THE AMATEUR BENEFIT

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An Entertainment

in

Three Acts

by

Bronson Howard.

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Act Third.

a.m.s., July 30, 1925

Act III

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Memorandum

My Dear Salsbury:

It was my original intention as I wrote you, to have a "Part First" of the Benefit Performance to precede the following burlesque. But the piece as it stands will probably need considerable condensing. I have therefore omitted it. The other Acts lead directly up to the Burlesque by continual reference to its characters in the rehearsald." If you wish the "Part First" however, I will write it for you with pleasure. I give you, below, a plan of what this part will be, if you decide that you will do it.

Sincerely,
Bronson Howard.

Plan of a Proposed "Part First."

Have, in the general programme, a miniature programme of "Part First" similar to that of "Faun-of-the-Glen," and immediately preceding it. In this programme name the two recitations given by Harry in the previous acts and also Kitty's song, "In her brother's Dress." Have the other songs, duets &c. named in the miniature programme all pieces which are not to be sung. Have Harry Opdyke, as general manager, apologize away everything, without exception which appears in the programme -- (other things being substituted,) thus satirizing the General Amateur habit of making numerous apologies, briefly referred to in Act 1st, page 6. He would give various feminine caprices and masculine mistakes as the reasons for the changes. The other acts remain as they now stand.

Various Amateur awkwardnesses, in the getting on and off the stage, introductions, &c., would come in this part. The Author has omitted everything of this kind, in the following Burlesque, for the reason that less could be gained fro

it than from the Burlesque well acted throughout.

The "Part First" would begin with "The Six Calves Trio and Overture." The orchestra having played the introduction, the Curtain rises about fifteen inches, discovering the legs of the three gentlemen (in dress trowsers) all standing with their backs to the Curtain, as if they were looking at the setting of the scene. The orchestra would be mostly depended upon for the music, here, but the gentlemen would sing a trio supported perhaps by the female voices without. In each pair of legs one foot rises and scratches the calf of the other leg in time with music; this alternately with the respective pairs, at first, then all together. At the end, the three pair of legs walk off in the same direction. Then the curtain rises for Part First, with flat in No. 1.

In this part the ladies would appear in elegant evening dresses, as rich as desirable. The gentlemen in dress-suits.

F a u n - o f - t h e - G l e n,

o r

T h e C i v i l i z e d I n d i a n.

A Society Drama.

----ooo----

C h a r a c t e r s.

Sitting-Down-Bulldog. (Chief of the Sioux.)
Too old for Civilization.

The Earl of Kensington.
The Final Product of Civilization.

Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah! (S. D. Bulldog Jr.)
A Semi-Civilized Swell.

War-Cloud.
Civilized up to his Chin.

Faun-of-the-Glen. (Miss Marie Louise Bulldog.)
Fully Civilized, and a trifle more.

The Marchioness of Belgravia.
A Flower of Civilization.

S C E N E.

The Drawing-Room for the Sioux Chief.

The drawing-room is supposed to open, on one side, to the sleeping apartment of the Chief and his family. Upon the other side it opens to his kitchen and the Great West. In the distance a view of Early Morning in Dakota, during October. In the foreground it is in the month of June, with sunset effect.

Note to Management -- Pronounce the name of Bull-Puppi-Sik-um-Sah, -- Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah.

N o t e

The Acting of this Burlesque.

It is absolutely essential, for the proper effect of the Burlesque, that it be acted with as much earnestness and seriousness throughout -- so far as the spoken lines are concerned as if it were a play of real life. The slightest evidence that the actors intend to do or say anything "funny" will destroy the tone of the whole piece from beginning to end. If any "gags" are introduced, the management should exercise the utmost care to see that they agree in tone with the rest of the lines, and are not mere jokes to make the audience laugh. The Author, himself, has carefully avoided anything of this kind. A pun, however good, would endanger the effect of the whole piece. Play it as a genuine society drama throughout.

B. H.

S c e n e:-- (Exterior. Woodland. Overhanging trees. Flowers &c. Bright Spring foliage. The distance a highly colored Autumn view. Rising sun light. Whittredge's Painting, "The White Hills in October" a good model for distance. On the left at 2 or 3 a squalid Indian wigwam. Up C. three rough poles suspending a kettle over a fire. A set of brightly colored and very elegant drawing-room furniture distributed about stage. An elaborate chandelier hanging C. A grand piano up R. Sofa, chairs &c. Handsome hall-tree at L. 1. E. near it a small gilt table, with card receiver and silver salver. Centre-table down R. with ornamental books cigar-stand, cut-glass decanter of brandy, glasses &c. A string of Scalps and a string of wampum on the hall-tree; also a tomahawk and an umbrella. A swinging-bell on spring attached to limb of tree, L. 1. E., with a cord to be pulled from without, L. A bell-cord and tassel hanging from the tree, R.1.E., to pull a bell (which is to be heard without) R. Various articles of elegant bric-a-brac, &c. about stage; vases hanging by strings from the trees; plates attached to the trunks, as on walls of drawing-rooms, &c. &c. Three or four oil paintings in gilt frames hung upon trees; one, if room on stage, standing upon a handsome easel.)

Discovered:-- Sitting-Down-Bulldog? He is sitting on the ground, L. C. cross-legged, playing on a tom-tom and singing a monotonous Indian Chant. He is dressed in an old blanket; old battered high hat; vest turned wrong side out, with bright colored lining; leggings; an old beaded

moccasin on one foot, a worn and muddy shoe on the other; war-paint! long, unkept, straight, black hair. On the opposite side of the stage an Indian is sitting on the ground. (War-cloud) He is completely enveloped in an ornamented blanket, showing his head above it. His face is deeply and savagely marked with war-paint; a bald scalp, except a top-knot of black hair, from which long-eagle feathers depend down his back. He is the very picture of a taciturn and fierce Indian warrior. He looks steadily before him without movement of any kind, during all that follows until he rises.) Music. Indian Chant.)

"Voices of the Forest"

Bulldog.

This is a comic Indian Chant, with tom-tom and orchestral accompaniment monotonous and without English words; simply a guttural rigmarole of syllables and grunts imitative of the well known "Indian Chant" The orchestral accompaniment may give it variety by various unexpected effects on different instruments. The chant ends with a refrain, to be recurred to frequently hereafter. This refrain should have a lively melody, sustained rather by the leader's instrument than by the singer; with voices without, representing birds and animals, by the other two gentlemen of the company. After the Chant and the refrain once sung, Bulldog rises, hangs his hat and tom-tom on the hall-tree, L. crosses to table R. pours a glass of brandy from cut-glass decanter; drinks it; takes a cigar from stand and lights it. This business is all deliberate, with a slight orchestral accompaniment,

which continues during the following address to the Audience. Bulldog delivers this in a plain, simple business-like manner. He may, if desirable, move a luxurious arm-chair to front, C. and deliver part of the words sitting.

Bulldog.

Ladies and gentlemen: It is evident to my mind, that there must be many persons in the Audience who do not fully understand the exact meaning of the song, in my native Indian language, which I have just been rendering. I make the remark without desiring to throw any reflection on the high culture of this audience; and I trust you will not regard me as egotistical, if I take the liberty of explaining to you what I have been singing, in the simplest possible English. I have been induced to enter into this explanation only at the earnest request of the author. I told him it was hardly fair to ask an Indian War-Chief to do a thing of this kind, even to accommodate an audience; but the Author insisted that he couldn't think of any other way to begin the play. Trusting, therefore, that I shall succeed in making everything sufficiently clear to you to enable us to go on with the piece, I will proceed.

(Music Refrain.
The slight orchestral accompaniment suddenly swells into the Refrain; a and Bulldog sings it, with voices without as before. Near the end, he stops abruptly and hushes the orchestra.)

I beg your pardon ladies and gentlemen, I dropped into my native dialect again quite unconsciously. As I was going on to remark; my name is Sitting-Down-Bulldog. I am Chief of the Sioux Nation. The United States Government has placed us on a Reservation, and it is now trying to civilize us. The experiment has thue far been highly gratifying in its results. Nearly all the members of the tribe are dead; -- or missing. General Sherman insists that they are missing; and he's trying to find them.

(Music Refrain.
The accompaniment suddenly swells into the refrain again; Bulldog singing it with voices and hushing it abruptly as before.)

Civilization has had the same effect in our Reservation as on our tribe. Most of that, also, is missing. What there is

left of it you see before you. The foreground belongs to us. The background belongs to our -- Agent -- and others -- in Washington and elsewhere. The Agent and myself are intimate friends. He declines to accept the theory that any members of the tribe are missing; and he continues to distribute blankets as usual. Eight thousand a year. We divide them equally, he takes three fourths, and I have the rest.

(He breaks suddenly into Indian, a moment. Speaking not singing. A series of guttural grunts &c. with earnest expression and gestures, and as if the audience could understand him.

Two is one half of eight, and six is the other half.

(Again speaks earnestly in Indian)

The Agent says I'm not sufficiently Civilized yet to understand arithmetic. I don't

(Music Refrain.
The refrain again; this time through to the end.)

The author only desires me to add, ladies and gentlemen, that I have done everything in my power to assist the United States Government in its philanthropic efforts to civilize my race. I sent my only daughter to be educated in New York, and finished in Paris; and I have obtained this elegant set of furniture and the grand piano, from the East, at an expense of one thousand blankets.

(The bell on trap L. 1. E. rings violently. The Indian down R. who has made no sign or action from the beginning, rises from his blanket, dropping it where he sat. He is dressed in a complete dress-suit; white tie, white gloves, polished boots, &c. &c. Everything below his chin the perfect swell waiter, but the Eagle-feathers hang down his back and his face and scalp are those of a fierce Indian warrior. All but his head has been concaled under the blanket up to this moment. He crosses L. with the grave manner of a trained waiter, takes the silver salver, near hall-trap, and goes out L! 1. E.

Callers! War Cloud! (Calling out.) We're not at home. Some of that Apache tribe, I suppose! next reservation twenty-five feet square. To-morrow is Fame's regular reception

day -- Thursday.

(Re-enter the Indian Servant, L. 1. E. with three cards on salver which he takes to Bulldog C. He reads cards.)

"Mrs. Bald-headed-Eagle." Her Husband's entire income is only seven hundred blankets -- after deducting the Agent's Commission. "Miss Bald-Headed-Eagle" -- "Miss Gazelle-of-the-Prairie" Bald-Headed-Eagle". War-Cloud --

(A few words of Indian gibberish to the servant, then in English!)

Miss Bulldog is never at home to the Bald-Headed-Eagles.

(Replacing the cards on salver. The servant deposits them on table L. crosses to R. C. where he stands rigidly.)

Old Bald-Headed-Eagle is trying to lay me out on civilization. But he can't take my scalp yet! He's just got a new set of drawing-room furniture, too. But he didn't send one of His daughters to be educated in New York, and finished in Paris! He's got a new grand piano, too. But neither of his girls can play on it. To hear my girl give one of her civilized Parisian war-whoops, and go for that piano -- Wh-o-o-p! (Giving a rolling Indian whoop patting his lips with his hand) Old Bald-Headed-Eagle isn't in it.

(War-dance accompaniment suddenly and strangely. As Bulldog gives the whoop, he goes into the peculiar motions of the Indian dance. The servant in dress-suit, still standing L. C. rigidly, begins the same motions of the knee, without leaving his place, and looking solemnly front. Bull-dog moves to hall-tree, takes tomahawk and umbrella, tosses the latter across to the servant, who catches it. They dance the war-dance together, with full and resonant orchestral accompaniment, the kettle-drum predominating, in imitation of the tom-tom. Occasional rolling war-whoop from Bulldog. They flourish the tomahawk and umbrella, alternately, crouching before each other.)

Indian War-Dance,

Bulldog and Servant.

Bulldog finally flourishes his tomahawk over servant, crouching before him; and gives an unearthly whoop, louder than all the others. Enter the Faun-of-the-Glen, L. U. E. She rushes in and strikes a picturesque, deprecating attitude. Tableau. Bulldog lowers his tomahawk and moves L. abashed. The servant rises and assumes rigid waiter's attitude.)R!

Faun

(C. drawing up with very dignified and elegant manner.) Papa, dear! A war-dance! In our very drawing-room! I am ashamed of you, papa! (arranging her glove.) Nothing could be more vulgar!

Bulldog

Vulgar! to her own father! That comes of educating a girl in New York and finishing her in Paris.

(The Faun's costume is a picturesque combination of modern fashion and the conventional Indian Princess dress. The skirt falls to below her knee, with forest leaves and flowers wreathed gracefully about it. Dainty pink or other colored French-heeled gaiters. Waist high and neatly fitting at the throat, or of whatever may be of the most fashionable shape for New York belles. Long, many-buttoned kid gloves. Coiffeur of latest style, artistically ornamented with a few characteristic Indian feathers. An elegant fan. Perhaps a parasol, &c. &c. &c. Her face, for best effect should be of a light but decidedly Indian hue; but this is not absolutely essential. The Faun's manner must be that of a refined and ele-

gant society young lady, with a touch of affection; - bright and lively; but sometimes, as after her first entrance, very dignified. As she addresses her father, servant and others, she arranges her gloves, as above, dallies with her face, touches her coiffeur, glances at her skirt &c.)

