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OF THE

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI

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A VISION OF THE HOMELAND¹

A Play of the Open Country

BY

OLIVER C. PERRY

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A Vision of the Homeland

A PLAY OF THE OPEN COUNTRY

by

Oliver C. Perry

in collaboration with the other members of the class in Advanced English
Composition in the First District Normal School, Summer Quarter, 1916.

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FOREWORD

"A Vision of the Homeland" is offered to the public as a successor to "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," published last year. It was produced as a competitive class exercise, and was chosen from among nineteen plays written by members of the class competing, the Summer Quarter Advanced English Composition Class. It is the hope of the author of the play and the instructor of the class that "A Vision of the Homeland" may do its full share in solving the problem of the socialization of country life.

Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made to Professor Mark Burrows for bibliographies and suggestions, to Miss Blanche Emery for permitting the use of a portion of the Keouk Camp Fire arrangement of a portion of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," to Miss Iphigenia Burrows for the original Indian music used with the symbolic dance and to Miss Velda Cochran for the steps for her original dance, Minnehaha Blessing the Corn Fields.

C. M. WISE (Instructor).

A VISION OF THE HOMELAND

A PLAY OF THE OPEN COUNTRY

Characters

Webster Worth.....	Principal of Hope Consolidated School
Mary Clayton.....	College Woman and Community Worker
Mrs. Cláyton.....	Mother to Mary Clayton
Hiram Stephens.....	Farmer and President of School Board
Nancy Stephens.....	Wife to Hiram Stephens
Emmett Stephens.....	Hiram Stephens' Dissolute Son
Eric Svenson.....	Mrs. Clayton's Hired Man
Jim Talman.....	Hiram Stephens' Hired Man
Sally Peterson.....	High School Girl
Fritz Schwartz.....	Member of School Board
Hiawatha, Minnehaha, Spirit of the New World, Mondamin, Pilgrims, Indians, Children, "Audience."	

A VISION OF THE HOMELAND

ACT I.

Setting: Back yard in the Stephens home. Chicken coop, grindstone, soap box, etc., placed at random. Jim is seated on the box shelling corn into a narrow pan. He is a young man of thirty or thereabout, is dressed in blue overalls, and wears a weeks' growth of beard. Has touseled red hair.

Enter Eric L. He is a large, flaxen-haired Swede, slow and awkward.

Eric.—Goot tay, Yim. Vat you bane tr-rifin' at? Gattin' supper for te bird dog?

Jim.—(With a drawl) W'y no, I 'uz jist a-pickin' some o' the cobs out o' this here corn so's the chickens wouldn't git choked on 'em. (Both laugh boisterously.)

Eric.—Ya, by yimminy, Ay bet you bane lookin' out for te scheekens. You haf got von tander hear-rt for tham—fr-ried. (They laugh again.)

Jim.—Come hep me pick 'em out, Swede. (Eric hesitates. Looks at clothes, shakes his head. Jim throws a cob at him. Motions him to come up.) I'll sic my bird dawg on them ice-cream pants o' yourn if ye don't. (Eric pushes Jim off the box and sits on it himself. Jim remains seated on the ground. They both shell corn.)

Jim.—(Disarranging Eric's necktie) Gorsh! Yer dolled up all over. Got a date, Swede?

Eric.—Vat that bane, Yim?

Jim.—I mean are ye meditatatin' on goin' out among 'em?

Eric.—Among vat, te scheekens? (Jim laughs. Eric looks foolish.)

Eric.—You bane pokin' me at fon.

Jim.—Seein's how ye wuz all did up in yer bib an' tucker, yer hair blacked an' yer boots combed; yer count'nance scraped an' so on an' so forth, I 'lowed ye might be goin' out among the gentle flock fer a evenin's enjoyment.

Eric.—Ya, ya, Ay bane goin' to te pr-ractice for the cor-rn show.

Jim.—(Slapping his leg) By heck! Sand my terbaccer! Ef I wasn't about to forgit that 'ere corn show! I wouldn't miss that fer a mate to my bird dawg, an' he's the best bird dawg in

North Missouri, by heck. Gunna have it in two months, aint they, Swede?

Eric.—(Nods.)

Jim.—Gals 'at's a-learnin' how to cook water 'thout burnin' it goin' to sling out the hash down in the basement. They's a-goin' to be a hawg-killin' time shore's you're a foot high! Kids all speak pieces, music by the new orchestra, reg'lar theayter show 'bout corn, 'er now—that's what Sally's been a-tellin' me. She talks about it all the time.

Eric.—You bane goin' to the pr-ractice tonight, Yim?

Jim.—Well, I dunno, I ain't missed drivin' down to the dee-pot to see number forty in on Saturday night fer seven years, but they's a-goin' to be some extry's onto that 'ere practicin' tonight.

Eric.—What tey bane?

Jim.—W'y, the directors is some uv 'em a-goin' in to try to bust 'er up. Ole man'll be there with his bristles stickin' up stiffer'n a razor-back hawg chasin'. a nigger. Say, Swede, they aint much more o' this here corn to shell. You jist finish it, will you, an' I'll slick up an' go to that doin's. If my bird dawg don't ast to go, maybe I'll take Sally along. (Exit Jim.)

Eric.—Yimminy now, Yames bane—vat you call heem?—oxcitemented. Ay bane want Sally go mit me. (Shells rapidly. Enter Sally R. She is a plump, rosy-cheeked damsel of about seventeen. Wears a large apron, which partly conceals an attractive dress. Large ribbon bow on hair. She is manifestly just a bit of a coquette.)

Sally.—Why hello! You here, Eric? I didn't expect to see you. I'm helping Mrs. Stephens today, you know. Jim must have worked you. Aint you lonesome shellin' corn all by yourself?

Eric.—Oh, Ay bane leetle lonesome. Mrs. Clayton told me to quit work early today so Ay bane gat early to te school. Ay yust come by to see Yim. Yim yust leaf. He get r-ready to go to te pr-ractice. Yim bane fonny. He gat oxcitement about vat he call it? Hog butcherin' time. (Sally laughs, a dangerous little rippling laugh, and Eric's expression shows that it strikes a vulnerable spot.)

Sally.—Are you not going to the rehearsal, Eric? You can't see us practice, but you can go to the club meeting. I'm goin' to be the "Spirit of the New World" in the pageant, and wear flowing robes and look—oh, ever so spooky.

Eric.—I tank I bane go.

Sally.—I thought you might be, seeing you are dressed up. (As they shell corn over the narrow pan their hands touch. Eric drops his ear of corn, looks up at the sky and twirls his thumbs.)

Eric.—Dis bane a pooty efenin'.

Sally.—Very lovely, indeed, Eric. I'm glad that we have so many things to go to these fine nights. Used to be we didn't have anything to go to, and when we did go we didn't know how to have a good time. It was always just play some silly old game or sit around and giggle. Now we have lots of really useful things going on, and it's lots more fun when you are doing things that really count. (During this speech Eric has been more deeply interested in the speaker than in her words. There is a pause in the conversation. While Sally is busy shelling corn, Eric slyly touches her hair with his finger-tips. Puts fingers to his lips.)

Eric.—How you bane goin' tonight, Sally?

Sally.—(Archly) W'y, I'll go the road I guess. It's a little nearer thru the field, but the grass gets so wet, you know.

Eric.—(Much agitated) I mean—(Aside) vat do I mean? Vas you valk?

Sally.—Yes, and I must go home and get ready, too. (Rises to go.)

Eric.—(Now quite nervous, but making a heroic effort to appear calm) Eet's a long r-road for you to valk, Sally. You gat tired. You moost vor-rk in te pr-ractice ven you gat there. I don't like you to bane valkin'.

Sally.—Oh, I'm used to walking, Eric. I walk 'most everywhere I go.

Eric.—Sally,—Sally.

Sally.—Well, Eric?

Eric.—Ay haf got moost go by meinself. Ay trife ol' Yack. Yack bane shtout. He bane too shtout to pull only von single man. He maybe will r-run away.

Sally.—Why don't you get Jim to help you hold him?

Eric.—Er—vell—Ay tinks Yim dake—somepody else in hees buggy.

Sally.—Oh! Well, maybe Jane Murfree will help you hold Jack down.

Eric.—Sally,—Sally. Sally. Vill—er—a—hem—How you like my new buggy?

Sally.—Oh, I think it's just dandy.

Eric.—Oh, it bane—so e-easy. You ought see how e-easy it bane. Sally—Sally. Come ride in it mit me to te practice.

Sally.—Why, thank you, Eric. If you think I'll do as well as Jane, I'll be glad to go. (Enter Jim and Mr. Stephens.)

Eric.—(Rapturously) Oh, you bane vill go? Ay vas happy. I—I—(Discovers Jim and Mr. Stephens. Stands dumfounded.)

Mr. Stephens.—Hello, here, Eric, you seem to have help. Can Sally shell corn purty good?

