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The Woman of the Hour

A SUFFRAGE PLAY
In Three Acts

BY
EUGENE QUIRK, MARY ISABEL QUIRK
AND FLORENCE KING

(Eugene Quirk and Mary Isabel Quirk
are the authors of the novel "Drifting,"
which they claim is plagiarized in the
newspaper play "The Fourth Estate.")



1910
ATWELL PRESS
CHICAGO

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BY

**EUGENE QUIRK, MARY ISABEL QUIRK
AND FLORENCE KING**

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THE WOMAN OF THE
HOUR,

P5635
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Persons in the Play.

Miss Dorcas Vernon—A Young Lawyer.

Judge Lynn Townsend.

Charles Bozwick—A Hobo known as “Tubbsey”
and “The Tub.”

James Perkins—A Lodging-house Clerk known
as “Slim Jim.”

Eddie Gibson.

Mrs. Eddie Gibson (Emily).

Mrs. Henrietta Breen—A Practical Financier.

Miss Parthenia Proctor—Head of a Social Set-
tlement House.

Miss Margaret Ellis—Secretary to Miss Vernon.

Sam Freeman—A Hobo.

Chloe Wright—An Old Servant in Mrs. Gib-
son’s family.

Election judge; election clerks; court officer; hobo voters
of a lodging-house colony; women of equal suffrage club,
and men and women residents of a social settlement.

Period — The Present.

The Woman of the Hour

ACT I.

SCENE: Suite of three rooms on the ground floor of a lodging house in a large city.

It is a lodging-house in which "men only" are harbored.

One of the rooms is being used as a polling place for a city election.

This room is located at the right side of the stage. In it are shown the judge and clerks of election.

Here also is shown the ballot box, with a long row of curtain-shaded booths that are supposed to insure secret voting.

Desultory voting is going on.

After receiving an official ballot from the election judge each voter retires into a booth, where the ballot is supposed to be marked in secret.

Partitions, in which several doors are shown, separate the polling place from the other two rooms.

To the left is shown the interior of one of the latter rooms—the round-up room or "black-hole"—in which lodging house voters, wearing tattered clothes, are huddled together on the floor, fairly piled upon one another, and forming an indescribable heap of the unkempt, drink besotted men, known as hoboos. They are human derelicts. This room is shrouded in partial darkness, and its denizens are partly concealed by a curtain. They are asleep: some are snoring.

The third room is the office of the lodging house. It is a small room of the "cubby-hole" variety.

It is located in front, near the center of the stage—between the two larger rooms. Here is seen the chief official of the lodging house. He fills the dual role of clerk and bouncer and is a ward politician of the typical lodging house districts in a great city. He is on guard at the desk, with his sleeves tucked up as far as the elbows.

At the rear of the three rooms is a corridor with windows and an open door affording a view from the street into the polling-place and the office.

At the street doors are groups of women. Several girlish faces can be discerned in the throng. All the members of these feminine groups are intelligent, educated, and cultured. All but one, Mrs. Henrietta

Breen, are fashionably attired. They are quietly discussing the modus operandi by which they shall demand to be given an opportunity to vote, and to protest to the election judges against the expected and customary denial of the right of suffrage to women.

Slim Jim, the Clerk-Bouncer, divining their purpose, advances towards the women.

Slim Jim: "What are you doing here, ladies? This is no place for a bunch of women, least of all on election day. Don't you people know it is election day?"

Miss Proctor: "We know very well, sir, that it is election day. In fact that's just the reason why we are here—because it is election day. We are residents and workers in the social settlement on the next street. Our purpose is to demand that we be allowed to vote, and if our request is refused,—as we suppose it will be—to protest once more against man's monopoly of the ballot."

Slim Jim: "Whew, you don't say so?"

Miss Vernon: "The spirit of the laws and the constitution of our country is that every adult person has the right to vote. Are we women not persons? Or, must we be content to be classed forever as non-persons—chattels, or something of that sort? What do you think, good man? Have you no answer? Surely you (ironically) are too just a man to think women are only chattels?"

Slim Jim (Puzzled): "I am not paid to do much thinking except what suits the Honorable Alderman. Just wait a minute until I phone him for his views!"

Miss Ellis: "I have understood that a Company, not an alderman, owns this lodging house."

Slim Jim (Showing irritation as he reaches for a telephone receiver): "Yes, a company of aldermen! (Aside) They need workingmen's votes to carry elections. (To the women) If anybody should ask you, women, how elections are won, just say that Slim Jim is the man to round up the industrious voters."

Miss Vernon (holding Slim Jim's arm so that he could not use the telephone): "Why ask instructions from an alderman? We came to vote, if we can. Our demands should be passed upon by that election judge in there, not by an alderman on the telephone."

Slim Jim (angrily shaking off her grasp): "What—what bunk are you giving me? Don't you know who selects the election judge? Well,

it is Alderman Timothy Bolton, if you want to know. When I take orders they must come from headquarters. Nothing else goes here."

Miss Vernon: "But, my good man, we came to demand that the election judges permit us to vote. We don't want to hear from that alderman who is the principal candidate to be voted for or against, as the case may be. To ask or take instructions from anybody except the election officials would be a violation of the election law itself."

Slim Jim (Ironically): "Is that so? Well, we'll see. (Aside) If women ever get the ballot their honest election bunkalorum will disgust the Honorable Alderman and drive him out of business. (Shows impatience) Now, let me tell you women highbrows that if the alderman is ever overthrown by feminine faddists he will go down fighting like a man. He says he never will accept an election at the hands of nagging, gossiping women voters. Women would never vote for anybody except a beau brummel, a dandy, a lady's man. The alderman is not that sort of a person. That's one reason why he is against woman suffrage. But, see here, ladies, I will phone at once to the alderman to get in touch with the chief of the election bureau at the City Hall, and if the people at the hall say to throw you out of this polling-place, then out you'll go. I am the official challenger at this election and when I question a voter's right to vote, my challenge goes. See?"

Slim Jim takes the telephone receiver and calls: "Hello, give me the City Hall!"

Commotion among the women. Slim Jim shuts himself up in the telephone booth. The women withdraw to take counsel with each other.

Slim Jim emerges from the telephone booth and enters the "black hole" by a secret door connecting that room with his office. He has a lantern and a policeman's club. He swings the club ominously. He has come to rouse the voters from their slumbers and to see that they vote "right".

Many of the sleepers are snoring loudly.

Flashing his lantern upon sleeper after sleeper he saunters through the lines. He pokes the less stupefied hoboos. To the more stupefied he administers with his club the tap known as "hot foot"—a stinging blow on the sole of the shoe. While he is doing this he shouts:

"Wake up, wake up and vote for the honorable alderman of this ward, 'Little Tim' Bolton, whose guests you have been in this lodging-house and at his free-lunch counters for the last thirty days. Good laws are always needed at the City Hall, and Alderman Bolton will see

that his friends among the downtrodden voters will always get a square deal."

Tubbsey jumps up, fixes his toilet, and recites:

"Call me early, mother dear,
For the merriest, maddest day,
I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May."

Slim Jim: "Wouldn't Tub make a beautiful Queen of the May? Still he's a good enough patriot on election day."

Tubbsey dances a clog dance.

Slim Jim goes out and locks the door behind him.

When all the sleepers are aroused a slide window is thrown open in the secret door, and above the window is displayed a sign reading:

"Voters' Expense Money Paid Here—Voters' Drink Money."

Sam Freeman, one of the colonized lodgers, rubbing his sleepy eyes:

"Rah, rah, Tubbsey; there goes what you have been sighing for. The ghost will walk. The chink will clink."

Tubbsey gloats over the vision of the sign board.

Tubbsey: "That looks good to me, all right. Its a shame we don't see it all the time. Good pay at elections is getting better from year to year—better chance to feed my face good and plenty. The browsing ought to be even better when women get the ballot, and, between ourselves, most of the world's intellectuals think they will get it. Then the votes of our hiking fraternity ought to be needed more than ever—to overcome the reform vote of the women."

Freeman: "Let us hope so, Tubbsey."

Tubbsey (Contemplating the sign board:) "I feel the inspiration felt by Omar Khayyam when he sang:

"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou (Pointing to the sign)
"Beside me sitting in the wilderness:
"Ah, wilderness were paradise enow!"

Freeman: "Tubbsey, were you ever in love?"

Tubbsey is lost in reverie.

Taking from his pocket a bundle of old love letters, wrapped in a wisp of fragrant new-mown hay, he tenderly unfolds the hay and sings

THE HOBO'S DAISY DAY:

Give me a lazy, hazy day
From work and from worry far away;
With a bunch of old love letters
And a wisp of new hay—
Romance and fragrance of youth's heyday!
Oh, for a hazy, lazy day—
A lazy, mazy, daisy day!

T'is long since a love letter came my way;
Romances forever are past my day.
But the old love letters
And the new-mown hay
Will perfume my life to my dying day!
Oh, for a hazy, lazy day—
A lazy, mazy, daisy day!

Applause from Freeman and the other "lodgers."

