THE COWBOY AND THE BABY.
A FARCE IN ONE ACT.
By Dr. Albert Carr.
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HILL CITY S. D.

1912
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TOM JONES. A cowboy. Foreman of the lazy S ranch.

JOHN WATSON. From up country.

SAM BARKER. Lunch-counter boy.

TICKET AGENT.

POLICEMAN.

GUARD.

MARY WATSON. Daughter of John Watson. A young lady studying music at a conservatory.

SUSANNA WATSON. Wife of John and mother of Mary.

WOMAN. The mother of the baby.
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ACT I.

SCENE. Inside a depot. Ticket office, R. Lunch-counter, L. Double door to train in flat, L. Seats against flat, R.

Guard discovered at double door in flat, L.

Guard. Westbound train, a-a-a-ll aboard!

[Locomotive bell rings outside, rear. Puffing and moving of train outside, rear. Exit Guard at double door in flat, L]

Enter Mary Watson, L. She hurries to ticket office, R.

Mary. (To Ticket Agent.) Can you tell me, how soon the eastbound train will be here?

Ticket Agent. It is an hour late.

Mary. An hour late! Oh, dear! A whole hour late?

Ticket Agent. A whole hour.
[Agent retires from window and Mary to R.C.]

Mary. Papa and mama are coming on the eastbound train. I hurried so to get here in time to meet them, and—Oh, dear!—the horrid train is an hour late. I'll have to sit around here for a whole weary hour. I want to see papa and mama so bad. I haven't seen them for a whole long year. I will be glad when I get through with my music, and can stay at home with mama.

Enter Woman with baby, L.
Only Woman with baby and Mary visible in depot.

Woman. (Approaching Mary.) My dear, young woman, I have lost my pocket-book. I just bought some pins at a store above here, and I know, I dropped my pocket-book there. Will you please hold my baby while I run back and see if I can find it.

Mary. Indeed, I will.

[Mary takes baby.]

Woman. What is your name?
Mary. Mary Watson.

[Looks at baby.]

What a sweet baby! I like babies but I don't know much about taking care
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of them. Hurry back. The baby may cry.

Woman. Here's the bottle.

|Gives Mary nursing-bottle.

If the baby cries, give it the bottle. You know how to do that.

Mary. (Smiling.) I guess, I do.

Woman. I'll hurry back.

[Exit, L.

Mary. You dear little thing! Oo dot pooty boo eyes.

[Sits down with baby in seat, R.
Pets and fondles it.

Oo's so tunning! So tunning!

Enter Tom Jones, L. He crosses to ticket office.

Tom. (To Agent.) How's the east bound train?

Ticket Agent. Late.

Tom. How much?

Ticket Agent. About an hour.

[Agent retires from ticket office; Tom to C.

Tom. (Looking at watch.) I've got oodles of time. I believe, I'll eat a bite while I'm waiting for the train.

[Goes to lunch-counter, L.

Hello, there!

[Pounds on counter.
Enter Sam Barker behind lunch-counter, yawning.

Takin' a nap?
Sam. No.—I get a little drowsy when things get quiet.
Tom. What you got?
Sam. Pie, sandwiches, fruit, coffee.
Tom. Give me a pie and a cup of coffee.
Sam. A whole pie?
Tom. Yes. I reckon a whole pie won't kill me.

[Sam sets pie and coffee before Tom.

Sam. Anything else?
Tom. Not at present.

[Glances at Sam.

Say, young feller, didn't I see you out on the range?
Sam. Where you from?
Tom. The lazy S ranch.
Sam. I used to work for the Box X.
Tom. That's about eighteen miles from the lazy S.
Sam. I think I remember you. You're the foreman of the lazy S.
Tom. That's me.
Sam. Your name is—is—is—I'll get it—Tom Jones.
Tom. You got it, son. Shake!

[They shake hands over counter.
I thought I knew you. Your name is Barker.

Sam. Yes; Sam Barker.

Tom. That's it. I knew I knewed you.

{Sits down on stool at lunch-counter.

Sam. Where you goin'?

Tom. To Omaha.

This is apple pie, ain't it?

Sam. Yes.

Tom. I thought it was.

{Eats.

How long you been workin' here?

Sam. About three years.

Tom. You like it?

Sam. Yes, I guess so. It's pritty confinin'.

Tom. I'd hate like the devil to be confined.

{Eats. Baby cries. Mary quiets it.

You remember Bill Saunders, that feller that got his leg broke at Thompson's corral?

