The joy of that large faith America
In the high will which turns the human tide
He blazed across the sun-crowned Great Divide
To make in art a new meridian,
Stretching the puny man
Of our pent theatre's roof, to arch a flood
Of mightier passion cosmopolitan
And build, in nobler urgings of our blood,
The excellent democracy of man.

Percy Mackaye
STATEMENT BY AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

William Vaughn Moody, born in 1869, has earned a respected reputation for his sizable contribution to American literature. His poetry, verse dramas, prose plays, and letters reflect the age and the time in which he lived and are worthy of study by students today. Moody's works include several volumes of poetry, a trilogy of verse dramas, and two prose plays, The Great Divide and The Faith Healer. That his works are seldom read today is understandable, for he wrote with subtlety, used extensive imagery and symbolism, and generally tended to be both academic and esoteric. These are features which are not easily perceived by the masses nor do they promote general popularity. However, his sincerity, restrained emotionalism, and puritanical thought give his writings a quality rarely found in current literature.

The Great Divide, in particular, holds an important and significant place in the history of American drama, bridging the "old" melodrama with the "new" realism. It was first produced in Chicago in the spring of 1906 under the title of The Sabine Woman. Following several revisions, including a new title, it toured for a short period, finally opening in New York on October 3, 1906, with Miss Margaret
Anglin and Henry Miller in the principal roles. After an overwhelmingly favorable reception, the play continued its New York run until April of 1909. After more than one thousand professional American performances, the play moved to London and Paris for an additional run. Although Moody died in 1910, the play continued to retain its reputation as popular theatre fare. Henry Miller, in the spring of 1917, revived the play in New York and it was again acclaimed as a "Great American Drama."

The possibility of again reviving The Great Divide, to determine its theatrical effectiveness for contemporary audiences, presents an educational and artistic challenge for the writer.

Therefore, it is the purpose of this thesis to study the author and history of The Great Divide, to analyze and establish a production procedure, and to produce, direct and record the production of the play. The writer believes that this study can best be treated by dividing it into two main sections; the director's preliminary studies and the production.
PART ONE

THE DIRECTOR'S PRELIMINARY STUDIES
CHAPTER I

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY AND THE GREAT DIVIDE

William Vaughn Moody was born in Spencer, Indiana, July 8, 1869, the son of Francis Burdette Moody, a steamboat captain, and Henrietta Stoy Moody. Shortly after his birth Moody's family moved to New Albany, Indiana, where the young Moody received his early education.

Moody was first introduced to good literature by his father, but it was his mother who most greatly influenced and inspired him during his formative years. In The Daguerreotype, Moody pays tribute to his mother and the understanding and devotion which she gave him:

    . . . the sweet and heavy years
    When by her bed and chair
    We children gathered jealously to share
    The sunlit aura breathing myrrh and thyme,
    Where the sore-stricken body made a clime
    Gentler than Mary and pleasanter than rhyme,
    Holier and more mystical than prayer.¹

Following the death of his parents, Moody taught for a short time in a rural school, attended the Riverview Academy in Poughkeepsie, New York, and, in 1889, entered Harvard University. His course of study at Harvard centered in the classics and medieval literature. In the spring of 1890

Moody became one of the editors of a campus literary magazine where his poetry was first published. 

Serving as a tutor, Moody made his first journey abroad at the close of his senior year. In the autumn of 1893 he returned to Harvard and completed a Master's degree the following spring. For the year 1894-95, he was elected to the staff of the Department of English at Harvard. The following year, Moody accepted a position as Instructor of English at the University of Chicago where he remained until 1903. His second trip to Europe took place before assuming this new appointment.

Moody did not easily adjust to life in Chicago or to the task of teaching, believing that they interfered with his creative spirit. Moody's distaste for teaching, however, did not impede his academic contributions. Horace Scudder, representing the Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of the Riverside Literature series, invited Moody to edit The Pilgrim's Progress and an edition of Milton's poetical works. These he completed in 1897 and 1899 respectively. He also edited or assisted in editing, seven works in the Lake English Classic series published by the Scott-Foresman Company. His most notable academic effort, however, was The History of English Literature written in collaboration with Robert Morss Lovett and published in 1902. This book, together with a volume of poetry published the same year, and The Masque of Judgment in 1900, firmly established Moody as a man of letters.
In 1897, while traveling in Austria and Italy, Moody began working on a trilogy of lyrical dramas which eventually included The Masque of Judgment, The Fire-Bringer, and The Death of Eve. "The unifying element in the trilogy is found in Moody's thesis: God and Man are inseparable."  

Moody completed the writing of The Masque in January, 1900, but it did not appear in published form until the following November. Though it received mixed reviews, it was consistently criticized for being over-wrought in its form. David Henry, in his study of Moody, provides this explanation for its general rejection: "The masque as a type has not found popular acceptance in America because of its use of materials too far removed from reasonableness."  

The Fire-Bringer, Moody's second play, appeared in March, 1904, with the following foreword:  

The Fire-Bringer is intended as the first member of a trilogy on the Promethean theme, of which The Masque of Judgment is the second member; but the connection between the present poem and the one which follows it in the dramatic sequence is informal, and the action of each is complete in itself.  

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2 Henry, p. 127.

The Fire Bringer, like The Masque before it, was received with mixed criticism. This piece, however, showed a development in the handling and control of verse drama.

The Death of Eve, the third piece in the trilogy, was never completed, and only the first act has been published. It was to have "expressed the reconciliation of God and man through the woman who had apparently separated them." The remaining fragment shows the "culmination of the growth of an idea in Moody's own thinking. The whole poem is strikingly original." This work, not started until 1906, brought Moody's poetic career to a close.

Moody indicated that he intended his verse dramas for stage presentation. On one occasion he wrote Percy Mackaye that he believed that "modern life" could be presented on the stage through the poetic medium and "adequately presented only in that way." Moody's verse dramas were, however, impractical for stage presentation (although his prose plays were successfully staged). Due to structural weaknesses, the verse dramas lack the "quick perception which is essential to a stage play." In spite of this "poetic"

2 Henry, p. 167.
4 Henry, p. 125.
defeat, Moody remained firm in his conviction that poetry was the superior dramatic form. In a letter to Mr. C. H. Toy (1909), he wrote:

The thing I have most at heart just now is a poetic—I mean a verse—play . . . Also, I am torn between the ideal aspect of the theme and the stage necessities— the old, old problem. Perhaps in the end I will let the stage go to ballyhoo, and write the thing as I see it, . . . But this—after all—is an unencourageous compromise.¹

The turn of the century brought changes and experimentations in the American theatre by a new generation of playwrights. Fitch, Gillette, Belasco, Broadhurst, and Mitchell were leaders in this significant and successful dramatic revolt. Arthur Quinn points out that "One of the most salient characteristics of the new drama lay in its emphasis upon the individual's right to self-expression."² It was this new "emphasis" which prompted Moody to join the ranks of these prose playwrights and with The Great Divide he became the foremost contributor to the cause.

The idea for the plot of The Great Divide came to Moody early in 1904 after a conversation with Harriet Brainard (Moody).³ According to Quinn, Mrs. Moody had heard the story of a girl of her acquaintance who had gone with her brother

¹ Some Letters, p. 169.
² Quinn, II, p. 5.
³ They were not married until May 7, 1909.
to a cabin in the West, had been left alone and had been attacked by three men. She had appealed to one to save her from the others and had agreed to marry him. The marriage did not turn out successfully, and resulted in divorce.

The entire play, particularly the setting, appears to have been greatly influenced by a trip to Arizona made by Moody that same year. In a letter to Mrs. Moody he wrote about the home of an acquaintance saying that it was an "entrancing little adobe house, from the roof of which one can see all over creation . . . even as far as Chicago." In another letter he told of old women weaving baskets and blankets to sell. Many of the things witnessed by Moody while in Arizona appear in the second act of his play.

After returning from Arizona in 1904, Moody attempted to acquire additional information concerning the "case" of the abducted girl earlier reported to him. From existing evidence, however, it appears that the actual writing of the play was not begun until late in 1905. In December, 1905, he wrote Mrs. Moody:

I have no account of myself to give, except that the . . . play seems to be slowly taking on something like organic form and feature. I am not sure there is enough in it to justify the time I am putting on it, but it rather

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1 Quinn, II, p. 11.
3 Letters, p. 199.
seems necessary to lay the ghost of it anyhow by getting the thing down on paper. The second act, which I have now outlined, gives the development a more energetic curve and the underlying thought more body. At least, I think so.

In another letter, written December 5, 1905, he commented:

The . . . play is in a state where I don't dare to leave it. By staying by it now I can probably finish it—the first draft—by the end of the month or the first week in January, whereas if I drop it I'm afraid I shall never pick it up again.

Moody completed his play late in January, 1906. First entitled The Sabine Woman, it was changed to The Great Divide after its initial production in Chicago.

Moody's interest in having his new play produced is illustrated in a letter written to Richard Gilder on February 5, 1906:

I am anxious to get it produced on the professional stage, by a professional troupe. Miss Marlowe and Sothern, however, I am sure would not cotton to it, as it is 'realism' of a rather grim and uncompromising type, without the romantic glamor which they affect— at least what romantic glamor there is is implicit and present only to the probing eye of the elect. I should very like to get Henry Miller to take it, but I guess that is out of the question.

Discouraged by his failing attempts, he began preparations 

1 Letters, p. 244.
2 Letters, p. 248.
3 Some Letters, p. 160.
for another European trip. At this time Percy Mackaye, Moody's close friend, was lecturing on "theatres of the future" in Chicago. It was largely through Mackaye's efforts that the first production of *The Sabine Woman* took place in Chicago. Concerning this, Mackaye wrote:

I joined with Donald Robertson in urging the play upon the attention of Miss Anglin, who on reading it was filled with instant enthusiasm which she communicated by long-distance telephone to her associate, Henry Miller, in New York, and arranged for an immediate try-out . . . in Chicago, before her engagement ended there, the next week. . . . I directed the rehearsals and attended to the printing of programmes and playbills until Moody, having given up his trip to Europe, arrived on the eve of the opening.¹

Although Mackaye was responsible for "urging the play upon" Miss Anglin, it was purely by chance that she came to read *The Sabine Woman*. The following account, given by Moody after the New York opening of his play, explains the circumstances:

Its production was an accident. It had been finished for some time when I sent it to a friend in Chicago . . . who knew Miss Anglin. She was playing there at the time, and one night, when she couldn't sleep, as she afterwards told me, she turned to a pile of plays that she kept in a table beside her bed. My play happened to be on top—that was the accident. She had intended reading only a few pages in the hope of inducing sleep, but the play kept her awake until she had finished it. The next day, Friday, she gave it to her manager to read, and on

¹ Letters, p. 42.
Saturday she put the play into rehearsal. On the following Thursday night, just a week after the manuscript had fallen into her hands, Miss Anglin produced the play. Her industry and enthusiasm were extraordinary. She told me that during that week she stuck pins in herself to keep awake.

Miss Anglin believed so strongly in the merits of Moody's play that she set aside her own success, Zira, to produce and star in it. The Sabine Woman opened in Chicago on April 12, 1906, at the Garrick. The opening performance proved to be a sensational one, backstage as well as on stage. The third act curtain was delayed over an hour due to a misunderstanding between Moody and Miss Anglin concerning her contract and producing rights of The Sabine Woman. Miss Anglin's Chicago representative demanded that she have a written contract with Moody before the play could continue. Moody misunderstood the details of the contract, believing Miss Anglin wanted exclusive producing and performing rights to The Sabine Woman when all she wanted was an option on it. The long delay, caused by this difference, ruined the impact of the third act, bringing near devastation. However, the free advertising given to the play through the reputed feud between Miss Anglin and Moody sustained sufficient interest for completing the announced engagement of one week. In spite of the first night misfortune, the reviews were generally favorable, and

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1 Henry, p. 171. From an unidentified review in the possession of Mrs. Moody.
Miss Anglin remained in the cast. Emerson Hough, for the Chicago American, called the play "something big and vital" and predicted that Moody would be the "great American playwright." 1

Many problems and necessary adjustments confronted Moody prior to the New York production of The Great Divide. 2 Lacking knowledge of theatre business procedure, Moody became easily discouraged and was frequently ready to dismiss the project as a hopeless venture. Miss Anglin's role created the first major difficulty, as outlined in a letter he wrote early in May, 1906:

She is still in love with the play and loath to give it up, but she realizes (as we did) that her role, as it stands now, is unmistakably subordinate to that of the man. As she is a Star, and makes her daily bread solely by dint of being one, this settles the matter for her professionally. Two possibilities still exist: first, to rewrite the play, with an eye to opening up her role; second, to admit frankly that it is a man's play—in which case Henry Miller may want to star in it, and probably, alas! will also want the thing rewritten in his sense. 3

Moody was not completely satisfied with Miss Anglin's acting abilities. After seeing her perform in Zira, Moody commented that her "'intensity' was . . . the same annoying kind which

1 Chicago American, April 17, 1906.

2 It was at the suggestion of Mrs. Percy Mackaye that The Sabine Woman became The Great Divide.

3 Letters, p. 261.
she displayed in *The Sabine Woman.*"\(^1\) Although Miller was satisfied with his role in the play as late as July, 1906, just three months before the scheduled New York opening, Miss Anglin remained unconvinced of hers:

Whether Miss A. will play the heroine or not is still uncertain. She balks at several points which are essential to the integrity of the idea, and which I have refused, unconditionally, to change. She hasn't now, and I think never has had, any conception of the play as a whole, or any interest in it. She is solely intent on getting a 'part!' but is not willing to lend herself to her desire to score once every so often. Like ringing up fares in a street-car.\(^2\)

Miss Anglin's final acceptance of the role came only after an involuntary concession made by Moody. On July 16, 1906, he wrote Mrs. Moody:

> It looks today as if Miss Anglin would insist on her right to play the role and there will have to be some more weary arguments over certain points which affect her *amour propre.* I am determined not to yield anything essential, but I can't break off negotiations altogether, since the differences between us are small, and she has of course established a claim upon the play by her initial acceptance of it.\(^3\)

Miller and Moody also had some differences concerning contracts and production arrangements. In the end, Moody conceded to Miller's theatre experience on all points but one,

\(^1\) Letters, p. 263.

\(^2\) Letters, p. 291.

\(^3\) Letters, p. 291.
the rewriting of the script. Firm in this conviction, he wrote: "I shall rewrite it . . . and if he and Miss A. do not want it, they can let it alone. Such an outcome is not unlikely, nor would it particularly grieve me."  

Moody spent several months in rewriting the play to his satisfaction. His letters, such as the one which follows, clearly demonstrate Moody's keen sense of humor and the pleasure he received when achieving a desired goal:

After hammering at the thing in the back regions of my head for days and weeks, today I had the felicity to see pop into the front regions the right kind of ending for the play. It looks right today anyhow, whatever it may look tomorrow. It seems to me to preserve everything vital in the first, the violent ending, and it brings the play to a close in an upswinging mood of lightness, going toward comedy—an immense advantage of course. Moreover, it makes Zona herself and not the brute catastrophe the Erlösungselement (such a word?) with only a fillip of the nerves to help her; and it brings in the family again, instead of leaving them hanging in the air with all their yarn unravelling, as in the makeshift Chicago version. Hoopla! Also, it makes Zona the active petitioner and pleader for the thing she has rejected many times from the hands of her lover, and makes him—through incredulity—the withholder. This last, though it may not be spotless gallantry on the author's part, is good drama. Supply yodel . . . . Blessed is he who rejoiceth while it is called today, for tomorrow he wakes up and sees

1 Letters, p. 277.

2 The character of Zona in The Sabine Woman, became Ruth in The Great Divide.
what a fool he's been.¹

Late in August, 1906, Moody made a hasty trip to Albuquerque, New Mexico, in order to obtain properties for the production of his play. Plans were completed for a try-out period in several Eastern cities, and on September 9, 1906, in Albany, New York, the final dress rehearsal was held. This final rehearsal proved a painful experience for Moody. In a letter to Mrs. Moody, he wrote:

Dress rehearsal last night from 7 until 5-ten hours of horrors. This morning I am ready to swear on a pile of Bibles as high as Chimborazo that if I emerge from this venture with a rag of artistic reputation I will never write another line for the stage as it exists today. The company is indescribably bad, the vulgarizing process sickeningly complete. Even Miller, though he understands the part, cannot play it. The minor parts have been mis-mated to their would-be interpreters until the unholy cohabitation cries to heaven. The stage-setting, for all the money and pains that has been spent on it, isn't within ear-shot to our improvised affair of last spring. . . . Give me a cave and a cup of water on the mountain of the muses, and let me die unproduced. . . . I don't want to be a playwright. If I must write plays, buy me a burglar-proof safe, with a time lock set for A.D. 2006, to keep them in.²

In spite of Moody's apprehension, the first performance of The Great Divide was greeted with enthusiasm. Leaving Albany, the troupe traveled to Amsterdam, New Haven, and Atlantic City where the play was received with great interest. While in Atlantic City, Moody had occasion to meet the theatre magnate, Lee Shubert. The impressions of

¹ Letters, p. 280.
² Letters, p. 297.
this experience he related in a letter to Mrs. Moody:

We ended our first vagabond week last night, with a big 'house,' including the Czar of all the theatrical Russians, the magnipotent Shubert himself, to whom I was trembingly presented, receiving some dubious curt praises and indubitable loquacious warnings not to be rejoiced before the time, since 'Broadway' was a monster of great incalculability of taste, wont to eat alive a playwright a day. There was that in the little man's salacious eye which said he deemed me the merest spoon-food for the animal in question, salvable but by some quaintest freak of humor.

The tour continued to Washington where near-devastation occurred due to reviews influenced by the Syndicate which controlled most of the important theatres in the United States. The final stop before New York was in Pittsburg.

A final interesting incident occurred during the New York dress rehearsal. Included in the items Moody brought from New Mexico was an antique Indian vase. As the midnight hour approached, according to Percy MacKay, "Henry Miller lifted the priceless vase aloft in both hands and crashed it to atoms at the feet of the petrified poet, as the actor-star reverberated (in a line from his own part) 'Smashed to hell is smashed to hell!—There will be no "Great Divide"!' and rushed out of the stage door."²

On the evening of October 3, 1906, The Great Divide, without incident, made its historic New York debut. Advertised as the "Standard American Play," it included the

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¹ Letters, p. 299.
² Letters, p. 47.
following cast: Margaret Anglin (Ruth), Henry Miller (Stephen Ghent), Laura Hope Crews (Polly), Charles Wyngate (Philip), Charles Gotthold (Winthrop), Mrs. Thomas Whiffen (Mrs. Jordan), William J. Butler (Dr. Newbury), Robert Cummings (Lon), Arnold Wilbur (Dutch), Leon Roberts (Pedro), Henry B. Walthall (Burt), Bertram Harrison (an Architect), Frederick Moore (a Contractor), and Master Nolan Gagne (a Boy).

Moody's play received the unanimous approval of the critics. The New York Times called it a "powerful play beautifully acted." Acton Davies, reporting for the Evening Sun, stated: "The Great Divide lifts the man who wrote it into the front rank of contemporary dramatists." The Morning Sun found the play "bold and vital in theme" and "subtly veracious and unaffectedly strong in the writing." The Evening Post praised it for being a "genuine American play." The New York Herald remarked that Moody had "rushed in where the hardened playwright would fear to tread, and created scenes which not only bring a thrill, but possibly a blush, to some who grasp the full meaning of the story."

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2 New York Evening Sun, October 4, 1906.
3 New York Morning Sun, October 4, 1906.
4 New York Evening Post, October 4, 1906.
5 New York Herald, October 4, 1906.
William Winter of the New York Tribune commented that the "ethical element exceeds the dramatic, and the central proposition is far from clear," but went on to say, "there is much human nature in the piece; it creates suspense; it sustains interest; it has solid merit of thought and feeling." Additional articles appearing in literary magazines were not in agreement with the newspaper reviews. The reviewer for the Literary Digest stated:

The metropolitan press indulges itself in unwonted enthusiasm over the first acting play from the pen of William Vaughn Moody, whose verse had already won him a distinctive and distinguished place in the hearts of all alert lovers of poetry. Henry Tyrrell, for The Forum, commented on its alleged "goodness" and "Americanism," saying:

The Great Divide, by William Vaughn Moody, is the virile but crude and essentially unpoeitic work of a writer justly esteemed and hitherto known only as a lyric poet of fine and sincere feeling. On its first presentation in New York, it puzzled yet impressed the critics, and they gave it the benefit of the doubt they must have vaguely felt, by hailing it with unwonted accord and unguarded enthusiasm as a formidable competitor for that meaningless title of something which in the nature of things can hardly be--"the Great American Play." The question of its greatness is at least debatable; and its Americanism is more an external matter of locale than of anything inherently native in its chief incidents, or in the character and motives of Stephen Ghent and Ruth Jordan, whose mutual heart-struggle begins in Arizona and ends in Massachusetts.

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2 "A New American Dramatist" (anon. rev.), Literary Digest, October 20, 1906, pp. 550-552.
Audiences appeared greatly appreciative and excited by this "bold" theatre fare as is shown in a letter received by Moody from a Mrs. Davidge:

I was there the second night, and it was a great blessing that I was able to be as orderly as I was in a moment of such glory and triumph as you have brought to our time and our country. To feel that stupid common audience become alive and sentient in spite of itself, groping around for conventional ropes to grasp when puzzled because it had to face God and Nature, was a great and grand experience. . . . ¹

The acting, too, received the cheers of audience and critic, adding greatly to the success of The Great Divide. Reporting Miss Anglin's performance, the New York Times stated: "Miss Anglin herself stands revealed in new lights. Hitherto she has been chiefly successful in rising to great heights of emotional expressiveness. Here she reveals new depths, variety, powers of simulation, and a most engaging—sometimes tearful, sometimes laughing—tenderness."² The World commented that she "played upon the moods of the girl who least of all understands herself with a sure hand,"³ and, the Evening Post declared that "her superiority as an actress over the whole shrieking sisterhood of opular emotional stars was evinced in the profound effects which she created by quiet means."⁴

¹ Letters, p. 307. (Quoted from a letter Moody wrote).
³ New York World, October 4, 1906.
⁴ New York Evening Post, October 4, 1906.
never been more precise in the portrayal of the finer shades of character."¹ Henry Miller received equally good reviews for his "simple" and "sympathetically convincing" acting.

