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Cynthia Looks Ahead

Gladys Ruth Bridgham



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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Cynthia Looks Ahead

*A Play in Two Acts, with Prologue
and Epilogue*

By

GLADYS RUTH BRIDGHAM

Author of "Mrs. Hayward's Help," etc.



PHILADELPHIA
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CHARACTERS OF THE PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

CYNTHIA PAYSON	-	-	-	-	-	<i>a senior at Harding College</i>
MRS. MELBY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>an instructor</i>
ANNIE BLAKELY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>maid</i>

CHARACTERS

CYNTHIA PAYSON	-	-	-	-	-	<i>actress</i>
MAISIE DEANE	-	-	-	-	-	<i>known also as Florence Mayberry, editor of the "Millville Chronicle"</i>
ANNIE BLAKELY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>employed on the "Chronicle"</i>
KATHERINE FELTON, M. D.						
MRS. ELIZABETH GLENNING.						
MRS. FREDA CLEVELAND.						
MRS. HELEN FORD.						
MRS. MELBY.						
ROSETTE SHANNON	-	-	-	-	-	<i>a mill hand</i>
ROSEBUD	-	-	-	-	-	<i>her child</i>
LILY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Glenning's maid</i>

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours.

SCENE OF PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.—A corridor in a dormitory at Harding College. Class Day.

SCENE OF THE PLAY.—Living-room in Mrs. Glenning's home, Millville. June, fifteen years later. There is supposed to be a lapse of two hours between Acts I and II.

NOTES.—If desired the Prologue and Epilogue may be omitted, Acts I and II making a complete though somewhat less effective play without them, under the title "Rainbow Hill."

The parts of Cynthia, Mrs. Melby, and Annie in Prologue and Epilogue are taken by the persons who play those characters in Acts I and II.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Cynthia Payson, college senior, is trying to decide whether to accept an opportunity to go on the stage or to go home to her father, who needs her. She falls asleep, and, fifteen years ahead, sees herself a famous actress and guest of a classmate, Betty. Cynthia the actress is unhappy:—"I have made a god of success." Betty is hated by her husband's employees, who are striking and threaten to burn the house. Maisie Deane, another classmate, now a newspaper editor, makes Betty take the side of the employees, averting the danger. Cynthia, the actress, and Betty see they have been selfish. Cynthia, the college senior, wakes—"I will go to my father."

COSTUMES, ETC.

CYNTHIA PAYSON, No. 1 (Prologue). About twenty-one. She wears cap and gown.

CYNTHIA PAYSON, No. 2 (Acts I and II). About thirty-six. On entrance wears traveling suit and hat. Changes in Act I to evening dress. In Act II she wears the same evening dress.

MRS. MELBY (in Prologue). About thirty-five. Wears cap and gown over traveling suit, which she wears in Act I. Then she appears to be about fifty years old; powdered hair or wig. Wears hat and coat on entrance. Changes to sober evening dress, which she wears in Act II. In Epilogue wears cap and gown—the gown being slipped on over her evening dress.

ANNIE BLAKELY (in Prologue). About twenty. Wears black dress, white apron and cap. In Acts I and II wears street suit and hat, and appears about thirty-five.

MAISIE DEANE. About thirty-six. She wears a tailor-made suit and simple hat. Her hair is white.

KATHERINE FELTON. About thirty-eight. On first entrance she wears a traveling suit and hat.

MRS. ELIZABETH GLENNING. About thirty-eight. In Act I she wears a pretty afternoon dress. Changes to evening dress.

MRS. FREDA CLEVELAND. About forty. On first entrance she wears a traveling suit and hat.

MRS. HELEN FORD. About thirty-five. On first entrance she wears a traveling suit and hat and carries a hand-bag. She changes later on to evening dress.

ROSETTE SHANNON. About twenty-eight. Wears a plain dark dress, gingham apron, and has a shawl thrown over her head.

ROSEBUD. About six. Wears a simple little calico or white dress with a broad sash.

LILY. About twenty. Wears a black dress, with white apron and cap.

PROPERTIES

PROLOGUE. Unopened letters. Pencil and paper.

ACT I. Telephone. Bell on desk to ring off stage. Small knife. Bunch of flowers. Calling card. Notebook and pencil. Pill-box. Bell on desk. Newspaper. Vase on desk. Pitcher of water and glass on table. Strip of linen for bandage. Bowl of water.

ACT II. Lamp with green shade on table. Newspaper. Bandage. Child's dress. Sash. Revolver. Two small boxes supposed to contain "nerve powders."

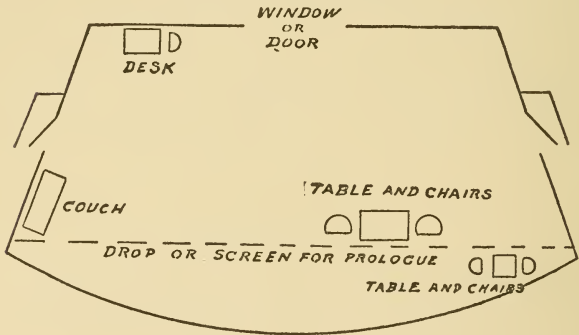
SCENE PLOTS

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

SCENE.—Corridor in dormitory, Harding College. Exit R. This scene requires only the extreme front of stage. Drop curtain (or row of screens may be used) to hide scene for Act I. Small table and two chairs down L. Pile of unopened letters on table. See lower part of the plan below.

ACTS I AND II

EXTERIOR BACKING



SCENE.—Room in Mrs. Glenning's home. French window or door with curtains up c. Doors R. and L. Desk up R. with vase, telephone, and call-bell up R. In Act II box of "powders" on desk, and revolver in drawer of desk. Table down L. c., with two chairs; in Act I table holds newspaper, pitcher of water and glass. In Act II table holds lamp with green shade, and box of "powders." Couch down R. Other furnishings to make a handsome parlor or living-room.

EPILOGUE

SCENE.—Same as in Prologue. Shut off scene of Act II by drop curtain or row of screens.

Cynthia Looks Ahead

PROLOGUE

SCENE.—*Corridor of a dormitory—a drop curtain should be used as near the front as possible.*

(*Discovered: ANNIE BLAKELY. She stands by the table sorting the mail. CYNTHIA PAYSON enters, R.*)

CYNTHIA (*crossing quickly to table down L.*). Oh, Annie, you can tell me just what I want to know. Is there any mail for me?

ANNIE (*down L.*). I think so, Miss Payson. (*Looks over the letters.*) Yes, miss, these are for you. (*Hands letters to CYNTHIA.*)

CYNTHIA (*quickly opening one of the letters*). Thank you.

ANNIE (*starting toward exit R., hesitates, comes back C.*). Miss Payson, I—I—I want to —

CYNTHIA (*down L., looking up*). Yes, Annie?

ANNIE (*C.*). Before you went home I wanted to speak to you, and you're alone here now and I might not get such a good chance again.

CYNTHIA (*kindly*). What can I do for you?

ANNIE. Nothing, Miss Payson; I just wanted to thank you for what you have done for me.

CYNTHIA. Oh, nonsense, Annie; I haven't done anything at all.

ANNIE. Indeed you have, miss. There's many the time I've felt down and out, and just when I'd be thinking I couldn't stay here any longer, you would come along and say a kind word or do something kind for me. Out of all the young ladies you have been

the only one who seemed to know that I was a girl, too, and this was a hard place for me to work. I ain't coming back here next year, Miss Payson. I'm going out into the world to do something. I don't know what I am going to do, but coming here has made me want to get some education and find a way to make good.

CYNTHIA (*enthusiastically*). Why, Annie, that's splendid! I am glad you have told me. (*Hastily picks up a pencil from table and writes on a scrap of paper; hands it to ANNIE.*) Here, take my address. Write to me and tell me what you decide to do, and, Annie, if there is any possible thing I can do to help you, I shall be very glad.

ANNIE. Thank you, Miss Payson; that's just like you.

CYNTHIA. We are in the same boat, Annie. I haven't the faintest idea what I am going to do.

ANNIE. Whatever it is, and wherever you go, you will always take along sunshine and encouragement for others.

CYNTHIA. Why, thank you, Annie. That's about the nicest thing I ever had said to me. Anyway, I'll remember and I'll try to live up to it. I wish I knew just what I am going to do, so you might know where to find me. I feel sure I might be able to at least help you to make a start at something. But you write to my home, Annie, and I hope we shall meet again.

(*Shakes hands with her.*)

ANNIE (*gratefully*). Thank you, Miss Payson; I hope so, too.

(*Exit, R. CYNTHIA sits down by table L. and reads letter; sits lost in thought. Enter MRS. MELBY, R. Stops abruptly as she sees CYNTHIA.*)

MRS. MELBY (*down R.*). Oh, it is you, Cynthia? Are you quite tired out? (*Crosses L.*)

CYNTHIA (*with a sigh*). Yes, nearly dead. I just dropped down here to read my mail. (*Eagerly.*)

Mrs. Melby, did you ever get what you thought you wanted more than anything in the world, and then when you had it in your hand you weren't so sure after all that it was the thing you wanted?

MRS. M. (*laughing*). Yes. I think that happens to us all at times, but I can't remember that I ever had it happen concerning anything really important. You look as if it were a matter of life and death.

(*Sits R. of table.*)

CYNTHIA. I feel as if it is. It's a matter of my future. After my four years here I decided that I wanted a professional career, that I wanted to go on the stage. Now that I have the chance I am not sure it is the thing to do. (*Hands MRS. M. a letter.*)

MRS. M. (*looking the letter over*). Of course you realize this is a very flattering offer.

CYNTHIA. Yes, I have a friend in the profession. She used her influence.

MRS. M. And none of us who have watched your career in the dramatic club can doubt your ability to succeed.

CYNTHIA. Yes, I believe I could succeed.

MRS. M. And I am positive you would like it.

CYNTHIA. Yes, more than anything in the world.

MRS. M. Then, why hesitate? Are there other careers open to you?

