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OF PLAYS

The Famous Brown vs. Brown
Separate Maintenance Case

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Famous Brown *vs.* Brown Separate Maintenance Case

A Woman's Suffragette Mock Trial

By
LILIAN CLISBY BRIDGHAM

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1912

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The Famous Brown vs. Brown Separate Maintenance Case

CHARACTERS

MRS. JENKS, *judge.*
MRS. CLARK, *clerk.*
MRS. OLIVER, *court crier.*
MRS. BURNHAM, *district attorney.*
MISS LINCOLN, *defendant's counsel.*
MRS. ELIZABETH BROWN, *plaintiff.*
MRS. SARAH WHITE, *plaintiff's mother.*
MRS. BURTON, *plaintiff's sister.*
MRS. CURRIER, *plaintiff's chum.*
MRS. HARRIET BROWN, *defendant's mother.*
MISS ADAMS, *delicatessen store bookkeeper.*
LEONARD BROWN, *defendant.*
JAMES MORTON, *janitor.*
KENNETH BAKER, *telegraph boy.*
ETHEL BURTON, } *mischievous children.*
RANDOLPH CLARK, }
MRS. EDITH BLAKE, *forewoman of jury.*

JURY

MRS. LEAVITT, MRS. CARSON, MRS. SIDERS, MISS BLAINE,
MRS. KEATING, MRS. DORMAN, MRS. HODGE, MRS. CABOT.
MRS. STEELE, MRS. MORTON, MRS. FORREST,

REJECTED JURORS

MRS. HOWELL, MRS. HUDSON, MISS McDONALD, MRS. KENT.



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Preface

In this little play I have tried to keep just the forms actually used in our Massachusetts courts. My ten years of experience as a law stenographer took me into nearly every court-house in this state as well as several of the other states, and gave me a familiarity with court proceedings that was a great help in writing this mock trial.

There are of necessity many characters, but if it was desirable to give the play with a smaller cast, the two children, the janitor, and Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Hudson and Miss McDonald of the rejected jurors could be omitted. The ladies should wear pretty gowns, the plaintiff's mother, a stout, rather elderly woman, should be dressed flashily. The judge, clerk, crier and members of the jury wear no hats, but the counsel and witnesses do, as they are supposed to be in the court but for a short time.

If the play is to be given before a local audience it is all right to use all of the local hits and jokes that are given in the following pages; but if given before a gathering of people from different places this would hardly be wise as they would not understand local hits. In case the jokes are used it is almost imperative that the consent of the persons named should be obtained. Considerable trouble might be made if this was not done.

It is suggested that the part of the plaintiff be taken by a well-known unmarried woman of middle age, and that of the defendant by a young fellow about twenty or twenty-five.

In the original production of the play, which was given under the direction of an experienced coach, assisted by the author, each member of the cast except the plaintiff's mother and the defendant's mother (these two used their own given names) used their own names.

Whenever the clerk or either counsel address the judge they stand and face her, and during examination of witnesses the counsel stand, but when challenging the jury or asking an occasional question of any witness they may remain seated. The crier pounds her table with gavel when there is any disturbance in court, when any one speaks out of turn or when

there is prolonged applause in the audience, but she remains seated. After the acceptance of the last juror the janitor shuffles into the room and removes the empty chairs. He is peeping in at the door listening to the witnesses at the two times when he speaks.

The jury eat chocolates and peanuts and work on fancy-work throughout the trial. The plaintiff and her mother also eat candy.

The judge may wear a gown, but it is not necessary. She should be seated on a small platform above the level of the rest of the stage.

There should be several mirrors hanging on the walls back of the stage. Each member of the jury should be provided with a wire hairpin which she should have in her hair where it could easily be got at.

It would be of great help in staging the play if the one coaching it could visit a jury session of the nearest court and see just how a real court is conducted.

If an intermission is required, during which to sell refreshments, it could be held just before the arguments of the counsel. The judge could say, "Oh, I promised to call up some of my chums on the 'phone at this time so I order a recess for fifteen minutes, at the close of which we will listen to the arguments."

As there are so many characters in the play it would be well to have four or five rehearsals with the jury alone, and four or five with the witnesses alone before full rehearsals are attempted.

Borrow a few statute books from a lawyer and place them across the front of the clerk's desk. She can then keep an open book of the play before her and easily prompt any who need it. The judge could do the same.

The Famous Brown *vs.* Brown Separate Maintenance Case

SCENE.—*The stage represents a court room in its arrangements. If scenery can be employed, so much the better, but a bare stage will suffice if its furniture be disposed as follows: At R. in the back wall should be the entrance for the public; at L. in the back wall is that for the JUDGE, CLERK and CRIER. Between these two doors should be placed the desk of the JUDGE with his chair behind it, and directly in front and below him the seat and table of the CLERK OF THE COURT. At the right end of this table is the chair of the DISTRICT ATTORNEY, and at the left end that of the DEFENDANT'S COUNSEL. At the right of the JUDGE'S and CLERK'S desks and slightly down stage between them is the witness-stand. The witnesses are seated in chairs placed at L. of the stage so that they have to pass across the front of the stage to their stand as they are wanted. Opposite to them, at R. of stage, are the chairs in which are seated the jury, in three rows, with the forewoman in the lower corner seat nearest the audience. Just below her and in the extreme right-hand corner of the stage is the seat of the CRIER of the court. The witnesses are placed in two rows, the PLAINTIFF with her witnesses in the rear row, the DEFENDANT and his in the front. The rejected jurymen retire up near the public entrance after their appearance. A few hints from any local legal light will serve to give the stage setting the proper air of reality and reasonableness.*

Enter R. B. D. C. with his witnesses, his mother and the bookkeeper, followed sheepishly by DEFT.

D. C. Well, I declare, if we aren't the first ones here. Yes (*pointing*), you sit there. (*Aside.*) If there is one thing I simply despise it is to defend a man, but as this one promised me a clear thousand if I got him off I thought I'd make a good try for it. (*Whispers to witnesses.*)

Enter D. A., PLTF. and her witnesses, all looking confident of victory.

D. A. (*to PLTF.*). Well, if I couldn't win a case against that old maid and a little whipper-snapper of a man, I would sell out my entire law practice and become an organizer of Woman's Suffrage Clubs. You will have to sit in those back seats. (*To D. C.*) Oh, good-morning, Miss Lincoln.

(D. C. bows and takes her seat.)

D. C. Good-morning, Mrs. Burnham. I'll warrant you won't feel so chipper when I get my defense all in.

D. A. (*shrugging shoulders*). Well, time will tell. But I do hope for your sake that you got your fee in advance.

Enter MRS. LEAVITT, MRS. SIDERS and MRS. KEATING, who say to each other.

MRS. L. I do wish to goodness I had been on the jury last week instead of this. A new family is moving into the next house and now I shan't know what kind of furniture they have.

MRS. SIDERS. Well, it certainly is a tremendous help to be forewarned about new neighbors. Now when Mrs. —— moved in the house opposite me I happened to see that they had Smyrna rugs (*sneering*), so of course I made up my mind not to call on them.

MRS. KEATING. Horrors! If I haven't gone and put my foot into it. I met her at the (*name local building*) the other day and actually asked her to join the (*name local organization*).

(All whisper disgustedly together in their seats.)

Enter MRS. DORMAN, MRS. STEELE, MRS. CABOT and MRS. KENT.

MRS. D. Do you know, the minister's wife had on a new dress at the (*name local affair of recent date*).

MRS. STEELE. Well, I call that pretty extravagant when her last year's dress isn't half worn out yet. Goodness me! What is the world coming to when ministers' wives have as many dresses as other folks?

MRS. CABOT. I'm sure I don't know; but it is perfectly scandalous about her new hat. Why, she only wore that last one three summers and our last minister's wife always wore hers at least four.

MRS. KENT. Yes; and she gave me a cake recipe last week that called for *three* eggs. Can you beat that?

(All whisper together.)

Enter MRS. FORREST *and* MRS. CARSON.

MRS. F. I am nearly frantic about my babies. I know they'll get poisoned or something terrible. I am just going to get excused and go right straight home.

MRS. CARSON. Well, it's all I can do to look after my family without having to settle other people's troubles; and it does seem to me that, considering there are so many women in (*name city*) who just love to pry into other folks' affairs, it was a dirty mean trick to put a home body like me on the jury.

(They whisper together.)

Enter MISS McDONALD *and* MISS BLAINE.

MISS McD. Well, this is a pretty good imitation of a married woman's caucus, isn't it?

MISS B. It will be a miracle if they don't reject us two unprotected females. I don't believe they would dare put *me* out for there is hardly a woman in the bunch but has had a child in my room at school that I could tell some rather interesting yarns about. Little imps!

(Whisper together.)

Enter MRS. HOWELL, MRS. HUDSON *and* MRS. BLAKE.

MRS. HOWELL. Yes, I've got all my housecleaning done, but it was as much as my life was worth. You know Mrs. (*name prominent woman of the city*) lives near me and she runs in at least five times a day. (*Shrugs shoulders.*) Of course you all know what that means.

MRS. HUDSON. Well, rather. Doesn't Mrs. (*name local favorite*) live next me? (*Names husband's first name*) says he found out that she hates yellow cats, and he vows he's going to lay in a dozen.

MRS. BLAKE. Well, that's nothing to my predicament. I bought a pair of shoelacings of a pedler last month, and do you know,—he must have told every pedler in the state, for I have been so pestered with pedlers from morning to night that I am nearly insane and am really afraid we shall have to move.

(*All whisper together.*)

Enter MRS. HODGE and MRS. MORTON.

MRS. HODGE. Oh, dear, we're the last. Well, I met Mrs. (*name young mother of the neighborhood*), and of course she had to tell me all about the baby's last toofies.

MRS. M. Well, I just intended being last. You attract so much more attention if everybody is waiting for you.

Enter from entrance L. B. the CLERK and CRIER. CRIER stops in C. of stage until she sees JUDGE begin to open door—only a few seconds—and announces.

