

A Fantastical Spectacular Trick Comedy

In Three Acts

THE

# Evil Eye

or the

M<sup>ANY</sup>  
ERRY of Nid and  
ISHAPS the

W<sup>IERD</sup>  
ONDERFUL of Nod  
ANDERINGS

BY

Charles H. Yale

AND

Sidney R. Ellis

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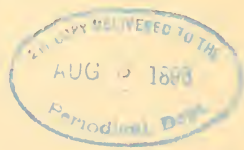
W<sup>EIRD</sup>  
ONDERFUL  
ANDERINGS of Nod

A

## Spectacular Trick Comedy

IN

THREE ACTS.



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Written by and Property of

CHARLES H. YALE and SIDNEY R. ELLIS.

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1898

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Seven people go all through play;  
the balance are doubles.

All through	{	PELEG PHILANDER PHILEMON, Light Comedy BERTRAND, Juvenile Tenor. EVIL EYE WARTBURG, Very Heavy Character. NID. PANTOMIMIC. NOD	"
1st Act	{	JEPPE JANS, an old showman, their father. PUGGIE, Inn keeper.	
2d Act	{	POKROVSKIA, Secret Police, very consequential. BOISDEFRE, Landlord Cafe Royal. STUDENT MOSKOA. TAGANSKY, a Nihilist. MICHAEL ALEXANDER, with a lost last name. ROUE. TUCSON TOM. PHOENIX PETE. } Arizonian Products. ALKALI ABE. } SLOVINSKY. } Polish Musicians. LADOWSKY. } BOROWLSKY. }	
3d Act All through	{	CAPT. O'FLYNN, Irish Captain. MRS. ADORA VAN DE VOORT, a young widow, dashing. GERDA JANS, sweet, timid character.	
Act 2 "	{	MD. BOSAIC, MD. ANTOINETTE	} Spinsters.
Acts 1-3 " "	{	THURINGA, ADELINE, ZAIRA ELISA,	} Adora's Companions.
Act 2 "	{	LA MARIE, LA LOUISE,	} Chantant Dancers.

"SINGING AND DANCING NUMBERS IN ACT 1ST."

At Rise —Peasant Song and Chorus.

Page 3—Bertrand—Song, "By Your Side."

" 4—Ensemble Song and Chorus and Sabot Dance.

" 21—Nid and Nod's Acrobatic Act.

" 36—Adora and 4 Girls—Song and Chorus.

" 30—Adora and Peleg—Duett.

ACT I.

Holland Village.

ACT II.

Cafe Eccentrique, St. Petersburg.

ACT III.

Castle Drachenfels, on the Rhine.

The Legend of the Rhine.

## ACT I.

## SCENE—A Holland Village.

(M) NO. 1.

**Peasant Chorus at Rise and Solo.**

(Practical windmill at back—Run with track (R), house (L), stone wall, well, trick chair, Inn with porch, Table, seats, etc., on porch. Back drop painted view of valley, vineyards, castle on hill.

Various trick arrangements go to make up scene.

Windmill is old Dutch type with huge sails, directly (R) with rope to pull sacks up, etc.)

(Back drop painted low horizon, mostly all sky, to throw out windmill.)

Two or three men bring on sacks on shoulder, throw them on platform of mill (R).

(Enter HOLLAND PEASANTS (L) over Bridge (R) singing. Each has characteristic basket full of grapes strapped to their backs. All wear wooden shoes and male peasants carry garlands. Peasants finish song and chorus amid much gayety. At latter end of song and chorus Gerda enters over Bridge from (R), looking careworn and pale, carrying basket.)

(Enter Bertrand from (L.) Sees Gerda, runs to her quickly, takes her basket of grapes and assists her down to (L) corner, showing her attention Gerda sits and slowly looks grapes over.)

(After dance peasants get in various groups at back.)

(Two men get on platform of mill (R), attach bag to sack, haul it up to window in mill, where man receives it. They haul up two sacks and leave the rope attached to the third sack.)

BERTRAND, after seating GERDA.

(Advancing L, C.)

Neighbors, Master Wartburg bids you wait here to have your baskets examined.

(Turns to Gerda. Peasants form in groups about stage. The man putting sacks on rope and the others who carry sacks on leau over fence talking with girls. Some others look over grapes, others trim the girls' heads with vine leaves.)

Dear Gerda, how ill you look!

(Advances to her, puts arms about her.)

GERDA (L.)

(Smiling faintly.)

'Tis but the hot sun in the vineyards, and I am not strong, you know.

## BERTRAND (L C.)

Evil Eye Wartburg is a beast with a heart of stone, to compel you to work so.

GERDA.

(Gently rising.)

Ah! well! a little longer, then rest.

BERTRAND.

(Taking her C.)

Gerda, why will you not trust me with your dear self? I would strive so hard to guard your precious life from all clouds, to keep the roses and sunshine smiling on your cheek.

GERDA.

I believe you, dear, and I am grateful for the love that brings me so much joy and peace.

BERTRAND.

Then why not be happy, sweetheart? I have not much money, it is true. The miserable pittance I receive as secretary to Wartburg would not give you all the comforts I'd wish, but such love as ours would cheer any hovel and gild it as bright as gold.

GERDA.

It would indeed, dear Bertrand, and this promise you have if my father returns not within the year, my hand follows where my heart has already gone.

(Offers hand—he kisses it. Gerda Xs to bench (R) and picks roses.)

BERTRAND.

Make me the happiest mortal that lives and say now—now.

GERDA.

You have a promise.

(Placing Rose on Bertrand as he leans over her.)

BERTRAND,

You are cruel.

(X-s to C.) Turning away. Gerda sits plucking roses.)

(SONG by Bertrand. "By Your Side." Sings it to her. First verse he sings centre, goes to her and folds her in his arms; for second verse and chorus. Symphony repeats. After second verse Bertrand leads Gerda (C), embracing her. Gerda grows faint and reels.)

(PUGGIE, the inn-keeper, enters from inn and busies himself putting things to rights on veranda).

BERTRAND.

(Placing Gerda in seat R.)

Gerda, you look ill. Look up, dear.

(Strokes her hand. Call Peasants.)

Hilda, Christina.

(They advance to assist Gerda (R C). Others crowd around her.)

(Bertrand runs to inn. Suddenly sees Puggie.)

Puggie, some wine, quick! Gerda has fainted.

(Shows anxiety.)

PUGGIE.

(Stopping in his work and turning slowly.)

Eh? Did you speak, secretary?

(Coming down L.)

BERTRAND (C.)

Gerda is ill. Quick man! Bring wine.

(Goes and fans Gerda with hat. Peasants get water from well.)

PUGGIE.

Wine for her? No indeed. I am forbidden by the Evil Eye to serve any of his field hands.

BERTRAND.

(Turns savagely and advances to him.)

Field hands!

(Restrains himself.)

I've half a mind to push that lie back in your throat.

PUGGIE (L C.)

Keep a bridle on your tongue, young man, or you shall be reported to the Master.

BERTRAND.

Oh! That does not frighten me. It is such as you, who shrink at his look, that endure his anger. Out with you—for a brainless idiot.

(Turns to Gerda and faces her again, while others bathe her forehead and stroke her hands.)

PEASANTS.

(All laugh.)



BRAVA—Well said, Bertrand!

(PUGGIE advancing to C.)

(In passion.)

You dare upbraid me—you, a miserable pauper, whom the Evil Eye picked out of the gutter. I'll tell him of your goings on with this starveling, this daughter of a mountebank, a strolling showman, with ape-like brats—

(Advances threatening—Bertrand jabs him in stomach with fist, which doubles him up with a groan. (Staggering back to C.) The Peasants advance on him. Throwing grapes, to save himself, he staggers back into basket of grapes—(L.)—taking off apron as he does so—general laugh. He gets up, turns back towards audience and shows discoloration on seat of pants. The laughter and taunts become general. He retaliates. They pelt him with grapes, jeers and laughter until he exits into house. (L.) Ensemble Song, Chorus and Sabot Ballet. Comic Solo, Old Man and Woman.)

(Enter EVIL EYE WARTBURG with whip, over bridge from (R.) Bushy hair, heavy eye-brows, heavy voice, commanding presence, very abhorrent and brutal, his dress of a weird Holland type. He lays about with whip. Peasants scatter (R) and (L) picking up grapes the best they can.)

WARTBURG.

How now, ye dogs, has the devil possession of you, that ye waste what ye've plucked in the vineyard? By my soul, this will cost you a day's pay. Back to the field, and it'll go hard with ye if I don't find full baskets at the castle in less time than it takes to walk there. Off with ye.

(Drives them off (R), over bridge, fumes up and down in rage. Bertrand has taken Gerda in his arms (R), sheltering her; fear of Wartburg.)

WARTBURG (C).

Hello! Hello! My secretary, with a grape picker! Well, that's funny; ha, ha, ha!

BERTRAND.

It needs no ridicule, sir.

WARTBURG.

Come away from him, you hussy.

(Takes her by arm and throws her (L.)

BERTRAND.

(Suddenly over his (R) shoulder.)

Be careful.

WARTBURG.

(Gives Bertrand sudden look and snaps his fingers at him. Bertrand walks savagely (R) to Gerda.)

So, you're in love without letting me know it. Oh, I've suspected it for some time. Don't you know you are taking advantage of my confiding nature? I rule everything around here and if you must love somebody, love me.

GERDA.

You!

(Shrinks in horror.)

WARTBURG.

(Advances to her.)

Why not? I love you—love you so much that for a kiss I'd give you silks, jewels, luxuries, instead of rags.

(Bertrand gets up by end of bridge, watching scene.)

GERDA.

Rags are not the badge of dishonor.

WARTBURG.

Oh! I'll win ye yet—win *you* and *your love*, if I have to beat the love into you.

GERDA.

(Shrinks from him.)

My father shall know of your cruelty.

WARTBURG.

You'll have to find him first—he and his two brats have deserted you long ago.

GERDA.

My heart tells me it is false.

WARTBURG (L).

Back to your work and quickly, or you'll feel the lash over your shoulders.

(Raises whip.)

BERTRAND.

(Advances (C) and catches Wartburg's arm.)

Stop! Meinheer Wartburg. Gerda shall receive no more beatings.

WARTBURG.

(Shakes him off and faces him.)

And why not?

BERTRAND.

Because she does not deserve it ; because I shall not permit it.

WARTBURG.

(Wartburg laughs boisterously.)

That's good. What a kind nature I have. You should thank me for not braining you at once for your interference. Ugh!

(Growls.)

Away to your quills and books and leave me to my own affairs.

BERTRAND.

Not while you threaten her.

WARTBURG.

Threaten? Ugh!

(Hits Gerda with whip. She screams and cowers.)

BERTRAND.

You hound!

(Grabs Wartburg by throat, who takes butt end of whip, strikes him on head. Bertrand staggers (R) with a groan, falling on bench. Turns on Gerda. She screams and runs up around to (R), he trying to reach her. Gerda staggers over to well (R), which leaves Wartburg up (C).

(Enter Peleg Philander Philemon over bridge (R) on bicycle. Runs into Wartburg as he advances on Gerda, which knocks him down toward (L), at same time drops out bars on wheel, which prevents it falling and jumps off, standing by wheel. Gerda gets up stage by stone wall. Wartburg rises (L). Peleg assumes fighting position. Bertrand rises (R). Wartburg with growl rushes at Peleg with whip. Peleg presses knob on bicycle handle, which throws stream of water into Wartburg's face, who retreats with yell of rage (L). Bertrand (R) rushes to thank Peleg, who turns his handle bars and squirts water into Bertrand's face, who retreats abashed (R).

NOTE:—The bicycle used in this situation is originally designed and is part of the production. It is so constructed as to carry cooking stove, folding chair, towel, sprinkler, revolver fan. A compartment built in diamond part contains looking glass, comb, brush, soap, etc. The handle bar of wheel to form a receptacle for liquor on top, tin cup forms the end of handle bar; umbrella, spy glass of long dimensions.

(Gerda sees Bertrand's plight and advances to him (R).)

PELEG (C)

Any more?

(Gerda looks at Peleg.)

(Looks at Gerda. She retreats and leans on well.)

You no doubt observe that my dust sprinkler is a very efficacious weapon of defense.

(To Gerda, seeing she is faint.)

Pardon me. A seat?

(Pulls down camp stool from wheel, offers Gerda a seat (C.) She staggers.)

(Peleg assists her. Takes fan and fans her on Gerda's (R.)

Faint, eh?

(Drops fan, X-s and gets cup. Pours out liquor from wheel. She drinks.)

Good, ain't it?

(Drinks himself on Gerda's (L), leaning over wheel.)

What's the trouble?

WARTBURG.

You damned foreigner.

(Rushes upon Peleg again, who sprinkles water as before. Wartburg retreats (L). Gerda gives slight scream and rises.)

PELEG.

Don't be alarmed. It's inexhaustible. A patent idea of my own to sprinkle the road in front of me as I ride.

(Forces Gerda into seat, fans her and looks (L) at Wartburg.)

Is your ardor sufficiently cooled, my black visaged murderer?

GERDA.

I pray you will not trouble yourself on my account.

PELEG.

No trouble whatever. The joy of assisting the fair sex is its own reward. And permit me to observe that it is due to one of the most charming, adorable, bewitching females that ever wore petticoats, that I arrived so timely.

GERDA.

(Rising.)

For which I thank you deeply.

PELEG (L C.)

Refreshed? Good!

(Jumps stool on string.)

May I ask the cause of this disturbance?

GERDA (R C.)

Meinheer Wartburg, in anger, attempted to beat me.

PELEG.

Beat you?

(Starts toward Wartburg, who strikes position of defence.)

Come on, plenty here for another bath.

(Turns to Bertrand and crosses to him.)

And this other ruffian?

GERDA (L. C.)

Ah! He is good and true, and suffered severely, I'm afraid, in his endeavor to protect me.

PELEG (R. C.)

Oh! that's different. My dear sir, I owe you an apology.

(Offers hand; Bertrand shakes it heartily.)

Have a towel?

(Offers it; Bertrand takes it and wipes face.)

Tumbling so unexpectedly, I failed to grasp the situation.

WARTBURG.

(Has a peculiar growl.)

Ugh!

(Gives terrific growl as he advances; all start. Peleg runs up back of wheel. Gerda goes to Bertrand (R.)

You! You!

(Points to Peleg, and advances to him (C.)

PELEG.

Don't do that. You annoy me.

GERDA (R. C.)

I pray you do not anger him further.

PELEG (back of wheel.)

As you wish. He looks as if he had to kill a man every morning before breakfast to exist.

(Takes wheel down (R), goes to wheel, walks gingerly around Wartburg, who eyes him with intense hate. Commences to make coffee from apparatus.)

WARTBURG Xs to (C.)

(To Gerda. Points up (L.)

Into the mill with you. I'll not trust you in the vineyards to discontent the others with your tears.

(Gerda X-s him, goes slowly up to mill towards gate. She staggers.)

BERTRAND.

(Goes toward her and catching her (L.) X-s Gerda.)

(Gerda turns, makes a gesture of no, don't interfere, then goes slowly towards mill. Bertrand stops at gate.)

WARTBURG (C.)

As for you, you viper, you're discharged.

BERTRAND (L C.) at gate.

You but save me asking my release.

(Peleg gets a long spoon and coffee pot. Puts in coffee.)

WARTBURG.

Your accounts shall be examined, so you had better make preparation for departure, or by night the jail might find you its occupant.

(Gerda stops at mill door.)

BERTRAND.

I am willing to remain and face any accusation you can make.

WARTBURG.

Ugh!

(Growls; sees Gerda at mill door.)

Not gone yet?

