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AULINE PAVLOVNA

DRAMATIC ROMANTIC PLAY OR RECITATION

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Arranged as

Play (1 m, 1 f) with Stage-Business

— also as —

Recitation with Lesson-Talk

By Marion Short



EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY

NEW YORK

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BEVERLY'S TRIUMPHS

By Elizabeth A. Chipman

**HIGH SCHOOL PLAY IN 3 ACTS, PORTRAYING
TYPICAL BOARDING-SCHOOL HAPPENINGS**

PERIOD: Present. TIME: 1¼ hours.

CHARACTERS: 8 Girls

COSTUMES: Act I. Sporting and Smart.
Act II. Evening Gowns. One
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Act III. Same as Act I. (ex-
cept one kimono)

PLACE: Room at Boarding-School,
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STORY: School girls discuss success of one of their number in recent game,—a girl much loved by all but who later is suspected of stealing and selling jewelry. It is learned that she has been shielding a fellow pupil who promised never to steal again. At critical moment, when Beverly is accused of stealing, real thief reveals herself and resigns from school.

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1914

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Arranged for Play Presentation

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PLACE: Saint Petersburg.

TIME: The present. *Last Days of the Empire*

SCENE: Ante-chamber to grand ballroom in winter palace of
a Prince ———.

COSTUMES: Ladies are in character costumes and masks. Gentlemen are in official dress and unmasked, with exception of six tall figures in scarlet kaftans, who are treated with marked distinction as they move about among promenaders.)

MUSIC: Quadrille music throughout dialogue.

DISCOVERED: Masked lady in costume of maid of honor in time of Catherine II. She enters from L. (and a moment later Count Sergius Pavlovich Panshine follows her.)

PAULINE PAVLOVNA

HE

[*Speaks imperatively, though softly, as if to detain her.*]

(Pauline!)

SHE

[*Stops with a start, then faces slightly in his direction.*]

(You knew me?)

HE

[*Ardently, as he comes C.*]

(How could I have failed?)

A mask may hide your features, not your soul.
There is an air about you like the air
That folds a star. A blind man knows the night,
And feels the constellations. No coarse sense
Of eye or ear had made you plain to me.)

[*Turns facing him.*]

(Through these I had not found you; for your eyes,
As blue as violets of our Novgorod,
Look black behind your mask there, and your voice—
I had not known that either. My heart said,)

[*Extends arms toward her, speaking her name
with passionate tenderness.*]

(“Pauline Pavlovna.”)

SHE

[*Hiding agitation under pretense of coquettish
lightness; fools with open fan she carries.*]

(Ah! Your heart said that?)

You trust your heart, then! 'Tis a serious risk!—

[*Walks a step or two away from him; turns
facing him again.*]

(How is it you and others wear no mask?)

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HE

[*Gestures off as if indicating Emperor in another room.*]

(The Emperor's orders.)

SHE

[*Steps forward and looks off in direction he indicates.*]

I have not seen him.)

(Is the Emperor here?)

HE

[*As they both gaze off L.*]

(He is one of the six

In scarlet kaftans, and all masked alike.
 Watch—you will note how every one bows down
 Before those figures, thinking each by chance
 May be the Tsar ; yet none knows which is he.
 Even his counterparts are left in doubt.
 Unhappy Russia! No serf ever wore
 Such chains as gall our Emperor these sad days.
 He dare trust no man.)

SHE

[*Walks away from him toward R. Stands with back turned toward him.*]

(All men are so false.)

HE

[*Protestingly, as he follows.*]

Save one, Pauline Pavlovna.)

SHE

[*Making widespread gesture with closed fan; proud bitterness in voice.*]

(No; all, all!

I think there is no truth left in the world,
In man or woman.

[Sighs deeply.]

Once were noble souls.—

[Speaks sweetly, yet as if cautiously feeling her way.]

(Count Sergius, is Nastasia here to-night?)

HE

[Starts; tells story rapidly and emotionally.
She listens with strained, almost rigid, attention.]

Ah! then you know! I thought to tell you first.
Not here, beneath these hundred curious eyes,
In all this glare of light; but in some place
Where I could throw me at your feet and weep.
In what shape came the story to your ear?
Decked in the teller's colors, I'll be sworn;
The truth, but in the livery of a lie,
And so must wrong me. Only this is true:
The Tsar, because I risked my wretched life
To shield a life as wretched as my own,
Bestows upon me, as supreme reward—
O irony!—the hand of this poor girl.)
He stayed me at the bottom of a stair,
And said, "*We have the pearl of pearls for you,
Such as from out the sea was never plucked
By Indian diver, for a sultan's crown.
Your joy's decreed,*" and stabbed me with a smile.

SHE

[Trembles so violently that open fan she is holding quivers.]

(And she—she loves you?)