Faun

War-Cloud, you may retire. (The servant starts) One moment. (He stops.) You may run over to the Pi-Ute reservation, and ask Mrs. Bull-dog-on-fire if she will kindly lend me her copy of Zola's last French novel.

(Exit servant gravely, R. 1. E.)

Bulldog.

Good religious girl, Faun is. She dotes on French Sunday-School books.

Faun

I am really astonished at you father. After the efforts I have made, since my return from abroad, to impress upon you the fact that no civilized gentleman ever indulges in such a thing as a "War-dance." And you have put on your war-paint again to-day. It is unworthy, father, of any gentleman who moves in polite society. It is positively vulgar.

Bulldog

Vulgar! a war-dance, vulgar! When her mother was a young squaw of her age --

Faun

"Squaw!" -- young "lady", papa!

Bulldog

When her mother was a young lady, it was the easy grace with which I danced the war-dance that first won for me her maiden heart. War-paint, vulgar! She calls her old father, the War-Chief of the Sioux -- she calls me -- vulgar! My child! (Turning towards her with great dignity.) Daughter of the fierce warrior of the Plains and the gentle Wildflower of the Valley -- when I -- (Raising his arm majestically and pointing to the distance.) When I shall have gone on my solitary journey to the Happy Hunting Ground --

Faun

I beg your pardon, papa; in New York we call it "Heaven."

Bulldog

(Turning down.) New York knows damned little of that subject. So far as a western man like myself can judge from the newspapers, what little it does know it learns from Brooklyn.

Faun

My dear father, I must call your attention to another serious breach of étiquette. You have not been civilized. I have. You must never swear, papa.

Bulldog

Never swear! It's the highest point in civilization I have ever reached.

Faun

In the presence of a lady.

Bulldog

I never met a white man that didn't swear.

Faun

When ladies are not present, nothing is more civilized, I believe. C'est une autre chose, mon père.

Bulldog

Eh?

Faun

Mais chacun chson goût.

Bulldog

H'm?

(The Faun speaks a sentence in Indian gibberish, as if translating to him.)

O--h! Why the devil didn't you say so? (Aside.) They taught that girl French in New York --and she spent six months in Paris without forgetting it.

(He speaks to her in "Indian.")

Faun

Undoubtedly, my dear father. But, by the bye --

(She continues the sentence in Indian.)

Bulldog

To a certain extent. At the same time --
(He continues in Indian.)

Faun

What you say is very true, papa; and yet --
(She continues in Indian.)

Bulldog

How much will it cost?

Faun

Let me see -- (Continues in Indian.)

Bulldog

I'll think of it.

Faun

Oh, n'importe, papa -- n'importe! Tra-la-la-la. (Turning up stage and running over the keys of the piano.) Tra-la-la-la.

Bulldog

The Bald-Headed-Eagle girls are nowhere! There isn't a white girl in America that can look down on her venerable father with more supreme contempt.

(The Faun sings. Bulldog strolls up; glances at the kettle, gives it a stir or two with a long stick and walks out, L. U. E.

S o n g

"Finished in Paris."

The Faun.

(Either in the interval music, or after the song is finished, the Faun dances daintily, in a manner appropriate to her character; with pretty affections of manner; using her fan, arranging her gloves, opening and swinging a parasol! &c. &c. Perhaps the best way is to go through these motions as she sings the lines, with a dance at the end of the song.)

Finished in Paris

Original Song

by

Henry S. Leigh.

I

I was "finished" in Paris, and who can deny
That I'm up to the style of to-day ?
Could you hope to discover, where'er you may try,
Such a model of "Chic", S'il vous plait ?
There's a dash, there's an ease, there's an elegant grace
And a kind of a je ne sais quoi,
That we learn in that simple particular place.
Here's a proof in your model, C'est Moi!
Finished in Paris! Oh joy, oh delight!
Am I not nearly perfection or quite ?

II

For your pert little misses New York's pretty well,
Where I went long ago to a school;
I was taught how to write, how to cypher and spell,
And I looked all the time like a fool.
I could punish my scales, I could sprawl through a dance
I could sing with a horrible squeak.
It was only much later, on getting to France,
That I learned what is called la Murique.
Finished in Paris! Oh, joy, Oh delight!
Am I not nearly perfection or quite ?

III

I remember the days when a mild little joke
Would my sense of propriety vex; --
And I blushed like a poppy whenever I spoke
To a soul of the opposite sex.
I am fond of a jest, and can make it myself --
Now the end of my training is o'er;
And my blushes are carefully placed on the shelf,
To be worn, very likely, no, more.
Finished in Paris! Oh joy, Oh delight!
Am I not nearly perfection or quite ?

IV

'Tis the queen of all cities in Progress and Art;
'Tis the centre of music and mirth;
Ev'ry true-born American thinks in his heart
It's a Paradise placed upon earth.
But if anyone present is eager to find
All the wonders that Paris can do,
Or a sample of what she can give to mankind,
It is under nose, voyez vous!
Finished in Paris! Oh joy, Oh delight!
Am I not nearly perfection or quite ?

Faun

(At card-table L.) Callers during my absence. Mrs. Bald-Headed-Eagle and her two daughters. Nice girls but so uncultivated. They have never been to Paris. Ah, the post-man has been here. A letter for me. The postman hasn't called before for six months. Papa has had all the stage-coaches robbed lately. It is very inconvenient. From the Marchioness of Belgravia! the dearest and warmest friend I had in Europe. Postmarked "Chicago." She is already in America! (reads letter.) "My darling Marie Louise -- My brother, the Earl of Kensington and myself --m-m-m The Earl has heard so much of you from me, he is impatient to make your acquaintance-m--m--m--m--m--m--

(Bulldog strolls in L. U. E. and down R.

They should be here by this time. I--I wonder -- Oh, papa, dear! Did you and brother arrange to rob the last stage-coach the one that is coming now?

Bulldog.

Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah is now on a business tour; and he will probably take that in.

Faun

Oh, papa! The Marchioness of Belgravia, who became my most intimate friend, during my recent visit to England, on my return from Paris, is undoubtedly in that coach, with her brother, the Earl of Kensington, who is coming here with the avowed purpose of offering me his hand.

Bulldog

That's awkward.

Faun

I do wish that you and brother would give up stage-coach robbing entirely. It is such a vulgar business.

Bulldog

Now she's ashamed of my regular business! Robbing stage-coaches, vulgar!

Faun

You have to kill people, you know, and that is always more or less de trop, in good society. Do you think that Bull-Pupp-i-Sik-Um-Sah may, perhaps, make one exception in favor of the Marchioness and her brother ?

Bulldog

Business is business.

Faun

I do wish you would retire, papa.

Bulldog

My child -- (gravely.) You do not understand the exigencies of my somewhat peculiar position. I have found it exceedingly difficult to keep up the necessary expenses of civilization even under the fostering care of a paternal government, and when engaged in active business pursuits.

Faun

Surely, you have enough, my father.

Bulldog

The merest accident may at any moment deprive me of the chief source of my income -- the blankets of my absent tribe. The government at Washington might appoint an honest Indian Agent.

Faun

But is such an accident probable, papa ?

Bulldog

It has never yet occurred. But we must be prepared for any emergency which an inscrutable Providence -- I would say, an inscrutable Government -- may have in store for our race.

Faun

Of course I know nothing about business matters, papa. But a gentleman in New York society usually stops robbing his neighbors, and retires from business entirely, as soon as the amount of his savings justifies him doing so.

Bulldog

The Warrior Chief of the Plain will walk in the footsteps of Christian Civilization. I will stop robbing stage-coaches and killing their inmates, as soon as my conscience will permit me to take that important step.

(The bell on tree L. 1. E. rings suddenly violently.)

Faun

Ah! (looking L.) Safe! It is the Marchioness, herself!

(Enter the Marchioness of Belgravia, rapidly with outstretched arms, L. 1. E.)

Marchioness

My darling Marie Louise!

Faun

Augusta!

Marchioness

Forgive me for not waiting for the servant I was so impatient to meet you again.

Faun

Don't mention it, I am delighted to see you!

(They embrace and kiss R. Bulldog has moved to L. C. Enter the Earl of Kensington, L. 1. E. He is on long ulster, with fur tippet and gloves; crush hat, single eye-glass. He walks in very deliberately and stops L. facing Bulldog, and looking at him through his eye-glass. They face each other, both motionless; one with the stolid stare of the Indian; the other with the quiet persistence of the Englishman.)

Faun

Take off your things, at once, Augusta.

Marchioness.

Thank you, no, my dear. We'll not sit down. We are going on to California, you know. I just happened in to introduce

my brother. We'll make you a nice long call on our way back.

Faun

But you'll be so warm in the drawing room with your cloak on. You must stay a little while.

Marchioness.

Very well, my love. But, really, you must excuse my travelling-dress.

(Throwing off opera cloak and lace scarf, and discovering full white ball-dress; coiffeur; twelve button kids; fan, &c. &c.)

We have just had nine hundred miles in the stage-coach -- over the plains -- and it was very dusty.

Faun

Don't apologize, my love. Now, my dear marchioness, you must tell me all the news from New York and Europe. Is the Duchess of Monteagle well ? and Lady Penley ? Of course you must have seen the last opera-bouffe --was it nice and wicked

Bulldog

(Aside) If I'm not introduced to this Englishman damned soon, it'll become embarrassing.

(He and the Earl continue to stare at each other quietly and without the slightest motion on either side, as before.

Faun

You like it then, (To Marchioness, referring to her own costume) Worth designed it for me, at my own suggestion; appropriate to an Indian maiden you know -- yet something of dear old Paris about it.

March.

Exquisite! in perfect taste, my love.

(Bull-dog still staring at the Earl, addressing him in a few Indian grunts.

Earl

I beg your pardon.

(Bulldog repeats the grunts)

Really -- I -- ah -- pardon me -- but -- I -- ah --

(Bulldog draws a long puff; then takes cigar from his mouth and offers it to the Earl to smoke. The Earl draws back, surprised and disgusted , turning front. Bulldog starts back, drawing up indignantly then gives a war-whoop.)

Faun

Oh, papa!

Bulldog

The paleface refuses to smoke the pipe of peace.

Faun

My dear papa!

(Going to him. The Marchioness regards Bulldog through a pair of gold eye-glasses.)

Bulldog.

The Son of the Moon and the Hawk hasn't the slightest objection to digging up the hatchet, if the gentleman wishes him to. I always keep one buried in the backyard -- about six inches deep -- for use in my diplomatic relations with the United States Government. I am perfectly ready to accommodate our guest.

Faun

Really, I hope you will excuse my father. He hasn't been civilized yet.

Bulldog

Civilization be ---

(Faun puts her hand over his mouth)

I am a gentleman of the old school.

Faun

It is my fault. I owe you all an apology. Allow me -- my father, Mr. Sitting-Down-Bulldog -- her ladyship, the Marchioness of Belgravia.

(The Marchioness curtseys low and formally. Bulldog removes his hat and bows with dignity and grace.)

March.

My brother -- his lordship, the Earl of Kensington -- Mr.

Bulldog -- Miss Bulldog.

(All bow with formal dignity.)

Earl

Very happy -- I -- ah -- assure you.

(He takes a handsome meerschaum cigar holder from a case in his pocket.)

Permit me.

(Extending his hand. Bulldog gives him the cigar. He quietly places it in the holder and draws a puff or two.)

Thanks, Havana.

Bulldog

Rosa Concha Colorado, Connecticut wrappers. (Aside) We were on the verge of another Indian war. (Aloud) I say -- Earl -

(Glancing at the Faun who is again chatting with the Marchioness, and punching the Earl under the ribs.)

I say -- Earl --

(Points over his shoulder, raises his leg &c. in the "Amorous-old-man" style)

Fine young squaw! -- eh -- kee! do as I did with her mother - give her an English war-dance.

(He moves up stage and stirs kettle)

Faun

Pardon me, your lordship -- pray remove your ulster

(She pulls bell-cord hanging from tree R. Bell heard loudly without R.)

Earl

Thank you.

(Removing ulster and furs, discovering full evening dress-suit; white tie; white kids; flowers in button-hole &c.)

Pardon my travelling suit.

(The servant enters R. 1. E. and takes the Earl's ulster &c., hanging them on a tall tree R. The Earl stares at him through his glass. He and the servant confront each other and stand face to face. The Earl looks the servant up and down, struck

with the identity of their costumes. He looks at his white gloved hands; then at his own. Then at his white necktie; arranging his own as he does so. The servant imitates his motions. The Earl finally steps aside and the servant moves gravely L.1.E. the Earl's eyes still on him.)

Earl

In spite of the fact that I am an English nobleman, I -- I am ah -- convinced, at last -- that -- ah --civilization crossed the Atlantic Ocean before I did.

(Moves L.)

Bulldog

(Looking into the kettle) That's a well-trained dog; he hasn't barked once since he was first boiled. I wonder if they're going to stay to dinner.

Faun

(At piano with March, looking over music) Here is one of your favorite selections. You must sing it for us. I will accompany you, and his lordship shall turn the music for us.

Earl

Certainly -- by all means -- too happy, I assure you. (Bowing foppishly and dancing across) Particularly pleased, I assure you -- delighted to assist you at the piano.

