Philip sits in troubled meditation with pantomime of self-reproach*)

HAGGLETON. Well?

PHILIP. (*Looking up*) Oh, are you there?

HAGGLETON. I thought you were coming back.

PHILIP. I was but— I've had an unpleasant experience.

HAGGLETON. With Jenny Moran?

PHILIP. How do you know?

HAGGLETON. (*Wisely*) I passed her on the stairs. (*Pause, while Philip sits in moody thought. Haggleton draws up a chair.*) What's the matter?

PHILIP. Oh, I—er I tried to help her. (*Haggleton studies his face attentively, brushes face powder off Philip's coat.*)

HAGGLETON. I see. (*Pause*) She's in love with you, eh?

PHILIP. (*Savagely*) In love?

HAGGLETON. (*Studying him*) Hm! (*He brushes powder off again*) Next time I advise you to help some older and homelier female, one who doesn't put on so much powder, Phil.

PHILIP. (*Bitterly*) Next time? What about this time?

HAGGLETON. Why nothing—er— happened, did there?

PHILIP. Nothing? I— I took her in my arms. I kissed her.

HAGGLETON. She tempted you.

PHILIP. (*To himself*) How miserably weak I am!

HAGGLETON. It's a little thing.

PHILIP. If I can't control myself in little things, how can I control myself in big things? Besides, it isn't a little thing. I'm engaged to a fine, pure girl. (*Pause*) I'm going to tell her and— she'll despise me.

HAGGLETON. Why tell her?

PHILIP. She has a right to know.

HAGGLETON. She has a right to know anything serious, but this isn't serious. You love her, don't you?

PHILIP. Love her? I worship her.

HAGGLETON. You don't care for this other woman?

PHILIP. No, no!

HAGGLETON. Then you're easy with your conscience. It would be cowardly to tell her.

PHILIP. (*Brightening*) You really think that?

HAGGLETON. I know it. It would cause her needless pain.

PHILIP. (*Reflecting*) By George, you're right. I mustn't tell her. Ouf! (*Admiring*) It's wonderful how you see the best thing to do. (*Pause*) I don't know why I speak of it but, I— I feel a sympathy for you, sir. I used to think you were— sort of inhuman, but you've been kind to me— you've taught me a lot.

HAGGLETON. I take a great interest in you— my boy.

PHILIP. (*Troubled*) Sometimes I've thought that I have two natures, one from my mother— she was a splendid, unselfish woman and— (*His face darkened*) one from my father.

HAGGLETON. (*Disturbed*) What about your father?

PHILIP. (*In a low tone*) My father was— he was not a good man, Mr. Haggleton. He— he pretty well broke my mother's heart and— (*With growing anger*) any man who could be unkind to such a woman, she was a saint on earth.

any man who could be cruel to her was a brute and a scoundrel.

HAGGLETON. How do you know he was cruel to her?

PHILIP. I know how she suffered. I know what I saw. Many a time she's held me tight in her arms when I was a little fellow, and once, I don't suppose she thought I understood, she prayed God to forgive my father's sins and to let me make amends when I came to be a man.

HAGGLETON. But— she never said what your father did?

PHILIP. No, I never asked. I just grew up with the idea that my life was set apart for a special work. And it is set apart. I have a trade for my living, but my real business is to help the poor. That's what my mother taught me and I'm bound to do it, only— (*He hesitates with show of impatience.*)

HAGGLETON. Well?

PHILIP. Well, sometimes I feel another thing pushing me, a hateful, infernal thing, pushing me towards money and— and all that. I think I'd like to be rich and— that's what worries me. I'm my father's son, too. (*Pause and then anxiously*) Do you see what I mean?

HAGGLETON. Yes, I— I see.

PHILIP. That's why this Jenny affair is serious. It's a sign of the weakness in me. You can't understand that because you're not weak.

HAGGLETON. (*After a pause*) We're all weak, my boy, and— I'll show you how weak I am. Take this tenement business. It wasn't entirely to study the problems of poverty that I came down here.

PHILIP. No?

HAGGLETON. There was a sad reason, an unpleasant reason. The fact is years ago I— er— I did something that I regret.

PHILIP. Something— wrong?

HAGGLETON. Yes. And— er— Gentle knows what I did.

PHILIP. Ah?

HAGGLETON. I'm making amends for this wrong— now. (*Pause*) I wish you wouldn't try to find out what it was.

PHILIP. I certainly won't. (*Gravely*) It's not for me to judge any other man.

HAGGLETON. If Gentle should try to tell you—

PHILIP. (*Quickly*) Please say no more about it. I won't let Gentle tell me. (*Steps are heard in the hall then a knock at the door.*)

HAGGLETON. Come in. (*Margaret enters breathless*)

MARGARET. (*To Philip*) What happened to you? We've been waiting such a long time.

PHILIP. I'm sorry. Is it too late for those calls?

MARGARET. You can't go now. There's been an accident in the river. One of the divers, Atkinson, I think, has been caught in a wreck and they can't get him up. They just telephoned Mr. Gentle. He started on and said for you to come at once. The company's tug is waiting at the foot of West Twenty-third Street.

PHILIP. (*Starting for the door*) Atkinson caught in the wreck! Good Lord!

His hose must be jammed under timbers.

MARGARET. (*Running after him*) Phil, you're not going into danger?

PHILIP. Danger? I'm going to get Atkinson out of that wreck.

MARGARET. (*In alarm*) You're going down to him?

PHILIP. Of course. (*Affectionately*) Don't worry, dear.

MARGARET. How can I help worrying? Phil, you'll be careful? Promise me you'll be careful.

PHILIP. Yes, yes. (*He puts his arm around her and bends forward to kiss her. She sees the powder on his coat and tries to brush it off*)

MARGARET. Your coat is all flour from the bakeshop.

PHILIP. Is it? (*Awkward pause*) Really, I must go.

MARGARET. (*Fondly*) Remember, you are everything to me. (*She holds up her lips and he kisses her*)

PHILIP. Good-bye, dear. (*Exit Philip with a troubled look*)

HAGGLETON. (*With grim approval*) He's game, all right, that boy. (*Margaret moves toward door without noticing Haggleton*) Excuse me, I'd like a few words with you.

MARGARET. (*Turning coldly*) I don't see what you can have to say to me.

HAGGLETON. No? I'm going to tell you something that concerns you very deeply. Sit down. (*They take seats*) You have certain strong convictions Miss Lawrence, I may say prejudices.

MARGARET. (*Bitterly*) Yes, strong prejudices against dishonesty and disloyalty.

HAGGLETON. Referring to your father, I suppose?

MARGARET. Referring to my father and my brother Howard.

HAGGLETON. You think I ruined their lives?

MARGARET. I know you did.

HAGGLETON. You regard me as— er—

MARGARET. (*With heat*) I regard you as the worst man and the wickedest man I ever knew or heard of.

HAGGLETON. H'm. Suppose I admit that I did your father a wrong? I don't know much about your brother Howard, but—

MARGARET. (*With pride*) My brother Howard is the most high minded, the most unselfish—

HAGGLETON. All right, then I did them both a wrong. Now suppose I tell you I am sorry for this and want to make amends?

MARGARET. I don't believe it.

HAGGLETON. Suppose I prove it by associating your father's name with certain charities I am planning?

MARGARET. How do you mean?

HAGGLETON. Suppose I tear down this block, Lung Block, and make a fine playground of it and give it to the poor of this city in memory of your father—

MARGARET. (*Incredulous*) You would do that?

HAGGLETON. And if I call it Lawrence Park in honor of your father—

MARGARET. (*Pleased*) Lawrence Park!

