

JONATHAN'S NIGHT SHIRT

By

Ferdinanda Wesselhoeft Reed



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JONATHAN'S NIGHT SHIRT

A Farce in One Act

By Ferdinanda Wesselhoeft Reed



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CHARACTERS

HARRIET HORTON, Member of the Legislature,
and Opposed to the Further Extension of the
Suffrage to Men.

JONATHAN HORTON, Her Husband, also an
Anti.

FRANSISKA HORTON, Their Daughter, with dan-
gerous indulgent modern tendencies.

DAVID SMITH, an Advanced Young Man known
to advocate Votes for Men.

PROPERTIES

Table

Two chairs.

Lighted lamp.

Newspaper.

Waste paper basket.

Sewing machine.

Clothes basket of clean clothes.

Pile of unfolded socks and stockings.

Spool of darning cotton.

Work basket.

Needle.

Jonathan's spectacles.

Jonathan's handkerchief.

Harriet's handkerchief.

Cotton night shirt.

Flannel night shirt, lacking one sleeve.

The sleeve, with pins in it.

Brown knitted shawl.

Thermometer.

Large folded white papers in Harriet's breast
pocket.

Paper of pins.

Large safety pins for Jonathan's lapel.

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Scene: A living room. Table Centre, with
lighted lamp. Waste-paper basket be-
neath. Sewing machine left rear. Door
into conservatory right rear entrance.
Right lower entrance door into house.

ERRATA

Page 7 line 10 should
read

J. I work eighteen, and
up nights with the baby.

Page 27 next to last line
should read

J. Mr. David Smith.

pockets. Jonathan gray drooping mous-
tache and gray beard. He wears a high
stiff collar and red necktie, gray suit
rather baggy at the knees and a large
bib apron, the lap of which is piled with
unfolded stockings. He wears spectacles
and has a cold.

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Right lower entrance door into house.
Left lower entrance door to street.

Time: Evening.

CHARACTERS

HARRIET HORTON, Member of the Legislature

JONATHAN HORTON, Her Husband

FRANSISKA HORTON, Their Daughter

DAVID SMITH

Harriet and Jonathan discovered sitting at
opposite sides of table, she reading news-
paper, R, he sorting wash from a clothes
basket at his feet, L. Work basket at
his left.

Harriet is about 40, straight and distinguished,
simple dark dress, coat effect, and
pockets. Jonathan gray drooping mous-
tache and gray beard. He wears a high
stiff collar and red necktie, gray suit
rather baggy at the knees and a large
bib apron, the lap of which is piled with
unfolded stockings. He wears spectacles
and has a cold.

- H. (*Reading*) The Association Opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Men held a large and enthusiastic meeting—
- J. Some Antis we are! (*Unfolds and holds up a cotton night shirt.*)
- H. (*Begins to cut with large paper shears an article from the paper.*)
- J. (*Having examined night shirt folds it and puts it on table.*) Go on, go on.
- H. (*Still cutting, reading.*) And David Smith, the Suffragist and Agitator of Votes for Men—
- J. (*Sneezing.*) The unsexed creature! (*Having finished sorting the wash begins to darn stockings.*)
- H. (*Reading.*) Was denounced—
- J. Serves him right!
- H. (*Reading.*) And a poem "The Father on the Hearth"—
- J. Father on the Hearth, that's me.
- H. Was heartily applauded.
- J. (*Waving a stocking.*) Hooray!
- H. (*Reading.*) We, the women of this city, note with pride that our men are content to remain in the sphere in which we have placed them.
- J. (*Threading his needle skilfully.*) Men have enough to do attending to their duties in the home. (*He mates the stocking pairs with neatness and despatch.*)
- H. And when husbands make homes happy

- and comfortable, the women will legislate to keep them so—never fear. We are giving a great deal of time in the Legislature now, deciding what occupations are suitable for men, and reducing men's hours of labor. Men are not very enduring, and we must not forget that they are the fathers. No man should ever work more than nine hours a day.
- J. I work eighteen, too, and up nights with the baby.
- H. The trouble with you gentlemen is that you are always confusing the home with politics.
- J. Oh! yes, excuse me, I'm so stupid. (*He drops a spool of darning cotton and goes after it, holding the stockings awkwardly to his aproned front.*)
- H. Why don't you let me get it?
- J. No, sit still, you work so hard.
- H. (*Looking at him as he stoops.*) Is that the only suit you've got? And why will you wear that apron?
- J. Because I have to have a lap.
- H. (*Taking money from pocket.*) Here, buy yourself a new suit.
- J. (*Delighted.*) Oo! Oo! Really?
- H. Get a good one, with some style to it. (*Reads.*)
- J. (*Kissing him.*) Thank you, dear Harriet.
- H. A woman likes to see her husband

spruced up a little when she gets home in the evening.

