

SAWDUST and SPANGLES.

A DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY

James Otis Kaler.

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*Phil.*

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## APPEARING IN ACT 1

GUIDA.

MISS DOAK.

ROSA.

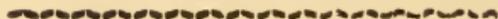
GOLDBURG.

ALBERTI.

FITZWILSON.

BROWN,

DALTON.



## CAST.

GUIDA. A foundling, whose only friend is her enemy.

MISS MATILDA DOAK, A maiden lady of doubtful age, with a predeliction for the opposite sex.

Mlle. ROSA, The only and greatest bare-back rider driving eight untamed steeds; hired at an enormous salary by The Great and Only Circus, etc.

SILVERSTEIN GOLDBURG, Sole proprietor and manager of The Great and Only Circus, Royal Menagerie, and Grand Aggregation of Living Wonders, all under one canvas.

DAVID FITZWILSON; The only and great Shakespearian clown and jester, especially engaged for The Great and Only Circus etc.

SIGNOR ALBERTI, Sword-swallower and cannon ball tosser, to be seen only at The Great and Only Circus, etc.

HENRY DALTON, Ex-journalist and press agent.

TOM BROWN, A gentleman with a wife.

ROBERT HARLOW, A judge and a father.



## COSTUMES FOR ACT 1

GUIDA: [Age 17] A fairly good country dress, with a variety of colors, and in bad taste.

MISS DOAK: [Age 35] Country dress of antique style, and much too youthful in appearance.

MILLE. ROSA: Stylish walking dress, to be changed for ring costume of tights, short skirts &c.

SIGNOR ALBERTI: Walking suit to be changed for "sword-swallower's" costume.

FITZWILSON: Walking suit to be changed for clown's costume.

BROWN: An attempt by a circus employee to dress like a gentleman.

ALL OTHERS: Street costume.

SUPERS: Dressed as acrobats and hostlers.



## ACT FIRST.

Box scene. Stage enclosed with canvas to represent a tent.

Interior of the property tent of a circus. Saddles, banners, hoops, and general circus litter lying around. Up stage are horses being groomed and saddled. A flap door at R 3 E. leads to mens' dressing-room; one at R 2 E. leads to women's room, and at L 2 E. to main tent. The horses are led in and out through L 2 E.

## PROPERTIES IN FIRST ACT.

Saddles, saddle-cloths, banners, hoops, balloons, etc., such as are found in the property-room of a circus.

Spear set against wing L 1 E. for Guida.

Paper boxes and newspaper parcels for Matilda.



## ACT 1

SCENE: Interior of the property-tent of a circus.

Employees going to and fro; saddling horses, posturing, etc.

DISCOVERED:

GOLDBURG *Sitting L.* FITZWILSON *Standing R.*

GOLD. Then you have seen this girl?

FITZ. I had heard so much about her from the gossips at the hotel that I couldnt resist the temptation. She looks as smart as a whip, and, according to my way of thinking, she'd work into the business mighty quick. And she would be a fine looker, too, in decent clothes.

GOLD. You're sure there's no one to claim her? I dont fancy spending money and time trying to make performers out of these country louts, and then, just when they're worth something in the business, have them discover some long-lost relatives, who will step in and demand a big salary for them, or switch them off to some other show.

FITZ. I'll give it to you just as I got it, and then you'll know what to do. This girl—Guida, they call her—was left with an old party here, by some show people, when she was about two years old. That was fifteen years ago, and since the time her supposed father hired the old farmer to take care of her, nothing has been heard of any one who might have an interest in her fate. The old farmer who took her is dead, and the girl runs around wild like, working first in one house and then in another, just enough to make her a welcome visitor. If we should take her away with us no one would be likely to interfere, and you might get a jewel.

GOLD. And I might get nothing but paste.

FITZ. You can find that out before you make any trade with her.

I have promised an eminently respectable maiden lady that she shall have a free ticket to the show if she will bring the girl in here before we open up.

*Enter ALBERTI R 2 E.*

ALBERTI. [*Speaking with a broad Irish dialect.*] Mister Gold bug, I'll be after thankin' you to get some dacint lad to go wid me into the ring.

GOLD. Why Signor Alberti, what is it that is troubling you now? It seems to me that you have more than your share of sorrow.

ALBERTI. Sorrow, is it? Sure an iver since my name's been Signor Alberty its been nothing but a ruction an' a row. But I'll have no more av it, if I'm forced to murder the howlin' blackguard you've hired to assist me in the ring.

FITZ. For heaven's sake, Mickey, dont give yourself away so badly on your brogue, or people will mistrust that you're not Italian,

ALBERTI. May the divil fly away wid yez; you're all the day throwin' into my teeth the bit of a brogue that I have, when I could toss a cannon-ball or swallow a sword jist as well by the name of Mickey Dowd, as I could wid Signor Alberty tacked onto my head. But I'll have no more av it from this day out.

GOLD. Why not? What kind of a bee have you got in your bonnet now?

ALBERTI. Its a bee that has'nt an aisy way av settin' on my stomach. Will I be after tellin' you what that dirty spalpeen that you hired to assist me in me wonderful exhibitions, when hiven knows he's not worth the value of the salt he ates, did to me last night? It was when he handed me the longest sword, an bad luck to the man that didnt cut the matter of five inches from wan end or the other of it, that I had the suspicion that some blackguard had bin molestin' av it; but the spalpeen that should be tendin' on me when its half the time that he's suckin' his thumbs, said to me on the low of his breath to be quick about

it, an' down she went av course. What'll you be after thinkin' was the result of it?

FITZ. Why you took it out again, I suppose.

ALBERTI. Be the piper that played before Moses, I did; for it was covered that thick wid wheel-grease that the stomach inside of me did more ground and lofty tumblin; than iver that little jackanapes thut whoirls over the elephants could do, Av that blackguard goes inter the ring wid me this same day, ae'll walk out a dead corpse, or me own mother won't recognise me.

GOLD. Very well, Signor, we'll make some arrangements, if possible, to-day; but if I can't find some one to take his place, you'll have to get along with him for a day or two longer, and I'll see to it that he puts no more wheel-grease on your swords.

ALBERTI. It's the honor of me profession I'm upholdin'; but I'll spare his worthless life for the space of twinty-four hours, an' thin his body'll be cold.

*Exit ALBERTI, grumblin, to dressing-room R 3 E.*

FITZ. Something's got to be done with that man, or he'll make no end of trouble for you.

GOLD. Never mind him; I can get plenty of sword-swallowers cheap, and I'll send him about his business soon. Regarding this girl: I'm getting quite anxious to see her, for, to tell the truth, the Great and Only's weakest point is in female attractions. If she is as smart as you say she is, we might be able to do something with her.

FITZ. There's no question about it. You can see——

*Enter ROSA. R 2 E.*

ROSA. Where's the manager? Oh, here you are, Mr. Goldberg, and I want you to listen to what I say. I engaged to ride for you during this season; but I shall positively cancel my engagement unless I can have a carriage to myself. I will not ride again as I did

last night.

GOLD. But, Mlle, Rosa—

ROSA. I tell you that I will *not* remain. It is perfectly disgraceful, the way in which I, the first equestriene of the company, am treated. I would be only too well pleased if I could leave the company at once; but I shall try to fulfil my contract if I am properly treated

F.TZ. Will you allow me to suggest, Mrs Brown, that it is time for you to dress? The performance will begin in less than half an hour.

ROSA. Sir, if I am billed as Mlle. Rosa, I insist on being called Mlle. Rosa, or it will become necessary for one or the other of us to leave this show.

*Exit ROSA into dressing-room R 2 E.*

GOLD. There's another that I would like to discharge if I could find some one to take her place, and if that girl of yours is only the right kind—

ALBERTI. [*Off stage at R 3 E.*] Git out you ould apel

FITZ. She looks smart enough to learn to do almost anything in a very short time.

ALBERTI. [*Off stage.*] Git out you horned toad! Mister Goldbug, Mister Goldbug, here's a faymale ape tryin' that hard to git under the canvas that I'm powerless to prevint her. Be the powers she'll quare the whole show if she's not taken off.

*FITZ goes to R 3 E and looks off stage.*

FITZ. Why Miss Doak! Walk right this way. It was in this tent, not that one, I told you to come.

*Enter MATILDA R 3 E. MATILDA and FITZ down stage.*

*GOLD rises in surprise.*

MATILDA. I thought I'd made some kind of a mistake when I saw that orang-outang in there playing with knives.

ALBERTI. [*Off stage.*] I'll not stand still an' have you call me

names, you ould Miss Methusla. I'll—

MATILDA. [*Waving her parasol.*] Don't you come near me, Sir, don't you advance one step, or as sure's my name's Matilda Doak I'll do you some harm.

FITZ. Pay no attention to him, Madam; but let me introduce to you Mr. Goldberg, the sole proprietor and manager of the Great and Only Circus, Royal Menagerie, and Grand Aggregation of Living Wonders.

GOLD. I am pleased to see you, Madam, pleased to see you.

MATILDA. Are you really? Well now that's nice.

FITZ. This is the lady of whom I was speaking, Mr. Goldberg; she is the one who promised to bring the young lady—

MATILDA. I didn't promise to bring any young *lady*. If you you mean that tyke of a Guida, I did promise to bring her, and I'm sorry now that I was so rash.

GOLD. Why?

MATILDA. Why just as soon as we got among all these jim-crack shows she went right off by herself, and I couldnt do anything more with her than I could with a setting hen.

GOLD. Where is she now?

MATILDA. Heaven alone knows! I'm powerless to answer. You see when—

GUIDA [*Off stage L 2 E.*] Where is that old woman?

MATILDA. Old woman indeed! Hear the hussy!

GUIDA. [*Off stage.*] See here, do you know where old Aunt Doak went to?

FITZ. That's the party! (*Goes to L 2 E and calls.*) Come in this way, my dear, here is your friend Miss Doak.

*Enter GUIDA L 2 E. with hat in hand, followed by*  
DALTON.

GUIDA. She hain't my friend any more'n I'm your dear. Now what little game are you two swells up to? What did you want me to come here for?

GOLD. (*Seating himself on a saddle, up stage.*) Come here my child.

GUIDA. No I won't.

MATILDA. (*Seating herself near Goldberg.*) Speak to the gentleman properly, you ungrateful girl.

GUIDA. Speak to him yourself if you want to, and I guess you do, 'cause I heard Mrs Robinson say once that you had run after every man you ever saw, since you was old enough to wear long dresses, an' that was a good while ago.

MATILDA. I'll box your ears, you unmannerly little thing.

GUIDA. Oh no you won't, not this time.

MATILDA. (*Rising.*) Go right out of here! I won't allow you to stay another minute. The idea of talking so to me before people when I've been the same as a mother to you!

GUIDA. You can go if you want to, but, I've concluded to stay awhile, an' if you've been the same as a mother to me, then I'm glad I never had a real one.

*Matilda raises her parasol as if to strike; Guida catches up a spear, and Dalton rushes between them.*

DALTON. My dear Madam, let me speak with her. You are not having particularly good luck, and I may do better.

GUIDA. Now don't you be too sure of that. I come here to see the show, I did, and I hain't going to be scolded just because that old woman feels like it.

MATILDA. (*Seating herself near Goldberg again.*) If I had my way—and could catch you—you'd get something more than a scold-

ing, you hussy!

DALTON. Nobody wants to scold you, child. We had learned of your singing, and were very anxious to hear you.

GUIDA. Well now I'm sorry.

DALTON. Why?