HE

[*With cold indifference.*]

(I much question that.
Likes me, perhaps. What matters it?—her love!)

[*She crosses to sofa and sits.*]

The guardian, Sidor Yurievich, consents,
And she consents.

[*Crosses and sits beside her. She turns half
away from him as he talks, but always listens
intently, betraying by nervous movements
with fan, from time to time, how his words
affect her.*]

Love weighs not in such scales—

(A mere caprice, a young girl's springtide dream.
Sick of her ear-rings, weary of her mare,
She'll have a lover, something ready-made,
Or improvised between two cups of tea—
A lover by imperial ukase!
Fate said her word—I chanced to be the man!)

[*With bitter humor, looking straight front.*]

If that grenade the crazy student threw
Had not spared me, as well as spared the Tsar,
All this would not have happened. I'd have been
A hero, but quite safe from her romance.
She takes me for a hero—think of that!

[*Voice breaks, features indicate that he suffers
deeply.*]

(Now, by our holy Lady of Kazan,
When I have finished pitying myself,
I'll pity her.)

[*Bows head into hands and holds attitude until
he speaks again.*]

PAULINE PAVLOVNA

SHE

[Hand to heart, tone one of strained agony.]

Oh, no; begin with her;
She needs it most.

HE

[Raises head, speaks in tone of intense reproach.]

At her door lies the blame,
Whatever falls. She, with a single word,
With half a tear, had stopped it at the first,
This cruel juggling with poor human hearts.

SHE

[Equally reproachful, drawing away from him.]

The Tsar commanded it—you said the Tsar.

HE

[Quickly, tone analytical and without sympathy.]

The Tsar does what she wishes—God knows why.
Were she his mistress, now!

[Stops and ponders a moment; shakes head in negation.]

But there's no snow
Whiter within the bosom of a cloud,
Nor colder either. She is very haughty,
For all her fragile air of gentleness;
With something vital in her, like those flowers
That on our desolate steppes outlast the year.
Resembles you in some things.

[*She starts up and walks away, as if fearful of identity becoming known to him. He rises and stands with hand on back of sofa, looking toward her.*]

(It was that
 First made us friends. I do her justice, mark.
 For we were friends in that smooth surface way
 We Russians have imported out of France—
 Forgetting Alma and Sebastopol.
 Alas! from what a blue and tranquil heaven
 This bolt fell on me! After these two years,
 My suit with Alexandrovitch at end,
 The old wrong righted, the estates restored,
 And my promotion, with the ink not dry!
 Those fairies which neglected me at birth
 Seemed now to lavish all good gifts on me—
 Gold roubles, office, sudden dearest friends.
 The whole world smiled; then, as I stooped to taste
 The sweetest cup,

[*Makes dramatic gesture, carrying out idea of line.*]

(Freak dashed it from my lip.)

[*Approaches her, and speaks in voice of mingled passion and pathos.*]

(This very night—just think, this very night—
 I planned to come and beg of you the alms
 I dared not asked for in my poverty.
 I thought me poor then. How stripped am I now!
 There's not a ragged mendicant one meets
 Along the Nevski Prospekt but has leave
 To tell his love,

[*Kneels on one knee, but she does not turn toward him and retains attitude of rigid attention.*]

(And I have not that right!

[Bows head, there is moment's pause and then he looks up quickly and rises, speaks wonderingly and as if hurt by her coldness.]

Pauline Pavlovna, why do you stand there
Stark as a statue, with no word to say?

SHE

[Voice monotonous from deep emotion.]

Because this thing has frozen up my heart.
I think that there is something killed in me,
A dream that would have mocked all other bliss.
What shall I say? What would you have me say?

HE

[Intensely, hands toward her in appeal.]

If it be possible, the word of words!

SHE

[Very slowly, clasping hands and facing him.]

Well, then—I love you. I may tell you so
This once, . . . and then forever hold my peace.

[Warningly as he starts impulsively toward her.]

We cannot longer stay here unobserved.

[Eludes him as he attempts to take her in his arms.]

No—do not touch me! but stand farther off,
And seem to laugh, as if we talked in jest,
Should we be watched.

[He steps back few steps.]

Now turn your face away.

[He does so, though with hesitation.]

I love you.

HE

[*Softly and with ecstasy.*]

With such music in my ears
I would death found me. It were sweet to die
Listening! You love me—prove it.

SHE

Prove it—how?
I prove it saying it. How else?

HE

[*Turns impulsively toward her, rapid, desperate utterance.*]

Pauline,
I have three things to choose from; you shall
choose:
This marriage, or Siberia, or France.
The first means hell; the second, purgatory;
The third—with you—were nothing less than heaven!

SHE

[*Starting.*]

How dared you even dream it!

HE

[*Bows head humbly, his voice becoming hopeless and dull.*]

I was mad.
This business has touched me in the brain.
Have patience, the calamity is new.

