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# Ain't Women Wonderful?

H. P. Powell



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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
PHILADELPHIA

# Ain't Women Wonderful?

*A Comedy in One Act*

By

H. P. POWELL

*Author of "You're It," "Uncertain Silas"*



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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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# Ain't Women Wonderful?

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Laura Epping. . . . . *A prominent Virginia suffragette*  
Margie Epping. . . . . *her daughter*  
Marie Stuart. . . . . *her sister*  
Jane Claggett. . . . . *her secretary*  
Chloe. . . . . *her negress servant*

TIME OF PLAYING:—About twenty-five minutes.

COSTUMES:—Modern.

## PROPERTIES

Furnishings in good taste and dainty cretonne window hangings. Pictures of the nature of Cupid Awake and Asleep, The Age of Innocence and Whistler's Mother on the walls.

There is a settee, a desk with a typewriter and telephone upon it. Chairs, tables, floor lamps, etc.





# Ain't Women Wonderful?

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SCENE.—*Combined living-room and "office" in home of LAURA EPPING. French door, rear, disclosing porch and garden exterior. Door, right rear. Door, left front.*

(*Curtain rises disclosing LAURA EPPING dictating a speech to her secretary, JANE CLAGGETT. MRS. EPPING is a woman of about forty-eight, in the "stylish-stout" classification, a decided brunette with an alert "who said rats" expression, and a pugnacious manner. Her costume is shepherd's plaid with manish tendencies; pockets in skirt, vest beneath tailored coat, standing collar with Windsor tie, coarse woolen stockings and brogans on her feet. Her pince-nez dangles from a broad black velvet ribbon, when she is not using it for emphasis in her nearly constant gesturing. She usually stands, at those rare moments when she is not in motion, with legs well apart rocking from heels to toes most complacently. At present she is striding up and down, employing large gestures as she makes her points. CLAGGETT is seemingly nondescript. A drab person of less than thirty, yet seeming considerably over forty. Her hair is tightly drawn over her head. Her clothes have all the mode of a burlap sack, and although one knows, of course, that they really haven't been slept in, one can't be too positive that they were not slept on. However, she is highly efficient, and etches her stenographic notes in a bored manner.*)

LAURA (*oratorically*). Woman's place is in the busy marts of trade; the mystic laboratories of science; the wondrous labyrinth of art; the,—er,—er,—(*she has flown too high, and comes lamely to earth, with:*) the police and the fire departments.

(*Enter MARIE STUART, door rear. She is slightly younger than her sister, to whom she is a complete foil. She is of a modest, friendly disposition, frankly lacking in either sympathy or respect for her sister's endeavors. She is becomingly dressed, in cool summerish garb, and has evidently just come from the garden, as she bears an armful of flowers, and wears a pair of fingerless gloves and carries in one hand a pair of pruning snips.*)

MARIE. Who said fire?

LAURA (*impatiently*). How many times must I insist that you do not interrupt while I am dictating one of my important speeches, Marie?

MARIE. Heavens upon us, honey, if I waited for a lull in your lullless speeches I'd soon grow dumb from sheer inarticulation. Since you've been bitten by this suffrage bug, life around this house is just one blessed speech after another. Who said fire?

LAURA. No one. I had just, however, made the very salient point that woman was as suited for the arduous duties of fire-fighter as man. What do you say to that?

MARIE. Really, I'll be able to laugh more comfortably if I sit.

(*MARIE sits on the settee and shakes with silent mirth, to LAURA'S thorough annoyance, and CLAGGETT'S deep disgust. After a moment, MARIE'S mirth dies down, and she wipes honest tears from her eyes, and does it as ostentatiously as possible.*)

LAURA (*icily*). My statement seems to cause you amusement.

MARIE. It does more than that,—it reminds me —

LAURA. Indeed?



MARIE. Indeed. Remember the time, before you were married, when you got up a female volunteer fire department? You and Peg Valentine and Martha Custis and Margot Merriam, and goodness knows who else, and had pretty red suits made with gold braid and brass buttons, and practiced catching a dummy in a life net?