HAGGLETON. If I do that, would you be disposed to— to be a little more friendly with me? (*Margaret thinks a moment*)

MARGARET. You know how to tempt me, the very best way, but— (*She shakes her head decidedly*) No, no! I could never be friends with you, never.

HAGGLETON. Be careful! I'm playing a difficult game here, young lady, a very important game where every move counts and— if it isn't friends, it's enemies. (*Menacing*) Is that what you want?

MARGARET. Yes, enemies always. I don't trust you. There is something back of all this. Why have you come down here? Why are you living in a tenement when people think you are off on a yacht?

HAGGLETON. Would you really like to know?

MARGARET. You have some cunning, selfish purpose you must know.

HAGGLETON. No!

MARGARET. Why do you want to make friends with me? Why do you care what I do? What difference can it make to you?

HAGGLETON. I'll show you. What you do may influence Philip, and I don't want him influenced against me. I tell you that frankly.

MARGARET. (*Defiant*) You can count on my influence absolutely against you.

HAGGLETON. Then I shall end your influence.

MARGARET. You can't do it! He loves me! I'm engaged to him!

HAGGLETON. I can break your engagement. I can make you break it yourself.

MARGARET. (*Ironical*) Indeed!

HAGGLETON. I can do it very easily. I have tried to spare you, but— you won't have it. (*He thinks*) See here! I'm going to tell you the truth. You're engaged to this young man, you love him, but— *you know nothing about his father!*

MARGARET. That makes no difference.

HAGGLETON. No? Suppose there was something *against* his father? Suppose Philip had inherited certain wicked traits or tendencies—

MARGARET. It isn't possible.

HAGGLETON. But suppose the case. Would you love him just the same?

MARGARET. (*Distressed*) I hate this conversation and I hate you.

HAGGLETON. (*Very polite*) My dear young lady, I'm not wildly enthusiastic about you, but— (*Pause*) Come, be sensible. Answer my question.

MARGARET. (*Bravely*) I should love Philip, no matter what tendencies he had inherited as long as he followed his better nature.

HAGGLETON. Ah, but suppose he didn't?

MARGARET. I can't suppose such a thing.

HAGGLETON. Suppose you saw with your own eyes that he was following in the footsteps of his father?

MARGARET. Deliberately?

HAGGLETON. Yes, deliberately.

MARGARET. Then I— then he wouldn't be the Philip I have loved.

HAGGLETON. You mean you wouldn't love him any more?

MARGARET. I wouldn't love *that* Philip. I couldn't love a man who was deliberately wicked. But why talk of this?

HAGGLETON. (*Leaning closer*) Suppose Philip's father was like me?

MARGARET. (*Agitated*) No, no!

HAGGLETON. (*Earnestly*) Miss Lawrence, if I tell you something of the greatest moment, will you respect my confidence?

MARGARET. Why --er--

HAGGLETON. You'll not speak of it, say for a month? You promise?

MARGARET. Yes, I --er-- I promise that.

HAGGLETON. (*Gravely after a pause*) This is what I have to tell you. It is something that may change your whole life. *Philip Ames is my son!* (*She stares at him in blank astonishment.*)

MARGARET. (*Gasping*) Your-----son!

HAGGLETON. Yes. Remember your promise.

MARGARET. (*With growing horror*) *Your son!*

CURTAIN

END OF ACT II.

“THE BATTLE.”

ACT III.

SCENE: Same as in Act II except that the room has been still further improved in appearance and furnishings. The place has the air of an office sitting room. The bedroom has been changed into an outer office, as is shown by door, half of glass and inscribed ‘PRIVATE OFFICE.’ The hall door is also of glass and is inscribed ‘EAST SIDE ASSOCIATED BAKESHOP.’ The two windows at back have been joined into one large observation window, before which is a wide shelf covered with flowers, so that view of river is seen as through a conservatory. Under this long window is a cushioned seat, with comfortable pillows for reading. There are two roll-top desks with two telephones. One of the telephones has a switchboard. There is also an automatic piano.

TIME: About two in the afternoon. A snow storm is raging outside and snow flakes are seen through window. Three weeks have elapsed since Act II.

DISCOVERED: *Haggleton seated at one of the desks, studying some memoranda with pantomime of satisfaction.*

HAGGLETON. (*Smiling in triumph*) Ah! (*He presses electric bell on desk and Joe Caffrey enters from outer office. Joe is rather smartly dressed. In low tone*) You got this information from Jenny Moran?

JOE. (*Mysterious*) Yes, sir.

HAGGLETON. No one knows where Jenny is?

JOE. No one has any idea.

HAGGLETON. (*In warning*) Don't let them have. (*He consults memoranda on blue paper*) Howard Lawrence! Hm! That's his name?

JOE. (*Consulting note book*) That's his name— Howard Lawrence.

HAGGLETON. Is Jenny sure he's the brother of this trained nurse?

JOE. Perfectly sure.

HAGGLETON. (*Chuckling*) Eh, Eh? The wonderful Howard Lawrence! (*Pause*) Joe, it's a great thing to know how to play your cards!

JOE. That's right, Mr. Jackson.

HAGGLETON. You told Jenny what to do? She understands?

JOE. Yes, sir, she understands. (*Haggleton puts memoranda in his desk. Then he takes out roll of bills and counts money*)

HAGGLETON. Seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety-five—a hundred. There. (*He hands money to Joe*)

JOE. (*Taking money*) Much obliged.

HAGGLETON. Now listen. I want you to clear off your desk as soon as you can and go to Jenny. See that she carries out my instructions and— if things go right, you'll have an extra hundred by this time tomorrow. So look sharp.

JOE. I will, sir.

HAGGLETON. (*Thinking*) Call up Miss Lawrence at her boarding house. (*Joe goes to telephone on the other desk. Haggleton presses electric bell on his desk. Enter Moran from inner office. He is much improved in face as would happen if a man would stop drinking. He is dressed with a kind of a cheap pretentiousness. Haggleton surveys him with satisfaction.*) How long since you stopped drinking?

MORAN. (*Respectful*) Three weeks, sir.

HAGGLETON. You look like a different man. (*Pause*) Has my stenographer finished those letters?

MORAN. Not quite, sir.

HAGGLETON. Tell her to be quick. I'm going out. (*Exit Moran bowing*)

JOE. (*At telephone*) Mrs. Binney's boarding house?— Is Miss Lawrence there? Please ask her to step to the phone— What? This is the East Side Associated Bakeshops— Is this Miss Lawrence?— Mr. Jackson wants to speak to you. (*To Haggleton*) She's here, sir. I'll switch you on. (*Joe manipulates switchboard*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Joe*) That will do. (*Joe goes to door of outer office and pauses, listening. At phone*) Miss Lawrence? (*He looks and seeing Joe motions him out of the room, Exit Joe sheepishly. At phone*) Miss Lawrence? Ah— Yes, this is— this is *me*. You remember that matter I spoke about?— Exactly— You promised to respect my confidence for a month— I know the month isn't up yet, but— you're anxious he should know? —You want to tell him yourself? —I thought so— Well, I release you from your promise— Yes, you can tell him— Oh, no, nothing has happened— (*He shows in pantomime that something has happened. Pause while he listens*) Why yes, he's at a meeting of discontented bakers, on Madison Street— Yes, I could send for him— All right, I will— Good bye. (*He hangs up receiver and presses bell on desk. Enter Moran carrying basket of letters*)

MORAN. They're ready, sir. (*He puts letters down before Haggleton and stands waiting*)

HAGGLETON. (*Glancing over letters*) Good. (*He signs letters quickly*) Stamp these and then go to that strike meeting and ask Mr. Ames to come up here as soon as he can. Say Miss Lawrence wants to see him about something very particular.

