

JAKE HAYSEED IN THE CITY

P. (*Re-enters with negative.*) Here you are, sir. A fine negative.

J. What's that?

P. Your picture, sir. Good as any I've ever taken.

J. (*Angrily.*) Quit your fooling! I'm no nigger and that ain't my picture!

P. But I protest! It is, and a really excellent likeness. I shall surely keep a copy among the samples of my work. You are not used to negatives, and when I get it printed—

J. Printed! Well, I like your impudence! You show me a nigger's picture and say it's mine, and then think you'll put it in the newspapers yet. I'll see about that. Gee whizz! Printed! Not much you will. (*Seizes negative, flings it upon the floor, stamps upon it.*) There. I guess you won't print much of that. Come on, Ann. (*Starts for the door. P. steps in front of them.*)

P. Hold on, sir! I shall not allow any such high-handed proceedings. You are not going until you settle with me.

J. Settle with you? That won't take long. (*Grapples P., trips him up, tumbles camera upon him and throws the cloth over his head.*) There! I guess you're settled. Come along, Ann. We'll see if there's anything else in this town worth looking at. This show is no good. (*As they go out Ann's voice is heard.*)

A. Oh, Jake! You are such a goose. You lose your temper so.

J. Never missed any of it if I did. He shouldn't have called me a nigger.

P. (*Picks himself up, shakes the cloth and examines the camera.*) Well! That's the latest, or the earliest, I don't know which. I hope that young rustic didn't smash my camera. The girl isn't quite so green. 'Twas very diverting to listen to their remarks, but a broken lens is another matter. No, it's all right. I guess the interview was worth the negative. Think I'll put in some of my spare time learning something about agricultural matters before next vacation. (*Curtain.*)