GUIDA. 'Cause I don't go 'round singing for everybody. It's only when I feel like it that I sing.

GOLD. How would you like to travel with a circus? Learn to ride or sing, or do anything to please the people who come to see you?

GUIDA. [*Pointing to Matilda.*] Is there anybody like her goes with the circus?

GOLD. Well—ahem—well—we have some ladies with the show; but I am sorry to say that we have none quite as mature as our estimable friend here. [*Bowing towards Matilda.*]

MATILDA. Oh, thank you, Sir.

GUIDA. [*Laughing.*] Now look at that old relic! Don't she roll her eyes for all the world like a duck in a storm?

FITZ. Would you like to go with the show?

GUIDA. I'd like to do anything to get out of this town, for I just hate every one in it, and that old woman is worse'n all the rest. But what would I have to do? You see I'm afraid there would'nt be many folks come to see me in this gown, an' as for the bunnit, why I only carry it in my hand jest to show folks that I've got one, for you can't think how had it looks when it's on. Them flowers was some 'Lizy Johnson wore most three years, an' the ribbon I got from the minister's wife, and there haint any part of it that's fit to show; but I guess it looks pretty near as well as the rest of my rig.

GOLD. But if you should travel with us you could have everythin' new and nice, and you would be dressed as well as any one could wish to be—as nice as any one in town.

GUIDA. Oh, would I really? Would I have two shoes to match, an' would I have a whole new hat?

DALTON. You could have anything you wanted.

MATILDA. [*Quickly.*] My dear Mr. Goldberg, I never could think of lettin' g Guida go away with a circus. She is too young to be trusted from home, and far too giddy. If you really want a lady to travel with you, I might be persuaded myself, and as to testimonials as to my character, I could furnish the very best.

GUIDA. [*Langhing.*] Well I never! That old granny goin' away with a show! Wouldn't I like to see her ridin' a horse!

DALTON. How would you like to learn to ride?

GUIDA. Learn to ride? Why I've rode Steve Dyar's horse all over the pasture lots of times, and I didn't have to have any saddle either though I hain't just sure that I'd like to ride before folks.

DALTON. But I mean that you should learn to ride on a saddle, with beautiful clothes on, and people to wait on you. The audience would give you flowers, and the newspapers would praise you. (*Matilda has business of ecstatic delight.*) Your name would be posted up everywhere, and you would have nothing to do but enjoy yourself.

GUIDA. Gracious, but I'd like it!

GOLD. Then let us hear you sing, and perhaps we will do all that for you.

MATILDA. Sing On Greenland's Icy Mountains, and try to throw your whole soul into it as you've seen me do.

GUIDA. I won't either; I'm goin' to sing the same song I heard 'Lizy Johnson practicin' on; but you must keep that old screech-owl [*Pointing to Matilda.*] quiet, or else I can't.

DALTON. You shan't be disturbed.

*Guida does a Song and Dance.*

GOLD. Who taught you to sing, child?

*Enter Rosa, in ring costume, R 2 E.*

ROSA. Who was that I heard singing?

GUIDA. (*Surprised, backing down stage.*) Please ma'am that was me.

MATILDA. [*Starting up in surprise.*] (Go back and dress yourself, woman.

ROSA. Mr. Goldberg, am I to be insulted by such low people as these, even though they *do* chance to be *your* companions?

MATILDA. Low people indeed, you bold thing!

GUIDA. (*Clapping her hands, and laughing.*) That's it! Now you've stirred Doakey up, an' I do *so* hope she'll get the worst of it.

GOLD. Ladies, *ladies*, pray be calm. Mlle. Rosa, this is a lady resident of this town, who has called upon me on business. Miss Doak, this is Mlle. Rosa, the greatest bare-back rider in the world. She stands to-day without a peer in the arena, and her costume, at which you seemed to take exceptions, Miss Doak, is that in which she appears in the ring.

*Matilda sits down without acknowledging the introduction.*

ROSA. What are these people doing here?

FITZ. They came on a matter of business, that is all.

GUIDA. I'd just as soon tell you what we came for. I'm going with the circus, an' I'm goin' to ride, so you needn't turn up your nose so high about it.

ROSA. You—~~are—going—with—the—show?~~

GUIDA. (*Mocking.*) Yes—I—~~am—going—with—the—show.~~

ROSA. Mr. Goldberg, what is the meaning of this? Do you intend to make of the Great and Only an assylum for tramps?

MATILDA. [*Rising suddenly.*] Do you call me a tramp, Miss?

GUIDA. Go it, Doakey, of course she did.

GOLD. Mlle. Rosa, I am thinking of engaging this young lady to travel with us during the remainder of the season.

ROSA. Then you may find some one to fill my place. I will no longer disgrace myself by remaining with a company that finds it necessary to recruit its ranks from the gutter.

*Exit ROSA hurriedly R 2 E.*

GUIDA. [*Mocking gestures and voice.*] Dear, dear, how very sad! Doakey, have you had your feelings hurt because the swells want to take me away?

DALTON. Now, now, child, don't stir up any trouble; for we want to make arrangements that will permit of our taking you with us quietly.

GUIDA. I'd like to know what arrangements there are to make. I've said I'd go, an' that's all there is to it.

GOLD. But we ought to speak with some one in the town. There must be some person who has at least the semblance of authority over you.

GUIDA. Well I'd jest like to see the one who said he could boss me around! Here's Doakey, she tries it about as often as anybody else, an' you can ask her how she makes out. I belong all to myself, an' I always have, so that settles it. I haint saying that I wouldn't liked to had a father an' a mother like the other girls here; but I never did have anything like anybody else, an' I s'pose it would a'been too much if I'd had reg'lar folks, Now I've said I'd go with your circus, an' I'll go.

GUIDA *does short Song and Dance, crossing to MATILDA at close.*

GOLD. (*Aside to FITZ.*) She's just the kind of a girl that will make a big hit after she learns a little of the business.

FITZ. [*Aside to GOLD.*] Yes, and the best of it is that there can

be no question of wages. All you'll have to do is to dress her up, and if sheer womanly spite won't make her learn to ride better than Rosa, then, with all my twenty years experience of the sorrows of married life, I'll say that I don't know anything about women. Try and make some arrangement with her, while I go and dress. You may have to propitiate the old woman in some way, and if I was in your place I would come to any reasonable terms rather than lose the girl.

*Erit FITZ. R 3 E.*

MATILDA. (*To Guida.*) It may be, child, that I have been neglectful of you in the past; but I shall surely make amends for it now, by forbidding you to leave town in such company.

GOLD. (*Quickly.*) What's that?

GUIDA. It hain't anything. Doakey don't know what she's talking about. [*Shaking her fist at Matilda.*] Don't you dare to talk that way to me, you old Hottentot, you!

MATILDA. I shall try to do my duty in spite of the abuse you may heap upon my poor, defenceless head.

DALTON. Which means, that never having paid any attention to the girl before, nor even having had a care as to whether she lived or died, you propose now to try to prevent her from going with us, where she can earn plenty for herself.

GUIDA. Well I guess neither she nor anybody else can stop me if I want to go.

MATILDA. I know my duty, and shall do it.

GOLD. [*To Matilda.*] What do you think about going with the show yourself?

GUIDA. (*Laughing.*) She go! Why what would you do with the old scarecrow after you got her? She has to have a tumbler of water to put her teeth in, and a pumpkin to set her wig on every night, an' as for the paint she'd have to take, a whole wagon wouldn't hold it. Oh, I'd jest like to see Doakey with a circus. (*Laughs heartily.*)

MATILDA. (*Severely.*) My heart, susceptible as it is, is proof against such mockery, even when I am trying to do good to the mocker. If Guida had some female friend a year or two older—

GUIDA. [*Laughing.*] Like you, for instance.

MATILDA. Yes, like me. Then I should be perfectly willing she should go. I could care for her like a mother—I mean, a sister, and I have no doubt but that in the matter of attraction to the public, I should prove the stronger one.

GOLD. Very well, we will take you to look out for Miss Guida, and when you are able to do anything in the ring that is attractive to the audience, I will pay you a salary. But, remember, I make this proposition only on the presumption that Miss Guida will go.

MATILDA. Of course she will go when she understands that I am willing. I suppose you are anxious to have us with you as soon as possible, so I will go to my humble but romantic home, in order to pack up a few things that may be necessary in the way of wardrobe, both for the exercises and to travel in. Remain here, Guida, until my return, which will be in a very few moments; for I do not want to delay the movements of the circus.

*Exit MATILDA, kissing her hand, L 2 E.*

GUIDA. [*Laughing and imitating Matilda.*] Did you ever see such an old kangaroo? But I hain't sure's I'll go if she's going to tag along.

DALTON. Oh yes you will; for you know you are to have everything nice, and you see we might have had trouble in getting you away if she had made a row.

GUIDA. I'd like to know how? There hain't anybody anywhere that's got any thing to do with me, an' if I want to go to any place, I can without askin'.

GOLD. Then you don't know anything about your father or mother, nor about any other relatives you may have?

GUIDA. [*Angrily.*] No, nor I don't want to. Everybody keeps askin' me that till I get tired tellin' 'em I never had any parents. Somebody left me here when they got tired of such a brat as I s'pose I was, an' since then I've lived 'round wherever anybody would keep me. Now I'm goin' off with you, I s'pose, even if Doakey is goin', an' when I get all dressed up, you jesc see how quick I'll come back here an' show 'em what I can do if I try.

DALTON. That's right; but first you must learn how to ride, and then when the circus comes back here, you can show them that you are of considerably more importance than they.

*Blare of trumpet off stage at L 2 E.*

PROMPTER. [*Off stage at L 2 E.*] Now, ladies and gentlemen you have an opportunity of seeing this wonderful exhibition before the big tent is opened, and all for the small sum of ten cents. Here are curiosities gathered from all parts of the world, and you can see them all for a dime. Men without hands or feet, giant boys, fat ladies, living skeletons, wild men, cannibals, pagans, heathen, Hottentots, and Zulus, all under one canvas, for ten cents. Remember, the big show will not open until after this exhibition is closed. **One ticket is only ten cents**, and we admit parties of five for half a dollar.

GUIDA. What's that?

DALTON. That's the side-show blower. The big tent will be opened in a few moments, and I must leave you for a while.

*Exit DALTON R 3 E.*

PROMPTER. (*Off stage at L 2 E.*) Walk up now, ladies and gentlemen, and try your fortune! Ten cents gives you one turn of the wheel, and with it you may win anything from a gold watch to five thousand dollars! One chance for a dime, or three for a quarter of a dollar!

*At the same time Enter Acrobats and Riders from R 3 E.*

*They cross stage and Exit L 2 E.*

GUIDA *looks at them in surprisc.*

PROMPTER. (*Off stage at L 2 E.*) Here's your real lemonade with no imitation about it; two genuine lemons to each glass, or the money will be refunded on the return of the goods. Walk this way, ladies and gents, and try the cooling beverage! A pint of peanuts at the ridiculously low price of half a dime. Get your ammunition for the elephants before entering the big tent!

*Enter FITZ, in costume, R 2 E.*

GOLD. Our only, great, and Shakespearian jester has been rather slow in dressing.

FITZ. The best are always kept for the last. As the divine William says—

GOLD. Never mind the divine William just now, for you are needed in the ring.

FITZ. I'll to the trysting place, where, with the gentle Romeo—

*Exit FITZ. L 2 E.*

GUIDA. What was that?

GOLD. That, my child, is the only, great, and Shakespearian jester known in the arena.