Eric. Ya, splandid. (Exeunt Sally and Eric.)

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, Jim, as a fair-minded man, I'd say the Swede shelt your corn for the right chicken, eh?

Jim.—Durn him. I thought I'd worked him. Heck! What do I care? I've got the best bird dawg in North Missouri. I'll take him. (Enter Mrs. Stephens. She is a large, comely woman of forty. Her face is pleasant and wholesome.)

Mrs. Stephens.—Did you say you was goin' over to the school this evenin', Hi?

Mr. Stephens.—Yes, I gar, I am. As president of this here school board an' deacon in the church it's my dooty to look after the morals o' this here neighborhood. Looks to me like it's a-goin' too fur when a teacher turns his scholars loose to run wild over the deestriect 'stid o' learnin' their books, an' then caps it all off by havin' 'em up there every Saturday night a-losin' sleep learnin' one o' them theayter plays. We don't want the children o' this deestriect turned into play actors.

Mrs. Stephens.—I think it'll be nice, Hi. The children are so interested.

Mr. Stephens.—I tell ye, Nancy, I aint a-goin' to have it! Today when I wuz down in the pastur a-saltin' my cattle that little upstart, Johnny Miles, 'uz there a-writin' somethin' down in a little book. I ast him what he wuz a-doin' an' he 'lowed the class in agricultoor was a-makin' a survey of the cattle in the consolidated deestriect. I says, s'I, "You'd better be down there at that ere new-fangled school a-learnin' yer books. It's a-costin' us farmers a sight o' money to have kids a-gallivantin' 'round over the country after cattle when they ort to be a-studyin'." Yes! (Sarcastically) It wuz, "Consolidated Schools," an' "Give the farm boy an' girl a chanct," an' all sich tommy rot, an' now jist see what's come uv it!

Mrs. Stephens.—But Hi, you haven't give this set of teachers

time yet. The young 'uns all like to go, an' they're learnin' lots of things.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, Nancy, what air they a-learnin'? I ast that Peterson girl t'other day if she knowed what the capital of Constantinople was, an' she jist sorter giggled an' looked like a fool. (Jim turns his back and suppresses a snort by coughing violently.) There they're a-learnin' her a lot o' cookin' an' sewin' an' sich stuff as she ort to learn at home an' she don't know beans about her joggerfy. I allus knowed if that passel o' crazy fools got their way they'd make a gol-blamed mess of it.

Mrs. Stephens.—But Hi, Sally has improved wonderful since she started to school. She's a-gettin' to be a first-rate cook, an' she does take so much pride in her work. You know she used to be slovenly about her housekeepin' an' not interested in anything but jist flirtin' with the boys. What the school's already done fer her's worth a whole lot. She can sure make good bread, can't she Jim?

Jim.—Yes'm, that she kin.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, Nancy, they aint no use fer you to stick up fer a passel o' tom-foolery. Anybody 'ats' fair-minded kin see they aint nothin' to it. That 'ere Sally aint forgot how to flirt. She's got a little sharper about it, that's all. Jim! (Jim has started to leave.) If you're a-goin' over by Schwartz's, I wish you'd holler Fritz out an' ask him to drop in a minute as he goes by. I want to see him.

Jim.—All right, Mr. Stephens. I'm a-goin' right by, an' I'll tell him. Yeah, I'll tell him. (Exit Jim L.)

Mr. Stephens.—They can run a steam roller over me onct mebby, but I gar, they can't keep a self-made man down. They's a-goin' to be a change in this here school system. (Enter Emmett Stephens. He is a young man of thirty, wears a slight moustache and walks with a swagger. Has a match stuck over one ear and wears a broad-brimmed felt hat tilted at a steep angle over the other ear.)

Emmett.—Say, Dad, looks to me like it's about time you fellers was a-settin' on that Worth. I dropped in on him today, an' I'll be gol-blest if he wuzn't a-learnin' them kids how to spark! Yes-siree! Showin' 'em how to take a lady in to dinner an' all sich fol-de-rol. I ast him what kind of a course that stuff might come under, an' he lowed they wus a-gettin' in trainin' fer a pag-eant—whatever that is.

Mr. Stephens.—I'll be everlastin'ly chawed by the hawgs ef I'm a-goin' to stand fer no sich doin's.

Emmett.—He had the house all littered up with corn an' great bundles o' corn-stalks, roots an' all, scattered around. Said they wuz **a-studyin' corn**. Oh, it's some high school. They don't learn books. They learn corn an' bugs an' cows an' cookin' an' sewin'—and sparkin'. Them kids actually likes to go. It's jist fun fer 'em. "Teachin' in terms o' rural life," is his hifalutin' name fer what he's a-doin'. Can't you directors stop him a-wastin' the deestric money?

Mr. Stephens.—You jist wait, Emmett. I aint figgered out jist how we're a-goin' to do it, but that smart-alec's a-goin' to git out o' here quicker'n a Betsy-bug out uv a bake-oven when we do git at him right. I've had enough, an' when Hi Stephens gits enough, I gar, he gits shet o' what he's got enough of.

Mrs. Stephens.—Well, Hi, you'd better go slow this time or you'll get shet of what's a-savin' this here neighborhood from gossip an' dissatisfaction among the young people. Webster Worth's a gentleman, an' he's stood more from you folks he's a-workin' his life out to help, than any other livin' man would stand.

Mr. Stephens.—Oh, shucks! Nancy, I gar, I thought you did have a little sense. (Exit Mrs. Stephens.)

Emmett.—Phew! The little step-mother's kinda spunky today. Likes the dear little bug-huntin' perfessor, don't she?

Mr. Stephens.—Oh, don't pay no 'tention to her. Nancy's a good woman, but she's terrible set in her ways. I never could get her to see things fair like I do. She's jist like all the women, likes anybody that'll blarney her up.

Emmett.—Oh, our little toy professor's a ladies' man all right enough. Mary Clayton can't see nothin' but his soft ways either. It's "Mr. Worth" here an' "Mr. Worth" there. I'm sick of hearin' that name.

Mr. Stephens.—Emmett, see here. (Confidentially) Ef you can't beat that little jack-legged school teacher that aint got anything but the clothes he wears on his back I'm ashamed to call you a son of Hiram Stephens. You that's got a thousan' acres o' the best land in this county an' not a red cent agin' it a-comin' to you when yer ol' dad's done with it, say nothin' about personal prop'ty. Mary Clayton's a mighty good match fer ye, too, if she is kinder daffy over this community church idee, an' sech like stuff. She's been off to college an' got a lot o' that 'ere

foolishness crammed into her head; but she'll git over it, I gar, she'll git over it. Her ol' dad wuz a mighty good man an' he left her a right nice piece o' land jinin' our farm.

Emmett.—Well, Dad, I jist tell you, between you an' me an' the gate-post, as Jim allus says, they aint nothin' a-doin' fer me unless that rapscaillon is roused out o' here, somehow. She's so everlastin'ly wrapped up in his confounded consolidated school she can't pay no 'tention to a plain, hard-workin' farmer.

Mr. Stephens.—Well now—I gar, Emmett, I don't know so much about that hard-workin' business. You don't hurt yourself very much in my opinion.

Emmett.—Say, Dad, couldn't ye git a petition up askin' him to quit. I've been a-tellin' about this here sparkin' business, an'—a few other things I know, an'—you know how ol' man Peterson wuz took in by the new-fangled school. Well, that kinda soured him on it.

Mr. Stephens.—I don't jist see how to work that 'ere petition business, Emmett.

Emmett.—Well, never mind. I've got some idees o' my own. (Aside) That ol' notary's seal I found when the courthouse burnt last fall is good fer somethin'. (Enter Mr. Schwartz. He is a stout, middle-aged German farmer. Wears heavy beard.)

Mr. Schwartz.—Goot efenin' Hiram, Goot efenin' Emmett.

Mr. Stephens. }
Emmett. } Howdy, Fritz. (Mr. Schwartz turns a box on end and sits on it.)

Mr. Stephens.—How's your folks, Fritz?

Mr. Schwartz.—Oh, tey vas pooty goot. Tey vas vor-rkin' unt talkin' all der dhime apoud der cor-rn show. Tem tykes of mine talk apoud noddings but cor-rn chudgin' unt cor-rn cultivation unt cor-rn testin' unt cor-rn—vot dhey call eet?—pageant. From night do mornings I vas hearin' aboud dot cor-rn.

Mr. Stephens.—Say! I gar, aint it a sight?

Mr. Schwartz.—Ven I goes to school back in te old country ve schdudy leetle alchebra, leetle heestory, leeterature unt der like. Now tey learn here, cor-rn, unt cows, unt pugs, unt soil unt cookin'—ach, but Mein Katrina can cook dho! Unt dhey learn crop r-rotation unt far-rm management unt, unt,—

Mr. Stephens.—Sparkin', I gar! Sparkin'!