(Starts towards her up to gate.)

BERTRAND.

(Blocking way at gate.)

Not this way, Meinheer Wartburg, unless you first trample over me

(Gerda exits into mill.)

PELEG (R.)

(Jumping up and waving spoon and coffee pot.)

Me, too. Count my sprinkling cart in on that deal.

WARTBURG.

(Turns, looks at wheel and retreats a little (L.)

Ugh!

(Growls. Peleg starts.)

I'll—

(Makes start. Both Peleg and Bertrand do the same. Looks at both, then subsides.)

Understand me, I'll have no love making between you. If anybody is to make love it will be me—me.

PELEG.

That's a mighty tough proposition for any woman.

(Turns with back to Wartburg to arrange fire.)

WARTBURG.

Ugh!

(Grows with great force and exits (L.) back of inn.)

PELEG.

(Starts violently, drops spoon and pot he has and looks after him L.)

He should take something for that. It's really serious.

(Bertrand, sad, advances, sinks in seat (L.)

(Peleg continues making coffee (R.)

Pardon me, my sad-eyed friend. Won't you join me in some coffee? I make it myself.

BERTRAND.

I thank you; no.

PELEG.

That's bad. Who was our bit of faded sunshine, your sweetheart?

BERTRAND.

Yes.

PELEG.

(During these speeches busy making coffee, etc.)

The daughter of that monstrosity who desires to monopolize and corner the love market?

BERTRAND.

Thank God, no!

PELEG.

That's good.

BERTRAND.

Her father, Jeppe Jans, left her in his charge.

PELEG.

That's bad.

BERTRAND.

But this day her sufferings shall end.

PELEG.

That's good.

BERTRAND.

Yet it seems as if that demon had completely crushed her young life.

PELEG.

That's bad.

BERTRAND.

But she will be no longer at his mercy.

PELEG.

That's good.

BERTRAND.

Even if we die together.

PELEG.

That's bad.

BERTRAND.

But love will give us the means to conquer.

PELEG.

That's good.

BERTRAND.

Now you are a good man.

PELEG.

(Not thinking.)

That's bad.

(Bertrand starts and rises. Peleg suddenly notices.)

Eh? Oh! I should say, your charming bit of femininity interests me. You tell me she was left in his charge?

BERTRAND.

Through poverty, though at one time her father owned all the estate controlled by this Wartburg. Evil Eye Wartburg, as he is called.

(Crosses to Peleg R.)

PELEG.

Evil Eye? I thought I recognized the devil in his glance.

(Rises up, points several times after Wartburg. Bertrand (Xs to R.)

BERTRAND.

Then you know of the "Evil Eye" superstition?

PELEG.

My boy, the subject of the Evil Eye, or the "Jettatura," as they name it in Italy, is simply fascinating. I now understand your troubles.

(Advances to wheel.)

BERTRAND.

The entire village believes that Wartburg's eye possesses the fatal power to collect the frightful infections of the atmosphere and to hurl them broadcast.

(Sits on bench R.)

PELEG

Beautiful. I'll teach you the trick of catching those hard luck glances.

BERTRAND.

I should like to know it.

PELEG (R C.)

Watch me. When you next behold his eyes turn green, and the fibres of the eyeballs wriggle like so many vipers, extend your fingers thus, and presto.

(Points quickly several times with fingers.)

You divert the fatal effect.

BERTRAND (R.)

(Imitating.)

On the same principle that the point of a lightning rod will attract lightning:



PELEG.

(Points.)

Exactly, but to continue, who is Gerda's mother?

(Runs up and points several times after Wartburg.)

(Bertrand crosses to R.)

BERTRAND.

Gerda's mother was a Hungarian gypsy, a lovely woman, as good as she was beautiful.

PELEG.

She is the only child?

BERTRAND.

There are three children.

PELEG.

Oh! This is a case of "there are others" eh! Girls?

BERTRAND.

Boys. Gerda and they are of an age.

PELEG.

What! Triplets?

(Bertrand nods "yes.")

Your climate must be wonderful.

BERTRAND.

(Smiling.)

A wild lot the boys are—Jeppe Jans calls them Nid and Nod.

PELEG.

Nid and Nod? Wild names for a wild lot.

BERTRAND.

Yet the names are suggestive, as they were born dumb.

PELEG.

Dumb? Oh, I see. Between the parents there was a silent understanding.

(Chuckles.)

Quaint conceit. Very.

BERTRAND.

Ill luck seemed to follow Jans from the day his beautiful wife died. Bad crops, disaster, ill health, compelled mortgaging his possessions, finally to sell them. In Stuttgart he found a purchaser, and with 50,000 marks started for home rejoicing.

PELEG.

Not such bad luck about that.

(By this time coffee is made, eggs cooked and Peleg cats.)

BERTRAND.

Yet it proved so, for on the way in the mountains, at night, he was waylaid, robbed and nearly murdered.

PELEG.

(With mouthful.)

Good gracious. His life was full of funeral frosts.

BERTRAND.

The blows he received partially unbalanced his mind, and he became a strolling showman, a mountebank, with his boys to assist him. Quaint geniuses, whose eccentricities, gypsy nature and love of mischief make them odd creatures, indeed.

PELEG.

(Eating and drinking coffee.)

And their fun helps them to pick up a living?

BERTRAND.

Jans has a fancy that some day in his wanderings he will find a clue to those who robbed him, but it's a vain hope, an insane idea.

PELEG.

This Evil Eye?

(Shudders comic.)

Excuse me for shuddering.

(Runs up and points fingers off after Wartburg, then returns.)

Too bad I didn't pay him the compliment of shuddering in his presence. This Evil Eye was the purchaser of the estate?

(Still Eating.)

BERTRAND.

No, he manages it for the owner, who lives in Stuttgart, and he could not have a more villainous representative.

PELEG.

There should be a mutual bond of sympathy between us. You are unfortunate in love, ah—

(Sighs.)

So am I. But, unlike you, poverty is not the barrier that separates us, but too much wealth.

BERTRAND.

You are too rich?

PELEG.

Me! Ha! Ha! Oh, no. I may look it, but my looks play tag. She's too rich—a widow—millions.

(Through eating, puts things away.)

BERTRAND.

Does she care for you?

PELEG.

That's a conundrum. Just as I flattered myself I had made an impression at the end of a series of suppers, balls, operas, etc., in New York, which almost broke me, she sailed for Europe. Frantic, I followed in the next steamer.

(Goes to (C.) acting speeches.)

BERTRAND.

(Rises and goes to him on Peleg's R.)

That's good.

PELEG (L C.)

I arrived in London, unable to locate her.

BERTRAND (R C.)

That's bad.

PELEG.

In the depths of despair, I read in a Paris journal her name among the arrivals.

BERTRAND.

(Getting excited and following Peleg's actions.)

That's good.

PELEG.

(Working up vision.)

But when I reached Paris she had flown.

BERTRAND.

That's bad.

PELEG.

(Stopping suddenly, looking at Bertrand.)

You will pardon me, young man, but those side remarks are embarrassing. Then came a chase over the continent to Versailles, to Rome, Venice, Dresden, Berlin, up to Jungfrau, down the Mediterranean, until exhausted nature compelled the adoption of advanced ideas to continue the whirl over the earth's surface. Behold!

(Crosses (R.) strikes picture at wheel.)

I am now in condition to pause in the desert of Sahara, cook a meal on the highest pinnacle of the Pyramids and allay the dust of the path as I follow her trail.

BERTRAND.

(Going to him R.)

She is then endeavoring to escape you?

PELEG.

(Sinking on bench R.)

My boy, she don't even suspect that I am after her. If I felt she purposely kept me globe trotting at this rate I'd collapse like a punctured balloon.

BERTRAND.

Then you've traced her to Holland?

PELEG.

(Jumping up.)

I have traced her to this very village. Have you seen her? Five feet eight inches tall, blonde, dimple right cheek, aquiline nose, blue eyes and a figure like Venus.

BERTRAND.

Let me think.

(Going (C.) Suddenly turns.)

Fairly tall?

PELEG.

(Starts toward him.)

Yes.

BERTRAND.

Commanding carriage?

PELEG.

(Getting excited.)

That's her.

BERTRAND.

Rather gay and dashing?

PELEG.

Sprightly as a young colt.

BERTRAND.

Then she is here.

PELEG.

Here! Huzza!

(Embraces Bertrand.)

Here! My dear fellow! Your words are electrical Here! You say—where? where?

BERTRAND (L. C.)

I met her at the Inn yesterday.

PELEG (R. C.)

Inn! Inn!

(Looks about, sees Inn, points, Bertram nods head "yes.")

(Runs to Inn and knocks loudly. Bertrand goes (R.) and watches )

Landlord! Inn-keeper! you bunch of pork and butter. Ho! Landlord!

(Pegleg gets back to C.)

(Puggie enters mopping face—he has changed pants.)

PUGGIE (L.)

What's the uproar?

PELEG (C.)

Where is she? Where is she?

PUGGIE (L.)

She? Who?

PELEG (C.)

Her! There's only one her; her of all hers.

PUGGIE (L.)

(Frightened.)

What lunatic is this?

PELEG.

Five feet eight inches, blonde, dimple right cheek, aquiline nose, blue eyes and a figure like Venus.

PUGGIE.

There must be some mistake.

PELEG.

No mistake. I've repeated that description 6,480 times, and it only fits her.

PUGGIE.

But hasn't she a name?

PELEG.

A name; what's in a name?

(Pauses.)

Still she must have a name. Adora.

PUGGIE.

Adora!

PELEG.

Adora by name and adorable by nature. Adora Van De Voort, of New York.

PUGGIE.

What about it?

PELEG.

What about it? Why, Adora Van de Voort.

PUGGIE.

Well!

PELEG.

Well, what?

PUGGIE.

I don't know.

PELEG.

You don't know? When I tell you she's five inches eight feet tall, blonde, right cheek, dimple, aquiline eye—Oh! for an insane developer you are a howling success.

PUGGIE.

(Advancing to Peleg C.)

Who is it?

PELEG.

Who is it? Don't I tell you she has a nose 5 feet 8 inches, blonde eye—Oh! is she here?

PUGGIE.

I don't know.

PELEG.

(Staggers against well.)

He don't know! He don't know! What a cog-wheel-brained imbecile!

BERTRAND.

The gentleman means the lady who is stopping with you—the lady from America.

PUGGIE.

(Suddenly enlightened.)

Oh! Yes, yes, yes yes.

(Bows extravagantly L.)

PELEG.

(Breezily comes forward.)

Oh! At least the point has arrived at the cerebral centre, and you realize that I am not a drivelling idiot. Ah! but you have a great head; great for foot ball.

(Peleg stands waiting, looking at Puggie, who bows and gets nervous. Peleg looks at Bertrand, then at Puggie, with pent up feelings.)

Well! I am waiting.

PUGGIE.

For what?

PELEG.

Have I got to go over all that again?

(Tears his hair and stamps foot, walks up and down.)

Where is she, don't you understand, where is she?

PUGGIE.

She's gone.

PELEG.

Gone? The same old word. Gone?

(Stiffens out and falls in Bertrand's arms. Finally comes to, rushes suddenly around, gets wheel, puts on hat, manners wild.)

Gone, you say?

PUGGIE.

Early this morning.

PELEG.

Which way? North, east, west or south?

(Gets wheel ready to mount.)

PUGGIE.

I haven't any idea.

PELEG.

(Sarcastic.)

Oh, you acknowledge your imbecility. You not only haven't an idea, but never had an idea, and from what I have observed, never will have an idea.

(Mounts wheel.)

Good bye, young man. What matter the way if the end be attained? Onward, like Excelsior, I go.

(Rides around stage as if going over bridge.)

PUGGIE.

But she's coming back.

(Peleg stops quickly; Bertrand takes wheel; Peleg gives short cry and staggers forward, dazed, catches Puggie by the breast and gazes at him.)

PELEG (C.)

(Dazed.)

Coming back!

PUGGIE (L C.)

So she left word. Her luggage is still here.

PELEG.

I've always heard of her going, but this is the first time I've heard of her coming back.

(Changes.)

Whoop!

(Dances, throws hat.)

My spirits rise in tumultuous joy and the long looked for moment dawns at last. Some wine, plenty of it.

(Puggie goes slowly to In 1, tapping his head that Peleg is crazy.)

(Sees Puggie taking his time, shouts.)

Away!

(Puggie falls in the door. Takes Bertrand by arm, going to table on veranda.)

We'll celebrate the glorious occasion.

(Goes to table on verandah of Inn )

(Cheering heard, music, musical instruments Enter Peasants with baskets of grapes ( R. ) over bridge; they converse and point ( R. ); they call others and indicate merriment. Bertrand and Peleg run to see what the matter is. Bertrand immediately becomes interested.)

BERTRAND.

(On Verandah L. )

As I live, it's Jeppe Jans and Nid and Nod.

PELEG.

(Looking from verandah.)

They look like a couple of phenomenal imps.

BERTRAND.

They certainly will astonish you.

(Enter Nid and Nod.)

(Various exclamations as goat-cart containing Nid and Nod comes over bridge. All get excited, cheering and running from side to side. The cart strikes the stage, turns over and throws out Nid and Nod; the crowd shouts and runs for them, picking them up and helping to straighten their limbs with grimaces from Nid and Nod. Jeppe Jans appears on bridge ( R ) laughing and waving his hat. Has long white hair, very long white mustache, fiery, slightly demoted manner; he is strung all over with bells and musical instruments, gaily dressed in ribbons, etc. Puggie brings on wine, sets it down on table and watches scene from steps. Jeppe Jans meets Bertrand, they embrace and clasp hands; Bertrand calls Jan's attention to Nid and Nod; he gaily in pantomime says "they won't hurt themselves;" the girls have laid down their packs and are soothing Nid and Nod, who make grimaces that they are hurt; finally they see a chance when the men are running for water at well, etc., they kiss the girls one after the other, who slap their faces and laugh. Nid and Nod shake hands all round and show they are amongst friends. Jeppe Jans' movements very eccentric, tosses head as if throwing back his hair when he speaks.)

JANS.

(Beats his instruments.)

Allons my jolly Nid and Nod.

(M. Nid and Nod's acrobatic act.)

(Nid and Nod go into their performance, the crowd being around in groups. Peleg and Bertrand at table with wine. Jans through act stopping his playing, giving German ejaculations. Peleg at end throws money to Nid and Nod and they receive it from others, they give it to Jans who bows his thanks extravagantly; the cart is put away. Villagers take up their packs during dialogue. Nid and Nod take grapes and eat them. Villagers expressing in pantomime that they must get to the castle with their packs or Wartburg will beat them and they exit L.)

PELEG.

(Advancing to stage.)

(To Bertrand, who has advanced and greeted Jans after act.)

Introduce me to your gaily adorned friend.

BERTRAND.

(Taking Jans warmly by arm.)

Father Jans, I want you to know this gentleman, Mr.—

PELEG (L C.)

Peleg Philander Philemon, of New York.

JANS.

(Xing to Peleg C.)

(With eccentric movement.)

Illustrious sir, Jeppe Jans has the honor to greet so distinguished a personage.

PELEG.

(Imitating.)

The honor, my glorious friend, is entirely on my side.

(Bows profoundly; aside to Bertrand, as he crosses to him R.)

His style is immense.

(Bertrand pantomimes to excuse it. They are both R.)

JANS (C.)

(To Puggie, who advances L C. Nid advances L. (Nod R C.)

Puggie, no greeting for your old master?

(Puggie turns his back.)

Ah! you were servile enough at one time, but you turn with the world.

(Bertrand advances to Jans (C.) and sympathizes with him, taking his hand. Jans throws back his head and proudly puts on cap.) Peleg (R).