GUIDA. The only who?

GOLD. He is the clown; the same gentleman who was talking with you a few moments ago.

GUIDA. Oh, I thought it was a jumping jack. What is he going to do?

GOLD. If you peep through the flap of the canvas there, you can see him, and all that is going on in the ring, while you are waiting for Miss Doak. I will come back here for you before the show is out.

*Exit GOLD. L 2 E.*

GUIDA *dances across stage, and then stands peeping through flap at L 2 E.*

## SAWDUST AND SPANGLES.

*Enter ALBERTI. R 3 E in ring costume. He comes down stage, and does burlesque sword-swallowing and cannon-ball tossing.*

*Enter ROSA. and stand in R 2 E.*

ALBERTI. (*Aside.*) I'll go in now and paralyze them, an' if that spalpeen puts so much as the breath of his body on me swords, bedad but I'll murder him. [*Attempts to pass GUIDA, and then stands looking at her admiringly.*]

GUIDA. (*Aside?*) Gracious! What a queer looking man!

*Enter BROWN R 3 E, going towards ROSA.*

ALBERTI. [*Aside.*] Bedad but she's a beauty! I wonder if the manager is going to take her on to assist me in me wonderful exhibitions, in the place of the blackguard who greased me swords? If that's what she's to do, I must preserve a dignified contour as I pass her.

*Exit ALBERTI L 2 E. with burlesque dignity.*

GUIDA. [*Peeping through flap-curtain.*] Whew! but hain't they just cuttin' up!

BROWN. (*Up stage.*) to ROSA. Now then, Sally, I've got to have some stamps, an' then I'm going to skip for the other show. The old man has even given orders that I'm not to be allowed around the canvas, and I had to come in under the tent as it was.

ROSA. When are you going to leave?

BROWN. To-night.

GUIDA. (*Dancing.*) Now that's what I call good! Oh, if I could only turn a handspring as well as that!

ROSA. Tom, Goldburg has taken that girl on, and he's going to have her taught to ride. Now I won't have it! I'll leave here rather than have such as she get all the applause and attention while I have to do all the work.

BROWN. But you mustn't leave here, Sally. What would become

of us if you didn't have a chance to earn money?

ROSA. Why then you would have to go to work, which would be sad. But if you think it would be so rough for me to throw up this job, prevent it.

BROWN. How can I prevent it?

ROSA. By getting that girl out of the way. Either she or I must leave, and you know how unpleasant it would be for you if I should stop earning money. I made a fool of myself this morning, trying to frighten Goldberg into making me an offer of a bigger salary, by proposing to cancel my engagement, and he may take me at my word; he certainly will if this girl turns out to be a paying card, as I believe she will.

BROWN. I don't know how to get her out of the way,—without—

ROSA. You can easily find out. You haven't got to murder her, you fool! You can make money out of her if you're smart. All you have to do is to detain her somewhere until the show goes on without her.

BROWN. But it will take money to do that.

ROSA. I will give you what is necessary, and three days after the the girl is lost to the show, I will give you the hundred dollars you asked for yesterday.

BROWN. If you was a good wife to me, I'd have that money without having to do such work for it.

ROSA. Well, since I am not a good wife, and since I have got to go into the ring in five minuits, say whether you'll prevent the girl from coming with the show, or not?

BROWN. It may be that I can't to-day; but I'll follow her until I can, and that I'll swear to.

*Enter MATILDA, with parcels, R 3 E.*

GUIDA. (*Who has been looking through L 2 E all this time.*) If I could only turn a handspring like that I wouldn't want to learn to ride.

*Exit GUIDA hurriedly L 2 E.*

MATILDA. [*Dropping her parcels.*] Merciful heavens! She already talks of turning handsprings! What will she want to do after she has fairly started?

### CURTAIN.

PICTURE: MATILDA down stage R C, looking after GUIDA. ROSA and BROWN up stage, ROSA pointing towards where GUIDA has disappeared, and BROWN nodding his head as if to assure her that he will keep his promise.

### NOTES.

GUIDA is intended to be, in the first act, just such an one as may be seen in the country almost anywhere. Her hard life has made her a trifle rough; but by no means coarse. Naturally intelligent, she is quick to learn, and this should be shown by her costume, which, though sadly out of date and shabby, has evidently been modeled by her after something better. Such a character would naturally display a little bashfulness on first entering the tent; but it would speedily wear off, leaving her saucy and independent under Miss Doaks' remarks.

MISS DOAK should not be made a burlesque character, although it may approach it. A love-sick old maid who has sufficient sense once in a while to hide her weakness, is what almost every one has seen in any country village. The costume, suitable for a much younger lady, should

simply be ridiculous in contrast with her make-up.

MLLE. ROSA is the typical circus rider.

ALBERTI only an Irish juggler, drawn from a living model, and should be played as if the actor believed sword swallowing the most useful and honorable profession in the world.

BROWN must not be made up to look like the usual stage villain. An ordinary costume, and such a face as a young girl would naturally shrink from; but not so villainous in appearance but that it would seem possible that he is telling the truth when, later on, he declares himself to be Guida's father.

DALTON a good juvenile man, with a certain carelessness about his personal appearance, characteristic of the Metropolitan journalist.

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## APPEARING IN ACT 2.

GUIDA.  
MISS DOAK.  
GOLDBURG.  
FITZWILSON.  
ALBERTI.  
DALTON.  
BROWN.



ACT SECOND.

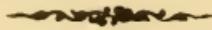
Wood scene.           Flats to show circus tents, wagons, etc., in the distance.

Sett trees, sufficiently large for a man to hide behind, are up stage R.  
Sett rock L of C.



PROPERTIES IN ACT SECOND.

Flowers for Guida.                   Revolver for Brown.



COSTUMES IN ACT SECOND.

GUIDA, Neat walking dress.

MATILDA. Extravagantly trimmed street dress.

ALL OTHERS May wear the same as at the opening of first act.

## ACT 2

*Four weeks have elapsed since close of first act.*

SCENE: A wood, with circus tents, wagons, etc., in the distance.

DISCOVERED.

ALBERTI *sitting on the rock.*

ALBERTI. By the powers I'll be after murderin' that old woman entirely, or I'll have to lave the show. In the four weeks that she's been wid us, divil a bit of rest have I had for her runnin' after me all the time. Bedad, I have me suspicions that she's tryin' to play the matrimony game wid me. If it hadn't been for Guida mavourneen, faith I think I'd have fed her to the tigers before this, bad luck to the likes of her! But they wouldn't ate her, for that ould woman would be more'n any ordinary tiger could stand, an' it would be demoralizin' av the whole show to put her in wid any of the wild bastes.

MATILDA. [*Off stage.*] Mister Alberty! Mister Alberty!

ALBERTI. Begorra she's coming now, an' I must fly wid my life.  
[*Rises quickly, and goes L.*]

MATILDA. [*Off stage.*] Mister Alberty! Mister Alberty!

ALBERTI. Begorra it won't do to fly, for I belave she's got the nerve to chase clear into the tints. Bad luck to the likes of her; but I'll be forced to face the music.

MATILDA. [*Off stage.*] Mister Alberty! Mister Alberty!

ALBERTI. [*Angrily.*] Is it me you're callin'?

*Enter MATILDA R 2 E.*

MATILDA. In the name of my sex, Mister Alberty, wait and escort

me to the tent. I gave my solemn promise to dear Mr. Goldburg that I would be present when Guida took her riding lesson, in order that I might give her a few hints, and, at the same time prepare myself for a course of instruction in brilliant bare-back riding—

ALBERTI. (*Aside.*) Faith, an' if it wasn't for the pity I'd have for the animal, I'd like to see her on a bare-backed mule.

MATILDA. But the glorious beauties of nature tempted me out here, and childishly, thoughtlessly, I wandered so far that I am nearly exhausted, while my heart beats like that of a startled fawn's. (*Sits on the rock.*)

ALBERTI. [*Coming towards her.*] Was it the beauties of nature, of nature that timpled of you out? Sure I saw you when you started, an' I'd a' taken me oath you was tryin' to catch up wid Miss Guida an' the young agint, Dalton.

MATILDA. Why, Mister Alberty, did Guida and Mr. Dalton come into the woods too?

ALBERTI. Faith, an' you warn't tin rods behind thim whin they left the tint. I was after singing out to the young gossoon to walk faster, whin I seen he'd tumbled to the same racket, an' the both of 'em was goin' at that pace that I knew would soon be after windin' the likes of yez.

MATILDA. Why Mister Alberty, how funny you can be at times.

ALBERTI. Ef I was half as funny as you look, I'd be after settin' myself up for a clown.

MATILDA. It was ever my lot in life to be misunderstood. I know I look childish—

ALBERTI. Faith an' its your second childhood that you've struck into.

MATILDA. But I can't help it because I am not quite as old as some others.

ALBERTI. [*Aside.*] Sure an' I'd like to see thim thats older.

MATILDA. I try to dress older than I ought to, simply because of my youthful appearance, and so that I may seem to be of sufficient age to act as guide and mentor to Guida; but—

ALBERTI. [*Aside, crossing L.*] Faith an' her brain has left her entirely.

MATILDA. [*Going towards him.*] But stay, dear, good Mister Alberty; pray give me the support of your arm to the tents.

ALBERTI. [*Aside.*] May the saints purtect me! How'll I get away from the ould reptile? I'd rather walk wid a snake—Begorra that's the very racket to fix the ould cat! [*To Matilda, and starting back in mock alarm.*] For the sake of Hiven, Miss, be after lookin' where you are treadin'! See! [*Pointing.*] Its a snake! Preserve your safety by flight, an' take refuge on the rock!

MATILDA. *screams, runs to the rock, and, getting on it, gathers her clothes around her.*

MATILDA. Oh Mr. Alberty! what shall I do? What shall I do? Can you see the monster?

ALBERTI. Is it askin' me if I can see him you are? Faith an' I can see fully one third of his head, which is as big as the whole of me body. Let no consideration timplt you to remove your feet from where they are, while I go for a gun to kill the reptile wid.

*Exit ALBERTI hurriedly L & E.*

MATILDA. Help! Oh come back Mister Alberty! Come back! Mr. Goldburg! Help! Somebody! Help! Come quick, or I shall be devoured! Where is the thing? If I only had my glasses here so that I could see him! Help! Help! Quick! Help!

*Enter DALTON R 3 E.*

MATILDA. [*Rushing toward him, and falling into his arms.*] Saved, saved! Oh Henry, dear, dear, Henry!

DALTON. [*Trying to release himself.*] For Heaven's sake tell me what the matter is, Miss Doak?

MATILDA. (*Clinging to him.*) Oh let me lie here on this manly bosom where alone I can find rest

DALTON *looks around in perplexity.* Enter GUIDA  
*R 3 E carrying a profusion of flowers; comes down stage, sees couple, and stands laughing while DALTON tries to push MATILDA to her feet.*

GUIDA. What is it, Doakey, what is the matter now? Mr. Dalton, what have you said or done to throw my young friend into such a frame of mind?

DALTON. Miss Guida, upon my word this is none of my doing. You know that I did not leave you until we heard her scream, and when I came she dropped into my arms as you see her, I don't even know what the matter is with her, and have been trying to get her towards that rock so that she can sit down, for I am afraid she will have hysterics.

GUIDA. If you want to get rid of her just let her drop hard; that will shake the hysterics out of her.

MATILDA. [*Starting up.*] You shameless girl, to talk so when I have been nearly frightened to death.

