

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen  
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo  
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm  
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Maupassant  
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka  
Cotton Dostoyevsky Kipling Doyle  
Baum Henry Flaubert Nietzsche Willis  
Leslie Dumas Stockton Vatsyayana Crane  
Burroughs Verne  
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch  
Homer Tolstoy Whitman Twain  
Darwin Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato  
Potter Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte  
Kant London Descartes Cervantes Voltaire Cooke  
Poe Aristotle Wells Bunner Shakespeare Chambers Irving  
Hale James Hastings Richter Chekhov da Shaw Wodehouse  
Doré Dante Pushkin Alcott  
Swift



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, tredition offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. tredition is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

## TREDITION CLASSICS

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series. The creators of this series are united by passion for literature and driven by the intention of making all public domain books available in printed format again - worldwide. Most TREDITION CLASSICS titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades. At tredition we believe that a great book never goes out of style and that its value is eternal. Several mostly non-profit literature projects provide content to tredition. To support their good work, tredition donates a portion of the proceeds from each sold copy. As a reader of a TREDITION CLASSICS book, you support our mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion. See all available books at [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com).



The content for this book has been graciously provided by Project Gutenberg. Project Gutenberg is a non-profit organization founded by Michael Hart in 1971 at the University of Illinois. The mission of Project Gutenberg is simple: To encourage the creation and distribution of eBooks. Project Gutenberg is the first and largest collection of public domain eBooks.

# **Her Own Way A Play in Four Acts**

Clyde Fitch

# Imprint

This book is part of TREDITION CLASSICS

Author: Clyde Fitch

Cover design: Buchgut, Berlin - Germany

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg - Germany

ISBN: 978-3-8424-8063-6

[www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

[www.tredition.de](http://www.tredition.de)

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations, such as Project Gutenberg, worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.







All acting rights, both professional and amateur, are reserved by Clyde Fitch. Performances forbidden and right of representation reserved. Application for the right of performing this piece must be made to The Macmillan Company. Any piracy or infringement will be prosecuted in accordance with the penalties provided by the United States Statutes:—

"Sec. 4966. — Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic or musical composition, for which copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of the said dramatic or musical composition, or his heirs or assigns, shall be liable for damages therefor, such damages in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the Court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be wilful and for profit, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year." — U.S. Revised Statutes, Title 60, Chap. 3.









Elaine	Miss Marie Hirsch
Lizzie	Miss Susanne Perry
Miss Bella Shindle	Miss Georgie Lawrence
Lieutenant Richard Coleman	Mr. Charles Cherry
Sam Coast	Mr. Arthur Byron
Steven Carley	Mr. R.C. Herz
Moles	Mr. Francklyn Hurleigh
Footman	Mr. B.M. Parmenter

Produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, in May, 1905, and afterward at the Savoy Theatre, London, with the following cast:—

Georgiana Carley	Miss Maxine Elliott
Mrs. Carley	Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt
Mrs. Steven Carley	Miss Nellie Thorne
Philip	Master Donald Gallaher
Christopher	Miss Beryl Morse
Toots	Miss Mollie King
Elaine	Miss Marie Hirsch
Lizzie	Miss Susanne Perry
Miss Bella Shindle	Miss Georgie Lawrence
Lieutenant Richard Coleman	Mr. Charles Cherry
Sam Coast	Mr. James Carew
Steven Carley	Mr. R.C. Herz
Moles	Mr. Francklyn Hurleigh
Footman	Mr. B.M. Parmenter





## ACT I

*The nursery. Half-past two in the afternoon. A cool, delightful white room, with a frieze of children playing in the ocean spray; shelves of brightly-colored books on the walls, and the months of a large calendar by Elizabeth Shippen Green framed underneath. There is a deep bow-window at the back; the principal door is at the Left, and a smaller one on the Right. Toys of all sizes, for all ages, are scattered about with a holiday air. There is a sofa on the Right and a hobby horse on the Left.*

*There are four charming though somewhat spoiled children, with intermittent manners, with napkins tied up under their chins, sitting around the table, which is a little to the right of the centre of the room.*

*The Footman is busy removing the plates; the butler, Moles, who stands behind Philip, always takes Philip's plate. It is Philip's birthday. Lizzie stands behind Elaine. In the centre of the table is a large cake with seven candles burning on it.*

Philip. What comes next?