(Nid and Nod see the rudeness of Puggie and when Jans turns from Puggie, Puggie drops napkin and reaches for it. Nid kicks him. Puggie turns quick; Nod kicks him from other side; he turns up stage; both Nid and Nod kick him from down stage. Each time he's kicked he jumps as if they were hard ones. Puggie runs around looking for the person who kicked him, goes to Jans—Bertrand—they turn their backs (up C.) Peleg (down R.) has seen kick and is laughing heartily; Puggie sees him and comes down in indignation. Peleg stops when he observes Puggie looking. Nid



and Nod are laughing at either side of stage. Puggie turns suddenly and looks at them, they stop; business is repeated with Peleg and repeated with Nid and Nod. As Puggie turns up stage Peleg rises and makes movement to kick him. Puggie turns suddenly, Peleg assumes indifferent attitude. Business repeated. Finally Puggie backs up stage and with his eyes fixed on Peleg and Nid and Nod, sits down by well.)

JANS (C.)

(Advancing.)

And Gerda star of the universe, the sun for whom this old body lives, is well?

BERTRAND (R C.)

As could be expected, but—

(Nid and Nod up stage by wall or gate, Puggie goes to verandah.)

JANS (C.)

She has suffered, I see it in your face. Oh! my pearl, forgive me: it was cruel to leave my heart's idol in the keeping of the Evil Eye.

BERTRAND.

I am sure, Father Jans, it was a sad mistake.

JANS.

But, thank heaven, not a fatal one. I shall see Wartburg. I want to tell him that I at last know the man who robbed me.

BERTRAND.

You do?

JANS.

I knew it would come. I have not endured my wanderings in vain. And now I've come back to my old home, back to where I was once so happy, happy.

(Wipes tears, sinks on stool L. Bertrand turns up stage.)

PELEG.

(X-s to him.)

My dear Meinheer Jans, won't you and your sons join me in some refreshments, and we'll drink the wine that cheers.

JANS.

Sir, my heart bursts with gratitude, but I could take nothing until I have seen my Gerda and satisfied the thirst of my heart. But allons, my Nid and Nod.

(Jumps up and takes C. Eccentric movement.)

(Nid and Nod rush and assume a special attitude, which can always be the same through the play. Both come down R.)

We have been honored by an invitation to refreshments.

(Nid and Nod looked delighted. R.)

I have declined it.

(Nid and Nod wilt.)

But you need not, so let your appetites find you worthy representatives of your illustrious father.

(Bows to Peleg extravagantly, who returns it the same.)

Sir, your obedient servant. Come, Bertrand, to Gerda.

(Turns and leans on Bertrand.)

## BERTRAND.

(Who is up by gate.)

In the mill, Father Jans.

(Bertrand leads him into mill. Jans is a two-sided character—when gay, extravagant gesture; when sad, a simple old man.)

(Nid and Nod now assume great importance which astonishes Peleg. They march to (L.), rap for Landlord who advances (L.) and turns head in disgust. Nid and Nod call Peleg's attention that Puggie won't come, Peleg haughtily beckons him, he advances. Nid and Nod attempt to give orders. Puggie turns back, they tell Peleg. Peleg has gone to back and is looking off (R.). He takes a spy glass from wheel and looks through it and is thus engaged when Nid and Nod call him, and pantomime that Puggie won't wait on them. Peleg looks at Puggie, who turns up his nose at Nid and Nod.)

PELEG.

(Down (L. C.), Nid and Nod R.)

He refuses to obey you?

(Looks at Puggie, whose nose is high in air and stomach out.)

(Standing L. C.).

Come down to earth.

(Peleg throws out spy glass; it hits Puggie's stomach; he doubles up with groan and crosses to C.).

You'll attend to all the wants of my friends or I'll consider it a personal insult. Understand me?

(Puggie obsequious. Peleg crosses to Verandah L.).

I'm going to the roof and watch for Adora, my Adora.

(Turns in doorway, sees Puggie's nose in air, throws spy glass as before. Puggie doubles up from sensitiveness.)

Understand me? Obey my illustrious guests.

(Peleg Exits (L.) into Inn.)

(Puggie pulls out bill of fare which Nid and Nod attempt to read him, he holds head very high. After reading Nid and Nod calls attention of the other, he looks and sees Puggie is above him, he gets a chair, stands on it to reach Puggie. At end, in disgust, they strike Puggie which makes him angry.)

(They, Nid and Nod, get angry walk on his feet, etc., working him toward beehives. A series of slaps are introduced, they finally pushing among beehives. Wires with bees work over beehives. Puggie among them yelling, finally gets out yelling, tumbles into seat (L.). Nid and Nod have picked up crank on bench, attach to chair and turn him out. (Puggie Exits). Lights slowly down. Nid and Nod perform horizontal bar scene. Comedy finale and exit.)

(Music changes, and over bridge from (R.) enters Adora with her companions, Thuringa and Adaline, and 2 other chic companions,

dressed in chic queen of Holland costumes, carrying Alpine stocks with ribbons, colors bright.)

(Song and chorus with neat dance, more after the style of posturing dancing as they sing.)

(Enter Peleg at end. He jumps up, recognizes Adora, gets nervous, excited and prepares for interview. (Up C.).

ADORA.

(Xing R.)

What a glorious day. It was heaven as we gazed from the top of the mountain into the valley beneath.

THURINGA (L.)

It was so romantic—one could die there.

ADALINE (L.)

You mean one could dine there. The ham and eggs at that point were simply delicious.

ADORA.

Ham and eggs are not æsthetic, but they are filling.

THURINGA AND ADALINE.

(Shocked.)

Filling.

ADORA.

(Xing to them L.).

I mean satisfying. Now in, girls, to pack our luggage, for to-night must find us on our way to Rotterdam.

PELEG.

(Advancing R C.).

Good afternoon, ladies.

(They turn L.)

Did you say Rotterdam? "What 'er dam" nuisance isn't it?

ADORA, THURINGA, ADALINE (L.)

Sir!

PELEG.

(Advancing C.).

Eh! Don't be offended. I merely remarked Rotterdam-nuisance, isn't it?

ADORA.

I did not understand it that way, sir.

(Turns away. Thuringa and Adaline and others burst out laughing and exit into inn. Peleg stands airily.)

May I know whom I am addressing?

PELEG (C.)

Peleg Philander Philemon, of New York, who has the extreme joyfulness of again greeting the charming Mrs Adora Van de Voort.

ADORA (L. C.)

(Thinking.)

Peleg Philander Philemon. I am not of your acquaintance, sir.

PELEG.

(Chuckling, throwing out chest.)

Oh, yes, you are; yes, you are. Look at me well.

(Strikes picture. Adora approaches him looking.)

Have you forgotten New York, the old Guard ball and the tete-a-tete afterwards? Eh?

ADORA.

(Starts.)

Why, it isn't—

PELEG.

(Delighted.)

Yes, it is; yes, it is.

ADORA.

(Laughs.)

How jolly.

(They both laugh very heartily, Peleg very breezy.)

(Offers her hand He kisses it fervently.)

I had hoped you were dead.

PELEG.

(Startled.)

Eh! Dead?

ADORA.

(Seriously.)

Yes; don't you remember, at that little tete-a-tete, you proposed for my hand, declaring if my answer was not received the next day you'd kill yourself? And I certainly thought you gentleman enough to keep your word.

PELEG.

(Aside, staggering R.).

Well, for a golden tinted case of freeze out, that's a corker.

ADORA.

(Sadly, following him up.)

And you were really joking with me?

PELEG.

Not exactly. Your reply not arriving, I naturally concluded you had been overcome by too much joy; so before cutting off all chances for keeps, investigated and found—

ADORA.

Well!

PELEG.

You had sailed for London.

ADORA.

Any honorable man would have considered that sufficient.

PELEG.

And so would I had not your sudden disappearance impressed me with the horrible suspicion that you had been kidnapped

ADORA.

Do I look like a woman that could be kidnapped by any sane man?

PELEG.

But suppose the man was not sane?

ADORA

But there *was no man*.

(Goes up stage.)

PELEG.

(Following her around and up.)

But if there had been a man, think of it; so I followed you.

ADORA.

(Turns R C.)

Followed me!

PELEG (L C.)

Like a sleuth hound. There was not a city, town or village touched by you that I did not reach just in time to be too late.

ADORA.

Well! to use language in keeping with your vocabulary, your audacity is only excelled by your iron-bound nerve.

PELEG.

(Following her goes down (R.) and sits.)

Yes, it is only a little answer I want. The answer which has been my vision by day—my dream at night. You'll find me a nice man in my way.

ADORA (R.)

I don't know how much you weigh. I've had one experience with a husband and he was a failure.

PELEG (R C)

But I will give you a guarantee against failure.

ADORA.

(Sadly.)

My husband was only a success when he died, and for that I revere his memory. Poor Richard, poor Richard.

(Weeps.)

He left me three million.

(Wipes eyes.)

PELEG.

(Sitting beside her and edging up close.)

I'll forgive even that. Were it five million, I would be willing to share its burden.

ADORA.

(Turns and looks at him. Peleg starts back a little.)

But I do not love you.

PELEG.

And I have considered you a woman of taste. (Turns.) Well, it's just my poker luck.

ADORA.

Sir, this is no poker game.

(Rises and crosses to C.)

PELEG.

Still sitting.

Very much like it—when I've been waiting so long for the hand I can't get.

ADORA.

(Turns (C), and acts speech, with spirit.)

I am an American woman, independent, following any whim that may arise. You observe in dress I am a Hollander, to-morrow I may be a Swiss, French, Japanese or anything else to represent the country I visit. It's a courtesy I pay while on foreign shores, and shall I, who want gaiety, pleasure, life, to make the blood tingle in the veins, settle down to love—when I want love I can buy it

PELEG.

But this is a bargain day in that luxury.

(Duett between Dora and Peleg.)

(M)

ADORA.

(Going to trick chair (L), sitting, thinking.)

And yet, were I sure of a devotion like that of Bertrand for poor Gerda, I might relent.

(Enter Nid and Nod, eating bread; they observe and get near chair.)

PELEG.

(Going to her.)

You know their story, then?

ADORA.

Every word from her own lips. No love could be purer, grander. Ah! I could forsake even riches to be blessed.

(Gently rocks chair.)

PELEG.

(Sinking on knees.)

Oh! Listen to me, Adora. My devotion, compared with Bertrand's, is like Mt. Vesuvius to a flickering candle. Behold me at your feet.

(Kneels directly in front of her. Nid seizes crank which is attached to chair and gives it a sudden start; front of chair hits Peleg. Sends him sprawling. Adora with slight scream clings to chair.

Nid and Nod hide.)

ADORA.

A thousand pardons, I had no idea.

PELEG.

I had no idea myself, and I've got less now.

(Peleg gets up ruefully. Adora takes a sandwich from her bag done in paper. She unwraps it.)

ADORA.

Excuse me while I eat a sandwich, won't you?

(Eats.)

PELEG (C.)

(Aside.)

Her soul is in her stomach.

(Goes to kneel as before, but remembers and goes to side of her (L.), out of danger. Adora carelessly swings chair.)

Oh, listen to me. I love you; love you with a passion that shall even prevent you forsaking your riches to gain it. For here I swear—

(Chair swings violently Nid swings it, and it makes several complete revolutions, Adora clinging to it and screaming. When it stops she jumps out, stamps her foot at Peleg and exits in house. Peleg wipes perspiration from brow, looks about in dazed way, starts to sit in chair, remembers the effect, turns, sees Nid and Nod laughing. They stop when they behold him looking. They both make start to go. Peleg makes same start. Then they are quiet. Peleg quiet. Then they start. He starts, only Peleg is bewildered who to grab first Quick exit.)

(Trick scene, in which many characters are introduced. Scene to be a trick chase. Rally.)

(At end of scene enter Wartburg (L.) driving on Peasants, whose baskets are empty, from (L.) back of Inn.)

WARTBURG (C.)

To the vineyards with you. I'll have no more shirking.

(Jans enters, advances (L) and confronts Wartburg, bringing Gerda with him. Enter Bertrand, Peleg, Adora, Thurniga, Adaline Puggie, all characters.)

JANS (L.)

So, Wartburg, again we meet. What account do you render of my pearl, Gerda?

WARTBURG (C.)

(Advances down stage. Sullen.)

None! to you.

(Peasants on (R.) by bridge, characters on (L.) by Inn.)

Have I not the right to demand it when every month you receive from me money, more than enough to pay for her keep?

BERTRAND.

(Down (R.) to Wartburg.)

Oh! worse than villain!

WARTBURG (C.)

You have your brat. Out of the village or I may do you harm.

JANS (L C.)

In good season; first let me tell you that I at last know the man who robbed me.

WARTBURG. •

Starts and looks at him.

What's that to me?

JANS.

Advancing on him, Wartburg retreating (R.)

Do you know the order of Poland? At Brentz a dying man, a member of the order, made a confession. It implicated you.

WARTBURG. •

You lie.

JANS (C.)

Neighbors! There stands the man who robbed me of 50,000 marks.

(Peleg and Adora advance front to stage.)

WARTBURG.

(Getting up to Jans.)

Silence.

JANS.

I proclaim it. Evil Eye Wartburg, you are the thief, a would-be-murderer—you have the money hidden away; confess where it is, confess.

(Seizes Wartburg. They struggle. Movement by everyone.)

WARTBURG.

Damn you, take that.

(Stabs him Jans, with a cry, staggers. Wartburg attempts to go. Peleg meets him with a blow which knocks him rolling over backwards then goes to Jans, acrobatic fashion down (R.) He immediately regains his feet. Bertrand seizes him (R.) Wartburg throws him off. Wartburg darts into the mill, pursued by Nid and Nod. Puggie at mill door. Peasants and all in excitement. Jans has fallen (C.) and is taken to steps of Inn by crowd, who press around him.)

GERDA.

(Over him—wings her hands.)

Father! Father! Live for Gerda.

(Adora and Peleg C.)

ADORA (C.)

(Down stage, very quickly and forcibly.)

Peleg Philander Philemon, you say you love me?

PELEG.

(Goes to her intently, same spirit; throws hat on stage.)

I do.

ADORA.

Prove it by championing the cause of these innocents against the Evil Eye.

PELEG.

I will.

ADORA.

You'll see it through?

PELEG.

To the death.

ADORA.

Your hand.

PELEG.

Both!

ADORA.

You're a brick.

Kisses him quickly.

PELEG.

You're another.

(Kisses her quickly. Gerda has brought water to Jans, Adora assists her. Wartburg knocks way through roof of mill, seizes rope used to haul sacks on and lets himself quickly down, at the same time bag on end of rope acts as counterweight and goes up as he comes down. Peleg rushes through gate and over to side of mill to intercept Wartburg, who reaches stage, lets go of rope, and the bag falls on Peleg, knocking him down. Gerda goes to well (R.) for more water. All Peasants and Adora grouped about Jans (L.) Wartburg seizes Gerda and carries her off over bridge (R.), she screaming. Bertrand staggers off after them; in the meantime Puggie climbs ladder of mill to to centre of sails. Nid and Nod come through roof after Wartburg. Nid grabs sail to lower himself after Wartburg, the sail revolves, catching Puggie in centre, he screams in fright and goes around with sails, Nod catches other sail and they revolve.)

(Crowd becomes frightened at mill revolving, all animation.)

NOTE--Can have Puggie attached by seat of pants to sail if desired.

CURTAIN.



ACT II.



