

Greater Than War

Asa Steele



THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Successful Rural Plays

A Strong List From Which to Select Your
Next Play

FARM FOLKS. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. For five male and six female characters. Time of playing, two hours and a half. One simple exterior, two easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Flora Goodwin, a farmer's daughter, is engaged to Philip Burleigh, a young New Yorker. Philip's mother wants him to marry a society woman, and by falsehoods makes Flora believe Philip does not love her. Dave Weston, who wants Flora himself, helps the deception by intercepting a letter from Philip to Flora. She agrees to marry Dave, but on the eve of their marriage Dave confesses, Philip learns the truth, and he and Flora are reunited. It is a simple plot, but full of speeches and situations that sway an audience alternately to tears and to laughter. Price, 25 cents.

HOME TIES. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. Characters, four male, five female. Plays two hours and a half. Scene, a simple interior—same for all four acts. Costumes, modern. One of the strongest plays Mr. Tubbs has written. Martin Winn's wife left him when his daughter Ruth was a baby. Harold Vincent, the nephew and adopted son of the man who has wronged Martin, makes love to Ruth Winn. She is also loved by Len Everett, a prosperous young farmer. When Martin discovers who Harold is, he orders him to leave Ruth. Harold, who does not love sincerely, yields. Ruth discovers she loves Len, but thinks she has lost him also. Then he comes back, and Ruth finds her happiness. Price 25 cents.

THE OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME. A New England Drama in Three Acts, by FRANK DUMONT. For seven males and four females. Time, two hours and a half. Costumes, modern. A play with a strong heart interest and pathos, yet rich in humor. Easy to act and very effective. A rural drama of the "Old Homestead" and "Way Down East" type. Two exterior scenes, one interior, all easy to set. Full of strong situations and delightfully humorous passages. The kind of a play everybody understands and likes. Price, 25 cents.

THE OLD DAIRY HOMESTEAD. A Rural Comedy in Three Acts, by FRANK DUMONT. For five males and four females. Time, two hours. Rural costumes. Scenes rural exterior and interior. An adventurer obtains a large sum of money from a farm house through the intimidation of the farmer's niece, whose husband he claims to be. Her escapes from the wiles of the villain and his female accomplice are both starting and novel. Price, 15 cents.

A WHITE MOUNTAIN BOY. A Strong Melodrama in Five Acts, by CHARLES TOWNSEND. For seven males and four females, and three supers. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. One exterior, three interiors. Costumes easy. The hero, a country lad, twice saves the life of a banker's daughter, which results in their betrothal. A scoundrelly clerk has the banker in his power, but the White Mountain boy finds a way to checkmate his schemes, saves the banker, and wins the girl. Price 15 cents.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Greater Than War

A War-Time Play in One Act

By

ASA STEELE

Author of "A Cure for Hypnotism"



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1918

PS 635
Z9S8125

COPYRIGHT 1918 BY THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY



NOV 22 1918

Greater Than War

©CLD 50748

no 1

Greater Than War

CHARACTERS

| | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------------------|
| THE WOMAN | - | - | - | - | - | <i>a French gentlewoman</i> |
| THE SOLDIER | - | - | - | - | - | <i>one of the enemy</i> |
| THE SERVANT | - | - | - | - | - | <i>a very old man</i> |
| THE ORDERLY | - | - | - | - | - | <i>a young man</i> |

TIME OF PLAYING.—Thirty minutes.

STORY OF THE PLAY

A French gentlewoman and her baby, together with her aged servant, live in a house under fire of the enemy's guns. A squadron of soldiers enters the house. Their officer, embittered against the French people because of an incident which happened to his mother years ago, orders the Woman to go with them. When she refuses, he remembers the child. "You must go! It shall be the price of your life, and his!" The gold chain about the Woman's throat breaks. She uses the crucifix as her final plea. "Where did you get that?" The revelation. The Woman's mother has done the Soldier's mother a great service. "You and your son are free."

COSTUMES, ETC.

THE WOMAN. About twenty-five. A plain dress of any dark material. She wears a shawl over her shoulders.