CYNTHIA (*smiling*). Yes. An offer of marriage from a chum of my childhood, and on the other hand an invalid father who would like to have me go home and live with him. Do you believe that is my duty?

MRS. M. Does he ask it of you?

CYNTHIA. No, he doesn't ask it. He is willing I should do the thing I wish to do. (*Impatiently.*) I don't see why it is so hard for me to decide. The other girls have made their decisions so easily. Kate is to be a doctor. Betty and Helen have announced their engagements. I suppose you know about Betty's brilliant match? Mason Glenning, the wealthy mill owner. (*MRS. M. nods.*) And Maisie goes home to

a farm to keep house for her father and three young brothers. She thinks that is her duty, and she is the honor member of the class. I have heard you say that she had a most brilliant future ahead of her.

MRS. M. Yes, that is true.

CYNTHIA. Then is it right for her to bury herself and her talents on a farm? Is it really her duty to do a thing like that?

MRS. M. I shouldn't dare to answer that question for you, Cynthia. Many a woman comes to the parting of those two ways, but she must make her own decision. I had to make mine. I made a wrong one and wrecked my life.

CYNTHIA (*astonished*). You, Mrs. Melby?

MRS. M. Somewhere in the world, Cynthia, I have a daughter, not quite so old as you. I don't know where she is. I made a decision that cut her from my life. I didn't realize what I was doing at the time. I only followed my own inclinations, and did the thing it seemed to me the Creator had given me the talents to do. Do you think my success as an instructor, even my success as a writer, can make up to me for the loss of my daughter?

CYNTHIA (*slowly*). No one would ever guess you had anything like that in your life, Mrs. Melby.

MRS. M. I have no right to make the world share my sorrow.

CYNTHIA. But this is only one case, and you really cannot judge by another's experience.

MRS. M. Certainly not.

CYNTHIA. If I go back to father I know what will happen in the end. I might be father's companion for a few years, but in the end I should marry Ted.

MRS. M. It is for you to decide, dear. No one has a right to do it for you.

CYNTHIA (*wistfully*). Oh, if we only could look ahead and see how it would all come out. If I could just look into the future years and see myself pass by.

MRS. M. (*with a sigh*). Yes, it would save many a heartache, and oftentimes the wrecking of innocent lives. (*Rises and goes back of CYNTHIA'S chair.*

Puts her arm about her and speaks affectionately.)
Whatever you do, you must rest a while. You are quite worn out.

CYNTHIA (*rises, laughing*). Oh, yes, I will take a vacation before I start on any kind of a career.

MRS. M. Was there mail for me?

CYNTHIA (*turning to table, takes up a letter and hands it to her*). Yes, I think so.

MRS. M. Thank you. (*Goes L. and pauses.*)
Think it over carefully, my dear. Take a good look ahead before you decide.

(*Exit, R.*)

CYNTHIA. A good look ahead. Oh, if I only could look ahead ten or fifteen years. Cynthia Payson, actress! What will she be like, I wonder. (*Goes L. and sits with arms on table.*) Oh, I wonder.

(*Slowly drops her head on her crossed arms. After a slight pause curtain slowly descends. CYNTHIA withdraws. Drop curtain is quickly raised, or screens behind CYNTHIA are removed, small table and chairs at L. taken off stage, large table and chairs shown in ACT I brought forward. Curtain then rises slowly, disclosing scene of ACT I. This change must be made very quickly and quietly. The front curtain should be down not over a minute.*)

ACT I

SCENE.—*Living-room in MRS. GLENNING'S home. Exits R. and L. Large French window or door C. Table or desk with telephone R. C. Couch R., near front. Chairs and so forth. All furnishings should be luxurious.*

(*As curtain rises MRS. GLENNING stands by window C., looking out. Telephone rings. She goes to desk and sits in chair.*)

ELIZABETH. Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Glenning. (*Effusively.*) Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Mason! Yes, isn't it a delightful day? So nice and cool for this time of year. It's usually so warm the last of June. (*Pause.*) Oh, Mrs. Mason, that is perfectly sweet of you and I should simply love to go, but it is quite impossible. You know, Mr. Glenning has gone out of town and I have seized an opportunity to entertain some of my old classmates, Harding, 19—. Yes, here at Rainbow Hill. Yes, it doesn't seem possible that fifteen years have passed. (*With a deprecatory laugh.*) It makes me feel quite aged. There were just a few of us who were so intimate. You know how it always is—and we haven't met for ages, in fact, I have never seen my roommate in all these years. Who do you suppose she is? (*Pause.*) Cynthia Payson. Yes, the actress. Yes, she is really coming to our little town. I used to know her so well, and now she is such a star that I really dread to meet her. Oh, no, they are not all stars. There is one who is a doctor, but the others are quite ordinary, I assure you. They did just the usual things—marriage and children, with the mumps and toothache. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Mason. Yes, I expect to enjoy seeing them all again. (*Enter LILY, R. Sees ELIZABETH; hesitates.*) Yes. Good-bye! (*Rises.*) Well, Lily?

LILY (*at door R., embarrassed*). I beg your pardon, Mrs. Glenning, but—but —

ELIZABETH (*R. C.*). Yes, Lily, what is it? (*Anxiously.*) Has anything gone wrong?

LILY. No, ma'am. I just wanted to ask you— (*hesitating*) will Mr. Glenning be gone long?

ELIZABETH (*surprised*). Why, three or four days, I think. Why do you wish to know?

LILY. I shouldn't have thought he'd have gone just now, ma'am.

ELIZABETH (*astonished*). What in the world do you mean?

LILY. I—I think it's right for you to know, ma'am. There's trouble at the mills. They're goin' to strike.

ELIZABETH (*walking L.*). Nonsense! I have heard that before.

LILY. They mean it this time, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. Well, I'm sure it is no concern of mine. I am not at all interested in the mill people.

LILY. My father works there, Mrs. Glenning.

ELIZABETH. I believe I have heard you say so before.

LILY (*coming c.*). He knows how the hands feel toward your husband, how they feel toward you. You have been kind to me, ma'am. I can't know you are in danger and not warn you.

ELIZABETH (*L. C., scornfully*). Danger? Don't worry about that. We can have protection in five minutes. Don't think for a minute that I am afraid of the mill hands. There will be no strike, Lily. (*A bell rings off L.*) They are always talking about a strike. (*Glances out the window up c. as she finishes speaking. LILY starts toward door L.*) I'll go, Lily. It's the florist's boy, and I want to see if the flowers are right.

(*Exit, L. LILY follows her to door, listens a second, softly closes door, and goes quickly to telephone up R. C.*)

LILY. Millville—255. Yes! (*Pause. She looks*

toward door L.) Hello! Yes, father, this is Lily! (*Speaks cautiously, glancing over shoulder toward door.*) Mr. G. has gone—three or four days. Yes. One thing I demand of you—that is protection for his wife. I have done everything you have asked of me. You must do that for me. She has been kind to me. I have warned her, but she doesn't believe what I say. She is having a house party, and she won't listen to anything. You must find a way to get her away from here. What? Cut the telephone wires? I? No, no, I can't promise to do that! You know I am in sympathy with you. Very well! (*Desperately.*) I will do it. Yes, of course, on the outside. Good-bye.

(*Glances at door L., comes quickly down to table, L. C., opens a drawer, takes out a knife, opens it and tries the blade. Bell rings off L. ELIZABETH hurries in L., her arms full of flowers. LILY hastily conceals knife under her apron.*)

ELIZABETH (L. C., *smiling at her over the flowers*). Answer the bell, Lily. (*Exit LILY, L. Exit ELIZABETH, R., with flowers. Reënters without them as LILY reënters L., with a card, which she hands to ELIZABETH. ELIZABETH, down R., looking at card.*) Florence Mayberry—*Millville Chronicle*. Dear me! Show her in, Lily!

(*Exit LILY, L. Reënters with MAISIE DEANE.*)

MAISIE (*coming R. to ELIZABETH*). This is very gracious of you, Mrs. Glenning. I assure you I appreciate it.

ELIZABETH. Not at all, Miss—er—(*glancing at card*) Mayberry. Won't you be seated?

(*LILY moves a chair forward. Exit, c.*)

MAISIE (*as she takes the chair*). Thank you. I understand that you are about to entertain a party of your college classmates.

ELIZABETH (*sitting on couch down R.*). Why, yes,

a few who were especial chums, you know. (*In deprecatory manner.*) It surely isn't of enough importance to——

MAISIE (*R. C., gently interrupting*). Whatever you do is important to Millville. We are most anxious to have an advance story for the *Chronicle*. Later a more elaborate account of the entertaining. Let me see, Harding College, wasn't it? (*Produces note-book and pencil.*) Your class, if you please?

ELIZABETH (*trying not to show that she is flattered*). Oh, well, if you insist—19— (*or she names a date fifteen years back from the present year*).

MAISIE (*taking notes*). And the names of the ladies you are to entertain?

ELIZABETH. Well, Mrs. Freda Cleveland of Brooklyn has already arrived.

MAISIE. Interested in Suffrage? A leader, is she not?

ELIZABETH. Dear me, yes, I believe so! Something of the kind—but do you have to mention it? All their dreadful stump speaking and hiking is so very repulsive to me.

MAISIE. To you, perhaps. Some people are very much interested, you know.

ELIZABETH. Yes, I suppose so, but for my part I'd leave the lawmaking to the men. Then, there is Mrs. Helen Ford of Washington, Dr. Katherine Felton of Springfield, Mass., Mrs. Olivia Melby of the Harding College faculty.

MAISIE (*looking up with sudden interest*). Is she coming?

ELIZABETH (*not noticing her interest*). Yes, and (*impressively*) Cynthia Payson.

MAISIE (*making notes rapidly*). The actress? Quite the star of the occasion, I suppose.

(*Bell rings off L.*)

ELIZABETH. Yes, indeed.

MAISIE (*looking over her notes*). You formed a little clique of your own in college, I suppose?

(ELIZABETH *nods.*) Did you succeed in getting all together who belonged in the group?

