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Poet Lore Plays—Series Two

Papa Juan or the Centenarian

SERAFIN & JOAQUIN ALVAREZ QUINTERRO (*Spanish*)

Peace at Home

GEORGES COURTELINE (*French*)

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1918

PAPÁ JUAN OR THE CENTEN- ARIAN*

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY SERAFÍN AND JOAQUÍN ALVAREZ QUINTERO

Translated from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh

CHARACTERS

CURRITA
DONA MARCIALA
DONA FILOMENA
EULALIA
CARMEN CAMPOS
ROSA
PAPÁ JUAN
TRINO
DON EVARISTO
ANTONÓN
ALONSO
MANUEL

ACT I

The scene is laid in Arenales del Rio, and in a lower room in the house of Papa Juan. At the rear, three airy arches with fine marble columns lead into a joyful, flowery garden. Light curtains hang from each of the arches. Entrances on the right and left. Furniture

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relatively modern, neat and orderly. Pictures showing good taste, ranged symmetrically. Tiled floor and wainscoting, polished and shining. It is a morning in the month of May.

(Enter by one of the rear doors the old servants: MANUEL, who is coachman to PAPÁ JUAN, and CARMEN CAMPOS.)

Manuel.—Come right in, Carmen Campos. Wait here while I go to tell the Señora.

Carmen.—Say there is no hurry.

Manuel.—Eh?

Carmen.—That I am not in a hurry.

Manuel.—Ah! *(Exit through door on the left.)*

Carmen.—You could eat from off the floor! Doña Marciala has always been worth her weight in gold.

Manuel (Returning by the same door).—The Señora is coming right away.

Carmen.—She needn't hurry.

Manuel.—Goodbye, Carmen Campos.

Carmen.—Goodbye, Manuel Paez.

(MANUEL exit through the garden. Then DONA MARCIALA appears at the door to the left. She is a lady of some seventy-five years, well-behaved, kindly, and tranquil.)

Doña Marciala.—Well, Carmen Campos.

Carmen.—God bless you, Doña Marciala. Are you very well?

Doña Marciala.—Very well, thank God.

Carmen.—And your father? And the Señorito?

Doña Marciala.—Both very well. *(Stooping down to pick up a green leaf that has blown in from the garden.)* And Pepilla has told me she swept the room! Does it look that way to you?

Carmen.—The wind has blown it in, Señorita.

Doña Marciala.—Yes, yes, a very fine wind. Every day things grow more dirty. It was not so in your time. Sit down, my good woman.

Carmen.—With your permission, Señorita.

Doña Marciala.—Have you guessed why I sent for you?

Carmen.—In a way, yes; through the town there's a rumor.

Doña Marciala.—I'll wager it's no secret.

Carmen.—The birthday of your father, I mean.

Doña Marciala.—Exactly. It is enough to start a revolution in the house and make it jump out of the window, just for fun. He completes one hundred years the twenty-fifth of this month, and he wishes to celebrate the event in a fitting manner.

Carmen.—One hundred years—why that's a century, isn't it?

Doña Marciala.—A century, as you say.

Carmen.—Who would believe it seeing him still running about the streets!

Doña Marciala.—But if you could only hear him about the house! He has more spirits than I or my brother have together. He is a miracle from Heaven!

Carmen.—They say that his brother is coming, the one who lives in Madrid, although he is very old.

Doña Marciala.—Very old. In fact there is nobody hereabouts who is very young. He has written that he will come if he is able to move about. Also my sister Maria of Granada with her sons and grandchildren. And Aunt Caroline, you remember her? she has two married daughters already. And three first cousins of Papá Juan with all their families—and I don't know who else; in these days the house will be like a republic!

Carmen.—Lord! Señorita Marciala. It's a crowd to drive you crazy.

Doña Marciala.—It's not so bad on my account; but my brother who is the soul of order is bristling at every point. But see, Papá Juan is coming out, and as Currita has not come for him, he is starting for her house.

Carmen.—His granddaughter?

Doña Marciala.—No, his great granddaughter. Currita is the daughter of Joaquín who died aged forty years.

Carmen.—Bless us and save us! and here he is still ready to meet the bulls in the plaza!

Doña Marciala.—Good, but between Currita, who is a little imp, and the grandfather who is a creature of one hundred years, there is a carrying of papers and telegrams such as you never saw in your life. Papá Juan starts to laugh whenever he recalls the name of a new relative, and it is a sight to see him. Then immediately comes a letter of invitation which Currita writes. The grinning and grinning between the two of them! He has even gone so far as to invite a second cousin of his who is now in South America.

Carmen (Crossing herself).—Goodness! Gracious!

Doña Marciala.—I don't think that my house, large as it is, will be able to hold all the guests. Some will have to go to my brother's. Others to Joaquín's; elsewhere with the others, for the poor cannot expect palaces.

Carmen.—Well, well, well!

Doña Marciala.—Now let us come to business. Can your daughters come to help us for a few days?

Carmen.—All of them, Señorita Marciala, as it is your house. There's my Rosa can come, and you know she is very handy. Not because she is my child, but she is worth her weight in gold! Then there is Dolores; I'll write to her to Estepyla and ask her to bring her husband. Then there's my Carmen, in case you need an extra hand. There's Andréa too, who has a way of making cake to beat any bakery, or the Nuns of the Trínida, Señorita. There's my Pepa too, who although she is still a youngster is a wonder. And as for men, you may have my Juan.

Doña Marciala.—Good, and there are more men we shall need.

Carmen.—That being so, I'll bring my Pedro with my Juan.

Doña Marciala.—And your husband?

Carmen.—Don't mention him! My husband is my condemnation!

Doña Marciala.—What is he doing now?

Carmen.—Spending the days in the tavern, drinking with four other loafers and cursing the priests. Formerly they cursed the monasteries, now it is the parish priest.

Doña Marciala.—God bless us, woman. Tell him from me to stop that, that the priests do harm to nobody.

Carmen.—That's what I tell him; but he says that it is the priests who marry people, and they must be paid back.

Doña Marciala (Smiling).—Bah!

Carmen.—Drunken talk, Señorita Marciala.

Doña Marciala.—Well, then for a start, send me your eldest girl.

Carmen.—My Carmen.

Doña Marciala.—And the one who makes the cakes.

Carmen.—My Andréa.

Doña Marciala.—And I'll call on you for the others later.

(*From the right door enters DON EVARISTO, the brother of DOÑA MARCIALA, and five or six years older than she. He is an old man very correct and fussy.*)

Don Evaristo (Somewhat nervously).—I should like to know—
Good morning, Carmen Campos.

Carmen.—Good morning, Señorito Don Evaristo.

Don Evaristo.—I should like to know—

Carmen.—It's a sight for sore eyes to see you looking so well.

Don Evaristo.—Thank you. I should like to know who has torn the page off my calendar?

Doña Marciala.—I did.

Don Evaristo.—Of course it had to be you. These women! Don't you know that I collect all these pages so as to burn them together at the first of the year? What have you done with it?

Doña Marciala.—Look on the mahogany sideboard, you'll find it there. Don't worry!

Don Evaristo.—It is just like the wind to blow it away, or the whisk broom.

Doña Marciala.—The whisk broom? I have put it away! Wait, let me see where I laid it. With all this upset— Yes, I remember. I'll go myself and get it for you.

(She goes out by the left door.)

Don Evaristo.—That is the way with the creature for more than two weeks. No head or tail to anything. She is not fit for such a strain. How have you been, Carmen Campos?

Carmen.—Very well, Don Evaristo.

Don Evaristo.—Imagination, her imagination! The great procession marches on! Her heart—her stomach—the machinery is worn out. I am deeply worried about her.

Carmen.—Yes?

Don Evaristo.—Yes, the poor creature thinks I am going to die before her; but the day we least expect it is when misfortune comes.

Carmen.—Who would think of such a thing, for Heaven's sake?

Don Evaristo.—You will see, you will see. She is becoming an invalid, I, on the other hand, am quite robust.

(DOÑA MARCIALA returns with the whisk broom and turns to DON EVARISTO.)

Doña Marciala.—Here take the whisk broom; you're a nuisance about the house.

Don Evaristo.—Give it to me then. Whenever I complain—

Doña Marciala.—If you carry on about such a trifle, how are you going to stand the next few days?

Carmen.—I should say so! With the revolution that is going to break out here!

Don Evaristo.—I have been thinking of that and been sharpening my teeth for it. Still we are uninvaded and look—(*pointing at his shoes.*)

Doña Marciala.—What?

Don Evaristo.—Look how this house is run! Look!

Carmen.—Where, Señorito?

Don Evaristo.—Look, Marciala, look! My shoes not shined since Saturday, and today is Monday. That tells the story, Carmen Campos. You know my habits— Where did you say I would find the leaf of my calendar?

Doña Marciala.—I said on the mahogany sideboard—

Don Evaristo.—Very well. Good-day, Carmen Campos.

Carmen.—Good-day, Señorito Don Evaristo.

(*Exit DON EVARISTO by door on right.*)

Doña Marciala.—Now you can see him; every day more full of oddities. Age is making him an old man.

Carmen.—Come, come; he has always been very careful-like about his things.

Doña Marciala.—But with increasing years! How do you think he looks; you have not seen him for some time?

Carmen.—He doesn't look ill to me.

Doña Marciala.—No? Really? Well, to outsiders and for the moment— But the nights—his hoarseness and cough—

Carmen.—But Señorita Marciala, all old folks have their troubles.

Doña Marciala.—I am very worried about him. The poor fellow believes that I am going to die before him; but as you see unfortunately—he is very broken, very broken. On the other hand, I am feeling my very best and shall live at least ten years to come.

Carmen.—Upon my soul, there's nobody bears her age any better than yourself. You will reach one hundred, like Don Juan.

Doña Marciala.—I can hardly hope for that. And yet there's a chance. Here he comes now with all his hundred years!

Carmen.—I am lucky to see him before I go.

(*Enter PAPÁ JUAN by the door on the right. His hat is in his hand and he leans on a heavy stick. He walks energetically as though his feet were digging into the ground. His clothes severe and comfortable give the impression as though his body had shrunken*

up inside them. He looks one hundred, although his eyes shine with the brightness of youth.)

Papá Juan.—Hasn't Currita come? No Currita?

Doña Marciala.—She hasn't come yet.

Papá Juan.—She always hugs the sheets. There never was such a sleepy-head!

Carmen.—Señorito, good morning to you!

Papá Juan.—Good morning to you, Carmen also. What's the decision? Are your daughters coming to help us out during the celebration?

Carmen.—Yes, Señor, they will all be here. Doña Marciala always arranges that with us.

Papá Juan.—Everything is going fine. Listen, Marciala, I have written Rafael. He promises that now the Director of the mines has given permission that he will come with all his family.

Doña Marciala.—Good heavens! What a gathering!

Papá Juan.—Twelve little ones, Carmen Campos! The house will be like a bird-cage. Between nephews and nieces and grandnieces we shall sit down forty-five strong.

Carmen.—It will look like an asylum!

Papá Juan.—And all ages; from thirty years to thirty months! One niece alone will be lacking and that bothers me. I don't know how to arrange to have her here. But no, it won't be possible.

Carmen.—Which one is that Señorita?

Papá Juan.—Josefina, my godchild. They will not let her leave the convent for the day. As the little thing was professed four years ago, they will not permit her to leave the cloister.

Doña Marciala.—Of course not, Papá; there are some things—

Papá Juan.—Daughter, for such a day— When will there be another such occasion? Don't you think so, Carmen Campos? That is what I say to the little dunce; I naturally expect to live another hundred years, but then all the rest of the family will have passed away! Therefore, I wish us all to be united at once. (*He laughs and CARMEN and DOÑA MARCIALA join him.*) Good-bye, now. I am now going to give two little taps to Currita if she has not risen yet.

Doña Marciala.—Don't you wish my husband to go with you?

Papá Juan.—I wish no old man to keep me company. (*Goes out through the garden, laughing.*)

Doña Marciala.—Let him go alone, as it is only across the street—

Carmen.—If I hadn't seen it, I could scarce believe it, *Doña Marciala.*

Doña Marciala.—It is true as you see, *Carmen.* I am anxious to have these days over, because although he enjoys them very much they excite him and weary him. There has been no way to distract his mind from the thoughts of the celebration. The garden, the farm, the birds which ordinarily interest him, have all lost their attraction. He never stops, never rests— And he is carrying one hundred years; can you see who is coming? Is it he?

Carmen.—No, *Señora*, it is not he; it is the *Señorita Filomena.*

Doña Marciala (In perplexity).—My sister-in-law?

Carmen.—Yes; with her eldest girl.

Doña Marciala.—Well, I should die! Certainly the Lord disposes all things!

Carmen.—That's as we look at it. When shall I send my young ones to you?

Doña Marciala.—As soon as you can. Today, if possible; if not, tomorrow.

Carmen.—My *Carmen* and *Andréa.* You will see how glad they will be to come. God reward you in everything, *Señorita!*

Doña Marciala.—Go with God. Wait outside and have luncheon with the other maids, in the kitchen.

Carmen.—With many thanks, *Señorita.*

(*She goes out by the door on the left. Through the garden arrive DOÑA FILOMENA and her daughter EULALIA. They are simply clad and wear light shawls arranged over their shoulders and carry parasols. DOÑA FILOMENA, daughter-in-law of PAPÁ JUAN, is an irritable, touchy person. EULALIA is the victim of her mother's disposition, and always regards her with terror.*)

Doña Filomena (Holding her daughter back from entering the room, with a frown on her face).—Has *Papá Juan* gone out because I am coming in?

Doña Marciala.—He hasn't even seen you, woman. He has gone because *Currita* hasn't arrived, and he is looking for her.

Doña Filomena.—So *Currita* is still the main thing with him!

Doña Marciala.—Yes; but won't you come in?

Doña Filomena.—We shall come in, *now that you have asked us.* For the last three months I have vowed that neither my

poor daughters nor I should ever put a step in this house, so as to give no offence with our old clothes.

Doña Marciala.—O Lord!

Doña Filomena.—But it is always my part to break my resolution.

Doña Marciala.—Always your part! Come, give me a kiss, dear Eulalia. As for your mother, I can only say she is impossible.

Eulalia.—How have you been, Auntie?

Doña Marciala.—Passably. Every time I see you, you grow prettier and with better color.

Eulalia.—I feel very well since you sent me that medicine.

Doña Marciala.—I told you so.

Doña Filomena.—Is your husband home?

Doña Marciala.—He is. Would you like to see him?

Doña Filomena.—Why not? Today he is at home. We have come in good time. A miracle! For there are days when he is home when they say he is not. Everything is clear, but the chocolate is thick.

Doña Marciala.—Have you anything important to say to him?

Doña Filomena.—Yes, and to you.

Doña Marciala.—Then I shall go and call him. Pardon me a moment. (*She goes out through the door on the left.*)

Doña Filomena.—To call him, eh? Let her who doesn't know you, watch you.

Eulalia.—Mamma! By all that is holy!

Doña Filomena.—I have already told you that I have bad blood. And they will hear me, will hear me! What I bring today will upset the sack.

Eulalia.—Just the same as ever.

Doña Filomena.—As ever or as never, but I will upset the sack. I have revenge to take. They have done me many injuries,—many! And I have bad blood.

Eulalia.—But don't you see that you will weary them who favor us? Don't you realize that we are living on what they share among us?

Doña Filomena.—That is their duty; they are doing only what they ought to. This miserable allowance that they give us does not warrant them to offend us continually. If your poor father could only raise his head! Did you remark the look your aunt gave you when she saw the blouse as she kissed you?

Eulalia.—What look did she give, for the love of Heaven?

Doña Filomena.—Innocent! As for the kiss she gave you, it was to enable her to feel if it was made of silk! I know that sly lady to the very marrow! There is more underground with her than on the surface. And as for your Uncle Evaristo, I don't go to church with him, either. He is the very worst.

Eulalia.—The worst! Uncle Evaristo!

Doña Filomena.—See here, daughter, why is it that with you everybody is a saint except your own mother? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

(*Enter DOÑA MARCIALA and DON EVARISTO.*)

Don Evaristo.—I am glad to see you, Filomena!

Doña Filomena.—What hypocrisy, eh?

Don Evaristo.—Now look here, Filomena, if you have come here as usual with your quarrels, I shall turn right away again! I have just taken some Manzanilla wine and I don't wish to have it turned into a poison.

Doña Filomena.—With my troubles I come, yes, Señor.

Don Evaristo.—And you, little one, how do you do?

Eulalia.—As you see me, Uncle. And how are you?

Don Evaristo.—Doing all I can to keep well.

Eulalia.—And succeeding marvellously.

Don Evaristo.—So, so. You are looking very fine and lady-like.

Doña Filomena (With a murderous look).—Ehem!

Doña Marciala.—It is true; you are wearing an exquisite waist.

Doña Filomena.—Ehem! Ehem!

Eulalia.—Do you like it, Auntie?

Doña Marciala.—Much, very much. It is charming.

Doña Filomena.—We have had it from Paris.

Doña Marciala.—No, don't I know that she and her sisters have been sewing every morning they get up? This bit of pretence doesn't get you anywhere.

Don Evaristo.—Neither this pretence nor any other, Señora. I have no use for pretences. Let us get to business; while we are still sensible; what brought you here?

Doña Filomena.—You will say that the string of sausages has been broken!

Don Evaristo.—Say whatever you intend!

Doña Marciala.—But, let us first sit down.

Doña Filomena.—It was time they asked us, my child. You

notice you have been standing, waiting to see if this was merely a visit on foot. But they ask you; perhaps it will be the last time in this house; even if we are on the doorstep.

Eulalia.—Oh, Mamma!

Doña Filomena (Mockingly).—Oh, Mamma; Oh, Mamma! What do you mean with your “Oh, Mamma?” Lord, what a child! Ask the Lord on your knees that you will have a mother-in-law as good as I am! And if you don’t get any it will be because there is nobody to pay your dowry. For you have not fallen into favor, like some others we know—

(*EULALIA takes a pose of absolute resignation, as do also DOÑA MARCIALA and DON EVARISTO. All sigh heavily and sit down.*)

Doña Marciala.—Well, you were going to tell us—

Doña Filomena.—One thing at a time. Tell me first, am I one of the family?

Doña Marciala.—Surely! You were married to my brother.

Don Evaristo (Sighing).—May he rest in peace!

(*DON EVARISTO listens to the conversation of DOÑA MARCIALA and DOÑA FILOMENA twisting his fingers into all kinds of shapes. EULALIA listens in displeasure, wishing to interfere, but without effect.*)

Doña Filomena.—I ask it since if I am of the family, it doesn’t seem so.

Doña Marciala.—Why doesn’t it seem so?

Doña Filomena.—It doesn’t seem so because at this very moment everybody in Arenales, except me, is aware that there is a great feast for the family being prepared in this house.

Don Evaristo.—Yes; so it happens that you did not know of it?

Doña Filomena.—I don’t see how I could know of it.

Doña Marciala.—Papá Juan has been twice to your house to tell you about it, but there was nobody at home.

Eulalia.—That’s what I was going to say.

Doña Filomena.—You keep still. All, the same it was a strange accident that Papá Juan did not find any of us at home the two times he called.

Doña Marciala.—And what would you wish him to do about it?

Doña Filomena.—And is there in the house no paper, ink, pen, and envelopes?

Doña Marciala.—It would have been fine for you, wouldn’t it, if you received a written invitation!

Eulalia.—That's right!

Doña Filomena.—Hush! Let your elders speak. (DON EVARISTO *winks at EULALIA.*) I saw you wink; don't think I have overlooked it. Very well, I pass by this want of respect as I am used to flouts and jeers. Let us come to the second point; what is this celebration to be?

Doña Marciala.—Woman can you presume so far? We celebrate with a complete family reunion, distant relatives as well as close ones, the hundredth birthday of Papá Juan. It is his one desire, poor old man!

Doña Filomena.—Ah, all the family!

Doña Marciala.—All, yes. If that will in any way be possible.

Doña Filomena.—What kind of *all*? Tell us what you mean by *all*?

Doña Marciala.—You heard me say "all."

Doña Filomena.—But I shall be very much offended, it will spoil the picture if Guadalupe comes, for then my daughters and I will have to remain at home, eating our poor victuals, but in our own home.

Don Evaristo (*Starting up in displeasure*).—Bah! Bah! There's no way to suit— This will aggravate the effects of my Manzanilla. It is the height of impertinence!

Doña Filomena.—Impertinence? But you do not know that Guadalupe and I are thus (*pointing the ends of her fingers together*).

Doña Marciala.—What has that got to do with it? On an occasion like this you start to dig up your foolishness!

Eulalia.—It's the truth, the very truth!

Doña Filomena.—Haven't I told you to keep still? Foolishness you call that last turn that Guadalupe played me?

Doña Marciala.—Now, look, here, Filomena, you are enough to make a wooden saint start to dance. I don't know what was the last turn Guadalupe played you; but I do know that the first turn she did you after your husband's death was to give you the very house you are now living in!

Doña Filomena.—A fight, daughter, a fight! A pretty scene in this house! To hide the scandal is more than it is worth. Will you not let me live my life?

Doña Evaristo.—Surely you can run along with a full pressure, Filomena.

Eulalia.—Don't get excited, Uncle Evaristo.

Don Evaristo.—My dear, there's no having patience with her!
Doña Filomena (Rising suddenly).—Be calm. Be calm, you also, Marciala.

Doña Marciala.—No; I am already calm enough.

Doña Filomena.—So am I. You can go on with your tantrums. The question was whether I should come to the celebration. Poor people are in the way. I am the black bean in the soup. Let us go, Eulalia.

Doña Marciala.—Filomena——

Doña Filomena.—Let us leave here, Eulalia.

Doña Marciala.—You are going to give great displeasure to Papá Juan.

Doña Filomena.—I have thought of that also. Come, Eulalia.

Doña Marciala.—Leave her here with me—now that she is here.

Eulalia.—Yes, do——

Doña Marciala.—She can lunch with us and then help me with a hundred things——

Eulalia.—Yes, yes——

Doña Filomena.—My daughter will never clean dishes while her mother lives.

Eulalia.—Mamma!

Doña Marciala.—If I didn't know you of old, Filomena, I should be greatly offended at what you say. Your daughter will not clean plates, nor I either. But take her along with you if you must have your own way about it.

(*A pause. EULALIA restrains her sobs.*)

Doña Filomena.—Look here, then, I will not taint the pot of butter. You may stay, daughter, stay, if to go will cost you a sigh. All I have to say that you seem more contented anywhere except in your own house.

Don Evaristo.—All I have to say is that it is as I feared, the Manzanilla has been turned into sulphuric acid.

Doña Filomena.—You couldn't tell me any clearer that I am a nuisance. You will never have another chance to say it. Good-bye, Marciala.

Doña Marciala.—Goodbye, Filomena.

Doña Filomena.—Goodbye, Evaristo.

Don Evaristo.—Goodbye.

Doña Filomena.—Goodbye, daughter, I leave you in the

palace where they have humiliated us and I return to my shanty with my head in the air. To live to see the day! Great heaven! (She goes the way she entered without a word more or a look at anybody, as stiff as a broomstick.)

Doña Marciala.—But, Señor, what will happen?

Don Evaristo.—Happen—happen— (Feeling the effects of his embittered Manzanilla.) What difference what happens!

Doña Marciala.—What has come between your mother and us, Eulalia?

Eulalia.—It is not you, Aunt Marciala; but with all the world. Every day she is more unhinged. I feel it because she is my mother; but she has a disposition that is beyond all bearing.

Don Evaristo.—No, there's no way to change her.

Eulalia.—The little ones and me, she drags us through every bitterness. Everything I gain through the medicine you give me, I lose through her conduct. So it is that when I am free from her a moment I breathe easily. God will punish me for it but I breathe easily. You see, Aunt Marciala, it is this way between her and Aunt Guadalupe. (DOÑA FILOMENA'S gesture of pointing the fingers together is imitated by EULALIA.)

Doña Marciala.—But for heaven's sake what is it all about?

Eulalia.—About nothing at all. Because it just happens to be so. It is the same as regards Papá Juan and the rest of you, it is so with Currita, it is so with all the visitors at the house—Good Lord, I can stand it no longer! Aunt Marciala, I tell you I can stand it no longer! It is a trial beyond my strength! I can stand no more of it! If only heaven would procure me a husband so I might marry!

Don Evaristo.—All kinds of food act on me like poison. Nothing is left me except fasting.

(Enter MANUEL from the garden. He holds in his hand a piece of paper with writing on it.)

Manuel.—Pardon me, Doña Marciala.

Doña Marciala.—What is it, Manuel?

Manuel.—There's a man outside at the gate has asked me to bring you this paper to read.

Don Evaristo.—Remember the fable; the consequences of opening the hand to give an alms. You'll have to stop it some day or you'll be ruined.

Doña Marciala.—Well, read it yourself, as I have not my glasses here.

Eulalia.—Let me have it, Auntie— (*She reads the paper to her great surprise and that of the elders.*) “Noble Señors of this wealthy palace—”

Don Evaristo.—Yes. What gabble—

Doña Marciala.—Hush.

Eulalia.—“A troubadour who comes from distant lands, to amuse the leisure hours of the great has learned by chance that Heaven has granted one hundred years of life to the patriarch of this distinguished family and asks hospitality for a while to sing in its praise and glory the songs he has composed.”

Don Evaristo.—What’s that? Never have I heard such a thing!

Doña Marciala.—Not I either, it gives me a chill, Evaristo.

Don Evaristo.—What does the bearer look like, Manuel?

(*MANUEL breaks out into loud laughter which he has thus far held back with difficulty.*)

Doña Marciala.—What are you laughing about?

Don Evaristo.—What’s this laughter for?

Manuel.—How does the bearer look!

(*TRINO appears through the garden laughing. He is just from his voyage. He is the nephew of Papá Juan and is about thirty years of age. He enjoys among his family the reputation of being unattached.*)

Doña Marciala.—Trino!

Eulalia.—Trino!

Don Evaristo.—If it isn’t Trino!

Doña Marciala.—It surely is Trino.

Trino.—Aunt! Uncle Evaristo! (*Embracing both.*)

Doña Marciala.—And we making such a mystery over the messenger!

Don Evaristo.—But, man, without letting us know you were coming—

Trino.—Why not? A troubadour who comes from far countries! I told you in that paper. And you, Eulalia, how are you?

Eulalia.—Well, and you, Trino?

Trino.—Flying as high as I can. Wasn’t that your mother who went out?

Eulalia.—It was mother.

Trino.—But I called her by name and she only hurried her step.

Eulalia.—Is it possible?

Trino.—Manuel tells me that Papá Juan had gone out before I came.

Don Evaristo.—It will not be long before he comes back. What a pleasure it will be for him to see you!

Doña Marciala.—Listen, Trino; perhaps you have brought some luggage?

Trino.—Only a little bag—and of course my lute!

Doña Marciala.—You hear, Manuel. Take everything and carry it into the portrait room. There I'll look after it.

Manuel.—Very well, Señorita.

Don Evaristo.—Come, come always with the crest of the troubadour!

Doña Marciala.—Always like the rain from heaven!

Trino.—Always! It is so much better for everybody, I escape troubles and uncertainties and I am received with all the greater gladness.

Don Evaristo.—Are your parents coming?

Trino.—It seems certain they will come.

Doña Marciala.—Delightful! What a joy for me to embrace my brother once more. Has he grown old?

Trino.—No.

Eulalia.—And Pepe will come?

Trino.—Pepe is coming.

Eulalia.—And Rorri?