Christopher. Soup!

*[Lizzie and Moles suppress smiles, exchanging looks of delighted appreciation of Christopher's humor.]*

Toots. Ice cream!

Elaine. Don't be absurd, Christopher, we've *had* soup.

Christopher. I like it!

Toots. I like ice cream!

Elaine. *[To Toots.]* Sh!

Philip. What comes next, Moles?

Moles. I don't know, sir.

*[He goes out.]*

Elaine. T'ain't manners to ask, anyway, Phil.

Philip. Who cares! It's my birthday!

Christopher. When will it be my birthday?

*[The Footman reënters with plates, followed by Moles, with silver dish of croquettes.]*

Philip. Here it comes; what is it?

Moles. Chicken croquettes, sir.

Philip. Left overs! Had chicken yesterday! Bring 'em here first!

Moles. No, ladies first, sir.

*[Serves Elaine.]*

Lizzie. And besides, Miss Elaine is company.

*[Moles serves Christopher.]*

Philip. That's all right. S'long it's Elaine, everything goes!

Elaine. Phil!

*[Sliding down from her chair, she runs to him and kisses him.]*

Philip. *[Hopelessly embarrassed.]* Don't! not in front of everybody!

Elaine. But I do love you, Phil, and you're my beau, and I'm so glad it's your birthday.

*[Goes back to her place unashamed and contented.]*

*[Moles serves Philip.]*

Lizzie. You oughtn't to talk about beaux at your age, Miss—ought Miss Elaine?

*[To Moles with a knowing glance.]*

Moles. I ain't discussing the sex with you, Lizzie, but I will say all the girls I've known, began talking about beaux early and ended late.

Christopher. I heard Lizzie and Moles talking about Aunt Georgiana's beau!

Lizzie. Sh!

*[Footman goes out with the croquette dish.]*

Elaine. Mr. Dick Coleman's Miss Carley's beau!

Philip. No, he isn't! Mr. Dick's known Aunt Georgiana always, they're just little boy and girl friends. Lizzie says she's Cousin Sammy Coast's sweetheart.

Lizzie. [*Indignant, though convulsed.*] I never did!

Philip. Yes, you did! To Maggie when you thought I wasn't paying attention.

[*Lizzie and Moles exchange amused glances.*]

Elaine. But Mr. Coast's your auntie's cousin; and your cousin can't be your beau.

Philip. He ain't any relation to Auntie Georgiana. Mamma said so. Mr. Coast's mamma's cousin, and grandma's nephew, but grandma isn't any real relation to auntie.

Christopher. How?

Philip. I don't know how, only Aunt Georgiana had a different mamma, she didn't have grandma.

Elaine. And the same papa!

Philip. Not all the time, mamma had another papa first.

Christopher. It's sort of mixy, isn't it?

Philip. Yes, I guess mamma and Aunt Georgy are sort of divorced sisters!

Elaine. Oh!

[*As if that explained it.*]

Toots. [*Beating the table.*] Lemmlerade! lemmlerade!

[*Moles crosses to pitcher and serves Toots first, then the others.*]

Philip. Toots, you're getting tipsy!

[*The children laugh.*]

Christopher. Cousin Sammy comes to see Aunt Georgiana nearly every day.

Philip. Yes—he's begun to bring toys just like some of the others did.

Christopher. [*With his mouth full.*] Hobby horse! Hobby horse!

[*Pointing to the hobby horse.*]

Lizzie. Don't talk with your mouth full, Mr. Christopher.