(Bowing and scraping. She responds. She sits at piano. He arranges music, leaning over her, smirking and chuckling in the usual foppish attentive style. She runs over the keys looking up at him sweetly)

Ah -- Donizetti -- (Or other composer selected) exquisite touch, Miss Bulldog --and fingers as exquisite as their touch.

Faun

Ah -- my lord!

Earl

'Pon my honor as an English nobleman, Miss Bulldog. Ha-ha-he-he! (Chuckling and bowing over her)

Bulldog
(Having been watching them contemptuously; moving down L.)

That's what he calls an English war-dance, I suppose. D-a-m-n civilization.

(He crawls through entrance of wigwam L.C. and disappears. The Marchioness sings.)

Operatic Selection: French or Italian.

(The Faun accompanies, or appears to do so, at piano, with flirtation business between her and the earl. The Marchioness moves from front as she sings, with music in her hand. Orchestral accompaniment.)

Faun
(At end of selection rising and moving down to Marchioness R.

Bravo! bravissima! Your voice is as delicious as ever, my dear Marchioness. The upper register is charmingly clear.

March.

Thank you, my darling. Do you keep in practice ?

Faun

Only so-so. It is so discouraging in our society here. The Pi-Utes are hardly beyond the tom-tom; and even the Apache's prefer a simple English melody to a classical symphony from Beethoven. (March. crosses to R.C.)

Earl

Old Italian Master -- (staring through glass at one of the oil paintings) Ah -- Landseer -- (at another) Sir Joshua Reynolds -- (another) By-the-bye, Miss Bulldog -- (looks at a plate on tree) Ah -- Majolica (Mayolica) did my sister, the Marchioness, tell you -- (his hand on a vase which hangs from tree) Limoge (Lemozhe) did she mention a little -- ah -- incident -- that happened to us on our way here ? The -- ah - the stage-coach was -- ah - robbed -- you know.

Faun

Robbed!

March.

Oh, yes -- I really forgot to mention it.

Earl

All the rest of the passengers were -- ah -- murdered, you know.

Faun

(Aside) They will discover my father's business -- and it is so vulgar.

March.

In the first joy of meeting my olf friend, the fact that all our fellow-passengers were killed, and we only escaped by a miracle, quite slipped my mind. One of the gentlemen who assaulted the stage-coach was just about to kill me also, when a young Indian Prince, who seemed to be the leader of the party, requested him not to do so. (Romantically) We seemed to understand each other's thoughts in a moment.

Faun

(Aside) My brother!

March.

Forgive my blushes.

Faun

She is in love with him!

March

At my particular request, the young Indian Prince consented to save my brother's life, also.

Earl

Y-e-s. He was -- ah -- particularly polite to both of us. But we cannot remain long, Miss Bulldog. Permit me to remark that a personal interview fully confirms my previous impressions. As my sister intimated to you in her last letter, I dropped in merely to make you a proposal of marriage.

Faun

I am deeply sensible, my lord, of the overwhelming honor thus extended by any English nobleman to an American lady. (Demurely)

Earl

Y-e-s. Certainly. Allow me to offer you, in person, my heart and my estate.

Faun

Believe me! my lord, I have a true woman's nature -- I accept then both.

Earl

Also, my title.

Faun

I can so far overcome my Republican prejudices, my lord, as to accept that, also.

(Extending her hands. Orchestra begins introduction. The Earl crosses and kisses her hand.)

Duet: "Heart, Title and Estate."

(Original: Henry S. Leigh)

Earl

Accept my vows, enchanting girl;
Believe me, I can claim
The noble rank of English Earl
And our ancestral name.

Faun

To princely wealth and boundless land
I gladly link my fate:
I take your title, take your hand,
Your heart and your estate.

Refrain: Both.

Ah, love, young love, can feel no fear,
And need not doubtful wait,
When lover brings his lover dear
A title and estate.

II Faun

I love your wealth, I love your lands,
Much more I cannot say:
The church at least will join our hands,
Let hearts be where they may.

Earl

The place of spouse, the place of wife,
I ask you now to fill:
And, if you fail to cheer my life,
I'll seek for one that will.

Refrain: Both
Ah, love, young love -- &c. &c.

III Earl
In England all our peers may claim
The right of British caste.
Our ladies fair adorn our name
When love may long be past.

Faun
Convenient plan -- I freely make
This vow, before we part:
Your hand, your title I will take,
And risk, my lord, your heart.

Refrain: Both.
Ah, love -- young love -- &c. &c.

(At the end of the duet, the Earl has his arm about the waist of the Faun, and her head rests affectionately on his shoulder. A loud war-whoop without, R.U.E. All start.)

March.
That voice!

Faun
My brother!

March
Your brother ?

Faun
Bull-Puppi-Sik-Ua-Sah.

Earl
There is something familiar about that voice.

(The war-whoop again out R.U.E.

March.
It must be he.

Faun
You must really excuse my brother. He is only half-civilized. He accompanied Red Cloud to Washington a few years ago. Of course he picked up a little, in the way of civilization; but there isn't much to learn, in that direction, at Washington, you know, even for a white man.

(Another war-whoop R.U.E. Bulldog re-appears on all fours, in entrance of tent, L.C. and gives a war-whoop in reply.)

Faun

Oh, papa!

March.

It is the Indian Prince! Be still - my heart.

(Music introductory to following song. Old Bulldog crawls out and dances Indian fashion down L. The Earl and Marchioness retire R. Bulldog gives another whoop. It is answered without by Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah, who comes in R.U.E., dancing down C. without seeing the Earl and the Marchioness. He sings.)

(This song is sung with words and business between the stanzas as below.
Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah's costume is a mixture of a young Fifth Avenue swell's walking suit, and the conventional Indian dress. A neatly fitting sacque coat, with stylish scarf and latest cut of collar neat vest, watch and guard, when he opens coat. A derby hat, kid walking gloves; a cane; gold eyeglasses or single glass; a cigar. Button-hole bouquet. Embroidered Indian leggings and beaded moccasins. War paint on face. Smooth scalp with top-knot and feathers under hat, to be seen afterwards.)

"The semi-Civilized Swell"

(Original Song)
by
Henry S. Leigh.

I.

A young semi-civilized savage am I;

And a host of adventures I've had, by-the-bye
Since the chiefs of our tribes -- on diplomacy bent
In a delegation to Washington went.
I was anxious to travel, and eager to learn,
Sothat most of the states I've explored in their turn
And I candidly think I may venture to say,
That I've picked up a notion or two on my way.

(Refrain)

Yes, Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows pretty well
That, if halfway a savage, he's halfway a swell.

(Speaks) Well, guv'ner, how's your scalp, old man. Fain, old girl: I've been out on a business tour. (Sings.)

Yes, Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows pretty well,
That, if halfway a savage, he's halfway a swell.

(Interval music. Bull-Puppi dances on steps R and L.

March.

(Through interval music.) It must be he! I do not recognize the dress -- but -- (Looking at him through her glasses) possibly he has changed it. That voice -- that face -- I cannot be mistaken!

Earl

(Looking at him through glasses) My -- brother-in-law!

II

A wigwam is all very pleasant, I know
If its walls are adorned by the scalps of the foe,
Still I fancy a fellow more pleasantly lives,
In the comfort a house on Fifth Avenue gives.
'Tis a pleasure, perhaps, to be all running loose,
When we're hunting the buffalo -- tracking the moose;
Yet I seem to be quite as content and at home,
When I'm trotting my nag in the Park of Jerome.

(Refrain)

Yes, Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows &c. &c.

(Speaks) Well, old man, I attended to that last bit of business -- stage-coach. Five hundred bricks!

(Bulldog gives a rolling whoop. Bull-Puppi does the same and sings.)

Yes, Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows pretty well,
That, if halfway a savage, he's halfway a swell.

(Interval music, dance or steps)

Earl

Charming young dog! He deserves a dinner in Boston --

March

(Through interval music) It is the prince

Faun

(Aside R.) It cannot be helped. They will discover my father's business!

Bull Puppi

(Stopping the dance: music ceases.) I've made a very good trip, guv'nor.

Bulldog

My dear boy, I was afraid you had been neglecting your business engagements.

Bull-Puppi.

Neglecting ? I know of nothing in my career as a young business man, my dear father, to justify you in a suspicion of that nature. Since you did me the honor to take me in as a partner, I have always made the interests of the firm my first consideration. S. D. Bulldog & Son! You may rely upon the promptness and discretion of the junior partner, under all circumstances.

III

The prairie looks all very well in its way,
But against Saratoga there's nothing to say;
For the squaws of the white man, it's pretty well known
Are as nicely and properly dressed as our own.
We are happy, no doubt, in our villages here,
And the trees and the lakes to the red men are dear;
But for fun and for frolic, for mischief and mirth,
Coney Island is not quite a hell upon earth.

(Refrain)

Young Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows &c.

(Speaking) In the course of the present transaction, my dear father (wiping glasses with silk handkerchief) we found it de-

sirable to kill six passengers and the driver.

(Bulldog gives a whoop, followed by Bull-Puppi, who sings.)

Young Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows pretty well,
That, if halfway a savage, he's halfway a swell.

(Interval music. Dancing or stepping up R. and L.

Faun

(Through interval music) Oh! if father were only a professional man -- a lawyer or a clergyman --

March

What grace! what an air!

Bull-Puppi

(Stopping the dance: music ceases) Yes, guv'nor, (Looking at note-book) Six passengers and a driver.

Bulldog

Did you bring their scalps along, my boy ?

Bull-Puppi

Scalps ? Pardon me, father. The practice of detaching scalps from the heads of their original proprietors -- (Trifling with watch guard) is now considered vulgar.

Bulldog

Vulgar! now he's at it. Scalps -- vulgar!

March.

Such refinement,

Bull-Puppi

When I was in Washington and New York, father, with your esteemed predecessor Red Cloud, I learned that it was quite possible to rob people, effectively and with highly commendable thoroughness, without the slightest interference with their natural hair. You have not been civilized, father, to a certain extent, I have. I spent two Sunday afternoons on Fifth Avenue, I was enabled to study the customs and manners of civilized young gentlemen -- passing to and from church -- many of them engaged during the week days, in our own line of business. I trust I have profited by my observations.

A slight eccentricity seems to intrude
In our ways and our habits, our costumes and food:
So I've carefully tried in this costume of mine,
To let Civilization and Nature combine.
In a mixture of Broadway and national paint,
I present an appearance effective and quaint:
And my garb is an excellent sample, I guess
Of a young semi-civilized savage's dress.

(Refrain)

(Speaking) By-the-bye, father, I omitted to mention it before -- I am in love.

March.

In love!

(Staggering and supported by the Earl)

Bulldog

In love!

(He gives a war-whoop. Bull-Puppi same and sings.)

For Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows pretty well,
That if halfway a savage, he's halfway a swell.

(Interval music: dance or steps R. and L.)

Faun

(Through interval music) How romantic! He fell in love with the Marchioness, too.

March.

He loves another!

Bull-Puppi

Yes, father, I am in love!

Bulldog

With one of them damned Apache Bald-headed-eagle girls ?

Bull-Puppi

No ?

Bulldog

Pi-Utes ?

Bull-Puppi

Neither the Bald-headed-Eagles -- nor yet Pi-Utes -- English.
(The Marchioness starts up)
The lady described herself as the Marchioness of Belgravia.

March.

I breathe again.

Bull-Puppi

After we had killed the other passengers, my eyes fell upon a lady in a simple travelling dress. She was with her brother. I fell in love at once and introduced myself. I told them that it was out of the ordinary line of business not to kill all the passengers; but if it made no particular difference to them, I preferred to make an exception in their case. They assented to the proposition. As I before said, my dear father, I am deeply, passionately , in love.
(Turning R. as he speaks the last sentence, he sees the Marchioness and starts back with his hand on his heart. She moves a step forward, with her hand on her heart.)

March.

That form! that voice! I recognized your voice! The dress was different, but --

Bull-Puppi

I had on my business suit, when we last met. Possibly, however.
(Raising his hat, and displaying bald scalp, top-knot and feathers)

March

A-h! (Advancing with outstretched arms)

Bull-Puppi

My own! (Receiving her in his arms)

(Bulldog gives a whoop. Bull-Puppi same. All sing)

Quintette

Ah, Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah knows pretty well,
That, it halfway a savage, he's halfway a swell.
(Repeat)

Bull-Puppi

("Make yourself at home.")

Ah, now my arms are round your neck,
My heart is beating high;
Your own I feel upon my breast,
By turns you laugh and cry.
You pale and blush and pout and smile,
But never bid me roam:
You whisper low and gentle sigh
"Pray make yourself at home."

Earl

("Little Sweetheart)
Little Sweetheart come and kiss me,
Just once more before I go
Tell me truly will you miss me,
As I wander to and fro ?

March. and Bull-Puppi
(Refrain)

"Pray make yourself at home,
Pray make yourself at home
How sweet to hear those loving words,
Pray make yourself at home.

Faun and Earl
(Refrain)

Little
Oh, my sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper sweet and low,
That your heart will sadly miss me,
As I wander to and fro.
You

Faun, Earl, Marchioness and Bull-Puppi.
(In the Gloaming.)