(*Regards ELIZABETH intently.*)

ELIZABETH (*slowly*). No, there was one I couldn't locate. I made an honest effort to do so, and I think perhaps it is just as well that I didn't succeed. She has never married, and she hasn't done anything—anything worth while, you know, and of course a girl who doesn't marry and doesn't make good——

(*Shrugs her shoulders.*)

MAISIE (*with a sarcastic little smile*). Is quite impossible.

(ELIZABETH *is quite unconscious of MAISIE's attitude.*)

ELIZABETH. Yes, quite.

(LILY *enters, L.*)

LILY (*at door L.*). I beg your pardon, ma'am, but Dr. Felton——

(*Enter KATHERINE FELTON, L. MAISIE goes up c.*)

KATHERINE. Has arrived!

ELIZABETH (*going L. and greeting her, brings her c.*). Kate! Where did you come from? Surely it isn't train time?

KATHERINE (*coming c.*). No. I am a few minutes ahead of the train. I spent the night with a friend in Sutton, and motored over this afternoon.

ELIZABETH (*R. C., turns to MAISIE, who stands watching KATHERINE with interest*). Dr. Felton, Miss Mayberry of our local paper. She will be glad to meet you. She has already been writing us up.

(MAISIE *rises.*)

KATHERINE (*lightly*). So soon? (*Shakes hands with MAISIE.*) I'm glad to meet you.

MAISIE. Thank you. (*KATHERINE gives her hat and coat to LILY, who comes c. to get them.*) I have

all I need here, Mrs. Glenning. (*Refers to notebook.*) I can make a very good advance story. I will see you again if you will be so kind?

ELIZABETH (*affectedly*). I suppose it is inevitable. (*Goes to window up c. and throws it open.*) You can go out this way, Miss Mayberry.

MAISIE (*as she exits, c.*). Good-afternoon.

ELIZABETH (*up c., turning to KATHERINE*). Lily has taken your things? Would you like to go right up to your room?

(*LILY goes to door L.*)

KATHERINE (*L. c.*). No hurry, is there? I have a little advantage over the others. Let us gossip a while.

ELIZABETH (*up c.*). Delighted, I'm sure. (*As LILY is about to exit.*) Oh, Lily, did you remind John that he is to meet the four-forty-five?

LILY. Yes, ma'am. He has gone to the train.

(*Exit, L., with KATHERINE'S coat and hat.*)

ELIZABETH (*coming down c. and leading KATHERINE to couch down R.; they sit*). You had a pleasant trip over, Kate?

KATHERINE. Delightful. The country around here is beautiful, and Millville is a charming little village.

ELIZABETH. I'm glad you think so. I dare say it looks very well to strangers, but it gets pretty monotonous, I assure you. Mason is so tied to his business, and he dislikes to have me go out of town without him. There are a few of us who work hard to make a social life here. We have quite an exclusive little set, and this last year we have organized a Woman's Club, and I have the honor of being its first president.

KATHERINE. That's splendid, I'm sure. Betty, did you succeed in getting all our little clique together?

ELIZABETH. All but Maisie. I couldn't locate her. Freda is already here.

KATHERINE (*surprised*). She is?

ELIZABETH. Yes, she came last night. She has

gone out to explore the village and insisted upon walking. She is very queer, Kate. You know she always had strange ideas, and I don't know that I am surprised that she has gone in for suffrage. Don't you remember that she always said there was nothing on earth that a man could do, a woman couldn't do just as well if she tried?

KATHERINE (*smiling*). Maybe that's true, Betty.

ELIZABETH (*scornfully*). Maybe it is! Kate, have you ever seen Cynthia since we graduated? Off the stage, I mean?

KATHERINE. Yes. She came to one reunion. It was the year she had created such a sensation as Rosalind, and she was quite the star attraction, not only for our class but for the whole college. I don't believe I saw her alone for two minutes. Then I saw her again in New York on the stage and in her dressing room.

ELIZABETH. She is a great actress, of course.

KATHERINE. Wonderful.

ELIZABETH. What is she like, Kate? Has she changed very much? I used to fairly worship Cynthia, and now I am dreading her arrival.

KATHERINE. I could scarcely judge in so short a time as to how much she had changed, but I don't believe you need to dread her. She is immensely pleased with herself as an actress, but somehow I don't believe she is so well pleased with herself as a woman.

ELIZABETH. Kate, how odd you are! Do you think Cynthia is two distinct persons?

KATHERINE. We all are Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes, but we aren't honest enough to admit it.

ELIZABETH. What a perfectly extraordinary idea! (*Bell rings off L. She rises quickly.*) Oh, I wonder if they have come! (*Crosses to door L., very much excited.*) Yes, they have, Kate!

(*Exit, hastily. Several women are heard talking off L.*)

ELIZABETH reënters, L., followed by MRS. MELBY, MRS. HELEN FORD and CYNTHIA PAYSON. LILY

enters L. and takes their wraps. KATHERINE comes forward to greet them.)

CYNTHIA (*coming down R.*). Kate, why did you give us the slip?

KATHERINE (*R.*). I embraced an opportunity to visit an old friend in the next town. How fortunate that you were able to come, Cynthia, and you, too, Mrs. Melby. Of course it is easy for the rest of us, but we realize how hard it is for you.

(*LILY exits, L., with their wraps.*)

HELEN (*coming down L. to table, indignantly*). Well, if you think it is easy for me to leave John and my three cherubs you are mistaken. John Junior is just getting over the whooping cough. Emily has it, and of course the baby will take it. I never saw such children to take things. They have had every namable disease and some un-namable ones. My nerves are worn to shreds. (*Looks about.*) It's time for me to take a pill. (*Takes box from hand-bag and takes a pill.*) I really hope you don't mind, Betty. I'm a regular walking apothecary shop, but I couldn't come any other way.

ELIZABETH (*up C.*). We are glad to have you, Helen, any way that you could come.

MRS. M. (*coming down L. of table*). You haven't any children, Betty?

ELIZABETH. I hope not! (*Quickly to HELEN.*) I beg your pardon, Helen, I didn't mean that as personal, but you know I never understood children, and I have no patience with them. I really believe Mason thinks it might be amusing to have some, and perhaps it would be—for him.

(*KATHERINE and CYNTHIA sit on couch down R.*)

HELEN. That's just it, amusing for him. Men are all alike. The children are just like golf for John. He plays with them in the morning before he goes away, and at night when he gets home, and that's all

he knows about them; but I don't do any playing, I can tell you. I'm caddy all the time!

(Sits R. of table.)

CYNTHIA (*wistfully*). Don't you love your children, Helen?

HELEN (*astonished*). Love them? What a perfectly imbecile question, Cynthia! I worship the ground they walk on.

MRS. M. (*smiling*). And you are delighted because you have such a fine family. (Sits L. of table.)

HELEN. Why, of course. I guess I am proud of my children, and I certainly have cause to be. I wish you could see them. Emily is a perfect little beauty, and I've got the brightest baby you ever saw. Only a year and a half old and she can talk almost as plain as I can. And John Junior! I haven't any words to describe him. The things that boy says and does in just one day would make a book, and I tell you it would be good reading.

CYNTHIA (*laughing*). It seems to me you play as good a game of golf as your husband.

MRS. M. (*to ELIZABETH*). Shall we dress for dinner at once, Betty?

ELIZABETH (*up c.*). Why, it might be just as well, I should think. Of course you wish to get rid of the train dust as soon as possible. I will ring for Lily. (*Rings bell on desk.*) We will go right up.

(*She leads the way to door L. They all exeunt, talking as they go. Slight pause.*)

(*Enter LILY, C. Gives a quick look about the room.*

MAISIE *comes to window c., looks in, hesitates a second, enters. LILY comes to table L. c.*)

MAISIE (*at window up c.*). Lily!

LILY (*R. c., turning with a start*). Oh, it's you, Miss Mayberry?

MAISIE (*coming down c.*). What were you doing out there, Lily?

LILY (*slightly agitated, but trying to speak naturally*). Me, miss? I was just going to—to cut some—some roses for the dinner table, but (*placing knife on table L. C.*) this knife isn't sharp enough.

MAISIE (C.). The ladies arrived?

LILY. Yes, Miss Mayberry.

MAISIE. They are dressing for dinner?

LILY. I think probably. My bell rang.

(*Looks uneasily toward door, L.*)

MAISIE. I wish to see Dr. Felton alone, without any one's knowing it. I thought this might be a good time. Will you speak to her for me? And not say anything to Mrs. Glenning?

LILY. Of course I will, Miss Mayberry. There's not a man, woman or child on the east side who wouldn't be glad to do anything for you.

MAISIE. You count yourself on the east side?

LILY. I sure do! I work on the west side, but my home is in my father's house on the east side.

MAISIE. You have a good home here, Lily. Mrs. Glenning treats you well.

LILY. Yes, miss. (*Significantly.*) It's a pity she wouldn't treat others as well as me.

(*Exit, L. MAISIE stands c., looking after her thoughtfully. Comes to table, takes up knife, examines it. ANNIE comes to c., looks in, enters hurriedly.*)

ANNIE (*at window*). Miss Deane!

MAISIE (*turning quickly*). Sh! Careful!

ANNIE (*coming R. C. to MAISIE*). I beg your pardon, Miss Mayberry. I saw you come in here and I wanted to speak to you just a second. I heard that Mr. Glenning is out of town, and I'm afraid there's going to be trouble. Johnny Horan just told me that he heard his father say the men in the mills are going out.

MAISIE. Perhaps it's only more talk, Annie, but it wouldn't surprise me if it happened at any minute.

ANNIE. It's bound to happen when a man takes

Mr. Glenning's stand. Miss Deane, did you notice Lily out there by the corner of the house?

MAISIE. Yes, I did. What was she doing, Annie?

ANNIE. She looked as if she were cutting the telephone wires.

MAISIE. That's what I thought for a minute, but I think we must be mistaken. I can't see any reason for her doing a thing like that. Annie, Mrs. Glenning is entertaining some of our class. You remember some of the girls, of course?

