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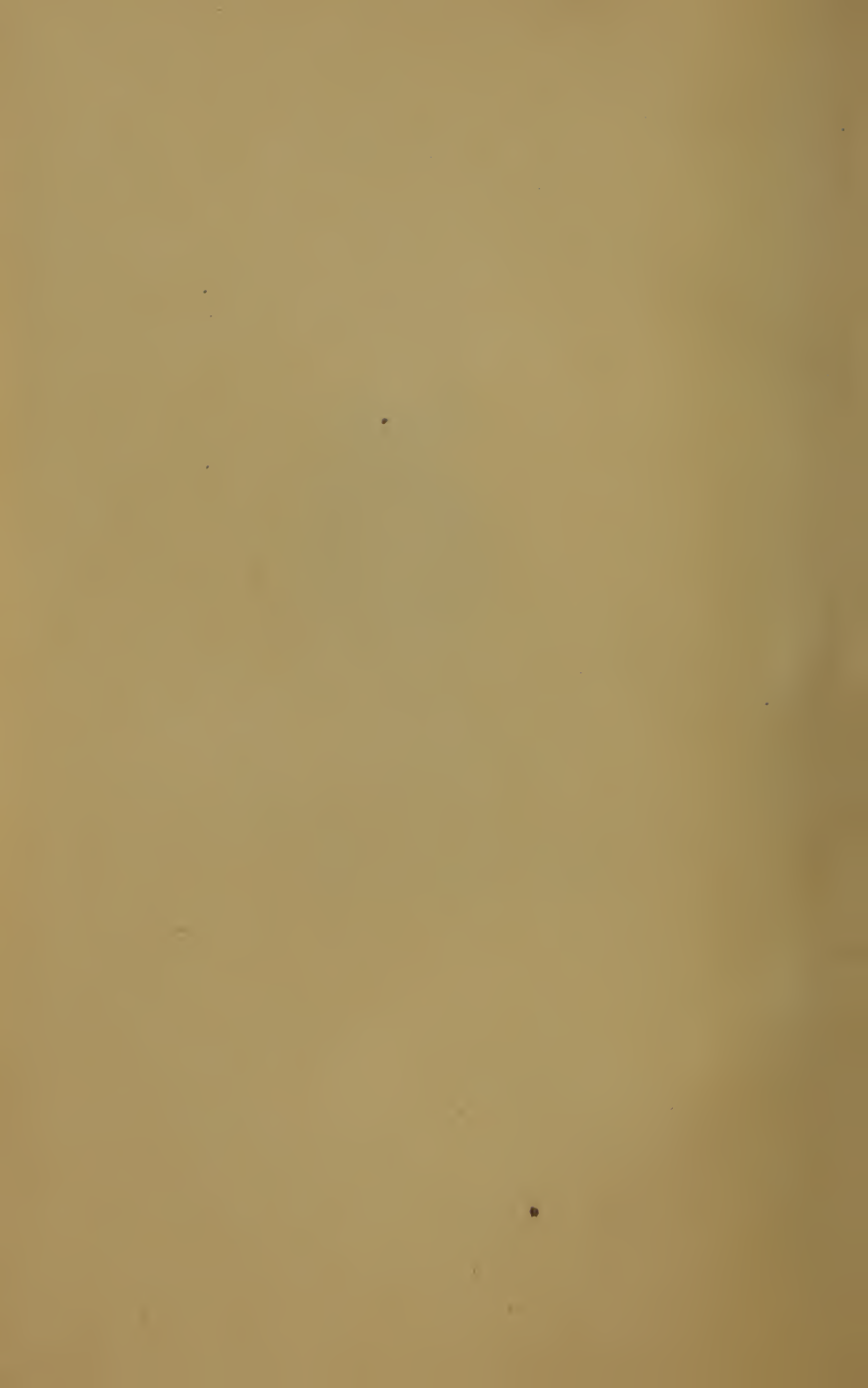
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# The Quest for Happiness

BY  
ALLEN DAVIS



FRENCH'S STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York





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# THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

AN AMERICAN MORALITY PLAY

IN

THREE ACTS AND EIGHT SCENES

300  
—  
937

BY  
ALLAN DAVIS ✓

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no. 2

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TO

PAUL M. PEARSON



## THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

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The play is in three acts and eight scenes. There is no scenery except a set of curtains. The lighting is colorful and rich; the costumes, fanciful. There are seven songs. Although there are twenty-nine speaking parts, the play is to be acted by not more than twelve actors.

### SCENES

#### I

The Home of Happiness.

#### II

The Palaces of Dreams.

#### III

The Halls of Expectation.

#### IV

The Golden Tide.

#### V

The Market Place.

#### VI

Same as Scene III.

The Halls of Expectation.

#### VII

The Fields of Hunger.

#### VIII

Same as Scene I.

The Home of Happiness.

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The music, composed by Gabriel Hines, for the songs contained in the play can be had on application to SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York.

# THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

First presented by the Chautauqua Association of  
Pennsylvania at Cape Charles, Va., June 9, 1916.

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## CHARACTERS

In the order of their appearance.

THE MASTER OF THE SHOW  
GOSSIP  
THE INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN  
THE MOTHER OF HAPPINESS  
THE FATHER OF HAPPINESS  
STRENGTH  
DREAMS  
HAPPINESS  
MONEY  
VIGILANCE  
FALSE HOPE  
CAREER  
CELEBRITY  
GOOD TIME  
DISCOURAGEMENT  
AVARICE  
PRIDE  
FORGETFULNESS  
DESPERATION  
HUNGER  
DEATH  
TEMPTATION  
PASSION  
INTEMPERANCE  
DISHONESTY  
DEFEAT  
TRUE HOPE  
FRIENDLINESS  
PATIENCE

# THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

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SCENE: *The stage is any stage on which there can be hung velvet curtains divided in the center, with a similar pair four or five feet behind them, and a third pair at the back of the stage, with space beyond them for a back drop. The sides of the stage may likewise be masked in by curtains. No other scenery is required.*

*The stage directions are from the point of view of the actor.*

*The house lights are dimmed, and the stage lights come up.*

THE MASTER OF THE SHOW comes forth from between the first pair of curtains. He is clad in a rich, dark-blue silk costume of the Queen Anne period—white perizwig, three-cornered hat—bears a tall wand, and a very large hand-mirror.

MASTER OF THE SHOW—

I am the Master of the Show.  
You know me not? Yet he am I whose rôle  
Is played upon the stage of every soul:  
The mirror that I hold up to your view,  
Reflects the image not of me, but you;  
And, therefore, who I am, you were and are  
And will be, while dim chaos holds a star.  
I am humanity,—its deeds and dreams,  
Its flesh and soul, its marvelous extremes:  
I am the picture of your very life,

8 THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

Your home, your voyages, your peace, and strife,  
Your happiness dissolving into tears,  
Your youth progressing into length of years.  
Behold in me the shadow and the light,  
The anchored thought, the heaven-piercing flight,  
The one deep story of your heart of hearts,  
Unknown by all, save you, till life departs.

Of all the splendid miracles of being,  
Of swarming marvels past all grasp and seeing,  
I show you but a sapling of a story,  
Whose leaves are touched with youth's sweet golden  
glory.

What spring shall dawn above it, and what storms  
Among its branches break; what shocks and harms  
Befall it; and what blossoms and what fruit  
It shall uplift in adoration mute,  
You soon shall witness.

Lo, the stage is set:

It is the Home of Happiness—and yet  
The girl is sad, not having her desire.  
This having said, I beg leave to retire;  
And this last secret tell you as I go,  
That you, not I, are Master of the Show.  
(*He exits*)

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ACT I

SCENE I

THE HOME OF HAPPINESS

*As the MASTER OF THE SHOW retires, the first curtains divide, disclosing a velvet-draped room to the full depth of the stage. (The intermediate pair of curtains are of course drawn*



and out of the way.) *There are a sofa, chairs, and a table at the left, and a grand piano at the right. Between the divided curtains at the back is caught a glimpse of harvest fields in the rich and mellow light of the mid-afternoon.*

*From between these curtains enters GOSSIP, a nervously brisk woman, gray-haired, clad in black. Her voice is heard before she appears.*

GOSSIP. (*Off stage*) Have you heard the news?—Indeed they do say—(*She comes upon the stage, as if expecting to burst upon a group of neighbors with her intelligence*) It's perfectly scandalous—(*She stops, seeing nobody. Her tone changes*) Well, there's no use telling a scandal if nobody hears it.—(*Imparting a secret*) You see my name's Gossip. I live in this town. Everybody knows Gossip, and I am free to say Gossip knows everybody. What's more I know everybody's business and everything about everybody. What I particularly know is every cupboard where there's a skeleton. I can see right through the wood. Sometimes I can see skeletons where there aren't any. That doesn't matter. If they aren't there, they ought to be. So it's all one. I go nosing here, there, and buzzing everywhere. "Have you heard the news?"—"Indeed they do say that she—well, you know!"—I magnify trifles. I am an artist and a conjurer, a mistress of fiction, a marvel of imagination. You think a thing's a mole-hill—Gossip goes nosing around it—Gossip starts her buzzing, and lo!—it becomes a mountain. That's why I'm so remarkable. People who envy me say I don't do much good, and a tremendous amount of harm. (*Gleefully*) Why do I do it? I don't know, I suppose it's in me, and I like it. I'm a wonderful person. I think that I hear somebody coming. (*She goes to the back and looks off left.*

*With venom and disgust*) It's Influential Citizen. He thinks he's more important than I, but just wait till I get after *his* skeleton. Pompous old fool, donkey, hypocrite, grinder of the faces of the poor, miser, cheat, cut-throat, whited sepulchre—(INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN—the typical small town skinflint enters. *He wears a frock coat, black string tie, black soft hat, uncreased.* GOSSIP with an instant change speaks in her most honeyed tones) Why, how-do-you-do, Influential Citizen!—I'm so glad to see you.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*In a sharp tone with a hint of the New England accent*) Howd'y Gossip. So little Miss Happiness is goin' t' leave us, eh? I told her father once he begin to put in this new-fangled furniture and pianny, no good 'd come of it.

GOSSIP. Just what I said.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. And now the huzzy wants t' go to the city, does she? To make a singer out of herself!! Huh! (*He grunts*) Well, I'll tell her father what I think uv him.

GOSSIP. They do say that young man Dreams is going along with her.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Never was no good, never will be. Allus up in the air.

GOSSIP. And it's just breakin' the heart of Strength.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Strength? Ugh! he's got new-fangled ideas too. Says this town needs improvements. I don't see nothin' needs improvement. Suits me.

GOSSIP. And you such a liberal, kind-hearted soul!

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Well, I know what's right.

(*Enter right, the MOTHER OF HAPPINESS, a charm-*

*ing low-voiced woman, simply but becomingly gowned.)*

GOSSIP. Why how do you do, Mother of Happiness.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Good afternoon, Gossip. Good afternoon, Influential Citizen.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Dropped in t' visit with you, seein's how we heered your daughter was going away to the city.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. We've used our best efforts to persuade her to remain, but she insists on going. I don't know what to say. Youth that does not realize how hard parting is!

GOSSIP. Is it true that Dreams is going along with her?

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Yes. (GOSSIP and INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN *exchange meaningful glances*) In a way I'm glad of it. She'll at least have somebody from her home town with her.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. The fool boy wants to be an artist, don't he? I don't see nothin' in bein' an artist. Nor a musician neither for that matter. Ain't nothin' in it. Your husband ought a know better'n to stand for all this foolishness.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Softly*) You see she's our child.

(FATHER OF HAPPINESS *enters from back, a substantial, quiet, self-contained farmer. He nods to GOSSIP and INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN.*)

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*With a brief nod*) Howdy.

GOSSIP. (*Simpering*) Why how do you do, Father of Happiness.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Hy.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*To MOTHER OF HAPPINESS*) Is our daughter ready yet?

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Painfully*) She's just finishing packing.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Bitterly*) In pain they're born. You raise them, and you sweat for them, and you deny yourself for them. There's nothing too good for them in the world. They're closer to you than your own heartbeats. Then all of a sudden they go away from you without so much as "by your leave." That's children.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Laying her hand on his arm*) She's not really leaving us,—only going away for a time.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. Why doesn't she marry Strength, and settle down in the village as you and I did?

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. You and I missed much, Father.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Well, you don't look none the worse for it. (*To FATHER OF HAPPINESS*) I don't agree with you about that young man Strength. Got too many new ideas. Wants to put in new plumbing and water supplies. How's he goin' to do it? Raisin' taxes? I won't stand for no raisin' taxes.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. Nobody knows where he's going in the Great Beyond. But if you happen to go to a certain hot place, and some friendly devil should propose to put in electric fans and an ice plant, you'd object because it would raise the taxes.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Well, it ain't my funeral—yet!

(*Enter STRENGTH from back—a quiet, serious, manly young man. He wears blue serge.*)

STRENGTH. Good afternoon. (*Exchange of greetings*) I've come to say good-bye to Happiness before she goes away. (*Turns to GOSSIP and*

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN) I suppose you're here to do the same.