Trino.—Rorri also. There will be four of my sisters. Pilar with her husband and their four children; Anita with her husband and two boys; Bebe with her husband and son; and Rorri—with her fiancée. The whole company complete! And I am the bird of warning.

Don Evaristo.—In the name of Heaven! I don't know what will happen in this house.

Trino.—I have been thinking how this occasion would affect you, Uncle Evaristo. Goodbye to the harmonies of your days! Goodbye to order among your boxes and brushes!

Don Evaristo.—Well! Well! Well! Stop your quizzing, you rascal!

Doña Marciala.—And will you remain with us some time, Trino, now that we have you here?

Trino.—I won't be able to stay very long, Aunt Marciala.

Doña Marciala.—That's what I feared.

Eulalia.—But why, Trino. When you go through Arenales, you are a streak of lightning.

Trino.—That's the way I like to pass everywhere.

Doña Marciala.—You are not an evil stroke.

Don Evaristo.—Rather say, thunderbolt! What kind of nephew are you anyhow?

Trino.—Well, when we have celebrated the anniversary of Papá Juan, I shall start for Paris.

Eulalia.—For Paris no less!

Doña Marciala.—And what takes you to Paris?

Trino.—To get married.

Doña Marciala.—That is too much for us to swallow.

Eulalia.—But have you a sweetheart in Paris?

Trino.—No.

Don Evaristo.—But, man, that's the first——

Eulalia.—Then how are you going to get married, fibber?

Trino.—It's this way: in a periodical from there, a lively enough one too, I have read the advertisement of a stainless young lady, beautiful, rich, sentimental, and imaginative who desires to marry a Spanish gentleman of such and such qualities. As for these qualities, it seems to me that she must have known me intimately or have seen me in her dreaming. I have written her a letter full of desire and emotion, have sent her my two photographs, one in street dress, the other in a bathing-suit so that she will know what to expect and as soon as I receive her reply I shall take the train.

Doña Marciala.—The devil alone may believe what you say.

Eulalia.—You are the biggest fibber on earth.

Don Evaristo.—No, he is telling the truth. Why should he lie about it? He is entirely capable of doing what he says. Ever since he became a Japanese pinwheel, there's no knowing which way he will shoot.

Doña Marciala.—Very well, then, Trino. Since you are so soft about this French girl which is something I shall have to tell the Lord in my prayers, you have now got to promise that you will spend a month with us to take our advice.

Trino.—It's a promise, Aunt, it's a vow, if that isn't enough. Family life is the one passion of my existence.

Doña Marciala.—I won't say "no" to that; you may pretend as much as you please about it.

Trino.—Why not? Who was there came before me to this celebration? Everything will be clear in good time. I, wearing the wings of a bird of passage am really a profound lover of family life. The proof of it is that I have a project——

Doña Marciala.—You planned to stay?

Trino.—Why not?

Doña Marciala.—I should say why not!

Trino.—Why not? I have a project— I am going to write a book, Aunt Marciala, which will be the most picturesque and charming work you have ever seen.

Eulalia.—That's what it will be if you ever finish it!

Don Evaristo.—I also doubt if he will ever write it. He may call himself a Japanese but he will not write the book. The way with him is to do the things that take little time and application and which show a touch of novelty.

Trino.—I shall take pleasure in reading it to you before I send it to the printer. "My Predecessors," that's the title. I like, "My Predecessors."

Don Evaristo.—You borrow that title.

Trino.—Well, I notice you laugh at it.

Don Evaristo.—But, what do you know about your "Predecessors?"

Trino.—Oh, thank you, but I know more than you do, with all your books and yellowed parchments! For beside the private studies I have made without anybody knowing, I consider what I find within my own soul, the influences of almost all of those who have passed before me.

Doña Marciala.—*Ave Maria Purissima!*

Trino.—Now listen to me— and don't laugh, Eulalia. Our ancestors have been heroes and martyrs, poets and musicians, monks and nuns, outcasts and adventurers— For of all these, I have something in myself, (*Growing excited.*) Of all! Didn't Papá Juan have an ancestor who went to India to preach the religion of Christ to the savages?

Doña Marciala.—Yes, he certainly had.

Trino.—So I too, thousands and thousands of times have felt the desire to stir with my words the sleepy souls, and illuminate them with the light of an art or religion. I speak in complete seriousness. At other times I am seized—and you share with me in these traits—with warlike spirit, with the patriotic valor of that alcalde of Arenales del Rio who set fire to his house rather than surrender it to the French. Again, I go and purchase a violin and give myself over for hours at a time, like Uncle Gustavo, seeking in the music the intimate expression of my sentiments, the one refuge of my soul, which would express itself in private. Again I dream of turning my back on the world

like our greatgrandfather, the sailor. Other times I seek like you, order and repose, tranquility and lack of responsibility—I don't know how many things I want or how many things I become. The worst of the matter is not in these gusts and ventilations where I live at the mercy of the spiritual influence of some of my ancestors, it makes little difference whether I am a mystic or an incendiary,—the terrible part is where for hours of my life—I say hours, I mean weeks!—in which I feel dominating me the spirit of all my ancestors joined together!

(All three persons laugh at him.)

Doña Marciala.—Sakes alive!

Trino.—And then, Aunt—believe me on my word! I find on earth no other solution except to pass fifteen days in bed, since it is clear that a man with this heap of sentiments and tendencies upon him should not run loose upon the streets. *(More laughter.)*

Eulalia.—Listen, Trino; among our ancestors were there no idiots?

Trino.—None that I know of.

Eulalia.—Well, then, our descendants will not be able to say the same.

Doña Marciala.—Bully for the first cousin!

Trino.—Well, then, since I appear an idiot, so much the better. Anything is better than passing one's life without understanding it. The soul of a man is not a mill-stone. I detest those who are born good and remain good forever, or those who are born bad and are bad always without a change, without a contradiction of spirit. Is it not much better and more sympathetic, dear Señor, to be ashamed in the morning and to have no bashfulness by night?

Don Evaristo.—How does that happen to be more sympathetic?

Doña Marciala.—Don't you think, Trino, that we have had enough discussion? Don't you want to go and brush off the dust of the road?

Trino.—I want to do everything here to please my Aunt. *(Embracing her.)* The flower and cream of all dear Aunties.

Doña Marciala.—Are you going to put me into your book?

Trino.—Why not? And I have for you only the finest praises. I shall say that you have the cleverest hands that are known for making honey-fritters and crumpets.

Doña Marciala.—There he mentions the crumpets! Eulalia, come with me and see where we may put up this troubadour from foreign lands—who is perishing for want of crumpets.

Eulalia.—Come, Auntie, I want you to promise to ask me to do a great many things for you.

Doña Marciala.—There's a long list of things, don't worry. Wait here a moment, Trino.

Trino.—Count on me, Doña Marciala.

Doña Marciala (*To EULALIA as they go out the door on the left*).—While we are arranging this, let us go up to the second floor and begin with the table linen. I am much bothered about that matter.

Trino.—Aunt Marciala, say what you will, takes the greatest delight in these preparations. She is in her glory.

Don Evaristo.—Yes, but age is coming over her. The years, the pitiless years— How do you think she looks?

Trino.—In perfect health, I should say. Better than my father. Younger and more attractive than the last time I saw her.

Don Evaristo.—Merely an appearance, my boy.

Trino.—True?

Don Evaristo.—Merely. The poor creature is a wreck. The day we shall least expect it, will be a break-down.

Trino.—Surely you exaggerate.

Don Evaristo.—No, I don't exaggerate, I see it very clearly. Hence it is that I tell you two things as one. I am astonished with myself. I do not notice in myself the slightest weakening.

(*Enter DOÑA MARCIALA.*)

Doña Marciala.—Trino.

Trino.—Aunt Marciala.

Doña Marciala.—Come with me, for it is better for you to select yourself the corner where you will sleep.

Trino.—The place nobody else wants, Aunt. So long as nothing can bite me, I can sleep in the air shaft.

Don Evaristo.—As soon as you have washed and tidied up come to my den. I'll wait for you there. I shall show you how I keep my library. You are going to have a surprise.

Trino.—Yes? Yes?

Don Evaristo.—Yes, I have bound all my books in equal size.

Trino.—How was that possible?

Don Evaristo.—Very easily done. The big ones have regular-sized bindings, the littlest ones have bindings equal to the

largest. So for the most part either they fill the bindings or the book is lacking; but the effect is fine. And as I hardly ever read—the shelves have a beautiful appearance. I shall expect you there. (*He goes out by the door on the right.*)

Trino.—What a strange fancy!

Doña Marciala.—Dodderings? What can you expect? The poor man has been failing these three years. How do you think he looks?

Trino.—Not at all ill to me.

Doña Marciala.—Appearances deceive, Trino, he has become an infirm old man, a mere will o' the wisp.

Trino.—You don't say so?

Doña Marciala.—Thanks to my care, we keep him on his feet. God is pleased to give me the strength to take care of him.

Trino.—So much the better, Aunt.

(*Enter MANUEL and walks toward the door on the right. This time he carries two letters.*)

Doña Marciala.—Where are you going, Manuel?

Manuel.—To take a letter to Don Evaristo.

Doña Marciala.—Is that all there was today?

Manuel.—One for your father. He told me that I should leave it here.

Doña Marciala.—Let me see it. (*MANUEL hands it to her; she regards it with displeasure.*) I was afraid of that!

Trino.—Of what?

Doña Marciala.—You shall soon learn. Very well, Manuel. Take his letter to the Señor and then hurry upstairs where you are needed.

Manuel.—Immediately.

Doña Marciala.—Ah, listen, if you see my father, do not mention anything to him about the letter.

Manuel.—I understand. (*He goes out by the door on the right.*)

Doña Marciala.—Papá Juan is beyond all things.

Trino.—How is that, Aunt?

Doña Marciala.—Do you guess what this letter is about?

Trino.—About whom?

Doña Marciala.—About Gabriela.

Trino.—Gabriela?

Doña Marciala.—You can imagine; he has the idea that she should be present. You know of the scandal she created in Sevilla. It was there that the man deserted her—she lived with another—had a child— In fact, Trino, it cannot be.

Trino.—And Papá Juan is set upon it?—

Doña Marciala.—Papá Juan! If we had a relation a jail-bird he would want to have him here.

Trino.—Well, well! Poor Papá Juan!

Doña Marciala.—Come, let us go upstairs.

Trino.—Let us go. The truth is Auntie, that in these matters we must all do what he proposes. (*He goes out the door on the left with DOÑA MARCIALA.*)

(*MANUEL passes for the right door to the left, laughing.*)

Manuel.—What a delicious trick! It was posted for the clouds—for the letter is for Doña Marciala although it was directed to him. He is an old man in a thousand! (*He goes out.*) (*Then arrive through the garden PAPÁ JUAN and CURRITA, arm in arm. CURRITA is pretty, vehement, restless, passionate. She has eyes that are very expressive so that one can tell from her face what she is going to do. If TRINO should write another book on the descendants of PAPÁ JUAN he would devote his best chapter to this first greatgrandchild. She is simply dressed, with a transparent shawl.*)

Papá Juan.—Nothing, nothing, Currita. If you are going to keep getting up at such late hours I shall have to get another secretary. Here's the whole morning gone in comings and goings. And the cause of all this is in those novels and fancies that you follow when in your bed.

Currita.—Yes, Señor. What you say is true. I stay awake imagining all sorts of things and soon the morning is there; I fall asleep and I seem to drop into a deep well. But when morning comes, I am awake to arouse the chanticleer.

Papá Juan.—Yes, Yes! Less snapping of the whip and more driving, Currita.

Currita.—And what do you want us to do now?

Papá Juan.—Now! Now! Wait for the mailcart.

Currita.—The carrier has been here already; he is passing through the next street.

Papá Juan.—Very well, we shall now see if there is not a letter from Gabriela.

Currita.—So it seems. Manuel should have left it here.

Papá Juan.—Alas, alas! That girl, that girl!—can she mean to disappoint me!

Currita.—Shall we now go to the farm of Antoñón as we decided last night?

Papá Juan.—Let us go. Poor Antoñón! We shall start visions in him. You realize, a poor farmer— But, señor, he is

a relative of mine; wherefore then should he not sit at my table with the others?

Currita.—Ah, Papá Juan, how good you are!

Papá Juan.—I seem good to you?

Currita.—Better than holy water! (*Embracing him.*)

Papá Juan.—It is not my place to say no. I know that I am good because if it were not so, Currita, I should not have lived a hundred years. Have you considered that?

Currita.—Why shouldn't I consider it? Haven't you explained many times? Those who are not good live with their eye-teeth sharpened; they rage and stamp, their blood is envenomed and they die before the others. That is clearer than the light of day.

Papá Juan.—It is said that it is not enough to be good to reach the age of one hundred; but he who reaches that age is good. Wickedness is a very sad thing; and with sadness it does last until one hundred.

Currita.—Then I am going to be better than anybody else so as to live longer than anybody in the world. What have I to do to succeed in this, Papá Juan?

Papá Juan.—Very simple; to live always as though God was with you. Neither you nor I nor anybody can be secure without Him. But I have lived as though I had Him.

Currita.—I have the security of having the stars by night and the sun arising in the morning!

Papá Juan.—The sun arising, you have not seen it today, sleepy-head!

Currita.—I shall see it tomorrow. On the other hand, the stars I still can count. And there is one which is my very own, my own, no less.

Papá Juan.—I am glad you watch the heavens.

Currita.—I have learned to do so from you, Papá Juan. And besides I have learned its catchword.

Papá Juan.—What? Some nickname?

Currita.—This is another kind of catchword. I refer to you whenever you see anything extraordinary, anything that for beauty, or goodness overcomes the soul, wherever it may be or how, it may be, you say: "Lord, if God has not made this, it seems as though He has made it."

Papá Juan.—So I say that, do I?

Currita.—And so say I, looking at my star! I always say

with the story as though they were my own thoughts, those of the bright light you have told me so often.

Papá Juan.—About what bright light?

Currita.—That of the children's stories. Don't you remember? In many of the stories there is a weary wanderer voyaging by night, who sees nothing but a bright light afar off which serves him as a hope and a guide. And he goes on and on, and the bright light never comes nearer; but he sees it always and because he sees it, he journeys on following his illusion. And you would say that in this life, it is necessary to have before us the bright light of the stories.

Papá Juan.—Ah, what an advanced pupil I have had! I remember it now I hear it from your lips. One cannot do without the bright light of the fairy tales. It is necessary. I have always had it, and it still abides.

Currita.—It is still with you, Papá Juan?

Papá Juan.—It still is with me. Listen. When I was seventy-six years old, I began to build this house, in which we are, with the same energy as a youth of twenty-five. Everybody laughed at me; they made a song about me—

“The Señor Don Juan del Monte
An elder of seventy years.
A brand new house to reside in
Instead of a tombstone he rears.”

And see. What do you think? Now I have lived here for thirty years!—and the author of the song is very likely in the other world composing ballads for the devil. (*He laughs.*)

Currita.—And the house, therefore, was the bright light!

Papá Juan.—The bright light! And in these latter years the light has meant that I should arrive at these days we celebrate, to give this feast for all, to see before me all those who in this world are going to follow after me. And don't imagine that my dream finishes here; it has not finished. I desire to journey on following the light from afar. If he could hear me, that song-writer of long ago, he would compose another rhyme about me.

Currita.—And what do you dream about now, Papá Juan?

Papá Juan.—And you ask me that, with your eyes wide open and almost, it would seem, making a song on me yourself. Well then hear my dream; I have had sons, I have had grandsons, I have had great-grandsons—and now the notion seizes on me to have great-great-grandsons.

Currita.—A great-great-grandson?

Papá Juan.—Exactly. I have never had one, but I may hope for one may I not?

Currita.—As you say——

Papá Juan.—For me to succeed in my wishes, I need your help.

Currita.—My help? More secretarial work?

Papá Juan.—My plan is for you to hunt up a lover to fascinate and marry you.

Currita.—Oh, oh, Papá Juan—you know very well that I should have the greatest pleasure in obliging you in this.

Papá Juan.—One point at a time. You are the only one from whom I can expect anything. The other great-grandchildren are still mere children. And now the next point; what young chap in Arenales is attentive to you? You see I am getting to the facts, and the pot is started boiling.

Currita.—Truly, there is nobody in Arenales.

Papá Juan.—Then let us see outside Arenales.

Currita (*Sighing*).—Yes—outside Arenales.

Papá Juan.—And why not?

Currita (*With graceful solemnity*).—Papá Juan, I am in love with a man whose image I carry here. (*Touching her forehead*.) He is my bright light.

Papá Juan.—What? What? Remember we are dealing with no novels. All the girls of your age carry the image of an ideal man about with them, and then when one of flesh and blood presents himself, they say a prompt goodbye to the fantastic image.

Currita.—No; this one I treasure is of flesh and bone.

Papá Juan.—You don't say so!

Currita.—Yes, Señor.

Papá Juan.—Then tell us, who is he?

Currita.—He does not live in Arenales.

Papá Juan.—But who is he?

Currita.—Trino——

Papá Juan (*With astonishment*).—Trino!

Currita.—Yes, Trino.

Papá Juan.—My great-grandson?

Currita.—His very boots and shoes, Papá Juan!

Papá Juan.—But this is no bright light! This is a conflagration! And where have you known Trino?

Currita.—I don't know him.

Papá Juan.—What?

Currita.—No, I don't know him. When he has come at times to Arenales, I have always been away at the convent. But I have heard such things of Trino, there and at home, here and everywhere, that I have fallen in love with him. This is the truth, Papá Juan. I have had to resist no other man before hearing of him. He is the most lovable. One night wandering around the convent walls with a little guitar, he passed the whole night singing love-songs to the convent-girls. The nuns were between indignation and laughter because the songs were very witty, and we making believe to sleep bit the sheets in our desire to avoid making a public scandal. Soon after I learned that it was Trino, and he fell so into my good graces that I began to treasure him in my heart. You yourself have a hundred times told me of his adventures, his goodness, his talents and his grace—without ever suspecting that you were putting the flame to the fodder. You yourself have told me that Trino would take any risk for a woman. This trait finished me completely. A man capable of taking any risk for a woman is a man of heart; he is not an ordinary man.

Papá Juan.—And you have another advantage still.

Currita.—What is that, Papá Juan?

Papá Juan.—That you know what he is capable of—and that it is difficult for him to do otherwise. These things are not twice repeated.

Currita.—Don't be clever about it. Only a bad woman would consider such a thing. You see, rather than love Trino—

Papá Juan.—But you don't even know him, little one.

Currita.—Yes, I know him although I have never seen him. I know him by intuition! When we wrote him the other day, Papá Juan, a certain warmth seemed to go into the letter!

Papá Juan.—Ah, you little rascal. So I have served you in a way as a—herald!

Currita.—And when he answered that he would come, and I read his letter to Aunt Marciala, there was a light over everything and I was moved from head to foot and trembled for a long time. If I had worn feathers they would have stood on end. As I am a woman, nobody knew that anything was happening to me.

Papá Juan.—Ah, Currita, Currita, my darling, what sweet-meats you are serving me! Speaking to me of Trino, of Trino

whom I have nursed on my shoulder ever since he was so high, who has always done with me whatever he desires.

Currita.—And you with him?

Papá Juan.—There is nobody has any influence over him.

Currita.—We are going to see about that, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—Ah, Trino! Trino! That imp of a Trino!

Currita.—Do you wish me to fetch his portrait which they have in the other room?

Papá Juan.—Yes, get the portrait. If your eyes must be satisfied.

Currita.—I'll get it this minute.

Papá Juan.—Ah, Currita, Currita!

Currita.—Well?

Papá Juan.—Nothing, nothing, only I am journeying toward my bright light.

Currita.—And I, toward mine, Papá Juan. I shall get the portrait. (*She runs out of the door on the right.*)

Papá Juan.—Currita—Trino— What I had least dreamed of! Seeing that the little one—and Trino is a bit dashing, but— (*Enters TRINO from the door on the left moving toward the right and beginning to shout with joy at seeing PAPÁ JUAN.*)

Trino.—Papá Juan! Papá Juan!

Papá Juan (*With sudden emotion*).—Trino! but Trino! You here?

Trino (*Embracing him tenderly*).—It is I, Papá Juan, I! The first to arrive!

Papá Juan.—Well I should say— You have so surprised me—that— But—it is really you, Barabbas?

Trino.—It is I. Can't you see me before you?

Papá Juan.—Yes, yes, I see you of course. But there are things—there are things—I can't get over it in a moment. Have you seen the little ones?

Trino.—No.

Papá Juan.—You haven't seen the little ones? But man, (*Calling aloud*) Evaristo! Marciala!

Trino.—Ah, but are those the little ones?

Papá Juan.—My children, of course.

Trino.—But I have already seen them, I have already talked with them. There was a great reception here, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—A great reception, you say—but, man, I—I— A moment ago I—I assure you that I—

(*Enters CURRITA at this moment, her eyes fixed on the portrait*)

of TRINO which she carries and without lifting her eyes from it, she almost reaches the side of the real TRINO. She discovers him suddenly and gives a sharp cry of mixed surprise and fear. She instantly hides the photograph behind her back.)

Currita.—Ah!

Trino.—Who is this? What fear has come over her?

Papá Juan.—You see—you see— It is— It is——

Trino.—Are you frightened at me, Currita? For you are really Currita.

Currita (Trembling).—And you are Trino.

Trino.—I am Trino. Currita, and how are you?

Currita.—Very well, Trino and you?

(They take hands and gaze at one another, he smiling and she enchanted, but always hiding the portrait.)

Papá Juan (Gazing at them).—Well, well, if the Lord has not done it, it seems like the work of the Lord!

ACT II

The same scene as in the First Act. It is now afternoon. DOÑA MARCIALA is seated demure and tranquil. Outside is EULALIA approaching the room singing the famous Jota from “*La Brujá.*”

Eulalia.—“As the birds keep singing,
As the birds keep singing——”

Doña Marciala.—What can be the matter with the little one!

Eulalia.—“The sorrows of their heart,
So I my songs am bringing
To ease my grief apart——
As the birds keep singing——”

(She enters by the door on the left.)

Ah, you were here all the time?

Doña Marciala.—Listening to you.

Eulalia.—Then you only heard me. I have one voice after the other. Take the key of the china closet. I have poured out the vanilla from the blue packages.

Doña Marciala.—That’s well.

Eulalia.—And Frasquilla and I have spread it on the stand in the pantry.

Doña Marciala.—Good, my child, good; the little ones begin to arrive but I will not serve the children with the best things. Sit down a moment with me, dear.

Eulalia.—I must go to the henhouse to see if the gray hen has laid.

Doña Marciala.—Very well; but first sit down a while. You have kept the bed linen I gave you?

Eulalia.—Yes, Señora, and what an odor of preserved quinces pervades the linen closet!

Doña Marciala.—And the linen white and spotless. What a blessing from heaven!

Eulalia.—On the lower shelf I have put two sets.

Doña Marciala.—You are making excellent preparations, little one. Heaven will reward you.

Eulalia.—Do you wish to be quiet? But I am more pleased than a baby's rattle! Surely some strange thing is going to happen; a star will suddenly appear, or we shall have an eclipse or something like that. To think that my mother should have left me here all this week, knowing her disposition and what she is likely to do——

Doña Marciala.—Ah, there's the strange phenomenon—Why look for more?

Eulalia.—Think of it, staying here for eight days instead of living at home and merely coming here to call! (*Leaping with joy.*) Ah, Aunt Marciala! Let me give you a kiss!

(*Enters ROSA one of the daughters of CARMEN CAMPOS, by the door on the right. She is in working clothes with her apron drawn back.*)

Rosa.—Señorita.

Doña Marciala.—What is it you wish?

Rosa.—There are the rooms and quarters upstairs; what shall I do with them?

Doña Marciala.—Has nobody gone over them with the mop?

Rosa.—No, Señora.

Doña Marciala.—Well, do it yourself.

Rosa.—Very well. Another thing; will there be anybody to sleep in the garret?

Doña Marciala.—I don't know for certain.

Rosa.—Then we might give it a hand.

Doña Marciala.—That will be all it needs.

Rosa.—Then I'll go upstairs. (*Goes out the door by which she entered.*)

Eulalia.—Did you say, Auntie, that Uncle Rafael is going to stay all night at Montemayor?

Doña Marciala.—I don't know what he will do. Every time

he visits us, it is the first thing he must do; go to pay his respects to the Virgin. Of course there is such a thing as personal liberty; so first comes his visit to Montemayor.

Eulalia.—How upset Uncle Evaristo is going to be! Really, it is a regular caravan! twelve children, no less!

Doña Marciala.—And all of them perfect little imps!

Eulalia.—How fat Uncle Rafael has grown!

Doña Marciala.—Ah, you would not know him! He has become a dreadful size. And what a handsome figure he used to have! But he has entirely neglected himself. Clearly—when two sleep in a feather bed— And have you seen his wife!

Eulalia.—But she, poor thing, is very sweet.

Doña Marciala.—But a perfect spider for untidiness.

Eulalia.—Weren't you asking for Currita? Here she is.

Doña Marciala.—Currita?

Eulalia.—Currita, yes.

(CURRITA enters from the garden.)

Currita.—Good afternoon, Auntie (*Kissing her*).

Doña Marciala.—God protect you!

Currita.—Good afternoon, Eulalia. (*Kissing her also*.)

Eulalia.—It is God brings you.

Currita.—Just now your mother has been at our house, they tell me, and attacked my father like a ragamuffin.

Eulalia (Nervously).—Alas, alas,— She is at her old tricks. She will tell me about it tonight.

Currita.—And Papá Juan?

Doña Marciala.—Papá Juan? He has gone out with Trino for a walk.

Currita.—Lucky Trino! Ever since he arrived here, Papá Juan has forgotten all about me. I shall be the gainer when Trino goes.

Eulalia.—But I not.

Currita.—Nor I either. It is just my way of talking. But this morning when I came to see Papá Juan he was out with Trino, and this afternoon it is the same with them both. And it is important for me to see Papá Juan as I have to answer an important letter. Where can they be now?

Doña Marciala.—Child, I have no idea.

Currita.—Perhaps Manuel might come with me?

Doña Marciala.—But you don't know which way they went? Answer the letter as you think best. For such affairs you hold the confidence of the government!

Currita.—I shall do that and at once; if Papá Juan doesn't like it, let Trino take the blame. I am off to the writing room.

Doña Marciala.—Don't get mixed up there.

Currita.—No, I shall not get mixed up. Come with me, Eulalia. Did I leave my shawl here? No. Yes. No. Yes, I did leave it.

Doña Marciala.—If you are sure——

Currita.—Well, come with me. I wish to tell you something.

Eulalia.—About yourself?

Currita.—No, about yourself.

Eulalia.—Me?

Currita.—Yes, you. Good, it is also mine— Come let us go together. Come.

Eulalia.—All right, let us go.

(*They go out by the door on the right.*)

Doña Marciala.—That Currita is as nimble as the tail of a lizard! And the other innocent would not change her days here for a golden cage! (*She raises herself from her chair.*) Ah, Lord, Lord!

(*Enters DON EVARISTO through the garden and in a very bad humor.*)

Don Evaristo.—As for me, why, let somebody else take care of them!

Doña Marciala.—Hello! Back so soon?

Don Evaristo.—Yes, and alone.

Doña Marciala.—Alone? But Rafael and the children?

Don Evaristo.—I left them there. Let them smear over their parents whose duty it is to bear it. Over me, no!

Don Marciala.—But Evaristo, by the Twelve Apostles!

Don Evaristo.—But, Marciala, by the Eleven Thousand Virgins!

Doña Marciala.—See the way your years are affecting you!