CRIER. The Court. (*Every one stands at once and remains standing until close of the CRIER'S call. JUDGE stands at his desk while CRIER calls. CRIER, very loudly.*) Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! All women and otherwise desiring to say something to this Superior Court of Woman's Rights draw near and give your attention and you shall be heard. Only don't all talk at once. (*Name popular politician*) save the women of (*name state*).

(*All are seated, fussing a good deal over dresses.*)

JUDGE. The clerk will now call the trial list.

CLERK. Commonwealth of Massachusetts (*or local*) vs. (*name local lumber dealer*) for refusing to give trading stamps.

D. C. May it please Your Honor, I represent this defendant and would say that he is now in the Sandwich Islands with a cargo of lumber donated by (*name local organization*) for the purpose of building a huge department store. You see one of the native women recently got hold of a copy of the *Delineator* and that means trouble for the Sandwich men. And as Mr. ——— will not return for some weeks I would most respectfully ask for a continuance of this case for two months.

MRS. BLAKE. Well, it strikes me that if this organization has any lumber to give away they had better do some home missionary work and build a new ladies' parlor for themselves. Why, there is only room for *four* mirrors in this one.

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

JUDGE. Madam Clerk, you *may* continue this case. Mr. ——— is a most considerate husband, going off on many business trips each year leaving his good wife free and untrammelled. He is what I call a real gentleman.

CLERK. (*Name state*) vs. (*name local milk dealer*) for sneaking milk bottles from door-steps of innocent persons with and without tops in the dark hours of night. I have a letter from this defendant, Your Honor, in which he expresses exceeding great penitence, and faithfully promises that (*reading letter*) "if only your gracious and most excellent Honor will overlook this one offense he will never, never, never do it again."

JUDGE. Well, considering the fact that the defendant is an exceptionally fine-looking man, and further considering the fact that the aforesaid Mr. —— gives me a quart of *dandy* heavy cream every Christmas, this case will be forthwith placed on file. Next.

CLERK. (*Name state*) vs. (*name a popular young man, giving initials of first name*).

JUDGE. That sounds very familiar, but I cannot seem to place him. Who is he, anyway? Didn't I send him up for ten days once last year?

CLERK. Oh, he's Dr. (*or professor or lawyer; give name in full*), since he left college.

JUDGE. Oh, him! Well, you may refer that case to the Juvenile Court.

CLERK. (*State*) on complaint of Elizabeth Brown vs. Leonard Brown.

D. A. } (*standing together and saying in unison*). We stand
D. C. } ready for trial, Your Honor.

CLERK. The defendant will stand. (*Jury glares at him.*) You are charged with desertion and non-support of your faithful and adoring wife. What do you say; are you guilty or not guilty?

DEFT. Why, I supposed that flock of cacklers over there (*pointing to jury*) was to find that out. (*Jury indignant.*)

JUDGE (*to CLERK*). You may enter a plea of not guilty. You will now impanel the jury.

CLERK (*drawing slip of paper from a box on JUDGE'S desk, reading*). Mrs. Howell. (*She stands.*)

D. A. May it please Your Honor, this woman is a widow, anxiously looking for her fourth. She would be desperately flirting with the defendant within ten minutes, and I most certainly object to her.

JUDGE. You are excused.

MRS. HOWELL. Well, I never. And I gave up a matinée bridge party for this. Well, next year I shall insist upon being on the Board of Aldermen instead of the old jury. [*Exit.*]

DEFT. It's a wonder she didn't call it the Board of Alder-women.

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

CLERK. Mrs. Blake.

D. C. Do you darn your husband's socks?

MRS. BLAKE. Yes. (*Hesitates.*) Both ways. (*Aside.*) You can just bet your boots I wouldn't if I could afford to throw the old things away every week.

D. C. Perfectly satisfactory.

CLERK. Mrs. Siders.

MRS. SIDERS. Present or accounted for.

D. A. Have you any use for the men?

MRS. SIDERS. Well, hardly, except to fork out the cash.

D. A. (*imitating D. C.*). Perfectly satisfactory.

CLERK. Mrs. Forrest.

MRS. F. (*looking at both counsel, and after a pause says*). Won't somebody please object to me?

D. A. } (*in unison*). Why should we object to you?
D. C. }

MRS. F. Well, I don't care who hears me. I love my husband; I love my babies, and I love my home; and I don't care if those horrid Suffragettes do say hateful things about me for it. I don't want to serve on any old jury, or board of health, or police force or city department, so I don't. I just want to stay at home and mind my own business. And it would be better for the rest of the world if every decent woman would do the very same thing. So there!

JURY (*in unison*). Put her out. We don't want her.

D. C. I appeal to Your Honor to not grant this impudent request. Why, it is preposterous for a sane woman to prefer making a housemaid and a nurse-girl of herself to obeying her country's call.

D. A. (*the second D. C. stops*). And, Your Honor, it is just such women who need to be forced to study the example that noble, self-sacrificing women like ourselves (*puffing herself out*) set for her.

D. A. } (*in unison*). We certainly do object to objecting to
D. C. } her.

JUDGE. I admire the sentiments of my sisters in the law. Madam, take your seat.

MRS. F. Oh, my poor, dear babies. I just know they'll get cold, or swallow some buttons, or Norah'll drop them, or ——

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

CLERK. Mrs. Steele.

D. C. Have you any children?

MRS. STEELE. No; but I have three dogs, four cats and a parrot.

D. C. You'll do.

CLERK. Mrs. Carson.

D. A. Do you have your husband wash the dishes *at least* four times a week?

MRS. CARSON. Well, rather; if I can get him to stay at home from the club that many nights.

D. A. Splendid. You're all right.

CLERK. Mrs. Hudson.

D. C. Is it not a fact that the defendant jilted you before he married the plaintiff?

MRS. HUDSON (*hesitating, then jerking out*). Yes, he did. The viper! And you just wait until I tell you how contemptibly mean he was about it. He —

JUDGE (*interrupting her*). Step one side, madam. You are absolutely impossible.

MRS. HUDSON (*aside as she leaves room*). Oh, well! I don't care a snap. I had ten times rather go to a moving picture show.

MRS. CARSON. I guess that's a case of sour grapes all right, for she told me yesterday that she was just crazy to hear Elizabeth's testimony.

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

CLERK. Mrs. Morton.

D. A. Didn't the defendant defeat your husband in the last mayoralty contest?

MRS. M. Oh, well; I don't care if he did. I am always tickled to death to see that man licked.

D. A. Well, so am I; so if that is the case you are O. K.

CLERK. Miss McDonald.

D. A. Did I understand the clerk to say Miss?

CLERK. Yes'm.

D. A. Well, you had better trot right along to some place that *misses* you more than we will. A lot you would know about the troubles of a man and wife; besides one old maid is all this court can stand at a time. (*Looks at D. C.*)

Miss McD. (*going out*). Well, all I can say is, it is certainly very singular that when you are so opposed to the men you should think every blessed woman should be hitched to one.

[*Exit.*]

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

CLERK. Mrs. Hodge.

D. A. Did you vote to abolish men on the school board at the last election?

MRS. HODGE. Well, I should smile.

D. A. You're all right.

CLERK. Mrs. Keating.

D. C. Are you bringing up your lovely daughters to be Suffragettes?

MRS. KEATING. Well, I should say so. What do you take me for?

D. C. You're all right. (*Imitates D. A. in inflection.*)

CLERK. Mrs. Kent.

D. C. Have you fulfilled your duty as an American citizen by voting at every election since you had the power?

MRS. KENT. Well (*thinking*), all but twice. Once I had a dressmaker, and the other time — (*Thinks very hard and rubs her head.*) Oh, I remember. (*Name large city store*) had a mark down sale of one dollar and a half gloves for one dollar and forty-eight cents, and I simply couldn't resist it.

D. C. Well, we certainly can resist you. (*To JUDGE.*) I object to her, Your Honor.

MRS. KENT. Object to me! Well, a lot I care for your old objections, Mary Lincoln. I rather guess after I've given up half a dozen engagements to come here I'll stay to the finish. Why, I just love to be right on the spot when anybody is being talked about.

(*Sits down and talks with those near her excitedly.*)

JUDGE. Madam! (*MRS. KENT pays no heed to her.*) Woman!

(*JUDGE stands up and leans toward MRS. KENT indignantly.*)

MRS. KENT (*sweetly*). Oh, were you talking to me? My name is Mrs. Kent. Wife of Charles Kent, the hardware dealer. (*Or gives husband's occupation.*)

JUDGE. I take the greatest possible pleasure in sustaining my sister's objection, and unless you leave the room at once I shall have you bodily ejected and fined for contempt of court.

MRS. KENT. What! (*Tosses her head.*) Well, you just wait until you want to borrow my chafing-dish again, and you won't get it. The very idea! when I gave up everything just

for the fun of voting against a man, and I am simply dying to hear Elizabeth Brown testify.

JUDGE (*furious*). Will the officer please remove this person?

(CRIER *starts for Mrs. Kent with gavel upraised.*)

MRS. KENT (*as CRIER almost reaches her*). Person, indeed! Well, I'll go, but I shall tell my dear friend (*name wife of chief of police or chairman of selectmen*) and *she* will tell her husband, and I rather guess that there'll be something doing then.

[*Exit, slamming the door.*]

JUDGE. Will some one please turn off the heat? It's grown uncomfortably warm in here the past few minutes.

(CRIER *pretends to do so.*)

CLERK. Miss Blaine.

D. A. (*to CLERK*). Have you the nerve to have two old maids in that box?

CLERK (*looking in box*). Well—er—er—I—that is—you see —

D. C. May it please Your Illustrious Honor, that lady is an unmarried woman, it is true, but she is a member of the Woman's Suffrage Club, the Free Thinkers and the Men Haters and the Old Maid Forever Clubs, and I think that even my distinguished opponent should be satisfied with that.

