THE HATCHET.

Four of A Kind

A Comic Melodramatic Tragedy with University Settings and Risings.

N. B.—The tragedy is kept out.

With apologies to Bernard Shaw, Clyde Fitch, Charles Klein, David Belasco, George Ade, and any other playwright who will admit that he ever wrote anything like this.

With Full Stage Directions.

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

(Quadrangle or campus, students passing to and fro, large sign board at deep center, announcing election of "Adviser to Chancellor.")

(Enter first student, reads sign.)

A. Gee whiz! gosh all hemlock! just a week off! we must get busy right now or we won't have a show for this election. Whom will we run? Stub Thornton is going to leave college and Morgan and Thomas have conditions. I ought to see Steve right away, but oh squidge, here's this stuff to be committed to memory in twenty minutes, that psychology prof must think we are all Swift. (Joke.)

(Enter second student, reads sign.)

B. Oh, say Ed! (He doesn't really mean for him to say Ed.)

A. Shoo fly, don't bother me little boy.

B. But look here, this election

A. Can't you see that I'm doing my semi-annual studying? I'm working.

B. Oh, don't lie to an old friend; don't I know that you are taking the college course? Now whom are we going to run for this job?

A. Stub gone—nobody.

B. Stub gone? Where?

A. Oh his governor got a grouch on because he flunked three times in these last exams—mechanics, calculus and German 3—as if anybody can pass those and stay in his right mind. Governor telegraphed for him to pack his little doll rag and come. Stub wrote. He hasn't heard anything more, but I saw his governor once. He has a jaw like a rusty hinge. Stub's a goner.

B. Tough luck—that's what a fellow gets for having a father, say let's run English, he runs for most everything that's vacant. (Hopefully.)

A. He couldn't get the S. A. C. vote. (Pause.)

B. Well who will we run? (This "who" is not grammatically wrong—it's college slang.)

A. Nobody—the other gang will run Elkins, who can beat him? Nobody but Stub.

B. Here comes Sam and Pete, let's see them and talk it over.

(Enter three or more fellows—might use five fellows here.)

C. Well are we going to run Stub?

A. No, his dad found out that E doesn't mean excellent and D don't mean "derm good." So he is going to vamoose. (Audience, please pardon profanity.)

C. Oh I think these condition fearing parents are all crazy.

B. Careful, old sport, the first thing you know Hiram Podunk, Jr., will be missing his regular monthly life-saver from the woody hills, then who will pay your bills at the Co-op? Miss Page won't take I. O. T. S all the time.

D. That's right. Oh say I feel like a funeral over this Stub Thornton business. He is the squarest fellow that ever cut a class.

236
THE HATCHET

(Cries outside. Hooray! hooyay! hooyay! she cried.)

(Enter Thornton waving a telegram in his hand. Telegram should be yellow.)

Stub. Hully g-zip g-zam! Say, the governor's going to let me stay.

Chorus. Is that right, how did it happen? (Everyone must say this.)

Stub. All I got to do is to make five As this term, and three Bs. I have only eight studies you know. (Chorus of groans. Loud but not vulgar.) But then you know he won't get any grades till June, so I will be here for this half-year.

A. Then by Winston's bald head we will run you for athletic adviser to his Highness the Big Stick.

B. Sam will your gang vote for this?

D. Sure, I guess we can stand it.

B. And your bunch Steve?

C. Oh, I reckon so.

B. Then we will elect it as sure as the lights go out at four minutes to twelve.

Stub. Look here, haven't I got something to say about this?

A. Now shut up, a man never has anything to say about his own funeral, he just sits still and rides. Let's go to class, I am sleepy and want a chance to rest.

(Exeunt all but B. and C.)

B. Say, Steve, let's keen out of this election ourselves, there is a bunch sore at us about those Student Life articles. Those imaginary lectures you know and that sort of rot, Gargoylia and others. The profs are all sore, so lets get young Marsh. Billy you know, to run the campaign. He's a bird, you ought to see him boss the fellows and jolly the girls.

C. I know he's good. He passed Starbird's English I. and handed in two themes you know. (To be said convincingly.)

B. Well then let's give him the job of electing Stub. He and Stub are thicker than the two Curl girls.

C. All right, here he comes now, we will tell him about it.

B. No, I told him last night that we would give him the job if Stub stayed, and he knows already that he is, and besides there is his best girl, the Big Stick's daughter, Mary Snowden, coming out of the Library. Come on, this is no place for mother's only son.

(Enter M. S. & B. M.) (One from back center and one from left.) (They should meet in center of stage. This should be carefully timed.)

Billy: Hello. Mary, where have you been all this time. I haven't seen you since two o'clock.

Mary: Isn't that dreadful, and it's just two-thirty now. Where were Steve and Dan going so fast?

Billy: I don't know and what is more I don't give a — I mean I don't care. Don't walk so fast, Mary.

Mary: Why I wasn't walking so very fast, was I?

Billy: Pretty fast for me. I can't walk very fast. Knee on the bum you know. Come sit down. (Develops a big limp.)

Mary: Oh I didn't know your knee hurt you again. Does it hurt very much, Billy?

Billy: Pretty much but I don't mind. (Long pause.) Say, Mary, I know you are going to talk to you about something pretty serious to-day. (Frown on his face.)

Mary: Talk to me? About something serious? You have been talking to me all day and you never said you were serious.

Billy: Oh I was then, dearest, but this is something different. Can you keep a secret?

Mary: Certainly. Eleanor told me something the other day and it didn't get into Twiddle's Talk for two days.

Billy: That is a pretty good record to keep Twiddles baffled for that long, but you must keep this secret for about eighteen hours. Honest I want to talk to you—really talk. (The supposition is they don't always talk.)

Mary: Well for goodness sake, Billy, you have talked to me every day and most of the evenings since you have known me.

Billy: Yes, but I have known you only four months, look what I have to make up. Now listen, I am going to do some things in the next few days and hours that you will not like, and I want to make my peace beforehand. I am afraid that you will never forgive me for some of them.

Mary: What things are there for which I can never forgive you, Billy? (Lots of pathos.)

Billy: Oh there are lots of things I am afraid. Now in the first place I am going to electioneer for Stub Thornton against Elkins for this job here. You do not like Stub and you do like Elkins.

Mary: Why not work for Elkins? I am sure he would be a good man for the place.