GOSSIP. (*Sugary*) Why, of course, Strength. How could we think of letting the dear child go without wishing her Godspeed?

STRENGTH. (*Humorously*) And finding out all the facts about her going to give you food for talk, eh?

GOSSIP. (*Simpering*) How you do joke.

STRENGTH. Where is Happiness?

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. She'll be down directly.

GOSSIP. (*To STRENGTH*) And she's going with Dreams.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Yes, he's to accompany her

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Carpingly*) Well if he's going he ought to be here now.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. He is—out in the garden, looking at the flowers!

STRENGTH. (*Pleasantly*) Well, there's a need for flowers, too.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. He doesn't grow them. He only enjoys them.

STRENGTH. That is a great gift. (*Enter DREAMS from the right with an armful of the flowers of the harvest season. He is a young charming boy, wears a Lord Byron collar, a large loose silk knot for his scarf, with a silver ring; and speaks blithely*) I'm glad to see all of you. It's so pleasant of you to have come to bid us good-bye.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Ugh! What've you been doin'? Pickin' flowers? Nice business.

DREAMS. Aren't they wonderful! Old careworn, brown earth speaks patiently through them. They are her music, her color, and design. How they struggle from the unfolding, indomitable seed through the helping and the hindering soil. How they lift their heads mutely into the sunlight.



How they stand as symbols of imperishable youth and the ever-renewing dreams of the world.

GOSSIP. (*Overcome*) Ain't that just grand!

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Talk don't buy no bread and butter.

STRENGTH. Some talk does. Why begrudge us anything that takes us away a little from the grindstone and the rut and the treadmill of existence?

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Well, young feller, when you've ground the grindstone and walked the rut and trod the treadmill's long as I have, you'll sing a different tune.

STRENGTH. Maybe, but I hope not.

DREAMS. Where is Happiness? We must soon go.—

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Calling*) Happiness—

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*In distress*) She'll be going fast enough; don't hasten her.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. She'll miss her train— (*He calls her again*) Happiness!

HAPPINESS. (*Off stage*) Yes, father, directly.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. She'll be here in a moment.

(HAPPINESS *enters*,—*a beautiful young girl in white lawn*.)

HAPPINESS. (*Brightly and cheerfully*) Hello, everybody! (*Greeting them*) Gossip! Influential Citizen! and (*Taking his hand*) Strength! It's good of you to come to bid me good-bye.

GOSSIP. (*Hypocritically*) It breaks my heart to see you go, but when you have such a wonderful voice, it's a shame not to cultivate it—(*In an undertone to INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN*) She has no more voice than a frog.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*To HAPPINESS*) Why

don't you stay to home and help your mother?  
No good in singing.

HAPPINESS. (*To him*) I'm sorry you think so.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. I've always said it. I don't know this young generation no more with their improvements and their singin' and their paintin' and their water supply and all that kind of stuff. Our grand-parents before us never had them notions. Don't see no reason why we can't live on in the same way.

GOSSIP. (*Sugary*) You have such a strong judgment. (*To HAPPINESS*) He has no more judgment than a rabbit.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Carpingly*) What's the use of goin' away to the city and spendin' all that money? Stay here and live the way you ought to.

HAPPINESS. (*Flaming up*) Not the way I ought to, but the way you want me—all of us to—in your narrow hard way that crushes the soul. Live here! What is there here to live for? If there's one thought in this town that's above the mire, you'd try to kill it. I don't want to stay here and be like you.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. My dear, you can be yourself wherever you are.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Bitterly*) No good talking mother, it's the impatience and selfishness that have come over the young! In my day we didn't think of these things. We were content to make sacrifices if need be.

HAPPINESS. What good would my sacrifice be? You and mother don't really need my help, and I'm not taking anything from you. The little money that grandmother left me will see me through.

STRENGTH. (*Gently*) Don't you see you're leaving them quite alone?

HAPPINESS. (*Surprised*) Strength, you of all would not have me stay?

STRENGTH. Yes, I of all. I do want you to sing.

I do want you to make much of yourself. I would encourage you to go if I felt that you were going rightly; but I'm afraid that you're not going for the sake of your singing first and above all. You're going because you're impatient of this place and its people, going because you can have a better time some place else. Here is where you really belong. Here are little children waiting for you to help them. Here are young girls whose comrade you might be. You want to sing? Think of the hundreds of singing hearts there are here to whom you might give voice and music.

DREAMS. But think of the larger fields that she might conquer. With her voice, her soul, she can sing to thousands instead of to tens.

STRENGTH. You're not thinking of their pleasure and of their satisfaction, but your own.

HAPPINESS. The two go together.

STRENGTH. I've pleaded with you so often, you know all my arguments.

HAPPINESS. Need you repeat them?

STRENGTH. (*Regretfully*) I suppose not.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Well, stayin' here don't do no good. Good-bye Happiness. Hope you come to your senses pretty soon. Comin' Gossip?

GOSSIP. D'rectly, d'rectly. (*To MOTHER OF HAPPINESS in a whisper*) You know they do say about Influential Citizen that there's a black bottle back of the screen in the drug store he takes a nip at regular, the old hypocrite, and as for women— (*She puts her hands up*)

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Calling her*) Gossip!

GOSSIP. Yes! Well, I must be going. Good-bye, good-bye Happiness, I hope you will be a very wonderful success. Good-bye, Dreams, take good care of her. (*She joins INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN up-stage—sarcastically*) Ugh! Dreams take care of Happiness! You and I know *how* he'll take care of



her. You know they do say—(*Buzzing she goes off stage with INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN*)

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. I'll get your things ready, Happiness.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. I'll see the team's hitched.

(*The MOTHER and the FATHER OF HAPPINESS go off left of stage. The light of the afternoon deepens gradually from this point on, becoming more mellow and golden moment by moment.*)

DREAMS. (*To HAPPINESS*) You'll want to say a few words to Strength. I'll come back for you. (*Humming he goes off at the back*)

STRENGTH. (*To HAPPINESS*) So you're really going away. I can scarcely believe it.

HAPPINESS. Yes, dear Strength, I must. I'm strangling here. Oh, it's all so frightfully narrow, the lives, the occupations, the thoughts of all these people. It's fairly killing me.

STRENGTH. Did you ever stop to think that perhaps its killing them too?

HAPPINESS. What would you have me do?

STRENGTH. Stay here, help in the building of this place, the building of lives. Instill part of your own great soul of happiness into all the souls that are hereabouts. There's the Community Club: we're trying to do things, to give the men new ideas in their work, the women in their homes, the town in its ways of living. How you could help!

HAPPINESS. Never, Strength. My heart's not in it.

STRENGTH. It might be.

HAPPINESS. What a world divides "it might be" from "it is."

(A quartet is heard off-stage singing "Serenade."  
The song continues until the end of the scene.)

*Serenade*

Clouds flow white before the moon,  
Sky and earth are sweet with June,  
Dew-filled roses scent the air,  
Making every wind a snare,  
Fledged with petals pink and white,  
All for love and love's delight.  
Life with life is fondly mating,  
Come, my dear, your love is waiting.

Glow-worms blink among the trees,  
Leaves swish silk-like in the breeze:  
Smooth and cool the river flows  
Under willows in repose;  
Water lilies, pale as snow,  
Wait your coming, love, below.  
All the world, my queen, implores you,  
Come to him who so adores you.

HAPPINESS. (*As the song begins*) What's that?

STRENGTH. The quartet of our Community Club coming to serenade you.

HAPPINESS. I never knew you had a quartet.

STRENGTH. We've just started. I'm trying to lead them, but I'm pretty poor at it. But you could make this whole village and all these hills ring with song.

HAPPINESS. (*Impulsively*) Ah, don't begin again.

STRENGTH. (*With a change*) Don't go, dear.

HAPPINESS. (*Softly*) Why, Strength!!

STRENGTH. (*As the song continues*) I love you—You've always known it. You're the mean-

ing of life to me, its beauty, its passion, its power, its mystery. You're your own dear self—my first love and my last. Don't you see what you're going means to me?

HAPPINESS. (*Touched*) Dear boy, I'm sorry. (*Pause*)

STRENGTH. (*Disconsolately*) You don't love me? (*She does not answer. There is a pause. STRENGTH recovers himself*) You are the happiness of my life. I shall always love you, remember that; always be ready to serve you, to come to you when you call, to receive you when you come to me.

HAPPINESS. I'll remember.

(DREAMS *re-enters.*)

DREAMS. (*Giving a hand to HAPPINESS and STRENGTH*) Ah, dear Happiness, dear Strength, what a wonderfully bewitching world this is:—song in the crisp sunlight of the autumn, beauty in the shadows of the clouds on the waving grain. And what a still more majestic beauty lies beyond those hills—the city with its gaunt sky-scrapers, and the soft breezes blowing through the chiselled granite of its streets, and the great armies working in its factories and offices and shops, and life—life, marching as an army with banners. Think! Think! what awaits us there!

HAPPINESS. I go gladly with you, Dreams.

STRENGTH. (*With deep feeling*) Good luck go with you.

DREAMS. (*To STRENGTH*) Come to see us when you can.

STRENGTH. Thanks.

HAPPINESS. Good-bye, Strength.

STRENGTH. (*Bowing above her hand and kissing it*) Good-bye, Happiness. (*Hand in hand, HAPPINESS and DREAMS go out at the back. STRENGTH stands alone in the center of the stage looking after*

*them, as amid the blending voices of the song in  
the deeping light*

*The curtain falls*

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SCENE II

THE PALACES OF DREAMS

SCENE: *The first curtains divide, disclosing the second curtains half drawn. The drop behind the curtains at the center shows the sky-line of the city. It is an autumn night.*

*From the back emerges MONEY, in his Saracen helmet and long coat of scale mail reaching to his knees. All of him is gold, even his hands and face.*

MONEY. I am Money, and I have gone before Happiness and Dreams to make their path smoother in this great city, which is the Palace of Dreams. I am the legacy that the old grandmother left to Happiness, and there is no legacy that is so welcome as money, and there are few things that money cannot do. I have cut these streets and built these palaces. From my hands go forth the ships upon the seas and the trains upon the land. For me everybody fights and struggles and lives and dies. I am the compeller of lives. With me come ease and breadth and power and luxury, the fierce beauty of gems, and even life's fleeting glimpse of Romance. Without me there is poverty, hunger, and distress; meanness and desolation and death. I am the most excellent of servants. I am the jinnee that lurks in the sealed bottle. I am the secret of Aladdin's Lamp; the benefactor or the tyrant; the greatest blessing or the greatest curse.

I am curious to know what Happiness will do with me, and what this young man, Dreams, who accompanies her, will advise her. Hark, I hear them coming. They must not know yet that I'm a living thing, and that through all my arteries pulses liquid gold. Now that they have me they do not know my power; but if the time should ever come when they have me not—but we shall see. (*He goes out right*)

(*Enter left DREAMS and HAPPINESS.*)

HAPPINESS. And this is the city! With what slender majesty those buildings sweep aloft.

DREAMS. Can you hear the throbbing of the million lives?

HAPPINESS. And there lies all that I would be: fame and power and a glorious memory. I'm grateful, Dreams, that you've led me here. (*VIGILANCE a gray-haired official looking woman stands at the center of the divided curtains*) Who's that?

DREAMS. How stern she looks!

HAPPINESS. Who are you that regard us so intently?

VIGILANCE. I am Vigilance, the watchful care that lurks in the bottom of your own minds. You think the city is a palace of dreams. Be careful. You may find it a slave pen or a prison.

HAPPINESS. How everybody warns and threatens! Have I not a mind, and haven't I thought it all out? I must go forward. I must obey the instinct that urges me on. I shall die if I don't.

(*At the right behind HAPPINESS and DREAMS comes forward FALSE HOPE, a lovely girl made up to resemble a rainbow. She has a very large many-colored ruff extending from the back of her neck far above her head. Her manner is light, petulant, teasing, childlike.*)

FALSE HOPE. (*Brightly*) Well said, Happiness.

HAPPINESS. And who are you?

FALSE HOPE. I am Hope. There are two of us. My older sister wears dark clothes and people call her True Hope, while me they call False Hope. That is *so* unjust. I am not false. I only tell people to do what they want to do, and tell them that what they want to do will always turn out right.

HAPPINESS. I like you, False Hope.

DREAMS. And I, too. We three shall be good friends. (*To HAPPINESS*) Follow me, always; don't be afraid.

VIGILANCE. I've told you to beware. I can do more. And you too, Dreams, with your fancies and lovely thoughts and good intentions, be careful of False Hope. (*She stalks off to the right*)

DREAMS. What a curious old party it is! "Careful," and this to me! My law is not care but freedom.

FALSE HOPE. Good! Be free! Only in freedom can you be happy.

HAPPINESS. (*To FALSE HOPE*) Shall you go with me?

FALSE HOPE. False Hope will not leave Happiness so long as Happiness makes a friend of Dreams. Ah! Here come my friends, Career and Celebrity.

DREAMS. I have heard of them. I shall be happy to meet them.