Sam. You bet I do! I saw him when the horse throwed him.

Tom. Well, he's married.
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Sam. Is that so! Who did he marry?
Tom. One of those half-breed girls down on Bull creek.

[Baby cries. Mary busy.
Sam. What became of Bill Parker?
Tom. Bill took a ranch down near Bad-water Springs. He married Sally Beeler. You remember her?

[Edts.
Sam. Sure, I remember her. I used to go with her.
Tom. She was a wild kazoo.
Sam. Sally was all right if she’d let booze alone.
Tom. (Mouth full.) But she won’t let it alone. Well, you can’t blame her: the water’s turrible bad down in that country.

[Edts, and drinks coffee. Baby cries.
Mary quiets it. Rises with baby in her arms.
Mary. I don’t see why that woman doesn’t come.

[Walks up and down, R. with baby
Tom. I’ll take another cup of coffee.

[Sam gets coffee.
I’ve got to wait an hour, and I don’t know of anything else to do to pass the time away but to eat.
Enter Policeman, L.

Mary. (To Policeman.) Did you see a woman?

Policeman. What woman?

Mary. A woman hunting for a pocket-book.

Policeman. Yes, ma'am, I've seen quite a number of them in my time.

Mary. I mean that woman who went out of here.

Policeman. I haven't noticed any woman in particular going out of here.

Mary. Well, she left her baby with me, and said she would be right back.

Policeman. (Looking sharply at Mary.) Isn't that your baby?

Mary. Oh, no! It is the woman's.

Policeman. Well, for the present it is yours.

[Walks away from her towards, L. 

Turns; looks at her, then—Exit, L. 

Mary. I do wish that woman would come!

[Sits down, R. Busy with baby.

Tom. Give me a couple o' sandwiches.

[Sam gets him sandwiches.

You remember that big long horned steer that Pike Wilson had?
Sam. You bet!

Tom. Well, he gored a hog, and chased that nigger of Parker’s more’n a mile. They had to shoot him.

Sam. What, the nigger?

Tom. No, the steer.

Sam. He was a ring-snorter.

Tom. He wasn’t any good, anyway. He run all the meat off his bones.

[Baby cries. Takes Mary quite awhile to pacify it.

Sam. (Aside to Tom.) I wonder what’s the matter with that kid!

[Tom looks around at Mary. Has mouthful of pie.

Tom. (Aside to Sam.) That’s a blame young woman to be ownin’ a kid.

Sam. (Aside to Tom.) Maybe she’s going home to mama.

Tom. (Aside to Sam, laughing.) Mama’s the right one to go to.

Mary. (Rising with baby in her arms) Really, I don’t know what I will do! That woman doesn’t come, and this child cries just terrible. Maybe I can leave it in the ticket office with the Agent until the mother comes. (To Agent at window.) Mr. Ticket Agent, a woman came in here, and left her baby with me. I don’t know just how
soon, she will return. May I not leave the baby in your office until she comes?

Ticket Agent. This is a ticket office, not a nursery.

Mary. But the woman—

Ticket Agent. I don’t know anything about the woman.

Mary. There is a woman, who is the baby’s mother.

Ticket Agent. Of course!

Mary. Well, she left this baby with me, and said she would be right back.

Ticket Agent. Is that so!

Mary. But she don’t come. And the baby cries—

Ticket Agent. You’ll have to excuse me. I’m busy.

[Retires from ticket window.]

Mary. What shall I do!

[Sits down, R. Baby squalls loudly. Mary tries to pacify it. Rises and walks with it. Baby quiets down. Mary crosses to lunch-counter.]

(To Sam.) Do you check baggage?

Sam. Yes, ma’am.

Mary. A woman left this baby with me, and I would like to check it until she returns. She said, she would be right back.
Sam. We don't check babies.
Mary. (Retiring to, C.) What shall I do! What shall I do!
Tom. (Aside to Sam.) Did she want to check that baby?
Sam. (Aside to Tom.) Yes. I guess she's dotty.
Tom. (Aside to Sam.) Maybe she's locoed.
Sam. (Aside to Tom.) I guess so!
Mary. What if the woman never came! It would be awful! I—I—
[Excited.
(To Tom.) Oh, sir! won't you please hold this baby until its mother returns?
Tom. What! Ain't you its mother?
Mary. Gracious, no!
Tom. Who is its mother, then?
Mary. (Excitedly.) A woman! A woman!
Tom. There's no doubt about that.
Mary. The woman who asked me to take care of it.
Tom. Where is the woman?
Mary. I don't know.
Tom. Well, I'll be hanged if I do, either.
[Mary sniffs.
You seem to be in a peck of trouble.
Mary. I am worried to death. Won't
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you help me?

