

## A COMPLETE SUGGEST.

By Amy Elizabeth Leigh.

## CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Jo North, a tremendously busy woman.  
 Monday, her pet skye.  
 Bessie Stephenson, her pretty sister.  
 Joseph M. North, her husband, a successful man of business.  
 Mrs. Chevalier, her friend and co worker.  
 Dick Arlington, Bessie's fiancee.  
 Mr. Fred Griffith, a young gentleman of leisure.

SCENE: Mrs. Jo North's quaint and cozy morning room, 10 a. m. It is a legal holiday, and Mr. Jo North is at home, sprawling over a couple of chairs and looking rather bored, as he listlessly fondles the unresponsive skye. A half-smoked cigar lies, with the morning paper, at his elbow. Mrs. Jo is at her escritoire, writing furiously. Her set lips and the two perpendicular wrinkles which stretch from her small nose to her fluffy blond bang denote determined concentration. Knocks are heard upon door L, but Mrs. Jo ignores them.

Mr. N. [in the midst of a yawn]. Umm-mm-yah! Come in!

[Enter Mr. Fred Griffith.]

Griffith [holding his stick and hat and smiling expansively]. Good morn—[discovering Mr. North] Hello! What's going to happen? You here?

Mr. N. [explaining apologetically]. Legal holiday, you know.

Griffith [whose days are all holidays]. Oh, I see! Who is it, this time, that the nation delights to honor? Washington? or St. Patrick or the Declaration of Independence? And how is Mrs. North, after her—after her strenuous exertions in behalf of sweet charity?

Mrs. N. [writing harder than ever]. Don't speak to me! Don't interrupt me! I'm writing.

Griffith [blandly]. Ah! North, your wife is the busiest person I know; a perfect slave! Why don't you ask me to sit down?

Mr. N. I'm too sleepy. Why don't you sit down without being asked? Sit down!

Griffith [carefully laying hat and stick on a chair]. Thanks! [Sinks into Turkish seat in corner of room.] You're not smoking?

Mr. N. [drowsily]. No? Guess I am. Have one?

Griffith. What luck! Mrs. Jo will never let me smoke. Why this discrimination? [to Mrs. North who does not hear.] Oh I beg your pardon Mrs. North, don't let me disturb you. [Lights a cigarette.] It's a pity there aren't more legal holidays. [To Mr. North.] I'm so glad you're at home. I may smoke! [Puffs ecstatically.]

Mrs. Jo [dropping her pen]. There! Heaven be praised, that's done! [Uses blotter energetically.] If ever I am wheedled into anything like that again, I hope my friends will have expert examination as to my sanity!

Griffith. What's the matter, Mrs. Jo? You look flustered, as it were.

Mrs. Jo. Who wouldn't look flustered, I'd like to know? We've worked four solid weeks to make a success of that Mrs. Emerson-Osgood-Adams recital, and now, I've got to report the total profit as four dollars and eighty-five cents. I'm half dead!

Griffith. By Jove! Four dollars and eighty-five cents!

Mr. N. [dreamily]. One dollar and twenty-one and one-quarter cents a week. My dear; I'm proud of you.

Mrs. Jo. If you make fun of me, I'll just break right down and cry! It's too bad! But our expenses were—they were awful—paralyzing! I never thought of adding them up till it was over last night. You see, we had to pay her seventy-five dollars to begin with; she wouldn't open her lips for a cent less—

Mr. N. A good business head has Mrs. Emerson-Osgood-Adams!

Griffith. Well, I'm glad to hear it's good for something! A

homelier being I never beheld.

Mrs. Jo. She isn't a beauty, that's true. If she were, she'd have been well married before this, instead of earning her bread by the sweat of other people's brows, as she's doing now! Mercenary thing! Extorting seventy-five dollars from us, and leaving us with a profit of—

Griffith. Ha! Ha! Four eighty-five! Carolyn will faint! She sent me around on purpose to find how much you'd made. She said it was a complete success! She's in bed with one of her face-aches, of course. Went without her luncheon yesterday.

Mrs. Jo. So did I; so did all of us! We were too busy decorating to take time to eat. Didn't the stage look lovely? That roses tangled-up-in-a-tennis-net idea of Carolyn's was a perfect inspiration!

Griffith. Guess it was too much for her. Poor girl! She looks shocking! [A knock is heard on door L.]

Mr. N. [yawning]. Umm-yah! Come in!

[Enter Mrs. Chevalier.]

Mrs. C. Who's here? Good morning! Goo-oo-ood morning, Monday darling [takes dog from Mr. N.] Is he rumpling your ears all wrong? Eva. I've just rushed around the first thing to find out how much we—

Mrs. Jo. Oh, of course! How much we made! Well, my dear, prepare yourself! I'm almost ashamed to tell you; it's so paltry.

Mrs. C. Then we didn't lose anything? [Mrs. Jo shakes her head.] Well, I'm thankful! I got to thinking about it last night, and I just laid awake and quaked! I was sure we'd never pay expenses!

Mrs. Jo. [solemnly]. We cleared four dollars and eighty-five cents.

Mrs. C. [dropping Monday]. Oh! That's almost worse than not making anything! Four dollars [mournfully] and eighty-five cents. Well, I hope my husband won't find it out. I shall never hear the last of it! [Throwing herself into a chair.] I'm done working for charities!

Mrs. Jo. So am I!

Mr. N. [skeptically]. Seems to me I've heard something like that before.

Mrs. C. Well, I mean it, this time! I hate philanthropy!

Mrs. Jo. So do I! I believe it's demoralizing!

[Enter L without knocking, Bessie Thompson, who leaves the door ajar.]

Bessie [breathlessly]. Oh! Eva! Dick and I have a wager [pants] and I want you to tell me—Quick, he's coming!—did we lose money? If we did, don't—

Enter L., Dick Arlington.

Dick. Oh, Mrs. Jo, don't let her coax you into—I mean—you see, we have a bet. Has she told you?

Bess. How could I tell her when I have't had time to catch my breath?

Dick [to Mrs. Jo]. Well, I say you didn't clear enough to buy peanuts for the Protestant Orphan asylum—

Bess. And I say that we did!

Dick [to Mrs. Jo]. Honestly, now! Did you?

Bess. [importantly, to Mrs. Jo]. Didn't we? Say we did! If we didn't—

Mr. N. Stop browbeating my wife, or I'll summon Monday to protect her!

Bess and Dick [imploringly]. Tell me!

Mrs. Jo [solemnly]. We made four dollars and eighty-five cents.

Bess and Dick. Four dollars and eighty-five cents?

Mrs. C., Mr. N. and Grif. [corroboratively]. Four eighty-five!

Dick [laughing triumphantly]. Bess, I've won!

Bess. Dick Arlington, I think you are the most thoroughly—er unsympathetic man! The idea of roaring like that! Think of the good the money we didn't make might have done! I—I'm ashamed

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