The attitude which Moody assumed about his "victory" does not seem in proportion to his success. To Percy Mackaye he wrote: "Broadway the formidable has indeed roared [sic] us as any sucking dove, for this once. It's like taking candy from a child."² On another occasion, he wrote Mrs. Moody:

The play still rides the comb of the wave. I enclosed a couple of fool newspaper clippings; they are not worth reading, except for the fact that the managing editors of the respective sheets think the play of sufficient public interest to waste space on still.³

The Great Divide proved so popular with audiences during its first month in New York that a burlesque of it soon appeared. On November 16, 1906, at Field's Herald Square Theatre, The Great Decide opened. The New York Times gave this burlesque of Moody's play a poor review and it remained on the theatre boards only one month. Moody, however, seems to have rather enjoyed seeing The Great Decide. On one occasion he wrote: "Parts of it are excruciatingly funny, and it contains a lot of sound criticism in the guise of travesty. You must see it before the gas is all out of the

¹ New York Evening Sun, October 4, 1906.
champaign."\(^1\) In another instance, he stated that the "burlesque is not on the whole good, though Miss Anglin's appearance and manner are caught to the life in delicious parody."\(^2\)

The New York production of *The Great Divide*, even by present day standards, was an unequivocal success. After 238 performances at the Princess Theatre, the play, with new and more elaborate scenery, moved to Daly's Theatre for an additional 103 evenings.

In February, 1908, Margaret Anglin left the cast of *The Great Divide*. Henry Miller, however, remained though his interests had shifted to Moody's new play, *The Faith Healer*. On February 17, 1908, the play again moved, this time to the Academy of Music with Miss Edyth Wynne Matthison replacing Miss Anglin. After seeing Miss Matthison perform in the role of Ruth, Moody wrote: "... in a few places, where Miss Matthison stopped giving a reproduction of Miss A., she showed a sensitiveness and understanding of the nuances of the part."\(^3\) The play, with Miss Matthison, continued at the Academy for two weeks.

Completing the New York engagement, *The Great Divide* was taken on a lengthy tour of the "Western" states, playing in Chicago on two occasions. It appears that Miss Matthison

\(^1\) *Letters*, p. 316.
\(^2\) *Letters*, p. 316.
\(^3\) *Letters*, p. 355.
did not remain with the road company. In a letter written in November, 1908, Moody spoke of a Miss Lawton "who is the latest in the long and melancholy list of Ruths."¹ In December, after seeing Miss Lawton perform, Moody wrote:

The new Ruth is in many essential respects wonderfully good. She gives a performance that comes nearer my conception of the part than has yet been given. She doesn't draw well, alas. Our people seem to love bad acting.²

Miss Lawton's acting, however, did not win Moody's complete approval. While preparing for a London production of The Great Divide, Moody wrote Henry Miller:

Please, please persuade whoever plays Ruth in London to put love into Act II. Miss Lawton plays it without one hint of tenderness and smothered affection (or rather affection battling with pride), and in consequence her yielding to Ghent at the close of the play seems unconvincing—a mere theatrical forced note for the 'happy ending,' instead of seeming, as it really is, the final releasing of the flood-gates of her love. . . . It has never been truly rendered, and at present it is not even suggested.³

Three years and more than a thousand performances after its New York opening, The Great Divide was presented in London. It opened at the Adelphi Theatre on September 15, 1909, with Miss Matthison and Henry Miller taking the leading roles. Moody, recovering from a serious illness,

¹Letters, p. 370.
²Letters, p. 373.
which left him almost totally blind, was unable to attend
any of the London performances.

London received Moody's play with mixed sentiments.
Audiences were happy to see Miss Matthison and Henry Miller
perform again in their homeland, but they lacked an under-
standing of American psychology on which so much of the
play is dependent. The London Times reported: "Altogether
you feel there has been much superfluous casuistry and
mental gymnastics over what is or would be elsewhere than
in America, a very simple business." Reflecting further
the conservative estimate, the Westminster Gazette stated:

The psychology at times seems to me a
little superficial; the husband is rather
too appallingly, exasperatingly good; the
minor characters are too unreal; and
therefore I cannot greet the piece with
enthusiasm as a drama of really fine
quality; but it is interesting and some-
times really moving, so the enthusiasm of
the audience was well deserved.

The performances of Miss Matthison and Miller
received high praise from the critics. A. A. Milne, writing
for Punch, said:

Miss Edyth Wynne Matthison was superb
in a very difficult part. She understood
the character at least as well as did
Ruth Jordan and Mr. William Vaughn Moody.
Mr. Henry Miller I should like to see in
comedy. He has great gifts of farcical
expression and a quiet manner, but the

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1 London Times, September 16, 1909.
2 Westminster Gazette, September 16, 1909.
'strong (and stoutish) silent man' is too easy a part for him.

"Mr. Miller knows his stage to a hair's breadth," reported the Graphic. The London Times stated that Miss Matthison "presents the tormented loving woman very beautifully—with just that touch to the angel in petticoats one has learnt to expect from her."3

One other European production of The Great Divide needs to be mentioned. It was presented at the Theatre des Arts in Paris in April of 1913. The engagement lasted only a few weeks and audiences seemed completely ignorant of the moral differences which existed in America.4

While The Great Divide was still playing to New York audiences, Moody's interests turned to a new play. As early as 1895, he had been pondering the idea for The Faith Healer. First, his teaching interfered in pursuing this project and then he set it aside to write The Great Divide. In March of 1909, long after The Great Divide had been a marked success, Moody finished The Faith Healer and a production was planned for St. Louis. This production lasted but a few weeks and was a total failure. However, Moody revised the text, and on January 19, 1910, with Miller heading the

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2 London Graphic, September 25, 1909.
4 See L'Illustration, April 19, 1913.
cast, the play opened in New York. It did not receive the reception that The Great Divide had enjoyed, and within ten days it was removed forever from the professional stage. A contemporary critic suggests that the primary reason for its failure was that the play demanded an "intellectual appreciation which is very sparsely represented in our audiences."¹

Shortly after the failure of The Faith Healer, Moody and his wife, Harriet, retired to Colorado Springs. It was here, suffering a mortal illness, that Moody spent the remaining days of his life. On October 17, 1910, Moody died from a brain tumor. Harriet Brainard Moody died on February 22, 1932.

The final chapter in the professional stage history of The Great Divide was not written until 1917. Henry Miller revived Moody's play in New York at the Lyceum Theatre on February 7, 1917. Miller assumed his original role as Stephen Ghent and Miss Gladys Hansen played Ruth. New York critics gave the revival a warm reception as is indicated by what the Times commented: "The Great Divide is again one of the most notable offerings in the New York theatre."² In its revival, the play ran for fifty-two performances.

CHAPTER II
THE DIRECTOR'S ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

Preliminary Considerations

The initial task of nearly all directors lies in the selection of a play for production. An essential consideration in selecting a play is the need for directors to focus thoughtful attention upon special problems peculiar to the producing organization.

It is in the first reading of a play that a director most often acquires enthusiasm and a desire to utilize a play for production. If in reading a play a director is able, through his imagination, to transcend the printed page, making the play come to life on its own merits and conceive of it in terms of a total stage production, the first artistic challenge has been achieved. The Great Divide afforded the director sufficient stimulation for this requisite.

Evolving from the first vision of production will usually be an elementary concept concerning a possible approach to directing the chosen play. This first concept should, however, be considered simply an embryo capable of maturing, and not an absolute. The director's understanding of The Great Divide was considerably developed through research on William Vaughn Moody, his writings, and the
critical evaluations and accounts of his play. The primary source for study, however, is the play itself.

**Analysis of the Plot**

The best aid in formulating a directorial approach is the plot of a play. Elder Olson gives the following definition of plot:

> Plot is a system of actions of a determinate moral quality. I use the word 'actions' in a very general sense, to include the inner workings of the soul as well as external actions. . . . I say 'system of actions' because it seems unlikely that anyone would ever consider a single action or incident as a plot. . . . An action which incurs moral approval or disapproval must itself be possessed of a certain moral quality; thus the foundation of emotional effectiveness in plot must clearly be moral, and plot itself is a morally determinate action.

To begin this study, attention will be directed to the general aspects relating to plot.

For purposes of generic classification, directors need first to discover with what type of play they are dealing. The genre to which a play belongs may, employing the broadest separation, be either tragedy, comedy, tragi-comedy, or a combination of these. Any other terms assigned to a play are sub-divisions of the above.

*The Great Divide*, basically serious but having a happy ending, can be assigned to the category of tragi-
comedies. In consideration of the fact that this play presents a special problem concerning its classification, this examination will be deferred until later, when a better evaluation can be made.

The first limiting question arising in analyzing a play is: "What is it about?" Nearly all plays reveal a predominant theme or argument easily discovered. The main theme and unifying idea of The Great Divide is, in its most universal sense, one of love. Themes of love are a favorite with Moody, and in using them he expresses his most incisive view of life. His philosophy of love as "the enobling, even saving power of the world," he best expresses poetically:

The solemn influence
which, breathed upon a man or maid,
Maketh forever unafraid,
Through life with death unite
The spirit to affright;

Which lifts the changed heart high up,
As priest lifts the changed cup,
Boldens the feet to pace
Before God's proving face.

Having established love as the primary theme of The Great Divide, it is then possible to delineate and reduce this topic from its widest to narrowest significance. The

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title of the play is, in this case, indicative of the many degrees of possible separability. Firstly, the governing powers of love, the flesh and the spirit, are divided and diametrically opposite. This primary division establishes the essential conflict which motivates the entire action of the play.

The second division in theme is one of character. The inherent philosophies of love held by the two leading characters, Ruth Jordan and Stephen Ghent, are in direct opposition. It is this separation which individualizes The Great Divide, qualifying it as strictly American. The character of Ruth Jordan typifies the mores of the puritanical East, while Stephen Ghent represents the free spirit and free thinking of the West.

The last and most obvious, though least important division, is one of a geographical nature. Moody, in this sense, used the range of mountains separating the East from the West and, in particular, Arizona and Massachusetts, for the purpose of localizing the setting for his play. The entire action of Moody's play centers on these divisions.

The action in The Great Divide, generated by the conflict of love, is fashioned in a manner which consistently centers interest on the main problem. Moody's play furthermore is greatly strengthened by its observance of the ancient organization of a beginning, middle, and ending, with the action progressing in a natural and logical order.
Moody's play opens with a tone which is predominantly one of lightness and happiness. The conflict to come is hinted at however, though retaining this non-serious mood. Ruth, in an early speech, states: "I think I will be punished for being so happy!" Polly, a few lines later, reveals the nature of this conflict, saying: "If Massachusetts and Arizona ever get in a mixup in there referring to Ruth's heart, woe be!"

Within the first minutes of The Great Divide, the static state of balance and equilibrium is disturbed, setting in motion a series of events. The planned family journey is interrupted when an employee of Philip Jordan is injured. This event initiates the main action. Ruth's decision to remain alone at the cabin, furthermore, allows the conflict to arise. All that happens from this beginning point, to the ending, is consecutive in effect, and the disturbance ends when the original balance is restored.

Ruth, alone in the cabin, is assailed by three marauders. She appeals to one of them, Stephen Ghent, to save her from their carnal desires, offering to pay him with her life. The bargain is struck, confirmed first by a handshake and then through the sale of a chain of gold nuggets to buy off the others. This transaction firmly establishes all

1 William Vaughn Moody. The Great Divide (New York, 1909), p. 6. All quotations from this play are, hereafter, taken from this text.
previously suggested action and the chain of nuggets serves as the material sign for the conflict in the following acts.

The first act ends with Ruth, true to her agreement, leaving the cabin to live with Ghent. This proposes a question as to the course their lives will follow, thus motivating additional action.

The beginning of the second act serves as an exposition and explanation to the audience of the events which have occurred during the lapse of six months and indicates the present relationship existing between Ruth and Ghent. When Ruth enters the scene she suggests further action, saying: "I thought some one was following me." This speculation is substantiated when several members of her family appear. Winthrop Newbury, one of the visitors, again raises the question of the conflict, stating: "But why should the wife of the man who owns the Verde mine sell her handiwork?"

The full significance of this expanding conflict, with its many implications, is revealed in a lengthy scene of poetic speeches between Ruth and Ghent. It is during this scene that the main crisis is reached. Ruth, forced to choose between remaining in the West with Ghent or returning to the East with her brother, elects the former. This change in events, prompted by Ruth's decision, does not, however, resolve the conflict, but is only a temporary reprieve. With the conflict remaining unresolved, sufficient stimulation exists to motivate action for a third act.
The third act opens with a tone of quiet concern for Ruth, who, tormented by her love for Ghent, is ill. The conflict causing Ruth's illness is, at first, pointedly ignored by everyone. Polly, however, furthering the play's action, finally announces that she has sent for Ghent. She additionally re-establishes the main issues of the conflict, bringing them out in the open in a lengthy philosophic discourse.

Ghent arrives on the scene and the entire issue of the conflict, with its multitude of moral and philosophical questions, is restated by Ruth and Ghent in a poignant scene. The climax of the play comes when Ruth pronounces an unequivocal decision to follow Ghent's way of life. Thus, the conflict is resolved, the balance restored, and love becomes the "redeming force which rescues Ghent from his brutality and Ruth from her pride and self-will." ¹

A knowledge and understanding of the main line of action in a play is necessary before any serious attempt at examining character or thought can take place.

Ruth Jordan, "a woman trained in all the refinements and prejudices of Eastern culture," ² is the most complex character in The Great Divide. She is characterized as having an abundance of pride and the strength of inbred

¹ Henry, p. 194.
² "Drama," Nation, October 21, 1909, p. 387.
convictions. At the same time, however, she "possesses a delicacy which is partially to blame for the horror at her subsequent experiences with Stephen Ghent." 1

When we first encounter Ruth Jordan, recently arrived from Massachusetts and presently under the influence of the Arizona desert, she is in a state of extreme exultation. This condition is best disclosed when she explains to Philip: "I don't know what's got into me of late. I'm just drunk with happiness the whole time."

Winthrop Newbury, Ruth's lifelong friend and present suitor, attempts asking her to marry him. Firmly, but with kindness, she answers him: "Life is so good just as it is! Let us not change it." Later, in a burst of romantic enchantment, Ruth reveals to Polly her dreams of the type of man she could love. She states:

The man I sometimes see in my dreams is -- well, like this country out here, don't you know? I am talking of a sublime abstraction -- of the glorious unfulfilled -- of the West -- the Desert.

In her display of exaggerated happiness, her refusal of Winthrop's attempt at proposal, and the forementioned dreams, we can see in her character emotions which are not strictly Puritan. These things give Ruth a predisposition for her later conflict and make probable her ensuing love for Ghent.

1 Henry, p. 190.
Allegiance to duty, a fundamental quality of Puritanism, compels Ruth to remain alone at the cabin. Though members of her family question her determination to do this and suggest the possibility of danger, making probable future action, she dismisses their concern lightly. Her current disposition is fearless, and when alone she comments: "What a scandal the moon is making out there in that great crazy world! Who but me could think of sleeping on such a night?" This romantic spell is broken only when the marauders enter and her virtue is threatened.

During the attack sequence, Ruth fights with all the strength of her Puritan upbringing and displays sincere horror over the situation. Realizing her helplessness in struggling with three drunk and lusting men, she appeals to Ghent to save her from the others in return for her life. Relieved though she is at being successful in saving her chastity, she sickens when Ghent purchases her life with a chain of gold nuggets.

Further action arises giving Ruth access to a gun. She first puts the gun to her head, indicating suicide, but she does not follow through with this plan. Secondly, she points the gun at Ghent, but again fails to release the trigger. Ghent, confronting her about these neglected opportunities, demands an explanation from her. Concerning taking her own life, Ruth explains:
I tried to do it. To take my life. I ought to die. I have a right to die. But I cannot! I love my life, I must live. In torment, in darkness—it doesn't matter. I want my life. I will have it!

She further explains that she doesn't know why she didn't shoot Ghent. Moody, however, supplies the answer to this, saying:

I had hoped to suggest that Ruth doesn't kill Ghent because she already felt the influence of the man. She has talked with him, a human relationship has been established between them, and it is impossible for her to shoot him in cold blood. Although she is scarcely conscious of it, the bond which is to unite their lives has been formed, and she cannot break it. I had hoped to make this understood and if it is not understood the fault must be mine. A play should hold water at every point.  

In a last attempt for freedom, Ruth makes an emotional plea to Ghent saying their lives will be full of nothing but "hatred, and misery, and horror." Convinced that no amount of pleading will change Ghent's intentions, with stoic resignation, she prepares to leave. Even in departing she shows her Puritan pride: "Fix the bolt. My brother must not know."

In the second act, Ruth appears physically ill and in a state of near-exhaustion. She rejects all material gifts offered by Ghent, as well as any verbal or physical

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1 Henry, p. 183. From an unidentified clipping in the possession of Mrs. Moody.
advances he makes. The conflict and struggle evident in Ruth now is not, as previously, against Ghent. Rather, it is within herself and against herself. Ruth fully realizes that she is in love with Ghent. The power which is the flesh has created love and desire within her for him. Opposing this, however, is the spiritual power of love. Because Ruth does not understand this spiritual power, she must reject the other. It is her inability to reconcile these powers which makes her life one of torment and conflict. It is this complexity of character which makes Moody's play "true realism."

When members of her family arrive, Ruth feigns happiness so as not to reveal her true relationship with her husband. She is nearly convincing in this attempt. When Winthrop asks her how long she had known Ghent, she replies: "All my life! And for aeons before." She further relates the circumstances of her departure from the cabin, saying: "It was half accident, half wild impulse. My lover came, impatient, importunate, and I went with him." It is Ruth's state of confusion, caused by the separated powers of love, which prevents her from an "honest" meeting with her family.

When the visitors depart, an especially captivating scene transpires between Ruth and Ghent. No occasion in the play discloses more distinctly Ruth's self-torment and struggle against her New England conscience. Speaking about the journey to their present home, she admits of moments in which she felt the stirrings of love:
That night, when we rode away from the justice's office at San Jacinto, and the sky began to brighten over the desert — the ice that had gathered here — (she touches her heart) — began to melt in spite of me. And when the next day passed, and the next, and still you spared me and treated me with beautiful rough chivalry, I said to myself, 'He has heard my prayer to him. He knows what a girl's heart is.' As you rode before me down the arroyos, and up over the mesas, through the dazzling sunlight and majestic silence, it seemed as if you were leading me out of a world of little codes and customs into a great new world. — So it was for those first days. — And then — and then — I woke, and saw you standing in my tent-door in the starlight! I knew before you spoke that we were lost. You hadn't the strength to save us!

That Ruth recognized these feelings and that her desires were moved to submitting to sexual union, does not, however, mean that she could justify her actions. Previous training forced her to consider this action sinful. Ruth believed she had sinned, not in the act committed, but because she enjoyed it; and, with a man who did not live according to religious doctrine.

The fact that Ruth loves and, even more, enjoys the man who had purchased her "for a handful of gold, like a woman of the street," necessitated that in some manner she atone for her sin. For Ruth the chain of gold nuggets symbolizes all that is evil and distasteful in their relationship. As long as she remains a purchased woman, the vision of Ghent as a beast "that goes to its horrible pleasure as not even a wild animal will go," will remain before her.
Her Puritan nature demands she expunge this evil before accepting anything from Ghent.

With money earned through selling rugs and baskets which she has made, as a means of restitution for her sins, Ruth buys back the chain of nuggets. Only when free of the chain, does Ruth believe she can surrender to the powers of love. Holding the chain before Ghent, she tells him:

"This has been round my neck, around my limbs, a chain of eating fire. Link by link I have unwound it. You will never know what it has cost me, but I have paid it all. Take it and let me go free. I know it is only a symbol -- a make-believe. I know I am childish to ask it. Still, take it and tell me I am free."

Ghent refuses this request, prompting Ruth to strengthen her plea by telling him that "there is another life to think of." Learning this, Ghent becomes more vehement in his refusal to take back the chain and claims that she belongs to him whether she likes it or not. All that is Puritan about Ruth takes priority as she retorts: "By everything my people have held sacred! Not yours! Not yours!" Her brother arrives and, after several moments of suspense in which she makes her decision, she turns to him, saying: "Take me -- with you. Take me -- home!"

In the third act, which takes place in Massachusetts, Ruth is again ill, this time mentally. She goes through the motions of living, in a mechanical manner, but is disinterested and out of touch with the world about her.
conflict within her is temporarily at rest as she no longer possesses the strength to cope with it.

It is the appearance of Ghent which kindles a spark of life in Ruth. Driven by her Puritan pride she is, at first, uncompromising to Ghent's appeals. However, when her family, learning the true circumstances of their meeting, begins to interfere, the love which Ruth still bears for Ghent takes precedence. She tells her family, "It shall be between us," and they leave.

The philosophies of Ruth and Ghent attain complete poetic expression in this last scene of the play. Ruth, believing their marriage a failure and still battling self-respect, tells Ghent:

If you had only heard my cry to you, to wait, to cleanse yourself and me -- by suffering and sacrifice -- before we dared begin to live! But you wouldn't see the need! -- O, if you could have felt for yourself what I felt for you! If you could have said, 'The wages of sin is death!' and suffered the anguish of death, and risen again purified!

In an extensive speech, Ghent makes a last appeal to Ruth. It is this simply worded declaration of his beliefs which wins Ruth. For the first time, Ruth is able to see the "truth" of their relationship. Within moments, shedding all previous torments and conflicts, Ruth emerges as a mature woman, telling Ghent: "You have taken the good of our life and grown strong. I have taken the evil and grown weak, weak unto death. Teach me to live as you do!"
Following this speech she places the chain of nuggets about her neck, firmly establishing her "belief in the rightness of human instinct and impulse, in the wages of sin as not death but happiness and life." ¹ The conflict is resolved and the solution presented.

Stephen Ghent, like Ruth Jordan, is an essential character in The Great Divide. His character, however, is greatly contrasted to that of Ruth's, having "about him a rough but wistful stoicism, and none of the complexities of pride and conscience." ² It is his pagan nature, aligned against Ruth's puritanical qualities, which provides the conflict and motivating action in the play.

Ghent makes his first entrance as one of three drunken marauders. There is about him, however, a distinguishing quality. He watches the other rogues molest Ruth, but does not himself actively participate. That he has stooped "below the level of his own character," ³ is indicated by the fact that he is able to comprehend the full significance of Ruth's plea. That Ruth selected Ghent to appeal to, and not one of the others, establishes that his person manifested at least a basic redeeming quality. The suspicion of the other men, raised by his response to Ruth's

¹ Henry, p. 192.
² Henry, p. 191.
³ Henry, p. 184.
proposition, further shows that he is not one of them.

That Ghent possesses a faculty for appreciating fine things is demonstrated in his desire to keep Ruth. He exhibits an understanding of himself and all that she can do for him, bluntly explaining:

I've lived hard and careless and lately I've been going down hill pretty fast. But I haven't gotten so low yet but what I can tell one woman from another. If that was all of it, I'd be miles away from here by now, riding like hell for liquor to wash the taste of shame out of my mouth. But that ain't all. I've seen what I've been looking the world over for, and never knew it. I come because I was blind-drunk and sun-crazy, and looking for damnation the nearest way. That's why I come. But that's not why I'm staying.