THE SOLDIER. About fifty. Wears a gray uniform and overcoat, splashed with mud.

THE SERVANT. A man about seventy. He wears a dark suit, rather worn. His hair is white, and he is stooped and decrepit.

THE ORDERLY. A boy of twenty. He wears a mud-stained gray uniform.

PROPERTIES

Shawl. Gloves for the Soldier. Small tray with bread, cold meat and fruit and a glass. Bottle of wine (cold tea may be used). Sword belt. Cigarette. Crucifix on chain, to be worn by Woman.

SCENE PLOT

SCENE.—Parlor of a French country house. Window up c., opens on garden. (If desired the window may be omitted.) Doors R. and L. A table R. c. with a chair at its right. A large armchair is down R. and another down L. A hat rack is up L. c.

Greater Than War

SCENE.—*Parlor of a French country house. A window, c. back, opens on a lawn and garden. A door at L. leads to an entrance hall. There is another door at R. A table R. C., with a chair on the right of it. Another armchair at L. C.*

(At rise of curtain, the WOMAN sits in the armchair down L. On her knees a baby is sleeping, as she rocks it gently to and fro. Over the WOMAN'S shoulders is a knitted scarf-like shawl. From a distance comes the booming of heavy guns, incessant, sometimes in volleys, sometimes singly. The WOMAN turns, listening to the gun-fire. She shivers and hugs the baby to her breast, kissing it. The gun-fire ceases. The WOMAN rises and goes up c. to the window, listening in the silence. As she rises, the shawl falls from her shoulders to the seat of her chair. The SERVANT enters quickly, L.)

WOMAN *(advancing toward him)*. Well?

SERVANT *(L.)*. The fighting's done.

WOMAN. We held the line against them?

SERVANT *(in keen distress)*. Lady, you are brave?

WOMAN *(bravely)*. I am a woman of France! Tell me. We've held the line against them? *(The SERVANT is silent.)* Why don't you answer? *(The SERVANT'S head sinks slowly to his breast, his hands fall to his sides limply.)* They've driven us back? They're coming? Here!

(She looks around her as if for a means of escape.)

SERVANT *(going up c. to her, pleading)*. Go!

Quickly! There's time! These men—these beasts show no mercy to women or babies. Oh, lady! Lady! Could you have heard what I have, seen what these eyes grew old while beholding —

WOMAN. You can tell me nothing. I—know!

(She looks off c.)

SERVANT. Come! Through the kitchen and garden to my home. That's too small for them to notice. Here, to a large house on a hilltop, they'll come first.

WOMAN. I'll stay here.

SERVANT. You seek death?

WOMAN. I'm not afraid.

SERVANT. You, a soldier's wife, may not be. What of the child?

WOMAN. Jacques!

(A cry of pain as she hugs the baby to her breast. A volley of musketry is heard off L., close at hand. The WOMAN comes down c., in terror.)

SERVANT. They're coming! *(He goes c. to the WOMAN, pleading.)* I'm old. My life is worth little. I'll give it happily for you. That would not repay the debt I owe your father—rearing me, giving me work, a home, helping me when days were dark. I'd give much more than life to pay that debt. But what is my old life against these beasts?

WOMAN *(resolutely)*. I don't ask it of you. Go to your home and safety.

SERVANT. And you?

WOMAN. I'll—stay—here! *(The SERVANT turns from her in despair, wringing his hands.)* This is my home. Last night—I did not tell you—last night my husband was here.

SERVANT. M'sieur Henri?

WOMAN *(c.)*. His regiment lay close by, waiting for to-day. He came to me —

(Another volley of musketry sounds off L., close at hand.)

SERVANT (*going toward the window, c.*). M'sieur Henri? In the fight to-day!

WOMAN (*c.*). He told me all you know of these beasts. He tried to make me go. I would not. Why stay? If he is wounded, he'll have them bring him here. If he lives, he'll come again, here, to his home, to seek me. He'll need me the more now, in his sorrow. Only here can he find me. Only thus will he know I'm safe. Then we can go together.

SERVANT (*up c., slowly*). If he is—not—safe?

WOMAN. My husband gone; I at the mercy of these beasts—it's not a world I'll live in if they do!