ANNIE. I remember Miss Payson. (*Eagerly.*) Is she here?

MAISIE. Yes, she is up-stairs dressing for dinner.

ANNIE. Oh, I should like to see her! I hoped I should again some time. She was always kind to me.

MAISIE. And Mrs. Melby is here. Annie, I want you to do something for me, do it at once. You know Rosette, who works in the mill?

ANNIE. Yes.

MAISIE. And you know where she lives? Over on East Road? (*ANNIE nods.*) I want you to go over there and bring her little girl, Rosebud, over here to Rainbow Hill.

ANNIE (*surprised*). To this house? Will her mother let her come?

MAISIE. I think so, if you say I sent for her. If the mother isn't there persuade the child some way. Get her over into this neighborhood and then send her in here alone. I know it sounds queer, but it must be done. I can trust you, Annie, so I will explain and then you will understand how important it is. Rosette is Mrs. Melby's daughter.

ANNIE (*aghast*). Miss Deane!

MAISIE (*hurriedly with a glance toward door L.*). It was by merest chance I found it out. It would be impossible to get Rosette into this house, and I haven't the least idea what Mrs. Melby's feeling is toward her. Rosette told me once that she had a mother living but she'd had trouble with her and never heard from her. So you see if Mrs. Melby could see her grandchild something might be accomplished. Now,

don't stop to look surprised, Annie. Just use your wits, and do this for me.

ANNIE. All right. I'll bring her if I have to pick her up bodily and lug her all the way.

(*Exit, c. MAISIE walks to window c. and stands looking after her. KATHERINE enters, L. Looks about doubtfully. Discovers MAISIE.*)

KATHERINE (L. c.). I beg your pardon. Is it you who wishes to see me?

MAISIE (c., *turning with a smile*). Yes, Kate.

KATHERINE (R. c., *astonished*). Why—who—
(*Suddenly recognizing her.*) Oh, Miss—er—(*hesitating*) the reporter, isn't it?

MAISIE. I must have changed indeed. (*Goes R. c. to KATHERINE and puts her hand on her arm, looking up at her.*) Look deep into my eyes, Katy mine! Who am I?

KATHERINE (*with a cry, throws her arms around her*). Maisie! Maisie Deane!

MAISIE (*warningly*). Hush! I don't want the others to know.

KATHERINE (*surprised*). You don't want the girls to know?

MAISIE. No, I shouldn't fit in with the girls now.

KATHERINE. Nonsense, Maisie! Why, you belong with us. Betty tried to locate you.

MAISIE (*with a cynical smile*). I didn't marry, and I haven't done anything brilliant to make up for such unpardonable stupidity on my part, and so I am utterly impossible. Ask Betty.

KATHERINE (*impatiently*). I never heard anything so absurd. Why, the girls would be wild if they knew you were here and wouldn't let them know.

MAISIE. Yes, no doubt they would be interested to know what I was doing here.

KATHERINE (*abruptly*). Well, what are you doing?

MAISIE (*laughing*). You haven't changed a bit, Kate. I have had something on my mind for some

time that I have been wondering how I could accomplish. When I heard that you were coming to Millville I decided that you should do it for me.

(Leads KATHERINE to couch down R. They sit.)

KATHERINE. I hope it is something I am equal to. You know how glad I should be to do anything in my power to help you. Maisie, what has happened to you to make such a change?

MAISIE. A long and serious illness turned my hair. (*Impatiently.*) I don't want to talk to you about myself. I want to talk about Betty. When I came to Millville to work on the *Chronicle* my first impulse was to come to see Betty and renew old times. Something I heard the very day I came changed my mind.

KATHERINE. What did you hear, Maisie?

MAISIE. That Betty had developed into a society woman with one idea in the world—to spend her husband's money in the way most pleasing and flattering to herself.

KATHERINE. Oh, surely that was an exaggerated story!

MAISIE. No, it was not. You remember that Betty was always a butterfly, and it was almost impossible to interest her in a serious side of life. Her husband's money has given her every chance to indulge her foolish ideas and fancies, and that has been all she has done in fifteen years. Kate, while you are here will you try in some way to awaken her to a sense of duty toward her husband?

KATHERINE (*aghast*). What do you mean? Surely they are not unhappy? There is no trouble?

MAISIE. No, they are very happy together, very devoted to each other—but, Kate, she takes absolutely no interest in his business beyond what money he draws from it. He is hated by every man and woman who works for him, and she is hated even more than he is. He is a hard man and never scrupulous in keeping his agreements with his help. Don't you see how all this might be changed if he had a wife who

took an interest, and influenced him to do the right? A strike is imminent unless there is a change. You could not wonder if you walked through the east side and saw the people, the places they live in, the misery. Betty, reveling in the wealth earned by these poor mortals, doesn't know there is an east side!

KATHERINE. Surely, you must be in some measure mistaken. Betty was always a little selfish, I'll admit, and loved luxury more than anything else, but she must take an interest in some things besides herself. She told me to-day that she is president of the Woman's Club, and surely you know the splendid, broad-minded kind of women who make up the Women's Clubs of our country.

MAISIE. Not in Millville, Kate, at least, not yet. Not while Betty leads. (*Rises and goes to table L. C.*)

KATHERINE. Why, I can't believe —

MAISIE. Kate, it's the absolute truth. I came here to-day and made an excuse to see her, thinking I might venture to say something to her. (*With a bitter laugh.*) I talk to her? Why, she would as soon listen to a worm in the dust. Her vanity was flattered because I came. She should have been ready to have had me ordered from her grounds. (*Indicating a newspaper on the table.*) Read the *Chronicle*! See what we think of existing conditions. She doesn't even know that the *Chronicle* is her husband's greatest enemy. (*Comes down R. to KATHERINE.*) Talk to her, Kate! Wake her up! If you don't she will have a dreadful awakening—and before long!

KATHERINE. Heavens, Maisie, something besides your hair has changed! Why, we used to call you little Mousie instead of Maisie, and now you actually frighten me to death.

MAISIE (*with a short laugh*). Well, you aren't the first woman to be frightened by a mouse.

(*Starts toward exit c.*)

KATHERINE (*desperately*). D-don't go, Maisie! You so evidently expect me to do this, and I—I—don't

know how I'm going to. Betty is my hostess. I think anyway Cynthia could do it better than I. Betty was always so fond of Cynthia.

MAISIE. Is that your judgment? It wouldn't be mine to trust anything really important to any one who gives her entire life to pleasing the public. Of course, do as you like. I am not used to physicians who try to dodge their duty.

(Exit, c.)

KATHERINE (*looking after her and drawing a long breath*). Whew!

(*Rises, goes to table L. c., picks up paper, sits by table and becomes absorbed in paper. CYNTHIA enters, L., unnoticed by KATHERINE.*)

CYNTHIA (*coming down back of KATHERINE and putting her hand on her shoulder*). How good it seems to see you again, Kate!

KATHERINE (*turning quickly*). Not half so good as it seems to see you—here. You seem so much more human off the stage. You are happy in your profession, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA (*turning away*). I am happy in my success. I'm not saying what I think about the profession. You are still in love with yours, I suppose?

KATHERINE (*enthusiastically*). Yes, I love my profession above all things.

CYNTHIA (*looking about*). Betty has a charming little home here. I had a chance once to have one a good deal like it, I fancy. (*Musingly.*) I wonder if I could possibly have taken kindly to life in a humdrum village like this? Betty seems happy and perfectly satisfied with herself.

KATHERINE. Yes, she does, and I sadly suspect she has no right to be.

CYNTHIA (*surprised*). Why, what do you mean?

KATHERINE (*handing her newspaper*). Read this. See what it says about the conditions existing in her husband's mills and among his people. If it is true,

even one-half of it, she has no right to be happy or satisfied.

(CYNTHIA takes paper, becomes absorbed in it. Enter ELIZABETH, R. As ELIZABETH talks CYNTHIA looks curiously from her to the paper.)

ELIZABETH (as she enters). Oh, you are down so soon? Why, Kate, you haven't dressed for dinner yet?

KATHERINE (very much confused, glancing down at her dress). Why, no, I haven't! My goodness, I forgot that I hadn't changed! I—I—came down to—to—look for—for—my little hand-bag. I must have dropped it somewhere, and—and—I got so interested in an article in your local paper that I forgot that I hadn't dressed. I'll go right up.

ELIZABETH (sitting on couch down R.). No need to hurry if you don't wish to. Freda hasn't come in yet.

KATHERINE. Then I will wait for her. Betty, that *Chronicle* is quite a paper.

ELIZABETH (carelessly). Is it? I read the social column. It came very near an untimely death, but just as it was about to draw its final breath a stranger came to town and took it up. There has been quite an excitement about M. Deane.

KATHERINE (startled). Who?

ELIZABETH (down R.). M. Deane, the man who edits the *Chronicle*. Mason, I know, wished to interview him about something or other. He sent for him to go to his office and then tried to have him come here, but he is quite independent and Mason has never yet seen M. Deane. It is odd. Most newspaper men would have sense enough to get on the right side of a man like my husband. I fancy there will be an end to M. Deane before long. Mason seems to have taken a dislike to him for some reason and (laughing) Mason has a way of getting rid of any one he doesn't want around.

CYNTHIA (C.). You are very fond of your husband, Betty? (Looks at her curiously.)

ELIZABETH. Oh, yes. Why shouldn't I be? He gives me everything on earth I want.

CYNTHIA. Of course you are interested in the mills and the people?

ELIZABETH. Indeed I am not! The mills have closed doors as far as I am concerned, and all I ask of the mill people is that they stay away from me. (CYNTHIA and KATHERINE exchange a look.) Did you notice that vase? (*Drawing CYNTHIA's attention to a vase on desk.*) Mason's sister brought that to me from Italy.

CYNTHIA. Yes, I noticed it. It is very beautiful.

