

Jack
Thank you.
Rose.

Day pretty soon we'll belong to each other won't we?
Jack.

Yes.
Rose.

And I can't do any thing 'less you say so.

Jack
No.

Rose.
Can you can't do any thing unless I say so.

Jack.
Well I don't know about that.

Rose.
Say Jack give me a great big squeeze (embrace.)
Jack.

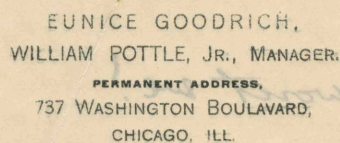
(Enters from house.) Here you young critters it
ain't time for that yet, why Rose your ma an me
didn't know any thing about that for a long time
after we was married (aside) What a hurry young
folks are in now a days. It want so in my time
(E Rose.) Say Rose, where did you put them new
'sunders of mine?

Rose.
Now what did I do with them 'sunders

Jack.
(aside) Them 'sunders!

Rose.
Oh I know dad, I stuffed em in your slippers
and put em under the bureau I'll go an
get em for you.

Jack.
No, you stay here, I want to have a talk
with Jack while I'm fixin up. Come on Jack
(Exit in H.)



EN ROUTE

Jack.
Very well sir, (Starts off.) I'll be back in a moment Rose

Rose.
So say Jack. -

Jack.
Well what is it?

Rose.
Aint no one lookin, (Jack pauses, kisses her & exit in house) Aint he nice (Smacks lips) Oh my poor little chickens, I forgot all about em they aint had their breakfast yet, (takes off gloves.) I must be awful careful them gloves cause ma wore em when she got married. (Take corn in pail R, Cross L & feeds chickens holds up dress) Oh you poor little chickens, 'It was mean of me to forget you like this. Here Chick Chick Chick

Mrs Gordon.
(Enters L.V.E. examines surroundings with eye glass)
From the description this must be the place, Ah there is a young girl, one of the servants no doubt. Young waman! - Young woman!

Rose
Yes em, Chick Chick

Mrs G.
Is this the farm of Joseph Garland?

Rose
Yes em, here chick chick.

Mrs G.
Will you tell him a lady wishes to see him?

Rose
Yes em (rises)
Mrs G.
There is to be a wedding here today?



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CHICAGO, ILL.

EN ROUTE.



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WILLIAM FOTTELL JR., MANAGER
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WASHINGTON, D.C.

Rose
Yes m
do you know the parties?

Rose
Yes in one of em be Jack and the other be

Mrs G.
Yes yes, the other is the daughter of the owner of
this delightful place, could you send her to me? (X L.)

Rose
Well I reckon I could if I wanted to. Say, who might
you be? A friend o Jacks?

Mrs G.
His mother,

Rose
Oh!

Mrs G.
You seem surprised.

Rose
Oh yes, but I be tickled jist the same.

Mrs G.
I have not seen his future bride yet, but would
like to before the Ceremony.

Rose
The ceremony!

Mrs G.
You know the parties, do they seem to be very
much attached to each other?

Rose
What's that you say m?

Mrs G.
do they seem to be very much in love with each other?

Rose
In love? Oh yes, least wise she be.

Mrs G.
How do you know?



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EN ROUTE

A I heard her tell Rose so.

Then you should have been attending to your own business.

Am so I was, I was fetchin' the wood home from the clearing when -

Do not these people know that this wedding cannot take place? He does not truly love her.

(Turns abruptly, takes up gloves goes to door) I-I-

What were you going to say?

I don't believe you. (X it in H.)

Impudent creature, it was useless, my coming here I might have expected insults from these people.

(in house) What's that Rose, some one to see me? Well I arn't got fixed up yet. (Enters R. bows to Mrs Gordon,

You are Joseph Garland I suppose?

There arn't no supposin about it - I am he, but what might you be wantin' of me?

I am Mrs Gordon

What, Jacks ma? Hewhileknis you don't say so? Well I'm right glad to see you (offers hand)

(turns away from him) Scumbtters.



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CHICAGO, ILL.

EN ROUTE,

I arn't so glad as I was.

I understand there is to be a wedding here today.

I callate that is the callations.

My business here is to protest against it.

To protest agin it?

Yes, I am irrevocably opposed to my son's alliance with your daughter.

