

DRINKWATER'S PLAY GIVES ENGLISH IDEA OF LINCOLN

Production Will Appear on Broadway Soon, With Frank McGlynn in Role of Martyred President—Extracts From Play Are Published.

One of the notable recent English plays is John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," which has had a long run on the other side. New York is to have an opportunity of judging the English conception of the martyred president, as the play will soon appear on Broadway. William Harris Jr., who has the American rights, has selected Frank McGlynn to play the part of Lincoln.

John Drinkwater, the author, came to America to supervise the rehearsals, and the play had its premier recently in Washington. Mr. Drinkwater has written as an Englishman, making, as he explains, "no effort to achieve 'local color' of which I have no experience, or to speak in an idiom to which I have not been bred."

To Americans, curious to know what the English view of the great emancipator is, the following extracts from the published version of the play will be interesting. They are printed with the permission of the American publishers, the Houghton-Mifflin company. Some of the speeches of the two chroniclers before and after the curtain are omitted, as are also passages indicated by asterisks. Extracts are given from each of the six scenes.

to one of you only. Do you know my many qualifications for this work? Hind—It's only fair to say that they have been discussed freely.

Lincoln—There are some, shall we say graces, that I lack. Washington does not altogether neglect these.

Tucker—They have been spoken of. But these are days, Mr. Lincoln, if I may say so, too difficult, too dangerous for these to weigh at the expense of other qualities that you were considered to possess.

Lincoln—I can take any man's ridicule—I'm trained to it by a . . . somewhat odd figures that it pleased God to give me, if I may so far be pleased with you. But this slavery and business will be long, and deep, and bitter. I know it. If you do me this honor, gentlemen, you must look to me for no compromise in this matter. If abolition comes in due time by constitutional means, good. I want it. But, while we will not force abolition, we will give slavery no approval and we will not allow it to extend its boundaries by one yard. The determination is in my blood. When I was a boy I made a trip to New Orleans and there I saw them, chained, beaten, kicked as a man would be ashamed to kick a thieving dog. And I saw a young girl driven up and down the room that the bidders might satisfy themselves. And I saw then, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

(A pause.)

You have no conditions to make?

Tucker—None. The invitation is as I put it when we sat down. And I would add that we are, all of us, proud to hear it to a man to whom we feel there is none so fitted to receive it.

Lincoln—I thank you. I accept.



Mr. and Mrs. Drinkwater On Their Arrival in America.

The parlor of Abraham Lincoln's home at Springfield, Ill., early in 1860. Mr. Stone, a farmer, and Mr. Coffey, a storekeeper, both men of between 50 and 60, are sitting before an early spring fire. It is dusk, but the room is not drawn. The men are smoking silently.

MR. COFFEY—Has Abraham decided what he will say to the invitation?

Mrs. Lincoln—He will accept it.

Mr. Stone—A very right decision, if I may say so.

Mrs. Lincoln—It is.

Mr. Coffey—And you, ma'am, have advised him that way, I'll be bound.

Mrs. Lincoln—You said this was a great evening for me. It is, and I'll say so. I'm likely to go into history now with a great man. For I know better than any how great he is. I'm plain looking and I've a sharp tongue and I've a mind that doesn't always go in his easy, high way. And that's what history will see and it will laugh a little and say, "Poor Abraham Lincoln." That's all right, but it's not all. I've always known when he should go forward and when he should hold back. I've watched and watched and what I've learnt America will profit by. There are women like that, lots of them. But I'm lucky. My work's going farther than Illinois—it's going farther than any of us can tell. I made things easy for him to think and think when we were poor and now his thinking has brought him to this. They wanted to make him governor of Oregon and he would have gone and he'd come to nothing there. I stopped him. Now they're coming to ask him to be president and I've told him to go.

Abraham Lincoln comes in, a greenish and crumpled top hat leaving his forehead well uncovered, his wide pockets brimming over with documents. He is 50, and he still preserves his clean-shaven state. He kisses his wife and shakes hands with his friends.

Lincoln—Well, Mary. How d'ye do, Samuel. How d'ye do, Timothy.

Mr. Stone and Mr. Coffey—Good evening, Abraham.

Lincoln (while he takes off his hat and shakes out sundry papers from the lining into a drawer)—John Brown, did you say? Aye, John Brown. But that's not the way it's to be done. And you can't do the right thing the wrong way. That's the bad as the wrong thing. If you're going to keep the state together.

Mr. Coffey—Well, we'll be going. We only came in to give you good faring, so to say, in the great word you've got to speak this evening.

Mr. Stone—It makes a humble body almost afraid of himself. Abraham, to know his friend is to be one of the great ones of the earth, with his eyes and no law for these many, many thousands of folk.