GUIDA. What is the matter? I didn't suppose anything could frighten you, Doakey.

MATILDA. It was a terribly large snake that Mister Alberty pointed out to me. I couldn't see him; but he went for his gun—

GUIDA. Who? The snake?

MATILDA. No, Mister Alberty; he went in search of a weapon, and thoughtlessly left me alone. He surely ought to be back by this time.

GUIDA. Now wouldn't it be terrible if he had run so fast that he had fallen and hurt himself? (*Matilda looks alarmed.*) Who knows but that he is sprawled out on the road somewhere, too much frightened

SAWDUST AND SPANGLERS.

or hurt to move?

MATILDA. Oh! The dear man! Some one ought to fly to his assistance, and who has a better right than I? Oh dear, if it wasn't that I am so terribly afraid of snakes, I'd go to him at once.

GUIDA. Yes, if he should happen to be hurt he would think it strange if you did not try to aid him. I have fancied that he has looked unhappy lately, when you wasn't near—or, perhaps it was just the other way, I'm not just certain which.

MATILDA. Dear man, how I would like to know that he has suffered no injury; but how can I leave while there are snakes close by?

DALTON. (*Eagerly.*) You needn't fear the snakes, Miss Doak, for I saw as many as six running away when you began to scream. I think you will be perfectly safe in going to Signor Alberti's assistance.

MATILDA. Thank you, Mr. Dalton, I will go at once. Poor, dear man, I do so hope he'll know me when he sees me.

GUIDA. Don't you worry about that, Doakey, I'll guarantee that he'll know you. (*Laughs. Exit MATILDA L 2 E.*) Say, Mr. Dalton, have you seen Doakey trying to ride? (*Laughs heartily.*) She insisted on taking a lesson when I did yesterday, so that she may be able to earn the salary Mr. Goldburg promised her. I just wish you could have seen her costume. In the first place she wouldn't wear a short skirt as Mlle. Rosa does, and I can't say I blame her; then she couldn't manage as long a one as I wear, so she made one just between the two that came to the top of her boots. She looked so funny that it would have tickled you to death to have seen her. [*Laughs.*]

DALTON. You shouldn't make use of such an expression, Miss Guida, for it is not quite the proper simile.

GUIDA. Gracious! I had forgotten that I was out with my schoolmaster, who promised to learn me to be very lady-like.

DALTON. I promised to teach you, Miss Guida; it is you who learn, I who teach.

GUIDA. Yes, I remember, you have told me that before; but I can't see why it isn't just as proper to say that you are learning me, as that you are teaching me.

DALTON. The difference is, that the act of learning—

GUIDA. Oh bother school when we are out in the woods. We have been among the dust of the circus grounds so long that this being out here is as pleasant as the April showers are to the May flowers. I feel so much like my old self to-day, that I don't even want to be reminded that I'm not living the old life, which was happy after all; except that I would like to go back to the old home just once with these clothes on, and my very great knowledge of grammar, just to show them there what I could do when I had a chance to improve. But now you stand up there, and keep the snakes away, while you tell me what made you come with the circus. You told me that you wrote books, and I should think that that would be ever so much nicer than travelling with a pokey old show.

DALTON. I told you that I wanted to write books; I am a journalist.

GUIDA. Oh, yes, I remember; a journalist is a man who writes for the newspapers. But don't they ever have anything else to live on except beer?

DALTON. Why of course they do. What put such an idea as that into your head?

GUIDA. Well, I've noticed that whenever you bring any of them to the show, you take them right into the property room where the beer keg is, and that you never see anything of the performance in the ring.

DALTON. I am obliged, of course, to show them a proper amount of courtesy.

GUIDA. Is that what you call beer?

DALTON. Oh bother that, Miss Guida. Please talk about something else, for you don't quite understand the customs among the profession. You see I only do that which it is absolutely necessary I should do,

and I'm not sure you would see it in exactly the proper light if I should attempt to explain. So just consider it as one of my duties—a very disagreeable and arduous one,—and let it go at that.

GUIDA. Well, tell me why all journalists don't have papers of their own, instead of writing for somebody else, or travelling around with circuses, and shows of that kind?

DALTON. They do try to run one at some time in their lives, I guess. I know I did.

GUIDA. Did you really? Tell me all about it.

DALTON. There isn't much to tell. I knew a fellow once who wanted to own a newspaper, so he sold out his bar, and I went out West with him. We started the Daily Tomahawk in a mining camp; had forty-one subscribers—three that had paid like little men, and the other thirty-eight that had promised to settle in the same manly fashion—as well as five columns of ads. that we had copied from the Eastern papers. Of course we didn't get any pay for the space; but it looked more like business to have the ads. there. I did try to get some local advertising; but the saloons changed hands so often that I could never catch a proprietor who was in a condition to make a contract. We had been running about a month, when some of the boys started a big game of draw in the camp that lasted nearly a week. You can't think what hard work it is to run a daily paper and play poker at the same time. After we'd struck off the same edition three days in succession without changing any thing but the date, the people got dissatisfied—that is to say, those who owed for their subscriptions kicked because we hadn't more variety. The three who had paid didn't express the least dissatisfaction; but then you see they were in the game, and didn't have time to notice the familiar appearance of the the news. We got broke on the game, and after that the newspaper business seemed to languish. It—it—well, Joe went back to tending bar, and I came East; but I was nearly three months getting here, although I was headed toward the rising sun all the time. Then the Great and Only

wanted a press-agent, I hadn't a nickel, so I was glad of the job.

GUIDA. But why didn't you stop playing draw, as you call it, and attend to the newspaper?

DALTON. Oh, you see—well, the fact is that it wouldn't be of any use to explain, for you don't quite understand all the customs among the the profession. Teach me that song you were singing yesterday. Is this the tune? (*Whistles one bar of Guida's song.*)

GUIDA. No, not exactly. I suppose I must sing it since you were to be the school-teacher, and I the singing mistress. This is it. (*Sings.*)

Love is like the mountains bold,  
 Old as they, and yet so new  
 That when to maiden it is told  
 By some lover fond and true,  
 The maiden thinks,  
 As knowledge sinks  
 Into her heart, how sweet is love.  
 She bends her head love's words to hear,  
 And soft and low are those words so dear.

Love is like the sea so blue;  
 Storms and rain disturb its waves;  
 But as our lives, it follows through,  
 From our cradles to our graves.  
 We all must know  
 That it will go  
 Straight from this to the life above,  
 And soft and sweet will, to our ear  
 Sound that call of love we all shall hear.

GUIDA. Now can you sing it?

DALTON. I had much rather talk of the sentiment expressed in the words, than to make an attempt in which I am certain I should fail. Do

you know, Miss Guida, how much different my life has been since you have been with the show ! Can you fancy what it might be to a man who is leading this sort of a life to meet one like you ? Everything has seemed different since you have been here, and you can never know how happy I am when with you, and how lonely when you are out of sight—

GUIDA. [*Quickly.*] Mr. Dalton, you may talk to Doakey about the sentiment, as you call it; but I didn't come out here to listen to anything of the kind. Aren't you ashamed to think of anything but the music ?

DALTON. I can never be ashamed of anything in which you are concerned.

GUIDA. If you think that, come into the ring this noon, and see me trying to ride according to Mr. Fitzwilson's ideas. Then you'll know what it is to be ashamed of me.

DALTON. That I never shall. In you I can see only a lovely girl of whom I have learned to think very dearly, and I am sure that even your blunders must be charming.

GUIDA. How many times have I told you that you must keep your compliments for Doakey ? If you persist in making them I shall never let you walk with me again.

DALTON. Guida, will you not let me tell you how dear you are to me ? Will you— (*Enter GOLDBURG and FITZWILSON L 2 E*) The plague take them, here is the manager and his shadow !

GOLD. (*Crossing to Guida.*) Ha, ha, here is our pupil. I knew that I could not have been mistaken in that voice. Now, my child, suppose you sing that song for us, instead of letting Dalton have all the benefit of it ?

DALTON and FITZ talk in dumb show R.

GUIDA. This is one of the days when I can't sing to order. I am out here where everything is free, without the odor of the sawdust, or the glitter of the spangles, and I am, or was, before you came, feeling as free

as the birds.

GOLD. Well, child, you shall sing or not, as you choose; but how are you getting on with the riding lessons?

GUIDA. I am not getting on at all; I can't manage the horse, I can't manage the long skirts, and I am sure that Mr. Fitzwilson can't manage me.

FITZ. (*Coming forward.*) Indeed I can, Miss Guida; you are as tractable a pupil as one could ask for, except when you get discouraged.

GUIDA. [*Laughing.*] And that is very nearly all the time, isn't it?

FITZ. No indeed; you are getting along so fast that we shall make a famous equestriene of you in a few days more. But don't forget that we are to have another lesson in an hour. (*Talks in dumb show to Guida.*)

GOLD. [*To Dalton.*] Have you been to all the newspaper offices this morning, Mr. Dalton?

DALTON. Yes, sir. I believe my work is all done, or I shouldn't have been here.

GOLD. Then there is nothing more you can do to forward the interests of the Great and Only, eh?

DALTON. I can think of nothing, sir.

GOLD. Then allow me to suggest that you remain where your journalistic friends may find you if they chance to call. If I was the press-agent of such a show as the Great and Only, I should consider it my duty to be always on the look-out for a chance to get a good notice.

DALTON. I will do as you suggest, sir; but allow me to remark that I believe I have already done my work properly. [*Moves toward R 2 E.*]

GUIDA. Mr. Dalton, where are you going?

DALTON. To the tent for awhile, in order to show that I am hired by another, and that no portion of my time belongs to myself.

*Enter BROWN L 3 E, he crosses to R 3 E, and stands half hidden by the trees, listening.*

GUIDA. Oh, is that all? Well, it won't take you long to do that, and I shall wait here for you to escort me back to the tent. Remember that Mr. Fitzwilson is to give me a lesson in an hour.

DALTON. I will come for you.

*Exit DALTON L 2 E.*

GOLD. But there is no reason why he should come back here, child; we will both walk to the tent with you, and it is necessary that he should attend to his work.

GUIDA. I am sure that he has already attended to it, and it is necessary that he should do as I wish. Besides, I came out here with him, and I don't intend to go back with any one else.

*Enter ALBERTI hurriedly L 2 E.*

ALBERTI. [*To Goldburg.*] Faith now an I'm through. I'm not able to stand it any longer.

FITZ. What is the matter with our Irish-American now?

ALBERTI. Its that ould woman; she chases me from one end of the town to the other till the flesh is worn off of me frame entirely, wid tryin' to get rid of her, bad luck to the bag of bones that she is!

GUIDA. Signor Alberti, is it my Doakey that you are talking of in that disrespectful manner?

ALBERTI. Faith an it is, Miss Guida. I'm worn out wid her entirely.

GUIDA. Do you remember what you promised me yesterday?

ALBERTI. May the saints forgive me, I do. Whin I look into your purty face I'll promise anything; but whin I meet the ould—I mane Miss Doak, I'd forget me own mother, for she's worse'n the livin' skeleton in the side-show, to look at, an' the divil himself couldn't get rid of her. Its

but five minutes gone since she rushed up to me wid her two long arms, an' faith I think she'd choked the life out of me ef I hadn't escaped in time. She screamed and hugged, tellin' of me that she would have died if I had,—as if I'd been thinkin' of cuttin' my own throat,—till she had such a crowd around as would make you think I was givin' a free show, an' all of them laughin' as they niver laughed at Mr. Fitzwilson's jokes. I'll put up wid many a trouble while I'm wid the show; but I'll not stand it to have that ould—I mane Miss Doak, doin' a trapeze act on me neck.