Don Evaristo.—Years or no years——

Doña Marciala.—Take a seat, man, take a seat, you are very tired.

Don Evaristo.—I won't sit down as I am too warm and would catch a chill.

Doña Marciala.—Then remain standing.

Don Evaristo.—You have no idea of the extravagance and impishness of those children! Oh, what a journey we have had together! They went in the coach and complained because they could not go on foot; they jumped out on the ground and after a

minute cried to be taken back into the coach. Oh, what a party! On arriving at Montemayor, Rafael began by setting out to steal oranges; and his wife tumbled carelessly on the grass, showing me her shins, in which I had no interest whatever; and nobody thought for a moment of the Virgin's shrine; and one of the children, who surely is made of pure gold, read a sign on a garden-gate which said "Entrance is forbidden" and instantly with two or three of the others ran in, and began to gambol about. When I told this to their father, he replied that his children always wanted to do anything that was forbidden. The end of it was, Marciala, that I could stand no more, so I told them, smiling like a rabbit, "You stay here enjoying yourselves as though at home. I have something to do at Arenales." And turned my back on them and hurried home. I took a place on the fruit wagon coming from Gasparon as comfortably as I could. The driver, good fellow, let me down at the gate. Hereafter, Marciala, never arrange for me to escort anybody.

Doña Marciala.—I only did it so that you might get a bit of fresh air. Now sit down.

Don Evaristo.—My Lord, what a family! What disorder! What kind of bringing-up! I don't recall one nice thing of all they did; although for the start they were looking for adventures. Ah! one of the smallest of the imps began to chew some greens that I knew were poisonous. And its father only laughed!

Doña Marciala.—Are you not convinced that these upsets are not suited to you, Evaristo?

Don Evaristo.—How I wished you might be there to see it, Marciala! You would surely have had apoplexy! (*Sighing.*) What kind of human beings are they! What terrible abuses they commit! (*Showing DOÑA MARCIALA his empty cigar-case.*) Look, and see how Rafael has left me empty; he kept lighting one with the other.

Doña Marciala.—I am glad he did. You will smoke less and be all the better for going without.

Don Evaristo.—There is more harm in your sweetmeats that you are always eating on the sly.

Doña Marciala.—Bah! Bah!

Don Evaristo.—Is there any news?

Doña Marciala.—Nothing.

Don Evaristo.—And Papá Juan?

Doña Marciala.—Out on the street.

Don Evaristo.—With Currita?

Doña Marciala.—With Trino.

Don Evaristo.—Isn't all this coming and going bad for Papá Juan?

Doña Marciala.—Of course it is. You should have heard the scolding I gave him this morning. But it is no use to talk to him. He does exactly what he wishes.

Don Evaristo.—God bless him. And Eulalia?

Doña Marciala.—Wild with delight. She is in your writing-room.

Don Evaristo.—In my writing-room! And what has taken her there?

Doña Marciala.—Currita.

Don Evaristo.—But why Currita in my writing-room? Confound it! I shall have to lock it up with seven keys! If I only knew where she would put things down, she is so upsetting—*(He goes toward the door on the right.)*

Doña Marciala.—Full of his manias! Oh, Lord! Let us look for cups to hold the quince jelly.

(She goes out by the door on the left. PAPÁ JUAN and TRINO are seen approaching slowly through the garden, smiling and chatting.)

Papá Juan (After he has arrived in the salon).—Well, well, you are always at your tricks, Trino.

Trino.—Are you not tired a bit, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—I? No!

Trino.—But I am. *(He sits down.)*

Papá Juan.—And I also *(He then sits down).* It has been one long day of rejoicing. Ah, have you told Manuel to hitch up the carriage and go to wait for the pastor?

Trino.—Yes, Señor, and Manuel is already gone.

Papá Juan.—Did you enjoy our walk together?

Trino.—Very much, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—It is one of my favorite walks in Arenales. The banks of the river are so delightful.

Trino.—They really are. So full of mystery and charm. Even restless spirits like mine recognize their peace and comfort. I would at times recline in the shade of elm trees and the sound of the passing waters has brought to me the voice of some woman chaste and serene.

Papá Juan.—Hello there! Is Doña Francisca Saavedra del Monte Guevara y Pérez, Cañas, Garzón, Cedillo y Lozano at home?

Trino.—Who is this lady, Papá Juan?

Papá Juan.—Currita!

Trino.—Ah, Currita, I had not recognized her. And where did you get the idea that she might be here?

Papá Juan.—Where you should also get it; what are your eyes for? Look, isn't that her shawl?

Trino.—True (*He gets up takes it and admires it.*) Currita's shawl! It is a new one; I have never seen it before. What is more beautiful than a shawl! It has the double charm for me of being both aristocratic and popular!

Papá Juan.—And of belonging to Currita.

Trino.—What?

Papá Juan.—I have spoken an aside as they do in the comedies. You are not supposed to hear me.

Trino.—But I did hear you. (*He puts down the shawl and walks up and down thinking. A pause. Enter CURRITA by the door on the right, a little breathless.*)

Trino.—Currita!

Papá Juan.—Ah, Currita!

Currita.—So you have come back?

Trino.—We have come back. What has happened to you?

Currita.—Uncle Evaristo has been scolding me. My, what a bad humor he is in and how he lectured me!

Papá Juan.—Because of what?

Currita.—Because I went into his writing-room to send off a letter—we shall discuss it together you and I—and I had begun to draw an allegory of love through all the ages; from Adam—down to Trino.

Trino.—To me?

Currita.—To you.

Papá Juan.—What an idea! And why down to Trino?

Currita.—Because, as you say, Trino is a man of our times. You know you said it with good reason. I neither know it nor deny it. Suddenly arrives Uncle Evaristo and saw me using his colored pencils and looked at me as though I were the demon himself.

Papá Juan.—But go on, tell us about the allegory!

Currita.—I destroyed it in anger.

Trino.—What a pity!

Currita.—And it was a work of art. No doubt, a chef-d'oeuvre!

Papá Juan.—Without doubt. Think of the hands that wrought it!

Currita.—You see, I put Adam first completely alone seeking distraction in Paradise; and in a little while God came to borrow one of his ribs to make a companion for him. And Adam stood ready with his arms outstretched. He seemed to say “Such being so, O Lord, take all my ribs at once!”

(PAPÁ JUAN *and* TRINO *laugh.*)

Papá Juan.—What nonsense you strung together!

Trino.—But this is no subject for a sketch on a piece of paper but for a large painting in oil. Listen, *Currita*, this interests me greatly; how did you paint me?

Currita.—I had not come to painting you at all.

Trino.—But just now you said otherwise.

Currita.—No, I said you were the end of the Allegory.

Papá Juan.—Very well; but how did you plan to depict him?

Currita.—He will be angry if I tell.

Trino.—Angry? with you? Impossible!

Currita.—You won't be angry, really?

Trino.—How can you ask me seriously if I will be angry!

Currita.—Well then I planned to have you very white with eyes very dark, looking at the portrait of a woman and clasping your hands. Now are you angry?

Trino.—Not at all.

Papá Juan.—Still she pays you no compliment.

Currita.—Do you think so? Then pardon me.

Trino.—But I think nothing of it except I wonder that your memory is so good——

Currita.—But I do remember— But don't worry I shall never speak of it again.

Papá Juan.—That is what I advise you. Because nobody likes to have his stupid doings recorded.

Trino.—It doesn't matter to me. And still less because it is *Currita* who refreshes my memory. I assure you that it does not bother me to recall it, on the contrary it pleased me altogether. As time goes on, I realize how stupid and impossible I have been. Think of what a sorrow my life would be at the age of twenty because a woman was a deceiver!

Currita.—Was a deceiver? (*She puts her hand to her hair to cover her concern.*)

Trino.—To think the life of a man is to be judged by an hour of a day or even a year of it!

Papá Juan.—You are surely right, *Trino*, surely right. I am glad to hear you say so. It gives me a great pleasure to

consider that life runs on. Life is not the winter alone; the springtime returns. I tell you so, I who have seen the flowers of a hundred springtimes and have heard the birds sing through a hundred summers.

Trino.—You are right, Papá Juan, certainly right.

Papá Juan.—And every time I heard them sing and every time the flowers blossomed it seemed to me it was forever. Never have I asked in my life “Why” and “Wherefore.” Now it is Fate, Trino. Life runs along, the springtime returns— Man dies but once, but all the mornings he is born again in opening his eyes.

Trino.—True; it is true.

Papá Juan.—To kill oneself for a woman—when each one has her favorite—

(He looks at CURRITA who is greatly embarrassed.)

Trino.—Keep quiet, for Heaven’s sake!

(Meanwhile he keeps looking at CURRITA whose embarrassment is extreme).

Papá Juan.—And I warn you that this trifling—

Currita (On the defence).—What are you going to say?

Papá Juan.—Something to my advantage, Currita; am I not the eldest person present? This artist of the Allegory of love, Trino, is a great admirer of that experience of yours.

Trino.—Yes?

Papá Juan.—Yes.

Trino.—Let me see. Will you explain this admiration, Currita?

Currita.—Oh, come, you are both resolved to embarrass me!

Trino.—Explain it then in your own way.

Currita.—You must not take it exactly in that way. I shall tell you all frankly without further requests. I am greatly pleased with what you did. Greatly pleased indeed, Señor. It is a trait that speaks to me of many things not too common in these days. You do not know what it means, Trino, to keep one’s years and one’s illusions and to live in a village like this when the greatest hope as the bells ring three o’clock is for four to ring—in hopes that it will soon be five. Ah, happy steeple in the countryside! Never by any chance does it ring out for a fire! And I always hoping, Trino, for something out of the ordinary. There you have the reason why your acts—which you now disavow, inspire me with such great sympathy. Aside from that, of course, I rejoice that nobody has injured you.

(All three are silent. PAPÁ JUAN looks mischievously from TRINO to CURRITA. To break the embarrassing silence, EULALIA enters through the door on the right. She carries over her arms, the white and folded table linen.)

Eulalia.—Currita.

Currita.—What do you wish?

Eulalia.—Aunt Marciala is calling you.

Currita.—For what?

Eulalia.—She wants to ask you something.

Currita.—What thing, do you know?

Eulalia.—She hasn't told me. Are you going?

Currita.—Yes, of course I am going at once. Really she didn't say——

Eulalia.—Truly, no. (EULALIA goes out by the door on the left.)

Currita (Not wishing to go).—What can Aunt Marciala want?

Papá Juan.—Girl, go at once and ask her and resolve your doubt immediately.

Currita.—You are right. I am going. (She approaches the door on the right as if each step cost her an effort. She goes out. A pause.)

Trino.—Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—What now?

Trino.—I am anxious to have this feast of yours over.

Papá Juan.—To have it pass, no; to have it arrive. Five days more before it arrives, no more, and yet I sometimes have an idea of dread that the day will never come for me.

Trino.—Oh!

Papá Juan.—Death, also a woman, has its tricks to play! But it seems to me that I am going to play the game like a man. But, why are you anxious to have my celebration over?

Trino.—So as to leave here.

Papá Juan.—What's the matter? Don't you like our beds?

Trino.—Papá Juan, joking apart, I have a revelation to make you. I am in love with Currita.

Papá Juan.—What's that you say?

Trino.—Yes, fatally in love! Romantically! Desperately!

Papá Juan.—That's all right! What I would like to know is why, then, do you want to go away. If, for instance, you had fallen in love with—say, with Aunt Filomena who is a widow, your despair would be all right, but with Currita—!

Trino.—The trouble is, Papá Juan in my being so enamored—and I don't wish to be in love. I don't wish it, no! And it is so much worse, because she is Currita, a girl so lovely, so full of light, so gracious, so dreamy—

Papá Juan.—Ah, you would prefer if it had been Aunt Filomena?

Trino.—Try to understand me, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—It is very difficult, Trino.

Trino.—By what right, with what a conscience can I call this little one to the enchanted palace? Up to now my love affairs have been so tragic— To what woman can I say "I love you," who will not have to pay for it later in her tears?

Papá Juan.—What loves are you speaking of? Have you ever been in love before?

Trino.—A thousand times.

Papá Juan.—To say a thousand times is to say never. Trino, do not confound love with what is not love except in name and the shadow. Let the poets and lovers of all colors say what they will, for me love is only the continuance of life. When a man and a woman feel it and look on one another with eyes of love, if you will listen—you will hear,—I don't know where—from afar off—as it were in space—perhaps more illusion than reality—a voice which says or sings, "I wish to live!—Bring me to life!"—Have you heard that voice?

Trino.—Never, Papá Juan. Nor do I look to hear it.

Papá Juan.—You are about to hear it.

Trino.—That is to say, according to you, that love must be fruitful or it is no love.

Papá Juan.—Like the kiss of the sun to the earth. Moreover, what you have been doing all these years, what I have done with all your kind, what almost all men are doing—is—to play at love.

Trino (Smiling).—To play at love?

(MANUEL appears through the garden.)

Manuel.—Don Juan, may I come in?

Papá Juan.—Come ahead, Manuel.

Manuel.—Antoñón, he from the farm of Chorrito, is here and says he has something to say to you.

Papá Juan.—Ah, Antoñón! The good Antoñón!

Trino.—What Antoñón is this?

Papá Juan.—This Antoñón is a great fellow; our own relative and a farmer. I shall take you to see his lands.

Trino.—Our relative did you say?

Papá Juan.—Our relative, yes: the son of Gumersindo Alvarez del Monte, a first cousin of my father. He kept a tavern which was formerly on Christ Street. Well, the tavern is gone, so is its master, so is the street, and so, they say, is Christ! Ah!

Manuel.—Señorito, what answer shall I take to the man?

Papá Juan.—Yes, that is true—I am distracted. Have him come in.

Manuel.—Very well. (*He goes out through the garden.*)

Trino.—I shall leave you with Antoñón and go for a turn under the patio. Goodbye for the present.

Papá Juan.—Don't stay long, Trino.

(*He goes out the door on the left. At the same moment, CURRITA appears from the door at the left and is filled with disappointment to see him go.*)

Currita.—Well, there——

Papá Juan.—The dance is on! Antoñón—Antoñón——

Currita.—Papá Juan!

Papá Juan.—Ah, Currita. Why did Aunt Marciala call you?

Currita.—It was rather serious. To see if she couldn't draw me out to say something. But I was too keen for Auntie.

Papá Juan.—Ah? What was that, my secretary?

Currita.—Gabriela has written to me.

Papá Juan.—To you?

Currita.—Yes, to me, Señor. To write her an answer I have been at the desk of Uncle Evaristo. The poor thing is surprised that you continue to invite her when she has already twice accepted your invitation.

Papá Juan.—She has posted me two letters?

Currita.—So she says. And the truth is that the two letters have reached here and have been juggled away.

Papá Juan.—What? But these tricks of hand don't please me at all! I shall have to speak to the youngsters; I don't like it—I don't like it——

(*At this moment MANUEL leads in ANTOÑÓN, whom we know already by descriptions. He is evidently all dressed up for a solemn occasion.*)

Antoñón.—The peace of God be with you. A thousand good afternoons.

Papá Juan.—Come in, come in, good Antoñón. How are you?

Antoñón.—Well, and how are you, Don Juan?

Papá Juan.—As you see me.

Antoñón.—And you, Señorita?

Currita.—Very well, Antoñón. And your wife and the children?

Antoñón.—They are all holding their own.

Currita.—And the little ones?

Antoñón.—All rough on their shoes.

Currita.—Give them my best regards.

Antoñón.—I shall do so.

Currita.—And so, goodbye.

Antoñón.—God bless you.

Manuel (To CURRITA who is leaving by the same door as TRINO has used).—Señorita Currita.

Currita.—What is it?

Manuel.—I, nothing; but the servant from your house has been here saying your mamma desires to see you at home immediately.

Currita.—At my house?

Manuel.—Yes, Señorita.

Papá Juan.—Has anything happened?

Currita.—Did he say anything had happened?

Manuel.—No accident, I am sure because the boy was laughing. But he said to tell you not to lose a minute.

Currita.—Very well, Señor. What can it be? Every day has its cloud. (*Putting on her shawl*) I am sure every day has some sort of cloud; but how much? There are days that look like nights. I shall be back in a short while, Papá Juan. Good day. (*She goes out by the garden. MANUEL after her.*)

Antoñón.—Good day— There is something of the angels about that daughter of Don Joaquin.

Papá Juan.—She is an angel, an angel.

Antoñón.—Without ceasing to be very much of a lady. She has the flavor of the radishes of my garden; and they are very fine, it is true, but have a sharp tang to them.

Papá Juan.—Well, take a seat, take a seat, Antoñón.

Antoñón (Obediently).—With your permission.

Papá Juan.—And put down your hat.

Antoñón.—It doesn't bother me.

Papá Juan.—Give it to me. (*He takes it and puts it on a chair.*)

Antoñón (*After looking at PAPÁ JUAN from head to foot*).—
And is it true, Don Juan del Monte, that you really have passed
one hundred years or is it all a false report?

Papá Juan.—Go ask the priest who christened me.

Antoñón.—And where shall we find the priest?

Papá Juan.—On high I hope, these many years. The Good
Lord has been very patient with me, that's the truth about me
and him. His name was Don Manuel Martínez y Argote. A
relative he said of the poet Don Luis Gongora y Argote. Here
they always called him "Father Rat-trap" because he was the
inventor of a deadly machine against the pest of cheese boxes. Ah!

Antoñón.—And you have forgotten nothing!

Papá Juan.—The way with all you people who are good,
Antoñón?

Antoñón.—Ah, there is no time left us to be bad.

Papá Juan.—It was a perfect pleasure to see your place the
other evening. Your farm is a rare treat. I envy it; mine is
nothing to it.

Antoñón.—But the same sun warms both. Only you keep
yours to delight your eyes, while I look to mine to feed my family.

Papá Juan.—That's it; that's it. The year has not been a
bad one for either of us.

Antoñón.—Thanks be to God there has been rain—and you
know, "Rain in May, bread all the year round."

Papá Juan.—Exactly. And "A May very rainy in the
barren plain and the fertile field." Well then, Maria has told
you why I visited you the other evening? Will you give me the
pleasure of having you and all your family here on the twenty-
fifth to dine in celebration of my hundredth anniversary (*ANTOÑÓN*
draws himself up in silence.) Why this silence! Come, come—

Antoñón.—Señor Don Juan del Monte, there have always
been rich and poor in this world. How to be rich is a difficult
thing, but how to be poor is also difficult. And I am poor and I
don't want to be rich. For I have more money than many rich
people, even if I am poor. And beside the matter of money there
is the old song—

"When the poor man has been drinking,
 'What a drunkard!' then they say;
When the rich man has been drinking,
 'Ah, the dear Señor is gay!' "

My friend Alonzo, the husband of Carmen Gampes, prophesies that there is a day coming when the poor will be rich—he has these ideas which to me seem slightly mixed. Very good; I swear to you that when that day arrives and I am still alive, I will refuse to be rich and will remain poor. Because it is more valuable to be poor, being rich than not being rich—being poor—You understand me?

Papá Juan.—After a fashion, Antoñón, after a fashion——

Antoñón.—Well, I only shall explain it to myself.

Papá Juan.—Then I have understood all you mean to say.

Antoñón.—Don't you see, Señor Don Juan, that our flounces of calico won't look well among the laces and jets of the others. Don't you realize that at your table, the table of a rich man, my wife and children are going to look like sheep in a strange pasture?

Papá Juan.—But why?

Antoñón.—Because the world puts us on one side and you people on the other, in spite of all our relationships. That is what I tell my friend Alonso.

Papá Juan.—Well, with permission of your friend and you, dear Antoñón, the celebration of my hundredth birthday will show the world my views on the subject. On that day will you, Antoñón, come with your wife and children; and will you come to do honor to my house with all your calicoes and your hands hardened by labor.

Antoñón.—Señor Don Juan del Monte——

Papá Juan.—Señor Don Antoñón of the Farmland, what is your answer?

Antoñón.—You remember that Our Lord Jesus Christ came on earth to settle such business as this——

Papá Juan.—No more of your philosophy, Antoñón. You will not be the only poor relation who will sit down with me on the day of the festival.

Antoñón.—No?

Papá Juan.—No. There is to be present a grand-nephew, who is a servant of the King. You should read the letter he has sent me.

Antoñón.—But then he does not live in Arenales. In these places, Señor Don Juan del Monte, everybody knows everybody else, and they criticize a great deal and according as one believes more or less the world is greatly upset if a poor man for once sits down at the table of a rich one.

Papá Juan.—Ah, the world will not be so upset as you imagine. And if it is upset, let it be upset for all I care. This world amounts to nothing. We shall build up another on its ruins in which it will never trouble anybody if the rich take dinner with the poor.

Antoñón.—These are the manias of my friend Alonso.

Papá Juan.—Possibly. But your friend talks of things in a drunken, crazy manner and I talk of them calmly and sanely. And your friend would like to go about murdering people and I only embracing them. There's where the difference is. So come, give me your hand and promise not to be absent at my birthday party. (*He shakes hands with him warmly.*)

Antoñón.—How good you are, Don Juan del Monte! You appear to be a poor man like myself.

Papá Juan.—Because the same sun is warming us,—your garden as well as mine. Promise me what I ask (*ANTOÑÓN is silent*), promise me?

Antoñón.—The trouble is I am not alone.

Papá Juan.—On your farm you are the only boss.

Antoñón.—As for the farmer there's no trouble. But don't you see there's the farmer's wife to be considered. My wife does only what I wish her to do, which is the same as saying what she wants to do herself; but there are things in which it is necessary to consider her. I shall tell you. There is between you and me a family relationship which affects my wife and all the world in this manner. (*He brings the points of his fingers of each hand together at the points.*)

Papá Juan.—You don't need to mention it.

Antoñón.—I don't know the reason, nor does Maria know it either, nor for that matter does it amount to a radish to her or me; but there is a certain lady hereabouts who never passes in front of my door without spitting on the ground, and stamps it down to make it worse.

Papá Juan.—Ah, how graceful she must be!

Antoñón.—You think it graceful, eh? But to my wife it is a great offence and more than once I have raised my weeding-hook to throw it at the head of this fine lady. Because, Don Juan del Monte, the water of the saliva which is poisonous is very bad, but that she should stamp it down is beyond bearing.

Papá Juan.—I am very glad, my good fellow, very glad. Because on my birthday you will have your revenge. When

she sees you here, don't you know, that all the spitting she has done at your doorway—will come back and choke her.

Antoñón.—Very well. Will you favor me in another point which I am about to ask you. The family from the farm at Chorrite will also be here?

Papá Juan.—Surely, man, surely.

Antoñón.—One thing I advise—if you will pardon me—that you have the table long and that Doña Filomena and my wife be placed at different ends.

Papá Juan.—Very well, Antoñón. It is possible that as my friend predicts, there is coming a day when all men will be able to shake hands together—as for the women—that day is a long way off.

Papá Juan.—Well!

Antoñón.—Good day and many thanks, Señor Don Juan del Monte.

Papá Juan.—A safe journey! I shall accompany you to the gate.

Antoñón.—Señor Don Juan, I have never been so honored—

(*As they go out through the garden together, they encounter DOÑA FILOMENA.*)

Papá Juan.—Oh, Filomena! Good afternoon.

Doña Filomena.—Good afternoon. (*On seeing ANTOÑÓN, she spits and steps on the saliva.*)

Antoñón.—You saw that?

Papá Juan.—Go now, my friend, I shall come back immediately, Filomena.

Doña Filomena (Indignantly).—And he is going about with the farmer! And I am left alone! Soon they will say—soon they will say that as far as I— Every day I find myself more and more on the ash-heap. (*EULALIA is heard from the left singing the same song as at the beginning. Shortly after that she enters.*) Is it my daughter that is singing so? Very well. She knows what evil looks and manners are kept for her poor mother. (*To EULALIA, who has come in*) Sing, daughter, sing! (*EULALIA who has entered very gaily without suspecting what she was to encounter is suddenly gloomy merely at the suspicion that her mother is going to make a scene again.*)

Eulalia.—Hello, Mamma. When did you get here?

Doña Filomena.—Go on, go on with your singing! Don't make any pretence. I see that you are very happy to be relieved of the presence of your mother.

Eulalia.—No, Señora; I am very happy, but not because of that.

Doña Filomena.—Yes, daughter, yes, because you are away from me. And at the same time your sisters are at home dancing with joy because I have gone out of the house.

Eulalia.—That is possible; but don't blame me for it.

Doña Filomena.—How then to explain it?

Eulalia.—You have just come from the house of Currita?

Doña Filomena.—Straight from her house. A fine row I raised there!

Eulalia.—And why?

Doña Filomena.—For the same reason that I am going to raise one here.

Eulalia.—Mamma!

Doña Filomena.—Don't call me "Mamma!" This is a very serious business.

Eulalia.—What business?

Doña Filomena.—When I tell you that you won't understand. I will tell you everything. Call your aunt and uncle immediately.

Eulalia.—Uncle Evaristo is taking a nap upstairs.

Doña Filomena.—Then wake him up. And Trino?

Eulalia.—In the patio, reading a novel.

Doña Filomena.—Some protestant book I'll be bound. But you had better have him come in also. We shall see what opinion is in his revolutionary mind.

Eulalia.—Revolutionary? But, what about, what about?

Doña Filomena.—I repeat that you will not understand about it, Eulalia, go and do what I tell you.

Eulalia.—I am going, Mamma, I am going. Would to heaven your disposition would only change!

Doña Filomena (Turning on her quickly).—What's that?

Eulalia.—Would to heaven your disposition would only change! That's what I said. What shame it is for me to see you always fighting like cats and dogs with all the world!

Doña Filomena.—What?

Eulalia.—Always a row and a rumpus; you suspect everybody with bad intentions; you come into a place and bring a whirlwind with you. And I am greatly pained by it—because you are my mother—and I as you say so often—the daughter of your heart. And a daughter likes to hear her mother well spoken

of— And when you turn your back—the things they say about you!

(She goes out by the right, getting ready to cry.)

Doña Filomena.—She is silly, completely silly! It is time I came and put an end to the chatter of these pygmies. It certainly is!

(PAPÁ JUAN returns.)

Papá Juan (Singing).—

“When Ferdinand the Seventh
His overcoat would wear—”

Doña Filomena.—But tell me, Papá Juan; what visit is this from the farmer? Will he serve the vegetables on the day of the celebration?

Papá Juan.—What a notion! He is coming to sit down with us at the feast.

Doña Filomena (Astonished).—The farmer!

Papá Juan.—The farmhand, yes! Why not, isn't he related to us?

Doña Filomena.—He is coming to dine with me and my daughters?

Papá Juan.—Yes, woman; and I have asked him not to bring the watchdog along. You see!

Doña Filomena.—But this is to be a family gathering, Papá Juan, and not a camp-meeting of negroes.

Papá Juan.—No, there is no negro coming. We have no black blood in the family—that is, as far as I know!

Doña Filomena.—Well then, it is time to tell you that if the farmhand and his crew are here I shall shine by my absence.

Papá Juan.—I tell you that the farmer is coming and that you also will be here.

(EULALIA passes from the door on the right to the door on the left, still in grief, and throwing at PAPÁ JUAN a look of entreaty.)

Doña Filomena.—The fact of the matter is that I will not come, nor my daughters either!

Papá Juan.—Your daughters shall come and you with them.

Doña Filomena.—You are mistaken, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—I am not mistaken, foolish woman. Look here, I know you since your mother brought you into the world, and I knew your mother since her mother brought her into the world. Do you think now, Filomena, that you are coming or not coming to feast with the others.

Doña Filomena.—I am silent. I am silent. You are the stronger—I am silent.