Freeman: "That lyric is tolerable, no doubt, but I can't see why folks should crave new songs. I want the old songs—nothin' else goes. Sing my old favorite. You know it, Tub."

Tubbsey: "I have reason to know it. But I hate to tackle the darned thing. It stirs me too deeply—gives me lumpy jaw—er, ahem, I mean lump-in-the-throat. But it's your favorite, so I suppose I must try it if it kills me—even if it should transform me into a Narcissus, to weep myself away and become a mere speck of glistening dew upon the petals of a flower?"

Freeman: "I'll be the flower—I want my pedals moistened after Slim Jim's hot-foot treatment."

Tubbsey: "Well, here goes—my favorite as well as yours." (He begins singing "Silver Threads Among the Gold".)

Slim Jim, re-entering: "Shut your chops, Tub. Get in line for business. The hand of friendship is out today for the down and outer (Pointing to the sign board). Step up to the window, all of you—step quickly. Your only true friend—the worn out working man's friend—needs your friendship today at the polls. He will be generous to you all, as usual. Every man will be taken care of—will get his bit and more too. Get in line, get in line." (Withdraws)

The line is formed and from a place of concealment, behind the secret door, the aldermanic candidate in the lodging house ward reaches

forth, through the slide window, his right hand bejeweled with multi-carat diamonds. The candidate's shirt-front, in which a big diamond sparkles, is also shown. Between the finger tips he holds a silver coin ready to drop into the palm of the first voter in the line.

Slim Jim, re-entering and pointing to the protruding hand: "The Honorable Alderman wishes me to say that he is remembering you very handsomely today, so that all his friends may have the golden opportunity to celebrate the victory that he is sure to win at the polls. He would scorn to descend to bribery or corruption at an election. He does not have to. And besides, it would be illegal and unpatriotic. You all know what a true patriot the Alderman is."

Tubbsey: "That's no lie, old Slim. If there were 10,000 public officials like Alderman Bolton, life would be one continual round of pleasure, one long dream of happiness."

Slim Jim (Clubbing Tubbsey playfully): "Tub, Tub, shut off your hot air. Stop your pipe dreams, will you!"

Laughter, mingled with hiccoughy cheers for the "Honorable Alderman."

From the candidate's fingers the coin is dropped into the hand of the first hobo in the line. Then, several others get coins; but before Freeman and Tubbsey are reached, the Aldermanic hand is withdrawn and the slide window shut from the inside with a bang. There is a roar of disappointment from the hoboes, not all of whom had received a hand-out.

Slim Jim steps into the secret room. The hoboes emphasize their disappointment with gestures and whispers.

Tubbsey: "Is the Alderman a quitter?"

Freeman: "Never, no, never."

Slim Jim (Emerging): "The Alderman has been called to the phone by the Chief of the Election Board at the City Hall. Don't get uneasy, boys. You'll all get your dough—he has barrels of it in there, and he'll hand it all out before he quits. (Aside) Why, the coins on his desk are stacked up as high as microbes on a doctor's whiskers!"

Freeman: "Rah, for the Alderman. We knew he'd make good."

The slide window is again thrown open, and the payment resumed amid rousing cheers for the Alderman.

After a coin had been dropped into the palm of every hobo the Aldermanic hand is withdrawn and the slide window pulled back into place.

Slim Jim throws open the door into the street, which door is close beside another door leading into the voting place.

Slim Jim: "Now, get in line for the voting. Step out into the street and then back into the polling place. Plump your ballots for your best friend, Alderman Bolton. No use in trying to do anything else. We'll catch you at it if you do."

Tubbsey (Hesitating): "It's a long line to the ballot box, and it will be a long time between drinks, so let me make a get-away, Mr. Slim. I want to get a little fresh air. Be a good fellow. I'll be back in a jiffy."

Slim Jim: "None of your jiffy jags for me, Tub. See here, let me tell you I have never felt any too sure of your loyalty to Alderman Bolton, who often in the past has shown his friendship for you, as plainly as he has today. I think I'll just punish you, Tub, by showing you that the Alderman cannot trust you to vote right. (Displaying a ballot) Now, siree, you take this ballot along in your vest pocket, and when you get the official ballot from the election judge you must take both into the voting booth. There in that palladium of our liberty—the voting booth—while you are enjoying the inalienable right of the secret franchise, fold up the paper that the judge will give you, take from your pocket this one which I now put in there, stuff the judge's ballot into this same pocket, then emerge from the secret booth, and hand my ballot to the Judge who will stuff it into the ballot box. Mind this point, Tubbsey—you must not make any mark on the ballot which the Judge will give you. (Aside) The one now in his pocket is already marked for the Alderman. I have seen to that. The ruse of the marked ballot is the only sure way to make these ingrates vote right in return for all that 'Little Tim' has been doing for them and the other down-and-outers in this ward."

Tubbsey: "All right, Mr. Jim. I'll do what you order." (He hobbles forward and gets in the voting line.)

Slim Jim: "Stop there, right there, Tubbsey. You must make me the stake-holder for the Alderman's fifty cents. Give it up at once! You'll get it back when you bring me back the unmarked ballot from the election Judge. Then you'll also get this good cigar." (Displays a big, but cheap cigar.)

Tubbsey: "Mr. Jim, whatever you order is right. Here's the coin. (Aside) No vote buying here! No election bribery! No ballot-box stuffing—not on your life!" (Winking.)

Slim Jim (Whispering to Tubbsey): "Hurry up, Tub. We may need your vote in other polling places. (Aside) Tubbsey is the best repeater in town; he always votes early and often."

Slim Jim slips a marked ballot and a big, but cheap cigar to each hobo while they are yet in the "black-hole" and about to pass from that room into the polling place.

At the moment when the head of the line of lodging house men begins to file from the "black-hole" into the street and thence into the polling place, the line of woman suffragists begins to enter the polling place through another door from the street. The confident bearing of the hoboes presents a striking contrast to the timidity of the women, only a few of whom venture to step across the threshold of the polling place. Slim Jim, who had slipped into the polling place from the "black-hole" and elbowed his way among the women, stands guard at the elbow of the election Judge.

Miss Parthenia Proctor: "Who is the election judge?"

Election Judge: "That's me, ma'am."

Miss Proctor: "We women have come to vote."

Election Judge: "You'll have to come again, ma'am."

Miss Proctor: "Then, you refuse to let us vote?"

Election Judge: "Of course, I do."

Miss Proctor: "Why do you refuse?"

Election Judge: "Because the Board of Election Commissioners at the City Hall have ordered that we refuse on the ground that it would be a violation of the law and the constitution to allow women to vote."

Miss Vernon: "But it is not a violation of the constitution. No good lawyer has ever said it was. The intention of the fathers of our country was to give the ballot to women if they should ask for it. We are now asking for it."

Election Judge: "I am not here to take the law from petticoats—I tell you that. So you ask for the ballot? Well, woman may ask for the moon, but that's no proof that she will ever get it."

Miss Vernon: "No law or constitution can curb the sneers of a mean man. Here in this last citadel of his supremacy—the polling place—man denies to woman the even-handed justice to which she is entitled. She will yet obtain her rights in this matter despite any orders issued by a ward boss or his hireling bouncer." (Pointing to Slim Jim.)

Commotion and applause among the women, and the men are abashed, dazed by the young Portia's eloquence. The hobo voting proceeds apace.

Miss Vernon (Turning to the hoboos): "Let me tell you, warn you, poor men, that this thing will not—cannot—go on forever. The decent right-minded men of this nation and the world will give the ballot to women to help save just such men as you are."

Tubbsey: "Rah, rah! That's salvation for me."

Slim Jim (Rushing at Tubbsey and furiously boxing his ears): "You will never again partake of liquid refreshments or other favors at the expense of the Alderman."

Election Judge: "Order, order, Jim! Don't you see that the Tub is drunk and not a responsible citizen just now."

Miss Vernon: "Then, in the name of decency, tell us women why is the man allowed to vote? It is a violation of the election law to permit the drunk or the insane to vote."

Election Judge (Confused): "That's my business. I decide here and now that he is not too drunk to vote."

Tubbsey then votes.

Miss Vernon: "So there are degrees of voting responsibility for men. Well, here is a most responsible woman, Mrs. Henrietta Breen. She owns more property and pays more taxes than any man in this city. She has lived for 50 years in this ward. She thinks it is about time she be given a voice in the selection of the persons who spend her tax money—make the laws and ordinances and administer the government which she supports with her taxes. Do you want to vote, Mrs. Breen?"

Mrs. Breen: "I do. That's what I am here for." (Takes off her much-worn bonnet and lays it down very carefully.)

Election Judge: "You own this building and pay taxes on it, I know, but you can't make yourself at home here just now, Mrs. Breen. Man is yet the lord of the ballot. (Laughing) Votes are more valuable than real estate in this ward today."

Mrs. Breen: "This thing is an outrage. It is becoming unbearable. The men politicians gouge away from me an annual load of tax money—almost one-tenth of my income—but the despots refuse to give me any voice in the management of the government that spends my money."