GUIDA. (*Laughing.*) Why she was afraid you had hurt yourself running after a gun to kill the snakes with, and I suppose the joy of seeing you safe and alive, almost overcame her.

ALBERTI. Faith an' it entirely overcame me.

GOLD. What is that about snakes?

ALBERTI. Its only a bit of a joke I've bin after havin' wid the young leddy.

GUIDA. It was a wicked, horrible wrong story he told poor, old Doakey, and I'm certain he'll be punished for it.

ALBERTI. Sure, Miss Guida, an' its punished I've been already, for the ould reptile—

GUIDA. Signor Alberti!

ALBERTI. The ould woman, I mane, has squeezed the breath entirely out of me body, an' that in the face av iverybody around the show.

GOLD. Well, well, man, what is it you want?

ALBERTI. Its pertection for me life I'm after. Either the ould woman must lave the show, or I'll go no farther. I'll swaller a sword, or toss a cannon-ball wid any man livin'; but I'll not stay here for that ould—Miss Doak, I mane, to practise wid.

GOLD. Well, come back to the tent with me, and we'll see if we can't make some arrangement with Miss Doak, whereby she will agree to leave you alone. You are too tender to be treated in this way.

ALBERTI. Its the honor of the perfession I'm bound to uphold, an' by that same token I'll not be clasped in the embrace of ivery ould maniac—

GUIDA. Signor Alberti!

ALBERTI. Of ivery ould woman who comes along.

GOLD. (*Going L.*) Come, then, and we will see what can be done. Will you come too, Fitz?

FITZ. Yes, unless Miss Guida wants me to stay with her until Dalton comes back.

GUIDA. (*Laughing.*) Indeed I don't. I want to be left strictly alone, and when the time comes I will be ready to take my lesson.

GOLD. Very well then; I'm ready to right all your wrongs, Mickey, and to see that the kiss of peace is exchanged between you and Miss Doak.

ALBERTI. May the saints forbid!

GOLD. Don't stay out here too long, Miss Guida, for, without knowing why, I never feel exactly safe about you when you are away from the tent.

GUIDA. [*Laughing.*] Well it does seem funny that anybody should worry about me; I've taken care of myself so long that I guess I can continue to do so.

ALBERTI. Her face'll purtect her ivery time, bless her swate heart.

*Exit GOLDBURG, FITZWILSON, and ALBERTI, L 2 E.*

GUIDA. Poor Signor Alberti! he's sadly afflicted with Doakey, and I'm afraid he'll not be free from her while they both stay with the show.

BROWN. (*Up stage.*) Now is my time! Dalton won't be back for half an hour at least, and if any one else should come I'll try the plan Sally suggested—that can't fail.

GUIDA. I believe I'm growing to like this kind of a life more and

more each day. Every one, except Mlle. Rosa, is so kind to me. Mr. Fitzwilson certainly is very patient when I am taking my lessons, and if Mr. Dalton is as persevering in teaching me as he has been, I shall soon know how to talk and act quite like a lady. If the people at home could see Doakey and me now, I wonder what they would say?

BROWN. (*Up stage.*) If I have to try Sally's plan in the end, it won't do to be too rough ab ut it in the begining, so I s'pose I'd better strike it about half-way between. [*Comes down stage toward Guida.*]

GUIDA. [*Rising.*] I wonder if I'll always stay with the circus after I do learn to ride? I certainly would be sorry to leave now while every one is so kind to me; its the nearest like a home I ever knew.

*Brown seizes her from behind by the arm. Guida screams.*

BROWN. Stop that yelling, or I'll give you something to yell for. Come along with me. [*Tries to drag her up stage.*]

GUIDA. (*Struggling.*) Who are you? Let go my arm! Why, do you know I'll scratch your eyes out if you don't let me alone!

BROWN. (*Seizing her by both arms.*) Indeed you won't do any thing of the kind. Come along with me quietly, or it will be the worse for you!

GUIDA. [*Struggling.*] You villain! Help! Help! Oh how I would like to strike you! Help! Help!

BROWN. [*Pulling her back.*] Hold your tongue, curse you, or I'll stop your mouth for you!

GUIDA. Help! Help!

*Brown covers her mouth with his hand, pulling her to her knees. Enter DALTON hurriedly L 2 E.*

DALTON. Unhand that lady, or I'll—

*Brown pulls a revolver, and points it at Dalton, who steps back. Guida remains on her knees between the two, Brown holding her by the shoulder with one hand.*

BROWN. It will be exceedingly inconvenient for you to come any nearer; this little toy might go off.

DALTON. Unhand that lady, or it shall be the worse for you.

BROWN. It shall, eh? Hasn't a father got a right to take his own child away?

DALTON. What's that?

BROWN. This girl is my daughter.

GUIDA. [*Springing to her feet.*] Oh no! no! not that! not that!

BROWN. But it is just that, Miss. I'm your father, and you shall come with me.

GUIDA. [*With outstretched hands.*] Don't say you are my father!

BROWN. But I do say it, and it's the truth, so now come with me, and if this young man wants to interfere, we'll make it warm for him.

GUIDA. [*Stands for an instant silently looking at Brown.*] My God help me! [*Falls.*]

#### CURTAIN.

PICTURE: GUIDA at C in swoon. BROWN up stage R pointing revolver at DALTON with one hand, and off stage with the other. DALTON down stage L, looking at GUIDA.

#### NOTES.

GUIDA in this act must be considerably changed in manner; having been for four weeks under the tuition of all the company, more especially Dalton, and making new acquaintances, it would not be strange,

if, naturally intelligent as she is, she should have shown many evidences of her training. Yet she would, even then, evince a decided disinclination to love-making, since, owing to her previously lonely life, her natural modesty would readily take that form. It is also quite natural that she should swoon; the terror at finding herself, as she supposes, the daughter of Brown would be sufficient to deprive her of her senses. Almost any latitude may be allowed in the matter of costume, since she would naturally desire it, and the manager be quite as willing to give it, since he expects to reap a rich harvest through her, to say nothing of his desire to have members of his company well dressed.

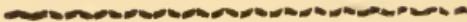
**MATILDA** should take especial pains not to burlesque the scene; if one conscientiously acts it the part will be more comical than any burlesque could make it.

**BROWN** should avoid being any more rough than is absolutely necessary; even one with professions of gentlemanly breeding might do exactly as he is doing. He should be a ruffian, but not ruffianly.

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## APPEARING IN ACT 3.

GUIDA.  
MATILDA.  
MLLE. ROSA.  
FITZWILSON,  
DALTON.  
BROWN.  
ALBERTI.



## ACT THIRD

Interior of women's dressing-tent in a circus.

To be of plain canvas, entirely enclosing the stage, with but one entrance, and that at L 2 E. Standing mirrors, trunks, costumes, saddle cloths, etc., strewn around.

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**PROPERTIES IN ACT THIRD.**

Standing mirrors, trunks, clothes, saddle-cloths etc., for dressing-room.

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**COSTUMES IN ACT THIRD.**

**GUIDA.** Long riding habit.

**MATILDA.** Grotesque, low-necked, and short-sleeved dress, the skirt coming just above the tops of her boots. Hat with long plume.

**ALL OTHERS.** Ordinary street dress; may wear same as in the last act.

## ACT 3.

*One hour has elapsed since the close of second act.*

SCENE: Interior of women's dressing-tent in a circus.

*Before raising the curtain the Prompter calls:*

Walk this way, ladies and gents, and see the many wonders contained under this canvas, that can be viewed for the small sum of one dime, or five tickets for half a dollar. It will be two hours before the doors of the big tent are opened, and, in the meanwhile you can see all the wonders of the universe for only one dime. Here are annacondas, boa constrictors, birds, animals, and freaks of nature in all forms, and from all climes, while ten cents pays the price of admission. Walk this way and be amused, instructed, and delighted before the big show opens.

*The curtain is raised just before the conclusion of speech.*

## DISCOVERED.

MATILDA *standing before mirror, powdering her face.*

MATILDA. Now that Guida has found her father, I suppose I must take my place as the principal attraction of the show, and I am sure that I shall have but little difficulty in putting Mlle. Rosa in the shade, although I'm not just sure that I shall dare to attempt to ride six horses at one time, as dear Signor Alberti suggests. I wonder what he meant when he said it would be rather hard on the horses? I'm sure I'm not very heavy. But perhaps he was only in sport; he is so fond of joking, the dear man.

FITZ. (*Off stage.*) May I come in?

MATILDA. Mercy on me! Who is it? Wait a minute. [*Powders furiously*]

FITZ. (*Off stage.*) Its Fitzwilson. Is Miss Guida there?

MATILDA. (*Wiping her face quickly, and sitting on trunk.*) Ah, yes, come right in, my dear Mr. Fitzwilson. (*Enter FITZWILSON L 2 E.*) Since you are to give me a riding lesson, I may as well allow you to see the quiet costume that I have selected; but my maidenly modesty forbade that I should display it to the vulgar herd, at least, until I had become somewhat accustomed to it myself. Is it becoming? (*Stands up, and turns slowly around before Fitzwilson.*)

FITZ. But my dear madam, after what has just occurred, we cannot even think of lessons to-day.

MATILDA. Why not?

FITZ. Are you not aware that this scoundrel Brown, who ought to have been hanged years ago, claims Miss Guida as his daughter, and has got his story down so fine that I am afraid any court of law would recognize his so-called rights?

MATILDA. Yes, I know that; but Guida said she should take her lesson to-day, even if she was obliged to leave the show immediately afterwards. But seriously, Mr. Fitzwilson, (*Goes very close to Fitz.*) I have been thinking this matter over, and if Guida is this man's daughter, as I now believe she is, why need either you or Mr. Goldberg feel badly about it?

FITZ. And why should we not feel badly about it? She would make one of the most brilliant, dashing equestrienes in the country. I never saw one learn as rapidly, or sit a horse more gracefully than she.

MATILDA. Not even excepting me, Mr. Fitzwilson? If Guida should be compelled to leave the show, am I not here?

FITZ. There is no question but that you are here.

MATILDA. And could I not take Guida's place as a pupil?

FITZ. I could hardly say that, madam, until after I have seen you in the ring as I have seen Miss Guida.

MATILDA. (*With her hand on Fitzwilson's shoulder.*) My dear Mr. Fitzwilson, you shall see me there, and then you shall say that never had teacher a pupil more docile,—[*Enter ALBERTI L 2 E.*—] if you can overlook the natural exuberance of youth.

FITZ. Hang it! madam, don't talk shop when that young lady is in such peril. Can you not fancy what it might be to be claimed as a daughter by such a man as Brown, and be forced to live his life?

MATILDA. I can't see that he's such a bad looking man.

FITZ. I wasn't talking about his looks, but his character.

MATILDA. (*Going to the mirror, and arranging her toilet.*) Oh, I don't know anything about that, of course. I was only speaking about his personal appearance.

ALBERTI. [*Aside.*] Well, may the saints preserve us; but jist hear that ould catamaran go it! Bedad, but I begin to think she believes she's less than fifty. [*To Fitzwilson.*] Mr. Fitzwilson, its meself that's come to ask you if you think it would ease Miss Guida's heart any if I should polish off that blackguard Brown? I could do it with that same skill an' grace that characterizes me performances in the ring.