(*Enter HELEN and MRS. M., L., in evening dress.*)

MRS. M. (*crossing to couch down R.*). Freda hasn't come in yet, Betty?

(HELEN comes down L.)

ELIZABETH (*rising, goes up c. to window and looks out*). No. I can't imagine what she is doing. She certainly isn't lost in a place as small as Millville.

HELEN (*opening a little box*). I think it is time for a powder. (*Goes to table down L. and takes up a pitcher.*) Is this drinking water, Betty?

ELIZABETH (*looking at her rather impatiently*). Yes. (HELEN mixes powder and takes it.) If ever any of you knew what I have suffered with my nerves. (*With a sigh.*) I hope you never will know.

(*Sits in chair L. of table.*)

MRS. M. Betty, did you invite Maisie?

(*Sits on couch down R.*)

ELIZABETH (*up c.*). Yes, I tried to, but my invitation came back to me. Don't any of you know anything about her? (*They all shake their heads.*) We should certainly have heard of it if she had married

and, poor thing, I don't suppose she ever had any chance to accomplish anything. Anything worth while, you know.

MRS. M. I—I heard a story about her. You can have it as it was given to me. When she graduated she sacrificed all her ambitions and went back home to a farm. She kept house in a wilderness for her father and three small brothers. Her father died from some contagious disease. She stayed with him to the end and he died in her arms. She contracted the disease and nearly lost her life. After she recovered she still stayed on to bring up the boys. Three years ago she went out into the world to take up work of some kind. I couldn't find out what. She is educating the boys. They are all in college, but I couldn't find out which college. I can't seem to get a clue to lead me to her. I would give anything to see her. I think the woman with the courage to sacrifice her own desires and give her life to those who need her is decidedly worth while.

KATHERINE. I agree with you.

ELIZABETH (*up c., hastily*). Oh, well, of course Maisie may be wonderful, but she hasn't done the things we hear about, like—like Cynthia, you know.

CYNTHIA (*bitterly*). It isn't the things we hear about that count for the most, I assure you.

FREDA (*outside*). Betty! Betty!

ELIZABETH. There's Freda at last! (*Runs to window and calls.*) Freda! Come in this way!

(*FREDA staggers into the room, c., carrying ROSEBUD in her arms. ROSEBUD is unconscious. They all spring to their feet with a cry of "Freda! What is it?" Gather about her.*)

FREDA (*a little dazed*). Oh—have you all come?

ALL. Poor little dear! What is the matter? Where did you get her?

(*ELIZABETH stands up c. by window and looks on impatiently.*)

FREDA (*appealingly*). Cynthia, you always knew what to do!

CYNTHIA (*doubtfully*). But what is it? Is she hurt? Kate!

KATHERINE. Let me have her! (*Places her on couch, R.*) What was it? An auto?

FREDA (*coming to couch*). No, a drunken beast. (*Anxiously.*) She isn't dead?

KATHERINE (*examining ROSEBUD*). No, indeed. Betty, ring for a maid.

(*ELIZABETH rings bell on desk up R. KATHERINE gives her attention to child; others turn to FREDA.*)

ELIZABETH. Where in the world have you been?

FREDA (*coming c.*). Over on the east side. (*To ELIZABETH.*) Do you know that the men in your husband's mills have declared a strike?

ELIZABETH (*up c.*). Nonsense!

FREDA. Nonsense? When the whole east side is in a turmoil?

ELIZABETH (*helplessly*). Why—why—it's impossible!

MRS. M. (*up L., startled*). Is there danger?

HELEN (*vaguely feeling about on table down L. c.*). Where are my nerve pills?

(*Enter LILY, R. She comes down c.*)

KATHERINE. Bring me water and old linen quickly.

LILY (*suddenly discovering child*). Why, it's Rosebud!

ELIZABETH (*quickly*). Do you know the child?

LILY. Yes, ma'am. Her mother works in your husband's mills.

ELIZABETH (*indifferently*). Oh, one of the mill children!

LILY (*interested*). Why, how did she ——

KATHERINE (*interrupting curtly*). Get the things I asked for at once!

LILY. Yes, ma'am.

(*Exit, R.*)

CYNTHIA (*hanging over the couch*). Isn't she a perfectly dear little thing?

MRS. M. Where did you get her, Freda?

FREDA. She was down on the corner just below here. She was so cute I stopped to speak to her, and she was coming here.

ALL. Here?

ELIZABETH. For goodness' sake, why? I thought the mill people knew enough to stay away from this house.

FREDA. A man came across the street. She seemed to know him. She ran to him and called him Joe. He gave a curse and struck her down. Then I saw he was intoxicated and I snatched her up and tried to run. At first I thought he was following me. I am not the least bit brave, and I thought I should die before I got here.

HELEN (R. C.). You—you spoke of a strike. One hears such dreadful things about strikes.

(LILY enters, R., with linen and bowl of water. She stands by the couch as KATHERINE begins to work over the child, putting bandage on head.)

MRS. M. (*up L.*). Couldn't we get help, Betty? The police?

ELIZABETH (*up C.*). Why, yes, if it is necessary. I'll telephone to the station and see if I can learn the particulars. I am sure Freda's needlessly alarmed. (*She goes to telephone. ANNIE comes to door C., steps quietly inside, unnoticed by all.*) Well, what in the world! (*Impatiently.*) I can't get any response.

ANNIE (*stepping forward*). Your wires have been cut.

ALL (*turning in astonishment*). What?

HELEN (R. of table R. C.). I think I had better take another pill!

ELIZABETH (*to ANNIE*). Who are you? What do you mean?

ANNIE. Mrs. Glenning, you are in gravest danger. The men have declared a strike, and they mean mis-

chief. They intend to be revenged not only on the tyrant who rules over them but on his wife as well. You will find little sympathy in the entire village. Even your maid has cut you off from help.

ELIZABETH (*with a cry of astonishment*). Lily?

LILY (*defiantly*). How do you dare —

ANNIE (*interrupting*). No use in that, Lily. You cut the wires. You sent word to your father that Mr. Glenning had gone. (LILY *makes a quick move toward door R.*) Don't let her leave the house! Keep her a prisoner here. (CYNTHIA *steps in front of door R.* MRS. M. *quickly steps in front of door L.* LILY *gives a shrug of her shoulders and goes back to couch.*) Get your chauffeur into the house.

ELIZABETH (*at table R. C.*). Dear me! Shall we have to stay here in this house? Like rats in a trap?

ANNIE (*C.*). To leave now would be the utmost folly. The business section of Millville hasn't heard of the strike yet, and the mill hands have all the streets around here cut off. I am going to get help for you. I know the mill people, and they don't suspect me of helping you. It may be some time before I can get any one here. In case of an attack hide in some part of the house until help reaches you. It will surely come. I will not fail you.

ELIZABETH (*R. C.*). But who are you? Why do you come to my aid?

ANNIE (*C.*). I do not come to yours. You are a selfish, cold, heartless woman, and I despise you as much as the poorest hand who works and slaves to help furnish you with the luxury with which you are surrounded. I came because Miss Cynthia is here.

CYNTHIA (*at couch, astonished*). Because I am here?

ELIZABETH (*with an astonished echo*). Miss Payson?

ANNIE. No, not for Miss Payson. I only know her by reputation. You don't any of you remember me. I am Annie Blakely.

CYNTHIA (*stepping forward*). Why, I remember you! Mrs. Melby, you remember, too! You must all

remember! Annie, who worked in our dormitory at college!

ALL. What? Impossible! Why, it is!

ANNIE. I hoped we might meet again, Miss Cynthia, and oh, how I hoped I should be able to do something to repay you for all your kindness to me. (*Moves toward door c.*) The time has come! (*Turns and looks back at them, one hand on the door as she is about to exit.*) I am doing this for the Cynthia Payson I used to know.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. Half light. Dark curtains have been drawn over the window c. A lamp on the table is shaded by a green globe. FREDA sits R. of table down L., looking over newspaper which is spread out on the table. CYNTHIA stands at window up c., holding the curtain back as she cautiously looks out.*

FREDA. See anything?

CYNTHIA (*coming down to table*). No. It is dark as ink out there, and absolutely quiet.

FREDA. Cynthia, it is quite impossible that things could be in such a condition and Betty ignorant of it. It isn't possible that she hasn't read this paper.

CYNTHIA. It is quite possible. She didn't read a word of it until I showed it to her. Betty didn't want to know anything about the mill troubles. It is easy to be deaf to what you don't want to hear.

FREDA. And just see what she might have saved herself if she hadn't been deaf and blind. And yet half the world laughs at us for urging the women of the country to take an interest in the industries and affairs of their state, their city.

CYNTHIA. You have scored a point, Freda. (*Impatiently.*) No doubt that will give you the utmost satisfaction even if we are sacrificed on the altar of your pet theory.

(*Walks uneasily about the room, goes to window, pulls back curtain and looks out again.*)

FREDA. Well, you don't act as if you cared whether you were sacrificed. Why do you keep opening those curtains? The darker the house is the better.

CYNTHIA. I don't see why. If they decide to

come in and make our acquaintance I don't believe a dark house will prevent them. For my part I had just as soon they would come. If it were not for the rest of you I should welcome anything that would put me out of my misery. (*Comes down to L. of table.*)

FREDA (*in astonishment*). What do you mean?

CYNTHIA. Just what I say. Do you imagine that I am happy?

FREDA. I supposed you were one of the happiest women in existence. What more could you possibly ask in the way of success?

CYNTHIA. Nothing; but do you suppose that brings happiness?

FREDA (*vaguely*). Why, I am proud of my career as a suffrage leader. And what success we have obtained has made me very happy.

CYNTHIA. You are a married woman. You have children, haven't you?

FREDA. Yes, two.

CYNTHIA. And if you had to choose between a career and your family, what would you choose?

FREDA. Why, my choice as well as my duty would lie with my family.