Election Judge: "The women politicians, if they had votes, would take more than one-tenth of your income for taxes,—they would take all of it."

Mrs. Breen: "That's false, sir. You are a false prophet. I am a woman, sir."

Election Judge (Laughing): "Well, have I accused you of being anything else?"

Mrs. Breen: "But, I want to tell you, sir, that women are equally fitted with men to administer good government. They are the home makers, the home keepers, and the guardians of children. They generally want to do right."

Enter Lynn Townsend, a young attorney, who has recently been elected a judge, but has not yet taken his seat on the bench.

Judge Townsend: "And they do right 99 times out of a hundred. In these degenerate, decadent days the only salvation of the state and the home will be the ballot in the hands of woman. She ought to have it, and she yet will have it. The serpent of taxation without representation was maimed, not killed, in one great revolutionary war. It will be killed at last in the coming struggle for the rights which too long have been denied to woman. God grant that the weapons to be used will be intelligence and chivalry, not bullets."

Slim Jim (To the election judge and with a look of hate at Judge-elect Townsend): "That hypocrite has his nerve to talk like that after being placed on the winning ticket by Alderman Bolton himself. Let's end this guff, Judge, your honor. I challenge the right of these women—or of any women or woman—to vote here."

Election Judge: "That settles it. The challenge is made by the official challenger from the election board, and it is upheld as a good and lawful challenge. The polls will now close. Every voter on the registry books is accounted for. Officers, clear the room and get ready to count the ballots. From all that I have seen of the temper and sentiment of the good men of this ward this day, I think I can predict, without a shadow of impropriety, that we have again elected triumphantly our Honorable Alderman, Timothy Bolton, to his honorable seat as our representative in the legislative halls of this great City."

The women are hustled uncerimoniously from the polling place.

Slim Jim (Locking the door): "Women don't count nohow in the people's government."

Miss Vernon (Aside): "That's true—we never will count until our votes are counted. (To Slim Jim) Like Cromwell, you have locked the door on the Parliament makers."

Slim Jim: "Well, I can't deny that. I'm locking up."

Miss Vernon: "Will you take away the key in your pocket, like Cromwell did?"

Slim Jim: "Well, if you must know, the key will go into the pocket of the honorable alderman. Whose else should it go into? And it will remain there until he comes around and lets himself in to hear the official announcement of his re-election." (Withdraws.)

After the others had departed Miss Vernon and Judge-elect Townsend linger.

Miss Vernon: "You did nobly, Judge Townsend, in voicing a plea in such a place for justice to women. I am more proud of you than ever before, if that were possible."

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

SCENE: Settlement House Parlors.

In the back ground are groups of women excitedly discussing their experience at the polls.

Judge-elect Townsend and Miss Vernon are conversing in the parlor in the foreground.

Judge Townsend: "I fear it will be a prolonged struggle."

Miss Vernon: "Oh, don't say that. Please don't. We will win the battle in a few years."

Judge Townsend: "It will be too long to wait. (Taking her hand) We have waited now for five years. How much longer must it be? Can we be sure that we are nearer—that the cause for which you are working is any nearer the triumph for which you are waiting? Does not the long succession of rebuffs such as this you have just experienced make you heart sick of the struggle that seems so endless, so unavailing?"

Miss Vernon: "No. It only makes me more determined than ever to keep up the struggle. The bosses of the political machines are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall. They are getting desperate and that is why they are having recourse to such desperate and despicable tactics as we have witnessed today."

Judge Townsend: "Well, then, since you are sure that the victory is inevitable the reason for further delay of our marriage has ceased to exist. Can't we agree on that matter? (Taking her in his arms) The time has come at last to say 'Yes'. Won't you say it? It is 'Yes'?"

Slim Jim (Looking in at the door): "That's the proper place for a woman, not in the voting booth." (Withdraws)

Miss Vernon (Gently releasing herself): "No, not yet, Lynn, not yet. I have a few things more to do before I shall think of getting married. The liberty—the reasonable, rightful political freedom—of woman is unjustly curtailed by man. I'll stick by my sisters for some time to come. You know we were never engaged anyway, though you have insisted on saying that we were. (Laughing) You are fancy free. There are lots of other girls. Why wait any longer?"

Judge Townsend: "No other for me. I'd wait a lifetime for you. But couldn't you carry out your plans just as well if we were married. You know I am heart and soul in favor of giving the ballot to women.

I am not one of those obstinate persons who believe that the ballot or so-called politics would interfere with woman's performance of her household duties—or any other womanly duties. I would never hamper you in your plans or your work. Do you doubt my sincerity?"

Miss Vernon (With emotion): "No, I do not doubt you for an instant. I know you, trust you,—love you, but I cannot think of marriage now. You must wait a little while longer—just a little while. I know you will wait, won't you? Let me finish in my own way the work I have mapped out for the cause."

Judge Townsend (With fervor): "Yes, of course I'll wait, if—if—it must be so." (Kisses her)

Enter Emily and Eddie.

Emily (Laughing): "Ha, ha, what a queer place to make love—in a settlement house. Don't mind us. (Giggles) It's only Eddie and I. (Giggles again) We have just been married."

Miss Vernon: "Oh, you don't say?"

Judge Townsend: "Well! Well!"

Emily: "Yes, it's true. (Laughing) Isn't it, Eddie—I mean Mr. Gibson?"

Gibson (Bashfully): "Yes, it is true—very true. The minister has just tied the lovely knot. A very quiet affair—but not an elopement." (All laugh).

Miss Vernon: "Are you going to spend the honeymoon slumming? I suppose that explains your visit to this place?"

Emily: "Not at all, dear."

Gibson: "No slumming for me."

Emily (Giggling): "We happened to see you two entering the settlement, and as we are married, we decided it would be just the thing to get you to go and do likewise, so that all four of us could take the honeymoon trip together to Europe. Eddie makes believe that we can't afford the trip, but we're going anyway. Pearl Thompson went abroad on her honeymoon, and I am going too. I suggested to Eddie that you two have been engaged long enough. (Giggles) Now, that's why we're here."

Miss Vernon: "How nice of you to plan so charmingly for us, but I am sorry we cannot comply. We are not going—at least not now. I have work waiting for me here at home, and it must be done. Besides it takes two to get married, (Laughing) even in these days of the so-called new woman, and Judge Townsend here would have something to say about it."

Gibson (Whispering to Judge Townsend): "It's now the acceptable time, Judge. We'll step out for a minute or two."

Judge Townsend (Shaking his head): "No use, old chap. Her mind's made up. It's wait, wait, always wait."

Emily: "The same old story as when we were in school together—those women's club meetings, I suppose?"

Judge Townsend (Laughing): "Yes, that's it."

Emily: "I don't see how any pretty girl like Dorcas can want to waste her time at women's club meetings. Aunt Tillie says that in her time no real good looking girl or woman ever joined a woman's rights club. They didn't have to, Aunt Tillie says."

Miss Vernon (To Emily): "You're at it again, you little chatter-box."

Enter Miss Proctor, Mrs. Breen and other club women.

Miss Proctor (To Miss Vernon): "We have just held an executive meeting—at Mrs. Breen's request. She wished the club to ask you to get out at once a court mandate to open the ballot box at the lodging house, and compel the election judge to accept the votes of women—our votes. Mrs. Breen says she will pay all the expenses, including costs of an appeal to the highest Courts, if necessary. Her offer was accepted by the club."

Miss Vernon: "It is too late now for such a proceeding. Besides, not one of the sitting judges would entertain such a plea. They wouldn't dare. Mrs. Breen's suggestion, however, gives me an inspiration, and something may result from it. (Looking quizzically at Judge Townsend) We have in this County a young jurist—a judge-elect—who will soon take his seat in the higher courts. Our cause, we know, appeals to him. In sentiment at least he seems to be on our side. Before the time for the aldermanic election, one year hence, comes around, we will afford this judge an opportunity to give a decision on the question whether the law that gives the voting franchise to all adult persons does not include adult women as well as adult men. I know not whether he has ever investigated the legality or illegality of the repeated rulings that an adult woman is not a person when she wants to vote, but I promise here and now that I will file in his court a legal paper that will compel him to render a decision on that momentous issue. (Commotion among the women) I will ask in that document that he issue a mandate ordering all election judges in his jurisdiction to accept and count the votes of women."

Miss Proctor (Aside to Miss Vernon): "Don't do it. You may put him in a quandary between love and duty."

Miss Vernon: "Can't help it if I do. It is about time that some man were put in that sort of a quandry."

Judge Townsend stands aloof, puzzled and silent.

Mrs. Breen (To Miss Ellis): "Who is the young judge-elect she refers to? It is not Mr. Townsend who is here with us, is it?"

Miss Ellis (Whispering): "Yes, he's the man. They are said to be engaged."