In his determination to appeal to Ruth, Ghent displays additional qualities of his character, predominantly those of self-confidence and cocksureness. He tells her:

Make this bad business over into something good for both of us! You'll never regret it! I'm a strong man! I used to feel sometimes, before I went to the bad, that I could take the world like that and tilt her over. And I can do it, too, if you say the word! I'll put you where you can look down on the proudest. I'll give you the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of 'em. Give me a chance, and I'll make good! -- I'll make a queen of you. I'll put the world under your feet.

Ghent forces Ruth to keep her bargain, not out of baseness, but because "he senses the beginning of love and he knows that love has a power to lift him out of the gross in which he is aware he is floundering."1 We see in Ghent

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1 Henry, p. 185.
a marked capacity for change and regeneration when provided
the opportunity.

In the second act we view Ghent as the prosperous
owner of a mine who has given Ruth all that he promised in
the first act. He shows great consideration for Ruth, taking
a boy's delight in giving her gifts. Though she continually
rejects him, in his intense love for her, he remains ever
patient and hopeful. There are even moments, as he tells
Ruth, in which he completely forgets how it "stands" between
them.

As the second act progresses we are aware of two
predominant elements in Ghent's character, his love for Ruth,
and a clumsy attempt to try and understand her complexities.
He listens to all that she tells him and becomes angry and
hurt only when she tries to destroy all that he has done for
her and begs to be set free. Here, the "old" Ghent returns
and with former roughness, he tells Ruth: "For now, more
than ever, you are mine. Bought if you like, but mine! Mine
by blind chance and the hell in a man's veins, if you like.
Mine by almighty Nature whether you like it or not!" This
speech, again, represents the code of the West.

In the third act, after spending six months in the
East, Ghent is preparing to return West. Though he has not
seen Ruth during this time, believing any attempt to try to
win her would be futile, he goes to her home the evening before
his proposed departure. This he does for the purpose of making
partial restitution to Ruth's family. His manner has become one of quiet resignation and, though uncomfortable in his surroundings, there is a noticeable absence of previous uncouthness.

Alone with Ruth, Ghent admits to her: "I've never understood you, because -- I don't understand your people." Moving to leave, he is stopped by Ruth, who demands to know what the "truth" is between them. In his most profound and poignant speech expressing the theme of the play, Ghent answers:

The first time our eyes met, they burned away all that was bad in our meeting, and left only the fact that we had met -- pure good -- pure joy -- a fortune of it -- for both of us. Yes, for both of us! You'll see it yourself some day.

What have we got to do with suffering and sacrifice? That may be the law for some, and I've tried hard to see it as our law, and thought I had succeeded. But I haven't! Our law is joy, and selfishness; the curve of your shoulder and the light on your hair as you sit there says that as plain as preaching. -- Does it gall you the way we came together? You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whiskey, and the sun, and the devil. Well, I tell you now I'm thankful on my knees for all three! Does it rankle in your mind that I took you when I could get you, by main strength and fraud? I guess most good women are taken that way, if they only knew it. Don't you want to be paid for? I guess every wife is paid for in some good coin or other. And as for you, I've paid for you not only with a trumpery chain, but with the heart in my breast, do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me -- the man you've made of me, the life and the meaning of life you've showed me the way to!
As a last effort, he asks for the chance to try to live her way of life; even, in a moment of anguish and bitterness, expressing a belief more nearly Ruth's than his. Not receiving an immediate response from her, he begins to leave and she, again, stops him. During the reconciliation scene, Ghent's initial bewilderment at Ruth's words, changes to a state of complete joy.

In conclusion, Ghent "was a man who carried the depths and the high capacities of our common nature and his victory over the evil in him, not by negative sacrifice and penitence but by positive grasp of the good that came to him, by a triumphant certainty in the dignity of his own laws of growth, roused thought, and admiration."¹

Polly Jordan provides the comic relief in The Great Divide and serves as Moody's personal spokes-woman throughout the play. Though predominantly characterized as a whimsical and idle talker, she possesses a quality of sincerity which wins her audiences' sympathy. Underlying her frivolity we see a woman who longs for freedom from her life of rigid convention as Philip Jordan's wife. She further shows an acute awareness and sensitivity to the lives of the people surrounding her. That Polly's outward manner appears to be artificial, is an indication of her attempt to compensate for her inner frustration at not being allowed to enjoy life to its fullest.

¹ Walter Prichard Eaton. The Drama in English (New York, 1930), pp. 311-312.
Speaking to Ruth in the first act, Polly explicitly explains Moody's concept of the conflict in *The Great Divide*. She states: "Happiness is its own justification, and it's the sacred the more unreasonable it is. It comes or it doesn't, that's all you can say about it. And when it comes, one has the sense to grasp it or one hasn't." Again, in the second act, she evinces this belief in her pronounced acceptance of Ghent and approval of what she believes to be Ruth's chosen way of life. She even reveals her own desire for such a life, telling Ruth: "I want to be magnificent! I want to live on the roof of the world and own a gold mine!"

Polly, in the third act, metaphorically describes correctly the situation existing between Ruth and Ghent. Driven by her romantic nature and believing Ruth and Ghent to be "predestined lovers," she, furthermore, arranges to hasten their inevitable reunion. Moving in a subtle manner throughout the play, Polly manuevers those around her, helping to bring the play's action into focus.

The character of Winthrop Newbury is best described by Ruth in the first act of the play. She says of him: "Poor dear Win! He's so good, so gentle and chivalrous. But -- ah me, he's -- finished! -- Winthrop is all rounded off, a completed product." His appearance in *The Great Divide* is ostensibly to serve as a distinct contrast to the character of Ghent.

An affinity exists between the characters of Philip
Jordan, Mrs. Jordan, and Dr. Newbury. While Winthrop appears specifically as a contrast to Ghent, they more broadly represent all that is puritanical and traditional, illuminating the difference present between East and West. There is no moral change in character for them and they remain constant to the end.

Philip Jordan possesses none of the kindness or pleasantness witnessed in the character of Ruth and he remains an unpleasant person throughout the play. His disposition is negative and his attitude toward life pessimistic. He shows no capacity or desire for change and strictly adheres to a conventional code of ethics.

Mrs. Jordan and Dr. Newbury are the elder members in the cast of The Great Divide. Despite their set pattern of life and unlikelihood of conversion to modern conduct, they do intelligently recognize the prevailing change in standards. They further possess a sense of humor, understanding, and confidence which is acquired only with age.

The remaining characters in the play are: Lon Anderson, Burt Williams, Dutch, Shorty, A Contractor, An Architect, and A Boy. Their presence in the play is for the purpose of getting the story told. Though minor characters, each contributes significantly to the development, action, or understanding of the play. Moody has provided them with distinguishing characteristics which make their importance to the plot discernible.
A last and most essential consideration needing attention in formulating a directorial approach to *The Great Divide* lies in establishing the sub-category to which it belongs. Because this play bridges the "old" melodrama with the "new" realism, a peculiar problem exists. On the basis of the evidence presented in the analysis of the plot, it can, however, correctly be termed realism. That it retains elements of the "old" melodrama is not to be disputed. Nevertheless, the unmistakable sincerity and optimism present in Mr. Moody's play overshadows any lingering melodramatic elements.

Of the many critics reviewing *The Great Divide* after its New York opening in October, 1906, few made specific mention of its being melodrama. Only one paper, the New York Herald, describes the play as "an out-and-out melodrama of the good old-fashioned clap-trap brand."\(^1\) The London Sunday Times in the following comment issues the strongest charge:

This is American melodrama with a vengeance, and its great vogue across the Atlantic explains itself. For it is written in the sensational style of bold advertisement; it is as full of incident as a playhouse; it appeals to women by intrepid love-making and sentimental references to approaching motherhood, and, anon, to 'my boy'; it is veneered with that abstruse high falutin' which people like to call psychology.\(^2\)

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1 New York Herald, October 4, 1906.
A close examination of this criticism, however, seems to rule it invalid. Melodrama, in its proper usage, pertains to those plays which are theatrically deceptive, embody illogically contrived incidents for purposes of producing spectacle, emphasize sentimental emotionalism, and subordinate character to situation. *The Great Divide* certainly does not conform to the definition of melodrama. There is no hero or villain present in *The Great Divide*. The characters are complete, subtly drawn, and exhibit ethical deliberation; in place of spectacle there is simplicity, the emotions displayed are pure and not romanticized, the language is vernacular, and instead of overstatement there is understatement and suggestion.

The question of why it was ever considered melodrama naturally arises. It has earlier been stated that the theme of *The Great Divide* was bold and original and the setting unique for audiences of 1906. This made it seem sensational, and melodrama is sensational. The action of the first act, though violent, is true to the rough life of the early West. Furthermore, the emotionalism produced by the conflict is earnest enough to be completely natural and real. It appears evident that audiences concerned themselves solely with the externals of the play. And, as Henry points out: "That the boldness of the scenes was so strange to the audience that they missed the answers to the two questions raised is a fault
of the times and not of the artistry of the play."¹

In a letter to Henry Miller, Moody reveals his desire to avoid melodrama. He writes:

I beg you to reconsider the stage business at the very close of Act I (I mean where Ghent raises his hand and points, and Ruth goes past him cringing with bent head). This seems to me melodramatic and false in its effect -- it is quite out of key with Ghent's simple, straightforward, unmelodramatic character, and also with the girl's corresponding qualities.²

Discerning critics of the day correctly recognized a difference between the "old" melodrama and the "new" realism. Acton Davies, writing for the New York Evening Sun, says:

Don't let anyone run away with the idea that this is a melodrama: it is drama of the purest form. In describing the play some of its incidents may sound melodramatic; but since when did thrills belong to melodrama alone?³

An article in The Bookman reads, in part: "It has an idea in it, and for that reason ought not to be grouped with the other plays of Western life, such as The Three of Us, which is purely conventional, and The Girl of The Golden West, with its cowboys and gamblers and blood dripping from the ceiling."⁴

¹ Henry, p. 185.
³ Acton Davies. New York Evening Sun, October 4, 1906.
⁴ "Chronicle and Comment" (anon. rev.), The Bookman, XXIV (December 1906-1907), pp. 331-332.
A review appearing in the New York Times best describes those qualities which distinguish The Great Divide as realism. The reviewer comments:

As a whole . . . the play rises far above that class [melodrama]. Its characterizations are splendidly real, there is an undercurrent of subtle thought, its human contrasts are bold, strong, powerful and convincing, and . . . it moves forward with a steady, insistent, and absorbing grip upon the attention and sympathy.1

If structural weaknesses exist in The Great Divide, they are minor ones. Moody's primary concern as a dramatist is meaning, not method, and it is this quality which separates him from most playwrights of the early 1900's. Arthur Hobson Quinn provides the best concluding statement, saying that The Great Divide is "a permanent addition to literature."2

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1 Henry, p. 188. From an unidentified clipping in the possession of Mrs. Moody.

CHAPTER III
THE DIRECTOR'S APPROACH TO PRODUCING THE PLAY

Having completed the analysis, the next procedure is to formulate a directorial approach to the play. The directing concept presented in this chapter will be limited to The Great Divide, and the following factors of production will be examined: style of acting, scenery, lighting, sound, costuming, and make-up.

The main purpose for producing The Great Divide is to present a play of established historical significance which will provide an educational experience for both actor and audience. In order that the audience may better discern the complete value of this historic piece it will be presented without revision or adaptation of the original script. However, a close adherence to the original text raises an essential problem warranting consideration by the producing director.

It was earlier stated that The Great Divide contains elements of both melodrama and realism, emphasizing the former. Though this play is not a melodrama, certain elements within it might appear melodramatic or artificial to a modern audience. The language in many instances is melodramatic (e.g., "I said that if the truth ever came out, this man should answer to me, and now, by God, he shall answer!")
other instances, the language is antiquated (e.g., "Fancy that nourishing itself on salt-pork, chickory beans, and air-tight!"). The action of the attack scene in Act One might seem exaggerated enough to produce laughter. Lastly, to an audience accustomed to candid conversations, the emotions produced by the lack of communication between Ruth and Ghent may easily appear excessive to the existing problem. These same elements which fashioned the play as realistic and bold for audiences in 1906, could readily date, if not destroy, its import in 1962. Accordingly, a careful evaluation needs to be made regarding the projected treatment of these aspects.

Were one to stress the out-of-date elements in The Great Divide, the mood would become comical, the action would seem absurd, and the characters would appear farcical. Such a production might well provide an entertaining evening of burlesque, but would not be of value as an historical presentation. Conversely, much of the excellence of Moody's play would be forfeited were current standards of realism employed in producing it. If the dated elements were omitted, or ignored, a great deal which is interesting about the play would be obliterated and audience attention could not be maintained.

It is the writer's belief that a successful production of The Great Divide can be accomplished while retaining its traditional values for educational purposes. This can be
achieved by maintaining a balance between the dated elements and current production procedures. To affect this desired balance, the director will attempt, in essence, to capture the style of performance existing in 1906.

The style of acting current in 1906 only approximated realism as we know it on our present day stages. Until the turn of the century, playwrights commonly wrote with the purpose of providing stage vehicles for Stars. It is evident in Miss Anglin's hesitancy to accept the role of Ruth, as first written, that this practice continued after 1900.¹ Clayton Hamilton, as late as 1910, wrote: "The public in America goes to see actors; it seldom goes to see a play."²

Ensemble acting was introduced early in the century, but it did not win general acceptance immediately. Hamilton suggests that many actors continued to hold to the "old" way: "I am afraid that this excellent method of team play is more honored in the breach than in the observance among many of our eminent actors of the present time. . . . Artistic self-denial is one of the rarest virtues."³ As a result, the acting was only superficially realistic.

Various methods were employed, at the insistence of the Stars, to sustain the actors' supremacy on the stage. The

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¹ See page 10.


³ Hamilton, pp. 104-05.
entire scheme of blocking the stage movement was designed to enhance the Star; thus the center stage area was frequently used, with the actor directly addressing the audience. Stars often developed individualizing mannerisms or gestures for the purpose of gaining attention. In addition, leading ladies were "more richly clad than the minor members of their companies." Consequently, the more the actor was emphasized the more superficial his characterization became.

Edwin Duerr, in a recent study of acting, provides the best summation of the style of acting existing at the time. The Great Divide was first produced: "Some of the American acting at this time was less 'stagy' than it had been. But they [the actors] still knew how to project to the galleries and to gesture boldly, to face three-quarters front, to begin a cross with the upstage foot, to up stage others, and to take center stage."2

The style of acting selected by the director for The Great Divide deviates, to some extent, from that generally practiced today. Although the basic requirements of acting remain the same for all styles, the director will stress the importance of enlarging each technique employed. In accord with the period of the play, the actors need to accentuate their presence on stage and maintain a distinct rapport with

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1 Hamilton, p. 125.

the audience. Though the use of expansive and sweeping gestures would be unjustifiable, subtle movements would be equally inconsistent with the primary purpose of this presentation. Therefore, it is the director's aim to suggest a previous style of acting through careful control of magnified movement.

In all instances, movement by the actors should be well-defined and perceptible. Moody provides excellent motivation for stage movement in the lines of his play and this needs to be utilized wherever possible. To aid in sustaining audience interest, it is the director's intention to block the movement of the play in such a manner as to slightly accelerate the action. To further suggest the desired style, the writer will direct his actors to move during pauses within speeches, rather than when delivering a line as is commonly done. This will aid in emphasizing both the speech and business as well as the actor, suggesting his previous prominence. Another means centers in the responsibility of the individual actor in making his hand gestures meaningful and definite. Both gestures and stances of the period will be studied and employed by the actors.

It will further be necessary to direct the complete attention of the audience to the central characters of the play as they deliver consequential speeches. This should greatly increase the audiences' interest and understanding of Moody's play. By directing the actors to remain
motionless and without immediate reaction during essential speeches, the above purpose can be accomplished. This additionally produces a stage tableau true to the pictorial style of the period. The speaker, in this instance, needs to establish a good rapport with his audience through the use of direct eye contact and a full-front stage position.

The most important duty of the director will lie in his ability to determine what will be believable and acceptable to modern audiences and to guide his actors accordingly. Both the actors and the director need to have a thorough understanding of their main obligations to the acting aspects of the play. Performing each role with convincing sincerity will be the greatest single responsibility demanded of the actors. Sincerity in performance, the writer believes, is the primary key to a successful production of The Great Divide in 1962.

The selection of a suitable system to enhance the visual aspects of the production is an important function of the producing director. Scenery, lighting, sound, costuming, and make-up combine to form an environment suitable to the action of the play. Each of these elements must be considered according to the needs of the play and the technical facilities available with which to work. In executing such an extensive project, the contribution and cooperation of many people are needed. The responsibility of the director is in communicating his ideas to these individuals and to serve as
The Great Divide requires the use of three realistic sets, including one exterior and two interior settings. A great deal of the action and the understanding of the play is dependent upon accurate scenic representation, and a concerted effort will be made to comply with these demands.

The text of Moody's play provides a detailed description of the settings suggested for use. Additionally, several photographs of the original production remain. These two sources will serve as the basis in designing the sets for this production. It will be the obligation of the scenic designer to adapt the original settings to modern production methods. That the staging of this production conforms exactly to the original is not important or even possible. However, the setting must give the illusion of conformity to earlier styles of staging to be consistent with the primary purpose and approach to this production.

Realism in stage-settings of the early 1900's was carried to an extreme and these visual elements took precedence over other aspects of the production. In an attempt to create a realistic stage illusion, devices were developed that could produce sunsets, starlit skies, moonlight, fire, and fountains of water, to name but a few. Concerning this, Hamilton states: "Nowadays elaborateness of stage illusion has made spoiled children of us all. We must have a doll with real hair, or else we cannot play at being
The designing of the settings for this production of *The Great Divide* will be given as an assignment to the students enrolled in the scene design classes. The rendering which best captures and conforms to the original, as well as being technically practical, will be selected.

Essential for establishing mood and atmosphere in a play is the lighting. Being a realistic production, the lighting demands are not great. However, several special effects will be created through the use of lights.

The action in the first act covers a period from late afternoon to early evening and several characters speak of moonlight streaming through the door and window. Therefore, the audience needs to view this moonlight. Secondly, the original production ended the second act with a spectacular sunset. Though this is not an essential requirement, much would be added to the mood and beauty of this last scene. Therefore, the director will request that this be a part of the lighting scheme.

Sound is an important factor in this production. The first act requires various realistic sound effects essential to the action of the play. Several horses are heard approaching or leaving the cabin as well as the rumble of a wagon. There are also several off-stage gun shots

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1 Hamilton, p. 92.
which should be heard. Also gun-fire should be seen if possible. There are no sound effects in the second act, and the third act requires only the ringing of a doorbell.

Both Eastern and Western attire will be used in costuming the actors in order to emphasize the geographical "divide." To achieve an exact reproduction of the original costumes, an unnecessary expense would be involved. Therefore, it is the director's wish that the costumes be kept simple, but suggestive of the period.

The style of make-up to be used will be very conventional. The only deviation will be in having the eyes slightly exaggerated and the face rouge somewhat accentuated. This is in keeping with the period and should aid in establishing the visual aspects of characterization.

Only through a careful co-ordination of all these elements can a unified expression be accomplished. One element should not dominate another, nor should any element draw the audience's attention away from the total effect. The audience, furthermore, should not be aware of an attempt at a particular style, but, if correctly done, should accept the production as an honest rendering and true interpretation as a period piece.
PART TWO

THE PRODUCTION
(1) At the rise of the curtain, Philip sit at center table mending a bridle. Polly kneel down right packing a trunk as Winthrop assists. Ruth stand up center with back to the audience looking out of the window.

(2) Philip show impatience with Polly. He is the only one lacking a light tone.

(3) Polly put finishing touches on packing, then close and lock the trunk.

(4) This line was given to Winthrop as it seemed more logical. Winthrop and Philip exit carrying the trunk.

(5) Ruth turn for the first time, cross to left center above the table. Polly remain busy at the mirror, adjusting hat and cloak.

(6) Ruth cross down left to cupboard and sink.

(7) Polly face full-front.

(8) Ruth set table with cups and saucers, walking to and from the cupboard.
CHAPTER IV

THE PROMPT BOOK FOR THE GREAT DIVIDE

ACT I

WINTHROP.
(1) What on earth possessed you to bring such a load of duds to Arizona?

POLLY.
They promised me a good time, meaning one small shindig—one—in the three months I've spent in this unholy place. (2)

PHILIP.
You'd better hurry. It's getting late.

RUTH.
It's getting cooler, which is more to the point. We can make the railroad easily by sunrise, with this delicious breeze blowing.

POLLY.
There, at last! (3) Heaven help the contents.

WINTHROP.
Give me a lift with the trunk, Phil. (4)

(Exit PHILIP AND WINTHROP

RUTH.
(5) My, Pollikins! You'll be the talk of all the jack-rabbits and sage hens between here and the railroad.

POLLY.
Phil is furious at me for going, (6) and it is rather mean to sneak off for a visit in a grand house in San Francisco, when you poor dears have to slave on here. (7) But really, I can't endure this life a day longer.

RUTH.
It isn't in nature that you should. Fancy that nourishing itself on salt pork, chickory beans, and air-tight!

POLLY.
Do you really mean to say that apart from your pride in helping your brother, making the project go, (8) and saving the family fortunes, you really enjoy yourself here?
(1) Ruth at the table address lines directly to the audience.

(2) Ruth at stove.

(3) Polly indicates her heart.

(4) Polly cross center, following Ruth about in a "gossipy" and "woman talk" manner.

(5) Ruth cross to table and pour coffee. Polly sit left.

(6) Philp, still moody and impatient, take coffee, cross down right and remain standing looking slightly away from the others. Winthrop sit. Ruth get candle, light it, and bring to the table.
(1) Since Phil and I came out, one day has been more radiantly exciting than the other. I don't know what's the matter with me. I think I shall be punished for being so happy.

POLLY.

Punished for being happy! There's your simonpure New Englander.

RUTH.

I was discovered at the age of seven in the garret perusing The Twelve Pillars and Four Cornerstones of a Godly Life. (2)

POLLY.

If Massachusetts and Arizona ever get in a mixup in there, woe be! (3) Are you ever going to have that coffee done?

RUTH.

I hope soon, before you get me analyzed out of existence.

POLLY.

(4) The main point is this, my dear, and you'd better listen to what the old lady is a-tellin' of ye. Happiness is its own justification, and it's the sacreder the more unreasonable it is. It comes or it doesn't, that's all you can say about it. And when it comes, one has the sense to grasp it or one hasn't. There you have the Law and the Prophets.

Enter WINTHROP AND PHILIP

RUTH.

(5) Messieurs et Mesdames!

WINTHROP.

Coffee! (6) Well, rather, with an all-night ride in the desert ahead of us. Where do we get our next feed?

RUTH.

With luck, at Cottonwood Wash.