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Or the brightest light of day
In your absence -- in your presence
Here or there, be where you may.
My own heart will turn with longing
In the evening or the day.

I will love you, fondly, dearly,
Be you near or far away.

G r a n d F i n a l e.

Quintette.
(Original; Henry S. Leigh)
Very bright air with "go"

Earl, Here's an end of my bachelor troubles,
I've captured a jewel, 'tis plain,
All the pleasures of earth she can double,
And whisk away half of its pain.

Faun, I've appeared a bit flippant, it may be,
But mean when I settle for life,
To be meek as a mouse or a baby,
And make you a model young wife.

Quintette refrain.

This arrangement is equal to chess-playing quite
Where the whites take the blacks and the blacks take the white
Still a woman and sister -- a man and a brother --
Whate'er be the station, is each to each other.

Bull-P. If my ways have been rather erratic,
I'll soon make amends for the past.
In a circle more aristocratic,
A swell I shall grow very fast.

March. The follies you mention, I'm sure, dear,
Were merely intended in sport
And such habits you'll rapidly cure, dear
When once you're presented at Court.

Refrain as before.
This arrangement is equal -- &c. &c.

(Then go suddenly into the Indian refrain. Bulldog with his tom-tom L. The "Voices" now by Bull-Puppi and the Earl on stage instead of without. All dance. Bulldog goes

(The peculiar Indian step, with bending knee. Bull-Puppi alternately dances to him in this savage style, then to the Marchioness, turning her as gracefully as a Fifth Avenue swell C. Faun, R. does picturesque attitudes to Earl then swings with him in the manner of a society belle.)

C u,r t a i n.

THE AMATEUR BENEFIT

-----ooo-----

An Entertainment

in

Three Acts

by

Bronson Howard,

-----ooo-----

Act First.

THE AMATEUR REPORT.

An Entertainment

in

Three Acts

by

Bronson Howard.

-----ooo-----

1881.

-----ooo-----

P r o g r a m m e,

T h e A m a t e u r B e n e f i t.

A Three-Act Entertainment, which the Author declines to classify

by

B r o n s o n H o w a r d

With original songs, duets, etc., by Henry S. Leigh.

Music, Recitations, etc.,

Act First:-- Double-air duet:-- Gems from the Operas:-- "The Jolly Young Parson" -- (Original, Henry S. Leigh) Indian Princess Dance:-- "Lover's Duet -- (Selected) Recitations (Selected) "Romeo and Juliet" -- Song of the Stage Manager" (Original Henry S. Leigh) Quarrel Quintette -- Finale.

Act Second:-- "The War of the Tuning Fiends" (Original) "In her Brother's Dress"-- (Original, Henry S. Leigh) -- Ballad (Selected) Recitation (Selected) Songs of the Day -- Medley: Finale -- solos, duets and quartette -- "Little Sweetheart" -- "Pray make yourself at home" (New words) "In the Gloaming."

Act Third:-- "Voices of the Forest" -- a Tom-tom Chant. (Original) -- War Dance!!! "Finished in Paris" -- (Original Henry S. Leigh.) -- Aria -- "(Selected) "Heart, Title and Estate" (Original Duet: Henry S. Leigh) "The Semi-civilized Swell" (Original: Henry S. Leigh) Grand Finale -- Quintette -- (Original: Henry S. Leigh.)

C h a r a c t e r s.

Captain Harry Opdyke, U.S.A.	On leave and off duty
The Rev. Ernest Duckworth,	On duty without his leave.
Mr. Booth McC. Forrest.	A Heavy Tragedian lightly treated.
Miss Kitty Plumpet,	A born actress, with a special line, and a man at the end of it
Mrs. Camilla Westlake,	The model young widow -- born, like the poet -- she can't be made.

Act First:-- Rehearsal at Home.

Act Second:-- Rehearsal at the Theatre.

Act Third:-- The Performance.

Part First is supposed to have passed.

Part Second.

Faun-of-the-Glen,

or

The Civilized Indian.

-----ooo-----

A Society Drama.

Sitting-Down Bulldog
(Chief of the Sioux) Too old for civilization.

The Earl of Kensington
(The final product of Civilization)

Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah, S. D. Bulldog, Jr.
(A semi-civilized swell)

War-Cloud,
(Civilized up to his chin.)

Faun-of-the-Glen, Miss Marie Louise Bulldog.
(Fully civilized -- and a trifle more)

The Marchioness of Belgravia,
(A Flower of Civilization.)

Scene.

The Drawing-room is supposed to open on one side, to the sleeping apartments of the Chief and his family. Upon the other side it opens to his kitchen and the great west: In the distance, a view of early morning in Dakota during October. In the foreground it is the month of June.

Note to Management:-- Harry Opdyke or Forrest will play "Bulldog" and "Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah" respectively, as may be arranged by management. The lines in Act 3nd, page 6, are adaptable to either arrangement. The other characters, according to the lines in previous acts, viz: "The Earl" -- Ernest: "The Faun-of-the-Glen" -- Kitty: The "Marchioness" Camilla: The part of "War-Cloud" is a silent one, but with a dance. It is to be done by the silent servant of Act 1st.

C o s t u m e s.

Captain Harry Opdyke.

Act First:-- 1st Undress U. S. Officer's uniform.
2nd, Character -- for Recitation,
3rd, Return to First.

Act Second:-- 1st, Gentleman's easy afternoon or morning
2nd, Character, for Recitation.
3rd, Return to First.

Act Third:-- According to which of the characters he plays in the burlesque. For Sitting-Down Bulldog, see page 4, act 3rd. For Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah, see page 31, act 3rd.

Rev. Ernest Duckworth.

Act First:-- Gentleman's afternoon calling costume, with a slightly clerical suggestion, or not.

Act Second. Easy afternoon or morning.

Act Third:-- English Swell character: ulster, fur tippet and gloves: crush hat on head: ulster &c. to be removed, showing full evening dress: hat crushed under arm, &c.

Booth McC Forrest.

Act First:-- Gentleman's afternoon walking: natty, a trifle loud, but neat: close red wig.

Act Second:-- Easy morning or business.

Act Third:-- According to which of the characters he plays: in burlesque. For "Sitting-Down-Bulldog" see page 4, Act 3rd. For "Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah" see page 31, Act 3rd.

War-Cloud.

Act Third:-- See page 4, and also page 8, Act 3rd.

Miss Kitty Plumpet.

Act First.-- 1st. Elegant indoors afternoon costume. 2nd. Indian Princess's costume: very ornamental and very scant. See page 27 act 1st. Afterwards with opera cloak thrown about her waist as a skirt to conceal her legs, and forming part of costume. See page 29, and also page 32 Act 1st.

Act Second.-- Large ulster to feet: derby hat: eye-glass: cane, &c. see page 7, Act 2nd. Afterwards ulster thrown off, discovering closely-fitting girl's walking dress. See page 11, Act 2nd.

Act Third:-- Indian Princess costume: not that os Act 1st, but a mixture of Indian maiden's and fashionable society dress. See page 11, Act 3rd.

Mrs. Camilla Westlake.

Act First:-- 1st, Elegant indoors afternoon costume. 2nd, Full evening ball toilet: light colored silk, satin or velvet.

Act Second:-- Handsome Lady's walking dress.

Act Third.-- Full ball toilet: white silk or satin. Lace scarf and opera cloak to throw off. See page 21, Act 2nd.

Music and Specialties.

Act First.

1	Page 6 -- (Selected) --	Double-air Duet. Kitty and Camilla.
2	Page 13 -- (Selected) --	Opera - Prima Donna Burlesque. Kitty.
3	Pages 14,16,17 & 18(S'l't)	Gems from the operas. Solos. Camilla, with Harry in a final Duet.)
4	Page 22 -- (Original,Leigh)	"The Jolly Young Parson" Song Ernest, with Harry and Camilla in trio refrain and dance.
5	Pages 27 to 29	Indian Princess's dance. Kitty.
6	Page 34, (Selected)	Lovers' Duet, Kitty and Ernest.
7	Page 35 (Selected)	Recitation, Harry.
8	Pages 38 to 40 (Selected)	Recitation: "Romeo and Juliet" Harry and Kitty, with business with Ernest and Camilla.
9	Pages 48 to 50 (Original,Leigh)	"Song of the Stage Manager" Forrest.
10	Pages 50 1-2 to end of Act.	Quarrel Quintette. All. Attempted quintette, broken up by a quarrel among the lovers, with business and lines. See note, page 54, Act 1st.

Act Second.

1	Pages 1 to 4 (Original)	"The War of the Runing Fiends." Song. Forrest, with instrumental specialties by orchestra.
2	Pages 7 to 11, (Original, Leigh)	"In her brother's Dress" Song. Kitty, with lines and dance by Harry and Forrest.
3	Page 17, (Selected)	Ballad. Camilla.
4	Page 18, (Selected)	Recitation Harry
5	Pages 27-28 (Selected)	Songs of the Day. Medley. All: with effort to rehearse quintette.
6	Page 32 to end of act: (Original and selected)	"Little Sweetheart" "Pray make yourself at home" (new words) "In the Gloaming" (Words rearranged) Solos: Duet: Quartette. Harry, Ernest, Kitty and Camilla: (with lines and business.)

Act Third.

1	Pages 4 to 8 (Original)	"Voices of the Forrest" Indian Chant. Bulldog, with tom-tom orchestral effects, and voices of animals and birds without.
2	Page 10	Indian War Dance. Bulldog and War-Cloud.

3	Page 15 (Original, Leigh)	"Finished in Paris" Song. Faun (Kitty) with dance.
4	Page 26 (Selected)	Aria -- operatic. Marchioness (Camilla).
5	Page 28 (Original, Leigh)	"Heart- Title and Estate" Duet. Faun and Earl. (Ernest.
6	Page 31 (Original Leigh)	"The semi-civilized Swell" Song. Bull-Puppi-Sik-Um-Sah, with incidental lines &c. by all.
7	Page 39, (Original, Leigh)	Quintette: Grand Finale. All: with dance.

-----ooo-----

Act I.

---ooo---

Scene:-- (Mrs. Westlake's Drawing-room, luxuriously furnished. Center door: hall back. Door L.3 E. and also R.3 E. if desired. (See Harry's exit, page 36.) Album on table L. Opera cloak (see pages 16 & 29) on chair a sofa R: Piano up L. Writing desk R. against flat. Lively music. Discovered: Mrs. Camilla Westlake and Miss Kitty Plumpet. They are moving R. and L. and up and down stage, vigorously, with play-books in their hands, learning their respective parts. They are entirely oblivious of each other, going over their words in the usual sing-sing style of the learner: glancing at their books now and then. The curtain music continues lightly until further notice. (Page 6) The ladies speak through it. The busines and words given below in the double columns are to be simultaneously. If one of the ladies speaks enough faster than the other to make it necessary, words must be put in or taken out accordingly at rehearsal. It is impossible to guage this exactly in the Mss. At rise of curtain the ladies are moving R. and L. front: then a few turns up and down R. and L. then pass each other obliguely from upper corners to lower corners. The music should be brisk, the actions, gestures &c spirited, without pause for "reception" applause. Stop the music when the curtain is well up and the ladies begin to speak.)

Kitty.

*Rehearsing her part as she moves) A war dance! I am ashamed of you! War-cloud -- away: I am astonished! My gentle mother the wild flower of the Valley -- your daughter is a Princess of her tribe. The fierce warrior of the plains -- the son of the and its Hawk -- away! -- away -- away! That form! (Looking out R.) It is the Earl himself,

Camilla.

(Rehearsing her part as she moves) My dear Marie Louise: We are together again at last. Exquisite: in perfect taste, my love. Allow me -- my brother, his lordship, the Earl of Kensington. All our fellow-passengers were killed. One was about to kill me, when a young Indian Prince -- That voice! (Listening: suddenly out L.) It must be he! I cannot be mistake,!

Kitty

(Down R.) Let me see! The Earl will be -- there.

Camilla

(Down L) The young Indian Prince will be -- there.

(Both take chairs.)

Kitty

(Placing her chair down R.) That's the Earl of Kensington.

Camilla

(Placing her chair L.) That's the Indian Prince.

Kitty

(Acting to chair with business suited to words) The Marchioness introduces me -- that's it -- His Lordship, the Earl of Kensington -- Faun-of-the-Glen. She curtesys: he bows. (Tips the chair to make it bow.) Really, my lord! yes, my lord! I have a true woman's nature. Alas! I am only a poor simple Indian maiden -- but you -- rich -- powerful -- great, Love, my lord? Love! Does the Faun love the brook that brings it cooling draught -- dost say thou lovest me ? A-h!

Camilla

(Acting to chair with business suited to words) Our eyes met! we understood each other in a moment. Forgive my blushes. You saved our lives -- you! I do not recognize the dress but that voice -- that face -- that form -- I cannot be deceived. You are the Prince! what grace -- what an air! The

more I see of him the more I love him. He is in love! Ah -- I breathe again: What joy is this that makes my heart beat faster?

Kitty

(Reading) "The Earl crosses to "C" (Naming letter) I wonder what that means? Ah, yes, I remember -- it means the middle.

Camilla.