All leave except Judge Townsend. He is deeply troubled, a picture of misery. He paces around. Then he soliloquizes:

"Was ever a man in a dilemma such as this? (After reflection) If I insist that these good women take a change of venue from my court and get another judge, I shall be accused of cowardice—and rightly. Is there no escape for me—no way out of it? Yes, there is! I will hear the case, study it carefully—thoroughly—and then announce my honest opinion in a decision which, for me at least, will settle forever the question of the legality, or otherwise, of woman's claim to the ballot."

Slim Jim (Entering, unseen by Judge Townsend): "I want to talk a few words with you Mr. Judge-elect."

Judge Townsend (Starting): "Ah, you do? Why not call at my office? Is the matter so very pressing?"

Enter Miss Vernon, who remains in the background, an auditor unseen by the two speakers.

Slim Jim: "This place suits me well enough. Isn't a social settlement a public utility? Anyway, the Honorable Alderman contributes to the support of this settlement."

Judge Townsend: "That's news to me. It must be that his contributions are made very secretly."

Slim Jim: "It does not matter how the Alderman's money is contributed to this hotbed of his enemies. It gets here just the same, though I wish it didn't, as I think it is a mistake—this feeding of one's political enemies. But that is not what I came to discuss with you."

Judge Townsend: "Well, what is it? Proceed."

Slim Jim: "It ought to be easy for you to surmise what it is. Your championing of the suffragettes at the polls today has cost you the Honorable Alderman's friendship as well as the friendship of many of his colleagues in the Honorable City Council."

Judge Townsend: "Well?"

Slim Jim: "Ahem. He has sent me to tell you that if you make any more mistakes of that sort you will be defeated at the next election, and forever after. With the aid of Alderman Perry, his friend and colleague from the River ward, he will keep your name off the political

slate for all time. You know you could not have been elected if Alderman Bolton had opposed you!"

Judge Townsend: "I don't know anything of the sort. He was supposed to be one of my supporters, but my real friends among the voters have convinced me that he secretly opposed me. However, I do not pretend to understand the peculiar political morality of your so-called boss, Alderman Bolton. But I want to say that this brazen attempt to intimidate and control a judge has gone far enough, and it must stop now—now. Go back and tell your boss that he is not my boss; that I have no political boss and never will bow the knee to one, whether I am on or off the bench. If he thinks he can end my career as a servant of the people in the peoples' courts, let him go ahead and do his worst. Some day the decent people of the nation will become aroused to the disgrace of a corrupt ring of political machines ruling the public officials from constable to judge—and thwarting the popular will. Then the masses will make short work of the bosses."

Slim Jim: "Yet, it was one of the bosses—the Honorable Alderman whom I am proud to call my boss—who made a judge of you, and he knows that you have your price if he should need you."

Judge Townsend (Sternly): "What do you mean, sir?"

Slim Jim: "I mean that judges, like the rest of us are grafters and have their price, and the alderman whose friendship you reject knows that the judicial decisions of Judge Townsend, when he takes his seat upon the bench, will be for sale at \$50.00 a piece to anybody who may want to pay for them."

Judge Townsend (Gripping Slim Jim by the throat): "You despicable scoundrel! I will make you eat the words with which you have uttered that lie."

Miss Vernon (Rushing forward): "Lynn, Lynn, for pity sake, don't kill him. You are strangling him. He's choking."

Commotion. Miss Proctor, Mrs. Breen and other club women and several of the men residents of the settlement arrive; the judge releases his hold on the throat of Slim Jim, who is fanned and revives

Slim Jim (Aside to Judge Townsend and overheard by Miss Vernon): "I will get even with you for this."

Judge Townsend (Aside to Slim Jim, as the latter withdraws): "I defy you and the whole pack of thugs and corruptionists in the service of your contemptible boss."

Miss Vernon (To Miss Proctor and the other club women): "Ladies, there was a little misunderstanding here between Judge-elect Townsend and that man from the lodging house, but Mr Townsend handled the

matter adroitly and effectively. The emissary of the ward boss had the effrontery to call Mr. Townsend to account for the few words he spoke in favor of woman's rights at the polling place today."

Miss Proctor: "It is advocacy of that sort—by intelligent, high-minded patriotic men—that is hastening the day of triumph for our cause. Let us hope and pray that the country may soon have many men like Judge Townsend in every walk of life."

Judge Townsend: "You embarrass me, ladies. Though it might be unseemly in me to say it, if I had already taken my seat on the bench, I see no impropriety in admitting that I have always thought women ought to be allowed to vote. I believe that the influence of good women would dominate and purify politics. Public affairs—even the most exciting political campaigns—would be only a pleasant feminine diversion like shopping. Politics would not contaminate woman—no, not any more than her almost daily meetings with that worthy political appointee, the postman, contaminate her at the present time. I am free to confess that the corrupt use of the vote purchasable in lodging houses and elsewhere, with a view to controlling the public affairs of decent men and women, is the greatest shame—the greatest evil—of the age. I want to have it known that these are and ever will remain my personal views, even though in my public capacity as a judge my conscience may compel me to decide that the constitution and the laws of the country, as now in force, deny the right of franchise to women. I say all this without knowing how I shall decide the question when it comes before me. If I decide against you it will be because the laws and constitution are against you."

Miss Vernon: "In that event, we will have the laws and the constitution changed. We know that the fair-minded, honorable men of the country will emancipate the women of their households when they realize thoroughly that the feminine world is oppressed with political and economic serfdom. In the meantime all that we can expect of Judge Townsend is that he do his duty without favor and without fear."

Miss Ellis: "He'll do it. He has the courage to administer his public office as a public trust. He has courage and conscience."

All withdraw except Miss Vernon and Judge Townsend.

Judge Townsend (Taking her hand): "My guardian angel! I am thankful that you arrived so opportunely. The affair was becoming quite serious."

Miss Vernon (Laughing): "No doubt Slim Jim thought it was quite serious, but he certainly deserved all he was getting—and more."

Judge Townsend (In surprise): "Ah, then you heard his insults."

Miss Vernon: "Yes, and I was amazed at your forbearance."

Judge Townsend (Laughing): "Then there is at least one person—and an attorney at that—who believes that my decisions cannot be purchased?"

Miss Vernon: "There is nobody—there never will be any person in this community—who would think otherwise. Even this bad man of the political slums doesn't believe it. His master, the ward boss, knows that you cannot be influenced or controlled. The politicians fear you and are trying to intimidate you with outrageous insults."

Judge Townsend: "I suppose I am now paying a portion of the penalty for becoming a public official. It is at best a thankless place and I almost wish I were rid of it. I regret having given up a satisfactory law practice to become a public servant on the bench."

Miss Vernon: "I don't believe you will ever seriously regret having done what your conscience told you was your duty to the community. But this conversation about law practice reminds me that the last installment of our fee was paid today in one of the largest suits in which our legal services were employed together, the case of Barnes against Jackson. Mr. Manton sent \$12,000 to my office. I have your share with me—six one thousand dollar bills." (Fumbling in her handbag.)

Slim Jim and Tubbsey enter, unseen by the speakers.

Judge Townsend: "That sounds good—six one thousand dollar bills."

Miss Vernon (Laughing): "Yes, here it is. I want to get rid of it." (She counts it out to him.)

Judge Townsend: "Let's go to the writing room down the hall. It is more quiet." (They walk away.)

Judge Townsend accepts the money; Slim Jim nudges Tubbsey.

Judge Townsend (Jokingly): "Well, this \$6,000 is much better than the forecast of the ward boss—\$50.00 a decision."

The judge and Miss Vernon depart.

Slim Jim: "Did you hear what he said Tubbsey?"

Tubbsey: "Yep."

Slim Jim: "He has sold one of his decisions in advance to the woman suffragists for \$6,000. (Aside) Now, I have got the proof, got the goods on him. The Tub and I can prove that he took a \$6,000 bribe. (To Tubbsey) Whew, he's no cheap grafter. His price is steep."

Tubbsey, ignoring Slim Jim's statements about the judge, turns away and proceeds to make a critical inspection of the mural paintings and other "objets d' art" in the parlors of the settlement house.

Tubbsey: "My life, what priceless art treasures grace these walls! Ha, here is a Rembrandt."

Slim Jim (Impatiently): "Tub, you can't fool me with your twaddle about art. You saw the judge-elect accept that bribe money, did you not?"

Tubbsey (Dreamily and using a monocle:) "Ah, my weary soul, what a vision of beauty we have here! A paradise for the art connoisseur, an elysium for your esthetic hobo! Over there on that wall is a Corot that J. Prongpoint would give a slice of his millions for. Messonier too, and Da Vinci and Raphael and Van Dyke and Gainsboro—all I see have representation here! It is fine—a very fine collection; good enough to delight the soul of any gentleman of my profession. Why, even Prongpoint himself would hike it across a continent or two to view these art works. My long journey to re-elect Ald. Bolton is doubly rewarded now. I am fully repaid by this exquisite view."

Slim Jim (Laughing at Tubbsey's airs): "What a funny old Tub! Is he crazy or a real live art connoisseur in disguise?"

Tubbsey (Spying a copy of Robert Browning): "What, still other delights at hand! Literary treasures, as well as artistic ones! (Gazing at the book, he stands enraptured.)