FITZ. No, no, Mickey; it isn't by force that we can hope to extricate her from her difficulties. Blows are not the arguments we must use.

ALBERTI. Bedad, but they're the only argymints that rapscallion can understand, bad luck to his dirty self!

*Enter GUIDA L 2 E dejectedly.*

FITZ. I hardly expected to see you here, Miss Guida. I thought you would remain at the hotel until we could advise with you as to what you should do.

GUIDA. [*Seating herself wearily on a trunk.*] I have come for my lesson, Mr. Fitzwilson. I said I would come, and I am here.

ALBERTI. [*Aside.*] Jest look at the mavourneen! Begorra, but it would serve that divil of a Brown well right to have that ould maniac, Miss Deak, discover about this time that he was her father. Faith an' I think he'd be willin' to come to terms then, the blackguard!

MATILDA. But where is your father, my dear?

FITZ. Hush! Do not profane the name.

MATILDA. But if he is her father why shouldn't he be spoken of? I'm sure if I had met my father, whom I had never seen, and how romantic it would be, I should want to hear people talking of him.

ALBERTI. [*Aside.*] In the name of heavin, will that ould reptile niver discover herself? (*Aside to Fitzwilson.*) Will I be after kapin' that female ape hushed while you have a chance to talk wid Guida mavourneen?

FITZ. You mean well, Mickey; but you must be careful not to raise a row of any kind, for Miss Guida's sake.

ALBERTI. Bedad I can be quiet enough; but may the divil fly away wid me ef I can see how that can help the young leddy.

GUIDA. Mr. Fitzwilson, are you ready to go into the ring?

FITZ. Don't think of lessons to-day; but rather decide upon what it is best to do under the circumstances. Shall you acknowledge this man's claim upon you without making any protest?

GUIDA. What else can I do?

MATILDA. Sure enough, what else can she do? Her duty is to do what he tells her, and, even at the risk of being misunderstood, I shall insist that she obeys him.

ALBERTI. (*Aside.*) Begorra, but I'd like to have the straightenin' out of that ould corkscrew!

FITZ. You can oblige him to prove that he is your father before you leave us.

GUIDA. To do that would be to provoke him to tell my mother's story, as he threatens to do, and to that I would never consent, however hard might be the conditions he imposed upon me. A child could never allow her mother's memory to be defiled, if any act of hers could prevent it, and, although I never saw my mother, Mr. Fitzwilson, I revere her memory.

FITZ. But are you sure he is your father?

MATILDA. Why of course she has got to take his word for that, and I claim that she's bound to believe him, for if he wasn't her father he wouldn't have any interest in saying that he was.

ALBERTI. (*Aside.*) That ould woman wants to get rid of Miss Guida, I do belave, an' ef I was certain av it, I'd make things around here mighty hot for the ould reptile.

GUIDA. I have heard that the heart of a child always responds to the voice of its parents; but it is not so in this case. What reason have I for believing that he is not whom he says he is? Why would he claim me as his daughter if such was not the case?

MATILDA. Yes, that is it. That is just what I told her before I left the hotel.

ALBERTI. [*Aside.*] He ought to claim you for his grandmother, an' thin you wouldn't be so free wid your tongue, you ould telephone!

FITZ. He may have reasons that we do not know of. He certainly has one, if he is not your father, that I can understand.

GUIDA. What is it? What is it? Show me one reason why he would claim me, not being my father, for my whole soul revolts against the man, and yet if he is really whom he says he is, I will obey him readily, despite all my aversion to him.

FITZ. In the first place, you have a certain commercial value which he can realize on. That you will make a good rider is positive, and he can get for your services a salary, from almost any circus, such as would

support him in idleness.

GUIDA. But he surely would not trade on that.

MATILDA. Of course not. He is your father sure enough, Guida, and I can only repeat what I have said before, that I will do all I can to fill your place here after you are away.

ALBERTI. (*Aside.*) Bad luck to the ould reptile! Ef I thought there was a horse in the show mane enough to let that bag of bones ride him, may the divil fly away wid me ef I wouldn't kill him.

FITZ. I do not believe that your father would do so; but that Tom Brown will, I am certain.

GUIDA *sits down in deep thought.*

*Enter DALTON L 2 F.*

FITZ. [*Aside to Dalton.*] Well, lad, what luck?

DALTON. Nothing as yet. My advice is that Miss Guida appeal to the law; make this man prove his claims before she does as he commands.

ALBERTI. Its now that you're talkin' sinse, lad.

DALTON. [*To Guida.*] Miss Guida, you cannot believe that this man is your father.

GUIDA. How can I say? He tells me that he is, and to question him before a court of law is, I fear, to make public that which the world must not know.

DALTON. But, without going into the details, [*Enter BROWN L 2 E.*] make him show, as it is but right you should do, that he really has this claim he pretends to have.

BROWN. The claim he pretends to have, eh? Well let me tell you, Mr. Smarty Freshfield, that he can prove all he claims, and a good deal more, if Miss Impudence here insists on it. I say that I'm this girl's father, and if she wants me to, I can tell the whole story, though it won't be

very pleasant for her to hear, especially when I go into all the details.

ALBERTI. That's the boss divil himself, an' I'd put up wid ould Miss Doak's runnin' after me for a week, jist to have one rap at his ugly head.

DALTON. Have you told her yet?

BROWN. No; but I'll tell the whole world if she insists on knowing. I am her father, and if she won't go with me willingly, I can appeal to the law; I guess there will be but little difficulty in taking her away from a circus, where I'm not willing she should stay.

FITZ. See here, Brown, I know you pretty well, and I know that you have no scruples against a woman's being with the circus, or else you would take your wife away. Now tell us what you want.

BROWN. Want? Why I want my daughter, of course.

FITZ. But how much money do you want? That is the only question with you, and it is foolish to talk about scruples. Why man, you've got the heart to do most anything, if you could make a dollar by it.

BROWN. Well, I shan't make any money out of her with this show, for I wouldn't let her stay a day longer. She's got to come with me, and if she won't do so willingly, why then I'll see what the law can do.

MATILDA. I really don't think it is right, my dear Mr. Fitzwilson, to insist on his giving up his daughter when he has just found her. If it was going to be any loss to the circus, I wouldn't say anything about it; but I shall still be here, for he cannot take me away.

FITZ. I wish to heaven he could, madam, and then we should not be disturbed by your chatter at such a time.

MATILDA. Merciful powers! The base ingratitude of man!

ALBERTI. (*Aside to Dalton.*) Lad, its my opinion that it would be a good deed if we cleared ould Miss Doak an' Brown both out of the show, an' ef you'll but give the word I'll be only too well plazed to

do the work.

DALTON. No, no, Mickey, you mustn't think of anything of the kind.

ALBERTI. Faith, but how can I help thinkin' of it, lad, whin I hear the two of thim talking?

*Enter ROSA L 2 E.*

FITZ, Mlle. Rosa, you probably know what your husband claims. Do you insist that Miss Guida is your daughter?

ROSA. Indeed I don't; I am an honest woman. If my husband is really the father of this girl, and I have heard the story before, then he must take her from here, for I'll not have such as she around.

GUIDA. Woman!

ROSA. Oh don't try any tragedy airs with me, Miss, for I'll have none of them. I know as well as Tom Brown does, that you are his daughter, and I say that there shall be no such trash around. You shall go with him to-day, for you're no better than your mother was before you.

GUIDA. Silence! You shall not speak of my mother in that way! If she loved the man who calls himself my father and your husband, she was sinned against rather than sinning. Whatever her faults may have been, I will hear no one speak evil of her. A man holds the name of mother sacred before a child, if for no other reason than that his own mother is of the same sex. A woman should not speak evil to a child of that nearest, dearest relative, and if you forget that you too are a woman, some one should remind you that, at least, you have that semblance. Leave me. It is enough that I am obliged to stand face to face with a father of whom I am ashamed for my mother's sake; I will not allow his wife to taunt me.

ALBERTI. [*Aside to Dalton.*] Its no use, lad, I'll not be responsible for the play of me two fists if Miss Guida mavourneen, is to be ballyragged like this.

DALTON. For heaven's sake, Mickey, be quiet, or you'll make no end of trouble.

ALBERTI. Faith, lad, an' that's jist what I'm after wantin' to do.

FITZ. [*To Rosa.*] The girl is right; this is no place for you.

ROSA. And who will prevent me from staying here? Surely I have the right to stay where my husband and his child are.

DALTON. I will prevent you if no one else will; you shall not remain here to make her trouble greater, for God knows it is as much now as she can bear.

ROSA. Then you would force me to leave my own dressing-room, would you?

FITZ. We certainly shall, madam, unless you have sufficient good sense to show you that this is no place for you.

BROWN. Go out, Sally, and let the duffers have their way for awhile. We have got too many against us just now to stand any chance of being treated fairly.

DALTON. It makes no difference what reason you give for leaving, for we shall not bandy words with you. We simply insist that she shall go.

ROSA. I will not oblige you to carry out your implied threat, gentlemen, for it might cause you some shame to remember that two of you used force against one woman. I will go, and so shall she, before night, for even if I was not with this show, she should not remain here.

*Exit ROSA L 2 E.*

FITZ. Now, Brown, tell us just what it is you propose to do?

BROWN. I have told you that already, and there is no use of repeating it.

ALBERTI. I kin tell you what he nades, an' I'll give it to him before he's many hours older, or me name's not Mickey—I mane Signor

Alberty.

DALTON. What salary will you accept and allow her to remain here?

BROWN. You can't offer money enough, gentlemen. I will not allow my daughter to remain with a circus.

GUIDA. Will you leave me alone with—with—this man? I must know all he has got to say, and then, perhaps, I shall be better able to decide what to do.

FITZ. Do you think it is well for you to be with him alone?

DALTON. Can you not trust us to hear, for, believe me, it is not safe for you to be left here with him.

BROWN. You gentlemen seem to have taken a wonderful fancy to my girl. Go on, though, say all you want to, for this is your last chance; my turn will come next.

GUIDA. [*To Dalton.*] I am not afraid of him; I am only afraid he is whom he claims to be. Please leave me, and believe that I am doing right.

MATILDA. I might have expressed my mind on this question if I had not been spoken so rudely to before. But perhaps you can get along without my advice.

FITZ. We shall try to, madam.

ALBERTI. Bedad but we could spare the whole of your body jist as handy as we kin your advice.

*Exit FITZWILSON and MATILDA L 2 E.*

DALTON. We will remain within call, in case you should want us.

BROWN. You needn't fear that any violence will be used. The girl will do as I tell her, without any question.

ALBERTI. There's been altogether too much talk, an' too little done in this confabulation, accordin' to my way of thinking. In the

ould country a spalpeen like you, Tom Brown, would have had his head cracked before two Irishmen could whoop once: I'll see you afterwards, Mr. Brown, ef you make the young leddy any sorrow.

*During this speech Dalton tries to still Alberti.*

*Exit ALBERTI and DALTON L. 2 E.*

GUIDA. Now give me some proof that you are my father.

BROWN. I have told you so, and that is enough.

GUIDA. But if this woman is your wife, my mother could not have been, and while I must bear the disgrace of her sin, you have no claims upon me.

BROWN. Don't go quite so fast. I married your mother through pity, and she died in a few weeks after you were born, which was none too soon.

GUIDA. And saying these words you come to the daughter, believing she will obey you when you tell her to follow you?

BROWN. Of course I do. If you don't go willingly, and I am obliged to appeal to the law, I shall tell many things which won't be particularly agreeable for you to hear.

