

**AMERICAN DRAMATISTS
SERIES. A MAN'S WORLD;
A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS**

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American Dramatists series. A man's world; a play in four acts by Rachel Crothers

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RACHEL CROTHERS

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American Dramatists Series

A MAN'S WORLD

A Play in Four Acts by

RACHEL CROTHERS



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1915

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CHARACTERS

FRANK WARE.
LIONE BRUNE.
CLARA OAKES.
KIDDIE.
MALCOLM GASKELL.
FRITZ BAHN.
WELLS TREVOR.
EMILE GRIMEAUX.

A MAN'S WORLD

ACT I

Time—The present—Eight o'clock a winter evening.

Scene—Frank Ware's living room in an old house in lower New York. There is a door at C. back leading into hall. One at L. leading into sleeping room. A wide window cuts off the upper R. corner diagonally. Another window is down R. At L. a large old fashioned fire-place of white marble. Low open book shelves fill the wall spaces. In the upper corner L. is a large round table on which are magazines, a lamp—a box of cigarettes and a bowl of red apples. At L. C. a very large upholstered davenport facing the fire at a slanting angle. Below the fire a large arm-chair.

At back a baby grand piano stands R. of the door C.—the keyboard facing the window—a single chair before it. Below piano a small round table holding books and a work basket—a chair at L. of this table. Well out from the window R. is a large table desk with a chair on either side. The desk holds a student's lamp—magazines, newspapers, brass desk furnishings—and a great quantity of Mss. letters, etc.

On the book shelves are vases, several busts in

bronz and white—old bowls, a large *Victory* in white, and a great quantity of pictures on the walls—water colors, oils, sketches—all good.

The walls and ceilings are done in faded, old frescoes—and there is a *C.* gas chandelier of an old fashioned design.

The furniture is all old, but solid and the general air is that of past elegance grown shabby and invaded by up-to-date comfort and cheerfulness.

At curtain—*Kiddie Ware*, a sturdy boy of seven, is lying full length on sofa looking into fire. After a slight pause he rises—punches pillow and sulkily crosses to piano. With one finger he plays "*Can you come out to-night boys*" three times, with one note always wrong. He then crosses to window and looks eagerly out into the street. There is a soft rap at the door *C.* Pause—and the rap is repeated.

KIDDIE—(Lifelessly.) Come.

FRITZ—(Opening the hall door.) *Wie gehts.* Hello.

KIDDIE—(Without turning.) Hello!

(*Fritz Bahn is a young German. He is in evening clothes and carries a shabby top-coat, a cap and a violin case.*)

FRITZ—Where is de Frankie mutter?

KIDDIE—(Still not turning.) She hasn't come yet.

FRITZ—Ach! She is late. Don't you worry. She come soon. It is not eight o'clock all ready. (*Goes to child at window.*)

KIDDIE—I want Frankie.

FRITZ—Ach Gott, so do I—but we don't get everything we want.

KIDDIE—(*Still not turning from window.*) Why don't she come?

FRITZ—I tink she has had a very busy day with dot old publisher down town to-day. She will be so tired. Un? Yah, I tink it. Don't look all de time on de outside. She not come so. Look a lidle on de inside an she come. So.

KIDDIE—Light all the gas. She likes it.

FRITZ—(*Lighting the gas.*) So. Dere iss one—dere iss two—dere iss dree. So. Better? Un? Who lighted the first one for you all ready?

KIDDIE—Old Grumper, when she brought my supper. She was awful cross to-night.

FRITZ—No, iss dot so?

KIDDIE—Light the lamp.

FRITZ—(*Lighting student lamp on desk.*) Oh, yah. De light at de shrine. So. We are ready for her. Un? Wat did you do to-day?

KIDDIE—Nothing.

FRITZ—Nothing? Didn't you go to school?

KIDDIE—Yes.

FRITZ—And didn't that nice girl wat takes care