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# Not on the Bills



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# Not on the Bills

A Farce in One Act

BY

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS

Author of "Farm Folks," "Home Ties," "Heart of a Hero," etc.



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1912

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Not on the Bills

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# Not On the Bills

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

LORA LIVINGSTON . . . . .	<i>the leading lady.</i>
FREDERICK AINSLEIGH . . . . .	<i>the leading man, and a "Matinée Idol."</i>
MR. BANKS . . . . .	<i>the manager.</i>
JIMSY . . . . .	<i>the office boy.</i>

TIME OF PLAYING.—About thirty minutes.

## STORY OF THE PLAY

Lora Livingston, leading lady of a theatrical company, is engaged to Frederick Ainsleigh, the leading man. She is afraid he flirts when out of her sight. To test him she disguises herself as "Mandy Slocum," a stage struck country girl, and completely fools Banks, her manager, and JimSY, the office boy. "I aim to act. I'm going to call myself 'Evelina Everglade.'" Banks doesn't want to see her act. "Poor Juliet's been murdered so many times." Lora gets Banks to help her try it on her lover. Ainsleigh recognizes her, but conceals it, and pretends to be smitten with the little country girl. "May I call this evening?" He pretends to write her an address where she may find a room, then attempts to embrace her. Lora throws off her disguise and denounces him. "So I have found you out." Ainsleigh makes her read the note he gave to "Evelina." "You are a clever actress, Lora dear, but I knew you all the time." Lora admits she was wrong, and they make up.

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## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

**LORA LIVINGSTON.** A young and attractive leading woman of a stock company. She has dignity and emotional ability, but is disguised as a demure young girl from the country; not a caricature, but an innocent, simple maid, supposedly shy and unsophisticated. She is dressed in rather countrified style; cheap, but neat and becoming dress, straw hat with daisies or other simple flowers and ribbons for trimming; veil which partly conceals face. Her girlish manner and voice are assumed, but should not be overdone.

**FREDERICK AINSLEIGH.** The typical handsome, polished young actor of the "matinée idol" sort. He is manly and sincere in his love for Lora, his lightness of manner being assumed. Wears an elegant afternoon suit.

**MR. BANKS.** Forty-five or fifty years of age; brisk, businesslike, but shows good-nature. Neat business suit.

**JIMSY.** Typical "smart" office boy, about twelve years old. Dark suit.

## PROPERTIES

Papers, pen, inkstand, letter, telephone, slip of paper, pencil.

# Not On the Bills

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SCENE.—*Manager's office in a theatre. Doors up c., and at l. Desk and chair r. Chair r. Posters on walls. Discover MR. BANKS, the manager, seated at desk, r., busily engaged.*

(*Enter JIMSY, the office boy, c.; stands r. c.*)

JIMSY. Lady wants t' see you, Mr. Banks. (*No reply.*)  
Mr. Banks—a lady!

BANKS (*not looking around*). Tell her I'm busy; can't see her.

JIMSY. She says it's important. Says she's got t'.

BANKS. Huh! Got t'! You just tell her—what's she look like—actress looking for an engagement?

JIMSY. Well, no, sir,—not jest. Looks kind o' like she was from the country. Young, and—she says it's most important, and—mebbe you'd better see 'er, jest a minute.

BANKS (*turning round*). What's that? Maybe I'd better? How long since I've been supposed to take advice from you, young man? Now, you clear out and tell that female, whoever she is, that I'm busy and wouldn't see the Queen of England if she was to call and offer to star for eighteen a week. (*Turns back to desk.*)

JIMSY. Yes, sir. She's got a letter from Miss Livingston, though.

BANKS. Who has—the Queen of England?

JIMSY. No, sir; 'tain't her down there. I mean the girl what wants t' see you. Miss Livingston sent her.

BANKS. Did, eh? Some stage-struck damsel that's got on the soft side of her, I suppose. (*Impatiently.*) Oh, well,—seeing Miss Livingston sent her, I suppose —

JIMSY (*eagerly*). Shall I show her up?