## ACT II.

(Cafe Eccentrique, St. Petersburg; winter. Very bright and French adornments, tables and chairs, sideboard filled. Steps to upper apartments (R), large entrance up (L), arch showing conservatory and snow (R); view of city at night; trick chandelier lighted. Signs about promiscuously, colored posters displaying opera chanting dancers from Paris, in Russian. The entire set to be gay, light Parisian effect.)

(M-8)

(Student and four companions bidding a party a noisy farewell (up L). Laughter, etc. Sleigh bells heard. Shouts of farewell (off L). Student and companions look out of window into street below (L). The bells die away. Student and companions return to table singing lively chorus (L C).

(One or two other parties are sitting about (R C and up R). Boisdeffre waiting on them.)

(Enter Pokrovskia, from (arch L), advances to (C), very pompously. Looks about mysteriously. Looks at student, who is making a lot of noise with his singing, the others applauding. Goes to student who is singing, looks in his face, student suddenly gives very loud note, which startles Pokrovskia, causing him to jump away (to C). Pompously goes to student, taps him on shoulder; student stops suddenly, looks at him, dazed way; Pokrovskia throws open coat disclosing badge; student says "all right" and sits down with his companions; Pokrovskia swells out from the effect he has created and approaches Boisdeffre, who has seen the action and is very obsequious (R C).

POKROVSKIA (C.)

(Has a peculiar cough.)

Hem! Hem! You are Boisdeffre, proprietor of Cafe Eccentrique.

BOISDEFFRE (R C.)

Oui Monsieur.

POKROVSKIA.

(Swells.)

Hem! Hem! I am Pokrovskia, police agent, but I don't want any one to know it. Even you

BOISDEFFRE.

I shall be extremely careful not to know you, Monsieur.

POKROVSKIA.

My name strikes terror to all great criminals and plotters, against his most august person, the Czar.

(Salutes.)

But I don't want any one to know it. Even you.

BOISDEFFRE.

It shall be a pleasure to forget it, Monsieur.

POKROVSKIA.

(Swells.)

Hem! The coming coronation of the Czar.

(Salutes.)

Will congregate in St. Petersburg, nationalities from all quarters of the globe, and as this Cafe is distinguished as a popular resort—

BOISDEFFRE.

(Profusely.)

You honor me, Monsieur.

POKROVSKIA.

(Severe.)

It shall be under strict surveillance.

BOISDEFFRE.

Mon Dieu! It would ruin me. —

POKROVSKIA.

(Swells, severely.)

Hem! Hem!

(Boisdeffre subsides.)

Have not several of your employers been apprehended on suspicion of holding communication with the Nihilistic Order of Poland?

BOISDEFFRE.

Oui! Monsieur, every one; not one assistant is left. It is one grand mistake; it will mean ze loss of my money, my cafe, my—

POKROVSKIA.

(Swells.)

Hem! Hem!

(Boisdeffre subsides.)

Careful what you say, for you, yourself, are under suspiciou for the same offense.

BOISDEFFRE.

Me! Boisdeffre! It is impossible; I am French, and ze French and ze Russ air like brozairs; it is one lie, it—

POKROVSKIA.

Hem! Hem!

(Boisdeffre subsides.)

You will not be molested, unless a formal charge is brought against you.

BOISDEFFRE.

(Proudly.)

Zere will be no charge, Monsieur.

POKROVSKIA.

Hem! Hem!

(Same bus.)

I have a list of persons you are to watch, I will submit their names. In the meantime, you will keep my visit here a secret; I don't want any one to know it. Even you.

BOISDEFFRE

Oui! Oui! Monsieur. You are here, oui I don't know it

(Pokrovskia sits (R C). Makes sign of drink. Boisdeffre bows and gets it (R). Sets it down. Boisdeffre holds out hand for money for drink. Pokrovskia starts up. "Hem! Hem!" Boisdeffre bows "Never mind." Pokrovskia makes sign for him to look over list. During this business singing is heard.)

(Enter Gerda (L arch) in torn garments and shivering with cold, with an old guitar. She is singing "By Your Side.")

Gerda approaches student's party, holding out hand for money.)

STUDENT (L)

Your name, my little gypsy?

GERDA (C)

(Courtesying.)

Gerda, Your Excellency.

STUDENT

As pretty as your face. Here's money and more, if your young voice can charm us.

GERDA

(M-7)

I shall try, Your Excellency.

(Singing specialty by Gerda. Applause.)

STUDENT (R)

(Rises and goes to her.)

You do not want for appreciation, Tzigane.

(Boisdeffre is looking at paper. Pokrovskia is showing him.)

GERDA

Yet it is the first money I have earned.

STUDENT

Then you had better buy food. You look as if you needed it.

GERDA

Ah! I want so much money to take me back to my country, my home. It seems as if I could not spare it.

(Goes from side to get past.)

STUDENT.

Then sit down and let me provide.

(Points to seat extreme (L) by small table.)

Here Boisdeffre! Garçon!

(Leans over Gerda.)

(Gerda sits extreme (L), timidly drawing cloak around her as if cold.)

Oui Monsieur—

\*(Boisdeffre starts to go; Pokrovskia catches him and makes him look at names.)

STUDENT (turns).

Boisdeffre, come away from that little rat.

(Pokrovskia jumps up insulted and looks at student. Boisdeffre advances C).

Food, and quickly, too.

BOISDEFFRE.

Food, Monsieur!

STUDENT.

When I say food, I don't mean coal and wood. Food for the young girl here.

(Turns to Gerda.)

BOISDEFFRE.

Like ze lightning, Monsieur.

(Rushes off quickly.)

STUDENT.

(Sees Gerda is fainting. Turns.)

And some wine! wine! wine!

(Sees he's gone.)

Oh; I'll get that myself.

(Starts for sibeboard R).

POKROVSKIA.

(Who has bristled up at "Rat," eyeing student, attempts to stop him (C), gets in his way.)

Monsieur, Monsieur. Are you aware you called me a rat.

STUDENT.

(Trying to get by him, going from side to side.)

It didn't offend me, don't apologize.

POKROVSKIA.

(Up to his face; very close.)

I apologize; I, Pokrovskia.

STUDENT.

Oh! Get out of my way.

(Throws Pokrovskia L, who makes trick fall among table and chairs, making fearful racket; four companions jump up and get up (C) laughing. Student goes, gets wine, returns. Pokrovskia intercepts him again; Student throws him (R), with same result, and goes to Gerda with wine, pouring it out for her, laughing. She frightened, Boisdeffre enters; stands astonished.)

STUDENT.

Here's the food; eat little one.

(Takes food from Boisdeffre, giving him money; gives it to Gerda. Boisdeffre runs to Pokrovskia's assistance; picks him up, apologizing. Pokrovskia braces himself. Hem! Hem! Goes toward Student, who has poured out more wine and turns to put bottle on table to his right. Pokrovskia thinking he is coming for him, jumps away, runs up stage, blows whistle. Enter 2 Russian Gendarmes.

Pokrovskia orders cafe cleared. Guests, who have jumped to their feet, run out when Gendarmes turn on them. Pokrovskia points to student, who is laughing and feeding Gerda; Gendarmes go toward him; he turns to get bottle; sees them; retreats to centre, with back to audience. They either side, he shakes a little wine at them from bottle; they jump back; Student laughs and takes long drink, throwing head back; Gendarmes seize him, and rush

him toward the door, feet first. He waves bottle and yells whoop. Enter Wartburg and Tagansky just in time to receive each a foot of student; they are knocked down, the force of the blow sends Gendarmes and Student backwards. They fall. Student jumps up, turns, waves bottle, gives a whoop and runs out, followed by Pokrovskia and Gendarmes.

Boisdeffre rushes to Wartburg (who is down in L C), helps him up and dusts him off. Wartburg is dressed in imposing style, furs, etc., decided foreign appearance; beard trimmed; Tagansky, a typical Nihilist, black beard, etc. (in R C).

BOISDEFFRE.

(As he dusts.)

Oh! Monsieur, so sorry, zat is awful, permit me.

WARTBURG.

(Arranging himself.)

Devil take these Russians; they should be blown to atoms.

TAGANSKY.

They will be, bombs will rend them limb from limb. The order of Poland will see to that

WARTBURG.

(Xing to table R).

Some Burgundy, landlord!

BOISDEFFRE.

Oui Monsieur.

WARTBURG.

(Sits on (L) of table.)

In Russia, the order is like a barking dog.

TAGANSKY.

(Sits (R) of table.)

They bite more fiercely than in Holland.

WARTBURG.

Bah! What was more perfect than their assistance in aiding me to escape the country; when burdened with a girl whose friends were moving heaven and earth to regain.

TAGANSKY.

The girl who escaped you three days ago?

WARTBURG.

Aye, by the roof—when she was under lock and key—sh!

(Boisdeffre brings wine; sets it down. Wartburg gives him money. He takes it, looking first at Wartburg, then Tagansky. Wartburg raises finger and points to go; he goes; but during conversation shows that he listens and hears him.)

WARTBURG

That girl must be found; I want the assistance of the order.

TAGANSKY

You are one of us. We are bound by oath to aid you.

WARTBURG

The order must also overcome my pursuers. They have followed me to St. Petersburg.

TAGANSKY

They are dangerous.

WARTBURG

Very dangerous. They must be killed; killed, do you hear?

TAGANSKY

(Rubbing hands.)

More blood. It pleases me. What a pity they are not nobles. In half an hour the order meets for instructions. This will be joyful tidings for them.

(They whisper.)

(Enter Pokrovskia and Student, arm in arm. Student laughing.)

(Pokrovskia dignified.)

STUDENT

Of course I didn't mean it. Had I known you were the great man you are I would have died of fright.

POKROVSKIA

Hem! I didn't want any one to know it, even you.

STUDENT

Have another rouble.

(Gives money. Pokrovskia takes it, looks quickly around, puts it in his pocket.)

Some wine?

(Student points to bar.)

POKROVSKIA

Hem! Hem!

(Straightens up and takes his arm, and both go to the bar.)

(Gerda, when Student enters, rises and observes Wartburg, she gets frightened and attempts to steal away; Wartburg sees her.)

WARTBURG.

By my soul, it's my pretty bird.

(Rushes, catches her and turns her around down (R), down stage, holding her.)

(Tagansky gets up.)

Wait a moment, my precious Gerda.

(She gives cry, shrinks. Student turns and observes.)

I've caught you, eh? What's this, money?

(Opens her hand; takes money from her hand, but still holds her.)

STUDENT.

(Stepping down C).

Release the Tzigane, Monsieur, you are hurting her.

WARTBURG.

This affair does not concern you.

STUDENT.

t concerns any man. Do you want assistance Tzigane?



GERDA.

(Releasing herself and crossing to Student.)

I do! I do!

(Tearfully.)

He has forcibly taken me from my home, my friends and holds me prisoner in St. Petersburg.

WARTBURG (R.)

She lies; she's a wayward brat and I am her father.

(Gerda in fright gets to Student's L.)

GERDA (L.)

May God pity you for that falsehood. Oh! sir, that man cruelly killed my father and took me from his side. I am alone, utterly alone, in this strange country.

(Weeps.)

STUDENT (C.)

(Imitating.)

Hem! Hem! Monsieur Pokrovskia.

(Pokrovskia, Hem! Hem! Advances pompously. (R C) between Student and Wartburg.)

STUDENT.

(Introducing him.)

One of the most brilliant officers in the minister's service.

POKROVSKIA.

Hem! Hem! I didn't want any one to know it, even you.

STUDENT.

Monsieur Pokrovskia, is it not absurd that that man is this girl's father.

(Slips him money, which Pokrovskia secretly takes.)

POKROVSKIA (R C).

(Pockets money.)

Hem! Hem! Villainously absurd.

WARTBURG (R).

I protest! And will hold you as an officer accountable before the proper authorities for your conduct.

POKROVSKIA.

Hem! Hem!

STUDENT.

That is what Monsieur Pokrovskia suggests that you appear before the proper authorities.

(Goes to Gerda.)

POKROVSKIA.

You are satisfied mademoiselle.

GERDA.

Willingly.

POKROVSKIA.

(Swells to Wartburg.)

Hem! Hem! Monsieur, report at the office of the Minister of Police; come—

(Starts up stage.)

STUDENT.

One moment, Monsieur Pokrovskia, the gentleman has forgotten to return the money he took from Tzigane.

POKROVSKIA

(Swells, and coming down.)

Hem! Hem! The money!

WARTBURG

(Hesitates. Fiercely.)

The money.

(Holds out hand.)

(Wartburg gives him money.)

Hem! Hem!

(Pockets it, looking savagely at Wartburg.)

STUDENT

Come Tzigane, let me assist you.

(Offers his arm. Takes her up (C). Pokrovskia crosses toward (L) arch.)

(Wartburg steals on Pokrovskia, and is about to strike him.)

STUDENT (up C)

Pokrovskia!

(Pokrovskia turns quickly and very catlike.)

(Wartburg stands. Then angry. Growls heavy. Ugh!)

(Pokrovskia jumps again, blows whistle quickly. Gendarmes rush on and stand on picture (C). Pokrovskia looking savagely at Wartburg, bristling; Wartburg looking at Student. Student looks at him and laughs, passes Gerda out, waves his hand and has a laughing exit.)

POKROVSKIA (up C)

Protect me in the rear and don't let any one know it, even you.

(Marches out, looking back at Wartburg, followed by Gendarmes.)

WARTBURG.—TAGANSKY (R)

Keep them in sight, Tagansky, until I can form a plan.

(Walks up and down (R), lights cigar; exit Tagansky.)

BOISDEFFRE (C).

(Dances about, following him up and down.)

Now sair what apology do you make to me—me, Boisleffre, who's reputation you destroy?

WARTBURG

(Keeps walking; growls.)

Ugh!

BOISDEFFRE.

You cannot frighten me, sair; I listen, I hear, you are one of ze Order of Poland.

WARTBURG.

(Stops suddenly; looks about.)

Silence!

BOISDEFFRE.

(Dancing about.)

I, no silence; Zey have already suspicion me, but I show zem by reporting you.

WARTBURG.

(Goes to him.)

Quiet your tongue, or I'll make that suspicion a reality.

BOISDEFFRE.

(Excitedly.)

You cannot, sair, it would be false.

(Sleigh bells heard.)

WARTBURG.

False or not, you know what such a charge would mean to you?

BOISDEFFRE.

Mon Dieu! It would mean ruin.

(Goes up in despair to bar.)

WARTBURG.

(Looking after him.)

I'll make the charge immediately, it may prevent him from betraying what he knows.

(Makes gesture of "he'll do it," buttons up coat; starts for door.)

(Enter Bertrand (Arch L), who turns in the doorway looking off, making a sign.)

(Shouts of "whoa!" sleigh bells end in sudden jangle.)

(Wartburg sees Bertrand, throws up large coat collar, puffs at cigar and walks up and down savagely (R).)

(Enter Peleg, leading Adora, followed by Nid and Nod with luggage, all dressed in Russian types; Peleg and Adora elaborate, also Bertrand; Nid and Nod, exaggerated make-up of Russian lackey dresses, very high hats and fur rolled about heads. Bois greets them effusively; Bois bustles about seating Adora; Nid and Nod unroll fur from faces and stand (R and L) at back.)

PELEG (C).

My dear, who were those people who bowed to us in that elaborate sleigh?

ADORA (L).

(Seated.)

They were the very distinguished Count Kolomoff, Prince Shaveroff, Lord Throweroff and Duke Leteroff.

PELEG.

That's what I thought. They're all off.

BOISDEFFRE.

(Advancing R).

What can Boisdeffre serve your Highnesses?

(Bertrand, Nid and Nod, busy at back with luggage.)

PELEG.

(Becomes pompous.)

What is your list of wines?

BOISDEFFRE (R C).