(Reading) "The Indian Prince moves "R and L" I wonder where "R. and L."is !

Kitty

(Reading -- puzzled) "R -- U -- E."

Camilla

(Reading) "C -- D -- F"

Kitty

The Earl goes bouncing around among the letters -- why don't he say the whole alphabet and be done with it! Where is the Earl ?

Camilla.

(Reading) "The Marchioness falls into the Prince's arms." I can understand that, anyway.

Kitty

(Reading) "The Indian Princess sinks back upon the Earl's bosom" I can do that, wherever he is! (Reads) "The Earl places his arm about her waist" I'll find him! A-h,

(Falling back C. front. Camilla is doing the same.)

Camilla.

A--h!

Kitty

That's where my song is introduced.

Camilla

The symphony for my aria begins here.

(They sink back against each other C. Up to this point they have not shown the slightest realization of

each other's presence. They start up with little screams, and suddenly go on with their parts rapidly and sing-song, moving up and down, Kitty R and Camilla L.)

Kitty

The Earl of Kensington is on his way here from England with his sister, the Marchioness of Belgravia. The Faun-of-the Glen loves the Paleface hero. Her father is the son of the Moon and the Hawk.

Camilla.

All our fellow-passengers were killed and we only escaped by a miracle. The assaulted the stage-coach and were just about to kill me, also, -- the leader of the party checked his up-raised arm -- we were saved!

They come down R. and L. singing a duet to different airs. Camilla, a slow sentimental air: Kitty, a very lively air, which goes with the other and to same orchestral accompaniment. Kitty dances to her song. Camilla moves gracefully with sentimental gestures. The curtain music has continued lightly from the first and changes during the last few words above to the introduction for the accompaniment.)

"D o u b l e - A i r D u e t"
Kitty and Camilla.

(Note :-- The only two airs the author happens to know which go together are "Home, Sweet Home" and an English Schottische called "The National". A copy of this will be found in the accompanying music at the beginning of this Act, marked No. 1. As "Home, sweet Home" is so very hackneyed, however, it will be better if the musical conductor can select two other pieces of similarly different characters that will go together. The author will have words put to any airs chosen, if

necessary. He would have had words put to the schottische mentioned if he had been certain that it would be used. Of course, the words in this case are of slight consideration as their sense will hardly be distinguished. The contract of music and action is depended on for a pretty effect as a finale of the opening scene. If the "National Schottische" be used, the parts marked "A" and "B" go with the 1st and 2nd parts of "Home, Sweet Home" respectively.)

Kitty

I shan't sing that son at the performance.

Camilla

I don't like mine either: but the programmes are printed.

Kitty

Never mind the programmes. Make one of the gentlemen apologize. They's mistake us for professionals if some one didn't apologize two or three times during the evening. We're Amateurs.

Camilla.

Did I tell you? Mrs. Wortbank has sold twenty-five tickets She went around to the gentlemen's offices.

Kitty

Yes: she's real pretty, but Mrs. Brownley is prettier: She's sold forty tickets. I told Mr. Carncross he need never to speak to me again if he didn't take fifteen tickets. He took 'em.

Camilla

Mr. Bates took ten from me. I told him the same thing.

Kitty.

Gentlemen always buy amateur benefit tickets.

(Bell outside) She begins repeating her part again with lines from above. A servent enters: gives a note to Camilla and retires: While Camilla is reading it, up L.C. Kitty

is going through business with chair, down R, as if sinking into gentleman's arms, &c.

Camilla

Ah, Kitty! Mr. Fitzmaurice is called away suddenly to New York -- by telegraph.

Kitty

The Earl! My Earl!

Camilla

"Important business!"

Kitty

That's the third change in my lovers since we began. Whose bosom am I going to fall on?-- that's what I want to know. It's bad enough to have your lover go running all about the stage after the alphabet -- down L -- and up R: and L.U.E -- and A B C D E F G: and now it isn't any particular man after all! A girl can't keep on being in love even with a foreign nobleman, if he's another man every time she sees him: I have it! I'm going to settle it: (Sitting at desk with pen and paper.) I'm going to fasten on one particular man for my lover, and I'm going to stick to him. (Writing)

Camilla.

That is more than every girl does. But who is it going to be (Sits at table L.)

Kitty

(As she writes) The Reverend Ernest Duckworth.

Camilla.

Ernest Duckworth. He is your real lover!

Kitty

(As she writes) Pastor of the church, under the auspices of which this benefit is given.

Camilla

Surely he -- a clergyman -- he will not take a part.

Kitty

(Still writing) Yes, he will. I'll make him! He's one of the jolly sort, anyway. He told me once, if he hadn't gone

into the pulpit he'd have gone on the stage: and he didn't know in which calling he might have done the most good. Besides, we're engaged to be married, and he can't help himself!

Camilla

Can't help himself ?

Kitty

I'll treat him as we do the gentlemen about the tickets. They can't help themselves. I'll tell him never to speak to me again unless he does it. I shall insist on his being my lover on the stage as well as off. There. (Whirls round in chair: reads the letter she has written) "To the Reverend Ernest Duckworth" It's a business matter, so I've wrote it formal and business like, you know -- "To the Reverend Ernest Duckworth -- my darling Erny -- Dear Sir -- Please come and see me at once. I wish to speak with you on very important business connected with the interests of the parish. Very respectfully your obedient servant, with a dozen warm kisses, Katharine Plumpet -- Kitty" There! doesn't that sound like a regular business letter ? (Crosses to Camilla.)

Camilla.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! (Ringing bell on table) A strictly business letter.

(Enter servant)

Kitty

(Giving letter to Camilla.) By assuming a business tone he will consider it important.

(Enter servant, who receives letter and instructions from Camilla; Kitty, meantime, going through business, without words, as before.)

I can do that sinking on his bosom a great deal better now I know it's going to be Ernest. But won't it be jolly, Camilla? Your real lover, Captain Harry Opdyke --

Camilla

My real lover ?

Kitty

Harry is sure to propose to you before we get through these rehearsals.

Camilla

Indeed.

Kitty

The gentlemen always do. That's what most of the amateur performances are got up for. As to Harry and you -- you have been as good as engaged for six months. Your real lover will be your lover in the play; and my real lover will be my lover in the play. It'll give 'em both practice.

Camilla

(Seated at piano) Ernest, at least, hardly needs that, my dear.

Kitty

If Captain Harry Opdyke needs it, with a young widow to teach him his part, he isn't like some military men I know.

Camilla

Ha-ha-ha! young clergymen and young officers are about equally familiar with the role. Tra-la-la-la- (Singing a few bars of an Italian Aria) Do you know, Kitty, I am completely bewildered as to what operatic selection I shall make for that aria of mine in the play.

Kitty

The one where I accompany you with the Earl leaning over me and turning the leaves ?

Camilla

Yes.

Kitty

Why not do from ?

Camilla

Oh! -- this, you mean?

(Camilla accompanies on the piano and Kitty burlesques an Italian operatic solo by Prima Donna.

Opera Prima Donna Burlesque:-- Kitty.

Kitty

There! Sing it that way and you'll bring down the house.
(Crosses to R. Bell outside.)

Camilla

Ha-ha-ha! about my bars.

(Enter servant with a small box, about twelve inches long, ten wide and four deep: also an ornamental bow and a quiver of arrows. Also a note. Camilla receives them and the servant retires.

These are for you, Kitty, from the costumers.

Kitty

The costumer's ? Is that all she sent ? She was to send me the whole costume this morning. I was sure she would disappoint me.

(She takes box &c. and opens letter,

Camilla

(At piano) Tra-la-la-la la-la

(Trying another operatic air. Kitty sundenly gives a little scream. Camilla starts and looks around at her. Kitty gives another little scream, holding out the box by the string on her finger, and staggering back as if faint. Camilla comes down.

Kitty

The - the - costumer - (catching her breath) says - my- my entire costume, as the Indian Princess - is in that box?

Camilla

The entire --

Kitty

Gaiters and all!

Camilla

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Kitty

The Reverend Ernest Duckworth making love to a woman that hasn't anything on but what's in that box,

Camilla

(Opens box) Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Kitty

(Reading letter) "This is the regular professional costume I have taken the liberty to lengthen the skirt by an additional row of beads, in view of the fact that you are an amateur"

Camilla

Ha-ha-ha! Another row of beads!

Kitty

Ha-ha-ha-ha! It is evident that I must make my own Indian Princess costume, after all. I'll run and put this on while we are alone together, just for the fun of the thing. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! You'll see how I look as a "professional" Indian Princess. (Running to door L.".E.) Ha-ha-ha-ha! Imagine me dressed in that! (Holding up box) Before an audience, Ha! ha! ha! a pair of gaiters and a bow and arrow! Ha-ha-ha! And the Reverend Mr. Duchworth as the Earl! Ha-ha-ha! If Ernest should ever see me in it even by accidend, he couldn't write a sermon for the next six weeks: Ha-ha-ha! Tra-la-la!

(Dances and sings herself out.)
R.I.E.)

(Note:-- If thought better business, let Kitty, On page 9, open box, instead of merely holding it on her finger, and display tights, gaiters and extremely short skirt.)

Camilla.

(Alone, as Kitty goes out.) Ha-ha-ha! What a nuisance these dresses are! My own costume should be home this morning. (Looking at opera cloak R.) I hardly think this opera cloak will go with my dress after all. I must get another. (Leaves the cloak.) Kitty insists that Harry Opdyke and I are lovers already. Ah - well -- Weigho!, A young widow and a young officer should never be stationed at the same military post. When Harry does propose to me -- Ha-ha-ha, I wonder how the fellow will do it! I dare say he is revolving some plan of sudden assault in his mind. I must be on my guard -- like a good general. But which of the operatic arias shall I sing in that scene? Let me see: "Traviata?"

Gems from the Opera:-- Camilla.

(She sings the choicest soprano bit from Traviata, with orchestra, acting as she sings)

No! I'll not sing that. "Rigoletto"?

(She sings similarly from "Rigoletto)

No! I don't quite like that either. "Norma?" Tra-la-la-la!
(Sings a few bars without orchestra: stops suddenly as if thinking)
"Favorita?" Tra-la-la-la-la! (A few bars as above) Lucretia Borgia?" Tra-la-la-la! (A few bars of the laughing song)
No! Ah --"Trovatore!"

(She sings from "Trovatore" with orchestra, and with the usual sentimental gestures and movements of Leonora's part. Harry Ordyke enters, at C.D. from R. as she is singing the latter part. He gradually approaches her. She, still acting the part of Leonora, sinks back as if into her lover's arms. Harry catches her. She stands up with a little cry, looking over her shoulder)

Harry

Go on!

(She gives a coquettish laugh and they finish the passage as a duet.
Note:-- The above selection from operas are purely arbitrary, and may be varied, of course, as manager or conductor sees fit. After Camilla's last speech above according to selections made.

Harry

I am here, yousee, my dear Mrs. Westlake, half an hour before the time for rehearsal.

Camilla

More than military promptness.

Harry

I came in time for a little private rehearsal on my own account.

Camilla

A private rehearsal?

Harry

Of a scene that isn't in the programme. A little comedy with two characters.

Camilla

(Aside) He is going to propose!

Harry

I'll tell you the plot. A young officer.--

Camilla

A young officer ? The plot is very interesting, so far.

Harry

Very. But the next thing is more interesting still. A young widow --

Camilla

You consider that more interesting ?

Harry

Much -- to a young officer. Now for the rehearsal. You are to be the young widow.

Camilla

A young widow!-- heigho! Of course it is a pathetic part. (Dropping her head and putting her handkerchief to her eyes.)

Harry

She has been a widow four years.

Camilla

Oh! (Raising her head and smiling) I remember: you said it was a comedy.

Harry

Scene, Drawing-room of the young widow: Enter young officer.

Camilla

I don't know a line of my part.

Harry

Every word of it will come to you as we go on.
(Crosses to R.)

(Enter Rev. Ernest Duckworth C.D. from R. He stops up C. seeing them front.)

Harry

Young officer speaking as he enters --

Ernest

(Aside) They are rehearsing. I will not interrupt them.
(Sits)

Camilla

Well ?

Harry

The -- I -- the -- the first words have escaped my own mind. I don't quite know how it does begin.

Camilla

Now that you remind me, perhaps I can help you. I remember the piece.

Harry

(Aside) She's played in it before.

Camilla

The young officer is speaking to himself as he enters. He is saying exactly what he thinks -- of the young widow.

Harry

Oh -- yes -- exactly.

Camilla

Go on.

Harry

She is an angel !

Camilla

Oh, no! nothing of the kind. He is supposed to be a real lover, not a sham one -- paying pretty compliments.

Harry

She is a woman --

Camilla

That's better.

Harry

-- whom once to meet is to adore.

Camilla

No -- no -- now you are in heaven again: come back to earth!

Harry

You can make earth a heaven for me!
(To her directly and earnestly)

Ernest

(Aside) Very good actor, Harry is. These military men always are.

Camilla

Go on. That's not my cue.

Harry

I love the young widow from the bottom of my heart?

Camilla

That is my cue. Why does my heart flutter so when he approaches?

Harry

(Eagerly) Does it really flutter -- does it really flutter when I come near ?

Camilla

I wonder now if the young officer really and truly does love me."