BANKS. Oh,—er—yes.

JIMSY (*throwing open door c.*). She is up, sir. Here she is.

(Enter LORA LIVINGSTON, C., dressed as a girl from the country. Her face is partly hidden by a veil, and she keeps it slightly turned away from BANKS. She speaks in an assumed voice, with apparent timidity. BANKS regards her with careless indifference. He is still seated at desk; she C.; JIMSY R. C., back.)

LORA. Is—is this Mr. Banks?

BANKS. Yes, I'm Mr. Banks.

LORA. The famous Mr. Banks—the great theatrical manager, of the Imperial Stock Company?

BANKS. M'm—well, I'm the manager. Is there anything I can do for you?

(He has risen; stands R. C.; she C.)

LORA (*gushingly*). Oh, yes,—yes, sir. I aim to act!

BANKS. Oh, you do? Want to be an actress, eh?

LORA. Yes, sir. I have lofty ambitions—even to the stars.

BANKS. I see. You want to shine, Miss—er ——

LORA. Slocum—Mandy Slocum—that's my real name, but I'm going to call myself "Evelina Everglade" ——

(JIMSY, who has stood back looking on much interested, now snickers.)

BANKS. That'll do, Jimsy. You may go.

JIMSY (*still snickering*). Yes, sir. "Evelina Everglade,"—gee!

(BANKS points to door, sternly. LORA, behind his back, motions JIMSY to go, as if there were an understanding between them. Exit JIMSY, C.)

LORA. Yes, sir,—"Evelina Everglade." I studied it up. I think it's such a pretty name—so poetical—don't you?

BANKS. Oh, yes, sure. Very.

LORA. That's what I think. I thought of "Gladys Grassbrook" and "Rosabella Rosedale," but decided on "Evelina Everglade"; it seems to have such a lofty, romantic sound, you know. I think there's everything in a name; don't you? And I wanted both names to begin with the same letter, like Miss Livingston's. Lora Livingston. I always thought that such a lovely name.



BANKS. You say she sent you to me, and that you aim to act. What's your line?

LORA. Line? Oh, yes; I have it right here—a line from Miss Livingston. (*Produces letter.*) She speaks so well of me, too. Wasn't it kind of her? She says I can act as good as she can.

BANKS. M'm—oh, yes. But I—I mean what line of work? Character? (*Takes letter, glances at it.*)

LORA. Character? Sir, I'd have you know my character is of the best. My father is sheriff of Spruce County, and we're one of the very best families in Luluville. Character, indeed! I should think an introduction from Miss Livingston —

BANKS. Oh, yes, it is—quite sufficient, I assure you. But—I'm sorry—I don't think we have—you see, I'm full at present —

LORA (*shrinking away from him*). Oh,—sir? You—are?

BANKS. That is, I mean—the company is.

LORA. All of them? Mercy me, what a dreadful lot they must be. I've heard that show folks were bad, but I had no idea a whole company would get intoxicated. I'm sure Miss Livingston —

BANKS. You misunderstand me, madam —

LORA. “Miss,” please, and mean to stay so.

BANKS. Miss—er—“Evergreen.”

LORA. “Glade”—“Everglade.”

BANKS. “Glade.” What I meant was, we have no openings at present. But if you care to leave your address, why, if anything turns up —

LORA. Well, it needn't be your nose, 'cause I can act. I'll give you a little scene, if you want me to.

(*Strikes pose, as though about to begin.*)

BANKS. Thank you, but, really, I don't think it's necessary. I'm willing to take your word for it.

LORA. La sakes, I don't ask you to take my word. Why, Miss Livingston ain't got a thing on me, if I do say it as shouldn't. You ought to see me do Juliet—the death scene —

BANKS. Poor Juliet, she's been murdered so many times.

