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STINGER,

—OR—

THE ARIZONA CARNIVAL, A TRAGI-COMEDY,

FOUNDED ON REAL LIFE AND SCENES IN ARIZONA.

—CLOSING WITH—

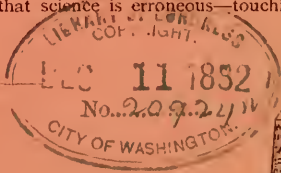
A COMIC OPERA.

The Songs, like the facts represented in the Play, are to the manor born.

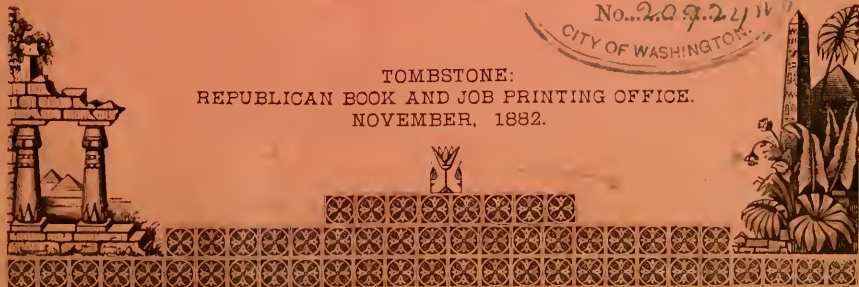
By F. Stinger

The Play is a portrayal of Life, Science and
Philosophy in Arizona,

Here we have a Scientist, holding the *secret* of book-writing—A Teacher of Euphony—The avidity with which the secret is sought—The Geologist—The solicitous and finally fallen Divine—The *Educated* Girl of the Period—The Clown—The Expert—The Maid of Forty—The Prudent Damsel—The truly Educated Lady—The boastful Man of Means—The Comical Servant—The *Taking* of a Church by Cowboys—The *Taking in* of a Traveler by the same—The Wild Etymologist and Geologist—The Teacher of Euphony as a Solicitous Suitor, blending therewith his materialism as an auxiliary, and his final abandonment of materialistic ideas on the discovery by him, and to him, of the startling fact that science is erroneous—touching the office of the human mind all represented.



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Founded on Real Life and Scenes in Arizona,

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To a general observer the play is designed to present an airy, mirthful appearance. But the author has endeavored to present an *idea*—that the play may prove instructive as well as entertaining. As a quasi counter-irritant of the fierce opposition to biblicism at this time, it may draw well.

In the author's estimation, the strength and merit of the drama (if it embodies either), lies in the novel, yet striking mode of burlesque. Stinger, as a teacher of euphony, adopts the role of an author and libertine. The wild extravagance, and queer application of terms, together with his farcical derivations as an etymologist in each capacity, is intended to represent the wildness, *unsoundness*, of philosophic mind and material nature. While the avidity of Lucretia to acquire a knowledge of euphony, and the new and startling science of book-writing, illustrates the inconsiderate belief that generally attaches to science.

The play militates against the present philosophy of the human mind and ridicules the theory that the mind or spirit influences the thoughts or deeds of men. To the errors of the metaphysician and geologist the materialist is assigned. Stinger's abandonment of materialism as the errors of science appear upon the application of acute thought, provoked by the appearance of past relations and suggestions of Beatrice as to causation etc., in the play, together with the assault on the church by the cowboys, marks the tragedy and makes of the play a drama.

VICTOR—Father of Lucretia and Almira.

VICTORIA—Sister and Aunt.

LUCRETIA, ALMIRA—Sisters.

BEATRICE—To Stinger an unknown daughter.

LORD—A Minister.

STICKLES—A Geologist.

STINGER—A Professor, etc.

CURLY BILL AND HIS KID—Two Cowboys.

SCENE FIRST.—Profusion of flowers—Stage carpet—Brilliant colors—Elegant furniture, mirrors, etc., for particular use of geologist.

ACT FIRST.

VICTOR . . . Walk the stage quickly, not rapidly, exhibiting slight nervousness
Enter. . . and much good feeling, clasping his hands occasionally.

Well, well, well; I have just reached my fiftieth year, not an old man by any means; by comparison not half as old as I am happy. My fortune, let me see, 'tis not large, nor is it small: about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; very good, very good (chuckling laugh). A few years ago I should have considered this a very large fortune, even beyond my capacity to amass. But to-day millionaires sparkle in every direction. 'Tis not for me, and I do not envy them their superior wealth, nor question the manner of its getting. My wealth, be it much or little, is the result of legitimate enterprise, frugality and close attention to business. (Laugh). I struck a geological fissure at last. (Laugh). Nothing in it, but I made a scientific sale all the same. O, I'm all business with the philosophers. I'm now retired from the routine of mining operations, and propose a little recreation for myself. My daughters have just completed their education—will be home to-day. My heart leaps with joy, my bosom dilates with pride at the thought of their return. Dutiful children. Always true and affectionate. They shall enjoy every advantage of travel at home and abroad.

VICTORIA. (Drest becomingly as a maiden of forty.) Victor, you appear delighted; really in fine spirits, a very happy frame of mind (taking a seat) I may say exuberant. Pray tell me: what may be the occasion of all this, for truly I've not seen you so demonstrative for months—not since your daughters left home for school, quite one year ago.

VICTOR. . . Are you not apprised of the momentarily expected arrival of Lucretia and Almira?

VICTORIA. . . How could I? It appears you have not thought it necessary or proper to inform me. Do you consider that I have had the care of these children—*now young ladies*—since the death of their mother, about ten years? Coming home—graduates. Now I suppose things will go topsy turvy. Almira is orderly enough, but Lucretia will set things in a whirl.

Victor, you must keep your eye on that girl; she is out of my charge now. You know the fate of our neighbor, mother of Beatrice. She was *spoilt* by one of those no responsibility cranks, a geologist or something of that sort and Beatrice, rich and smart as she is, — well, you know the history, but she don't know her father, poor girl. Thank heaven, I was never spoilt. You have got one of those cracked-brained geologists around here now. He throws his philosophic telescope, as he calls it, on every thing in sight, and then *brates* about the glory of eternal sleep. But, bless the Lord, Lucretia takes more to language. She intends to write a story or history or something.

VICTOR. But, sister, will we quit this country—*go inside*—get clear of the cowboys, and the cranks, too.

VICTORIA. Yes, go east. Don't you know that country is full of cranks. The cowboy and the crank are of one stripe, but I'll chance the cowboy. If he robs and kills he don't shut off all hope of life and peace hereafter.

LUCRETIA AND ALMIRA Enter.

And haven't we caught you? and surprised you? Train one hour ahead of time. (*Usual greetings*).

VICTOR. Well, well; I suppose you are now educated, *refined* and quite ready to engage in any—well, most any enterprise—marriage, for instance.

LUCRETIA. Marriage! Father, we haven't thought of such a thing. We are educated it is true, but not *refined*, as you would seem to think. By-the-by, papa; we had the great, good fortune to meet with Professor Stinger, at the depot, on our arrival. I was delighted to learn from professor that his engagements would not prevent his taking a small class at our house, if desired.

VICTORIA. Excuse me. (Exit.)

VICTOR. And who in the devil is Professor Stinger? And what is his line of business?

LUCRETIA. I am not surprised, papa, that you are not acquainted with the professor, or his line of business, as you call it. But permit me to say Professor Stinger is the gentleman who has recently improvised (*aside*, I believe that is the proper term) a new system of speech, or language, or science of writing books, or something of the kind. Anyhow, he takes an educated lady and refines her, polishes her up. He is highly spoken of by many. Meeting with him at the depot, I invited him to call, and to-day. Really, papa, I hope you will not object to Almira and I being polished?

VICTOR. Object? I've not been in the habit of objecting; but I don't think this thing goes.

LUCRETIA. But you will see the professor when he calls? He may make you understand that it is quite essential that your daughters should know *something*, at least, of his science.

[Servant enters: announces the arrival of Stinger. Servant should be comical and capable of doing a song and dance].

LUCRETIA. Do show him up at once.

VICTOR. Yes, show him up; and show me out. (Exit.)

STINGER Enter.

Cordially received by Lucretia and Almira. Almira excused. (Exit.)

GEOLOGIST Enter.