(*CAREER and CELEBRITY in evening dress and overcoats enters at the right. CAREER is a young man—has a small waxed mustache; he is quietly and immaculately dressed. CELEBRITY is rotund, wears long hair and a full short beard. His accent is somewhat German.*)

CAREER. Ah, False Hope! well met. You have long been away from the gay lights.



CELEBRITY. (*In his German accent*) Upon my vord, dear girl, I've misst you.

FALSE HOPE. Happiness, may I present Career and Celebrity? (*They greet one another*) Career and Celebrity, our new friend, Dreams.

CELEBRITY. It is gut to see young faces in the city.

DREAMS. I've come to study art.

HAPPINESS. And I to sing.

FALSE HOPE. You could not find a better teacher than Celebrity.

CAREER. You have a good presence. But have you a voice?

HAPPINESS. I think—that is, I don't know.

FALSE HOPE. (*To the men*) Charming modesty.

CELEBRITY. Come to my studio to-morrow. Let me try your voice. Ve shall soon know. Put it needs no hearing. You *must* have a peoutiful voice vit that fine young body. (*Tentatively*) Of course, I am an expensive teacher.

HAPPINESS. Oh, I've money. I can pay you well.

CELEBRITY. (*Relieved*) Ah so? Ve vill consider the matter settled. I do not like these sordid details.

FALSE HOPE. (*To CAREER*) And when she can sing well, you will find a place for her on the stage, won't you Career?

CAREER. Seeing that Happiness has money, I'm sure it won't be difficult.

CELEBRITY. No, I'm sure it von't. (*Bowing gallantly*) Until to-morrow then.

HAPPINESS. Good-bye, Maestro Celebrity.

CAREER. (*To FALSE HOPE and DREAMS*) I shall see you soon, I hope?

DREAMS. (*Gratefully*) Yes, thank you.

FALSE HOPE. (*Smilingly to CAREER*) False

Hope is never very far from Happiness when she seeks a Career.

CAREER. (*To FALSE HOPE*) We understand each other. (*CELEBRITY and CAREER go out at the left*)

FALSE HOPE. (*To HAPPINESS and DREAMS*) Now come, dear friends. False Hope will lead you on. Oh, the wonderful happiness that awaits you! With Money running before you, with Celebrity to teach you, and Career to light your way, with False Hope to urge you on, and Dreams by your side, the palaces of this glorious great city will soon be yours. (*They go out at the right*)

*The curtain falls*

END OF ACT I

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ACT II

SCENE III

THE HALLS OF EXPECTATION

SCENE: *From the first curtains emerges a vivid attractive little woman called GOOD TIME. She is in a young woman's evening dress, a vision of loveliness.*

GOOD TIME. My name is Good Time. I'm something that everybody wants and few get, and I have as many faces and forms as there are people in the world. I am both longing and content; labor and rest; striving and peace. I am the dream of the poet; the conquest of the warrior; the perfection of the artist. I am brightness, gayety, and joy. I am the bubbles of the wine. I am the fresh, fine strength of men. I am the perfumed hair and gleaming shoulders of women. I am lights and



jewels and furs, Persian rugs, and Oriental tapestry. discreet servants and wide halls of laughter. I am everything and nothing: the satisfaction of the deepest instincts of humanity,—a forgotten memory of a day that is no more. I am a will o' wisp,—grasp me and I am nothing; let go of me, pursue me, and I am the haunting vision of life. These are my halls, the Halls of Expectation. Here are the young girl Happiness and her comrade, Dreams,—here with her friends, False Hope, Career, Celebrity, and Money, the strong, the mighty, who is my best friend.

*(Music and laughter off-stage. Many voices unite in singing the "Drinking Song.")*

#### DRINKING SONG.

Drink 'er down, drink 'er down,  
 Drink 'er down, down, down,  
 Drink 'er down till you're happy  
 From your toes to your crown.  
 A long pull, a strong pull till bottoms are up,  
 And drown all your troubles in the depths of the cup.

GOOD TIME. *(As the song proceeds)* Do you hear? Life beats in their ear drums and tips of their fingers. Passion for enjoyment intoxicates their senses. I shall soon join them and go among them: I, the Good Time that they adore.

*(The music and singing have been growing louder. Now as they reach their climax, the curtains divide. A circular table magnificently laid is at the right, a grand piano covered with silken shawls at the left. At the table are seated HAPPINESS, facing the audience, DREAMS to her left and MONEY to her right. Next to DREAMS is FALSE HOPE and to her left is CELEBRITY.*

*The chair next to MONEY is now vacant. It is the seat of GOOD TIME. Adjoining it sits CAREER. Next to CAREER is VIGILANCE. All are attired in evening dress so far as may be without divesting the rôles of their characteristic costumes; for example, MONEY wears his coat of mail, but it is open at the front and he has on evening shirt, waistcoat, collar, and tie. He wears his helmet. FALSE HOPE still wears her rainbow contrivance like an enormous ruff or collar extending upward from the back of her neck, but her dress is décolleté. As the curtains divides, GOOD TIME steps into the scene, the song comes to an end, and the diners applaud.)*

ALL. Well done; fine; good; let's have some more.

MONEY. (*Rising and holding the chair for GOOD TIME*) Good Time, you must not leave us.

HAPPINESS. Not even for a moment.

DREAMS. We'll miss you so. You are the life of our feast.

GOOD TIME. You must not make so much of me now that I am here, or I shall go again.

VIGILANCE. Let her go.

ALL. (*Rising*) Old croaker. No, you must not go—We won't hear of it—Not for a moment, oh, please remain.

HAPPINESS. Good Time, don't leave us. We shall be very lonely without you.

GOOD TIME. Oh, well, if you insist.

ALL. We do; we do.

GOOD TIME. Then I shall remain, but only on condition.

DREAMS. Name it, dear lady, and it is performed.

GOOD TIME. (*Continuing*) Let us have a toast to our lovely hostess, Happiness.

ALL. (*With approval*) Yes, yes, a toast, a toast.

MONEY. Celebrity, you are the oldest.

CELEBRITY. I like dat.

ALL. (*Striking the table*) Yes, yes, Celebrity.

(*VIGILANCE stands to one side.*)

CELEBRITY. (*Half-rising*) I yield—against my wishes.

(*Laughter, cries of "Hear," "Hear."*)

GOOD TIME. Hush, let us hear the toast.

CELEBRITY. (*Rising and holding aloft his glass*) In the few monts dat Happiness has been vit us, she has become one of ourselves. I can testify that she has vorked hard at her singink, and I prophesy dat vit time she will become one of the golden memoried songbirds of life. To Happiness,—to Dreams her leader,—To Money her knight-protector and man-at-arms,—to False Hope, her inspirer, and to Good Time, her comrade—All hail!

(*Cries of "Hear," "Hear" . All rise rapturously crying out, and as they hold out their glasses to HAPPINESS, their voices merge finally in the one sound "To HAPPINESS, all hail."*)

HAPPINESS. Thank you, all of you. You make me very happy.

GOOD TIME. (*Leaping upon a chair*) Let us have music and song and laughter and dancing. Good Time is among you, make the most of her.

ALL. Yes, yes, music and song and laughter and dancing.

(*CELEBRITY in the meantime has taken his place at the piano and the instrument resounds with the sound of syncopated melody. The song can be any popular song. All join in the words, when*

GOOD TIME *leaping on the table, dances wildly, amid the applause and cries of the others. When the music comes to an end, GOOD TIME is lifted off the table by CAREER and MONEY. The others amid hurrahs and exclamations shove the table off right to clear a space for dancing. Then all join hands, whirl around rapidly, execute the grand change, dance a few steps of the one-step, again join hands and whirl around. The music and dance come to an end.*)

VIGILANCE. (*Suddenly still*) What's that?

FALSE HOPE. (*A little tipsy*) You're hearing things, ole dear.

VIGILANCE. Hark, don't you hear it?

GOOD TIME. (*Shivering*) You are chilling Good Time. (*A hush falls upon the crowd*)

VIGILANCE. There don't you hear it? There it is. (*There is absolute silence on the stage. From off-stage is heard the voice of STRENGTH singing part of the "Serenade" of the first scene.—Triumphantly*) There you hear it at last!

GOOD TIME. Yes, at last. Now you have driven Good Time away. (*She goes over to the corner right front, and sits down with her back to the others*)

FALSE HOPE. (*To VIGILANCE*) Now see what you've done.

VIGILANCE. (*To HAPPINESS*) Don't listen to them. Harken to the purity of that song, and then look at this—(*With a motion of displeasure*)

DREAMS. I know that voice.

HAPPINESS. And I, too, Dreams. It is—(*STRENGTH appears at the center back at the head of the two steps*) Strength. (*She goes to him, giving him both of her hands*)

STRENGTH. Happiness.

HAPPINESS. Welcome, Strength. (*Turns to others*) This is my old friend, Strength. Strength, my friends, Money, Celebrity, and Career, Vigilance, Good Time, and False Hope. (*They exchange greetings. To CELEBRITY*) Play on, let's have more dancing. Strength is one of us.

(FALSE HOPE *has approached* GOOD TIME.)

FALSE HOPE. Oh, do get up Good Time, and join us.

GOOD TIME. (*Pouting*) I don't like that young man, Strength.

FALSE HOPE. Old sulks. (*She walks away, the dance begins again, with less spirit this time. It suddenly stops*)

HAPPINESS. What is the matter?

FALSE HOPE. Good Time won't join us.

GOOD TIME. (*Rising. Speaks quite formally to HAPPINESS*) I have enjoyed your dinner party so much, dear Happiness. It was quite a success, but I really must go.

ALL. Ah, don't, don't.

GOOD TIME. (*Insistently*) But I must.

HAPPINESS. (*Quite formally*) So sorry, dear. I hope we'll see you soon again.

GOOD TIME. Good-night everybody.

ALL. Good-night. (*She goes out at the back. The others are disposed about the room, singly or in pairs. CELEBRITY is still at the piano. DREAM is at the right hand of HAPPINESS, who is at the center; to her left a little down stage, is STRENGTH. To the right of DREAMS is VIGILANCE*)

VIGILANCE. (*To HAPPINESS*) Good Time is not a very faithful friend.

DREAMS. It is her nature. She is as light and fleeting as the perfume of the violets of spring.

HAPPINESS. (*Frowning*) I don't like to see her

spoil our evening for us. Look, everybody in the dumps. (*To STRENGTH*) What shall I do?

FALSE HOPE. (*Joining them*) Sing, play, dance once more. (*To STRENGTH*) Won't you sing for us?

STRENGTH. I sing rather poorly.

HAPPINESS. Oh, anything just to keep the bubble floating.

STRENGTH. (*Laughing*) Thanks for the compliment.

HAPPINESS. I didn't mean it that way. Do sing for us, Strength.

STRENGTH. (*Cheerfully*) I am nothing if not obliging. (*He sings his song, "The strong-winged day is over."*)

#### THE STRONG-WINGED DAY.

The strong-winged day is over,—  
 Rest!  
 Warm-dry burrow, cover,  
 Nest,  
 Shelter the furred and feathered  
 Lives:  
 The bees are gathered in their weathered  
 Hives.

My thoughts awake, unresting,  
 Roam—  
 Devoid of shelter, nesting,  
 Home;  
 And ever they are singing  
 Clear  
 Of you, the goal of all their winging,  
 Dear.

(*At the end of the song there is fragmentary applause.*)



FALSE HOPE. (*To CAREER*) Rag-time for mine, Old Top.

HAPPINESS. (*To DREAMS*) That won't bring Good Time back. Let's have singing and dancing again. Perhaps she will return. (*To CELEBRITY*) Play your loudest, your strongest, and your best. Let us forget these old thoughts and slumbering memories. Play as you never played before. (*He responds, playing with power and vigor. The others take up the song once more. GOOD TIME appears at the rear*)

FALSE HOPE. (*To HAPPINESS*) Here Good Time comes again. Don't seem to notice her. Let's lure her back with louder music, wine, and laughter. (*They play and sing once more. GOOD TIME rushes from her station at the back and flings herself with abandon into the rout. STRENGTH and VIGILANCE stand to one side*)

HAPPINESS. (*As the music plays more softly*) Join us Strength.

STRENGTH. (*Standing aside*) Join me, Happiness.

HAPPINESS. (*Laughing*) And be out of it—ah no! (*As the dancing proceeds and HAPPINESS comes a little left of center, VIGILANCE stops her*)

VIGILANCE. Don't you see where your true interests lie?

HAPPINESS. They are here amid the light and the rhapsody of youth.

VIGILANCE. Blind. Blind. (*She goes out left. (The whirling steps proceed gaily now. HAPPINESS and STRENGTH stand face to face at the center, having detached themselves from the circling others.)*)

STRENGTH. (*Moodily*) Dearest.

HAPPINESS. (*Brightly*) Ah, not here.

STRENGTH. I love you. With every passing day, I love you more. And the nights flow round me stifflingly with the thought of you. Come away from all this lightness and trifling to the high places that are yours.

HAPPINESS. If I do, I shall lose Good Time, and I like her so.