LAURA. I remember it well, and most proficient did we become.

MARIE. Oh, most. You got tired, after a while, of catching a prosaic dummy, and persuaded that nice Briggs boy into taking its place for a change, and when he jumped out of Dad's barn window and it dawned upon the department that real flesh and blood was bearing down upon them a mile a minute, they all became horrified, dropped the life net and covered their eyes with their hands to shut out the dread sight.

*(Here MARIE is again overcome by her mirth, and LAURA finally takes her by both shoulders and shakes her into sobriety.)*

LAURA. For pity's sake, Marie, don't be utterly senseless. You forget we were but children,—and, besides, that idiot Harry Briggs was to blame for letting out that dreadful war-whoop as he jumped.

MARIE. It certainly was the most disastrous piece of whooping Harry ever indulged in.

LAURA. Served him right. All men are gnats.

MARIE. I like 'em.

LAURA. They are despots and fiends.

MARIE. I like 'em.

LAURA. They are woman's unrelenting enemy.

MARIE. I sure do like 'em.

LAURA. May I never rest this weary head until the gnat is swatted; the despot dethroned; the fiend exterminated and our dread enemy vanquished. *(With zealous fervor.)* My life, I consecrate to the holy cause.

MARIE. Fiddlesticks! Your life has been consecrated to one more or less holy cause after another ever since good old Everett Epping passed out with a

sigh of relief, and left you more money than you could spend for mourning. You have run the gauntlet from free silver to prohibition, and from prohibition to suffrage. You are not a crusader, my dear, you're a—a muckraking—lizard—that's what you are.

LAURA. Marie!

MARIE. That's it exactly. A lizard,—a chameleon who turns the color of whatever it happens to be on at the moment.

LAURA. How dare you impugn my pure motives?

MARIE (*dropping her banter*). My dear sister,—once in every while or so I just naturally boil over at your foolishness. (*Rises.*) And this time I am all the hotter because you permit your transient zeal for man-hating to interfere with the proper presentation of your sweet Margie into society, for it is but her due to come out this year, and have an opportunity of eventually mating with the man of her choice.

LAURA. Margie's choice in life is my choice, and I have chosen to consecrate her to the cause also.

MARIE. Truly, a living sacrifice.

(*Enter MARGIE, door, right rear.*)

MARGIE. Good-morning, mother dear.

(*MARGIE is a mild-mannered girl of eighteen, very ingenuous; thoroughly submissive to and cowed by her mother.*)

LAURA (*loftily*). My child!

MARGIE (*animatedly, to MARIE*). Oh! Aunt Marie! last night I dreamed —

LAURA. Dreams are idiotic,—mannish, in fact. Don't do it again.

MARGIE (*losing all animation*). Yes, mother.

MARIE. Margie, would you rather be President of the United States or the wife of a good man?

MARGIE (*quickly*). Oh! I'd much rather be married.

LAURA. Pay no attention to your aunt's frivolity. You will never marry.

MARGIE. Yes, mother.

LAURA. You are to hate all mankind.

MARGIE. Yes, mother.

LAURA. You are to devote your life to the Cause.

MARGIE. Yes, mother.

MARIE. And you are to live happily ever afterward—when you are dead.

MARGIE. Yes, Aunty.

(CLAGGETT, *who has been sitting austerely, during the preceding dialogue, nodding her head in approval of Mrs. Epping's commands, and frowning upon MARIE's last speech, now arises and walks front center.*)

CLAGGETT. I trust that I may be allowed to recite my own sad experience, which will abundantly support Mrs. Epping's plan for the upbringing of Miss Margie.

LAURA. I am certain, Claggett, that your story will be illuminating.

CLAGGETT. Five years ago I made the most horrible mistake of womankind. I allowed myself to imagine that I *could* love a man.

MARIE. Oh, how horrible!