Tubbsey (Resuming): "Here we have that great poem—that masterpiece of Browning's genius—'The Ring and the Book'. It is just a trifle of one million words or so. It was my beloved companion during one of my world-wide tours. I began reading it at the end of the great wall in China. It's uplifting influence is wonderful. I finished reading it on the top of a high mountain."

Sam Freeman: "Where? When?"

Tubbsey: "When I was with Dr. Cook on the top of Mt. McKinley."

Enter Judge-elect Townsend, he is walking briskly in the direction of the street door; Slim Jim and Tubbsey fail to see him.

Slim Jim (Angrily): "Come, stop your nonsense, Tub. If you saw this judge-elect take the bribe money, say so, and let us get out of here?"

Judge Townsend halts and listens.

Slim Jim (Continuing): "Come, own up that you saw Judge Townsend accept the \$6,000 bribe here in this room a few minutes ago from Miss Vernon, the woman lawyer? Own up, Tubbsey.?"

Judge Townsend (To Slim Jim): "What did you say just now, sir? Did you say that I took a bribe?" (Clinches his fists).

Slim Jim (Confused): "Why, why, yes—you accepted six one thousand dollar bills from that woman lawyer, Miss Vernon. I saw

you—we saw you—caught you in the act. I have got the goods on you now—the Honorable Alderman has the goods on you—and you had better promise to be good.”

Judge Townsend: “I see there is but one way to deal with you.”

With a blow of his fist the Judge knocks down Slim Jim.

Tubbsey (Aside): “Sweets to the sweet!”

Slim Jim is prostrate on the floor. Judge Townsend waits calmly near the street door until Tubbsey gets Slim Jim on his feet. Then the judge saunters liesurely away.

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

Three years later.

SCENE: Cottage in same city.

The cottage is the home of the Gibson family. Mrs. Emily Gibson, with her baby, has been deserted by her husband. In one of the parlors Chloe Wright, a Southern Mammy is rocking the baby in the cradle and softly crooning a lullaby.

Enter Emily.

Emily (With emotion): "Oh, Mammy, how can I tell you? I have given up hope of the Mister ever coming back—I have given up all hope. And I fear the time has come when I must lose you."

Mammy: "What you mean, chile?"

Emily: "I mean that I am not able to remunerate you any longer."

Mammy: "What's that?"

Emily: "I mean that I can't afford to keep this home, and I fear that you must——."

Mammy: "Chile, I'se rocked your mother. (Swaying her body) When the moon beams streamed across that room with the magnolia tree outside the window I tucked you in your little white bed, and listened to that little prayer I learnt yo—'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Honey, I cannot leave yo, an' I wont. I'se gwine to stay right here, and keep the ha'nts away from this little angel as long as I can use these old han's."

Emily: "Oh, Mammy, how can I ever compensate you for your life long-devotion."

Mammy: "Honey, never min' the highfalutin' talk, but you'se got yo mother's ways—that's nuff fer me."

Mammy sits by the baby in an inner room; enter Miss Vernon.

Miss Vernon: "Oh, my dear little Emily, this is dreadful, perfectly dreadful!"

They sit side by side on a sofa in the parlor.

Miss Vernon consoles her unhappy friend.

Miss Vernon: "It is dreadful; it is terrible, but of course you and the baby must be taken care of somehow. Mr. Gibson's father is a well to do New York broker, is he not?"

Emily (Weeping): "His father is not worth a dollar. He failed in business a month ago and lost everything."

Miss Vernon: "Is it as bad as that? Tell me everything. I have been away, you know and am not posted. I read in an eastern paper about the elder Mr. Gibson's embarrassment. But I did not suppose it would have serious results. Those Wall street brokers have a knack of recouping in a day or an hour their heaviest losses."

Emily (Sobbing): "There will be no such good luck in this case. Too much copper, Eddie—that is, Mr. Gibson—said was the cause of the failure. His father is now an invalid, an inmate of a sanitarium. Not many persons here knew about the failure. There was a lot about it in the New York papers for weeks, but Eddie, poor fellow, (sobbing) was popular with the newspaper men of this city and they kept the story out of the papers here. The failure was one of the things that helped to break poor Eddie's heart." (Sobs violently.)

Miss Vernon (Stroking her friend's hair): "Now, be a brave little woman, wont you? There are friends—lots of them—who will stand by you to the last."

Emily: "Poor Eddie—Mr. Gibson, I mean—had other worries—at least he said he had. We had been married only a little while when the allowance from his father stopped. His salary was small—oh, so small! Then we had to let our maid go because we could not afford to pay her. Mammy Wright, who has always been in mother's family, refused to leave us, pay or no pay. Poor soul—her devotion is noble and grand, but she is too old for hard work. After that, I did the cooking. But Eddie was always finding fault. He said my cooking was killing him. I began taking lessons at a cooking school, but stopped because it took too much time. Then he began to taunt me about the Cobbs, a young married couple in the cottage next door. He said Mrs. Cobb was the ideal wife, who, despite her husband's small salary, could, be a real housekeeper, a good mother, a fine cook and ardent suffragette—all in one. He said he agreed with Mr. Cobb's opinion that suffragettes like Mrs. Cobb are better fitted than men to vote at elections and run the government. Well, I spent all the next day hunting in dictionaries and encyclopedias for the meaning of the word 'suffragette'. When he got home there was no supper. He was positively angry, and he started in to cook his own meal. Then I asked him what a suffragette was, whether a male or female. He flew into a rage, called me a silly worthless thing—a joke of a wife—and he refused to rock the baby though I offered to cook the supper. He then left saying he was no nurse girl and I have not seen or heard from him since." (Boo hoo.)

Miss Vernon: "Poor Emily. You always were a helpless little child. It is too bad. It's dreadful, in fact; I'll show you how to do your cooking for yourself and your baby."

Knocking heard.

Emily (Looking through a window curtain): "Oh, my, there's that dreadful man. I will not answer. He will have to break down the door first."

Miss Vernon: "Who? Slim Jim? (Aside) That monstrous agent of political corruptionists! Why should he break down your door? He won't dare do it. What does he want?"

Emily (Dispairingly): "Oh, what will the end be? He says his employer, Alderman Bolton, bought this cottage at a sale for unpaid taxes; and that he will evict me and my baby if I don't move out at once."

Miss Vernon: "Evict you for unpaid taxes? He can not do it unless—unless the period of redemption has expired."

Emily: "That's the difficulty. I went to the tax collector to find out what it all meant. He said that the property had been sold for taxes, that the period of redemption had expired and that I must deal with this constable or whoever can produce the legal title acquired at the tax sale."

Miss Vernon: "Has the constable made it clear that the redemption money would not be accepted? Perhaps he wants a bonus?"

Emily: "He says he wants the property and that he will have it."

Miss Vernon: "Did he say what he wanted the house for? Did he give any reason for desiring to get possession of the property?"

Emily: "He said the new owner, Ald. Bolton, does not like some of my friends."

Miss Vernon (Aside): "Ha, he means Judge Townsend and myself! (After reflection) Emily, dear, I have a plan to thwart him, and save this little home for you and your child!"

Emily: "Really, can you do that?"

Miss Vernon: "Yes, not a doubt of it. Let's see! What's the best way to go about it? Have you a telephone here?"

Emily: "Yes, the Company's man has been here several times threatening to remove it because of non-payment of the rentals, but it is over there in that corner yet."

Miss Vernon (Going to the phone): "Good. Good. (Takes the receiver and calls) Hello, Central. Give me my office,—I mean Main 3000. Hello, there, Mr. Hatfield. Present immediately a petition for injunction in Judge Townsend's Court asking for a restraining order

against Alderman Bolton to prevent him from evicting Mrs. Emily Gibson from her home. Don't have the order issue until I call you again on the phone this afternoon." (Hangs up the receiver.)

Miss Vernon (Takes the phone again): "Hello Central, give me the Woman's Suffrage Club. Hello, is this the Woman's Suffrage Club? Is Miss Ellis there? Let me talk to Miss Ellis. Hello, is that you Miss Ellis? This is Miss Vernon. Is the Club now in session? Good! Well, I want to ask the Club to do something for me. I am at Emily's—you know Mrs. Emily Gibson. Please ask the Club to adjourn the meeting temporarily, come out here in taxicabs at my expense and reconvene the meeting here. Yes, Mrs. Gibson is willing, more than willing. Have them come at once—be here in 20 minutes. They'll come, will they? I knew they would. Thank them for me, won't you, and tell them to hurry." (Hangs up the receiver.)

Miss Vernon (To Emily): "How have you been able to get along, dear, without anybody to confide in?"

Emily: "After Eddie left me I tried to find you and when I heard that you would be away two months I was almost frantic. But, dear, have you asked those Club women to come out here? You know I always have had a perfect horror of Club women—all except yourself."

Miss Gibson: "That's because you did not know them. They have no horns or hooves. (Aside) If poor Emily had joined a woman's Club she would have known better than to choose that worthless little Eddie Gibson for a husband. (To Emily) The good ladies of the Club will probably take heroic action to save your home from the tax gatherer. Tell me how you have managed to support yourself and the baby? You said you were left penniless? Tell me all—you know I am your true and tried friend!"