Miss B. I would have you both understand I am not an old maid, but a bachelor girl—and I'm not that because I have to be.

D. A. May I ask my learned opponent the difference between an old maid and a bachelor girl. (*Looks in statute book.*) I fail to find anything about it in the statutes.

D. C. I am truly delighted to oblige you. A bachelor girl (*pointing to herself with a conceited smile*) glories in her state, while an old maid (*shrugging shoulders*) hates it.

Miss B. Bravo, Miss Lincoln.

(*Then quickly claps hand over mouth.*)

JUDGE (*frowning*). Proceed with the jury list. The person is accepted.

CLERK. Mrs. Dorman. (*She stands up slowly, crying.*)

D. A. } (*in unison*). Well, what on earth is the matter with

D. C. } you?

Mrs. D. (*sobbing*). I don't want to go anywhere, or do

anything, or be on anything my sister Em isn't on. We are always together and never separated, and I am sure it would put me into a nervous decline.

D. A. Why, where does Mr. Dorman come in?

MRS. D. Oh, he doesn't count. He is a walking delegate.

D. A. Well, you'll have to stand it this time. But thank goodness all sisters aren't Siamese twins.

MRS. D. Boo-hoo—I think you are just horrid.

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

CLERK. Mrs. Leavitt.

D. C. Have you washed your dishes and swept your house this morning?

MRS. L. I am glad to say that I have.

D. C. That's a real good woman. You'll do all right.

CLERK. Mrs. Cabot.

D. A. How many woman's clubs do you belong to?

MRS. CABOT. If you please, ma'am, I don't belong to any. It takes every minute of my time to keep my house looking half-way decent.

D. A. Well, you are a very foolish woman. A lot you know of what is going on in the world.

MRS. CABOT. Well, I'll have you know that there are a few women in the world who are content to know only what is their immediate business to know.

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

D. A. And I understand from the neighbors that you and your husband live real happily together. What have you to say to that?

MRS. CABOT. It is perfectly true, thank goodness.

D. A. Well, I object to her, Your Honor.

JUDGE. No, you don't. She makes just twelve, and we haven't time for any more objections, so you'll have to put up with her, although I know it *is* pretty tough! (*Beckons CLERK to her, and they whisper together. Looks over jury and says aside.*) Oh, no. I won't appoint her; she's too young and giddy. (*After more whispering with CLERK.*) No, indeed. She's an awful gossip. (*Ditto.*) Not much. She belongs to a mother's club. (*Ditto.*) Her? Hardly. All she can think of is her babies. (*Ditto.*) No. *She's* quite conceited enough now. (*Ditto.*) Thanks. I don't care for Siamese twins. (*Ditto.*) H-m. Well, I guess she'll have to do, but they're a pretty soapsudsy bunch. (*Aloud.*) I appoint as forewoman (*jury all attention*) Mrs. Edith Blake.

(Jury look spitefully or enviously at her.)

CLERK. The ladies of the jury will now stand up to be sworn in. *(Jury stand and stare at JUDGE and witnesses.)* Raise your left hand, and with the right point to this pile of *Ladies' Household Journals* *(or name some real magazine)*. You do solemnly swear that so far as you can conscientiously do so you will fulfil all of the obligations laid down under the head of jury duty in your Woman's Suffragette Club oath. You will at no time permit your personal feelings of honor, or right or of justice to influence you in the slightest, and just so far as you can possibly manage it you will help the cause of the women and defeat the men that shall come before this great tribunal of justice. This you agree and assent to?

(Jury are whispering together and do not hear her.)

D. A. *(aside to jury)*. Say yes to the clerk.

JURY. Yes.

CLERK. You may be seated. *(Taking up indictment, reads.)* Gentlewomen of the jury, listen to this indictment. *(While she is reading, one of the jury describes how a new gown is being made, gesticulating in description of high neck, elbow sleeves, high waist line, revers, fastens in back, etc. She stands up facing toward audience as she does this. MRS. F. displays her babies' photographs, which are much admired until she turns her back, when all make faces at them, pantomiming pug nose, outstanding ears, large mouth, etc. Another juror then shows a fashion paper which all pore over; another exhibits fancy work, and MRS. CARSON darns her boy's stockings to the disgust of all. CLERK reads on.)* "Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on complaint of Elizabeth Brown vs. Leonard Brown. The jurors, at the grand inquest on their oath present that one Leonard Brown, of _____, in the County of _____, and said Commonwealth, did feloniously, fraudulently and wilfully and with malice aforethought desert his loving and devoted wife, Elizabeth White Brown, of said _____, to the tender mercies of the world —"

D. C. *(interrupting)*. And his mother-in-law, and his sister-in-law, and his chum-in-law.

CLERK *(continuing)*. — "On the 1st day of April current, and has continued said felonious, fraudulent and wilful desertion to the present time, with absolutely no extenuating causes thereof, to wit: Upon said 1st day of April he deliber-

ately and with malice aforethought walked to the clothes-closet of the reception hall of their domicile numbered on (*local*) Street, in said (*local*), placed his right hand upon the handle of the door of said closet, drew the said door open, withdrew said hand from said door, and placing said hand within the dark recesses of said closet, did yank from a hook in said closet and hastily withdraw from said closet the best overcoat of said defendant; to wit: one of black broadcloth with velvet collar, bone buttons and seventeen pockets. Turning from said closet and maliciously, wilfully, and feloniously neglecting to close said door, the said defendant, with violent, slatting motions put on the overcoat aforesaid, grasped with said hand his hat, to wit: a black derby of uncertain age, from a hook attached to a portable hall stand in said reception hall, squashed said hat upon his head, grasped in his left hand the handle of the outside door of said hall in said domicile, opened said door with said left hand, then turning around to his frightened but still loving wife and mother-in-law and sister-in-law, said in stentorian tones: 'I am through with this blasted hen roost forever.' Most vulgar, actionable, contumelious, unconjugal, calumnious language. Then with a tremendous slam, he closed the outside door aforesaid with said hand and has not again entered said house up to the said date of this petition, filed by the complainant aforesaid. And the jurors aforesaid further say upon their oaths that on divers other days and times between said 1st day of April and the date of the filing of this complaint at said city of ——— and within the judicial district of said court the said defendant did unreasonably neglect to provide for the support of the complainant aforesaid, his wife Elizabeth White Brown, of whom he the said Leonard Brown was the lawful husband, and the said Leonard Brown, being then and on said other days and times able to provide for the support of his said wife against the peace and dignity of the said Commonwealth and the form of the statutes in such case made and provided. A true bill. Attest: (*Name prominent court official*), Clerk of the Jury. Laura Burnham, District Attorney." Ladies of the jury, listen to the evidence.

D. A. Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, please take the witness-stand.

WIT. Where to? It's not at all in the way there.

D. A. (*pointing*). Stand right there, please.

CLERK. Hold up your left hand and place your right upon

this pile of *Ladies' Household Journals*. (*She holds up right hand.*) Your left, I said.

WIT. Oh, I heard you all right, but if you must know I can't. I had to hang onto the car straps all the way from (*local*) Square, and down by (*local*) Street I heard a rip.

CLERK. Very well. You most solemnly swear —

WIT. Not if I know it. My husband sometimes does, but I would scorn to.

D. A. But, Mrs. Brown, this is only a formality that all witnesses must conform with. Do as the clerk says; it is all right.

WIT. Well, I suppose if I must I must. So (*very loud*) darn it. There, Mrs. Clerk; is that swearing enough for you?

JUDGE. Madam!

WIT. Huh?

JUDGE. Will you be quiet long enough to let the clerk repeat the usual oath?

WIT. Oh, dear, so that's the game. And I said that terrible swear word for nothing. Well, hurry up, or I'll rip this side too.

CLERK. You solemnly swear upon that pile of *Ladies' Household Journals* to tell the truth, the whole truth, anything but the truth, and whatever else you can think of? So help you Doctor Cook.

WIT. Oh, sure. (*Drops arm.*) What a terrible fuss about nothing. I do hope I won't have to stand long for I pared my corns too close this morning and they h-u-r-t.

D. A. What is your full name?

WIT. Oh, stop your kidding. You knew it well enough to write for a good fat retainer before you would take my case.

D. A. But you must tell the judge and the jury.

WIT. Tell them fiddlesticks. Didn't that clerk yell it loud enough to wake the (*local institution*) up?

JUDGE. Madam, we are not here to listen to you trying to evade giving intelligent answers to the questions asked you. Answer correctly in as few words as possible or I shall fine you for contempt of court.

WIT. (*aside*). Oh, fudge; and she's my second cousin's aunt. (*Aloud.*) All right, fire away.

D. A. What is your full name?

WIT. E. W. Brown.

D. A. I mean your full name.

JUDGE. Oh, let it go at that, or we won't get home until morning.

D. A. And your residence? (WIT. *gives real residence.*)
Now we are getting along finely. And your age?

(*Jury alert.*)

WIT. What!

CLERK. May I suggest, Your Honor, that when women were granted jury privilege it was agreed that no woman over twenty-five should be asked her age in court.

WIT. Well, I tell you what I'll do. If you will get Miss Lincoln to tell hers I'll tell mine.

D. C. Oh, really, it's not worth it.

JUDGE. You may proceed, Mrs. Burnham.

D. A. You are the lawful wife of Leonard Brown?

WIT. Well, as mama got the license and the minister, I guess it was pretty near lawful all right.

D. A. When were you married?

WIT. February 30, 1907. (*Or give year about five years previous.*)

D. A. Have you any children?

WIT. No, indeed! And as mama is much too young to be a grandmother I think it is extremely fortunate.

D. A. Did you go right to keeping house as soon as you were married?

WIT. No, we boarded at the (*name nearest ultra fashionable hotel*) for two months, but the swells over there never even looked at us, so we just got even with the proprietor for boarding such snobs and left his old hotel and came out here.

D. A. Where did you live?

WIT. (*naming a very undesirable street in the locality*). With a little flat—no—I mean *in* a little flat; but, then, I rather guess I lived with one, too.