J. (*Darning.*) Baby's got a tooth!

H. Huh!

J. It's made him very cross and fretful.

H. Huh!

J. The twins have fought all day.

H. Huh!

J. And the cook's going.

H. (*With interest.*) The cook? What for?

J. To work in a shoe factory.

H. Why don't you explain to him how much better off he is in a good home?

J. He says: "Some wants cookin' and some doesn't;" and how does anybody know what he wants but himself? (*Finishes stockings.*)

H. (*Hand to forehead in despair.*) What's got these men?

J. What can you expect? (*Takes from work basket a flannel night shirt that lacks one sleeve.*) If you allow boys in the public schools they are bound to get their heads filled with education. (*He draws the separate sleeve over his arm, taking out pins and putting them in his mouth.*)

J. (*Mouth full of pins.*) How does that fit?

H. (*Looking at him, annoyed and perplexed.*) What?

J. (*Shifting pins.*) Isn't that a nice sleeve?

H. (*Returning to paper.*) Oh, dress-making.

J. Dress-making! (*Holds up night shirt against himself.*) Just like a woman. Look!

H. (*Without looking.*) Very nice, very nice.

J. (*Folding night shirt.*) You don't even know what it is.

H. (*Getting up and holding ribboned remains of paper over waste basket.*) Care to see the paper?

J. No, thank you, the Men's Home Journal came today. (*Harriet puts paper in basket.*)

J. Why does that David Smith say one person can't represent another?

H. (*Coming to back of J.'s chair and stroking his head.*) He wants to destroy happy, comfortable homes (*strokes his cheeks*) and make good, contented husbands restless and unhappy.

J. (*Looking up affectionately.*) Not this one.

H. (*Holding up his chin.*) Sure?

J. Nor any gentlemanly men. I'm thankful I don't have to say what I want.

H. (*Kissing the top of his head.*) I'm glad I can say it for you, my dear.

J. (*Coughing.*) Would you mind handing me my shawl?

H. Jonathan, dear, you don't want a shawl in this hot room.

- J. Excuse me for knowing how I feel, but I *want* my warm, woolly shawl.
- H. (*Indulgently, putting it round his shoulders.*) You don't really want it.
- J. Yes, I do. Thank you. Harriet, why shouldn't men be glad to be represented by women?
- H. Gentlemanly men are.
- J. Women know what we like, don't they?
- H. We're both human beings, aren't we? We have eyes and ears, I hope.
- J. And we like the same things, don't we?
- H. Certainly. Is that the best shawl you've got?
- J. (*Looking at one end admiringly.*) Yes, why?
- H. It's such a dowdy brown.
- J. That's a joke on you. Your own brother knit it for me. Feel. (*Rubs her with end of shawl.*)
- H. Ugh! The feel of wool gives me the creeps.
- J. (*Rubbing his face in it.*) Mmm. Harriet, if men had the ballot, they'd vote just the way their wives do, wouldn't they?
- H. Certainly. It would double the vote, that's all.
- J. I think we ought to be very grateful to the women for doing all the thinking. (*Sneezes.*)

- H. You're sneezing because it's so hot and close in here.
- J. (*Drawing shawl together round his neck.*) Hot! Harriet, you will never allow the ballot to be forced on us, will you?
- H. Politics is no work for men.
- J. I wish they'd jail that David Smith. One person can't represent another, indeed!
- H. (*Going to window.*) Sha'n't I let David Smith out and a little fresh air in?
- J. Oh! please don't, it's so *cold*.
- H. Cold! Feel of my hands!
- J. Your hands don't grow on me, Harriet.
- H. Perhaps you'll believe the thermometer. (*Goes rear.*)
- J. Did you ever see him?
- H. Who?
- J. David Smith.
- H. No, and I don't want to.
- J. Is he crazy? Or just stupid?
- H. He's ungentlemanly, that's enough for me. (*Bringing thermometer.*) Aha! (*Puts it in J.'s hands.*)
- J. (*Shivering.*) Brrr!
- H. Brrr! It's seventy!
- J. It's freezing. Brrr! (*Cry of a child.*)
- J. Hark, was that the baby? (*Putting up work and calling.*) Pupper's coming! Pupper's coming!