(Very fast patter. Chateau gruaud larose, haut lafitte, leoville poyferre, cantenac, malescot, haut brion, larivet latour, margaux, larose trintandon, pichon longueville, lagrange, rose-mont geneste, mouton d'armailhac, cos d'estournel, desmirail, gazin pomerol, latour carnet, pauzan segla, giscours, petrus arnaud, cheval blanc, d'issan, cos labory, yquem lur saluces, rioussec, lafon, haut peyraguey, doisy barsac, chambertin clos de beze, beaune greves, bonnes marres, la tache romane, clos de vougeot.)

(Peleg looks very much puzzled and ill at ease; suddenly sees a way out of it, assumes indifferent air.)

PELEG.

Which is your choice, my dear Adora?

ADORA.

(To Boisdeffre.)

Surement vous avez pas seulement que des vins de France, dites moi s'il vous plait quel autre qualite tenez vous.

(Surely you have something else than French wines, so tell me what other kinds you have.)

BOISDEFFRE.

(To Adora.)

Avec plaisir Madame, Nous tenons oussi tous les qualite des vins Russe si vous le preferez.

(With pleasure madame, we keep also all kinds of Russian wines if you prefer them.)

ADORA.

Les vine Russe sont tre particulier, et sans doute vous avez un plus grand vente de ceci que des vins importez.

(The Russian wines are very peculiar, and without doubt you have a much larger sale of this kind than imported wines.)

BOISDEFFRE.

Oh, non!

ADORA.

Non?

PELEG.

(Who has been endeavoring to understand, but cannot, thinks he recognizes the word "No," bursts in very pompously:)

No! No! Oh, no!

ADORA.

Alors les Russe sont pas loyal a leur vignes.

(Oh, well, the Russians are not loyal to their vines.)

BOISDEFFRE.

Oh, non.

ADORA.

Non?

PELEG.

(Who thinks Adora is refusing a brand of wine.)

No! No! Oh, no! Must have something else.

ADORA.

(To Boisdeffre.)

Me si a pas tous le monde de cet pay plait ses vins, surement quelqu'un de votre clientele le boiront.

(Surely if the majority of Russians do not enjoy their own wines, some of your clientele will drink it?)

BOISDEFFRE.

Non! Oh, non.

ADORA.

Non?

PELEG.

(Same business.)

No! Oh, no! no! Too sour! Too sour?

ADORA.

Oh bein moi je pense que les vins meilleur sont se que il faut d'un tres sec caveau.  
(Oh, for my part I think the best wines need a very dry cellar.)

(To Peleg.)

What is your opinion, Peleg?

PELEG.

(Who has been trying to understand, but cannot.)

Oh! yes, yes, the last you mentioned would suit our taste capitally.

ADORA.

(Thinking.)

The last we mentioned?

BOISDEFFRE.

(Thinking.)

Ze last we mentioned?

PELEG.

Yes, that "tres Sec Caveau."

(Repeats last French words.)

ADORA.

That means the cellar.

BOISDEFFRE.

Oui; zat means ze cellar.

PELEG.

That's what I mean, bring up the cellar.

(Crosses to Adora L.)

(Boisdeffre exits (R U E) in astonishment.)

(Bertrand advances (R) and eyes Wartburg.)

My dear Adora, this fancy of your dressing to suit the custom of the country is superb. Everybody insists upon taking us for royalty, and I rather enjoy the distinction.

(Bertrand has caught sight of Wartburg and suspicious it is him. Nod goes to sleep on a revolving stool (R) with head toward (C).

Nod tired, sits on baggage (up C). Wartburg has attempted to leave. Bertrand has purposely stood in the way, and Wartburg, not wishing to pass, walks up and down nervously.)

(Bertrand whispers to Peleg and Adora that he believes the party is Wartburg. They become interested. Adora wants to go to him at once. Peleg holds her down, looks at Wartburg, who hitches collar higher.)

BERTRAND crosses to ADORA

(With sign he'll fix it.)

Witchiosky!

(Calls again.)

Witchiosky!

(Sees him asleep on box. Kicks it from under him. He jumps up.)

My snuff box.

(Nod hold it. Peleg takes pinch; Nod sleepy.)

PELEG.

(To Wartburg.)

Monsieur, will you not join me?

WARTBURG (R corner) stops.

Have no fear; it's a private brand from my tobacco farm in Turkey. Oblige me, do.

(Wartburg steps forward, goes to take snuff. Nod (R C) suddenly sees him and recognizes him. Snaps box.

PELEG (C).

(Snuffing.)

Very fine, isn't it?

WARTBURG (R corner.)

(Growls.)

Damn fine.

PELEG

(Snuffs.)

I thought you'd like it. Have some more.

(Wartburg turns to box. Nod puts it behind him. Wartburg in anger turns away R).

PELEG.

(Snuffing.)

As you use it, notice the flavor, of course you enjoy the flavor. Have some more?

WARTBURG.

(Turns in anger and glares at them.)

Ugh!

(Growls. All start. Adora rises and advances to Peleg.)

(Bertrand holds Nod back (up R C). Adora tries to reach him.

(Peleg holds her back.)

PELEG.

The "Jettatore," he's looking at us. Head it off! Head it off!

(All point with fingers furiously, until Wartburg turns away.)

BERTRAND (R C).

(Advancing savagely.)

We have caught up with you, Evil Eye.

ADORA.

And we will cling to you, Evil Eye.

PELEG (C).

Like a tandem down hill, Evil Eye.

ADORA

(By Peleg.)

We want retribution for the murder of Jeppe Jans.

WARTBURG (R).

Ugh!

(Growls fiercely; turns and looks.)

PELEG.

Don't look! Don't look!

(All point as before. Wartburg turns away.)

PELEG.

I suppose you imagine those nerve-destroying lungs of yours settle it, but it doesn't.

ADORA.

Where is Gerda Jans?

WARTBURG.

She is my life; you want me to give you my life?

PELEG.

You won't have to give it, we'll take it.

ADORA.

(Xs to Wartburg.)

We will be more lenient. If you restore Gerda, we will grant you the choice of any death you desire.

PELEG.

Be liberal, my dear Adora, throw in suicide.

WARTBURG.

(Smiling.)

It is not enough; she is more precious.

BERTRAND.

(Advancing L).

What if we spare your miserable life?

WARTBURG.

(Xing to C).

It would still be too little. We are in Russia; not Holland.

(Wartburg looks around.)

PELEG.

Don't look! Don't look! Same business.

(Wartburg turns in disgust.)

ADORA (R).

We have considered that. Holland's consul is already supplied with the facts.

PELEG (R C).

And we'll find the girl if it costs me a million.

ADORA (R).

You!

PELEG (R C).

I mean if it costs us a million.

WARTBURG

(Draws knife, makes rush at Bertrand (L); Peleg grabs him and whirls him around (R). He hits outstretched arm of Nid and falls. Nod makes whirl on stool and falls on top of him in a daze. Wartburg rises quickly, sending Nod over his head into corner. Nid rushes after him. Wartburg hits him blow which sends him into (L) corner.)

(Adora has gotten up stage.)

PELEG.

Guard the doors.

(They do so. All rush to guard arch (L). Wartburg rushes out of conservatory (R arch). Nid makes dash for Wartburg (R), hits him and knocks him down (R corner). Crash of glass is heard.)

PELEG.

Damn that Evil Eye.

(Advancing C).

BERTRAND.

(Rushes to conservatory R V E).

He has dashed through the conservatory window and is running across the lawn.

(Nid and Nod sit either side, one nursing his eyes.)

ADORA.

We'll head him off by the main door.

(Going to veranda arch L).

PELEG.

One moment; diplomacy is our best weapon.

(Adora stops and advances.)

BERTRAND.

He has reached the wall and is scaling it.

PELEG.

Follow him; he is sure to go where Gerda is, we will remain until you report.

(Bertrand exits quickly (R V E) conservatory.)

ADORA.

Why not all follow?

(X-s to conservatory R).



PELEG (C).

He would lead us heaven only knows where. Then how could we locate Gerda?

ALORA,

(Turning.)

If Bertrand should return without success?

PELEG.

Then we will bribe the police to aid us.

ADORA.

Can policemen be bribed?

PELEG.

(Looks at her.)

You ask that when you have lived in New York?

(Nid looks up, holding eye; Peleg and Adora laugh; Adora consoles them; Nid and Nod rise and go up with Adora.

Enter Boisdeffre, with wine (R. U. E).

BOISDEFFRE.

I hear confusion. Mon dieu! Mon dieu!

PELEG.

No! No! Man due!

(Points.)

Adieu! Adieu!

(Points to conservatory.)

BOISDEFFRE.

(Goes over R. Z. Z.)

Ah, ze conservatoire broken. Who is it? Who is it?

(Draws curtain.)

PELEG.

Your whiskered friend; he wanted a skate in the garden and didn't have a key.

(Motions Adora to be seated at table (L). Nid and Nod up stage.)

BOISDEFFRE.

(Getting wine and putting on table before Peleg and Adora. They sit.)

Here is ze wine your highness - vintage of '76.

PELEG.

Eh? That was in Washington's time; does a declaration of independence go with it?

BOISDEFFRE.

(Opening wine.)

You attend ze grand coronation and will remain here?

(Pouring out wine which Adora and Peleg taste.)

PELEG.

If you have apartments.

BOISDEFFRE.

Oui, plenty, but no assistance, no waiters, zey have robbed me of everyone.

PELEG.

Who?

BOISDEFFRE.

Ze police, one after an ozzar, arrested on suspicion; I am alone in ze Cafe Eccentrique.

PELEG.

Then permit us to appoint a retinue.

(Calls.)

Kioskivitch!

(Nid pays no attention, looking out conservatory. Peleg fires cigar box at him. He starts. Peleg beckons.)

Kioskivitch!

(Nid advances (R), looking wonderingly.)

(To Nod.)

Patradowskivitch!

(Nod pays no attention. He is helping himself at bar. (Same bus.) Nod advances (C), holding behind him a bottle which, holding downward, the liquor runs out. All call his attention and jump out of the way.)

Kioskivitch and Patradowskivitch, you are to serve our esteemed landlord until our departure. Your reputation is at stake.

(To Boisdeffre.)

And you will be surprised how quickly they will ruin it.

ADORA.

But you have so few guests.

BOISDEFFRE (C).

(Nid and Nod either side.)

It is not ze present moment, your ladyship,—but ze opera, ze theatre—when it is over, it is zen zey come. From ze grand singer to ze charming little dancer.

(Gives couple of steps. Nid and Nod imitate him.)

Ze Cafe de Eccentrique Boisdeffre is celebrated.

PELEG.

That will suit Nid and Nod.

BOISDEFFRE.

Nid and Nod?

PELEG.

Their Christian names.

(Points to Nid and Nod.)

Nid Kioskivitch and Nod Patradowskivitch.

(Nid and Nod bow.)

BOISDEFFRE.

(Bows.)

Ah! you o'erwhelm me. Can I not serve you with something nice; lobster?

ADORA.

I adore lobster.

PELEG.

And I adore Adora. Bring on your lobster.

(Turns and makes love to Adora.)

## BOISDEFFRE.

(Bustles up; turns, looks one to the other.)

Kioskivitch! Patradowskivitch!

(Is puzzled.)

Vitch is vitch?

(With idea; goes to big Chinese gong, gives it whack; all start.)

Oh! Oui! Kioskivitch.

(Both go to him.)

No! No! No! Kioskivitch.

(They stand still; he gets away again; same business with gong.)

Patradowskivitch!

(They both go to him.)

Sacre; No! No!

(Places Nid one side; Nod the other side; gong business.)

Kioskivitch!

(Both start, he grabs one then the other.)

Patradowskivitch!

(Both start; grabs the other; goes up tearing hair. Repeat this until Boisdeffre rushes off in disgust, followed by Nid and Nod, who change to waiters' aprons.)

PELEG.

(At table with Adora L.).

And you'll give me no encouragement till then, Adora?

ADORA.

Not until these unfortunate children have justice.

PELEG.

Justice shall fly on Eagle's wings. She shall be paid to remove the bandage from her eyes with your money.

ADORA.

Then my wealth does not bother you, too much?

PELEG.

It may call for sacrifices, but I am willing to devote my life to save you its hardships.

ADORA.

I never appreciated your unselfish nobleness until this moment.

(Funny love song by Peleg to Adora to permit Nid and Nod to change.)

(Nid and Nod enter with two trick lobsters on platters (manipulated by Nid and Nod) and other eatables. They spread the table and during scene, Lobsters manipulated by Nid and Nod, pick Peleg's pockets and pass to one another, by side of table.)

(Nid and Nod setting table.)

PELEG.

Napkins! You idiots.

(Turns to Adora.)

I'll teach these boys a lesson.

(Nid and Nod while Peleg turns to Adora, suddenly pull out napkins from under dishes, from each side, and fold them. Peleg and Adora start and look around; Nid holds out napkin to Peleg, and Nod holds out napkin to Adora, Peleg and Adora look, take napkins and turn to one another smiling. Nid and Nod turn smiling—Peleg and Adora turn quickly; Nid and Nod straighten up.)

(Peleg looks over tray, then at Nid and Nod.)

PELEG.

What's this; No rolls?

(Nid and Nod get rolls from other tables and juggle them as they come forward. Peleg turns to Adora. Those rascals need looking after. Nid and Nod stop, holding out their hands whenever they happen to be in any awkward position; Peleg and Adora look at them in astonishment; Nid and Nod look guilty, slowly put the rolls on the table one after the other. Peleg and Adora turn laughing to each other. Nid and Nod turn also laughing. Peleg and Adora turn suddenly and look at Nid and Nod, who see them and become rigid.)

PELEG.

Now wine; you Ragamuffins, and mark me no tricks.

(Nid and Nod pour out the wine and in doing so, with one hand, they manage to slip the other hand into the lobsters, which they work from either side; Nid attends to Peleg and Nod attends to Adora; they continually keep themselves busy, while not doing business with lobsters.)

PELEG.

Ah! I appreciate you more every hour.

ADORA.

Poor Richard never took the sunny side of life.

PELEG.

Let his nature plead forgiveness. His soul was bent on the accumulation of money, mammon for which men barter their very existence.

ADORA.

You would not neglect me so?

PELEG.

Never.

(Nid's lobster tick es him; he scratches (R of Table.)

When I shall desert you because of your money, may day become night, the fountain of love dry and cupid wander without his bow and arrow.

(Nid's lobster pulls Peleg's necktie loose.)

ADORA.

Yet I have only a paltry sum.

(Nod's lobster steals pin from Adora on (L of table.)

PELEG.

True, it is not much, but we can manage to exit. I would rather live in a three million country cottage with you than in a mortgaged mansion.

(Peleg leans over looking absently. Nid's lobster strokes his hair.)

(Aside.)

How soft her dainty hand on my tresses—she has the touch of an angel.

(Nid steals watch and passes it to pocket).

Ah, what a beautiful touch.

ADORA.

Yet, your clubs, your friends!

PELEG.

They may think hard of me, but what is that to the happiness I gain?

(Nid's lobster tickles Adora, she strikes it unconsciously.)

ADORA.

Now, don't you tickle. You should be manicured.

PELEG.

(Turns.)

Eh!

ADORA.

Ah, the world is brighter, better, and I am commencing to appreciate your unselfishness—your generous heart.

PELEG.

Your hand, dear Adora, your hand.

(Lobsters place claws in both hands as they hold them out. It pinches; they scream and look at lobster. They jump up. She screams. Lobster stays on hands. They run around. Enter Boisdeffre.)

(Peleg fires lobster at Nid; Boisdeffre enters just in time to receive it. Trick scene follows. Introduce characters; Boisdeffre, etc.)