D. A. Why did you move from there?

WIT. There wasn't half room enough for all our company. There was (*counting on fingers*) my mother, my sister, my chum, Grandma White, my Uncle John and Aunt——

D. A. Oh, that will do for the present. We will take the rest for granted. How did you and your husband get along?

WIT. Slick and dandy the first two years, then he completely changed. He didn't want to give in to me all the time,—wouldn't remove his rubbers before entering the house,—insisted upon talking at the table when he knew mama and I liked to do all the talking there,—refused to hook up my princess gowns that fastened up the back and actually tried to

prevent my mama from living with me. Oh, yes, and he shut the door in sister's face once.

D. A. What a perfectly shocking state of affairs. But did he actually hurt you—act violently toward you, or beat you?

WIT. Yes, he did. He slapped me in the face once. Slapped my face!

D. A. I trust that all present heard that statement. Now as to this desertion on April 1st. Will you state the circumstances that led up to it?

WIT. Sister and her little girl wanted to live with us for five months while her husband was away on business, and Leonard was wild at the idea. He said his house was no homeless females' retreat and that it had got where I could choose between him and them. Imagine!

D. A. When he left home did he give you any money?

WIT. Not a penny; said he wouldn't until winter.

D. A. Oh, he did promise you money next winter then?

WIT. Well, he said it would be a cold day when I saw any of his cash. Skinflint. (*Shakes fist at him.*)

D. A. Did you ever have any evidence that your husband had ceased to love you as a true husband should?

WIT. Yes, I did. When he put on his overcoat to go off on that last day a hairpin—a—dark—brown—hairpin fell from his pocket and I just picked it up before he saw me.

D. A. Horrible. Can you describe it?

WIT. Oh, yes, indeed, I should say I could. Why, it has haunted me day and night ever since. It was a horn hairpin;—one of the kind that is wiggley part way down its sides. I carried it to Professor Wood at Harvard and he said it had been worn in thick, silky, dark-brown hair. That proved beyond a shadow of doubt that it *had* belonged to a woman.

D. A. Have you any idea to whom it belonged?

WIT. (*sobbing*). Not the least tiny bit. The wretch was too cunning for me. Why, I never dreamed that everything wasn't all right.

D. A. (*taking handsome box from her bag; taking several wrappings from a small package, finally revealing hairpin suspended by a cord; holding it up by cord*). Is this the hairpin in question?

WIT. (*putting hands to her face to hide emotions; taking them down and saying*). Yes, indeed. I should know it among ten thousand.

D. A. May it please Your Honor, I offer this hairpin as

evidence in the case and have marked it "Exhibit A." (*Shows to JUDGE and jury, who examine it closely.*) I think I am through with this witness, Miss Lincoln.

WIT. Oh, dear me, more of this rubbering. Well, I don't believe my poor corns will stand it.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

D. C. Now, I don't intend asking your age for the simple reason that my guessing apparatus is in pretty good working condition; but you will surely admit that you were a full-fledged bachelor woman when you were married?

WIT. Well, yes; I suppose I was. But that is none of your affairs that I can see.

D. C. (*tossing her head*). You had enjoyed the bliss of perfect freedom for many happy years?

WIT. (*thoughtfully*). Yes—happy years.

D. C. Could stay out as late as you liked without dreading to meet a scolding husband trying to find out just where you had been?

WIT. (*sighing*). Yes.

D. C. Could belong to as many clubs as you wanted without being nagged about it by a man; had no one to track mud all over your home, to scent your rooms with horrid tobacco smoke, to swear over lost collar buttons, to ask what on earth you had done with that ten cents he gave you the week before?

WIT. (*regretfully*). True, true. Those *were* happy days. But why do —

D. C. (*interrupting*). Well, after all those years of unfettered bliss will you have the goodness to tell me why under the sun you tied yourself down to married life?

WIT. Well, I got tired of it all and got to envying my married friends.

D. C. What!

WIT. Yes, I did. You can talk all you want to about your unfettered bliss. You know just as well as I do, Mary Lincoln, that there are times when an old maid really longs for the pleasure of going to bed without first looking to see if there is a burglar under it; times when she longs for the satisfaction of having a man to escort her to the theatre, buy her boxes of Huyler's, and bunches of violets, and call her his dear little sweetheart. Oh, it's true. You needn't turn your nose up. And then, too (*with emphasis*), it isn't every old maid knows how to catch a fine-looking young man.

D. C. Well, of all the consummate nerve. Well, if ever I hanker after the recipe I'll know right where to go for it. Now to get back to this case. You say you lived happily for two years and unhappily for three? (*Witness nods her head.*) I didn't hear your answer.

WIT. Why, I told all that to my counsel. Are you deaf or only thick?

D. C. I want no sauce from you. Answer me correctly. Let me see — How long has your mother been with you?

WIT. (*loudly*). I said before three years.

D. C. I trust, Your Honor and the jury, that this coincidence sinks deep into the chambers of your minds. In the direct examination you say that the defendant slapped your face. Will you tell the jury the circumstances that led up to this atrocious act?

WIT. Well, I—er—er—I forget. It happened so long ago.

D. C. What time did you arise in the morning?

WIT. About nine or ten o'clock. Unless I didn't happen to have a good book to read in bed the night before; in that case I might get up as early as a quarter of nine.

D. C. What time did the defendant arise?

WIT. How do you suppose I know? Why, I have my best sleep in the morning hours. You see when mama came the spare room was so cold and drafty I couldn't think of putting her there, so took her in with me, and she slept as late as I did.

D. C. Yes, but where did the defendant sleep?

WIT. Oh! the spare room was good enough for him.

D. C. Well, who got the defendant's breakfast?

WIT. If he was such a crank as to want a breakfast, he could just get it himself. Neither mama nor I believe in eating any breakfast; and you can easily see that there is nothing spindly about ma. (*Points to her.*)

D. C. Just what and when do you eat?

WIT. Only a bite in the morning. Didn't even set the table. Just an orange or two, a couple of bananas, a few cups of coffee, some rolls and some cakes. Our first *meal* is at noon. A light lunch of meat, vegetables and dessert from the delicatessen shop. We have five o'clock tea; some cute little sandwiches, cakes and tea; really nothing worth mentioning, and the second meal, our only really hearty one for the day, is a substantial six course dinner from (*name delicatessen store or bakery*).

D. C. Anything more? You surely couldn't exist on that meagre fare.

WIT. Oh, I forgot. Of course we have a light lunch before we go to bed.

D. C. So you have five good substantial meals a day and are everlastingly munching sweet stuff, and expected a hard working man to get along on two.

WIT. I said we had two meals a day, and I am under a solemn oath.

D. C. Have you a bank account in your own name?

WIT. Indeed I have.

D. C. Had you one when you were married?

WIT. No. Why?

D. C. Where did you get the money?

WIT. Oh, I worked for it. Went fishing.

D. C. You worked? Went fishing?

WIT. Yes. Don't you understand? You see my husband was very careless of his clothes at night, and would throw them all over his room. So after our midnight lunch I would slip into his room, carefully pick them up, smooth them out and place them in order over a chair. Then to get my pay for this I went fishing in his pockets for change. Mama said that was a capital idea.

D. C. That will do. You are excused.

WIT. Well, thank goodness for that. It's a wonder she didn't ask me how much butter I spread on my rolls, or how much sugar I put in my tea.

CLERK (*aside*). But isn't it a mercy there are no children to be brought up in that bakery-fed, quarrelsome home?

Enter RANDOLPH CLARK, with old clothes on, and a black eye.

RAN. Say, ma, give me a nickel for some doughnuts, will yer? There ain't a bite of grub in the house.

CLERK. Randolph Clark! (*Shakes him hard.*) What do you mean by coming here like this when I told your pa not to let you out of the house? How did you get that black eye?

RAN. Oh, Charles Smith and Paul Burns started to play football with my attic, but I gave them their money's worth all right. You just ought to see *them*. But I want a nickel. Pa is busted, and says he won't have any money until you give him his next allowance of fifty cents.

CLERK (*taking him by the arm*). You just march right straight home to your pa. Wait till I get hold of that man.

RAN. But I'm hungry. Nearly starved. We didn't have nothing but fried pork for dinner.

CLERK. I'll hungry you. (*Takes him by the ear.*) You march. [*Exit R., crying.*]

D. A. Mrs. Sarah White will next take the stand. (CLERK *swears her, using same oath as with plaintiff.*) Give your full name.

WIT. Sarah Fisher Ingraham White; but I won't tell *my* age if everybody else in the court room does.

D. A. You are mother of the plaintiff in this case?

WIT. I am.

D. A. When did you first meet the defendant in this case?

WIT. In 1896.

D. A. State the circumstances.

WIT. Oh, he began mooning about Elizabeth during her last year in college.

MRS. M. (*aside*). She was twenty-two then, and that was sixteen years ago. That is dead easy.

CRIER. Silence in the court room.

D. A. Did you encourage his attentions?

WIT. Well, no, I didn't. (*Name popular young man*) had kinder been edging around her way, and I liked him ever so much better than I did Leonard, so I just did everything I possibly could to keep him away. Why, I even positively refused to remain in the parlor while Leonard was courting her.

D. A. Um. After your daughter became engaged to him did he make any promises to you?

WIT. Yes; he said he would do almost anything on earth if I would only promise to spend one afternoon a month with them. But laws; they got married, so I made up my mind to make the best of it, so I told him I was perfectly willing to give them much more of my time than that. But even that didn't seem to please him.

D. A. Well, how did he treat you after their marriage?

WIT. For the first two years he was very good—for a man.

D. A. And then?

WIT. He turned completely around.

D. A. What do you consider was the cause of this?

WIT. I really cannot for the life of me imagine.