Billy: Well I can't that's all. Why Stub is Stub, and that settles it. We've been together ever since we tangled up in that first scrap, and Stub was a soph and he socked me over the head with a piece of hose till I nearly fell off the bro-

237
THE HATCHET

escape. We have roomed together ever since. Used the same shaving mug and
brush, and the same cake of Morris soap these two years. I've written his themes
and he has worked my algebra—why he just must be elected.
Mary: Well let that go, we won't quarrel over that. What else? (Nice smile
would help here.)
Billy: Gee, Mary, you are a bat—I mean—
Mary: A what? (Stares at him sternly.)
Billy: A brick, dear, a brick. Now about this fight that is due to come off
tomorrow between us and the Freshmen. Your father has said that we must
cut. Well we must cut, we can't fight in the class room, except in the Medical
Department. Now we cut. He has also said that we must not fight on university
property, and the fight is going to take place on university property. He will ask
Mosby, the senior president, to stop it and he will not stop it. He will ask Stub
because he is the president of the junior class, and he won't stop it. Then he will
come to me, and I might lose my temper—
Mary: Why won't Mr. Goodbar stop it?
Billy: He won't do anything without asking English, and then calling a
meeting and referring it to a committee. So you see your father and I are due
to have a little altercation. (Gesture with the right hand.)
Mary: If that is all there is to it he won't make it affect us, and I won't take
sides. What else? (Smile.)
Billy: Well here is where I do something that I know you do not approve
of. Will you promise to keep it a secret?
Mary: Certainly. Tell me, Billy, quick. I am almost as curious as little
Rosenheim.
Billy: Well you know the Freshman dance is coming off to-night, and by
the way. I am coming for you at eight-twenty, and while the dance is in pro-
gress we are going to kidnapped Jack, your estimable brother, who happens to be
president of his class. There.
Mary: Oh, Billy, you mustn't, you know I do not think that is fair, and he is
so set on winning this fight. This is the first chance he has had to do anything
since he was elected. Don't, please don't. I will never forgive you. Besides it is
my class you are fighting against. No I will never forgive you. Never. (Lots of
lightning work with the eyes here.)
Mary: Then you are going to do it?
Billy: Certainly, I am the president of my class and I have planned this
fight, this kidnapping, I must do it. (Clenched hand.)
Mary: Then you put a little class victory above me? (Accent on the "me.")
Billy: No it is not the victory itself. It is the duty I owe to those fellows
who put me at the head of this thing. Why even Crecelius, if he were in my place,
would fight, or Hardaway, or Furlong.
Mary: But you put your classmates above me!
Billy: Can't you see these fellows trust me. It is their confidence that I
would not betray. (Emotion expressed in face and feet.)
Mary: This is final Billy. I will never forgive you if you kidnap Jack to-
night.
Billy: We will have to wait and see, because I must do it. You will not tell
my secret?
Mary: No, I will not tell anyone about it, but I will never forgive you just
the same.
Billy: Shall I come for you to take you to the dance?
Mary: Are you going to play unfair against Jack and me?
Billy: No, but I am going to carry out the plans I told you about, every one
of them, as far as I am able. (Must be said with steely expression.)
Mary: Then I will come to the dance with Jack tonight. Good-bye. (Icy.)
Billy: Good-bye! Say just good-night. good-afternoon—(Pleadingly.)
Mary: Good-bye. (Exit Mary.) (Enter a sophomore or two: more would be
out of place.)
Soph: Hello, Billy! What are you looking so sore about? Guess you know
Stub is going to run for athletic adviser and you are to be campaign manager?
Billy: Um—m.—m.
Soph: What are you so grumpy about? Thinking about how you are going
to smear those blame fool freshmen?
Billy: No, I am thinking about how a freshie is going to smear me, now go
on and leave me alone. Go on I want to think. (They start to leave.) And say,
after this when you mention freshie to me, leave off the "blame" and the "fool."
(Curtain.) (Applause.)
THE HATCHET

ACT I. SCENE 2.

(Sort of cozy corner or ante-room off from a dance hall—similar to Mrs. Hardy's. Parted curtains into dance hall. Sounds of music. Billy Marsh standing alone with dejected look on his face. Enter Hughes, first soph.)

Hughes: (Whispering) — Everything all right? Billy: Yes! Everything is all right. (Aside) God, what a lie. (Tragic look.)

Hughes: Anything wrong, old man? Billy: No! Everything is all right. (Sarcastic.)

Hughes: Oh, well I'll leave you. Don't let anything slip up, we're depending on you. (Exit.) (Enter second Soph. Whispers to B.)

2nd: Everything all right, Billy? Billy: Yes! Run along and do your part, and I'll see that nothing goes wrong.

(Enter third Soph.)

3rd: What am I to do, Billy? Is everything all right? Billy: Yes! Everything is all right and you must stay with Dave and Pete and George and the other fellows by the carriage. (Exit 3rd.)

Billy: I am going inside now. I wish you would fix it up with John to give that fake message to Jack Snowdon.

Walter: Right. (Exit Billy.) (Enter nigger John carrying a large tray full of punch cups). Oh John, come here. (It's nice that John enters just here.)

John: Yassab, Ise comin'. Walter: Well, hurry up; you walk like Mr. Leighton.

John: What is it, sah?

Walter: Come're. Look through there now. Do you see that light haired boy dancing with that pretty girl? (Uses index finger to point into ball room.)

John: You mean de Chancellor's little gal? Why, suah, dat's de Chancellor's son. (Shades his eyes with his hand.)

Walter: Well to-night he is just the president of the freshman class. Now you would know him if you saw him again? John: Yassah, I would dat. I knowed him sence he war no bigger'n Johnny Wall.

Walter: Well, if anybody comes up to you, and asks you about that light haired boy, you would know who they were speaking about, wouldn't you?

John: It would be him wouldn't it?

Walter: Yes, it would. Now remember it, and here is a dollar to help you think. (Exit.) (John ought to put on a broad grin here.)

John: Say dat's a joke! A dollar to remember a kid I have known all his life! De lopes as much like de Chancellor as Mr. Smith's beard looks like a shoe brush. (Exit John.) (Enter B with a freshman in tow.)

Billy: Come on let's sit out here a while, Hiram. Don't you get tired of dancing? (That tired look in the eyes would be appropriate.)

Hiram: Well I should say so and I got a nail in my shoe. That's what I get for wearing my new patent-leather shoes to a dance. Pa always said dances was hard on shoes; I oughtn't to a wore such good ones.

Billy: Yes, that was too bad, next time you will know better. At least a fellow ought to learn what kind of shoes to wear to a dance.

Hiram: Sure, some rubes never do learn nothin'.

Billy: You are quite right, Hiram. Have a cigarette?

Hiram: Don't think I ought to. (A "Back Satan" expression.) Pa always said they was bad. Said nobody but fools smoked them. (Pause.) Guess I will take one. (Pause while he lights it.) Isn't it funny how devilish a fellow gits when he comes to college?

Billy: Yes, it beats all how some fellows act when they come to college. Say, this is a pretty nice dance you fellows are giving. You were on the committee weren't you?

Hiram: None. I ain't on. I voted for Sims and Elder.

Billy: I thought sure, you were on it, knowing so much about dances. But you had good judgment voting for Sims and Elder. Say how are you going to vote for this athletic adviser? I would like your opinion.

Hiram (Swelling up): I hadn't thought much about it. How about Elkins?