Tom. Help you! Well, I should say!

[Takes out large roll of bills.

Here's a twenty.

[Offers her bill.

Will that help you?

Mary. I don't want your money.

Tom. Then what do you want?

Mary. I want you to take care of the baby.

[Tom puts bills in pocket.

Tom. I know how to take care of a calf or a colt, but when it comes to taking care of a baby, I haven't learnt how yet. I never was married.

Mary. I am so worried! You can hold it just a little while.

Tom. I dunno' whether I can or not.

Mary. You can try.

Tom. Yes, I can, but I won't

[After a pause.

Can't you tell me who the mother is?

Mary. No, I cannot.

Tom. You said, it was a woman.

Mary. Yes, it was a woman.

Tom. Well, that point is settled.

Where did the woman come from and where is she gone?

Mary. She went to find her pocket-book.
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Tom. What is the woman’s name?
Mary. I don’t know.
Tom. Well, you’ve got the baby, and you’re sure its mother, until you can prove it belongs to someone else.
Mary. I can’t prove—but it was a woman—Oh, heavens, what will I do!
Tom. I’m sorry for you. Are you hungry? Have a sandwich.

[Offers her sandwich.
Mary. I shall go crazy! Mama and papa are coming on the next train.
Tom. I see!—You don’t want them to know about it.
Mary. Know about what?
Tom. That you got a baby.
Mary. I got a baby!
Tom. I’ll hold it for you when they come, if you don’t want them to catch on.
Mary. This is not my baby.
Tom. Then whose baby is it?
Mary. The woman’s.
Tom. It seems then all it needs is a father to own it. Then it would be all right with your folks.
Mary. Do you mean to infer that this is my baby?
Tom. Well, if it ain’t your baby, whose baby is it?
Mary. (Suddenly.) Hold it a moment. I feel as if I were going to faint.

Tom. I'll hold it a moment for you. But don't you try to skip out and leave the kid with me. I've got a reputation at stake.

Mary. Here, take it quick!

[Tom takes baby.]

Oh, heavens, what a relief!

Tom. I'm afraid, you'll have to take it back pritty soon.

Mary. Come over here, and sit and hold it.

[Points to seat, R. Its bottle is there.]

Tom. I never got into a job like this before.

[Crosses to right with baby and sits down.]

Mary. Here is the bottle.

[Gives Tom bottle.]

Tom. Are you married?

Mary. No—no.

Tom. What do you suppose your mother will say when she sees this baby?

Mary. Why, what do you suppose she will say? She doesn't know anything about this baby.

Tom. Too bad! I'm deuced sorry for you. You're a nice young woman.
I wish, I could do something to help you out of your trouble.

[Mary starts for L.]

Hold on there!

[Springs up with baby and bottle.]

Where you going?

Mary. To look for the woman.

Tom. No, you don't! Come back here, or I'll come after you. You can't play me for no kindergarden.

Mary. (Returning.) Please let me go! Please—that's a good fellow!

Tom. Not on your tin type!

[Baby squalls.]

What's the matter with it now!

[Tries to quiet baby.]

Here, take it. I can't do a thing with it.

Mary. (Wringing hands.) Neither can I.

Tom. (Forcing baby into Mary's arms) Take it! Take it! Take it, or I'll ring the fire-alarm.

[Mary takes baby. Baby quiets down.]

Mary. I want you to understand, this is not my baby.

Tom. You're caught with the goods, and that's agin you.

[Mary begins to cry.]
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Don't cry! I'll help you somehow. I may play a coarse hand, but I play square. If we can keep your mother from making a scene here in the depot until the woman comes, it will be all right. (Aside.) I'd rather she'd wait for that woman than me. (Aloud.) I'll help you somehow, that's certain. But I won't have much time, for I'm going out on the train your folks come in on.

What's your name?

Mary. Mary Watson.

Tom. What have you been doing here in town?

Mary. Attending the conservatory of music.

Tom. (Aside.) That's a queer place to find a baby. (Aloud.) How long have you been here?

Mary. A whole year. I haven't seen papa and mama for a year.

Tom. Well, no matter whose baby that is, you don't want your folks to see you with it.

Mary. Why, should I care if they saw me with it? It is not my baby.