D. A. When and why did you go to live there?

WIT. In 1909. (*Make it three years ago.*) Elizabeth was getting to look real peeked; I suppose because she was left to herself so much; so, fearing she would go into a decline unless something was done to chirk her up, I left my happy home,

and sacrificed all my personal ambitions to cheer my darling girlie's lonely hours.

D. A. I see. Most kind and motherly of you. Can you describe the home life of your daughter and son-in-law?

WIT. Well, the past three years nothing that Elizabeth said or did seemed to suit him, and I could see there was trouble ahead,—just exactly what I prophesied before they were married. I did all that a conscientious mother could to avert it, and lost no opportunity to advise, admonish and correct him, and lead him along the straight and narrow path.

D. A. Was the plaintiff always a loving and devoted wife to him?

WIT. A perfect model, ma'am. You see I brought her up.

D. A. And how did he return her affections?

WIT. He called *me* names, ordered *me* to leave his home, refused to pay *me* a weekly allowance, and in fact vented the entire venom of his spite upon poor, inoffensive me. Why, he even called me the old *cat*.

D. A. Oh, well; that may have been his way of calling the plaintiff Puss.

WIT. Well, I thank you just as much, but I don't seem to appreciate that sort of back-handed compliment.

D. A. But did he treat you violently?

WIT. Yes, he did. He knocked me all over the house.

D. A. Well, you are excused so far as I am concerned.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

D. C. You say he knocked you all over the house?

WIT. That's what I said.

D. C. Tell me, how much does he weigh?

WIT. About one hundred and twenty pounds.

D. C. And how much do you weigh?

WIT. Oh, I assure you his weigh and my weigh are different weighs in many ways. I weigh two hundred even.

D. C. Has any of their household furniture been broken or damaged during the past three years?

WIT. Not in the least. Why do you ask that?

D. C. Your Honor and ladies of the jury, I trust that these contradictory statements sink deeply into the recesses of your memory. If a two-hundred-pound weight was knocked all over my house I can see where the junk shop would receive some good-sized packing cases of kindling wood. Well, was

it or was it not with the defendant's consent or by his invitation that you lived in his home?

WIT. Why—I—er—er ——

D. C. Yes or no, and no er—er—erring.

WIT. Oh, that cut no ice with me so long as Elizabeth needed me.

D. C. And I suppose she ran the house and everything about it?

WIT. Well, if she was a daughter of mine she certainly did.

D. C. May I ask—did your husband's mother live with you when you were a bride?

WIT. Horrors, no. Of all the cranky, meddling old ——

D. A. (*interrupting*). May it please Your Honor, I object. The question touches upon matters entirely irrelevant.

JUDGE. I will admit that you stand upon solid ground and sustain your objection, but I would like to have heard the rest of that last sentence.

D. C. Well, how did the defendant take your decidedly mother-in-lawish advice, admonition, suggestions, etc.?

WIT. With exceedingly bad grace. Why, one day I saw him with a brilliant orange-colored tie on. I lovingly told him how perfectly hideous and ugly it made him look, but he went to the office with it on. That afternoon I was down to the square, so stopped in (*name local store*) and bought a dream of a lavender one with tiny moss rosebuds sprinkled daintily over it. That night Elizabeth burned up the orange-colored one and put the new one in its place. Would you believe it! The next morning we found the new one torn in shreds on his floor, and that night he came home wearing a new orange-colored one!

JANITOR. Oh, I'll bet on him all right. [*Quick exit.*]

D. C. Ungrateful wretch! and you wasted half a dollar on him.

WIT. Oh, no; it was a quarter, and I charged it to him. That makes me think—he hasn't paid Mr. (*local*) for it yet.

D. C. Well, when the head of the house —— (*Witness starts to deny.*) Well, the man who paid the bills, then—ordered you to leave why didn't you?

WIT. Madam! If you think I am the kind of a mother who will let an insignificant puppy of a man separate me from my darling daughter you have another guess coming.

D. C. In the direct examination you testified that you gave

up your happy home and your own personal ambitions. Where did you live?

WIT. On (*name undesirable street*).

D. C. With whom?

WIT. With a widower. (*Speaks with some hesitation.*)

D. C. (*shocked*). A widower, and not related to him?

WIT. (*hesitating*). Well, if you must have it I kept house for him. He liked my method of keeping house and wanted me so much I finally consented to work for him.

D. C. Wanted you so much! And yet some one has said, "Man wants but little here below." (*Looks her over.*) Well, where is he now?

WIT. I don't know, ma'am. He's dead.

D. C. When did he die?

WIT. Three years ago.

D. C. So you lost your job; had no other home, so went sponging on your son-in-law. And that was how you broke up your happy home!

WIT. I don't like this old court and I'm just a-going home. It's time to put on the potatoes, anyway.

D. C. Well! I guess that is about the easiest way to get rid of you. You may go.

(*She bounces off stage.*)

D. A. Mrs. Blanche Burton, take the stand, please. (*Sworn by CLERK.*) May I ask if you are related to the plaintiff?

WIT. Yes'm. We are sisters.

D. A. It has been testified that you were the cause of the separation of this loving couple, because you and your daughter insisted upon spending a few months with them during your husband's absence. What have you to say in regard to this outrageous accusation?

WIT. Why, I only wanted to make their home our headquarters while I visited with friends a day or two each week, and Roy made an awful fuss.

D. A. What did he say?

WIT. He accused my little darling of being worse than a whole army of boys. He said he would rather have a whole regiment of high school cadets (*or name local organization of boys*) at his home than my little Ethel—and she is the gentlest creature on earth; never making a bit of trouble and winning friends everywhere.

Enter ETHEL BURTON, *screaming and stamping.*

ETHEL. Ma-ma! Ma-ma! I want my *ma-ma!*

WIT. Why, there's my sweetheart now. What do you want, dear?

ETHEL. I don't want you to stay in this horrid old place any longer. I've made dolls' clothes out of my best coat; broke the telephone because Central wouldn't answer me; picked all the leaves from (*name some popular lady*) rubber plants; let (*name another lady*) canary from the cage and lost it; cut all the pictures from (*name another lady*) new book that she loaned you, and now I can't find anything else to do and you've just got to come right straight home and amuse me. Come along. *Now!* (*Stamps foot.*)

WIT. (*to* JUDGE *and jury*). You really must excuse me. My precious darling needs me, so of course I must go.

D. C. See here! You haven't been cross-examined!

WIT. Well, I'm sorry, but I cannot help that. You see how it is yourself. Come, sweetheart. [*Exit.*]

D. C. Well, if she isn't the limit!

D. A. Thank goodness, I got my innings!

MRS. F. There, now; if she's gone home I don't see why I can't.

MRS. D. If a child of mine acted like that I rather think there would be something doing.

MRS. STEELE. What can you expect with that grandmother?

MRS. CABOT. Well, really, you can't blame any man for not wanting that young one about. I know right well I wouldn't.

MRS. HODGE. Well, thank goodness, she don't live on my street.

MRS. M. It's easy to see why the grandmother don't live with them.

MRS. L. Mercy! But I'm thankful she doesn't belong to me!

MRS. KEATING. Heaven pity the man she gets hitched to.

MRS. BLAKE. No wonder Mr. Burton is so quiet. I guess between them both the poor man doesn't get much more show than a last year's (*name local newspaper*).

MISS B. I had her in my room at school one year and she was almost the death of me until I gave her one good spank-

ing. After she had recovered from the shock she was a much different child.

MRS. CARSON. Well, it's pretty lucky she hasn't my husband for her pa.

MRS. SIDERS. Or me for her ma.

CRIER. *Silence in the court room!*

D. A. Mrs. Currier will now take the witness-stand. (CLERK *swears her in.*) What is your full name, please?

WIT. Flora M. Currier, as you have known very well for several years.

D. A. Are you related to the plaintiff in this case?

WIT. Only by the closest bonds of long, loyal, loving friendship. We are chums.

D. A. I see. When did you first become acquainted with her?

WIT. We were in (*name local teacher of primary school*) class in the _____ School together.

D. A. And the year?

WIT. Well—somehow I forget that.

D. A. How long have you known the defendant?

WIT. Why, about as soon as Birdie did.

D. A. Birdie!

WIT. Oh, that was my pet name for her, and she called me Toots.

D. A. Ah, my education is being advanced along several lines to-day. Well, to your knowledge how has the defendant treated the plaintiff?

WIT. The first two years he was just lovely. He took Birdie and me, that was before I married (*gives husband's first name*), to dinner and the theatre and to parties; but the past three years he has been absolutely unbearable.

D. A. Yes; but just how was he unbearable?

WIT. Oh, he didn't want me around so much; kicked because Birdie's mother and sister lived there; growled because Birdie wouldn't get his breakfast; grumbled because her mother took his bed, and —

D. A. Yes; but did he act violently toward her—did he beat her or strike her?

WIT. Yes, he did. He slapped her face once.

D. A. That is what I wanted to bring before this honorable judge and jury. Were there any other violent acts?

WIT. Yes; he smoked in the house, and sometimes whistled.

D. A. Horrible! Anything more?

WIT. Oh, yes, there are lots of things, but somehow I am so flustered before all these people that I forget.

D. A. Well, Miss Lincoln, the witness is yours and I rest my case here, Your Honor, although there are scores of witnesses who would be delighted to testify in the interests of the dear plaintiff if they were needed. But I couldn't think of wasting *your* valuable time.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

D. C. Do you not think it quite a coincidence that this trouble all began at the same time the mother-in-law began living with them?

WIT. Oh, no, not in the least.

D. C. Did you hear the defendant kick because the plaintiff's mother and sister lived there?

WIT. No, Birdie told me about it.

D. C. Did you hear the defendant growl because the plaintiff wouldn't get his breakfast?

WIT. No, she told me that, too.

D. C. Well, did you see the defendant slap the plaintiff in the face?

WIT. No, Birdie told me that, too. You see he got so hateful I just despised the sight of him, and never entered the house when he was at home.