Billy: I knew you didn't like Elkins. That's why I have about decided to vote for Thornton.
THE HATCHET

Hiram: Yes, he is sure the best man. (A little flourish of the cigarette here.)
Billy: I believe that with your influence in the freshman class—
Hiram: Aw, I haven't got any influence—have I?
Billy: You certainly have, Hiram. There's Doyle and Kinder that do just as you say, and Nance and Thompson and a couple of others do just as anybody says.
Hiram: Yes, I guess that's right, and then there are a couple of other fellows I know that I can work a little. Yes, come to think of it, I guess that I have a bit of influence. A whole lot of influence.
Billy: Yes, I think you can pull four or five fellows all right.
Hiram: Oh, nine or ten easy—(Shoves thumbs under his rented vest.)
Billy: Yes, or maybe twelve—or more. Oh, there's Thornton there. I'll call him over and tell him that you have persuaded me to vote for him. He will be very grateful, I know. Oh, Stub, come here. (Isn't it nice that Stub comes in at the right time.)
Stub: Did you call me, Billy?
Billy: Yes, Mr. Thornton, this is Mr. Hiram Podunk, Jr., of Podunk. Mr. Podunk, senior, is the Mayor of Podunk, and this Mr. Podunk has been showing me why I should support you for that office you are running for, and I have just about decided to do it. It would not be wise to run counter to Mr. Podunk's influence in his class.
Hiram: Yes, I believe we can pull the hull crowd for you, Thornton. I can pull my whole class, and Marsh has quite a bit of power in his class. Yes, I believe I and Billy here can elect you, Stub.
Stub: Well I certainly appreciate the fact that you are for me and especially the fact that you have won over Mr. Marsh. Well, I must be going now. I will leave you to fix the plans for the affair in detail.
Billy: Well, I must be going now, myself.
Hiram: Well, Bill, you leave it to me and I will tell you what to do and I guess it will come out all right. Don't you think so?
Billy: Surely. Well, I must be going. (Exit. Billy left.)
Hiram (alone): I told Pa he didn't know me. Here I have been here only a few months and have the whole school going my way. It's a cinch, almost as easy as Penn's English course. (He should stand on his left leg and wrap his right around it. Re-enter Billy.)
Billy: Oh say, Hi, if you see McNeely, I wish you would send him out here. (Exit Hiram.) Well, he took to flattery like he was Prof. Ives or Dr. Chessin. (Consults a list.) This fellow is a different sort of proposition. Can't jolly him. He's from Smith Academy and has been running with the Mary Institute girls too long not to know jollifying when he sees it. (Enter McNeely.) Oh, hello, McNeely. (Hasn't McNeely been prompt?)
McNeely: Did you want to see me, Marsh?
Billy: Yes, but it's about this athletic adviser election. I want your support for Thornton. (Pause.)
McNeely: Yes, and Elkins wants it too.
Billy: Naturally, because you carry some other fellow with you, and you and all of us, know it. (Short, decisive tones.)
McNeely: Well, that is no argument for Thornton.
Billy: Quite right. Now we want your vote and support. What do you want? (With a cunning, sidewise look at McNeely.)
McNeely: What do I want? I didn't say I wanted anything. What is this— an '09 Hatchet election? (A wink here to show knowledge of facts.)
Billy: No, I didn't mean it that directly. You are, however, ambitious, and perhaps discontented. Everybody is. If people had never been ambitious or discontented we would never have invented anything. Why, if we hadn't been discontented all last year we wouldn't have steam heat this year, or be paying 30 cents each for 25-cent meals.
McNeely: Guess you're right (Nods head in an approving way.)
Billy: Well, now you played football at Smith, did you not? Played end didn't you? You will want to make the team this year, and there will be several men this year just as good as you are. That right? Now, did you ever know that Thornton is a dramatic club star?
McNeely: Yes, but what has that got to do with football? Who built the bridge, anyway? (This is a hard conundrum—don't try to solve it.)
Billy: Well, Harbird, the professor, is the boss of the dramatic club, and Stub is necessary to his business and he must keep on Stub's good side. Now, you know that Lovejuice is the faculty boss of athletics and pleaks all the teams just before every game?
McNeely: Well, what is the stenographer's name? (Another good one.)
Billy: Pay attention. Now Harbird has a strong pull on Lovejuice, because Harbird runs the Record and might blackmail Lovejuice if he chose to. Now see?
THE HATCHET

Stub has a pull on Harbird, Harbird with Lovejuice, Lovejuice picks the football team, I have a very strong pull with Stub, and—you might have a pull with me. McNeely: Oh, I see, the girl's name was Ann. I'm next, Marsh. When is this election to come off? (This was the answer to that conundrum.)

Billy: Next Friday.

McNeely: Well, I'll do my share. You see that you do your part.

Billy: I will certainly do it. Oh say, Mack, what do the freshies think about the faculty in reference with the fight to-morrow?

McNeely: Well, we aren't going to see them, that's all.

Billy: Why I rather believe we will fight, at least we have made plans to do so. Well, so long. (They should shake hands and look straight at each other.)

(Exit McNeely.) Well, four plus five makes nine. That helps. As Penn would say, every trifle assists. Gee, there goes the ninth dance and the tenth is where I cut my own throat. (Seeing girl dancing in the ball room): There she goes now. Mary, Mary, don't be quite contrary. Well, you just have to forgive me. I will never let up. It's got to happen, dearie. (Muchly pathetic.)

(Enter Jack Snowdean.)

Jack: Aren't you dancing to-night, Billy?

Billy: No, I had some fellows to talk to about that election and—and I didn't care to dance. That's why I didn't take a dance with Mary.

Jack: No, it isn't. There's something wrong. You look like you had been caught by the Honor committee. What is the trouble? Mary has been going around like the next hour was going to be a German rebellion.

Billy: Oh, honest, there's nothing the matter.

Jack: If you hadn't said honest I might have believed you. What's the trouble? Or can't you tell me? Can I help any? (Puts hand on shoulder).

Billy: No. Yes, there is trouble and you cannot help me for I cannot tell you. So please drop it, Jack. By the way, are you fellows going to let the faculty stop the fight? Your governor will be pretty hot, won't he?

Billy: Yes, he has been raw ever since Morris and his gang broke the steps dragging those wagons away and they blamed it onto the students. No, we intend to fight. What will Thornton and Mosby have to say about it?

Billy: I don't know what Mosby is going to do. I would just as soon try to figure out when Seiberth is going to give "a easy examination." Oh, here they come now. Let's ask them. (Isn't it nice how everybody comes when needed?)

(Enter Mosby and Thornton): Say, fellows, we have just been wondering what you fellows will do about this class fight, plus the faculty resistance.

Mosby: Well, we think the fight must go on. (A sort of Oracle of Delphi attitude.)

Thornton: That's what I think, and let the faculty turn out the lights in the library for all I care. (Oh, pooh!)

Mosby: And we are all agreed? Then we're four of a kind. Hooray for the hand that is hard to beat. There goes the dance. I must go. Come on fellows. (Exit all but Billy.)

(Enter Jack Snowdean and John carrying tray.)