CYNTHIA. Freda, I sacrificed everything to my own personal desire for success. I threw over the man whom I led to believe I would marry when I graduated. My father was an invalid—a helpless cripple. I was purposely blind to the fact that he needed me. I left him to the care of strangers. Left him to die without the care of the daughter on whom he had lavished love, devotion, money. I made a little god of success, and knelt at his feet and worshiped him. It was all I wanted. My name in electric letters on Broadway, and the applause of the vast throngs, meant more to me than the love of a father, a husband, little children.

FREDA (*alarmed at CYNTHIA'S manner*). But, my dear, each of us has her right to choose a career.

CYNTHIA. But we have no right to put it first. I left college with high ideals. I believed I could follow a career and still be true to myself. I started out with

the words of Annie Blakely ringing in my ears—"Wherever you go, whatever you do, you will always take along sunshine and encouragement for others." Such a thing was possible. I could have done it, but love of Cynthia Payson blinded me, and one by one my high ideals were crushed out by success. I hate myself to-night more than ever before, for Annie has brought back to me a vision of Cynthia Payson, a girl I used to know.

(KATHERINE *enters, L., leading ROSEBUD. She has bandage on forehead.*)

FREDA. Oh, the little girl is all right?

(*Rises, goes up c.*)

KATHERINE. Yes, indeed. (*Laughing.*) She just had a bad dream, that's all.

CYNTHIA (*gathering ROSEBUD in her arms and sitting down L. of table*). How do you feel, dear?

ROSEBUD (*shyly, putting her hand to the bandage on her head*). My head is too tight!

KATHERINE. It will feel all right in a few minutes.

(ELIZABETH and MRS. M. *enter, R. KATHERINE goes up c.*)

FREDA (*anxiously*). Any news?

ELIZABETH (*coming down R. and sitting on couch*). No, but I think we may feel safer. There are seven men in the house, if worst comes to worst. My chauffeur managed to get some of my neighbors here. From what they say I think the neighbors are more worried than we are.

MRS. M. (*going to table L. c. and sitting*). I can't think that anything serious will really happen. It all seems so unreal to me.

FREDA (C.). It isn't often that the strikers do any very serious damage. It takes so much longer to come to a settlement afterward. Of course there is a Union, Betty?

ELIZABETH (*swallowing painfully*). Don't ask me. I don't know anything about it. You can all see how ignorant I am of the affairs at the mills. It can't be possible that Mason realized —

MRS. M. (*interrupting kindly*). No, of course he didn't. (*To CYNTHIA.*) How fond you are of children, Cynthia!

CYNTHIA (*hugging ROSEBUD*). I adore them.

FREDA. Little girl, who was that man you spoke to? And why was he so cross to you?

ROSEBUD. It was Joe. He lives in the house we live in. He used to be good to me. Mamma says I mustn't care when he is cross, 'cause he has been turned out of the mill and he can't get any work.

ELIZABETH (*in defence*). No doubt he deserved to be.

ROSEBUD. Oh, no, mamma says he didn't. He tried to take the part of some of the mill girls. You know, Mr. Glenning —

KATHERINE (*up c., hastily interrupting*). Hush, dear! You mustn't say anything about Mr. Glenning. (*Indicating ELIZABETH.*) This is his wife.

ROSEBUD (*sitting up very straight*). It is? And is this his house?

KATHERINE. Yes.

ROSEBUD (*struggling to get away from CYNTHIA*). Then, I must go. Mamma wouldn't want me to be here. We are not wanted in this house.

ELIZABETH (*with a catch in her voice*). Yes, you are, dear. I don't want you to feel that way. I am very glad to have you here.

ROSEBUD (*settling back*). Oh, lots of folks will be surprised when I tell them that.

CYNTHIA (*trying to save the situation*). Rosebud's dress is wet. You must have done that, Kate.

KATHERINE. Yes, I did. I spilled some water. I tried to dry her. Of course there isn't a dress in the house that would fit her.

ELIZABETH. I'm not so sure of that. Wait a minute.

(*Exit, R., hastily.*)

MRS. M. (*going to couch down R. and sitting*). Poor Betty! I'm glad if something will take her attention for a few minutes.

FREDA. Why do you say "Poor Betty"? I'm sure she is to blame for the position she is in.

MRS. M. All the more in need of sympathy. She could bear it a great deal better if some one else were responsible.

CYNTHIA (*giving her a quick look*). You understand that, too?

MRS. M. I surely do, Cynthia. Freda, I have just come from Helen. Will you go and sit with her for a while? You know the condition of her nerves. She is nearly crazy about her children. She is quite sure nothing short of murder awaits us.

FREDA. What's the sense? I have children, but I am not going to lie down and ask you all to stand over me while I worry about them. I have no patience with nerves.

MRS. M. Freda!

FREDA. I leave it to Kate if there is one thing the matter with Helen.

KATHERINE. Oh, I wouldn't say there is nothing the matter with her, but it is plain to be seen that Helen is one of the women who enjoys poor health, and wants every one else to enjoy it with her.

(*Comes down R. to MRS. M.*)

FREDA. Now, don't look at me that way, Mrs. Melby. I'm going.

(*Exit, R. CYNTHIA gathers ROSEBUD up and crosses R. to MRS. M.*)

MRS. M. (*with a long breath*). Well, girls?

KATHERINE (*quickly*). Mrs. Melby, you think we are in danger? You have been pretending to be cheerful?

MRS. M. I—I don't know. I'll admit I am worried. Do you realize how much time has passed since Annie left us? It seems to me we should have had

help before this, unless the situation is serious. You see, I can confide in you girls. I know how strong you are.

CYNTHIA. Don't call me strong, Mrs. Melby. Miss Cynthia Payson is the weakest of the weak.

MRS. M. (*smiling*). I am like Annie. I do not know Miss Cynthia Payson.

CYNTHIA (*fervently*). I am glad you don't.

MRS. M. While Betty is thinking of something else I am going to talk with some of the neighbors who have come in, and see what they think of the situation.

(*Exit, L.*)

CYNTHIA (*with a long breath*). Kate, if Mrs. Melby is worried —

KATHERINE (*glancing toward door, R.*). Hush!

(ELIZABETH *enters, R., with a little dress which she hands to CYNTHIA.*)

ELIZABETH (*hurriedly*). I thought I had something. This is all of thirty years old. It belonged to a sister of Mason's who died. It was among some of her things which he has kept. I must go up to Helen. She is having hysterics, and Freda is having a dreadful time.

(*Exit, R.*)

CYNTHIA (*holding up dress*). Isn't this dear, Kate?

KATHERINE. Yes, I can remember that I had one something like that once. Rosebud, let me put on this pretty dress. (ROSEBUD *gets down from CYNTHIA'S lap. They take off her dress and slip the other one on.*) I always did love to dress a doll.

CYNTHIA. Rosebud is a perfect one. Doesn't she look old-fashioned?

KATHERINE. Just like a little picture, if the bandage didn't spoil the effect.

CYNTHIA (*pulling sash from ROSEBUD'S own dress*). Cover it with ribbon. (*Puts ribbon over the bandage;*

rises, leads ROSEBUD c. and poses her against the dark curtain by window, c.) There! Behold a work of art!

(Steps aside. MRS. M. enters, L.; sees ROSEBUD; gives a cry; starts forward.)

MRS. M. Rosette, my child!

(Gathers ROSEBUD into her arms.)

CYNTHIA (up R. C., astonished). Why, Mrs. Melby, what is the trouble?

MRS. M. (trying to control herself). It is the little girl, isn't it?

KATHERINE. Why, yes, we dressed her up.

MRS. M. She looks so like my own little girl. She used to have a dress just like this (leads ROSEBUD down c.), and the band on her hair makes the picture perfect.

KATHERINE (down R.). Why, we didn't know you had a little girl.

CYNTHIA (R. C.). I knew. Mrs. Melby told me long ago.

KATHERINE (gently). Did she die?

MRS. M. (C.). I do not know. She ran away to marry a man I didn't approve of. I never could trace her. I didn't do my duty by her. I thought home life was humdrum and of little importance compared with the success that was in store for me as a writer and instructor. Can you imagine what I have suffered?

CYNTHIA. I can.

MRS. M. I would give every atom of my success cheerfully for one word from Rosette.

ROSEBUD (looking at MRS. M., puzzled). My mamma?

MRS. M. Your mother? Is her name Rosette?

ROSEBUD. Why, yes.

MRS. M. Rosette what? What's her other name?

ROSEBUD. Mamma. Just Rosette and mamma.

MRS. M. What's your other name? Rosebud what?

ROSEBUD. I haven't any other name. Just mamma's Rosebud.

KATHERINE (*trying to help out*). Perhaps she doesn't want her to know. Where's papa?

ROSEBUD. He went away a long time ago, and now Joe would like to be my papa, but mamma says he can't.

MRS. M. (c.). And your mother works in the mill?

ROSEBUD (*down R. C.*). Yes, and takes care of her little Rosebud.

CYNTHIA (R. C.). Rosebud, why did you come here to-day? You said your mother wouldn't wish you to come here. Why were you coming?

ROSEBUD (*suddenly looking troubled*). Oh, I know! I forgot! I was going to help mamma. I came for the pot of gold.

ALL (*surprised*). For what?

ROSEBUD. The pot of gold. Annie said it was at the foot of the Rainbow.

MRS. M. (*astonished*). What does she mean?

KATHERINE (*suddenly*). I believe I know. This is called Rainbow Hill, and this house is at the foot of the hill.

CYNTHIA. Why, the poor little thing!

ROSEBUD (*anxiously*). Do you think I shall find it in this house?

MRS. M. I—I don't know. I hope so. I—I am not sure that you haven't found mine for me. Girls, I must speak to Betty, and see if her maid can tell me any more about Rosebud.

(*Exit, R., with ROSEBUD.*)

KATHERINE (*at couch down R., abruptly*). Cynthia, it has been all of two hours since Annie left this house. She is certainly having trouble in getting any help.

CYNTHIA (R. C.). I am afraid so. Kate, it would be a good idea if some of us were armed. I hate to ask Betty about it. She is nearly crazy anyway. Where do you suppose Mr. Glenning would be likely to keep firearms? He surely must have some.