[Will recognize Stinger as having met him before. Greets Lucretia as having met her two years previous when she was yet in short dress. Geologist is the clown of the play, and remains on the stage during the first act and appears again in subsequent acts. Is provided with a telescope, prospect hammer, pick, etc. Dress of the shabby gentee style—Side whiskers; hair long and combed back of his ears. Should be a slender person, but very jovial in temperament; dignified when motionless and when walking the stage. This character is to burlesque geology in his manner and in the use of his telescope and pick; at the same time provoke laughter on the part of the audience by his significant endorsement of Stinger's words and derivations from time to time, and by his own spasmodic laughter, which comes with a gush, but not *boisterous*, though vehement and violent. The mirth of the play largely depends upon the good sense embodied in this act. As an illustration: with his telescope and pick he inspects the ores in the cabinet, the spittoon on the stage, holding it up and saying, with a knowing look: I know what that is, it's a spittoon. Lucretia's gloves and hat—the former black, the latter turban, in style, made of shells and colored green—which she throws, in a careless manner, upon the stage, as she removes them during her narration of events at the minister's trial. He examines, labels, and places them in the cabinet, where Lucretia finds them on leaving the stage with Stinger, having mistaken the gloves for black talc and the hat for a chloride, or blossom of copper. The act of the geologist runs with the play, as the act of a clown in a circus: *his chief act is to laugh*. Is made to appear large by the use of an air-bag, worn in front and by him burst during the third act as directed. Victor and Victoria informally come upon the stage during the first part of the first act. Victor always delighted with the act of Lucretia. Victoria, as a maid of forty, is *particularly* shy of the geologist, and gives Stinger a quizzical look. She don't wish to be spoilt. Geologist is feed as an expert in a mining case, during the play, and is subsequently relieved of his fee by the cowboys, in the second act.]

LUCRETIA. Professor, but this moment I mentioned the business purpose of your call to my father. Strange to say, he fails to appreciate the character of your science, or the benefits his daughters may derive from its study, and, professor, your association.]

STINGER. How *preposterous!* Possibly your father is not cognizant of the science of which I am the author. Geologist: I don't think he is.

LUCRETIA. I am quite sure he is not. Ma, I call him professor; that you may disabuse his mind of all doubt?

STINGER. As you like.

LUCRETIA. (Exit.)

STINGER. I do wonder if I am to be balked in the display of the magnolia science, legitimate, novelletic system, by an old smarty. But here they come. (Geologist: Do you balk easy?)

VICTOR AND LUCRETIA Enter.

Lucretia introduces her father to Stinger. (Exit Lucretia.)

STINGER. It is but a prolific esthetic sentiment I experience in meeting you, my dear sir; on an occasion of so much interest to your daughters, but my esteemed friend, allow me to say I was quite sensitive of something analogous to perturbation, on the receipt of intelligence purporting your want of adhesion to the truly *scientific* and beautiful.

VICTOR. I've *heazed* at nothing.

STINGER. (Bowing.) Perhaps I am too exactly tropical in my nature. I have originated what I choose to term the magnolia, or novelletic system of book-writing and euphony. So called that it is new and better adapted to impress the principles of euphony in the use of language as I teach it. Should I take charge of your daughters, they shall soon acquire an epic style of conversation and composition, shorn of all dramatic exuberance. They shall become euphuistic indeed. Remember I teach the science of effect, relax enliven, beautify the mind of the sedative, seditary scholar, while I *impart* the *author's secret*. Your grounds, with their concave and converse margins undulatory to the vision. Your graceful plateaus forming oblique angles in their acclivities and declivities with the plane of the horizon, are but intensified. In their loveliness by nature's garlands formed of floral plants. Artistic design. In a word, it is the science of Authorship and gentility, and I'm *only* the heroic designer and master of the situation. [Geologist laughs, with both hands grabs his wind-bag.]

VICTOR. (Grimace deeply.) I don't understand one word in ten, but I *catch* on. It's all the same as having a mine, a *rich* mine, you know; and lining it, polishing it up for sale. But you kindly give the mine to—that *author's secret*? I think you're a true fissure. You can chloride the girls a little, give them a luster, you know—a real metalliferous appearance; and don't forget the secret.

[Geologist laughs.]

In a low tone of voice: you're no geologist, no music teacher, you don't sing; my luster is a little—well, slightly on her ear about that class.

STINGER. The music of Euphony is my profession.

VICTOR. I feel a deep interest in my daughters, and consider them safe in your hands, professor.

STINGER. (Touches his hair.) 'Tis white, sir.

VICTOR. Yes, I see; I noticed that little freak in nature. It is my highest security, professor; believe me, I feel quite safe.

STINGER. (Rises to go.)

VICTOR, Pray, keep your seat, sir; make yourself at home, sir. Professor, the

little matter of compensation.

STINGER. Don't mention it, don't mention it, sir; I'm no beggar. Should you observe any change for the better in your daughters—their conversation and manners—any sum; anything convenient.

[Geologist laughs. Saw it off there: drawing his hand across his thigh.]

VICTOR. Really, a charming fellow. Excuse me, professor; I'll send the young ladies to you instantly. (Exit.)

STINGER. To geologist: O, didn't I sandwich him charmingly? just slipped him right in between the beautiful on the one side, and my competency on the other. I guess I'm *only* the master of the situation.

[Geologist: But that author's secret (laughs).

Am I in with it?]

STINGER. Hush! Listen.

LUCRETIA AND ALMIRA Enter.

Lucretia.—Professor, I'm delighted at pa's enthusiasm; what could you have said to him?

STINGER. I didn't say much, but he caught on instantly. He is a regular Stinger.

[Geologist: No doubt of it.]

LUCRETIA. Charming. Almira.—Pa is a regular Stinger.

ALMIRA. [Smiles and takes a seat.]

[Geologist: Clear-headed man.]

LUCRETIA. Professor, a young lady—friend of mine—whom I just saw, wishes very much to form your acquaintance and receive instructions. She is quite pretty, and very spirited; I hope you will like her.

[Geologist: He'll like her. (Laugh)]

STINGER. How fortunate I am.

[Geologist: I told you so; he likes them all.]

LUCRETIA. Rather how fortunate the young lady, professor.

STINGER. Beautiful anticipation of my thoughts. You are a Stinger.

LUCRETIA. Almira, I'm a Stinger; I've got talent.

[Geologist: (Laughing) I'm going to leave: they'll get their singers into me, first thing I know.

STINGER. May I ask: Is the young lady of whom you speak, educated?

[Geologist: He don't take the barefooted kind.]

LUCRETIA. Educated? Certainly. Just from the seminary; quite accomplished in the solids. Her name is Beatrice. I like it, don't you?

[Geologist: He likes it, I tell you.]

STINGER. Certainly, quite Euphonical. And she is just from the seminary? So *verdant* and so *fragrant*.

[Geologist: (Laughs.) I'm in with it.]

LUCRETIA. (Smiles.) Professor, when do we take the first lesson?

- STINGER. Just now. This is as good a time as any, only I've no writing materials with me.
- LUCRETIA. I have them, professor.
 O! my port. and fo. and l i o, now I wonder where you are;
 Not off upon a lark, I hope; for I'm to be a star.
 O, here I've caught you on the wing, you precious little dear;
 You're full of love, ah! billets doux; but Stinger we don't fear.
 Now I'm to be an authoress, and epic in my style,
 My composition full of lore, will make the people smile.
 O! I shouldn't wonder if I did—catch him—and in a little while.
- ALMIRA. O! won't there be a tempest, when my sister rides the charger;
 Lucretia! A philosophic telescope, when she gets a little larger.
 [Geologist gives Almira a sour look, and shakes hands with Lucretia.]
- LUCRETIA. And here they are, professor.
- STINGER. Lucretia, you are a magnolia, a novelletitist, a decker of the Greek.
- LUCRETIA. A magnolia, a novelletitist. Professor, what is a novelletitist?
- STINGER. I don't know unless it is a she novelist. A euphonical she—that's it.
- LUCRETIA. (To Almira.) I'm a magnolia and a euphonical she.
 [Geologist looks at her with telescope.]
- STINGER. Here is a specimen of my style. Lucretia have you any choice of subjects? If you like, name the topic.
 [Geologist: She'll defer the honor.]
- LUCRETIA. O, no; I like any thing, just so its descriptive. A story, euphuistic and mellifluent, professor.
 [Geologist: I know him; it will be so sweet you'll have to take it with a pickle.]
- STINGER. Sweet, of course. This is an elevated and elevating science. It must sound above the roar of the waves; silence the din of busy life the raving of the moralist. It must flow on and on in sweet euphuistic continuity of song.
 [Geologist: Geology.]
- LUCRETIA. (To Almira.) Hear that—elevated and elevating euphuistic science -- and no interest?
- ALMIRA. I am awed by the shadow of coming events.
 [Geologist: She don't bloom.]
- STINGER. No choice? The plant shall be indigenous, and to the sunny plains of Arizona.
 [Pretence of writing.]
- On one of the broad alluvial valleys of the San Pedro, emitting its hymenial oderiferous sweetness, its redolent, ambrosial, balmy, spicy, aromatic fragrance, with such profusion and floral delicacy of sentiment, that the olfactory organism inflated and distended; now its mellifluence co-ordinately disseminates to all communicative functional systems, 'till men, and women, are but as ambrosially delicious as the aromatic realms of floral life. Pregnant with the self-saccharine balmy breeze—nature's