Billy: Oh, John. Do you know a tall light haired boy?

John: Yes, he is my younger brother. He is a very fair looking fellow.

Billy: Do you know a tall light haired boy? Does he know? Why don't you ask anybody here does he know. Mr. Blanchard? Of course I knows him, you mean Mr. Snowdean.

Billy: Well, here is a telephone message from his friend, Weeks. (This message isn't really from Weeks.) He is waiting down at the drug-store at the phone. You give this to Jack, and if he goes down to the phone you get two dollars more. See? And don't tell him that I gave you this, or that I am going to give you any money, for in that case it would be a lie. (Exit John, with 'All right, sah.') (Billy whispers out the door): "He'll be out in a minute, fellows, be ready!"

(Enter Jack, Mary Snowdean and John. Billy stands carelessly by the door.)

(He might whistle a bar of "Waiting at the Church.")

Jack: And this fellow is waiting for me at the phone? Why did they write this down then?

John: I dunno less'n maybe they couldn't make that ignorant called fellow ketch the name. He was a awful ignorant fellow that gave it to me.

Jack: I don't feel right about this. I have been warned about it. But I told Weeks to call up. What are you so white about, Mary?

Mary: Oh, nothing; except if I were you I wouldn't—catches Billy's eye—(this is a figure of speech)—I wouldn't—wait about answering it if I had told Weeks to call up.

(Exit.)
THE HATCHET

Jack: Well I'll go, but there is any fake about this (To John) I will make you look like Missouri's football team. (Goes outside door.) Immediately a sound of a scuffle, cries, Billy throws himself against door and prevents it being opened. Piece of coat caught.

(Enter crowd of dancers.)

Chorus: What's the matter? What was the noise? (Great excitement.)

Billy: Why, a cab team ran away. (In a bring-me-two-straight-up-voice.)

Student: What's that piece of coat there?

Billy: Why I guess some one ran out to help catch the horses and caught his coat. I just got here and shut the door to keep it from getting too cold.

(Mary begins to cry.) Chorus: What's the matter, Mary? Do you know anything about this?

Mary: Nothing is the matter, and I know nothing about this—about anything.

(Curtain.)

ACT II. SCENE 1.

(Exterior of frame building at deep center. Darkness. Two policemen in front center. Several heads visible at the windows of the building behind policemen.)

1st P.: Say, Bill, I tink de captain had a bum bunch when he sent us out here.

2nd P.: Why, how's dat?

1st P.: Aw, sending us out here to keep watch over a woodpile and a bum frame shack. Day ain't been nobody near here for a year.

2nd P.: Well, dis is de time of de year, and I bet something turns up before de night's over. You ought to have seen 'em last year, dey tore up everything dat wasn't nailed down at both ends. Dey jest went at it like cats. Was worse nor a fight in Hennessy's saloon. "Soak him, Mack! Kick 'im in de jaw, Bunny! Get 'im, Jack! Lasso his feet, Bock! Who trew dat hunk of ice? I bet I'll kill you if you come any nearer!" Dat's de way it wuz.

1st P.: Wei, dis is gettin' uninterestin'. I wish somethin' would stir.

2nd P.: Well, say, it'll stir before mornin' and when it does don't you interfere.

1st P.: Dev haven't paid nothing for police protection, hev they?

2nd P.: Aw, can't you see they are kiddin' you? You want us to tell them where youse are?

1st P.: Hades, no! I was just going to suggest that if it isn't too much trouble you might tell us if you see anybody, but don't tell them that we are here. Catch the idea?

2nd P.: Huh? No, you don't catch your Uncle Dudley monkeying in no students' affairs.

Billy (showering a bill to each): Well, does that heppen you to catch the idea?

(Enter motley crowd of juniors and seniors with lanterns.)

1st J.: Say, have you fellows seen anything of a big crowd of fellows?

(Policemen shake their heads.)

Oh, we're not freshmen; we're senior and juniors.

(Curtain.)

242
THE HATCHET

1st P.: (to second): Hev we seen anybody Bill?
2nd P.: Course not, we aint seen nothin'. (He's lying you see.)
1st P.: (to second): They ain't freshmen, they say they ain't.
2nd P.: You can't tell. You can't believe no college student.
1st P.: But they aint green. Can't you see?
2nd P.: Naw, they're not green, but you are. Understand, we don't know nothin'.
1st J.: Oh, come on you fellows; we're just trying to find out where the fight is going to be; we don't fight—
1st P.: Well, just a minute ago we seen—(He would peach now but the good lying policeman won't let him.)
2nd P.: Naw, we didn't; we aint seen nothing.
2nd J.: Is that straight goods?
2nd P.: Sure that is de trut'. (Truthful Thomas!)
1st P.: Oh, come on fellows, let's go; I don't believe they are around here anyhow. Let's go by the old flag pole and see the scenes of our old time glory.
(Exeunt.)
1st P.: Why didn't you tell dose guys; dey were on de level. (He should feign anger.)
2nd P.: Mebbe, dey were, but dese guys in here are more dan on de level. See? (Shows money.)
1st P.: Aw, but these guys just wanted to see the fight. Why didn't—
2nd P.: Mebbe they did and mebbe they didn't. You can't always tell. Take dis from me. Don't never believe no students.
Billy (from the window): Say, who were those fellows?
1st P.: Dey was Seniors and Juniors.
2nd P.: Well, dey said dey was, but—(He is now Doubting Thomas.)
Billy: Well, I guess they were telling the truth. I thought I heard Teepen's voice. You could tell that in a storm. (This is really a fact.)
1st P.: Naw, they're not green, but you are. Understand, we don't know nothin'.
2nd P.: Naw, we didn't; we aint seen nothing.
2nd J.: Is that straight goods?
2nd P.: Sure that is de trut'. (Truthful Thomas!)
1st J.: Oh, come on you fellows; we're just trying to find out where the fight is going to be; we don't fight—
1st P.: Well, just a minute ago we seen—(He would peach now but the good lying policeman won't let him.)
2nd P.: Naw, we didn't; we aint seen nothing.
2nd J.: Is that straight goods?
2nd P.: Sure that is de trut'. (Truthful Thomas!)
1st P.: Well, everybody has a different way of telling the truth.
(End of approaching crowd.)
Billy: Duck fellows, there's something doin' now.
(Enter crowd of freshmen carrying lanterns, ropes, axes, chains, Hatchets, pick, etc.)
(They begin to nose about the building.)
1st Fresh: Sh! I am going to see if there is anybody here. (—puts up a ladder to window to investigate. Looks in, disappears. Sounds of a scuffle, but fresh does not reappear—)
2nd Fresh: Sam, oh Sam! (no answer.) Well, if there wasn't anyone there a minute ago there is now, and you can bet there is more than one. Oh, fellows, come on, here's where the dirty work starts!
Fresh. (all together): Come on; get ladders! Battering rams! Hatchets! All you fellows, get into this. (Sophs now appear and begin to shout at the freshmen and at each other. Much confusion.)
3rd Fresh: Oh, Snowdean! Jack! Where's Snowdean? (Everybody begins to shout Snowdean! and Jack!)
4th F. (just appearing): Say fellows, what do you think? Jack was kidnapped by the freshmen at the dance last night while we were asleep at the switch.
Chorus: Oh, Hell! (Audience please pardon French.)
Sophs: Hooray! Hooray!
2nd F.: Let's get together and pick a leader. (Fight ceases a moment and the freshmen all get around in a bunch.) (Jack suddenly comes on the stage with a "Hully g-zip g-zam")—(This beautiful yell must end here for propriety's sake.)
Chorus: Snowdean, Snowdean, Bully for Snowdean!
Jack: Am I too late, fellows? What's doin'?
Billy (poking his head out of a window): Hello, Jack. How did you get loose?
Jack: Oh, I bluffed Musick out with a billiard cue and got away. It was a cinch. Next time don't tie your prisoner to a billiard table. It's hard on the legs—of a table. Come on, boys, get busy. Where is an axe? (During this time a crowd of students have appeared, also Morris, the Chancellor, Mr. Brookings, Dr. Chessin and others. As soon as the students begin to fight again Chancellor goes up to Mosby.)
Chan.: Oh, Mr. Mosby, you, ah, understand it is quite contrary to the wishes of the faculty, of myself and others, that this fight take place. Now, in your official capacity, as Senior President, I wish you would have this fight cease immediately. (To be a real professor he should say all this with his hands.)
Mosby: I doubt that I could stop it if I wanted to, and candidly I have no such desire.
Chan.: Er-possibly not, Mr. Mosby, but for the good of this world, all must.
THE HATCHET