LORA. Murdered? La, no—killed herself. Stabbed. All because Romeo missed the car and didn't get there just

on the minute. Didn't you ever see that piece? It's by Mr. Shakespeare. I can recite some of it for you.

BANKS. Thanks, no,—spare me—I mean Juliet; that is, you—you needn't bother.

LORA. Oh, it wouldn't be a bit of bother. I'd just as soon as not. It's real tragic.

BANKS. Yes, I dare say it would be. Poor Juliet, she had so much to bear.

LORA. Yes, didn't she, poor dear? Her folks wouldn't let her have the fellow she'd picked out—was just gone on—and she went and got desperate. But maybe you'd rather have me do Ophelia's mad scene, where she goes crazy—just raving. “Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance.”

*(Acts amateurishly.)*

BANKS. Oh, forget it!

*(JIMSY has entered c., stands back, looking on, unnoticed, very much amused.)*

LORA. No, indeed, I know it all by heart. But if you'd rather have “The Boy Stood On the Burning Deck,” I can do that just grand. But even that don't compare with “The Polish Boy.” My! but that's tragic. “Back, ruffian, back, nor dare to tread,” it goes—“nor dare to tread——” I spoke that at the school exhibition, and put my whole soul into it. They all said it was real thrilling. “Back!” I said, just like that. Everybody said I'd make a great actress—even the minister—and so I've come to let you have the chance to bring me out—all because you're Miss Livingston's manager.

BANKS. Thanks. It's very kind of you. I assure you, I appreciate the honor; but, really, I have nothing to offer you.

LORA. But if Miss Livingston should be sick, or need a rest, or anything, I could take her place; I just know I could.

*(JIMSY snickers; LORA and BANKS look around at him.)*

BANKS. Jimsy, you may go. When I want you, I'll call you. *(Turns to desk, as if to end conversation.)*

JIMSY. All right, sir.

(*He motions to LORA, toward BANKS, for her to persist. She gestures that she wishes him to leave. JIMSY goes up C. After a brief pause, LORA goes and touches BANKS on shoulder.*)

BANKS (*glancing up, then turning back to desk*). You'll have to excuse me, miss; I have nothing for you.

(*Exit JIMSY, C.*)

LORA. After I've come all the way from Luluville, to go on the stage? With all my talent? I'll just go and tell Miss Livingston. She won't think much of it. She won't act in your old company, either, if I don't.

BANKS (*turning around*). What's that? Won't act if you don't? Really, Miss—er—"Evergreen"—I don't understand —

LORA (*dropping her assumed manner and voice*). I should say you don't. My, but you're easy, or else I'm a better actress than I thought I was.

BANKS (*recognizing her, rising*). What! You—you don't mean to say—Miss Livingston! Well, I'll be —

LORA. "Gumfoozled"—eh? I don't wonder. Didn't recognize your own leading lady. Think I'll strike for an increase in salary, Mr. Manager. I never engaged to act character parts, so I think I deserve a raise. See?

BANKS. No, I don't see. What in—under the sun is it all about? I fail to see the joke.

LORA. That's just it. It isn't a joke. It's in dead earnest. I was just trying it on the manager before testing the leading man. Own up, you were fooled?

BANKS. Well, yes—I was. But Ainsleigh—what has he to do with it?

LORA. Everything. He says he loves me.

BANKS. Well? What if he does? That's his business.

LORA. Ha!—that's it. I mean really, not on the stage. Wants me to marry him.

BANKS. Oh, ho! So that's it? And do you intend to do it?

LORA. M'm—I don't know. Might. But I haven't much faith in actors—as lovers and husbands, you know. They're too vain, generally, and—well, not much inclined to be constant. I'm afraid Mr. Ainsleigh is like the most of them—just a flirt. So I thought I'd dress up this way, see

if he'd flirt with me, thinking I was an innocent girl from the country, and—— Do you think I can fool him?

BANKS. I doubt it, if he really loves you.

LORA. But they say love is blind, you know.