Oh be you now?

Yes, my son is too much a man of the world. He would soon tire of his new love and wander from his duty.

Well Rose can yank him back again.

He would make her life miserable.

I reckon Rose kin make it jist about as hot fer him, she takes after the old woman.

(Aside,) Reason is useless with this fellow. (aloud) Mrs Garland, is there any thing that would induce you to withhold your consent?

Well in the first place it arn't no use, and in the second, I won't.

Would a large sum of money -

Stop right-thar mine stop right-thar, I'm only a plain blunt old farmer, I arn't rich, no, nor I arn't poor, but thar arn't



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EN ROUTE.

money enough in your cursed city of Philadelphia
to tempt Joseph Harland to sell the happiness
of his little girl. (goes to door) Your vehement
is standing down the lane there - Good morning
(Exit - H.)

Mrs G.
I was some what hasty, it is evident that here
gold does not carry at City value, They say
the girl is young, perhaps if I could see her
I might gain my object.

Jack.
(Enters R.) Ah mother you here? I am indeed
rejoiced to see you.

Mrs G.
I wrote you yesterday.

Jack.
Yes and from the tone of your letter I thought you
had ceased to oppose my marriage.

Mrs G.
So I thought - but as the time for the ceremony
drew near, I could not resist the desire to see
you, Ah Jack this wedding must not take place.

Jack.
"Must not" - Mother you speak positively.

Mrs G.
It is a mothers duty when a wayward son violates
every obligation to himself and family and plunges
into social disgrace

Jack.
Stop there Mother, I have I know formed an
attachement repugnant to your exacting
principles, but when that attachment is the
out come of our honest love, there can be
no disgrace.



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EN ROUTE

Think of your ^{Mrs G.} family and friends, the shame & humiliation we must all endure, Oh Jack, if the commands of your father will not move you let me add the prayers of your mother.

Jack.
Mother you do not know what you ask. You have endeavoured to instill in me the principles of honor and virtue, and I have tried to follow them. Is it not strange that you should ask me to violate them now? No mother however much I may want your love, I would sacrifice even that rather than do this disgraceful act. (Rose enters & goes to Jack.)

Mrs G.
What, is that the girl -

Jack.
Yes mother she is my chosen one.

Mrs G.
And you tell me you would make that girl your wife?

Jack.
Within an hour we will be man and wife.

Mrs G.
Then never again claim kindred to your father's family, never again darken his door with your ungrateful presence. (X R.) (Conrad & Perry enter from house, Alice and Harry enters L.1.)

Alice
Mother, Jack (Starts to him)

Mrs G.
Come away from him Alice, his touch would disgrace you now.

Rose.
Stop man, I didn't know I was doing any



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EN ROUTE.

Think of your family and friends, the
kindness we must all receive, the
the kindness of your father and
let me add the prayers of your mother

What you do not know what you ask for
have encountered to write in the papers
I have and write, and I have tried to
follow them, so it is not strange that you
should ask me to write them on, I would
however much I may want your love, I would
sacrifice even that rather than do this
disgraceful act. (Have not I gone to far?)

What is that the girl -

Oh mother she is my chosen one,

And you tell me you would make that girl your wife?

What on earth we will be man and wife.

When ever again claim kindness to your father
family, never again do you his door with
your respectful presence. (X.R.) (Robert &
Mary enter from house, Alice and Henry

Enter L.I.

What, look (start to turn)

Come away from the Alice, his heart
could disagree you now.

Oh yes, I think - then have your own

wrong in loving Jack, why I wouldn't take
him from you, Jack I release you from
your promise, Here is the ring. (Gives ring)
Mrs G.

noble girl,
Jack.

You are right mother she is a noble girl!
What, give you up, my little sunbeam? Never
while life lasts. -

Curtain.



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EN ROUTE,

*moving in lawn feet, but I wouldn't
thin from you, Jack I believe
from promise, there is the way
No 2.
told you, Jack.
For one night in the old life.
What, you're up, my little undergarment?
white life last.*

Good



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CHICAGO, ILL.
EUNICE GOODRICH

HICKORY BOND

EN ROUTE



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EN ROUTE.

Act 3rd.

Rose.