Mr. Schwartz.—Ya, schpar-rkin'. Vat ve vill done, Meester

Schdephens? Tey schust make farmers mit our schiltren. Tey vill been no petter as ve vas.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, ye don't have to go to school to learn all them things. I aint got no book learnin', but I've dug a right good little livin' out o' the sile. I'm a self-made man. Ray's ol' third part 'rethmetic's about all a feller needs t' know to run a farm.

Mr. Schwartz.—Vell, te poys unt girls vas like it.

Mr. Stephens.—Fritz, we've got to git rid o' that passel o' teachers an' that 'ere high school. W'y my taxes is a-goin' to take the hum forty yit.

Mr. Schwartz.—Ach, but tem younkens off mine wouldt been so mat as vas nefer. Tey vas all dhake some schdock in ter school. Mein Hans vas nefer pefore like school, but now he vant to go tay unt night.

Mr. Stephens.—That's jist the trouble. They like to go! Ef they had to learn their joggerfy an' spellers an' 'rethmetics it wouldn't be so much fun.

Mr. Schwartz.—Vell, dat may been so, Hiram, but mein younkens vas petter off. Mein poys no more get in meeschief alreaty.

Emmett.—(Who during this conversation has been plotting quietly.) They didn't get your boys into that little scrape then, Fritz?

Mr. Schwartz.—Vat scrape you mean. I don't vas know about some scrapes.

Emmett.—You don't know about it? I'm surprised. I don't want to carry tales, but—well, you don't want your boys to learn to gamble, or to learn to—but there, I must not tell any tales. It may not be true, but I believe I'd investigate if I wuz you. I wouldn't blame Worth too much, though. He's a fine young chap, but—oh, well, you know us young fellows have to sow a few wild oats once in a while, and Worth talks a bit too freely when the—er—wine goes round, you know.

Mr. Schwartz.—(Striking the box on which he sits a resounding blow.) Py himmel! if he vas like dat, mein younkens go no more!

Emmett.—There now, I have thoughtlessly give his little secret away. It's too bad. Don't blame the young fellow too much. You've maybe had your little fling and know how it goes. Good fellowship, you know, and that sort of thing.

Mr. Schwartz.—I vas no boozzer, shust pecause I vas a Cher-
man. My poys vill not learn to be von, too. (Enter Webster
Worth and Mary Clayton. Worth is a tall, athletic, young man of
twenty-five, tastefully dressed. He has cordial manners and a
frank, open countenance. Mary is a young woman of queenly
bearing, very quiet but not reserved, cultured but not snobbish.)

Mr. Worth.—Good evening, friends.

Mr. Stephens. } (Coldly) Howdy.
Mr. Schwartz. }

Emmett.—Why, how do you do, my dear Professor? And
Miss Mary! This is a very pleasant surprise, indeed. Allow me
to bring you some chairs.

Webster.—Do not go to so much trouble, Mr. Stephens. We
were only passing.

Mary.—No, we are in a desperate hurry. I see Mrs. Stephens
coming now. (Enter Mrs. Stephens.)

Mrs. Stephens.—How do you do, Mary? How are you, Mr.
Worth? Won't you come up to the house?

Webster.—Thank you, Mrs. Stephens, but we must hurry on
to the rehearsal presently.

Mary.—We should like to borrow your ice-cream freezer
tonight, Mrs. Stephens. Ours is broken. We are planning a
little surprise for the boys and girls after the rehearsal.

Mrs. Stephens.—Why yes, I'll get it ready and the men can
carry it to the buggy. (Exit Mrs. Stephens, followed by Mary.)

Emmett.—Well, Professor, the old adage, you know: Speak
about—ah—angels and they will appear. We were just speaking
of you when you came up.

Webster.—Indeed? Shall we be favored by your presence
tonight? Club meeting before the rehearsal, you know.

Emmett.—(Winking at Mr. Schwartz) Indeed, Professor,
after the—er—little affair a few nights ago—no need for details,
you will agree—I shall be better at home with my pipe and a
mug of—shall we say cider? Sweet cider. Besides, I am not so
deeply interested in teachin' **various amusements** (Winking
again at Schwartz, who is rapidly growing suspicious) to the
risin' generation.

Mr. Stephens.—Young man, I'll be there, an' the other mem-
bers o' the school board.

Webster.—We shall all be very much pleased to have you
come; and I wanted to ask, Mr. Stephens, if you will not consent

on the night of the corn show to sit on the rostrum and award the premiums when the corn is judged.

Mr. Stephens.—No, I gar! I aint a-goin' to give out no prizes! I'm sick an' tired an' the other directors is sick an' tired of this here infernal nonsense. We want book-learnin' at that 'ere school an' not so much foolishness. I'm a blunt, plain speakin' man, an' I'm a-sayin' this to yer face: learnin' boys an' girls to spark—an' other things worse from all accounts—an' wastin' their time with a passel o' nonsense aint what you teachers is hired fer. You can meet with the board tonight an' speak fer yourself. (Enter Sally, hurriedly. Approaches Stephens and speaks brightly.)

Sally.—Oh, Mr. Stephens. Eric wants to know won't you lend us your lap-robe? The roads are so dusty you know, and old Jack—

Mr. Stephens.—You know you can have it. G' long an' git. (To Webster) You heard what I said. (Exit Sally L.)

Webster.—(Calmly) I am very sorry that you have misunderstood our work. I am sure that, altho it has many imperfections, it is better than you think. You will admit that we have young people in the high school who had little interest in anything wholesome before. (Enter Mrs. Stephens and Mary.)

Mr. Stephens.—I'm a fair-minded man an' I aint admittin' nothin' you——(Enter Eric R.)

Eric.—Oh, Mr. Stephens, did Sally got te lap-rogue? Ol' Yack keeck oop te dust so as vas nefer.

Mr. Stephens.—Yes, I gar! Now “dust” out o' here and “Yack” to yer derved doin's. (Exit Eric.)

Mr. Stephens.—I've said enough, I gar! Unless you change yer ways you'll be a-lookin' around fer a new job an' that purty quick.

End of Act. I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Setting: Living room in the Clayton home. The room is simply and tastefully furnished. A few well-chosen pictures on the wall, magazines on the table, books on shelf. Mrs. Clayton is seated at right of stage, sewing. Mary is writing at table near center. Mrs. Clayton is an aged woman, but not infirm. She has a crown of beautiful white hair and a face lovely in spite of wrinkles. She speaks in a firm, sweet voice.

Mrs. Clayton.—Mary.

Mary.—Yes, Mother.

Mrs. Clayton.—I don't want to scold, daughter, but I feel that you are working yourself to death. With your Campfire girls, your vigorous campaign for the establishment of a community church, your work at the school designing the landscape gardening, you are simply overtaxed. You ate no breakfast this morning and I don't believe you slept well last night. Don't you think you had better recuperate a bit? Go and visit your cousin Amy in Kansas City a week.

Mary.—I do not think I could leave the work just now, Mother. It isn't my work that hurts. I love the work. Could not be happy without it. My dreams drive me to it. Oh, it seems too bad, now that we have a fine new high school with a corps of thoroly competent teachers, and an abundance of the most up-to-date equipment—it seems too bad not to go further. I must work for these boys and girls—these neighbors of ours.

Mrs. Clayton.—Yes, dear, too bad, indeed.

Mary.—And, Mother, it means more than that. It means better conditions and happier homes in many rural communities if we can only lead the way. I have a vision of a great church, reaching out into every home, bringing to every home a richer, deeper, fuller life. A church not hampered by petty differences, but moving all in harmony, meeting all needs of the people. A vision of beautiful homes with every modern convenience, of good roads, beautified by trees, of cultured people, thoroly efficient, saving their soil, redeeming the waste places and finding in the science of farming an interest that will give the joy that any great scientist has in his work. Thru this redirected church working hand in hand with a redirected school would my dreams come true. That's my vision of our homeland, mother.

Mrs. Clayton.—You must wait patiently, my dear. You cannot bring about such sweeping reforms in a year—perhaps not in a lifetime.

Mary.—It is not that I cannot wait, dearest mother. But it's so hard to be misunderstood. People whom I have known all my life barely speak to me. Even scandalous stories have been told to injure my good name.

Mrs. Clayton.—Yes, Mary, I know. I've been pained, too, but no one ever unselfishly devoted his life to the cause of his neighbors without being misunderstood and opposed. You have friends yet, my child.

Mary.—Yes, I have loyal friends. I believe my Campfire girls would die for the cause. They are as fanatic as I am, even where their parents are bitterly opposed. It is some consolation to feel that those girls will never be mere gossips. I will not give up. People will not always scoff.

Mrs. Clayton.—I only wish it were possible for you to do your work without the expenditure of so much nerve force; but yours is the spirit of the reformer,—restless, daring, never acknowledging defeat. Somehow I feel that you—that we will win.

