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No. 315

Uncle Sam's Daughters

AND

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE

A Pictorial Fantasy in One Act and One Scene

BY

AUGUSTA RAYMOND KIDDER

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UNCLE SAM'S DAUGHTERS.

SPEAKING CHARACTERS.

UNCLE SAM.. *Typical national dress, middle age,
dry, humorous, decided*

COLUMBIA..... *Typical national dress, handsome
woman*

SPOKESWOMAN.. *Fashionable evening garb of to-
day, attractive and decisive in speech and
manner*

FIRST HERALD
SECOND HERALD

*Boys, or slim young girls, in
typical heralds' costumes*

UNCLE SAM'S DAUGHTERS.

NON-SPEAKING CHARACTERS.

On Stage:—As many fashionably gowned women in present day evening dress as may be desired.

IN TABLEAUX.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.....MOLL PITCHER
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON...SUSAN B. ANTHONY
BETSY ROSS.....BARBARA FRITCHIE
FRANCES WILLARD.....POCOHONTAS
ANN LEE.....JULIA WARD HOWE
BELLE BOYD.....MRS. EDDY
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.....IDA LEWIS
EVA.....UNCLE TOM
MATERNITY.....2 INDIAN MEN
INFANT.....2 SMALL CHILDREN
2 CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

All carefully "made up" and dressed to resemble the people they represent. Authentic pictures of them can be easily obtained almost anywhere.

There should be a few bars of the music, and a brief pause, before each tableau.

TIME:—Night.

Uncle Sam's Daughters.

SCENE:—*The National Hall of State.*

Handsome palace scene or a very simple room, as circumstances may warrant. Platform and chair c. for UNCLE SAM, eagle perched at his back, hat on his knee. Flags, national seal, etc., draped r. and l. COLUMBIA stands at his r., carrying American flag on small gold staff. At back are long portieres hung r. and l., to draw off and show the different tableaux behind them. Stage filled with fashionably dressed women.

As curtain rises, after martial music, the Two HERALDS give a flourish of trumpets.

UNCLE SAM.—

Now girls speak quickly, I am pressed for time. You have a grievance? Tell me what it is!

ALL THE WOMEN.—*(Together)*

Well, it's like this! We all—

UNCLE SAM.—*(Beats table with gavel)*

One at a time! Oh please.

You'll make me deaf and in such days as these I need my hearing if I ever did.

Appoint a spokesman.

ALL.—*(Indignantly)*

Spokesman?

UNCLE SAM.—

Spokeswoman, I mean.

(Wipes his brow nervously.)

ALL.—*Point to SPOKESWOMAN)*

Well where's your proof?
 You girls will break my heart.
 I love you all—the *stupid* and the *smart*.

SPOKESWOMAN.—

Look at our women's clubs, all sane and true,
 Gossip perhaps but worthier things they do.
 To all our sex they are as restful boons—
 They're *really clubs*, not privileged *saloons*!

UNCLE SAM.—

My dear you know too *much*, please call a halt.
 Men *are* convivial but it's not *their* fault.
 For women folk encourage them a *lot*.

COLUMBIA.—

Speaking for *average* women, they do *not*!
 Think of the women *leaders*, we'll have more—
 Of College Presidents we've three or four
 Of high officials fully twenty score.
 The workshop and the office hum with power
 Displayed by women toilers every *hour*.

UNCLE SAM.—(*Wearily*)

I know all that, please *cease*—my head just *whirls*.
 My Treasury Department's *packed* with girls.
 If you have anything that's *new*, proceed,
 All the *old* facts I really do not *need*!
 What *is* your grievance?

SPOKESWOMAN.—

Well, sir, we have heard
 Men say we're their *inferiors*—

UNCLE SAM.—

That's *absurd*.

COLUMBIA.—

If you are willing, sir, they'll show to you
 A sample of the things our sex can do.

(*As the women on the stage drift to R. and L., leaving the C. open, something done by women—a drill, a march, dancing, singing, can be introduced here if it is desired and worth while. At its finish UNCLE SAM applauds moderately.*)

UNCLE SAM.—

That's very good indeed, but not convincing.
 I'm not from old Missouri, but I'd like
 To have more proofs of what your sex has *done*.