do, sometimes, things that they do not care to do. (Sound of loud yelling.)

Gracious, hear that, Mr. Mosby, some one may be in danger, think of that!

Mosby: That is just what I am thinking of, Professor, and if someone is in
danger I want to be on hand. You will pardon me of course. (Leaves Chan.)

Chan.: Dear me, but he is an abrupt young man. Oh, Mr. Thornton, will
you please come here a moment?

Stub: Yes, sir. (Before Stub says this he has come to the Chancellor as per
request.) (Nice Stub.)

Chan.: Won't you please have this disgraceful affair stopped at once? It
distresses me exceedingly. Please Mr. Thornton, for I fear you must. I may
have to use coercion if someone does not heed my requests. (Stub should look
frightened.)

Stub: Oh I would hate to have you use any such a dreadful thing as coer-
cion.

Chan.: Then you will stop it?

Stub: Oh, no; I was just saying. (The author did not know what else to
say here.) Why of course I would not dare think of stopping this fight. This
is a beauty. It's a regular dinger, Professor, and you will pardon me if I leave
you, for I want to see all of it. (Leaves.)

(The two policemen on left side of the stage.) (They have gone over there
previously so they can be there when time comes to say this.)

1st P.: I told you they would start things before morning.

2nd P.: Yes, we ought. We ought to get a little further away. Look at
that guy there; he's nervier than Snake Kenney. (Second P. pulls his club and
starts to go to the fight.) No, you don't Bill, that club wouldn't last two min-
utes in that mess. Keep out, man; you have a family.

1st P.: But, see here Mike, what would we do if the Captain come around?

2nd P.: Don't you fear; the Captain knows better. Dey would make him
carry wood for de Aree. Last year didn't I set guard over all those guys that they
had tied up? You can't tell what you are going to be doin' when you tie up
with a bunch o' students. I know, I am a wise man even if I am a sad one.
(Shakes his head sadly.)

(Chancellor and Brookings on the right. (They are on the right because the policemen are on the left.)

Chancellor: I fear, Mr. Brookings, that we cannot do very much with these
gentlemen.

Brookings: You haven't tried that leading gentleman in the building there

Chan.: Well, no, sir; and I fear that it would not do much good. You see
I know him, er—my daughter knows him, and I believe er—likes him, and I
rather objected to his coming around so often, and I—er—told him so or—one
evening at my house. No, sir, I don't believe it would be feasible to try him.
(Shouts of Snowdean! Snowdean! Bully for Snowdean!) Goodness what does
that mean? Was that yellin' for me, Morris? I never had the students cheer
me before. What is it, Morris?

Morris: Why, that was for your son, sir. He just pulled Bock out on the
roof and tied him up. (Isn't Morris the cute snitch?)

Chan.: My son? Heavens. I had forgotten! Is he among that horde of vandals?

Morris: Yes, sir; he is their president. (There he goes again!) (Hands spread out in holy horror)

Chan.: My boy, you must stop this—I do not wish to be severe—but you
you must stop it. (Rests a detaining hand on his arm.)

Jack: Aw, chessee it, Morris—you must think I'm Donohue or one of the
scrubwomen. Git! (Similar gesture at word 'git'!)
THE HATCHET

Chen.: My dear Mr. Brookings, I'm afraid this affair is quite out of my hands. It's dreadful!

Morris: What did Mr. Jack say?

Chen. (Glaring at Morris): Well, he meant that he wouldn't stop.

Brookings: Well, Mr. Snowdean, it is a trifle contrary to my well established precedent for me to embroil myself in the affairs of the students. It is quite a little beneath me to speak to one of them, but I have come to tell you that you must stop this fight immediately.

Chen.: Oh, I see now what you are driving at. No, you have made a mistake. You seem to think I'm the chancellor! Leave to, fellows. (Isn't Jack the cutting kid?) (Two groups form—students in one, Profs. Chessin, Snowdean, Brookings and Morris, in other.)

Chen.: What did the boy say?

Brookings (Glaring): Never mind. Don't question me, Mr. Snowdean. He meant that he would not stop. But we must stop it. I'll bet they have destroyed $17 worth of property. That's more than we can save in the dining room in a whole day. (Goes on barrel.)

Brookings (Speech continued.) (Loudly): Gentlemen: (Cries of "Hear! hear! Mr. Brookings wants to talk!"—Fight ceases by mutual agreement.) I wish your corporation chairman—I beg pardon—I mean your presidents, would collect around here while I speak. (They gather around.) It is entirely against my will that I make these remarks, but I am forced by unavoidable circumstances to say that very serious consequences will follow if this fight does not stop, at once. (Sharp click of teeth as this is said.) I dislike to commit myself, and refrain from doing so, but the consequences of your vandalic folly will be severe. I will allow you five minutes to talk it over. (Forgot to say that the villain wears a silk hat.) (Two groups form—students in one, Frofs. Chessin, Chancellor, Brookings and Morris, in other.)

Brookings: Now, gentlemen, just what will we do if they refuse to stop?

Chessin: I have it! I am now an Athletic Adviser, I have it in my power to help these students quite a lot. I do not say I will do it, but I have it in my power. If they refuse to stop I will resign from the Advisory Board. (Roll of R's here.)

Morris: Let me tell you, when a student is locked out of his room I will refuse to loan him my key! (Slight German accent.)