STRENGTH. You will find her in other surroundings, and more constant in mind.

HAPPINESS. I have begun and I must go on.

STRENGTH. And your home, your parents, your people, and your work?

HAPPINESS. I shall do my work here.

STRENGTH. Can't I say anything to change your mind?

HAPPINESS. Nothing. You are keeping me from my guests. (*She holds out her hand meaningfully*)

STRENGTH. You are bidding me go?

HAPPINESS. Our thoughts cannot agree. Your song stills our song—your presence dismisses Good Time. Parting is best.

STRENGTH. (*With a helpless gesture. He then brightens up*) Good Time, I commend Happiness to you. Be as good and true to her as you can be—and when you go from her—as go you will—let it be without pain—(*He goes out humming the notes of "Serenade"*)

HAPPINESS. (*As the song fades in the distance, FALSE HOPE and GOOD TIME approach HAPPINESS, she puts her arms round them*) False Hope and Good Time, I love you too well to part with you for hard-faced Vigilance and prosy Strength. Let the dance go on.

(CELEBRITY plays "The Drinking Song." All sing and dance. In the midst of the wild gayety,

*The curtain falls*



## SCENE IV

## THE GOLDEN TIDE

*(Discouragement, a tall, slender, wan-faced, black-gowned woman enters from between the first curtains.)*

DISCOURAGEMENT. There are shades of color even in black. In the small town, you saw Gossip, spreading rumors as thick as a flight of crows against the twilight skies. In the city, you saw Vigilance, bidding Happiness be careful. Now you see me, who am Discouragement—she of the downcast eyes and drooping shoulders; she whose principle in life it is to say, “what profit is there beneath the sun?” When Money vanishes; when False Hope goes; when Good Time disappears; when Celebrity is no more; when Career is a forgotten hope, when Dreams have no power, and harsh life alone, gigantic, stripped of falsity and illusion stands forth, sheer and stark as the eternal mountains, then I, the daughter of the shadows of night, step forward. Discouragement fares not in the sunlight, nor in the heyday of youth, nor when the senses are robbed of their true seeing by the false glamor of forgetful luxury. When the dance is over, then come I. When the music and the song are past and the flowers are withered and good company departs; when high expectations are not fulfilled; when the work of the hand falls short of the conceptions of the mind; when plans are broken and trust destroyed and comrades part, then am I, Discouragement, a faithful comrade. But in my companionship no one takes joy. I am Discouragement of the downcast eyes and drooping shoulders, and I lead down and down and down. But you shall see.

(*Slowly, in the half light, she disappears to the right. The curtains divide, disclosing the studio of CELEBRITY. The drop behind the last curtains represents a window looking out upon the city. CAREER is upon the sofa at the right, before which is a carriage for tea things; close beside it, above, sits FALSE HOPE, and to her left is CELEBRITY. All three are sipping their tea and nibbling at the cakes. Outside of the window, a snow storm. Near the foot-lights is a fender suggesting a fireplace*)

FALSE HOPE. (*Glancing at the window with a shiver*) U-U-Ugh it fairly makes me shiver to look out. (*With a change*) I do so like your studio, Celebrity. It is so warm, with such mellow and somber colors,—like a dream of a hundred years ago; and from every corner I fancy the old masters of music are peering at me and bidding me welcome.

CELEBRITY. Hee, Hee! False Hope vaxes poetical. She has been too much vid Dreams of late.

FALSE HOPE. At least, he is very young.

CELEBRITY. (*With a sigh*) My years undo me. Ven I vas young, I bartered my youth and slaved my soul away to become a Celebrity. Now dat I am a Celebrity, I am reproached dat I am no longer young.

(*CAREER and FALSE HOPE laugh.*)

CAREER. But where is Dreams?

CELEBRITY. (*Winking at him to make FALSE HOPE jealous*) He's out vit Good Time.

FALSE HOPE. (*Taking the bait, her eyes narrowing*) Oh, is he?

CAREER. Jealous?

FALSE HOPE. I? Jealous? Absurd!

CELEBRITY. They were seen at the opera together last night.

FALSE HOPE. Indeed!

CELEBRITY. Ah, come now, False Hope, don't

begrudge Good Time. She's very fickle and will soon leave Dreams; then for consolation he must come back to you.

FALSE HOPE. (*Clinching her teeth*) Just wait till he does. (*They laugh*)

CELEBRITY. (*Looking at his watch*) Almost time for Happiness. She has an appointment for a singink lesson vit me. I hope she comes vit Money.

FALSE HOPE. Mercenary creature.

CELEBRITY. (*In his accent, cynically*) Vell, if I velcomed all the little Happinesses that come to take singink lessons and had no money, I'm afraid dis room would not be a dream of a hundred years ago vit de ghosts of music masters in the corners, and ve should certainly not be enjoying teas and cake. My motto: No money, no Happiness. (*From the right enter HAPPINESS and MONEY. He bustles to them*) Ah, Happiness, I am delighted to see you; and you too, Money. Come, make yourself comfortable.

HAPPINESS. Thank you, good master Celebrity.

CELEBRITY. But you must not drink any tea or eat any cake, because drinking and eating before singink iss not gud.

CAREER. (*Giving his place to HAPPINESS*) My dear Happiness.

HAPPINESS and FALSE HOPE. (*Kissing each other*) Dearie!

FALSE HOPE. (*In an undertone to CAREER who has in the meantime come beside her*) Happiness is beginning to bore me.

CELEBRITY. (*To MONEY who stands center*) And how are you, Money?

MONEY. (*Bowed, weak and coughing*) Weak in the pins and there's something wrong with my tubes. (*He coughs*) I feel thin and going to pieces. Good Time leads too fast a pace for me to follow, and these late hours do me up. There's not much

of me left. I've sent for Strength to help me out. If he doesn't come in time, I fear that I must soon leave Happiness.

CELEBRITY. (*Shrewdly*) Yess, is dat so? (*He whistles softly*) Hush, don't say anything about it now.

(DREAMS and GOOD TIME enter right.)

DREAMS. Hello everybody.

GOOD TIME. Hello, Hello, Happiness. (*She kisses HAPPINESS and then turns to FALSE HOPE*) You old dear, won't you kiss me?

FALSE HOPE. I am not in the kissing mood to-day.

GOOD TIME. What have I done now?

FALSE HOPE. Oh, nothing at all.

DREAMS. We've been wandering through the picture galleries. It makes one fairly despair to see so much beauty hung up on those walls. Why, it would take months and months to enjoy it. Yet here am I trying to add my own little perishable firefly of light to those majestic suns.

GOOD TIME. (*To DREAMS, laughingly*) You don't work very much when I'm with you.

DREAMS. (*Gallantly*) Who wants to work when he is having a good time?

HAPPINESS. (*Rising and approaching CELEBRITY*) It is getting late, hadn't we better begin our lesson?

CELEBRITY. Lesson! Vat a horrit vord! You would not drive away our company? There will be no lesson now. You will sing for us.

HAPPINESS. (*Somewhat disappointed*) Just as you say.

(CELEBRITY goes to the piano and plays while the others are disposed about the room, mostly at

*the window at the back and at the fireplace. To the accompaniment, HAPPINESS sings "Remembrance."*)

REMEMBRANCE

Dim thoughts—where joy melts into pain—  
Drift through my mind like melodies,  
Or as the fragrant files of rain  
Slant through the new-leaved trees.

So many years, and words how few!  
I scarce could think I met you here,  
If all my thoughts were not of you,—  
So far away, so dear.

DREAMS. (*At the end of the song*) Lovely!

GOOD TIME. Adorable!

FALSE HOPE. (*To HAPPINESS*) She will win a career, and become a Celebrity.

HAPPINESS. Do you think so?

FALSE HOPE. I'm sure of it.

DREAMS. Think of the glory of standing before thousands of people and entrancing them with music.

MONEY. (*Disgruntled*) You will have to make a companion of hard work who is not here, and it will take much of my strength to smooth your path. Between Good Time and False Hope and Dreams I'm wasting away.

DREAMS. You're a worse croaker than Vigilance.

FALSE HOPE. Why you're strong as a lion.

GOOD TIME. Isn't Good Time worth it?

(*Remonstrating with him they take him to the back. CELEBRITY and HAPPINESS are near the piano.*)

HAPPINESS. Do you really think I sing well?

CELEBRITY. You have a very promising voice.

Vat you do vid it all depents. But—but (*Rubbing his fingers with his thumb meaningfully*)

HAPPINESS. Are you going to charge me for this afternoon?

CELEBRITY. Vell, it iss not a lesson, but still it has taken my time.

HAPPINESS. (*Coolly*) Oh!—very well. (*She opens her purse, and places a gold piece in the hand of CELEBRITY*)

MONEY. (*As if instinctively feeling her action although his back is turned, cries out*) What's that? (*He turns and sees*) The last straw. (*He bows as if his back were broken, and begins coughing*)

DREAMS. What's the matter? (*The others crowd round him*)

MONEY. (*With difficulty*) I—must—leave—

HAPPINESS. (*He moves right*)

FALSE HOPE. Ah, don't go.

MONEY. (*Dully repeating*) I—must—

DREAMS. (*To HAPPINESS*) You plead with him.

FALSE HOPE. (*In distress*) Happiness has lost her money.

MONEY. (*Gasping*) No, not lost—thrown away—on the fancies of Dreams, spurred on by False Hope, wasted by Good Time, squandered on Celebrity and Career. (*He makes for the left. Then to HAPPINESS*) And now Money must go. Who now will stand between you and the terrors that Money has kept away from you with the power of his arm? See there they are, there, and there, and there—

HAPPINESS. (*Crying out*) Where?

MONEY. You will know them soon enough if you can't see them. Haven't I fought them all these months, and built a wall between them and you? But the wall is destroyed, the strong right



arm lies nerveless, Money is ill and makes his way home to die. Good-bye, good-bye Happiness, good-bye Dreams, good-bye False, False Hope, and bad, Good Time Good-bye, good-bye. (*He goes out*)

GOOD TIME. (*Briskly*) Well, if Money is gone, this is no place for me. You can have money without a good time, but you can't have a good time without money. (*She follows MONEY*)

HAPPINESS. (*Rousing herself*) Now I begin to see what friends they were. Money required Vigilance to keep him, and Good Time required Money. Now I have lost them both. But let them go. False Hope and Dreams are still with me. I have my Career, I shall become a Celebrity. (*She turns to CELEBRITY*) When shall we have our next lesson?

CELEBRITY. (*Hems and haws*) That—is—to—say—ven you get Money.

CAREER. And I too must leave you for a while.

FALSE HOPE. Career, you cannot be so heartless.

CAREER. (*To HAPPINESS*) Well, I'll do what I can. Come to my office to-morrow and I'll give you work. But to sing before thousands, that's a different proposition. I'm afraid this means the bottom of the ladder.

FALSE HOPE. (*To HAPPINESS*) Accept it.

DREAMS. It's only the beginning, for the ladder reaches from the earth to the very skies.

FALSE HOPE. I will go there and work with you. I shall be beside you all the time cheering you on.

CAREER. Come False Hope. (*FALSE HOPE and CAREER go out right*)

CELEBRITY. (*To DREAMS and HAPPINESS, who remain*) You will excuse me. I have some counterpoint to do. (*He goes out left. DREAMS and HAPPINESS are left together*)

DREAMS. You still have your Dreams. I will not leave you.



HAPPINESS. How old and wan you have become.  
How sad your eyes are.

DREAMS. I shall not leave you, Happiness, and while you have Dreams you have the kingdoms of the world.

*(At the back suddenly stands revealed DISCOURAGEMENT.)*

HAPPINESS. *(Crying out)* Dreams!

DREAMS. What is it?

HAPPINESS. Look—there—there——!!

DISCOURAGEMENT. I am Discouragement, come to take the place of the false friends who have left you, and I shall be with you unless once more you become strong enough of heart to drive me away.

DREAMS. Go away now; we don't want you.

*(HAPPINESS breaks down and weeps.)*

DISCOURAGEMENT. *(To DREAMS)* I am that weeping and those tears, and when they cease I shall be the sadness of your heart. Until it changes, you cannot send me away.

*(A cry of "Happiness," "Happiness"! off-stage right.)*

HAPPINESS. Who's that?

DREAMS. It's Strength.

*(STRENGTH comes rushing on in great anxiety.)*

STRENGTH. Happiness!

HAPPINESS. *(Recovering herself—proudly)* Yes? What is it?

STRENGTH. Money has sent for me. He said he was going to leave you. On my way, I passed him tottering like a man in mortal illness. I've seen Good Time going in pursuit of him, and Celebrity and False Hope together. What has happened?

HAPPINESS. (*Distantly*) Nothing.

STRENGTH. Dreams, will you tell me?

DREAMS. I am only her Dreams. If she does not tell you, I cannot.

STRENGTH. (*To HAPPINESS*) Don't tell me if you don't want to. But if you need anything, let me help you. I shall count it a great happiness.

HAPPINESS. (*Drawing herself up*) I don't want you to help me. Do you think I am a child to be guarded? Why do you follow me?