D. C. Indeed! (*To JUDGE.*) May it please Your Honor, I object to this witness because of the fact that all that she testified to in the direct examination was from hearsay and not from actual knowledge. Therefore her evidence is inadmissible.

JUDGE. Well, I certainly sustain you in that, and admonish your sister counsel for bringing before this august tribunal such an incompetent witness. The jury will therefore forget every word of her testimony.

D. A. (*aside to jury*). Humph! You do it if you dare!

WIT. (*leaving room*). Incompetent! Well, if anybody knows the goings on in that house I rather guess it's *me*.

[*Exit.*]

D. C. Miss Etta Adams, take the witness-stand. (*CLERK swears her in.*) What is your full name?

WIT. Etta Louise Adams.

D. C. And your occupation?

WIT. Head bookkeeper in (*give local delicatessen shop or bakery*) bakery.

D. C. How long have you worked there ?

WIT. About four years.

D. C. Do you know the plaintiff and defendant in this case ?

WIT. Well, rather. They are among our best customers.

D. C. Describe their relations with your store.

WIT. Well, nearly every morning the defendant would stop in and buy some rolls, cooked fish balls or hash cakes or frankfurts, and rush out, hurrying for his train.

D. C. Very good. Go on.

WIT. At noon Mrs. Brown would 'phone for coffee rolls or other fancy bread, and chicken or lobster salad, breaded chops, chicken pie, or something similar ; and whipped cream cakes or charlotte russes.

D. C. Anything more ?

WIT. Yes. At 6 P. M., she would 'phone for hot soup, oysters on the half shell, roast chicken or turkey and whatever entrees or vegetables we happened to have, and ice-cream or fruit shortcake, or both.

D. C. Is that all ?

WIT. No. At 7 P. M., on his way home, the defendant would stop for more fish balls or hash and doughnuts.

D. C. Who paid for all of this ?

WIT. Oh, he did every Saturday night.

D. C. And what did the bills average ?

WIT. His bill averaged two dollars and a half a week, but hers was seldom less than twenty-seven dollars, and when they had company it was much more.

D. C. After Mr. Brown left home did his wife buy as much as before ?

WIT. No, indeed. But I understand she has been sponging on her wealthy friends on the hill until they are tired and sick of the sight of her.

D. C. That will do. (*To D. A.*) You may now have the witness.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

D. A. That was remarkably clever memory work. Do you carry all of your customers' bills in that medium-sized head of yours ?

WIT. I can't say that I do. But I would if I was paid fifty dollars by a handsome young man.

D. A. You say this family was one of your best customers? Who are others?

WIT. Oh, the (*name several well-known families in the locality*).

JUDGE. That is sufficient. You need not question her further along that line.

D. A. Is it not a fact that the plaintiff bought her food where she could be trusted for it because the defendant gave her no ready cash?

D. C. I certainly object to that question, Your Honor, because the witness has not testified that she knew how much money the defendant gave the plaintiff.

JUDGE. Well, legally, I suppose your objection is all right, and I suppose I shall have to sustain you in it; but I do wish you wouldn't always object when something interesting is going to be told.

D. A. Well, whether or no you can state of your own knowledge —

WIT. (*interrupting*). Wait a minute. I am stuck on that "whether or no" fellow. Who is he?

D. A. Did you or did you not know that the defendant had no food in his own home before purchasing some of you?

WIT. Well, all I know is that many a morning I have seen him with a roll in one hand and frankfurt in the other, pitching them into his interior as if it had been six months since he had tasted food.

D. A. Is it not a fact that many a married man of the families you named does the very same thing?

WIT. Oh, I've too many friends among their wives to dare give them away.

D. A. That will do. You are excused.

WIT. (*to JUDGE*). Well, please may I be excused and go to the store, as it is nearly our rush time? (*Aside.*) We are going to have some of those chocolate éclairs you're so fond of to-night, Mrs. Jenks.

JUDGE. Oh, good. Be sure and save me a dozen, dear. Of course you are excused. I only wish to goodness I could be, too. [*Exit witness.*]

D. C. Mrs. Harriet Brown, please take the stand. (*Witness takes oath.*) What is your full name?

WIT. Harriet Norton Brown.

D. C. Are you related to the defendant in this case?

WIT. Yes, I am. And if you will let me tell the poor boy's story without your everlasting butting in with your "whether or nos" or "do you or don't yous," I'll tell all I know; but if I have to tell it on the instalment plan, two words to a bite, it's home for me by the nearest route.

D. A. (*aside*). I reckon she didn't use much time up in coaching that witness.

D. C. Well, but we must ask some questions to bring out the salient facts.

WIT. I ain't a-goin' to tell no Sary What's-her-name facts; only the plain unvarnished truth.

D. A. To match herself, I guess.

WIT. And this was how it was. After that boy was married to that gormandizer —

D. A. What!

JUDGE. You should be less emphatic in your language, madam.

WIT. Oh, you just keep quiet, and if you don't want to hear me why you can stuff some cotton in your ears. Well, they lived like turtle doves for two years; but after Mama White appeared on the scene with her, "My Lizzie mustn't do this," or, "That is much too hard for my girlie," or, "You never caught me doing such things for a man,"—no wonder her husband died so soon—then things changed. It was no coincidence that the change in Len was simultaneous with her advent into their home.

D. A. Are you testifying from your own knowledge?

WIT. No one spoke to you. I spent every Sunday for four years with my boy. Then I took pity on him and had him spend the day with me; and I looked out that he went home with a full stomach, too. Well, before that woman entered the house, I never heard him complain that he had no breakfast, but after—well, the only difference between his and the dog's was that the dog's was put on the floor—and I lay all the blame on that meddling old —

D. A. Your Honor, I object to this witness and would most respectfully request Your Honor to appoint a member of the lunacy commission to examine the cogs and springs of her head. There is a vacant room at (*name nearest insane asylum*) that would just accommodate her.

JUDGE. Well, she certainly is tiresome. I think I'll ask Miss Lincoln to withdraw her and take her to Dr. (*name local dentist*). He practices upon the head a good deal.

(DEFT. begins to snore now.)

WIT. For the land sakes. The days of the Inquisition have surely come again and I am going right straight back to (name undesirable suburb). [Exit.

D. C. Well, then, I'll call my star witness, the defendant himself. (The DEFT. is sound asleep and snoring.) I say (shaking him), Brown—Leonard, wake up.

WIT. (as if talking in sleep). I say—Lizzie—don't forget to—look in the—back right-hand—pocket—of my pants. There's a nickel there. I just thought—perhaps you—overlooked—it.

D. A. Your "star witness" is evidently accustomed to being lulled to sleep by mother's soothing voice.

D. C. (mad; shaking him hard). Wake up, can't you! You're in court.

WIT. (still asleep). Say, Elizabeth—can't you let a feller be? I don't know what I did—but—I'll—never do—it—again. (Jumps up.) Oh, I—— Why, I beg everybody's pardon. I must have lost myself.

D. A. Hadn't you better look in the (as if thinking just what he said) back—right-hand pocket—of your pants? Perhaps you have lost something else.

D. C. Oh, it's all right. You only dropped off for a few minutes.

WIT. Oh, dear me; where did I drop? (Looks on floor.)

D. C. I mean you only took a little nap. Now take the witness-stand.

(CLERK begins oath. When she says "Journals" he says.)

WIT. Me swear on the Ladies' Household Journals! I guess not so you'd notice it. Here. (Takes time-table from pocket and tosses on table.) There is a time-table of the (names local railroad line). That's a little nearer my style. (Picks up "Journal" and reads.) "How to manage balky husbands." Well, I don't see anything (turning pages) on "How to manage butinsky mothers-in-law."

CLERK (snatching paper from him). Will you listen to the oath?

(She gives oath, saying railroad instead of "Ladies' Household Journals.")

D. C. Give your full name!

WIT. Leonard Brown. You see, mother didn't give me a

very full name. She's very temperate, and didn't want even my name to be full.

D. C. Your residence?

WIT. Well, when I lived with Lizzie, it was the same as hers; but now that I'm at home, it's the same as ma's. Where's my ma? (*Looks around.*) Ma! I say, ma!

(*Runs for door R. with D. C. after him. She pulls him back by the coat.*)

D. C. Here, we haven't discharged you yet. What is your occupation?

WIT. Manager of the Legal Aid Society for the benefit of downtrodden men. No women need apply.

(*Jury look indignant.*)

D. C. You have heard the preceding testimony regarding your acts of cruelty and neglect. Have you ever without cause——

D. A. May it please Your Honor, I object to that "without cause." It is altogether too ambiguous.

JUDGE. I do not know that I am called upon to rule upon ambiguous matters, but so long as the defendant is a man you may object to anything you please.

D. C. Well, have you ever treated the plaintiff other than a loving husband should?

WIT. Yes, just once. I slapped her face.

JURY. Ah!

MRS. BLAKE. Now we will hear something worth the price of admission.

D. C. Please relate all the circumstances leading up to this much-hinted-at outrage.

WIT. Oh, that won't take long. Late one afternoon, as I was stepping from our office building, a client of our firm handed me five hundred dollars in five one-hundred-dollar bills, in settlement of a case I had defended for him. Only eighty dollars of it belonged to me, and with that I had planned to lay in our winter's coal. Well, I put the money in my pocket and forgot all about it until the next morning, although usually I put large sums of money under my pillow, for good and sufficient reasons.

MRS. BROWN. Oh, you wretch!

WIT. In the morning I missed it at once and asked my wife about it. She actually acknowledged she had taken it—

said she had sat up nearly all night, she and her precious mother—writing invitations for a bridge party and dance. She had written orders to the caterer, florist, musicians, etc., and mailed the whole lot before she went to bed. I told her the money was mine, at which she laughed in my face—and then—I slapped—her—face!

JANITOR (*who has been listening*). Bully for you!

[*Quick exit.*]

CRIER. Order in the court room.

D. C. And you never otherwise treated her violently?

WIT. Never. (*Crosses throat with his fingers.*)

D. C. And how did the plaintiff treat you?

WIT. Slick and dandy for two years. Why, she made bread and pies almost as good as mother used to make.