Papá Juan (*After making a little flourish with his feet, singing as before*).—

“The bombs that they were shooting
Were crashing everywhere—”

Aside from the pleasure of seeing you with us and the displeasure you have had in meeting Antoñón here, to what do we owe the honor of your agreeable presence?

Doña Filomena.—You will soon know. I have summoned the family council.

Papá Juan.—Ah, then?

Doña Filomena.—And that freethinker 'Trino!

Papá Juan.—Freethinker?

Doña Filomena.—Yes, I want him here also. I have a name to put before the house.

Papá Juan.—What name?

Doña Filomena.—That of one in disgrace.

Papá Juan.—Whose?

Doña Filomena.—Gabriela's.

Papá Juan.—You are going to bring up Gabriela's name? I shall be delighted, as far as I am concerned. I too have something to say about Gabriela to all the family. Ah, here comes my daughter. And the freethinker, as you call him. (*Enter from the door on the left DOÑA MARCIALA and TRINO.*)

Doña Marciala.—Well, well, Filomena.

Doña Filomena.—Good day, Marciala.

Trino.—Aunt Filomena, and how are you?

Doña Filomena.—Very well, and you, sir?

Trino.—You call me sir. Since when did we grow so formal?

Doña Filomena.—Since the day you arrived here and did not salute me.

Trino.—I?

Doña Filomena.—You.

Trino.—I think it was the other way.

(*DOÑA MARCIALA makes a sign to TRINO not to go on.*)

Doña Filomena.—I noticed that signal.

Papá Juan.—Ah!

Doña Marciala.—You wished to speak to us, your daughter told us?

Doña Filomena.—Let us wait for Evaristo.

(*Enters DON EVARISTO by the door on the right, he is half asleep and in very bad humor.*)

Don Evaristo.—Here is Evaristo. What do you want with Evaristo? I smell something burning!

Doña Filomena.—When you are ready you may salute us, my good man.

Don Evaristo.—Why have you called me, you hypocrite?

(*Everybody sits down. A pause.*)

Papá Juan.—Are we all here?

Doña Filomena.—All of us.

Don Evaristo.—I feared in my sleep that some bad news was coming.

Doña Filomena.—When the honor of the family is at stake, you ought to open your eyes.

Doña Marciala.—What are you talking about?

Doña Filomena.—Papá Juan knows already.

Papá Juan.—And Papá Juan is going to speak the first word. Look here, Marciala! Look here, Evaristo! Haven't letters from Gabriela arrived here? (*DON EVARISTO looks at DOÑA MARCIALA and both remain silent.*) I see that they have arrived.

Doña Filomena.—Hum!

Don Evaristo.—Marciala, explain to Papá Juan—

Doña Marciala.—Papá Juan we have humored you in everything up to this, because your wishes ought to be respected by one and all of us, but as regards the matter of Gabriela, it is not possible for us to consider it.

Don Evaristo.—It is impossible!

Papá Juan.—Well! Well! (*To DON EVARISTO*) and why is it impossible?

Don Evaristo (*In confusion, looking at DOÑA MARCIALA*).—Because it is impossible.

Doña Filomena.—That's what I say. Because it outrages my very being. It is not possible in the first place because it amounts to putting me on the streets; it is not possible because even if there are no young girls in this house to lose their first blush with certain people, there are to come here among others my beloved daughters, and my children are not to rub shoulders with disreputable people.

Papá Juan.—As for disreputable people—

Doña Filomena.—Disreputable, Papá Juan, disreputable people. What does the atheist say about it?

(*All except PAPÁ JUAN turn confusedly about.*)

Trino.—Where is the atheist?

Doña Filomena.—It is very easy to pretend not to understand!

Papá Juan.—Don't let us waste time in foolishnesses.

Doña Filomena.—We don't lose time. My last word, Papá Juan, is that if Gabriela comes here for the celebration, you will not see me here, nor my daughters either.

Papá Juan.—We shall have here the family of the farmer, and I count on you and your daughters and on Gabriela as well.

Doña Filomena.—Heavens, what horror!

Doña Marciala.—No, Papá, no. This time Filomena has reasons.

Doña Filomena.—Ah, why this time only? Is it to say that I am seldom right?

Doña Marciala.—It is to say that this time you are right in what we are talking about. Consider it well, Papá. Call to mind what the poor Gabriela has done in her foolishness or her badness, as you will have it just and reasonable, but do not expect us to sit down at table with her. Not for ourselves alone but for our neighbors, for society. You know the scandal that is public about her among the people? Haven't you thought of the disagreeable experiences she will have to undergo in coming here?

Don Evaristo.—You are right, Marciala.

Doña Filomena.—And I not?

Don Evaristo.—Yes, woman, you have said the same thing as she.

Doña Filomena.—Ah!

Papá Juan.—But not one of you all is right. Nor you, nor you, nor you.

Doña Marciala.—Papá Juan——

Doña Filomena (*Turning towards* TRINO).—And we have not heard the opinion of the anarchist?

Trino.—I? Am I the anarchist, Señora?

Doña Filomena.—Yes, you, you. Who else could I mean but you?

Trino.—Well, the opinion of the anarchist, as you have called me, is in two parts; the first is to place a bomb under your chair——

Doña Filomena.—The impudence!

Trino.—Made of sawdust only; nothing more than for a comic shock. And the second is that the fault of Gabriela, if it

should happen to be a fault at all, does not merit the punishment which all of you think of giving it, excepting Papá Juan. I am much more indulgent than the rest of you with the faults that arise from love.

Doña Filomena.—That is clear. Since you do not believe in God.

Trino.—Where did you come across that error?

Doña Filomena.—It is the height of heresy to defend a woman who is not married and who has a child.

Trino.—Come, consider those who are married and never have any.

Doña Filomena.—Bah, humbug, and more humbug!

Papá Juan.—Trino has spoken very truly. Gabriela has not deserved the punishment which you plan for her. Gabriela has a son because God wished her to have it. In the trouble of Gabriela there was neither outrage nor perversion. To bring her here may save her from harm; to refuse to have her as if she were lost, is to condemn her for perversity and is not just. Gabriela, therefore, must come to the family gathering. (*A movement among the others.*) Do not deny me this! The snows of a hundred years have fallen on my head and it is my wish to see all of you united for a day, rich and poor, good and bad, happy and unhappy— Would not all this opposition be childish if at the end of another hundred years we were to come together again?

Trino.—Come, come, Papá Juan. Do not give way to so much feeling. The matter is settled. What you wish shall be done. Is it not so, Aunt Marciala?

Doña Marciala.—Yes, Trino, yes. Yes, Papá. Yes. Let us not speak about it any more.

Trino.—You command; we obey blindly; because it should be so. To your celebration will come anybody you invite. If you wish all, it will be all. And when I celebrate my one hundredth birthday all will come, except perhaps, Aunt Filomena, I imagine.

Doña Filomena.—I'll attend to my part of that!

Trino.—And now I shall go and see if Manuel has not hitched up the carriage as you told him to, that we may go together and wait for the Pastor.

Papá Juan.—Go, my good fellow, and see. It is true the Pastor is coming today. Let us be off, be off!

Trino.—On the minute.

(*CURRITA arrives through the garden as TRINO is leaving.*)

Currita.—Hello!

Trino.—Hello!

Currita.—Good! (*Remarking all the group.*) What faces are these? What is the matter?

Doña Filomena (Rising).—The same old matter, child, what always happens. Poverty is a crime. From the very first I have known that it was the scheme here to throw me and my children into the streets. And now it happens.

Currita.—How is that?

Doña Marciala.—Where are you going, woman?

Doña Filomena.—To get the darling child of my bosom. (*She goes out by the door on the left, suppressing a sob.*)

Currita.—Ah, what a plague that woman is!

Don Evaristo.—She is the very dainty of the family.

Doña Marciala.—As for the little one, she must not take her away. She mustn't think of doing so. I shall see to that. I shall see to that. (*She goes out after DONA FILOMENA.*)

Currita (To DON EVARISTO who seems altogether confused.)—But what has happened, Uncle Evaristo?

Don Evaristo.—Alas, Currita! How my opinion on these things has changed! I shall certainly die before your Aunt Marciala! (*He goes out through the door on the right.*)

Currita.—But what has happened, Papá Juan?

Papá Juan (With childish glee).—Something to them, Currita, to them. But as for me, I am quite content. Gabriela in going to come, Antoñon is going to come with his sons—everybody is coming— Do you not see my delight? I shall be able to talk to all of them—to see all of them joined together—all—all— Now I am off with Trino to call for the Pastor.

Currita.—Haven't you gone yet?

Papá Juan.—We are going now; don't you worry about it. As for Trino—Trino is going to stay with us—

Currita.—Yes?

Papá Juan.—Yes. (*TRINO returns.*)

Trino.—Come ahead, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—All right, Trino, I am ready.

Currita.—What has been the trouble among everybody? Won't you tell me? Have they been discussing Gabriela?

Trino.—Yes, it was about Gabriela, but there was no trouble. Only miserable selfishness and prejudices even in the minds of the best. Poor Gabriela! But they were routed with a single blow. There is only one law here, the will of Papá Juan! And if he through old age were not able to impose it, here there is still

Trino who represents in himself all the ancestors we have had, and no matter how many voices that should be raised they must obey and be silent. Papá Juan's celebration will be held just as he wishes it; but if anybody must be absent from it, we will never allow the most unhappy of our relatives to be excluded——

Papá Juan.—Well said, Trino. Well said!

Currita.—Well said!

Trino.—Papá Juan had to have this discussion with us, and we have had to respect his wishes.

Currita.—It was better for Papá Juan to start the discussion.

Trino.—You are right. I am so well disposed to that that if Papá Juan who adores you and loves you so much were to order me to knock down the church tower that bothers you, to make bullets of its bells and to shoot myself some day or other to give you some novelty, I should do it all with the greatest pleasure.

Papá Juan.—Well!

Currita (Laughing).

Currita.—You are crazy, Trino, you are crazy! But it is a delightful form of insanity!

Trino.—Let's be off, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—Let's be off.

Trino.—*Au revoir*, Currita.

Currita.—*Au revoir*.

Papá Juan (Leaning on the arm of TRINO through the garden).
—I am going to see them all—them all— All are coming! I will speak to them all—them all——

Currita (Watching them depart).—Ah, bright light of the fairy tales! Happy is he who has you in the heart!

ACT III

Scene the same as the former acts. It is in the afternoon. CARMEN CAMPOS, alone on the stage, engaged in arranging the furniture which is somewhat in disorder. From the rear of the garden, far off is heard a manly voice singing the following Copla. CARMEN stops to listen.

Voice.—“The Señor Don Juan del Monte
Has finished his hundredth year!
Heaven grant him as many blessings
As he has shed flowers here.”

Carmen Campos.—That man sings very well! And where has he got all the songs he sings? He has sung more than ten already! (*By the door on the right suddenly appears ALONSO, her husband. By his appearance it is evident that he has been celebrating with his friends the feast of PAPÁ JUAN, in the tavern where they gather.*)

Alonso.—Ah, here's the one we were looking for!

Carmen.—Alonso! Why do you come here? Who has let you in?

Alonso.—Manuel is a fellow-churchman of mine.

Carmen.—How could Manuel have made such a mistake! Who has given Manuel permission to let you in?

Alonso.—The solemnity of this day. Alonso Parra, the husband of Carmen Campos must today shake the hand of Don Juan Del Monte. Whether you like it, or don't like it, even if a whole flock of the clergy tried to stop me.

Carmen.—Look here, Alonso, don't begin with your foolishness. Doña Marciala is the first who doesn't want you coming through her garden; she is afraid of you. And I am even more afraid of your conduct. So turn about by the way you came and don't disturb us at the feast.

Alonso.—But, is my presence an offence? If my person offends—

Carmen.—What offends is the load of wine you bring with you.

Alonso.—Today is a great day! That is what I thought as I was drinking water in the garden.

Carmen.—That is a fine story of yours.

(*MANUEL also enters by the door on the left and goes toward the garden. In his hands are two large bunches of cyperus tied with colored ribbons.*)

Manuel.—What noise is this! Eh, my friend Alonso?

Carmen.—Are the young ladies going to dance?

Manuel.—All the youngsters. The very smallest are forming partners. Such a garden of lovely faces they make!

Carmen.—The prettiest is the little sister of Don Trino.

Manuel.—She is a beauty. But there are also the daughters of Antoñón our comrade.

Alonso.—Who? Those of our comrade? The three little girls of our comrade are the glory of Arenales del Rio. Blood of our lordly race!

Manuel.—Let me advise you, friend Alonso, to pick out the prettiest one now; one never knows what day will happen!

Alonso.—There will have to happen another day before that; how to get rid of one who is in the way.

Carmen.—You are both drunkards without shame. What would become of you if I were not with you, you grave-digger?

Manuel.—Don't get excited over so small a thing! I am going to get the castanets. (*He goes out through the garden. At the rear of the garden the same voice sings another copla. ALONSO and CARMEN stop to listen.*)

Voice.—"Very good that man must be
Who would live one hundred years
Don Juan del Monte good is he
Whose birthday now appears."

Carmen.—My, but he sings well!

Alonso.—He is good singer that's true. He has political views too, and sings well. I don't come to make trouble. Let me pass, for I only want to say four things, little things, you hear me?—but very pleasant things, very appropriate. And they will shake hands with me, don't you see? For today is the day when the sun shines on Arenales as it never shone before and Alonso Parra who has the reputation of being a revolutionist puts aside his ideas to enter this house, hat in hand and with proper respect. Do you understand, woman?

Carmen.—Partly. But I will not let you pass.

Alonso (*To ANTOÑÓN who appears through the garden.*)—Friend Antoñón do you see this woman?

Antoñón.—Friend Alonso, what wind brought you here?

(*The voice of a woman starts singing at the rear of the garden a copla of seguidillas to the accompaniment of a number of castanets heard at the same distance.*)

Voice.—"My garden of roses
I watch it fore'er;
For the thorns are unable
To guard it with care.
And mine yes they are weary
In keeping it all
For the petals will never
Grow faded and fall."

(*During the copla the dialogue goes on.*)

Alonso.—The wind of the fraternity of mankind. And I say it to you in rousing tones so that you will know I am not joking.

Antoñón.—But don't you know that the louder you talk the more of a joke it is?

Carmen.—You and everything we hear from you.

Alonso.—Be still for a moment, Carmen Campos. And you too, listen, friend Antoñón. I was down at the tavern with four of the most advanced of my friends and talking over the matter of today's celebration in this house and showing them how today the sun shines in a new way, and the moon and the stars as well; that today there are no vengeance nor disputes; that even Alonso Parra modifies his ideas in honor of Don Juan del Monte. Because Don Juan del Monte has seated at his table, to celebrate his hundred years, more than eighty people of all colors, so as to make them equals for the moment; and Don Juan del Monte has scattered donations and money throughout Arenales so that the houses of the poorest are enjoying them. And so well have I put it all that all the band have sent me here saying these words: "Present yourself to him and say as well you know how this good news, to surprise the Señor, that the palms of victory today belong to him."

Carmen.—Only you and your friends didn't count on me to be the sentinel.

(The voice of the same woman is heard singing another copla. The dialogue continues during her singing.)

Voice.—"What flower is on your bosom

That gives such sweet perfume?
Spice-wood of India,
Or Rosemary in bloom?
What odor of delight—
Spice-wood of India,
Rosemary so white."

Antoñón.—They made no mistake in letting you in. For although you have had plenty to drink and are quite under the weather, there are some here who are worse off. I am just now escaping a woman who is so full that she drives me crazy.

Alonso.—You hear?

Antoñón.—I cannot stand them, Carmen Campos. People who when they have hardly smelt a jar of wine are mad to drink it, run against my grain. With wine or without wine I am always

the same man! And I take care to be no different here. God bless Don Juan del Monte!

Carmen.—There was never anybody like him or half like him, in Arenales, Antoñón.

Antoñón.—Not only in Arenales but in any place, Carmen Campos. For a Don Juan del Monte is not born every day, nor does God keep him alive a hundred years to give such a feast.

Alonso.—That's what I was going to say.

Antoñón.—I am glad to have taken it out of your mouth. I am a hard man; my heart is not taken up with foolishnesses; the bread that fills the mouths of my wife and children I gain with hard work, looking more into the earth than into the heavens. That is the truth. Very well; I swear to you, Carmen Campos, and to you, comrade, that when Don Juan del Monte sat down in the middle of the great table, my eyes began to get wet and I had all I could do to hide my face.

Carmen (Deeply moved).—No need to swear it, Antoñón. As for me all the party heard me crying.

Antoñón.—And what joy among so many persons of different kinds! Everybody put his sorrows, his cares and grudges behind him. But it was certainly a wonderful sight to see the old man running his eyes over all the company with such delight.

Alonso.—You say well, brother, you say well! Here there are no classes, no differences between the rich and the poor, here all are equal. And why? Because here all are eating the same thing! Let them think on this, let the teachers think on this!

Carmen.—It is a fine song you come out with!

Antoñón.—Carmen Campos, in what corner have they placed the little ones? What a tribe they are! What grace, too, it looks like a schoolhouse when the teacher is away! Were you present when Rafaelita, the dark one in the colored gown, got up and stood before Don Juan and recited a little poem? Because it was I who brought her up in my own family. And I have five of them. It raised one to heaven just to hear her.

Alonso.—There are no people in heaven. Heaven is abolished.

Carmen.—What do you know about it?

Alonso.—More than you, who don't know how to read even the letters I write you. To know these things requires culture; you have to read the books that Carbajo the barber reads to me. But enough of this talk; let us go into the garden now.

Carmen.—Into the garden, no, Alonso; don't try it.

(*The same voice as before sings another copla.*)

Voice.—"Do not look at me the while
Others see us looking;
Look at me just in the style
As if you were not looking.
Let us look without a guile
And in never looking
Keep on looking all the while."

Antoñón.—Let him go in, Carmen Campos. He will give pleasure to Don Juan. If he were drunk I should be the first to shut him out. But the man is growing quite sober now.

Alonso.—To show that I have good manners, you may come along with me, woman, and pull me by the coat if I fail in my speech. I only want to say that today the sun in Arenales—

Carmen.—Yes, it rises and shines in another way than on other days. We have heard it all before.

Alonso.—And that Alonso Parra, today because it is today, changes his ideas.

Carmen.—And when will you change your drinking, you disgrace!

Alonso.—You see what ignorance leads to. My drinking has never been an ideal.

Carmen.—Come this way, then, you disgrace, this way.

Alonso.—Are you coming, comrade.

Antoñón.—I shall go with you.

Alonso.—Come and hear me, man and hear me. Today the sun comes forth in Arenales— Today is a day—

(*CARMEN CAMPOS and ALONSO go out through the garden toward the left. ANTOÑÓN slowly lights a cigar which has gone out.*)

Antoñón.—What a beautiful feast! As beautiful as an oil-painting— Whoever has seen it will never forget it— (*He starts slowly toward the garden.*)

Carmen.—Yes, Señora, he is there. (*Heard outside.*)

Antoñón.—What? (*He peeps from behind one of the arches and draws a back a little.*) Bad luck to her! She wants to put me in the grave!

(*DOÑA FILOMENA appears with cheeks inflamed and her eyes shining. It is beyond doubt that at the feast she has taken more than water. It is she that ANTOÑÓN wishes to avoid.*)

Doña Filomena (With great vehemence).—Antoñón!

Antoñón.—Doña Filomena!

Doña Filomena.—Without the Doña! without the Doña! What are you doing here.

Antoñón.—I came out to meet my comrade Alonso.

Doña Filomena.—Yes, I have just seen him. Ah, Antoñón! How happy I am at these scenes! Very happy! Did you notice that I wept?

Antoñón.—Yes, I see it; yes.

Doña Filomena.—A fan, Antoñón, let me have a fan.

Antoñón.—Here are two or three; take the largest as the air is very warm today.

Doña Filomena.—Ah, many thanks. You are always very kind, although they say otherwise, Antoñón. A parasol! A parasol!

Antoñón.—Also a parasol?

Doña Filomena.—Yes, some kind or other. Today is a day for everybody. Liberty, equality, fraternity! (*Tenderly.*) What a feast, Antoñón! What a lovely feast for a heart as great as mine! Yes, my heart is very great!

Antoñón.—Yes, Señora, it is very great—it couldn't be greater.

Doña Filomena.—All of us reunited—all happy—all delighted—all friends—all equals— Why are you smiling, Antoñón?

Antoñón.—At that—all of us equals.

Doña Filomena.—But why? What is the joke? Why?

Antoñón.—Because my comrade Alonso says that Christ came on earth to make us all equals—therefore they call wine the blood of Christ because, a cup or two of it, and all become equals!

Doña Filomena (Laughing).—Now look here Antoñón; don't be too malicious! Are you trying to say I have had four glasses—

Antoñón.—No, Señora, I know you have had more than forty—

Doña Filomena.—Ah, what politeness! No, Antoñón, my joy of today is not because of wine; it is not artificial joy; my joy has its rise in the great heart the Lord has given me. And look here, Antoñón; all my joys have to carry with them a dash of mourning for the loss of that dear martyr who was my husband.

Antoñón.—But then you miss him at times?

Doña Filomena.—I miss him once and always, that is no lie. My poor husband! Why did not the Lord take me and leave him here in happiness?

Antoñón.—Come, come, Doña Filomena, the Lord knows what He has to do. I am going out through the garden.

Doña Filomena.—Do not leave me, Antoñón.

Antoñón.—Come then, lean upon my arm if you don't want to fall.

Doña Filomena.—Before joining them outside let us take a walk alone in the garden to see if the air won't do me good—

Antoñón.—Whatever you please, Doña Filomena.

Doña Filomena.—Listen to them, listen how they sing. The little ones are like birds!

(Outside the children sing a chorus in the garden, very far off while the dialogue goes on.)

Children's Voices.—“Who will tell the carbon-girl?
Who will tell the carbon-man?
Who will tell that I am married?
Who will tell when love began?”

“The little widow, the little widow,
The little widow is fain to wed
With the Count, the Count of Cabra,
The Count of Cabra, so they said.
I do not love the Count of Cabra,
The Count of Cabra, woe is me!
I do not love the Count of Cabra,
The Count of Cabra, but I love thee.”

Antoñón.—Yes, Señora. There are two of mine there—and they are like birds, as you say— But you should see the way they wear out their shoes!

Doña Filomena.—Ah, how lucky! Who is this coming? Isn't it Papá Juan?

Antoñón.—Yes he is coming here.

(Enter PAPÁ JUAN and DOÑA MARCIALA through the garden preceded by TRINO. PAPÁ JUAN is leaning on the arm of his daughter.)

Doña Filomena (To TRINO with anxiety).—Has anything happened to Papá Juan?

Trino.—Nothing, absolutely, but he has been very much excited and we wish him to be quieter. So we have brought him here.

Doña Filomena.—Very good, Trino. But you always had great talent!

Trino.—Always, yes, Señora.

Doña Filomena.—Papá Juan!

Papá Juan.—Filomena— We've been having a drink or two, Eh?

Doña Filomena (Kissing his hands).—What a feast! What a day!

Doña Marciala.—That will do, Filomena, that will do. Go, go out to the others. I shall also go.

Doña Filomena.—Pardon me, Marciala! I have enjoyed myself much! I have laughed much! I have wept much!

Antoñón.—Altogether too much.

Doña Filomena.—Don't delay in joining us. *Au revoir.* (*She starts toward the garden.*)

Papá Juan (With a childish laugh).—Antoñón, what miracle is this?

Antoñón.—Señor Don Juan del Monte, it is a miracle of the Lord. He has made her most affectionate, and she has taken to me in all sympathy. But for the health of my children, I preferred her when she was spitting.

Papá Juan.—Ah!

Doña Filomena (Reappearing for a moment).—Antoñón!

Antoñón.—All right, Señora, all right. (*He follows her into the garden.*)

Trino.—Altogether, it is quiet here.

Papá Juan.—Ah!

Trino.—Prisoner to Trino for a minute. Soon we shall return to the Babel.

Doña Marciala.—Yes, Papá; this is a day for everybody. Laughing, crying, some are not very prudent— Here, stay, here with Trino until I return.

Papá Juan.—Whatever you wish, just what you wish. (*A short silence.*) Oh, Marciala?

Doña Marciala.—Well?

Papá Juan.—The flowers from the table—

Doña Marciala.—They are all going to the cemetery; don't worry about them.

Papá Juan.—Who will take them?

Doña Marciala.—Two of the daughters of Carmen Campos. Don't worry, I say. Everything will be done as you wish it.

Papá Juan.—Do they know where Mamma is lying?

Doña Marciala.—How could they help knowing where Mamma is—where Dolores is—and all the others— Be calm about it. Don't think any more about it—

Trino.—It would be fine if you could catch a little nap.

Papá Juan.—Not now. I couldn't sleep now.

Doña Marciala.—But, Papá, it would do you a world of good.

Papá Juan.—But I won't sleep, daughter. Run out and manage that uproar and leave me with Trino. Trino and I together— Let the young ones dance, and the tiny ones sing and run about; and let all the countryside take a long jubilee— Papá Juan has completed his hundred years!

Doña Marciala.—Very well; I shall leave you here with Trino and go away. (*She goes toward the door but before leaving she calls TRINO with a sign.*) Listen to me, Trino.

Trino (Approaching her).—What would you say?

Doña Marciala.—Do not leave this spot.

Trino.—I will keep watch. See that nobody comes near us.

Doña Marciala.—I will see to that. He must certainly have a little rest. (*She goes out.*)

Trino.—Yes, that is right, yes.

Papá Juan.—What are you saying? What a trouble you give yourselves! Sleep? I will not sleep. I have looked forward with such desire for this day that I have no intention of sleeping it away. You will see I won't. (*A pause.*) Trino.

Trino.—What do you wish?

Papá Juan.—What are you thinking of?

Trino.—Nothing, Papá Juan.

Papá Juan.—Are you happy?

Trino.—As happy as you are.

(*PAPÁ JUAN laughs to himself, remembering events of the feast.*)

Papá Juan.—Well! Rafael was very courteous— A little clumsy but very polite. And Evaristo he raised the very devil. Then there was Currita! What a pretty toast she offered—and so witty! Did you write it?

Trino.—I have not the talent for such clever writing.

Papá Juan.—No, truly?

Trino.—Currita is alone able to do it.

Papá Juan.—Ah, Currita, Currita! Who shall catch that butterfly with the swift wings? Eh? What do you say?

Trino.—I have not said anything.

Papá Juan.—But then, when are you leaving us, man? Are you going tomorrow, Trino?

Trino.—No, Papá Juan no. I am going if you do not keep still and rest a bit.

Papá Juan.—Well, then (*A short pause.*) Poor Gabriela. How gentle and kind she has been! Did you notice? They

told me that Gabriela— The poor little thing! And Filomena who was at first for placing herself arms akimbo in the middle of the feast nearly drowned us with her weeping— Yes, yes— Did you see her when Rafael who had been drinking made her speak to him, how she answered? Then without another word, he clasped her boy and gave him a kiss saying “This is all I have to say about it.” That was something, eh?

Trino.—I should say so. But, Señor, let us speak of Gabriela when we have more leisure.

Papá Juan.—And the little chap is quite attractive and lively as a spark. The way with all of those who come into the world in this fashion! Mysterious, mysterious— Listen——

Trino.—I do not listen.

Papá Juan.—Why not?

Trino.—I don’t hear because I don’t want to hear, because I want you to go to sleep.

Papá Juan.—Then you do the talking.

Trino.—No, I won’t talk. All I’ll do is to sing you to sleep.