SPOKESWOMAN.—(*Waves her hand. Trumpets*)
 She saved a *life*, then saved a *State*
 This daughter of a savage race
 She screened the whites from wars alarms
 And fair Virginia's *best*, can trace
 From *Pocohontas* wondrous *charms*

(*Indian music. Tableau at R.: POCOHONTAS saving the life of CAPTAIN SMITH.*)

UNCLE SAM.—

She was an *Indian* and that doesn't count.

COLUMBIA.—(*Drily*)

The only *real* Americans we *have*!

UNCLE SAM.—

By Jove that's *so*—you're just as quick as *winking*
 Let's see some more—You girls have set me *think-*
ing.

COLUMBIA.—

The window and the whitened hair
 The tumult—and the muskets *aim*
 Our starry banner floating there—
 We do not *need* to speak the *name*.
 "Strike if you must this old gray *head*
 But spare your country's *flag*" she said.
 (*Waves hand.*)

(*Tableau L. BARBARA FRITCHIE, waving American flag from window, Confederate troops near. Music: "The Red, White and Blue."*)

UNCLE SAM.—

Better and better—why it thrills me through
 But I'm not going, *yet*, to side with you.
 (*Slyly.*)

No women *Generals* though.

COLUMBIA.—

Not since the *flood*—

Your average woman *shrinks* from shedding *blood*.

(*All applaud.*)

Almost the first to struggle for her sex

Was brave Ann Lee the Shaker, and her name

Should by her sisters be revered for aye.

(*Tableau L.: ANN LEE in her Shaker dress and bonnet. Music: "Long, long ago."*)

UNCLE SAM.—(*Drily*)

The *Shakers* are all right, of course, my dear,

But through their *laws* they're bound to *disappear*.

They give good measure and they're fine and straight

Their Shaker apple sauce is something *great*.

The women of the world—

SPOKESWOMAN.—

One moment pray!

I hold no brief for *them*—

What *I* may say, or show to you *pictorially* to-day—

Refers to women of the *U. S. A.!*

(*Dramatically.*)

They say that Prohibition stirs the land,

It is a woman's monument to-day!

The curse that falls on rich and poor

The Demon Drink that doth *endure*—

The smiling "*Fiend*" who *tempts* and *blights*

Through saddening *days* and maddening *nights*—

Should have proclaimed his holiday

When *Frances Willard* passed away.

(*Waves hand.*)

(*Tableau R.: FRANCES WILLARD. Music: "Old Oaken Bucket."*)

UNCLE SAM.—

But how about a war? Would woman *fight*?

COLUMBIA.—

You try to take her *child* away, and *see!*

We're here *exploiting* woman kind—

Where War its *havoc* wrought

Moll Pitcher, when her husband fell

Stood in his place and *fought!*

Surely this fact was proven then

That *women* are as brave as *men*.

(*Tableau L.: MOLL PITCHER at the cannon. Music: "Yankee Doodle."*)

UNCLE SAM:—(*Drily*)

They say no *amazon* in *Africa*

Was ever beaten in her battle *yet*.

SPOKESWOMAN.—

But *modern* heroines did as noble work

Through weary days 'mid insult and distress

They sowed that we might reap,

Behold them *here!*

Two women blossom in our hearts

Shoulder to shoulder did they stand

They battled Greed and Power and Wrong

This Old Guard of the Suffrage Band

The Glorious outcome that *they* plan

Stanton and Anthony *began!*

(*MRS. STANTON and MISS ANTHONY. Music: "Auld Acquaintance."*)

UNCLE SAM.—

Good women both—and when the match they laid

They little reckoned what a *fire* they *made!*

COLUMBIA.—

North, South, East, West, we welcome all of those

Who filled our sex with pride when War prevailed.

UNCLE SAM.—

Time is the *healer* of the wounds of *war*
He dims the scars and makes us all at *peace*.

COLUMBIA.—

To the Lost Cause,
She gave her *all*
Through glory and through woe——
A daughter of the "Stars and Bars"
A keen and daring *foe*.
Her bravery was beyond a *doubt*.
Belle Boyd, the great Confederate *Scout*
Of fifty *years* ago.

