

**SO LIKE HER FATHER: A  
DRAMA, IN A PRELUDE  
AND THREE ACTS**

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So Like Her Father: A Drama, in a Prelude and Three Acts by James Vila Blake

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**JAMES VILA BLAKE**

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AND THREE ACTS**



# SO LIKE HER FATHER

*A DRAMA*

*In a Prelude and Three Acts*

*BY*

JAMES VILA BLAKE

CHICAGO, 1909

# DRAMA

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

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MALCOM

MADAM, *Malcom's wife*

ELLEN

DIAMOND } *their daughters*

CONNOR, *Malcom's friend*

DUBB, *Connor's man*

BLYTHE, *a cabman*

NESBIT

JOYCE, *Madam's maid-of-all-work*

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## THE PRELUDE.

SCENE—A rough hut in the West—interior. Three windows along the back, flooding the room with light. Bed at right, door at left. Table under center window. Two or three common chairs.

Malcom discovered on bed,  
covered up to his breast.  
Connor stands by the bed,  
with his hand passed down  
under the bed clothes.

CON. I never saw such peace on a man's brow.

MAL. Peace? Why not peace? What else? I have worked. Have I not worked?

CON. Like a slave.

MAL. No, like a free man, owning myself, my labor, and its product. Slaves can not work.

CON. True: they only toil and sweat.

MAL. Well, if I have worked till this moment, and Nature can no longer support me in working here—what then?

CON. By heaven, I think Nature then owes you another work-place!

MAL. I think so. 'Tis a big thought, Connor.

CON. But not too big for a free man!

A distant bell tolls twelve.

MAL. High noon. When was it I began to talk?



CON. Nine o'clock.

MAL. Three hours. And what said the doctor? He spoke softly—I caught only that I must pass soon.

CON. He said the accident had torn the great femoral artery, and that nothing could be done.

MAL. And you have kept your thumb on it these three hours, stopping up the torn end.

CON. Yes.

MAL. And when you take your thumb away, I shall bleed to death.

CON. In a few moments.

MAL. I wonder I suffer so little pain.

CON. He said it was the shock; if you could live long enough, there would be reaction and extreme pain.

MAL. Connor, it is not so sad to me as to you. Why not? I am sure my love is as great.

CON. 'Tis never so sad to the going one.

MAL. True: that is because death is like any other voyage.

CON. How gloriously the sun streams in at these windows, Malcom!

MAL. Yes; 'tis a fine thing to expire into such light. And the time has come, Connor. I have told you all my affairs, and all my wishes and messages. Forget not the paper addressed to you in yonder table drawer. Now I have only two more things to speak of. One is my family. I have said little of them.

CON. I wrote my man Dubb—fine old soldier, Malcom—to see your family before joining me here, so as to bring you latest eye-witness of them.

MAL. Did you?

CON. Yes. Would he were come!

MAL. Yes; but you will see them. They are like very many others—except the elder girl, my Ellen. She is different. She is a brown thing, brown and shy, like a sparrow in a November hedge—you will not see her unless you look hard. She is her father's girl. How I have dreamed of being with her again! Give her my dearest, dearest, dearest love and reverence. Forget not to add the reverence. The other matter is—ourselves, the big bond of us, our friendship. 'Tis not yet an old love. But what is time? Many years ago, Connor, I read a little treatise named "Friendship as a Passion." It set my heart on fire.

CON. 'Twas a book well named. I believe in that passion.

MAL. So do I. Such is my friendship with my daughter Ellen. Such is our tie. Connor, my friend beloved, we have clasped hands each knowing that his own hand and the other's hand was the foe of all lies, treacheries, dishonor, meanness. There's no smell of the grave in that, Connor.

CON. No, my own grand friend.

MAL. 'Tis enough. We understand. Now take your thumb off, Connor.

Connor passionately kisses his friend on the brow and on each cheek, saying after each kiss, severally:

CON. Here's for *your* life, and here's for *my* life, and here's for the blending of them like twin wines!

Malcom seizes his friend's head and gives him the same three kisses; then throws both arms around him, and Connor with his one free arm clasps Malcom; and so they remain in a long embrace. Meantime the bell tolls once. Nesbit appears, looking in at the window.

MAL. Now, take your thumb off, Connor.

CON. Malcom, how can I?

MAL. But you must. No, I will do it.

Malcom reaches under the wrappings and withdraws Connor's hand, blood-stained; then turns his face quietly toward the wall. Connor lays his hand over Malcom's heart. Silence for a few moments. Then:

CON. Gone!

He goes passionately down mid-stage. Nesbit disappears from window.

CON. Great God! God! my great, grand friend is gone! No!—no, no, no, no, no! Not gone. Removed awhile—no more!

A knock. Connor stares at the door. Another knock.

CON. Come in.

Enters Dubb, who at once takes an erect precise attitude and greets his master with an extreme, formal, beautiful, military salute.