[*Pauses to recover himself.*]

There is a fourth way; but that gate is shut
To brave men who hold life a thing of God.

SHE

[*With proud approval.*]

Yourself spoke there; the rest was not of you.

HE

[*Hand to forehead, showing by manner that he is utterly at sea.*]

Oh, lift me to your level! Where you move
 The air is temperate, and no pulses beat.
 What's to be done?

SHE

I lack invention—stay,

[*Gestures toward ballroom L.*]

Perhaps the Emperor—

HE

[*Follows her glance, but shakes head.*]

Not a shred of hope!
 His mind is set on this with that insistence
 Which seems to seize on all match-making folk.
 The fancy bites them, and they straight go mad.

SHE

Your father's friend, the Metropolitan—
 A word from him . . .

HE

[*With hands behind him, strides moodily up and down.*]

Alas, he too is bitten!
 Gray-haired, gray-hearted, worldly wise, he sees
 This marriage makes me the Tsar's protégé,
 And opens every door to preference.

SHE

[*Soothingly.*]

Then let him be. There surely is some way
Out of this labyrinth, could we but find it.

[*With assumed brightness.*]

Nastasia!

HE

[*Coming to abrupt stop and speaking almost harshly.*]

What! beg life of her? Not I.

SHE

[*Comes close to him, speaks with wistful appeal and without bitterness.*]

Beg love. She is a woman, young, perhaps
Untouched as yet of this too poisonous air.
Were she told all, would she not pity us?
For if she love you,

[*For a moment pauses, hand to throat, almost betraying identity through excessive agitation.*]

As I think she must,
Would not some generous impulse stir in her,
Some latent, unsuspected spark illumine?
How love thrills even commonest girl clay,
Ennobling it an instant, if no more!
You said that she is proud; then touch her pride,
And turn her into marble with the touch.
But yet the gentler passion is the stronger.
Go to her, tell her, in some tenderest phrase
That will not hurt too much—ah, but 'twill hurt!—
Just how your happiness lies in her hand
To make or mar for all time; hint, not say,
Your heart is gone from you, and you may find—

HE

[*With bitter laugh.*]

A casemate in St. Peter and St. Paul
 For, say, a month; then some Siberian town.
 Not this way lies escape. At my first word
 That sluggish Tartar blood would turn to fire
 In every vein.

SHE

[*Staggers slightly, back of hand pressed against forehead.*]

How blindly you read her,
 Or any woman! Yes, I know. I grant
 How small we often seem in our small world
 Of trivial cares and narrow precedents—
 Lacking that wide horizon stretched for men—
 Capricious, spiteful, frightened at a mouse;

[*Steps backward as she speaks, clenched hands pressed hard against chest.*]

But when it comes to suffering mortal pangs,
 The weakest of us measures pulse with you.

HE

Yes, you, not she. If she were at your height!
 But there's no martyr wrapped in *her* rose flesh.
 There should have been; for nature gave you both
 The self-same purple for your eyes and hair,
 The self-same Southern music to your lips,
 Fashioned you both, as 'twere, in the same mold,
 Yet failed to put the soul in one of you!

[*Turns farther away from him, clutching at back of chair for support.*]

I know her wilful—her light head quite turned
 In this court atmosphere of flatteries;

A Moscow beauty, petted and spoiled there,
 And since spoiled here ; as soft as swan's-down now,
 With words like honey melting from the comb,
 But being crossed, vindictive, cruel, cold.
 I fancy her, between two languid smiles,
 Saying, "Poor fellow, in the Nertchinsk mines!"
 I know her pitiless.

SHE

[Turns and comes down opposite him, holds herself proudly.]

(You know her not.
 Count Sergius Pavlovich, you said no mask
 Could hide the soul, yet how you have mistaken
 The soul these two months—and the face to-night!

[Removes mask.]

HE

[Dumbfounded, he starts back.]

You!—it was YOU!

SHE

[With dignity at once proud and calm.]

(Count Sergius Pavlovich,
 Go find Pauline Pavlovna—she is here—
 And tell her that the Tsar has set you free.)

[Passes him quickly and exits at L. He stands with bowed head.]

[CURTAIN.]

PAULINE PAVLOVNA

Arranged for Recitation

Poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Lesson-Talk by Marion Short

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NOTE.—Following announcement, spoken by reader, will give audience clue to atmosphere, characters and locale of story to be unfolded.

The scene is laid in Saint Petersburg, in winter palace of a Russian noble, where a grand ball is in progress. The characters are Count Sergius Pavlovich Panshine, and a masked lady. The Count wears official dress; the lady is attired in costume of maid of honor in time of Catherine II. The Count stands in doorway of ante-chamber watching dancers; when lady appears, he impulsively takes her hand and leads her across threshold of inner unoccupied apartment. The Count speaks first.