KATHERINE. In every room in a house like this, I should think. How about the desk?

CYNTHIA (*going up R. to desk*). I think I am justified in a case of this kind.

KATHERINE. Oh, don't have any scruples. Go through the desk by all means, and then we will try the other rooms. I wonder we didn't think of it before.

CYNTHIA (*looking through the desk*). Well, of course we don't any of us really think there is danger.

KATHERINE (*scornfully*). Of course not, but we believe in preparedness. (*Rises, goes up c., looks out through curtain, c.*) Cynthia, I think there are men just below this terrace.

CYNTHIA. More than likely. (*Holds up a revolver.*) Here's one, Kate, and loaded. (*KATHERINE takes revolver.*) Come! We will try some of the other rooms.

(*Exeunt, L. HELEN and FREDa enter, R.*)

HELEN. I think you are very unsympathetic, Freda.

FREDa (*going to table down L. and sitting in chair R. of table*). I am sorry, Helen, but I never could see where the good came in worrying about things.

HELEN (*going to desk up R., takes a powder from a box and mixes it*). Nervous people are always misunderstood. I imagine all kinds of things. I can see these dreadful mill creatures coming in here and murdering us all in cold blood.

FREDa. I could see worse things than that if I took the amount of pills and powders that you do.

HELEN (*with a sigh*). Nobody knows how I suffer! (*Takes powder.*)

FREDa (*impatiently*). Well, you know yourself, which must be some consolation.

HELEN (*wildly*). Mercy! What have I taken?

FREDa (*startled*). What do you mean?

HELEN (*her hand on her stomach*). That powder! It isn't mine! It is sour! What was on that table?

FREDA (*frightened*). Why, I don't know!

(*Rises and goes to HELEN.*)

HELEN. I'm poisoned! My stomach is all burning up! Oh, what shall we do? I'm dying!

(*Runs out, R., followed by FREDA. Runs in again, followed by FREDA and ELIZABETH.*)

ELIZABETH. What is it? What did you say?

HELEN. I'm dying! I have taken poison!

(*Runs out, L.*)

ELIZABETH (C.). Freda, is it true? Has she attempted suicide?

FREDA (L. C.). Suicide? Nothing! She took a powder there on the table. She declares they weren't her powders. Did you have anything you were taking?

ELIZABETH. No! There isn't a powder in the house. (*Picks up her box from table down L.*) These must be hers!

FREDA (*taking another box from the table up R.*). No, I think these are hers!

ELIZABETH. Well, where did these come from? Do you suppose she is really poisoned?

(*Runs out, L., followed by FREDA. HELEN runs in, L., followed by MRS. M., ELIZABETH and FREDA.*)

HELEN. I'm burning up! Telephone for help! (*Runs R. C. to the telephone.*) Oh, the wires are cut! I forgot! I shall go mad!

(*Runs out, R. All follow. Reënter, followed by CYNTHIA.*)

CYNTHIA. What is it? What has happened?

HELEN. I'm dying!

(*Runs out, R. All follow, running single file. Reënter; cross room; exeunt, R.*)

CYNTHIA. Find Katherine! (*Reënter, L., all fol-*

lowing. Exeunt, R., leaving CYNTHIA in the room.)
This is perfectly ridiculous! Kate!

(KATHERINE enters, L.)

KATHERINE. What is it? What has happened?

CYNTHIA (C.). Come quickly to Helen! She has taken poison!

KATHERINE (L. C., *quickly*). What kind? Where did she get it?

CYNTHIA. On the table. She took a powder. She thought it was one of her own. Her stomach is burning up.

KATHERINE. Her imagination is burning up! Those powders are all right for a baby to take. I gave one to Rosebud.

CYNTHIA (*grabbing KATHERINE by the arm and pulling her out, R.*). Come and tell her quickly! Before she goes insane!

(*Exeunt. LILY enters, L., after a slight pause, followed by ELIZABETH.*)

ELIZABETH. What is it, Lily? What has happened now? It's one thing after another! I never saw anything like it!

LILY (*going to window, C., pulls the curtain back and looks cautiously out; comes back to C.*). You must leave this house at once, Mrs. Glenning. There isn't a minute to lose. It isn't safe any longer.

ELIZABETH (C.). Leave? Why, it isn't safe to leave, is it?

LILY (L. C.). It is safer to leave than it is to stay.

ELIZABETH. I don't understand you. What do you mean?

LILY. I can't tell you that, ma'am, but I'm telling you to leave.

ELIZABETH. How?

LILY. There is a way.

ELIZABETH. A way to leave this house that would be safe?

LILY. Safe for you and for me.

ELIZABETH. Just for us? Not for the others?

LILY. Yes, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. And do you think I would go from this house leaving my friends here?

LILY. I can take you. I can't take the others. They wouldn't let us go.

ELIZABETH. How should I know that you could take me? Do you believe I could trust you after knowing that you cut my telephone wires?

LILY. I had to do that. I was pledged to my father and to the cause; but they promised to let me take you from the house.

ELIZABETH. Why should we go from the house? What are they going to do?

LILY. I can't tell you that.

ELIZABETH. Indeed? Don't you suppose I am bright enough to see through a plan to get yourself out of this house?

LILY. It isn't, Mrs. Glenning. Indeed it isn't. You are in danger, and I am trying to save you. Won't you believe me? It is sure death if you stay in this house. (*Grabs ELIZABETH by the hand.*) You shall come with me! (*Pulls her toward door, L.*)

ELIZABETH (*struggling to get away from her*). Girls! Help! Cynthia! Mrs. Melby! Come! Quick!

(*CYNTHIA enters, R., closely followed by KATHERINE.*)

CYNTHIA (*running to them*). What are you trying to do? (*LILY drops ELIZABETH's hand and makes a dash toward door, L. CYNTHIA is too quick for her; grabs her by the arm and pulls her back.*) Give up! There are too many of us here for you to do any more damage. You did quite enough when you cut off the telephone.

LILY (*sullenly*). I was trying to help Mrs. Glenning.

(*FREDA enters, R., with MRS. M., leading ROSEBUD and HELEN. HELEN comes down R.*)

FREDA. Were you calling us, Betty?

ELIZABETH (*up c.*). Yes. Lily says we are in danger, and she will not tell what the danger is. She was trying to induce me to leave the house with her.

LILY (*L.*). I can save Mrs. Glenning. I can't save the rest of you, and for that reason she won't go with me.

CYNTHIA (*L. c.*). Save her from what?

LILY (*defiantly*). That is my business.

KATHERINE (*R. c., suddenly stepping forward and pointing revolver at her*). It is ours, too. (*LILY shrinks back; HELEN screams.*) Now tell what you know. What is the danger?

LILY. They are going to set the house on fire.

ELIZABETH (*with a cry*). No!

KATHERINE. How do you know?

LILY. My father works in the mill. He is one of the leaders among the hands. I knew their plans. I have been watching for a signal. It came about five minutes ago.

KATHERINE. A signal for what?

LILY. To take Mrs. Glenning out of the house. They promised me to save her when I promised to help them.

MRS. M. (*R.*). I believe she speaks the truth, Betty. You had better go at once.

ELIZABETH. Go? Do you think I would go and leave you all here?

MRS. M. (*R.*). What good can you do us if you stay?

ELIZABETH. I don't know that I can do any, but I am not a deserter. I don't wonder that you think I am likely to think of my own safety first, but this time I am going to think of myself last. If any one goes it should be Helen. She has three children.

HELEN (*down R.*). Do—do you think I would trust myself with that fiend? (*Indicates LILY.*) I consider myself safer to stay right here.

MAISIE (*outside, taps at the window, c.; calls softly*). Let me in! Let me in! Quickly!

ELIZABETH (*as they all turn toward the window*). Who is that?

LILY. It's Miss Mayberry. Oh, do let her in!

ELIZABETH (*doubtfully*). Whom did you say?

LILY. Miss Mayberry. On the *Chronicle*, you know.

ELIZABETH (*hesitating*). Well, how do I know if she is friend or enemy? Certainly if what I read in the *Chronicle* is any guide, she is coming in to explode a bomb.

KATHERINE (R. C.). I don't believe so, Betty. I liked the appearance of Miss Mayberry. I should let her in.

MRS. M. (R.). Oh, Katherine, are you sure? We must not make any mistakes.

MAISIE (*tapping at window*). Mrs. Glenning! Please let me in! I want to help you!

KATHERINE. Let her in, Betty. If she is an enemy I'll shoot her in less than a second.

ELIZABETH. We-ll, if you think best.

(*Goes to window reluctantly; opens it just wide enough for MAISIE to enter; closes it quickly.*)

MAISIE (*up c.*). Tell me the situation quickly. I'll do what I can to help. I know Annie has gone to get help for you.

ELIZABETH. My maid says the men are going to fire the house.

MAISIE. That is true, Lily?

LILY (L.). Yes, ma'am.

MAISIE. That is why these men are gathering down here below the terrace?

LILY. Probably.

KATHERINE. What can we do, Miss Mayberry?

MAISIE. Mrs. Glenning, supposing I could persuade the men to give up this murderous idea and wait for Mr. Glenning's return and an orderly settlement, what could be expected from you?

ELIZABETH. From me? I'm afraid I don't understand.

MAISIE. Would you be willing to take the side of the mill people?

ELIZABETH (*unhesitatingly*). Yes.

MAISIE. Even against your husband?

ELIZABETH. Yes. He is wrong. I am wrong. He must see it after what has happened to-day. If he doesn't I will do all in my power to make him see it, and I will be a friend to every one of his employees as long as I live.

MAISIE. Good! Lily is a witness for the east side to what you say. I will come back as soon as I can. I will do the best I can for you.

KATHERINE (R. C., *anxiously*). Where are you going?

MAISIE. To talk to the men.

ELIZABETH. No, no! We appreciate all you would do for us, but it is not safe.

MAISIE. Perfectly safe for me.