Emily: "Yes dear, I'll tell all. Mr. Gibson left me absolutely penniless two months before the baby was born, (sobbing) but strange to say we have not suffered. Some kind hearted person has been leaving, on the kitchen porch, bottles of milk, hampers of baby foods and large quantities of eggs, meats and other foods, many of them already cooked and saving me the trouble of cooking them."

Miss Vernon: "Then fate has been kind to you in some ways."

Emily: "The neighbors at first thought it was so nice that some mysterious, good person was providing so well for this stricken home. Now, they are joking about it—they call the unknown provider of eggs the 'magic hen'. It's funny, isn't it?" (Trying to smile.)

Miss Vernon (Aside): "It's malicious gossip of scandal mongers—that's what it is; but poor innocent little Emily does not comprehend

(To Emily) It is possible that there is no mystery about it after all. Mr. Gibson may have left orders for these supplies with an egg dealer, a milk man, a grocer and a butcher.

Emily: "I never thought of that. (After a pause) Then he doesn't mean to desert me at all? He'll be back soon, won't he? Even though he is gone so long?"

Miss Gibson: "Let us hope so, Emily dear. Ah, here they come—the good ladies of the Club."

Emily: "Must we admit them all—such a crowd. There are not chairs enough. Most of the chairs we had were seized a few days ago for debts."

Miss Vernon: "One would have thought your gossiping neighbors might have supplied a magic furniture van from which to replace the vanished chairs! But, never mind. There are lots of seats. If there are not enough some of us can stand." (Turning to the visitors as Emily retreats.)

Miss Vernon: "On behalf of my school girl friend, let me welcome you ladies."

Mrs. Henrietta Breen (Entering followed by the other Club women): "Where is the baby? We want to see it? Is it pretty? Does it look like its mother?"

The baby, who is asleep in the cradle, is inspected.

Mrs. Breen: "Oh, what glorious little dimples!"

Miss Proctor: "Oh, isn't it sweet!"

Miss Ellis: "It's eyes will be dark brown, won't they?"

Mrs. Breen: "How could its father go away and leave it?"

Miss Ellis: "What a darling? How cutey-cutey?"

Emily re-enters.

Miss Vernon: "This is the mother—my friend, Mrs. Gibson."

Emily: "Welcome, ladies, welcome."

Miss Proctor: "Now that we have seen the little cherub, it is proper to ask why you called us here, Miss Vernon? To adjourn the meeting in order to come here was an unprecedented thing to do, but we did not hesitate to respond to your summons. You see we are here and I now re-convene the meeting."

Miss Vernon: "Thank you, ladies. Well, let me say at once that I should like to see this meeting become a council of war. One of our sisters, a dear school girl friend of mine—is in distress. She was reared in comparative luxury, the only child of a splendid mother—a widow of means. Men sharks—Wall street speculators—got the widow's confidence and her money. She died of a broken heart, and the daughter

married a worthless young man who recently deserted her. She is now reduced to penury. All she possesses is her lovely baby, and a homestead title to this little cottage. But the authorities of the government have sold her home over her head because the taxes have not been paid. She is given no voice in the government—is not allowed to vote—yet she is to be compelled to pay taxes for the support of that government's activity in ejecting herself and her baby from her home. Our revolutionary forefathers fought for the principles 'No taxation without representation' and they won. Women pay taxes every time they buy gloves, food, shoes or other necessaries of life, yet they are denied representation at the ballot box. We women have been deprived of our rightful share in the inheritance of freedom for which our ancestors sacrificed so much. How long must we stand it!"

Miss Ellis: "That's what we'd all like to know."

Miss Vernon: "Well, here is our chance. Let us make this little mother's cause our own. Let us exploit this injustice before the world. Let us fight Mrs. Gibson's case as a test case through all the Courts of the land. In fighting for her we are fighting for all womankind. Let us contest the eviction, take it to the higher Courts and get at last a clear and unequivocal definition of the constitutional rights of woman. In that way justice may be secured for women. When confronted with the possible loss of the millions of tax money paid by such women as Mrs. Breen, the men—that is to say the men voters of the nation—may deem it wise to concede the ballot to woman."

Mrs. Breen: "That is a good plan. It will put the tyrant man in a useful dilemma. I am in favor of it."

Miss Vernon: "There is another point that should not be forgotten. The highest Court of the nation will soon decide for or against the validity of Judge Townsend's mandamus order giving votes to women. If that decision is against us we can keep up the fight through the courts with this new case."

Miss Proctor: "In the meantime—while fighting the battle by making Mrs. Gibson's case an object lesson—we will be morally bound to support her and her baby."

Mrs. Breen: "Ah. Ahem. That's quite a different matter. I cannot see just how there is any obligation on anybody except the husband to support the wife."

Miss Ellis: "But just think of the dear little baby. Think of it, Mrs. Breen!"

Mrs. Breen: "Well, business is business, and I don't just like to be considered green, but for the baby's sake, the darling, I'll consent,

provided the Club takes official action here and now and fixes the terms of support on a reasonable basis, excluding extravagance and wastefulness I now move that the Club empower Miss Vernon to draw up the legal papers necessary to that end."

Miss Proctor: "As President of the Club I ask is there a second to Mrs. Breen's proposition? Ah, there is a second. Is there any opposition? None. It's carried. Miss Vernon is empowered by this Club to make a 'no-vote no-tax' fight for Mrs. Gibson. A fight which will hasten the day of triumph for woman's suffrage."

Miss Vernon: "Then I shall apply to Judge Townsend at once for an injunction against the eviction of Mrs. Gibson from her home, as the constables are hovering around this house and may take action any minute. We must circumvent their plans." (She goes to the telephone.)

Enter Slim Jim and Tubbsey unseen by the women.

Slim Jim (Aside): "The fox has found the coop door open and now the hens will get a fright. (To the women) Lady statesmen and patriots."

Consternation among the women; Miss Vernon stops using the telephone and listens to Slim Jim.

Slim Jim (Continues): "I came to evict this woman, to take possession of this house in the name of justice, the law and the tax-gatherer."

Miss Vernon smiles and talks again on the telephone.

Slim Jim: "Whoever offers resistance will be arrested for obstructing justice."

Several women: "Ah-h-h."

Miss Ellis: "What a noble occupation for a man—arresting those whom the law makes powerless!"

Slim Jim (Roughly laying hands on Mrs. Gibson's shoulders): "Come, out you go now, with your brat. This house is not yours any longer, and you have no right to allow it to be made a meeting place for sprouting politicians."

He pushes Mrs. Gibson towards the door, grabs the cradle with one hand and pulls it after him.

The young mother screams frantically. Furore among the Club women.

Mrs. Breen: "Brute!"

Miss Ellis: "Savage!"

Miss Proctor: "Beast!"

The women rush forward and try to get between Slim Jim and Mrs. Gibson. Commotion and uproar.

Mrs. Breen: "Where is Miss Vernon?"

Miss Ellis: "Yes, find her; she'll lasso this wild animal."

Miss Vernon (Coming from the telephone): "Justice will stop this eviction, sir, not cause it. Judge Townsend has just issued an injunction restraining you from evicting Mrs. Gibson or her baby. The order has been signed in open Court. Here is the notice to you. The Judge dictated it to me over the telephone. If you evict now—or disturb one article of furniture in this little home—it will be at your peril. The hearing on the motion to make the injunction permanent will be held in 20 minutes in the Judge's Court room."

Slim Jim: "In 20 minutes! Whew! He has turned his Court into a quick-injunction mill. By the way, that \$6,000 bribe which you gave him three years ago to open the ballot box to the votes of women is still having its effect, isn't it? Or has a new bribe been paid?"

Miss Vernon (Indignantly): "What do you mean, sir? How dare you make a false charge against me—or against Judge Townsend! It is an infamy—an outrageous falsehood."

Slim Jim: "It is, is it? Then what did Tubbsey and I see you hand to him in the settlement house three years ago? We saw you hand him six one thousand dollar bills. He accepted the money. He said the six one thousand dollar bills looked good to him—was a better price than the \$50 each which Alderman Bolton predicted would be the price of his crooked decisions. All the world knows what happened since. With his writ of Court he opened the ballot boxes of the river ward here—and of all the wards in this County—to women's votes. But the highest Court in the country will set aside his decision one of these days, and then it will be all over with women's suffrage."

Miss Ellis: "Is what you have told us just now all of the evidence you have that a bribe was paid by Miss Vernon to Judge Townsend?"

Slim Jim: "Isn't that enough? Tubbsey there was with me at the time."

Tubbsey (Aside): "I thought the good fist of Judge Townsend had squelched that lie about the bribe."

Slim Jim: "Tubbsey saw the graft change hands. (To Tubbsey) Didn't you see the Judge accept the brabe money from this woman lawyer? Didn't you Tubbsey? Isn't that so, Tub?"