STRENGTH. Why do you ask?

HAPPINESS. I will not listen to the voice of love while I have a personality to achieve and a career to gain.

STRENGTH. (*Pleadingly*) I'll be at your right hand. I'll follow you more faithfully than a slave who asks for nothing but to serve. I'll do anything you bid me do only to be beside you. Keep Dreams and all your other friends, but don't send me away.

HAPPINESS. (*Passionately*) You vex and trouble me, Strength; you disturb my thoughts and divide my mind. I want to follow the path I see before me which leads to where the snow-clad peaks stand in the eye of the sun—

STRENGTH. (*In pain*) Oh, don't,—that's not the path. You're heading for the swamp of misery and death.

HAPPINESS. If I am, be it my fault. I accept the burden of my own life. And now go and never come near me any more.

STRENGTH. (*Taking her powerfully into his arms*) You cannot drive me away. I'll come back again and again—I'll watch over you despite yourself. (*He kisses her*) I love you. Now hate me for that.

HAPPINESS. (*Still in his arms*) If ever I had a kind thought of you—it's dead. (*Releasing her-*

*self—to DISCOURAGEMENT*) Will you show Strength the way out?

STRENGTH. (*Between tears and laughter*) I could drive Discouragement away from you, and instead you're having her drive me away—oh, you fool—you—you *beloved* little fool. (*As he turns to go out*)

*The curtain falls*

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SCENE V

THE MARKET PLACE

SCENE: *Between the divided curtains enters AVARICE, an enormously fat man most gorgeously made up to represent a Turkish Cadi.*

AVARICE. Hello everybody! Don't you know who I am? I'm Avarice—I *thought* some old skin-flint or other in this audience would recognize me. My garments are Turkish, you see, but I am particular to no country and no climate. You will find me at the equator, where, whip in hand, I drive black, naked men to labor for me in the noisesome jungles. You will find me at the Arctic where clad in furs, I, the strong man, oppress my brother who is weaker than I, forbid him to hunt where I hunt, or to have as much bear-meat or blubber as I—And I love blubber! You will find me in many a small town where I consistently wear the same suit of clothes for ten years on end, make my wife slave in the kitchen, and refuse to buy her a new bonnet for Easter. That just shows you how sensible I am. In fact, wherever there is tyranny or oppres-

sion or injustice, you will find me. I am the old man of the sea, and I ride on the backs of humanity. They call me old system and wornout laws and the necessity of preserving private property. (*He laughs loud and long*) I rock with gales of laughter till I almost split my sides, because I know that I am only a big, fat, soft creature, with a hard head and a cruel heart who wants more than he ought to get, and poor fools,—you give it to me. If I am a grabber of lands and money and lives, don't blame it on my power but on your weakness. And now I will leave you, because I don't like to work too hard, and I have some more lines to say in this play. I would say fewer if the author would let me, but he insists on making me talk. Very frankly,—this is in confidence,—I don't like the author. He doesn't realize what an important creature I am, and he makes me tell all my secrets. But let him look out!! Some day he may fall a prey to Avarice himself. And now good-bye. Don't shed tears over my departure; I shall soon be with you again. (*With a magnificent strut he walks off*)

(*As the curtains divide, the office of CAREER is disclosed. As the right of the center is a large mahogany flat top desk. At the upper left, facing left, are two chairs and two imaginary typewriting machines. FALSE HOPE is at the upper imaginary typewriting instrument. GOOD TIME stands dawdling at the lower instrument. DREAMS is left of center with a feather duster in his hand. CAREER sits on the right hand side of the desk busy among some papers. At the upper end of the desk is AVARICE.*)

GOOD TIME. (*Laughingly to DREAMS at the left*)  
Why the woe-begone expression, Dear Dreams?

DREAMS. Why? Here are hands that were destined to hold a paint brush, and behold, a feather duster! I was supposed to paint glowing pictures, which should be hung on the walls of great museums; instead of which I am *dusting* the walls. (GOOD TIME and FALSE HOPE *laugh*) That's it, laugh! Between you two girls I heard the angels whistling, but the morning after! (*He holds his head between his hands*)

FALSE HOPE. It's improved your humor at any rate.

DREAMS. (*Lugubriously*) Oh, I've become a regular cut-up.

GOOD TIME. (*Going over to the right, while DREAMS and FALSE HOPE speak to each other at the left*) Ah, Career—Avarice.

AVARICE. Delighted, dear lady, delighted. Come kiss your uncle.

GOOD TIME. Bold, bad man.

AVARICE. (*Taking her in his arms*) I like nice little girls, with nice little curls, and nice little kisses that Avarice never misses.

GOOD TIME. (*Releasing herself*) Go away. (*She turns to CAREER*) Old plodder, haven't you anything to say to me?

CAREER. (*Petulantly*) You know I'm too busy for a good time. Besides—making up to Avarice under my very nose!

GOOD TIME. (*Sitting upon the desk*) Don't be peevish; you may kiss my hand.

AVARICE. (*Taking her other hand*) Nice little hand.

GOOD TIME. (*Smacking him lightly*) You are, too greedy.

AVARICE. You are too pretty.

GOOD TIME. Where is Happiness?



CAREER. (*Pointing off-stage right*) In one of the other offices.

GOOD TIME. How does she take it?

CAREER. (*Grinning*) Like a lamb, and after queening it among us too.

AVARICE. (*In tears*) It really was pathetic, poor child. (*They talk among themselves*)

(*MONEY enters the office from the left. He seems to have recovered from his weakness.*)

MONEY. (*To DREAMS*) Tell Career that Money wants to see him.

DREAMS. To tell you the truth, we all want to see you, Mr. Money.

MONEY. (*Brusquely*) Seeing's one thing, having's another. Take my card, you beggar, and step lively. Time's money. (*Hands him a gold coin*)

DREAMS. In that case I ought to be a millionaire. (*To FALSE HOPE, looking at the coin*) A gold piece. (*To MONEY*) You haven't an extra card you can spare? (*Ingratiatingly*) No?

MONEY. (*Thunderously*) No.

DREAMS. Oh, no! (*He walks right to CAREER*)

CAREER. (*Impatiently to DREAMS*) Well, well, well, what is it, what is it? (*DREAMS hands him the gold piece. Arising*) Money! give it to me, and show him in.

DREAMS. How easily money slips through the hands of Dreams. (*DREAMS goes left and MONEY crosses over to CAREER*)

AVARICE. (*Overcome,—sentimentally tearful*) Well, well, look who's here! Avarice loves Money like a brother.

MONEY. (*Withering upon seeing GOOD TIME*) What's she doing here?

CAREER. On a friendly visit.

MONEY. The visits of Good Time always seem

friendly, but keep her away from me. She makes my arms melt like candles in a hot flame. At her touch, I dissolve and vanish.

AVARICE. Good Time is a hot time some time.

CAREER. Hush, children. Here comes Happiness.

(HAPPINESS *enters between the curtains at the right. Behind her is DISCOURAGEMENT.*)

HAPPINESS. (*Starting somewhat at seeing those present,—then mastering herself she walks over to the desk and hands CAREER some papers*) You sent for these?

CAREER. Yes.

GOOD TIME. (*As if to greet her*) Why Happiness, my dear!

HAPPINESS. (*Formally*) How do you do.

AVARICE. Don't go Happiness. You're among friends.

HAPPINESS. Don't think me rude, but haven't we parted company?

MONEY. If you had not made so much of Good Time, you would not have made so little of Money.

HAPPINESS. You seem to have recovered from the shock.

MONEY. I am the servant of another. In the hands of the weak, I am weak. With the strong, I am mighty.

HAPPINESS. That is to say you are a slave of slaves.

AVARICE. My, what a peppery tongue she hath.

DISCOURAGEMENT. (*In an undertone to HAPPINESS*) Don't answer Money. Career and Avarice are his friends. You will lose your place.

MONEY. Right you are, Discouragement, she's too proud.

CAREER. No, no, I like spirit in my employees.



(*To HAPPINESS*) But not too much spirit, mark you that. Put it into your work and not your talk.

HAPPINESS. You need not fear, I shall earn my wage. (*She turns to the desk at the left*)

DISCOURAGEMENT. (*In an undertone*) Make up to Career, he likes you. Why should you work so hard?

HAPPINESS. Be silent, Discouragement; you weaken me. (*HAPPINESS sits at the lower imaginary typewriter, DISCOURAGEMENT beside her. Meanwhile the group at the right converse among themselves*)

DREAMS. You look very tired, Happiness.

HAPPINESS. Oh, it's just discouragement, I suppose.

FALSE HOPE. Don't mind, old dear, you'll still become a wonderful singer; but one must live, and if you have to work all day to pay for your music lessons, why it doesn't matter. Every beginning is hard. Just think of the end of the road.

DISCOURAGEMENT. Is there any end of the road?

DREAMS. Oh, I hate you, Discouragement. Happiness is the shining white throat of song itself.

DISCOURAGEMENT. But she can do so little without money. And Money would be her friend if she only made up to Career.

HAPPINESS. I'm making Money my friend in the only way I know. By work! (*She turns to her paper and typewriter*)

GOOD TIME. (*At the right*) Well, I must leave you, Career.

CAREER. Yes, back to the grindstone for me.

GOOD TIME. While I go fluttering through the sunlight like the butterfly that I am. Oh, how nice it is to bathe in the warm zephyrs, to float without effort through clear, blue pools of light.

MONEY. Yes, go. I am too much of the earth to follow you. When I try to fly, I only fall.

GOOD TIME. You are metal; and I, gossamer.

AVARICE. But this balloon would merrily spoon among the clouds that float in June.

GOOD TIME. (*Temptingly to MONEY*) Don't you like me a bit—not a wee little bit?

MONEY. (*In a conflict of emotions. Almost taking her in his arms*) You make me flame with desire, you lovely, poisonous flower that I hate, yet hunger for.

GOOD TIME. (*Laughing at him, and kissing her finger tips to all three*) Good-bye all of you, especially Money. (*She goes near MONEY*) Won't you kiss me?

MONEY. (*Shrinking away from her*) No, no, I'm afraid.

GOOD TIME. (*Laughing*) Of poor little me?—Avarice isn't afraid, are you?

AVARICE. Well, I should say not. (*He grabs at her—she eludes his grasp and makes for the door*)

GOOD TIME. Ta, ta, all of you. (*She goes left to DREAMS and the others*)

CAREER. (*At the right*) Good Time is a charmer, the greatest of them all.

MONEY. (*Shivering*) I hate her.

CAREER. (*Grimly*) And she loves you. Life is a joke!

AVARICE. (*Unctuously*) But we can't always laugh at it. Instead, it often laughs at us.

MONEY. (*To CAREER*) If you like Good Time, why don't you make up to her?

CAREER. (*Slowly, with passion-drowsy eyes*) Because—there's—another.

MONEY. (*Wonderingly*) Cold Career, you in love!

CAREER. I don't know what you'd call it, but with all the power of my lonely heart, I crave for—

MONEY. (*Quietly*) What?

CAREER. (*In a whisper*) Happiness!

AVARICE. (*Helplessly*) Well, I'll be—(*They speak amongst themselves*)

GOOD TIME. (*At the left, to HAPPINESS impulsively*) Ah my dear, can't we still be friends?

HAPPINESS. I'm here wringing out of the grapes of toil and misery a few precious drops of the wine of peace. Why do you come to trouble me? My soul is among the roots in the necessary soil of tasks that must be done. Why do you make me restless and dissatisfied by pointing to the white and pink blossoms in the soft bright air of spring? Go your way and let me be.

GOOD TIME. Yet I can serve you.

FALSE HOPE. Listen to Good Time, Happiness.

DISCOURAGEMENT. Why not?

DREAMS. (*Brightly*) Perhaps she has some mysterious key that will unclothe the lock of success. I'd like a little key of that kind myself.

HAPPINESS. (*In a violent conflict of emotions*) No, no, no.

GOOD TIME. (*Leaning over her*) Career loves you.

HAPPINESS. It's not love.

GOOD TIME. Then you *have* seen the tiny tongues of flame that play up in his eyes. Career longs for Happiness. He finds the peaks to which he has climbed barren and lonely. He needs—he wants you.

HAPPINESS. I don't love him.

GOOD TIME. Remember that strong Money is at his right side, and how powerful his soul is made by Avarice. He can give you anything your heart desires.

HAPPINESS. (*Rising*) I won't listen to you.

GOOD TIME. (*Preening herself for her departure*) Well, I've done my best for you. Suit yourself; but Happiness will never be friends with Good Time until she wins Career and Money.

DREAMS. (*To GOOD TIME*) Haven't you anything to say to me before you go? I was devoted to you.

GOOD TIME. (*Lightly*) Need we discuss the snows of yesteryear? (*She goes out*)

DREAMS. Good-bye, little snowball!

MONEY. (*To CAREER at the right*) She's penniless. You could have her for the asking.

AVARICE. I'll ask her for you.

CAREER. I'll do my wooing in my own way, but stand by my side.