CLAGGETT. Horrible, indeed. My every waking thought was of Bill. My dreams—Bill! My devotion was a beautiful thing to behold—indeed, a rare orchid of love. He slighted me, and I but loved him the more. He heaped indignities upon me and I loved him none the less. We were to wed and I gave him all my savings to buy a suit of clothes to cover his improvident—hide—and I have never seen him since. (*She closes her eyes a moment, and stands with her hands clenched at her sides, and then with hands outstretched continues.*) Oh, Miss Margie! Miss Laura! Miss Stuart! I now hate Bill with a deep undying hatred that would ask no greater boon than to sink these strong hands in his curly head,—oh! his hair was *so* curly,—particularly above the temples—and snatch him bald-headed—*bald-headed!*



MARIE. My dear woman, if you had only pulled his hair good for him five years ago, instead of acting like a milksop, he would be handing over his pay envelope every week as regular as Saturday rolls around. Mankind requires a certain line of handling,—but the technique may be acquired.

LAURA. Impossible! Man is the lowest form of animal life, and he must be exterminated.

CLAGETT (*inspired*). Down with Man!

MARIE. Margie, you come to my room, and I'll tell you some things about Man that are not altogether unpleasant.

LAURA (*sternly*). She will do nothing of the kind. Margie, you may go to your room and study your suffrage catechism.

MARGIE. Yes, mother.

(*Exit MARGIE, door, left front.*)

LAURA. Marie, you are simply incorrigible.

MARIE. Fudge and fiddlesticks! I'm the only one in the whole household with an ounce of common sense.

(*Enter CHLOE, door, right rear.*)

CHLOE. Lawsy, Miss Laura, it's gone!

(*CHLOE is a typical Southern darky, of the Aunt Jemima type. Short, fat, big lipped. Neatly dressed in red and white calico, with her woolly head bound with a bandana handkerchief. She is more or less of a privileged character, which makes it practically impossible to swerve her from a round-about, indirect manner of speaking.*)

LAURA. What's gone?

CHLOE. I'se done looked high, and I'se done looked low, an'—it's gone.

MARIE. Well, Chloe, if you're quite convinced that it is really and truly gone,—what is it?

CHLOE. I tell you de blessed truf, Miss Marie, I'se hunted up-stairs, and I'se hunted down-stairs, an' I'se hunted in de cellar, an', I tell you, it am gone!

LAURA. Chloe, what in the world are you talking about?

CHLOE. Yessum, I looked in yo' beyourow; I looked in yo' sheffanearbeer; I've looked under de fo' poster bed what Genril Washington slept in when he visited yo' great-great-great-grandpa, an' I shook all de rag rugs, an', Miss Laura, it am gone!

MARIE. Chloe, if you don't stop beating around the bush, and tell us what you're talking about, I'll skin you alive.

CHLOE. Sho' now,—ain't I done tol' you what it was?

MARIE. You've told us every conceivable thing under the sun but that.

CHLOE (*laughing boisterously*). He! he! he! Now ain't dat me all over? (*Her mirth dies abruptly, and blinking her eyes to enable her to regain a proper air of tragedy, she whispers loudly.*) Miss Laura's big di'mon ring!

(*This announcement is quite the thunderbolt CHLOE anticipates, and her three auditors are spellbound for a moment.*)

LAURA. Call the police!

MARIE. The police haven't got enough sense to help,—I've often heard you say so yourself.

LAURA. When a five thousand dollar ring is stolen, you are in no position to be swayed by prejudice. Claggett, call the police at once.

(*CLAGGETT takes up the telephone directory, but her efficiency has departed, and she hunts wildly from one end to the other and back.*)

CHLOE (*struck by a sudden thought*). Doggone! I wasn't dreaming dis mawnin' after all. I did see a man comin' outta Miss Laura's room, I bet a dolla!

LAURA. You what?