D. C. And then?

WIT. Well, after Hoofs and Horns —

D. A. Who?

WIT. Oh, I mean after her mother came to live with us, then the only decent thing about me was the cash I brought home.

D. C. What did it cost you to run your home?

WIT. About five hundred dollars a year more than I could get together.

D. C. Did your wife get your meals?

WIT. Never during the last three years unless we had company, then I sneaked in with the rest. She usually let me stay at the table unless I happened to say something, then she would invariably send me half a mile down the street to get her a paper of pins or something equally necessary to the enjoyment of a dinner party.

D. C. Now as to this hairpin placed in evidence and marked "Exhibit A." Can you tell how and when it came into your possession?

WIT. (*laughing heartily*). Well, I guess that is a joke on (*name popular elderly bachelor*). You see, I changed coats with him that night at the office and didn't notice it until I got home.

D. C. I think I am through with this witness.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

D. A. When you married your wife, and looked proudly into the sweet, blushing face beside you, you said, "With all my worldly goods I thee bestow," didn't you?

WIT. Oh, I suppose I did. Men make just such fools of themselves at that time; but when the smiles and blushes begin to disappear —

D. A. Then what was yours was hers, wasn't it?

WIT. Humph! She certainly acted as if it was.

D. A. And possession being nine points of the law that five hundred dollars belonged to you. And as you have just said that what was yours was hers, she was only taking what belonged to her when she took that money; and yet you slapped her in the face!

WIT. Well, I never. (*Nearly faints and grasps chair for support.*) If that is the way you women lawyers reason things out, it is no wonder you win so many cases.

D. A. We will discuss that phase of the subject no further. What is your salary?

WIT. (*hesitating*). I told Lizzie three thousand dollars a year.

D. A. Was that the whole truth? Come, I can easily get your bookkeeper.

WIT. Oh, if you must have it, I had three thousand, fifty-two dollars.

PLTFF. O-h!

WIT. Well, I wouldn't have had a shirt to my back or shoes to my feet if I hadn't kept that dollar a week for myself.

D. A. I think we have had enough of your testimony to show Her Honor and the jury precisely the sort of man against whom we have brought our petition.

D. C. I rest my case here, Your Honor.

JUDGE. We will now proceed with the arguments.

ARGUMENT OF DEFENDANT'S COUNSEL

D. C. Honorable court and dear young ladies of the jury: The case which has been presented to you has some features which are not found in the ordinary separate support case. You will observe that the defendant has hardly had a fair show in his own home, although he worked hard and long to support this home, and to feed and clothe his beloved Elizabeth. During the first two years of their wedded bliss they were happy. Now the defendant was not in a position of affluence, and it has been brought out that each year found the discouraged, over-worked man more deeply in the grim clutches of debt, caused simply and solely by the continuous trimming he was everlast-

ingly undergoing at the hands of his pesteriferous mother-in-law and sister-in-law, for it seems that in marrying Elizabeth he married the entire family. His wife's mother entered his home as the serpent entered the Garden of Eden. She saw a man happy in his home life—and as that was something that never happened in her home, or any other if she could help it, she immediately set about to destroy his happiness; with what success you have already seen. Dear young ladies of the jury; the trials and sufferings of this poor defendant, condemned to the hard and humpy spare room bed, and refused even the comfort of a cheery cigar, are enough to draw scalding tears from the eyes of the Sphinx itself. Boo hoo—you see it even makes me weep, and my complexion cannot stand much of that sort of thing. Young ladies of the jury, there should certainly be instituted a society for the expurgation of the mother-in-law. I mean, of course, the butter-in variety; and then our courts would no longer be filled with cases like this one. Young ladies, I ask you to think of my client not as a wearer of pants; he didn't wear them anyway, his mother-in-law did that; but rather think of him as the only son of a loving, devoted mother whose heart is well-nigh broken, and whose head is nearly crazed because of the unhappiness of her child. And so I appeal to you, the handsomest bunch of American Beauties my eyes ever beheld, to right the wrongs of this long-suffering mortal, and to refuse the petition that the plaintiff has made to this honorable court.

MRS. M. There, now, he is just about the age of my Clarence, and I am going to vote for him. Poor fellow! So I am.

JURY. So am I.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S ARGUMENT

D. A. Most worthy and honorable judge—dear young la—I mean sweet girls of the jury. If you have finished shedding crystal teardrops of sorrow over the troubles of that poor, down-trodden little specimen of a man, and have dried your little squares of muslin and of lace, perhaps you can find time to turn your attention to the woman in this case; a woman who is a sister member with you of many of the most prominent clubs of our city; a woman who was your classmate in the school on the hill.

MRS. F. (*to jury*). Say, folks, how old do you suppose she thinks we are?

D. A. She has the natural and praiseworthy ambition of every independent American woman to outshine her neighbors or die in the attempt. Now, young la—sweet girls of the jury, I haven't a shadow of a doubt but that each one of you can tell in just which pocket hubby keeps his change or his bill-book, and it certainly seems absurd to bring so trivial a matter before the attention of this august court. As for her desiring her morning beauty sleep,—I really wonder if the man wants his wife to look like an old hag when she is really just in the prime of her womanhood. Why, I glory in every woman who tramples age under her feet and defies it to touch her.

MRS. BLAKE. Pooh! Any one can see at a glance she believes in making up.

D. A. But all of this is of absolutely no importance when we consider the real principle at stake. Think of the shouts of triumph that would arise from the throats of tens of thousands of men if the first separate maintenance case to be tried by a jury of women should be decided in favor of the man. Think of the derisive sneers that would meet you at every turn, if you, representative women—I mean girls, of this grand old city, should cast your votes for a man who himself had confessed to slapping his wife in the face. Think of the fury of the Supreme Grand Commander of our noble society when the news reaches her ears that at the very first opportunity that offered itself, you forgot all of your vows of allegiance to your fellow sisters and turned traitor to your cause. Finally, sisters, if there be pride of womanhood in you, any love of independence, any loyalty to the S. W. S. C. (*give initial of name of town first; the others stand for Woman's Suffrage Club*), think on these things, and vote accordingly.

MRS. STEELE. Well, I shall certainly vote for her.

JURY. So shall I!

JUDGE'S CHARGE TO THE JURY

JUDGE. Ladies of the jury: You will notice that I do not address you as young ladies or sweet girls, for you know just as well as I do that in reality you are a long way from being either. (*Great indignation among jury.*) If you have not yet learned the difference between absurd flattery and straight truth it is high time that some level-headed woman had the good sense to teach you. Now to business. In this, the first separate maintenance case to be tried under the new suffragette laws, it is

of the utmost importance that we prove to the world at large that women are perfectly capable of performing all judicial duties fully as well, indeed much better, than men, after their many years of varied experience. You must leave all personal feelings and prejudices entirely out of the case. Of course we have not all liked Elizabeth's masterful ways; her lazy indifference as to the conduct of her home; neither have we all agreed upon the defendant's fitness or unfitness to shine as an example of the ideal twentieth century husband; but this must make no difference in your deliberations, and you must decide the case with as little regard to the evidence as possible, giving weight only to your own unalterable, unquestionably correct convictions. We are all well acquainted with the parties to this action, and it is for you to say whether the defendant did abuse and neglect the plaintiff, or whether she really ousted him from his comfortable bed in a steam-heated room to the solitude of the cold attic spare room in order to make way for her mother, and neglected to give due attention and care to his daily meals while living on the fat of the land herself. You are also to determine what part in this domestic tragedy the lackadaisical and scheming marplot of a mother-in-law, with her domineering ways, had to play. Lady jurors, it is with difficulty that I can forbear to speak my candid opinion of such a mischief maker, but I feel sure you will give this feature of the case due weight in reaching your decision. Try to put yourself first in her place, then in his; and even if it takes a whole hour, consider well the facts in the case before you cast your ballot. Finally, be not influenced by Mrs. Leavitt or Mrs. Forrest or Mrs. Steele. Do not vote for one or the other parties in this case just because your best friend does or does not. Think for yourselves, if you can; assert your independence, and bring to us the result; your verdict.

(CRIER screams as a bunch of brown ribbon or cambric is rolled by CLERK to front of platform.)

CRIER. O-h! A mouse!

(All jump on chairs or tables and scream while JANITOR rushes in with broom. DEFT. slowly looks around and says.)

DEFT. Oh, what a fuss over a little innocent mouse. If that isn't just like a gang of women. (Sees it and picks it up.) Why, it is nothing but a—a—a hair puff, I guess. (Holds it

up high before jury.) Anybody lost a hair puff? Guaranteed all wool, light weight——

CRIER (*grabbing it*). Hair puff, indeed! That is all a man knows. It is a bunch of brown silk ribbon that fell from my work-bag.

MRS. CABOT. Well, she started all the fuss. I wasn't scared a bit.

JURY. Nor I. Nor I.

JUDGE. If the jury haven't forgotten all about the case they will now retire to cast their ballots. Oh, I forgot. As the large mirror in the jury room fell and was broken this morning of course the ladies would not feel at home in there so may remain here to vote, and all those not on the jury will step into the anterooms.

(All but jury leave room. Jury sit on desks and chairs just vacated and take out their sewing.)

MRS. F. Gracious, but it is a relief to be rid of all that dignity. Let's settle down for a nice chat. Don't I smell spearmint? (*Sniffs.*)

MRS. L. Sure. Have some, everybody.

(Passes it all around and everybody begins chewing it.)

MRS. STEELE. My chocolates aren't all gone. Have some?

(Passes them around.)

MRS. CABOT. Say, but this is a lot better than the Woman's Club meetings.

MRS. M. A lot she knows about it. (*Aside.*) All she ever does is to get in the corner with Mrs. (*name society woman*) and talk fashions.

MRS. HODGE. I am going to try this seat. Say, folks, how did you like Mrs. Burnham's new gown?