(Nid and Nod change to tights here, if desired.)

(Enter Pokrovskia with Gendarmes; chase Nid and Nod off and seize Boisdeffre, holding him (C).)

POKROVSKIA.

Monsieur Boisdeffre, I am here, but I don't want anyone to know it, even you.

BOISDEFFRE.

What does zis mean?

(Adora and Peleg are R.)

POKROVSKIA.

A charge has been made against you of being in league with the Nihilistic Order of Poland. I arrest you in the name of the Czar.

(Salutes.)

ADORA (R)

(Advancing to R C.)

Are you going to take him now? Give him time.

PELEG.

That's what they will give him—time.

POKROVSKIA.

Hem! Hem! In view of the coming coronation all suspected persons are apprehended without warning. But I didn't want any one to know it; even you.

BOISDEFRE (C).

(Held by Gendarmes.)

Oh! My cafe; I'm ruined. What will I do?

(Wrings hands.)

PELEG.

(Giving Boisdeffre his hat and coat from bar.)

Go clear yourself, we'll take charge of the cafe in your absence.

BOISDEFRE.

(Putting on coat.)

Oh! Your highness, you save me. You overwhelm me.

POKROVSKIA.

Away!

(He is dragged out protesting and getting mixed in coat and hat.)

(To Peleg.)

He is good for twenty years, but I don't want anyone to know it; even you.

(Exit (L arch), Peleg follows him up.)

ADORA.

He doesn't want us to know, yet he tells us.

(Advancing C).

PELEG.

(Returning to Adora.)

That's the custom of the country. They tell you and they don't tell you. For if you didn't know what you knew, you would be sure to know that it wasn't known, when he knew you would know.

ADORA.

I am mistress of the Cafe Eccentrique. What a lark.

(Pironettes.)

PELEG.

We must endeavor to do that absent landlord justice.

ADORA.

I will immediately inspect the household and prepare for arrivals. Wouldn't it be jolly to discover a dress to costume the occasion.

(Exit. Specialty possibly here.)

PELEG.

(Goes to bar. Rings gong.)

Allons! My jolly rascals.

(They rush on and down L C).

Kioskivitch and Patradowskivitch, I have bought the cafe.

(Nid and Nod astonished. Enter Michael Alexander, a typical Russian countryman, is drunk, gives terrific whoop and falls over himself down the stage. Peleg, Nid and Nod are startled. Nid and Nod run and catch him in time to prevent him falling.)

MICHAEL (C).

Boisdeffre! Where is my friend Boisdeffre?

PELEG (R).

He's just stepped out for 20 years.

MICHAEL.

I have walked here to meet him.

PELEG

Walk? With such a skate, you should slide.

(Michael tips sideways, loses his balance, makes a circuit of stage trying to regain equilibrium. Nid and Nod follow jumping about, ready to catch him. Michael stops, puts hand to heart as if it frightened him.)

PELEG.

That's like it, only you need practice.

MICHAEL.

To-night I have an appointment here; here to dine with the loveliest, charmingest, daintiest fairies of the ballet ever in St. Petersburg.

PELEG.

Fairies of the ballet?

MICHAEL.

Ballet fairy.

(Gives steps and falls. Nid and Nod dance, too.)

Understand?

PELEG.

They have a hard proposition.

MICHAEL

I want the finest spread for the loveliest, charmingest, daintiest, understand?

PELEG.

If my understanding was as shaky as yours I'd go to bed.

MICHAEL.

Charge it to me—Michael Alexander—m—m—m—m—Trys again.

PELEG

These Russian names must be jaw-breakers. Here's a living example.

MICHAEL.

Funny I can't pronounce my last name—Michael Alexander—M—M—

PELEG.

It's caught in your teeth and wants drawing.

MICHAEL.

You are to give them the best. When they inquire for Michael Alexander—Mus—  
Mus—

PELEG.

His jag is gigantic; put him to bed or the police will raid us.

MICHAEL.

Whoop!

(Nid and Nod seize him, who is repeating the name over and over.)

PELEG.

His last name worries me. Hold on, I've got to protect the landlord.

(Goes through Michael's pockets. Finds money.)

That's all right (X s c) when the charmingest girls inquire for Michael Alexander with the corking hind name

(Slurs it.)

They can own the cafe.

(Nid and Nod have funny exit with Michael, who is loose-jointed and jolly drunk. He talks all the time. Enter three Jewish musicians, with very eccentric makeup, playing instruments. They finish in centre, look at Peleg; hold argument in Hebrew tongue. They gesticulate and act as if they were fighting. They suddenly quiet down and one approaches.)

(Peleg, when he hears music, goes to (L) arch and looks; then as musicians come to (C) he extravagantly bows them on. The musicians should play a popular march very badly.)

SLOVINSKY (C).

Dis vas de Hotel House—I don't think.

PELEG (R).

Dis vas de Hotel House—I do think.

(They turn to each other and hold another argument.)

SLOVINSKY.

(Approaches, smiling.)

Ve vas here.

(Suddenly turns to others.)

Am I right?

(They argue.)

PELEG.

They are trying to settle whether they are here or not.

(They finish argument.)

It's settled, they are here.

SLOVINSKY.

You like moosic?

(Looks at Peleg and broadens into a big smile; it frightens Peleg.)

PELEG.

That depends on who plays it.

(Slovinsky makes sign that they play it; all swell out proudly and assumes positions of great importance.)

No, I don't like moosic.

SLOVINSKY.

We haf an engagement here to play mit dis hotel. For vy? It's ze Czar's coron—coron

(Can't pronounce it; turns to others, they all try, finally, says one, "nution.")

Yes! Dat's it, coronution.

PELEG.

I don't wonder they are arresting suspicious persons.

SLOVINSKY.

Ve vant a bed.



(Use Hebrew word for sleep.)

(Points around.)

All one bed—money—No! But—

(Smiles broadly.)

Ve play.

(Makes motion, they all get ready (C). Slovinsky commences to beat time with finger.)

PELEG.

You mean to play for a bed?

SLOVINSKY.

Yees, moosic; eince, swei, trei.

(Counts extravagantly, waves finger.)

PELEG.

(Rings gong.)

Hold on! Hold on!

(Enter Nid and Nod quickly down to Peleg.)

Show these Wagnerian students to the room on the roof.

(All give shout of exultation.)

SLOVINSKY

Ah! Wagner! Yaw! Eince, swei, trei.

(Beats time. All get ready.)

PELEG.

No. Walk upstairs first, then you won't have so much wind.

(They catch sight of Nid and Nod and wonder, arguing amongst themselves about them. Exit looking at Nid and Nod and arguing. Nid and Nod watch them and exit. As musicians go up stage, talking (ad-lib) in Hebrew and pointing at Peleg and Nid and Nod, Peleg, Nid and Nod follow them up, staring at musicians, then at one another. Musicians look again, then jabber away and exit. Peleg, Nid and Nod still looking in open-mouthed astonishment get up one or two steps. Nid and Nod exit. Enter two spinisters.

NOTE.—The spinisters entrance should be very quick, in contrast to musicians, they reach (C) like a shot and stand, when Peleg sees them. They are startled as if by apparition, their makeup being so marked. The spinisters smile upon Peleg, who becomes convulsed at their appearance.)

PELEG.

Hallo! These are the girls who are after Michael Alexander, with the secret cognomen.

(Slurs it.)

MD. BOSAIC.

Is this the Cafe Eccentrique?

MD. ANTOINETTE.

Eccentrique Cafe?

PELEG.

(Advancing.)

Very eccentric, I assure you mademoiselle, and you are of the

(Twirls leg as if dancing.)

BOTH.

(Shocked.)

Monsieur!

PELEG.

You understand? You belong to—

(Gives extravagant postures and imitates dancing.)

BOTH

(Very forcible and indignant.)

We, Monsieur? We?

PELEG.

(Looks at them aside.)

No; it cannot be. Michael Alexander may be too drunk to pronounce his name, but he is not drunk enough for that.

MD. BOSAIC.

We desire to see Monsieur Boisdeffre.

MD ANTOINETTE.

See Monsieur Boisdeffre.

(Both take off wraps, lay them on chairs, and settle themselves.)

(Sitting together L.)

MD. BOSAIC.

We've come to assist him. We received word he is short of help for his customers.

PELEG.

Lord help the customers.

MD. BOSAIC.

We are prepared to be instructed in our duties.

MD. ANTOINETTE.

Our blessed duties.

PELEG.

Then your first duty will be to get out of sight and stay there.

(Sounds gong. Enter Nid and Nod. Same business.

Spinsters jump to feet in alarm with slight scream.)

BOTH.

Out of sight!

PELEG

Up those steps. Take the first cell that's vacant. The keepers are mild and gentle\*

(Points to Nid and Nod.)

Show the ladies up.

BOTH.

What? Show us up?

PELEG.

No! No! I mean take them up.

(Makes motion; Nid and Nod show them along acting, like monkeys; ladies frightened Peleg gets over to (L) of stage watching them.)

MD. BOAIC.

Dear Me!

MD. ANTOINETTE.

They are lunatics.

(They pick up wraps, dash off, pursued by Nid and Nod; they screaming, when they reach the top of steps. Enter suddenly Phoenix Pete, Tucson Tom, Alkali Abe, three Arizonian travelers, dressed in Arizonian typical costume, they hear the woman's scream and suddenly get excited, draw guns and all three fire a shot just as Nid and Nod reach top of steps. Peleg disappears behind table (L). Nid and Nod roll down steps and crawl under other tables (R).

PHOENIX PETE.

(Has trick valise.)

That was a woman's scream.

TUCSON TOM.

We're just in time.

PHOENIX PETE.

These Rooshens shan't harm women while Phoenix Pete can draw a gun.

TUCSON TOM.

Show up, ye galoots, or we'll fill ye as full of holes as a sieve.

(All give a whoop and fire revolvers, one shot. Peleg and Nid and Nod jump suddenly to view, stand trembling; Travellers view them and point guns, at each action Peleg and Nid and Nod tremble.)

PHOENIX PETE.

Now comes the trouble of making these damned foreigners understand.

(Sets valise down (R C). Goes to Peleg (L) handling revolver carelessly. Lays it down in front of Peleg on table; prepares himself; Peleg very still, frightened. Pete makes motion that he and his companions want a room for game of cards; gets Peleg guessing. Pete turns to others.)

It takes me to make 'em know what's what.

(Goes to (C).

TUSCON TOM.

By the Lord, Pete, you've got him guessing.

(They laugh. They turn and see Peleg nonplussed (L). They all rush to him, being determined to make him understand. All pantomime wildly. Peleg shakes head—can't understand. They pull up sleeves, throw down hats, and go through same business. Finally they get exasperated.)

PHOENIX PETE.

Why in hell don't you speak English?

PELEG.

I do.

(They fall away in astonishment to centre.)

PHOENIX PETE.

Then you are?

PELEG.

(Advancing.)

An American.

(Travelers give yells of delight, clasp hands and dance around Peleg.)

PHOENIX PETE.

You're the first civilized white man we've met since we've been in the country.

PELEG.

(Has gone to valise (L.) brought on at beginning of act, and takes out bottle.)

(Sets it on table (L.) with three small glasses.)

Let's celebrate good old Kentucky Bourbon.

(Goes (C) with bottles.)

(They yell. Peleg pours out each a drink. Each drinks in characteristic way.)

PHOENIX PETE.

(Drinks one gulp.)

That's genuine, it burns all the way down.

TUSCON TOM.

(Pours it into mouth.)

Like an Arkansaw skete.

ALKALI ABE.

(Slowly drinks, then gives long)

Ah!

When he draws blood.

PELEG.

Have another.

(They all push glasses forward.)

PELEG.

We're Arizonian products.

TUSCON TOM.

There's a cattle syndicate our way and we're a committee to contract the sale of beeves to thes rooshins.

ALKALI ABE.

But it's flatter than an Arizona prairie.

PHOENIX PETE.

And we quit it in the morning.

PELEG (C).

Here's to America.

PHOENIX PETE.

And Arizonia.

(They yell, same business.)

PHOENIX PETE.

(Notices Peleg crying.)

What's the matter?

PELEG.

(Setting bottle down on table (L.))

I was thinking of the man who made that whiskey.

PHOENIX PETE (C.)

He knew his business.

PELEG.

He did! He died.

(Aside.)

It's like a file.

(They look longingly at bottle. Peleg goes to them C.)

Gentlemen, what did you mean by

(Imitates pantomime business. All laugh.)

PHOENIX PETE.

The town's dead slow and we want a room.

TUCSON TOM.

To put in the night.

ALKALI ABE.

With the great and only game of Poker.

Up that way gentlemen, take the iron bound room and don't dent the walls too much with the bullets.

(Exits to R.)

PHOENIX PETE.

(Nid and Nod get up stage, frightened.)

(They turn to go.)

Hold on!

(They turn and look at bottle. Peleg looks up; Pete makes motion toward bottle; Peleg motions take it along.)

(Peleg makes motion to take it; they all make a rush (L) for the bottle; Pete gets it with a whoop, holds it aloft and yells.)

(Nid and Nod takes the valise and start up stage, travelers see them and rush for it, grabbing it by the bottom, Nid and Nod have the handles. The valise, like an accordion, stretches to a considerable length, travelers let go. It flies back and sends Nid and Nod sprawling. They rise and rush up the steps and off with the valise, followed by the travelers, who wildly threaten them.)

(Sleigh bells and laughter heard.)

PELEG.

The opera must be over.

(Enter old Roue with gay woman, followed by as many as possible ladies and gentlemen. Evening dresses and wraps. Swell party; they are gay; Gentlemen assist ladies off with wraps; some with decorations.)

ROUE.

Monsieur, a long table for the party, eh?

(Turns to woman and others, chucks them under chin and flirts promiscuously.)

PELEG.

(Rings gong.)

Allons! Rascals! A banquet for the party and let it be a glorious one.

(Points; enter Nid and Nod set long trick table (C) under chandelier (C); they set it with table cloths, etc., guests sit around it, Roue flitting about showing ladies all courtesy and flirting with them. Music, enter Adora dressed in ideal waitress, chic and charming, or any dress suitable to her specialty, which she does here. Through points of specialty Nid and Nod can have any funny business; not to interfere but to make continuous action. Roue gets smitten with Adora: flirts, sly nods, winks. Adora leads him by smiling and taking it good naturedly. Peleg resents Roue's action, and, when Peleg speaks to him to let Adora alone, Roue orders him back to his duties as a presumptuous waiter. Nid and Nod bring on large cake. They set it (C.)

ROUE.

(Applauds specialty.)

Bravo, Mademoiselle! Join us, you are charming.

(Kisses her hand. Adora bows.)

PELEG.

Here! I have a large mortgage on that.

ADORA.

(Turning indignantly; stamping foot.)

How dare you.

(Gives angry look.)

ROUE.

What an insolent servant.

PELEG.

Servant!

(Adora gives him angry look. "X-s." Gives her hand to Roue and flirts with him. He takes her up to other ladies, puts her at head of table, and introduces her around. To Peleg.)

Some more wine, waiter!

(Talks to Adora.)

PELEG.

Waiter?

(Walks about angrily (R). Introduce any funny business here for Nid and Nod, with Peleg or by themselves. Music is playing all through it, and buzzed conversation, gay with wine. Enter La Marie, La Louise, chantant dancers. Nid and Nod make free with them. Peleg kicks them and tells them to wait on guests. They do so in fear. Peleg shakes fist at Adora and is free with girls. La Louise and La Marie look about.)

PELEG.

What service can I render such beauty.

LA MARIE (C).

We are looking for Monsieur Alexander Mus—Mus—something or other.

PELEG.