Tom. What if it isn't! You can't prove it.

Mary. No, I can not prove it. At least, not until the woman comes.
Tom. Very good, but your folks, if they arrive before the woman returns, will certainly ask you, whose baby it is. And you say, you don't know.—That it is a woman's—some woman's, that left it with you. If the woman doesn't come, that won't go with your mother.

Mary. Oh, horror! I begin to see—to see it all.

Tom. It is sure a bad deal.

Mary. My mother is very excitable and may—Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!

Tom. We'll have to do something.

Mary. Yes, we will have to do something.

Tom. Let me think.

[Walks around.]

It's a tough case.

[Busy with baby.]

Tom. (Walking and thinking.) Just a moment!

Mary. Oh, do hurry!

Tom. I got it! Don't worry! I'll help you. Hang to the kid, and leave the rest to me. I'll fix everything. I'll
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pull you out, kid and all.

Mary. Oh, I am so thankful! So-o-o- thankful!

[Sits in seat right with baby in lap, and gives it bottle.

Tom. (Aside.) She's a mighty fine girl. I'll stand by her. I can't lose, even if I lose my reputation.

Mary. Oh, what shall I do!

Tom. What's the matter now?

Mary. There is no milk in the bottle.

Tom. Give me the bottle. I'll get some.

Mary. Oh, thank you!

|Gives Tom nursing-bottle.

Tom. (Aside.) I've had bottles filled before, but not this kind.

|Crosses to lunch-counter.

(To Sam.) Here, son, fill this bottle with milk.

|Sam takes bottle.

Sam. (Aside to Tom.) You've got a job haven't you?

Tom. (Aside to Sam.) Looks like, I got something.

|Sam getting milk.

(Aside.) If that girl stands pat, I'll fix her folks. That kid's a hard deal. I may have to lie about the brand. Well, if I have to, I'll do it. T'ain't like, I
didn't know how.
  Sam. Here's the milk.
  Tom. How much?
  Sam. Twenty five.
  Tom. Good!

  [Takes silver dollar out of pocket.]

How much for the chuck—the pie, the coffee, and the sandwiches?
  Sam. Seventy five. Altogether, one dollar.
  Tom. Here's your money—one wheel.

  [Gives Sam silver dollar.
  Sam. Thank you.

  [Tom takes up bottle and returns to Mary.
  Tom. (To Mary.) Here's the milk.
  Mary. (Taking bottle.) You are so kind.
  Tom. I want to help you all I can.

  [Mary gives baby bottle.]

You had to put it on the bottle, did you?
  Mary. (Tearfully.) I didn't have to put it on anything.
  Tom. (Aside.) This is a queer game sure. I never run into anything like this before. (To Mary.) How old is it?
  Mary. I don't know.
  Tom. (Aside.) If that girl's lying, she's sure making a good job of it. She
looks as innocent as a colt in a patch o' green-corn catching the colic.

(To Mary.) You don't seem to know anything about that baby.

Mary. Why should I? It is not my baby.

Tom. No, it's the woman's.

[Grins, aside.

Mary. When the woman comes, she will tell you all about this baby.

Tom. She may never come.

[Mary jumps up with baby in arms.

Mary. (Excited.) Oh, dear! I shall go crazy!

[Baby cries.

This baby does nothing but cry—cry—

Tom. Give it the bottle.

[Mary sits and thrusts nipple of bottle in baby's mouth.

That's it! It can't suck and bawl at the same time.

Mary, (Aside.) Oh, heavens!

Tom. It's a bad deal. The ice is thin but we'll have to cross.

Mary. I wish that woman would come.

Tom. So do I.

Mary. Maybe she will come before the train.

Tom. Maybe—(Aside.) not.
Mary. If mama and papa come and see me with this baby, I shall die, I know I shall.

Tom. I'll take care of your mother and father. I may have to drive the old man off the range, and rope and tie the old lady. But I'll take care of 'em. Don't think about 'em for a moment. I'll look after them.

[Whistle of train outside, rear.]

Mary. (Jumping up with baby.) There is the train, now!

[Engine bell rings outside, rear.]

Tom. Yes, that's the train.

Mary. (Ecclel) Take the baby! Take the baby! Please do!

Tom. No, I've got to leave on that train.

Mary. You said you would hold the baby when mama and papa came.

Tom. I did, but I've got another scheme. Hang to the kid. I'll fix everything. You jest stand pat, and I'll tend to the rest. I'll stave the old folks off for awhile, anyway.