Papá Juan.—Go ahead then! No, I won’t sleep! Don’t be afraid, it won’t harm me. You see, if you won’t speak to me I have to speak to you— Ah, Trino! Do you not see with what hopes I have looked forward to this day? Today I have seen reunited all of my family that is alive— Why was I chosen to accomplish that? Why have I reached this great age? Why did I not die on the way hither like the others? Why have the little children and the young people passed away—and I remain behind?

Trino.—Hush, Papá Juan. Hush. Why are you beginning to speak of death?

Papá Juan.—Because I am now nearer to death than to life. And while I am still alive, I meditate on death. And you see I speak of it without any fear, for it brings with it an eternal repose, an eternal life for my spirit. (*He falls into an abstraction.*) Who is singing?

Trino.—The children out at the end of the garden. Do they bother you?

Papá Juan.—No.

Trino.—Nevertheless. (*He goes out into the garden. In a little while the voices die away until they are altogether silent.*)

Papá Juan.—Trino? Where are you going, Trino? He is resolved to get me to sleep. They have given him some wine

inside. Just as they have to her who has made friends with Antoñón— (TRINO comes back and observes PAPÁ JUAN.) No, I will not sleep.

Trino.—I shall draw the curtains, however; there is too much light.

Papá Juan.—Do as you please, man. (While TRINO is drawing the curtains the voices of the children are heard singing afar off. Then they cease.)

Trino.—That is better. (A pause.) No, go to sleep. (He sits down.) To leave him there at the mercy of everybody would have been a rashness. I myself am giddy from it. (He picks up a book and turns the leaves. CURRITA comes in through the garden.)

Currita.—Trino? Where are you lurking?

Trino.—Hush.

Currita.—Why?

Trino.—Don't speak.

(He points to PAPÁ JUAN asleep. They speak in hushed tones.)

Currita.—Ah, Papá Juan is sleeping! The poor old man!

Trino.—We brought him here, fearing he might be ill.

Currita.—You did right. That room inside is a perfect inferno.

Trino.—Don't raise your voice.

Currita.—Let us go out from here, so as not to wake him.

Trino.—I don't want to leave him lest somebody break into the place.

Currita.—Then I shall go— (She doesn't move.) I shall go—because if we talk—I shall go.

Trino.—Wait a while. Stay a while.

Currita.—Do you wish me to remain?

Trino.—Of course.

Currita.—And suppose we should awaken him, Trino?

Trino.—We shall not awaken him, don't worry. Stay here.

Currita.—Very well, since you wish it. The fault, if any, is yours.

Trino.—Only mine.

(CURRITA sits down near TRINO. She looks at PAPÁ JUAN and TRINO looks at her.)

Currita.—Poor Papá Juan! His wishes are fulfilled! (She waits for TRINO's answer but all his eloquence is in his eyes and when he makes no reply she continues.) So long as we don't disturb his slumber!

Trino (laughing).—After I have told you not to worry—

Currita.—Seeing what?

Trino.—What?

Currita.—That he is asleep.

Trino.—Yes?

Currita.—Yes.

Papá Juan (Talking in his sleep).—*Currita*—*Currita*——

Trino.—And he dreams of you!

Papá Juan.—*Currita*——

Currita.—Of me, he loves me best of all!

Trino.—And so you love him?

Currita.—As a father I love him. Old people should not die so fast. They are the books which know and teach all things. I never leave him, sun or shade, and wherever we go he is always teaching me something. And it is a great delight to me to learn so much! You go out with him into the country and he gives you the names of all the flowers, of all the herbs and all the trees. A bird flies by and he must learn what is its name, and where it makes its nest, and if it is composed of feathers and mud. A star rises and he tells you its name. A shepherd greets him and converses with him about the flock, and then he tells you who the shepherd is, how old he is, who is his daughter, who was his mother, and even who was his grandmother— And when he does not see anything, there are the things he has seen and whose memory he carries in his heart. *Currita*, don't do this, it is bad. *Currita* always do that, it is good; *Currita* listen, and he tells me a proverb; *Currita*, when this happens be sure of that, and then comes a refrain— And the stories he tells! And the way he applies the histories of real folk! He understands everything, he speaks of everything— How could I help loving him as I do— with so many reasons for loving him as I have——

Trino.—To love and to learn are your principal delights?

Currita.—Both. To love is my great delight. And to be beloved.

Trino.—You are only talking.

Currita.—But to you who are as silent as though in church.

Trino.—I am listening—

Currita.—Does it please you more to listen than to speak?

Trino.—When you are talking—then——

(*A short pause.*)

Currita.—Well?

Trino.—Well.

Currita.—I also like to listen at times.

Trino.—Yes?

Currita.—I mean it.

Trino.—Well then——

Papá Juan (*Speaking in his sleep as before*).—Trino—Trino—

Currita.—Do you hear, he is now thinking of you.

Trino.—He keeps us both in mind——

Papá Juan.—Trino——

Currita.—With both of us——

Trino.—Why should he dream of us both?

Currita.—Let us ask him when he awakens. Now he is dreaming——

Trino.—Dreaming—dreaming—Papá Juan is an admirable old man. He dreams a great deal in his sleep and then he wakes up. It is very remarkable to me that he should still dream—He is one hundred years old and his illusions still run on. I am only thirty and sometimes I think that my life is without an object. And when I hear him eternally singing of hope, I laugh at the pettiness of my disillusion and my smallness of spirit. Here we see him dreaming over this family gathering, in which all the ideal force of his soul has been concentrated, all his illusion in this world; when he has done with this dream he will start on another.

Currita.—And dream on.

Trino.—Dream on, as you know.

Currita.—Yes.

Trino.—And what shall it be? (*CURRITA is silent.*) Will you not tell me?

Currita.—No.

Trino.—Why not?

Currita.—Because not. I should place myself in a fine position!

(*PAPÁ JUAN wakes up and observes them blandly, measuring what is going on between them. He hardly stirs and rises.*)

Trino.—What harm in telling me?

Currita.—No harm, but—well—I shall not tell you.

Trino.—Then I shall ask Papá Juan when he wakes up.

Currita.—No, unless——

Trino.—Are you not going to ask him why he dreamt of us together?

Currita.—Yes, but that is different. Don't you see? Leave it to me.

Trino.—Why leave it to you, Currita?

Currita.—Yes, Trino, yes. (*Seeing PAPA JUAN is standing.*)
Ah, Papá Juan. Do you see him, Trino?

Trino.—Papá Juan.

Currita.—We have awakened him with our chatter. What did I tell you?

Papá Juan.—It has not been your talking that awakened me.

Currita.—No?

Papá Juan.—It has been a voice much farther off—Trino—don't you hear a song afar off?

Trino (listening a moment).—No, not now—

Papá Juan.—But surely? Listen well— It is very far off—in space—very high—very far—

Trino (Comprehending).—Ah, yes, Papá Juan— (*Gazing at CURRITA and embracing her.*) Yes, yes, I hear the far off voice—Yes, I hear it—

Papá Juan.—And you, *Currita*? Don't you hear it too?

Currita.—I, no—I, no—

Trino.—But I do.

Currita.—I don't.

Papá Juan.—But since Trino hears it—you will hear it also when the voice comes nearer.

Currita.—Are you sure of that?

Papá Juan.—I am certain. You see, Trino, you who desired to give up living? Look at me; never despair or give up hope. Life goes on; springtime returns. I have slept and been dreaming—and I heard a voice from the other world. The bright light of the fairy-tails, *Currita*! And I am one hundred years old!

(*He embraces TRINO with joy and CURRITA follows trying to hear, full of emotion and interest. Meanwhile, as the curtain falls there is heard the far-off singing of the children.*)

SOME ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY SPANISH DRAMA

BY CHARLES ALFRED TURRELL

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DURING the last three decades, the spread of socialism and internationalism has caused the literatures of the world to become really cosmopolitan. There are two striking exceptions among the peoples of Europe: Ireland and Spain. If, as Professor Chandler says, the development of a national drama in Ireland has been "a patriotic desire to awaken the national consciousness, to exalt the national dignity," the retention of a certain kind of nationalism in the recent revival of the drama in Spain has been due to a desire that Spain should come to life and take the place she merits among modern nations. Naturally this very desire has impelled her writers to follow at every step the changing currents of thought in other lands, especially in France and Germany, the two nations in which new ideas of art and life have arisen and developed most. But in Spain these currents have been diverted and adapted to harmonize with national ideals and traditions. Hence, though we find almost every movement of European thought reflected in Spain, these movements have been given a more local significance than elsewhere.

Nowhere is obscurantism so dominant, and it follows that many problems accepted as solved in other countries are still vital questions in Spain. At the root of all the other problems is the power of the Church and the prevailing ignorance of the masses, so the drama of ideas, the problem play, becomes a weapon in the hands of reformers to wield against these conditions. The great fighter in the cause of progress has been Benito Pérez Galdós, a leader of the Socialist-Republican party, and the greatest literary genius of nineteenth century Spain. Beginning with his famous novel, *Doña Perfecta* in 1876, he has for over forty years

waged war against mediævalism. When a school text of this novel appeared in the United States many years ago, the publishers received protests from narrow-minded churchmen against putting such a book in the hands of American young people. Yet it is not a novel directed against the Church, but against provincial ignorance and bigotry. After repeating the attack in a series of novels covering twenty-five years, in 1901 Galdós turned to make use of the stage for his propaganda in his great play, *Electra*, feeling, no doubt, that in a nation where the percentage of illiteracy is larger than in any other great nation, save Russia, the appeal would be wider. It was the fortune of the writer to see *Electra* played in perhaps the poorest theater in Madrid, the Teatro Latina, in the Barrio Toledo, to an audience composed entirely of workingmen and their families, and the most impressive phase of the performance was the apparent interest and sympathy of the spectators, many of whom probably could neither read nor write. This is mentioned as a justification of Galdós' use of the stage to voice his plea for an awakening. The play is a drama of ideas, symbolical and psychological. Spain must come to life, she must break loose from the fetters of the mediæval spirit of the Church, and this she will do through the aid of modern scientific thought. In a recent play, *Sor Simona* (1915), Galdós puts his views into the mouth of the escaped nun. Sister Simona would be "free, like the Divine breath that moves the world."

From an entirely different quarter came the attack on obscurantism in Linares Rivas' "The Claws" (*La Garra*, 1914). From the pen of a conservative senator, the play caused surprise, but won approval even from conservative critics, who had perhaps condemned *Electra*, thirteen years before. This time the attitude of Spain and the Church toward the divorce question is the vulnerable point. A Spaniard, married and divorced in New York, returns to Spain to live, falls in love with a woman of good family in a small town (Campanela, a disguised Compostella), and they live happily for many years. But suddenly, by accident, his life in New York becomes known to his wife's family and to the authorities of the little city. Though he has committed no moral wrong, he is seized by the "Claws" of the Church, from which there is no escape—in Spain—and the inevitable tragedy results. The play is not openly didactic, nor is the real problem solved, as it is in *Electra*, but the aim is plainly to show how incongruous are antiquated, mediæval laws and prejudices in the

midst of a modern world, for Antonio's cry is, "beyond the frontiers lies Liberty." There is in the play some reminiscences of Tolstoi's "The Man who was Dead" in the side-plot of the Commandant and Santa, who, however, do not marry as do Victor and Lisa in Tolstoi's play. Linares Rivas is content with the ragedy of renunciation and separation. The husband does not come ack—probably never will—but the laws and customs of non-progressive Spain (no moral law) prevents the happy union of the lovers. Linares Rivas in an earlier play, "Air from Without" (*Aire de fuera*, 1903) had treated the divorce question. Here a husband, convinced of the infidelity of his wife, goes to Belgium where he will become a citizen and in due time secure a legal divorce—legal under the laws of that country, but not of Spain. Eduardo Zamacois in a clever one-act play, "The Passing of the Magi" (*Los Reyes pasan*, 1912) solves a similar situation. The heroine a young widow, casts conventionality aside and goes to Coruña to join her lover—the husband of a worthless and unfaithful wife. Together they will go to Buenos Aires to begin life anew under other laws and in a more liberal social atmosphere.

Few are the Spanish dramatists that have given battle openly to the prevalent ultramontane spirit, but it is to be seen here and there as a potent factor. Martínez Sierra's "Cradle Song" (*Canción de cuna*, 1911) does not attack the convents directly, but the picture of the narrowness of life of the nuns, their circumscribed vision and childlike ideals, arouse pity, if not censure, and a feeling of the lack of harmony between such an institution and modern progress.

The problem of obscurantism is no longer a universal problem, but distinctly a national one, hence these plays have a national quality. The more universal theme of the relations between capital and labor, the drama of economic conflict, has been carried into Spain and also given a marked Spanish character. Hauptmann's "Weavers" was adapted—not translated—into Spanish by Llana and Francos Rodríguez, with the title, "The Poor Man's Bread" (*El Pan del pobre*) and aroused a great furore. In the hands of the Spanish adapters it became almost a melodrama and critics refused to recognize in it a great plea for justice, but rather a simple dramatic and tragic *motif*. Then came Dicenta's *Juan José* in 1895, the first Spanish play of the masses. Rather than a real play of protest, it is a drama of love and passion after accepted Spanish models, differing from the romanticism of Echegaray only in the social class of its person-

ages. But that difference is important one. The workingmen, gathered in the tavern, complain of the oppression of their employers and discuss a possible social revolution—which does not occur, however. Economic conditions make it possible for Paco to take from his employé, Juan José, the woman he loves, by depriving him of his work and his wages and black-listing him. Instead of using this as an incentive to the possible social revolution, Juan José escapes from prison and, in true Spanish romantic fashion, kills both the woman and her lover. The central theme is not the social unrest, but blind, brutal passion, made more blind and more brutal by ignorance. Dicenta continued to write plays of the proletariat, and, while in none of them is there a real social conflict, there is ever present the inequality of the classes, the hatred of the laborer for his employer, the deprivation and misery of the masses, emphasizing the fact, as a Spanish critic has said, that “there is much money in a few pockets, and many pockets with little or no money.”

Dicenta's *Aurora* (1902) has some of the characteristics of *Electra*. *Aurora*, however, is not an innocent child, as is *Electra*, but a poor factory girl, who has been seduced by her employer. A young doctor, a scientist, like Maximo in Galdós' play, is engaged to an unworthy woman, from whom he is saved by *Aurora*. In *Don Homobono*, a hypocrite, administrator for some religious communities, there is seen something of Pantoja. The union of *Aurora* and Manuel, the only noble characters of the play, to Dicenta is prophetic of a new Humanity that shall rise on the ruins of social corruptness. As in *Electra*, modern scientific thought is something that comes from without, something exotic to the Spaniards.

Galdós, the reformer, has attempted several times to show the levelling of classes, as in “The Duchess of San Quintín” (*La de San Quintín*, 1894), where the Duchess marries a “son of nobody,” in *Mariucha* (1900), where the heroine rebels against society, and, uniting with her lover, Leon, both emancipated from the past, would create a new social caste, a new family free from pride and traditional prejudices. He combated traditional family pride even more violently in his great drama, “The Grandfather” (*El Abuelo*, 1898). Contrary to all presumptions of family, Dolly is good and self-sacrificing in her love for the old man, while Nell, of his own blood, of the proud race of Albrit, is selfish and mean. A lesson, if true, to the scion of haughty Castillian lineage. Linares Rivas in “The Family Lineage”

(*El Abolengo*, 1904) shows how absurd are pretensions of title and family in the light of common sense and the life of today.

A real sociological drama is Galdós' "Celia Goes Slumming" (*Celia en los infiernos*, 1913), evidencing how thoroughly socialistic the author has become in recent years. The problems of class-levelling, co-operative business, equal distribution of wealth, and moral reform are all factors in the play. Celia, the rich young woman, who becomes the head of a big business, will undoubtedly marry the social agitator, Leoncio, and one step is attained toward the social equilibrium. In a still more recent play, already mentioned, *Sor Simona* (1915), probably inspired by the great war, Galdós' themes are socialistic: peace and the international brotherhood of man. And "peace is to be sought in love, in worldly virtue, in the help of the needy, to attain to the love for that great Fatherland, which is Humanity."

The old mediæval idea of honor, to which the Spaniard has clung so long, becomes less and less frequent on the stage of today. Echegaray's *Mariana* was a drama of the old school. General Pablo kills his bride and then, presumably, her lover in a duel. In "The Great Galeoto" (*El Gran Galeoto*) the husband fights a duel with the traducer of his wife's good name, in defence of what he considers his honor. Ernesto would do so, to defend, not his honor, but that same good name. What has been called "subjective honor" is the basis of Echegaray's "Folly or Saintliness" (*O Locura o santidad*) and of Galdós' "The Grandfather" (*El Abuelo*), but the traditional cape and sword play, with its swash-buckling duelists has practically disappeared.

The other dominant note of Spanish romanticism, the glorification of woman, is still prevalent, especially in the works of Martínez Sierra. In this feature he is the most Spanish of all contemporary dramatists—at least, he has clung most tenaciously to an old ideal. "The Cradle Song" (*Canción de cuna*) has been characterized as a Hymn to Motherhood, but it is such a hymn as could be heard only in a land where the cult of the Virgin has prevailed for centuries, as in Spain. The thoroughly national character of Martínez Sierra is seen also in his florid, gongoristic style, for no nation has been so fond of fine rhetoric as the Spanish. Among Martínez Sierra's best work is, perhaps, his early collection, "Dream Theater" (*Teatro de Ensueño* 1895), plays to be read, not performed, showing the influence of the Northern symbolists, the quest of Queen Sun in *Pastoral* reminding us of

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" (*L'oiseau bleu*). To this type of arm-chair drama belongs also Benavente's *Teatro Fantástico* (1892).

The chief representative of the closet drama in Spain is, however, Ramón del Valle-Inclán. His works when played, have not greatly succeeded on the stage. An exception is "The Marchioness Rosalind" (*La Marquesa Rosalinda*, 1912), which was well received. Valle-Inclán has initiated a personal style, absolutely individual, but which unveils a new world, inspires undreamt of emotions. His scenes are those of dream and fancy, with the tints of the twilight, the harmonies of silence—the gardens of Versailles, the groves of Aranjuez—a complex symphony of nature. His personages are those of fairy-land—gnomes and dwarfs, Harlequins and Columbines, fairy princesses, courtiers and ladies of Watteau, nymphs of Corot, people his poem-dramas. In them is the mystic symbolism of the neo-romantic movement, transplanted to Spanish soil and colored by the delicate pencil of the Spanish artist.

Even more a poet than Valle-Inclán and less dramatic is Francisco Villaespesa, a son of Almeria, who has put into his work all the bright colors of the Andalusian skies, all the delicate tracerics of her Moorish architecture and all the music of her bubbling fountains. There is no more graceful verse in the Spanish language than that of Villaespesa's "Palace of Pearls" (*El Alcázar de las Perlas*, 1911), a semi-historical tragedy based on a legend of the building of the Alhambra. In *Aben-Humeya* and "The Desert" (*El Desierto*, 1915) he is also inspired by those Moorish stories which were the delight of his youth, while in *Judith* (1913) he has clothed the well-known Biblical theme in exquisite verse.

The traditions of the Spanish stage are essentially poetic and poets have always been favorite interpreters of the Spanish race and of Spanish art. So, in spite of the vogue of the psychological play, the drama of ideas, which will bring to the scene life and truth, one great dramatist of today has continued the classic Spanish traditions and has evoked some of the most stirring periods of Spanish history. Eduardo Marquina's "The Sun has Set in Flanders" (*En Flandes se ha puesto el Sol*, 1910) is at once patriotic and cosmopolitan. Now it recalls the classics of the Siglo de Oro, and now invites comparison with Rostand. Its characters are well-drawn and its scenes are real, yet its verse is sonorous and its sentiments inspiring. No play of recent years has been more popular with the middle classes. In some of his

plays Marquina has perhaps put more poetry, but in none so much dramatic interest. "The Daughters of the Cid" (*Las Hijas del Cid*, 1908), "The Troubadour King" (*El Rey Trovador*, 1912), "Flowers of Aragon" (*Las Flores de Aragón*, 1914) and "The Great Captain" (*El Gran Capitán*, 1916) are among his best historical dramas; all charming verse and, for the most part, intensely dramatic. To the legendary history of England, Manuel Linares Rivas has gone for the theme of his poetic drama, *Lady Godiva* (1912). As told by the Spanish dramatist, the old story of Coventry gains much in interest and is given a graceful Latin touch. The verse is inferior to that of Marquina or Villasespa, as Linares Rivas is not a natural poet, but it is smooth and pleasing. The real hero is the Buffoon, who has many resemblances to Shakespeare's clowns, and his philosophical speeches and keen satire constitute the chief merit of the play.

The drama of satire in the hands of Jacinto Benavente has run the gamut of every activity of life and of every class of society. In 1898 Rubén Darío wrote: "Jacinto Benavente is the man who smiles. . . . In this whole cataclysm with which the nineteenth century takes leave of Spain, his head, in an inviolable frame, smiles." Nothing can better characterize the early popular impression of Benavente's philosophy and his attitude toward life. Called the George Bernard Shaw of Spain, like Shaw, he is iconoclastic and a reformer, but his satire is less coarse, though no less keen, tipped with a subtleness essentially Spanish. Benavente has attained a position of unique intellectual and spiritual dominance, and consequently is best known in the United States of all the contemporaries, as his plays are now in course of translation and he is the subject of several excellent articles and introductions. No other Spanish writer has developed the satirical and intellectual veins with such success as has Benavente.

The ever-present eternal triangle is, of course, found on the Spanish stage, as elsewhere, but since the romantic plays of Echegaray, it has been less and less in evidence. Benavente used it in "Thy Brother's House" (*El nido ajeno*, 1894), an Ibsen-esque play, and it appears here and there throughout his later work. It is perhaps characteristically Spanish that the triangular plot should more often include two men and one woman. Such is the case in the play just mentioned, in Linares Rivas' "Air from Without" (*Aire de fuera*, 1903) and *María Victoria* (1904), Dicenta's *Juan José*, in Echegaray's well-known "Great Galeoto,"

Mariana, "The Unbalanced Woman" (*La Desequilibrada*) and many others. Examples of the opposite, two women and one man, are Dicenta's *Aurora*, Benavente's "The Victor Soul" (*Alma Triunfante*, 1902), and *La Malquerida* (1913).

The other well-worn theme of the wayward woman is less often found on the Spanish stage. Public sentiment in Catholic countries, so different from that of Northern nations, is more charitable toward the penitent Magdalene. In Dicenta's *Aurora* the youthful sin of the heroine is no bar to her union with the doctor-scientist, Manuel, nor to the dream of a Utopian race that shall spring from such a union. And Leonardo in the Quinteros' *Malvaloca* (1912) says to the girl who has been the mistress of his partner—and of others: "I will also recast your life by the warmth of my kisses, by the fire of this wild love of mine, which is as great even as your misfortune." There is no stigma on the daughter of the repentant Eleuteria in *Electra*, save the scientific fear that she may inherit the tendencies of her mother's youth.

Eduardo Zamacois, the creator of the erotic novel in Spain, later developed so artistically by Felipe Trigo, has given to the theater three exquisite little plays of the underworld in his *Teatro Galante* (1910). His demi-mondaines recall those of Alexandre Dumas, *filis*; their sorrows are no less pathetic, but their portraits are more real. Martínez Sierra in his "Lily among Thorns" (*Lirio entre espinas*, 1912) pictures the riots in Barcelona, with the destruction of the convents and monasteries. A nun escapes and takes refuge in a house of ill-fame, where she is well-received, and where her very presence gives a touch of peace and calm, amid, if not repentance, at least contrition and remorse. Linares Rivas' "Foam of Champagne" (*La Espuma de Champagne*, 1915), the story of a young girl's poverty and temptation, introduces some extremely realistic scenes of the underworld, the café scene in the third act suggesting at once the notorious Fornos in Madrid. All of these plays, except the last mentioned, belong to the *género chico*, or short play, and it is in that class that most of the Spanish plays of the underworld are found.

The recent vogue of dramas dealing with social hygiene, eugenics, etc., has scarcely touched Spain as yet. But the themes of insanity, heredity, neurasthenia and psychic-suggestion are of frequent recurrence. Echegaray in "The Son of Don Juan" copied "Ghosts," in "Folly or Saintliness" is a real or feigned madness, with its changing moods, in "The Unbalanced Woman," neurasthenia susceptible to a psychic suggestion of madness. To

Echegaray these are not scientific problems so much as themes of romance. To Galdós the scientific phase is the important one, and all of these themes appear in *Electra*, as does that of heredity in "The Grandfather" (*El Abuelo*). Many of Benavente's plays introduce pathological characters, as the neurasthenic and consumptive Donina in "Saturday Night" (*La Noche del sábado*, 1903), the invalid Isabel in "The Victor Soul," the feeble, paralytic Carlos in "Stronger than Love" (*Más fuerte que el Amor*, 1906), etc. Pathological, too, is Dicenta's "Outliving one's Usefulness" (*Sobrevivirse*, 1913); and Marquina's "When the Roses Bloom Again" (*Cuando florezcan los Rosales*, 1912), the latter showing a case of a young girl's neurasthenia and anemia cured by healthy, physical love. These are but a few examples of the pathological element in the recent drama of Spain.

While, as has been said, the great world problems have been dealt with for the most part in a peculiarly national and Spanish fashion, there is apparent a growing tendency toward a greater cosmopolitanism. Benavente is the most cosmopolitan of present-day writers and "The Witches' Sabbath" (*La Noche del sábado*), "The Fire Dragon" (*El Dragón de fuego*, 1904), "The Bonds of Interest" (*Los Intereses creados*, 1907) with its sequel, "The City of Gaiety and Confidence" (*La Ciudad alegre y confiada*, 1916), as well as many others, are not limited by the boundaries of Spain, but are international and universal.

The most characteristic feature of the Spanish stage today is the development of the so-called *género chico*, or short play of one or two acts. Nearly forty years ago this genre was inaugurated in Madrid as a business proposition to increase the door receipts. Its effect has been to put the drama more and more within reach of the masses and today the Spanish people are greater theater-goers than any other nation of the world. While moving pictures are popular in Spain, as everywhere, they have made but slight inroads on the acted drama, largely due to this class of short plays and the consequent division of the performances into sections at prices possible for all. Many of the plays already mentioned belong to the *género chico*, as do many more of Benavente, Martínez Sierra, Zamacois and the Brothers Quintero. Some playwrights, such as Vital Aza and Ramos Carrión, made and maintained a reputation for years simply with these plays of the lesser genre.