(*Music: "Dixie."* Tableau R.: BELLE BOYD,
Confederate uniform, carrying Confederate
flag.)

UNCLE SAM.—

Oh, yes, indeed—they fought and bled and died,
The martyrs as they suffered at the stake
Held no more heroism than our *womankind*.

SPOKESWOMAN.—

'Tis Peace—not War—that our dear sex *desires*
But if war *comes*, she robs it all she *can*
Of gaunt and grisly *horror!*

What *Personality* is this?
The Dogs of War are *still*
To serve upon the *battlefield?*
Yet not to *maim* or *kill?*
See! Clara Barton has unfurled
Her Red Cross flag, and wins the *world!*

(Tableau L.: CLARA BARTON, with Red Cross flag.
Music: "Tenting to-night.")

ALL THE WOMEN.—

Now really sir, you *ought* to be *convinced*.

UNCLE SAM.—(*Drily*)

I know I *ought* to be, but I'm the sort
That likes to be *cantankerous* and fight.

The men are *all* like that—they hate to own
When women get the best of *arguments*.

Just wait a while——

I'm stubborn and I'm old——

Maybe I'll *soften* when I see some *more*.

My thoughts are drifting back to years ago.

Our *early* days were proud of women too,

Who helped create the land we now enjoy.

COLUMBIA.—

The Pioneers of East and West
In earlier days did daring deeds
Privation seized men by the throat
And Red-skinned danger sowed its seeds——
But by their sides their women stood
And fought the fight of motherhood.

(*Simultaneous tableaux: R. and L.—The Pioneer*
Woman of the West at the plough with Child.
The Pioneer Woman of the East (Puritan)
with child, standing with gun at window while
Indian lurks outside. Music.)

UNCLE SAM.—

And *still* I think that woman's spot's the *home*.

SPOKESWOMAN.—

One stayed at home, and almost shook the *world!*

Of stirring days a *marvel* she
Who formed a mighty *sect*
That reaches out from *sea* to *sea*
With not a foeman *wrecked*
She did what *man* has seldom done
She fought a *bloodless* fight and *won*
So Mary Baker *Eddy* reigns
And *more* than memory remains.

(*Music. Tableau R.: MRS. EDDY—"The Lost*
Chord.")

UNCLE SAM.—

Yes Mrs. Eddy made her mark on Time

But do you claim *all* women as her peers?

COLUMBIA.—

We'll try once more—you may be made to *see*.

(*Pause.*)

A wonder worker of the pen,
Revered alike by age and youth
She sought the cabin of the slave
And lit it with the torch of truth
So Harriet Beecher Stowe will live
While memory has a flower to give!

(*Tableau L.: MRS. STOWE with EVA and UNCLE TOM. Music: "The Old Kentucky Home."*)

SPOKESWOMAN.—

Oh surely we have proved our case by *now*?
See what we've *done*—*created*—*been*—and *borne*!
Woman designed *one* thing we can't forget—
Brave *men* have fought behind our flag
And to the world displayed it.
They've sung its praises o'er and o'er
But 'twas a *woman* made it.
A woman with a *simple* name
But Betsy Ross clasps hands with Fame!

(*Tableau R.: BETSY ROSS. Music: "Rally 'round the flag." She sews flag with thirteen stars.*)

UNCLE SAM.—

Brave Betsy Ross—You girls have planned this *well*.
My visitors can *wait*—
I'm busy *here*.

(*To 2nd HERALD.*)

Go tell my Secretary I'm engaged—
Upon a most important argument.
Add "Place aux dames"—if he don't understand.
I'll get a linguist who is up in French.
(*2nd HERALD bows, exits R.*)

Perhaps there's more to see?

COLUMBIA.—

Yes! there *is* more!
The line is not depleted, but still grows
It could stretch out unto the crack of *doom*.

(*Waves hand. Fanfare of trumpets.*)

A woman's power—a woman's art
That moved the brain and thrilled the heart
They set their imprint on the age
When Charlotte Cushman ruled the stage!
And made Meg *Merriles* the *rage*!