gift—we can but adore each other—natures most exalted figures and sympathize with all of nature's redolent joys. Here, upon this felicitous spot, supremely paradisaical in all of its appointments, lived in natural and luxurious magnificence, the palamental of the spirited, botanically fragrant, and exceptionally materialistic heroine of our story.

[Geologist: The style of a geologist: the glow of philosophy. Laughs, etc.]

LUCRETIA. (*Excited.*) How charming; how inspiring the sentiment. It will out-r'ing all the rackets. I could read it in the quartz mill; on the beach at Long Branch; I could read it in church! O! the soft, sweet melody of euphonical literature. It is louder than the wind and the wave, the rumbling of the mill, or the car, or the din of battle.

[Geologist: She is a bird of promise, etc.]

STINGER. You are an element, an axis, a focus, a wrecker and a Stinger! Spiky as rhetoric! Inflorescence! You unfold like a blossom, and smack of the flower. Sparkling minion of the sphere. My mignonette, my mignonette.

[Geologist: My leg, my leg; saw it off there: (Both hands on stomach.)]

LUCRETIA. Almira, look on simpleton! don't you see what I am? I'm everything; I'm loaded with a mignonette for ballast.

[Geologist: O, what a cargo, etc.]

LUCRETIA. O, I'm a decker of the Greek, a wrecker and a Stinger;
A mignonette, a nightingale, a slashing little singer.
A decker, I bring to light, the darkest Greek I compass all the
mysteries, and know just how to speak—
A magnolia! O, anything and everything, but always very sweet.
A wrecker and a Stinger! the gents have got to catch it—
They'll be falling at my feet.

[Geologist: I'm there, now, etc.]

LUCRETIA. Professor, you are very kind I'm sure, to pay me such compliments. If I don't deserve them all now, I will; for I'm bound to learn the true inwardness of Greek. But, professor, don't you think it would be cruel to have the child born in such a desolate place? It's too lovely, but nobody there. Think of a beautiful child born on the plains, far from town—no advantages of education and refinement.

[Geologist: It don't go, etc. He's a monster to think of it. (Laughing, both hands on stomach.)]

STINGER. You are quite right! It's, now that I think of it, antagonistic to my nature to to throw a beautiful young lady and isolation together. even in a novel. No, no; my heroines must blaze, shine, illuminate, become the center of attraction and the joy of the world.

[Geologist: That's the way to *born* them.]

LUCRETIA. I knew you couldn't be so uncharitable. But, professor, where am I? Can't I be the center of attraction and the joy of the world?

[Geologist: That's what I want to know.]

STINGER. You are —— [Geologist: Gushing laugh.] but you and myself are equally interested in the brilliant career of our heroine.

LUCRETIA. Then you are quite decided that our first child shall be a girl, professor?

[Geologist: Gushing laugh.]

STINGER. (Looks wonderingly.)

LUCRETIA. I mean the child of the novel. How could you, professor?

[Geologist: That's what I want to know.]

STINGER. I thought of nothing but a girl. The principle is born in me.

[Geologist: (Gushing laugh) I knew it.]

LUCRETIA. Professor, please have this young lady born in some great city. Cast the story in some city, and keep it in a city. But, professor (coaxingly) wont you be so kind as to define those euphuistic terms, Stinger, element, focus, wrecker, spiky, and the like? I know you don't mignonette me in any — in any — well, you know what I mean — for you you don't — you know you don't (pouting the while). It's in some exotic sense — *very foreign to me*.

[Geologist: Don't be discouraged, etc.]

[Servant enters: Announces the arrival of Beatrice.]

LUCRETIA. Send her up, bring her up; shoot her up—get her up here, quick!

(Geologist: (Gushing laugh) I say, don't — don't shoot her 'till I see her.)

STINGER. As I was about to say, Stinger, while keenly satirical in sound—a sage's arrow to thought—is yet of mellifluent origin, and its root, as the Greek linguist informs us, was found in a bee-hive. The word, as we use it, implies a very sweet puncture.

[Geologist: If he hasn't got on our geological racket, I hope to *bust* (gushing laugh.) In each and every case of laughing, with both hands grab the stomach, or wind-bag.]

BEATRICE. (Enter.)

LUCRETIA. O, welcome, Beatrice. I'm a Stinger, I'm a sweet puncture, and I don't know what all. I'm being refined—set up the science of attraction. I'll be center of attraction. Birds of a feather flock together. I'm glad to see you. Never be formal here, any more; walk right in. Let me introduce you to Professor Stinger. Its no use to be *merely* educated, you must be refined. I'm to have the secret of writing books. Ideas must radiate, you know; I blaze already. Professor, this is my friend Beatrice, etc.

[Geologist: If I stay here, I'll be stung to death, and I know it, etc.]

STINGER. (Rising, bowing low to Beatrice; turning to the audience: *Too wary*.)

[Geologist: Gushing laugh.]

LUCRETIA. Professor, please proceed with the definitions; just now that Beatrice is here. Stinger: again, please. (Stinger definition again repeated.)

BEATRICE. (To Lucretia.) Sweet as the tingling shaft of a lover's vow.

[Geologist: (Gushing laugh.) She won't do; O, no; she won't do. I say, Miss — well, never mind. Saw it off there, etc. Tingling shaft of a lover's vow.]

LUCRETIA. Beatrice, the aroma of the wintergreen.

[Geologist: Let me go, before I die.]

STINGER. Spiky is a very euphonical term. It is an extraction, essence or quantity derived from a Roman plant of rare luxuriance, beauty and fragrance. Spiky as rhetoric is to be as penetrating and mellifluent as cordiality.

[Geologist: I can't live. (*Moderate* laugh.)].

LUCRETIA. [To Beatrice.] I'm a Spiky. Penetrating as a jester, sweet as floral nectar.

[Geologist: *Gushing* laugh.]

STINGER. Element is a term of great depth, compass and elegance. Mellow and mellifluent in sound, rich and florid as the tropics. It imports the prime and essential quantity of every thing—particularly applicable to a charming lady.

[Geologist: *Soberly*. Philosophic geological scientific application—by *analogy*.]

BEATRICE. Lovely as an Autumn zephyr.

LUCRETIA. And I'm an element, a prime and essential quantity, Beatrice.

[Geologist: Of everything—gush.]

STINGER. A focus—the point of concentration. An axis—the cone around which all revolve.

LUCRETIA. Almira! Beatrice! And I'm a focus and an axis.

ALMIRA. Yes, I see. To what a dizzy height, Lucretia, now has risen. Philosophic eminence. O how it clouds my vision.

[Geologist: And mine.]

STINGER. Wrecker is from the sunny plains of Italy—dipt in French etiquette and English and American diplomacy. All men resign at the lustrous, methodical ray of the wrecker.

[Geologist (laughing): Saw it off there. (Hand across his leg).]

STINGER. Many other terms with which I am familiar being of the same family—their roots were all found on exotic, oriental ground, ramifying court circles, and ladies' boudoirs; so you needn't be afraid to use them.

LUCRETIA. And I'm a wrecker.

[Geologist: I'm wrecked.

O! but won't I sail my kite, far up into the blue.

The Solomon proselytes shalt learn, there may be something new.]

[Geologist: But don't she glow?]

ALMIRA. Yes, the world is all aglow, with the latest and the best, from the theoretic mountebanks.

Lucretia! cannot be a shocking, prizeless blank.

She does so much resemble, this philosophic crank.