WINTHROP.

And how far may Cottonwood Wash be?

RUTH.

Thirty miles.

WINTHROP.

Local measurement?
(1) Philip turn part way facing the others.

(2) Ruth, full front, speak directly to the audience.

(3) Polly rise and cross up center.

(4) Ruth cross up right and get saddle and bridle.
POLLY.
Phil, for Heaven's sake, say something. You diffuse
the gloom of the Pit.

PHILIP.
(1) I've had my say out, and it makes absolutely no
impression on you.

POLLY.
It's the impression on the public I'm anxious about.

PHILIP.
The public will have to wait.

POLLY.
I'm horribly sorry for you two poor dears, left alone
in this dreadful place. When Dr. Newbury goes, I don't
see how you'll support life. I should like to know how
long this sojourn in the wilderness is going to last,
anyhow.

RUTH.
(2) Till Cactus Fiber makes our eternal fortune.

WINTHROP.
And how long will that be?

RUTH.
Two years to pay back the money we raised on mother's
estate, two years of invested profits, two years of
hard luck and marking time, two years of booming
prosperity. Say eight years.

POLLY.
Shades of the tomb! How long do you expect to live? (3)

RUTH.
Forever!

(The sound of a galloping horse
is heard, muffled by the sand.)

WINTHROP.
Listen! What's that? (4)

Enter BOY

PHILIP.
What's the matter?

BOY.
I've come for the doctor.
(1) Boy speak with exaggerated gestures, excitement, and much expression.

(2) Ruth cross up right and get saddle and bridle.

(3) Ruth exit, taking saddle and bridle.

(4) Polly speak in pouting tone.

(5) Polly cross to table.

(6) Winthrop cross down right, appearing rather melancholy.

(7) Polly sit center.

(8) Polly react with a shake of the head.
PHILIP.
Who wants the doctor?

BOY.
Your man, Sawyer, over to Lone Tree.—He's broke his leg.

RUTH.
Broken his leg! Sawyer? Our foreman?

PHILIP.
There's a nice piece of luck!—How did it happen?

BOY.
(1) They was doin' some Navajo stunts on horseback, pullin' chickens out of the sand at a gallop and takin' a hurdle on the upswing. Sawyer's horse renigged, and lunged off again a 'dobe wall. Smashed his leg all to thunder. (Exit PHILIP, BOY.)(2) I'll have Buckskin saddled for you in a jiffy. How long will it take you to set the leg?

WINTHROP.
Perhaps an hour, perhaps three.

RUTH.
It's a big detour, but you can catch us at Cottonwood Wash by sunrise, allowing three hours for Sawyer. Buckskin has done it before. (3) (Exit RUTH.)(4) This will spoil all our fun! Why can't the creature wait till you get back?

WINTHROP.
Did you ever have a broken leg?

POLLY.
(5) Well, no, not exactly a leg. But I've had a broken heart. In fact, I've got one now, if you're not going with us.

WINTHROP.
(6) To tell you the truth, mine is broken too. (7) Did you ever have a dream of climbing a long hill, and having to turn back before you saw what was on the other side? (8) I feel as if I'd had my chance tonight to see what was over there, and lost it.
(1) Polly exit down right. Ruth enter, cross above to left corner of the table.

(2) Winthrop cross toward Ruth.

(3) Ruth extend hand which Winthrop takes.

(4) Winthrop detain Ruth's hand and attempt to draw her closer.

(5) Winthrop drop Ruth's hand and with a painful look, exit. Polly enter and cross to door, watch Winthrop leave, and wave at him.

(6) Polly cross to Ruth.
POLLY.
You'll excuse me if it sounds personal, Dr. Newbury, but did you expect to discern a--sort of central figure in the outrolled landscape?

WINTHROP.
No. That is--

POLLY.
Oh, I see. Just scenery! (Exit POLLY.

Enter RUTH.

RUTH.
(1) Buckskin is ready, and so is the moon. The boy knows the trails like an Indian. He will bring you through to Cottonwood by daylight.

WINTHROP.
(2) We shall have the ride back together, at any rate.

RUTH.
Yes.--I would go with you, and try to do something to make poor Sawyer comfortable, but we haven't another horse that can do the distance. (3) Goodbye.

WINTHROP.
(4) Won't you make it up to me?

RUTH.
No, Win. Please not.

WINTHROP.
Never?

RUTH.
Life is so good just as it is! Let us not change it. (5) (Exit WINTHROP.

Enter POLLY.

POLLY.
(6) Conscience clear?

RUTH.
Crystal!

POLLY.
Promising young physician, charming girl, lonely ranch, horseback excursions, spring of the year!

RUTH.
Not guilty.
(1) Ruth play down left area.

(2) Polly cross to Ruth.

(3) Ruth cross below table to right center.

(4) Enter Philip, cross center above table. Ruth put on hat at down right mirror.

(5) Ruth, with astonishment, turn, cross to down right corner of the table, take note from Philip and read it.

(6) Ruth cross right, take off hat.
POLLY.
Gracious! Then it's not play, it's earnest.

RUTH.
Neither the one nor the other. It's just your little blonde romantic noodle. (1) Do you think if I wanted to flirt, I would select a youth I've played hooky with, and seen his mother spank? Poor dear Win! He's so good, so gentle and chivalrous. But—ah, me, he's—finished! I want one that isn't finished!

POLLY.
(2) Are you out of your head, you poor thing?

RUTH.
You know what I mean well enough. Winthrop is all rounded off, a completed product. But the man I sometimes see in my dreams is—well, like this country out here, don't you know?

POLLY.
Yes, thank you. I do know. Heaven send you joy of him!

RUTH.
(3) Heaven won't, because, alas, he doesn't exist! I am talking of a sublime abstraction—of the glorious unfulfilled—of the West—the Desert.

POLLY.
We haven't by chance, some spring morning, riding over to the trading-station or elsewhere—just by the merest chance beheld a sublime abstraction—say in blue overalls and jumper? Honest? (4)

Enter PHILIP.

RUTH.
Is Pinto saddled?

PHILIP.
Pinto is gone.

RUTH.
Gone where?

PHILIP.
To that Mexican blow-out over at Lone Tree. Every man-jack on the ranch has disappeared, without leave asked or notice given, except this paper (5) which I just found nailed to the factory door. (6) What are you up to now? We've no time to lose!
(1) Ruth speak with quiet determination. Philip and Polly show facial reactions.

(2) Phil cross toward Ruth.

(3) Polly sit firmly in left chair.

(4) Polly rise, cross down left center speaking to audience.

(5) Ruth cross to Polly, show full understanding of the womanly way in which she "works" Philip. Ruth lead Polly up center.

(6) Ruth cross to Philip.

(7) Ruth blow across your palm.

(8) Philip turn away, accepting the inevitable.
RUTH. (1) I am not going.

POLLY.
Not going?

RUTH.
I must stay and look after the ranch.

PHILIP. (2) Oh, come, that's out of the question!

RUTH.
We have put all mother's money into this venture. We can't take any risks.

PHILIP.
The men will be back tomorrow. It's not to be thought of—you staying here all alone.

POLLY. (3) One thing is certain: either Ruth goes or I stay.

PHILIP.
That suits me perfectly!

POLLY. (4) But I can't stay! I won't stay! I shall go mad if I spend another night in this place.

RUTH. (5) No, you mustn't stay. You would never get us worked up to the point of letting you go another time.

PHILIP.
I refuse to leave you here alone, just to satisfy a whim of Polly's. That's flat!

RUTH. (6) But, Phil, you forget the stores you're to fetch back. They will be dumped out there on the naked sand, and by tomorrow night— (7)

PHILIP.
Well, what of it? A few hundred dollars' worth of stuff!

RUTH. A few hundred dollars means sink or swim with us just now. Besides, there's poor Sawyer. He'll be brought back here tomorrow, and nobody to nurse him. Then inflammation, fever, and goodbye Sawyer. (8)
(1) Polly cross to Ruth near the outside door.

(2) Polly kiss Ruth.

(3) Philip cross up to Ruth.

(4) Ruth put arm around Philip and kiss him.
POLLY.

(1) Goodbye, dear. Aren't you really afraid to stay?

RUTH.

I'm awfully sorry to miss the fun, but as for danger, the great Arizona Desert is safer than Beacon Hill.

POLLY.

You're sure?

RUTH.

If mauders prowl, I'll just fire the blunderbuss out of the window, and they won't stop running this side of the Great Divide.

POLLY.

(2) Good-bye, dear.

RUTH.

(3) Goodbye.  

(EXIT POLLY.)

PHILIP.

Mind you put out the light early. It can be seen from the Goodwater Trail. There's no telling what riff-raff will be straggling back that way after the dance.

RUTH.

Riff-raff! They're my sworn knights and brothers.

PHILIP.

In that case what makes you uneasy about the property?

RUTH.

Oh, property! That's different.

PHILIP.

Well, you mind what I say and put out the light.

RUTH.

Yours for prudence! Goodbye, Phil. (4) What a lovely night! Who would ever think to call this a desert, this moonlit ocean of flowers? What millions of cactus blooms have opened since yesterday!

PHILIP.

What's the matter with you tonight?

RUTH.

Nothing. Everything. Life! I don't know what's got into me of late. I'm just drunk with happiness the whole time.
(1) Ruth stand at door waving.
(2) Ruth cross slowly, take down Winthrop's picture, look at it, put it back on shelf.
(3) Ruth begin preparing for bed, take down hair, sing at the same time.

(4) Cross to table and pick up small photo of "mother."

(5) Man's face appears at window.

(6) Ruth take candle and exit to inner room.

(7) Man appear again, signal to others, enter through open door, look about, go quietly to inner door, listen, go out, and again look through the window.

(8) Enter Ruth, in sleeping attire, take candle and cross to table.

(9) The following is Moody's stage direction for this scene.¹

PHILIP.
Well, you're a queer one. Goodbye. I shall get back as soon as horseflesh will do it. (Exit PHILIP.

(Rumble of wagon is heard)

RUTH.
(1) Goodbye! Goodbye, Pollikins! Goodbye.--
(2) Dear Win! I forgot how disappointed you were going to be.--Clear, kind heart! Finished! Finished! (3)
Heart, wild heart,
Brooding apart,
Why dost thou doubt, and why
Art thou so sullen?
Flower and bird
Wait but thy word-- (4)

Poor little mother! You look out at me with such patient, anxious eyes. There are better days coming for you, and it's troublesome me that's bringing them. Only you trust me! (5)

This is the hour
And thine is the power
Heart, high heart, be brave to begin it.
Dare you refuse?
Think what we lose!
Think what we gain-- (6)

(Exit RUTH.

Enter MAN. (7)

Enter RUTH. (8)
Heart which the cold
Long did enfold--
Hark, from the dark eaves the night thaw
drummeth!
Now as a god,
Speak to the sod,
Cry to the sky that the miracle cometh!

Be still, you beauties! You'll drive me to distraction with your color and your odor. I'll take a hostage for your good behavior. What a scandal the moon is making, out there in that great crazy world! Who but me could think of sleeping on such a night? (9)
She sits down, folds the flowers in her arms, and buries her face in them. After a moment she starts up, listens, goes hurriedly to the door, and peers out. She then shuts and bolts the door, draws the curtains before the window, comes swiftly to the table, and blows out the light. The room is left in total darkness. There are muttering voices outside, the latch is tried, then a heavy lunge breaks the bolt. A man pushes in, but is hurled back by a taller man, with a snarling oath. A third figure advances to the table, and strikes a match. As soon as the match is lighted Ruth levels the gun, which she has taken from its rack above the mantel. There is heard the click of the hammer, as the gun misses fire. It is instantly struck from her hand by the first man (Dutch), who attempts to seize her. She evades him, and tries to wrest a pistol from a holster on the wall. She is met by the second man (Shorty), who frustrates the attempt, pocketing the weapon. While this has been going on the third man (Ghent) has been fumbling with the lamp, which he has at last succeeded in lighting. All three are dressed in rude frontier fashion; the one called Shorty is a Mexican half-breed, the others are Americans. Ghent is younger than Dutch, and taller, but less powerfully built. All are intoxicated, but not sufficiently so to incapacitate them from rapid action. The Mexican has seized Ruth and attempts to drag her toward the inner room. She breaks loose, and flies back again to the chimney-place, where she stands at bay. Ghent remains motionless and silent by the table, gazing at her.

(1) Ruth grab for knife as Dutch wrestles with you.

(2) Ruth break away and go down left in terror.
(3) Shorty close door, cross to table right and throw down dice. Dutch cross to table. Ghent move down right.

(4) Ruth cross right center to Ghent.
(5) Ghent advance toward Ruth as she backs left.
DUTCH.
(1) Plucky little catamount. I drink its health.

RUTH.
What do you want here?

DUTCH.
Did you hear that, Steve? Take one and pull in its purty little claws, eh? Jolly time. No more fuss and fury. (2) Peppery little devil! (3) Come, get into the game, curse you, Steve! This is going to be a free-for-all, by God!

RUTH.
(4) Save me! Save me! Save me and I will make it up to you! (5) Don't touch me! Listen! Save me from these others, and from yourself, and I will pay you—with my life.

GHENT.
With—your life?
(1) Ruth give Ghent right hand.

(2) Shorty and Dutch watch Ghent cautiously and suspiciously.

(3) Ghent cross to table.

(4) Ghent take vase from table, act as though about to throw the dice, and then set down vase. Search through pockets, take out a few bills and silver pieces, throwing them on the table.

(5) Ruth cover face in horror. Ghent, as though suddenly remembering, take up money and then remove gold nugget chain from around neck.

(6) Ghent throw nugget chain on table.
RUTH.
  With all that I am or can be.

GHENT.
  What do you mean? - You mean you'll go along with me out of this? Stick to me - on the square?

RUTH.
  Yes.

GHENT.
  On the dead square?

RUTH.
  Yes.

GHENT.
  You won't peach, and spoil it?

RUTH.
  No.

GHENT.
  Give me your hand on it. (1)

DUTCH.
  (2) Shorty and me's sittin' in this game, and interested, eh, Shorty? -- Shake for her!

GHENT.
  (3) Shake how?

DUTCH.
  Any damn way! Sole and exclusive rights. License to love and cherish on the premises! (4)

GHENT.
  There's all I've got in my clothes. Take it, and give me free field, will you?

DUTCH.
  You don't mean me, Steve?

GHENT.
  Well, you then!

DUTCH.
  Don't blame you, Shorty! A ornery buck of a dirt-satin' Mojave'd pay more'n that for his squaw. (5)

GHENT.
  Well, it ain't much, that's sure. But there's a string of gold nuggets I guess is worth some money. (6) Take that, and clear out.
(1) Shorty move to leave.

(2) Shorty nod.

(3) Ghent make sign across throat.

(4) Shorty exit, take chain of nuggets.

(5) Ghent move toward Dutch.

(6) Dutch exit first. Ghent pick up rifle, empty it and lay it on the window seat before going out. Ruth cross to left of table and remain half standing, show terror and suspense.
DUTCH.
I've give you fair warning!

GHENT.
We'll keep everything friendly between me and you.
A square stand-up shoot, and the best man takes her.

DUTCH.
Now you're comin' to!

GHENT.
Then it's up to you, and you'd better answer quick!

SHORTY.
I take him, too.

GHENT.
No, you don't. You leave everything here the way you found it.

SHORTY.
Alla right. (1)

GHENT.
Hold on a minute. You've got to promise to tie the man who falls, on his horse, and take him to MMesa Grande. Bargain? (2) --And mouth shut, mind you, or-- (3)

SHORTY.
Alla right. (4) (Exit SHORTY.

GHENT.
Outside.

DUTCH.
What for?

GHENT.
Outside! (5)

DUTCH.
Don't worry, my girl. Back soon.

GHENT.
Cut that out!

DUTCH.
What's eatin' you? She ain't yours yet, and I guess she won't be, not till hell freezes over. (6) (Exit GHENT, DUTCH.
(1) Ghent enter, stand in doorway as others ride off. Then, cross to table and sit right.

(2) Ruth slump in chair left. Ghent take out bottle, using only right hand.

(3) Ghent act as if in a stupor. Ruth glance toward the door, begin to rise, and slump down again.

(4) Ruth get water from pail by sink, cross back to table and sit. Ghent mop face with handkerchief.

(5) Ghent shove paper and pen toward Ruth.

(6) Ruth shrink and shudder.

(7) Ghent, still using one hand, take pistol from pocket, examine it and lay it on the table within Ruth's reach. Then rise, cross to fireplace and examine objects on the shelf. Ruth stop writing, take pistol, lay it back down.

(8) Ruth snatch up pistol again, rise trembling, cross up center by Ghent.

(9) Ghent holding pistol back to Ruth
(Four gun shots are heard and then the sound of horses)

Enter GHENT.

RUTH.

(1) Is he dead?

GHENT.

No; (2) but he'll stay in the coop for a while.

RUTH.

Don't!

GHENT.

Is this on the square?

RUTH.

I gave you my promise. (3)

GHENT.

Give me a drink of water. (4) -- Where are your folks?

RUTH.

My brother has gone out to the railroad.

GHENT.

Him and you ranching it here by yourselves?

RUTH.

Yes.

GHENT.

Write him a note. (5) -- Fix it up any way you like.

RUTH.

Tell me first what you mean to do with me.

GHENT.

Have you got a horse to ride?

RUTH.

Yes.

GHENT.

We can reach San Jacinto before sun-up. Then we're off for the Cordilleras. I've got a claim tucked away in them hills that'll buy you the city of Frisco some day, if you have a mind to it. (6) -- What are you shivering at? (7) -- Read what you have written. (8) Why don't you shoot? (9) You promised on the square, but there's nothing square about this deal. You ought to shoot me like a rattlesnake!
(1) Ruth cross slowly to table.

(2) Ghent cross to table, opposite Ruth.

(3) Ruth push gun toward Ghent.

(4) Ruth slump in right chair.

(5) Ghent put pistol back in pocket, go to outer door, open it, gaze out, close it, and take a step or two toward table.
RUTH.
I know that.

GHENT.
Then why don't you?

RUTH.
(1) I don't know.

GHENT.
I guess you've got nerve enough, for that or anything.
(2) -- Answer me; why not?

RUTH.
I don't know. -- You laid it there for me. -- And -
you have no right to die.

GHENT.
How's that?

RUTH.
You must live - to pay for having spoiled your life.

GHENT.
Do you think it is spoiled?

RUTH.
Yes.

GHENT.
And how about your life?

RUTH.
I tried to do it.

GHENT.
To do what?

RUTH.
To take my life. I ought to die. I have a right to die.
But I cannot, I cannot! I love my life, I must live. In
torment, in darkness--it doesn't matter. I want my life.
I will have it! (3) -- Take it away! Don't let me see it.
If you want me on these terms, take me, and may God
forgive you for it; but if there is a soul in you to be
judged, don't let me do myself violence. (4) -- O, God
have pity on me! (5).
(1) Ruth look up with a strange expression.

(2) Ghent take step toward Ruth.

(3) Ruth rise, cross down right.

(4) Ghent cross toward Ruth.
I've lived hard and careless, and lately I've been going down hill pretty fast. But I haven't got so low yet but what I can tell one woman from another. If that was all of it, I'd be miles away from here by now, riding like hell for liquor to wash the taste of shame out of my mouth. (1) But that ain't all. I've seen what I've been looking the world over for, and never knew it, -- Say your promise holds, and I'll go away now.

Oh, yes, go, go! You will be merciful. You will not hold me to my cruel oath.

And when I come back? (2) -- And when I come back?

(3) You never -- could -- come back.

No, I guess I never could.

You will go?

For good?

Yes.

Do you mean that?

Yes, yes, ten thousand times!

Is that your last word?

Yes. - Oh, why did you come here tonight?

I come because I was blind-drunk and sun-crazy, and looking for damnation the nearest way. (4) That's why I come. But that's not why I'm staying. I'm talking to you in my right mind now. I want you to try and see this thing the way it is.
(1) Ruth move up center to Ghent.

(2) Ruth become aware of state of undress, shrink away, and fold gown around body. Ghent think of what she says and then harden voice as you speak.

(3) Ruth start toward inner room.

(4) Ruth point to saddle up center and then exit to inner room. Ghent pick up note that Ruth has written, read and reflect upon it, get more water, roll up right sleeve, which is soaked with blood, roll it back down, take saddle and go out.
Ruth re-enter, determined and collected. See bloody handkerchief by sink.
Ghent re-enter.

(5) Ruth throw off cloak, get water, towels and bandage and return to table.

(6) Ruth wash and bind Ghent's wounded arm. Take long pauses between lines. Ghent watch her, dreamily.

(7) Ghent shake head slowly in half-humorous protest.
RUTH.

Oh, that is what I want you to do! (1) You did yourself and me a hideous wrong by coming here. Don't do us both a more hideous wrong still! I was in panic fear. I snatched at the first thing I could. Think what our life would be, beginning as we have begun! Oh, for God's pity go away now, and never come back! Don't you see there can never be anything between us but hatred, and misery, and horror?

GHENT.

(2) Are you ready to start? -- Go, and be quick about it. (3) -- Where's your saddle? (4)

(Exit RUTH. (Exit GHENT.

Enter RUTH.

Enter GHENT.

RUTH.

You are hurt.

GHENT.

It's no matter.

RUTH.

Where? (5) -- Sit down, - Roll up your sleeve. -- (6) Can you lift your arm? - The bone is not touched. It will be all right in a few days. This balsam is a wonderful thing to heal.

GHENT.

What's your name?

RUTH.

Ruth -- Ruth -- Jordan. -- There, gently. It must be very painful. (7)

GHENT.

It's not fair!

RUTH.

What isn't fair?

GHENT.

To treat me like this. It's not in the rules of the game.

RUTH.

Binding your wound? I would do the same service for a dog.
(1) Ruth cross and put away things used in dressing the wound.

(2) Ghent hold out good arm rigidly.

(3) Ruth cover face. Ghent rise and cross toward her.

(4) Ruth cover ears in protest.

(5) Ghent speak with difficulty.

(6) Ruth break into sobs.

(7) Ghent turn away with bewilderment and discomfort translating itself into gruffness.

(8) Ghent stand up center by door and Ruth at center table as the curtain falls.
GHENT.

Yes, I dare say. But the point is, I ain't a dog; I'm a human - the worst way! (1) -- Make this bad business over into something good for both of us! You'll never regret it! I'm a strong man! (2) -- I used to feel sometimes, before I went to the bad, that I could take the world like that and tilt it over. And I can do it, too, if you say the word! I'll put you where you can look down on the proudest. I'll give you the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of 'em. (3) -- Give me a chance, and I'll make good. By God, girl, I'll make good! I'll make a queen of you. I'll put the world under your feet! (4) -- What makes you put your hands over your ears like that? Don't you like what I'm saying to you?

RUTH.

(5) Do you remember what that man said just now?