MORAN. Yes, sir.

HAGGLETON. Make a round of our shops and see if there's any trouble.

MORAN. Yes, sir. (*Haggleton finishes signing letters*)

HAGGLETON. There! I'm going to meet Gentle. (*He rises and closes desk*) This

telephone number will reach me for the next hour. (*He writes on slip of paper and pins slip on desk. Then he opens door of outer office*) Joe, wait until Miss Lawrence comes. Tell her Mr. Ames will be here shortly.

JOE. (*Heard off*) I will, sir.

HAGGLETON. Then hurry on and— remember what I said.

JOE. (*Appearing at door*) I'll remember. (*Haggleton takes hat and overcoat from hook on wall and moves toward door*)

HAGGLETON. (*Aside chuckling*) Howard Lawrence! (*Exit Haggleton. Meantime Moran is stamping and sealing letters*)

MORAN. (*Looking up*) What did he tell you?

JOE. (*With important air*) It's a delicate matter, Moran. Mr. Jackson thinks I've handled it with great finesse.

MORAN. Huh. I'd like to see you handle this bakeshop row. I've got *that* to settle.

JOE. (*Grinning*) I know. It must be inspiring to hear you reasoning with the discontented masses. Ha, ha. Moran, the great kicker!

MORAN. Those men don't appreciate their advantages.

JOE. Ha, ha, ha!

MORAN. (*Oratorical manner*) If we reduce their wages it's because the law of supply and demand require that—

JOE. (*With comical gesture*) Don't. My lips are cracked.

MORAN. You ought to have more dignity. (*Pause*) That's a chick cravat you have on.

JOE. (*Pleased*) Not bad, is it? Cheap, too. Only a dollar forty!

MORAN. What dinky little cravats Jackson wears! Bet you he didn't pay over a quarter for it.

JOE. Jackson saves his money.

MORAN. (*With a fatuous air*) He's only a hustler, anyhow.

JOE. He's a wonder. Look in the glass. Where's that red nose you had? Ha, ha! And look at me! And look at this room!

MORAN. (*Looking about him*) He certainly has changed this room. (*He starts for door and turns*) Say, Joe, I have an idea Jackson set you looking for my girl, Jenny.

JOE. What makes you think so?

MORAN. Just an idea, if he has, don't look too hard.

JOE. Why? Isn't your father's heart yearning for her?

MORAN. (*Shaking his head*) It's very embarrassing to have a daughter who— er— you understand. We owe something to our position, Joe.

JOE. (*Mocking*) All right, fond papa. I won't hurt myself searching for your lost child.

MORAN. Thanks, Joe. (*Exit Moran, carrying overcoat. Joe goes to pianola, opens it and puts in a roll of music. He is just preparing to play when a knock sounds at door.*)

JOE. Come in. (*Enter Margaret in a warm cloak sprinkled with snow. Joe rises politely.*)

MARGARET. Oh, its cold! Has Mr. Ames come?

JOE. Mr. Ames will be here as soon as he can get away from a bakers' meeting. There's a sort of strike on and he's trying to smooth things over. Mr. Jackson asked me to tell you.

MARGARET. Thank you.

JOE. You don't mind if I go now? I have some work to do for Mr. Jackson.

MARGARET. Of course not. I'll wait. *(Joe moves toward door, putting on overcoat.)*

JOE. Good-bye.

MARGARET. Good-bye. *(Margaret takes off her cloak and appears in a handsome gown. She looks stunningly pretty and quite the great lady.)*

JOE. *(Admiringly at the door)* Um! *(He throws a kiss at her back. Exit Joe. Margaret moves about the room with pantomime of doubt and distress. She pauses before Haggleton's desk and notices paper pinned on with instructions about telephoning. She stands before picture of diver and shakes her head sadly. Then she sits down at the pianola and works the pedals nervously. The instrument plays some very familiar music hall piece like 'Waitin' at the Church.' Enter Emmy timidly. She is thinly clad and seems to be perishing with the cold. She stands silent for some moments, unseen by Margaret, a pathetic, wistful figure, then she moves forward slowly as if drawn by the music. As she listens her face shows sadness, sweetness and suffering. The music stops.)*

EMMY. *(In a burst of feeling)* Oh! Ain't that grand!

MARGARET. *(Turning quickly)* Why, Emmy! Where did you come from?

EMMY. *(Half frightened)* I— I just blew in.

MARGARET. *(Touched)* Poor child! You're half frozen! *(She goes to Emmy in concern and examines her clothes)* Out in a storm like this with no coat! It's a wicked shame! And look at your shoes. They're all broken open.

EMMY. I had a coat, but— I soaked it.

MARGARET. I thought your father was going to take care of you? Didn't Mr. Ames get your father work in a bakery?

EMMY. Yes'm, but they make bread by 'lectricity now an' my old man he never made no bread by 'lectricity so he got his hand busted in the machine what they do it with.

MARGARET. Was his hand hurt badly?

EMMY. I dunno. They cut it off.

MARGARET. *(Distressed)* Cut his hand off?

EMMY. Yes'm. He can't do no more work. He's in the hospital.

MARGARET. What a shocking thing?

EMMY. *(Pathetic)* My old man he didn't have no money so Benny an' me was all alone an' *(She begins to cry)* we didn't have no stuff to eat.

MARGARET. This is dreadful. *(She takes the child in her arms and tries to comfort her.)*

EMMY. Benny coughed somethin' terrible an' a woman what knows my old man said we must rub him with Green's Gladiator. *(Margaret looks blank)* Aint you never heard o' Green's Gladiator liniment, great for horse or man?

MARGARET. *(Smiling)* Well?

EMMY. So I soaked my coat for sixty cents and got a bottle an' I rubbed it on Benny. I rubbed on the whole business but— *(Her voice breaks)* it didn't do no

good.

MARGARET. I'll go to Benny this afternoon. I'll make him well.

EMMY. (*Shaking her head*) Ye can't.

MARGARET. Yes, I can. I'm a nurse.

EMMY. Ye can't make Benny well, Benny's dead.

MARGARET. Dead!

EMMY. (*Nodding gravely*) It was last night. I ain't got no little brother now. (*She sobs quietly in Margaret's arms*) I fixed him as nice as I could, but I didn't have no flowers. I had candles though, the woman what knows my old man gave 'em to me, four white candles. I stuck 'em on saucers and set 'em around Benny. An' I put his corn-cob dolly in his hands. Say, he looks grand!

MARGARET. (*Weeping*) Is he—is he there now?

EMMY. (*Nodding "yes"*) That's why I came here. They're goin' to take him away an' I— (*She breaks down again*) I want my little brother to—to have a nice box and I—I ain't got no twenty dollars. (*She cries bitterly.*)

MARGARET. (*With impulsive kindness*) You shall have twenty dollars, fifty dollars, whatever you need. Here! (*She takes out pocketbook and gives Emmy money*) Get something to eat first and I'll come to you within an hour. Put on this cloak! (*She takes up her own cloak and fastens it about Emmy*) It's a little big but—but you'll be warm.

EMMY. Yes'm. (*She throws her arms about Margaret's neck*) You're awful good to me.

MARGARET. Now go on, dear, I'll see to everything.

EMMY. (*With a queer little courtesy*) Good-bye. (*Exit Emmy, leaving door open. Margaret goes sadly to window and stands looking out into the storm. Enter Philip with pre-occupied air. Margaret turns gladly at the sound of his steps and hurries to him.*)

MARGARET. Phil, I'm so glad you've come! (*He takes off his overcoat.*)

PHILIP. Moran said you wanted me. I was busy with a lot of excited bakers, but I came at once. (*He puts his arm around her affectionately and leads her to divan. They sit down*) Now then!