Harry

Upon my soul he does! (Springing to her eagerly) He loves you devotedly, earnestly, sincerely -- (Seizing her hand) No man ever loved a woman more deeply -- (Kneeling) more passionately -- more --

Ernest

Bravo! bravo!

(Clapping his hands and rushing forward. Harry starts back. Ernest grasps both his hands, shaking them enthusiastically, and following him up R.)

Magnificent, my dear Harry! you do it splendidly -- splendidly! my dear boy -- splendidly!

Camilla

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Ernest

So perfectly natural -- wasn't he, Mrs. Westlake ?

Camilla

Perfectly natural! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Ernest

It was like a scene from real life.

(He drops on piano stool touching the keys lightly and carelessly).

Camilla

If Captain Opdyke does it naturally the next time we have a "private rehearsal" I shall almost believe it is a scene from from real life. Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Harry

Laughing at me! (Aside) A man always makes a donkey of himself when he proposes to a woman. Ah, well -- I dare say she wouldn't accept him if he didn't. She wouldn't think he meant it.

Ernest.

(Singing the refrain to his own accompaniment)

Away from his church and away from his books,
A young parson is not such a saint as he looks.

"The Jolly young Parson:-- Ernest.
Song and Trio.

(After the refrain, Ernest rises, comes down C and sings the full song with regular orchestral accompaniment. The refrain at the end of each stanza is repeated as a trio chorus with Harry and Camilla. They all dance as they sing, or during interval music. In the first chorus Ernest takes Camilla daintily by the finger-tips, turning with her while Harry dances round them R & L. In the next Harry waltzes with his

arm about Camilla, Ernest dancing around them to R. & L. So alternately The idea of the song and action should be that of jollity, not fastness, on the part of Ernest.)

The Jolly Young Parson?

Original Song.
Words by
Henry S. Leigh.

A Parson -- a nice-looking parson -- am I,
As religious as most of my neighbors:
I'd like to hear any one dare to deny
That I stick like a brick to my labors.
But thoughts, now and then, that are pleasant and gay
In the clerical bosom will rise up:
We can't keep a sanctified visage all day,
And be turning the whites of our eyes up.
Away from his church, and away from his books,
A young Parson is not such a saint as he looks.

(Trio Chorus)
Away from his church, etc.

II.

I never could think it excessively wrong,
To give way to good spirits and laughter:
I cannot believe that a dance or a song,
Is a crime to be punished hereafter.
In canting and whining our days to employ,
Is a weakness as well as a folly,
Our lives were not given to waste, but enjoy,
So I mean that my own shall be jolly.
Away from his church, and away from his books,
A young Parson is not such a saint as he looks.

(Trio Chorus)
Away from his church, etc.

III.

It seems pretty rough upon clerical men
To be looked at as desperate sinners

For playing a rubber of whist now and then
Which is harmless as eating our dinners.
If billiards are wicked and cards are profane,
A most horrible fate will befall me:
I've played them before, and shall play them again:
Never mind what the pious may call me.
Away from his church and away from his books,
A young Parson is not such a saint as he looks.

(Trio Chorus.)

Away from his church, etc.

IV.

At private theatricals, amateur plays,
I would fain be a prominent feature:
But ah, how my vestry would frown with amaze,
At so flagrantly wicked a creature.
I'm partial to pleasure, I candidly own:
Though my flock very naughty may term it.
I don't mean to live in a cavern alone,
And exist upon roots like a hermit.
Away from his church, and away from his books,
A young Parson is not such a saint as he looks.

(Trio Chorus)

Away from his church, etc.

Ernest

Those are my sentiments embalmed in verse and set to music. Two hundred years ago I would have been hung for them. But what is this "important business connected with the interest of my parish"-- what on earth can Kitty Plumpet -- charity or trouble in the vestry ?

Camilla

Ha-ha-ha-ha! An object of charity, certainly -- A poor girl who lost --

Ernest

Her parents ?

Camilla

No, her lover! Whether there will also be trouble in the Vestry, remains to be seen (Bell outside) But the lady must speak for herself.

(Enter servant with huge dress-box as large as he can carry.)

Ah, my costume as the "Marchioness of Belgravia"

Harry

I am to be the Indian Prince: Am I to embrace all that in the love scene ?

Camilla

I will send you the box to practice on. If you will excuse me, gentlemen, I will try on my costume at once.

Harry

Oh -- by-the-bye, you know the sketch I am to do in "Part First" -- I brought the costume with me. It's in the hall.

Camilla

Thomas, show Captain Opdyke to the blue room: and then take the costume box to my own apartment.

(Exit servant C.D. to R.)

Au revoir, gentlemen.

Both

Au revoir.

(Exit Camilla C.D. to L. Harry is going up. Ernest pinches him.)

Ernest

Harry, old boy, you pretended to make love to the widow magnificently! you're an actor.

Harry

I'll do it still better the next time I "pretend" to make love to her.

(Exit C.D. to R.)

Ernest.

He did it so well I almost thought he was in earnest.

(Kitty's voice is heard without L (singing a bright air. Music)

Kitty! dear Kitty! always singing or laughing!

(Listens: the singing continues.)

And yet so modest with it all. I am a lucky young dog of a parson. Kitty will make a good, bright, sweet, clergyman's wife. "Important business connected with the interests of the Parish"

Kitty

(Without) Oh -- Camilla! Ha-ha-ha- (sings) Camilla -- ha-ha-ha!

(She comes bouncing in L.3 E. in the Indian Princess's costume. It is highly ornamental with extremely short skirt: red Indian-flesh tights: gaiters: feathers: bow and arrows, &c. She prances in across stage without seeing Ernest, who starts and stares at her, astonished, shocked and bewildered. She rattles on as if speaking to Camilla, but dancing to and fro front, to music: striking attitudes, dropping to one knee with the bent bow, &c. throwing up her heels merrily.)

The Indian Princess! Ha-ha-ha! Wouldn't the audience be astonished, Camilla ? Ha-ha-ha-ha! Miss Katharine Plumpet, for this occasion only, as the Faun-of-the-Glen! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Wouldn't the Reverend Ernest Duckworth be shocked -- if he could only see me in this ? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! (Music)

Indian Princess Dance:-- Kitty.

(Ernest regards her with staring eyes and gestures, which show how astonished and chocked he is. He edges behind piano or other piece of furniture: dropping out of sight when the movement of Kitty's dance makes it necessary so that she may not see him. He throws in remarks, as "A clergyman's wife! "Important business!" "The interests of the Parish" as the music allows. At last Kitty suddenly confronts him and screams vigorously. She trusn, quick as thought: snatches up the opera-cloak R.C. throws it about her waist and over her legs: and curls up on a sofa, or in a chair R bawling aloudblike a spoiled child. Covers her face with her hands. Ernest approaches her.)

Kitty

Go away, you man! Go away, you man, you!

Ernest

My dear Kitty --

Kitty

Go away, you great ugly man! I didn't know any body was in the house but Camilla. I just put it on for fun. O-o-h! (Bawls)

Ernest

My darling Kitty! I -- I -- confess I was a little startled, at first, but of course it was only --

Kitty

O-o-oh!

Ernest

There, my pet -- don't cry! (Kneeling at her side)

Kitty

O-o-o-h!

(He places his arm about her neck and brings her head to his shoulder smothering her sob suddenly.)

Ernest

It was only an accident. (Releases her head)

Kitty

O-o-o-o-h!

(He brings her head down again, her mouth against his shoulder, choking her into sudden silence, as before, again releases her.)

O-o-o-h!

(Again chokes her. Releases her)

O-o-h!

(Same Business)

O-h!

(Same)

O --

(Same: she is at last silent.)

Ernest

There, my pet: (Tenderly, with his cheek against hers) I know you didn't intend any body but Mrs. Westlake to see you: But really -- I -- I think -- I think you looked very pretty in the costume.

Kitty

(With a sudden smile, raising her head.) You really think I looked pretty in it. Oh, that makes a difference ?

Ernest

Ha-ha! And you're not quite sorry I saw you in it, after all?

Kitty

Yes, I am, too. You great mean brute of a man, you! O-o-o-o-h

Ernest

A-h! There!

(The previous business repeated until she again becomes quiet.)

You wrote me that you wished to see me on important business connected with the interests of the Parish, Kitty.

Kitty

Very important business, indeed.

Ernest ?

(Taking his arm from about her neck, and rising to turn away.)

Kitty

O-o-o --

(He kneels again quickly, throws his arm about her neck and brings her head to his shoulder.)

Ernest

What was the important business you referred to ?

Kitty

I want you to be the Earl.

Ernest

The Earl? -- I -- Earl ?

Kitty

M-m. The Earl's my lover, in the play -- for the Benefit. The other fellow has gone to New York. He's the third lover I've had since we began to rehearse. I'm tired of changing. A girl wants some one in particular for a lover -- even on the stage. I want you to be my lover in the play -- and I want you to stay so.

(During this speech she loosen her belt and buckles it around the top of the opera cloak around her waist also buttons up the clack in front over her legs. Ernest rises thoughtfully, walking L.)

Ernest

Really, Kitty, -- I -- I should be glad to oblige you -- but--

Kitty

But what ?

Ernest

You know I haven't the slightest objection to -- indedd, I encourage every kind of innocent amusement: I dance -- and play billiards -- myself: but, really, the dignity of my --

Kitty

(Starting up) If you can think of anything more dignified than being my lover, go and do it!

(Moving up stage angrily) The opera cloak now forms a handsome skirt, agreeing with the remainder of the dress in color, and completing a beautiful and graceful costume. It just touches the stage behins and daintily shows the tops of the gaiters in front.)

Ernest

But, my darling Kitty, Consider my Vestry --

Kitty

(Turning sharply) Go and marry your vestry!

Ernest

The congregation --

Kitty

Marry the whole congregation ! O-o-o-o-h!

(Coming down R.). Ernest runs to her puts his arm about her neck, and checks her sob on his shoulder as before.)

Ernest

There -- there! never mind the Vestry !

Kitty

And the cong -- cong -- congregation!

Ernest

I'll be your lover -- on the stage or anywhere else.

Kitty

You -- you will be the Earl ?

Ernest

I'll be the Earl.

Kitty

A-h!

(Smiling and looking upat him lovo ingly)

Ernest

But what am I to say ?

Kitty

It's all down in the book: every word -- and all the letters, too.

Ernest

The letters ?

Kitty

M-m! That's where you've got to go. R.S., and L.E.: and C.D. -- and everywhere! I haven't the least idea where you'll have to go -- but wherever you go, I'll go.

Ernest

My Ruth! (Affectionately.)

Kitty

(Looking up smiling, on his shoulder) Wherever the book says (The Indian Princess sinks into the arms of the Earl) -- I'll be there.

Ernest

A-h!

Kitty

And we must sing a duet together.

Ernest

Sing a duet ?

Kitty

There's another one down in the book, but perhaps the one we often sing together will do. Let's try it, now.

Lovers' Duet -- Selected.

(Alternate verses from sentimental songs: lively one for Kitty. They sing the refrain of each song together: also the final stanza of one of them. Action by both to suit words. During the last part of the duet, Harry re-enters C.D. from R. in character costume for recitation, and with suitable manner and gait for it. He stops suddenly up C. seeing Ernest and Kitty, at end of duet, in loving attitute, her head on his shoulder and his arm about her neck. He kisses her. Harry claps his hands, cries "Bravo!" and springs forward, seizing Ernests hands, shaking them enthusiastically and following him up L.)

Harry

Magnificent, my dear Ernest: you do it splendidly -- splendidly, my dear boy -- splendidly!

Kitty

(R) Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Harry

So perfectly natural, wasn't he Kitty ?

Kitty

It came just as natural as could be.

Harry

Ha-ha-ha! But pardon the interruption: I was looking for Camilla: she has gone to try on her dress as the Marchioness and I wished to surprise her in it. Excuse me: I'll be back in a moment, to do one of my recitations for "Part First" of the Benefit. (Moving up) I must to it all over again.

(Exit C.D. to R.)

Ernest

(Aside) He liked the way I did it, Kitty. (Crossing R)

Kitty

So did I. You'll do for the Earl. I'll not have to get another lover.

(Re-enter Harry C.D. from R.)

Recitation --(Selected) -- Harry.

(When he finishes the recitation, Harry goes out either C.D. or R.3 E. as may be most effective. Ernest and Kitty applaud. Harry accepts the recall of the audience as if it came from Ernest and Kitty, bowing to them first, then to the audience He then disappears.)

Harry

Beware of lovers' vows for they are false as oaths.
Get thee to a nunnery -- go -- go! (Exit.)

Ernest

Harry missed his vocation when he went into the army instead of on the stage.

Kitty

No, he didn't? When our officers aren't killing Indians they have to kill time. Flirting, Fighting and amateur acting are all they have to do.

(Re-enter Camilla C.D. from L. in full ball-room toilet of brilliant colors.)

Ernest

A transformation scene,

Kitty

Her Ladyship, the Marchioness of Belgravia!

Camilla

Her Royal Highness, the Indian Princess!

(They Curtsey very low to each other)

Kitty

Allow me -- his Lordship, the Earl of Kensington.

(Introducing Ernest: He and Camilla bow, &c.)