H. Can I go for you?

J. Not to the baby, for me, but thank the Lord you can go to the polls for me. (*Putting thermometer into Harriet's hands.*) Seventy! Brrr! (*Exit, R. L. E. leaving flannel night shirt over the back of his chair.*)

H. (*Fanning herself with handkerchief and looking at thermometer.*) Brrr! (*Enter Fransiska, a charming young girl dressed in the same simple fashion as her mother.*)

F. (*Undoing her coat.*) Whew!

H. Fransiska, is it warm in here or is it not?

F. (*Mopping her brow.*) I don't know, mother.

H. Don't be so stupid, Fransiska.

F. Really, I don't. *I'm too warm, Father's too cold, and you've got the thermometer!*

H. Your father says seventy is freezing.

F. Would you dare to open the window?

H. No.

F. Did he "Brrr"?

H. (*Nods.*)

F. That settles it. We're a henpecked pair, mother. Did the Legislature pass the flannel night shirt bill?

H. Fransiska, my child.

F. Yes, Mother.

H. (*Drawing her hand across her brow.*) Will you allow me to get entirely away

from flannel night shirts (*sits down on flannel night shirt in Jonathan's chair*) in my own home?

F. I mean well, Mother, but I have no sense.

H. (*Taking papers from her breast pocket.*) All these are petitions to the Legislature from the old men in the State Institutions, for flannel night shirts.

F. To a person who can't bear wool next her skin, it must be irritating.

H. It is. Besides, flannel night shirts are unhealthy, the feeling of wool is a most unpleasant sensation; I've never worn a flannel night shirt in my life, and I wouldn't ask my worst enemy to wear one, and I've said so in the Legislature.

F. Did you really get up and say that?

H. I did. I made a speech. I said: "I cannot approve in a State Institution what I would never permit in my own home." I tell you they were pretty quiet when I got through. There was nothing more to be said.

F. But if the old men *want* them—

H. They *don't* want them. (*Puts paper back in breast pocket.*) Besides, what business have men meddling in politics? What do men know about flannel night shirts?

F. I suppose they know how much they cost, and how you make them, and if you cut

them on the bias, and if they shrink in the wash—

H. Don't confuse the home with politics, Fransiska, that's what these New Men do. Men's sphere is home, and Heaven forbid that I should belittle their occupation. Men are our superiors, we look up to them, we protect them, but women are the law-makers. We can't have men dictating to the Legislature what kind of night shirts they'll have. Next thing they'd be saying they'd like the streets cleaned, and mixing into the milk supply.

F. That would destroy the home!

H. Exactly. And then they'd butt into the garbage disposal.

F. And lose their charm!

H. And then they'd close the saloons!

F. Good-bye to chivalry!

H. Of course! And the first thing we'd know we'd have a MAN president!

F. Help! Help!

H. Keep the home out of politics and our pure men on their pedestals. Men are biologically different from us.

F. Then how do we know they don't want flannel night shirts?

H. We know what's good for them.

F. (*doubtfully.*) Oh!

H. We can feel, can't we?

F. Politically, you mean?

H. I mean Politically and Domestically.

F. But David Smith says—

H. (*Awful voice.*) Fransiska!

F. Yes, Mother.

H. We will not mention David Smith in this house, *if you please.*

F. I'm afraid I'll never learn tact, Mother.

H. I'll go out in the air for a few minutes. I feel as if I had a flannel night shirt on.
(*Exit L. L. E.*)

(*Enter Jonathan R. L. E.*)

J. Has your Mother gone to her club?

F. No.

J. (*Resuming sewing.*) Something is rubbing your mother the wrong way. (*Holds up flannel night shirt.*) What is it?

F. (*not noticing night shirt.*) Nothing you'd understand, Father.

J. (*Sewing sleeves in.*) I suppose not, I'm such a home body.

F. (*Sitting on arm of his chair and kissing him.*) Nobody makes pies like father's, anyway.

J. Sometimes I think your mother needs something more than pies. (*Patting Fransiska's hand.*) I'm glad she's got one daughter, anyway. It's very hard having the other children all boys.
(*Whimpers.*)