CHLOE. Sho' as you lives. Dis mawnin' about fo' o'clock, when I was going down to start to make up some waffle batter for breakfast I saw a man come out



of your room. I knew a man wouldn't be allowed any nearer to your room dan de sidewalk, so I jes' conclude dat I ain't wake up all over, an' I didn't say nothin', but—(*She pauses for the dramatic effect, so dear to a darky's heart, and pointing her finger slowly from one to the other of her auditors, whispers.*) It was—de—burglar!

(CLAGGETT *shudders, and drops the directory,—picks it up and again shuffles it aimlessly.*)

LAURA. Merciful heavens,—suppose he had overpowered me in my sleep!

MARIE. Flatterer! (*To CLAGGETT.*) Claggett, what in the world is causing you to take so long?

CLAGGETT. Is headquarters in the Q's? I'm so frightened!

(*LAURA disdains directory and takes 'phone off hook.*)

LAURA. Police headquarters, quick.—Hello,—police headquarters—This is Mrs. Laura Epping—Mrs. Laura Epping—No, Laura—One of my most valuable diamond rings was stolen this morning by a marauder. He was seen in the house about four o'clock this morning, by a superstitious negress, who thought she was dreaming—You caught him!—Why, that's simply wonderful, wonderful! Did you get the ring?—Well, search him again,—he's got it.—Give him the third degree and call me up as soon as he disgorges, won't you, please?—Thank you so much—You officers are so efficient! (*LAURA hangs up receiver and turns to MARIE.*) It is hard to believe that a mere man could have so much sense. A patrolman saw a man leaving our grounds this morning, and arrested him upon suspicion. He has been searched, but only had twenty-three dollars and a bunch of keys. The chief is going to give him the third degree. (*The 'phone rings.*) Oh, they've recovered the ring. (*Picks up receiver.*) Hello,—Did he confess?—What?—Who?—Oh, yes, she's here. (*Turns to CLAGGETT.*) Claggett, a man wants to speak to you.

(CLAGGETT picks up the receiver.)

CLAGGETT (*sharply*). Well, what is it? What do you want? (*Her face registers a gradual change from coldness to surprise to amazement to delight.*) Bill! Oh, my precious boy, where have you been?—Oh, Bill!—Oh, Bill.—Oh, no, darling, I didn't mind at all—I always knew you'd come back to me some day.—Never mind the old money, I've got plenty more, and you may have every cent of it if you only won't go away any more.—Oh, Bill—Oh, Bill!—You mean it? Will you really marry me, Bill?—Sure, I'll quit my job—I'll do anything you say—Five minutes?—Sure,—I'll meet you at the gate! A Ford? Oh, Bill, how wonderful,—I love those foreign cars.—Yea!—Good-bye!—Oh, Billy-boysie,—listen (*She sends a rapid series of wire kisses*)—A million if you want them! Oh, Bill!

(*She hangs up the receiver, and holds the 'phone close to her breast looking dreamily into space.*)

MARIE (*dryly*). Well, I see where Bill's curly head gets snatched bald-headed!

CLAGGETT. Not for a million dollars! Oh, Miss Marie! it curls so beautifully,—particularly over the temples.—But, there, I must hurry—he said five minutes, and I don't dare be late a second. He's so masterful. Chloe, do come help me pack.

(*Exit CLAGGETT, door, left front.*)

CHLOE. De sun do move!

(*Exit CHLOE, door, left front.*)

MARIE. A backslider in the amen corner.

LAURA. How can a woman make such a fool of herself over a man? Thank goodness, I have shielded my dear daughter from the malign influence of any man. To think, Marie,—eighteen and never been alone with a man for five minutes!

MARIE. When she does, they'll hear the explosion in Tampa, Florida.

(*'Phone bell rings. LAURA answers it.*)

LAURA. Oh, yes, Chief, did he confess? (*Enter MARGIE, door, left front.*) He didn't?—Oh, but he must!—Did you give him the third degree?—Well, then, give him the fourth.—Kill him! What?—He says his name is Kirk Langhorne?