[NOTE TO READER: As but two characters appear, it is not necessary to denote them by name; it will answer to face right when impersonating the Count, and to face left when impersonating the lady.]

HE

[*Rapturously.*]

Pauline!

SHE

[Press hand to heart a moment, as if affected by his tenderness; then speak lightly.]

You knew me?

HE

[With proud assurance, questioningly extending both hands; palms open and oblique.]

How could I have failed?

[Tenderly, bringing out meaning by delicate emphasis and inflection on "features," "not," "soul."]

A mask may hide your features, not your soul.

[Step back, regarding her with great admiration, wide-spreading gesture with both hands.]

There is an air about you

[Lower left hand, and point upward with right hand.]

Like the air that folds a star.

[Swell expressively on vowel sounds to indicate a blind man's "sensing" the night. Emphasize "blind," "night," "feels," "constellations."]

A blind man knows the night, and feels the constellations.

[Smile and shake head, emphasizing "eye," "ear," "these."]

No coarse sense of eye or ear had made you plain to me.

Through these I had not found you; for your eyes,

[Emphasize "blue." Downward, open-palm gesture with one hand, ending on "Novgorod."]

As blue as violets of our Novgorod,

[Straight-arm gesture toward her, palm prone.]

Look black behind your mask there, and your voice—

[Lower arm, and give helpless shrug of shoulders. Emphasize "either," "heart."]

I had not known that either. My heart said

[Hand toward heart on "Pauline," and then out toward her on "Pavlovna," name spoken with passionate tenderness.]

"Pauline Pavlovna."

SHE

[With light coquetry, yet with tremor in voice which betrays that lightness is assumed. Emphasis on "heart," "trust."]

Ah! Your heart said that?

You trust your heart then?

[For a moment the suffering occasioned by having listened to voice of her own heart shows in her tone unconcealed. Stand with hands rigidly clenched at sides, and speak very slowly.]

'Tis a serious risk!—

[With return to assumed lightness.]

How is it that you and others wear no mask?

HE

[Manner at once loyal and dignified. Stand in position of soldier at attention.]

The Emperor's orders.

SHE

[Look off to right over shoulder, then face COUNT again. Speak with inflection of surprise.]

Is the Emperor here?

I have not seen him.

HE

[Lower voice as if afraid someone might overhear. Emphasize "kaftans," "alike."]

He is one of the six

In scarlet kaftans and all masked alike.

Watch—

[*Step forward on left foot and look off R. as if gazing into ballroom. Emphasize "down," "each," "Tsar," "none," "he," "counterparts."*]

You will note how everyone bows down
 Before those figures, thinking each by chance
 May be the Tsar; yet none knows which is he.
 Even his counterparts are left in doubt.

[*Step back into former position. Face front, gesture with both hands, palm outward, as if warding off and deploring depressing vision.*]

Unhappy Russia!

[*Utterance at once sad and resentful, showing affectionate loyalty toward Tsar. Clench fists and bring both hands together out front as if wearing and exhibiting chains. Emphasize "serf," "chains," "Emperor," "no."*]

No serf ever wore
 Such chains as gall our Emperor these sad days.
 He dare trust no man.

SHE

[*Proud bitterness in voice, head thrown back, horizontal gesture with left hand palm down, ending on "false."*]

All men are so false.

HE

[*Step toward her, protestingly. Emphasize "one."*]

Save one, Pauline Pavlovna.

SHE

[*Shake head and give bitter, mocking laugh. Emphasize all equally three words.*]

No; all, all!

[Voice keen, and penetrating as to very soul of things. Bring hands across each other and toward you, indicating deep subjective conviction.]

I think there is no truth left in the world,

[Uncross hands and continue into wide-spreading gesture at either side, palms down.]

In man or woman.

[Sigh deeply and lower hands. Emphasize "once."]

Once were noble souls.—

[Speak sweetly, yet as if cautiously feeling way.]

Count Sergius, is Nastasia here to-night?

HE

[Half disappointedly. Emphasize "know," "tell."]

Ah! then you know! I thought to tell you first.

[In rapid explanation, emphasizing "here."]

Not here, beneath these hundred curious eyes,

In all this glare of light; but in some place—

[Pause, then speak in voice deep and shaken with emotion, emphasizing "weep."]

Where I could throw me at your feet and weep.

[Gesture of inquiry toward her, right hand, open palm. Emphasize "shape."]

In what shape came the story to your ear?

[Step back, show suspicion, by speaking rapidly and resentfully, that the truth has been misrepresented. Emphasize "teller's," "sworn," "truth," "livery," "lie," "wrong."]

Decked in the teller's colors, I'll be sworn;

The truth, but in the livery of a lie,

And so must wrong me.

[Make emphatic side-hand gesture to front with right hand, index-finger extended on "this."]