Camilla

How do you like my soctume for the Marchioness, Kitty ?

Kitty

Exquisite! but I still prefer the white one.

Camilla

I think I shall wear the white one after all. But, Kitty, dear --(Looking through gold glasses) Your Indian Princess costume is more extensive that we thought. Oh -- I see -- you have pieced it on.

Kitty

Why didn't you tell me the men were here ?

Camilla

The -- men ? Oh! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha -- I see.

Kitty

So did Ernest.

Camilla

Ha-ha-ha-ha! You must forgive me, Kitty. I was so much interested in my own costume that I quite forgot the enemy lay in ambush for the Indian Princess. Ha-ha-ha! But it is time that Mr. Booth McC. Forrest, the great tragedian, was here.

Ernest

The tragedian ?

Kitty

Oh, yes -- he is playing at the theatre, you know. He is a friend of Captain Opdyke, and the Captain has secured his services to rehearse us in the play.

Camilla

He is to be here this morning.

Kitty

I'm just dying to see him off the stage.

Camilla

So am I.

Ernest

Young ladies are always "dying" for something or other. But it doesn't affect the mortality lists.

Kitty

Here is his photograph (With album L) in "Hamlet". How romantic he looks.

Camilla

Such eyes! (Looking over album.)

Kitty

Long, dark, flowing locks!

Camilla

Here is his Romeo!

Kitty

Rich brown curls falling over his shoulders! Isn't he just lovely! We saw him in Romeo night before last. O-h! that scene where Romeo and Juliet --

(Continues the sentence according to the scene selected for following recitation.)

Recitation -- "Romeo and Juliet"
Kitty and Harry.

(Kitty begins the scene with Juliet's lines. Harry re-enters as she is speaking. As she finishes Juliet's first speech she says: "Then Romeo" and is about to go on with his part)

Harry

(Interrupting) I'll do Romeo !

(They recite the scene selected, not in burlesque, but as prettily as possible, until a point where Romeo embraces Juliet)

Harry

Then Romeo embraces Juliet.

Kitty

(Holding off) No -- I -- we -- we aren't rehearsing that, you know -- and we aren't obliged to do it.

Harry

(Passing her over to Ernest) You do the business, Ernest, and I'll say the lines.

(They proceed with the scene: Kitty saying the lines of Juliet and embracing Ernest, R. Harry responding to her, with Romeo's lines and embracing Camilla L.)

Harry

(After final line apart to Camilla, earnestly: his arm still about her waist)

Camilla!

Camilla

Harry!

Harry

Will you be -- my wife ?

Camilla

I -- I -- your -- ?

Harry

My wife ?

Camilla

I -- I -- do let me go! you are crushing me! I -- yes -- I will! There!

Harry

(Aloud, as if giving stage directions) Romeo kisses Juliet. (Kisses Camilla. Ernest kisses Kitty) That's what I call good stage management -- for an amateur.

Camilla

(Aside) I knew the fellow would finally take me off my guard, some way. (Bell outside)

(Enter servant: gives a card to Camilla)

Camilla

(Reading) "Mr. Booth McC. Forrest."

Kitty

Ah! the tragedian! he is here!

Camilla

Show Mr. Forrest in, Thomas.

(Exit servant)

Kitty

(Crossing L.) I wonder if he looks like his photograph, isn't it splendid, Camilla.

Camilla

Hamlet and Romeo in our very Drawing-room!

Kitty

A real live actor!

(The ladies are watching for his appearance eagerly L. Enter Mr. Booth McC. Forrest C.D. from R. He stops in doorway a second. He is a dapper little man with close-cropped red wig: neatly and stylishly dressed, in sacque coat &c. His manner quick, prompt and business-like. The ladies start, sinking back in astonishment as he appears in doorway. He moves briskly down to Harry who meets him up R.C. and shakes hands with sharp quick movement.)

Kitty

Is that Romeo ?

Camilla

Hamlet!

Kitty

Long, dark, flowing locks !

Camilla

Rich brown curls falling over his shoulders.

Harry

Ladies, allow me: Mr. Booth Mc C. Forrest, the eminent tragedian. The Reverend Ernest Duckworth.

(Formal bows and curtesies from the ladies and Ernest)

Forrest

Ladies: (Nodding briskly. Introduce speech about church and stage) Mr. Duckworth, what's the play ? (Receives book from Harry) Ah -- "Faun-of-the-Glen"-- played old Indian Chief in that myself fifteen years ago. Who's the Faun ?

Kitty

I -- I'm the Faun, sir.

Forrest

And you're the Macchioness ? The Earl ?

Ernest

I'm the Earl.

Forrest

You're the young Indian Prince -- and the old chief ?

Harry

He hasn't arrived yet.

Forrest

I'll give you his cues. We'll get to business at once. H-m-m-m-m-m- (Reading and turning pages rapidly) -m-m-m- scene-- forest -- Indian wigwam -- rocks right and left -- set tree right centre -- (Moves to and fro setting pieces of furniture for scenery &c) The table will be the rock. That'll be a set tree (Chair) There's another tree.

(Placing piano stool. So on with different articles and pieces of furniture as may be found Effective)

The piano will be the wigwam. Old indian chief discovered -- m-m-m-m- long speech -- Faun ready -- (Kitty starts) m-m-m-m- "waters"

Kitty

H-m ?

Others in succession

Eh? what ? How ?

Forrest

Faun! --"of waters"

Kitty

Eh?

Forrest

That's your cue. "Father of waters" (Aside) She wants me to read her the whole play for a cue.

Camilla

(Apart) What is a cue, Kitty ?

Kitty

(Apart) It's another of these letters

Forrest

However, I dare say you understand the first part perfectly. It'll be quite unnecessary to go through these simpler scenes. We'll come at once to -- (Turning pages) Ah, here it is -- Indian War-whoop -- m-m-m-m- all on stage -- the two pairs of lovers are standing together right and left. Allow me.

(He leads Camilla and Ernest R. and places Harry and Kitty L.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will please take up the cue from -- ah -- here it is -- warwhoop -- (Gives a rolling whoop) "Son of the Moon and the Hawk."

Kitty

I beg your pardon.

Ernst

Excuse me -- but --

Harry

We --

Camilla

Really, we --

Kitty

We four lovers aren't fixed right.

Forrest

Eh? Oh -- I beg your pardon.

(The two gentlemen cross R. and L.) to their proper ladies)

Now, ladies and gentlemen -- "Moon and the Hawk!"-- Business!

Ernest and Harry

Business ?

Forrest

Dumb-show. Be specially devoted to your respective ladies.

Harry and Ernest.

Oh!

Kitty

They're both good business men.

(The two couples begin conversing R. and L. with great devotion.)

Forrest

(Intent on book C.) m-m-m-m- (Turning pages) Another long speecg -- old Chief -- during latter part of it, the earl moves up left. (He looks up from book to Ernest.) The Earl moves up left.

(Ernest and Kitty continue deeply absorbed in each other, quite oblivious of Forrest and his directions. Forrest moves down to near Ernest, speaking to his back.)

I beg your pardon -- may I trouble you ? The Earl moves up left.

Ernest

(To Kitty) I love you more and more every day, Kitty.

Forrest

Permit me.

(Placing his hand on the shoulder of Ernest, who starts round with an "Eh?")

The Earl moves up left.

Ernest

The -- the -- Earl ? Oh -- certainly.

(He is led up a few steps L by Forrest and left there.)

Forrest

(Turning R. and reading from book) "The Indian Prince walks up stage, stops right centre and turns front" May I trouble you, Mr. Opdyke ?

(Opdyke is deep in flirtation with Camilla and pays no attention what-

ever. Forrest moves to near him speaking to his back)

The Prince walks up stage.

Harry

(To Camilla) Upon my word, I was never more in earnest in my life! You really do love me ?

Forrest

Allow me.

(Placing his hand on Harry's shoulder. He turns sharply with an "Eh")

The Prince walks up stage

Harry

The Pr -- Prince ? Oh -- certainly.

Forrest

(C) Now, ladies and gentlemen, while the characters are in this position --

(Looking at book? Ernest returns to Kitty. Forest reads.)

The old Indian Chief moving across to the Earl --

(Moves L. to where Ernest should be: sees him down with Kitty front. He moves down to them.)

You will pardon me -- but --

(Ernest ignores him, in deep attention to Kitty)

You will pardon me, I say -- but while the young Prince is up right centre and the Marchioness down right -- it is positively necessary for the effect of this scene, that --

(Glancing around, as he speaks, sees Harry down with Camilla again R. He crosses to them)

You will pardon me -- but --

(Harry continues absorbed in his devotion)

You will pardon me -- but the young Prince -- I say, the young Indian Prince -- (No attention. He crosses to the others) The Earl, as I before remarked, must positively be -- I say, the Earl -- must -- be ---- (No attention. He re-crosses R.) The young Prince -- (Crosses and re-crosses in vain attempts to get their attention) the Earl -- the Prince -- the -- the (then, stopping C.) Ladies and gentlemen, it is absolutely impossible for me to proceed with this rehearsal, unless.-- I say -- it is -- it is -- I say, ladies and gentlemen, it is -- I -- it -- I say -- it -- it is --

(Glances from one couple to the other turns up C. Looks back. The two couples go on chatting vigorously without the slightest apparent knowledge of his presence. He takes a chair and thumps it on the stage floor to attract their attention. It has no effect. He finally drops upon piano stool: strikes a heavy chord and runs over the keys. Then looks around at them. No effect. He breaks into a loud accompaniment of the following song, and begins singing it. The orchestra takes up the accompaniment: Forrest moves down after a few bars and sings the entire song, front.

"Song of the Stage Manager." Forrest.

(Forrest speaks as below, between the stanza and the refrain: and moves R and L during the interval music, trying to get the attention of the others in dumb show. Throughout the entire song the two couples remain entirely absorbed in each other, not noticing him in any way whatever, nor interrupting their dumb show flirtation for a moment. The louder and jollier the music of the song, the better)

"Song of the Stage Manager.

Original
by
Henry C. Leigh.

I

Sharp, sharp, is the word: look alive and be steady,
Do just as I bid you, my merry men all.
Hurry up, and remember we've soon to be ready
So pray be alert at your manager's call.
For, down to the footlights and up to sky-borders
All over the stage I'm bossing our show,
It is I who command it, it is I who gives orders,
And you that abey them above and below.

(Speaks, as if trying to get their attention, R.& L.) As I was remarking, ladies and gentlemen -- the Indian Prince -- the Earl --nthe -- I -- (Sings refrain.)

It is I who command it, It is I who gives orders,
And you that obey them, above and below.

(Interval music. Forrest moves R.& L. trying to secure their attention in dumb show.)

II

Our scenes, I imagine, could scarcely be bettered,
So neat is the touch, and so lively the tone.
The artist by Nature declines to be fettered,
But puts on the tints in a style of his own.
Suppose that a cloud -- by an accident merely --
Should hook, now and then -- to the branch of a tree
The folks in the front will perceive pretty clearly
the painter's to blame -- so it's nothing to me.

(Speaks R. and L. as before) It is absolutely impossible for me yo proceed with this rehearsal, ladies and gentlemen, unless -- I -- I -- I assure you -- the -- (Sings)

The folks in the front will perceive pretty clearly
The painter's to blame -- so it's nothing to me.

(Interval music. Business as above)

III

Our music is all very catching and clever:
The brightest of players, the lightest of airs
Just listen for once, and you'll wish them forever
To soften your sorrows and banish your cares.
The piccolo, trumpet and violincello,
Are all of them ready their strength to combine,
You cannot, I think, be a very good fellow,
Unless you admit that our music is fine.

(Speaks) Have I succeeded in securing your attention -- yet-- ladies and gentlemen ? (Sings.)

You cannot, I think, be a very good fellow,
Unless you admit that our music is fine.

(Interval music. Business)

Forrest

I'LL give them a touch of the strictly legitimate.
(He turns up C. and comes down suddenly. Richard Third business)
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! ha-ha!
(Very loudly, crouching down with cane rattling on stage as a sword. C. front? The others start around and stare at him, in attitudes. Forrest rises with his hands in his pockets and goes on quietly)
We will proceed with the rehearsal.

Harry

Rehearsal ? Oh -- yes. I forgot that. I was to be here.
(Going to position up R.)

Ernest

The rehearsal quite slipped my mind. I was to be up here
(Up L.)

Forrest

(Taking book from pocket) The quintette at the end --

Kitty

Oh -- yes! we've all practised that -- except the Earl.

Ernest

I'll pick up the air as you go along. (Looking at book)

(Forrest strikes key-note on piano. Harry begins. Orchestra)

Harry

(Singing) If my ways have been rather erratic,
I'll soon make amends for the past.
Oh -- by the way -- (Suddenly stopping. Orchestra also stops
I forgot the letter.

Forrest

We generally cut that .

Harry

Oh -- I've got it all written out. (Taking letter from pocket) in a good bold hand, so that Mrs. Westlake can read it. (Handing her the letter) The Marchioness reads it just before the quintette.

Camilla

(Reading) "My dear Harry"--

(Harry and Kitty start)

Harry

Oh, that's not the right letter.

Camilla

"My dear Harry--"

Harry

That isn't the one!