Monsieur Michael Alexander, with the mysterious last name, is dead to the world.

BOTH.

Dead!

PELEG.

Only for a few hours. He has, however, left money enough for you to order carte blanche.

LOUISE.

Then he won't be here.

MARIE.

(X-s (R) with Louise.)

What luck, Waiter? (To Nid) Champagne on ice and your bill of fare.

(They sit at small table (R), Nid and Nod wait on them.)

PELEG (C).

(Aside looking at them.)

How those charming creatures love Michael Alexander with the name locked in his teeth.

(Roue X-s to Marie, is struck with dancers and dances around them, bows to them; they treat him to a glass of their champagne, Roue takes it and breaks into song, when he stops they applaud.)

DANCERS.

More! More!

ROUE.

(To ladies.)

More! My angels? Certainly. Who will oblige?

(Introduction of any specialties; at end Roue speaks after drinking with dancers.)

ROUE.

(To dancers.)

Ah! Mademoiselle la Patee, I love you. You remember?

(Points toes.)

MARIE.

You mean?

(Gives few steps.)

ROUE.

Bravo! Bravo!

(All bravo!)

(Parisian dance by girls, including Peleg and Adora if they dance. After all specialties party resumes its conversation. Enter, Bertrand, hurriedly (L). He makes motions to others. Peleg, Nid, Nod, Adora, advance to meet him.)

BERTRAND (C.)

I have seen Gerda.

PELEG (R C) and ADORA (L C.)

Gerda?

(Nid (R) Nod L.)

BERTRAND.

Wartburg, after a roundabout way, stopped at the office of the Minister of Police, where I beheld Gerda a prisoner.

PELEG.

Is it possible?

ADORA.

Incredible.

BERTRAND.

I made myself known; Wartburg declared me a conspirator, and was permitted to take Gerda away.

ADORA.

The scoundrel.

PELEG.

The minister was a blockhead.

BERTRAND.

I fled to prevent being detained.

PELEG.

We must catch Evil Eye before he leaves the city. Come, Adora.

(Rushes for her wraps, that have been left on stage.)

Allons, my rascals.

(All rush for furs, etc. Roue and all guests startled. Enter Tagansky with several Nihilists with wiry wigs and beards, holding bombs. Nid and Nod catch sight of them and run to Peleg, dropping what they have and making noise. Guests all rise to their feet. Roue hides behind gay woman.)

TAGANSKY.

(Holding up bomb with one foot on table.)

By the Order of Poland, silence or bombs will send you to pieces.

(Guests terrified more than ever, movement by all.)

We come after them, only them.

(Tagansky jumps over the table. The other Nihilists advance. Guests run around in a fright, and finally get behind bar (R). Peleg, Nid, Nod and Bertrand escape Nihilists and mount table, where they throw bread, etc., on the table, at Nihilists. Taganski rushes up to Nid (R), seizes him by the legs, and pulls him off the table. They struggle. Other Nihilists fire articles back at them. Tagansky pulls a revolver on Nid, who, to escape, leaps behind bar with others. Tagansky, enraged, goes to bar, and gives one heavy shot back of it. All the guests leap over bar helter skelter, and make for door (L), screaming. Nid leaps over bar; Tagansky grabs for him. Nod leaps on to table, then on to the shoulders of Nod, who is still on table, then to the chandelier. All on table leap to stage. Nid falls into cake from chandelier. Then lights out etc.)

FIRST ROOM.

(Md. Bosaic and Antoinette, spinsters undressing, straightening out hair, corsets, etc. Enter Nid and Nod quickly and see them; spinsters scream Nid and Nod fall on their knees imploring their aid. They think it love, embrace them; enter Nihilists down go



Nid and Nod; they seize spinsters, turn them around; spinsters scream and hold on to Nihilists; Nid and Nod climb walls. (Dark change).

SECOND ROOM.

(Michael Alexander in bed; Nid and Nod enter over transom drop on him; bed breaks; he screams; they roll him up in bed clothes; he yells; Nid and Nod get behind door. Enter Nihilists; seize Michael and unwind him; exit Nid and Nod at door. (Dark change).

THIRD ROOM.

(Hebrew musicians playing; the leader trying to keep time; Nid and Nod enter, tumble against musicians' legs; they jump about; guard; general fight; enter Nihilists; musicians' fight with them, bunched in (C); Nid and Nod climb to their shoulders and jump to transom. Dark change.)

FOURTH ROOM.

(Travelers playing poker; Nid and Nod leap on table, which scatters chips and all; travellers fall back in chairs; rise and shoot; enter Nihilists and all the others; race occurs, rooms revolving and chase till

CURTAIN.



ACT III.



## ACT III.

(Scene—Ruined Castle Drachenfels on the Rhine.)

(Chorus music, "By Your Side," at rise. Bertrand might be heard singing it.)

(Very picturesque, very dark at rise with moonlight effect on river. Effect: Round tower with grated window. Broken wall leading from it for man to stand on. The broken walls form a kind of enclosure with one side a view of interior to do interior tricks. Two big chests (R & L) containing armor, other chests at back—table-chests serve as seats. If other seats required use stone benches. Various broken ruins for people to hide. Secret aperture containing small iron chest of gold (C) at back is an old draw-bridge incline to stage, it is balanced so any weight on other end causes it to tip.)

(The working drawbridge is a feature.)

(Enter Peleg and Bertrand who sings chorus of "By Your Side," and finish Chorus in sight of audience.)

PELEG.

Ah! That song is an inspiration.

(Comes to stage with Bertrand, Grand eloquently.)

Who can resist the romance of yonder moonlit river? These ancient walls, these—

(Nid and Nod, who have entered, step on platform—it tips, they make a great racket, which frightens Peleg and Bertrand. Nid and Nod jump from it. It assumes its original position.)

(Bertrand is looking about. Nid and Nod run into him in fright and hurt his leg. Limping, he chases them with staff he has. Nid and Nod fall over the table making great racket. Peleg and Bertrand violently say)

PELEG AND BERTRAND.

Sh! Sh!

(Nid and Nod stand frightened (C) together.)

BERTRAND (R.)

Silence! Don't you know Castle Drachenfels is haunted?

PELEG } (L.)

You disturb the ghosts. No highly-bred ghost cares to be disturbed. Besides, it's very ill-mannered to his ghostship.

BERTRAND.

(Looking off R L E.)

This passage leads to the inner rooms. Shall we examine?

PELEG.

Every hole and corner. We must be positive only rats are present.

(X-s to Bertrand.)

BERTRAND.

Not a stone shall be left unturned.

(Exit R L E.)

PELEG.

(Looks about.)

Not a stone left unturned. I think that idea has been a popular one.

(Is going. Nid and Nod follow. Peleg turns at entrance tragically.)

Remain!

(Nid and Nod fall back over each other to C.)

Watch here. Don't look so pala.

(They frightened at his tone.)

If his ghostship appears tell him you're in the same box, and he'll believe you.

(Exit R L E.)

(Ghostly tricks by Nid and Nod. They light match, and in looking around see statue. Gives cry of fright, jumps back and gets tangled in iron lamp and chain; struggles with it. Nid endeavors to help him. Enter PELEG and BERTRAND. They join in the melee. Nid and Nod sees them, and fearing them, drop lamp and rush for drawbridge. They run out on it. It tips. Bertrand, Peleg, catch other end. They are dragged off their feet, but bridge comes down, strikes the stage. Nid and Nod roll off. Bertrand catches one, Peleg the other, and hold them up, they looking sheepishly. They bring Nid and Nod forward. Nod describes ghosts to Peleg.

PELEG (R C.)

Ghosts!

(Nid describes snake.)

PELEG.

Snakes, too?

(Nod pantomines.)

Not two—ten.

(Peleg won't believe. They swear. Nid describes dialogue.)

PELEG.

What! Chained to the wall with an iron collar?

(Peleg stumbles against chain and lamp.)

Nid and Nod cry out that it's snakes. Peleg jumps, Bertrand picks up lamp and holds it up R C.)

BERTRAND.

An iron lamp.

(Lights it, standing by statue (R). Lights up.)

(Peleg (C) looks at Nid and Nod; they crest-fallen.)

(Light from lamp shows statue.)

Nid and Nod frightened call Peleg's attention to it.)

PELEG.

(Looking statue retreats R.)

Have I got 'em?

BERTRAND.

(Fixing lamp R.)

That's only a statue supposed to be guarding the Rhine.

PELEG.

I wonder if I know the gentleman.

BERTRAND,

He's been dead hundreds of years.

PELEG.

Small size for his age.

BERTRAND.

(Putting lamp on bracket R.)

He is some one no doubt who resisted the invaders of Germany. Hence the statue

PELEG.

This appreciation after death doesn't make a hit with the subject.

BERTRAND.

(Smiling.)

The subject has nothing to say about it.

PELEG.

That's where the Government understands its business. In America there's many a statue that ought to be sued for libel.

(The lamp has a torch which sets in it so it can be taken out easily.)

You are sure this is Drachenfels.

(X-s to table R.)

BERTRAND.

Positive—but the note from Mrs. Vandervoort.

PELEG.

We will read together—

(Nid and Nod run for lamp. Nid and Nod holds lamp.)

(Peleg tears open envelope and takes out letter.)

BERTRAND.

(R corner.)

Do you know its contents?

PELEG.

(Sits to read R C.)

My dear boy, see, written on the envelope is - proceed to—

Drachenfels before reading.

(Shows it.)

I obey my dear Adora implicitly. I have financial reasons.

(Peleg goes to read. Nid and Nod in their eagerness to read back of table set fire to the envelope which Peleg holds in (R) hand. The letter in his (L) hand. Peleg is unconscious of fire, and is talking until flame, supposed to reach finger ends at cue. He jumps up with cry and waves finger, as if it burnt him. Gets (C.) Nid and Nod frightened, put lamp on table and fly over to (L) of stage)

PELEG.

Out on the walls and keep watch, you rascals, and mind you, stay till I send for you.  
 (Throws stones at them.)  
 (They run off L.)

BERTRAND.

(Back of table.)

How did you receive it?

PELEG.

While Mrs. Vandevort was doing Bonn with a party of touring Americans, among whom was her old friends, Thuringa, Adelina, Zaira and Elisa. It was thrust upon me at the hotel?

BERTRAND.

You are certain of its genuineninty?

PELEG.

(Startled.)

It's what?

BERTRAND.

Genuineninty?

PELEG

My boy, genuineninty is dazzling. It is a pearl of thought. Genuineinty! I'll take that to America as a souvenir. Don't worry about its genuineninty.  
 (Opens letter.)

Every point that dots the I's, the strokes that cross the T's are as familiar as her signature, when—

(Turns over letter and looks at signature.)

I see it on the other side.

(Looks up in rapture. Reads.)

Darling Peleg. Oh, darling Peleg.

(Takes flask from pocket, drinks, puts flask on table for future business.)

Oh, it has cost many sleepless nights to reach.

(Reads.)

Darling Peleg. Considering Mr. Philemon was the starter. It took thousands of miles to gain simply "Peleg" masterstrokes of diplomacy to be dubbed "Dear Peleg," and now when the pinnacle is reached and "Darling Peleg" confronts me, shall I not believe her writing? No!

(Jumps up.)

I'll kill the man who doubts for a moment its genuinity

(Glares about.)

BERTRAND.

If you are satisfied--

PELEG.

I am not satisfied when I hear her say

(Imitates.)

My precious, my own baby, tootsy wootsy and lovey dovey, then. Ah! Then only will I be content.

(Sits, looks at letter, smiles.)

Permit me to commence again. "Darling Peleg"



(Swells out—reads.)

“You are the biggest jackass I ever knew.”

(Collapses )

That's her—I don't mind the jackass, but to be the biggest jackass she ever knew is hard, hard!

( Reads. )

“Evil eye Wartburg has been in Bonn three successive days.”

BERTRAND.

In Bonn, and we missed him. Oh! Gerda, Gerda.

PELEG.

Her appellation of jackass fits perfectly.

BERTRAND.

(Excitedly, leaning over table.)

Go on! Go on!

PELEG.

( Reads. )

“I am following him. Remain at Drachenfels until we arrive—Adora.”

BERTRAND.

We—She intends to bring the tourist party.

PELEG

Adora don't do anything by halves.

BERTRAND X-s to C.

(Agitated )

Wartburg is a will-o'-the-wisp.

PELEG.

He takes the palm. His flight from St. Petersburg to Odessa, Berlin, Mayence, where we lost sight of him, was a revelation in strategy. The usual villain lingers about the scene of his crime until caught. That's sensible and doesn't give trouble. But Evil Eye is' such an unreasonable cuss, he insists upon flying over the universe until he makes me tired.

BERTRAND.

How my darling must suffer with that villain. Oh! I am sick at heart and well-nigh discouraged.

PELEG.

Nonsense; our troubles are almost over. That is your troubles. I hope to marry Adora, and the troubles I experience in this frenzied pursuit for Wartburg may prove a 48 hour Sunday at Coney Island in comparison.

BERTRAND.

Ah! Mrs. Vandervoort is an angel.

(Goes up and looks off L.)

PELEG.

(Reflectively.)

I agree with you. She is an angel. She has three million, and money makes the angel.

BERTRAND.

I'll take a look up the river and watch for her approach.

(Exit L.)

PELEG.

(Thinking.)

The biggest jackass she ever knew. That's a corker. Yet it's a consolation that I'm the biggest, for if I wasn't she probably wouldn't have me at all.

(Specialty.)

(Nid and Nod, yelling, come running on, followed by Bertrand, of whom they are frightened. Nid runs to box (L) and attempts to get into it. Nod follows him.

Supposed to see man there. They yell and slam lid, retreating to C. Lean against one another trembling. Bertrand and Peleg start R. Nid and Nod point to chest C.)

BERTRAND

What's wrong?

PELEG.

More ghosts.

(Nid and Nod tremble again. C.)

Or Jim Jams.

(Sees Nid and Nod pointing.)

In the chest.

(Nid and Nod make sign of man.

A man concealed there?

(Nid and Nod nod.)

How ridiculous.

(Goes boldly to chest (L). About to open it. Nid and Nod (R cor) start, which rather frightens Peleg, who stops nervously, looks at them, then goes to table (R) and takes drink from bottle.)

You cowards!

(Bertrand goes up stage.)

(Bravely walks to chest (L.) Is about to open it. Same business which startles him again. Stops then suddenly—to Nid and Nod.)

Open that chest.

(Advances to them, attempts to drive them to it. They protest, Bertrand X-s around, opens chest and pulls up armor, which is fastened together and looks like man.)

(Nid and Nod give cry, pointing and retreating. Peleg turns, sees armor and starts back.)

PELEG (C.)

(Laughs nervously.)

Rather startling, isn't it?

BERTRAND.

(Looking at armor.)

Medieval armor worn in feudal times It resembles the Von Spitzenhofers

PELEG.

I've seen that in an American antique collection, there must be a large family of Von Spitzenhofers.

(Nid and Nod have taken up armor in another chest (R.) Holds it up.)

BERTRAND.

There is another.

(Bertrand 'throws some loose armor. Nod does same from chest  
(R) on stage.)

PELEG (C.)

(Turns and looks.)

The woods. I mean the chests are full of Von Spitzenhofers. Here's a chance to make a hit with Adora.

(He and Bertrand put on armor.)

(Nid and Nod have found two swords. They commence terrific combat, having put on two massive helmets they have found with visors. Comic fight between Nid and Nod. At end Peleg and Bertrand beat them down and sit on them.)

(NOTE—All the armor the four put on are in the chests.)

PELEG.

This is a case of subduing the warlike spirit of the Von Spitzenhofers.

CAPTAIN O'FLYNN.