Only this is true:

The Tsar,

[Bring clenched right hand to breast, and hold it there. Emphasize "life," "shield," and "own."]

Because I risked my wretched life
To shield a life as wretched as my own,

[Emphasize "bestows," "supreme," "reward."]

Bestows upon me, as supreme reward—

[Raise right hand high, palm outward.]

✓ O irony!

[Pause, give short bitter laugh and lower hand before speaking next line. Emphasize "hand," "girl."]

—The hand of this poor girl.

[Face front. Frown, as if remembering every detail of meeting.]

He stayed me at the bottom of a stair,
And said,

[Gesture of kingly bestowal, arm extended, palm prone, to front. Emphasize "pearl of pearls," "Sultan's crown," "decreed."]

"We have the pearl of pearls for you,
Such as from out the sea was never plucked
By Indian diver, for a sultan's crown.

[Raise extended hand above head on "decreed," and hold picture a moment.]

Your joy's decreed,"

[Face to right again and address lady, voice dropping to lower pitch of mixed grief and resentment. Sharp accent on "stabbed," with gesture of plunging dagger in heart.]

And stabbed me with a smile.

SHE

[As if controlling voice only by strong effort, and with an accent of reproach on "loves," to remind him of woman's side of case.]

And she—she loves you?

HE

[*With cold indifference. Emphasize "question," "likes," "matters," "guardian," "she," "love."*]

I much question that.

Likes me, perhaps. What matters it?—her love!

The guardian, Sidor Yurievich, consents,

And she consents. Love weighs not in such scales—

[*Shrug shoulders and speak rapidly, assuming light almost mocking tone when reflecting mood of girl, thus expressing Count's own attitude as well. Emphasizes "caprice," "dream," "sick," "ear-rings," "weary," "mare," "lover," "ready-made," "improvised," "tea," "ukase," "Fate," "I," "man."*]

A mere caprice, a young girl's springtide dream.

Sick of her ear-rings, weary of her mare,

She'll have a lover, something ready-made,

Or improvised between two cups of tea—

A lover by imperial ukase!

Fate said her word—I chanced to be the man!

[*Lower voice, speak bitterly between set teeth, with fist of right hand buried in palm of left hand, walk back and forth as you speak, almost as if for the moment forgetful of lady's presence. Emphasize "grenade," "me," "Tsar," "happened," "hero," "safe," "romance."*]

If that grenade the crazy student threw

Had not spared me, as well as spared the Tsar,

All this would not have happened. I'd have been

A hero, but quite safe from her romance.

[*Stop abruptly, turn toward lady and give mocking laugh. Grandiloquent gesture above head on "hero."*]

She takes me for a hero—think of that!

[*Bitterly, staring straight ahead, arms folded, showing feeling toward girl that for the moment almost amounts to hatred. Emphasize "myself," "her."*]

Now by our holy Lady of Kazan,

When I have finished pitying myself,

I'll pity her.

SHE

[*With intense pathos, one hand folded across other hand on bosom. The words "Oh, no," almost a moan. Emphasize "begin," "she," "most."*]

Oh, no; begin with her;

She needs it most.

HE

[*Gesture of denunciation, downward with right hand, index-finger extended. Emphasize "her," "whatever." Tone intensely resentful.*]

At her door lies the blame

Whatever falls.

[*Extend hand argumentatively, moving it up and down in accusation throughout lines as emotion seems to indicate. Emphasize "single word," "half a tear," "stopped," "first," "juggling," "hearts."*]

She, with a single word,
With half a tear, had stopped it at the first,
This cruel juggling with poor human hearts.

SHE

[*Hotly defending girl—full-arm gesture toward Count held throughout, palm prone, or with index-finger extended.*]

The Tsar commanded it—you said the Tsar.

HE

[*Quickly, his tone analytical and without sympathy. Emphasize "wishes," "why," "mistress," "whiter," "colder either," "haughty," "gentleness". Slight upward gesture with right hand on "bosom of a cloud."*]

The Tsar does what she wishes—God knows why.
Were she his mistress, now! but there's no snow
Whiter within the bosom of a cloud,
Nor colder either. She is very haughty,
For all her fragile air of gentleness;

[*Soften tone a little, as you come to that which Count finds more appealing in girl. Emphasize "vital", "flowers", "year", "you," "friends." Tone almost tender on "resembles you in some things," and there is an open-palm gesture with both hands on "It was that first made us friends."*]

With something vital in her, like those flowers
That on the desolate steppes outlast the year.
Resembles you in some things. It was that
First made us friends.

[*Tone once more analytical and determinedly frank. Emphasize "justice," "were," "surface," "France," "Forgetting Alma," "Sebastopol."*]

I do her justice, mark.

For we were friends in that smooth surface way
We Russians have imported out of France—
Forgetting Alma and Sebastopol.

