

Teddy/Abby

Teddy: General Goethals was very pleased. He says the Canal is just the right size.

Abby: Teddy! Teddy, there's been another Yellow Fever victim.

Teddy: Dear me – this will be a shock to the General.

Abby: Then we mustn't tell him about it.

Teddy: But it's his department.

Abby: No, we mustn't tell him, Teddy. It would just spoil his visit.

Teddy: I'm sorry, Aunt Abby. It's out of my hands – he'll have to be told. Army regulations, you know.

Abby: No, Teddy, we must keep it a secret.

Teddy: (*He loves secrets.*) A state secret?

Abby: Yes, a state secret. Promise?

Teddy: (*What a silly request*) You have the word of the President of the United States (crosses his heart) Cross my heart and hope to die. Now let's see – how are we going to keep it a secret?

Abby: Well, Teddy, you go back down in the cellar and when I turn out the lights — when it's all dark – you come up and take the poor man down to the Canal. Now go along, Teddy, and we'll come down later and hold services.

Teddy: You may announce the President will say a few words Where is the poor devil?

Martha: He's in the window-seat.

Teddy: It seems to be spreading. We've never had Yellow Fever there before.