GUIDA. Coward!

BROWN. Go on; that shows filial affection, and, in fact I rather expected it from a child of your mother's.

GUIDA. And what claim have you on me, so far as filial affection goes? Without speaking of my mother's sad history, and it must have been sad if you had any part in it, what claim have you on me? Perhaps I am your child; but did you ever show a father's affection for me? Did you ever do as much for me as even the brutes do for their young? No, you deserted me when I was but an infant; to the tender mercy of strangers you left the one whom all the laws of God or of man declare that you shall protect, to live or die as she might. You left the child of the woman who loved you, to starve to death, and now when strangers have

been more kind to her than her father, you come to claim filial affection. Do you think I could feel any love for you who broke my mother's heart? Do you think I will obey you who deserted me when I was a helpless babe? Do you think I can look on you without loathing, when I remember what my mother must have suffered?

BROWN. Well now as a matter of fact, I don't care what you think of me. It doesn't interfere with my plans in the slightest. Whether I did anything for you or not when you was a kid, won't make the least difference now, for if I am obliged to go into court to prove that you are my daughter, I will tell my story in such a way that no one will blame me for having left you.

GUIDA. And you come to me to trade on the good name of my mother! You bargain with me to spare the memory of the woman whom you should have shielded from an evil word even with your life. Shame upon you for a disgrace even to the name of man! Whatever sin she may have committed, whatever faults she may have had, she must have expiated all ten-fold, in being obliged to look upon you as her husband.

BROWN. [*Raising his hand as if to strike.*] Curse you! Hold your tongue, or I'll make you sorry you ever saw me!

GUIDA. I am sorry now, and still more sorry to know that you are my father, if indeed you are. But strike me if you will. Do you think I fear blows when my mother must have suffered many? Strike me, you brave man who greets his daughter after long years of neglect with blows! Can it be that a coward like you is my father? No, no, I will not believe it! My whole soul revolts at the thought. How much better I had never known what it was to be other than a foundling, for then I should at least have been spared the feeling of shame that comes over me when my lips try to form the word father, to be applied to you.

BROWN. Its precious little difference to me whether you call me father or not. I only know that you'll do as I tell you to, or there'll be trouble, and I say that you've got to come with me.

GUIDA. And now I say that I will not! It cannot be that there is such a wrong in nature as that you are my father, and I refuse to believe it. I will not recognise your authority.

BROWN. Does that mean that you refuse to do as I tell you?

GUIDA. Yes, yes, a thousand times yes?

BROWN. Then you are willing that I should tell the public all that your mother was?

GUIDA. [*Aside.*] God help me! what can I say? To defy him is to disgrace my mother's memory, and yet to go with him is a life of misery such as I have never dreamed of, even in my greatest anguish. It may be that he fears to take the case into a court of law. God grant that it is so, and on that hope I will act.

BROWN. Well, what is your answer?

GUIDA. I deny that you are my father, and if you can stand before the world defaming the memory of the woman who trusted in you, then, though all the courts in the land pronounced me your daughter, I would not believe it. Stand back, coward and villain that you are! I repeat that you are not my father, and in saying it I am but defending my mother's good name. If she is looking down on me now she knows the motive that causes me even to seem to show disrespect to her memory, and she must approve of it. Whatever she may have been she was my mother, and I defy you!

#### CURTAIN.

PICTURE: GUIDA at C with upraised hand. BROWN near door at L 2 E as if about to leave the room.

#### NOTES.

GUIDA would naturally rise to a height of passion where the ideas would come to her, even though she has been brought up in comparative

ignorance. Almost any outburst of anger would be natural under the circumstances.

BROWN not having any just cause of anger, since the story he tells is false, is in a moody rather than an angry frame of mind. It is only allowed that he should fly into a passion when Guida refers to him personally, not as her father, and then it is but reasonable that the anger should speedily die out, since he realizes that he is standing in a false position, ready to do her a most grievous injury.

MILLE. ROSA should also refrain from displaying any more anger than sufficient to allow the audience to understand that she is using it as a cloak. Her strongest point is sarcasm.



## APPEARING IN ACT 4.

GUIDA.

MATILDA.

MLLE. ROSA.

GOLDBURG.

DALTON.

HARLOW.

FITZWILSON.

ALBERTI.

BROWN.



ACT FOURTH.

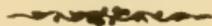
Drawing-room in Judge Harlow's home.

Center door. Table, on which are strewn papers, up stage at R.  
Sofa directly opposite. Chairs near R & L 1 E.



PROPERTIES IN ACT FOURTH.

Tables, chairs, sofa, writing materials, etc., for drawing-room.



COSTUMES IN ACT FOURTH,

ALL—save Judge Harlow—in walking costume.

## ACT 4.

*One hour has elapsed since close of fourth act.*

SCENE: Drawing-room in Judge Harlow's house.

DISCOVERED.

ROSA and BROWN.

*Rosa in chair near L 2 E. Brown pacing to and fro.*

ROSA. It was more than foolish to agree to come here, Tom. You ought to have had sense enough to keep clear of the law, at least.

BROWN. But what could I do, Sally? We're in the scrape now, and we've got to go through with it. I claimed the girl as my daughter, as you had planned I should in case I was interrupted while trying to get her away, and then I couldn't pull her off bodily. Goldberg proposed that we come before this Judge Harlow, to have him give his opinion as to whether I had a valid claim. There is no doubt but that I can prove that I am the girl's father, because no one knows anything about her, and I went back to Southport, as you suggested, so that I've got the story down fine.

ROSA. You ought to have been sure that there was no one around when you attempted to take her away. I always was afraid about going to law, and I believe we shall come to some harm here.

BROWN. I couldn't have been more sure than I was when I did make the attempt. I heard the old man tell Dalton to go to the tents, and I heard him tell her he would not be back for an hour. She was alone in the woods, and there didn't seem to be a chance that he would dare to come back so soon, especially after Goldberg had shown that he was angry with him.

ROSA. But he did come back.

BROWN. Yes, curse him! But after I was in for it, how could I refuse to make my claim good? Suppose I had kicked, and said that the girl should go with me then and there, of what use would it have been? Every man in the show would have taken her part, and then I should have been obliged to go to law in good earnest, if I wanted to get her.

ROSA. Are you sure that there is no one in Southport who knows anything about her parents? I'm afraid of that old fool—Miss Doak.

BROWN. I am certain nobody knows anything about it, and we're as sure of carrying out our plan as if I had gotten hold of her in the woods. There is no one who knows whose child she is, except the man who left her there, and, even if he's alive, there isn't much chance of his turning up just now.

ROSA. Shall you start away as soon as it is decided?

BROWN. Yes, unless she kicks and says she won't go; then I may have to take a regular dose of the law. I shall represent that she is being trained to a life that I object to; play the sanctimonious dodge, and I fancy that we shall come out of it all right.

ROSA. But are you sure that you can get an engagement with the other show?

BROWN. Yes, I have attended to all that; they will make me an offer after they see what the girl can do. But my idea is that it would be better to let her stay right here. Goldburg will pay more for her than any one else will, and since you are so afraid of the law, here is a chance to get out of it entirely.

ROSA. I tell you that I won't have her around; if I had been willing, do you suppose I would have taken all these chances? If you wasn't such a fool, Tom Brown, you could see that if she stays here I shall soon get my walking papers, and then where will you be? The girl can ride well now, and in two or three weeks, if she stays, she, not I, will be the attraction.

BROWN. Very well, Sally, very well. I only suggested it, and still stand ready to carry out the original plan.

*Enter DALTON C D.*

DALTON. I was told that the Judge was here.

BROWN. He told us to wait here for him; he had something else to attend to first. Isn't it foolish to submit this question privately to this man, when we could have it settled finally in court?

DALTON. As a special favor, Judge Harlow consented to give his private opinion on the merits of the case in order that Miss Guida might be spared the publicity that would result if a regular trial was held, and we were in the court-room.

ROSA. I had no idea she was so sensitive. When I first saw her I thought she was able to stand almost anything.

DALTON. There are some things which any one would shudder at, and this threat to defame the dead in order to coerce the living, is one of them. Now see here, I have come to make you one more offer of money. If you will sign an agreement to leave Miss Guida with the show, Mr. Goldberg will give you any reasonable salary for her services.

BROWN. I've said before, an' I mean it, that I won't let her stay with the show.

DALTON. You had better think the matter over; it may not be to your advantage to refuse.

BROWN. I suppose I have got a right to do as I want to with my own, and about my own.

DALTON. Well, Mr. Brown, that I'm not so sure of. In fact, I came ahead of the others simply for the purpose of trying to convince you that you are wrong in your method of treating this case.

BROWN. Then you've wasted your time, young fellow, and the less you meddle with what is none of your business, the better it will be for you and all concerned.

DALTON. That is also a matter in which I differ with you. See here, Brown, I've got a bit of advice to give you, and it will be particularly to your advantage to remember it. I don't fancy the law would be very hard on you if you should cast reproach on the dead woman in the presence of her daughter; but if you do, I shall take the law in my own hands, and I give you my solemn promise that the punishment will not be light.

BROWN. I don't scare worth a cent, and you had better save your breath, for I shall say and do just what I please.

DALTON. Then be very careful that you don't please to say anything against Miss Guida's mother, or I will give you such a flogging as you will find it hard to forget.

BROWN. I have heard of barking dogs who got the worst of a game of that kind.

DALTON. You will find to your cost that this is not one of those cases. Be careful what you say if you have any regard for your worthless self.

*Enter ALBERTI C D.*

ALBERTI. Begorra, Dalton, it was that same thing that I came here to say; but be the powers, ef I was behindhand in sayin' it, I'll be beforehand in givin' that blackguard a smell of me fist ef he makes the young leddy any more sorrow.

ROSA. It seems that instead of coming here to have a question of a father's authority over his daughter settled, we have simply come here to be threatened by bullies.

DALTON. Madam, your respected husband has, unfortunately, but little idea of gentlemanly breeding, and if our method of teaching him seems harsh, you must remember that he would fail to understand if we spoke in any other way.

ALBERTI. Thim same is my sintiments to a hair.

ROSA. You are eminently fitted to teach others good breeding, for we are all most familiar with that in which we are most deficient.

ALBERTI. [*Aside to Dalton.*] I've been lettin' this thing go on so long widout breakin' that blackguard's head, that faith I'm almost beginnin' to think that I've caught the Italian fever from me new name, an' have entirely forgot that I'm Irish. Now I'm after thinkin' that the best way to dispose of thim two divils, an' to get Guida mavourneen out of her trouble, wud be to polish 'em off before the jedge comes. I cud do it wid one hand behind me, an' ef you'll look out a bit for the ould woman, I'll begin the shindy.

DALTON. [*Aside to Alberti.*] For heaven's sake, Mickey, don't even dream of such a thing! Think of where we are, and remember that anything of the kind would do Miss Guida more harm than good.

ALBERTI. Do you really think so, lad?

DALTON. I am sure of it.

ALBERTI. Then I'll be dumb as a fish; but me hand's achin' to to have one crack at that divil.

*Enter HARLOW C. D.*

HARLOW. Are all the parties in the case here?

ALBERTI. Ivery wan of thim yer honor, barrin' thim that are a short distance beyant; but they'll soon be here.