Mary.—Oh, I hope you are right.

Mrs. Clayton.—It is true the sky has never been darker. There is murmuring against the consolidated school, and the appeal of that shallow itinerant evangelist last spring to blind prejudice and superstition has done untold injury to your church plans. But there is no organized opposition and certainly no leadership to match yours and Webster's.

Mary.—I wish I could possess your calm hopefulness, mother. I've been pretty blue over prospects, recently. It is true as you say, that the opposition to the school is only murmuring complaint; but I'm afraid there is beginning to develop a rather definite plan of some sort.

Mrs. Clayton.—Do you think so?

Mary.—You know the school board are having meetings almost every night. They have tried to stop the corn festival the school is planning for the last of November by an injunction. Webster's lawyer assures him that they will fail in that, however. Mother, if the school should fail, we'd be back in a hopeless state of decay with no prospect of ever developing a socialized community life. What a tragedy it would be! If the school fails

we can never hope to win the community church. It could accomplish little without the influence of the school, anyway.

Mrs. Clayton.—It is too bad last year—the first year of the school—was a failure. If Webster could only have had the position then he might now be able to devote all his energies to his work instead of being under the necessity of fighting for the very life of the school.

Mary.—Yes, there is largely where the trouble lies. Mr. Fairhaven was so conservative. He was a good man, personally, but out of touch with modern ideals of education. (Door bell rings. Mary goes to door C. Enter Webster Worth.)

Webster.—Good evening, Mary. Good evening, Mrs. Clayton. I'm in trouble, and I've come to hold a council of war with you.

Mary.—I hope it isn't anything serious, Webster.

Webster.—Indeed, I'm afraid it's likely to prove very serious. Mr. Fritz Schwartz, the only member of the board who has not been actively opposed to our methods, has removed his Hans and Katrina from school with the charge that I am teaching his boy gambling and that my association is likely to contaminate their morals.

Mary.—How absurd!

Webster.—It seems that a story is going the rounds—with great cumulative properties, doubling with every repetition, to the effect that I have been on a drinking bout with Emmett Stephens. The fact that I indiscreetly went to town with him last Saturday and brought him home dead drunk lends some color to the story. It seems to be further strengthened by certain sinister hints that young man is insinuating into the minds of those who are ready to believe any adverse report concerning me.

Mrs. Clayton.—That is unfortunate, but it won't injure you permanently, Mr. Worth. When the truth is known, this hideous falsehood will fall with crushing force upon the heads of those who perpetrated it. So long as their attack is on a personal basis instead of the efficiency of your work, there really isn't much to fear. Your character can stand the test.

Webster.—Thank you, Mrs. Clayton. You give me some hope, already.

Mary.—Mother, without your optimism, I don't quite see where we could find inspiration for this fight.

Mrs. Clayton.—(Rising) I am going to run right over and talk with Fritz. I believe he'll listen to me.

Webster.—Thank you, so much, Mrs. Clayton. I tried to talk with him this morning, but he was so angry he would not speak to me. (Exit Mrs. Clayton.)

Mary.—I am surprised that any of them would stoop to so low an act. It is cowardly.

Webster.—I'm afraid I shall have to draw pretty heavily upon the resources of my friends to win this fight. Since consolidation carried only by a small majority, we can't afford to lose any more adherents. If no definite action is taken by our opponents, I feel sure that we shall be able to pull ourselves out of the mud in a few weeks. I have never yet failed to win the co-operation of my patrons. I hope I shall not fail here.

Mary.—Oh, to think, you and your teachers cannot even work in peace, but have to spend your energies meeting the opposition of those who ought to be your loyal supporters!

Webster.—I quite expected it. Teaching in terms of country life is such a departure from their experience they cannot believe that it is good. You can't blame them too much. In their minds is only one standard of a school. That is an institution where text books are learned by rote. Any departure from that standard is not school to them, no matter what it is to accomplish. We must change their standards by showing them a different sort of school in operation, and convince them that it will do more for boys and girls than their type of school, and at the same time promote the socialization of country life. The enthusiasm of those young people who are beginning to get the first great vision of their lives,—that is to be the leaven to leaven the entire community. That leaven is at work. Its reaction upon the resisting mass is producing some very interesting results.

Mary.—Webster, you do not seem to consider any of these scandals as personal matters. You look at them in as calm and detached a manner as a scientist in his laboratory; or more to the point, as a skilled physician would study and fight a disease in a patient who was cross and petulant.

Webster.—That is just what ignorance is—a disease that preys upon the minds of those afflicted by it. It is the **disease** we must fight, not the patient. (Enter Eric, very much excited. He is dressed in overalls and blouse. Mops the perspiration from his face with a red bandanna.)

Eric.—Mees Mary!—Oh, you bane here, Mr. Vort'? I bane glad. Ay haf sommting to say to you.

Webster.—(Speaking as to an equal, with no air of patronage) What can I do for you, Mr. Svenson?

Eric.—It bane about a paper, Yim Talman yust now tol' me about it—a petition to kill te con-sol'dated school after dees year. Mr. Stephens is having it signed.

Webster.—Do you know how many have signed the paper, Mr. Svenson?

Eric.—Yim say tey bane ten. He bane tackin' up te papers tey signed. Tham people bane yust like ol' Pete. Ay feex, von time, goot bade in the stable for heem, sprankle str-raw down so soft. Ay say, "Pete, you haff fine sleepin' place this time." He bane stand and watch me like he know all about te yob. He steeck oop his ears unt poke out hees nose like he bane say, "Goot yob, Eric, good yob." Vell, Ay go next morning to harness Pete,—te door vas open an' no Pete vas bane there. He bane not slept on hees good bade. Ay hunt out in te pasture an' out on a pile of rocks bane ol' Pete yust pecause he vant be stubborn. Tem rocks make big dimples in Pete's back but he vas happy because he bane fool me. These people vas yust like te silly mule.

Mary.—(Laughing) That's a pretty good comparison, Eric.

Webster.—(To Mary) That means that we have only fifteen days to win our victory. As the situation stands, I think the vote would easily go two-thirds majority against us now.

Eric.—Mr. Vort', Ay bane only von ignorant Swedish farm hant. Ay don'd know American vays yet, but Ay bane halp you fight eef anythings Ay can do. Sally goes to your school. She like school. Ay like it too. Ven Ay save enough moneys vorkin' for Mrs. Clayton, Ay go too. Learn how to farm better.

Mary.—Good for you, Eric.

Webster.—We'll certainly appreciate your help, Mr. Svenson. This is a great crisis in the life of the neighborhood. The man who champions our cause will be despised for a while, but if we win, unborn generations shall rise up and call him blessed. Mr. Svenson, you may count on being used if you are game for the fight.

Eric.—Ay bane game. And—er—Mr. Vort'—Sally vas bane game, too. She halp.

Webster.—(Encouragingly) Of course she will. All my students are going to help. It's their fight.

Eric. Ven you vant me yust call te telephone. Ef Ay can't do, Ay let you have ol' Yack an' my buggy any time you

need him. Maybe Ay bane not much good. Den Yack bane good substitute. He bane not born in Sweden. Goot-tay. Ay goes to vork. (Exit Eric.)

Mary.—What are your plans for the campaign?

Webster.—You are the general. I march by your orders.

Mary.—This is a serious time to jest.

Webster.—I am not jesting, Mary. I recognize your ready wit,—your powers of leadership. Your efforts won consolidation here, and they must hold the fort. All my inspiration has come from you. What do you say we should do?

Mary.—I'm afraid I'm not equal to so great a task. If I did not know you to be so loyal to the truth I'd suspect you of flattery. I've been very much discouraged about my work. I've felt that all my dreams were failing. Oh, Webster, all my heart is in the work, but I'm not strong enough to lead in the fight. I'm only a woman.

Webster.—(Moving near her) Mary, I'm going to say to you—what has been on my heart for many days. You have been the loadstar of my faith. I could have no heart to work under this load of turmoil and scandal but for you. I have never done anything yet to make me your equal in any way—

Mary.—Webster, you—don't—

Webster.—(Not heeding her remonstrance.) But when I have done some really worthy piece of work—I want to ask you if then you will not join your life with mine, that together we may consecrate all of our united strength to the great task of re-directing all the mighty forces of the soil. Mary, I love you, even more than I love my work. I have sometimes hoped that you returned my love. Will you direct the battle for me, for the church, for the school—for our home some day?

Mary.—No——but I will plan with you as a soldier of equal rank.

(He catches her in his arms.)

End of Scene I.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Setting: Living room in the Stephens home. Cheap furniture, but tastefully arranged. There are, however, several pieces of cheap bric-a-brac distributed about. Sally is standing on a chair at right of stage hanging a picture. (Enter Mrs. Stephens.)