(Discovered asleep on sofa L. Wakes turns over, -
pounds pillow bc bc, this ad lib) Taint no use tryin
ever sense. Jack took to paintin them pictures, he
snubs and snaps at me, but then I don't care
for I know Jack loves me. Oh dear! I wish he'd
let me cook for him, but he won't. He says that
gals that marry City gent's, shouldn't know nothin
about cookin, but sit in the parlor and do the
agreeable to folks as come. Oh dear I don't do
nothin to please him any more.

Jack.

(Enters D.F.R.) Crosses to fire place) Whew it's
cold!

Rose

Oh here you be, I'm so glad you come, I was
gettin so lonesome without you. (takes his coat & hat.)

Jack.

What with your music?

Rose

Oh I git so tired of that. (sits on sofa L.)

Jack.

It's decidedly cold walkin from the station this weather.
Six months ago I wouldn't have minded it - but now -

Rose.

Now Jack, come over here an sit down an tell
me what you've been a doin all day.

Jack.

"Been a doin", Rose how often must I correct your
speech, It seems to me that you never will learn.

Rose.

Oh yes I will. You know you said yourself
only yesterday, that I was doin better continually

Jack.

Continually Rose. (X to Rose) But I have some news for you.



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Get 3 nos.

Page

EN ROUTE

back.

What!

Page

back.

Page

back.

Page

back.

Page

back.

Continued, Page (X to Page) But please see news for you.

Good? Rose



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Jack,
Very good. My large picture was sold today for
\$3000, just think of it!

Rose,
When! That's a heap 'n't it?

Jack,
Isn't a sum for a first effort.

Rose,
Say Jack that was real cute of you wasn't it?

Jack,
What was real cute?

Rose,
Why the sellin' of your picture.

Jack,
'The sellin' of your, Rose I'm getting tired of
correcting you (goes to easel) Bring me my colors
I will paint a while.

Rose,
What afore supper?

Jack,

Yes afore supper, yes - yes - (Rose rises & crosses
reluctantly to D. R. V. Sighs & exits) This is a
humdrum sort of life, fight-against-it-as I
may, every day becomes more irksome. Ah I
begin to think my mother was right; this is no
atmosphere for a man of the world, I cannot invite
my friends to see me, because I am ashamed of my
wife - Oh well Rose is a dear loving submissive
little creature, and I ought to love her more and
I will too. (Rose enters with painting materials palette
brushes &c.) Thank you, (takes them & paints).
Rose leans over back of chair for a few
moments as if wanting him to kiss her.

paints without noticing her, she finally goes
to sofa throws herself on it softly sobbing)
There, I think with a little more shading it
will come out all right. don't you Rose? Why
what's the matter tell me little one (x to Rose back of
Sofa.)

Rose.

You love me, don't you Jack?

Jack.

Leave you Rose?

Rose.

don't say you don't-dear, it would kill me.

Jack.

Why what put such an idea into your head?

Rose

Oh I don't know, but there be such a heavy load here
and some time I think you wish you hadn't
married such an ignorant country girl, like
me, but you don't do you Jack?

Jack.

Why little one, don't have such foolish thoughts
again (goes back to easel.)

Rose.

Jack!

Jack

Well?

Rose

Come here

Jack.

What is it now? (going to her.)

Rose

Kiss me again

Jack.

Why of course little one. a dozen if you want
them (kisses her & goes back to work.)

Rose

Jack!

Jack

Well?

Rose

You don't have to paint any more tonight do you?



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EN ROUTE.

Why? Jack.

Cause I want you here. Rose

Only a few more touches, dear (Knock,) Come in (Harry
Enters L.F.R.) Why great guns, it's Harry!

Rose
(Rises & takes hat & coat) Why it's Mrs Fairfield.

Harry.
How are you Jack & Rose, you are looking as fresh as
a daisy (aside) Poor girl she has been crying.

Jack.
Where did you come from Harry?

Harry.
From behind the desk.

Jack.
Ah, in business?

Harry.
Yes the old gent opened his purse and made me
junior partner.

Jack.
Doing well?

Harry.
Yes, I can't complain of the business, but I can't
say I like the Confinement.

Jake.
(Puts head in window R.F.) Say Mr Gordon them
goldorn pigs have got into Mr Dumplekin's
front yard if we don't git 'em out there'll
be a dead menagary round here nigh onto a
minute.