Winston: Well, let me suggest, if you will allow me to speak from the chair, the economic injury from Dr. Chessin's and Mr. Boorstein's suggestion would not be exceeding great. I dare say. (Right here a good gesture would be to wiggle the eyebrows.) Let's do this. As chairman of the food committee, I will not call the usual meeting this half year, and I will instruct Miss Taylor to refuse second orders of canned corn—we might also instruct Mr. Ruebel to close the breakfast doors at 8:26 A. M.

Leighton: Now, ah—let me in this fellows. (The actor twists his neck here.) It—I may—ah—presume to insinuate, I think it rank injustice, that any fellow be denied breakfast, as I—ah—suggested to Miss Taylor just recently. (Another twist.) Shirley: Let's make weekly C's keep students from the teams—also extend the scholarship qualifications to the Student Life and Hatchet boards. That's my suggestion. (No gesture needed here).

Brookings: Well, we seem to be divided—let's leave the whole thing to Chancellor Snowdean, and the Dean of the College.

Dean of the College: I will concur heartily with anything the Chancellor may say—I always have.

Chen.: Well, leave it to me—we will now see what the young men will do.

(Students turn back toward Faculty group.)

Chen.: Well, I am sorry to do anything that gives displeasure to you gentlemen, but it is my duty to announce that it is "On with the Fight!" (Much rhetorical effect here, this almost a direct quotation.) (Great shout—Freshies renew attack.)

Chen.: All right, gentlemen, but remember, we warned you. (Br-r-r-r, the cold wind whistles wildly.)

(Just as the fight gets started, enter a crowd of co-eds carrying baskets of food to the fighters of both classes. (Mary Snowdean and Edith Winwood.)

(Students shout: the girls! the girls! Bully for the girls! Girls throw sandwiches to the fighters.)

Mary: Edith, dear, I wish you would throw a sandwich to Billy. (Edith looks surprised—even shocked.)
Edith: Why, do it yourself, silly. I am busy enough feeding your brother Jack here.

Mary: Yes, dear, but I cannot do it and oh, dear, I don’t believe he has had a thing to eat all night. Oh, please throw him a sandwich. (She doesn’t expect a definite answer to this, but seemed to think she ought to say it.) Oh, certainly I will tell you about it as soon as we make up.

Edith: When are you going to make up? (She doesn’t expect a definite answer to this, but seemed to think she ought to say it.)

Mary: Never! I will never speak to him as long as I live. So there. But don’t forget that Billy hasn’t had a bite. Do you think just because I won’t speak to him and never will, and don’t care a thing about him, and never did, that I should starve him to death?

Edith: Of course not. (Sympathetically) (Kisses her.)

Mary: Well, then, why didn’t you hurry with that sandwich? The poor dear! (Great shouts: We Win! We Win!) (Sophs show white flag and the numeral flag is thrown down to Mosby, the senior president.) (Sophs and freshmen exchange yells.) (The two presidents of the two classes are taken up on the shoulders of the students who start to carry them off. Chancellor mounts the barrel and calls: STOP!) (Students stop with the presidents still on their shoulders.)

Chancellor: Gentlemen, in view of the fact that the students have seen fit to disobey the express wishes of the faculty in this matter, the faculty have decided to abolish the only elective office the students now hold—that of athletic advisor to my excellency. (A little chest work on excellency.)

Chessin (jumping upon the barrel): And each of the Sophs and the Freshmen shall work thirty more hours for this-s.

(Students all leave in silence with an awed air.)

Mosby, Thornton, Marsh, and Snowdean remain.

Jack: Want to congratulate you on the scrap you put up. It was a great one.

Billy: Thank you, old man. Don’t offer any sympathy though. Everybody can not win. But say, old man, Stub, this plays hell (Isn’t Stub the profane person) with your office as advisor. You would have been elected as sure as gun’s iron.

We ought to have stopped that fight Jack.

Stub: Stop it nothing. Why, I am ashamed of you ninnies. Bosh with the old office. I’ve been sergeant-at-arms of the Debating Club—that’s enough honor. (Tries to smile.)

Mosby: But say, old man, that is tough. We won’t stand for it! Let’s get the fellows together and scrap for it. We’ll rebel.

Billy: That’s right. Let’s do it! I will fight the gang to the bitter end. But see here, we cannot—you fellows forget—Jack won’t try to buck his governor.

Jack: Now, look here fellows. I am a student, a boy, and I must live my life with you fellows. I am not fighting my Dad personally. I am not buckling my University, either, because there is no University without the students. We’re opposing an idea. I’m with you! (Clever speech!)

Mosby: Well, it looks as we were four of a kind again here, let’s all stick together through—

Stub: Through Hell and High-Water. (This profanity is dreadful.) Let’s all shake. (They shake.)

(Enter a bunch of students. (A large 35c bunch, here.)

Isaac: Here they are. All the head works, and the same four. The gang has been looking for you fellows all over. What are we going to do about this affair? This is too much, we think.

Mosby: We have just decided that. We are going to fight this idea till somebody is broke. And I have appointed—well, I appoint—Jack here, as the leader of the offensive operations. Is that a go?

Everybody: You bet that’s the stuff. Will you do it Marsh?

Marsh (hesitates): Well, if Jack can stand it I can. Now get busy. Jones, you cop all the slides from the Biological Laboratory. Stub, you take ten picked men and capture Morris. Also get Jake and parole him—but keep Morris in cold storage. Get all the red ink from the mathematical department and dump it on the Drawing Department. Jack, you put a pecklet around the faculty section at the dormitory and don’t let even a telephone message get out. Somebody must muss up all the books in the Library and make Pettus rearrange them. Go on now, get busy. Why don’t you hurry? Go on everybody. (Execute all save Mosby.) (Billy turns to Mosby—why, why the devil Mosby did you make me do this? I would rather cut off my hand. Oh, I am a fool, a poor unlucky fool. (Sits down in disconsolate heap.)

Mosby: Why, what is the matter, Billy, what is wrong? (Concern shows very plainly in his voice.)

Billy: Why, don’t you know, everything is wrong. Everything. (Sorrow is visible to the naked eye here.)

(Just then Mary Snowdean and Edith Winwood enter and walk across the stage. Mary sneaks to Mosby and cuts Billy dead. Edith speaks to Billy and cuts Mosby.) (This cutting is figurative—Billy doesn’t die.)

Billy: Well, you see the trouble with me Mosby. (Nods head in the direction of the cutting.)
THE HATCHET

Mosby: And you see the trouble with me, though mine is not so bad, for my angry lady love is only the dean's daughter—not the chancellor's.

Billy: What's wrong with you, Mose?

Mosby: Why, I cut French history five times straight and the family pride is cut to the tender red.

Billy: Well, we play in tough luck. That's what comes of loving the faculty—we get stung! (He means the faculty's daughters—don't misunderstand him—it would be unjust.)