(*Exit, c.*)

MRS. M. (R. C.). Girls, that is Maisie Deane. I am sure of it.

CYNTHIA (L. C.). What? Impossible!

ELIZABETH. Why, it can't be.

KATHERINE. Yes, it is. I talked with her this afternoon.

FREDA. And that was why you wished to let her in!

HELEN (*down R., wildly*). And we have let her go out there alone! Little Maisie.

CYNTHIA. I shouldn't worry about that. Little Maisie looked to me as if she could take care of herself.

LILY. She can. There isn't a man, woman, or child on the east side that would hurt a hair of her head. She is a friend to them all, and she can help you if any one on earth can.

KATHERINE. Lily, do you know if she is the editor of the *Chronicle*?

LILY. Yes, ma'am, she is.

ELIZABETH (*suddenly*). Why, of course! M. Deane!

LILY. And Miss Blakely works for her.

CYNTHIA. Maisie? Little Maisie? It doesn't seem possible.

ROSETTE SHANNON (*at window c.*). Mrs. Glenning! Mrs. Glenning! Please let me come in! I am Rosebud's mother.

ROSEBUD (*delighted*). My mamma!

(ELIZABETH *opens window*. ROSETTE *enters*. ELIZABETH *quickly closes window again*.)

ROSETTE (*somewhat embarrassed*). I beg your pardon, Mrs. Glenning. I just met Miss Deane and she said my little girl was in here. I heard she was hurt this afternoon, and I have been nearly crazy. (ROSEBUD *runs to her*. ROSETTE *catches her in her arms*.) Darling! You are all right?

ELIZABETH (*gently*). Yes, we have a doctor here, and your little girl has been well cared for.

ROSETTE (*gratefully*). Thank you, Mrs. Glenning.

MRS. M. (*stepping forward and speaking with an effort*). Rosette!

ROSETTE (*turning with a cry*). Mother!

(*She stands staring at Mrs. M., then darts forward and throws herself into her arms*.)

HELEN (*down r., astonished*). Well, I must say —

ELIZABETH. Oh, nothing that could happen now would surprise me. I am prepared for anything.

(*Enter ANNIE, L.*)

ANNIE. Hail, the conquering hero comes!

ALL. Annie!

ELIZABETH. Where did you come from?

CYNTHIA. How did you get in?

ANNIE. In the front way, without any difficulty. (To ELIZABETH.) Your chauffeur admitted me. You are safe, Mrs. Glenning. I have been a long time and I had hard work to get to a place where I could send a message. The mill people have friends everywhere—even in the telephone exchange. A tele-

gram has been sent to Mr. Glenning, a large delegation of police from Jackson is in Millville, and the militia from the same city are on their way.

CYNTHIA (*going L. and taking ANNIE'S hand*). What can we say to you, Annie?

ANNIE. Don't say anything, Miss Payson. Keep all you would say for Miss Deane. It is she who has saved you. We would have been just too late. She stopped the men from firing the house.

ALL. How? How did she do it?

ANNIE. Told them Lily was in here—and Rosette's child. That stopped them and gave her a chance to talk. They always listen to her, and she always says the right things. I didn't stop to listen. I thought you would want to hear the good news.

MAISIE (*outside*). Open!

ELIZABETH (*running to window and letting MAISIE in*). I guess we will open!

(*Throws her arms around MAISIE, while the others gather around.*)

ALL. Maisie! Maisie Deane!

MAISIE (*reproachfully to KATHERINE*). You told them?

KATHERINE. Not I. Mrs. Melby recognized you. Just think, girls, she didn't want me to tell you she was here. She made the most foolish talk you ever heard about not fitting in with us because she hadn't made good. Imagine! I should like to make good the same way.

ELIZABETH. I know why you felt that way, Maisie, when I think of what I said to you this afternoon!

MAISIE. Don't think about it, Betty.

ELIZABETH. Indeed I shall think about it. Think about everything that has happened to-day. I never wish to forget as long as I live. Don't you suppose I know how you must all feel toward me? And not one of you has said a reproachful word. You have all been so brave and ready to face with me the dreadful situation in which my selfishness has placed you.

Oh, how I hate myself! I was so satisfied with Betty Glenning when I invited you here, and now I can hardly tolerate her. I have seen to-day in a sudden and terrible awakening the person she ought to be, and all the rest of my life shall be a working toward that ideal.

CYNTHIA (*going to ELIZABETH and putting her arms around her*). And you will not be the only one who is working, Betty. I, too, have discovered my ideal. The woman who really counts in the world is the one who puts self second and duty first.

MRS. M. (*with her arms around her daughter and grandchild*). Girls, if that is the case, I am not the only one who here at the foot of the rainbow (*smiling down at ROSEBUD*) has found the pot of gold.

(*The curtain slowly falls. Quick change of furniture. Small table and two chairs down L. as in Prologue, and behind them drop curtain or screens to hide scene of ACT II. CYNTHIA, as in Prologue, takes seat at table down L., head on arms. Curtain down not more than a minute.*)

EPILOGUE

(*Curtain, rising slowly, discloses CYNTHIA at table down L., head on arms.*)

MRS. M. (*entering R., hastily*). Cynthia! Cynthia! Are you still here?

CYNTHIA (*slowly lifting her head*). Yes, Mrs. Melby.

MRS. M. (C.). Dear me, Cynthia, have you been asleep?

CYNTHIA (*rising slowly and looking about uncertainly*). Yes, I believe I have.

MRS. M. (*laughing*). I believe you have, too. You are wanted at once. The girls are looking everywhere for you. I told them I wasn't sure, but I thought I could find you. (*Goes to her and gives her an affectionate shake.*) This is a great time to be sleeping!

CYNTHIA (*putting her arm about MRS. M.*). Mrs. Melby, before we go down, you may be interested to hear that I've decided. I am going home to my father to-morrow, and stay with him as long as he lives. After that I cannot say what I shall do, but I am going to do my duty first.

MRS. M. Cynthia, I'm so glad! I'm sure you will never regret it, that you will find true happiness in traveling the long road. But, Cynthia, you haven't allowed anything I said to influence you?

CYNTHIA (*standing with her arm about MRS. M.*). No, Mrs. Melby, nothing that you said. (*With a far-away look in her eyes.*) I have looked ahead a little and have seen myself pass by.

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A SURPRISE PARTY AT BRINKLEY'S. An Entertainment in One Scene, by WARD MACAULEY. Seven male and seven female characters. Interior scene, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time, one hour. By the author of the popular successes, "Graduation Day at Wood Hill School," "Back to the Country Store," etc. The villagers have planned a birthday surprise party for Mary Brinkley, recently graduated from college. They all join in jolly games, songs, conundrums, etc., and Mary becomes engaged, which surprises the surprisers. The entertainment is a sure success. Price, 15 cents.

JONES VS. JINKS. A Mock Trial in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. Fifteen male and six female characters, with supernumeraries if desired. May be played all male. Many of the parts (members of the jury, etc.) are small. Scene, a simple interior; may be played without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time of playing, one hour. This mock trial has many novel features, unusual characters and quick action. Nearly every character has a funny entrance and laughable lines. There are many rich parts, and fast fun throughout. Price, 15 cents.

THE SIGHT-SEEING CAR. A Comedy Sketch in One Act, by ERNEST M. GOULD. For seven males, two females, or may be all male. Parts may be doubled, with quick changes, so that four persons may play the sketch. Time, forty-five minutes. Simple street scene. Costumes, modern. The superintendent of a sight-seeing automobile engages two men to run the machine. A Jew, a farmer, a fat lady and other humorous characters give them all kinds of trouble. This is a regular gatling-gun stream of rollicking repartee. Price, 15 cents.

THE CASE OF SMYTHE VS. SMITH. An Original Mock Trial in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eighteen males and two females, or may be all male. Plays about one hour. Scene, a county courtroom; requires no scenery; may be played in an ordinary hall. Costumes, modern. This entertainment is nearly perfect of its kind, and a sure success. It can be easily produced in any place or on any occasion, and provides almost any number of good parts. Price, 15 cents.

THE OLD MAIDS' ASSOCIATION. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by LOUISE LATHAM WILSON. For thirteen females and one male. The male part may be played by a female, and the number of characters increased to twenty or more. Time, forty minutes. The play requires neither scenery nor properties, and very little in the way of costumes. Can easily be prepared in one or two rehearsals. Price, 25 cents.

BARGAIN DAY AT BLOOMSTEIN'S. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. For five males and ten females, with supers. Interior scene. Costumes, modern. Time, thirty minutes. The characters and the situations which arise from their endeavors to buy and sell make rapid-fire fun from start to finish. Price, 15 cents.

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Successful Plays for All Girls

In Selecting Your Next Play Do Not Overlook This List

YOUNG DOCTOR DEVINE. A Farce in Two Acts, by MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW. One of the most popular plays for girls. For nine female characters. Time in playing, thirty minutes. Scenery, ordinary interior. Modern costumes. Girls in a boarding-school, learning that a young doctor is coming to vaccinate all the pupils, eagerly consult each other as to the manner of fascinating the physician. When the doctor appears upon the scene the pupils discover that the physician is a female practitioner. Price, 15 cents.

SISTER MASONS. A Burlesque in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization. Price, 15 cents.

A COMMANDING POSITION. A Farcical Entertainment, by AMELIA SANFORD. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework. Price, 15 cents.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. A Comedy in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. But Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels. Price, 15 cents.

THE OXFORD AFFAIR. A Comedy in Three Acts, by JOSEPHINE H. COBB and JENNIE E. PAINE. For eight female characters. Plays one hour and three-quarters. Scenes, interiors at a seaside hotel. Costumes, modern. The action of the play is located at a summer resort. Alice Graham, in order to chaperon herself, poses as a widow, and Miss Oxford first claims her as a sister-in-law, then denounces her. The onerous duties of Miss Oxford, who attempts to serve as chaperon to Miss Howe and Miss Ashton in the face of many obstacles, furnish an evening of rare enjoyment. Price 15 cents.

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