Many things have contributed to make the contemporary Spanish stage essentially realistic—perhaps as is the stage of no

other country. One has been the increasing popularity of the class of plays just discussed. The *género chico* was the direct descendant of the *sainete*, or dramatized picture of national customs usually satirical and farcical in tendency, popularized in the eighteenth century by Ramón de la Cruz, and dating back to the *entremeses* of the Father of Spanish drama, Lope de Rueda, in the sixteenth. This dramatization of national customs must be true to life to be appreciated, and its tradition has been maintained with success in Spain today by the brothers, Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero. The Quinteros began with short comedies of the Andalusia they know so well, but they have attempted to broaden into more psychologic plays of Spanish life, still provincial scenes, but no longer confined to the South. In common with Benavente and most of the contemporary playwrights, they have discarded the well-made play of the mid-century French pattern, disdaining to avail themselves of the theatrical effects and stage devices so prevalent in the works of Echegaray. The subordination of plot to life is the most noteworthy feature of their works. They contain no philosophical problems, nothing audacious, and, in the words of a Spanish critic, their plays are perhaps the "only ones not forbidden by the confessors to girls of marriageable age." For example, their mention of the wayward woman in "The Flowers" (*Las Flores*, 1901) and "The Centenarian" (*El Centenario*, 1909) would not offend even the most prudish. They are, however, not weak, nor are they strong; they are merely pictures of simple life with its simple scenes, portrayed in a simple manner. If there is an ethical problem involved, it is incidental to the picture, that is all. Manuel Bueno says: "Their comedies are on the intellectual level of their public, for each time a personage appears on the stage and speaks, the lady in her box, the young fellow lounging in his orchestra chair and the crowd in the gallery think simultaneously: That is what I would have said." Life is to them all roseate—as bright as the blazing sun of their native province, as beautiful as the flower-decked patios of their beloved Seville. In "The Women's Town", (*Pueblo de las mujeres*, 1912), for example, they depict a small, isolated village, as narrow in its ideas as the famous Orbajosa of Galdós' *Doña Perfecta*. To this town comes a young lawyer from the capital—a product of modern society and modern education. Is there any clash, any intellectual conflict? Not at all; he is vexed, but at the same time amused, by the women's gossip, and charmed by the crude and silly verses of

Juanita, as well as by her pretty face, and all ends happily. The combativeness of Doña Filomena in "The Centenarian" is a pleasant diversion, but nothing she says has any effect. She comes to the birthday celebration after all and walks arm in arm with the despised Antoñón. Is it all due to the Andalusian wine? Rather more to the optimistic temperament of the authors. The wayward Gabriela is there, too, and is the most ideal mother of them all. It is life as the Quinteros see it, but we cannot close our eyes to the distinctions of class, even if Papá Juan would ignore them on his anniversary. The social evil, the struggle for bread, the jealousies of families, infidelity and deceptions exist in life, in Spain as elsewhere, and they cry out in a voice that will not be silenced. The prodigal daughters do come back as Rosa María in "The Flowers" and are sometimes received with open arms, as the prodigal of the Bible, but more often they do not come back, or if they do, are cast out with contempt. And Andalusia is no different in this respect from the rest of the world. These examples will suffice to illustrate the Quinteros' attitude. Their scenes have all the reality of life, but are not true realism.

In technique, the Quinteros have attained the goal expressed in their discussion of "The Patio" (*El Patio*, 1900), "without surprises, intrigues, artifices, letters forgotten in a muff or telegrams stuck in a riding boot," they have interested the public, and caused that public "during the performance of one of their works, to forget that they are in the theater." This effect has been aided in Spain by the construction of many small theaters, making declamation and oratory unnecessary. At a performance in one of these practically every one is within a fair conversational range of the actors. It is easy, therefore, for the dialogue to be natural and hence unrhetoical. This has affected, of course, not only the works of the Brothers Quintero, but to a greater or less degree the whole contemporary stage. Under such conditions, elaborate scenic effects would be out of place, as there would be little or no illusion. The result is the predominance of simple drawing-room scenes, cafés and restaurants, or the lovely Andalusian patio with all its possibilities.

To sum up, then, simplicity is the most striking characteristic of the contemporary Spanish Stage—simplicity in plot, in costumes, in scenery and in dialogue. All of which tends to bring the drama nearer to life. All literary movements of other lands and other languages have swayed the thought of Spain, but

adapted to the peculiar conditions under which the Spanish people still live, they have, consciously or otherwise, accentuated these peculiar conditions, thus creating a stage that is intensely national. In no nation of the world today is there a coterie of theatrical writers commensurate with those here discussed. And as the life of Spain is becoming more and more like that of her neighbors, as her peculiarly national and provincial customs are rapidly disappearing, so the semi-national problems of today will gradually pass from the theatrical arena, and, in the hands of these great contemporary dramatists, or of those upon whom their mantle shall fall, it is easy to foresee a dramatic literature whose themes will be the broad themes of the coming internationalism, but treated with the grace and charm indigenous to the Peninsula—a literature that shall continue the glorious traditions of Lope and Calderón, of Zorrilla and Gutiérrez, of Benavente and Marquina, and which will influence not only Spain and her offsprings in America, but to which the whole world will turn for models of art and for inspiration.

L'ENVOI

BY ALISON HASTINGS

The thousand things I could not say
 Before I crossed the sea,
 Dear love, the words I could not speak,
 And all you are to me;

The thousand dreams I could not dream
 When Life for gold did dance,
 Are Life to me, dear love, since Death
 Became a dream, in France.

The thousand things I cannot write,
 The things that I would do,
 Shall all be yours, dear love, when God
 Shall send me home, to you.

PEACE AT HOME

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY GEORGES COURTELINE

Translated from the French by Leroy James Cook

CHARACTERS

TRIELLE, 36 years old.

VALENTINE, his wife, 25 years old.

Scene: The work-shop of a literary man. A door in the rear, another at the right. At the left, in the cant wall, a real window. Pictures, engravings, etc. Facing the prompter, a table covered with papers. In the foreground, backed up against the left hand wall, one of the high desks used by writers accustomed to stand at their work.

SCENE I

*Trielle (Alone, standing before his desk and counting with the end of his pen the number of lines that he has just dashed off).—*274, 276, 280 and 285—*Thirty more sensational lines, about twenty indented for paragraphs, an arrangement of suspensive points and a suppression for effect to end with; if the reader doesn't declare himself satisfied with that, he can go to Jericho. What a profession!*

*(He dips his pen in the ink, starts to write, sighs, stretches himself, gives a deep yawn).—*So that bores you, does it? Come, old man, brace up. Take your cod-liver oil.

(He makes up his mind to it and begins his task, dictating to himself aloud:)—“Meanwhile, although the ancient clock of St. Severin had long ago, in the dead of night, struck the three strokes of three o'clock—”

(Interrupting himself:)—“The three strokes of three o'clock!”
What a profession!

(*He chuckles, shrugs his shoulders, then goes on:*)—"the old man continued his slow pacing, back and forth. He was wrapped up in a dark-colored cloak from head to foot, and tears falling from his eyes, rolled slowly down his snowy beard."

(*Interrupting himself:*)—It's such nonsense it would make one dizzy!

(*He goes on:*)—" 'Oh shame!' he murmured, 'oh cruel awaiting whose scorching sting my honor still bears after twenty years!'"

(*Interrupting himself:*)—And fit for a lunatic asylum.

(*He goes on:*)—" 'What! shall I forever bear the burden of my humiliation! Ye Gods, even to the doors of the tomb, shall I feel the blood flow slowly from my wound, drop by drop!'"

(*Interrupting himself:*)—This little work is so stupid that there is nothing equal to it in stupidity, except the reader who delights in it.

(*He goes on:*)—"The snow had begun to fall."

(*Loud knocks on the right-hand door.*)—Pshaw! It's my wife, now!

(*He puts down his pen. A new succession of blows on the door.*)—Eh! Just a minute there!

(*He goes to the door and opens it.*)

(*Enter VALENTINE.*)

SCENE II

Trielle and Valentine

Valentine.—Well, this looks mysterious! You're not making counterfeit money, are you?

Trielle.—Not at all. I had bolted the door because I was very busy on my copying and feared to be disturbed. Come in.

Valentine (Entering).—Close the door quickly, don't let the inspiration escape.

Trielle.—You always have something nice to hand out to me.

Valentine.—Why, you can't imagine how important some people feel, even going so far as to lock themselves up like a precious jewel. On my word, you take yourself seriously!

Trielle.—You're silly.

Valentine.—At any rate, I am not so ridiculous as to take myself for Lord Byron! So there! (*Winking.*)

Trielle.—Now don't go and make it a regular habit of being

spiteful, Valentine. Where did you ever think up that about my taking myself for Lord Byron? I'm telling you that my work (*and at the word "work," VALENTINE bursts out into a noisy laugh*)—You are unkind to come and throw it up against me. If you think that I do it for my pleasure, you are mistaken.

Valentine.—And if you think that you're doing it for the pleasure of others, you are still more mistaken.

Trielle.—What peculiar enjoyment can you get from saying only things that hurt or are meant to hurt! Bah! We shall see which of us will laugh last! (*VALENTINE, surprised, looks at him.*) Patience, my little wildcat, patience!

Valentine.—What?

Trielle.—Patience, I say; the hour draws near.

Valentine.—Do you know that you make me think of a—

Trielle.—A simpleton?

Valentine.—Isn't that wonderful! You're a mind-reader.

Trielle.—Am I not? That's how we came to be writing stories for the daily papers at three cents a line. But perhaps we should do just as well not to go any further into the subject of my sentimental style and to turn to serious discussion. You have something to say to me?

Valentine.—Probably. At least I didn't come expressly to enjoy your company and receive as kindly manna, the words that fall from your lips.

Trielle.—I shouldn't venture to hope for that. So then, you wish?

Valentine.—Money.

Trielle.—Why, haven't you any left?

Valentine.—A bright question! No, I haven't any left. I should like to know if I still had some, where I might have got it. Do you suppose I get up at night to rob you?

Trielle.—For Heaven's sake, who is saying anything to you about stealing and what new quarrel are you trying to pick with me that way? I don't suppose anything at all. I give you, the first of each month, the necessary housekeeping money; while the month runs on, the money runs off, and at the end of the month, the purse is dry as a bone—simple as anything.

Valentine.—Since that is the case, pay me what is coming to me and keep your fine phrases to put in your novels. They need them more than I do. So there! (*Winks.*)

Trielle.—Patience!

Valentine.—Beg your pardon?

Trielle.—The hour draws near—nearer than I thought.

Valentine.—Do you know what you do to me?

Trielle.—I try your patience?

Valentine.—Really that's most unusual! You ought to set up as a fortune-teller.

Trielle.—I'll think about it when I am old. Meanwhile, we are going to settle our accounts. (*He goes to his table and opens the drawer from which he takes out some bank-notes.*) The amount is?

Valentine.—One hundred and sixty dollars: you know perfectly well.

Trielle.—One hundred and sixty dollars (*Running through the bills:*) twenty—forty—sixty.

Valentine.—There's the quarter's rent.

Trielle.—I'll pay that separately. Eighty—one hundred—one hundred and twenty. I am going to give you the rest in change.

Valentine.— As you like.

Trielle.—That will be more convenient for you. (*Taking from the watch pocket of his trousers a little gold and silver which he piles up on the edge of the table*)—and ten—one hundred and thirty dollars. There you have it.

Valentine.—Pray, what's that?

Trielle.—Your money.

Valentine.—What money?

Trielle.—The money for the month.

Valentine.—It isn't all there.

Trielle.—How's that! not all there?

Valentine.—No.

Trielle.—Yes.

Valentine.—No. Are you growing simple! From one hundred and sixty dollars take one hundred and thirty?

Trielle.—There remains: thirty.

Valentine.—Well?

Trielle.—Well what?

Valentine.—Give them to me.

Trielle.—Oh, no!

Valentine.—Why not, pray?

Trielle.—Because you owe them to me.

Valentine.—I?

Trielle.—Yes, you.

Valentine.—What fairy tale is that? You haven't lent me any money. Besides, I am not in the habit of squeezing any out

of you in advance. I am a good housekeeper—possibly. I am economical, I keep things in order, and you have had time enough to find it out after our having been married five years.

Trielle.—You are avoiding the question. It is not a matter of your rare virtues but rather of your imperfections, which, alas! are without number. You are making 'fun of me. How about your thirty dollars' fines?

Valentine.—There's no getting out of it. I am talking to a madman. What thirty dollars' fines?

Trielle.—The thirty dollars' fines that to my sorrow I have been obliged to inflict upon you in punishment for your flights of language, your various impertinences, rebellions of all kinds, etc., etc. (*Bewildered silence from VALENTINE.*) You don't understand?

Valentine.—Not a word.

Trielle.—I am about to read you the details, they will make it plain to you. (*He takes from his pocket a little note-book which he opens and from which he begins to read.*)

“Sept. 1st. For having decided a question, without knowing the first thing about it, and then obstinately, with surprising unfairness,—knowing that she was in the wrong—having stuck to it in order to be right no matter what, and to exasperate Mr. T., a gentle, temperate, patient man: 85c.”

Valentine.—I say! Who? What? What is that?

Trielle.—“Sept. 2nd. For having, when Mr. T. expressed a desire to dine a quarter of an hour earlier, had dinner a quarter of an hour later and having replied to the above mentioned T. who was pleasantly making complaint: ‘If you are not satisfied, go dine somewhere else.’ \$1.20.”

Valentine.—Oh, that—

Trielle.—“Sept. 3rd. For having addressed Mr. T. as a beast, a scurvy miser, because he refused to buy, on the grounds of useless expense, an imitation wrought-iron lamp with stained glass globe: 50c.

“Sept. 4th. For having said to Mr. T. who was regretting the lack of giblets in the soup: ‘You always keep saying the same thing’—which was only too true: 29c.

“Sept. 5th. For having said to him: ‘Do you recall the time I forgave you for coming home at seven o'clock in the morning?’ 14.20.”

Valentine (Bursting with rage).—How much?

Trielle.—Fourteen dollars and twenty cents.

Valentine.—For nothing at all.

Trielle.—When one has forgiven any one, one mustn't be all the time dinning it in his ears. And besides, forgiven what? I have explained to you a hundred times that I lost the last train.

Valentine.—Oh, you *did*?—I don't believe you!

Trielle.—Believe whatever you please to believe; but if you are to pursue me with your pardon, overwhelm me with your soul's greatness, and persecute me with the remembrance of your bounties, until death is the result—you can keep them for yourself. I prefer your grudges. Anything rather than be your victim. I'd much rather not be under obligation to you. So there! (*He winks.*) I continue:

“The 6th. For having been caught in the act of breaking the entry lamp, so as to force Mr. T. to buy another, of stained glass, in imitation wrought-iron: 98c.

“The 7th”——

Valentine.—Is this going to keep up long?

Trielle.—What? The system of fines? As long as you haven't returned to a more due regard for the attentions to which I have a right and which I demand henceforth.

Valentine.—Attentions!

Trielle.—Yes.

Valentine.—It's perfectly ridiculous!

Trielle.—Of course. Here it has been five years that I have been trying all kinds of ways to make allowances for your injustice, and have been devising duties for myself just for the purpose of having the bother of fulfilling them. Today, I go so far as to suppose that perhaps some day, some time, by chance, you may have become aware of it and have been touched by it.—I am the one who is in the wrong after all. Well, my dear, I am and I remain so. I have all I want of it, and you are beginning to bore me.

Valentine.—We are not in a stable. I am not accustomed to being spoken to like that.

Trielle.—You will only have to take the trouble of becoming accustomed to it.

Valentine.—That's what we shall see.

Trielle.—It's all seen to.

Valentine.—My dear——

Trielle.—You want to get into an argument? Come on—that will amuse us. For five years, I tell you again, I, out of my good will have made allowances for your ill-nature, and have

constantly sought out your heart—your heart, which is there, for it *is* there!—each day I forgive what happened the night before, in the even vain hope for the morrow. The first part of our married life I attempted persuasion, exaggerating for your benefit, as was fitting, the advantages of agreement, the joys of perfect union. I delivered speeches to you, speeches dictated by very sweetness and gentleness—all for nothing. Once after I had tried reasoning for an hour and to no purpose, I lost patience. I got up, I seized you by your skirts, and then having held you tightly placed under my left arm, with my right moving about in the gesture familiar to laundresses at work, I administered to you—

Valentine.—That's a very splendid achievement! I should think you would be exultant! Brute! Coward! Blackguard!

Trielle.—I shall use your permission and exult according to my right. Because this act of authority, which I did not carry out at a dead loss, inspired you with some sound reflecting. I was able for some time to derive the benefit of it, aided by some more spankings appropriately applied, and always fairly,—you will render me that justice. I am, in fact, neither a coward nor a blackguard, nor a brute as you take pleasure in saying. I am, good heavens! just a poor wretch of a writer.

Valentine.—Without any talent whatever—

Trielle.—Without any talent whatever, but who would be very glad, nevertheless, to find in his modest home a peace, which, perhaps, in the long run would permit him to acquire some. Unfortunately, you women, you become satiated immediately with the best of things. I saw with sadness the moment drawing near when the punishments were about to become of no concern to you, until you reached the point of finding them pleasing. It was then that I had the idea of taking my revenge on the furniture.

Valentine (Ironically).—That was clever.

Trielle.—Very clever indeed, starting with the day in which with a blow from the footstool, I made the plate-glass door in the wardrobe fly into bits. You remained dumb with amazement—wherefore I experienced such joy that in less than six weeks, without regret, I sacrificed to my eager thirst for silence, two chairs, the water-jug, the music-cabinet, the lamp, the clock, the soup-tureen, the bust of your uncle Arsène—pride of our humble drawing-room—and various other objects of prime necessity. The awkward thing about it is, oh, Valentine, that it is not

the same with furniture as with the phoenix which rises reborn from its ashes. The prospect of having to buy some to replace it, quickly destroyed the keen enjoyment I relished in breaking the furniture. Once again, I must seek something else. But what? Take myself off? Perhaps. But where to? For his home is his all to the man whose middle-class tastes recoil at fast living, or gloomy hotel life. I was beginning to despair, when heaven suggested to me the idea of henceforth making you, purely and simply, pay for your faults out of your own pocket. A happy solution, I venture to believe—definitive in any case, and at which I stop. So from this hour you can with all assurance, fortified by the pledge I make you of not getting angry any more under any pretext whatever, give free rein to the outbursts of your infernal disposition. Whatever you say, whatever you do, you will not get out of me either a slap, nor the least call to order. I'll simply put it on the bill. You will pay at the end of the month. Howl, bawl, yell, roar, make scenes to your heart's content; disturb as much as you like the repose of the neighbors, you have nothing to trouble yourself about—you will pay at the end of the month. No more quarrels, I have had enough. No more fights—I am tired of them. Emphatically determined to have peace in my house, and not having been able to obtain it either by gentlemanly dealing or by extreme methods, I resolve to buy it with your own funds—a thing which wouldn't have happened if you had given it to me for nothing. I have spoken. I won't keep you any longer. Good-day. You can go back to your own affairs. I am most sorry to leave you so quickly; but duty calls me, the hour urges me on, and my newspaper doesn't wait.

Valentine.—When you have chattered all you want, you can say so.

Trielle.—I have “chattered” all I want.

Valentine.—That's fortunate—my thirty dollars.

Trielle.—Not a cent.

Valentine.—You won't give them to me?

Trielle.—No.

Valentine.—You're absolutely determined?

Trielle.—Yes.

Valentine.—The up-keep of the house is considerable.

Trielle.—I know it.

Valentine.—We have expenses.

Trielle.—I don't deny it.

Valentine.—I warn you that with a hundred and thirty dollars it will be impossible for me to face them.

Trielle.—You can turn your back.

Valentine.—As you like. We'll get along by living on bread and water.

Trielle.—Never. Don't you believe it. You will provide for yourself as you will be able; but if I do not find at my meals the healthful and abundant nourishment that my good appetite—index of my clear conscience—requires, I shall go and eat at the café,—at your expense, of course. It would be a jolly stunt for me to be put on dry bread every time that you shall have been unendurable or that you shall have got caught smashing a lamp.

Valentine.—That's your last word?

Trielle.—The last.

Valentine.—Well. (*Extending her arm to the window-frame.*) You are going to give me my money or I am going to throw myself out of the window.

Trielle.—Out of the window!

Valentine.—Out of the window.

Trielle (*Calmly goes to the window, opens it.*)—Jump!—(*An interval*)—Come, jump. (*VALENTINE remains motionless, fixing eyes full of hatred upon TRIELLE. At last:*)

Valentine.—You would be too pleased, ruffian! (*TRIELLE closes the window again and comes forward—VALENTINE following him.*) Ruffian! Ruffian! Ruffian!

Trielle (*At his table, bent over his note-book.*)—"Oct. 1st. For having threatened Mr. T. with committing suicide before his eyes, attempting thus to trade on the tenderness of this excellent husband: 99c."

Valentine.—Coward! Coward! Coward!

Trielle.—"For not having done it: 10c."

Valentine.—Oh, I know, I know what you're looking for! I know what you're driving at! You're longing for my decease!

Trielle.—Decease! (*Writing.*) "15c—for having, in the course of conversation, made use of an expression borrowed from the lexicon of Laura Jean Libby."

Valentine.—I've been suffering too long without complaining. I've had enough. I'm going back to my family. (*She goes out like a whirlwind.*)

SCENE III

Trielle alone.

(*As if nothing had taken place, he has gone back to his desk. There, dictating to himself:*)—"But the old man, wrapped in his thought, seemed not to have been aware of it. Suddenly, raising towards Heaven a look of proud defiance: 'Well!, cried he, 'be thou cursed, God of Inclemency, God of Injustice! Thou hast not listened to my prayers, remain forever abhorred! I cast thy name as food for the execration of the generations to come.' "

That's it and no mistake!—Whew! (*Wiping his brow:*)
What a profession!

(*He goes on:*) "As he was concluding these frightful blasphemies—"(Interrupting himself:) and the day labourer complains of his lot!

(*He goes on:*) "—a noise of footsteps disturbed the silence of the street."

(Interrupting himself:) And the ditch-digger makes demands.

(*He goes on:*) "The pallor of the old man changed to a livid hue."

(Interrupting himself:) And the cabman goes on a strike!

(*He goes on:*) " 'If it were he,' he murmured, 'Oh! to know at last this enemy! To hold him panting beneath my knee! To snatch from his terror a confession in a last death rattle!' At this moment, a stranger issued forth from La Harpe Street. The old man sprang forward like a tiger, but immediately a strange weakness took possession of his whole being. His legs bent beneath the weight of his body, and uttering a terrible cry, he swooned!"—I said: "Thirty sensational lines." Sensational—I am sure of that. It remains to be seen if there are thirty. Let us count.

SCENE IV

Valentine and Trielle

(*VALENTINE crosses the stage and reaches the rear door.*)

Valentine.—Well—good-bye.

Trielle.—Oh! it's you. You are going away. Well, good-bye.

Valentine.—You have nothing to say to me?

Trielle.—No. Why?

Valentine.—I don't know. I was thinking that, perhaps——

Trielle.—You were mistaken.

Valentine.—I ask your pardon.

Trielle.—Don't mention it.

Valentine.—After all, people can separate because they weren't able to understand each other, and for all that keep some regard for each other.

Trielle.—That's evident.

Valentine.—Isn't it so?

Trielle.—Doubtless.

Valentine.—Then—it's understood?

Trielle.—What?

Valentine.—You have nothing to say to me?

Trielle.—Nothing at all.

Valentine.—Well—good-bye.

Trielle.—Well—good-bye. (*TRIELLE resumes his work.*)

Valentine.—All the same, they would have astounded me terribly, if some one had come and told me yesterday that you would thrust me out.

Trielle.—I'm not thrusting you out.

Valentine.—All very well, who is it then? What is it you are doing then?

Trielle.—I am not keeping you back. That's all.

Valentine.—But——

Trielle.—You want to go,—go! You don't think I am going to keep you by force, to impose myself on you to your dislike and fasten you to the wall like a big butterfly with a nail in the stomach. (*An interval.*)

Valentine.—And so—it's nothing to you?

Trielle.—What's nothing to me?

Valentine.—That I go off?

Trielle.—That doesn't concern you. What business is it of yours?

Valentine.—It seems to me that, after my keeping house for you five years, you might, without committing yourself, say something nice to me on parting from me.

Trielle.—I hope you'll enjoy good health and find where you are going, the happiness that I have not been able to give you under my roof. I have beaten you somewhat, I ask your pardon for it; although the blows I gave you certainly have been more

painful to me than to you, and, after all, I am excusable for having carried on like a lunatic the days you so infuriated me. This said, and the trial of this page of ancient history over, I live in peace with myself. I am conscious of having been a tender, faithful husband. Patient under your demands, resigned to your harshness, slave to the minute attentions for your least caprices, and working ten hours a day to write trashy novels—trashy, yes, but procuring me the joy of being able to give you a home where you were warm, and gowns which made you beautiful. I have done everything to make you happy. You have not observed it—have no remorse on that account. It's to be expected: woman never sees what one does for her, she only sees what one doesn't do.

Valentine.—In any case, you might kiss me.

Trielle.—If you wish. (*He goes to her, kisses her coldly, then comes forward to the front of the stage.*)

Valentine (*With a start to go out*).—Well—good-bye.

Trielle.—Well—good-bye. (*VALENTINE slowly passes through the door, but scarcely has she disappeared, when she re-enters, puts down her bag, and coming back to her husband.*)

Valentine.—Give them to me—my thirty dollars!

Trielle (*Gently*).—No.

Valentine.—I beg of you.

Trielle.—I cannot, I assure you.

Valentine.—Why?

Trielle.—Because I have been weak enough to forgive you too many times and you have made me pay too dearly for it. For with you again, there is no half-way: if you women don't fall into our hands, it is we who fall into yours.—Now pack off. (*VALENTINE attempts to speak.*) Now don't insist, I tell you that you are wasting your time. And then—what are you doing here? You've changed your mind about going? What for? I thought you had too much to put up with. Come, go, my dear, be off! Return to your parents. That will be better for both of us.

Valentine.—I beg of you, I beseech you—give me my thirty dollars! If you don't give them to me, I shall go mad.

Trielle.—As for its having that effect on you——

Valentine.—Listen.

Trielle (*Somewhat annoyed, somewhat amused also*).—Oh.

Valentine (*Clinging to him*).—Please let me speak. For the thirty dollars——

Trielle.—Still the thirty dollars!

Valentine.—You shall keep them back from me another time—next month—when you please, but not today! Good heavens! not today! Today, you see, I want them! I must have them! I need them!

Trielle (Astonished at the way in which the word has been pronounced).—As much as that? Just look at me a moment, Valentine. You have done something foolish? (*Eloquent silence from VALENTINE.*) Naturally. What?

Valentine.—You will not scold too hard?

Trielle.—I shall try not to. Go on.

Valentine.—Well—I have a note of hand to pay today.

Trielle.—You have signed a note of hand?

Valentine.—Yes.

Trielle.—That doesn't surprise me from you. What surprises me is that you succeeded in getting it by,—the law refusing to the wife the right of signing notes without the authorization of the husband. Yours is null and void.

Valentine.—I beg your pardon.

Trielle.—What, you disagree with me?

Valentine.—Surely. (*Very simply.*) I imitated your signature to make it believed that it was from you.

Trielle (Astounded).—And you come and tell me that with your unconcerned manner! Why, it is a forgery!

Valentine.—What of it?

Trielle (At this unexpected reply, made in a tone of absolute innocence, TRIELLE remains speechless. He looks for a long time at the young woman as if struck with admiration).—I'd like to find some one who could answer to that! (*He completes his thought with a helpless gesture, then.*) How much is the note?

Valentine.—Thirty dollars.

Trielle.—Bungler! No half-way measures about you, are there? (*A pause.*) A purchase, perhaps?

Valentine.—A purchase, in fact.

Trielle.—Indispensable?

Valentine.—As you look at it.

Trielle.—Necessary, at least?

Valentine.—That depends.

Trielle.—Well then,—useful?

Valentine.—Yes and no.

Trielle (Struck with an idea).—A stained-glass lamp?

Valentine (Putting her head down).—Imitation wrought-iron.

Trielle.—She has managed to get it and no mistake! Do

you know that young ones get boxed on the ears, who have deserved it less than you? Can one conceive of such a desire for a lamp! (*He keeps up a querulous tone, but conviction is lacking. Deep within, one feels that he is losing ground before this excessive simplicity.*) Well!—and where have you hidden away this—work of art? Go find it for me that I may gaze upon it! That I may let my eyes drink their fill, in ecstasy! (*But VALENTINE does not stir.*) Come! Run! Fly! Leap! —No? (*VALENTINE in fact has given an embarrassed nod to signify: “No.”*) You don’t want to? (*Same gesture from VALENTINE.*) Come, come, come—look at me again. (*With much gentleness.*) You have broken it?