MARGARET. In the first place—

PHILIP. (*Ardent*) In the first place you never looked so perfectly adorable as you do now. (*He bends forward as if to kiss her but she draws back seriously.*)

MARGARET. Not now, Phil. I have so much to say. I've had such a sad experience. You remember Emmy and Benny?

PHILIP. Of course. I forgot to tell you, their father hurt his hand the other day.

MARGARET. (*Rep. eachful*) Hurt his hand? It was crushed in your kneading machine. It's been amputated at the hospital.

PHILIP. That's a pity but—he was careless.

MARGARET. His children were left unprovided for and—Benny is dead.

PHILIP. I'm sorry to hear that. (*Telephone rings sharply*) Excuse me. (*He goes to telephone. At phone*) Hello! The Wisconsin Flour Mills?—Yes, we've got the strike pretty well in hand. (*He listens*) No, no, Mr. Williams. We're

taking fifty carloads a week now and there's a Minneapolis concern that will do better for us— Yes, we want twenty per cent off— I know we're making money. That's what we're here for. (*He listens*) Ha, ha! You think we'll own the whole East Side? I hope so— Good-bye. (*He rings off. To Margaret*) What were you saying? (*She rises and looks at him silently, her eyes full of pain. He comes to her and they stand facing each other*) Why do you look at me like that? Have I done anything?

MARGARET. (*Sadly*) Oh, Phil! Don't you understand? Don't you see?

PHILIP. No.

MARGARET. Because you're blind, because you're under the spell of this man, Haggleton.

PHILIP. Not at all. I'm making the most of an extraordinary opportunity. Mr. Haggleton is doing a great work here and the whole East Side is benefiting.

MARGARET. Is that poor man who lost his hand benefiting? And his children? And all the bakers thrown out of work—are they benefiting?

PHILIP. We must think of the greatest good for the greatest number.

MARGARET. Mr. Haggleton doesn't. He thinks of his own selfish interest.

PHILIP. That isn't kind. Mr. Haggleton came down here at a great sacrifice, he has actually lived in a tenement.

MARGARET. Why? Did he do it for his health? Did he need this bakeshop money? *Why did he do it?*

PHILIP. He—er— he wanted to study tenement conditions.

MARGARET. Has he studied tenement conditions? Do you see any tenement conditions here? (*Earnestly*) You know that wasn't his reason. (*Pause*) Don't you?

PHILIP. (*Hesitating*) Well, I— er— I suppose that *wasn't* his reason.

MARGARET. (*After a pause.*) Phil, haven't you noticed that I've been worried and unhappy lately?

PHILIP. Yes, I have.

MARGARET. It's on account of something Mr. Haggleton told me.

PHILIP. Something Mr. Haggleton told you?

MARGARET. He told me three weeks ago. I had to keep it from you. He made me promise.

PHILIP. That's strange? Can't you tell me now?

MARGARET. I'm going to tell you, he says I may. (*Pause*) When you know this it will make a difference—to both of us and—there's more at stake than you think.

PHILIP. What is at stake?

MARGARET. Everything. (*Pause*) Phil, you've changed since Mr. Haggleton came here.

PHILIP. I— er— I suppose I have.

MARGARET. You've been absorbed in—business schemes and—money making. Isn't it true?

PHILIP. (*Frankly*) Yes, its true.

MARGARET. (*Pleading*) Why have you been this way?

PHILIP. (*Hesitates a moment then he takes Margaret affectionately by the arm and leads her back to the divan*) Sit down, dear. (*They sit down*) I admit what you say. Mr. Haggleton has had an influence over me. You feel it, Gentle feels it and—I know it. I'm different from what I was before he came. It's as if he had waked up something in me that I didn't know was there.

MARGARET. (*In dismay*) Oh, Phil!

PHILIP. I haven't lost my ideals, but I see that money is needed to carry them out. Money is needed to help the poor. Money is needed to make you happy.

MARGARET. (*Shaking her head*) If I wanted money I could have married a millionaire.

PHILIP. (*With decision*) Well, I want money. (*Pause*) I'm going to have it. (*Pause*) And that means an active business life.

MARGARET. You'll give up your diving?

PHILIP. (*Nodding 'yes'*) It's no career for a married man, anyway.

MARGARET. You've decided all this without telling me or— consulting me?

PHILIP. I'm telling you now. We can talk it over together.

MARGARET. My poor boy!

PHILIP. Why do you say that?

MARGARET. Because— (*She starts to speak severely, but checks herself and becomes appealing again as if she would give him a last chance*) Phil, there's an immediate thing to do before we settle this. I promised Emmy I would see about little Benny's funeral. Will you come with me?

PHILIP. (*Hesitating*) Why—er— I don't see how I can.

MARGARET. It's such a pitiful case!

PHILIP. I'll be glad to give money, but—

MARGARET. (*In a burst of displeasure*) Money! It's all money now. What did you say to Mr. Haggleton? 'You've got to do your loving yourself.' Why don't you do it?

PHILIP. (*Impatient*) There's a strike of bakers on with serious interests at stake.

MARGARET. (*Angrily*) I hate your serious interests and your bakeshops and all the rest of it. (*She changes again to a pleading tone*) Phil, leave this business scheming. Be your old fine self again.

PHILIP. You're unreasonable.

MARGARET. (*Sadly*) Oh, no. It's you who are throwing away the last chance of happiness—for both of us. (*In still more earnest pleading*) Think, before it's too late.

PHILIP. I want to do everything I can to please you, I'll work for you, I'll protect you, I'll love you, but— (*Firmly*) Margaret, it's the man who must decide business matters and— *I've decided this.*

MARGARET. (*With a strange wistful smile*) Yes, Phil, you have decided more than you know, you have decided our whole future. (*She rises and goes to Haggleton's*

desk and reads telephone instructions. Then she takes up telephone. At phone) Please give me 1902 John.

PHILIP. What are you doing?

MARGARET. (*Turning to him*) You want an explanation? You shall have one. (*Speaking in telephone*) Is Mr. Jackson there? . . . Please say that Miss Lawrence wants to see him . . . Miss Lawrence. And Mr. Gentle, too . . . Yes, Mr. Gentle . . . Ask them to come at once . . . Thank you. (*She rings off. Philip listens with pantomime of impatience.*)

PHILIP. Why send for them? They have nothing to do with this?

MARGARET. They have everything to do with this.

PHILIP. It's for you and me to make our plans together.

MARGARET. (*Shaking her head sadly*) We have no more plans to make together, Phil.

PHILIP. You don't love me.

MARGARET. (*Earnestly*) I love you so much that--- I'm doing the last thing I can to show you how much I love you.

PHILIP. (*In alarm*) But you— you're going to marry me?

MARGARET. (*Gently*) No, I'm going back to my work.

PHILIP. (*Impassioned*) It's absurd. It's inconceivable. No girl throws over a man she loves just because he changes his business. And I love you, Margaret, I love you. (*Pause and then fiercely*) There's some infernal mystery here.

MARGARET. (*Quietly*) Yes! (*Steps a/c heard on the stairs. They listen*) Now you'll know! (*Enter Haggleton and Gentle. Philip and Margaret rise*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Margaret*) Have you—er— (*He looks at Philip.*)

MARGARET. Not yet. Please sit down. (*Haggleton and Gentle lay off their overcoats. Then they all take seats. Haggleton, Gentle and Philip turn uncasily from Margaret to one another, and then look enquiringly at Margaret. To Haggleton and Gentle.*) I want you to know that Philip and I are dear good friends and are going to stay so, although I've just told him that I— I will not be his wife.