[Geologist: Sour look.]

VICTORIA (enters). Lucretia, Dr. Lord, our minister, has called.

BEATRICE. Is excused. [Exit.] You have never met him; he is very nice—perhaps a little fastidious; only a short time from the east—new to our customs. *Single, you know.* May I show him up?

LUCRETIA. Show him up, certainly. I guess he is no more fastidious or punctilious than I am. [Exit Victoria.]

LUCRETIA.

Now, I'm to meet our minister, so very, very nice, and then, my aunty says he's single;

O! but I must be a wrecker now, the Greek I'll make it jingle.

[Geologist: You are the essential quantity.]

STINGER. Excused. [Exit.]

[Victoria and Minister enter. Minister is introduced.]

MINISTER. May I ask? The gentleman I saw taking his leave? Not your father, I hope?

[Geologist: To audience. O no, that wan't her father—that was her *tutor-gush.*]

LUCRETIA. O no—that was Professor Stinger, our new teacher. He is a refiner by profession—holds a secret—understands the compass or inside glow of Greek. We are all Stingers here, Doctor. I'm an element, an axis, a focus, a dazzling minion of the sphere, and professor's mignonette. But I'm not volatile, Doctor. You see, I'm all axis, focus, element, and mignonette. Doctor, give me the grade of your load.

[Geologist: Saw it off there. (As usual, drawing his hand across his leg and laughing).]

MINISTER. Grade of my load?

LUCRETIA. Oh, what's in the box now? Yes, your titles in full baby name and all.

MINISTER. I am the Reverend Doctor Robert Lord.

LUCRETIA. Geologist—light load. Reverend Doctor Robert Lord. Robert! Bob, Rev. Dr. Bob. Bob Lord. Perfectly mellifluent. *Doc*, I always did like Bob, it's so plump—chubby, you know. Professor! I think it Euphonical.]

[Geologist: Doc, Bob!—Those are my Sentiments to a dot. Gush.]

MINISTER. What can all this mean? Lucretia, you are an element, a Stinger, an axis, a focus, a dazzling minion of the sphere, and your teacher's mignonette?

LUCRETIA. Indeed I am, Bob -Dr. Bob. It's no use; you can't squat on me. You can't mash me! I'm no goose-neck; I'm hooked to stay, I'm anchored.

[Geologist: Gush, etc.]

MINISTER. This is quite incomprehensible.

LUCRETIA. Doct. Bob, you are a Savage. Can't you *deck* the turn and light the drift? I'm squelched, I'm rounded up, I'm taken in, I'm pocketed. Stinger double shot the corner and I love him. Can you deck that, *Doc*?

[Geologist (*grabs his wind-bag*): He'll deck it. I'll *burst*—]

MINISTER. O, what a hyacinthian flavor! I should like to join you here. Can't you introduce me to the professor?

[Geologist: I knew he would gush.]

ALMIRA. You don't think of such a thing, Doctor Lord?

MINISTER. Certainly—I think it necessary to learn the language of the country.

LUCRETIA. Why shouldn't he join? You'll make a regular Stinger, Bob, or Dr. Bob. That hyacinthian flavor, it sounded like professor. Get on the inside of Greek. I'll introduce you to professor—but, *Doc.*, cut to land and wing the gale.

MINISTER. Cut to land and wing the gale?

LUCRETIA. Dr. Bob—what a Scalper. You chill me. You're cold as an Indian trail. Certainly. Can't you deck this? Angle for him, lynx him, work the call. I'll tell you: gleek him and smirk him, too. That's the way we do in the West.

[Geologist (laughing): I can't stay; I'll die.]

ALMIRA. Doctor Lord, my sister will daze and dash you.

LUCRETIA. *Doc.*, don't believe her. She is the drone of the family. *

ALMIRA. My sister speaks the language of Arizona—a language within a language, illegitimate, understood by few, and very like your theory of inspiration, in which you make thought and action represent assumed facts, illegitimate assumptions. She tells you to cut to land and wing the gale. Lucretia means for you to think deeply and not scatter in your talk with the professor. Wing (inward motion with the hands) or confine the force of your argument to a point.

[Geologist: Yes; illegitimate, understood by few. That's my geology in part. Wing the gale—he'll try it—I know it. *Gush.*]

LUCRETIA. Sister—Professor is coming.

[Stinger enters. Speaks to Lucretia and Almira.]

MINISTER. (To Lucretia.) Introduce me—introduce me. [Is introduced to Stinger.]

MINISTER. Professor, I'm not quite decided that I can run to land and wing the gale to your satisfaction, but having heard so much of a favorable nature from Miss Lucretia concerning your science—I should like to join you here.

STINGER. Doctor Lord, are you still with the Church?

MINISTER. With the Church? Surely I am.

STINGER. He seems in earnest; and with the Church [tapping his breast] I'll try him. Doctor, I am willing—if you can take the chills and bar the door.

MINISTER. [Aside to Lucretia.] It's all right if I can take the chills and bar the door.

LUCRETIA. Can't you deck it, *Doc.*? No matter what you get, close up [putting

her finger to her lips].

[Minister, in a simple way, looks at Stinger.]

STINGER. Have you got to the light with that, Doctor? It's analogous to this: Take a sight and box up. Light up and anchor. Unload and take the cur'. Hon r all calls and flag nothing.

MINISTER. O, I'll deck it all in a little while, professor. I'll box up. I'll take the curb. I'll bar the door and flag nothing. Consider me your most humble disciple. [Turning to Lucretia.] This is charming—better than a Summer vacation. [Takes his leave.] Will return soon. [Exit.]

[Geologist notices the above by remarks and laughter from time to time.]

LUCRETIA. Really, professor—what an addition. I had no idea of your accepting him as a pupil. How determined Dr. Bob is? I think he unfolds very well for a tender plant, you know. I suppose we may now proceed with our story without further interruption.

STINGER. By all means.

LUCRETIA. Now, professor, it's to be laid in a great city and retained in a city. I don't want any more San Pedro valleys. Let the kite fly, professor.

STINGER. Euthusiastic materialist—my sweet, vivacious friend. You shadow me with your brilliant conceptions. You are a materialist, arn't you?

LUCRETIA. I think so. I'm whatever you are.

STINGER. Certainly. The new plant. Upon the banks of the Seine, parted by its imperial, sparkling flow, upon isles of nature's choice and beauteous design—flashing from the prestige of royal splendor and materialistic philosophy, successively the capital of three kingdoms and one republic—once the residence of Cæsar—the pride of Julian—the home of Napoleon; Metropolis and See of the World—renowned for the classic taste, accomplishments and elegant mien of its people—stands to-day with all of its ancient regal splendor—heightened by the now imperious philosophy of its sages—illuminated by the flash of their deeper explorations—and softened and regaled by the flame of affection—spurned by none, adored by all, the city of Folsfloris, home of the palamentals of our heroine.

[Geologist: The fire of science—]

LUCRETIA. Is in a rocking dance.

STINGER. Can you counterpoise the two solids—a solid head and a solid earth? Balance the two globes? [Touches his head and points to the earth.]

LUCRETIA. You don't want me to, do you?

O, I'm a rich, rare and racy fissure,

The magnet of my sex;

A mignonette, a nightingale, a double trible X.

O, don't you talk so much, of the things that are to be;

I'm *made!* an axis and a focus—you can't get far from me.

I can't begin to tell you, all the joy I do feel,

As the gents are sailing round me, riding on my reel.
 O, I'm a cone to bear the weight, a focus to attract ;
 I must be up in Paradise, for nothing do I lack.
 I'm the joy of the world, the center of attraction,
 And I'll never be mistaken for a duster or a fraction.

(*Let the action suit the words and music.*)

[Geologist—Take my diploma.]

ALMIRA. What better figure could we have, of philosophic flame,
 Than to see Lucretia in her role, of a modest, prudent dame.

[Geologist: You can't insult me.]

LUCRETIA. I say, professor: What are palamentals? Are you and I the palamentals of the heroine?

[Geologist: Gush.]

STINGER. Other Etymologists, from paternal and maternal in signification, rooted out parents. But I, with a keener conception of sublime elegance in phraseology, extracted palamentals as having a more oval and flexible sound. Mine is a euphonical and philosophic rooting.

[Geologist: That is just what it is.]

LUCRETIA. Of course it is. Who would say parents, when they can say *palamentals*? Please write more, define more, professor.