Mrs. Stephens.—(Looks about.) Why whatever have you been doin' to this room, Sally? It looks so different.

Sally.—Does it look better or worse?

Mrs. Stephens.—Well, now I don't know but what it looks a sight better. Beats all, don't it, how changin' furniture around and hangin' pictures low down makes a difference? I never would 'a' thought about hangin' pictures away down. Where did you learn it?

Sally.—Our art teacher showed us about it. She took a copy of a landscape painting and hung it high up and let us look at it. Then she hung it on a level with our eyes when we were standing. I saw how much more the picture meant where I could really see it. I didn't ask you about doing this. Maybe you won't like the change. I hated to speak about it, you know—it would look like I was trying to—run things. Our teacher showed us a lot about rugs, they're better than carpets—and she said lots of little trinkets around in the room were not pretty and they catch dust.

Mrs. Stephens.—Why I'm glad you are learnin' these little things. I have always wanted things to look pretty, but when I went to school no such things were thought worth while. Don't you be afraid of hurtin' my feelin's, Sally, about anything to make our home prettier and more comfortable. You can do anything you want to to put in practice what you learn. If you'll help me, we'll spend a little money to fix things up.

Sally.—Oh, Mrs. Stephens! You are just the dearest woman in all the world! I'm going to hug you for that. (Puts her arms around Mrs. Stephens.) You've always been just like a mother to me. I've never had anybody to show me how to do things but you, and if you hadn't been so good to me I wouldn't know anything about housekeeping. I used to hate cooking and dish-washing and keeping the house straight; but since nearly everything we do at school makes us want to be better home-makers, I just love it. In household arts we learn how to choose foods, their nutritive ratios, how to cook and serve, how to choose clothing and keep it in repair and lots of things. And our teacher said

she was going to borrow Mrs. Jones' Billy some day and show us how to dress and bathe a baby. I never liked to study the old way, but now I see how useful everything I learn is, and I just love to do it.

Mrs. Stephens.—(Patting Sally's cheek) You're a dear good girl. I'm proud of you. It's so good of you to come over evenings an' help me. I think it's worth more to know how to keep house well—to cook and sew and have pretty things—to be happy and love your work than to know a lot of just book learnin'. But you **do** learn other things, don't you, dear?

Sally.—Oh, yes. I study algebra and literature and history and domestic science. I just love it all. In algebra we've been making graphs showing the relative food values in different foods, the increase in dairy products from using certain feeds, and we're planning sets of problems to use next year with our experiments in seed testing, plant production, use of fertilizer and hundreds of useful things.

Mrs. Stephens.—You don't say!

Sally.—The boys have card indexes of all the live stock, the number of acres of corn, wheat, and hay, number of acres of pasture, the value of each farm in the district. The girls keep notes on home experiments in cooking, expense accounts of groceries and proceeds of sales of cream and eggs. We have tested every dairy cow's milk and have her record. We could tell in five minutes every cow in this district that isn't paying her board. If Mr. Stephens forgot how many hogs he had and would come to any pupil in the agriculture class, he could find the number for him in just no time. He could tell him a lot of things, too, about how a change of rations would make him more money, and how he could improve his herd. We are all working hard on a scheme for a community power house down on Sandy Creek to furnish light, and to do all the laundering of the district, and when we get it all figured out we'll make some people sit up an' take notice.

Mrs. Stephens.—Oh, just think how fine that would be to have electric lights.

Sally.—Yes and that isn't all; you could have electric fans to keep you cool, an electric iron to iron your fine clothes when they came back clean from the laundry, an electric motor to run the cream separator, wash the dishes, pump the water, grind feed for the chickens, grind the sausage—

Mrs. Stephens.—Why that sounds like a fairy story. We'd all get too lazy to live, wouldn't we?

Sally.—It's more beautiful than a fairy story, and it's every bit true. The water power's there—just going to waste.

Mrs. Stephens.—And to think they're trying to vote the school out. I just think it's mean. Us women have got to do something. If we could vote, we'd fix it, but we can't do that. I'll tell you, Sally, if we could a lot of us meet with your teachers we could plan some things.

Sally.—They say we don't learn anything from books. We don't just memorize a lot of old dry stuff, but we'll put ourselves up against any high school pupils in the same grades anywhere in the state. We learn all the other things besides. The difference is, we connect what we learn with something real, useful. They just learn because they have to have so many credits. Our school is a farmers' school, Mr. Worth says; it isn't a lawyers' or doctors' or merchants' school. Why don't they give us and our teachers a chance to show them what we are doing and can do?

Mrs. Stephens.—Don't you mind Sally. We're goin' to work mighty hard for your school. I'm beginnin' to see some things for this neighborhood I never seen before. (Enter Mr. Stephens. Sits in a rocker, down stage. Exit Sally.)

Mr. Stephens.—(Reading) Choice hogs over 250 lbs., 9.60 to 9.70, 200 to 250, 9.50 to 9.70. Rough to common, 8.40 to 9.25. I gar, that little bunch o' hogs goin' to fetch me a right neat little passel o' money. 9.60 to 9.70, it says. My hawgs is in prime shape. Bet they'd top the market. Cost me a lot to feed 'em. Guess it's a right good time to turn 'em loose. Goin' to be a slump in the market some o' these days.

Mrs. Stephens.—Well, Hiram, you're made the hogs an' cattle about as comfortable as you can. Reckon you'll spend a few dollars of that money to fix up the house a bit, won't you? (Enter Emmett.)

Emmett.—Well, most worthy Father, I am glad to be able to report to you that the thorn that's been in your flesh so long's goin' to be extracted right away. I've polled the district, an' more'n three-fourths uf 'em is goin' to vote agin' the little agriculturist an' bug-ologist. Yes, sir, goin' to put the school decidedly on the bum. Oh, I had to use a good deal of argument on a few, but they come across.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, I knowed they 'uz some way to git rid o' the thing somehow. It's cost us a sight o' money, but we've learned a lesson. This year, an' then we're shet o' tom-foolery.

Emmett.—An' what does the little mother think of her dutiful son's skill, eh, in conductin' a campaign? No doubt a little pained that the brilliant young professor, the ladies' man, is going to have to move his boardin' place next year?

Mrs. Stephens.—I don't want to talk with you, Emmett. You cannot insult me because you aint capable of it, but I don't care to discuss the matter with you. Webster Worth deserves to be given a chance. He's been treated like a dog, but it won't hurt him. It's themselves the tax payers is a-hurtin'.

Mr. Stephens—Nancy, I gar, aint ye never goin' to talk sensible? W'y you know the way we're all payin' sich high taxes an' gittin' nothin' but bug-huntin' an' sich like, they aint nothin' to it. I gar, I'm mighty glad to hear were goin' to git quit uv him. Sooner the better fer me.

Emmett.—Oh, he knows all about bugs, all right,—knows jist where they live an' what they think an' how they—spark. Knows more about them bugs than they know themselves. And he's an expert on hog-cholera and corn-raisin'. It's a whole lot easier to do these things than to learn kids their books.

Sally.—(Angrily) Mr. Emmett, we have higher aims than convertin' our heads into book satchels. Mr. Worth's aim is, as he says many times, to "prepare us for complete living by living completely here and now." I guess you folks will stop our school, but we've made up our minds when you do every high school student leaves this community to stay. (Exit Sally.)

Emmett.—(Fanning himself) Oh! listen to our little doll! Don't she talk purty? The foundling—the charity girl can quit flirtin' with the hired man long enough to lecture to poor ignorant farmers on education. She's a plum good 'un, aint she?

Mr. Stephens.—Jist see there, now. He's been a-puttin' children up to run away from home. It's about time somethin' was done. I gar, Emmett, (Slapping Emmett's shoulder) Ye've done a good piece of work today. Mebby all our farms won't have to sell for taxes ef we git shet o' this here costly nonsense. (There is a rap at door. Mrs. Stephens answers. Enter Mary Clayton.)

Mary. Good morning, folks. Is Sally over here this morning, Mrs. Stephens? I want to see her a moment about the Campfire girls' trip.

Mrs. Stephens.—Yes, she's helpin' me today. She's got her hands in the dough now. She'll be in in a minute.

Emmett.—And how is our friend, the professor, these days, Mary? Still conducting the little game of—er—school I presume?

Mary.—(Coldly) Mr. Worth is doing very well, so far as I know.

Emmett.—What! You mean you do not know about him? And has he not been over in the last hour or so? Then he must be very ill. Doubtless he is grieving over the election next Tuesday week. It is too bad his nice little soft snap will stop—that his pet goose, so to speak, will quit layin' the golden egg.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, the people what lives in this here township is a-goin' to take charge of their own affairs onct more.

Mary.—Pardon me, but I think we'd better not discuss that subject. It is one upon which we cannot agree.