HAGGLETON. (*Aside in relief*) Ah! (*Gentle gives a look of sympathy to Philip who sits silent, his eyes fixed on Margaret.*) I have told him only the fact, not the reason behind it, and he wants to know the reason, he wants to know the truth.

GENTLE. (*Gravely*) The truth! (*He looks at Haggleton.*)

MARGARET. (*To Haggleton*) That's why I sent for you. I know only part of the truth.

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton*) What do you know about me? (*Haggleton starts to reply but Margaret interrupts him.*)

MARGARET. (*To Haggleton*) Let me speak first. (*To Philip*) Phil, years ago Mr. Haggleton had a son, who was taken away by the mother.

PHILIP. Taken away?

MARGARET. Stolen away—when he was little.

GENTLE. Only four years old.

PHILIP. Well?

MARGARET. This was a long time ago. The child has grown to be a man.

GENTLE. He's twenty-six years old.

PHILIP. (*Startled*) Twenty-six years old!

MARGARET. Just your age.

PHILIP. Why do you say that? Why do you all stare at me? What's the matter with you? (*He turns to Gentle*) You don't mean—

GENTLE. Yes.

PHILIP. (*With growing amazement*) It isn't possible that— that you are— (*He faces Haggleton*)

HAGGLETON. Yes.

MARGARET. (*To Philip*) Now you understand.

PHILIP. (*Slowly*) My father! (*With a sudden idea*) But— (*He turns to Gentle*) My name is Philip Ames?

GENTLE. (*G.ave*ly) Your name is Philip Haggleton.

HAGGLETON. Your mother took another name to— to prevent me from finding her.

MARGARET. (*Quickly*) She must have had good reason.

PHILIP. We'll come to that in a moment. (*To Margaret*) So this is what he told you?

MARGARET. Yes.

PHILIP. This is why you're leaving me, because I'm his son?

MARGARET. (*Sadly but tenderly*) I'm leaving you because you are like him, because you have forgotten your high purposes, because you are absorbed in an enterprise that has no love in it.

PHILIP. How about my love?

HAGGLETON. (*With feeling*) And my love? This enterprise is based on love. I started it and I know. (*He turns to Philip*) You said to me 'You must do your loving yourself.' (*Pause*) Well, I've been doing it.

MARGARET. Why didn't you tell Philip he was your son and take him away from here?

PHILIP. (*To Haggleton*) Why didn't you?

HAGGLETON. Why didn't I? Because in that first talk I saw you were against me, I saw she was against me. (*He looks at Margaret*) I wanted a fair show. I wanted you to know me as a man before you knew me as a father.

MARGARET. (*To Haggleton*) Hadn't you another reason for staying here, Mr. Haggleton, a very different reason? Didn't something serious happen in your first talk with Mr. Gentle?

HAGGLETON. Why go into this?

PHILIP. Why not go into it? (*To Gentle*) Did something happen?

GENTLE. (*Quietly*) Yes. Something happened.

MARGARET. (*To Haggleton*) Something that changed your plans and sealed your lips?

PHILIP. (*Thinking*) It must have been something about my mother.

MARGARET. That's it. There must be some secret, some— (*She thinks*)

some message?

PHILIP. (*Startled*) A message? (*To Gentle*) Is there a message?

GENTLE. (*Disturbed*) Why— er—

MARGARET. There *is*, there *is*.

HAGGLETON. (*Gravely to Philip*) You said you did not feel like judging any other man.

PHILIP. (*In doubt*) I don't, but—

MARGARET. (*Quickly*) Ah. I see. Some wrong has been done!

GENTLE. (*Earnestly to Philip*) Whatever wrong there was will be atoned for nobly. Your father will put aside ten million dollars for a splendid campaign against poverty.

PHILIP. Ten million dollars!

MARGARET. (*To Gentle*) So that's how he managed you! (*She turns to Haggleton*) You're a master of men, sir, you find the weak point in each one and use it, but you must learn a little more about women. You have shut his lips about this secret, (*She glances at Gentle*) but you haven't shut my lips. My name is Margaret, his mother's name, and the spirit of the wife you wouldn't manage is here in the girl you can't manage. That secret is going to be told. (*She turns to Gentle*) You have evidence of this wrong? (*Gentle hesitates. To Philip*) Ask him.

GENTLE. (*With sweet dignity*) It's the attribute of youth to be severe, Margaret. I haven't sold my silence, this money is for the poor, not a penny of it for me. (*He turns to Philip*) You know my life, Phil. You trust me?

PHILIP. Yes.

GENTLE. (*Impassive*) Then I tell you I have done what your mother would have wished.

MARGARET. (*To Gentle*) That's not for you to decide. The question is have you evidence of the wrong he did? (*She looks at Haggleton*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Gentle*) One moment! (*To Philip*) Can you understand a man doing something under sudden temptation that he regrets afterwards?

PHILIP. Yes, I— I can.

HAGGLETON. Can you understand that there might be someone this man loved very much— (*Philip looks at Margaret*) who would suffer pain, needless pain, if told what this man had done? Can you understand that?

PHILIP. (*Moved*) Yes.

HAGGLETON. (*Pursuing his advantage*) Suppose I knew you had done something you were sorry for and ashamed of, suppose I knew you honestly wished to make amends, wouldn't it be cowardly of me to tell your fault to this— this person you loved? (*He glances at Margaret*)

PHILIP. I— I think it would.

MARGARET. (*To Philip*) That's not the case. We're talking about your mother. We're talking about her reasons for taking you away from this man (*She flashes a look at Haggleton*) and bringing you up in poverty. Why did she do it? To save you from some great harm. And she'll save you now if you'll listen to her. (*Philip hesitates.*)

GENTLE. (*Earnestly to Philip*) Believe me, Phil, no good can come by dragging

that wrong from its grave.

MARGARET. (*To Philip*) He's mistaken! Your mother deprived you of your name and birthright. That was a monstrous crime unless she had justification. And you'll hate her memory unless you know what that justification was. I'm a woman and I say, for your mother's sake you must know the truth.

GENTLE. (*Half to himself*) For his mother's sake!

PHILIP. (*To Margaret*) You're right. (*To Haggleton*) She's right. (*To Gentle*) I insist on seeing whatever my mother left for me. (*Pause*) Where is it?

GENTLE. (*To Haggleton. Distressed*) I'm sorry, but I can't refuse him. For his mother's sake I— (*He draws a folded paper from his pocket and hands it to Philip*) There! (*Philip takes paper and holds it hesitating.*)

HAGGLETON. (*With feeling, to Philip*) I never begged any man before to let up on me, I've been a fighter all my life. I've taken my medicine, but— I ask you to believe that I'm sorry for the wrong I did, and— *don't read that statement.* (*Philip turns to Margaret with questioning look.*)

MARGARET. (*To Philip*) Think of your mother.

HAGGLETON. (*Pleading*) Your mother is dead. Think of your father.

PHILIP. (*With passion*) I think of some one who comes before father or mother— (*He turns to Margaret*) I think of you. There's no more argument. There's only one thing, I love you and you want me to read this paper. (*Philip opens paper and begins to read. His face shows increasing horror. Presently he holds out statement to her but she waves it away.*)

MARGARET. No, it's for you. It's to save you. (*She moves toward door.*) Good-bye.

PHILIP. (*With a cry of pain*) Margaret.

MARGARET. Good-bye, Phil. I did it for you. Good-bye. (*Exit Margaret. Philip stands silent. Then he reads statement again, his face darkening.*)

PHILIP. It's a crime. (*Pause*) My God! It's murder! (*He turns to Haggleton, pointing to statement*) Is this true?

HAGGLETON. There was no murder.

PHILIP. Isn't this your writing?