Lincoln—It makes a man humble to be chosen so, Samuel. So humble to such bidding if he dare. To be president of this people and to be gathering everywhere in men's hearts. That's a searching thing. Bitterness and scorn and wretched often with men I shall despise and perhaps nothing truly done at the end. But I must go. Yes, thank you, Samuel; thank you, Timothy. Just a glass of that cordial, Mary, before they leave.

Mrs. Lincoln goes out. Lincoln moves to a map of the United States that is hanging on the wall and stands silently looking at it. After a few moments Susan comes to the door.

Susan—This way, please.

She shows in William Tucker, a florid, prosperous merchant; Henry Hind, an alert little attorney; Elias Price, a lean, dry preacher, and James Macintosh, the editor of a republican journal. Susan goes.

Tucker—Mr. Lincoln. Tucker my name is—William Tucker. (He presents his companions.)

Mr. Henry Hind—Follows your profession, Mr. Lincoln. Leader of the bar in Ohio. Mr. Elias Price of Pennsylvania. You've heard him preach, maybe. James Macintosh you know. I come from Chicago.

Lincoln—Gentlemen, at your service. How d'ye you do, James. Will you be seated?

(They sit round the table.)

Tucker—I have the honor to be chairman of this delegation. We are sent from Chicago by the republican convention to inquire whether you will accept their invitation to become the republican candidate for the office of president of the United States.

Price—The convention is aware, Mr. Lincoln, that under the circumstances, seeing that the democrats have split, this is more than an invitation to candidature. Their nominee is almost certain to be elected.

Lincoln—Gentlemen, I am known

most raterful, perhaps, that has ever faced any government in this country. It can be stated briefly. A message has just come from Anderson. He can hold Fort Sumter three days at most unless we send men and provisions.

Cameron—How many men?

Lincoln—I shall know from Scott in a few minutes how many are necessary.

Welles—Suppose we haven't as many.

Lincoln—Then it's a question of provisioning. We may not be able to do enough to be effective. The question is whether we shall do as much as we can.

(A knock at the door.)

Lincoln—Come in.

Hay comes in. He gives a letter to Lincoln and goes.

(Reading) Scott says twenty thousand men.

Seward—We haven't ten thousand.

Lincoln—It remains a question of sending provisions. I charge you, all of you, to weigh this thing with all your understanding. To emphasize now, cannot, in my opinion, avert war. To speak plainly to the world in standing by our resolution to hold Fort Sumter with all our means, and in a plain declaration that the Union must be preserved, will leave us with a clean cause, simply and loyally supported. I tremble at the thought of war. But we have in our hands a sacred trust. It is threatened. We have had no thought of aggression. We have been the aggressed. Perseverance has failed, and I conceive it to be our duty to resist. To withhold supplies from Anderson would be to deny that duty. Gentlemen, the matter is before you.

(A pause.)

For provisioning the fort?

Lincoln, Chase and Blair hold up their hands.

For immediate withdrawal?

Seward, Cameron, Smith, Hook and Welles hold up their hands. There is a pause of some moments.

Gentlemen, I may have to take upon myself the responsibility of overriding your vote. It will be for me to

satify congress and public opinion. Should I receive any resignations? (There is silence.)

Nearly two years later. A small reception room at the White House. Mrs. Lincoln, dressed in a fashion perhaps a little too considered, despairing as she now does of any sartorial grace in her husband and acutely conscious that she must meet this necessity of office alone, is writing. She rings the bell, and Susan, who has taken her promotion more philosophically, comes in.

Susan goes. Mrs. Lincoln closes her writing desk. Susan returns, showing in Mrs. Gollath Blow.

Susan—Mrs. Gollath Blow. (She goes.)

Mrs. Blow—Good afternoon, Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Lincoln—Good afternoon, Mrs. Blow. Sit down, please. (They sit.)

Mrs. Blow—And is the dear president well?

Mrs. Lincoln—Yes. He's rather tired.

Mrs. Blow—Of course, to be sure. This dreadful war. But I hope he's not getting tired of the war.

Mrs. Lincoln—It's a constant anxiety for him. He feels his responsibility very deeply.

Mrs. Blow—To be sure. But you mustn't let him get war weary. These matters in the south have got to be stamped out.

Mrs. Lincoln—I don't think you need be afraid of the president's firmness.

Mrs. Blow—Oh, of course not. I was only saying to Gollath yesterday. The president will never give way till he has the south kneeling, and Gollath agreed.

About the same date. A meeting of the cabinet at Washington. Smith has gone and Cameron has been replaced by Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war. Otherwise the ministry, completed by Seward, Chase, Holt, Blair and Welles, is as before. They are now arranging themselves at the table, leaving Lincoln's place empty.