(*MARGIE emits a wild scream, and snatches the 'phone from her mother. Her docile nature has suddenly become fiercely dominant, to the natural amazement of her mother.*)

MARGIE (*talking into 'phone*). How dare you hurt my Kirk?—Don't you dare, do you hear me? Don't you dare touch him.—I don't care, you let him loose this instant.—He is not a burglar, anything of the sort.—He is not, I say.—I don't care what any one says,—I guess I know.—He had a perfect right to be here!

LAURA. What was a man doing in this house last night?

MARGIE (*covering 'phone with her hand*). Nothing that he hadn't a perfect right to do. He's my husband, I guess.

MARIE (*casting her hands upward*). The deluge!

MARGIE (*speaking into 'phone*). Please, nice Mister Chief of Police, I'm Mrs. Epping's daughter, and Mr. Langhorne is my husband. We've been married for five months, but I was afraid to tell mother,—she's so silly where men are concerned. Please go get a taxi and send him to me right away.—What?—Oh! (*To LAURA.*) Here, he wants you to say it's all right to turn my Kirk loose. (*Hands her 'phone.*) Say it and say it quick.

LAURA (*speaking into 'phone*). Oh, Chief, I fear it is all a horrible mistake—I never dreamed—Please release the vil—I mean, my son-in-law. (*She hangs up the receiver and sobs into her handkerchief.*) Oh, my little, pure lambkin,—to think that any brute should have taken such gross advantage of your sweet innocence.

MARGIE (*a very new MARGIE*). Now, mother, you just can that stuff!

LAURA. Can that stuff? Slang,—Oh, my pet!

MARGIE. Well, then, cut it out. Kirk didn't put anything over on me, and you simply made me deceive you, for no woman can live without her man,—and, believe me or not, Kirk is some man, and as I suppose he is not welcome here, I'm going with him right now. Good-bye.

MARIE (*putting her arm around MARGIE'S waist*). Now, honey, you must not be hasty. I'm sure your mother wants your husband here.

LAURA. Yes, my child, bring him here. Don't leave me.

MARGIE. Upon one condition.

LAURA. Name it, dear.

MARGIE. You must be nice to him.

LAURA. Yes, daughter.

MARIE. That is my idea of something not to worry about. To my mind, it is much more important to settle upon a suitable wedding gift.

LAURA. If I only had that wretched ring, I'd give her that.

MARIE. Do you really mean it?

LAURA. Of course I mean it.

(*LAURA picks up a covered vase in an absent-minded manner.*)

MARIE. Well, then, give it to her. It's in that vase right now.

(*LAURA wonderingly opens the vase, and with a smothered exclamation removes the ring from it.*

*MARGIE delightedly takes it from her, puts it upon her own finger, and holding her hand at arm's length admires it.*)

LAURA. Marie, I am really amazed that even you should play such a very mean practical joke. What possessed you to put my ring in this vase?

MARIE. My dear sister, I have not had my hands on your ring.



LAURA. Then who did?

MARIE. You did.

LAURA. You are jesting.

MARIE. I was never more serious. You placed it there yourself, last night.

LAURA. Of course I never did anything so idiotic.

MARIE. If walking in your sleep be idiotic, you're as guilty as guilty can be.

LAURA. Heavens, I, a somnambulist?

MARIE. Without doubt.

MARGIE. For shame, mother,—that's so masculine.

*(Two different tones of automobile horns are heard off stage. Enter CLAGGETT, door, left front, followed by CHLOE, carrying her travelling bag. CLAGGETT and MARGIE rush to door, rear.)*

CLAGGETT. It's Bill in the flivver!

MARGIE. It's Kirk in the police patrol!

*(Exit MARGIE and CLAGGETT, through door, rear, followed by CHLOE with CLAGGETT'S bag.)*

LAURA. So much for my teachings.

MARIE. Claggett is a total loss, I admit; but I have a strong notion that with the waning of the honeymoon Margie will show you some entirely new ideas in man control.

LAURA. Poor Margie!

MARIE. Say, rather, poor Kirk.

LAURA. Say, rather, poor Laura Epping. My life is a failure.