HAGGLETON. Yes, but—

PHILIP. (*Slowly*) Here is your own order over your own signature that an opposition oil refinery be set on fire. Do you deny it? (*Haggleton hesitates.*) I'll read what my mother says.

HAGGLETON. No, no. I— I gave the order, but I— I had no idea anyone would be burned to death. We were desperate, our whole business future depended upon our getting control of the field, we had to remove that opposition. We tried to buy them out, we made them generous offers, but that stubborn fool, Lawrence—

PHILIP. (*Half to himself*) Her father. (*Pause*) She was right. I see it all now. *I'm his son.*

HAGGLETON. (*To Philip*) There's no use making this out worse than it is. I'm sorry for what I did. I'll do whatever you think is right.

PHILIP. Whatever I think is right. (*Pause*) How much were you worth when

you committed this crime? (*Pause*) A million dollars?

HAGGLETON. No.

PHILIP. Half a million?

HAGGLETON. Possibly.

PHILIP. Had you ever committed any crime before?

HAGGLETON. No, nor since.

PHILIP. (*Scornfully*) How dare you say that? Don't you suppose I know how you have crushed rivals and plundered the public? Isn't your record there like a foul trail? No crime since then? Great God, man, what have you done but commit crime?

HAGGLETON. (*Controlling himself with an effort*) What was your idea in asking how much I was worth?

PHILIP. I thought we might consider some part of your fortune as honestly earned and— give back the rest.

HAGGLETON. Give back the rest? Who to?

PHILIP. To those who earned it— the people.

HAGGLETON. Have you any idea what my fortune amounts to? It's forty millions, at least.

GENTLE. Forty millions?

PHILIP. (*Quietly*) That means thirty-nine millions to be given back.

HAGGLETON. (*In burst of anger*) Do you think I'll do such a crazy thing?

PHILIP. I'm not setting myself up as your judge, but I can dispose of my life and decide about my conduct. And I tell you I will not be known as the consenting son of an immensely rich man whose riches have come from a criminal source. You can keep all your fortune, you needn't give back a penny of it, but you can't have me under the same roof with you. (*Haggleton springs to his feet, terrible in his anger, eyes blazing, hands clenched.*)

HAGGLETON. All right sir, that settles it. I thought you a son to be proud of. I've worked hard to win your confidence and affection, but you're a prig and a fool. Now you play your cards and— I'll play mine. You've got one thing against me, that statement. Well use it and see what good it does you. I'll deny it, I'll deny everything and then where are you? You'll have to prove that paper genuine and—

PHILIP. (*Interrupting*) No.

HAGGLETON. Why not? Do you suppose it will be accepted on your mere word?

PHILIP. (*Quietly*) It won't be accepted at all.

HAGGLETON. What do you mean? (*Philip picks up statement and folds it deliberately. Then he rises and walks toward the stove.*)

PHILIP. I'll show you what I mean. This thing started in fire and—we'll let it end in fire. There! (*He throws statement into blazing coals and watches it crumble to ashes. Then, lifting his voice in a ring of clear defiance*) I may be a prig and a fool, but—I'm not a blackmailer. (*Haggleton stares at Philip in astonishment.*)

HAGGLETON. (*Half to himself*) God! That look in his face! It's his mother

again! Just as she turned to leave me that night! (*Haggleton moves slowly toward desk with a look of stern purpose. He opens desk, takes out blue paper memoranda and looks at them with a grim smile*) Well, this ends our experiment. I've had all I want of tenement life. All I want of doing my loving myself. I'm going home. Good bye, sir. (*He takes up his overcoat and hat.*)

PHILIP. (*Facing him steadily*) Good-bye.

HAGGLETON. I meant to spare you this, but— (*Authoritative manner*) I'll be at my house to-night at nine o'clock. (*Sharply*) I want you to be there.

PHILIP. (*Defiant*) I'll never enter your house.

HAGGLETON. (*Sharply, with his old air of mastery*) You'll be at my house to-night, young man, at nine o'clock.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT THIRD.

“THE BATTLE.”

ACT IV.

SCENE: Is laid in the handsome library of Haggleton's Fifth Avenue mansion.

Everything is costly and imposing. On the walls are two portraits, one of Philip at the age of four and one of his mother. There are doors R and L and a wide archway at the back opening into a conservatory.

TIME: The same day as Act III, 8:30 in the evening.

DISCOVERED: *Haggleton standing before portraits of his wife and child. His face expresses tenderness and then confidence.*

Enter a very big and good looking and dignified servant in livery.

SERVANT. (Announcing) Mr. Gentle!

HAGGLETON. Ah!

SERVANT. There are two—persons with him.

HAGGLETON. I'll see Mr. Gentle alone. (Servant exits and presently shows in Gentle.)

GENTLE. Good evening.

HAGGLETON. Good evening! (To servant) When the trained nurse comes show her into a separate room. (Servant bows and exits. To Gentle) You've brought Joe Caffrey and Moran?

GENTLE. Yes.

HAGGLETON. (Looking at watch) Eight thirty! (They sit down) Do you think Philip will come?

GENTLE. He will come, but he won't yield.

HAGGLETON. We'll see.

GENTLE. I've talked to him, I know how he feels.

HAGGLETON. He'll feel differently.

GENTLE. (Shaking his head) Can you influence Philip when I have failed?

HAGGLETON. There is some one whose influence is stronger than yours or mine.

GENTLE. Miss Lawrence? (Haggleton nods "yes") She'll influence him against you.

HAGGLETON. (Smiling grimly) I think not. Miss Lawrence is going to get a

new point of view this evening. (*Bell rings*) Ah!

GENTLE. (*Surprised*) She? Here?

HAGGLETON. She's been called from the trained nurses' home—for a case.

GENTLE. A case? (*Haggleton goes to door L and opens it.*)

HAGGLETON. Here is the case. (*Enter Jenny Moran. She is neatly dressed and looks very well.*)

GENTLE. Jenny! (*Jenny nods to Gentle.*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Jenny*) You had better lie down on this sofa. (*Jenny does so.*)

GENTLE. She's not sick?

HAGGLETON. (*Smiling*) Not seriously. (*To Jenny*) Put this shawl over you—just for the first effect. (*She does so. To Gentle*) I wish you would wait downstairs and meet *him* when he comes.

GENTLE. Certainly. (*He rises and moves towards door R.*)

HAGGLETON. Oh! Ask Moran and Joe to come in. They have no idea who I am?

GENTLE. Not the least. They think you are Mr. Jackson. (*Exit Gentle R.*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Jenny*) I'm doing this to please you.

JENNY. Thank you! After all, he's my father. (*Enter Moran and Joe Caffrey R. They are both rather flashily dressed. Jenny is so placed that they do not see her face.*)

JOE. (*Deferential*) Mr. Jackson!

MORAN. (*Over familiar*) Mr. Jackson. (*Jenny lifts her head unseen and watches Moran with amusement.*)

HAGGLETON. Sit down. (*They take seats*) You know why you are here?

JOE. Mr. Gentle gave us an idea.

MORAN. (*Greedy smile*) We understand that Mr. Haggleton is going to buy out our bakeshop enterprise?

HAGGLETON. Possibly. At any rate I am to withdraw from the management and Mr. Haggleton wants a competent person to take my place. The salary will be a hundred dollars a week.

MORAN. A hundred dollars a week!

JOE. Whe—ew!

HAGGLETON. I have thought of you two for the position. Mr. Haggleton will decide between you.

MORAN. Thank you— but—

JOE. You're very kind, but— (*They face each other with amusing pantomime of hostility. Jenny business.*)

HAGGLETON. Mr. Haggleton has precise ideas about things. He can't stand a man who gambles.

MORAN. (*To Joe*) You'd never suit Mr. Haggleton.