Mosby: But see here, old man, we're two of this four of a kind, we're half of a mighty good hand, we mustn't spoil it. We must stay by our game whatever the limit is, and play till the last chip is cashed.

Billy: We will. (They shake hands solemnly. Curtain.)

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Room in Chancellor Snowdean's Section several days after fight. Morning. Mary Snowdean discovered reading—very uncomfortable—starts to play piano—stops—reads and throws book away—very agitated (isn't she the petulant peach?)

(Enter Chancellor.)

Mary: Come in—Oh, good morning, father.

C. S.: Good morning, daughter—er—I've been looking for you all this morning. It's about er—er—weren't you playing when I came in? (It's plain to be seen that Chan. is badly rattled.)

Mary: No, sir. That is, I had stopped.

C. S.: Well, don't let me interrupt your work—were you reading?

Mary: No, sir—that is—stopped that, too. (She is rattled now.) I tried to read some Wordsworth for Mr. Penn, but it was too dry.

C. S.: Well, dearie, don't slight Mr. Penn's work—of course, dear, I understand, but he's a very well meaning gentleman. (Isn't he the kind hearted Christian?)

Mary: All right, father, but did you not want to see me about something?

C. S.: Well, now, tell me—about this business—just what are the students after in this fight?

Mary: I'm sure I don't know—can't you find out from Jack? You know he sides with the students.

C. S.: Yes, I know, but he isn't the leader, he is just with them. I believe he is one of that celebrated "four." Do you know, I think young Marsh is the real leader. (Says this with an air of discovery.)

Mary: Oh yes, I'm sure Billy—Oh, I don't know anything about it. (But you kind reader, know she knows all about it.)

C. S.: Now Mary, I think Marsh can be bought off.

Mary: He can't—he's incorruptible—that is to say, he is honest. (This last you see, was an afterthought.)

C. S.: Oh, I do not mean with money or anything like that. I guess your opinion of him is correct there.

Mary: My opinion? (A hurt-indignant-how-dare-you-sir-air.)

C. S.: Well, I mean the opinion of your friend. But to the subject, the students have no real cause for complaint—er have they? The lights go out promptly at twelve o'clock—that is carefully attended to. The heat is shut off at eleven and all arrangements are carefully planned toward having the rooms quite cold by daylight. That, I know, is looked after, and it saves quite a bit of money, my dear. The students should feel a pride in the fact that our lights this year cost us fully $28 in less than last year. Mr. Brookings was quite gratified. I know. (He says this firmly, because he is sure of that.) The rooms are nicely furnished and are well taken care of, swept twice a week and scrubbed during the holidays, and we have very efficient and comely scrub women this year: our cleaning averaged 2½ cents a day less than last year—less Morris' commission on savings in window washing. All conditions surrounding the students are extremely gratifying to me and should be to the students. Our cuisine is delightful, don't you think so, my dear? I think they are the best meals I have had in ten years, so does Mr. Winstan and Miss Taylor. Now, with all these beautiful surroundings, beautiful gymnasium and athletic field, where only the purest, anti-professional, anti-gambling, anti-smoking, anti-septic teams can play. It seems queer that they have raised all this hullabaloo just because they have nothing to say about what they eat, drink or do. Such a changeable state of affairs!

Mary: Why, father, what is the matter now?

C. S.: Oh, these students have gotten so harsh in this struggle they have rebelled, just as if they meant it. They put old wagons in the archways, the dragging about of which ruined our beautiful steps. They stole our bell clapper, so that Jack or Miss Randall or someone has to ring it with a hammer. The mail is tampered with, so that Mr. Leighton's letters come addressed to Miss Leighton.
and Dr. Heller’s mail reads “Frau” Heller, and even our good, saintly Mr. Winston is called “Winnie.” (Scandalous sacrileges!) Oh, things have come to a dreadful pass, daughter. Eight cents’ worth of I. O. U’s have been repudiated at the Book Store and Prof. Smith and Abbott are at their wits end. Oh, and they are using that miserable sheet, the Student Life, to ridicule us. Everything has been criticised from Mr. Smith’s whiskers to Mr. Ewington’s temper. Twiddle’s Talk and Twiddle’s Diary—Hiram Podunk, Jr.—Gargoylia—Imaginary Lectures—and other scurrilous articles of even less literary value, if that were possible! Even Morris has lost his authority and he and our nightwatchman have been warned to keep in doors. The watchman makes his rounds by way of the tunnel and Morris doesn’t even dare to speak to me! (Awful!) And this Billy Marsh of yours is at the bottom of it all!

Mary: My Billy Marsh? What do you mean? (Coldly.)

C. S.: Oh, Morris told me all about it. He details. (Aren’t they the detective dears?)

Mary: It isn’t so! Er—I mean, father, what did they say?

C. S.: Well, dear, they said, or rather intimated that the fight could be stopped if certain persons would use the influence they had over certain of the leaders, and they would help them. One of them was named Mosby. Oh, I tell you dear, Mr. Shipley knows a sight more about the personal affairs of the students than you would ever suspect! (Decoys, looks.)

Mary: Well, so it seems, father, but what would you have me do? You know I have not spoken to Billy since the night before the fight and can never do so and that is the end of it all. Or—isn’t it? (She isn’t so sure, you know.)

C. S.: Well, dear, it wouldn’t take much effort on your part to get to speak to him and as soon as you do, and Edith comes around, this dreadful war will stop. The students have been granted everything they asked for and it is just those two young blokes who are now working for their own ends. Why, the students have been granted unheard of liberties. They can go down town without asking permission of Miss Taylor; they can speak to the waitresses when Mr. Sweetser is not in the room and when Mr. Winston is not looking; and they have lights now till twelve-twenty, although one globe has been taken out of each room, and other liberties, and still they clamor for more and have asked that their hours of study be reduced to the regular union hours of eight a day! If we do not accede they are going to have the Government experts examine the kitchen under the new pure food laws. They are coming in a half an hour. If the answer is not favorable, the investigation will come off this afternoon. Can’t you say something, daughter?

Mary: You wouldn’t have me throw myself at the man’s head, would you, father? (O. tragic trial!)

C. S.: Well, not really daughter, but you could do it figuratively, without violating the proprieties, could you not? (Proper person!)

Mary: But you do not understand, father, we have quarrelled and I cannot say the first word—or—can I? (Oh, doubtful dear!)

C. S.: Well, this is dreadful. We must go to trial then this afternoon. Remember, daughter, I am facing ruin. I and Morris together!

Mary: Come in. (Enter Edith Winwood.) (They embrace.)

Edith: Oh, dearie, I have something just awful to tell you! (They embrace again.)

Mary: What is it, precious? (Another embrace.) (Affectionate angels.)

Edith: Oh, I had a dreadful scene with father this morning. He wanted me to see what I could do with Mosby and you know I cannot speak to him, or do anything with him. What shall I do? I can’t, can I?

Mary: I do not know, dearie, for I just had a similar scene with father. He wanted me to talk to Billy. I wouldn’t speak to him again if he lived to be as old as Dean Woodward. Of course unless father wanted me to very badly.