GHENT.

What about?

RUTH.

About the Indian - and - his squaw.

GHENT.

Yes. There was something in it, too. I was a fool to offer him that mean little wad.

RUTH.

For - me!

GHENT.

Well, yes, for you, if you want to put it that way.

RUTH.

But - a chain of nuggets - that comes nearer being a fair price?

GHENT.

Oh, to buy off a greaser!

RUTH.

But to buy the soul of a woman - one must go higher. A mining-claim! The kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them! (6) Oh, be careful how you treat me! Be careful! I say it as much for your sake as mine. Be careful!

GHENT.

(7) Well, I guess we'll blunder through. - Come along! We've no time to lose. - Where are your things?

RUTH.

Fix the bolt. My brother must not know. (8)
Lon sit smoking before the cabin left. Burt peep over the edge of the canyon from the path.

Lon ignore Burt's questions.

Lon move toward canyon wall and look down path.

Burt point to loom and baskets.

Lon regard Burt grimly. Move toward Burt.
ACT II

BURT:
(1) Hello, Lon. (2) Is the missus inside? - Look here, I put a nickel in you, you blame rusty old slot-machine. Push out something!

LON.
What you wantin' off'n her now? A music lesson or a headache powder?

BURT.
Boss's waitin' down at the mine, with a couple o' human wonders he's brought back with him from wherever he's been this time. Something doin' on the quiet.

LON.
You can tell him his wife ain't nowhere's about. (3)

BURT.
Funny hitch-up - this here one - I think.

LON.
How much you gittin' a day now?

BURT.
Same little smilin' helpless three and six-bits.

LON.
Anything extra for thinkin'?

BURT.
Nope! Threwed in. (4) -- Queer business - this rug-weavin' and basket makin', ain't it? What d'ye s'pose she wants to sit, day in and day out, like a half-starved Navajo, slavin' over them fool things fur?--Boss ain't near, is he? Don't keep her short of ice-cream sodas and trolley rides, does'e? (5) -- Saw 'er totin' a lot o' that stuff burro-back over to the hotel week 'fore last. An' Dod Ranger - you know what a disgustin' liar Dod is - he tells how he was makin' tests over in the cross-canon, an' all of a sudden plump he comes on her talkin' to a sawed-off Mexican hobo, and when she sees Dod, she turns white's a sheet.

LON.
You tell Dod Ranger to keep his mouth shet, and you keep yourn shet too - or by. Jee-hosophat, I'll make the two of ye eat yer Adam's-apples and swaller the core!
Lon tap chest.

Lon lean down and speak in lower tone to Burt.

Burt look at Lon in surprise about to speak. Lon make a warning signal, indicating approaching party below. Burt salute Ghent as he enters and then exit.

Ghent speak to others below.

Ghent emerge from canyon with Architect and Contractor.

Contractor sit at table right.

Architect take in view.
BURT.  
Oh, git down off'n yer hind legs, Lon! Nobody's intendin' any disrespect.

LON.  
You boys keep yer blatherin' tongues off'n her! Or you'll get mixed up with Alonzo P. Anderson -- (1) so's it'll take a coroner to untangle ye!

BURT.  
I guess I'd stick up fur 'er 's quick as you would, come to that.

LON.  
Well, we don't need no stickin' up fur 'er. What we needs is less tongue. (2) -- Especially when the boss is round. You tell the boys so. (3)

Enter GHENT.

GHENT.  
Coast clear, eh, Lon?

LON.  
Yes, sir.

GHENT.  
Where is she?

LON.  
Kind 'o think she went out to Look-off Ledge. Guess she didn't expect you back today.

GHENT.  
(4) Come up, gentlemen. (5)

Enter ARCHITECT, CONTRACTOR.

Take a seat.

CONTRACTOR.  
Don't care if I do. (6) That new stage of yours just jumped stiff-legged from the go-off. And the trail up here from the mine is a good deal of a proposition for the see-dentary.

ARCHITECT.  
(7) What a wonderful place! Even better than you described it.

GHENT.  
Yes. My wife picked it out. Let's see your plans.
(1) Ghent remove basket from table as Architect takes out blueprints and lays them on the table, standing right of Ghent.

(2) Architect humor Ghent.
ARCHITECT.
(1) I have followed your instructions to the letter. I understand that nothing is to be touched except the house.

GHENT.
Not a stone, sir; not a head of cactus. Even the vines you've got to keep, exactly as they are.

ARCHITECT.
That will be a little difficult.

GHENT.
You can put 'em on a temporary trellis. A little pains will do it.

CONTRACTOR.
Maybe, with a man to shoo the masons off with a shot-gun.

GHENT.
Provide a dozen men if necessary, with machine guns.

CONTRACTOR.
As you please, Mr. Ghent. The owner of the Verde mine has a right to his whims, I reckon.

ARCHITECT.
I have designed the whole house in the Spanish style, very broad and simple. This open space where we stand - I have treated as a semi-enclosed patio, with arcaded porches.

GHENT.
Good.

ARCHITECT.
This large room fronting the main arcade is the living room.

GHENT.
I guess we'll have 'em all living-rooms. This place is to be lived in, from the word go.

ARCHITECT.
To be sure, (2) Everything cheerful and open. - Here on the left of the inner court is the library and music room.

GHENT.
I'm afraid we won't have much use for that. My wife don't go in much for frills. I used to play the concertina once but it was a long while ago.
(1) Ghent is delighted and embarrassed by this "future" thought. Lon nod as though knowing.

(2) Ghent interrupt architect. Hold the plans at arm's length. Look from the drawing to the cabin and surroundings.

(3) Ghent make gesture of high roofs and turrets.

(4) Architect - in answer to Ghent's inquiring looks.

(5) Contractor point down canyon path.

(6) Ghent hold up plans again and look at them in perplexed silence.
ARCHITECT.
It can be used for other purposes. For instance, as a nursery, though I had put that on the other side.

GHENT.
Um, yes, nursery. (1) - Stamping-ground for the - ? Good. - You can leave it music-room on the map.

ARCHITECT.
This wing -- (2)

GHENT.
Looks a little - sprawly on paper. I had sort of imagined something more - more up in the air, like them swell tepees on the Hill in Frisco. (3).

ARCHITECT.
(4) I think this is more harmonious with the surroundings.

CONTRACTOR.
Won't look so showy from the new hotel across yonder. (5)

GHENT.
What's your estimate on this plan, now you've seen the location?

CONTRACTOR.
It's a long way to haul the stuff. Say somewhere between twenty and twenty-five thousand. Twenty-five will be safe.

GHENT.
That's a big lot of money, my friend!

CONTRACTOR.
I thought we was talkin' about a house! I can build you a good sheep-corral for a right smart less.

GHENT.
Well, I guess we don't want any sheep-corrals.

CONTRACTOR.
I should think not, with the Verde pumping money at you the way they tell she does.

GHENT.
(6) I'll tell you, gentlemen, I'll have to consult my wife about this before I decide. The fact is, I've been working the thing out on the sly, up to now.
(1) Ghent is silent a moment, pondering.

(2) Ghent start for canyon path and then stop.

(3) Ghent disappear along canyon wall. Architect go over to inspect the loom and blanket.

(4) Lon rise deliberately.

(5) Architect and contractor exit through break in canyon wall, stop to look about for a moment.
CONTRACTOR.
Expect to build it of an afternoon, while the lady was takin' her see-ester?

GHENT.
I thought I'd smuggle her off somewhere for a while. (1) - No! It's her house, and she must O.K. the plans before ground is broke. Would you mind waiting a few minutes till I see if I can find her? (2) -- Or, better still, leave the plans, and I'll see you at the hotel tomorrow morning. I haven't been over there since it was opened. I'd like to know what they're making of it.

CONTRACTOR.
Hain't been over to the Buny Visty yet?

GHENT.
Too busy.

CONTRACTOR.
Well, you'll find it an up-to-date joint, and chock full of tourist swells and lungers.

GHENT.
Good-afternoon, gentlemen. You'll excuse me. You can find your way back all right? Take the left-hand path. It's better going. (3) (Exit GHENT.

ARCHITECT.
What a beautiful pattern! I say, this is like those we saw at the hotel. May I ask who is making this? -- May I ask who is making this?

LON.
You kin, my friend, you kin!

ARCHITECT.
Well, then, the question is put.

LON.
And very clear-cut, too. You'd ought to be in the law business, young man, - (4) Or some other business that'd take up all yer time.

ARCHITECT.
Well, I'll be hanged! -- Tart old party! (5) (Exit ARCHITECT, CONTRACTOR.

Enter RUTH.
(1) Ruth enter from canyon path, sink down by rocks, as Lon approaches.
(2) Lon get water from jar by cabin, bring to Ruth.

(3) Lon take glasses from Ruth and scan Canyon.
(4) Ruth rise with effort, take glasses from Lon, look, lay them on the ledge.
(5) Ruth act startled.

(6) Lon go down path.
Ruth look again through glass then cross to table and sit right, finger the plans.
Ghent enter, approach softly, bend over Ruth.
Ruth start up with a quick jerk and little cry, avoid his embrace.
LON.

(1) It's too much fer you, ma'am. You'd oughter let me go. (2)

RUTH.

Oh, I thought I should never get back! - Lon, take the glass, and see if you can make out anyone down yonder on the nearer trail. I -- I thought some one was following me.

LON.

Excuse me askin', Mis' Ghent, but is that dod-blamed Mexican a-botherin' you again?

RUTH.

No. He has gone away, for good. It's some one I saw at the hotel - some one I used to know. -- Look if you can make out a man's figure, coming up.

LON.

(3) Can't see nothin', but a stray burro, and he ain't got no figger to speak of. - Might be t'other side o' Table Rock, down in the pinyon scrub. (4) -- Excuse me, ma'am, but--Mister Ghent come home this afternoon.

RUTH.

(5) Where is he?

LON.

Huntin' for you down Look-off Ledge way. I 'lowed you was there, not knowin' what else to say.

RUTH.

Thank you, Lon. You can go now. (6)

(Exit LON.

Enter GHENT.

RUTH.

You frightened me. When did you come back?

GHENT.

An hour ago.

RUTH.

Was your journey successful?

GHENT.

Yes. But my home-coming - that looks rather like a failure. I expected to find you out on the bluff.
(1) Ghent sit center.

(2) Ghent search for simile.

(3) Ruth react with hysterical laugh. After line, bow head in hands and repeat line in a tone in which there is bitterness. Ghent watch her, crumple up the plans and throw them on the ground. Go toward cabin, hesitate, turn and come back to the table. Take a jewel case from pocket, open it and lay before Ruth. Ruth pick up papers, spread them on the table.

(4) Ghent point to the plans, speak glibly to cover up for her lack of interest.

(6) Ruth speak in dead, flat tone.
RUTH.
Lon was mistaken. I had gone the other way. -- What are these papers?

GHENT.
Haven't you one word of welcome for me, after five days? - Not a look even? (1) - I never can remember! After I've been away from you for twelve hours, I forget completely.

RUTH.
Forget what?

GHENT.
How it stands between us. It's childish, but for the life of me I can't help it. - After I've been away a few hours, this place gets all lit up with bright colors in my mind, like (2) -- well, like a Christmas tree! I dare say a Christmas tree don't amount to much in real life, but I saw one once, in a play, - I was a little mining-camp roust-about, so high, - and ever since it has sort of stood to me for the gates o' glory.

RUTH.
(3) A Christmas tree! -- A Christmas tree!

GHENT.
There is a little present I brought home for you. And here are some more trinkets. - I know you don't care much for these things, but I had to buy something, the way I was feeling. And these papers -- (4) these mean that you're not to live much longer in a mud shanty, with pine boxes for furniture. These are the drawings for a new house that I want to talk over with you. (5) -- Spanish style, everything broad and simple! Large living-room opening on inner court. Library and music-room, bless your heart. Bedrooms; kitchen and thereunto pertaining. Wing where the proprietor retires to express his inmost feelings. General effect sprawling, but harmonious with the surroundings. Twenty-thousand estimated, twenty-five limit. Is she ours?

RUTH.
(6) How much did you say the house is to cost?

GHENT.
Twenty-five thousand dollars at the outside.

RUTH.
And these trinkets?
Ruth pull plans toward you, pour jewels on them in heap.
Ruth pause and laugh.
Ruth rise.
Ruth cross up center to wall.

Ghent cross up center to Ruth.
Ruth nod with mocking smile.

Ruth speak with biting calm.
Ghent turn sharply as if stung by a physical blow. Ruth raise hands to him, in a swift revulsion of feeling.

Ghent cross to table, pick up jewels.
Ghent raise hands in a gesture of perplexity and despair, then go to cabin, closing the door. Ruth start to follow him as Winthrop appears, rushing toward her.
Ruth start involuntarily toward him, stretch out arms, advance as you master your composure and speak in a natural voice, even attempt gaiety.
GHENT.

Oh, I don't know. - A few hundred.

RUTH.

(1) Twenty-five thousand dollars and the odd hundreds!
(2) - My price has risen! My price has risen!
(3) Keep those displayed to show to our visitors! My honor is at stake. (4) -- There is one coming now!

GHENT.

Visitors? What visitors?

RUTH.

Only an old school friend of mine; a Mr. Winthrop Newbury.

GHENT.

What are you talking about? Are you crazy? -- (5) This fellow, is he really what you say? -- (6) What does this mean?

RUTH.

It means that he caught sight of me, an hour ago, in the hotel.

GHENT.

In the hotel? What were you doing there?

RUTH.

(7) Nothing wicked - as yet. They don't pay twenty-five thousand dollars over there - at least not yet! (8) -- Oh, don't judge me! Don't listen to me! I am not in my right mind.

GHENT.

Do you want me to be here, while you see him? -- Won't you answer me?

RUTH.

Act as you think best.

GHENT.

(9) It's a question of what will be easiest for you.

RUTH.

Oh, it's all easy for me. (10)

Enter WINTHROP.

WINTHROP.

Ruth! Is it really you? (11)
(1) Ruth turn shock into conventional surprise; cross somewhat down center.

(2) Winthrop cross to Ruth.

(3) Winthrop start impulsively, try to break through the conventional wall which Ruth has raised.

(4) Ruth interrupt Winthrop with exaggerated animation. Ruth sit left and Winthrop right.
RUTH.
Well, of all things! Winthrop Newbury! How did you find your way to this eagle's nest?

WINTHROP.
I—we saw you—we caught a glimpse of you at the hotel, but we weren't sure. We followed you, but lost you in the canyon.

RUTH.
We? Who is we?

WINTHROP.
Your brother and his wife.

RUTH.
(1) Philip and Polly here!

WINTHROP.
(2) They took the other turn, down there where the path forks. We didn't know which way you had gone.

RUTH.
Yes, but why on earth are they here at all?

WINTHROP.
They are on their way East. They stopped over to see me.

RUTH.
To see you? Are you—living here?

WINTHROP.
I have been here only a week. (3) — Ruth — for God's sake!

RUTH.
(4) But tell me! I am all curiosity. How do you happen to be here—of all places?

WINTHROP.
What does it matter? I am here. We have found you after all these miserable months of anxiety and searching. Oh Ruth — why —

RUTH.
I have acted badly, I know. But I wish not to talk of that. Not now. I will explain everything later. Tell me about yourself—about Philip and Polly—and mother. I am thirsty for news. What have you been doing all these months, since—our queer parting?
(1) Ruth touch Winthrop on the arm, look at him, speak low, closing the conversation.

(2) Ruth resume bright tone.

(3) Ruth speak quickly with a nervous upsweep of arm.

(4) Winthrop pause between lines.
(5) Ruth turn away nervously.

(6) Ruth flinch, then summon courage and look Winthrop steadily in the face.
(7) Ruth rise, cross up center.

(8) Winthrop cross up center to Ruth.

(9) Ruth make sweeping bow.
WINTHROP.
Looking for you. Oh Ruth — how could you do it? How could you do it?

RUTH.
(1) Winthrop!

WINTHROP.
As you will.

RUTH.
(2) You haven't told me about mother. How is she?

WINTHROP.
Well, or she will be now. Ruth, you ought at least to have written to her. She has suffered cruelly.

RUTH.
(3) Yes, yes, I know that! — And you are — settled here? You mean to remain?

WINTHROP.
I am the physician at the End-of-the-Rainbow mines, three miles below. At least I — I am making a trial of it. (4) — How pale and worn you are. (5) — Don't turn away. Look at me! — You are — you are ill — I fear you are desperately ill!

RUTH.
(6) Nonsense. I was never better in my life. — You (7) haven't praised our view. We are very proud of it.

WINTHROP.
Yes, very fine. Magnificent.

RUTH.
But you're not looking at it at all! (8) Do you see that bit of smoke far down yonder? That is the stamp mill of the Rio Verde mine.

WINTHROP.
Yes — the Rio Verde. One of the big strikes of the region. Dispute about the ownership, I believe.

RUTH.
None that I ever heard of, and I ought to know. For (9) — we are the Rio Verde, at your service.

WINTHROP.
You — your — husband is the owner of the Verde mine?

RUTH.
No less!
(1) Winthrop speak with embarrassment, move to the table.

(2) Ruth cross to left corner of table. Winthrop notice basket by table, pick it up, examine it, and look meaningfully at Ruth. Ruth take the basket from Winthrop, try to dismiss it.

(3) Winthrop appear about to speak, check yourself and start again.

(4) Winthrop refer to below in the canyon.

(5) Ruth is brilliantly explanatory.

(6) Winthrop look at Ruth in mute protest, put on hat and rise.

(7) Ruth speak with surprise.

(8) Winthrop pause between lines.
WIN THROP.
(1) We found the record of your marriage at San Jacinto. The name was Ghent - Stephen Ghent.

RUTH.
Yes. He will be so glad to see some of my people. (2) -- A toy I play with! You know I always have to keep my hands busy pottering at some rubbishy craft or other.

WIN THROP.
(3) And the blanket, too?

RUTH.
Yes, another fad of mine. It is really fascinating work. The Indian women who taught me think I am a wonder of cleverness.

WIN THROP.
So do - the women - over there. (4)

RUTH.
Ah, yes, you saw some of my stuff at the hotel. You know how vain I am. I had to show it.

WIN THROP.
Perhaps. But why should the wife of the man who owns the Verde mine sell her handiwork, and under such -- vulgar conditions?

RUTH.
(5) To see if it will sell, of course! That is the test of its merit.

WIN THROP.
(6) Do you want to see the others?

RUTH.
Why, yes, to be sure I do. (7) How should I not?

WIN THROP.
You haven't seemed very anxious - these last eight months.

RUTH.
True. I have been at fault. I so dread explanations. And Phil's tempests of rage! Poor boy, he must feel sadly ill-used.

WIN THROP.
He does. (8) -- If there is any reason why you would rather he didn't see you, just now, --
(1) Ruth hold out hand, smile. Winthrop release her hand and go to path.

(2) Ruth cross to Winthrop. Winthrop look searchingly into Ruth's eyes as you speak.

(3) Ruth maintain hard, bright gaiety.

(4) Winthrop act dejected, drop her hands.

(5) Ruth speak cordially and explanatorily.

(6) Ruth speak solemnly, look Winthrop straight in the eyes.

(7) Polly speak off-stage. Winthrop look at Ruth for a moment, then begin to move.

(8) Ruth go past Winthrop and down the path. In a moment Ruth and Polly enter laughing and talking.
RUTH.
There is no reason. At least, none valid.

WINTHROP.
Then I will bring them up.

RUTH.
By all means. (1)

WINTHROP.
They are just below. (2) -- For old friendship's sake, won't you give me one human word before they come? At least answer me honestly one human question?

RUTH.
(3) In the great lottery of a woman's answers there is always one such prize!

WINTHROP.
(4) It's no use, if that is your mood.

RUTH.
My mood! Your old bugbear! I am as sober-serious as my stars ever let me be.

WINTHROP.
Did you, that night you bade me goodbye, know that -- this was going to happen?

RUTH.
No. (5) It was half accident, half wild impulse. Phil left me at the ranch alone. My lover came, impatient, importunate, and I -- went with him.

WINTHROP.
And your -- this man -- to whom you are married -- pardon me, you don't need to answer unless you wish -- for how long had you known him?

RUTH.
(6) All my life! And for eons before.

POLLY.
(7) Win! Win!

WINTHROP.
Come up! Come up! (8)

(Exit RUTH.
Enter POLLY, RUTH.)
(1) Ruth hurry to embrace Philip. Polly fan yourself with a handkerchief, examine the house and surroundings with great curiosity.

(2) Ruth cover your face lightly with hands.

(3) Polly sit left at table. All move toward table. Winthrop stand slightly behind Philip.

(4) Philip sit right.

(5) Philip draw apart, gloomy and threatening. Polly keep up heroic efforts to give the situation a casual and humorous air.

(6) Ruth point to cabin.
Polly.
Ruth!

Ruth.
Dear old Polly!

Polly.
You naughty girl!

Ruth.
If our sins must find us out, you are the kind of
Nemesis I choose.

Polly.
My! But you're a shady character. And sly! (1)

Enter Phil.

Ruth.
Oh Phil! Dear old man! (2) No scolding, no frowns.
This is the finding of the prodigal, and she expects a
robe and a ring.

Polly.
(3) Heavens, what a climb! I'm a rag.

Ruth.
(4) The cabin wouldn't hold us all, but there's one
good thing about this place; there's plenty of outdoors.

Polly.
I should say there is!

Polly.
To think of our practical Ruth doing the one really
theatrical thing known in the annals of Milford Corners,
Mass.! And what a setting! My dear, your stage
arrangements are perfect.

Ruth.
In this case Providence deserves the credit. We may
have come here to take a picture, but we stayed to
make a living. (5)

Polly.
Well, where is he?

Ruth.
Who?

Polly.
He! (6) Well, produce him!
(1) Ruth follow Polly, show gratitude.

(2) Ruth go into cabin, call. Polly speak to Philip.

(3) Polly refer to Winthrop.


(5) Polly shake Ghent's hand cordially.
(6) Ghent extend hand which Philip ignores. Ruth go on hastily to cover the insult.

(7) Winthrop and Ghent shake hands. Winthrop explain to Philip.

(8) Ruth look at Ghent in surprise.

(9) Polly attempt to make small talk. Rise, cross down left center.
(10) Polly glance at Philip.

(11) Ruth cross center, keep up the play desperately. Bless Polly with a look.
RUTH.
(1) You insist?

POLLY.
Absolutely.

RUTH.
Oh, very well! (2) (Exit RUTH.)

POLLY.
Now you behave! (3) He's behaving.

Enter RUTH, GHENT.

RUTH.
(4) Well, Stephen, since they've run us to earth, I suppose we must put a good face on it, and acknowledge them. - This is Polly, of whom I've talked so much. Polly the irresistible. Beware of her! (5) - And this is my brother Philip. (6) - And this is my old school friend, Winthrop Newbury.