STINGER. It's quite immaterial to me. I write novels by the barrel. I hold the secret.

LUCRETIA. By the barrel. And what is a barrel—a barrel of novels, a novel barrel? *Please define it.*

STINGER. Speaking philosophically: A barrel consists essentially of a small quantity of interval charged with oxygen and nitrogen gases, described by a circle and encased with the solids of succulent exogenous plants—propet soli ls and vascular tissues.

[Geologist: My geology to a t. Gush.]

LUCRETIA. I'm spiked. He makes the hole first.

MINISTER. [Rushing in.] You're spiked?

LUCRETIA. Yes, Doc., I'm spiked. How do [Geologist: Gush] you do? You see professor rounded up a little on a barrel. I slipt on the gases and fell on the interval.

MINISTER. Slipt on the gases and fell on the interval?

[Geologist: That's what she did.]

MINISTER. Lucretia, I'm spiked. I guess I'm spiked. I slipt on Stinger and the Church fell on me. Do you know how to swear, swear in Church? I'm rounded up, as you say—charged with a broad departure—arraigned, on trial before the Church as a committee of the whole. Will you go with me, swear for me, clear me of this malicious charge?

LUCRETIA. O, Doctor Bob, now take your chill, and show your Grecian lore;
 I'll wing the gale as best I can; you'll ask for nothing more.

I'll deck the charge they now prefer some quicker than a flash;
 Just rest assured, dear Doctor Bob, I'll give them all the lash.

Now, Doc., I'll go with you, stand by you, swear for you, 'til your brothers all turn pale ;
Your sisters, they may whine, may skip and dance around, but I'll make them take the veil.

ALMIRA. Now I think I smell a mouse, much larger than the cat ;
Doctor Lord has stubbed his toe—but I'll see what they are at.

[Minister, Lucretia and Almira—Exit.]

[Beatrice enters. Stinger rises, extends both hands, receives her warmly.]

BEATRICE. How fortunate to meet you, professor, and alone, but where are the ladies ?

STINGER. They have just crossed the street. Some little affair with the minister, I believe.

BEATRICE. I'm not surprised. It's the town talk. Let me tell you, professor that man has no more sense than a grouse. He is continually talking about call and gift. He thinks he's called and gifted. He went out of here and said he was soon to be a Stinger. He would soon know the true inwardness of Arizona Greek. Already was he able to deck many elegant terms. So captivating and dazzling. He could wing a gale. He said to be a Stinger was to be an exotic of rare melliflence, not merely indigenous. His Church was shocked. You see, professor, the members of his Church never enjoyed the pleasing opportunity afforded me of hearing many real Greek, Roman and Parisian terms defined. I must confess myself highly entertained, and professor, your—

STINGER. Don't mention it. Beatrice, you are the personification of aptitude. The ideal bloom of similitude. The enchantress of my emotional nature.

BEATRICE. But Lucretia, professor ?

STINGER. And what of Lucretia ?

BEATRICE. O, nothing. She raves a little about you, that's all. Now, arn't you, a little, just a little, professor ?

STINGER. Beatrice, can it be that the dark brown orbs of the princess before me, in their lustrous, alluring, mellow, liquid depths, witnessed not their conquest, and the captive's bended knee ?

BEATRICE. Professor, excuse me, but your attentions did appear just a little preternatural, possibly fantastical. Listen ! Lucretia is coming. I'll see you again and later—but now let me escape, and by a route Lucretia seldom enters. [Exit.]

[Geologist *clowns* the above.]

[Lucretia enters. Quick step. Hat, shawl and gloves are removed and thrown down on the stage while speaking.]

LUCRETIA. Talk about your *melodrama*. Talk about *visibility*, pathos, pathognomy, patois, [pat wa], acrimony, crimination and re-crimination. The Doctor's Church just scopes it all. [Wing motion with arms.] I told his congregation that Bob was a good man—that he meant well—

that he had talent. They laughed.

[Geologist: I'll die, laughing.]

LUCRETIA. I defined element, focus, axis, and wrecker. I told them wrecker was an importation, brought from the sunny plains of Italy; on its passage was dipt in French etiquette and English and American strategy—that Doc. would make a wrecker. [Geologist: Stop or I burst.] They laughed. I told them Bob would be able to deck the Greek compass in a little while—speak a language newly born, and full of love, romance and war. Some raved, some shed tears, but most of them laughed. [Geologist: Do you want to kill me?] The poor doctor is demented. He talks more Greek. He says he was tried by the Church in bank—there was no bank there. [Geologist: Gush.] That the congregation sat upon him, and that I fell down on him—his flock never touched him and I scarcely spoke to him. He is liable to come here any moment. I don't wish to see him any more. Professor, may I show you something beautiful?

STINGER. A specimen cabinet, a caetus bower, or a lady's boudoir. I'm only too happy. [Taking Lucretia and leaving the stage. She finds her hat and gloves in cabinet.] The sky is clear, the air is soft, and the land is fair and fruitful.

[Minister enters. Dress hanging loose, hair disarranged. This character to represent a person in great distress of mind—but *not* a mad man.]

MINISTER. O, dux femina facti—of course a woman was at the bottom of it. They are at the bottom of everything. [Geologist: I knew it. Gush.] Di novello tuto par bello. Of course it was new, and I had to tumble into it. O, dux femina facti. Elysian fields, but not for me. I've lost my congregation. To love and be wise is to be a Stinger. I'm no calyx and corolla. I'm only a perianth. [Geologist: One stripping does him—Gush.] I'm no dicephalous. [Geologist: No: he's but one head, and that *arn't* large.] O, dux femina facti. Lucretia is all [at the] bottom and no top. O, she is off with Stinger now. She could Bob and Doc and Docky Boby me. O dux femina facti. It was such a chubby name, my baby name, she said. [Geologist: Stranger, if you don't stop, I die.] Lucretia! I'd bet my congregation—if I had it back—that Stinger—well, I hope he will, give her dux femina facti. O, I'm a divine with no church. Lucretia! I'm an eclipsed luminary, a kind of supernumerary. O, bu. they decked the Greek for me. I guess I've got the curb. O, dux novello par bella. I'm a castle in the air. I'm a flower without fragrance. I'm a bird with no plumage. Al-nira!

ALMIRA. Yes, Doctor; can I assist you?

MINISTER. You here—assist me! You want to dux femina facti me, don't you? Leave me. If a woman ever speaks to me again I'll report her. [Exit Almira.]

MINISTER. O, I'm a duck on a desert. I'm a connoisseur, with no one to cater. I'm genteel with no liquidators. The tailors know I've lost my congregation. I'm a park perambulator, and sea-side devotee with no bankers. I'm fond of travel, but there is no one to weigh my anchor, and let me sail. O, I'm a jack-knife with no cork-screw. Dux femina facti. I am shriveling, dwarfing [falling upon the sofa], sinking. [As the curtain is

lowered — calls for Lucretia. Geologist is inspecting him with a telescope. To the audience: He arn't dead.]

SCENE SECOND.—Country church-house set in a grove of live oaks—Stage provided with a pulpit, and chairs in the place of pews—Carpet remains on the floor.

ACT SECOND.

[Any number of ladies and gentlemen enter, one and two at a time. Minister enters. Heads bowed.

[Kid enters softly. Looks at the situation from near the wing. Speaks in a husky voice to Bill. Both enter—take a position near the center of stage—backs to the audience—face the minister—as yet they are undiscovered—draw pistols—are loaded with blank cartridges—fire down—congregation in terror—Bill and his Kid—Good morning—why didn't you tell us of the dance, etc.—chairs removed and church service suspended—all join in a dance—Minister is required to make the music. The reluctance of the minister and the ladies, as they are required to participate, the contrast of dress and manners, present an exciting and comical scene. In the actual occurrence nothing transpired of a devilish nature beyond the facts stated. The scene may be enlarged upon to suit the taste of those engaged in the play.

[Upon the appearance of Beatrice, *no word spoken*. The cowboys take their departure, to the utter amazement of the congregation. Geologist is taken in and relieved of his fee as he passes over the stage near the footlights, as though passing along the road. Drop curtain.]

SCENE THIRD—Same as scene first.

ACT THIRD.

[Beatrice enters. Light up in countenance gaily.]