BANKS. Yes; but you must remember that Ainsleigh is inclined occasionally to take an eye-opener. Besides, he's no fool.

LORA. Thanks. I hope not—though I'll confess I'm going to try to make a fool of him, for a few minutes. Isn't this a good get-up?

BANKS. It sure is, but—you see, I was pretty busy and didn't give you a good look. Didn't Jimsy know you?

LORA. Yes, the little scamp—after a minute. But I fooled even him just at first. But he's my devoted ally. He'll never give me away. It's your help I want.

BANKS. What can I do?

LORA. Pave the way.

BANKS (*starting*). All right. I'll go and send him to you.

LORA. Wait. Not so fast. You might put him wise. Send for him to come here, and I'll hide, within hearing. Just tell him a sweet little thing from the country is here—that she's dead in love with him—a dear little country flower, and all that, you know.

BANKS (*at desk; taking up receiver of telephone*). A regular "daisy." (*In 'phone.*) Hello!

LORA. Or a blushing wild rose—simplicity—rural charm——

BANKS (*talking in 'phone*). Hello!.....Is Ainsleigh down there?.....What?.....Oh, Jimsy, go and find Ainsleigh. ... Well, try Jerry's.

LORA. I hope he'll come soon. I'm getting nervous.

BANKS. Cheer up, the worst is to come. (*In 'phone.*) Yes—go tell him I want to see him in my office, right away. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

LORA (*going L.*). I'll hide here in the next room while you put a flea in his ear.

BANKS. Oh, I'll put a flea in, all right; trust me. A whole pack of 'em, as big as horseflies.

LORA. Now, don't you go and overdo it. You might spoil the whole thing.

BANKS. Never fear; you leave it to me. There—skid-doo! I think I hear him coming.

LORA. Remember, now—a life's happiness hangs in the balance—maybe two.

(*Exit LORA, at door L., where she can listen and peer out.*  
BANKS sits at desk; pretends to be very busy.)

(*Enter JIMSY, C.*)

BANKS (*without looking around*). Well, Ainsleigh,  
I —

JIMSY. 'Tain't him. He —

(*Looks at door L., where LORA's head is visible.*)

BANKS. Oh, it's you, Jimsy? Find him?

JIMSY (*looking toward LORA, mischievously*). Yes, sir. He was just goin' to his dressing-room. (*Looks out C.*) Here he is now.

(*Looks at LORA, grinning; she motions him not to betray her; he shakes his head decisively, crossing his heart. She dodges back. Enter FREDERICK AINSLEIGH, C.*)

(*Exit JIMSY, C.*)

AINSLEIGH (*standing C.*). You wish to see me, Mr. Banks?

BANKS. M'm—yes; on a little matter of business—or sentiment, rather.

AINSLEIGH. Sentiment? Why, how's that? Of course, we're good friends, but—sentiment?

BANKS. You know you're a deucedly handsome fellow, Ainsleigh—a regular “matinée idol,” as they call 'em, and —

AINSLEIGH. Ha, ha! I'm not so sure about the “idle” part, with six nights and two matinées a week. But—what has my looks to do with it—even if, as you say, I'm — What you driving at? You didn't call me up here to tell me about my looks, nor to talk sentiment. Of course, if you have any fault to find with my work —

BANKS. Not a bit of it. The fact is, there's a lady to see you, and I have promised her an interview. It's a case, Ainsleigh, and she's a sweet, innocent little thing. Be gentle with her, and let her down easy.

AINSLEIGH. Oh, say, now; you know I can't be bothered that way. Why, if I answered all the letters, or saw half the — No, you'll have to excuse me.

BANKS. "Bothered"—you? Tut, tut, you lady-killer. It won't be a bother when you see this one. She's a peach—a dainty little country flower.

AINSLEIGH. Oh, a peach-blossom?

BANKS. Daisy, wild-rose—and all that. Wait till you see her. You may want to pluck her and wear her next your heart.