(*A loud knocking at a door is heard off L. The WOMAN and the SERVANT turn quickly, listening.*)

SERVANT. They're here!

WOMAN. My husband! Let him in.

(*The knocking is repeated, louder now.*)

SERVANT. He would not knock. They're strangers—enemies!

WOMAN. Let my husband in!

(*The SERVANT exits, L., leaving the door open.*)

SOLDIER (*off L., knocking*). Open the door!
(*Knocking.*) Open!

(*The WOMAN gives a shiver of terror, then quickly goes to the door R., stands for a moment listening, then exits R., with the child, closing the door after her. The SERVANT reënters L., standing above the door.*)

SERVANT. Here, m'sieurs.

(*The SOLDIER enters L. The ORDERLY follows him on.*)

SOLDIER (*looking about*). We'll eat here. (*To the SERVANT.*) Who live in this house?

SERVANT. Myself, m'sieur—and—myself—and——
SOLDIER (*L.*). —And yourself! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Be certain of it. Lie to me and I'll shoot you where you stand.

SERVANT. Myself alone, m'sieur.

SOLDIER. Bring me food, then. And wine! Your best wine.

SERVANT. Yes, m'sieur.

(Exit SERVANT, L. The SOLDIER goes to the ORDERLY, speaking in command.)

SOLDIER. Take the squad to the kitchen. Let them eat what they find. In twenty minutes, report to me here. (The ORDERLY salutes and exits, L. The SOLDIER crosses R. to the table, whistling gaily. He lays his gloves on the table, R. Standing thus, he sees the WOMAN'S shawl on the seat of the armchair down R. He goes to armchair, takes up the shawl, examining it, then begins to laugh.) Ha! Ha! Ha! (He throws the shawl back on the chair as the SERVANT enters, L. He carries a small tray holding bread, cold meat and fruit and a glass. In the other hand he carries a bottle of wine. These he places on the table, R. C. The SOLDIER starts to remove his belt.) Here—help me. (The SERVANT helps the SOLDIER off with his sword belt. The SOLDIER seizes the SERVANT by the arm, whirling him around. The SERVANT staggers in his weakness.) Make haste! You're as slow as a snail after a feast of flies! (The SERVANT hurriedly helps the SOLDIER to remove his overcoat and helmet, which he places on rack up L. C., together with the belt. The SOLDIER sits at the table, R. C., and begins to eat. The SERVANT comes R. C. to table, opens the bottle of wine and fills the glass with some of it, then stands L. of table. SOLDIER, as he eats.) You say you're alone here.

SERVANT. Yes, m'sieur.

SOLDIER. A caretaker, eh?

SERVANT. Yes, m'sieur.

SOLDIER. Who was in the family when they were here?

SERVANT. M'sieur, the Captain——

SOLDIER. Who's fighting us, eh? Who else?

SERVANT. Madame, the Captain's wife, and her little child.

SOLDIER (*cunningly*). Both of whom have fled, I suppose?

SERVANT. Yes, m'sieur.

SOLDIER. And if Madame, the Captain's wife, were here? Ha! Ha! Ha! That's one thing I cannot resist—a pretty woman!

SERVANT. You're hungry, m'sieur. Don't talk—eat!

SOLDIER. Woman! Lovely woman! (*He raises his glass of wine, then drinks.*) How old is your mistress, Madame, the Captain's wife?

SERVANT. When women pass a certain age, m'sieur, they have no certain age.

SOLDIER. Ha! Ha! Ha! She is pretty, I suppose—cheek like a rose, lips framed for kisses——

SERVANT (*hastily*). Um—don't talk—eat!

SOLDIER. Ha! Ha! Ha! A glance, a kiss, a soft embrace——

SERVANT. Um—don't talk—drink!

SOLDIER. Drink with me! (*He throws the wine remaining in the glass into the SERVANT'S face.*) Ha! Ha! Ha! (*He refills his glass from the bottle.*)

SERVANT (*wiping the wine from his face*). I see nothing to laugh at.

SOLDIER. Laugh! (*Threatening, half rising.*) Laugh, I say!