F. Don't you worry, Father, they'll get married.

- J. (*Wiping his eyes.*) Oh, I hope so, they're so gentlemanly. We had one of Jamie's pies the other night and your mother thought it was mine, and Johnnie made himself a best suit out of my old one, almost like a real tailor.
- F. And think how happy you'll be when you see them darning your little grandchildren's stockings and housecleaning and baking, just like you.
- J. I know it's very foolish of me. Fransiska, you'd never marry one of these dreadful "New Men," would you?
(*Bell rings.*)
(*Fransiska opens door L. L. E. and discovers David Smith.*)
- F. Oh! David! What a delightful surprise! Mother's out.
(*David comes in.*)
- F. (*Takes his hat.*) This is wonderful!
- D. I came to see your father.
- F. Just like me! Father, this is Mr. David Smith (*to D.*) Do you wish to see Father to the exclusion of me?
- D. May I see Mr. Horton a few minutes?
- F. Certainly (*is going to put hat down, but takes it with her.*) (*Exit R. L. E.*)
- J. (*Still sewing sleeve in.*) I beg your pardon, I don't think I understood your name?
- D. My name is David Smith.

- J. How odd! We were just talking of a David Smith. I'm so glad you're not that one.
- D. (*Bending over to look at the flannel night shirt.*) May I ask what you are making?
- J. Yes, indeed, very few young men are interested in sewing nowadays. This is a flannel night shirt. Excuse my going on with it, won't you?
- D. I beg your pardon, perhaps I have come to the wrong house? Is this Mr. Harriet Horton?
- J. I am.
- D. Mrs. Horton is in the Legislature?
- J. My wife is, yes.
- D. And do you mind my asking if you wear flannel night shirts?
- J. This will be my first. I suffer very much at night from the cold, especially from cold back and cold knees.
- D. *Would* you mind telling me if your wife approves of your wearing flannel night shirts?
- J. Approves! My wife and I have never discussed flannel night shirts. Sit down here beside me. (*David sits.*) Between you and me and the post, Mr. Smith, what do *women* know about flannel night shirts?

- D. Do you mind my asking if Mrs. Horton knows you're making this?
- J. Knows it! No! I am making it because I need it.
- D. Fathers that have to get up nights to little children *do* need them.
- J. Only a *man* knows. I caught this heavy cold getting up to the baby in that cotton night shirt. (*Indicates the one on table.*) (*Blows his nose.*)
- D. You are fortunate to get off with a cold, Mr. Horton.
- J. I know, I might have caught my death. What did you want to see me about, Mr. Smith?
- D. There is a bill before the Legislature—
- J. Oh, my dear Mr. Smith, I have nothing to do with bills.
- D. But it is to provide flannel night shirts for the old men in the State Institutions.
- J. How lovely! Poor old things!
- D. But Mrs. Horton is opposing the bill.
- J. Opposing a bill for flannel night shirts? Oh! I don't think so.
- D. And some of the old men have the rheumatism.
- J. (*Rubbing his shoulder.*) I know what that is. There's nothing like flannel for rheumatism.
- D. The old men would thank you, Mr. Horton.

- J. Why should they? A person who likes a flannel night shirt has a right to say so, and if he needs it he ought to have it.
- D. I have never heard the men's case better stated.
- J. Oh! I don't know anything about stating cases. Politics don't concern me at all.
- D. But this bill—
- J. Now don't let's bother with *bills*, my dear Mr. Smith, let's be thankful we men don't have to. (*Stands and holds night shirt up to himself.*) Do you think it's going to be long enough?
- D. (*Measuring length from floor.*) I can't really tell unless you try it on. (*Fransiska opens door R. L. E. a crack.*)
- J. What a comfort to have another man in the house!
- D. I'd love to help you.
- J. I'll just stitch the sleeves in first. (*Fransiska shuts door.*)
- D. (*Feeling night shirt.*) What a nice quality! About a dollar a yard?
- J. Exactly! Can you tell the pattern? Butterick or May Manton?
- D. Butterick.
- J. Very few young men are brought up to know a Butterick pattern these days. (*Holding up night shirt with his head on one side.*) I think simple flowing lines suit the face, don't you?