Philip. [*Shouting.*] He'll choke! He'll choke!

[*All laugh, tremendously amused.*]

Moles. Mr. Coast is a very fine gentleman.

Philip. Oh, I know! I saw him give you a dollar the other day, when he came to see auntie, and you advised his waiting and said auntie'd be in by five.

Lizzie. Isn't he a case!

Moles. He certainly is.

[*Returns pitcher to table on the Left.*]

Christopher. I like Mr. Dick best. He's always taking us places and things.

Toots. [*Who has finished his croquette and is now ready for conversation.*] Um! Circus!

Philip. And not just 'cause he's stuck on auntie.

Moles. You oughtn't to use that expression, Mr. Philip.

Philip. Why not! you do. I heard you tell Lizzie you were stuck on her last Sunday.

Lizzie. [*Blushing.*] Oh, my!

Christopher. Mr. Dick's a soldier!

Philip. Yes, siree! He helped stop a strike of street cars in Brooklyn. His name was in the papers!

Christopher. He was hurted bad, and if he was dead, he'd have a monnyment with "Hero" embroidered on it. Aunt Georgiana said so!

Elaine. I should think Miss Georgiana was too old, anyway, to have beaux.

Christopher. Oh, awful old!

Lizzie. Oh! Miss Carley isn't so old!

Philip. Yes, she is, too! She's our old maid aunt.

Elaine. If she wasn't old, she'd be married. It must be awful to be so old.

Philip. She's nearly thirty, I guess.

All the Children. Oh!

[*Loud and long.*]

Christopher. You'll be deader soon after thirty, won't you?

Toots. [*Crying.*] I don't want Auntie Georgiana to be a deader!

Philip. [*Bored.*] Shut up!

Lizzie. [*Comes to Toots and comforts him.*] Toots, dear!

Philip. I'm glad Aunt Georgiana's an old maid, 'cause I don't want her to leave us.

[*Footman enters and stands at the Right.*]

She gave me my birthday party.

Moles. Yes, and this whole house'd miss your aunt, I can tell you that, Mr. Philip. [*Takes away the plates.*] She just keeps things going smooth with everybody.

Philip. I told her I saw you kiss Lizzie on the back stairs, Saturday.

Moles. What!

[*Gives dishes to the Footman.*]

Lizzie. He didn't! He didn't!

Philip. Yes, that's what Aunt Georgiana said, but I know better, and so does she, I guess!

Lizzie. Isn't he a case!

[*Moles goes out with the Footman.*]

Philip. Now what?

Christopher. Soup!

Philip. Ice cream! I want ice cream!

Lizzie. Sh!

Elaine. My mamma don't let my brothers behave so at the table.

Philip. Neither don't we, 'cept our birthdays.

[Moles reënters with a tray and plates.

Christopher. What is it?

Philip. [Screams.] Eeh! Ice cream! It's ice cream!

Lizzie. Sh!

Philip. Go ahead, dish it out!

[Laughs.

[Moles serves ice cream to Elaine, then to Philip, Toots, and Christopher.

Christopher. Mr. Dick Coleman is gooder as Cousin Sammy Coast.

Elaine. Aunt Georgiana is goodest as him!

Christopher. Aunt Georgiana is gooder as mamma!

Toots. And most goodest as grandma.

[Lizzie exchanges a glance with Moles and goes out Right.

Philip. Grandma! Rats!

Moles. [To Philip.] Sh!

Philip. [Shouts.] Stop, Chris! He's taking too much ice cream!

All the Children. Chris! Chris!

[They keep up the clamor, laughing and shouting, till Lizzie comes back.

Lizzie. Children! here comes grandma.

Philip. [Disgusted.] Oh, pshaw!

Christopher. Don't want grandma.

Lizzie. Sh!

[Mrs. Carley comes in from the Right. She is a middle-aged woman, of faded prettiness and frivolous manner. Every line and bit of character has