BEATRICE. Deserted castle. Indeed, what can all this mean? No one at home; the doors all unbarred; Lucretia and Almira out. 'Tis well. I'm a privileged character in this house—else how strangely I should feel—Lucretia and professor—[*thoughtfully*—can it be that they have not returned from—Harken! Lucretia is coming, and alone. 'Tis well. I'll soon know her secret, and *make, of his life, a drama!* He has run his magnolia system quite long enough. [*Chirp.*] I'll teach him a little philosophy—the science of *book-writing*. [*Sarcastically.*]

LUCRETIA. [Enters.] Beatrice! What a surprise, and how euphu, euphuistical you do appear. I'm overjoyed to find you here.

BEATRICE. And what have you done with your professor?

LUCRETIA. How interested you are. Professor is oscillating the paradisiacal realm of floral felicity just now. You will excuse the tension of my speech; it's the creative force of euphony, and I can't escape it.

BEATRICE. Vibrating in an Arizona cactus grove. Excuse me, Lucretia, but I should have guessed something better.

LUCRETIA. Better, better than floral felicity, Beatrice?

BEATRICE. But, Lucretia, after so much—what is it professor calls it?—madonical felicity—your society, my dear?

LUCRETIA. That's all right. You think you know something.

BEATRICE. Don't forget the creative force of euphony, dear.

LUCRETIA. I'm talking to you now. Professor Stinger is nice—he's the heart of nature; micaceous and material as a granite lode. He has explained the whole universe to me. He is a real gentleman, Beatrice. I've placed my whole confidence in that man. I love him, and I know he'll not deceive me.

BEATRICE. You may be quite right, Lucretia, in your estimate of Professor Stinger. But does he love you, dear?

LUCRETIA. Love me?—very much, indeed.

BEATRICE. I thought him curious and fond of novelty. You will excuse me now, dear—but I will run in again very soon and try to see the professor about a little brushing up myself.

LUCRETIA. Do so, etc. [Exit Beatrice.]

[Stinger enters.]

LUCRETIA. I must tell you I met Beatrice on my return, *dear*, and do you know she tried to pump me.

STINGER. I hope you didn't leak!

LUCRETIA. [*Half sardonic smile.*] I suppose you think I flowed. 'Twas little she got from me, but such a brazen-browed quiz. I'd like to beach her.

STINGER. [In a sarcastic manner.] You would like to strand her, on a sandy bar of the San Pedro. What a charming creature you must be, to think of wrecking such a star, on the murky bosom of the deep—*San Pedro*.

LUCRETIA. Star! She is a star—a star! O, may-be I now know what you are?

STINGER. 'Twas well you knew it before you *walked* so far.

LUCRETIA. You dare to rhyme and ridicule my speech. Buffoon, pasquinade satirist.

STINGER. Really—botanical!—your flowering—how fragrant, *my dear*.

LUCRETIA. I'll be; yes, as I live will I be revenged.

STINGER. If you are I'll leak.

LUCRETIA. Leak, leak if you can.

STINGER. And should I, you are drowned.

LUCRETIA. O, am I so deceived? [Softly, cringingly, half smiling.] Professor, forgive me—'twas nothing but love for you and apprehension of being supplanted that made me—

STINGER. Silence! this half-churlish, half-parasitic lamentation. Go and better learn the laws of nature's god. Learn to love and be wise. Be a philosopher, and accept a devotional vow as a jest, *my dear*.

LUCRETIA. [Emotionally; left hand up, leaving the stage.] He's mad—he's mad [Exit.]

[Geologist and Beatrice enter from opposite sides of stage.]

STINGER. My blitheful, resonant friend. The melody of your speech, has scarcely ceased its repercussion, ere I take you by the hand.

BEATRICE. But *Lucretia*, professor?

[Geologist: Gushing laugh.]

[Lucretia, so situated as to be seen by the audience, hears the following:]

STINGER. Prattling innocence; a mamma's cherub; the daisy of the cradle; the euphonical she; the ambrosial incipient. She is probably vibrating somewhere in space.—very happy. I've excused the mignonette for a Summer vacation. She is ablaze with the idea of travel. But, Beatrice, you insinuate nothing, I hope?

[Geologist: Aren't he horrid?]

BEATRICE. Nothing in particular. I knew it couldn't last. I only wondered at your long and devoted attention.

STINGER. Congenial spirits united, Beatrice, make up the crown and glow of life. We become radiant only by the blending of similitudes. Homogeneous spirits are magnetical. Their attraction is like the flash of electric phenomena—cohesive as thought to spirit—endearing as the thought and fact of irresponsibility. A union sealed the *mind's* creative force now its myriads of pleasures form—scholastic visions of material life drawn from the unchallenged sovereignty of nature's crown. 'Tis love, Beatrice, and I love you.

BEATRICE. I'm glad to hear you say so, professor—for I, too, love you. Professor, you speak of irresponsibility, scholastic visions of material life, and the unchallenged sovereignty of nature's crown in a manner that makes me think you are still a materialist.

STINGER. *Still*. I'm quite material, quite natural, Beatrice. I *can't* change. Philosophy is growing more and more potent every day, Beatrice.

[Geologist: He's sound to the core.]

BEATRICE. You will excuse me, professor, for the little deception I practiced in seeming to be pleased with your rendition of euphonical terms, as you call them.

[Geologist: He's struck the north pole.]

STINGER. This is altogether too magnetical.

BEATRICE. Speaking of irresponsibility, professor. It seems to me that you philosophers have omitted to furnish us with the wherefores of so many

things in nature, one is inclined to think such omissions may represent the very source and fact of responsibility.

[Geologist: I *aren't* in with it—(laughing.)]

STINGER. [Aside.] I have struck the four cardinals—female suffrage, female supremacy, female government, and female as geometrical felicity.

[Geologist: Saw it off there. (Hand drawn across leg, and pointing with both hands to Stinger.)]

BEATRICE. The constantly recurring question of causation. The enigmatical influence of past events. Professor are you never startled—is your philosophy never shaken, never lost to use, at the thought and sight of past infamy? Are you equal to such an occurrence?

[Geologist: He'll fall down; I know it.]

STINGER. I am grounded in philosophy—shaken at nothing—equal to everything—*but you?*

[Geologist: I believe him. Gush.]

STINGER. See here, Beatrice—did Lucretia send you to me?

BEATRICE. Lucretia!

STINGER. Yes. She spoke of being, or rather I thought she might wish to be revenged—for—well, nothing.

[Lucretia enters—pistol in hand—not seen by Stinger—presents it and retracts, saying: I will abide a higher vengeance.

[Geologist (recovering): That's right. Let Beatrice kill him—he's nearly dead now.]

BEATRICE. Nothing of the kind, professor. But speaking of philosophy, if human [Geologist points at Stinger and gushes] action is impressed with human thought and not with mind, spirit, soul, or inspiration—except as to life eternal and a God—[Geologist: Gush]—mental philosophic theory is but the lunacy of geology [Geologist starts], and materialism the mephitic plant of both.

[Geologist looks sour.]

STINGER. I concede that much. Materialism is mephitic, poisonous, fetid, noxious. I see you propose a slight innovation—to drop a little ice on science. You have discovered, I presume, that by the laws of gravitation, as your head end is the heaviest, a philosophic tendency is a union of the two crowns.

[Geologist: I thought he was gone—no, no.]

BEATRICE. Not so bad, professor.

STINGER. But, Beatrice, did you say you loved me?

BEATRICE. I did.

STINGER. Do you know what a period is? Put me above the clouds—crown me with cessation.

[Geologist: He's gone. (Side motion towards Stinger with both hands.) I *arn't* in with it.]

BEATRICE. My regard for you, professor, is akin to principle.

[Geologist: Stop, or I burst (laughing).]

STINGER. Yes, the malicious principle—I presume that I'm a malefactor in your estimation, and you propose this tortious, lingering death penalty.

[Geologist: Saw it off there, etc.]

BEATRICE. Not so bad, professor—but I should like very much to see you in a different role.

[Geologist: That's it. *She's bound to kill him, just to make an angel of him.]

STINGER. I thought I could role anything. I don't think so now. [Aside.]

BEATRICE. I should rejoice in seeing you at the head of a church.

[Stinger starts.]

[Geologist: Burst your wind-bag, worn in front, and present yourself. (The sound of explosion should resemble the bursting of a bladder. Sound made back of the scene, loud enough for audience to hear. Turn your faucet at the ins ant.) Now I'm dead, etc. (Exit).]