Valentine.—In carrying it. (*And as TRIELLE fixes upon her a glance filled with immense glee:*) It is not *my* fault, if it was trash! It was so stylish! Everybody would have been taken with it. So, what can you expect, I let myself be tempted.—and it was then, you know, that I proposed to the storekeeper—just as if I came authorized by you—that he give us credit until the end of the month, in return for a little written agreement. Then, the storekeeper said, “yes”—then I handed him the writing—which I had prepared beforehand. And when I got home and undid the paper to take out the lamp, the thingumbob remained in one hand, the what d’you call it in the other. That is how it happened. (*All this tale has been told in the tearful voice of a little beggar-girl, shaken with ill-restrained sobs. TRIELLE has listened seriously to her, refraining from interruption; his head moving now and then with those approving nods that make fun, while appearing to judge. But VALENTINE having finished:*)

Trielle (Mimicking her).—The thingumbob remained in one hand, the what d’you call it in the other. (*Changing his tone.*) Come, you are too foolish. You baffle me! Here are your thirty dollars. And just copy my signature again; you’ll have a chance on that occasion to see whether I’ll not have you put in prison. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself!

Valentine.—Thank you, Edward.

Trielle (Uncommonly exasperated).—Forger! Good-for-Nothing! Go hide your face!

Valentine.—And the other?

Trielle.—What other?

Valentine.—The other thirty dollars.

Trielle.—Ah, come now! my word! That’s the limit! Must we again?

Valentine.—To be sure! It's only right. Those are to pay your note.

Trielle (His eyes raised).—My note! Come, be off! Don't let me see you again, don't let me hear you mentioned again.

Valentine.—Then—you?

Trielle.—When the note falls due, I shall see what I have to do. (*Suddenly, delivered at the same time from a fear of a cut in her allowance, and of the terror of the police, VALENTINE is moved—she goes to TRIELLE looks long into his eyes. Then, in a voice in which is discernible the deep surprise of a person all at once making an unexpected discovery.*)

Valentine.—It's true, all the same, you are a good husband.

Trielle.—It is a pity you become aware of it only on the day in which I succeed in making you afraid. (*She does not reply, save by a slight movement, tender and coaxing, remorse awakening a caress. She glides into his arms, which he then circles about her waist. Then she remains snuggled in his embrace, timidly, her forehead resting on the shoulder of the young man who has allowed her to do it without saying a word.*)

Trielle (Sorrowfully).—“*Gia kephale,*” says Esop's fox, “*kai egkephalon ouk ekei.*”*

Valentine.—What are you saying?

Trielle.—Nothing. It's Greek.

Valentine (Vaguely flattered).—How nice you are when you want to be! (*She goes out slowly, her money in her hand. TRIELLE follows her with his glance.*)

Trielle.—What childishness, good heavens! —What lack of responsibility! What weakness! (*She disappears at last. TRIELLE remains alone, then he shrugs his shoulders,—and in a scarcely audible voice, he murmurs, his heart filled with pity, this simple exclamation.*) The pity of it! (*Meanwhile, work claims him. Again he comes back to his desk, where, finishing the verifying of the lines and arrangement of his article.*) 317, 319, 320. It's the right number. (*He says, dips his pen in the ink, then dictating to himself.*) “Continued in the next number.”

Curtain

*Pretty head, but empty.

GARDENS AND THE ENGLISH POETS

BY J. C. WRIGHT, F. R. S. L.

CHAUCER'S love for France and for French literature is well known, but he struck out a new line when he put his own thought and feeling into English verse. The French writers loved the rose, and made it the emblem of the beauty of a high-born lady; but as soon as Chaucer began to write poetry, he chose for his favourite flower the little English daisy, with its pure, white frill and shining gold within.

Of all the flowrès of the mead
Then love I most these flowrès white and and red,
Such as men callen daisies in their town.

And we cannot think that this great Nature lover would be indifferent to the cultivation of plants and flowers. Indeed, we find that though his chief delight was to observe Nature in her "wilful ways," he spent much care over his garden at Eltham, with its terraces and shady walks. As for trees, he was an expert, having charge of the Royal parks.

The Rev. W. J. Loffie gives a delightful and fascinating account of Eltham. The palace, he says, could not but have excited the admiration of a poetical mind.

To his gorgeous visions, beautiful as they appeared, something far more beautiful seemed possible. His care seems to have been chiefly for the gardens, and terraces, and shady walks. We are not, therefore, surprised to find frequent reference in his poems to gardens. A long list can be made of trees such as must have been in Chaucer's charge.

In a book entitled *Description of England* published about the year 1577, an interesting chapter is found on gardening, in which the author tells us his "little plot" has "verie neare three hundred of one sort and other contained therein, no one of them being common or usually to be had." SHAKESPEARE was then

but a youth, and we do not know whether he saw the book or not. But we know his love for gardens was great: that at New Place seems to have been of considerable size and was long famed for its mulberries. "Pleasure gardens," says Sir Sidney Lee, "were an exclusive characteristic of the great manor houses in the surrounding country, but it is certain that flowers and a few cooking and medicinal plants were cultivated in the small plots of the town, (Stratford-on-Avon), and it is quite possible that more ambitious attempts at horticulture were made in the exceptionable large gardens of New Place and the Cottage. Elm trees were a very common feature of the Stratford Gardens and Shakespeare frequently indicates a significant familiarity with the pruning of trees and the simpler operations of horticulture."

It is interesting to visit the garden at the rear of Shakespeare's house, where, if the plants are not the same as in the poet's time, there are preserved many that are mentioned in his works, along with a number of fruit trees, which were also cultivated by him. We know he was fond of the rose, the lily, and the iris or flower-de-luce, as it was then called. The hyacinth had been imported from the East, and was known as the jacinth. Many of the beautiful delicate garden poppies, so fashionable of recent years in our own gardens, were growing then, and were tended by the ladies of the household.

In a corner of Waterlow Park, Highgate, London, half hidden amidst copper beeches, and heavily-bearing fruit trees there may be seen a spot dedicated to the memory of the great dramatist. It is a fitting neighbourhood for such a garden. Those who had the planning of this pretty corner might have read:

Here's flowers for you;
 Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram;
 The marigold that goes to bed with the sun
 bold oxlips and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one
 To make you garlands of.

Here is a garden full of the old-fashioned flowers and herbs, with no trace of artificial culture to spoil it.

You can sit on the low, warm, red-brick wall, moss-grown and brown with age, and count the flowers that Shakespeare loved. Soft green clumps of hyssop alternate with groups of balm and herb wormwood; the flower-de-luce nods its stately head beside the delicate sum-

mer aconite; Shakespeare's honeysuckle is throwing out soft green tendrils to catch the thorny old English sweetbriar that grows near by, and is brightly starred with fragile pink petals. Fennel and gilly-flowers or carnations, just abud, pink-eyed daisies, saxifrage and rose-mary, pansy and peonies, roses of the sweet old kind, in masses are all here in a glorious confusion that went out of fashion for gardens, with sundials and box-walks in the days of our great-great-grandfathers and can scarcely be imitated in the twentieth century.

There is a garden, too, at Golder's Hill, Hampstead, where it is said every flower mentioned in Shakespeare's works is to be found. The residents in the neighbourhood are very appreciative of this garden, but visitors sometimes regard it with apparent indifference if we may judge from the following colloquy: "Here's Shakespeare's garden" said one. "Shakespeare, what Shakespeare?" queried his friend, and continued, "Oh, *him!*" as he realized the fact that the poet was meant.

COWLEY was a lover of gardens, and his quiet, contemplative spirit is shown in his *Essays* and verse. He could write:

My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My Garden, painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, should pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

He never seems to be weary of the country and of rural ways, and finds happiness in trees and rivers. Of the former he thus expresses his admiration:

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!

His poems on plants is really a *Culpepper's Herbal*. He makes the various flowers rejoice as if they were conscious of their beauty—for instance the Amaranth:

Look up, the gardens of the sky survey,
And stars that there appear so gay,
If credit may to certain truth be given,
They are but the amaranths of heaven.

And of the White Lily:

Nature on many flowers beside
 Bestows a muddy white;
 On me she placed her greatest pride,
 All over clad in light.

He says: "I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and the study of Nature." And in his *Garden* he writes:

Who that has reason and his smell
 Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
 Rather than all his spirits choke,
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
 And all the uncleanness which does drown
 In pestilential clouds a populous town?

And again:

When God did man to His own likeness make,
 As much as clay, though of the purest kind
 By the Great Potter's art refined,
 Could the Divine impression take,
 He thought it fit to place him where
 A kind of heaven, too, did appear,
 As far as earth could such a likeness bear.

"HERRICK," says Lord Morley, "was one of Nature's poets. Though he was happiest as comrade of the poets of the town, and loved no scenery so well as that of Cheapside and the Strand; though he abuses the rocky stream of Dean Burn that breaks down from the moor through a wild little valley and feeds water-cresses by the long and empty road between his parsonage and the few houses of Dean Prior, the love of flowers runs through all his verse." From early violets to fading daffodils he has a wide range. Of the former he writes:

Welcome, maids of honour,
 You do bring
 In the spring;
 And wait upon her.

And his well-known lines *To Daffodils*, so indicative of affection are also full of delightful suggestion:

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.

ALEXANDER POPE indulged in gardens lavishly. The success of his Homer translation made him a comparatively rich man. He moved to Twickenham where he bought a pretty villa which his name has made famous. Attached to the villa were about five acres of land laid out according to the strangely artificial style of that day. He "twisted and twirled and rhymed and harmonized" his ground until it became "two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with impenetrable woods." A portion of these was separated by the public road, and Pope had a tunnel dug to connect them. Connected with a grotto by a narrow passage were two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, the other towards the gardens, shadowed with trees, rough with shell, flints and iron ore. The bottom was paved with pebble as was also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple.

Here in calm retirement Pope spent a good deal of his time, and entertained his friends. Here he sang:

All the distant din the world can keep
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
 Here, my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
 Here, Saint John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Pope spent some £5,000 on his house and gardens. It is said he had a haunting fear that the place would one day be sold to a sugar broker or a brewer, and he looked in vain for a friend to whom he might leave it, who would preserve it unchanged. His fears were realized, for after his death the villa was sold to Sir W. Stanhope, who altered the house and practically destroyed the garden. A later purchaser, annoyed by admirers of Pope coming to the place, razed the villa to the ground and stubbed up the trees that remained. Today a building, something between a Swiss chalet and a Chinese pagoda may be found on the grounds.

But though Pope's handiwork is lost to us, his ideas about gardening remain and interest us. He was one of the first to discover that there was a monotony "when grove nodded to

grove, and each alley had its brother," and he insisted that Nature must "never be forgot," and that one must "consult the genius of the place in all;" and though his methods would probably not commend themselves to present-day tastes, they were indicative of the changes that were to come in respect of our gardens.

COWPER's love for gardens is specially shown in his *Task*. From "thickets and brakes entangled," he portrays the evolution of that "delightful industry enjoyed at home," the garden where

Nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste,

invited him forth. Enlarging on the care required in the upkeep of a garden, he proceeds:

O bless'd seclusion from a jarring world
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil.

CRABBE lived well on to the last century. He was a keen student of Nature, and the garden was to him a source of constant delight. In a letter written from Hampshire, where he spent a short holiday, he writes that among his greatest pleasures was that of visiting the garden where "I walk and read: the smell of the flowers is fragrant beyond anything I ever perceived before."

Crabbe believed that the lives of the deserving poor—of whom he sang—could be made brighter and happier by the cultivation of plants and flowers. In the little plot of the cottager he saw some indications of freedom from the otherwise hard lot of the labourer. And he writes:

It is his own he sees; his master's eye
Peers not about, some secret fault to spy;
Nor voice severe is there, nor censure known;
Hope, profit, pleasure—they are all his own.

SIR WALTER SCOTT's poetry is full of Nature as she reveals herself out-of-doors. We must understand Scott's surroundings, and his various occupations, to know his love for gardens. He expressed his intense delight with his first cottage garden: "to

be sure," he said, "it is not much of a lion to show a stranger," but he and his wife turned out by moonlight to admire the product of their toil. And when he took up his residence in Selkirkshire, he wrote:

Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through.

Of LANDOR it was said he was "the born artist." Keenly susceptible to the influences of Nature, he could not bear the unnecessary plucking of a flower, or the felling of a tree. With fine delicacy he thus expresses himself:

I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached it; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Fell safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

A curious story is told of Landor which, though not literally true, serves to illustrate his love for flowers. Terrible things have been attributed to the erratic poet, and one of them runs that in a fit of anger, he threw the cook out of the window, and then, looking down into the garden, exclaimed: "Good God! I had forgotten the violets!" But there was something growing about Landor's house even better than violets—a choice spirit, and a strangely original writer.

WORDSWORTH, the teacher of "plain living and high thinking," though a lover of wild life, was fond of his garden, and described the gardens of the humble peasant and of the sturdy yeoman alike. He writes lovingly of the cottager's plot, "with its shed for bee-hives, its small bed of pot-herbs, and its borders and patches of flowers for Sunday posies, with sometimes a choice few, too much prized to be plucked."

In his *Guide*, Wordsworth mentions a practice, which he calls ornamental gardening. That was beginning to be prevalent over England—the desire for natural scenery. And when he proceeds to write on the decoration of houses, so far as the exterior is concerned, he advises that the work should be carried out "in the spirit of Nature, with an invisible hand of Art." Always, it will be observed, he insists on naturalness: exotic plants he will allow, "provided they be confined almost to the doors of the house."

Though this poet of Nature loved supremely the open expanse of heaven, he did not the less enjoy the terrace walk and flowering alley of his garden at Rydal Mount. Bishop Wordsworth has described it for us. He tells us of "the tall ash-tree in which a thrush has sung for hours together, during many years;" of the "laburnum in which the osier cage of the doves was hung;" of the stone steps "in the interstices of which grew the yellow flowering poppy, and the wild geranium of Poor Robin"——

Gay

With his red stalks upon a sunny day.

And then of the terraces—one levelled for Miss Fenwick's use, and welcome to himself in after years; and one ascending, and leading to the "far terrace" on the mountain's side, where the poet was wont to murmur his verses as they came.

In turning from Wordsworth to TENNYSON we notice the marked contrast between the two poets: the former is satisfied with the cultivation of the simplest flowers in the garden; the latter writes of

A grassy walk

Through crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned.
The garden stretches southwards. In the midst
A cedar spreads his dark-green layers of shade.

In his picture of Audley Court, there is a fastidiousness, a sense of the appreciation of the pleasure afforded by the cultivation of Nature, which is particularly striking.

By many a sweep

Of meadow smooth from aftermath we reached
The griffin-guarded gates, and passed through all
The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores,
And crossed the garden to the gardener's lodge,
With all its casements bedded, and its walls
And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine.

And in Tennyson's *Clara Vere de Vere* he thus describes the Old Gardener:

From yon blue, blue sky above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

But Tennyson is only echoing Shakespeare, who says: "There are no ancient gentlemen but gardeners; they hold up Adam's profession."

"There are gardens in *In Memoriam*. There is that most enchanted island, where the *Lotos Eaters* lie forever 'propt on beds of amaranth.' . . . There is the garden of *Amphion*, where such a sportive fancy deals in such merry wise with a most quaint legend, and sums up as conclusion of the whole matter:

Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

The name of the late poet-laureate MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is so intimately associated with gardens that his views always receive the consideration they so eminently deserve. Mr. Austin's tastes reveal not merely the cultured mind, but the soul aflame with a love for the beautiful in Nature; indeed, it has been said that his verse is full of the spirit of English gardens, of flower scented air, of showers among heavy leaves. In *Love's Widowhood* the poet describes the cottage which "had grown more human year by year." And well it might,

For on a garden ever did it gaze
That still decoyed the sunshine's shifting rays,
And bloomed with flowers which brightened so the air,
That folks who passed would halt and wish their house were
there.

Then Mr. Austin enumerates some of the flowers—old fashioned balsams, snap-dragons, red and white primroses, daisies, crimson phlox, white anemones, lithe lilies, homely-smelling stocks, sunflowers green and gold, gorgeous hollyhocks, proud gladioli, loose woodbine, and fragrant mignonette. Nor did this garden contain flowers only—fruits, "that in September are themselves like flowers," were there.

"One would naturally expect," says Mr. Austin, "peace to reign uninterrupted in a Garden, if anywhere. The very word suggests tranquillity, retirement, aloofness from contending passion, even from conflicting emotions, and, above all, from the heats of controversy; and, doubtless, what the name suggests the garden itself corresponds with to the casual, unconcerned visitor, who, coming up to it from the paving-stones of Pall Mall or the ballroom floors of Mayfair, exclaims: 'There!' seats himself among its invisible perfumes, lets his eyes wander over its rainbow colours, or saunters among its summer roses or its autumnal lilies."

The late poet-laureate is particularly fond of the rose. "What is there," he remarks, "the rose cannot and will not do? It will cover the palaces of kings, and just as gladly embroider the porches of the lowly. It is as happy in the untrimmed hedge as in the well-ordered garden. It can look after itself, and needs no more help than the cloud or the wave. Yet it tolerates interference with no loss of temper, and with its habitual smile. Roses hold full court only in summer, but they reign during three of the seasons of the year, and are not always absent from their kingdom during the fourth."

For the formal garden Mr. Austin has little affection. He fears that the passion for faultlessness that presides within-doors is invading the garden. An ill-kept garden is not to be allowed any more than an ill-kept house, but where are we to stop? "Is there," he asks, "to be a weed nowhere, and are the trees and shrubs in none of the borders to have a will and way of their own."

If Nature worked by rule and square,
Than Man what wiser would she be?
What wins us is her careless care
And true unpunctuality.

"A Garden," he says, "to my thinking, is neither a museum nor a laboratory, a place neither for learned collections, nor for ingenious experiments. Collecting rare plants, and growing specimen flowers, are something quite different from cultivating a garden. When I am shown so many square feet of Love-in-the-Mist, then a bare patch of soil, then more bare soil, and so on, I am disposed to enquire if the flowers are grown for market, and are compelled to observe that the cultivation of them in this fashion is no more difficult than the cultivation of radishes, or the sowing of carrots. They bear the same relation to a real garden that the words in the dictionary bear to a beautifully written book. They are the materials out of which a garden may be made, but of themselves they do not constitute a garden."

OUR MORIBUND VERSE

By PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

MUCH of the poetry today that calls itself new verse is old, very old with the senility of emotion-deadened nerves. It is not new, not the beginning of a fresh development; but is the last exquisite spasm of a moribund art. For it is the expression of sensation satiety, the search for a new thrill by nerves too worn with thrills to answer.

There is a fresh young poetry that is opening for itself a new field by rediscovering the normal world around and rediscovering poetry's function of conveying the flavor of that normal world. But this is a shy, young poetry easily obscured by its full-blown sister that exploits, not the normal, but the abnormal.

For this moribund poetry, since it is trying to titillate an over-vibrated sensibility must turn to the abnormal. It turns to the abnormal in ideas, strained experiences, and neurotic types. It turns to the abnormal in its sets, unlocated lands of curious custom. It turns to the abnormal in its phrases.

The abnormal phrase is the *sine qua non* of this branch of the new verse. It must bring together words apparently antithetical; link with a vivid turn of syllables sense experiences unconnected, especially odors with other realms of life; and it must subtilize with adjectives inapplicable to their nouns. And by this means it seeks to give a new reaction to the over experienced emotions.

It is a greater triumph for these new seers to start from the commonplace. For, after all, it is a simple thing to create a weird effect out of whole cloth. But it is an achievement to unfold the weird in the usual and so uncover new excitement in the old. And further, it better fulfills their vocation of keeping alive intense response in minds deadened by their own intensity to prick this response with the ordinary world about, for the jaded soul is much too weary to escape that omniscient ordinary world.

So they begin with the simple fact and distort it with the ghastly glare of their overwrought excitability. And their poetry becomes, not a revelation of the real, but only another twist of

delicate neurasthenic agony. Or they begin with the fundamental instinct and play upon it, but play upon it not to sublimate it, but only to overstimulate it. Thus they are the sure symptoms of a diseased civilization, instinct perverts.

This careful rhythmic calculation of excitement is the same manifestation of an overwrought emotional life that appeared at the close of the luxurious Tokugawa era in Japan, in the prints of Utamaro. In both poetry and prints there is the same straining for novel stimulation. In both poetry and prints there is the same passion for new passion. And in both poetry and prints the method is the same, the shrill but languid speech of unused rhythms and unwonted relations. Anticipation, startled in transition, lends vividness to both.

And both are beautiful, beautiful with the rotting beauty of a lovely corpse. They are like the luscious pulpy flowers that flame in the heavy dankness of the jungle, sucking the last life from the fertility-rotted tree.

Parasitic beauty—and in their wake is decay.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE*

BY ALFRED EDMUND TROMBLY

It lies among the hills which rise and stand
 A bastion to the storm on every side.
 Its shore is rocky where the white-caps ride
 While sheltered coves are edged with yellow sand.
 Its bays, like giant fingers, cut the land:
 Perhaps some old-world god or Titan tried
 To mold the earth before its crust had dried
 And here has left the imprint of his hand.

That wisp of smoke slow-rising in still air
 Above the hills of Governor's Island seems
 To tell that priest and sponsor of "the smile
 Of the great spirit" still are camping there.
 And Indian huntsmen troop into my dreams
 Until the puffing steamboat rounds the isle!

*The Indians called the lake, Winnepesaukee, which means the smile of the great spirit.

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT ACTING

BY ARTHUR ROW

IT was seeing a performance of *Letty* that awoke me to the fact that an entire play can be epitomized in a single moment, and a whole character crystalized in one act. The method of cumulative effect is one that is frequently used by great artists. They may indicate subtly many little bits of character, traces of individuality, then suddenly lunge in their methods into one luminous, concrete moment that illustrates the whole in a brilliant lightning-like flare of dancing, scintillating light.

It was my misfortune not to see Carlotta Neillson as Mrs. Elvsted in *Hedda Gabbler*, the part that made her famous. But her performance in *Letty* needed no past reputation to back it up. As truth can bear its own weight, so this performance needs no bush. There were two special moments in this piece of acting that I wish to recall. The cry—here again we come to the possibilities of a single cry—the cry, I say, when she left forever her lover's arms. And the moment when he told her directly and yet evasively, that he was through with her, and that their association was at an end. This cry was like the tearing of human flesh. It was the rawest sound I ever heard emitted from a human throat. It was realism, and yet truth, and as such was vividly effective.

In this scene where her quandom lover tells her that her day is over with him at least, Miss Neillson achieved what Ellen Terry would call "one of those *quiet* effects." As *Letty*, she becomes deathly still, an ominous, quiet, and death-like calm crept over her personality as she slowly realized just what this interview portended—she set facing the audience, while her lover was profile—and she was smoking a cigarette. When this look of bleak despair reached a climax in her face, it resembled a death shadow, the cigarette slipped lifeless, automatic from her hand, and as it rolled to her feet, she "finished" it by smashing it

to "smithereenes," with a pitiless, relentless gesture under her feet. Here, indeed, was action suited to the word—the idea—the intent—emotion of the scene! Nothing in painting by an action could have been more complete, conclusive, pictorial!

I repeat, I shall always be sorry not to have seen her wonderful Mrs. Elvsted in *Hedda Gabbler*—the part in which she told me once she had packed the agony of a twenty years' stage experience; in which, to use her own words, "I dug a knife into the heart of my audience—and turned it!"

How many theatre-goers recall seeing Fanny Davenport in *Gismonda*, the moment in the play when she suddenly sees her child—her one ewe lamb—topple from its nurse's arms over into the lion's den. Frozen horror, anguish of every maternal import, all the primitive emotions—so effective on the stage—were suddenly uncovered, thrillingly as though the lid were momentarily lifted from a seething caldron of cosmic forces—her body convulsed—the very cords in her neck knotted, and a dry, sparse note in her voice etched the extreme height of her anxiety and emotion. And high, and above all in effect, was the cry, again the cry, that often apparently unconscious cry that can be so telling and so frequently betrays some human on the stage, or off it. *Gismonda's* cry was animal in its primal quality—this hoarse, guttural lament of the eternal mother when its young is imperilled.

Fanny Davenport's *Gismonda* was an able, graphic, performance; picturesque, of an alluring charm, and technical proficiency! All this, and more, but its value and quality was centered in this cry!

There is one American actress living, and, alas, inactive at the moment, who reminds me of Janauschek—I mean Mary Shaw! She is of the same substance as this erstwhile giant of the stage, and in her force partakes of the same cosmic range, suggestive power, profundity and extreme telling simplicity.

The American public and the American stage have been guilty of not a few crimes, and their seeming neglect of Mary Shaw is one of them. Without cavilling one iota at the prominence of our stars or the more than generous opportunities lavished upon their scintillating talents; the cold fact remains that the partial obscurity, the incomplete and lessened expression of a craftsman, of the scope and range of a Mary Shaw, is an artistic national calamity, that has found frequent expression in print before these meagre lines were thought of. For sheer genius, and the power

of a massive mind, Mary Shaw stands nearly alone on the American Stage and the wonder of it is, she almost never acts, or, more correctly speaking is rarely permitted to.

Sarah Bernhardt has a way of suddenly leaving the shell of a character by the wayside, so to speak, and going on and suggesting something as big as the world itself—of symbolizing, creating something more luminous than can be contained in a single human character, and Mary Shaw did this unforgetably in Ibsen's *Ghosts* when she acted Mrs. Alving. This performance has long been acclaimed for its pinnacle of greatness among stage creations; but there was a moment even above the quiet level of its grandeur. I refer to that bit of the play where Mrs. Alvin is closeted alone in conversation with Pastor Manders. In the midst of this quiet little scene—what Mrs. Fiske would call an "ominous quiet," you are suddenly recalled to the fact that her son, Oswald, has been left alone in the adjoining room with her serving maid, Regina; the slight noise of the overturning of a chair is what brings the audience to its feet mentally, so to speak. This is followed by the slight sound of a scuffle between the two—instantly the face and figure of Mary Shaw assumed the aspect of Greek Tragedy—a realization of an Nemesis-like tragedy suddenly descending upon the stricken home, the *look* that suddenly appeared on Mary Shaw's face! Her eyes revealed the depths of a thousand crawling, chasing little furies—the hands upraised flat to the audience! Ibsen never dreamed of anything bigger than this effect—it was stupendous!

Great acting of the highest order nearly always has a strong spiritual element in it. This idea was borne in on me forcibly while acting during the recent Shakespearean Tercentenary in *Henry VIII* with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. In the Trial Scene, I had to sit, in my role of Lord Sands, facing Queen Katherine. This scene, in its compact and concrete agony is unsurpassed to my knowledge in the whole range of the drama. The famous torture scene in *Tosca* is mere child's play to it; for, in this trial of Katherine, one witnessed the breaking of a spirit, and the actual murder of a soul—the searing of a stalwart and beautiful heart. If any one ever died of a broken heart it was Katherine of Aragon of Shakespearean history. When I saw Ellen Terry in this scene, she impressed me greatly, but it was not until I saw Miss Matthison play it that I realized the values, as you might say, that are contained in this tremendous bit of dramatic history. Ellen Terry was plaintive, majestic, poetical, exquisite always,

but—there was no fight to her as at least one critic of the time pointed out, and though it is history that Katherine was broken, the fact also remains that she fought, and fought valiantly; hers was distinctly not a willing death.