F. But you love me?

D. Yes.

F. Try! (*They kiss.*) And you will marry me, David?

D. (*Starting away again.*) No!

F. (*Following.*) On account of Mother?

D. (*Backing round table again.*) No, not on account of your mother.

F. I believe in men's voting, David, honest I do!

D. (*Shaking head.*) Yes, I know.

F. And I'll give you every week as much money for your own as I spend for neckties and tobacco.

D. (*Shakes head.*) Yes, I know you would.

F. But you love me?

D. Yes, I do. (*They kiss.*)

F. Then you *will* marry me?

D. I don't know.

F. Why not, David?

D. Because.

F. But you're *sure* you love me?

D. I love you.

F. What is it? Tell me.

D. You'd laugh.

F. I won't, tell me.

D. I— I—

F. Kiss me.

(*David kisses her.*)

F. (*Assured.*) Well, what?

D. I like the name of David Smith.

F. (*Pulling him towards her.*) But, David dear, don't you think you'd like Horton?

D. I don't know.

F. (*Putting her arm round him.*) Fransiska Horton is an honest name.

D. (*Pointing to himself.*) But Mr. Fransiska.

(*Jonathan opens door R. L. E.*)

J. Ahem!

(*Fransiska and David jump into conservatory, closing door after them—Jonathan looks after them smiling, wipes his spectacles and resumes his sewing.*)

(*Enter Harriet L. L. E.*)

J. Back again, dear?

H. (*Sinking into arm chair.*) Oh! no, no, I'm still out.

J. (*Smiling.*) Isn't it lucky I can't vote? (*Sits at machine with night shirt.*)

H. It's lucky you're a good, old-fashioned husband.

J. (*Threading machine.*) I'm not so sure of that as I was.

H. You're not!

J. If I weren't such an old-fashioned home body, you'd tell me what's been worrying you lately.

H. Do you want me to explain an appropriation to you?

J. Mercy, no!

H. Thank Heaven.

- J. (*Holding up night shirt facing Harriet.*)
So long as there's nothing between us,
Harriet.
- H. No, my dear, there's no dissension here,
at least all is peace and harmony at
home. But what are we going to do
about Fransiska?
- J. (*Adjusting night shirt under sewing ma-
chine needle.*) What about her?
- H. She's so tactless.
- J. (*Glancing towards conservatory.*) Oh!
I don't know.
- H. And she has so little judgment.
- J. Give her a little time.
- H. Time! The first thing you know, she'll
be pulled in by one of these "New Men."
- J. (*Starting machine.*) Oh, no, she won't.
- H. How do you know?
- J. You wait and see.
- H. Wait! How long?
- J. About ten minutes.
- H. What do you mean?
- J. Look in there.
- H. (*Looking through conservatory door, but
unable to distinguish.*) Who is it?
- J. A perfectly charming Victorian type.
- H. Who is he?
- J. (*Sewing away on the machine.*) A
young man who came to see me; he's
really one of the most interesting and
gentlemanly young men I ever saw. I

- begin to be afraid we've made a mistake
with our boys.
- H. How so?
- J. (*Looking towards conservatory.*) He
must have had lots of offers.
- H. Really, Jonathan—
- J. Yes, I can tell. He looks just as *inno-
cent* as they do, but he doesn't look as
ignorant, and that sort of thing is attrac-
tive to women. *I'm* not like that, and
our boys are not, but it seems to me it
is a good thing.
- H. And what did this paragon want?
- J. (*Taking night shirt from machine.*)
He's going to fit this for me. (*Looking
towards conservatory.*) Wouldn't it be
lovely if Fransiska should? (*Takes off
his coat.*)
- H. She's too tactless.
- J. (*Taking off his vest.*) I would love to
see her settled with a nice gentlemanly
man (*begins to put on night shirt*).
- H. There are precious few nowadays.
- J. (*From underneath night shirt.*) That's
just what I said. (*From under night
shirt.*) Harriet.
- H. Well?
- J. (*Putting his head through.*) You're
glad I've got a nice warm flannel—
- H. (*Turning quickly.*) What?
- J. (*Pulling it down.*) Night shirt.

H. Take it off, Jonathan.

J. Don't you like it on me, Harriet?

H. Good Heavens!

J. I thought the lines were quite becom—

H. Give this to me.

J. It's too large for you, Harriet.

H. Have you any more?

J. No, but I'll make you some.

H. Get out of it, quick!

J. But, Harriet, I caught this heavy cold—
(*coughs.*)

H. No matter. You don't know what you're doing.

J. (*Sneezing.*) I do!

H. Take it off! This is a political matter.

J. But, Harriet, cotton night shirts are so flimsy—(*sneezes and coughs.*)

H. I can't help it. How would it look in the Legislature?

J. This?

H. No, *I*.

J. When I get up to the baby?

H. Don't drag the home into politics! Take it off!

J. But my back gets so cold—and my knees—

H. *Will* you take it off?

J. No. I won't.

H. Are you going to wave that flannel shirt at the whole structure of society?

J. Don't be foolish, Harriet. I'm going to sleep in it.

H. And I tell you the moment you put that flannel night shirt on, you enter the Political Arena!

J. (*Trying to pull it down.*) Harriet!

H. One flannel night shirt, and you expose (*J. gets behind chair*) the tottering foundations of the home.

J. (*Coming out with firm tread.*) They're not tottering.

H. Jonathan, you do not understand. There is a bill before the Legislature to provide flannel night shirts for the old men.