[*Express by combined pathos and wonder in voice that Count can scarcely believe yet his unexpected ill fortune. High sweeping gesture with right hand on "from what a blue and tranquil heaven"; and, while still in air, fist is clenched and brought down strongly on "bolt."*]

Alas! from what a blue and tranquil heaven
This bolt fell on me! After these two years,
[*Emphasize "end."*]

My suit with Alexandrovitch at end,

[*Voice takes on brightness of past condition. Emphasize "righted," "restored," "promotion," "dry," "birth," "now," "all," entire line beginning with "Gold roubles," "world." Wide-spreading, open-palm gesture with both hands on "the whole world smiled."*]

The old wrong righted, the estates restored,
And my promotion, with the ink not dry!
Those fairies which neglected me at birth
Seemed now to lavish all good gifts on me—
Gold roubles, office, sudden dearest friends,
The whole world smiled;

[*Gesture of holding cup to lips, emphasize "sweetest," voice trembling eagerly.*]

Then, as I stooped to taste

The sweetest cup,

[*With passionate disappointment, gesture carries out idea of cup snatched away and flung to earth.*]

Freak dashed it from my lip.

[*Desperately, right hand extended toward her as if appealing for sympathy.*]

This very night—just think, this very night—

[*Extends other hand also. Emphasize "beg," "ask for," "poverty."*]

I planned to come and beg of you the alms

I dared not ask for in my poverty.

[*Emphasize "thought," "then," "stripped," "now." Hopelessly raise hands and drop them to sides on "How stripped am I now!"*]

I thought me poor then. How stripped am I now!

[*Sweeping gesture with right hand, open palm, beginning on "There's" and ending on "Prospekt." Emphasize "tell," "I," "right."*]

There's not a ragged mendicant one meets

Along the Nevski Prospekt but has leave

To tell his love, and I have not that right!

[*Pause; take two or three slow steps backward, speak wonderingly and with uneasiness at something strange you detect in her manner. Expression one of intense scrutiny as if trying to see what lies behind mask. Emphasize "why," "statue," "say."*]

Pauline Pavlovna, why do you stand there

Stark as a statue with no word to say?

SHE

[*Tone one of slow, monotonous anguish.*]

Because this thing has frozen up my heart.

I think that there is something killed in me,
A dream that would have mocked all other bliss.

[Turn to him, hands low at sides, palms outward, in gesture of helpless appeal.]

What shall I say? What would you have me say?

HE

[Low, intense half-whisper.]

If it be possible, the word of words!

SHE

[Very slowly, tone surcharged with pathetic tenderness. Emphasize "love," "tell," "once," "peace." Hands, one upon the other, rest upon bosom.]

Well, then—I love you. I may tell you so
This once, . . . and then forever hold my peace.
We cannot longer stay here unobserved.

[Abruptly, extending left hand as if to ward off his advances. Emphasize "touch."]

No—do not touch me!

[Emphasize "off," "laugh," "jest," "watched." Voice lighter in sympathy with idea you wish him to carry out.]

But stand farther off,
And seem to laugh, as if we talked in jest,
Should we be watched.

[Pause; tone as if giving added instruction to one already obeyed.]

Now turn your face away.

[Pause; voice tremulous with deep emotion lingers caressingly on each word, both hands go out toward him, and picture is held a moment.]

I love you.

HE

[Answer with equal ardor, voice deep and vibrant. Face to front, head thrown back, eyes closed, hands clenched at sides. Pause after "die," and speak "listening" in half whisper of intense ecstasy.]

With such music in my ears
I would death found me. It were sweet to die
Listening!

[Still facing front, open eyes. Emphasize "prove."]

You love me—prove it.

SHE

[With sweet dignity, questioning open-palm movement of hands. Emphasize "how," "saying," "else."]

Prove it—how?

I prove it saying it. How else?

HE

[Face her again. Use low, rapid tone of utter desperation. Points challengingly toward her on "you shall choose." Emphasize "marriage," "Siberia," "France," also, with subtle changes of inflection to express differing mental states, "hell," "purgatory," "heaven." On "with you", both hands go toward her, and attitude is held to conclusion of speech.]

Pauline,

I have three things to choose from; you shall choose:
This marriage, or Siberia, or France.
The first means hell; the second, purgatory;
The third—with you—were nothing less than heaven!

SHE

[Start, draw proudly erect.]

How dared you even dream it!

HE

[Humbly, bows head.]

I was mad.

[*Hand to forehead.*]

This business has touched me in the brain.

[*Brokenly, emphasizing "patience," "new."*]

Have patience! the calamity is new.

[*Pause, then speak slowly and with deep significance. Emphasize "fourth," "brave," "God."*]

There is a fourth way; but that gate is shut

To brave men who hold life a thing of God.