Hook—Is there other business?

Lincoln—There is. Some weeks ago I showed you a draft. I made proclaiming freedom for all slaves.

Hook (aside to Welles)—I told you so.

Lincoln—You thought then it was

not the time to issue it. I agreed. I think the moment has come. May I read it to you again? "It is proclaimed that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thereforward, and forever free." That allows three months from today. There are clauses dealing with compensation in a separate draft.

Hook—I must oppose the issue of such a proclamation at this moment in the most unqualified terms. This question should be left until our victory is complete. To thrust it forward now would be to invite dissension when we most need unity.

Welles—I do not quite understand, Mr. President, why you think this the precise moment.

Lincoln—Believe me, gentlemen, I have considered the matter with all the earnestness and understanding of which I am capable.

Hook—But when the New York Tribune urged you to come forward with a clear declaration six months ago, you rebuked them.

Lincoln—Because I thought the occasion not the right one. It was useless to issue a proclamation that might be as inoperative as the Pope's bull against the comet. My duty, it has seemed to me, has been to be loyal to a principle and not to betray it by expressing it in action at the wrong time. That is what I conceive statesmanship to be. For long now I have had two fixed resolves: To preserve the union and to abolish slavery. How to preserve the union I was always clear, more than two years of bitterness have not dulled my vision. We have fought for the union, and we are now winning for the union. When and how to proclaim abolition I have at this time been uncertain. I am uncertain no longer. A few weeks ago I saw that, too, clearly. So soon, I said to myself, as the rebel army should be driven out of Maryland, and it becomes plain to the world that victory is assured to us in the end the time will have

come to announce that with that victory and a vindicated union will come abolition. I made the promise to myself—and to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I beg you to stand with me in this thing.

SCENE V. An April evening in 1865. A farmhouse near Appomattox. General Grant, commander-in-chief, under Lincoln, of the northern armies, is seated at a table with Captain Malins, an aide-de-camp. He is smoking a cigar, and at intervals he replenishes his glass of whisky. Dennis, an orderly, sits at a table in the corner writing.

Grant—Yes. If Lee surrenders, we can all pack up for home.

Malins—By God, sir, it will be splendid, won't it, to be back again?

Grant—By God, sir, it will.

Malins—I beg your pardon, sir.

Grant—You're quite right, Malins. My boy goes to school next week. My word, I may be able to go down with him and see him settled in.

Orderly—Mr. Lincoln has just arrived, sir. He's in the yard now.

Grant—All right, I'll come.

The orderly goes. Grant rises and crosses to the door, but is met there by Lincoln and Hay. Lincoln, in top boots and tall hat.

The curtain falls and the first chronicler appears, saying:

Under the stars an end is made.

And on the field the Southern blade lies broken.

And, where strife was, shall union be.

And, where was bondage, liberty.

The word is spoken.

Night passes.

The curtain falls.

SCENE VI. The evening of April 14, 1865. The small lounge of a theater. On the far side are the doors of three private boxes. There is silence for a few moments, then the sound of applause comes from the auditorium beyond. The box doors are opened. In the center box can be seen Lincoln and Stanton, Mrs. Lincoln, another lady and an officer, talking together.

The occupants come out from the other boxes into the lounge, where small knots of people have gathered from different directions, and stand or sit talking busily.

A cry of "Lincoln!" comes through the auditorium. It is taken up with shouts of "the president!" "speech!" "Abraham Lincoln!" "Father Abraham!" and so on. The conversation in the lounge steps as the talkers turn to listen. After a few moments Lincoln seems to rise. There is a great cheering. The people in the lounge stand round the box door. Lincoln holds up his hand and there is a sudden silence.

Lincoln—My friends, I am touched, deeply touched, by this mark of your good-will. After four dark and difficult years, we have wrought of the great purpose for which we set out. Gen-

eral Lee's surrender to General Grant leaves but one confederate force in the field, and the end is immediate and certain. (Cheers.) I have but little to say at this moment. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. But as events have come before me, I have seen them always with one faith. We have preserved the American union, and we have abolished a great wrong. (Cheers.) The task of reconciliation, of setting order where there is now confusion, of bringing about a settlement at once just and merciful, and of directing the life of a reunited country into prosperous channels of good-will and generosity will demand all our wisdom, all our loyalty. It is the proudest hope of my life that I may be of some service in this work. (Cheers.) Whatever it may be, it can be but little in return for all the kindness and forbearance that I have received. With much toward none, we have charity for all, it is for us to resolve that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

There is a great sound of cheering. It dies down, as a boy passes through the lounge and calls out: "Last act, ladies and gentlemen." The people disperse, and the box doors are closed. Susan is left alone and there is silence.