Emmett.—Oh, very well, dear May-ry, I've discussed it pretty thoroly with the tax payers of this township today, and I find that they agree pretty much with my conclusions. There is a subject a little nearer my heart even than that. (Coming closer) If I tell you you look very pretty today will you find that subject a bit more er—congenial? (Cowers under her withering glance.)

Mr. Stephens.—Well, I've got to go an' see how Jim's gittin' along fixin' up that hawg rack. (Exit Mr. Stephens.)

Mrs. Stephens.—Don't run off yet, Mary. I've got to get my bread in the oven, then I want to talk with you a minute. (Exit Mrs. Stephens.)

Emmett.—Mary, you look worried and tired, my dear. (Attempting to put his arm around her) I think you need somebody to take care of you. Marry me and you won't have a thing to do. Old man's got plenty. I can dress you like a queen an' get you anything you want. Don't you see we ought to—er—belong to one another? (Suddenly catching her in his arms.)

Mary.—(Freeing herself) Sir! What right have you? Be careful what you do. You are a brute. You know very well I would die sooner than think for one moment of being bound to you. Leave me!

Emmett.—(Insolently gripping her wrist, his teeth clenched) Oh, I don't know about that! There's a few things you ought to know and by——bless me—if you don't hear 'em, too! You're not so fine as you think you are. You can go around with that little cur pup of a school teacher whose character everybody knows is bad and turn up your aristocratic nose at a plain hard working farmer. I'm as good as that little devil and I say (hissing) **you will have me!** If you don't promise I'll turn some things loose I know that'll everlastingly fix your little dude!

Mary.—You hurt Webster Worth's reputation! He's as much above you as heaven is above earth. I don't fear.

Emmett.—Oh, I didn't hurt him any, did I? Oh, no. What are people sayin' about him now?

Mary.—You are a vile, contemptible coward. Release me! (Enter Webster Worth.)

Webster.—What does this mean? (Emmett releases Mary's wrist and glares at Webster.)

Emmett.—Oh, you don't need to think you've got any monopoly on this love-makin' business. If I want to spoon a little with Mary Clayton aint I got as good a right as you? So long as she's willin', any how.

Webster.—You contemptible cur! You shall not insult Miss Clayton in my presence. (Preparing to strike him.)

Emmett.—You'd better remember whose house you're in. I'll have you arrested for assault and if you want to tell what I was doin' when you came, all right! I just want you to. Now, (To Mary) You fine little aristocrat, when the scandal gets out you won't hold your proud head quite so high, eh? I know a nice little story about you two. You dare blab on me an' I'll prove it on you. I've got witnesses.

Webster. It's false.

Emmett.—Oh, it is, is it? Well what do I care if it is? I can prove it anyhow. It's just as good. Look at this! (Holding up official looking document and pointing to seal.) Maybe you think the seal of a notary public don't count fer nothin' with the court. Here, read it. It's nearly as purty as them little stories you spend all your time learnin' the kids to write. (Webster reads.)

Webster.—I never dreamed that anybody could be so black of soul! (Mary seizes paper and reads. Paper drops from her nerveless fingers. Emmett picks it up triumphantly and replaces

it in his pocket. Pats his pocket with his hand. Mary attempts to speak. Staggers and falls into Webster's arms.)

Emmett.—Oh, I guess you'll tame down a bit won't you? (To Mary.) You can have till tomorrow to promise to marry me. If you don't—well, you can take the consequences. (Enter Mr. Stephens, Mrs. Stephens, Sally and Jim.)

Webster.—Your story is utterly false, by your own confession. You cannot intimidate me. I shall disregard you. (Webster turns and starts away.)

Emmett.—But yer goose is cooked, dern ye.

End of Act II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Setting: Living room in the Stephens home. There is much better taste shown in furnishings than in previous scene. The gilt-framed family portraits and cheap ornaments are gone, the rug does not scream at the paper. A few magazines are on the table, tastefully arranged flowers in vase. Sally, neatly dressed, is seated on sofa reading a magazine. Enter, Eric. He is well dressed and carries himself with dignity. Appears much more at ease than in first scene with Sally.

Sally.—I am waiting for you.

Eric.—(Pleased) Vas Ay bane late? (Both are seated on sofa.)

Eric.—How pratty dis room look. Yust like Miss Mary fix 'em.

Sally.—Do you think it's nicer than it used to be, Eric?

Eric.—Ay guess. Ay nefer notice eet at all before.

Sally.—Guess who fixed it up, Eric.

Eric.—Let me see—Mrs. Stephens? (Sally shakes her head.)
Mr. Stephens?

Sally.—(Laughing) Oh, you goose! Imagine Mr. Stephens fixing up a room. It would be fixed. Guess again.

Eric.—Vas it Yim? (Chuckles.)

Sally.—Oh, of all things! I'll tell Jim the joke. Won't he laugh?

Eric.—Vell, then, must bane you. You're here a good deal.

Sally.—Yes, I did it—that is, of course, Mrs. Stephens helped me, but she let me make the plans.

Eric.—Ay like it still better, then. (Moving closer to Sally.)

Sally.—Thank you, Eric.

Eric.—You bane learnin' lots, Sally.

Sally.—(In a sad tone) I just knew it was too good to be true. Just when we youngsters were all getting interested in some worthwhile things and having the greatest time we ever had in our lives, they have to go and vote our school out. It makes me mad. They can spend money enough on their hogs and cattle, but they don't want to keep a good place to educate their young people, now that they have one.

Eric.—(Patting her hand clumsily) There now, little girlie, don't you mind. It bane not voted out yet. Maybe something happens yet. Meester Vort' sait if they didn't lose he was goin' to start night school for everybody that bane wantin' to learn somethin'. If it go, Ay vill go. Ay learn how to spoke English batter an' gat batter education. Ay want some day to be a good fairmer—own a big farm an' know how to take care of it.

Sally.—That would be fine. I wish Mr. Worth could get to start his night school. There are lots of hired hands and boys who don't go to school who spend their time loafing of evenings at the store and smoking cigarettes. If he could get them to come to night school they could have more fun and learn a lot, too.

Eric.—Sally, you bane get sad whan you talk apout te school. I tall you one fonny story.

Sally.—Oh, Eric! You always make me laugh myself sick with your funny yarns!

Eric.—Ay bane stackin' hay last sommer and tem nephews of Meester Marston's bane rakin'. Tey come from Sheecago. Tey nefer haf see te coountry pefore. Tey bane run into a bumble-fly's nest. Beeg swarms of bumbleflies—

Sally.—(Laughing) You mean bumblebees, don't you Eric?

Eric.—Oh, yas bumblebee. Te bumble-bees swarmout—two barrel of tem. Tem poys bane covered with te bumblebees. Here tey come—te horses runnin' and te poys slappin' at bumbleflies right at te stack. Ay bane hearin' tem flies roar pefore te boys got in sight. Ay roll off te stack ant Yim turn hees fork loose to climb on te stack. Meester Yones vas bane crawlin' unter te stack ven te oltest poy yell, "Oh tese leetle yaller pugs! Tey pite! Tey bane vill eat me oop. Vat Ay bane toin'?" Yim bane on te stack. He see better as te men unter te stack. Yim say, "Take 'em back to te nest quick. Yimminy it bane

fonny vay tem poys runs to te nest yellin' like tey vas gat vages for it, "Oh, tem leetle yallow pugs! How tey bite!" Vell, maybe ve gat after tem voters so hard tey go back to te nest. (Aside) Unt ve gat after Emmett unt his notary seal, too. Yim yust put me next to dat; ve make him tink bumbles! (Sally laughs a clear, ringing laugh. The merriment is broken up by the entrance of Mr. Stephens.)

Mr. Stephens.—W'y, hullo, Eric. How you a-stackin' up?

Eric.—Pooty good, Mr. Stephens. (Stephens sits in rocker down stage. Reads paper. Eric and Sally look at one another. Get up and go quietly out. Mr. Stephens chuckles. Enter Mrs. Stephens.)

Mrs. Stephens.—When you goin' to ship your hogs, Hi?

Mr. Stephens.—Vant to ship tomorrer. I'll call up an' order two cars this evenin'. I gar, hawgs is a mighty good investment. (Enter Jim.)

Jim—Say, Mr. Stephens, they's five o' the biggest o' them hogs 'at wont eat nothin', jist lay an' sleep. I got over in the pen an' poked 'em up, but by heck, 'twant no use. They wouldn't eat a bite. 'Pear t' be a-feelin' kinda puny; d'ye reckon I'd better give 'em some liniment? Ol' man Marston's hawgs is all a, dyin' o' cholera. They——

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, I'm ruined, I tell ye ef them hawgs has got cholera I'm ruined. I've lost \$5000. Oh, Lord! What am I ever to do?

Sally.—(Coming and standing in the door with Eric) Mr. Stephens, Mrs. Clayton's hogs had cholera last fall and Mr. Worth and the boys in his farm animals class vaccinated them. She lost only five.