BEATRICE. And I propose to see you there.

STINGER. No telling what a woman—this woman—can do. Beatrice, you are a nightingale, an envoy from the celestial kingdom. You are a pigeon of paradise, the odoriferous, enchanting passerine bird of the tropics, the nectar of the nectarine, the apex of creation—alluring as Mahomet's black-eyed damsels. I fly to your embrace. [Starts as if to embrace her. Is repulsed.] Beatrice, if there is anything I can do, anything that nature and education have prepared me for, it is to head and *role* a church. Did you bring my commission with you?

BEATRICE. But step this way and you shall have it.

STINGER. [Leaving the stage.] The sky is not so clouded. The air is not so frigid. The land is not so barren. [Exit.]

[Drop curtain.]

SCENE FOUR.—Grand Church edifice—Stage clear—Blue light.

ACT FOUR.

[Victoria in disguise representing the mother of Beatrice, enters, takes a position behind a wing so as to be seen by audience and not by Stinger.]

STINGER. [Enters.] I am a doctor of divinity—a professor of theology; I have charge of a whole diocese; my home edifice with its steeple in the sky, its angles with towers of oriental splendor adorned, with its carved mahogany and sculptured plate—with its inserted terraces and niched statuary—its stained glass, cherry wa nscoting, frescoed walls, vaulted ceiling and baronial auditory, shall be the scene of theoretical philosophy and *virtue*. I am the saccharine embryo from whom this church shall derive its prestige for all that crushes biblicism and honor. What care I

for their loquacious babbling.

[Victoria appears before Stinger.]

STINGER. What! Is this an apparition? Has the grave sent forth its dead to challenge life? Is the pall of twenty years now drawn to stifle pleasure with ghostly visions of the dead past? Or is this hallucination? Speak! Saint or demoness, ghost or human—speak!

VICTORIA. Specter!—no! Cornelius, you thought me dead, but alive, I confront you.

[Stinger advances.]

VICTORIA. Stay! Your embrace is the signal of shame and sorrow. I am a happy wife.

STINGER. But the child?

VICTORIA. You have met her, and upon this spot.

STINGER. Beatrice! Beatrice! [Stinger in deep thought.]

LUCRETIA. [Enters. Facing the audience, slightly crouching—right foot advanced, right hand up, palm out.] Confronted with early vice and crime, is philosophic infamy dislodged? Questioning alike his mental and material science, has thought conscienced an element of honor? Will he now spurn Devotion's pathetic touch, and vows of fidelity in satirical opprobrium disown? [Turning to Stinger.] Man, dicephalous monster!—incarnation of the devil!—personification of duplicity and fraud—look, look at me! Your plighted honor, faith, love! Philosophic strategist! As "new loves you sought, new vows to plight, and plighted vows to break," did you with fiendish circumvention dare the obsequious petitioner of your false devotion to scoff and challenge. And with a heart blacker than the ambushed rifle, the assassin's malice—nay, blacker than your philosophic death and grave, could you to the new, the old love disdain and satirize. But I love you [falling at Stinger's feet], and forgive you.

STINGER. She forgives me—Lucretia, rise. Beatrice! From my vision now rolls back the lurid flame of scientific mind. The mazy din of philosophic spirit is silenced by the jargon of the soul's control of the deeds of men. Thought's creative force the fallacy of theoretic nature dispels, and in the errors of the psychologist, theosophist, autologist—metaphysicians!—have I the solution—the germ—growth and maturity of the materialist and theamachist in every land, the world now thronging. Let this depraved philosophic mantle drop—down! lay; the livery of hell.

[As Stinger says, "Lucretia, rise," company enter softly, as if to listen Beatrice is at his side.]

LUCRETIA. O, shall I sing of intellect, a thing that is much wanted,
That a lady may protect herself—[spoken, *and not by men*—be overcome or daunted.

COMPANY. O, shall she sing, etc. [Repeat first verse.]

LUCRETIA. I think we all begin to see that mind, be it pale, lurid, bright or brilliant, good better, best or worst;

Thought is the thing, to be by us, with zeal and caution nursed.

[Chorus by company. Lucretia don't sing. Tune of song and chorus not the same.]

How dare ! she tackle the present rule, there are so many to kick [*all strike the floor with foot*],

But she handles herself in a thoughtful way; perhaps she'll make it stick—[all strike the floor with foot] ;

For she is a gem from a fissure lode and slick, as a slickenside sleck.

There is a culture that adorns, unknown to the extremes,
Within the reach of every one who'll use the proper means;

'Tis the culture of our thoughts, within the compass of our mind,
And when we are so cultured, we will not be, nor yet appear, so very,
very blind.

[Chorus.]

This is the kind of culture, so many of us need,

That we may understand the tricks of men [Spoken: *the novel*]
euphonical teacher read.

[Chorus.]

O, how true. Ideas flow from thoughts, whatever they may be,
And language shorn of thought, is a curse to you and me.

[Chorus.]

We hear the words that bring us joy, and likewise those that burn;
(*Good or bad.*)

These are the words that ever drop, from a curt and thoughtful urn.

[Chorus.]

Many speak of inspiration as the means so near at hand
By which we may detect all vice, [*The foils of men.*] so quickly
understand;

But hoping to be pardoned, I'll make myself so free,
As to state to you in confidence [*that sort of wisdom*] never done
for me.

[Chorus.]

To pass through college courses is but an idle show,
Unless the mind is bright enough for thought to spring and grow.

[Chorus.]

I pass'd through all the branches, but in such a shimmering way,
That an artist, 'though a novice [*Could scatter every pure thought*],
and do so as at play.

[Chorus.]

The brain is but material, and enlarges with the thought,
But the mind is immaterial, as by its author wrought ;

The latter never changes from the day that we are born,
And this the story tells, of a maiden so forlorn.

[Chorus.]

We speak of mind too flippantly, as though it were a lever
By which our thoughts are moved around, in acts so bad or clever.

[Chorus.]

O, O ! 'Tis thought grown on a healthy base,
That brings the maiden to the front, but never in disgrace.

[Chorus.]

There is nothing, half so charming, in the manners of a maiden,
As the gentle touch of courtesy, with naught of boldness laden.

[Chorus.]

'Tis the light, but over-burden, that breaks the camel's back;
If there is a fault in quantity, or quality, 'tis better, far better, we
should lack.

[Chorus.]

There is something very charming, in the medium of action,
Gentility [*Will notice*] the deviation of a fraction.

[Chorus.]

We may cultivate the graces, but never to extremes ;
We may be familiar ; [*But not with Stinger ;*] no ! no ! not by
any means.

[Chorus.]

We meet with persons everywhere—they flutter in our way—
Who seem resolved to do the grand, but shock us with their spray.

[Chorus.]

There is the maid of spirit gay—*though weak*,
She cannot bear the burden of, the calculus or Greek ;
But give to her philosophy, in which her thoughts may grow—
She'll catch on to the author, his reasoning come to know ;

And thus we have a scholar, beyond the reach of virtues far.

[Chorus.]

If you would have a lady just give her thoughts to matter, a firm
and happy grasp,

You'll find her on the course, so conditioned as to last ;
But overload the ship of state, her thoughts are sure to bolt,
And thus we have, unwillingly, an educated dolt.

[Chorus.]

You have seen the dolt brought out to-night, in much of nature's laws ;
You have noticed all her weaknesses, and all her stunning flaws ;
But I've sung for you, as best I could, the history of her training ;
She acted but a natural role, [*And her, we hope*], you'll never think
of blaming.

COMPANY. She acted but a natural role, etc.

[Company dance 'round in a circle. Dr. Bob to the front. This
movement is repeated at the close of each song, leaving the one to sing
in front of the semi-circle.]

MINISTER. O, what a cruel world this is, to treat a cripple so ;
I lost my head and broke my heart, in the manner that you know ;
But I rushed around, in hottest haste, *and told*, my congregation so,
But without the least reflection, they swore it didn't go.

[Chorus—Tune differs.]

Listen ! A musical tale, of a romantic freak;
 But Bob arn't to blame, for he wanted the Greek ;
 He must have been called, from the regions of bliss,
 A lark of perfection, the Church couldn't miss.

I called upon my sisters, prayed, wept and sung; but my prayers
 were never heard above, and I'm thinking not below;
 For they all swore, in one accord, *He's struck the Church* a rakish
 kind of blow.