[Noise of train entering depot outside, rear.]
The train's here.

[People with baggage rush on from double door in flat, L. and
exeunt, L.

Enter John Watson and Susanna Watson at double door in flat, L. John carries two large valises.

John. (Setting down valises.) Where is Mary?

Susanna. There she is, pa.

John. Where, Susanna?

Susanna. (Pointing to R.) Over there, John.

{Rushes to Mary, R. John grabs up valises and follows her.

Why, Mary dear! [Notices baby.

What's that you got in your arms?

A baby!

Mary. Yes, ma. A woman brought it.

Susanna. A woman! What woman?

Mary. I don't know.

Susanna. Who is she?

Mary. I don't know.

Susanna. Where is the woman?

Mary. She went to find her pocket-book.

Susanna. When will she be back?

Mary. I don't know.

[Mary begins to cry. John drops
valises. Tom hangs around, near.

Susanna. Mary, are you trying to deceive your mother?

Mary. I am not trying to deceive anybody.

Susanna. John, look, that's a baby.

John. So I perceive. Whose is it?

Susanna. Mary says, she doesn't know.

John. What's she doing with it?

Susanna. (Solemnly.) John, I fear the worst.

John. Mary, deary, I'm your good, kind, old, father—Whose baby is that?

Mary. Oh, papa! I am so worried.

[Cries.

John. It isn't yours, daughter, is it?

Mary. Mine! Mine!

Tom. (Advancing.) It's mine.

John. Yours!

Tom. Yes—mine.

John. Susanna, he says, it is his.

Susanna. His!!!

John. Yes, he's the father of it.

Susanna. (To Tom.) Where is the mother?

Tom. The mother?

Susanna. Yes, your wife?

Tom. The fact is this, old lady; I am from the range up country—
Susanna. I don't care where you come from. I want to know where the mother of that child is.

[Tom takes off hat and scratches head.

Tom. The mother—er—yes—why—er—why—why

[Points to Mary.

She's the mother.

Mary. Me-e-e!

Tom. (Aside to Mary.) Stand pat, or you're a goner.

[Aloud, pointing to Mary.

Yes, she's the mother.

Susanna. And you are the father?

[Tom nods assent.

Then you are my daughter's husband.

Tom. I guess, I am for the present.

Susanna. Mary, how could you deceive your mother so! I wonder the conservatory didn't write about it.

John, this is our son-in-law.

John. Well, I declare!

Susanna. You dear son!

[Throws arms about Tom.

Mary. Mother!

Susanna. Don't be jealous, Mary.

[Hugs and kisses Tom.

Tom. I'm sure glad to know you, mother.
[Hugs her.]

Susanna. My dear son!

[Hugs Tom.]

John. My son, let your father shake your hand.

Tom. (Shaking John's hand.) Glad to meet you, dad.

[Mary looks on dumfounded.]

John. (Rushing to Mary.) Mary, let your old father hold his little grandchild.

[Takes baby out of Mary's arms.]

Susanna. What a little dear!

John. It looks like you, mother.

Susanna. Does it, John! What is it, Mary, a boy or a girl?

Mary. I don't know.

[Staggers to seat, R. and drops into it.]

Tom. This is my train. I'll have to leave.

Susanna. Leave! Why, you can't leave Mary and the baby.

Tom. I don't want to, but I've got to. I have two train loads of cattle waiting for me in Omaha. I'll have to get there, and look after them. Then, I've got to go to Chicago and settle up a whole lot of business there. I'll not be back for four months.
Voice. (Outside, rear.) All aboard!

Tom. (Going.) Take good care of the baby.

Susanna. (Seizing Tom's arm.) You shan't go to-day.

Tom. I must.

Susanna. Not to-day.

Tom. See here, mother, those cattle must be sold, and—

Susanna. Never mind your cattle. They'll keep for a few hours. I want to get acquainted with my new son.

Tom. Can't—must go—let go, old girl!

Susanna. (Clinging to him.) My dear son, your mother must talk with you.

Tom. When I come back. Let me go!—I'll lose my train.

[Breaks from her.

Susanna. Ain't you going to kiss Mary?

Tom. I've only three seconds, or I would.

Susanna. You must kiss the baby.

[Seizes Tom by arm.

Tom. (Struggling with her.) Let go! Let me go! My train—

[Toot of whistle; ringing of bell, and escape of steam outside, rear

There it goes now.