AVARICE. I'll call her. (*Goes to HAPPINESS; touches her on the arm; and motions her to go to CAREER'S desk*)

DISCOURAGEMENT. Go to him. Life is so hard alone.

DREAMS. Listen to the honeyed words of Career, they are primroses and forget-me-nots. We'll leave you. (*DREAMS goes out left with FALSE HOPE and DISCOURAGEMENT*)

HAPPINESS. (*Going to CAREER at the right*) You called?

CAREER. Yes, but not on business.

HAPPINESS. (*Trembling*) Then w-why?

CAREER. Haven't you seen?

HAPPINESS. W-what?

CAREER. That I long for you with such a yearning that life without you is nothingness.

HAPPINESS. (*Looking into his eyes*) Do you love me?

CAREER. (*Hedging*) What is love?

HAPPINESS. It's hope and bravery and truth; it's devotion and self-sacrifice. (*Pause*) Would you give up your career for Happiness?

CAREER. (*Forthright*) I am Career because a thousand times on my upward path, I have killed my happiness. Because I have listened to the piercing sweet words of Fame and Money, because I have

wanted power and applause, and above all, my own approval of work well done, I have had no thought of happiness. Now that I have all these, I still long for you.

MONEY. (*Temptingly*) He will give you ease; bring back to your bosom light-hearted Good Time; bid me carry you in these strong arms and level down all obstacles before you. He will fulfill your dreams, and with fulfillment open up before you the wider unfulfilled. He will drive Discouragement from your side, and lead you home not a failure but a crowned success.

HAPPINESS. (*In doubt*) What shall I do?

AVARICE. (*Temptingly to HAPPINESS*) He will take you to the tops of the high mountains where he is. You will see far down beneath you the golden lands and the silver streams and the little creeping people who will look longingly up to you. He will make you a name and a loveliness, an echo of immortal song in the hearts of men. Listen to him. (*In the back suddenly stands revealed PRIDE, a woman clad in black velvet, trimmed with gold, and cut after the mediaeval fashion*)

PRIDE. Do you hear what they are saying?

(*The four others start.*)

CAREER. Who are you, and what are you doing here?

PRIDE. I am Pride, that saves many women when strength is gone. (*Turning to HAPPINESS*) Are you so mean a thing that you will listen to this tempting, you who have known true love beating in the heart of Strength?

HAPPINESS. (*Torn between conflicting emotions*) Save me, Pride!

PRIDE. I can only help you save yourself. What are these creatures offering you? Only what they



have. Will that still the unappeasable hunger of your heart for love? Summon Strength.

HAPPINESS. He's too far away.

PRIDE. Only want him and call for him, and he will be at your side.

CAREER. (*To MONEY and AVARICE*) Bind Pride. Don't let her speak.

(*AVARICE and MONEY seize PRIDE, and do as they are bid.*)

HAPPINESS. (*Crying out*) Strength, Strength, I need you Strength.

CAREER. (*Seizing HAPPINESS in his arms*) Your pride is stifled, bound hand and foot by my money. Now will you come to me?

HAPPINESS. (*Struggling*) No, no, no. Help, Strength. Help.

CAREER. You belong to me—for all time.

HAPPINESS. (*Struggling*) You've played upon my weakness and misery. I don't love you. Let me go.

CAREER. (*As she struggles with him*) You're mine, do you hear, mine—mine.

HAPPINESS. Strength——

STRENGTH. (*Appearing from the right; catches CAREER by the shoulder and throws him from her. To CAREER*) You, renowned Career, to bind a woman's pride and steal your happiness. (*Quietly*) Go.

CAREER. (*To HAPPINESS*) Leave my employ at once, do you hear? There is no career for you, you beggar upon the highroad of success.

STRENGTH. (*To him*) Get out. (*CAREER does so. To AVARICE and MONEY who stand trembling before him*) Unloosen Pride. (*They do so in fear*) How cheap you are with all your gold! (*MONEY slinks away. Approaching AVARICE*) And you——

AVARICE. Don't you hit me. (*He scampers off right*)

(PRIDE rejoins HAPPINESS.)

HAPPINESS. (*Holding out her hand gratefully to STRENGTH*) Thanks.

STRENGTH. Isn't it anything but gratitude?

PRIDE. Happiness thanks you for coming, but now that Pride is free once more, she does not need you. I can serve her just as well.

STRENGTH. (*To HAPPINESS, sadly*) You've always listened to everybody else but me, and now you're listening to Pride. Listen to the promptings of your own heart. I love you truly, and you only. There's not a thinking moment of my life that is not dedicated to you. You are my all in the world, my one story that takes me from among men and dignifies me with more than mere daily life. I love you.

HAPPINESS. But what of my ambitions and my dreams?

STRENGTH. Give them up for truer hopes and nobler ambitions.

PRIDE. (*To HAPPINESS*) And go his way instead of your own? Be yourself! You did not yield to Career—Now even though he helped you, don't yield to Strength.

HAPPINESS. (*Half-hysterically*) I want none of you—only to be left alone with my Pride.

STRENGTH. (*Imploringly*) Ah, my dear, my darling.

HAPPINESS. Let me alone.

STRENGTH. (*Pulling himself together*) I've done all I could, begged, implored, entreated. I shan't trouble you any more. It's over,—this is the end.

HAPPINESS. Very well then—the end!



*(With a motion of bitterness and pain STRENGTH pushes the scene away from him, as it were, and goes out left.)*

*The curtain falls*

END OF ACT II

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ACT III

SCENE VI

THE HALLS OF EXPECTATION

*(FORGETFULNESS, a young woman, with a costume of gauze ranging in shade from pale yellow to burnt-orange, with poppies all over her, enters.)*

FORGETFULNESS. I am the spirit of Forgetfulness. To me men and women turn when they seek the momentary freedom from pain that their aching senses crave. But there is nothing in this world given for nothing. Forgetfulness exacts her price, and she is always paid. Those who call upon me in weary sleep, pay by a few short hours of their lives; those who adopt means more violent pay more violent prices. I have every kind of Forgetfulness for sale; a moment of joy in the glint of the rainbow on a summer day; the deep absorptions of work; the calm of meditation; the weariness of labor; all these are mine. And mine are those fierce splendors, those barbaric pleasures that lurk in the mysterious distillations of flowers and weeds and the growing things of the poison of nature. You ask for wine? Pay me and you shall have it. Do you want more powerful spells, grander and

more terrifying visions? Pay for it, and you shall have the white powder which brings on waves of ease and relaxation, or that crimson flower of languor and cruelty which for the hour of happy visions will plant the tiger's claw in your heart forever. All these have I to offer, and many, many more. But you must pay your price for Forgetfulness even as you must pay your price for Good Time or for Money or for Avarice or Career or for Dreams or Strength or Discouragement or Happiness. You pay for everything you have; every heart beat balances the books; and there is no escape from the figuring of Fate.

Man has but these safeguards: his vision, the wandering and discovery of his venturesome mind, his power of will that keeps him steering straight to his course. I am at his service to do with as he wills. I sell to none but those who wish to buy, and my price is known to all. If you seek Forgetfulness, remember that you pay. (*She goes off the stage. The Curtains divide. It is the Halls of Expectation once more. CELEBRITY and CAREER, GOOD TIEM, FALSE HOPE, AVARICE, and MONEY have modified their characteristic costumes with some touch of masquerade. They wear dominoes, cloaks, masks or the like, but they still retain the distinctive features of their original costumes. STRENGTH is among them. A richly decked table at right and the piano at left. As the curtains divide, CELEBRITY is playing, the others dancing a one-step in pairs. STRENGTH in a richly beautiful clown's costume stands to one side near the piano. He is the prey to conflicting and violent emotions.*)

FORGETFULNESS. (*Approaching STRENGTH, while the music plays more softly and the dancers for the moment pause*) Why the brown study?

STRENGTH. (*Starting*) Why the question?

FORGETFULNESS. Still longing for Happiness?

STRENGTH. What's that to you?

FORGETFULNESS. (*Laughing*) Don't be a fool, my boy, she's not giving you a thought. Why don't you forget her?

STRENGTH. (*Earnestly*) I wish I could.

FORGETFULNESS. I'll show you how.

STRENGTH. (*Eagerly*) Will you?

FORGETFULNESS. (*Temptingly*) Yes. Join me in this dance, yield yourself to my arms and you will no longer remember.

STRENGTH. I will. (*He seizes her. Outcry and rejoicing on the part of all. "Strength seeks Forgetfulness." The music plays loudly and they whirl into the dance. The dance comes to an end. Laughter, cries. They form round the table right*)

GOOD TIME. (*To STRENGTH*) I'm glad to see you companioned by Forgetfulness. Dance, drink, be happy. It's the only way. (*She starts "The Drinking Song" followed by all the others in the chorus. At it's end, cries, applause, and laughter*)

(HAPPINESS, *clad as Columbine*, DREAMS *in a Pierrot costume*, and DISCOURAGEMENT *in a long full dress of dark lavender enter from the left.*)

DISCOURAGEMENT. (*To HAPPINESS*) You see, Strength did not really love you. Here he seeks Forgetfulness.

DREAMS. (*Woosingly*) Why should you think of Strength and his excesses when you can have the beauty and brilliancy of Dreams?

GOOD TIME. (*Catching sight of HAPPINESS*) Well, look who's here!

AVARICE. Happiness, as I live!

MONEY. (*Gruffly*) Happiness is a stranger to Money.

FALSE HOPE. But False Hope says she still can sing.

AVARICE. Sing for us Happiness. Even though we are not such close friends as once we were, we are good fellows all. We make you welcome; that is, for what you can give us.

DISCOURAGEMENT. Sing for Avarice, Happiness. He will bring back Money to you.

DREAMS. Who knows, perhaps Career will still be yours.

HAPPINESS. (*With half-hysterical resolution*) You want me to sing for you. Why not? What does it matter? Who will sing with me?

DREAMS. (*Brightly*) I, I.

HAPPINESS. (*To STRENGTH*) Will you?

STRENGTH. (*Bitterly*) Yes—to show you how little it matters.

THE OTHERS. Bravo! Strength and Dreams will sing with Happiness!

(*The Trio sing "The Masks."*)

### THE MASKS.

In Carnival Youth, when confetti  
 Makes rainbows at night,  
 And great is no better than petty,  
 And nothing is trite,  
 A mask met a mask at the Masking:—  
 Shall we say he was shy,  
 Nor she to be had without asking—?  
 Was it you, was it I?

Out carnival dance, dear confetti  
 Of laughter and light;  
 Who is this that cometh with pretty,  
 Small steps in the night?  
 A mask with a mask from the Masking:—  
 And whom pass they by?  
 One who knew not to venture in asking—?  
 Was it you, was it I?

(*The action of the song is so arranged that STRENGTH must feel himself deserted by HAPPINESS for DREAMS. At the end of the song, STRENGTH goes over to the table and pours out wine for himself.*)

STRENGTH. Come to me, Forgetfulness, I want no more thought of Happiness. Make me forget her, and that I ever loved her.

FORGETFULNESS. Forgetfulness is here beside you. You shall have her.

STRENGTH. (*Raising his glass*) A toast.

ALL. A toast. Listen to Strength.

STRENGTH. Here's to a free mind, and a lack of care. Here's to solitary bliss and bachelorhood, Good-bye to wooing reluctant Happiness, the selfish, the unfaithful. Here's to my new bride, Forgetfulness.

ALL. (*Draining their cups*) To Forgetfulness!

STRENGTH. (*Filling his glass again*) Once more, and still once more. (*Cries and hurrahs among the others*) Come here Forgetfulness, I love only you. (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her*)

DISCOURAGEMENT. (*To HAPPINESS*) See!

HAPPINESS. (*In great distress*) I can't stand by and see him do these things.

DREAMS. Why should you go to him? Come with me.

HAPPINESS. Think how he watched over me.

STRENGTH. (*Raising his glass*) Once more to Forgetfulness.

HAPPINESS. (*Who has crossed to him, touches his arm*) Don't.

STRENGTH. Why you don't care!

HAPPINESS. For your own sake.

STRENGTH. I lived only for you. Since you sent me away, what is there left?

HAPPINESS. We can still be friends.



STRENGTH. It's too late.

FORGETFULNESS. (*To STRENGTH*) Don't listen to her, listen to Forgetfulness. Come and sing once more.

STRENGTH. You sing, Good Time, and you, Forgetfulness.

GOOD TIME. Sing for yourself. I am too busy with my own good time.

HAPPINESS. (*Suddenly*) Sing, Strength, a song of your unforgotten thoughts. I'll help you. (*She sings "The Strong-winged day is over." Falteringly he joins her. Overcome with emotion, he breaks off in the midst of the song*) Don't stop.

FORGETFULNESS. (*To STRENGTH*) Leave her and come to me. You are my bridegroom and I am your bride. What has she brought you but misery? 'Tis I alone who have brought you peace.

STRENGTH. That's true.

HAPPINESS. (*To STRENGTH*) Don't seek Forgetfulness. Be strong.

STRENGTH. I will, Happiness.

FORGETFULNESS. You can't, you belong to me.

STRENGTH. (*To HAPPINESS*) You hear what she says.