Jack.
Oh hang the pigs! (X to L.)

Rose
Jake, Jake! wait a minute- Jake! Scuse me
Mrs Fairfield, Jake! Jake! wait a minute.
Jake! Jake!



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EN ROUTE



(Aside) 'Scuse me!

Harry
Don't mind me Jack, I know Rose's counting ways, but
tell me how is ~~married~~ life? married life?

Well to ^{be frank with} ~~tell the truth~~ Jack, it's not all I could wish,
Rose is as dear a wife as any man could wish,
that is, any man in her own station, but never
mind that, tell me how do your affairs progress
with my sister Alice?

Harry
Oh about as usual, we have been engaged twice.

Jack
Twice?

Harry
Twice, I said it,

Jack
Well how do you stand now?

Harry
Oh we are unengaged at present,

Jack
Unengaged?

Harry
Yes you see Alice is a little undecided
matrimonially, she says her school days are
not half over yet, and she wants to wait free
or 6 years.

Jack
And again?

Harry
Oh I'm going to wait.

Jack
Harry you are a true boy.

Harry
But tell me how is your painting panning out?



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EN ROUTE

(Carrie) '8 course me!

Don't mind me Jack, I know your country
tell me how is your life? married life?
Will to tell me, young, it's not all I could wish,
There is no room a wife as my mother could wish,
that is, my mother in her own station, but never
mind that, tell me how do your affairs progress
with my sister Grace?

Young

Oh about as usual, we have been engaged twice.

Jack

Grace?

Young

Grace, I love it.

Jack

Will you do your share now?

Young

We are all engaged at present.

Jack

Mr. engaged?

Young

Yes you see there is a little understood
unintentionally, the copy for school days are
not half over yet, and she wants to wait for
or a year.

Jack

and again?

Young

Oh I'm going to wait.

Jack

Young you are a true boy.

Young

But tell me how is your painting business out?

Jack
~~Well~~ Not as well as I could wish, I long to go to Europe and study the old masters. It seems to be my only love now. Harry if you ever wish to engage in any great exploit in life, never marry.

Harry
Never marry! Is your life so unpleasant then? Ah Jack, you know the old adage, "as I make my bed" -

Jack
Oh don't moralize (Rose enters R X to L. & exits slowly.) If Rose was only refined, Harry, if she was only a lady - but never mind that - Come into supper (X to L. I.) I won't apologize for the table, - my wife superintends that.

Harry
Oh that's all right (X to L. I. E. both.)

Garland
(Enters D. F. R. after knocking) Rose! Rose, where are you Rose? (Enters) Nobody der harm (Looks around, takes off Coat Scarf & hat puts them on sofa) Gosh whilkins but it's snortin' cold out. (Stands at fire place pulling up coat tails back to fire after lighting pipe which he puts in mouth.) I'm most froze (takes out pipe & looks for place to scratch match finally scratches it - on pants.) Jack don't like smokin' in his parlor, well, I ain't so particular (at fire place) My but this is solid comfort. How nice they be fixed up here. Now in thar is the pranny, Gosh! wouldn't I like to see my little gal a thumpin' Yank-i-doo-dad out of that air old box (X to sofa & sits) Now I've



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EN ROUTE

been a thinkin' all day how it was that I was
elected justice of the peace by over 300 minority
And how it was that Jake Thompson couldn't
control the boys in these ports.

Rose
Dad, 'dear old dad (kneels at his feet.)

Gar.
Daint' alive little one, what be the matter?

Rose.
Oh dad, Jack don't love me any more.

Gar.
Jack don't love you any more? You must be
mistaken Rose.

Rose
I wish I was dead, I wish I was.

Gar.
Come come Rose, tell your old dad what it is.

Rose.
I can't dad, I can't.

Gar.
What, you can't tell your old dad?

Rose.
Will Jack said I be ignorant an that would
take away his love for me.

Gar.
Did Jack say that? Why you aint no more
ignoranter then I be. If Jack said that
he be a damn scoundral. (Rose rises X R.)

Rose.
No, Dad, Jack beant no scoundral.

Gar.
Yes he be, ^{Rises} if he be foolin my little gal.