Ellen Terry's Katherine partook too much of Oscar Wilde's description of her Queen Henrietta Maria in *Charles I* "a wan lily, too drenched with rain."

Katherine's character is largely composed of the epic and heroic, and this sterner quality, the ethereal, Ellen Terry, was quite powerless to impart. It is true, that the purely imaginative beauty of her acting in the death scene was unrivalled but, of course, it was just this kind of gossamer acting Ellen Terry never had an equal or superior. But the Katherine of our latest revival, Edith Wynne Matthison, boasted quite another quality—a quality rare indeed, and so necessary to the battle of the scene. (I use the word battle, because we are told that drama means conflict.) Well, in this particular conflict, Edith Wynne Matthison fairly blazed, and she blazed with the white heat of a purely spiritual righteous fervor. Such quiet, deadly anger, I never have seen at any time on the stage before or since. And it was exactly the quality needed for the scene, and the quality, alas, that you cannot buy, or order, or command in an actress. It either is—or is not—more often, is not. All that can be implied in outraged womanhood was there—of traduced wifely dignity and rights, of ethical and spiritual integrity.

The play—the convulsive workings of her hands—the serene, livid scorn of her face—the morale she infused into her composition of the scene, was of immense value, and hugely effective. The conviction and finality of her sweeping exit were regally classic in effect and appeal.

It was when I saw Katherine Grey in *The Reckoning* that I witnessed in one sense quite the most remarkable bit of acting I had ever seen injected into a single scene. The actor was Albert Bruning, and the role was that of the husband of the betrayed wife, this same wife that caused all the misery in this plaintive, memorable little play.

Bruning was not, all told, on the stage more than ten minutes, may be not five; yet in this incredibly short space of time he created an effect more vivid than any of the actors in a performance notable for extraordinary moments. This bit of acting is the most perfect example I have yet seen on the American dramatic stage, of how much can be done with how little—and is

this after all not the real acid test of the artist? As the Irish become the best farmers because they have the worst soil, so the really creative artist will emerge triumphantly from what has appeared to be a stupid and hopeless opportunity. The actors who become famous through a single bit of acting like this, needless to say are rare—for the quality of an artist is as easily detected in a few inches of their artistic fabric as in the whole of the tapestry.

It was as I recall, in *The Reckoning* that I first heard of Albert Bruning, now happily considered an actor of the first rank in America. This was also, unless I am mistaken, the first time New York had acclaimed him as an unusual actor.

To be classed as unusual, and this in New York is to be made—just as the truth of the poignant tragedy that no matter how good an actor may be outside New York, signifies really nothing to the artistic status of the poor player, for as London is the artistic criterion of the English speaking world, so is New York for the whole of America.

Bruning's achievement in *The Reckoning* was that miracle in the theater—a song without words again, right here comes the crucial test of the actor by which I mean when he is successful in conveying—putting over, to use the theatrical parlance—some big effect in the theater—without any words to help him in the undertaking. What Albert Bruning revealed to our astonished eyes was nothing less than a tide of emotion, seen first at its rise, then gathering in force and surge until its cataclysmic break—nor was this the end, for the spectator distinctly saw the check of the man on his emotion, the pause and gradual almost imperceptible receding of a lava-like force. And what's Mr. Belasco would call the "excuse" for all this?—Hatred of an abysmal nature—revenge—anger of a white heat—righteous indignation to the man who had ruined his home and life—all these emotions toppled like a cataract, for the life of expression in the eyes, lips, the whole visage of the actor, all this please remember in the course of about three unforgettable minutes, and in a play that had plenty of splendid moments of acting.

The business of this tiny scene was sparse indeed. Bruning as the husband was announced, entered, bowed to the betrayer of his home, made and confirmed the rendezvous for the inevitable duel, reached for his hat, cane and gloves on the table preparatory to his departure, when suddenly occurred this moment of acting which could only be manipulated and interpolated into

the scene by a master mind and a supreme artist. Replacing his hat, Bruning proceeded to just *look* at his assailant. This look registered enmity and hatred, black, vengeful as I have never seen before or since. It had almost a physical aspect. It seemed to rise from his boots—overflow in his eyes, and dart in leaping, piercing, burning tongues of flames from their sockets—when the interruption of emotion had completely subsided leaving the face immobile and with a dreadful stillness and quiet, Bruning with only the aspect of the well bred man of the world bowed again, and quitted the room with the utmost convention. Here indeed was pantomime that required neither words nor time.

THE LAST CRUSADE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Clash, cymbals, clash!
 Blare, trumpets, blare!
 Jerusalem the Fair
 Is delivered; the Macaire
 Of the North has been found
 Guilty by Heaven's hound:
 The drums of Jehovah crash
 With hallelujahs on holy ground.

Ring out, eternal bells!
 Broken are the fetters of Zedekiah,
 Ended the dirges of Jeremiah:
 Lo, the hosts of the Messiah
 Have confounded the infidels.

Joyously, timbrels! Antiochus
 And his kind shall enslave no more:
 The day of the ruthless and tyrannous
 Shall vanish like Baal and the Minotaur:
 The hammering mettle of the Maccabees
 Has conquered: from far overseas
 Come men of God to succor and restore.

Make music, psaltery and harp!
The walls leveled by Titus and his legions
Shall rise a gentle liliated counterscarp:
The shepherd and his sheep shall roam mild regions
Where faith will need no martyred Polycarp.

Triumphantly, deep viol, sackbut, pipe!
Attune to victory the *Hep! hep! hep!*
Of this crusade's uncompromising step!
Sweeten, O flute, the long embittered air!
Jerusalem, Jerusalem the Fair

Is now delivered—not from Heraclius to Chosroës
Nor, when won back for Christ again,
To Caliph Omar and the Saracen;
Not as by Godfrey's feudal stripe
Slyly unsteeled by veiled sultanic ease,
Nor as by mystic Frederick's type
Scented and fitful as Palermo's breeze.
Nay, City of Peace, in no such hands as these
Lies your new destiny: the hour is ripe
For you to stand as stable as His Cross
But free from thieves and soldiers' pitch-and-toss,
Sun to the shadow of the Forsaken's loss!

ST. GEORGE O' DREAMS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

I am not sure just why I love it so,
Nor it is likely I shall ever know
The secret of its haunting hold since first
I spied it from the Causeway years ago
Under a perfect rainbow reaching down
As if to hug the little snow-white town:
A moment's glimpse and yet a memory nursed
Through many a fevered day of many a year,
Fresh as if aided by some costly souvenir.

To risk old magic, Protean as the Spain
Of airy castles, is so often vain,
I hardly dared reventure; still, I dared,
Only to fall in love over again
And cling closely as though it might be gone
Were I to turn my back from dusk till dawn.
I wonder was there ever a man who cared
So deeply for it with so little cause,
Faithful in spite of snubs and smirks and ingrained flaws.

For flaws it has, though in my sight its sun
Can melt away or gild 'most every one
Before the second morning coach is off
Or windows rattle from the midday gun:
And those that linger on through afternoon
Are pricked by stars or flooded by the moon.
Oh, it has dark defects for such as scoff;
But who with eyes for beauty looks for fault
Between a haven of beryl and wide heavens of smalt.

And when the west wind carries the perfume
Of lilies into every street and room,
And pomegranates blaze out with saffron flames,
And pride-of-Indias foam with lilac bloom,

I could outglow, outpipe, the cardinal,
 Proud as if I, yes, I, had done it all;
 Had made the flowers, the trees, thought out their names
 Tamarisk, cedar, poinciana, palm,
 Crisp as the winter's breeze or soft as summer's calm.

I love the changing of St. Peter's bell,
 Each crooked alley and the wholesome smell
 Of whitewash everywhere on walls, roofs, eaves
 And terraced chimneys built of coral shell
 Mottled with moss; the blinds of crackled brown
 Or faded bottle-green—oh, all the town;
 Love it with misting eyes as one who leaves
 His land of dreams to fight, perhaps to die,
 And lose the sun and moon and stars and rainbowed
 sky!

THANKS TO A FRUIT-SHOP

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Now I can snap my fingers at defeat!
 Whisked by the presto of an avocado,
 I am once more at peace in El Dorado
 Where winter warms and dreamers do not meet
 Reproachful eyes; where war is obsolete.

Up the rich valley, where a stream I know
 Dances with crystal castanets fandangoes
 That shake the stout duenna-formal mangoes
 Until their broad glossy mantillas glow
 With saffron powder, dancing myself I go!

Through cocoa-groves so wisely mulched and thinned
 Each slender tree-trunk gleams an endless cluster
 Of perfect pods of red and orange luster;
 Through lanes of limes as kindly disciplined;
 Past calabash and palm and tamarind.

Up the gay river! Watch the native whet
 His cutlass on a stone, as gaily singing
 Until a bright-turbanned girl comes, svelte hips swinging,
 Basket worn like a crown. Ah, Nicolette,
 How much you could have learned from this coquette!

A double rainbow jewels the valley's head
 Where the twin rock-frayed stoles of falls unravel,
 Tangle, untangle, brush, unite, then travel
 Lost in each other's beauty, for they spread
 One seamless cover on the stony bed.

The last shy humming-bird! Now there remain
 Only the mountain-whistlers, fellow-keepers
 With the loud anvil-crickets of the creepers
 Whose iron will has made the bush a chain
 Buckler against earthquake and wind and rain.

Gently rises the trail edged with bamboo
 Like sheaves of giant wheat and wild bananas
 Crisp as the still air stirred by long lianas
 Which dangle from the beetling cliffs; a few
 Exquisite tree-ferns filigree the view.

Their fronds are graceful wings whose grammarye
 Makes emerald birds of bread-fruit and castilloa
 And of myself an eagle-high Balboa
 Gazing on a new world where life is free—
 No! There sounds a driver's whiplike *Gee!*

Cushioned against the moss, I let him pass,
 Him and his tiny donkeys laden with panniers,
 Lilies balancing roses; eddoes, tanniers;
 Nutmegs, vanilla; cane, lush Guinea-grass:
 Dilemmas for Buridan as well as his ass.

Alone again without that loneliness
 One feels in crowded cities: wooded ranges
 Brother my spirit and the subtle changes
 Of color wrought when sun and cloud caress
 Thrill me beyond art's mightiest success.

This golden air would cheapen any frame;
This sea calls for a merman's pearl-toned palette,
These mountains for a cyclopean mallet
To do them pygmy justice: lamps are tame
Held in the unbound sunlight's laughing flame.

Art is of man and man is much too small
To grasp immensities, too transitory
To comprehend the deep, inherent glory
Of this old earth: though proud, his talents crawl;
His godlike mantle is a Paisley shawl.

Art, life—life of the street, life of the trench—
What empty terms they seem here close to Heaven,
Plenty, peace and air pure enough to leaven
To comradeship even the Germans and French.
There is no thirst such splendors should not quench!

THE BURDEN OF BABYLON*

BY WILLIAM FORCE STEAD

We take the liberty of quoting from Mr. Stead's letter:

"The Burden of Babylon is not meant to be dramatic, of course; nothing happens in an outward and visible way; but 'It is in the soul that things happen,' and this is meant as a picture (in some wise) of the soul of an absolute monarch, with the immensely exaggerated ego which is bred of unqualified power, flattery, and the consequent feeling of being peculiarly favoured by the gods whether Bel or Jehovah. 'It is in the soul that things happen,' and given such a soul—drunken with power and warped by a sense of divine right—and there flows from it all the misery and blood shed which desolated Assyria and Babylon of old,—(or in the case of the German Emperor), which is desolating Europe and the world today.

"The last lyrical section is meant as a reference to man's sense of right which is God's sword and the means of overthrowing such a menace to the world—it is a reference to America's entry into the war. It is hardly necessary to say that the first three lyrical portions are more or less adaptations from Isaiah's tremendous prophecies over Babylon.

*Scene: An upper chamber in the palace of the King of Babylon.
Dusk on a hot summer's evening. From time to time there rises vaguely the voice of some one singing far off beyond the palace gardens.
THE KING is gazing out of an open window.*

The King of Babylon—

Since I am Babylon, I am the world;
The windy heavens and the rainy skies
Attend the earth in humble servitude:
And I am Babylon, I am the world:
The heavens and their powers attend on me.

The Voice of One Crying in the Night—

*Babylon, the glory of the Kingdoms,
And the Chaldee's excellency,
Is become as Sodom and Gomorrah,
Whom God overthrew by the sea.*

The King—

Who is that fellow singing by the River?
I think I heard him lift his voice in praise
Of Babylon: some minstrel seeking hire:
I need him not to tell me who I am:
For I am Baladan of Babylon.

*Copyright 1918 by William Force Stead.

The splendour of my sceptre, crown, and throne,
 And all the awe that fills my royal halls,
 The pomp that heralds me, the shout that follows,
 Are flying shadows and reflections only
 From the wide dazzlings of myself, the King.
 This I conceive; and yet we kings have labour
 To apprehend ourselves imperially,
 And see the blaze and lightnings of our Person:
 The thought of their own sovereignty amazes
 The princelings even, and the lesser kings:
 But I am Baladan of Babylon.

The Voice in the Night—

*Never again inhabited,
 Babylon, O Babylon!
 Even the wandering Arabian
 From thy weary waste is gone.
 Neither shall the shepherd tend his fold there,
 Nor any green herb be grown:
 It cometh in the night-time suddenly,
 And Babylon is overthrown.*

The King—

Pale from the east the stars arise, and climb,
 And then grow bright, beholding Babylon:
 They would delay, but may not; so they pass,
 And fade and fall, bereft of Babylon.
 Quick from the Median line the sun comes up,
 For he expects to see my Palaces;
 And the moon lingers, even on the wane.
 Mine ancient dynasty, as yon great river,
 Euphrates, with his fountains in far hills,
 Arose in the blue morning of the years;
 And as yon river flows on into time,
 Unalterable in majesty, my line
 Survives in domination down the years.
 I know, but am concerned not, that some people
 At the pale limits of the world, abide
 As yet beyond the circle of my sway;
 The miserable sons of meagre soil,
 That needs much tillage ere the yield be good
 I only wait until they ripen more,

And fatten toward my final harvesting:
 When I am ready, I will reap them in.
 For it is written in the stars, and read
 Of all my Wise Men and astrologers,
 That I, and my great line of Babylon,
 Shall rule the world, and only find a bound
 Where the horizon's bounds are set; an end
 When the world ends: so shall all other lands,
 All nations, and all peoples, and all tongues,
 Become a fable told of olden times,
 Deemed of our sons a thing incredulous.

The Voice in the Night—

*Woeful are thy desolate palaces,
 Where doleful creatures cry,
 And wild beasts out of the islands
 In thy fallen chambers cry.
 Where now are the viol and the tabret?
 But owls hoot in moonlight:
 And over the ruins of Babylon
 The satyr leaps by night.*

The King—

Yon voice, that seems to hum my Kingdom's glory,
 Fails in the vast immensity of night,
 As fails all earthly praise of him who hears
 The ceaseless acclamation of the stars.
 What needs there more?—the apple of the world,
 Grown ripe and juicy, rolls into my lap,
 And all the gods of Babylon, well pleased
 With blood of bulls and fume of fragrant things,
 Even while I take mine ease, attend on me:
 The figs do ripen, the olive, and the vine,
 And in the plains climb the big sycamores;
 My camels, and my laden dromedaries,
 Move in from eastward, bearing odorous gums;
 And the Zidonians hew me cedar beams,
 Even tall cedars out of Lebanon;
 Euphrates floats his treasured freightage down,
 And all great Babylon is filled with spoil.
 Wherefore, upon the summit of the world,
 The utmost apex of this thronéd realm,

I stand, as stands the driving charioteer,
 And steer my course right onward toward the stars:
 Mean-fated men my horses trample under,
 And my wine-bins have drained the blood of mothers,
 And smoothly my wheels run upon the necks
 Of babes and sucklings,—while I hold my way,
 Serene, supreme, secure in destiny,
 Because the gods perceive mine excellence,
 And entertain for mine Imperial Person
 Peculiar favours . . . I am Babylon,
 Exceeding precious in the High One's eyes.

The Voice in the Night—

*Babylon is fallen, is fallen!
 And never shall be known again:
 Drunken with the blood of my Beloved,
 And trampling on the sons of men.
 But God is awake and aware of thee,
 And sharply shines His sword,
 Where over the earth spring suddenly
 The hidden hosts of the Lord:
 Armies of right and of righteousness,
 Huge hosts, unseen, unknown:
 And thy pomp, and thy revellings, and glory,
 Where the wind goes, they are gone.*

OUR LADY OF WISTFULNESS*

BY WILLIAM FORCE STEAD

I

At twilight in the starlight, Wistful One,
I heard thy piping, saw thee in the cool
Of evening, by a blue and placid pool
Of pallid-coloured water, whereupon
Some early stars were lying:
Behind thee, olive and tall cypress trees
O'er-laid the rosy end of day's down-dying;
While in low tones and plaining minor keys
Thou madest thine illusive melodies,
And alway calledst, "Hither, come hither."
I followed, sighing, "Whither,
O whither wilt thou lead me, Wistful One?"

II

Unwearied seeker after Paradise,
O Pilgrim with all visions in thine eyes,
Already art thou gone?
I hear thee, yet do hardly see;
Stay yet awhile, wilt thou not wait for me,
O Wistful One?
Thou rovest now some heavy-wooded steep
On yonder darkling Apennines;
The shepherds when thou comest leave their sheep,
And thou disturbest the deep-dreaming pines:
Sea-wearied mariners, no sooner home,
Than hearing thee, lie wakeful half the night,
Then kiss their brides, and quickly in moonlight
Unfurl their sails, and on again they roam.

III

O thou that fallest with soft-falling rains,
Thou sigh that follow'st the departing sun,
How many faces to their window panes
Thou drawest, Wistful One:

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Thou callest up light-sleeping Princesses,
 O midnight mover among palace trees,
 And wakener of birds in coverts green;
 And weaving maidens in their tower-room,
 Turn when they hear thee, leave the humming loom,
 And from their casements, lost in wonder, lean.

IV

Thou worshipper of clouds in distant skies,
 I see thee when the moon begins to dawn,
 Down the green sweep of some long stately lawn,
 With arms uplift, and hope-entranced eyes;
 Or where the road, far-travelling, vanishes
 In curving under low-embower'd trees,
 One moment, and no more,
 Thy fingers beckon, and thine eyes implore.

V

Unhappy here, thou wouldst be journeying far
 Over the blue verge of the watery plain,
 Beyond the sun's, beyond the moon's domain;
 O alien, from the land where angels are,
 Here hast thou strayed, and lost thy way, and fain
 Wouldst find thine own fair fields again:
 Thou roamest seeking them, and thy heart sings
 Of happier times, the dearly-treasured themes;
 And all more beauteous, yea, all lovelier things,
 Are wakings from thy songs, thy songs and dreams:
 None other than thy voice the Poet inspires,
 When on the midnight wind sing spirit-choirs,
 In chiming words, keyed-low, blent tones of Fancy's
 wreathing;
 'Tis by thy breathing
 The violin moans her infinite desires;
 Cathedrals, where tall pillars rise and rise,
 Are builded of thy longing for lost Paradise.

VI

I saw thy maidens round thee, circle-wise,
 Even in a place apart, an hallow'd hill,
 At twilight, when the air was blue and still.
 Their oval faces lifted in surmise,

Were silver-lighten'd out of starry skies,
 And there was starlight in their wakeful eyes:
 The while with finely-taper'd fingers
 They woke the hidden note that lingers
 Deep in the lute's heart and mute cithern strings,
 The song of wished, dim-discerned things,
 That always on the listless strings
 Lingers, and only waits and stays
 Till it may sail on villanelle and spiral virelays

VII

They gave the lorn note wings,
 What time they touch'd the trembling strings
 Singing of Avalon, the haunted isle,
 Far over-sea, delectable, so long awhile
 Sought on horizons ever vanishing.
 In voices piercing sweet I heard them sing,
 Until the far sea-island floated, lo,
 Full near, with opal gates, and towers aglow
 In gems of emerald and warm ruby hues,
 Soft-lighted, under evening's deep'ning blues:
 So near, and yet I could but know,
 I could but hear, mid their heart-piercing strain,
 That all the sweet was only born of pain,
 Seeing that no man shall that isle attain;
 Dream, dream, aye, all a dream, and are not dreams but
 vain?

Yet out of dusty cities, parching lands,
 I saw men lifting up imploring hands
 For on them, too, the gracious vision shone;
 And they were moved, and ill-satisfied,
 The while they heard thee, and their hearts out-cried,
 "O thither, bring us thither, Wistful One."

AMONG FRIENDS

Dr. Morton Prince has accomplished a feat that makes Jean Valjean's tour of the sewers of Paris pale into insignificance. He has explored the depths of Prussian psychology. No one who had not had experience in probing the ignominies of the subconscious and the diseases of submerged desires could have been courageous enough to undertake the task. We must not forget, however, that in 1915 he undertook the Augean task of examining the mind of the Kaiser. In Dr. Prince's latest book, *The Creed of Deutschtum* (Badger), he has shown the same lucid treatment of a difficult subject, as characterized *The Psychology of the Kaiser*, which, by the way, is included in the present volume.

In the schoolroom—if my memory does not fail me—a pupil's grasp of a subject was gauged by his ability to put it in his own words. Those who were a little bazy as to the meaning of the author, played it safe and stuck to the phraseology of textbook. When I find a psychologist who uses human language, I know I have found a master. This ought to encourage Dr. Prince; since, of course, his reputation as a psychologist is in so much need of eulogy from review columns.

Do I hear some one exclaiming that *Deutschtum* hardly can be called human language, being German? After all, we must not forget that Goethe used it, unless we follow the German line of reasoning anent Shakespeare, and agree that Goethe was English anyway.

For those who consider it unpatriotic to remember their German, let me explain that *Deutschtum* means the state of mind of Germany. Adequate ventilation is now in order.

Dr. Prince gives a very enlightening account of Prussian militarism, theoretical and practical. He compares the American and the German viewpoints, and discusses the American conscience during 1914-1915. He does not shrink from giving examples of German horrors; for as a nation thinks, so is she.

I was most interested in the last chapter, *A World Consciousness and Future Peace*. Just as an individual's subconscious self is the product of all his life, so a nation develops a subconscious self. Into that personality go all its desires, its fears, its hatreds, and its aspirations. The real ruler of any nation is this subconscious mind or national consciousness. But over and above this is the world consciousness which we can reach by deep reverie. Psychology permits us to look forward to the time when a noble world consciousness shall manage the affairs of men.

I may be wrong—although of course such a supposition is highly improbable to say the least—but I believe there is no doubt of the hardiness of a love of liberty which springs up even in German soil. Such rare spirits receive sympathetic treatment from Warren Washburn Florer, who is already familiar to readers of *Poet*

Lore. His new book is *German Liberty Authors* (Badger's Studies in Literature). He considers those men who wrote against oppression.

Schiller was a believer in the common sense of the people. He recognized that the man whose very breath is freedom cannot live without liberty, and that the divinity of humanity will maintain itself.

No poet has recorded the simple faith of the people in more beautiful language than has Peter Rosegger in his wonderful novel, *I. N. R. I.*

Sundermann worked for dignity, self-possession, and individuality.

It remained for Max Kretzer to catch the melody of the beatitudes, quietly hummed by the down-trodden in the industrial city, Berlin.

In *Jorn Uhl*, Frenssen attacks the pastors in the pulpit who do not know the life and needs of the hearers.

It is a strange irony that the covenant of the German novelists considered in this volume has been this: "Love is the spirit of humanity; and service, its law. To dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love, and to help one another."

It is quite certain from the evidence of the case that Oedipus never was familiar with those wonderful precepts of the Church of England, beginning with "a man may not marry his grandmother" and containing a complete list of female relatives equally forbidden and almost equally undesirable. You would know that the man who had the courage to marry a woman literally old enough to be his mother, would find the solving of the sphinx's riddle a mere trifle. Greek cosmet-

ics must have been really wonderful if a woman Jocasta's age could have no difficulty in hooking a conquering hero like Oedipus.

The really pathetic part of the story seems to be that Oedipus did not go blind until after he had left Jocasta. Certainly, the Greek gods had a peculiar way of managing things when they punished a man for a deed of heroism instead of rewarding him.

But, of course, like all the wonderful stories of mythology the story of Oedipus has a hidden meaning which it remained for psycho-analysis to discover fully. One has only to watch the family of one boy and one girl to see the passionate devotion which exists between the father and daughter, and between the mother and son.

Most of us are familiar only with that portion of the Oedipus myths occurring in Sophocles. Of course, there are many more, and all of them have received discussion in *The Crimes of the Oedipodean Cycle*, by Henry Newpher Bowman (Badger). To be sure, not all of the stories are such reading as we should recommend for the young and innocent (if there are any); but the book is of great value to the understanding of any Oedipus play. It should be invaluable to those who would read in English what is perhaps the world's most intense and dramatic story.

Golden Words from the Book of Wisdom by F. A. Wightman (Badger) is a new grouping of those wonderful sayings found in the Book of Proverbs. As the editor says, he has taken the gems which were strung together haphazard and rearranged them according to their quality and coloring. The effect is very successful.

It is wonderful to see how readily these maxims combine into a very practical and entirely modern moral guidebook.

Mr. Wightman has selected such headings as: *Concerning Servants*, (How useful!), *A Short Course in Business Principles*, *Who Are Your Companions?* and *Danger Signals*.

Other valuable additions to Badger's *Library of Religious Thought* are

The New Life, by William Alexander Bodell.

The Secret of Successful Life, by William W. McLane.

Soul Crises, by James William Robinson.

Saved as By Fire, by Cecil F. Wiggins.

Religious Revival And Social Betterment by F. A. Robinson.

Of vast interest to those interested in questions of spiritism is the new volume by William C. Comstock, *Thought For Help* (Badger). This work contains all the previous volumes of which Mr. Comstock is the amanuensis. The book is particularly valuable, since there is no possibility of questioning the sincerity of the writer.

Rev. Joseph A. Milburn, Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago says in his foreword:

"In the early afternoon of life the writer of this treatise came, through the urgency of a great sorrow into possession of a remarkable gift—the gift of inspirational writing. It is an old gift, but in the writer of this volume it has taken a new form. It operates with him in the high regions of metaphysics, and it is almost singular in the history of inspirational writing in the con-

secutiveness of its ideas and the orderliness of its method.

"The message commands our attention because of the dignity of the gospel it embodies, and also because of the unusual process of authorship. Taken in its scope, I know of no utterance that in its metaphysics and morals is more exalting than the redemptive word that comes to us through this writer. There are many notes of magnitude and hopefulness being struck on our letter-day ethical philosophies, but so many of them are deficient in the fundamental requirement of any really illuminative system of thought—the requirement of sanity."

An extremely valuable study in comparative religion is *Zoroastrianism and Judaism* by George William Carter, Ph. D. (Badger's *World Worship Series*).

Because of the war, the contemplation of world maps and the consideration of humanity's history have become objects of intensive study. For this reason, the study of Iranian religion and the career of Zarathustra become timely topics; the *Zend-Avesta* has become a war-document.

Since the war sprang from the excessive egoism of the Teuton, the personality of Zarathustra becomes of special interest, especially when so many point to Nietzsche whose chief work of super-ethics is *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

Like a Persian rug the *Zend-Avesta* is made up of many bright strands, the patient unweaving of which has been the work of Dr. Carter's study. The work is authoritative, for the author has gone back to the ancient literatures themselves.

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