Tubbsey (Hesitating): "I saw him take money from her but I could not say that it was bribe money. You said you knew it was a bribe, and the Honorable Alderman also called it bribe money."

Ironical laughter from the Club women.

Slim Jim (Boxing Tubbsey's ears): "You fool, you knew it was a bribe."

Tubbsey (Retreating): "All I knew was that you and the Honorable Alderman told me to say it was a bribe, and I always believe both of you until I know better."

Miss Ellis: "I am Miss Vernon's bookkeeper. I know and I can prove from the records that the only \$6,000 payment Miss Vernon ever made to Judge Townsend was the \$6,000 which was his portion of their joint fee of \$12,000 in the suit of Barnes vs. Jackson—a case in which he appeared as attorney with Miss Vernon a short time before his election to the bench."

Mrs. Breen: "That proves this man's accusation unfounded. His conduct is scandalous. There must have been a blackmailing plot from which he expected to benefit. Anyway, he ought to be arrested. You should prosecute him, Miss Vernon. The Club will back you. We have lots of witnesses against him."

Miss Vernon: "Trust me to attend to him, Mrs. Breen."

Slim Jim (Aside): "I have got myself into a pickle here; I must rush away and see the Honorable Alderman about it. (To Tubbsey) You stay here on guard until I return. I'll send Constable Freeman to keep your company." (He departs.)

Miss Vernon (To the Club women): "Now that we've got rid of him we must follow up our advantage. There is no time to be lost. The actual injunction is needed. When he discovers that he has been fooled—that my supposed use of the telephone to get an injunction was a ruse—he will return in a rage. In the mean time witnesses to the attempted eviction will be needed in court. With Miss Proctor and Miss Ellis, the president and the secretary of the club, as his witnesses Attorney Robert Hatfield, one of my partners, will be able to make out a sufficiently strong case to get the writ. I will not be needed in court, and I may be needed here when that constable comes back. I'll talk to Mr. Hatfield on the telephone and tell him just what to do if he obtains the writ. (To Miss Proctor and Miss Ellis, who are departing) You'll be back as soon as you can, won't you? There must be no delay; the matter must be rushed. The other ladies can remain here with me. We may all be needed for the protection of this home, the baby and its mother. We'll hold the fort with one ruse or another until we hear the decision of the court."

Mrs. Breen: "We'll bring back a writ for the eviction of the evictors!"

Miss Vernon: "That's what I'm hoping for. Now, ladies, don't be late!" (She ushers them out.)

Enter Constable Samuel Freeman

Mrs. Breen (To Tubbsey and Freeman): "So you are constables? Well, you're a bad lot. We women will keep our eyes on you while you are here. Don't make yourselves too much at home."

Tubbsey: "We're not here because we like it, mum? We'll be glad to get out of here when the time comes."

Mrs. Breen: "It will come soon. But, don't be nervous. We won't throw scalding water on you this time. It won't be necessary. Judge Townsend will scald you both and others with good law and justice." (Withdraws with her party into an inner room.)

Tubbsey: "Say, Sam, those social settlement people have big hearts in 'em. They have been good friends to more than one needy and seedy hobo such as you and I were not long ago and may soon become again. Recently one of them has been playing the angel to the deserted wife and baby in this little home. Have you heard about it, Sam?"

Freeman: "Nope, spin it out."

Tubbsey: "Well, if anybody should ask who told you don't say it was Tubbsey. The fact is I like to be careful in talking about the social settlement folks. Well, when the boss, the Honorable Alderman, bought in this here place at the tax sale he thought he might be able to collect his bill—or a portion of it—if he could discover who was paying for the eggs, meat, groceries and milk delivered mysteriously at the kitchen door of this deserted woman. He sent Slim Jim and me to watch and catch the mysterious provider—the magic hen."

Freeman (Laughing): "Well, did you catch the cackler?"

Tubbsey: "Not exactly. We were caught."

Freeman: "How was that?"

Tubbsey: "Oh, you simpleton, the magic hen turned out to be a man—one of the men employed at the Social Settlement. He trapped us spying on him before daybreak as he moved bottles of milk, baskets of eggs and other good things from the settlement barn in the rear of this block to this deserted family's door step. The moment Slim Jim recognized the settlement man he took to his heels down the alley, with me a close second."

Freeman: "So the magic hen, was not a hen after all? Eh?" (Both laugh uproariously.)

Tubbsey: "You're right, Sam. It was a gentleman hen—a chan-tecler."

Freeman: "That is to say—a rooster." (They laugh again.)

Enter Emily; she frantically lowers the window blinds and darkens the house.

Emily (Frightened): "There comes that horrid man again! He looks angry—terrible enough to tear down the house! Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go? I'll conceal myself!" (She retreats.)

Commotion among the club women. Miss Vernon comes from the telephone.

Slim Jim re-enters.

Slim Jim (To Miss Vernon, whom he mistakes for Emily): "The honorable alderman says this house is his property and that it no longer belongs to you or any other member of the Gibson family. You have no rights here, Mrs. Gibson. The alderman 'phoned to his lawyers and they told him that minx of a woman lawyer, Dorcas Vernon, had buffaloed me, and that no judge has the power to issue a valid injunction over the telephone. I am ordered by the alderman to enforce the law, and yourself, the child and all your belongings will be set out of doors at once. (To his assistants) Tubbsey, Freeman, put everything out into the street."

When it became evident that, owing to the dim light in the house, Slim Jim had mistaken Miss Vernon for Emily, the other women, led by Mrs. Breen and encouraged by Miss Vernon herself, chained the woman lawyer to the staircase of her supposed home. They fastened the chain with a strong lock.

Slim Jim seizes Miss Vernon and tries to drag her toward the door, but is dumfounded on finding her chained.

She remains impassive.

Slim Jim (To his assistants): "Ha, outwitted again! There's no end to the strategy of these 'cussed women. So this is their latest trick—chaining themselves to the permanent fixtures in their homes! They are trying to make themselves part of the real estate so that they can't be removed without a special permit from the City Hall. Tubbsey, don't you think that's the scheme? Another ruse to gain time?"

Tubbsey: "Search me, Jim,—I know little about law. Better ask the Honorable Alderman."

Enter Mammy Wright.

Slim Jim: "I'll waste no time now. We'll put the kid out anyway, and the loose furniture, and then find out what more we can do."

The constables seize the cradle in which the baby is asleep.

Mammy Wright (Stepping into the doorway): "You can't put that helpless chile into the street except by passin' over my dead body."

Mrs. Breen (Also stepping forward): "Don't you dare, sir!"

Another club woman: "Constable, don't you know you will have to answer for murder if that dear little baby takes a cold?"

Slim Jim: "Then out you meddlesome females will go, first of all."
(Seizes Mrs. Breen; his assistants seize two women.)

Violent commotion; other women rush to the assistance of their sisters; the constables try to push everybody out into the street.

In the midst of the exciting melee a court officer enters, followed by Miss Proctor, Miss Ellis and other club women as well as by men and women residents of the social settlement.

Court Officer (To Slim Jim): "What are you trying to do, sir?"

Slim Jim: "To enforce the law of the land."

Miss Ellis: "Nothing of the sort—you are breaking the law of the land. (To the court officer) He is trying to carry out the ejection restrained by the writ of injunction just issued by Judge Townsend. (Displaying a document) Read this to him."

She hands the document to the court officer.

Court Officer: "Is this a copy of the injunction order?"

Miss Ellis: "That is the injunction itself. It was given to me by Attorney Hatfield to deliver to you for service."

Slim Jim (Taking the paper from the court officer): "Let me read it myself; I can read." (He glances at the document.)

Slim Jim (Disgusted): "Well, that woman lawyer scores on me again. My hands are now tied, I'll be wiser next time. I won't be fooled again by a woman's phoney injunctions."

Emily slips into the room and unlocks the chain, which is released from the staircase. Miss Vernon steps forth with the chain clanking on her wrists and is revealed, in the full light, as the woman who was chained to the real estate.

Slim Jim, realizing his mistake, recoils in amazement.

The women who chained her applaud and are showered with congratulations.

Slim Jim (To his assistants): "Fooled by her again! Is there no end to her tricks? I thought the one in chains was Mrs. Gibson. Why did I not light a match and make sure? After I had discovered my mistake there would have been lots of time to complete the ejection. Now all is lost! (Aside) This will cost me my job and the alderman's friendship!"

Miss Vernon (To the suffragists): "We've saved this little home, for the time at least."

Miss Proctor: "Yes, thanks to you, Miss Vernon."

Mrs. Breen: "Hurrah for Miss Vernon! The victory is hers."
Rousing cheers are given for Miss Vernon.

Miss Vernon: "Let us hope this is an augury of greater victories to come."

Enter a messenger boy who hands a telegram to Miss Vernon. She tears open the envelope and glances at the message.