Rose.
He beant, dad, he beant.

Gar.
Will he'd better not.



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EN ROUTE.

By the way, I have to go to the office
at 10 o'clock, but I will be back at 12 o'clock.

Yes, that is right. I will be back at 12 o'clock.

Oh yes, Perry Perry.

Yes, that's the one I met this morning &
he gave me his card, let me see where it is.
Here's a professor in a college. Oh, here it is.
Prof. Perry A. M., College of the Holy Cross.

What, you can't tell your old card?
Well, I don't know where it is, but I will look for it.

That's all right, I will look for it. If I don't find it, I will let you know.

Oh, I'll look for it. I'll be back at 12 o'clock.

Oh, I'll be back at 12 o'clock.

Well, I'll be back at 12 o'clock.

Rose
Oh dad, it be all because I be so ignorant. Oh dad
why didn't you send me to school afore I grewed up?

Gar
I did send you all I could Rose, your ma wanted you to learn, why I sent you 3
whole days to once.

Rose
I know you did dad, but I want to go again an
I will to.

Gar
Oakes a line leetle one what's come over you?

Rose
Say dad, will it cost much to take me to school?

Gar
No, cause I kin take you in the bob sled. I hate
to have you go Rose, but if yer bound to, I'll
take you an ye shant want fer money, cause
thar is that leetle fortune your grandma
left you, an its all in the bank an aint
never been tiched, you kin have it-all, So
if worst comes to worst, you jist put a light
in that windle, an I'll be over to see how
the little kitten jumps

Rose
Thank you dad thank you

Gar
Now Rose I must be goin help me on with my
things, I must be goin, Cause ma'll be a
wornin about me, I've got the colts out tonight.

Rose
How is ma?

Gar
Oh she's all right-but she makes me sick.

Rose
Makes you sick? Why whats the matter dad?

Gar
Oh she blames me fer every thing, she blames
me cause the old mare wont draw, Then



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CHICAGO, ILL.

EN ROUTE.

she blames me cause the chimney won't draw
I'm goin' to get her a mustard plaster and see if that
will draw, (By this time he has cap & coat on & is on
end of long scorf around neck, starts L.) Goldam
that Jack.)

Rose
(Has shold of other end of scorf, pulls him back.) Dead!

Gar,
All right Rose, just-as you say (Same bus.) Goldam that Jack

Rose
Dead (Same bus.)

Gar,
All right-Rose, - don't forget the light-in the window

Rose
Good night-Dead.

Gar,
(Kisses her) Good night-Rose.

Rose
Good night-dear dear old Dead.

Jack
(Enters L. 1. with Harry.) I tell you Harry, my sister
Alice is a wonderful girl. (X to R.F.C. aside to her) I
thought my wife knew enough to present herself at
the table when her husband had guests. (To Harry)
Come into the next room, I have some excellent-cigars.

Harry
Thank you I am always ready for a good cigar
(Jack X's R. 1.) Adieu Mrs Gordon for a short time.
(X's R. 1.)

Rose
(Sits on sofa.) My Jack don't love me any more
Oh my heart is breakin', She be a wonderful
gal. - Why can't-I be a wonderful gal?

Alf.
(Without stamping snar from feet.) Rose 'Rose,' (Enters D
R.F.) Why hello Rose.



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EN ROUTE,

Why if it isn't Rore, Alf! (Jumps up & helps her off with his things)

You bet it is, I say Rore, help me off with my things,

You must 'scuse me Alf, for not askin' you in, but really I didn't hear you.

Oh never mind style with me Rore, but hug your little brother. (Embrace.)

Say Alf come on sit-down an tell me all about your folks, be you jist from home?

Yes ma wanted me to come down an see you an Jack, an so I brought my sporting things along and I'm going to stay a while. By the way where is Jack?

He's in the next room smokin with Mr Fairfield.

What Harry here? That's good we'll hunt together - But I say Rore, you are looking as sweet as a gum drop.

Do you think so Alf?

But you give me a black eye though.

A black eye?

Yes you gave me the C. B. and froze to Jack but I don't care as long as you're in the family.

Say Alf, tell me about your sister Alice, is she very handsome?

Well I don't call her handsome but she's awful snoot



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EN ROUTE.