SHE

[*With proud approval, emphasizing "yourself," "not."*]

Yourself spoke there; the rest was not of you.

HE

[*Tone expressing wondering admiration. Emphasize "level," "you," "temperate," "pulses." Gesture of appeal, hands starting forward and upward on "Oh," and held extended toward her on "level."*]

Oh, lift me to your level! Where you move

The air is temperate, and no pulses beat.

[*Emphasize "done."*]

What's to be done?

SHE

[*Evasively.*]

I lack invention—

[*Pause thoughtfully, finger to lip, then make sudden, quick little motion showing an idea has come to you.*]

—Stay,

Perhaps the Emperor—

HE

[*Interrupt with short gesture of negation, palm prone. Emphasize "shred."*]

Not a shred of hope!

[*Short gesture with clenched fist on "set." Emphasize "set," "all."*]

His mind is set on this with that insistence
Which seems to seize on all match-making folk.

[*Finger to forehead, then a vibrant short gesture with fingers wide-spread. Emphasize "bites," "mad."*]

The fancy bites them, and they straight go mad.

SHE

[*Calmly. Emphasize "father's," "Metropolitan."*]

Your father's friend, the Metropolitan—
A word from him—

HE

[*Shake head, speak sadly. Emphasize "too."*]

Alas, he too is bitten!

[*Emphasize "worldly wise," "marriage," "protégé," "preference."*]

Gray-haired, gray-hearted, worldly wise, he sees
This marriage makes me the Tsar's protégé,
And opens every door to preference.

SHE

[*With slow thoughtfulness. Prone gesture outward with both hands on "out of the labyrinth" giving impression of feeling one's way. Emphasize "some," "find." Clasp both hands and speak with assumption of girlish brightness and hope.*]

Then let him be. There surely is some way
Out of the labyrinth, could we but find it.
Nastasia!

HE

[*Recoiling. Emphasize "what," "her."*]

What! beg life of her?

[*Fold arms.*]

Not I.

SHE

[Try to show in your voice underlying sweetness of woman's nature. Make appeal wistful and without bitterness. Emphasize "love," "woman," "young," "untouched," "all," "pity," "love."]

Beg love. She is a woman, young, perhaps
Untouched as yet of this too poisonous air.
Were she told all, would she not pity us?
For if she love you,

[Pause, hand to throat a moment as if struggling for self-control. Emphasize "must," "impulse," "spark."]

As I think she must,
Would not some generous impulse stir in her,
Some latent, unsuspected spark illumine?

[Clasp hands with slight tremulous movement, looking upward. Emphasize "commonest," "instant," "more."]

How love thrills even commonest girl-clay,
Ennobling it an instant, if no more!

[Emphasize "proud," "touch," "marble." Hand on chest, head thrown back.]

You said that she is proud; then touch her pride,
And turn her into marble with the touch.

[Lower head; bring folded hand to cheek or chin as if in deep meditation and walk away a few steps before speaking. Emphasize "gentler," "stronger."]

But yet the gentler passion is the stronger.

[Walk back toward him, hand extended in appeal, open palm. Emphasize "go," "tell," "hurt."]

Go to her, tell her, in some tenderest phrase
That will not hurt too much—

[Both hands folded and pressed against heart a moment, voice broken and almost inaudible.]

Ah, but 'twill hurt!—

[*Slow gesture toward him with left hand ending on "hand" and held through succeeding phrase. Emphasize "hand," "make," "mar," "all."*]

Just how your happiness lies in her hand
To make or mar for all time;

[*Show by your emphasis on "hint" and "not say" how deeply you have already been hurt by his revelations, and that you can scarcely bear to have the hurt added to.*]

Hint, not say,
Your heart is gone from you, and you may find—

HE

[*Bitterly, emphasizing "St. Peter," "St. Paul," "Siberian town."*]

A casemate in St. Peter and St. Paul
For, say, a month; then some Siberian town.

[*Shake head, strong emphasis on "not this way."*]

Not this way lies escape.

[*Rapidly, voice shaking with emotion; emphasis on "word," and on "fire." Gesture with both hands clenched on "would turn to fire."*]

At my first word
That sluggish Tartar blood would turn to fire
In every vein.

SHE

[*Sweetly, but sorrowfully. Emphasize "blindly," "any."*]
How blindly you read her,
Or any woman!

[*Put out hand as if to stay denial on his part, and speak with strong emphasis on "know."*]

Yes, I know.

[*Voice softens; emphasize "seem," "lacking," "men."*]

I grant

How small we often seem in our small world
Of trivial cares and narrow precedents—

Lacking that wide horizon stretched for men—
 Capricious, spiteful, frightened at a mouse;

[*Speak in tone of intense agony, jaws set, both hands clenched against chest. Emphasize "pangs," "weakest," "you."*]

But when it comes to suffering mortal pangs,
 The weakest of us measures pulse with you.