(*Trumpets kept up. Tableau L.: CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN as "MEG MERRILEES."*)

UNCLE SAM.—

Yes yes—I saw her play it years ago
And I have never seen her equal since
They cannot *match* her—not with *all* their pains
Acting in those old days required some *brains*.

(*Re-enter 2nd HERALD L.*)

HERALD.—(*Salutes*)

Your Secretary sir has told them that—
And sixteen office seekers went away
Madder than hornets, while five senators
And three ambassadors, are waiting still.
The French diplomatist, he understood
Your message—said he'd like to join you here.

UNCLE SAM.—

Well I guess *not*—these are *my* woman kind
And all outsiders must *remain*, outside!
Go on, I'm getting interested, *more*!

(*To COLUMBIA.*)

COLUMBIA.—

Our work *has* equalled men's in many ways
 On land and sea our record will endure
 Full many a wife has sailed a ship to port
 When sickness beat her sturdy captain down
 Full many a woman has from Neptune torn
 His human prey amid the pounding *surf*.

Our hearts go out to one
 Who lived amid the roar
 Of fast and furious storms
 That raged from shore to shore—
 Who from her lighthouse viewed
 The havoc of the waves
 Where Ida Lewis saved
 Two score from watery graves!

(Tableau R.: IDA LEWIS, carrying oars. Music:
 "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.")

They say we are *inferior*—Can they show
 In all the ages past that this is *so*?
 The Law and Average Man have long maligned us
 When did we *fail* to do the work *assigned* us?

SPOKESWOMAN.—(To UNCLE SAM)
 Equal *responsibility* with *you*
 With equal *work* and equal *risk* as *well*
 And then *half pay*! Oh, tell me if you can
 Would such a proposition suit a *man*?

(Pause.)

Another woman rich with *years* I see
 Whose contribution to her country's cause
 Kept Patriotism's fire from burning low.

The Mind of Woman makes for *Peace*
 Save where there's *Danger* grim.
 Julia Ward Howe, stood for the right
 And her great Battle Hymn,
 Made many a weary heart, beat *high*.
 And many an eye grow *dim*!

(Trumpets. Tableau L.: JULIA WARD HOWE.

Music: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

COLUMBIA.—

So many clamor at our gates to-night
 That Time can heed them not and they must live
 For us in *name* and bright on *memory's* page.

SPOKESWOMAN.—(Turning in appeal to UNCLE
 SAM)

Now arbiter I feel the cause is won
 And tardy justice shall be ours at last.

UNCLE SAM.—(Nods)
 I think you've *won*, but I am *only one*.

COLUMBIA.—(Scornfully)
 The *last* I summon—and *her* eloquence
 Should *shame* you to a verdict for the *Right*.

(Turns R.)

Most marvellous embodiment of all
 Enshrined glory of our woman kind
 The foremost *Reason* to our aid we call
 The *mother*—to the grandest task assigned
 Rocking the cradle that may heroines hold
 Aiding each tender nature to unfold,
 Why should *she* beg the world her *Place* to give
 This *wondrous* world which *SHE PERMITS*
 TO LIVE?

(Music: "Lullaby." MATERNITY enters R., carry-
 ing a babe at her breast and leading a little child.
 She stands before UNCLE SAM.)

UNCLE SAM.—
 What is *your* plea?

MATERNITY.—(Tensely)
 I ask the right no more to live
 On worthless *husks*, but wholesome *wheat*.
 I ask the right to help create
 The pathways for my children's feet—

Protect my sex in *all* your States
Have equal laws and justice—then——
You'll see the *women* of our land
Shoulder to shoulder, with the *men*!

UNCLE SAM.—(*Nervously*)

Well—I don't *know*——

SPOKESWOMAN.—(*Scornfully*)

Then our demand goes *higher*!

(*To audience.*)

It goes to *you*, the Court of Last *Appeal*!

You who have watched us in our well planned
race——

Give *you* the *verdict*——

Have we won our case?

(*Applause from all on stage.*)

(*Trumpets. UNCLE SAM rises. Tableau curtains are drawn aside showing R. and L. all the characters that have appeared! They come down stage singing—music forte—"The Star Spangled Banner"—in which all join. All this action simultaneous.*)
simultaneous.)

CURTAIN.