[Breaks from Susanna and rushes
out at double door in flat, L, followed by Susanna. Sound of moving train outside, rear.

John. (Fondling baby.) I don't see, why you didn't write, Mary.

Mary. Write! I wrote every week.

John. But you didn't say anything about your marriage.

Mary. My marriage!

John. Well, I forgive you. You seem to have a fine husband.

Mary. I am not married.

John. Not married!

Mary. I have no husband.

John. No, husband! Isn't that young cattleman your husband?

Mary. No,—no! I saw him for the first time just before you came.

John. Do you mean to tell me—

Mary. I don't mean to tell you anything. I am going crazy! If that woman doesn't come right away, I shall go stark, staring, mad.

Enter Susanna at double door in flat dragging Tom by hand.

Tom. (Aside.) I lost my train. I guess, I've branded the wrong calf.

Susanna. Mama's got her big, new, boy for to-day.
Tom, (Aside.) Mama is an old daisy, with bugs in her bud.

John. Mother, Mary says, she is not married.

Susanna. Not married! (To Tom.) You wretched man, did you dare to betray my little daughter!

[Starts for Tom.]

I’ll scratch your eyes out!

John. Hold on, mother: Mary says, she never saw that young man until just before we came in on the train.

Susanna. (To Tom.) Are you not the father of that child?

Tom. No—not me.

Susanna. Mary, are you not the mother of that child?

Mary. Heavens, no!

Susanna. This is horrible! Am I in my right mind!

John. It’s hard to tell, Susanna.

Tom. (Aside.) There’ll be a stampede here, in a moment.

Susanna. Mary, deceive your mother no longer. Whose child is that?

Enter Woman, L. She rushes up to John and snatches baby from him.

Woman. Give me my baby!

John. Your baby! Your baby!
Woman. Yes, my baby.

[Mary jumps up.

Mary. The woman has come at last!
Woman. (To Mary.) Oh! young Miss, I thank you so much. I am so sorry, I kept you waiting so long. I finally found my pocket-book. It was in the store, between the end of the counter and some boxes. I've lost the train, so I can't go to-day. I thank you, Miss, ever so much. Give me the bottle.

[Mary gives her bottle, and woman hurries off left with baby.

Mary. I am going to faint.

[Tom catches her in his arms.

Tom. The girl was right after all.

Mary. There, I'm better.

[Steps from Tom.

Susanna. What a terrible mistake!

John. Have I got any sense at all?

Susanna. I don't think you have.

Young man, are you married?

Tom. No, never was.

Susanna. Why did you say, you were the father of that child?

Tom. Something had to be done to prevent a rumpus. Your daughter was caught with the goods. You made a squeal, and I came to the rescue.

Susanna. To think, I hugged and
kissed you!

Tom. Oh, that's all right.

Susanna. I blush to think of it.

John. You are always too fast,

Susanna.

Susanna. John Watson!

Tom. I tried to help the girl out the best I knew how. If I made a mix-up of it, it's my mistake and my treat.

Mary. (To Tom) I do not know what I would have done, if it had not been for you. I was dreadfully frightened and confused.

Tom. I'm mighty glad to know you folks. And, little girl, if you've no objections, I'd like to get better acquainted with you.

Mary. (Dropping head.) Thank you.

John. The whole affair is most laughable. You're kind effort to shield my daughter, bespeaks your manhood. Here is my hand.

[They shake hands,

What's your name?

Tom. Tom Jones. I'm foreman of the lazy S ranch up in Montana.

Susanna. Here's my hand, Mr. Jones.

[Tom takes her hand.

It was dreadful, wasn't it?

Tom. The worst I ever saw.
Mary. (To Tom, sweetly.) You will visit with us the rest of the day, won’t you?
Tom. I may as well. Seems like I’d always known you people.
John. You’re a gentleman, that’s certain!

[Shakes Tom’s hand.
Come along, mother!

[Picks up valises.
Come, Mary! Come, Mr. Jones!

[Exeunt John and Susanna, L.
Mary. We met under strange circumstances.
Tom. I’m mighty glad, I met you!
Mary. It was horrible, wasn’t it?
Tom. Matters got to milling pritty badly. But this affair has taught me one lesson.
Mary. And what is that, pray?
Tom. The eternal tendency of the people to believe the scandalous. Say, Miss. Mary, what shall we call this little affair of ours?
Mary. The cowboy and the baby.
Tom. Good!
Mary. Come, mother and father are waiting.

[They hurry towards, L.

QUICK CURTAIN.
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