[Chorus.]

Still the maxim did I remember well :
 If first you don't succeed, try, try again; your luck no one can tell.

[Chorus.]

At last I struck a gal, some older than the rest, but a saint among
 the few;

She took my battle up, and canvassed every pew;
 She swore I had been tampered with, and that she plainly knew.

[Chorus.]

My sisters were in sympathy - but the deacons couldn't see it;
 They looked the flock all over a scanning kind of way,
 And then they swore, to pardon me, might prove a very, very
 bitter play.

[Chorus.]

So they held upon reflection, such a thing could never be;
 The truth is plain enough—they were afraid of me.

[Chorus.]

They ordered on a trial, in a kind of zealous glow;
 Then sent an invitation, that I might attend the show.

[Chorus.]

I appeared upon the scene, in sobriety you know,
 [*But the first thing I heard them say was:*]

O, Brother Lord ! do tell us, pray tell us, [How did it.]—how did
 you come to go ?

[Chorus.]

I took along my witnesses—the Victor girls to swear,
 [*But when they entered*] The brothers smiled, the sisters wept, and
 each sung out : I wonder who they are.

[Chorus.]

The ball was opened by the Church—the circus then began ;
 The prosecution fire-ed off a scattering kind of gun.

[Chorus.]

I was not hit, nor harmed to hurt, but their cause they rested here—
 They all declared, but did not swear, they had me very near.

I should have rested too, but no counsel had I taken;
 I never so much as thought of, Blackstone, Chitty, Coke or Bacon.

[Chorus.]

In a feeling quite serene, and with a victor's air,

I looked o'er all the girls I'd brought, and picked out one to swear;
I called on sweet Lucretia—she was so near at hand—
Spoke to her a moment, then put her on the stand,
Believing, as of course, she would do my case up grand.

[Chorus.]

But when she found she was, the center of attraction, [*She got there at last*],

She soon fell down on me: she was nobody's fraction. [*She was a very large whole.*]

[Chorus.]

Lucretia—sweet Lucretia—she got no special legal pumping,
But don't you dare to think, I failed to get a thumping.

[Chorus.]

She told my congregation, she told my tryers all, my visit to her
house was not an idle freak;
She said I had some talent for, the true inwardness of Greek,
And in a little while, if supported by the Church, my language rare
and racy, few there'd be to speak.

Already was I cultured, in some words that did so thrill—
Stinger—decker—wrecker—piper, at which my tryers squealed,
and I think they're squealing still.

[Chorus.]

In the days of my sore trials, I *bet too high* on call and gift,
As you see. It didn't serve my purpose well, and so I made a shift.

[Chorus: He must have been, etc.]

I'm now in happy training, and far advanced in thought,
And sting me! if I do believe, I will again be caught.

COMPANY. And sting him! if he does believe, he will again be caught.

[Company around in a circle. Beatrice to the front.]

BEATRICE. *I've looked the world all over.*

COMPANY. She's looked the world all over.

BEATRICE. I find that some are quite too dark, and others far too brilliant.
'Tis hard indeed to cypher out, the family relation;
I think I'm in between the two—a happy, happy situation.

CHORUS BY COMPANY. [Beatrice don't sing:]
O, may-be she isn't a Stinger, of the milk in the cocoanut kind;
But her match in the drama of life, is hard as a fortune to find.

BEATRICE. I meet the cowboy clan, in their wild and wicked glee. [*They do.*]
And I know just why it is, that they jump the field for me;
I am to them a fearless heart, and that they seldom see;
I think I'm in between extremes—that's good enough for me.

[Chorus.]

I met our Stinger in a role, a philosophic calculation,
By which he did intend to wreck, the marital relation.

[Chorus.]

I probed his theoretic dream, with a spark of reason's fire;
 He couldn't stand the crash and flash, and evinced some little ire.
 [Chorus.]

I think he found himself adrift, with his cheri-hed alma mater;
 So I whirled him around, on the double quick, and made of him
 this drama.
 [Chorus.]

[Circle. Cowboy to the front.]

COWBOY. I think I am a gallant knight, as hero of the plain;
 I hear the shrieks of women, to me a sweet refrain,
 For I am used to anguish, from the men that I have slain.

COMPANY. He hears the shrieks of women, to him a sweet refrain,
 For he is used to anguish, from the men that he has slain.

COWBOY. I call upon the ladies, when to church they go,
 For I'm the pink of party men, I'd have the girls to know.
 [Company: He calls, etc.]

I know they're glad to see me, their welcome is so free;
 They soon throw up their worship, and join in a spree. [*There
 is no doubt about it.*]

I am the pink of party men, wherever I may be.
 [Company chorus: He calls upon the ladies, wherever
 he may go,
 For he's the pink of party men, he'd have the girls to know.]

I have got my squatter's title, and a band of horns and manes,
 For I'm a bold highwayman, and a skinner of the plains.
 [Chorus.]

My speculations are as bold, as any known to fame;
 The terror of the road, but I treat all men the same,
 And I never quit the saddle for the pouring of the rain.
 [Chorus.]

A bandit of the West, 'tis there you see me glow, [Showing use of
 pistol.]
 For I'm the pink of party men, I'd have the girls to know.
 [Chorus.]

There is nothing very gloomy, in the life that I am leading,
 For I often rob and kill, just to see the cowards bleeding.
 [Chorus.]

O, I'm a demon of the road—you ought to see me glow; [Handles
 pistol.]
 For I'm the pink of party men, I'd have the girls to know.
 [Chorus.]

I'm planted on a plain, with the jargon of the day,
 For if I think to rob and kill, Science makes an equal play;
 So take us altogether, we're the dandies in your way.
 [Company: He's planted on a plain, with the jargon
 of the day,

For if he thinks to rob and kill, Science makes an equal play.

Oh, he calls upon the ladies, etc.]

[Semi-circle. Almira to the front.]

ALMIRA.

Vain modesty is but a trait—like many I can but jest,
But to scoff and smirk at the thinking class, may-be it isn't best.

[Chorus: For sobriety as an antidote is, indeed a price-
less boon;

It cures the mind fanatic, and the geologic(al) loon.]

The blurring here, and blurring there, by men of cultured mien,
Leads one to think they may not be, the flowers that they seem.

[Chorus—(Spoken: *There is no doubt of it.*) Sobriety, etc.]

[Circle. Victoria to the front.]

VICTORIA.

I have dived upon the Western plains for twenty years or more;
If I've got no college crookedness, I'm sound on Western lore.

[Chorus: For I'm, (Company—For she is (altogether)
the bloom of a cactus plant—a flower of the mining camp;
Good medicine for the Western crank, and a burning wick for the
Eastern lamp.]

Out in the West I meet with men, from every land and school;
I have listened to their wrangling—*they are very polite*—each
calls the other a fool.

[Chorus: O, I'm, (Company—She is (altogether), *as
above.*)]

These luminaries are to thought, but theoretic shams;
For when reduced to practical, they resemble bucking rams.

[Chorus as above.]

I have seen the best of them, on fields of exploration;
But they never see, or think alike, about the earth's formation.

[Chorus as above.]

I like the ring of reason clear; be it new or old, it is good cheer;
But the philosophic charlatan, makes life so very drear.

[Chorus as above.]

This class of gentry are the gleeks, that probe the earth so deep;
But they've still got time, to frighten some, with their song of
eternal sleep.

[Chorus as above.]

[Circle—Stinger appears with white wig over black, and in his hand
the paper upon which he wrote during the play. As the chorus is sung,
he raises the white wig with one hand and shakes the paper with the
other.

STINGER.

Some say that they are lifted up, and others are lifted down;
But all decline their words to own—they make the people frown.

[Chorus: Then look beneath the covering, and look



beyond the gauze,
If you would find a man of worth—a *man!* without the dodger's
flaws.]

If the spirit brought them out, in colors rare and gay,
They would be glad to stand the scowl, and never dodge the ray.
[Chorus.]

That the mind is misconceived, by scientific thought,
Is we think a glowing fact, from the folly it has wrought.
[Chorus.]

To this source we trace the cripple, of theologic fame; [*Points to the
Minister.*]

Likewise the wretched delver, in material matter plain. [*Points
at Geologist.*]
[Chorus.]

This dandy of society, reflects our science wild, [*Pointing at
Cowboy,*]

But Stinger as an antidote, should make them draw it mild.
[Chorus.]

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