(Outside off L U E.)

Ye ho up there.

ADORA.

(Outside L U E.)

Ye ho messmates.

(Steam whistle heard L.)

BERTRAND.

It's Mrs. Vandevoot.

PELEG.

We'll receive her in costumes suitable to the occasion. Allons, Rascals.

(Puts on Helmet—so does Bertrand.)

(Bertrand and Nod in R niches. Peleg and Nid in L niches.)

They stand with swords with dignity. All stand on guard in niches. Enter Captain O'Flynn, leading Adora, followed by tourist party, which includes her four companions. All dressed in characteristic German costumes. Captain in Captain's dress )  
(Peleg and Nid in L niches. Bert. and and Nod in R niches.)

CAPTAIN.

(Enter over platform L U E.)

Tak care o' yer dainty toes sure this ould drawbridge is as tipsy as meself when I go to a wake and that's no joke.

(Party laughing and chatting ascend with care over drawbridge Captain holds it down—gentlemen assist ladies down on to stage singing, "Die Wacht am Rhein," until all on.)

THURINGA

(Looking about, down R.)

It is ghostly enough to frighten one.

ADORA (C.)

(Through her hand.)

Hilloo!

(Peleg, Bertrand, stand forward and assume positions.)

PELEG (echoes L.)

(Deep voice.)

Hillo, Hillo.

(All frightened except Adora; they huddle up to Captain who is R C.)

CAPTAIN (R C.)

(Puts arms around ladies.)

Cling to me bosom, darlin's O'Flynn is ready to die in the midst of beauty, and that's no joke.

PELEG L C.)

(Tragic.)

The shades of Von Spitzenhofers welcome you to Drachenfels from the grave.

(Nid falls off niche. Peleg kicks him and he climbs back.)

ADORA.

(Imitates.)

Advance, captain, and greet the grave, gentlemen.

(Laughs aside.)

(Captain does not want to go. Party push him towards L.) He timidly advances, suddenly sees Nid and Nod faces in helmets.)

CAPTAIN (R C.)

Sure their faces are like corpses. I am Captain O'Flynn, of the Rhine boat Lurline, and that's no joke.

PELEG.

Die lieber Gott, an Irish captain of a German boat. That's too much of a joke.

ADORA.

(To party, who are (R C) and (C) at back.)

Don't be frightened, ladies and gentlemen, these are my friends, greeting you in the style of the surroundings.

PELEG.

(Tragic L C.)

The Von Spitzenhofers.

ADORA.

Bother the Von Spitzenhofers.

(Hits him on armor with staff.)

PELEG.

(Coughs, takes off helmet, holding chest.)

Don't do that. This breastplate is sticking in a lung.

(Bertraud and Peleg take off armor.)

THURINGA.

Why, it's a joke.

(Shakes hands with Peleg. X-s to him)

ADORA.

Of course only a joke.

(All laugh and chatter. Greeting Bertrand and Peleg.)  
 Nid and Nod look at captain, advance and lean on each side of his  
 shoulder.)

CAPTAIN.

But it's a ghastly joke.

(Goes up. Nid and Nod greets party. They look at them  
 curiously.)

ADORA.

(Advancing with Peleg. C.)

How do you like our costumes?

(Turns round.)

PELEG (L C.)

Surely you didn't buy—

ADORA (R C.)

Everyone - for the entire party.

(Party in groups at back.)

PELEG.

(Backing off.)

Oh! Yes—very charming—very char—

(Aside.)

I'll soon be a ruined man.

ADORA.

Captain

(Captain advances R.)

Keep watch below for Wartburg and give us timely warning.

CAPTAIN (R).

It's leaving Paradise I am to obey ye, my darlin'—and that's no joke —

(Salutes and exits. Funny business on bridge.)

Adora advances R, greets Bertrand.)

BERTRAND (R).

You know where Wartburg is?

ADORA (R C).

Kept track of him all day. Had the entire party turned detectives?

BERTRAND (R).

Then they know.

ADORA (R C).

Everything. This chase needed excitement. At dusk Wartburg and two men start-  
 ed in a rowboat down the Rhine—we passed him in a steamer, which I  
 bought—

PELEG (L C)

(Aside.)

How she loves to spend my money.

ADORA.

Wartburg, unsuspecting, will row past Drachenfels, and we can capture him without  
 trouble. When I get after a man I must capture him without trouble.

(Is about to cross to (L.) Meets Peleg.)

(Peleg coughs, exchanges looks with Adora, who gives him a poke with her stick. Peleg gives flap of his coat-tails and goes up gaily and talks to party who are about in groups. Nid and Nod up, talking to them also.)

BERTRAND.

(Kissing Adora's hand.)

Ah! You are noble and generous.

(Goes up and looks over river.)

ADORA.

(X-s to L.)

(Aside.)

Quite a gallant cavalier.

PELEG.

(Advancing to her.)

You are thinking, my dear Adora.

ADORA (L.)

Of the knights of old, who broke their necks for a lady's whim.

PELEG (L.)

(Startled.)

Oh! Ah! We have grown more sensible.

ADORA.

Rather too prosaic. Ah, such romance is of the past.

PELEG.

But you are more up to date.

ADORA.

(Romantic.)

In fancy

(Walks about acting speech, X to R and back to L.)

I see the grand dames courtly grace, tripping a measure mid waving plumes and soldierly equipments, and there the feudal baron holding captive the timid fawn like lady love—what smiles and tears - joyful faces and broken hearts.

(Strikes rapturous position L.)

PELEG.

If this continues I'll be hanging myself for a smile.

(Specialties can be introduced here.)

ADORA.

(Sitting (L) on Chest and looking at guide book which hangs at her side.)

Is there not a legend connected with Drachenfels?

PELEG.

(Lays at her feet to her R.)

What well-regulated ruined castle is without its legend? You insult Mr. Drachenfels.

(Most of the party are grouped R.)

ADORA.

(Reading.)

My guide book doesn't say much.

PELEG.

What guide book ever did?

ADORA.

(Reads.)

Here it is—the legends of Drachenfels are many.

PELEG.

Mr. Drachenfels knew his business.

ADORA.

(Reads.)

The different tales will be found in other volumes.

PELEG.

The same old Bunco game. One book compels you to buy another.

ADORA.

(Reads.)

The legend of Eric and Hubert is the most interesting, as it is supposed to bring luck to those who are fortunate enough to know it.

(Speaks.)

That's all it says.

PELEG.

Like the Chambermaids own—to be continued in our next.

ADORA.

(Thinking.)

If we but knew it.

PELEG.

Bertrand may have a stock on hand.

ADORA.

(Calls.)

Bertrand.

He advances C.)

Do you know the legend of Eric and Hubert.

BERTRAND.

I know many, but—

(Suddenly.)

Yes! I do know it—it's a song taught me by Gerda, the same as she received it from her mother's knee.

ADORA.

And is it lucky?

BERTRAND.

Aye! And more so when sang within the shadow of Drachenfels.

ADORA.

Then let us have it by all means.

BERTRAND.

You dance a measure to the air.

ADORA.

(Jumping up.)

How delightful. Head the way, Bertrand. Friends.

(Explains by sign what to do.)

(Party all rise. All take partners. Adora and Peleg.)

(Bertrand sings.)

(Minuet dance and song by party.)

(Two verses. Bertrand sings verses, then the chorus. At the end of the dance GERDA appears at window in tower up (L), moonlight on her face from (R). Gerda sings "By Your Side" chorus. All startled as they behold her and listen to her singing. Bertrand gets on wall as chorus is sung, so at end of chorus he speaks.)

BERTRAND.

Gerda?

GERDA.

Bertrand!

(They embrace. Chorus of "By Your Side" is sung as a concerted piece.)

(At end everybody delighted, startled that they have discovered Gerda.)

CAPTAIN.

(Outside L U E.)

Oh, captain! Captain!

(All turn.)

(Enter CAPTAIN O'FLYNN, making great racket, out of breath. He gets on drawbridge. It tips. He falls on it and rolls to stage. Fans himself. All crowd about him. Nid and Nod fan him either side. Down stage. Captain suddenly sees Nid and Nod. Startled, backs away.)

(All party talking.)

CAPTAIN (C on stage).

Wait till I eat some air.

PELEG (L).

(Aside.)

I wonder if that's a joke.

CAPTAIN.

(Rises.)

He's come.

ADORA (R)

Wartburg!

(All startled, various exclamations. Bertrand comes down from window.)

CAPTAIN.

(Rising.)

He didn't go down the river, but landed at the foot of Drachenfels.



ADORA.

Landed here!

(Various exclamations. Nid and Nod run up to look over cliff.)

CAPTAIN.

A ledge hid my boat. He's on his way up and that's no joke.

BERTRAND.

Runs to tower door (L) and shakes it.

Locked! Locked!

ADORA (up C).

Wait! Wait!

PELEG.

Hide all, and let Von Spitzenhofer astonish him. Remember the legend.

CAPTAIN.

(At back; on bridge.)

The devil is climbing up. I'll go down to the other place.

(Exit over rocks, R L.)

Peg blows out light. Stage dark. All slowly disappear. Nid and Nod get in chests (R and L). Enter Wartburg in rough dress, German caste, followed by two men.

WARTBURG.

(Speaks off L.)

Remain in the boat till I need you.

(Men disappear.)

WARTBURG.

(Looks about, down C.)

I could have sworn I saw figures on the wall. If I drink any more liquor I'll be seeing the devil himself.

(Strikes match; lights torch in lamp (R). It burns up. He suddenly feels lamp.)

Ha! that torch is warm. Somebody has been here.

(Takes out revolver. Looks about C.)

Noise is the best thing to frighten intruders.

(Shoots towards box. L.)

(Nid, who has lid open, looking out, slams it closed. Wartburg starts, looks about, fires another shot at other box (R). Same business by Nod. Wartburg goes to chest suspiciously (L). Suddenly lifts lid and raises revolver to shoot. Recovers, reaches down, takes hold of helmet pulls armor into sitting position. Nid, having armor on and visor down, is concealed. Wartburg raps on armor with revolver, throws it down in box with trick thud. Wartburg starts, then closes down the lid with a bang. Other lid follows with Nod. Wartburg goes over suspiciously; same business with chest (R). When he slams lid, Nid slams his. Wartburg starts bewilder ed and wipes eye. Introduce any quiet tricks between Nid and Nod and Wartburg. Wartburg can light his big pipe, and smoke it as he goes mysteriously around. At end Nid and Nod get back in boxes, and Wartburg, assuring himself that everything is O. K., goes to tower door, unlocks it and enters.

WARTBURG.

Come now, out with you, and quickly, too.

(Throws Gerda out of door over to R.)

Your imprisonment is over. I've come to give you release.

GERDA.

I have prayed the release would be death.

WARTBURG.

(Laughs loud.)

Ha! ha! How I have outwitted those monied foreign dogs, your lover and that damned Nid and Nod.

(Nid and Nod close lids together. Wartburg starts, seizes revolver and looks about.)

GERDA (R.)

They may be nearer than you imagine,

WARTBURG.

(Laughs.)

If they were here—here in Drachenfels I would rejoice. D'ye see this?

(Rolls out large bomb with fuse from (R.) Gerda watching, X-s L.)

It's my pet of the most approved pattern of the order of Poland. Once ignited its force would be irresistible, so pray in thankfulness that they are not within these walls.

GERDA (L.)

My prayers shall always be for their safety.

(Sits L.)

WARTBURG (R.)

I don't know what's the matter with me to-night.

(Looks about.)

I am almost silly enough to believe these ruins haunted.

(Sits.)

(Drinks liquor. Nod takes it into box when he puts it back on the table.)

GERDA.

Even your conscience rebels.

WARTBURG.

Conscience; I have no conscience. Pshaw, I am as weak as a woman.

(Goes for bottle, finds it gone, looks about. In rage drawing revolver.)

I suppose you wonder why I brought you to this spot, eh?

(Approaches her.)

GERDA.

This or any other makes little difference.

WARTBURG.

(Over her shoulder )

What if I were to tell you that these ruins conceal money.

GERDA.

(Rising excitedly.)

Stolen from my father.

WARTBURG.

(Pause.)

Exactly—stolen by me—with the aid of the order. Here it is. Here it is.

(X-s L to opening. Gerda X-s around to R C watching.)

(Pulls out money chest and opens it.)

Where no man would suspect its existence.

(Opens it L C.)

Not quite so bright as when I last saw it, but no value is lost.

(Kneels at money box.)

GERDA (C.)

(Intensely C.)

Does not the crime against my father cause one pang of remorse?

WARTBURG.

(At box L.)

Remorse—only shadows—I have you and the money—what more do I want?

GERDA.

Forgiveness—Do you not feel the dread of these grey walls hoary with age, the departed souls, which surround you?

WARTBURG.

(Nervous.)

You conjure up the evil spirits.

(Acting through Gerda speech.)

GERDA

(Taking position up C.)

No! I conjure up the good. In the blackness of my prison I have seen them—  
communed with them—and now they rise to assure me that your evil star has  
set.

(Characters commence chorus. Wartburg gets frightened.)

WARTBURG.

You she devil! I'll tear your tongue from your lying throat.

(Rushes at her. When he reaches C suddenly sees Peleg, Adora and party, in monk's gowns, advancing with fingers pointed, singing chorus of legend. Gerda same business. Wartburg sees Nid and Nod getting out of chests. Same business. Retreats in fear, as they advance to money box, where he sinks over it (L C), crouching before figures. They all stand over him till the chorus has finished. Grand chorus, "By your side.")

Nid and Nod (R and L cor) laugh at the effect, raising visors. Wartburg catches sight of them, realizes his being imposed on, jumps to his feet with a terrific growl.)

Ugh!

(All start. Nid and Nod fall over chests in fear, and rush upon walls R and L, getting rid of armor. Wartburg draws revolver, gets down C, stands back to audience.)

WARTBURG.

You would trick me, eh? Out of my way, or I'll bullet the one who stops me.

(Waves revolver.)

(All scatter. Bertrand protects Gerda (R), Peleg and Adora (L). Wartburg snatches torch from lamp and runs up to drawbridge platform.)

(Crowd grouped in R R corners.)

WARTBURG

You thought to trap me—me, Wartburg. I'll blow you to atoms

(Lights fuse of bomb C. It sputters. Throws torch away.)

And I'll take the journey with you.

(Cries of consternation and horror. They rush towards bomb. Get on end of drawbridge.)

Back!

(All get back frightened (R and L)

(Waves revolver.)

I'll shoot anyone who approaches. Back—back—we'll die together.

PELEG.

Not if I can prevent it.

(Starts up L C.)

ADORA.

(Catching him by (L) arm and throwing other about his neck.)

No! No! Peleg.

PELEG.

(Struggling.)

Let me go, Adora. Only one life is sacrificed.

ADORA.

No, no, for I love you.

PELEG.

Love me!

Then I rise to the occasion. Allons, my Nid and Nod. Jump.

(Nid and Nod with a yell jump from wall to extreme end of platform. It tips suddenly and Wartburg is seen—or dummy on wire—to fly into space over the rocks.)

(Nid and Nod climb to the top of platform, which is perpendicular—it falls—strikes stage with a bang—Nid and Nod roll to footlights.)

(Peleg has taken cigar from pocket, runs to bomb C, lights cigar and throws the bomb over cliff. Explosion heard just as the platform touches stage. Captain flies through the air, clothes torn, as if blown up. Rolls down stage C. Nid and Nod on other side.)  
 (Captain sees money. Makes dive for it. Nid and Nod make rush and cover it L C.)

SONG—DANCE.

and

CURTAIN.

(Bright arrangement. Peleg with Adora. Bertrand with Gerda.)





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