MARIE. Never give up the ship.

*(Enter CHLOE, door rear, with telegram, which she offers to LAURA.)*

CHLOE. Miss Laura, a boy done brung you dis tel-lumgram.

LAURA *(panic-stricken)*. Oh, merciful fathers. More bad luck. I know it, I just know it. Oh, mercy, mercy!

MARIE. Why not open the thing and find out what it says, before making any funeral arrangements?



LAURA. I would die before I touched it. I never could!

(MARIE takes the telegram and opens it.)

MARIE. Listen. "Mrs. Laura Epping, Richmond, Virginia. Tennessee ratifies eighteenth amendment. Woman's slavery ended. Much due to your noble efforts. Signed, The National Woman's Party."

LAURA (*without enthusiasm*). That's very fine, isn't it?

MARIE. There, I know you're enraptured.

LAURA. Yes, I guess I am pleased, but, do you know, Marie, I've been thinking for the past few moments that I was intended for nobler things than this womanish twaddle.

MARIE. What! a deserter at the moment of victory.

LAURA. Oh, no, no, no. Nothing like that, of course. (*Pause.*) But, you know, I've been reading up on the Red question the last few days, and I am convinced that way down deep in my real heart of hearts I am a Socialist.

MARIE. An Anarchist!

LAURA. As usual, you're silly. The Bolsheviki rule through the universal love of man.

MARIE. Well, one good thing, you can't do much harm on this side of the water, other than to read their literature.

LAURA. Indeed I can. I intend to secure Trotsky's authority to organize the state of Virginia as the first soviet in the United States. That will indeed be an honor.

MARIE. Laura Epping, you disgust me. I had just begun to think that you had a glimmer of sense.

LAURA. What do you mean, Marie?

MARIE. I mean that this emancipation of woman-kind opens up vast possibilities for the salvation of the world, and it is an honor for any woman to be allowed to labor in such a holy cause.

LAURA. But you've always ridiculed the idea.

MARIE. Perhaps. At any rate, I've changed my mind, and I feel constrained to say that I consider you

more of a nit-wit than ever. You're simply a hare-brained notoriety seeker, and a disgrace to the family. But I shall take up the banner that you fling into the dust, and consecrate my life to the holy cause.

*(Exit MARIE, door, left front, head held high.)*

LAURA. Well, of all people. *(To CHLOE.)* I want you to take all these pictures from their frames. *(Indicates pictures on wall with sweeping gesture.)* I have received some wonderful portraits of Lenine, Trotsky and John Spargo, and I feel that they will prove an inspiration to me in my new work.

CHLOE. Yassum.

LAURA *(thoughtfully)*. I really must have some new photographs made of myself, for the papers will all want them when I make my formal announcement. *(Walks slowly to door, left front.)* I wonder if I would look well in Red.

*(Exit, door, left front. CHLOE looks after her, her eyes blinking her amazement. After a moment she chuckles and begins taking down picture frames.)*

CHLOE. Happy lan', happy lan'! Miss Margie made out she jes' a 'bedient li'l' lam', an' come to fin' out, she been married all de time. Dat old sour milk Claggett 'low she jes' livin' fer de day when she kin tromp her ole beau underfoot, an' she no mo' hears he voice on de 'phone dan you kin melt butter in her mouf. Miss Laura been de rankest man-hater, twell she git him where she want him, and right den an' dere she start talking 'bout hanging up men's pictures fer ter 'spire her; an' all de time Miss Marie make fun 'er de suffragettums like she hate de soun' er de word, an' all uv a sudden,—*bang!* it am music to her year. *(She finishes taking down the pictures, and coming up stage, places her hands on her hips and concludes.)* I gotta admit dey ain't got a lick er sense,—but,—ain't women wonderful?

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.

## **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.

## **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.

## **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.

## **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.

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# Unusually Good Entertainments

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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# Successful Plays for All Girls

In Selecting Your Next Play Do Not Overlook This List

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

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

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