

**MRS. RAFORD,
HUMANIST: A
SUFFRAGE DRAMA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649653072

Mrs. Raford, Humanist: A Suffrage Drama by Leando Brown

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LEANDO BROWN

**MRS. RAFORD,
HUMANIST: A
SUFFRAGE DRAMA**

H. S. Luskomb.
Christmas 1912.

MRS. RAFORD, HUMANIST

A SUFFRAGE DRAMA

BY

LEANDO BROWN

L. E. LANDONE, Inc.

575 WEST 159 STREET

NEW YORK

2 WHITEHALL COURT

LONDON, S. W.

AUTHOR'S WORD

The paragraphing of single lines is not an attempt to imitate blank verse. It is done for ease in reading only.

There is no assumption of literary merit—only a sincere desire that the message the book contains will be of value to both man and woman.

The book is intended as a reading play; an acting version is prepared in manuscript form.

The author's thanks are due to Mr. Broughton Tall for helpful collaboration and to Mr. Luther Anthony for critical advice.

LEANDRO BROWN.

Author's Club
2 Whitehall Court
LONDON, S. W.

August 29th, 1912.

PERSONS

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| The mother..... | MRS. LELAND-RAFORD |
| The son..... | RICHARD LELAND-RAFORD |
| The daughter..... | GERTRUDE LELAND-RAFORD |
| The suffragist..... | MISS MABEL LELAND |
| The child..... | DICK |
| The doctor..... | PAUL FAWTELL |
| The trustees..... | MR. COLEMAN MR. FARSON |
| The tenant..... | JEAN CAIRNS |
| The nurse..... | MISS BRAINARD |

ACT I

Scene—TENEMENT ROOM.

Time—LATE WINTER AFTERNOON SEVEN YEARS AGO.

ACT II

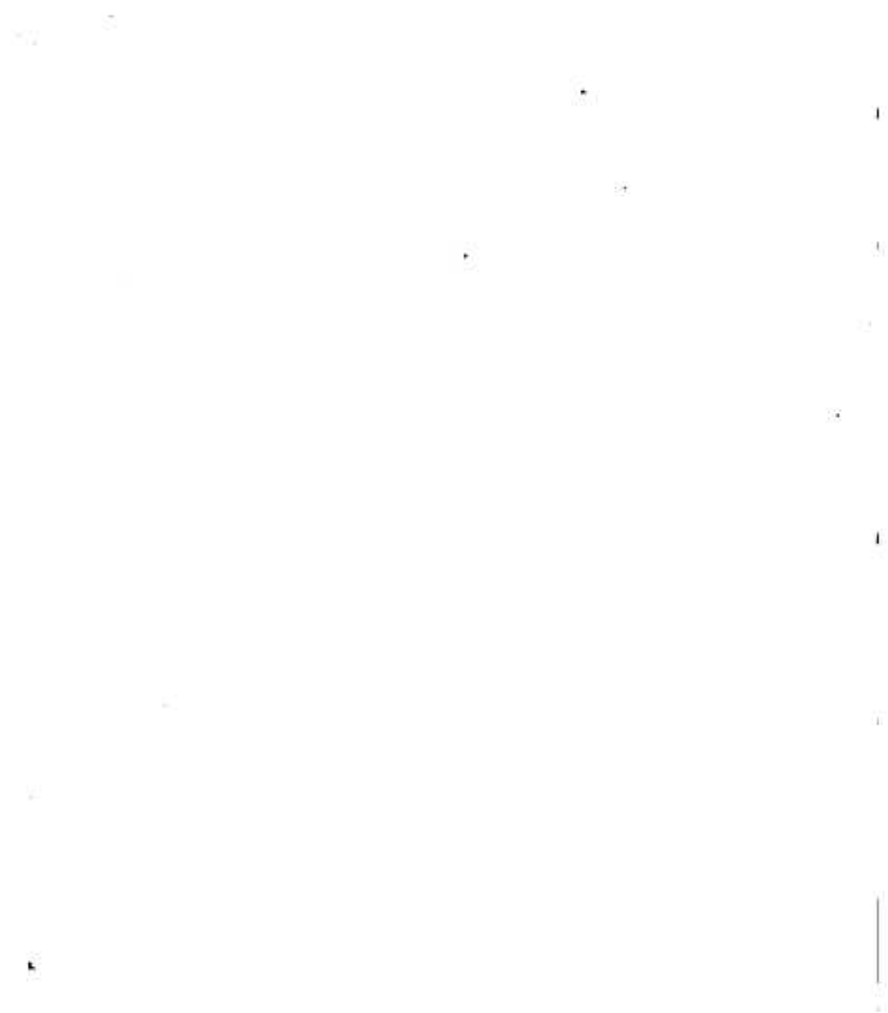
Scene—LIBRARY, RAFORD HOME.

Time—JUNE MORNING SEVEN YEARS LATER.

ACT III

Scene—SAME AS ACT II.

Time—AFTERNOON, ONE WEEK LATER.



MRS. RAFORD, HUMANIST

ACT I

SCENE. *A room in a cheap tenement. The monotony of bare, discolored walls is broken, on the left by a projection with slanting ceiling, marking stairway to floor above, and in the rear by a window with small panes, one broken and stuffed with rags, the others affording a glimpse of a small narrow court beyond. There are two doors. One to the left leading to another room, shut off by a thread-bare dirty curtain. The other to rear right, leading to hallway. The bareness of the room is heightened by the meagre furnishing, consisting of a plain wooden table half down stage right, with small unlighted lamp, three rough, unpainted chairs and a few cooking utensils hanging from wall of projection. A battered sink with faucets, down stage right, adds to the general wretchedness; a cook stove to rear of sink only heightens the prevailing coldness. A white nurses' table, with alcohol lamp, etc., down stage from projection, and a partially installed telephone on the right wall—both foreign to their environment—serve as the only reminders of another and brighter world.*

It is late afternoon and the few stray shafts of fading light are engulfed in the deepening gloom of the apartment.

Large feathery flakes fall silently past the window. It has been snowing since midday.

The curtain rises slowly, disclosing a man, a mechanic in working costume, installing telephone on the right. He finishes after a few seconds and puts receiver to his ear.

MAN.

(Over phone.)

Hello, exchange! New installation. Give me a ring, please.

(Bell rings clearly.)

All right, thank you.

Good-bye.

(Hangs up receiver and begins collecting his tools.)

(JEAN, the tenant, enters from hallway. A Scotch woman, past middle age, rather stout, with a round, genial, sympathetic countenance. She carries a bundle of wood and is out of breath from her climb. Puts down wood and stands, hands on hips, watching the man.)

JEAN.

(Breaking silence.)

You're no' puttin' o' they telephones in mony rooms doun this way?

Are ye?

MAN.

No.

You must be blowin' yourself!

JEAN.

It disna come out o' ma pouch!

But, it's nae wonder you're surprised! We're havin' lots o' things we're nae accustomed tae! When the poor lassie ben there came six weeks ago I had no money to pay the rint an' she'd but a wee