HE

[*With tender understanding.*]

Yes, you,

[*Shake head, slight bitter laugh.*]

Not she.

[*Emphasize "your."*]

If she were at your height!

[*Make open-palm gesture with both hands while you pause, indicating by movement "of course that would settle everything." Emphasize "her."*]

But there's no martyr wrapped in her rose flesh.

[*Thoughtfully. Emphasize "should," "both," "purple," "music," "fashioned," "mold."*]

There should have been; for nature gave you both
 The self-same purple for your eyes and hair,
 The self-same Southern music to your lips,
 Fashioned you both, as 'twere, in the same mold,

[*Emphasize "soul," hand to chest.*]

Yet failed to put the soul in one of you!

[*Emphasize "know," "wilful," "turned," "flatteries," "Moscow beauty," "there," "here." Voice once more coldly analytical.*]

I know her wilful—her light head quite turned
 In this court atmosphere of flatteries;
 A Moscow beauty, petted and spoiled there,
 And since spoiled here;

[*Soft, sweet, but mocking utterance. Emphasize "swan's-down," "honey," "comb." Gesture with prone palm as if touching "down" to indicate its softness.*]

As soft as swan's-down now,

With words like honey melting from the comb,

[*Emphasize "crossed," "vindictive," "cruel," "cold." Clench hands on "vindictive," and hold to end of line. Slight pause after "crossed."*]

But being crossed, vindictive, cruel, cold.

[*Voice increases in sarcasm with each word. Emphasize "fancy," "poor fellow," "mines." Indolent pose, hand on hip, beginning "Poor fellow."*]

I fancy her, between two languid smiles,

Saying, "Poor fellow, in the Nertchinsk mines!"

[*Change to deep tone of bitterness and entire conviction; clench both hands with downward movement on "pitiless."*]

I know her pitiless.

SHE

[*In proud, ringing tone, entirely different from previous manner. Emphasize "not," "mask," "soul," "you," "mistaken," "months," "face," "to-night."*]

You know her not.

Count Sergius Pavlovich, you said no mask

Could hide the soul, yet how you have mistaken

The soul these two months—and the face to-night!

[*Gesture of removing mask, and of holding it in hand at right of face to form picture a moment.*]

HE

[*Astounded, bringing distended hands slightly in front as if startled by sight of unexpected object. Emphasize second "you" with even greater force than first.*]

You!—it was YOU!

SHE

[*Hold head high, queenly manner, yet one of sweet though forceful calm. Distinct, rather slow utterance. Emphasize "find," "here," "free." Extend arm in gesture of command, palm prone on "Go find," etc. Wide-spreading gesture with both hands on "the Tsar has set you free."*]

Count Sergius Pavlovich,

Go find Pauline Pavlovna—she is here—

And tell her that the Tsar has set you free.

New Plays and Entertainments

BLIND MAN. \$.25. Henry Everts Gordon. Biblical play. 6m. 2f. Three acts. 45 min. Blind beggar, cured by Jesus, returning joyously home accompanied by maiden who has befriended him, finds father and mother in despair over threatened dispossession for non-payment of rent. His mother at first slights maiden, who proves to be daughter of landlord, who not only accepts young man as son-in-law but causes him to be restored to synagogue, from which rabbi, hostile to Jesus, had cast him out. Tableau finale shows family kneeling in light reflected by approach of Jesus (who does not actually appear on stage).

COUNTY FAIR AT PUNKINVILLE. \$.25. Farce in 2 scenes. Any number of characters. 1 hour, or longer, according to specialties. Old farmer tells wife and children, instead of going to football game, he's going to take them to fair. After much talk and many preparations, they arrive, having exciting and funny experiences with tight-rope walker, snake-charmer, moving-pictures, singers, shoot-the-chutes, horse-race. Farmer, asked for his purse, gives it to man, but purse is restored. Chance for varied costumes and all sorts of business and specialties that are at county fairs.

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KIDNAPPING. \$.25. Helen Clifford Wilbur. Children's Comedy. 6f. 45 min. Girls, to get even with boys who have offended them, play brigands and plot to steal little girl whom boys have in play tied fast as captive. Girls' written demand on boys for ransom money falls into hands of servant maid, who takes affair seriously and calls for aid on her friendly policeman. Girls get out of scrape by helping maid routing her rival with policeman, maid explaining "It was an April fool joke, only dete got shipped a bit." Baby talk, business with doll, Irish-dialect by maid.

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Female part may be played by male as "Herald of Liberty." Specially suitable for schools. Moral of play is that independence Day should be celebrated in a way more rational than by horrible noises and dangerous shootings and fireworks. The 13 original States are represented, each having something to say about itself. One of the States refuses at first to give up old-fashioned way but finally yields.

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