

**A MAN'S WORLD: A  
PLAY IN  
FOUR ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649044696

A Man's World: A Play in Four Acts by Rachel Crothers

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**RACHEL CROTHERS**

**A MAN'S WORLD: A  
PLAY IN  
FOUR ACTS**



c *American Dramatists Series*

# A MAN'S WORLD

*A Play in Four Acts by*

RACHEL CROTHERS



BOSTON: RICHARD G. BADGER

TORONTO: THE COPP CLARK CO., LIMITED

## *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*

bronx 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 liddle 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

of you, take you to de park dis afternoon?

KIDDIE—Yes.

FRITZ—And did she go home already?

KIDDIE—Yes.

FRITZ—And you was alone dis evening waiting for de Frankie mudder. Ain't you going to smile yet? Wat will make you smile now? Shall I tell you—oh—such a funny story about Chris Kringle, wat's coming down your chimney next month already? (*Kiddie shakes his head.*) No? shall I—

KIDDIE—(*Solemnly.*) Be a monkey.

FRITZ—(*Hopping on a chair and imitating a monkey.*) Ach Gott! Dot iss too easy.

KIDDIE—I like that.

FRITZ—Well I am glad you like something.

KIDDIE—(*Going to kick the end of a couch.*) I want Frankie to come.

FRITZ—Du Leiber! Can't you forget a liddle? She come soon, now. I tink she iss eating her dinner all ready down in de restaurant.

KIDDIE—She's going to take me to dinner to eat with her down in that restaurant, she said so.

FRITZ—No! How fine! I will haf to get invited on that time. You tink I can?

KIDDIE—Sing a song.

FRITZ—All my tricks, un? (*Going to piano he begins a German song—extravagantly—after first few bars—loud voices are heard in hall singing*

same tune. *Wells and Emile bang on the door and enter arm in arm singing.*

WELLS—For heaven's sake, can't you hear anything but your own voice.

EMILE—Que faites-vous? Oh, la, la, Tenez! Ou est las divinite?—Ou est la Divinite?

*(Wells Trevors is a happy go lucky young American, good looking and goodnatured. He wears a shabby lounging coat. Emile Grimeaux is a small Frenchman of the unmistakable artist type. He wears a blue working blouse.)*

WELLS—Where's Frankie? Kiddie?

KIDDIE—She hasn't come home yet.

FRITZ—*(Rising from piano and going to Wells thumping him in the ribs.)* It's too early all ready. Don't you know anything?

EMILE—Um—he knows nossing.

WELLS—I know a good sport when I see one. *(Going to Kiddie.)* Kiddie, old man, doesn't care when Frank gets home, do you? He can take care of himself, can't you? *(Wells doubles his fist and makes a pass at Kiddie, to which Kiddie quickly responds. They move to C. going on with mock fight.)*

FRITZ—Gif it to him, Kiddie. Goot! See! Ach du leiber Himmel! Keep at him! You have him going! *(Wells doubles back to L. towards the couch. Kiddie is excited with his victory.)*