J. And a person who likes a flannel night shirt—

H. Jonathan!

J. Has a right to say so!

H. Take care, Jonathan!

J. And if he needs it he ought to have it!

H. Jonathan, do you want to forfeit my chivalry?

J. Do you want me to get up to the baby in a cotton—Let go! They're coming.

H. Take it off, Jonathan! For Heaven's sake! How you look!

J. I won't. Mr. Smith is going to fit it for me.

H. Smith! What Smith?

H. *Smith!* What Smith?

H. *David!*

- J. Oh, calm down, Harriet, not *your* Mr. Smith.
- H. (*Shouting.*) *Mine!*
- J. This is a *gentleman*.
(*Enter Fransiska and David from conservatory.*)
- J. (*Handing paper of pins to David.*) All ready. Harriet, you will be glad to meet Fransiska's friend, Mr. David Smith.
- D. (*Taking Harriet's hand.*) I'm so glad to help Mr. Horton with a flannel night shirt.
- H. Particularly *flannel?*
- D. (*Measuring length.*) Particularly flannel. (*Kneels and measures night shirt from the floor.*) It seems to be a good length.
- H. Jonathan, will you persist in this?
- J. Harriet, dear, don't keep bringing your old politics into the home. (*To David.*) How's the back?
- D. All right. Seems to fit very nicely on the shoulders.
- H. Jonathan, I repeat, you don't know what you're doing.
- J. Shoo! Harriet, shoo! (*To David, holding up one arm.*) Think it's a little snug in the arm's eye?
- D. (*Putting in a pin.*) Just a little mite.
- J. Nobody but a man knows what it is to

- have another man around the house. Fransiska, dear, I hope you were as tactful as you could be?
- F. Yes, Father.
- J. (*To David.*) And were you kind to her, Mr. Smith?
- D. (*Modest.*) Yes, Mr. Horton.
- H. (*To David.*) Who are you?
- D. I am David Smith.
- F. He's the Suffragette.
- J. Fransiska, I'd like to spank you! Please excuse her, Harriet. (*To David.*) Her jokes never mean anything, dear Mr. Smith.
- H. (*To David.*) Tell me who you are!
- D. I *am* the Suffragette.
- J. You're not! You're a gentleman.
- D. I hope so.
- J. You! You knew a Butterick Pattern! You're an innocent, gentlemanly, home-loving, kind young man!
- F. (*Putting her arm round David.*) David has been very kind to me, Father. (*Jonathan collapses, face in hands, back to audience.*)
- H. And so, sir, you have brought discord and dissension even into my home. I congratulate you.
- J. A Suffragette! In my house.
- H. What did I tell you Jonathan?

- J. Forgive me, Harriet. (*Unbuttoning night shirt.*)
- H. (*Down front, planting her hand full on Jonathan's broad back.*) My husband understands now that if I allow him to wear flannel night shirts in the home he is headed straight for the Political Arena.
- J. (*Unbuttoning night shirt.*) And out of my sphere!
- H. And good-bye to chivalry!
- J. (*Pulling up night shirt to take it off.*) I'll never question you again, Harriet.
- H. You didn't really want to destroy our home?
- J. (*His arms waving wildly in the night shirt above his head.*) No! Help! Help! (*Harriet pulls it off him, Jonathan is seized with coughing and shivers.*)
- F. Give a good hen-peck, Father! You're cold!
- J. (*Sneezing.*) I'm not! (*Teeth chattering.*) Am I, Harriet?
- H. (*Stuffs flannel night shirt into waste basket.*) No! (*Shouting and shaking her fist at David and Fransiska.*) He's a gentleman! (*Takes cotton night shirt from table and hands it to Jonathan.*)
- J. (*Taking cotton night shirt and overcome with cold and shivers.*) Thank you,

- Harriet. (*Harriet receives him into a forgiving and protecting arm.*)
- F. David, is that the way you love me?
- D. (*Face in his hands, leaving Fransiska.*) No! No! No! (*Turning on her suddenly.*) Is that the way you want me to love you?
- F. I was only going to say I wouldn't marry you if you did!
(*They go to each other's arms.*)
(*Curtain.*)

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