

**ARIZONA: A
DRAMA IN
FOUR ACTS**

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Arizona: A Drama in Four Acts by Augustus Thomas

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AUGUSTUS THOMAS

**ARIZONA: A
DRAMA IN
FOUR ACTS**



"I can never tell you exactly the way I felt."

ARIZONA


A Drama in Four Acts

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS,
*Author of ALABAMA, IN
MIZZOURA, etc., etc. ∴ ∴ ∴*




New York: R. H. Russell

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By ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL



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The PERSONS of the PLAY

The ORIGINAL CAST at
Hamlin's Grand Opera House, Chicago

HENRY CANBY, owner of Aravaipa ranch,
Mr. THEODORE ROBERTS

Colonel BONHAM, Eleventh United States
Cavalry, MR. EDWIN HOLT

SAM WONG, a cook, MR. STEPHEN FRENCH

Mrs. CANBY, wife of the rancher, MISS MATTIE EARLE

ESTRELLA BONHAM, wife of the Colonel, MISS MABEL BERT

LENA KELLAR, a waitress, MISS ADORA ANDREWS

Lieutenant DENTON, Eleventh United
States Cavalry, MR. ROBERT EDESON

BONITA CANBY, Estrella's sister, MISS OLIVE MAY

Miss MACCULLAGH, a school teacher, MISS EDITH ATHELSTONE

Dr. FENLON, surgeon, Eleventh United States
Cavalry, MR. SAMUEL EDWARDS

Captain HODGMAN, Eleventh United
States Cavalry, MR. ARTHUR BYRON

TONY MOSTANO, a vaquero, MR. VINCENT SERRANO

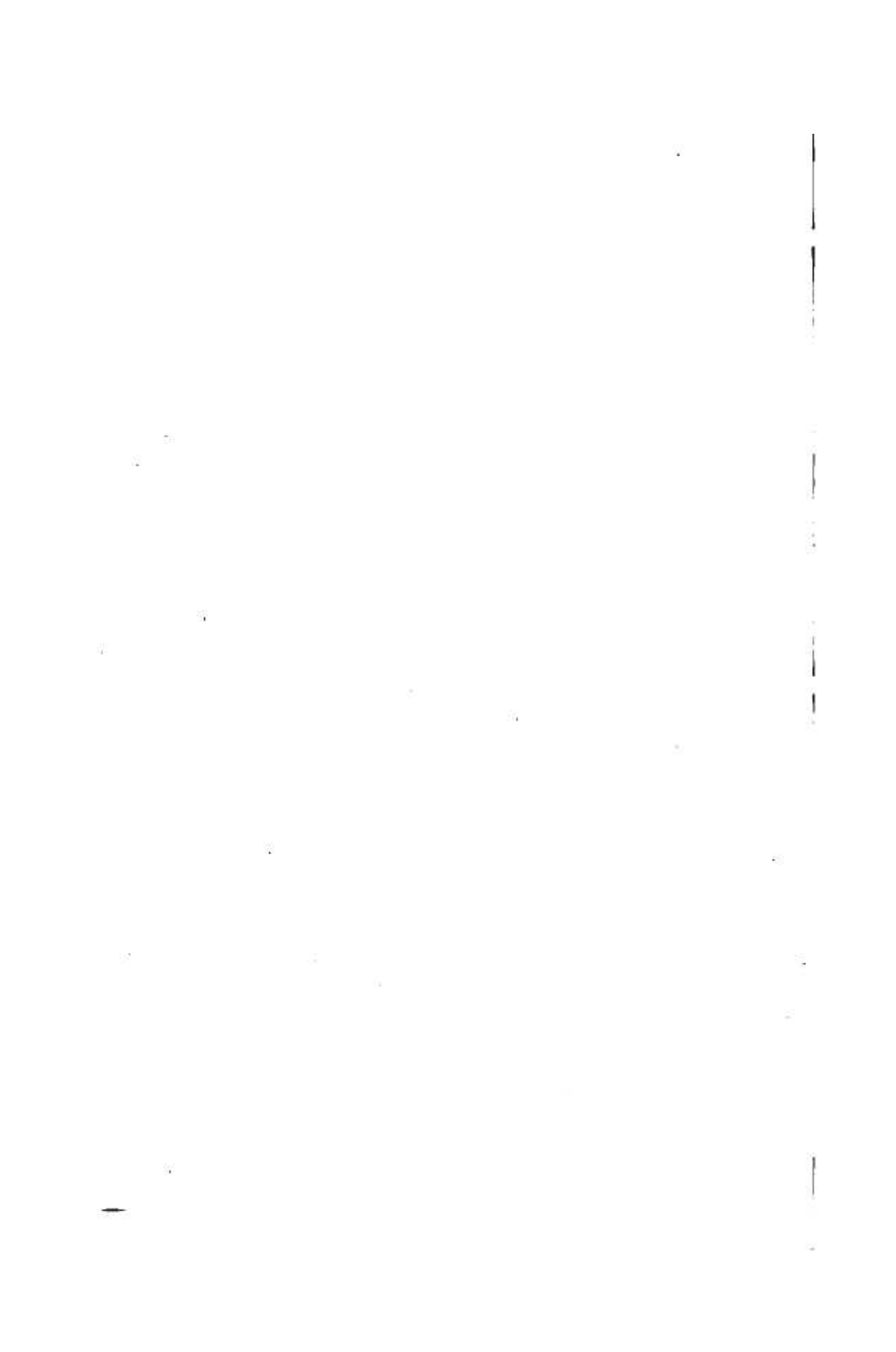
Lieutenant HALLOCK, Eleventh United
States Cavalry, MR. FRANKLIN GARLAND

Sergeant KELLAR, Eleventh United States
Cavalry, MR. WALTER HALE

Lieutenant YOUNG, Eleventh United
States Cavalry, MR. LIONEL BARRYMORE

Major COCHRAN, Eleventh United States
Cavalry, MR. MENIFEE JOHNSTONE







ARIZONA

THE FIRST ACT



THE scene represents the interior of an adobe courtyard, and shows three sides of a rectangle formed by the dwelling-house and stables of a well-to-do rancher. On the right of the stage three doors open upon a small hooded and latticed veranda; the doors leading respectively to the dining, living, and bedrooms of the dwelling. On the left of the stage are the stables and wagon-sheds, through the doors of which show the mangers. A Mexican carette protrudes from the wagon-shed. Near the stable and at the back is a well, with an adobe curb. The third and back side of the rectangle is filled by a large gateway, which may be closed by two massive wooden gates, now standing open. Through the open gateway, and over the low roof of the dwelling and stable, the mountains that wall in the

Aravaipa Valley show in bold relief against the hot summer sky of Arizona. HENRY CANBY, the ranch owner, aged sixty, and COLONEL BONHAM, aged fifty-two, are seated at a rough deal table. Julep glasses are beside them. Both men are in their shirt-sleeves.

CANBY.

[*As COLONEL draws last of julep through straw.*] Have another?

COLONEL.

No, I think not.

CANBY.

Well, if you only *think* not— [*Calls.*] Sam—

COLONEL.

They 're just a trifle strong for me.

[*SAM, a Chinaman, enters from the house.*

CANBY.

Sam, fix two more of these, and don't put quite so much whiskey in the Colonel's.

SAM.

Yes sa. [*He goes into the house carrying the julep glasses.*

COLONEL.

I really oughtn't to take another *one*, but it's been a year since I had a *smell* of mint.

CANBY.

I'll do up a bundle of it for you.

COLONEL.

No, no, I couldn't use it at the Post.