SERVANT (*mournfully*). Ha—ha—ha——

SOLDIER. That's better. (*He drinks the rest of his wine and rises, crosses to down r., and lights a cigarette.*) Now tell your mistress to come here.

SERVANT (*L. of table, astonished*). M'sieur! I told you——

SOLDIER. You said she had left here. I say she's here. If not, what do you make of this? (*He takes the WOMAN'S shawl from the chair, extending it toward the SERVANT.*) Don't tell me that you wear this. Ha! Ha! Ha! Where is Madame, the Captain's wife?

SERVANT (*slowly*). I do not know.

SOLDIER. Here?

(*He points toward the door, R. The SERVANT hastily goes around back of table and gets between the SOLDIER and the door R.*)

SERVANT. M'sieur, you must not!

SOLDIER (*fiercely*). When I say must, no servant may say must not. Bring her here!

SERVANT. There's a life between you and her. You must take that first.

SOLDIER (*down R.*). Whose life?

SERVANT (*at door R.*). M'sieur, I'm old. My wife is dead. My only son has shed his blood for France. (*He pauses with emotion, then turns to the SOLDIER proudly.*) Yet had I all again—youth, wife and son—all would not buy forgiveness for letting you know this woman is here. So take my life!

SOLDIER (*going toward him in a rage*). Ten thousand devils—— (*The door R. opens and the WOMAN appears in it. The SOLDIER sees her, stops, then crosses to down L., laughing.*) Ha! Ha! Ha!

(*The SERVANT follows the SOLDIER's gaze and turning, sees the WOMAN.*)

SERVANT. Madame!

(*He covers his face with his hands.*)

WOMAN. I could not help but hear. (*She goes to the SERVANT and puts her hand gently on his shoulder.*) Go! Find my husband. Tell him I died as his wife should.

SERVANT. I did not know! Now——

WOMAN. I forgive you. Go!

(*With deep emotion, the SERVANT looks up into her face, seizes her hand, kisses it reverently, then exits R. The WOMAN walks to the L. side of the table and turns to the SOLDIER. For a moment they regard each other in silence.*)

SOLDIER. Our regiment attacked your outposts this morning——

WOMAN. I know—who and what you are!

SOLDIER. Women have men at a disadvantage. We're not supposed to answer back. Ha! Ha! Ha! I'm a soldier—yes. Your enemy. But before all else, I'm your conqueror!

WOMAN. You've invaded my home, conquered me—a woman. Well?

SOLDIER (*looking at his wrist watch*). In ten minutes we must be off. I've no time for words. We stopped here to take what we wanted—food, and other things.

WOMAN. You have the food. So go!

SOLDIER. You forget. The other things. When we go, you must go with us!

WOMAN. I?

SOLDIER. Officially, our prisoner of war. (*Comes R. to her.*) Actually, as my prisoner! Mine! (*He seizes her hands. She wrenches herself loose and moves quickly to R. side of the table, R. C.*) You had best accept—quietly. What can you gain otherwise? Your servant can do little. I need only go to this door (*indicating door L.*) and call my squad. They would outnumber you ten to one.

WOMAN (*scornfully*). Your ten men—against me! Have you no pity, no sense of shame?

SOLDIER. None. I'm what you made me.

WOMAN. I made you?

SOLDIER. You French.

WOMAN. We don't treat women so!

SOLDIER. I'll prove you do! When we last invaded France, my father was a merchant in Paris. He was ordered home to join his regiment. My mother, with me, a child in arms, were left to follow. My mother was seized, imprisoned by you French. When they set us free, the frontiers were closed. Her money had been taken from her; she had no means of getting more. My mother, a lady like you, carried her baby through the streets of Paris, begging for food.

WOMAN. The French did not do that. War was to blame—war forced on us by those you serve!

SOLDIER (*casting aside her words with a negative*

gesture). When my mother finally did reach home her health was gone. What she had passed through—killed her. As I grew old enough to understand, I lived for but one thing—that I might learn to repay that wrong done to her—and to me! We are now ordered to conquer with both bullets and fear. That is true enough. But I am taking revenge on you French because I hate!