HAPPINESS. I thought that you alone in all this world would prove true. And now you too have failed me. What is there left?

GOOD TIME. (*To CELEBRITY*) Drown out these sounds with music.

AVARICE. Let us dance and be merry.

CAREER. Let us say good-bye to Happiness forever, and make the most of Career and Money. (*All raise their glasses, drain them amid cries, and begin throwing streamers of confetti*)

ALL. (*Amid the showers of confetti*) Good-bye, Happiness.

STRENGTH. (*In anguish*) Good-bye, Happiness.

HAPPINESS. False, false all of you, even Strength.

DISCOURAGEMENT. Take Dreams and go with him.

HAPPINESS. (*To DREAMS*) Take me away.

CELEBRITY. Sing all of you, sing. (*He plays "The Drinking Song." All sing. DISCOURAGEMENT and DREAMS bear off HAPPINESS to the left. STRENGTH starts after them*)

FORGETFULNESS. (*Detaining STRENGTH*) You can't go after her now. You must pay the price of your forgetfulness.

*The curtain falls*

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SCENE VII

THE FIELDS OF HUNGER

(*The divided curtains show the Fields of Hunger. Night. HAPPINESS, DISCOURAGEMENT, and DREAMS enter right.*)

HAPPINESS. I can go no farther.

DISCOURAGEMENT. Yes, give up: there's no use going on.

DREAMS. Just a little farther. We'll soon come to shelter.

HAPPINESS. There is no shelter on the Fields of Hunger, save what Strength can procure. And I have sent him away!

DREAMS. (*Seeking to beguile her weariness*) There is joy left. Look up to the everlasting stars. See how brightly they glitter on the highlands of the world.

HAPPINESS. (*Drawing her cloak about her*) I am cold. The air is so keen.



DREAMS. It is the harps of the winds playing among the pines of the mountains and the great rocks of the cliffs—Hear how the stretched golden chords sing over the world in the glory of this night!

HAPPINESS. I am cold and hungry.

DREAMS. Hark, don't you hear the music? It lifts on great waves. It swings through the Universe. Ah, dear, open your eyes and see, and your ears and hear.

DISCOURAGEMENT. Song is futile and beauty is vain. (*To HAPPINESS*) Give up your Dreams.

HAPPINESS. I have nobody left but him now. If he should leave, I should have only you. We should both perish on this stony field.

DESPERATION. (*Emerging from the center back*) And like you are to perish as it is!

HAPPINESS. (*In terror*) Save me, Dreams.

DREAMS. (*With HAPPINESS in his arms—awed*) What dreadful being is that?

DISCOURAGEMENT. It is my twin-fellow, Desperation.

HAPPINESS. Go, go away from me. I don't want to see you. Your eyes stare at me with madness. You uproot my will and fill me with desperate imaginings. Go from me, Desperation.

DESPERATION. (*In a slow and measured tone*) I cannot go from you until you have strength enough to drive me away. Ten fold ten times stronger am I than Discouragement: yet you have let her trail at your skirts, and have not driven her forth. You have made *her* your companion. Now am *I* here, her twin-fellow, to dog you.

DREAMS. You are only a figment of the imagination—tragic, grotesque, a joke. You are nothing, Desperation.

DESPERATION. (*With menace*) Yet you fear me, and you will fear my leader even more.

HAPPINESS. Who is he?

DESPERATION. (*Drawing aside the curtain*) Behold my master, Hunger!

(HUNGER, a Castilian Lord, after Velasquez, strides upon the stage with his drawn rapier.)

HUNGER. I am the lord of Desperation. My piercing sword enslaves the world. Have you not heard of the pangs of Hunger? (*He lunges at DREAMS and HAPPINESS*) Now you feel them. Now and now. Soon you shall yield to my great captain—(*He raises his sword in salute*) the unconquerable victor, Death.

DESPERATION. (*To HUNGER*) Shall I show him?

HUNGER. Our captain comes to all, whether summoned or not.

HAPPINESS. (*Wildly*) I don't want to see him. I am afraid.

HUNGER. You cannot see him, yet he is beside you. As you walk through life he walks with you, closer to you than your very shadow, growing with you day by day, keeping step with your step, overtaking you at last as he overtakes everything that has been lifted into quivering life—silencer of all breath and sunderer of souls—Death!

(DEATH meantime has appeared left, a hooded figure with neither face nor hands showing. There is a grayish black gauze over his face, and he wears a black iron crown.)

DEATH. (*To HAPPINESS*) Happiness, prepare—prepare to meet the great and the utter void beyond. There no Dreams pierce through to trouble the sleeping heart, and Strength does not avail to stir

the unfluttering vestments of clay. Come. (*He holds out his arms from which the black folds hang*) Come to my arms, and from all your weariness and your broken heart, I will give you rest.

HAPPINESS. I dread you, I fear you, Death. Though Hunger pierce me with his dread sharp sword, and Desperation dog my steps, the life of this air is sweet to me. I don't want you, Death.

DEATH. Yet, sooner or later come to me you must as all men come. I wait for you.

DESPERATION. Why should you struggle?

DEATH. (*To HUNGER*) Do your office.

HUNGER. (*Lunging at HAPPINESS and Dreams*) Do you feel how my pangs shoot through you?

DREAMS. (*In agony—to DEATH*) Life for all its wrong is better than you, oh, heartless one.

DEATH. I wait, I wait.

HAPPINESS. I will run from you.

DISCOURAGEMENT. You cannot, you have no Strength.

(*TEMPTATION enters center back—a woman with a silver spangled dress deeply scalloped and not quite reaching her ankles. She wears three large ostrich plumes for a head-dress.*)

HAPPINESS. (*Crying out*) Is there no escape?

DISCOURAGEMENT. None—

TEMPTATION. I offer you escape.

DREAMS. You!—

TEMPTATION. Yes, I, Temptation, will keep you from Death. I have friends who are powerful. They will serve you if you but yield to Temptation.

HAPPINESS. Who are these friends of yours that I may see them?

TEMPTATION. Behold they come. Here is Passion.

(PASSION enters made up vividly in red, in a costume resembling flames.)

PASSION. (*Trying to take HAPPINESS into his arms*) Come to me. Be mine. Yield to the flames of my desire, and I will lave you in perfumed waters; swathe your limbs in the embroidered silken glories of the East, each filmy scarf an artist's dream; and spread before you food of unimagined richness: peacock's brains and conserves more delicious than hashish. For you shall the fountains play and the nightingales sing in gardens under the moon-smitten summer skies.

HAPPINESS. (*Repelling him*) No, no, honor warns me against you. You are an evil thng. You would cast me away like a rag.

(INTEMPERANCE steps forward, a young faun, in a leopard skin. Grapes in his hair. Reed pipes.)

INTEMPERANCE. (*Tipsily*) Listen to Intemperance. Be my friend, and you shall have wine and the music of Pan, and the enchantments that have lain this little flask since man first crushed the grape and found that the taste thereof made him a god.

HAPPINESS. You fill me with horror. You would bring me lingeringly to death.

(DISHONESTY appears—a pickpocket with a cap.)

DISHONESTY. (*Sidlingly, with suspicious, restless movements*) Then listen to me, doll, and get me right. They ain't nothin in bein' straight—my name's Dishonesty. What's the use of workin' when you can pick pockets and break into a house with your gat in your hand while they're all layin' asleep; and, say, if you get wise, maybe pull some of

the fine points of the game like bankers and the swell mob. No rough stuff, get me? String along wit me, and you'll have sensations, that's what you'll have. Honest, I'll plaster you wid di'mon's, so I will. It's a pipe.

HAPPINESS. No, I know you, Dishonesty, and what you would cost: sorrow, discovery like a sword above your head, degradation like an acid eating away all the fineness of the soul. No, no, I will not go with you.

*(DREAMS as if unable to endure further, sinks to the ground.)*

DISCOURAGEMENT. Dreams has fainted.

HAPPINESS. Now I have nothing left—not even a friendly dream to cloak me against the cracking skies.

*(In the distance, faintly, is heard the song of STRENGTH. "I Walk within the Rooms of Night." The song, growing more audible and sweet, continues off-stage.)*

### THE ROOMS OF LIFE

I walk within the rooms of night,  
A little hand doth lead me on;  
A little hand like jamine white,  
As if light through it shone.

The unseen cherubim sing low  
With fluttering wings before my face;  
And unborn souls move to and fro,  
And fill my heart with grace.

Nor sea nor land, nor sky nor air,  
Nor golden star, nor coffin clod,



But God in all and everywhere,  
And I myself in God.

A little hand of jasmine snow  
Doth lead me on, from height to height;  
Through woman's love, from all below  
Into the Room of Light.

DEATH. (*As the song begins*) Then you must come to me.

ALL. (*In a mournful wail*) Yes, you must go with Death.

HAPPINESS. (*To them—with dignity*) If I must, but not with you.

DESPERATION. (*Sharply*) Not so proudly—like a conqueror—there is no victory here for you. Before Death carries you away in his earth-encircling arms, you must know the bitterness of Defeat.

(*As DEFEAT appears before HAPPINESS, she sinks to her knees. He is a Roman soldier, with helmet, shield, and broken sword.*)

DEFEAT. (*Standing above her with his broken sword*) I am Defeat, the wreck and ruin of all your thoughts and hours. I am the last, last, depth to which you can go, even lower than Death. Before he gathers you up, you must submit to me.

HAPPINESS. Very well then, I *do* submit to you. I *am* defeated, but out of my Defeat I yet shall wring victory. Love was offered me, love the justification of this unhappy world, and I spurned it, oh fool, fool that I was! Now at the very end I know how true love was, and how it alone can save; and before I go down into the veiling stillness these words will I speak to love. (*To the accompaniment of music she speaks the words of "The night."*)



## THE NIGHT.

The night is as deep as a fathomless sea,  
The stars are few and their light is pale,  
But there's light in thy love, I shall not fail  
If I think of thee.

There's a gleam in my life like the evening star,  
A pure sweet light when I think of thee.  
Alas! thou art like a star to me.  
That I gaze on afar.

HAPPINESS. (*At the end of the recitative*) Now  
Death, I am ready.

DEATH. Come. (*Slowly, with bowed head she  
moves towards his outstretched arms*)

STRENGTH. (*Appearing at the end of his song*)  
No, not while she has Strength. Go from her,  
Death. By true love have I been called to her  
side, and here please God I shall remain. (*He  
speaks to HAPPINESS*) Bid them one and all de-  
part.

HAPPINESS. I am not strong enough.

STRENGTH. I am beside you.

HAPPINESS. But you left me.

STRENGTH. Even as you left me. Now we shall  
never part again. (*Indicating the others*) Now  
bid them go.

HAPPINESS. (*Like a queen*) Discouragement,  
you have veiled my eyes with clouds of blue. I  
will no longer abide with you. Depart.

(DISCOURAGEMENT *goes off-stage.*)

STRENGTH. And the others.

HAPPINESS. Desperation, oh evil twin of an evil  
sister, go away. Go. Go! and all ye others, now  
that Desperation has left me, I no longer fear you.  
Hunger, I shall yet be satisfied with food. Tempta-  
tion, if I did not yield to you in weakness, I will

not in strength. And you poor fustian Passion and Intemperance and Dishonesty, unhappy souls, go, go, from me,—Defeat, in knowing you, and admitting my defeat, I have won the greatest victory of all, which will free me from the pangs of Death. (*One by one, as if melting away like mists, the figures vanish.* STRENGTH and HAPPINESS and DREAMS are left. To STRENGTH) Your love has saved me.

STRENGTH. (*Kissing her hand*) And your love has redeemed me.

DREAMS. (*Who has revived during the fore-going*) Will you drive me away, too?

HAPPINESS. Ah, dear Dreams, we have walked together this many a day. What Dreams could do for me, you have done; but when grim Death stood over me, you could not help me.

DREAMS. Then I too must leave?

STRENGTH. (*To HAPPINESS—gently*) Let him come with us.

HAPPINESS. (*To STRENGTH*) Take me home.

*The curtain falls*

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SCENE VIII

THE HOME OF HAPPINESS

HOPE. (*Coming from between the divided curtains*) I am the spirit of Hope, not False Hope which lures men on with dreams and expectancies of what can never be, but true hope which sends a light down the beckoning darkness, and builds a fire on the frozen plains against the encompassing wolves. With hope men create victory out of the impossible. With hope they endure toils and stripes and the gallows and the stake that their souls may

shine like golden lamps in the dark valleys of humanity. With hope of a better day, they conquer worry and fear and the anguish of loss, and build a dream to overcome inevitable Death.

Winter comes to every soul—to some in the budding spring, and chills to death the many-colored blossoms of promise; to some in the summer of brilliant fruit and vivid plumage flashing in the light amid ecstatic song; to some in the mellow-drooping autumn of fulfillment, and with its gathered whiteness, leaves—what? Nothingness?—or Infinity?