WINTHROPE.
(7) Mr. Ghent is the owner of the famous Verde mine.

GHENT.
Part owner, sir. I hadn't the capital to develop with, so I had to dispose of a half-interest.

WINTHROPE.
Isn't there some litigation under way?

RUTH.
(8) Litigation?

GHENT.
Yes - a whole rigmarole.

POLLY.
(9) Heaven help you if you have got entangled in the law! I can conceive of nothing more horrible or ghostly than a court of law; unless (10) it is that other court of high justice, which people hold in private to judge their fellows, from hearsay and half-knowledge!

RUTH.
(11) But there must be law just the same, and penalties and rewards and all that. Else what's the use of being good?
(1) Polly speak to Ghent.

(2) Ghent, Polly, Winthrop go down canyon path. Ruth cross to Philip.

(3) Ruth show effort to maintain a light tone.

(4) Ruth harden voice.
POLLY.
Like you - for instance!

RUTH.
Well, yes, like me!

POLLY.
You are not good, you are merely magnificent. I want to be magnificent! I want to live on the roof of the world and own a gold mine! (1) Show me where the sweet thing is.

GHENT.
We can get a better view of the plant from the ledge below. Will you go down? (2)

(Exit POLLY, GHENT, WINTHROP.

PHILIP.
No. We must have a word together before the gabble begins again. Winthrop has given me your explanation, which explains nothing.

RUTH.
(3) Hasn't that usually been the verdict on explanations of my conduct?

PHILIP.
Don't try to put me off! Tell me in two words how you came to run away with this fellow.

RUTH.
(4) Remember to whom you are speaking, and about whom.

PHILIP.
I got your note, with its curt announcement of your resolve. Later, by mere accident, we found the record of your marriage at San Jacinto - if you call it a marriage, made hupper-mugger at midnight by a tipsy justice of the peace. I don't want to question its validity. I only pray that no one will. But I want to know how it came to be made in such hurry and secrecy - how it came to be made at all, for that matter. How did you ever come to disgrace yourself and your family by clandestine meetings and a hedge-row marriage with a person of this class? And why, after the crazy leap was taken, did you see fit to hide yourself away without a word to me or your distracted mother? Though that perhaps is easier to understand!
(1) Ruth rise.

(2) Philip cross right.

(3) Ruth, overwhelmed, cross right.

(4) Philip shrug shoulder.
Ruth cross to Philip.

(5) Ruth put hands on Philip's shoulders.
Philip caress her. Ruth burst into convulsive weeping, cling to Philip and hide your face on his chest.

(6) Ruth shake your head.

(7) Ruth draw down Philip's face, kiss him. Lift head in attempt at lightness. Then turn away and cross center to table.
RUTH. The manner of your questions absolves me from the obligation to answer them.

PHILIP. I refuse to be put off with any such patent subterfuge.

RUTH. Subterfuge or not, it will have to suffice, (1) until you remember that my right to choose my course in life is unimpeachable, and that the man whose destiny I elect to share cannot be insulted in my presence.

PHILIP. Very well, I can wait. The truth will come out some day. (2) Meanwhile, you can take comfort from the fact that your desertion at the critical moment of our enterprise has spelled ruin for me.

RUTH. (3) Philip, you don't mean--!

PHILIP. Absolute and irretrievable ruin.

RUTH. Then you are going back East - for good?

PHILIP. Yes.

RUTH. But - mother's money! What will she do? (4) Is everything gone - everything?

PHILIP. I shall get something from the sale. Perhaps enough to make a fresh start, somewhere, in some small way.

RUTH. (5) Phil, I am sorry, sorry!

PHILIP. Ruth, you are not happy! You have made a hideous mistake. Come home with me. (6) At least for a time. You are not well. You look really ill. Come home with us, if only for a month.

RUTH. No, no, dear Phil, dear brother! (7) --There! I have had my cry and feel better. The excitement of seeing you all again is a little too much for me.
(1) Philip crosses to Ruth.

(2) Philip crosses right.

(3) Ruth crosses right.

(4) Philip moves to Ruth.

(5) Ruth takes Philip's head in hands and shakes it with recovered gaiety.

(6) Philip points to loom.

(7) Ruth looks toward the others coming up the path. The men linger at the back as Ghent points out various landmarks to them.

(8) Ruth speaks to Polly.
Polly advances right.

(9) Ruth speaks half to self and half to audience.

(10) Ruth bows head in spasm of pain. Polly does not see this, go on teasingly.

(11) Ruth moves away with averted head. Polly follows her, peep around to see Ruth's face.

(12) Polly speaks in louder tone.
PHILIP.
(1) If there is anything that you want to tell me about all this, tell me now.

RUTH.
Oh, there will be plenty of time for explanations and all that! Let us just be happy now in our reunion.

PHILIP.
There will not be plenty of time. (2) We leave tomorrow morning.

RUTH.
(3) Then you will take me on trust - like a dear good brother. Perhaps I shall never explain! I like my air of mystery.

PHILIP.
(4) Remember that if you ever have anything to complain of - in your life - it is my right to know it. The offender shall answer to me, and dearly, too.

RUTH.
(5) Of course they will, you old fire-eater!

PHILIP.
(6) At least tell me why -- (7)

Enter POLLY.

RUTH.
(8) Well, what do you think of us, in a bird's-eye view?

POLLY.
In a bird's-eye view you are superb! - And looked at near, you are an enthralling puzzle.

RUTH.
(9) If you only knew how much!

POLLY.
So you had - just by chance - riding over to the trading-station or so - met the glorious unfulfilled - in blue overalls and a jumper! I thought so! - (10) I see now what you meant about wanting one that wasn't finished. This one certainly isn't finished. But when he is, he'll be grand! (11) Don't sulk! I meant nothing disrespectful. On the contrary, I'm crazy about him. (12) - And now that I've seen the outside of you, I must peep into that fascinating little house!

Enter GHENT, WINTHROP.
(1) Ruth speak to Ghent. Ghent draw closer.
(2) Ghent help Ruth spread out plans.
Polly examine the plans with curiosity.

(3) Ruth speak to Polly.

(4) Polly and Winthrop go into cabin.
Ruth linger at the door, look anxiously at Ghent and Philip, and then go in.

(5) Ghent give a little bow.

(6) Phil point to loom, cross left.

(7) Ghent, astonished, cross right.
RUTH.
(1) Polly wants to go inside the cabin. I can't let her until we have shown her what it's going to be. (2) These are the plans for our new house. You call us magnificent. We will show you that we are not. We are overwhelming!

WINTHROP.
I am afraid we must be getting back. It grows dark very suddenly in the canyon.

RUTH.
(3) Well, then you may come in, if you will promise to view the simple present in the light of the ornate future. (4)

(Exit POLLY, RUTH, WINTHROP.

PHILIP.
If you will permit me, I should like a word with you.

GHENT.
Certainly.

PHILIP.
In deference to my sister's wishes, I refrain from asking you for the explanation which is due me. (5) But there is one thing which I think I am at liberty to question.

GHENT.
Do so.

PHILIP.
I hear of your interest in a valuable mine. I hear of plans for an elaborate house. Why, then, is my sister compelled to peddle her own handiwork in a public caravansery?

GHENT.
What do you mean? I don't understand you.

PHILIP.
(6) Her rugs and baskets are on sale in the corridor of the hotel, fingered and discussed by the tourist mob.

GHENT.
(7) This can't be true!

PHILIP.
It is, however.
(1) Polly, Winthrop and Ruth come out of cabin. Ruth and Winthrop remain left.

(2) Polly cross center toward Philip.
(3) Polly speak to Ruth.

(4) Ruth glance at Winthrop quickly.

(5) Ruth give hand to Winthrop.
(6) Ruth kiss Polly and Philip.
(7) Philip ignore Ghent pointedly in taking leave. Polly bid Ghent goodbye with corresponding cordiality.
(8) Polly speak as they go down the path.
(9) Ruth wave to them from the top of the path. Ghent look long at Ruth with great gratitude.

(10) Ruth sit on bench by wall. Ghent walk about in anxious thought. Once or twice start to speak. Finally stop before Ruth.

(11) Ruth respond to Ghent.

(12) Ghent point to loom.

(13) Ruth react, slightly startled.
GHENT.
I know nothing of it. I've had to be away a great deal.
I knew she worked too hard over these things, but I took
it for a mere pastime. Perhaps -- No, I can't understand
it at all!

PHILIP.
I advise you to make inquiries. She has taken pains to
conceal her identity, but it is known nevertheless, and
the subject of public curiosity. (1)

Enter POLLY, RUTH, WINTHROP.

POLLY.
(2) Take me away quickly, or I shall never enjoy
upholstery again! (3) Please change your mind, dear, and
come with us for the night.

RUTH.
No. I will see you in the morning.

WINTHROP.
We leave by the early stage.

RUTH.
(4) You, too?

WINTHROP.
Yes, I have decided so.

RUTH.
I will be there in good time, trust me. (5) Goodbye till
morning. (6) Goodbye. (7)

POLLY.
Goodbye, Mr. Ghent. (8) Oh, Phil, you ought to have seen
the inside of that delightful little house! (9)

GHENT.
God bless you! (10) - You must go in and lie down.
You are worn out.

RUTH.
(11) No, there is something I must tell you first.

GHENT.
(12) It's about this - work you have been doing?

RUTH.
(13) You know of that?
(1) Ruth point toward cabin.

(2) Ghent act astonished.

(3) Ghent sit.

(4) Ghent sit silent and motionless for a few moments and then turn to Ruth.

(5) Ghent speak eagerly.
GHENT.

Your brother told me. I should have found it out tomorrow anyhow. --- Have you wanted money?

RUTH.

Yes.

GHENT.

I thought I - I thought you had enough. I have often begged you to take more.

RUTH.

I haven't spent what you gave me. It is in there. (1)

GHENT.

(2) You haven't spent any of it?

RUTH.

A little. Nothing for myself.

GHENT.

But there has been no need to save, not after the first month or two. You surely knew that!

RUTH.

Yes, I knew it. It was not economy.

GHENT.

You haven't been willing to take money from me?

RUTH.

No, I know it was small of me, but I couldn't help it. I have paid for everything - I have kept account of it - Oh, to the last dreadful penny! These clothes are the ones I wore from my brother's house that night. This shelter - you know I helped to raise that with my own hands. And - some things I paid for secretly, from the little hoard I brought away with me. You were careless; you did not notice.

GHENT.

(3) I must try to grasp this! (4) - Why - why did you stand up so plucky, so splendid, just now? Put a good face on everything about our life? Call me by my first name and all that - before your own people?

RUTH.

We are man and wife. Beside that, my own people are as strangers.

GHENT.

(5) You say that? You can still say that?
(1) Ruth look up startled and tensely await his answer.

(2) Ghent speak with desperation.

(3) Ruth wail while speaking.

(4) Ghent rise and stand by Ruth.
(5) Ghent pause, then speak more tenderly.
(6) Ruth lift head.

(7) Ruth clutch at heart, cross down right.

(8) Ghent speak huskily, cross to Ruth.

(9) Ruth speak in half-whisper.

(10) Ruth put hands before face and suddenly sob.
RUTH.  
(1) Can't you?

GHENT.  
(2) Oh, I don't know. I can't say or think anything, after what you have just told me!

RUTH.  
(3) You can't say it! And it isn't true! It is we who are strangers. - Worse, a thousand times worse!

GHENT.  
(4) Don't let us dash ourselves to hell in one crazy minute! (5) - Ruth, do you remember our journey here? (6) I thought - it seemed to me you had - begun to care for me.

RUTH.  
That night, when we rode away from the justice's office at San Jacinto, and the sky began to brighten over the desert - the ice that had gathered here (7) - began to melt in spite of me. And when the next night and the next day passed, and the next, and still you spared me and treated me with beautiful rough chivalry, I said to myself, "He has heard my prayer to him. He knows what a girl's heart is." As you rode before me down the arroyos, and up over the mesas, through the dazzling sunlight and the majestic silence, it seemed as if you were leading me out of a world of little codes and customs into a great new world. - So it was for those first days. - And then - and then - I woke, and saw you standing in my tent-door in the starlight! I knew before you spoke that we were lost. You hadn't had the strength to save us!

GHENT.  
(8) Surely it hasn't all been - hateful to you? There have been times, since that. - The afternoon we climbed up here. The day we made the table; the day we planted the vines.

RUTH.  
(9) Yes! - Beautiful days! (10) - Oh, it is not my fault! I have struggled against it. You don't know how I have struggled!

GHENT.  
Against what? Struggled against what?

RUTH.  
Against the hateful image you had raised up beside your own image.
(1) Ruth look steadily, as if at an invisible shape, speak in a horrified whisper.

(2) Ghent, stung beyond endurance, rise, and pace up and down. Ruth continue in a broken tone.

(3) Ruth point toward canyon.

(4) Ruth answer with tone of loathing.

(5) Ghent sit with face in hands.

(6) Ruth slowly take the nugget chain from around neck, and hold it crumpled in palm. Speak with quiet, almost matter-of-fact tone.

(7) Ghent look up.

(8) Ruth hold up chain and let it unwind.

(9) Ghent act dumbfounded.

(10) Ruth continue to look at and play with the chain.
GHENT.
What do you mean?

RUTH.
I mean that sometimes—often—when you stand there before my eyes, you fade away, and in your place I see—
the Other One!

GHENT.
Speak plainly, for God's sake! I don't understand this talk.

RUTH.
(1) There he stands behind you now! The human beast, that goes to its horrible pleasure as not even a wild animal will go—in pack, in pack!—(2) I have tried—Oh, you don't know how I have tried to save myself from these thoughts. —While we were poor and struggling I thought I could do it. —Then (3) then that hole down there began belching its stream of gold. You began to load me with gifts—to force easy ways upon me—

GHENT.
Well, what else did I care to make money for? (4)

RUTH.
Every time you give me anything, (5) or talk about the mine and what it is going to do, there rings in my ears that dreadful sneer: "A dirt-eating Mojave would pay more than that for his squaw!" I held myself so dear! And you bought me for a handful of gold, like a woman of the street! You drove me before you like an animal from the market! (6) —I have got back the chain again.

GHENT.
(7) Chain? —What chain?

RUTH.
(8) The one you bought me with.

GHENT.
(9) Where the devil—? Has that fellow been around here?

RUTH.
It would have had no meaning for me except from his hand.

GHENT.
So that's what you've been doing with this rug-weaving and basket-making tomfoolery? (10) —How long has this been going on?
(1) Ruth, convulsively draw hand about neck as if loosening something.

(2) Ruth attempt to force chain upon Ghent.

(3) Ghent speak with stern control.

(4) Ghent take chain reluctantly, stand and look at it for a moment, then speak with iron firmness.

(5) Ghent throw chain about Ruth's neck and draw her closer with the chain.

(6) Ghent start for house. Ruth hold out hands.

(7) Ghent return to Ruth anxiously as she continues playing with the chain, and avert eyes.

(8) Ghent start to take chain, then draw back.

(9) Philip appear at path and remain partly concealed.
RUTH.

How long? - How long can one live without breathing? Two minutes? A few lifetimes? How long!

GHENT.

It was about a month after we came here that you began to potter with this work. (1)

RUTH.

Since then this has been round my neck, round my limbs, a chain of eating fire. Link by link I have unwound it. You will never know what it has cost me, but I have paid it all. Take it and let me go free. (2) Take it, take it, I beseech you!

GHENT.

(3) You are killing yourself. You mustn't go on this way. Go and rest. We will talk of this tomorrow.

RUTH.

Rest! Tomorrow! Oh, how little you have understood of all I have said! I know it is only a symbol - a make-believe. I know I am childish to ask it. Still, take it and tell me I am free.

GHENT.

(4) As you say, your price has risen. This is not enough. (5) You are mine, mine, do you hear? Now and forever! (6)

RUTH.

Wait! There is - something else. (7) - It isn't only for my sake I ask you to take this off me, nor only for your sake. There is - another life - to think of.

GHENT.

Ruth! -- Is it true? - Thank God!

RUTH.

Now, will you take this off me?

GHENT.

(8) No. Now less than ever. For now, more than ever, you are mine.

RUTH.

But - how yours? Oh, remember, have pity! How yours? (9)

Enter PHILIP
(1) Ruth take chain slowly from neck.
(2) Ruth drop chain.
(3) Ruth turn slowly. Philip come forward to form a triangle so that Ruth is seen in center making her choice.
(4) Philip speak to Ghent.
(5) Philip speak to Ruth.
(6) Philip measure Ghent.
(7) Ruth look long at Ghent, then at the house and surroundings. Slowly turn to Philip and speak as the curtain descends.
GHENT.
No matter how! Bought if you like, but mine! Mine by blind chance and the hell in a man's veins, if you like! Mine by almighty Nature, whether you like it or not!

RUTH.
Nature! Almighty Nature! (1) - Not yours! By everything my people have held sacred! (2) - Not yours! Not yours! (3)

PHILIP.
(4) I came back to get my sister for the night. - I don't know by what ugly spell you have held her, but I know, from her own lips, that it is broken. (5) Come! I have horses below.

GHENT.
No!

PHILIP.
(6) Yes.

GHENT.
Let her say!

RUTH.
(7) Take me - with you. Take me - home!
(1) Philip and Winthrop stand near right door. Polly sit left at table, read paper. Ruth sit right sewing.

(2) Winthrop cross up center left to table.

(3) Philip cross to bookcase.

(4) Dr. Newbury and Mrs. Jordan enter.

(5) Dr. Newbury and Mrs. Jordan sit on settee.
ACT III

PHILIP.
(1) Have another cigar.

WINTHROP.
Well, as a celebration.

PHILIP.
Rather small business for the Jordan family, to be celebrating a bare escape from the poorhouse.

WINTHROP.
Where did you scare up the benevolent uncle? I never heard of him before.

PHILIP.
Nor I, scarcely. He's always lived abroad.

WINTHROP.
Stock reports! (2)

PHILIP.
(3) Her latest craze.

WINTHROP.
Last week it was Japanese Samurai.

POLLY.
And next week it will be smart Alecks. (4)

Enter MRS. JORDAN, DR. NEWBURY.

MRS. JORDAN.
Sit down, Doctor, at least for a moment.

DR. NEWBURY.
(5) I can never resist such an invitation, in this house.

MRS. JORDAN.
Dear Doctor, you've been a wonderful friend to me and mine all these years, since poor Josiah was taken.

DR. NEWBURY.
But just when you needed help most -

MRS. JORDAN.
I know how gladly you would have offered it, if you could.
(1) Mrs. Jordan speak in lower tone to Dr. Newbury. Ruth let sewing slip in lap and sit staring.

(2) Philip cross up left to Polly's left.

(3) Philip take paper from Polly and read.

(4) Polly show Philip where to look in paper.

(5) Philip cross to fireplace.

(6) Winthrop offer Ruth the paper.

(7) Ruth look vaguely and disinterestingly at paper.

(8) Ruth rise and cross to right door.

(9) Dr. Newbury rise, stop Ruth, shake her hand. Mrs. Jordan move left.
DR. NEWBURY.

Your brother-in-law in England was able to redeem the property?

MRS. JORDAN.

Yes, yes. - But what we are to do for the future, with my little capital gone (1) - Oh, that dreadful West! If my children had only stayed where they were born and bred.

DR. NEWBURY.

Poor child!

POLLY.

I say, Phil! Win! Look here.

PHILIP.

(2) What is it now?

POLLY.

Something about your Arizona scheme.

PHILIP.

(3) "Alleghany pig-iron, 93-3/4, National Brick."

POLLY.

(4) No, there!

PHILIP.

"Arizona Cactus Fiber, 84." - Cactus Fiber listed! Selling at 84! (5) This is the last straw!

MRS. JORDAN.

What does it mean, Phil?

PHILIP.

Only that the people who bought our plant and patents for a song, have made a fortune out of them. (6)

POLLY.

(7) Doesn't that interest you?

RUTH.

(8) Oh, yes.

DR. NEWBURY.

(9) Won't you bid me goodnight, my child?

RUTH.

Goodnight, Doctor.
(1) Winthrop make fast, cross right. Dr. Newbury move back and left.

(2) Ruth exit.

(3) Winthrop speak to Philip as they exit left.

(4) Philip cross to fireplace.

(5) Mrs. Jordan react with fright.
DR. NEWBURY.
Remember, no more moping! And from tomorrow, outdoors with you.

WINTHROP.
(1) You must bid me goodnight, too, and goodbye.

RUTH.
Are you going away?

WINTHROP.
Only back to Boston. Some time, when you are stronger, you will come down and see our new sailors' hospital.

RUTH.
Yes. - Goodbye. (2) 

(Exit RUTH.

WINTHROP.
I must be going along, father. Goodnight, everybody!
(3) Hard luck, old man! 

(Exit WINTHROP, PHILIP.

DR. NEWBURY.
Brave boy! Brave boy! He keeps up a good show.

MRS. JORDAN.
You think he still grieves over her?

DR. NEWBURY.
Ah, poor chap! He's made of the right stuff, if he is mine.

MRS. JORDAN.
Let us not talk of it. It is too sad, too dreadful.

Enter PHILIP

DR. NEWBURY.
(4) About part of it we must talk. - Mrs. Jordan, I don't want to alarm you, but your daughter - I may as well put it bluntly - is in a dangerous state.

MRS. JORDAN.
(5) Doctor, I thought she seemed so much stronger.

DR. NEWBURY.
She is, so far as her body is concerned.

PHILIP.
Don't you think that the routine of life which she has taken up will soon restore her to a normal state of mind?
(1) Mrs. Jordan appear overwhelmed.

(2) Mrs. Jordan reproach Philip with a look.

(3) Phil obey mother, but again pick up paper knife after a few moments.

(4) Mrs. Jordan break out.

(5) Polly rise with nervous gestures.

(6) Philip break paperknife and throw it to the floor.

(7) Mrs. Jordan get down and pick up the pieces of paperknife.
DR. NEWBURY.
Perhaps - I hope so. - I would have good hope of it, if it were not for her attitude toward her child.

MRS. JORDAN.
(1) You noticed that, too! I haven't spoken to you of it, because - I haven't been willing to see it myself.

PHILIP.
I can't see that there is anything particularly strange in her attitude. She takes care of the brat scrupulously enough.

POLLY.
Brat!

MRS. JORDAN.
(2) Brat! - With the most watchful, the minutest care, but - exactly as if it were a piece of machinery! - Phil, do please lay down that paper-knife before you break it! Your father brought that to me from India.

(3) - Pardon me, Doctor. She goes about her daily business, and answers when she is spoken to, but as for her really being here (4) - Doctor, what shall we do!

DR. NEWBURY.
She must be roused from this state, but how to do it, I don't know.

POLLY.
(5) Well, I do!

MRS. JORDAN.
Polly--?

POLLY.
What she needs is her husband, and I have sent for him!

PHILIP.
You--!