WOMAN. That will not excuse the worst of wrongs to me—I am a stranger to you!

SOLDIER. We are ordered to kill, burn, stop at no act of violence. Terror conquers as well as gunpowder. What do I care whether you are friend or stranger? Your pleas are useless! Come! You must go with us!

(She confronts him fearlessly.)

WOMAN. I demand my freedom! By your manhood—

SOLDIER *(laughing)*. I can show no mercy!

WOMAN. By all that is just!

SOLDIER. War is above the law.

WOMAN. Have you no woman at home—no wife or daughters whom you can see, desperate, as I am now?

SOLDIER *(showing a momentary tenderness as she speaks, then quickly becoming severe again)*. They are of us; you of the French, whom I hate. Come! We're wasting time!

(He goes to the rack up L. C., and puts on his overcoat.)

WOMAN. I ask safety—in the name of your mother.

SOLDIER *(stopping abruptly)*. My mother! *(He speaks tenderly, gripped by emotion, then controls himself and speaks harshly.)* I'm a soldier. *(He puts on his helmet.)* "Must" is my only parent.

(He fastens on his belt.)

WOMAN. Treat me as you would have had us treat

your mother in those past years in Paris. Think of me—as a mother.

SOLDIER (*surprised, he reflects for a moment, then laughs grimly*). Ha! Ha! Ha! I forget! Your child. It is here! (*He comes down to L. of table.*)

WOMAN. No! No!

SOLDIER. Your servant told me.

WOMAN. Ah! (*A cry of pain.*)

SOLDIER (*L. of table*). Your child! That makes it easier!

WOMAN (*R. of table*). You would not harm him?

SOLDIER. He shall be an added weapon to make you obey. You must go! It shall be the price of your life and his!

WOMAN (*in despair*). Kill him! A soul as pure as saint or angel! (*Sobbing.*) My little son——

SOLDIER (*roughly*). He shall be as I was in the streets of Paris! Where is he? I'll take him——

(*The WOMAN makes a quick movement to intercept him as he tries to cross R.*)

WOMAN (*up c., pleading*). There must be some way—there must! Hear his voice, look into his dear eyes and your heart will melt; you'll let him live!

SOLDIER (*in front of table R. c.*). No!

WOMAN. Can no prayers move you?

SOLDIER. You choose weapons too familiar—tears, entreaties! Beside my will, they are swords of glass. (*Chuckling.*) Come with us, or your child shall be sacrificed. Choose!

(*The WOMAN leaves him and crosses to c. quickly, distraught and desperate. She stops suddenly, in reflection. Then she pulls at the thin gold chain which encircles her neck. It breaks. She looks at the crucifix which is suspended from the chain. Then she turns to the SOLDIER and slowly extends the crucifix toward him.*)

WOMAN. Then I ask safety for myself and child—by this!

(*The SOLDIER laughs as he turns to look at the*

crucifix. At sight of it, the merriment dies in his face. His expression, as he regards the symbol, turns to one of amazement.)

SOLDIER (*coming c. to WOMAN*). Where did you get that?

WOMAN. I've worn it always.

SOLDIER. Before that? Before it was yours?

WOMAN. My mother gave it to me.

SOLDIER. Where did she get it?

WOMAN. She had it from a beggar. Often she told me of it. My mother pitied her, saved her from arrest.

SOLDIER. And then——

WOMAN. The beggar gave my mother this, promised to do her utmost to repay my mother's kindness.

SOLDIER. On the other side of the crucifix—what is written there?

WOMAN (*surprised*). How did you know? (*She turns over the crucifix to read.*) It says——

SOLDIER. The words are these: "Love, help, forgive"!

WOMAN (*amazed, as she reads from the crucifix*). "Love, help, forgive."

SOLDIER. That is mine.

(He extends his hand for the crucifix.)

WOMAN. Yours?

SOLDIER. My mother was the beggar.

WOMAN (*slowly realizing*). Your mother gave this pledge to mine?

SOLDIER (*taking the crucifix*). She told me of it a thousand times. It was in the streets of Paris when life seemed most hopeless for her—and for me. She promised the woman to whom she gave it to hold it sacred, to return good for good, when the owner offered that.