AINSLEIGH. Say, see here, Banks, what you up to? Are you trying to jolly me? If this is a joke, I fail to see it.

BANKS. Not a bit of it. You won't think so when you see her. Poor little thing, she's completely smitten with your manly charms. Wait. (*Goes L. and gets LORA, who shyly comes forward, her head drooping, veil covering face. She speaks in an assumed voice, and AINSLEIGH is at first deceived.*) Miss Slo—"Evergree—glade"—let me introduce Mr. Ainsleigh.

LORA (*bowing demurely*). Oh,—(*sighing*) sir!

AINSLEIGH. How do you do, Miss—m'm—Slo—"Evergree—glade"?

LORA. "Evelina Everglade," please, sir.

BANKS. Well, I'll leave you now. I have a little business to attend to, so if you'll excuse me, why —

(*Goes to C. D., catches JIMSY pecking in, gives him a push out of door and exits. JIMSY runs back and looks in. LORA sees him, unknown to AINSLEIGH, and motions him away. JIMSY disappears, with a mischievous grin.*)

AINSLEIGH. Won't you sit down, Miss—er—"Everglade"?

LORA. Thank you.

(*She sits L., bashfully; she keeps head partly turned away through this interview, so that he is unable to get a good look at her. She also continues using an assumed voice, affecting country simplicity, though by no means "greenness."*)

AINSLEIGH. I believe Mr. Banks said you wished to see me? Is there anything—that is, I mean can I be of any service to you?

LORA. You are really Mr. Ainsleigh, the great actor?

AINSLEIGH (*recognizing her. Aside*). By Jove, it's Lora. (*To LORA.*) M'm—I am Mr. Ainsleigh, the actor.

Opinions might differ as to what you are kind enough to call "great." But, of course, if in your opinion—why, I'm sure —

LORA. Oh,—yes! I have admired you so long—from afar; recognized your greatness—your genius—and so longed to meet you face to face, and —

AINSLEIGH (*trying to get a better look at her*). Well, you can hardly call this "face to face," you know.

LORA (*still turning away from him*). Oh,—sir! I am overcome. I can scarcely believe that I am really here with you, the idol—that is, the inspirer of my humble endeavors, the one who has—has made me long to—to let my own talent shine forth to the world. If I might even ever so humbly reflect the radiance of your divine fire!

AINSLEIGH. Well, really, madam, I—I fear you put it rather too strongly. But, if I can advise you, or be of any assistance.

LORA. Oh, sir, you can! I aim to act. If I might but be Juliet to your Romeo —

AINSLEIGH. But, you see, we are not thinking of putting on Shakespeare—and we have a leading woman —

LORA. Oh, in any capacity, then, only so that I might have the inspiration of your presence, the advantage of studying your great art.

AINSLEIGH. Yes, of course, but—perhaps you'd better talk to Mr. Banks, the manager. He engages the people. He's a nice man, too, and —

LORA. Oh, yes, he was real sympathetic. I'm so fond of sympathetic people. Are—are you m-married?

AINSLEIGH. Why—er—n-no, I'm not.

LORA (*coquettishly*). Neither am I.

AINSLEIGH (*smiling*). Indeed? I am amazed. How is it that so fair a flower was not plucked long ago?

LORA (*rising*). They came to woo, but I had my ambition—my art—my ideal! I aimed to act, to be a great actress—to shine! My talent has won recognition. My interpretation of that tragic poem, "Back, ruffian, back, nor dare to tread!" thrilled the audience at our last school exhibition, and I was led to believe that I should give my talents to the world. I felt it within me—kindled—glowing! And then I saw you. Ah, how I thrilled anew with hope and aspiration. Oh, sir, if you but knew what it means to me to be so near to you—to —

(Sighs, as if almost overcome. AINSLEIGH now pretends to be susceptible to her charms, gradually yielding, going closer to her, and assuming an affectionate manner. She still keeps face averted, etc.)

