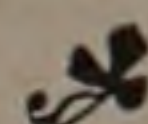


David and Jonathan—A Tragedy in One Act



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HON. JONATHAN SPEEDY GOAR, an up-to-date American citizen.
DAVID STEADY GOAR, his son; a college man.



SCENE:—Well furnished library of Hon. Jonathan Goar. Shelves of books L. & L. C. Entrance R. with portieres. Table L. C. with student's lamp, books and papers at which David Goar is seated, deeply engrossed in a huge book.



DAVID S. GOAR—(*Laying aside book.*) It is strange that father does not return. (*Enter Jonathan S. Goar, R.*) Ha! here you are at last! Where have you been all day? You were not up when I left for my early recitation, nor were you home for dinner.

JONATHAN S. GOAR—(*Aside.*) Guess I'm in for it. (*Aloud, forcing a laugh.*) At the races my boy; at the races. Bully day; big crowd; track fast and Leotonia won in a romp. I picked the winner of every race but one. I then bought the field, and a 30 to 1 shot landed the coin. Bully day, you ought to have been there.

D. S. G.—No, I thank you. The horses themselves may be interesting, but the influence of the low betting crowd is most degrading.

J. S. G.—But its life, my boy, its life! (*Lights cigarette.*) Saw some mighty pretty girls.

D. S. G.—(*Ironically.*) You usually do.

J. S. G.—The one I came home with was a little beauty, with the most bewitching—

D. S. G.—(*Rising.*) You surely did not come home with one of them?

J. S. G.—I most certainly did. You needn't scowl and look so disapproving. Can't a man have a little fun once in a while?

D. S. G.—(*Bitterly.*) It seems hard after I've worked and slaved at college and at home to lay the foundations for a fine career, that you should be no more of a credit to me. It is indeed hard. (*Sadly.*) I had such hopes of you when I was young. Now you think of nothing but squandering time and money on—

J. S. G.—(*Throwing himself into a chair.*) O rats! (*Contemptuously.*) I suppose you would have me bury myself in some musty old book. That may do for you but, by gad! at my age it isn't enough. You'll be there yourself some day, and then maybe you'll have more sympathy.

D. S. G.—(*Gently.*) I don't mean to be hard, father, but I cannot approve of your action, and I do wish you would stop and consider what it must lead to. By the way, I have just completed a paper on "Metter-r-r-mish in France" that I would like to read to you after supper.

J. S. G.—(*Hastily.*) I'm sorry, but I must go down to the club to-night. The fellows made me promise that I would be there.

D. S. G.—(*Walking up and down with angry strides.*) Oh yes, I might have known it would be the club. It is always the club when I want to see anything of you. What do you find so attractive that you must be there every night in the week?

J. S. G.—(*Confused.*) Why—why—a man wants to see his friends occasionally.

D. S. G.—Then why don't you bring them home with you? You have an elegant home, fitted with every comfort that money can provide, and yet you can't be bribed to spend a single evening in it.

J. S. G.—I'm sorry about it to-night, my boy, but they wanted me to take a hand with them at whist.

D. S. G.—(*With darkening brow.*) Yes, cards! And you will lose more to-night than I can, by severest toil, earn in a year. Father I have been steady, industrious, and saving, all my life, largely for your sake. Has it all been wasted? Is my example to be nothing to you?

J. S. G.—(*Impatiently.*) But you take it so deuced seriously. What's the use of living, if you don't have a little fun out of it?

D. S. G.—(*Continuing.*) I have striven to maintain our name, an honorable one, and to pass it on to posterity unsullied; and you, father, know that I have succeeded. Why then, should you be the one to drag it in the dust?

J. S. G.—(*Springing to his feet.*) By Jove! I've been lectured enough. If you don't like the way I live, you can live without me. I'll go where I'll be appreciated. (*Exit angrily, slamming the door.*)

D. S. G.—(*Sinks into a chair and bows his head into his hands.*)
Slow curtain and soft music with green lights.

—"Doc."