WOMAN. Then I ask you to redeem her pledge. I ask your mercy for myself and my child. (*The SOLDIER turns from her.*) What are conquest, power—the whole world, compared with love like this? My

love for my son, as your mother loved you; my mother's pity for yours —

(The ORDERLY enters L.)

ORDERLY *(saluting)*. You ordered me to report in twenty minutes, sir.

SOLDIER *(saluting)*. Let the squad fall in. Then await me. *(The ORDERLY salutes and exits, L. The SOLDIER looks at the WOMAN for a moment in silence, then regards the crucifix. He turns it over again and reads the inscription on it.)* "Love, help, forgive" —

(He stands for a moment, hesitating, then goes to the WOMAN, lifts her hand and places the crucifix in it.)

WOMAN *(softly)*. My son? Myself?

SOLDIER. What this means to me is greater than war, Madame. You and your son are free.

(The SOLDIER salutes and exits L.)

QUICK CURTAIN

Unusually Good Entertainments

Read One or More of These Before Deciding on
Your Next Program

GRADUATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL.

An Entertainment in Two Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For six males and four females, with several minor parts. Time of playing, two hours. Modern costumes. Simple interior scenes; may be presented in a hall without scenery. The unusual combination of a real "entertainment," including music, recitations, etc., with an interesting love story. The graduation exercises include short speeches, recitations, songs, funny interruptions, and a comical speech by a country school trustee. Price, 15 cents.

EXAMINATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL.

An Entertainment in One Act, by WARD MACAULEY. Eight male and six female characters, with minor parts. Plays one hour. Scene, an easy interior, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Miss Marks, the teacher, refuses to marry a trustee, who threatens to discharge her. The examination includes recitations and songs, and brings out many funny answers to questions. At the close Robert Coleman, an old lover, claims the teacher. Very easy and very effective. Price, 15 cents.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY STORE. A Rural Entertainment in Three Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For four male and five female characters, with some supers. Time, two hours. Two scenes, both easy interiors. Can be played effectively without scenery. Costumes, modern. All the principal parts are sure hits. Quigley Higginbotham, known as "Quig," a clerk in a country store, aspires to be a great author or singer and decides to try his fortunes in New York. The last scene is in Quig's home. He returns a failure but is offered a partnership in the country store. He pops the question in the midst of a surprise party given in his honor. Easy to do and very funny. Price, 15 cents.

THE DISTRICT CONVENTION. A Farcical Sketch in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven males and one female, or twelve males. Any number of other parts or supernumeraries may be added. Plays forty-five minutes. No special scenery is required, and the costumes and properties are all easy. The play shows an uproarious political nominating convention. The climax comes when a woman's rights champion, captures the convention. There is a great chance to burlesque modern politics and to work in local gags. Every part will make a hit. Price, 15 cents.

SI SLOCUM'S COUNTRY STORE. An Entertainment in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eleven male and five female characters with supernumeraries. Several parts may be doubled. Plays one hour. Interior scene, or may be played without set scenery. Costumes, modern. The rehearsal for an entertainment in the village church gives plenty of opportunity for specialty work. A very jolly entertainment of the sort adapted to almost any place or occasion. Price, 15 cents.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

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.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

The Power of Expression

Expression and efficiency go hand in hand.

The power of clear and forceful expression brings confidence and poise at all times—in private gatherings, in public discussion, in society, in business.

It is an invaluable asset to any man or woman. It can often be turned into money, but it is always a real joy.

In learning to express thought, we learn to command thought itself, and thought is power. You can have this power if you will.

Whoever has the power of clear expression is always sure of himself.

The power of expression leads to:

- The ability to think "on your feet"
- Successful public speaking
- Effective recitals
- The mastery over other minds
- Social prominence
- Business success
- Efficiency in any undertaking

Are these things worth while?

They are all successfully taught at The National School of Elocution and Oratory, which during many years has developed this power in hundreds of men and women.

A catalogue giving full information as to how any of these accomplishments may be attained will be sent free on request.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY

1714 De Lancey Street

Philadelphia

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 401 450 4