AINSLEIGH. I understand. You need a friend—I will be—may I be that friend?

LORA. Oh, sir; if you would. If I might lean upon you.

AINSLEIGH. You may. (*Pauses, then, rather significantly.*) Are you stopping in the city?

LORA. Yes. And I find it so lonely.

AINSLEIGH. You are all alone?

LORA. Yes, quite. Oh, sir, you are so kind and so sympathetic. Just think, you are Mr. Ainsleigh, the great actor, and I am only a poor little country girl. I do appreciate it so much. What can I ever do to thank you—to show my appreciation?

AINSLEIGH. You might let me see your face.

LORA (*bashfully, still turning away*). Oh,—sir!

AINSLEIGH. And you might ask me to call.

LORA. But I—I have just arrived, and I have no place yet. I have to find one. Perhaps you could tell me where to go. It would be so kind.

AINSLEIGH. I should be delighted. I think I know where you could get a nice room—and then I could come to see you—and —

LORA. Oh,—sir!

(*He still pretends to be taken in. She gradually, as she becomes convinced of his susceptibility, is overcome with genuine emotion at what she considers his "perfidy." She shows this feeling to the audience, but to him still carries out her assumed rôle.*)

AINSLEIGH. May I call this evening—after the performance?

LORA. I—yes, I—would be pleased to see you —

AINSLEIGH. I will give you the address of the place where you can get a room—it is near where I have my apartments.

(*Takes pencil from pocket, goes to desk and writes on piece of paper; folds it up and hands it to her. She takes the paper, not looking at it.*)



LORA. Thank you. You are so kind.

AINSLEIGH. And you will surely see me to-night—  
dear ?

LORA. Oh,—sir !

AINSLEIGH. Come—let me see your face—those  
eyes ——

*(He attempts to embrace her ; she at first seems to submit, then, suddenly throwing off her disguise, faces him furiously. The piece of paper on which he has written falls to the floor. He pretends to be greatly surprised and overcome at her revelation of herself ; as she speaks, he makes pleading gestures, then falls into chair at desk, burying face in hands, etc. She is deceived by his action and continues her denunciation.)*

LORA. So ! I have found you out, Frederick Ainsleigh ! You are like them all ; like all the actors—a flirt, a lady-killer—vain, unprincipled—without a true beat to your false, perfidious heart. You thought you could win the innocent little country girl,—inveigle her into your net of falsity and use her as the plaything of a moment, then cast her off, as you have many others, no doubt ——

AINSLEIGH. Lora ! Wait—listen ——

LORA. No, I won't wait, I won't listen—never again. You swore you loved me—Lora Livingston—that there was no other woman in all the world for you. You asked me to be yours, to trust my life, my future happiness, to you—you, the actor, the “*matinée idol*,” the lover of any woman that happens to please you for the moment. But I have found you out—yes, found you out in time, thank heaven ! *(He has risen, apparently stricken with grief and remorse ; attempts to speak, but she waves him aside.)* No, don't speak to me ! I can't stand it. Go ! Go, I say. I never want to see your face or hear your voice again !

*(He turns his face from her to conceal his smile.)*

AINSLEIGH *(turning to her)*. Lora, listen to me ! Forgive me. I can explain ——

LORA. Explain ! Yes ; you can lie—lie to me, as you have all along, as you have to others. No,—no ! You would make false promises to a young and innocent girl—you would break her heart ——

(*She is overcome, weeping, though semi-tragic in her mingled rage and grief. He assumes a serious mood, leading her on.*)

AINSLEIGH. And you—what about you? You led me on. You were the Eve, I the Ad ——

LORA. Ha! The same old plea—the woman's fault, of course. I offered the apple, and you ——

AINSLEIGH. Bit. Only I thought it was a peach. Well, we're a pair. We were both to blame.

LORA. Both? I don't see that I have done anything, except find you out. If Adam had been half a man ——

AINSLEIGH. How could he be, when Eve was the better half?