POLLY.
Yes, I. He's been here a week. And he's an angel, isn't he, mother? (6)

MRS. JORDAN.
(7) Oh, Phil! How could you! One of my most precious relics!

PHILIP.
Is this true, or is it another of her tedious jokes?
(1) Mrs. Jordan cross to desk with pieces of the paperknife.

(2) Philip cross down right.

(3) Polly speak triumphantly.

(4) Mrs. Jordan wipe eyes, cross to table.

(5) Philip sit at desk.
POLLY.
   Oh, my dear, tedious!

MRS. JORDAN.
   (1) You don't deserve to have me answer you, but it is true.

PHILIP.
   Was this action taken with your knowledge?

MRS. JORDAN.
   I do not expect to be spoken to in that tone. Polly telegraphed him merely the facts. He came at his own instance.

PHILIP.
   (2) But you have consented to enter into relations with him?

MRS. JORDAN.
   I have seen him several times.

POLLY.
   (3) And yesterday we showed him the baby! Such fun, wasn't it, mother?

MRS. JORDAN.
   (4) Yes, it was rather - enjoyable.

PHILIP.
   He can't be in this town. (5) I should have heard of it!

POLLY.
   We've hid him safe.

PHILIP.
   Where?

POLLY.
   Never mind. He's on tap, and the sooner we turn on the spigot the better, is what I think. Doctor, what do you think?

DR. NEWBURY.
   Let me ask you again to state your view of Ruth's case. I don't think I quite grasp your view.
(1) Polly use full area with much dramatics.

(2) Mrs. Jordan, astonished, sit right at table.

(3) Polly cross down right. Doctor Newbury sit on settee.

(4) Polly speak directly to audience.

(5) Dr. Newbury rise.
POLLY.

(1) Well! Here on the one hand is the primitive, the barbaric woman, falling in love with a romantic stranger, who, like some old Viking on a harry, cuts her with his two-handed sword from the circle of her kinsmen, and bears her away on his dragon ship toward the midnight sun. Here on the other hand is the derived, the civilized woman, with a civilized nervous system, observing that the creature eats bacon with his bowie knife, knows not the manicure, has the conversation of a preoccupied walrus, the instincts of a jealous caribou, and the endearments of a dancing crab in the mating season.

MRS. JORDAN.

(2) Polly! What ideas! What language!

DR. NEWBURY.

Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Jordan. The vocabulary has changed since our day, and -- the point of view has shifted a little. -- Well?

POLLY.

(3) Well, Ruth is one of those people who can't live in a state of divided feeling. She sits staring at this cleavage in her life, like -- like that man in Dante, don't you know, who is pierced by the serpent, and who stands there in hell staring at his wound, yawning like a sleepy man.

MRS. JORDAN.

Oh, Polly, do please try not to get our heads muddled up with literature!

POLLY.

All I mean is that (4) when she married her man she married him for keeps. And he did the same by her.

DR. NEWBURY.

Don't you think that a mere difference of cultivation, polish -- or -- or something of that sort -- is rather small to have led to a rupture, and so painful a one too?

POLLY.

Well, yes, perhaps it does look small. But we don't know the particulars; and men are such colossal brutes, you know, dear Doctor!

DR. NEWBURY.

(5) Yes, so they are, so they are!
(1) Polly take Dr. Newbury's arm, cross center and stop.

(2) Polly re-enter in a few moments. Philip give a sour look and exit right.

(3) Polly sit at left table.

(4) Mrs. Jordan rise.

(5) Mrs. Jordan cross down right to desk.

(6) Polly speak with sincerity.
POLLY.
(1) And then her pride! You know when it comes to pride, Ruth would make Lucifer look like a charity-boy asking for more soup.

DR. NEWBURY.
I think perhaps the plan should be tried. -- Yes, I think so decidedly.

PHILIP.
I call this a plot against her dignity and peace of mind!

DR. NEWBURY.
Well, this conspirator must be going. - When you have lived as long as I have, my boy, you'll - you'll be just as old as I am! (2) (Exit DOCTOR.
(Exit PHILIP.

MRS. JORDAN.
Pray what does that mean?

POLLY.
Oh, Phil is such a walking thunder-cloud these days. It's a relief to get rid of him.

MRS. JORDAN.
Have you done what you could to make his life brighter?

POLLY.
(3) I never had a chance. He has always been too much wrapped up in Ruth to think of me.

MRS. JORDAN.
How can you say such a thing? (4) What do you suppose he married you for?

POLLY.
Heaven knows! What do they ever do it for? It is a most curious and savage propensity. But immensely interesting to watch.

MRS. JORDAN.
(5) If you hold such heathenish views, why are you so bent on bringing those two together?

POLLY.
(6) Because they represent - what Philip and I have missed.
(1) Mrs. Jordan sit at desk.

(2) Mrs. Jordan at first misunderstand what Polly has said.

(3) Mrs. Jordan pause between lines.

(4) Polly speak with delight.

(5) Polly cross up center.
MRS. JORDAN.
And pray what have "Philip and I" missed?

POLLY.
Oh, we're all right. But we're not like those two.

MRS. JORDAN.
(1) I should hope not!

POLLY.
Even I believe that now and then a marriage is made in
Heaven. This one was. They are predestined lovers!

MRS. JORDAN.
(2) I pray it may be so. -- You wretched girl!
Predestined lovers and marriage made in Heaven, after
all you've just been saying about how impossible he is.

POLLY.
He is quite impossible, but he's the kind we can't
resist, any of us. He'd only have to crook his little
finger at me.

MRS. JORDAN.
What are you young women coming to! (3) -- He seems to
me a good man.

POLLY.
(4) Oh, he's good! So is a volcano between eruptions.
And commonplace, too, until you happen to get a glimpse
down one of the old volcanic rifts in his surface, and
see - far below - underneath the cold lava-beds - fire,
fire, the molten heart of a continent!

MRS. JORDAN.
I only hope you have some vague general notion of what
you are talking about.

POLLY.
Amen. (5) -- And now let's consider when, where, and
how we are to hale this dubious pair together.

MRS. JORDAN.
One thing is sure, it mustn't be here.

POLLY.
Why not?

MRS. JORDAN.
On Philip's account.
(1) Polly and Mrs. Jordan react to doorbell.

(2) Polly exit left. Mrs. Jordan cross up center. Polly enter and cross to Mrs. Jordan.

(3) Enter Ghent and remain by door.

(4) Polly pout and exit right.
POLLY.
   Oh, bother Philip! (1) Wasn't that the doorbell?

MRS. JORDAN.
   Yes. (2) You had better go. (Exit POLLY.

Enter POLLY.

POLLY.
   It's Mr. Ghent!

MRS. JORDAN.
   Mr. Ghent? (3) Enter GHENT.

MRS. JORDAN.
   Mr. Ghent--! Surely at this hour--!

GHENT.
   I beg your pardon. There was no other way. I am going West tonight. -- Can I see you alone? (4) (Exit POLLY.

MRS. JORDAN.
   Going west tonight?

GHENT.
   Yes. Trouble at the mine.

MRS. JORDAN.
   Isn't your business partner competent to attend to it?

GHENT.
   He's competent to steal the whole outfit. In fact, is doing it, or has done it already.

MRS. JORDAN.
   And - my property here? Is that involved in the danger?

GHENT.
   Certainly not.

MRS. JORDAN.
   I have gone through such months of misery at the thought of losing the dear old place! -- If Ruth only knew that we owe the very roof over our heads to you --
(1) Mrs. Jordan sit right, Ghent left.

(2) Ghent pause, look about the room.

(3) Ghent speak to self.
GHENT. 

Well, she isn't to know, that's understood, isn't it? Besides, it's nothing to speak of: Glad if you think it a service. She wouldn't.

MRS. JORDAN. 

You mean - ?

GHENT. 

I mean that if she knew about it, she wouldn't stay here overnight.

MRS. JORDAN. 

Sit down. (1) Tell me what is the trouble between you? It has all been a dreadful mystery from the beginning.

GHENT. 

Is it a mystery that a woman like your daughter - ?

MRS. JORDAN. 

Should have chosen you? - Pardon me, I don't mean anything unkind - But having chosen - and broken faith with her brother to do it -

GHENT. 

Let's drop that! -- Mrs. Jordan, you come of the old stock. Do you believe in the devil?

MRS. JORDAN. 

Perhaps not, in the sense you mean.

GHENT. 

I mean the devil inside of a man - the devil in the heart!

MRS. JORDAN. 

Oh, yes. We are all forced by our lives to believe in that.

GHENT. 

Our lives! (2) -- How long have you lived here?

MRS. JORDAN. 

For thirty years, in this house. Before I was married I lived in the old house down the road yonder, opposite the church.

GHENT. 

(3) Think of it!
(1) Mrs. Jordan rise, cross center.

(2) Ghent hit table with fist.
(3) Ghent sit a moment in thought and gloom.

(4) Mrs. Jordan cross up center to mantel.
MRS. JORDAN.
What did you say?

GHENT.
Mrs. Jordan, I want you to promise that what I put in your hands from time to time comes to your daughter as if from another source.

MRS. JORDAN.
You are going away for good?

GHENT.
Yes.

MRS. JORDAN.
You give her up?

GHENT.
A man can't give up what isn't his.

MRS. JORDAN.
What isn't his? She is your wife.

GHENT.
No. Never has been.

MRS. JORDAN.
(1) Oh, pitiful heavens!

GHENT.
I beg your pardon. - I was only trying to say - I used to think when a couple was married, there they were, man and wife, and that was the end of it. I used to think that when they had a child, well, sure enough it was their child, and all said. - And there's something in that, too. (2) - Damn me if there ain't something eternal in it! (3) - Do you think she'll make up to the young one, after a bit?

MRS. JORDAN.
(4) Oh, surely! To think otherwise would be too dreadful.

GHENT.
I'd give a good deal to know. - It's kind of lonesome for the little rooster, sitting out there all by himself on the world's doorstep! - I must see her for a minute before I go. - Do your best for me.

MRS. JORDAN.
I will do what I can.
(1) Mrs. Jordan cross to right chair.

(2) Mrs. Jordan sit.

(3) Ghent take papers from pocket.

(4) Mrs. Jordan finger papers.
GHENT.
You can put it as a matter of business. There is a matter of business I want to talk over with her, if I can get up the gumption.

MRS. JORDAN.
(1) Hadn't you better tell me what it is?

GHENT.
Well, it's about your son Philip. That little scheme he started out in my country - the Cactus Fibre industry.

MRS. JORDAN.
Yes?

GHENT.
I believe he thinks his sister's going away when she did queered his game.

MRS. JORDAN.
It was a severe blow to him every way. (2) She was the life and soul of his enterprise.

GHENT.
I want her to give him back the Cactus Fibre outfit, worth something more than when he dropped it.

MRS. JORDAN.
Give it back to him? She?

GHENT.
Yes. (3) I happened to hear it was knocking around for nothing in the market, and I bought it - for the house, really. Hated to see that go to the dogs. Then I looked over the plant, and got a hustler to boom it. I thought as a matter of transfer, to cancel her debt, or what she thinks her debt -

MRS. JORDAN.
(4) Mr. Ghent, we really can't accept such a thing. Your offer is quixotic.

GHENT.
Quix - what?

MRS. JORDAN.
Quixotic, it really is.
(1) Ghent rise, make awkward bow to Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Jordan lead Ghent to the door.

(2) Ruth appear at right door. Mrs. Jordan begin to cross, stop center. Ghent, unseen by Ruth, stand in left doorway.

(3) Ghent close door and move right to form a triangle.

(4) Ruth start to leave. Mrs. Jordan stop Ruth by your words.
GHENT.
I guess you're right. It depends on the way you look at it. One way it looks like a pure business proposition - so much lost, so much made good. The other way it looks, as you say, quix - um - Anyway, there are the papers! Do what you think best with them. (1)

MRS. JORDAN.
Wait in the parlor. - The second door on the left.

(Exit GHENT.

Enter RUTH.

MRS. JORDAN.
(2) Ruth, you are a brave girl and I shall treat you like one. - Your husband is here.

RUTH.
Here? Where? (3)

Enter GHENT.

MRS. JORDAN.
He is leaving for the west again tonight. He has asked to see you before he goes. (4) -- It is your duty to hear what he has to say. You owe that to the love you once bore him.

RUTH.
He killed my love before it was born!

MRS. JORDAN.
It is your duty to hear him and part with him in a Christian spirit, for our sakes, if not for your own.

RUTH.
For whose sake?

MRS. JORDAN.
For mine, and your brother's. - We owe it to him, as a family.

GHENT.
Mrs. Jordan --!

RUTH.
Owe?

MRS. JORDAN.
We owe it to him, for what he has done and wishes to do.
(1) Mrs. Jordan speak with growing impatience.

(2) Mrs. Jordan lose self-control.

(3) Ruth stand motionless for a moment, look vacantly about, then speak in dull voice.
RUTH.
What he has done? Wishes to do?

MRS. JORDAN.
Yes, don't echo me like a parrot! He has done a great deal for us, and is anxious to do more, if you will only let him.

RUTH.
What is this? Explain it to me quickly.

MRS. JORDAN.
(1) Don't think to judge your mother!

RUTH.
I demand to hear what all this is! Tell me.

MRS. JORDAN.
(2) He has kept us from being turned into the street! -- He has given us the very roof over our heads!

RUTH.
You said that uncle--

MRS. JORDAN.
Well, it was not your uncle! I said so to shield you in your stubborn and cold-hearted pride.

RUTH.
Is there more of this?

MRS. JORDAN.
Yes, there is more. You wronged your brother to follow your own path of wilful love, and now you wrong him again by following your own path of wilful aversion. Here comes your husband, offering to make restitution--

RUTH.
What restitution?

MRS. JORDAN.
He has bought Philip's property out there, and wants you to give it back to him.

RUTH.
(3) I must go away from this house.

MRS. JORDAN.
You don't understand! He claims nothing. He is going away himself immediately. Whatever this dreadful trouble is between you, you are his wife, and he has a right to help you and yours.
(1) Ruth break out with wrath playing the center area. Ghent move down left.

(2) Ruth sink in right chair by table.

(3) Mrs. Jordan move down right.

(4) Mrs. Jordan take long pause.

(5) Philip enter and remain on level.

(6) Philip wait an instant as the truth slowly penetrates. Then, with mortal rage, start toward Ghent.
RUTH.
I am not his wife.

MRS. JORDAN.
Ruth, don't frighten me. He said those same words--

RUTH.
He said - what?

MRS. JORDAN.
That you were not his wife.

RUTH.
He said - that?

MRS. JORDAN.
Yes, but afterward he explained--

RUTH.
(1) Explained! Did he explain that when I was left alone that night at the ranch he came - with two others - and when gun and knife had failed me, and nothing stood between me and their drunken fury, I sold myself to the strongest of them, hiding my head behind the name of marriage? Did he explain that between him and the others money clinked - my price in hard money on the table? And now that I have run away to the only refuge I have on earth, he comes to buy the very house where I have hidden, and every miserable being within it! (2)

MRS. JORDAN.
(3) And you - married him - after that? (4) -- You ought to have - died - first! (5)

Enter PHILIP.

MRS. JORDAN.
Oh, Philip, she has told me! - You can't imagine what horrors!

PHILIP.
Horrors? What horrors?

MRS. JORDAN.
It was your fault! You ought never to have left her alone in that dreadful place! She - She married him - to save herself - from - Oh, horrible! (6)

PHILIP.
You - dog!
(1) Ruth step in the path of Philip.

(2) Philip attempt to thrust Ruth aside. Mrs. Jordan, terrified, cling desperately to Philip's arm.

(3) Mrs. Jordan and Ruth force Philip back to the right door where he stands glaring at Ghent.

(4) Mrs. Jordan and Philip exit right, as Ruth and Ghent stand motionless.
RUTH.

(1) No, no, no!

PHILIP.
Get out of my way. This is my business now.

RUTH.
No, it is mine. I tell you it is mine.

PHILIP.
We'll see whose it is. I said that if the truth ever came out, this man should answer to me, and now, by God, he shall answer! (2)

RUTH.
I told him long ago it should be between us. Now it shall be between us.

MRS. JORDAN.
Philip, for my sake, for your father's sake! Don't, don't! (3) You will only make it worse. In pity's name, leave them alone together. Leave them alone - together!

PHILIP.
My time will come. Meanwhile, hide behind the skirts of the woman whose life you have ruined and whose heart you have broken. Hide behind her. It is the coward's privilege. Take it. (4) (Exit MRS. JORDAN, PHILIP.

RUTH.
God forgive me! You never can.

GHENT.
It was a pity - but - you were in a corner. I drove you to it, by coming here.

RUTH.
It was base of me - base!

GHENT.
The way your mother took it showed me one thing. - I've never understood you, because - I don't understand your people.

RUTH.
You mean - her saying I ought to have died rather than accept life as I did?

GHENT.
Yes.
(1) Ruth move a few steps left.

(2) Ghent move a few steps right.

(3) Ruth remain a little right center.  
Ghent play left area.

(4) Ghent take nugget chain from pocket, look at it,  
and then speak with quiet resignation.

(5) Ghent play left area. Ruth, during speech,  
move right to back of desk chair.

(6) Ruth cross center.
RUTH.

(1) She spoke the truth. I have always seen it.

GHENT.

(2) Ruth, it's a queer thing for me to be saying, but it seems to me, you've never seen the truth between us.

RUTH.

(3) What is the truth - between us?

GHENT.

The truth is - Well, there's no use going into that. I've got here the chain, that's come, one way and another, to have a meaning for us. For you it's a bitter meaning, but, all the same, I want you to keep it. Show it some day to the boy, and tell him - about me.

(4)

RUTH.

What is the truth - between us?

GHENT.

I guess it was only of myself I was thinking.

RUTH.

What is it - about yourself?

GHENT.

(5) I drifted into one of your meeting-houses last Sunday, not knowing where else to go, and I heard a young fellow preaching about what he called "The Second Birth." A year and a half ago I should have thought it was all hocus-pocus, but you can believe me or not, the way he went on he might have been behind the door that night in that little justice den at San Jacinto, saying to the Recording Angel: "Do you see that rascal? Take notice! There ain't an ounce of bone or a drop of blood in him but what's new man!"

RUTH.

You think it has been all my fault - the failure we've made of our life?

GHENT.

It's been no failure. However it is, it's been our life, and in my heart I think it's been - all - right!

RUTH.

All right! (6) Oh, how can you say that? - All right!
(1) Ruth sit at desk. Ghent play up left area.

(2) Ruth turn to Ghent.

(3) Ghent play left area keeping on left side of center line. Ruth keep head in hands.

(4) Ghent wait for answer from Ruth who gives no reaction. Then after long pause and consideration cross the "divide." Pause again after line.

(5) Ruth look up.
GHENT.

(1) It's been no failure. Some of it has been wrong, but as a whole it has been right - right! I know that doesn't happen often, but it has happened to us, because - because the first time our eyes met, they burned away all that was bad in our meeting, and left only the fact that we had met - pure good - pure joy - a fortune of it - for both of us. Yes, for both of us! You'll see it yourself some day.

RUTH.

(2) If you had only heard my cry to you, to wait, to cleanse yourself and me - by suffering and sacrifice - before we dared begin to live! But you wouldn't see the need! - Oh, if you could have felt for yourself what I felt for you! If you could have said, "The wages of sin is death!" and suffered the anguish of death, and risen again purified! But instead of that, what you had done fell off from you like any daily trifle.

GHENT.

(3) Ruth, it's these fellows are fooling you! It's they who keep your head set on the wages of sin, and all that rubbish. What have we got to do with suffering and sacrifice? That may be the law for some, and I've tried hard to see it as our law, and thought I had succeeded. But I haven't! Our law is joy, and selfishness; the curve of your shoulder and the light on your hair as you sit there says that as plain as preaching.

Does it gall you the way we came together? You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whiskey, and sun, and the devil. Well, I tell you now I'm thankful on my knees for all three! Does it rankle in your mind that I took you when I could get you, by main strength and fraud? I guess most good women are taken that way, if they only knew it. Don't you want to be paid for? I guess every wife is paid for in some good coin or other. And as for you, I've paid for you not only with a trumpery chain, but with the heart in my breast, do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me - the man you've made of me, the life and the meaning of life you've showed me the way to! (4)

If you can't see it my way, give me another chance to live it out in yours. --- During the six months I've been East--

RUTH.

(5) Six months? Mother said a week!
(1) Ghent play area near Ruth.

(2) Ruth react.

(3) Ruth make faint moan. Ghent remain standing over her for some moments. With trembling hands caress her hair lightly and speak between a laugh and a sob. Ruth does not move.

(4) Ghent remain bending over Ruth some moments, then straighten up, with a gesture of stoic despair. Play area.

(5) Ghent move to left door.

(6) Ghent open door.

(7) Ghent close door and stand waiting for Ruth to speak. Ruth rise and cross center.

(8) Ghent move slowly to table.
GHENT.

(1) Your sister-in-law's telegram was forwarded to me here. (2) I let her think it brought me, but as a matter of fact, I came East in the next train after yours. It was rather a low-lived thing to do, I suppose, hanging about and bribing your servant for news. -- I might have known how that would strike you! Well, it would have come out sooner or later. -- That's not what I started to talk about. -- You ask me to suffer for my wrong. Since you left me I have suffered - God knows! You ask me to make some sacrifice. Well - how would the mine do? Since I've been away they've as good as stolen it from me. I could get it back easy enough by fighting; but supposing I don't fight. Then we'll start all over again, just as we stand in our shoes, and make another fortune - for our boy. (3)

Little mother! Little mother! What does the past matter, when we've got the future - and him?

(4) I know what you're saying there to yourself, and I guess you're right. Wrong is wrong, from the moment it happens till the crack of doom, and all the angels in Heaven, working overtime, can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I guess I've learned it. I've seen it written in mountain letters across the continent of this life. -- Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heart-beat! (5)

You've fought hard for me, God bless you for it. - But it's been a losing game with you from the first! - You belong here, and I belong out yonder - beyond the Rockies, beyond - the Great Divide! (6)

RUTH.

Wait! (7) -- Tell me you know that if I could have followed you, and been your wife, without struggle and without bitterness, I would have done it.

GHENT.

I believe you would.

RUTH.

Tell me you know that when I tore down with bleeding fingers the life you were trying to build for us, I did it only--because--I loved you!

GHENT.

(8) How was that?
(1) Ruth play right area, ending at right corner of table.

(2) Ruth move to stage center with the chain.

(3) Ruth out the chain around neck.

(4) Ghent move to center.

(5) Ruth and Ghent remain direct center with arms held out to each other.

(6) CURTAIN.
RUTH.