Mr. Stephens. Here you are a-talkin' about that new-fangled agricultoor learnin' again. I don't feel like listenin' to it now.

Jim.—That's right though, Mr. Stephens, 'bout Mis' Clayton's hawgs. They uz jist a-turnin' their toes up an' a-dyin.' Beat all I ever see'd. They squirted a little stuff in their laigs—the hawgs what wusn't orf their feed yet, an' I cracky, they got awful sick, 'nen they got well again. Course you're the booss. It aint becomin' o' me to tell you what to do, but I'd hate to see ye lose them hawgs. I'd purt nigh's soon lose my bird dawg. It wont cost nothin' much to try it. Le's get the perffessor an' the boys to come an' see 'em.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, I'd ruther lose the hawgs than to ast him ef I knowed he c'd kyore 'em. I know they aint nothin' to this here vaccinatin' doin's.

Mrs. Stephens.—But Hi, you're a fair-minded man—

Mr. Stephens.—Who says I aint fair-minded? Who dares accuse me on it?

Mrs. Stephens.—Why no one would, I say, Hi. Seen's how you are fair-minded I just thought you'd give Mr. Worth a chance to try his experiments if he'd ask you to.

Mr. Stephens.—He aint a-goin' to ast me. Not after what I said to him. He won't care ef I lose all my hawgs.

Sally.—Right thee's where you're mistaken, Mr. Stephens. Mr. Worth was saying to the class the other day that you had the finest herd of fat hogs in the district. He said you were an expert with hogs.

Mr. Stephens.—He's got a little more sense than I thought he had. Ef he wants to fool with the hawgs I don't know as I care. They are all goin' to die, anyhow. He'd jist as well waste his time that away as any other.

Sally.—(Aside) Just wait till 'I get to a 'phone where he can't hear me. If things don't come our way! (Exit Sally.)

Mr. Stephens.—I aint got much heart to see them sick hogs, Nancy, but I reckon I'll have to go. (Exit Mr. Stephens.)

Mrs. Stephens.—Jim, don't you say anything, but I'm glad those hogs got the cholera. If I'm not mistaken it means our school will be saved.

Jim.—Mr. Worth is a powerful smart man. He's been a-tellin' me a lot o' things about farmin' I never knowed. I sneaked some ground lime onto about an acre of corn down on the back forty where Mr. Worth said it needed it an' the corn's twice as big. I'm goin' to tell the boss what done it pretty soon.

Mr. Stephens.—(Off stage) Oh Jim! What on earth are you a-doin'? Bring a kittle o' hot water an' come help vaccinate these hawgs! (Enter Sally.)

Jim.—(Catching Eric and dancing across floor.) Glory, hallelujah!

Mrs. Stephens, {
Sally. { —Amen!

End of Scene I.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Setting: The stage is set to represent auditorium of Hope High School. A miniature stage is seen on the stage, and seats for an audience. Curtains are down and people come in occasionally to the "audience." Hiram Stephens, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Clayton, Mr. Schwartz, other members of the school board are waiting for the "curtain" to rise.

Mr. Schwartz.—How your hogs vas, Mr. Schdephens?

Mr. Stephens.—Fat as they ever were an' hearty as you please. I gar, that vaccination saved my bacon. I didn't believe in it, but it shore works. I only lost three.

Mr. Schwartz.—Ach himmel, eet safed mein hogs too, unt my Hans dit all der waccinatin'. He vas goot hant. I change te feed schust like as Hans figure heem unt my hogs get fatter right avay queeck, unt it cost me not so much. Hans dhake me ofer to der school unt show me leetle cards all alphabetical in a drawer, unt on tem carts, so help me gracious, tey haff feegured up efery cow dat vas a poarder in te deestric. He say three off mein cows vas poartin' on me. I pelief not he knows. I dhries, unt fint them cows vas schust like as he say. Tey geef not enoof cream to pay deir poart. I get dem fat. Tey poard somebody you bet. I dell you, Mëester Schdephens, tem poys learn things to tem good.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, but it does look funny to be a-learnin' them things at school, an' doin' this here. I don't know, tho, after Worth saved my hawgs I fit pesky hard to save his school an' we saved her too. I said, s'I, "Boys, give him another chanct. Maybe they's jist a little in it after all, what he's a-doin'". I allus wuz a fair-minded man. Nobody ever really believed them yarns about him an' Mary Clayton, anyhow.

Mr. Schwartz.—I been talkin' mit der teacher unt he geef me some idees. Ef we puy all togedder ve puy our groceries cheaper. Unt eef ve sell all togedder ve get mor-re moneys. Ve need no meedleman. Te poys ant girls can feegure at school on differ-rent concerns. Tey learn real business by toin' it unt safe us money.

Mr. Stephens.—I never thought of it that way but mebbly they could. Jim sneaked some ground lime on a acre of corn on my back forty last summer, an' I'm blessed if it didn't fetch a hundred bushel to the acre when the rest only brung only sixty. I was goin' to lime the hull derved farm, but Worth said jist part

of it needed lime. Said they'd test the soil an' see what it needed. I gar, if they can learn kids that, I dunno, looks mighty quare don't it?—but mebbly it's jist because we aint used to it. I gar, my hired man's started to night school an' he can't talk o' nothin' else. He's more interested in that 'ere farm than I am. Says he's a learnin' to farm.

Mr. Schwartz.—My girls can cook so as vas nefer. Tey learn to sew unt mend unt safe dhings. I ped you ve haff got eine goot school, Schdephens.

Mr. Stephens.—But it does look quare not to do it the old way. (Small curtain on stage rises showing "stage" decorated with corn. "Audience" cheer, including Messrs, Stephens and Schwartz.)

Webster.—(Coming to the edge of platform.) Ladies and gentlemen: We are gratified by the interest you have shown in this performance. Now we are coming to the last and most ambitious number, perhaps a word of explanation will not be amiss. This pageant represents the celebration of the staple products of the great Middle West. It has been arranged and staged by home talent. Since corn is the legacy of the American Indian we will present, first of all, the Indian legend of the gift of corn, or the Mondamin. The lines used in this episode as you will notice, are adapted from "Hiawatha," There was always a ritual dance in connection with planting the corn. This was the embodiment of the legend of Minnehaha blessing the corn fields, which comprises the second episode. In the third episode we will present the gift of the corn by the Indians to the Pilgrims, thus typifying the beginning of the use of corn by the white race. The fourth episode will typify corn products. This scene will close with a symbolical tableau showing Mondamin directing to her coming greatness the Spirit of the New World.

Episode I. Mondamin.

(Curtain on miniature stage rises showing a background of forest. Enter Hiawatha walking very feebly, weak from fasting. Falls prone upon the ground. Sleeps. Music played very softly as if in the distance. (Enter from opposite side of stage, Mondamin. He is a young man with long, flowing yellow hair. A wreath of corn tassels is worn on the head and from his shoulders falls a mantle of bright green under which is a tunic of yellow. The Mondamin advances slowly toward Hiawatha, dances around him. Touches him with his staff, which is made from a cornstalk. Hiawatha rises feebly to a sitting posture.)

Mondamin.—Oh my Hiawatha!

All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not as the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Nor for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the Nations.
From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of Man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me.

(Hiawatha feebly rises and they wrestle. At the touch of the Mondamin all of Hiawatha's strength returns and the struggle grows intense. Slowly the light fades away leaving the stage in twilight. Off stage is heard the cry of the heron. Mondamin pauses to listen.)

Mondamin.—List! The heron, Hiawatha.

Bravely have you wrestled with me
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph.
(Smiling) Tomorrow is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip the garments green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plummage from me,
Lay me in the earth and make it
Soft and loose, and light above me.
Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed or worn molest me.
Let not Khangagee, the Raven,
Come and haunt me and molest me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine.

(Exeunt Mondamin and Hiawatha.)

Episode II. Blessing the Corn Fields.

Scene, a cornfield, showing tiny shoots of corn. Enter Minnehaha, dancing in fantastic movements to the accompaniment of a drum, drawing a circle about the corn field. This scene should be in very subdued light to represent twilight. Minnehaha should be draped in white and her hair should fall loosely over her shoulders. (See music and dance steps in Appendix.)

Episode III. The Gift of Corn to the Paleface.

Enter several Pilgrims. From opposite side of stage, Samoset and two other Indians advance carrying baskets of corn, which they place at the feet of the Pilgrims. Pilgrims mingle with the Indians, distribute trinkets to them. Indians depart. Pilgrims kneel in attitude of prayer. Curtain of the miniature stage drops.

Episode IV. The Uses of Corn.

Curtain rises showing a group of children dressed to represent certain corn products, or merely carrying pasteboard forms, representing meal, hominy, various breakfast foods, etc. One may carry a fat hog cut from pastboard. They march around in a circle. A child or, preferably an older person standing in the center may recite Whittier's "Corn Song." Curtain of miniature stage falls.