After a few moments Booth appears. He watches Susan and sees her gaze is fixed away from him. He creeps along to the counter box and disengages a hand from under the folds of his coat. Poling himself, he opens the door with a swift movement, fires, flings the door to again and rushes away. The door is thrown open again and the officer follows in pursuit. Inside the box Mrs. Lincoln is kneeling by her husband, who is supported by Stanton. A doctor runs across the lounge and goes into the box. There is complete silence in the theater. The door closes again.

Susan (who has run to the box door, and is kneeling there, sobbing)—Master, master! No, no, no, my master!

The other box doors have opened and the occupants with attracted in little terror-struck groups in the lounge. Then the center door opens and Stanton comes out, closing it behind him.

Stanton—Now he belongs to the ages.

(The chroniclers speak.)

First Chronicler—Events go by. And upon circumstance Disaster strikes with the blind sweep of chance.

And this our mimic action was a theme, Kinemen, as life is, clouded as a dream.

Second Chronicler—But, as we spoke, praiseworthy everywhere Upon event was one man's character. And that endures; it is the token sent Always to man for man's own government.

The Curtain Falls. The End.

INSULTING GROCERS PROVES PLEASANT OUTDOOR PASTIME

James J. Montague in Quest for Sugar, Scatters Affronts Like Sunbeams Among Haughty Purveyors of Foodstuffs.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

I HAVE just been all around town insulting grocers. I don't know why they should have been insulted, but they were. I only asked each of them for a little sugar. They couldn't have been madder if I'd asked them to come up to the house and cook for me. I would have asked them that if I'd thought of it. While you're scattering insults around you like sunbeams you might as well make 'em good. But I never think of anything like that until it is too late.

There seems to be a shortage of sugar. A week or two ago the prospect of such a thing wouldn't have worried me. I never suspected that sugar was the staff of life till I had to get along without it.

This shortage of sugar appears to have got on the nerves of the grocers. Grocers are funny. If you went to an animal store and asked for a alligator, the dealer, if he was just out of alligators would be apologetic. He would tell you that he'd just sold the last of the autumn crop of alligators, but that the spring crop would be in by Christmas and he'd think it if I'd thought of it. While you're scattering insults around you like sunbeams you might as well make 'em good. But I never think of anything like that until it is too late.

I asked the coffee, but it didn't seem like the same old coffee. I tried to shut my eyes and drink it, but I couldn't keep them shut. I kept thinking of the kaleidoscope tints in the beverage, and every time I glanced at it, it had some color combination, like a chameleon.

I swallowed the coffee in a hurry and took the next cup clear. But I kept thinking about the dyes I had swallowed, and the frightful suspicion burst on me that they might be German dyes, sold to the sugar manufacturers with a horrible purpose.

For three hours I was uncomfortable, but nothing happened, so my suspicions faded. But I took my coffee clear after that.

The next day a friend of mine told me about saccharine. I went to a drug store and bought some. Saccharine is a colorless liquid that, no matter how pure it may be, always looks messy. It might have answered the purpose, but we never found out. In the kitchen somehow it became confused with a bottle of gasoline we had bought to take spots out of clothes. The gasoline went into the coffee and into some of the cooking. If you have never tasted gasoline you will not understand. But I would advise you to keep right on not understanding rather than to taste gasoline.

For a while after that we used syrup of various kinds which we got at the drug stores. They were syrups that they use for flavoring soft drinks, and they made new and surprising combinations in the coffee and cookery, combinations which the world has missed, but which it will never need to mourn over.

When the syrups got out we dissolved candy, and finally chewing gum to make more. But now these things, inferior as they are, are running out.

I heard a man last night talking about a substance called sugar of lead, which is used in the arts. I have bought a pound and will try it tomorrow morning. If it proves a good substitute for sugar, I will let you know.

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Local Talent Very Good.

Cartoons Magarine. Uncle Ezra (at theater)—George, where do all them actors live? George (the native)—Why, they live here!

Uncle Ezra—Right here in New York, eh? Wal, by heck! They do purty good fer local talent!

all three packages and took them home in triumph.

Next morning the coffee didn't look just right. It was highly decorative, but one doesn't drink coffee to please the eye.

On top it was a sort of warm pink, where the red in the sugar had blended with the cream. Stirred a bit it took on a bluish tint, like the old-fashioned telegraph batteries that had blue vitriol in them. A little more stirring brought out a strong underlying green like spinach or lettuce, but the green of fresh paint.

I tasted the coffee, but it didn't seem like the same old coffee. I tried to shut my eyes and drink it, but I couldn't keep them shut. I kept thinking of the kaleidoscope tints in the beverage, and every time I glanced at it, it had some color combination, like a chameleon.

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