HAGGLETON. And he hates a socialist.

JOE. (*To Moran*) That lets you out. (*Jenny business*)

MORAN. (*Oratorical manner*) I wish you would tell Mr. Haggleton that in the last few weeks my character has greatly— er— broadened. I see with a clear vision the fallacies and follies of socialism.

JOE. (*Mocking*) Hear, hear!

MORAN. (*Confidential to Haggleton*) You can put that in your own words and—
(*He bends forward and whispers in Haggleton's ear*)

HAGGLETON. Want to bribe me, eh?

MORAN. (*Persuasive*) Business is business. (*Jenny can hardly restrain her amusement.*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Joe*) Could you give up gambling?

JOE. (*With a frank smile*) If I had a hundred a week I'm afraid I'd take a flyer, now and then.

MORAN. You see!

HAGGLETON. Here's another thing. This will interest *you*. (*He turns to Moran*) Mr. Haggleton does a certain amount of good and, some days ago, an unfortunate case was brought to his notice. It's rather extraordinary but— It was your daughter Jenny.

MORAN. (*In dismay*) Good Lord! You haven't told him she's my daughter?
(*Jenny business.*)

HAGGLETON. I thought I would let *you* tell him.

MORAN. Do you think I'm a fool? That might queer me for the place.

HAGGLETON. But Jenny's welfare?

MORAN. Why should I worry about her welfare when she's disgraced me?

HAGGLETON. Wouldn't you have her live with you? Wouldn't you help her?

MORAN. I don't want anything to do with her. (*Jenny business*)

JOE. That's a shame! (*He turns and sees Jenny*) Oh! (*Haggleton gives Joe a warning look. Business between Jenny and Joe.*)

HAGGLETON. H'm! It's fortunate for Jenny Mr. Haggleton has taken quite a fancy to her.

MORAN. What?

HAGGLETON. He thinks she would make a fine woman if she had a chance.

MORAN. (*More and more surprised*) You don't say!

HAGGLETON. More than that, he intends to *give* her a chance. In fact he has brought her to his own home.

MORAN. (*Startled*) Jenny here? (*Jenny business*)

HAGGLETON. She's been here for several days.

MORAN. Then— then she must have influence with Mr. Haggleton?

HAGGLETON. Undoubtedly.

MORAN. (*Changed manner*) Do you know I always said that girl would do well.
(*Pause*) I wonder if I could see her?

HAGGLETON. I think so— (*Business for Jenny and Joe*) She'll be disappointed that you don't want her to live with you.

MORAN. Well—er—of course if she has reformed— (*Oratorical manner*) I suppose it's my duty to be a father to her, I must give her the benefit of serious counsels and—

JENNY. Cut it out! (*Moran turns and sees Jenny.*)

MORAN. (*Taken aback*) Jenny!

JENNY. (*To Moran*) So you don't want to have anything to do with me?

MORAN. (*Apologetic—to Jenny*) I didn't mean that. I was giving Mr. Jackson a line of talk for old Haggleton. (*Haggleton business.*)

JENNY. Old Haggleton? Is that what you call him?

MORAN. Why not? We're all friends here. We want this position—in the family. A hundred dollars a week will do us a lot of good and—I'm the man for the place. (*He looks at Joe*) I'll make you my assistant—at a good salary. (*He looks at Jenny*) And I'll do the right thing by *you*. Don't mind what I said. (*Fatuous air*) When it is a question of a job like this a man has to be a bit of a diplomat.

JOE. (*To Moran*) You're a hell of a diplomat!

MORAN. (*Smoothly*) Mr. Jackson understands. We know Haggleton is a cold-blooded scoundrel, but—

JENNY. (*Angrily*) Stop! (*She turns to Haggleton*) You see what he is. No wonder you rich people are disgusted with the poor. (*To Moran*) You haven't any decency or—honesty— or anything.

MORAN. How dare you?

JENNY. I'll tell you how. This man you've been insulting is— Mr. Haggleton!

MORAN. (*Dazed*) Mr. Haggleton!

JOE. (*Starting to his feet*) Mr. Haggleton! (*To Moran*) It's the street for ours! (*Moran skulks away and Joe follows*)

HAGGLETON. Wait! (*To Joe*) There's a lot of good in you. (*To Moran*) And there's some in you. You've stopped drinking, anyway.

MORAN. (*Cringing*) Yes, sir.

HAGGLETON. For the sake of this plucky girl I'm going to give you both a chance. (*To Joe*) You get the position.

JOE. (*Astonished*) Me?

HAGGLETON. (*To Moran*) And you shall be his assistant. (*To Jenny*) And you shall draw both salaries until further notice. That will keep the family together.

JOE. (*With an admiring glance at Jenny*) Thank you, sir. (*Enter servant carrying card on tray. Haggleton takes card and looks at it.*)

HAGGLETON. (*With controlled emotion*) Ask him to—to wait. Is the trained nurse there?

SERVANT. Yes, sir—in a separate room.

HAGGLETON. Let the trained nurse come in. (*Servant bows and exits. Haggleton rises. To Moran and Joe*) This way.

JOE. (*With an air of importance. To Moran*) You're my assistant!

JENNY. (*To Moran*) Cheer up, father. I'll give you spending money. (*Exit Moran and Joe R.*)

HAGGLETON. (*To Jenny*) You understand what you're to do?

JENNY. I understand. (*Haggleton stands for some moments looking at portraits of mother and child, then he moves slowly into conservatory. Exit Haggleton. Servant shows in Margaret L. She wears the costume of a trained nurse and looks very pretty. She glances about the room and sees some one lying on the sofa. She approaches sofa and starts in surprise.*)

MARGARET. Why— Jenny Moran!

JENNY. Yep!

MARGARET. But— the patient?

JENNY. I'm the patient. Sit down. (*Margaret draws up chair*) I sent for you.

MARGARET. (*More and more surprised*) You sent for me? How did you know where I was? Why are you here?

JENNY. Mr. Jackson's orders. I mean Mr. Haggleton's. You knew who Mr. Jackson was?

MARGARET. Yes, but— (*Sudden suspicion*) Did Mr. Haggleton get me here? Is this Mr. Haggleton's house?

JENNY. Sure! (*Margaret starts angrily*) Easy now! You think he's the worst that ever happened. Just the same, he took care of me when the rest of you turned me down.

MARGARET. We didn't know where you were.

JENNY. You didn't *want* to know. I'll tell you where I was, I was down and out.

MARGARET. Why did you leave the tenement?

JENNY. (*Fiercely*) Why? Because I was stuck on Phil. That's why. And you had him. So I quit. I was going back on the town, if you want to know, but—Mr. Haggleton found me.

MARGARET. (*Rising*) I don't think I can be of any use here.

JENNY. (*Sarcastic*) You don't like to hear about going on the town, do you? It isn't nice, is it? (*In a burst of anger*) By God, it's women like you who send women like me to the devil!

MARGARET. That's not true!

JENNY. Not true? I'll show you how true it is. When my husband died he left me with a little baby and no money. So I went out as a wet nurse. I had to. And my baby died—they always do—you know that.

MARGARET. Well?

JENNY. Well, I was grieving for my baby and they were afraid my milk would stop and their baby would suffer. So they filled me up with fine food and everything I wanted to drink and— (*Haggleton enters from conservatory unobserved and stands listening.*)

MARGARET. (*Interrupting*) What has this to do with me?

JENNY. A whole lot. I was a pretty girl and— the wife was away and the husband— well, one night he got me drinking champagne and— then he kissed me and— he told me to call him Howard—

MARGARET. (*With a start*) Howard!

JENNY. (*Watching Margaret keenly*) That was his name, Howard Lawrence!