MRS. D. Oh, anything would be a relief from that old thing she has been wearing for the last three years.

MRS. KEATING. That's no joke. It certainly is a treat to see something new on her.

MRS. BLAKE. Well, what sticks me is what dressmaker she had. She didn't have Miss (*name local dressmaker*), for I have her and she always tells me every new gown she makes.

Miss B. Well, I don't believe she had any dressmaker. I'll bet a quarter she bought it ready made. She is certainly the greatest bargain hunter out.

MRS. CARSON. There, they had a sale of dresses like hers last week in (*name local bargain store*) at three dollars and ninety-eight cents; Mrs. (*name local popular lady*) told me she got one.

MRS. SIDERS. Well, I don't think she showed very good taste wearing a bran new dress to court.

MRS. F. Oh, I don't know; dress does count, you know. Now Miss Lincoln had the nerve to wear that old dress that she had before the (*name some important local event of a year or two before*).

MRS. L. Well, I just had to smile at the club meeting a couple months ago. We were talking about sending our cast-off clothes to the heathen, and up got Miss Lincoln and said somebody had given her an old suit that she would donate. I thought then she had much better make it over for herself.

MRS. STEELE. Oh, well, you know she does love to talk; especially if she thinks she can make an impression.

MRS. CABOT. That may be true, but if there were more women like her in the church, we wouldn't be everlastingly paying interest on the old mortgage.

MRS. M. No, that's true. There'd be a church supper Monday night, a concert Tuesday night, afternoon tea and cooked food sale on Wednesday afternoon, woman's play Thursday evening, cake and candy sale after prayer-meeting on Friday night, grand rally, burning of church mortgage and praising of our noble church women on Saturday night.

(*All clap hands and cry "Bravo!"*)

MRS. BLAKE. Say, everybody; didn't the judge look dandy in her gown?

MRS. D. Well, all I can say is it was very lucky for Mrs. Jenks that she had to wear a gown; she dresses in horrible taste and now nobody will know it.

MRS. KEATING. Well, I'm thankful I didn't have to wear an old gown. What's the use of having pretty clothes if you can't wear them?

(*Knock is heard on door. Mrs. Blake opens it.*)

CLERK. Well, ladies, have you come to a decision?

MRS. BLAKE. N-o, not quite. We are of so many different minds it is extremely difficult to come to an agreement.

CLERK. Oh, very well; take all the time you need. We are playing dominoes in here. [Exit.]

MRS. BLAKE. Gracious, I forgot all about the old case. Well, I suppose we must vote, but it is lots more fun talking about folks, and clothes, and things. Well, who has a pencil? (*All shake heads.*) Mrs. Carson, will you kindly ask the janitor for some?

MRS. CARSON. That man? Not much.

MISS B. I've got a slick scheme. We will vote with hairpins. If the man is guilty we will bend them; so. If he isn't — Oh, well, of course he is, so never mind that. (*All but MRS. D. take hairpin from hair and bend it.*) Do you know, I never can remember which is plaintiff and which defendant.

MRS. BLAKE. Why, that is simplicity itself. The one who brings the suit is plaintiff because it's plain she has had a tiff with some one. (*Counts votes over twice.*) There are only eleven hairpins; some one didn't vote.

MRS. D. Well, my hair is nearly tumbling down now, and I don't dare spare a single pin, but you can count my vote just the same, can't you?

MISS B. Sure. Well, now for the dignity crowd.

(*Jury stick gum under table, chairs, etc., and scramble for seats. MRS. BLAKE knocks on door, then opens it.*)

MRS. BLAKE. Come on in; we've got through voting, but had a terribly hard time coming to an agreement.

(*All enter and take former positions.*)

CLERK. Ladies of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?

MRS. BLAKE. Uh-huh!

CLERK. What say you, Madam Forewoman; is he guilty or not guilty?

MRS. BLAKE (*thrusting box of hairpins under CLERK'S face*). There's our verdict.

CLERK. Chocolates; oh, thanks. (*Puts her hand in the box but draws it out quickly.*) What on earth have you got in that box?

MRS. BLAKE. Our votes.

CLERK. What!

MRS. BLAKE. Oh, we had no paper or pencils so we voted with hairpins. See (*holding some up and dropping them in box*), they are all guilty.

JUDGE. Madam, this is no mock trial. Your fashion of

voting is rather too primitive for the modern court. Tell the clerk if the jury found the prisoner guilty or not guilty.

MRS. BLAKE. Why, of course he was found guilty.

D. A. May it please Your Honor, I move for a verdict.

CLERK. Leonard Brown will stand up.

(He stands.)

JUDGE. A jury of your peeresses has found you guilty, and I hereby order —

PLTFF. Oh, Mrs. Jenks—I mean, Your Honor, may I say something?

JUDGE. Well,—yes—if it is not too lengthy.

PLTFF. Well, somehow it makes me feel awfully bad to turn Len adrift like this. *(Sobs.)* He was so good to me before mama came; and I didn't want him put in the spare room, or fed on frankfurts and doughnuts, and I didn't want to fish his pockets, but mama kept saying I was losing my independence if I didn't, so —

DEFT. Lizzie! *(Steps toward her.)*

PLTFF. Well, I'll tell you what, Mrs. Jenks, if you'll just order mama not to bother us any more I guess I'd rather have Lennie than my whole family genealogy.

DEFT. Sweetheart, do you really mean it?

Enter KENNETH BAKER, telegram boy, whistling.

BOY. Well, this telegram is for a Mr., but it strikes me I've got into the wrong place. *(Reads.)* "Mr. Leonard Brown."

DEFT. Here, have you anything for me?

BOY. Yep; here's a telegram.

PLTFF. *(stepping up to BOY.)* Oh, I always take his letters and telegrams.

BOY. Well, perhaps you always have, but this time he gets it. In my house it's the folks that wear pants that we call Mr. Here *(tossing telegram to DEFT.)*, catch it.

(PLTFF. reads it over DEFT.'s shoulders.)

PLTFF. } *(in unison).* O-h!

DEFT. }

ALL. What is it?

DEFT. *(reading).* "Your Uncle George, of Florence, Italy, has just died leaving you four hundred thousand dollars, pro-

vided you live in his palace there." (*Looks at watch.*) Now, Lizzie, it is five minutes past two, and I am going to leave on the two-forty-five train for New York to take the next train for Italy. If you will promise to begin all over again, and never let your mother even know our address, you shall go with me. What do you say? Come, now or never!

PLTFF. Lennie! Without even a suit-case?

DEFT. Oh, you can shop in New York after we get there. Come, decide quickly. I have one thousand dollars in my pocket that I borrowed to pay Miss Lincoln with. What do you say?

PLTFF. (*reaching her hands out to him*). Len!

DEFT. Lizzie!

(*He clasps her hands, tucks her arm under his and they march off stage together as some one plays a strain of the wedding march on piano.*)

D. C. But I want my thousand dollars!

DEFT. I'll cable you five thousand dollars from Florence.

MRS. CURRIER. Oh, Lizzie (*running after them*), won't you take me as your maid? I'll work for you for nothing for the fun of the trip. (*Follows them off stage.*)

JUDGE. And thus endeth the first session of the Supreme Court of Woman's Rights of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Now for my chocolate éclaires and the dressmaker's. Ta-ta, everybody. [*Exit.*]

CLERK. Me for the nearest ice-cream store. By-bye, all.

[*Exit.*]

CRIER. Well, I guess I'll follow suit; my throat is almost raw from yelling. So-long. [*Exit.*]

MRS. F. A lot all of that amounted to. I would have been of so much more use at home with my babies. I know they are crying for me. [*Exit.*]

MRS. CARSON. And I ought to have been at home mending the boys' stockings. [*Exit.*]

MRS. L. But isn't she in luck? a fortune, and Italy!

[*Exit.*]

MRS. STEELE. Yes, it's worth being married to a man for that. [*Exit.*]

MRS. CABOT. But to start for New York without even a suit-case. [*Exit.*]

MRS. M. Pooh! I'd go to bed with my clothes on for a week for the sake of going to Italy. [*Exit.*]

MRS. HODGE. Well, I don't believe he will make her much trouble ; she seems to have him in pretty good training.

[*Exit.*

MRS. KEATING. Well, I hope to goodness none of my girls ever get such a mother-in-law.

[*Exit.*

D. A. Well, if I die first I hope my husband gets just such a housekeeper. He wouldn't marry her, and she wouldn't let him marry any one else.

[*Exit.*

MRS. BLAKE. Did you notice Elizabeth's corns didn't bother her very much when she thought of a trip abroad ?

[*Exit.*

MISS B. Oh, but wouldn't I love a wedding trip to Italy !

[*Exit.*

MRS. D. Me, too ; if only Em could go with me.

[*Exit.*

MRS. SIDERS. But I would want my suit-case.

[*Exit.*

D. C. Well !—I wouldn't be hitched to a man for a thousand trips to Italy.

[*Exit.*

CURTAIN

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WILLIAM HENRY FRASER, *alias "Kid," a freshman.*

HUNTER, JACKSON, KING, WILKINS, *students.*

JEREMIAH HACKETT, *a sophomore, Fraser's roommate.*

COFFEY, *a postman.*

HELEN FLEMMING, *Bert's sister, a junior.*

JANETTE GORDON, *a junior.*

MOLLY ATKINS, *a freshman.*

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LIZA LIZ HANKINS, *brat.*
JUDGE JOTHAM MARLEY, *Christian.*
MELISSY WATKINS, *elderly maiden.*
JONAS JARROCK, *farmer.*
BELINDY JARROCK, *seamstress.*
HIRAM CURTIS PECK, *seller.*
APRIL BLOSSOM, *help.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room behind Ezra Bromley's store. Morning.
ACT II.—The same. Some days later.
ACT III.—At the Jarrocks'. Some weeks later.
ACT IV.—At the Bromleys'. Later in the evening.

FOOLING FATHER

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