Miss Vernon: "We have news here of the real victory. My partner, Former Judge Wilkins, says in this telegram that the highest court in the nation has upheld Judge Townsend's mandate ordering that women's votes be accepted and counted at political elections. The decision was rendered today. It means that woman is at last declared legally a person within the meaning of the constitution, and that she shall have equal rights with man. The word male has at last been eliminated from the laws fixing the qualifications of voters. Henceforth voters will be adult persons—female as well as male."

Tremendous demonstration by the club women and by the men of the social settlement. Handkerchiefs are waived by women and the men throw their hats in the air.

Miss Ellis: "Rah, rah, we are free at last."

Miss Proctor: "Free women, now,—every one!"

Man resident of settlement: "Yes, free women, all, now and forever!"

Mrs. Breen: "My! but it does feel good to be a real person, not a chattel! (Stretching forth her arms) I feel as if chains have just fallen from my limbs, too."

Tubbsey (Stepping forward): "Three cheers and a tiger for Miss Vernon."

The cheers are given.

Miss Proctor: "We owe to her this immortal victory. She's the Woman of the Hour."

Tubbsey: "The hand that rocks the cradle and moves the world is fit to mark the ballot."

Slim Jim (Coming up behind Tubbsey and grabbing him by the neck): "You rascally hypocrite, don't you know you're working for me, not for Miss Vernon? You get off the job at once." (Pushes him to the rear.)

Slim Jim (To Constable Freeman): "This decision will end Alderman Bolton's reign. It will give us a woman boss in the river ward and our jobs will go glimmering." (Shakes his head disconsolately.)

Enter Judge Townsend.

Mrs. Breen: "Here comes one just Judge." (Jubilation renewed.)

Judge Townsend: "Oh, there have been many better judges, Mrs. Breen."

Miss Ellis: "None better for the cause of justice to woman."

Miss Vernon (Aside to Judge Townsend): "You're the best man in all the world."

Miss Ellis: "Is it true that you have resigned from the bench, Judge Townsend?"

Judge Townsend: "Yes, my resignation was sent in some time ago and takes effect today. I am now a private citizen."

Mrs. Breen: "Have you heard of our great victory?"

Judge Townsend: "You mean the decision upholding my ruling in the woman suffrage case?"

Mrs. Breen: "Yes."

Judge Townsend: "I received a congratulatory telegram from former Judge Wilkins which I sent to Miss Vernon's office a short time ago. The victory appears to be complete. Evidently the learned judges of the nation's highest court were not impressed with the argument that the ballot in the hands of woman would plunge our country into a chaos of emotional misgovernment."

Miss Vernon (To the Court Officer): "Have you not another paper to serve here?"

Court Officer: "Yes ma'am."

Miss Vernon (Pointing to Slim Jim): "Well, serve it—there's the man."

Court Officer (To Slim Jim): "I arrest you on this bench warrant charging you with having criminally libeled Miss Vernon when you stated that she paid \$6,000 as bribe money to a judge."

Officer arrests Slim Jim, who struggles.

Slim Jim: "You'll take me to Alderman Bolton's saloon, won't you, officer? He will give bond for my release."

Miss Vernon: "He'll be kept busy looking for bondsmen for himself. Alderman Bolton's reign as a boss is almost at an end. He is already under arrest. He is charged with conspiring with you and others to make the false accusation that I gave a bribe to a judge. Mr. Bolton will be prosecuted as the arch conspirator and his political power will not save him."

Slim Jim is handcuffed by the court officer and hustled out of the house. Constables Tubbsy and Freeman follow. Emily withdraws.

Enter Eddie Gibson (Dressed as a prosperous business man): "Ladies of the suffrage club, I heard you want to make some sort of an object lesson of my little family. No doubt, your intentions were

good—excellent. But I don't want the object lesson, nor any of the publicity that it would bring. I can provide for my family."

Miss Vernon: "The motives of the Club women in planning the so-called object lesson were the best in the world, but the best object lesson of all is a happy home. Nothing will be done by us to disturb the happiness of this little family. Our fight has been won through the final decision granting the ballot to women. We can afford to dismiss at once the suit to restrain the eviction from this home for the non-payment of taxes. The last remnant of taxation without representation is now swept away. The ballot in woman's hands will purify and sweeten the political life of all nations. It will emancipate and strengthen woman and enlarge her powers of protection over home and children. With this new weapon she will destroy political graft and corruption wherever and whenever found. No longer will she find it necessary to sacrifice her affections for the independence to be gained by a career in business or the professions. She will be a more womanly woman, a more motherly mother. Devoted and good mothers will sway the family conscience, which will assert itself at the polls and make morality, integrity and efficiency the requisite standards for the public service. Now at last, under equal and just conditions, woman will have the opportunity to fulfill her real mission—the conservation of posterity."

Emily (Rushing forward): "Oh, Eddie, how could you have deserted me and the baby!"

Eddie: "Why, Emily didn't you get my letter saying I would return in a short time?"

Emily: "No, I didn't."

Eddie: "Then it must have gone astray in the mails, because I sent it."

Emily throws herself into his arms.

Emily: "Oh, my Eddie dear, I knew you never could desert your wife and baby."

Eddie (Aside to Emily): "I struck it rich on the stock exchange—made three hundred thousand dollars in the same stocks in which my poor father lost his fortune."

Emily: "Oh, isn't that grand."

Eddie: "But, Emily, I want you to do just one thing: join the Woman's Suffrage Club and learn to vote. It will do you good. You will then be better able to manage our new Parisian cook who will arrive tomorrow."

Emily: "Oh, we are to have a Parisian cook! Won't that be great for the baby."

Mammy Wright (Stepping forward and addressing Emily): "Honey, I'se most too old myself—my time is nearly done—but 'fore I die, I wants to see yo' vote. I wants to see yo' 'come a suffragit."

Emily (To Eddie, reproachfully): "Oh, Eddie, you haven't asked about the baby! How could you be so forgetful? Come and see the little dear." (Emily and Eddie withdraw.)

All others except Miss Vernon and Judge Townsend retire to adjoining parlors where they continue the felicitations with reference to the suffrage victory.

Judge Townsend (Aside to Miss Vernon): "The 'Woman of the Hour, is free at last?"

Miss Vernon: "Yes."

Judge Townsend: "Free to wed? Say the word!"

Miss Vernon: "Yes."

Judge Townsend: "When?"

Miss Vernon: "Next month, next week, tomorrow, now, any time."

Judge Townsend: "Is that final? No danger that you will change your mind? Are you sure you will not find some other important work to be done for suffrage,—or something else—before our marriage? I suppose it is to be the privilege of woman to change her mind after suffrage as well as before it?"

Miss Vernon: "With the ballot conceded to her no woman should have the right or privilege of changing her mind any more than a man. That privilege has rightly been exercised by her so long as she was denied so many other rights."

Judge Townsend: "Then, it's final? We will be married at once? Nothing can prevent it?"

Miss Vernon: "Nothing can interfere. I would not permit anything in the world to interfere now."

Enter messenger boy with a telegram for Miss Vernon. She tears open the envelope. As she reads she sways and almost falls, but is sustained by Judge Townsend.

Miss Vernon (Holding out the telegram): "Read—read it."

Judge Townsend (Reading): "Correction: The telegram on the Woman's Suffrage decision should read: 'The Court has not upheld the decision of Judge Townsend in which he gave the ballot to women? The word 'not' was accidentally omitted. The Company deeply regrets that this accident occurred and will endeavor to guard against

such mistakes in the future. (Signed) J. Kelsey, Manager, Universal Telegraph Co."

Miss Vernon: "This is dreadful."

Judge Townsend: "It certainly is bad news, but it can't be helped now. My decision was right all the same—morally right at least. Woman is a person in fact and she should be a person in law and allowed the same suffrage rights as man. The Courts are now decreeing that woman has no suffrage rights, but the legislatures—the Parliaments—of the world will be forced in the near future to invest her with the voting franchise in order to rescue civilization from decay and degeneracy. (After reflection) As your work for woman suffrage is still unfinished—perhaps only begun—I suppose you will want to be released from your promise? If so, you are released—unless you wish to renew the promise."

Miss Vernon: "It will not be necessary to renew it. I will keep it, if—you will promise not to hamper or interfere with my work for the woman's suffrage movement?"

Judge Townsend (Embracing her): "Not only will I not interfere, but I shall continue to give the movement all the personal aid and encouragement in my power."

Miss Vernon (Tenderly): "I know you will do what you say, and I am willing to trust you in all things. (After reflection) How can we break this bad news to the others (indicating the club women in view)? I can stand it because I have you; but the disappointment will be dreadful to them after so much rejoicing over the false news of victory."

Judge Townsend: "Why not let the newspapers break the news to them? You can talk the matter over with them later. Bad news travels quickly enough. Let the public press do the disagreeable work. It is the better way." (Caressing her.)

Miss Vernon: "Yes, it is."

Judge Townsend: "Is there not a victory in this defeat—the victory of love?"

Miss Vernon: "The real victory is yet to be won—and soon will be won—the emancipation of woman."

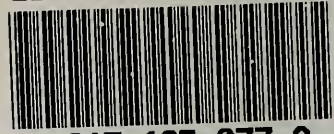
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