MARGARET. (*Indignant*) It's false! Howard Lawrence is my brother!

JENNY. *Ex-actly!*

MARGARET. He's the soul of honor.

JENNY. (*Mocking*) Yes. He married a skinny old chromo because she was rich.

MARGARET. He loved her.

JENNY. (*Sarcastic*) I'll bet he did. He loved her and seduced me. And he let her turn me into the street without a reference. Your noble brother Howard!

MARGARET. I don't believe it! I'll never believe it!

HAGGLETON. (*Stepping forward*) It's true! Absolutely true!

MARGARET. (*Startled*) Mr. Haggleton!

HAGGLETON. I have seen your brother. He admits that he—wronged this girl.

JENNY. Ah!

MARGARET. (*With look of pain*) My brother Howard! (*To Haggleton*) You have brought me here to tell me this?

HAGGLETON. I've brought you here for a square deal. I'm sorry to score on you off your brother. I know men don't do it in story books or plays but—this is life. I'm fighting for my son and—you've taken him away from me. You've set up such a high standard of family honor that—well, if we had to be judged like that, I don't know where we'd come out, *any of us*. See?

MARGARET. (*Half to herself*) My brother Howard! I loved him so and—I trusted him.

HAGGLETON. Remember, I didn't look up your brother's record, I didn't go prying into his life. I learned these things by accident—*she* told me. (*He looks at Jenny.*)

JENNY. (*Grateful. To Haggleton*) Because you took me out of the street, you—you gave me a chance.

MARGARET. I know.

HAGGLETON. (*Kindly. To Margaret*) See here! You're a plucky girl. I like you and my son loves you. Well, I want you both to be happy but—I want you to be sensible, too. (*Pause*) Now listen to me! I've lived long enough in this world to understand men and I tell you none of them are *all* bad and none of them are *all* good.

MARGARET. (*Unhappy*) I understand, I—er—I'm to blame. (*With sudden decision*) Where is he?

HAGGLETON. Philip? He's in there. (*He points to door R.*)

MARGARET. I must speak to him at once.

HAGGLETON. You're not going to tell him about your brother?

MARGARET. Yes.

JENNY. (*To Margaret*) Say, you're all right.

MARGARET. No. I'm all wrong, but— (*She turns to Haggleton*) I'm going to give you what you ask for—a square deal. (*A pause*) Would you mind leaving me alone—with him? (*She glances at door R.*)

HAGGLETON. Would I mind? (*To Jenny*) You'd better go in there. (*He points to door L. Jenny moves toward door and turns.*)

JENNY. (*To Margaret. With an effort*) I—I wish you luck with Phil. (*Exit Jenny L.*)

HAGGLETON. I'll go in here. (*He moves toward conservatory and turns*) Tell him I'm ready to do anything that's half-way reasonable and—when you want me just clap your hands lightly. (*Exit Haggleton into conservatory. Margaret opens door R. Enter Philip. He stares at her in astonishment.*)

PHILIP. Margaret! (*He goes to her quickly*) What are you doing here?

MARGARET. Don't you see my dress? I'm on a case.

PHILIP. In Mr. Haggleton's house?

MARGARET. They sent for me. I—I didn't know it was Mr. Haggleton's house.

PHILIP. (*Frowning*) This is some scheme of his.

MARGARET. (*Gently*) Yes, Phil, but—it's only fair. I don't think we've been quiet just to Mr. Haggleton, at least I haven't. I've set myself as a—a judge of other people and— and now— (*She shows emotion*)

PHILIP. What's the matter?

MARGARET. (*With an effort*) My brother Howard— did something that— that puts a stain on my family.

PHILIP. (*With a sigh of relief*) Good Lord! I'm glad of that!

MARGARET. Glad?

PHILIP. (*Nodding "yes"*) I've got one, too.

MARGARET. What?

PHILIP. A stain.

MARGARET. (*Remembering*) Oh! Your mother's statement! (*Brightening*) Phil, is it quite a— er— black stain?

PHILIP. It's black enough.

MARGARET. Splendid! (*He stares at her in astonishment*) Of course I'd be heart-broken only— as long as we both have one— (*Pause*) You musn't ask what mine is. And—I'll never ask what yours is. Promise. (*She holds out her hands and he takes them eagerly*)

PHILIP. My Margaret!

MARGARET. You haven't promised.

PHILIP. I promise. (*He folds her in his arms*) Darling! (*He kisses her*)

MARGARET. (*Radiant*) Philip!

PHILIP. You'll be glad to hear that I've broken absolutely with my father.

MARGARET. (*Quickly*) You *mustn't* do that!

PHILIP. I've thought over what you said about becoming hard and selfish.

MARGARET. I've thought over what you said about the need of money for doing good and— (*Coquettishly*) to make me happy.

PHILIP. (*Gravely*) After reading that statement of my mother—

MARGARET. (*In distress*) Oh dear! *Why* did I make you read it!

PHILIP. It was really a wrong against *your father*.

MARGARET. (*Brightening*) Then—then *I'm* the one to forgive that wrong. (*Pause*) And, Phil, I *must* forgive it, I *do* forgive it.

PHILIP. (*Shaking his head*) I don't.

MARGARET. (*Pleading*) Your father is sorry.

PHILIP. I can't help it.

MARGARET. He will make amends. (*She claps her hands lightly. Enter Haggleton and Gentle softly from conservatory. Philip does not see them.*)

PHILIP. Why do you clap your hands?

MARGARET. I'm nervous and—I'm unhappy because you won't make friends with your father.

PHILIP. You wanted to save me from him.

MARGARET. I didn't understand.

PHILIP. You spoke of my mother.

MARGARET. Perhaps your mother didn't understand either.

PHILIP. Didn't understand what?

MARGARET. Why— er—

GENTLE. (*Stepping forward*) Let me tell him.

PHILIP. (*Turning in surprise*) Gentle! Mr. Haggleton!

GENTLE. (*To Philip*) I think Margaret means that we ought not to condemn our fellow men too hastily, since we are all prone to weakness and temptation. There's eternal wisdom in the warning: 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'

MARGARET. Oh, yes!

PHILIP. That's true!

GENTLE. If a man says, 'I have done wrong and I am sorry' and if he proves it by honest acts, I believe the angels in heaven sing over him, for he has done all he can. (*He turns to Philip*) My boy, I knew your mother's pure soul. I knew her sorrows and her hopes for you. Believe me, she would be— (*He pauses and looks at portraits of Philip's mother and her child*) Believe me, she would be happy, she is happy to know how things have shaped themselves.

PHILIP. (*Moved*) You think that?

GENTLE. I know it. Let this sweet girl speak for your mother. (*He turns to Margaret. Margaret takes Philip's hand and puts it in Haggleton's hand*)

MARGARET. (*Happily*) There!

PHILIP. (*Drawing back*) Wait! I must know about that money. What is to be done with it?

HAGGLETON. In a few years you'll do what you please with it. It will all be yours. But while I'm here I'll try to have it used with some sense. I won't go in for sloppy, sentimental philanthropy and I won't help those who *won't* help themselves. Why should I? God doesn't. (*Pause*) I tell you what I will do, and I'll do it with all my heart.

PHILIP. What?

HAGGLETON. I'll devote my last years and what brains I have to working out with you a scheme to use my fortune as the basis of a great new movement in this country to establish between the rich and the poor, *with proper protection for the rich, mind you*, to establish between the capitalist and the laboring man what can honestly be called A SQUARE DEAL. (*Pause. To Philip*) Does that go? (*Philip impulsively holds out his hand and Haggleton clasps it.*)

PHILIP. Father!

HAGGLETON. My son!

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT FOUR.

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