Edith: Well, father said just dreadful things were happening and that worse things would happen unless something was done. You know Miss Cloonan has left—the students made her quit—and the Chancellor cannot attend to anything without her—begging your pardon, dearie. I mean he can’t get a daily report of how much he has saved. Then someone got real violent and threw a brick into poor Mr. Chessin’s room and tried to burn the fence, and then this trial that is going to happen this afternoon. What do you think we had better do, honey?

Mary: Of course if our father’s desire it very much, but we should not speak to them first, of course not—should we? (A doubt wrinkled her brow here.)
Edith: By all means not—should we? (Some more doubt wrinkles.)
Mary: Never, not if I live to be a thousand—should I?
Edith: Well, dear, I rather think you ought, of course, I never can.
Mary: No, I couldn't possibly do it, but I think it is your duty to do it.
Edith: Mary!
Mary: Edith! (They embrace.)
Edith: Then you love him?
Mary: Yes, and you love Mose! They embrace.) (The doubt has been dispelled.)
Edith: But what will we do? (That dark doubt is about to appear again.)
Mary: Oh, you dear silly little goose! There's nothing for us to do but to make Billy and Mose apologize to us. Just give them the chance and they will do it. And listen, honey, they are coming to get their answer from Father in just a few minutes; we will see them before they leave. We will settle this quarrel too.
Edith: Oh, you darling! (They embrace again.) And to think it has been eleven whole days since I have spoken a word to Mose. (Knock on the door.)
Mary: Oh, there they come now, let's get out quick. (Exeunt.)
(Enter a committee of students, the Four and a few others.)
Mosby: We are a little ahead of time, but we will wait.
1st Student: Say, Mosby and Marsh, don't you think we are carrying this thing a little too far? They have given us everything we asked for at first.
(Mosby and Marsh, don't you think we are carrying this thing a little too far?)
Billy: Well, I guess you fellows are right, but I want to make a confession for Mose and myself and also ask a favor. We have been very successful and we two have been partly responsible for it. Now, it is entirely a private matter which moves Mose and me now, just you fellows back us up about an hour more and we will promise that we won't lose anything we have gained, and we may gain something. Will you do it?
Stub: Come on fellows, this is no business of ours. These fellows have done mighty good work for us and if we can do them a favor, we ought to do it.
Let's back them till they say quit and then keep it up a little.
Jack: I ought to be the first man to say quit and I am not ready to say it, so, I say let's stand by these fellows till they say stop. I'm game, come, on fellows.
Chorus: All right, go ahead, you fellows. (With a don't-give-a-d—ness-air.)
(Enter the Chancellor.)
C. S.: Sit down young men. What is your special message this morning?
Mosby: Well, we have come to offer you people one more chance to stave off that investigation.
C. S. (assuming a brave front): Well, just why should we try to stave it off? Billy: Well, we will not mince words or waste time, Chancellor, it is to your interest to stave off that examination and you know it, and so do we.
Billy: We have some backing (drawing forth some papers.) Here is some evidence that will not sound well when read in public. Even a Mary Institute cooking class would be appalled by some of these recipes. We have proof here that the professional acting dog lost by the Dramatic Club did not die a natural death. We can also prove that a student stuck his arm into a barrel of apple butter looking for pickles and the apple butter was afterwards served without being washed. We can prove that the regular chicken was absent when chicken dump-lines were served, and that a substitute oyster was once used in the oyster stew. (Billy is bluffing, but the Chancellor doesn't know it.)
C. S. (still calmly): Well?
Billy: We have one more piece of evidence, Chancellor. Here is a sworn affidavit of the cook which shows the exact ingredients of the vegetable soup. (A paper must be shown here to make it realistic.)
C. S.: I doubt the authenticity of your document. You will have to prove the reliability of the cook. Are those all the proofs and threats you had to offer?
Billy: These are all. The investigation will come off this afternoon. (Aren't these men the cool Four Flushers?)
C. S.: Then I must bid you all good day. (Rises and leaves the room.)
Mosby: (calling to the fellows outside): Wait a minute fellows we will be along in a minute.
(The two fellows face the two girls.) (Long pause.) (Icicles hang on the lines of vision.)
Billy: Well, I believe you called us?
Mary (after a long pause): We are giving you your chance—make the most of it.
Billy: Chance for what, Mary?
Mosby: Chance for what, Edith?
Edith: Chance for each of you to apologize.
THE HATCHET

E. & M.: Apologize?
Mary: You hear what we said. You can apologize if you want to.
Edith: Please do Mose.
Mosby: Do you care whether I do or not? Does what I do really make a difference to you? (Edith nods her head.) Then I'll apologize for anything. Honestly, I will apologize for living. Honestly I will, Edith. Will you accept my apology?
(She nods.) Will you accept me now? (She nods.) (He seizes her hands.) Say, Billy, you had better do some apologizing; it is pretty fine business.
(Billy and Mary have in the meantime been silently regarding each other.)
Billy: Silently offers his hand to Mary. She takes it and lets him kiss her hand. (Oh, sh-sh!)
Billy: Now there is no need of all this fighting any more is there Mose?
Mosby: Well, I should say not! It should have ended a long time ago. Let's call the fellows.
Billy (calls the fellows) (Enter the fellows) Well, fellows we have cancelled the eight hour proposition for our personal matter has been arranged. The war is over.
Students: Hooray! Hooray!
Jack (to Mary off to one side): Why, Mary, you chump little sister of mine, you were the cause of all this, why didn't you stop it sooner?
Mary: Because Billy hadn't apologized.
Billy: I certainly did, I just got down in the dust and crawled all over myself. (Doesn't he lie gracefully?)
Jack (to Billy): Billy, did you apologize?
Billy: I certainly did. I just got down in the dust and crawled all over myself. (Doesn't he lie gracefully?)
Stub: Well, you lucky dogs! But here comes the Chancellor! Let's tell him how it has come out. (Enter Chan.)
C. S.: Gentlemen, I heard the noise and knowing that you had not left I wish to take advantage of this opportunity to tell you that I have finally decided to grant your requests. (Holy cats! Isn't this a surprise to you, kind reader?)
Students: Grant them?
C. S.: Yes, grant them. And more. We wish to treat you all as men and women here and we have finally decided that we will not try in the future to compel you to study any set number of hours.
Billy: But Chancellor, we had just decided to give up our request, and had decided to do some studying this year.
C. S.: Well, that is quite a coincidence! But it will not alter our change of policy.
Billy: Well, it won't change ours either, will it, fellows? We will do a little work for a change.
Chorus: Yes, let's do it just for a lark. (They don't mean bird here.)
C. S.: Well, gentlemen, let me shake hands with you all. We re-establish all of the old offices, too, because we can really accomplish more working together than in opposition to each other. The Faculty was put here for the students; the students cannot get along without the Faculty; and by the same sign we cannot get along without you.
Curtain. The End.

250