(1) Oh, I don't wonder you ask! Another woman would have gone straight to her goal. You might have found such a one. But instead you found me, a woman in whose ears rang night and day the cry of an angry Heaven to us both - "Cleanse yourselves!" And I went about doing it in the only way I knew - the only way my fathers knew - by wretchedness, by self-torture, by trying blindly to pierce your careless heart with pain. And all the while you -- Oh, as I lay there and listened to you, I realized it for the first time -- you had risen, in one hour, to a wholly new existence, which flooded the present and the future with brightness, yes, and reached back into our past, and made of it -- made of all of it -- something to cherish! (2)

You have taken the good of our life and grown strong.
I have taken the evil and grown weak, weak unto death.
Teach me to live as you do! (3)

GHENT.
Teach you - to live - as I do?

RUTH.
And teach - him!

GHENT.
(4) You’ll let me help make a kind of a happy life for --
the little rooster?

RUTH.
(5) And for us! For us! (6)
CHAPTER V
SUMMARY OF THE REHEARSAL PERIOD

The director, in consultation with the head of the department of Drama, determined that twenty-five rehearsal periods were available for \textit{The Great Divide}, during an interval of eleven weeks. Rehearsals for the first ten weeks, each three hours in length, were scheduled on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. There was no time allotted in the rehearsal schedule for the construction of scenery as this aspect was to be handled by the University stage-crew laboratories.

A total of fifty-two students auditioned for roles in \textit{The Great Divide}; twenty-six women and twenty-six men. Of these, the majority were enrolled in one of the University acting classes. The actual on-stage experience of the students varied greatly with the average student having participated in very few public performances.

Four primary criteria were used as an aid in casting: 1. the physical suitability of the actor\textsuperscript{1} for the role; 2. the strength, flexibility, vitality, and control of the voice; 3. the ability to move well on stage; and 4. the response of the actor to directorial suggestions.

\textsuperscript{1} Note: Hereafter, the term "actor" refers to performers of either sex.
After each person had been auditioned once, everyone was provided the opportunity of reading for a role of his choice. Following this, the director requested that particular individuals read designated scenes together. During all these readings, an accurate account of each reader was recorded to serve as an aid in casting. Of the fifty-two persons auditioning, fourteen were chosen for the cast of \textit{The Great Divide}. The final selection of the cast was based upon the director's desire to achieve a physically and vocally balanced ensemble.

Copies of the script were issued to cast members and one week later the first rehearsal took place. This first rehearsal began with a discussion of the history and significance of \textit{The Great Divide}, the style of acting and the ultimate goal desired for this production. Also, the acting, scenery, lighting, sound effects, costuming and make-up were discussed in general terms. A reading of the play followed, during which time questions relating to the plot or characters were answered by the director.

The succeeding three rehearsals were utilized for blocking the action of the play. To better illustrate for the actors the projected stage arrangement, the director showed a sketch of the ground-plans.\footnote{For complete ground-plans, see Appendix, pp. 136-138.} Attention was called to the fact that inevitable adjustments would later occur in
blocking when the set was completed, but that the basic pattern would remain the same.

The first major problem confronting the director was one of movement. The actors had much difficulty in attaining a style of stage movement suitable to the period of the play. Though various attempts were made by the actors to project a period style of acting, they remained completely and consistently modern in appearance. Therefore, the director instructed his cast to exaggerate all stage movement to the point where it became broad and melodramatic. It was his hope that by first overacting and later toning down the movement, a balance would be achieved and an acceptable style established. Several weeks of rehearsal were devoted primarily to movement on stage, with all aspects emphasized, including crossing from one acting area to another, making entrances and exits important, coming into physical contact with other actors, getting in and out of chairs, making all hand gestures meaningful, and in exercising careful control of emotion.

The second problem centered on the interpretation and development of character. It was the director's belief that the actors were not spending a sufficient amount of time in studying their roles. Therefore, the emphasis in rehearsals was shifted from stage movement to the development of complete characters. In all instances, the director attempted to allow the actor complete freedom in developing
an acceptable characterization. Only when an actor failed to understand his character, or when he was unable to project the character fully, did the director interfere.

Individual help was then given in an attempt to attain the best possible characterization for a balanced ensemble. Each actor, according to his needs, received individual attention during additional sessions with the director.

When the final renderings\(^1\) of the sets were submitted to the director, several changes in blocking became necessary. For technical purposes and easy mobility in shifting scenery, several wagon stages and sets were to be employed, consequently raising part of the acting area several inches above the stage floor. This presented a problem in adjusting and adapting the stage movement to the raised areas in a manner which would not bring about undesired audience attention to the difference in acting levels. A special problem was created by the use of a level for the attack episode in Act One. Much of the action in this scene needed to take place on two levels, making movement very difficult. This necessitated a careful working out of each movement so as not to obstruct the audiences' view or endanger the actors moving rapidly from one level to another.

In another instance, the raised level solved rather than created a problem. At the opening of Act One Ruth,

\(^1\) See Appendix, pp.133-135
Polly, Winthrop; and Philip are on stage. Since the initial action and dialogue involves only Polly, Winthrop, and Philip, there is no way of indicating to the audience that Ruth is the essential character, thus making her first appearance very weak. It was here that the level was utilized. In placing Ruth on the level with her back to the audience and looking out of the window, she remains inconspicuous at first. Therefore, when she turned full-front to address Polly, the entire attention of the audience centered on her and a suitable entrance was made.

The only other problem in blocking occurred in attempting to provide the lengthy speeches of Ruth and Ghent, at the end of the third act, with sufficient movement to make them interesting and draw the attention of the audience to the speaker. It was not until the set was constructed that this problem was adequately solved. From the moment Ruth and Ghent were alone on stage in the final scene, the acting area became divided with Ruth at stage right and Ghent at stage left. As each delivered these last essential speeches they utilized fully their designated areas, but never crossed the dividing center line. It was not until Ghent asked Ruth to allow him to live life the way she did that this separation of movement was broken. At this time, Ghent crossed the "divide" to make his appeal and, when rejected, returned to the stage left area. The earlier pattern then prevailed until Ruth crossed the "divide" to
take the chain of gold nuggets from Ghent. She then walked to the center of the stage where Ghent joined her. Here, the conflict of the play was removed and no dividing line remained between them as the curtain descended. For the director this division in acting areas symbolized the opposing factions of Massachusetts and Arizona. It was his hope that this stage movement would add aesthetically to the total stage effect and serve to sustain the interest and attention of the audience during Moody's final message.

The single greatest problem of the director lay in "selling" the play to his cast. For the greater share of the rehearsal period the cast disliked and doubted the possibility of presenting The Great Divide in a serious manner. It is the belief of the director that this attitude existed due to a lack of understanding and knowledge of this period of American theatre. It was not until the final rehearsals that members of the cast began to perceive the merits of the play. Those who had been the most adamant in condemning the play for being "trite" and "out-dated," became the most ardent admirers of Moody's ability as a playwright. This change in attitude aided immensely in the effort exerted and the pride taken by each actor during the actual performances.

In the realm of acting, the last problem to occur came in having to replace three cast members during the last week of rehearsals. These were Burt Williams, A Contractor,
and A Boy. Special rehearsal time was allotted by the director to aid these replacements and to re-establish a balanced acting ensemble.

In order to accomplish an integrated stage effect, each element of the production had to be considered. Therefore, the final responsibility of the producing director consisted of co-ordinating and balancing the technical and acting aspects of The Great Divide. With the previous attention having been centered upon the acting aspects of the production, the emphasis during the final week of rehearsals was shifted to the technical elements.

The constructed setting presented no problem of consequence and the actors adapted themselves to it without difficulty. The only change necessary was in replacing several pieces of furniture used in the third act. This was done to better establish scenic verisimilitude. Due to the great number of hand and set properties, the actors assumed individual responsibility for each hand property used, thus removing part of the burden from the property crew. Each property used in production was checked by the director for its historical accuracy and only in a few instances were suitable substitutes necessary.

Realistic lighting was employed throughout this production in keeping with the style of the period. Minor difficulties in lighting occurred in attempting to provide moonlight in the first act and a sunset for the conclusion of
Act Two. However, these obstacles were overcome and the desired effect was accomplished. The lighting enhanced the beauty and meaning of the scenery, provided sufficient illumination in general and increased the effectiveness of the total production.

The sound effects used for this production were few, but essential to the action of the play. In order to attain accurate sound effects of galloping horses necessary in Act One, tape recordings were made at a ranch near Tucson. With the exception of the doorbell in Act Three, all sound cues were transmitted from the sound booth. The sound crew was also responsible for appropriate music to be played during each intermission.

Costuming *The Great Divide* presented the greatest technical problem. A total of twenty-four costumes were needed with each of the following characters requiring three separate outfits: Ruth, Polly, Ghent, Philip, and Winthrop. The primary difficulty came in acquiring costumes for the men in the cast. Several styles of suits necessary for historical accuracy were unattainable. Therefore, relatively modern suits were adapted to the period by using suitable accessories. Despite several major obstacles, however, the costumes were for the most part adequate for the purpose of this production.

The only circumstance requiring a rapid costume change occurred in the first act. Here, it was necessary for
Ruth to change from a dress to a nightgown and then back to the dress in a short period of time. During the first dress rehearsal, this change was not accomplished quickly enough. Therefore, additional action was given to Ghent to compensate for this delay.

The final technical phase concerned make-up. To assist in attaining realistic make-up, several of the men grew beards and no haircuts were permitted three weeks prior to performance. Only minor make-up adjustments were necessary during the dress rehearsal period. One special effect, however, was required of the make-up crew. Ghent's wound in Act One required that blood be visible by members of the audience. This was accomplished by using artificial blood, which was applied with a sponge. In general, the make-up aided in establishing the illusion of an earlier period.
CHAPTER VI
THE DIRECTOR'S EVALUATION OF
THE COMPLETED PRODUCTION

There were three primary objectives for this production of *The Great Divide*: to achieve the most complete expression of William Vaughn Moody's play; to retain the style of the period, but satisfy the disposition of contemporary audiences; and to instruct the student-actors in the techniques of character interpretation and portrayal in a period play.

With respect to the expression of Moody's intended interpretation of the play, satisfactory success seems to have been achieved. In retrospect, however, the writer feels that in several instances certain aspects were deserving of more directorial attention.

In an attempt to avoid melodrama, the director did not stress enough the importance of the impact that the first act attack scene has on the character of Ruth. The actors failed to project sufficient rapacity, almost animal hunger, in their desire to "take" Ruth. Furthermore, their patience with Ruth's pleas appeared too great for the characters they were portraying. Consequently, the action of the scene did not seem to justify the horror and misery of Ruth in the following acts.
Secondly, too little attention was devoted to making clear the precise relationship between the characters of Polly and Philip. An analysis of audience reaction indicated that some confusion existed concerning their relationship, although it was clearly stated on the program. In this instance, the director did not perceive a weakness in the structure of the plot until the play was in performance. Not until the third act does Moody's dialogue disclose that Polly and Philip are husband and wife. Furthermore, no action exists between them that would earlier substantiate this. Therefore, it was the director's responsibility to provide a means of clarifying their marriage early in the play.

Finally, the entrances and exits of the second act needed to be strengthened and their importance emphasized. As it appeared, they were too casually executed. In this case, the director waited too long to set the final movement necessary in attaining the proper effect. This was due, in part, to the fact that the second act set was not completed until the final dress rehearsal. However, an attempt should have been made to remove this inadequacy. A closer re-examination and re-staging might have corrected these situations.

In regard to the satisfaction received by the audience, only a subjective view may be expressed. The spectators gave every indication of understanding and enjoying the play.
The greatest apprehension of the director during the rehearsal period was whether certain melodramatic actions and speeches would produce audience laughter, thus destroying the desired mood. Several examples where this might have occurred included the attack scene in Act One; the end of Act Two when Ruth discloses she is going to have a child and Ghent answers, "Ruth, is it true—thank God!"; the struggle in the third act when Philip displays his "manly" powers; and, finally, at the close of the play when Ghent asks Ruth, "You'll let me help make a kind of a happy life for— the little rooster?" (completely incongruous to his rough character). However, due to the complete sincerity and conviction with which these were carried out, in no instance did the audience laugh where laughter was not intended.

The writer is, furthermore, satisfied that the majority of students who participated in this production increased their knowledge of executing the acting and staging of a period piece. Actors who at the beginning of the rehearsal period were unable to speak and move in a manner suitable to their characters for this production, gained noticeable proficiency in these areas. There were several instances where notable growth was shown by the actor between the initial rehearsal period and actual production. Ruth, at the beginning, lacked clear enunciation and had a pattern of speech too rapid to be easily understood. However, after a
concentrated effort, these defects were almost completely corrected and her performance, consequently, was outstanding.

At the outset, Polly had difficulty in attaining an acceptable characterization for her role. Due to her interest, effort, and patience, she created a characterization, suitable to both her physical and vocal qualities, which was effective for the part she played. Ghent was late in exhibiting a quality of roughness demanded by his character. However, when both director and actor realized that he was depending too greatly upon his physical size to project this necessary quality, the problem was quickly and adequately solved. Thus, an excellent and believable performance evolved.

The greatest growth in an actor occurred with the character of Winthrop. Although lacking previous acting experience, he displayed a great desire to learn. Movement at the beginning which was "tight" and speech which was inaudible became, in performance, relaxed and adequately projected. In this instance, the purposes of educational theatre was well served. The entire company of actors showed a general improvement in vocal control, stage movement, and their ability to clearly express the many facets of their characters. The writer believes that the rehearsal period served primarily as preparation for the real learning experience which took place before the public during performance.
The director feels that the primary intentions were satisfactorily achieved and that the entire production was presented in a style as near to the original as is possible for 1962. The co-operation, interest, and appreciation of all concerned, made The Great Divide a challenging and worthwhile undertaking. In conclusion, it is this writer's opinion that William Vaughn Moody's play, The Great Divide, has retained its effectiveness for theatre.
APPENDIX

Illustrations
The Great Divide  Act II
WINDOW ALCOVES DO NOT FLY WITH 18" BACK WALL.
"Mind you put out the light early."

"Heaven send you joy of him!"
Ghent Shorty Ruth Dutch
"What do you want here?"

Ghent Ruth Shorty Dutch
"Save me! Save me and I will make it up to you!"
"My brother has gone out to the railroad."

"And when I come back?"
Act II Setting

Ruth: "Lon, take the glass...."
Polly Ruth
"you naughty girl!"

Philip Ruth
"The truth will come out someday!"
“I have got the chain again.”

“You are mine, mine, do you hear?”
Ruth Ghent

"Bought if you like, but mine!"

Philip Ruth Ghent

"Take me with you. Take me home!"
"I must be going along, father."

"Here on one hand is the primitive...."
Ruth Ghent
Teach me to live as you do!"

Ruth Ghent
"And for us! For us!"
Tucson Footlights

UA Revives Hit Play Of 1906

'The Great Divide'
Foretold New Realism

By HELEN W. YOUNG

Who hasn't heard of the "powerful and throbbing" American frontier drama, "The Great Divide"? Even to the younger generation, it is a name in dramatic literature that has been handed down with respect.

And now a production of it is actually getting on the University theatre boards, when, in celebration of the Land Grant Centennial, the University of Arizona Experimental Theatre will stage it May 17-19, at 8 p.m. It will be open to the public, free of charge.

William Vaughn Moody, poet and teacher at the University of Chicago when he wrote "The Great Divide" back in 1906, had little thought that it would ever be produced, but by a fluke the famous actress Margaret Anglin, while starring in another vehicle in Chicago, caught sight of it and decided she wanted to play its lead. Even though it failed under its original title, "The Sabine Woman," Moody rewrote the drama and Henry Miller opened it in New York in the fall of 1906 where it played, again with Miss Anglin and great success, for over 1000 performances.

So popular did it prove to be that it was given a run in England and later a full-sized tour of the United States. This sort of success would have been sufficient even for the most ambitious of modern playwrights, but in 1917 Miller revived the drama for actress Laura Hope Crews in San Francisco and later in New York, where it again drew applause for its 258 performances.

According to its UA director, graduate drama student Jon Fritsch, he will attempt to produce this play in the same style and manner as the original production. He states: "The Great Divide" maintains an important place in the history of the American theatre, bridging the 'old' melodrama with the 'new' realism. The unmistakable sincerity and optimism present in it overshadow any of its lingering melodramatics.

Considered an extremely bold play in its day, "The Great Divide" tells of how a sheltered, puritanical woman from the East is carried off by a rapacious pioneer, the spirit of the West. Playing the leads will be lovely Mary Patterson, whose work in "Arms and the Man" was outstanding, and Earl Hindman, who played important roles in "Phaedra" and "Measure for Measure." Also well-known to Tucson audiences will be Barbara Berg and Hal Landon Jr. Others in the cast are Rhea Kay, James Pederson, Paul Monash, Ron Cox, Dennis Keeton, Larry Alex, Paul Cajero, Al Bourhenne, Scott Ross, Lance Fritz. Scenic designer for the three realistic settings is Dennis Wilkerson.
Period Piece In Style Of Period

Jon E. Fritsch, director of the University of Arizona Experimental Theater production of "The Great Divide" has chosen to present the 1906 drama in the manner it might then have been interpreted. Described as the bridge between the "old" melodrama and the "new" realism, the play was a hit in its own time and has become a theatrical landmark. In the cast to be seen May 17-19 in the University Theater are (left to right) Earl Hindman, Mary Patterson and Harold Landon Jr. (Jack Sheaffer photo)
ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE LAND GRANT CENTENNIAL
ARIZONA EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE
presents
THE GREAT DIVIDE
By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY
Directed by JOHN E. FRITCH
May 17, 18, 19 — Curtain at 8:00 p.m.
Faculty Supervisor, Dr. John A. Mills

The Faculty
Head of the Department
Art Director
Research Consultants
Technical Director
Costume Director
Technical Director
Graduate Assistant
Graduate Assistant
Departmental Secretary

Peter M. Marrone
Robert C. Burroughs
John E. Lafferty
Susan Guilleberg Pfeuher
Channing S. Smith
John Burke
Francine Frevert

The Cast
Philip Jordon
Polly Jordon, Philip's wife
Mrs. Jordon, his mother
Ruth Jordon, his sister
Winfred Newbury
Dr. Newbury, Winfred's father
Stephen Ghent
Louise Richardson
Burt Williams
Dutch
Shorty
A Contractor
An Architect
A Boy

Philip Jordon
Polly Jordon, Philip's wife
Mrs. Jordon, his mother
Ruth Jordon, his sister
Winfred Newbury
Dr. Newbury, Winfred's father
Stephen Ghent
Louise Richardson
Burt Williams
Dutch
Shorty
A Contractor
An Architect
A Boy

MR. HAROLD LANDON, JR.
MISS RHEA KAY
MISS BARBARA BERG
MISS MARY PATTERSON
MR. EARL HINDMAN
MR. RONG CHOW
MR. DENNIS KEETON
MR. LARRY ALEX
Mr. Scott Ross
Mr. al Bourhenne
Mr. Lance Fritz

Scenes of the Drama
ACT I — Philip Jordon's cabin, in southern Arizona.
intermission
ACT II — Stephen Ghent's home, in the Cordilleras.
intermission
ACT III — Mrs. Jordon's house, at Milford Corners, Massachusetts.

TIME: Turn of the Century

"The Great Divide" maintains an important place in the history of the American theatre, bridging the "old" melodrama with the "new" realism. The unmistakable sincerity and optimism present in Mr. Moody's play overthrows any lingering melodramatic elements. It was first produced in Chicago in the spring of 1906 under the title of "The Sabine Woman." On October 4, 1906, with revisions and a new title, it opened in New York and was received with great acclaim and its subject matter considered new and bold for American audiences. It was revived in New York on February 4, 1917, for a short but successful run.

PRODUCTION STAFF
Assistant to the Director
Scene Designer
Production Manager
Stage Manager
Lighting Designer
Costume Supervisor
House Manager
Joan Brinckerhof
Dennis Wilkerson
Scott Ross
Bonna Scott
John Burke, Dennis Wilkerson
Lynn Aspinwall
Diane Parker

TECHNICAL STAFF
Property Master
Property Crew
Stage Crew
Lighting Master
Lighting Crew
Wardrobe Master
Wardrobe Crew
Make-up Artist
Make-up Crew
Sound Technician
House Crew
Paul Caiero
Bar Richardson, Charles Wasson
Ed Chavez, Judy Marquette, Richard Rowen
Lenore Milberg
Toby Butler, Marilyn Meyer, Margaret Shook
Mae Huntington
Denis Keeton, Kathy Silbers
Mary Etta Lang
Paul Caiero, Rhea Kay, Judy Marquette, Roe B. Plewe, John Spachek
Robert Levin
Phil Cole, Sandra Einbund, Judy Richardson

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FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS
The Drama Department will present the following plays during the summer session:

THE MOUSETRAP by Agatha Christie. This English hit is still playing the American circuits and The Pulitzer Prize in 1952. August 8, 9, 10, 11 at 8:30.

THE MIRACLE WORKER by William Gibson. July 18, 19, 20, 21 at 8:30.

ALL THE WAY HOME by Ted Mosel, based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel, "A Death In The Family" by James Agee. The play received The New York Drama Critics' Circle Award and The Pulitzer Prize in 1961. August 8, 9, 10, 11 at 8:30.
U Of A's Vintage Drama Is Refreshing Theater

The famous American drama, "The Great Divide," may have been a bold shocker back in 1906 but today it is delightfully quaint, albeit refreshing, theater fare, which, when performed in the style of the period as it was last night, still holds and charms its audience.

Produced by the UA Experimental Theater in celebration of the Land Grant Centennial, this affable, well-intentioned play by William Vaughn Moody possesses antiquarian interest. Its rather obvious story brings out the conflict between the elegant, puritanical East and the rough-hewn pioneer West, and the differences which arise between redemption through sack-cloth and ashes and through goodness and love.

Not enough can be said for graduate-student Jon Fritsch's approach and staging of the play. He might easily have allowed his actors to use the broad gestures so commonly used in melodramas, but wisely he had them read the exaggerated lines with restraint and sincerity. As a result, the play was well enough done to cover its contrivance.

Furthermore, the sets were in the tradition of 1906, with their fakish realism, complete even to one of David Belasco's glorious sunset skies.

The actors gave a pleasantly nostalgic performance with Mary Patterson and Earl Hindman heading the cast.

Hindman gave the role of the hero a muscular vigor and diamond-in-the-rough awkwardness that made him ring true-blue. It was his understatement and deep, well-varied voice that gave believability to the melodramatic lines.

In the part of the sister Polly, Rhea Kay brought much titillating humor in her love-of-romance attitudes. Barbara Berg caught the pinched, erect New England flavor of the heroine's mother.

The work of Ronald Cox as the pipe-smoking old ranch-hand showed good characterization and timing, slow of movement and amusingly deliberate in attitude. Also noted was the vignette of the tobacco-chewing, conniving contractor of Scott Ross. If you want to see how the good, old theater used to be, don't miss this pleasant bit of Americana.
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