ALBERTI *stands down R.* DALTON *just above him.*

HARLOW *sits at table.*

*Enter GUIDA, MATILDA, GOLD, and FITZ, C. D.*

GUIDA *and* MATILDA *sit on sofa.* GOLD *stands near Guida.* FITZ *directly behind Matilda.*

ALBERTI. [*Aside to Dalton.*] Do you think, lad, if I should be after swallowin' a few of me longest swords for the sake of amusin' his honor, he'd be any more likely to fix it all right for Guida mavourneen?

DALTON. It wouldn't be the proper thing at all, Mickey. You must try to forget that you are a sword swallower, and be very dignified.

ALBERTI. Bedade, if its a dignified contour his honor wants, I'll give it to him at wanst. [*Goes well down stage, where he stands in attitude of burlesque dignity, glowering at Brown and Rosa.*]

GOLD. The parties are all here, your honor, and there is no reason why the case should not be proceeded with at your pleasure.

HARLOW. As I understand the matter, this is a case wherein I am acting, not in an official capacity; but rather to explain what the law may be in the premises. In fact, it is a meeting at which it is hoped that the differences between a father and a daughter may be settled without recourse to the law. Am I right?

GOLD. On hearing the case you will best understand wherein you are mistaken.

HARLOW. Then we will proceed at once, with this proviso, which I understand you all agree to, that I am here as a private citizen rather than as a judge. If the matter cannot be settled amicably, then we can treat it in a legal way; but I sincerely hope that it may not be necessary to drag such a case into a public court. Now what is the question?

BROWN. This is what it is. That girl is my daughter, who is travelling with a circus, and I insist upon her leaving it. Its not the proper place for a girl of her age, although there is no necessity for me to make any excuse for taking my own child away from any place that I don't choose she should be in. I don't care whether this is a regular court or not; I have got rights as a father, and I propose to exercise them.

HARLOW. Well, upon what ground is objection made to your exercising the rights you undoubtedly have?

GUIDA. I question if he is my father; but if you should say, after you hear his story, that he has proven his claim, then I will obey him, although to be obliged to call him father, will be the greatest misfortune that can befall me.

HARLOW. I hardly understand how you can be in doubt as to whether he is whom he represents himself to be or not.

MATILDA. My dear judge, let me explain. I may be able to make it more clear than Guida can, for, while I am not so very much older, I have had more experience in the world.

*Each time Matilda speaks she springs from her seat, and Fitzwilson tries to hush her.*

ALBERTI. Sit down you ould corkscrew!

*Each time Alberti speaks he starts forward; Dalton pulls him back, and tries to hush him.*

GUIDA. I have never seen my father. During all my life I have been an object of charity, until these good people gave me an opportunity to earn enough to support myself by riding in the circus, they first instructing me in my duties. Now this man, who had no thought of his daughter in all these years, comes and insists that I shall go with him. How, or to what place, I know not. Am I bound to obey the commands of him who did not obey the commands of nature when he deserted a helpless infant?

HARLOW. Is the lady with him, your mother?

GUIDA. Indeed, no.

HARLOW (*Pointing to Matilda.*) Is this lady your mother?

MATILDA. I her mother? Merciful heavens! Can't you see the imprint of youth so plain on my face that you can tell how impossible that would be?

ALBERTI. Chain her down! Begorra that's what I'd do ef I was tryin' to handle her.

GUIDA. I have no mother. I am a poor girl without friends to aid me, save these here who give me the opportunity to travel with them. I know nothing about either of my parents, and, God help me, I have no means of disproving this man when he says he is my father, save as my

own heart tells me that he is not.

HARLOW. What proof have you that this girl is your daughter?

BROWN. When I left the young one, I didn't think of asking for a receipt so that I might be identified. I say she is mine, and can tell all the particulars about leaving her with the parties who were to take care of her for me.

DALTON. I can prove that since the young lady has been with the show, this man has been back to the town she came from, so there is no question but that he knows the whole story, since he went there to get it.

ALBERTI. Will you hear that, Judge? The lad is close after the thafe.

HARLOW. You question this man's paternity. What motive could he have in encumbering himself with the girl if she was not his daughter?

GOLD. He could make money out of her by hiring her to some other show.

BROWN. That's a lie. I have already refused several offers to allow her to stay with your show; but I'll not have her with a circus.

ALBERTI. Yis, bad luck to the likes of your ugly face, you only refused for spite, ye devil!

FITZ. He is now, or wants to be, connected with a circus himself. His wife is Mlle. Rosa the bare-back rider with the Great and Only circus, and he was never known before to have any scruples against the business. He only professes to have some now in order that he may take Miss Guida away from her friends.

BROWN. Let the girl prove, if she can, that I am not her father, and that will settle the question.

GUIDA. Whether the good God will permit that I shall ever be able to prove to the satisfaction of men, that you are not what you claim to be, I do not know; but this my own heart tells me, that not one drop of your blood runs in my veins. However my mother may have been

blinded by love, she could not have failed to see you as you really are; for a man so low as to use such threats to any woman as you have used to me, is so base that he could never hide his true nature. I repeat that I am not your daughter, and ask, [*Turning to Harlow.*] if, having such doubts, I am obliged to obey him?

BROWN. We didn't come here for all this talk. I am here for my rights, and am going to have them.

GUIDA. (*To Harlow.*) I am threatened with the power of the law if I do not obey him. For fifteen years the strong arm of the law was never interposed in my behalf, and now shall it be used to punish a child for that which she has never been taught? He has threatened that my mother's memory should be defamed if I asked what my rights were under the law! He demands that I shall leave the only friends I ever had, to follow him! If he has had no affection for me in the past, who shall say he has any now? Should the law oblige me to obey him, it would simply be obliging me to hold less sacred my mother's name. It would be obliging me to leave the only semblance of a home I ever had, to follow one for whom I feel only loathing and contempt. Declare that man to be my father, and you cause me to feel contempt even for myself, because his blood runs in my veins.

BROWN. If you want to find out whether I am your father or not, why don't you stop making so much talk?

GUIDA. You say you left me at the house where I was first cared for?

BROWN. Yes.

GUIDA. At what time in the day did you leave me there?

BROWN. It wasn't in the day; but about nine o'clock at night.

MATILDA. Yes, that is so, for I remember—I mean, I have heard all about it.

ALBERTI. Will somebody please hold that old woman's tongue for her?

GUIDA. How long ago was it?

BROWN. Fifteen years ago on the twenty-third day of July.

HARLOW. (*Excitedly.*) What? What did you say?

BROWN. I said I left the child fifteen years ago on the twenty-third day of July.

HARLOW. [*Going towards Brown.*] In what town do you profess that you left your child?

BROWN. In the town of Southport.

MATILDA. Of course it was Southport.

ALBERTI. For the love of hiven, will no wan stop that woman's jaw?

HARLOW. What were the names of the people with whom you say you left her?

BROWN. I left her with an old farmer by the name of Ambrose Merrill.

HARLOW. And the child's name was— quick! man, quick!

BROWN. (*In astonishment.*) It was Guida.

HARLOW. [*Excited, and seizing Guida by the arm.*] Child, listen to me! Do you remember anything of your mother?

GUIDA. At times it seems as if I did; but it is all so dim and shadowy that it can hardly be called a memory.

HARLOW. But can you recall nothing? Is there no cradle song that you remember? No melody that comes to you as if it were a portion of your very nature?

GUIDA. I do dimly remember a song; but whether it is something I have heard, or only imagined, I cannot say.

HARLOW. Try to recall it, child! try to recall it!

*Guida sings, soft and hesitating at first, then louder, joyous, and finally triumphant as the song progresses.*

Come darling, come, and I'll rock thee to sleep.

The little birds long have been cuddled to rest,  
Under their mother's wing, in the home nest.

The stars from the clouds are begining to peep,  
So come darling, come, and I'll rock thee to sleep.

Come darling, come, and I'll rock thee to sleep,

For the day, so long to thy babyish years,  
Has made thee weary, with its smiles and tears;  
And the heavy white lids o'er the bright eyes creep,  
So come darling, come, and I'll rock thee to sleep.

*Exe. ROSA C. D.*

HARLOW. That was your mother's song, my child.

GUIDA. My mother!

HARLOW. [*Taking Guida's hand.*] Let me hold your hand while I tell you a story, and when it is finished, as you forgive me or not there will be no need of words, for you can withdraw your hand, or leave it where it now rests. I knew a young couple who, eighteen years ago, were secretly married, deceiving the world, and working misery for themselves. A child was born—a little girl named Guida, and the father carried it to the town of Southport, when it was two years old. The mother kept the child with her up to that time, despite the fear that her secret would be discovered; then she was taken sick, and it became necessary to intrust the child to strangers. This man tells a true story, in so far as the details are concerned. A circus was in the town at the time, and the farmer believed that the child's father was a member of the company. The father returned in one year, when it was possible to make his marriage public, to get his daughter; but was told that farmer Merrill had moved West, and there had died. From that day almost until this, that father has been searching for his child.

GUIDA. Father! father! my own true father!

ALBERTI. Hooray! Begorra, how will that set on Brown's

stomach?

HARLOW. [*To Brown.*] Scoundrel, your base plot has failed, and although there is no punishment that would be too severe for the villainy you would have perpetrated, I will not, in this hour, seek revenge. Let your conscience speak, as you think of what you would have done. Be-gone!

*Exit BROWN C. D. with an air of bravado.*

ALBERTI. Faith, an' its light punishmint he'll get from his conscience. He'd have more understandin' for a crack on the jaw, so he would.

HARLOW. [*To Guida.*] Can you forgive me, my child, for my seeming neglect?

GUIDA. There can be no such thing as that a father needs to ask forgiveness of his child. But—my—mother?

HARLOW. She is with our Father in Heaven, my daughter. She grieved for you until her spirit burst its earthly bonds. Until the day of her death she never ceased to believe that we should find you. I could discover no trace of Merrill, and—

MATILDA. Oh, now I remember—I mean, I've heard them say that Ambrose Merrill did go West for a while, and intended to settle there. It was reported that he was dead; but it was false, for he came home, and brought Guida with him, dying shortly after he arrived there. You must have gone to Southport while he was away.

ALBERTI. Well, be the powers, the ould woman has got a bit of sinse left!

HARLOW. And will my girl obey me, when I tell her that she must leave the circus in order to make happy the home that has ever been filled with sorrow because of her loss?

GUIDA. Indeed I will, father, and we will always have a welcome here for any one belonging to the Great and Only, won't we? And we [*Dalton steps forward towards her, holding out his hands*

*imploringly. Guida grows confused.*] I—don't suppose—suppose we—we could—keep—one—one of the—the members here, could we?

HARLOW. (*Looking at Dalton.*) We will keep one of the members, my daughter, and the next favor you ask, I suppose, will be that I shall give away the child I have so lately found.

*Guida, standing C. with Harlow holding her left hand, offers her right hand to Dalton, who advances, and takes it.*

ALBERTI. Bedad, but the lad's in luck!

MATILDA. [*Crossing, and throwing her arms around Alberti's neck.*] Oh, my dear, good Mr. Alberty, can you look on such a scene unmoved? Does not your heart yearn for something unspeakable?

ALBERTI. (*Struggling to release himself.*) Begorra me heart yearns to lay me two hands on that villain Brown, an' by that same token, I will before the day's many hours older.

GUIDA HARLOW and DALTON, *down stage.*

GUIDA. With a father and a—a—a Mr. Dalton, the foundling forsakes the sawdust and spangles of the circus, among which she found such true friends, leaving behind the sawdust of her life as she does that of the ring; but holding fast to the spangles of love from a father, and a—a—a Mr. Dalton, which shall brighten the lives that have so long been desolate.

CURTAIN.







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