LORA. Mr. Ainsleigh, this is no time for jesting. (*Attempts to go out c. ; he bars her way.*) You will be kind enough to let me pass.

AINSLEIGH. Sorry, but you'll have to see the manager; he gives out the passes.

(*JIMSY appears in c. d., with BANKS looking over his shoulder. LORA is turned toward L., and she does not see them. AINSLEIGH sees them and motions them to go away. They dodge back, but keep peering out, unnoticed by LORA.*)

LORA. Will you be kind enough to stand aside?

AINSLEIGH (*reciting, in burlesque*). "Back, ruffian, back!"

LORA. Sir!

AINSLEIGH. Ma'am?

LORA. Mr. Ainsleigh, you are going too far.

AINSLEIGH. Oh, then I'll get nearer. (*Approaches her.*)

LORA. You will stand aside, please. I wish to leave the room.

AINSLEIGH. Do, please; it belongs to Mr. Banks.

LORA. If you don't let me pass, I shall call for help.

AINSLEIGH. Sorry, but this is Thursday—the help's day out. Oh, say, Lora, hasn't this joke gone far enough?

(*Laughs.*)

LORA. Joke? You call it a joke? Am I to understand ——

AINSLEIGH. I hope so. It's about time. You certainly don't understand at present.

(*They are well down C. BANKS and JIMSY keep looking out C. D., listening, but dodge back so that LORA does not see them. AINSLEIGH occasionally glares at them, and motions them to get out, but they still watch the proceedings.*)

LORA. I understand that you are false—perfidious——

AINSLEIGH (*stooping and picking up the piece of paper from floor; offering it to her*). Here—read! I want you to see the address I gave the country girl.

LORA (*refusing paper*). What! your address? Given, as you thought, to the innocent country girl whom you expected to lure into your snare.

AINSLEIGH. But you must take it. I insist. (*She still refuses, turning away, but he forces her to take the paper, semi-tragically.*) Read! It contains the secret of my life.

(*He compels her to look at paper; she glances at it, reading the few words thereon; is at first surprised, then incredulous and angry.*)

LORA. I don't believe it! You—you didn't, any such thing!

AINSLEIGH. It says so—and I wrote it. See—"You are a very clever actress, Lora, dear, but I knew you all the time."

LORA. Oh! How could you—how dare you play such a trick on me?

AINSLEIGH. "All's fair in love and"—— Well, I hold the winning trick. It was fighting you with your own weapons, Madam Eve, and Adam held the trump card.

LORA. The idea! You needn't flatter yourself. Besides, I knew all the time that—that you—knew all the time.

AINSLEIGH. Oh—oh—m'm—look out, Eve; no fibs.

LORA. Well, anyway, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for—for letting me—— I'll never forgive you—never——

(*She seems about to relent; he makes a motion to embrace her, when JIMSY sticks head in C.; they spring apart, looking around.*)

JIMSY. Say—do you know what time it is?

BANKS (*appearing C., pushing JIMSY back*). It's most show time. Time to make up.

*(He and JIMSY disappear, c.)*

AINSLEIGH *(to LORA, pleadingly)*. Hear that? Come, let's make up —

LORA. I suppose we—we'll have to.

AINSLEIGH. But not with paint—a kiss!

*(Puts his arm around her.)*

LORA. Oh, Fred! How can you?

AINSLEIGH. Why,—easy!

*(He kisses her as they go out c.)*

CURTAIN



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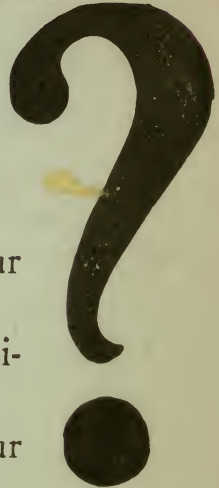
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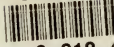
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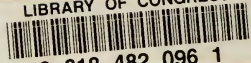


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