Tableau.

Curtain rises showing tableau of the Mondamin and the Spirit of the New World. Indians, Pilgrims and children grouped in the background. The Mondamin stands in the center of stage. Spirit of the New World slowly advances to meet him. Mondamin takes her by the hand and leads her across stage. Pulling aside a curtain he reveals a poster with an appropriate scene and the words in large letters, CORN IS KING. Mondamin and Spirit of New World dance several measures. Curtain. As curtain drops "audience" starts to leave. Hiram Stephens rushes front and speaks to Webster.

Webster.—(Rapping on table for attention) May we have your attention a moment. Mr. Stephens, president of the school board, wishes to speak a few words to you.

Mr. Stephens.—(Going front and putting hands in pockets.) Neighbors an' friends, I aint no good at speech-makin'—never made one in my life, but I jist want to tell Mr. Worth here, an' you boys an' girls, that that 'ere show wuz the best thing I ever

seen. I uster would' a' thought it wusn't no good but I jist feel tonight like anything that makes people forget their worries an' enjoy anything so much is worth while. They aint anybody here 'ats had a better time than I have. They aint nobody here 'ats got more good already outen this here school than I have. I'm fer it neighbors, an' I'm fer this here kind o' entertainment. I'd jist like to see another one yit tonight. (Applause.) I reckon I aint a-usin' very good grammar, but I'm doin' the best I know how. You can use all my farm ye want fer an experiment station, fer ye've already saved \$5000 worth uv hawgs fer me, an' I low now to git all the good out of the new way I can. I've fit this thing hard, but I couldn't git it straight into my noggin'. Now I've got it straight, an' I'm on the right side. They aint nobody in this deestric that's worked any harder than Miss Mary Clayton fer these new things. She's still a-workin'. She wants us to have a church that can do things like this school's a doin' 'em. Neighbors, I'm fer that, too. When I ship them hawgs 'at Mr. Worth an' the boys saved fer me, I'm a-goin' to turn over half the money fer a fund to start that new church. Mebby I oughtn't to say it, but I've got some more to spend to make the ol' home cosy if Mr. Worth an' the boys'll furnish me plans. (Cheers.)

Mr. Schwartz.—(Popping up) I geef half my hawgs to te church too. I haf got two carload. (Cheers. Mr. Stephens is seated.)

Webster.—Friends, I feel like shouting tonight. We are going to work for you harder than ever before, and we hope to see you here very often. This isn't the last play you will see. We will have them often, for we believe it is a universal mode of self-expression, and that self-expression is the joy of existence. Thanks many, many times for your loyal support tonight. Good night. Part of "audience" leave. Webster, Mary, Mrs. Clayton, Sally Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Schwartz and Mr. Stephens are grouped on the "stage."

Mrs. Stephens.—Oh, it was wonderful just to think **our own** young people can do such things.

Mr. Stephens.—I gar, I'm a-goin' to go to that 'ere night school myself. I thought I was too old to learn, but I learned more tonight than I ever knowed before.

Mr. Schwartz.—Ya, ve all aind too old to learn somethings. Ve all go.

Mr. Stephens.—I'm interested in that power house an' co-operative laundry an' creamery project. Have ye' bout got it figgered out?

Webster.—We'll have it solid next week. We can do it three thousand dollars cheaper than I thought we could.

Mr. Stephens.—Well, I'm fer that, too, an' I'll help ye put her thru. (Enter Jim and Eric one on either side of Emmett, dragging him along.)

Jim.—Askin' yer pardon fer our little enterruption ladies, an' gents, this gentleman's got a little speech to make. Now you say her!

Eric. (Shaking his fist) Ya, Meester Emmett, you say' er. Else you feel dis once more.

Emmett.—(In shaky voice.) I lied—that—affidavit—was—false. Mary Clayton—an'—Webster Worth is both all right. (They turn him lose.)

Emmett.—It's another climate fer me. This smells like brimstone. (Exit Emmett.)

Mr. Stephens.—Yes, I gar, an' you'll roast over some, Em, if you don't mend your ways. (Eric has his arm around Sally, Webster with Mary.)

Mrs. Clayton.—I want you to know the manager of my farm, Mr. Svenson and his bride-to-be, Miss Sally Peterson.

Mr. Stephens.—An' I want ye to know the manager of my farm, Mr. James Talmon, the man what let Svenson shell his corn for him.

Jim.—(Bowing with mock gravity) Ladies an' gents, any time you want to see the best bird dawg in Missouri come around to my office an' I'll introduce you to him. I've done had him vaccinated agin' hyper-fogy.

Mr. Schwartz.—Schim', pring te dog ofer unt shell corn for me. Maype my Katrina vill help you.

Eric.—It bane your opportunity Yim. Luck to you. Don't bane like a shoat of Mrs. Clayton's. He vas in hillside corn field last fall. At te foot of te hill one tay I bane out vorkin' an' here comes a punkin rollin' along by itself. Ay gat te punkin, put him in te wagon. Patty soon here come saocat. He vas bane looking for punkin. He yust yump along an' look all round.

Ven he bane not find te punkin he go away squealin' like donder!
 Yim, don't lose te punkin. (Yell heard off stage.)

We will move the whole creation
 For we keep Consolidation,

What's the matter with Worth?

He's all right!

Who's all right?

Worth!

Rickaty, rackaty, sis boom ba!

Worth, Worth,

Rah, rah, rah!!

Webster.—Our boys and girls!

Mary.—Bless them. This is too good to be true. Every-
 body is filled with the vision of the homeland.

End of Act III.

DANCE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE CORN

Costume—A long, flowing white robe. White shoes and stockings.
 Hair loose and flowing.

Properties—3 ears of corn. Place one ear at the extreme L front of stage,
 one at extreme R front of stage, and one in the center immediately in front
 of the first row of corn.

12 stalks of corn arranged as follows:

```

X X X X
X X X X
X X X X
  
```

○ ear of corn

ear of corn ○ ○ ear of corn.

Introduction—(a) Enter from L with short running steps, rt. hand held
 high and l. held back. Run to center back of stage then front between center
 rows of corn—2 meas. (b) Raise both hands high (palms front), face front
 R corner of stage and rise on toes, head held high and looking up.

Repeat (b) only face L corner of stage—2 meas. Total 4 meas.

I. Inspecting corn-field. Hop on l. ft., raise rt. ft. and step on rt. ft.—
 count (1); chain step, counts (&2); hold position, count (&).

Repeat same, only beginning with r. ft. Allow arms to wave in lines fol-
 lowing the motions of the feet—1 meas.

Continue this step, moving around corn-field in the following figure, and
 end at the extreme L. corner of stage—total 4 meas.

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X X X X
  
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X→X→X↓X
  
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X↑X X↓X
  
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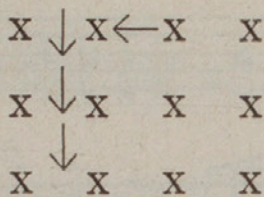
→ ○ ↘
  
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○ ○ ear of corn

II. Prayer to Manitou, the mighty. (a) Step 1. ft. across rt. Stoop and pick up ear of corn—1 meas. Rise slowly until standing on toes and hold corn high in both hands, as if offering it to Manitou—1 meas. (b) Whirl to extreme R, arms extended sideward—1 meas. Repeat prayer crossing rt. ft. over l. but whirl to center of stage directly in front of first row of corn. Total 6 meas.

III. Planting the corn. Step 1. ft. across rt., stoop and pick up ear of corn—1 meas. Rise slowly and hold ear of corn straight out in front of the body, about as high as the head—1 meas. Begin slowly to walk backward down the center row of corn, stepping **very emphatically** with each step. Shell a few grains of corn and throw them around corn-field—1 meas. Turn with back to front of stage and continue walking and throwing corn—3 meas. Total 6 meas.

IV. Blessing the corn and exit. With the same step used in "Insepecting the corn-field," go as in the following figure to the second corn-stalk from R stopping directly behind the corn-stalk—2 meas. Raise arms (palms front) up to Manitou.—1 meas. Bend over corn-stalk to rt., arms waving above it as if blessing—1 meas. Bend to l. and repeat—1 meas. Total 5 meas. Move to corn-stalk second from the l. raise arms to Manitou and proceed as above the other corn-stalk—3 meas.



Exit—With short running steps run rapidly back thru the corn-field and exit at L back where entrance was made—2 meas Total 5 meas.

—VELDA COCHRAN.

INDIAN DANCE - SPIRIT OF THE CORN

Iphigenia
Burrows

The musical score is written for piano and consists of seven systems. Each system contains a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece features various dynamics including fortissimo (f), mezzo-forte (mf), piano (p), and pianissimo (pp). The right hand often plays chords with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady rhythmic accompaniment. The score concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.