Yet shall the lilacs blossom, and the orioles return, and upon the snow-patched hills, February's child the snow-drop, and the later trillium and toothwort and the delicate arbutus, sending up its snare of perfume, declare that wonders shall never cease; that life, the fair one, the miraculous, the darling, shall yet go on, eon after eon; that consolation awaiteth all men; and that there is happiness upon the sea-rimmed world.

Hope is the urge of life, the longing for a better good, for the attainable unfulfilled. Though life take its toll from all, while a man has hope he can pay cheerfully.

In hope Happiness has turned to Strength, forsaking the tender Dreams that did not avail her against the sternness of realities. Hope leads her steps homeward. Hope will give her a work to do nearer home where loyalty shall be like the shadow of a seraph's wing above her dwelling. And in later years when silver shall have touched her brow, and her renewing youth shall pass on with radiance to her children, Hope for the happiness of her daughters will still reign, in the memory of all that she has been, like unforgotten music in her heart of hearts. (*She goes off-stage*)

(*The curtains divide showing the FATHER and*

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS *somewhat older, seated on a settee at the right of the center of the stage. His hand is upon hers.*)

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Don't grieve, Father.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Acquiescing*) I won't.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Herself yielding to sorrow*) But only to see Happiness once more before the night closes and it is time to rest.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Trying to be cheerful*) You're a nice consolder, you are. You remind me of Zeke Clark in the market town. Old Zeke goes round saying, "Cheer up." And then he button-holes you and tells you there's a blight on the wheat, and the cholera's among the hogs, and widows and orphans on the increase, and the whole country going to the dogs!

(*Outside the quartet softly begin to sing "Serenade," as if they were passing the house. The song after a few moments fades into the distance.*)

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. I never hear that song that I don't think of her innocence: how she went forth from home like snow-pure maidenhood itself.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. And I, of the strong wilfulness that would not let her see that here was the resting place of her heart.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. If youth would only learn from age!

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. Wisdom is won with tears. How sad God must be at the endlessly repeated follies of humanity.

(*At the back appears FRIENDLINESS, a charming little old gentleman with a seamed kindly face*)

and iron-gray hair growing to his shoulders. His costume and appearance resemble that of FRANZ LISZT, although he is much smaller. He wears a long black coat and black gaiters, and carries a violin case.)

FRIENDLINESS. (*Pleasantly, at the back*) Am I intruding?

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Heartily*) No, no, Friendliness. By all means come in.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Our door is always open to Friendliness.

FRIENDLINESS. (*Bustling in—and rallying them*) I thought I might be interrupting a courtship. (*He sits down left of center—with exquisite cheerfulness*) The troubles I've had this day—the church organ wheezing and the choir girls giggling. (*Seriously*) In the most solemn part of the oratorio—the very most solemn part, I assure you—(*Benignly*) Really I was quite furious. And little Tommy Smith trying to play his violin without tuning, and his mother, that young snipe of a widow Smith, insisting that he was right and that I was wrong, detestable female!

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. You know you're fond of her.

FRIENDLINESS. Of course I'm fond of her. She has very nice red cheeks, and I taught her to sing and she sings well, and I played at her wedding, and I am trying to find her *another* husband, and she's a very lovely little person—but all the same she's a detestable female.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Oh, Friendliness, will you never grow old!

FRIENDLINESS. Shall I tell you a secret? (*In confidence*) When I looked into the mirror this morning, what do you think I saw?

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Smilingly*) What?

FRIENDLINESS. *One gray hair.*



(*Outside are heard the voices of GOSSIP and INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN.*)

GOSSIP. (*Loudly off-stage*) You know they do say.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Off-stage*) Don't take no stock in it. (*Their voices blend*)

FRIENDLINESS. (*With comical appeal*) Gossip and Influential Citizen. (*He turns round and round as if hunting cover*) Dear me, dear me, where shall I hide? (*Reseechingly to FATHER OF HAPPINESS*) You won't let Gossip bite my head off, will you? (*To MOTHER OF HAPPINESS*) When Influential Citizen says he "don't take no stock in music," I feel like hiding in my own violin case.

(*Enter GOSSIP and INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN at the back.*)

GOSSIP. Ah, good afternoon.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Howdy everybody.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. Won't you be seated?

GOSSIP. No, thank you. I've just heard a piece of news that I'm simply dying to tell you. Simply dying.

FRIENDLINESS. (*In a much-tried tone*) Oh, Gossip, you will never die.

GOSSIP. (*Haughtily to him*) I wasn't speaking to you.

FRIENDLINESS. But you will speak *about* me, heaven help me.

GOSSIP. (*Bursting with news*) Do you know what they say? That Dreams went bankrupt in the city.

(*FRIENDLINESS starts.*)

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. I feared as much!



INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Artist. Ugh! Poof! (*Snapping his fingers*) That's what his art amounted to!—Ran around with a hoyden called Good Time, who duped him and threw him over.

(FATHER and MOTHER OF HAPPINESS are unpleasantly affected but say nothing.)

FRIENDLNESS. Well, that's no great wonder. Now you wouldn't think to look at me that I am what the French call "an eater of hearts"—yet I have been the victim of one woman after another all my life long. (*Chuckling*) And very delightful, too, it has been.

GOSSIP. Always making light of things, aren't you? What do you say to this: Strength has taken to drink.

FRIENDLINESS. Do you mean that he has taken to drink or taken a drink?

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Well Strength and Dreams didn't amount to nuthin'. I said they wouldn't.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Don't say any more. I'm afraid you'll speak about my child.

GOSSIP. (*Hypocritically*) But how could we speak about Happiness? Such a lovely girl!

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Turning to MOTHER*) Don't be distressed.

GOSSIP. (*In an undertone to INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN*) Dear child, indeed! The way she carried on with Career and Money! Dear child! The tales they tell about her and—well, you know who I mean. I'm simply aching to tell them, but I'm afraid.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. I'm not. (*Turning to the others*) This is where the pianny and music and all that rot has led your daughter to, eh? You ought to've had better sense. Should a stayed tu

home where she belonged. Gone to rack and ruin all of 'em.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. Did you say all?

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*With a snap*) Yes.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*With difficulty*) My daughter, too?

GOSSIP. (*Weeping hypocritically*) Yes Happiness too, poor child.

FRIENDLINESS. (*To GOSSIP*) Quit your boo-hooing, you crocodile.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Well, it's true. Last I heard of Happiness, she was dying on the Fields of Hunger.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Distraught*) Dying!

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Overcome*) No!

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Maybe dead now for all I know.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Weeping in father's arms*) My little girl.

FRIENDLINESS. I don't believe it. (*HOPE and PATIENCE enter at the back. PATIENCE is a young lovely girl in a white graduation dress*) See, here are Hope and Patience. (*To HOPE*) Tell them that Happiness is still living and well.

HOPE. She is, dear Friendliness.

FRIENDLINESS. I love you for that, dear Hope! (*He takes her impulsively in his arms and kisses her*)

PATIENCE. In fact, she's coming home.

FRIENDLINESS. (*Believing it too good to be true*) Coming ho—ho—home! (*He precipitately releases HOPE and takes PATIENCE into his arms*) I love you for that, dear Patience! (*He kisses her—then he turns triumphantly to FATHER and MOTHER OF HAPPINESS*) See, what did I tell you!

GOSSIP. Tain't true.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Don't believe a word uv it.

PATIENCE. You needn't; but if you wait a little while you will see her with your own eyes.

HOPE. She's on her way here now.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Hardly daring to believe*) Are you sure?

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. Don't tell us good news if it's not true.

HOPE. She will soon be here.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*In an agony of suspense*) Happiness!

PATIENCE. (*Throwing back the curtain*) Here she is now.

(*STRENGTH and HAPPINESS enter followed by DREAMS who lags behind.*)

HAPPINESS. Mother!

MOTHER. My dear.

(*The girl goes to her mother's outstretched arms.*)

FRIENDLINESS. (*With a suspicious cough—to the FATHER OF HAPPINESS*) What the devil are you snivelling about!

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*To STRENGTH*) So you're home at last, eh? 'Bout time.

GOSSIP. (*To DREAMS—hypocritically*) And you, too, Dreams, how well you look! (*In an undertone*) He looks like a scarecrow!

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Sarcastically*) So you've been successful in the city, eh?

STRENGTH. Yes, thank you.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Successful! You with your improvements and your water supplies and your playgrounds and your singing club, I don't take no stock in 'em. Why don't you stay tu home and behave yourself?

GOSSIP. (*Hypocritically*) I've heard the sweetest

stories about you three young people, how fine and devoted you were.

STRENGTH. If I did not know how bitter and narrow your lives were, I could almost find it in my heart to hate you. You, Influential Citizen, would have rejoiced to see me come back in rags.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Threateningly*) You know who you're talking to?

STRENGTH. And you, Gossip, biting your fingers with disappointment because you have no wicked tale to tell, and uttering sugared words at the heart of each one of which lies coiled a little serpent!

Gossip. Why you—you—(*She breaks off speechless*)

FRIENDLINESS. For the first time in her life words fail Gossip.

Gossip. (*Baring her teeth*) Do they? Do they? Much he's got to talk about, the way he ran after Good Time.

DREAMS. (*Generously*) It was I who ran after her, not Strength.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. Then it was somebody else he run after.

STRENGTH. (*Simply*) Happiness has promised to be my wife. And now go all of you. I'm afraid I cannot do much work with you here, but at least I can work against you and your influence to make this town worthy of Happiness.

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Snarling, as he turns to go—to FATHER OF HAPPINESS*) He's no good, never was, never will be. (*To DREAMS*) No more than you.

Gossip. And as for Happiness, you know why she come home, she just had to.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. (*Angered*) What!

FRIENDLINESS. (*He advances upon INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN who retreats in trepidation, with Gossip before him*) You wall-eyed shark!

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN. (*Holding his crooked elbow above his face and going backward*) You let me alone. I'll have the law on you, I will.

GOSSIP. Me, too, you fiddle-scraper. (*They hurry off*)

FRIENDLINESS. (*Benignly as they go off-stage*) That's just exactly what I am.

MOTHER OF HAPPINESS. (*To HAPPINESS*) I'll get your room ready, dear, and then we'll talk everything over.

FATHER OF HAPPINESS. I'll return soon from the fields. (*He kisses HAPPINESS gently*) We'll try to make you happy.

(*The quartet approaching sing "Serenade" which continues as an accompaniment till the end.*)

FRIENDLINESS. We are all most truly glad to see you again, Happiness, dear child.

PATIENCE. How good it will be to have you back with us.

HOPE. You will make many others happy, and in that way you too will be happy. Patience and Hope will be your friends, as you walk like a radiant and beloved sister among us. Welcome home. (*She goes out with PATIENCE*)

FRIENDLINESS. (*Getting ready to go—to HAPPINESS*) Aren't you glad you're back?

HAPPINESS. Won't they say I'm a failure?

FRIENDLINESS. I have learned, my dear, not to be distressed by what "they" say. You tried and you did well, and destiny is destiny. (*Gently reminiscent*) When I was young, I thought that I too might find a covering for myself in some corner of the giant robe of Beethoven. But there are little rills and mighty torrents; there is the beauty of the cloud-challenging sequoia and of the tiny hepatica, half-hidden in the fallen leaves of



last autumn. We are what we are. Let us live loyally while we live—remembering that wherever there are human hearts, there is the possibility of Paradise.

HAPPINESS. Dear Friendliness. (*She bows her head, and he kisses her upon the brow*)

FRIENDLINESS. (*Speaking to STRENGTH lightly to hide his feeling*) I'm not what the French call an "eater of hearts," but if I were say forty years younger—! (*STRENGTH shakes his hands gratefully. To DREAMS*) Come to see me. I have some new etchings that might interest you.

DREAMS. (*With feeling*) Thank you, Friendliness. I shall drop in before I leave.

FRIENDLINESS. (*With a keen look at him*) Going? (*DREAMS nods*) I see. We'll say good-bye later. (*He pats him gently on the shoulder—then clearing his throat, he takes his leave humming "There was an old man, and he had a wooden leg."*)

HAPPINESS. (*Softly to DREAMS*) Don't be downcast, Dreams.

DREAMS. (*Trying to conceal the depth of his feeling*) I? Downcast? with the whole world before me?

STRENGTH. Won't you stay, and help us work out our destinies here?

DREAMS. That is your work, Strength. I belong there in the city, with its flare of brassy music; its blazing selfishness; its tumult and its strife.

STRENGTH. It means a long struggle: pain and loneliness, hunger, and separation from Happiness.

DREAMS. It will not be the first time. I am the better prepared. (*He then hands HAPPINESS a rose*) When little children are playing at your knees think of the Dreams that accompanied your girlhood.

STRENGTH. Good-bye, Dreams.



(DREAMS *turns to go.*)

HAPPINESS. (*To STRENGTH, indicating that she desires to kiss DREAMS*) Do you mind? (*In answer, STRENGTH steps aside gently. HAPPINESS kisses DREAMS*)

DREAMS. I shall never forget. (*He goes out*)

(HAPPINESS *turns to STRENGTH. He holds out his arms, and without a word she goes to him, as amid the harmonies of the song,*

*The curtain falls*

END OF THE PLAY

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