Camilla

"My dear Harry --"

Harry

That's the wrong letter!

Ernest

The wrong letter ?

Camilla

"My dear Harry -- The slippers are all ready --"

Kitty

(Starting) Slippers! It's the one I wrote him yesterday.

Camilla

"The slippers are all ready and I hope they'll fit. Come around this evening. Ernest will not be here to-night. He comes nearly every evening, and we may not have another chance to be alone, so that you can try the new slippers on. Kitty Plumpet."

Kitty

(To Harry) Oh -- you stupid!

Harry

I gave it to her by mistake.

(Moves up protesting, with her. Camilla and Ernest down front, R. & L. indignant.)

Ernest

(Severely) A very great mistake!

Camilla

Undoubtedly a mistake.

Forrest

(Striking keynote on piano) Ladies and gentlemen, the quintette.

Finale of Act.

(The orchestra strikes up and continues through all that follows. The scene is an effort to rehearse the final quintette of act 3rd, interrupted by the lovers' quarrel, which has suddenly sprung up. For full words see finale of Act 3rd. The spoken words of this scene must exactly fill up the time of the omitted words of the quintette: the orchestra keeping on as if the singing were uninterrupted: and the next singer, in each case, joining in at the proper note. Drop the music to pp. during the spoken words, and retard a trifle.)

Harry

(Singing) If my ways have been rather arratic
I'll soon make amends for the past.

Camilla

To fill time for next two lines { And he just proposed to me. I stan'd let him know I care for it.

Kitty

(Singing) I've appeared a bit flippant, it may be,
But I shan't when I'm settled for life.

Ernest.

To fill next two lines. { Kitty shall see that I'm indifferent.

Forrest

The quintette refrain, if you please.

Quintette.

This arrangement is equal to chess-playing quite,
Where the whites take the blacks and the blacks take the white.

Camilla

Oh -- I shall choke!

Ernest

I -- I -- I shall certainly swear!

To fill 3rd and 4th lines of refrain

Forrest

The Earl.

Ernest

Where the devil -- (Turning paper)

Kitty

Oh! (Screaming)

Ernest

(Singing from book)

Here's an end of my bachelor troubles,
I've captured a jewel, 'tis plain.

Ernest

A jewel!

To fill next two lines.

Camilla

My bosom friend!

Kitty

You donkey! (To Harry)

Camilla

(Singing) The follies you mention, I'm sure, dear,
Were merely intended in sport.

Harry

(To Kitty) How can we explain ?

Kitty

We can't.

To fill next two lines.

Ernest

I'll not be the Earl!

Camilla

I'll give up the play!

Quartette

This arrangement is equal to chess playing quite,
Where the whites take the blacks and the blacks take the white

Quartette

This arrangement is equal to chess-playing quite,
When the whites take the blacks and the blacks take the white

Ernest

Orchestra pauses. { I demand an explanation, sir. (To Harry)

Camilla

(To Kitty) You horrid thing!

Still a woman and sister -- a man and a brother --
Whatever be the station -- is each to each other.

Quarrel Tableau.

C u r t a i n.

Note: ++ The quintette is sung in its entirety and correctly at the end of the last act: and the above is intended for a special effect entirely different from its final rendering, but with the same musical air running through it. As to the spoken words of the intervening quarrel, here, it is impossible, of course, to insert them accurately without the chosen music. If the music can be sent to London the author will arrange them as nearly as possible: though, in any case, they must be finally arranged at rehearsal. It will be noted that in the next act, also, there is another attempt to rehearse this quintette, though with a mere touch of the music and under different circumstances. It seems well to bind the various acts together musically, by some such slender cord as this recurrence of the same air in one way or another in each act and at the end. The air should be original, if possible, taking, and with a dashing movement.

THE AMATEUR BENEFIT,

-----ooo-----

An Entertainment

in

Three Acts,

by

Bronson Howard.

-----ooo-----

Act Second.

A c t I I.

----ooo----

S c e n e:--

(The stage of the Theatre as at a morning rehearsal. Backs of scenes. Flats and wings askew. Part of a balcony standing against wing L. Another part of same against wing R. A green bank L. C. Rope dangling over it from flies. A broken Capital or a set rock, R. C. A set- window against wing up L. A statue or pedestal, R. Leaning against or near wing. All these pieces for practical use as per business. The back wall of the stage as it really is; or covered in by two flats of radically different scenes.

At rise of curtain, Music.)

S o n g.

"The War of the Tuning Fiends."

Forrest.

(Just before the curtain rises, the musicians begin tuning their intru - ments vigorously, separately, in rotation; then one joins the other until they are all tuning at once. The sounds harmonize for the most part, but a few comical discords. The leader now joins the tuning with violin, and the air of the opening song gradually emerges from the musical chaos. The sound of carpenter's hammers in time with the orchestre heard behind curtain. The curtain rises discovering Forrest, who sings. A carperter on his knees hammering

on a piece of scenery. Sound of another' carpenter's hammer without. In the Refrain of the following song each instrument gives a sharp tuning sound as it is named, the Singer imitating the motion of playing it. In the interval music after each refrain one of the instruments--violin, flute &c. -- sustains the melody, while the other instruments come in with ludicrous tuning sounds; but always in harmony, except now and then a comic discord. A final burst of absurd discord from all to wind up the song with. Forrest fills the time of the interval music by moving about looking at scenery and giving directions.)

The War of the Tuning Fiends.

(Original)

I.

Forrest.

(To Carpenter.) That' ll do for the balcony. We' ll not need this bank to-night. Tell' em to hand it up.

(Carpenter attaches the hanging rope to green bank, L. C. and goes out. Forrest, meantime, calls loudly up to gallery.)

Oh--Brown! --put the palace on the easel and touch it up with gold. We must use the back of the prison -- scene for a garden. Knock the kitchen into a conservatory and sling a sea view on the back of the Cathedral. (Comes down looking at his watch.) Ten o' clock--time these amateurs were here. You're music's all right, I suppose. (To leader, over the footlights.) Nuisance, these amateurs! Army officer, warm personal friend; -- actors and army officers always are warm, personal friends. Think they can act -- amateurs always do.

(Harry enters suddenly, L. Head first through a piece of scenery, standing against wing, L. He gathers himself up and shakes hands with Forrestas if nothing had happened.)

Harry.

Good Morning!

Forrest.

Pardon me, but that is part of my balcony scene for Romeo and Juliet, to-night.

Harry.

Oh, is it? -- sorry. If I'd known that, I'd have come in some other way. You can dispense with the rope ladder; crawl through and climb up on the other side. Here's the music for Miss Plumpet's song in Part First. (to leader) "In her Brother's Dress" -- She's going to try it in costume this morning. She is in the dressing-room now. By the by Forrest I'm a little nervous about that recitation of mine in Part First. Will you be kind enough to hear me through it before the others come ?

Forrest.

Certainly, by boy, go ahead.

(Sits in chair R.)

Harry.

Forrest, my dear boy, I have a special favor to ask. The

gentleman who was to play the old Indian Chief has had an accident -- got married day before yesterday -- he can't play the Chief part any more. You have no performance on Wednesday afternoon -- will you take the part, to oblige ? We'll make it all right at your benefit on Friday, my boy. You said you played it fifteen years ago -- and of course you know every word.

Forrest.

Fifteen years! -- of course! -- every line of it. However, if it's all the same, I'll accommodate you with the young Indian Prince. That's shorter by half.

Harry.

My own part ?

Forrest.

We'll talk it over between ourselves, after rehearsal.

Harry.

Very well, We'll go on to day as usual.

(Kitty's head suddenly appears through a piece of scenery leaning against wing, R. She screams. Harry holds the piece of scenery to assist her. Her head disappears.)

Forrest.

That's the other part of my Juliet's balcony.-- (To leader.) Nice, comfortable people, these Amateurs!

(Enter Kitty, R. She is in long ulster to her feet, buttoned all the way down. A jaunty Derby hat; cane; street gloves; cigar in meerschaum-holder; double eye-glass with string, &c.)

Kitty.

(As she enters.) Well, I never did see such a place. I've been stumbling up-stairs and around corners, brick walls and beams, and ropes, and paint, and all kinds of rubbish, I never did get into such a place. How will this do, Harry?

Harry.

Excellent! -- Your "brother's dress."

(Music.)

S o n g.

"In her Brother's Dress."

Kitty.

(Business, &c. between stanzas, as below.)

In her Brother's Dress.

Original Song

by

Henry S. Leigh.

I

In such a manly suit as this --
With hat and cane and ulster clad,
I think I don't look much a-miss,
My style , in fact, is far from bad.
I love to don these yo thful togs;
In fact I freely must confess
I feel the prince of jovial dogs,
Whene'er I wear my brother's dress.
My brother's dress, my brother's dress,
When'er I wear my brother's dress.

(Interval music Kitty remains perfectly motionless, C. Torrest hushes music.)

Torrest.

May I make a suggestion, Miss Plumpet ? I was a comic singer myself, before I became a tragdian . It will add to the effect, if you dance, during the music, between the stanzas. It's the regular "professional" way.

Kitty.

Oh, certainly.

(The interval music repeated. Kitty dances in very mincing little steps, without moving from her place

(Forrest stares at her feet. She repeats refrain.)

II

Papa is good, mamma is kind,
But keeps us very strict at home;
And that's the reason we're inclined
Sometimes upon the sly to roam.
A harmless little joke I love,
And feel a bliss I can't express --
A joy all earthly joys above,
When I can wear my brother's dress.
My brother's dress, my brother's dress,
When I can wear my brother's dress.

(Interval music. She dances in the same mincing manner.)

Forrest.

Pardon me again, Miss Plumpet. (Hushing music.) Allow me. The professional manner is more in this way, you will find the effect much better -- a certain freedom of motion, so to speak

(Interval of music again. Forrest dances vigorously, L. throwing his legs very high.)

Harry.

Certainly! -- that way!

(Also dances in the same manner, R. Kitty stands C. without dancing, staring from one to the other.)

Kitty.

Well, if you think Miss Katharine Plumpet is going to dance in that style, in public, for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society, you're very much mistaken.

(Repeats Refrain.)

This ulster gives me huge delight:
This pretty cane I gaily swing.
My hat I brush with all my might:
And think my collar's quite the thing.
Oh, had I been by chance a boy,
My lucky stars I'd ever bless,
To make my life a round of joy
I might have kept my brother's dress.
My brother's dress, my brother's dress,
I might have kept my brother's dress.

(Kitty dances very daintily and mincingly, C., as before. Harry and Forrest dance vigonously and with high kicks, R. & L. She repeats refrain.)

IV

My only aim on earth would be!
To cattivate the gentle sex.
My winning ways, I clearly see,
Their Pas and Mas and Aunts would vex.
But I'm a girl -- a tender dove --
And so I see with deep distress,
My fate must be to try and love
Some swain thatwears a brother's dress.
A brother's dress, a brother's dress,
Some swain that wears a brother's dress.

(Kitty throws off the ulster, discovering closely-fitting and jaunty girl's walking dress: her Derby hat going with it as part of a feminine costume. Dances by the three in and out, C. and L. Kitty still with dainty steps: Harry and Forrest as before. If the music allows a pause just before the line beginning -- "But I'm a girl" -- Kitty may make the change at that point, or she may make it just before the refrain. If necessary, musically, to make the change after the refrain, let Kitty do it while the gentlemen dance as previously, at R. and L. to the interval music: then join them in a

dance, in and out, to a repetition of the music. She repeats refrain.)

Harry.

(Looking at his watch.) It's time the others were here. (Going R. turns back.) By the way, have you seen Mrs. Westlake this morning ?

Kitty.

(Pouting.) No, I haven't. Yes, I did. We passed each other on the street. She barely condescended to bow to me.

Harry.

Ernest wouldn't do as much as that to me. He looked across the street.

(They converse R. C.)

Forrest.

(At back looking up L.) I say, Brown! -- this window for Don Ceasar de Bazan needs a touch of paint. Look out for that sky to-night, it caught on the cottage yesterday. Is the moon all right, now ? I'll come up there.

(Exit L.U.E.)

Kitty

(In conversation with Harry down R.C.) Ernest didn't come for me this morning, and I don't care whether I ever see him again or not -- after what he said when he came to see me last night. I was going to tell him all about that letter -- and make up with him-- and let him kiss me. But he was so cross and he said such mean things -- I wouldn't tell a single word.

Harry.

I called upon Mrs. Westlake, last evening, to explain matters. But she was so exceedingly sarcastic and so very cold, if she wishes it that way, of course she is quite at liberty to have it so -- quite! I didn't attempt to explain.

Kitty.

I--I don't love Ernest -- a -- (keeping back her tears.) --a bit, any more. The idea! -- there I -- I -- I was only making him a pair of slippers to surprise him on his birthday, to-morrow, and his boots fit your feet -- and I only wanted to try 'em on -- and he's making all this fuss about that letter. I wont explain a thing! He may get the rest of the girls in the parish to embroider his slippers after this -- just as all unmarried clergymen do. (Half sobbing.) I -- I wouldn't go on with the play at all, only we've sold

so many tickets -- and we've got the money -- and -- and the little cannibals do need it so much! (Wiping her eyes.)

Harry.

Neither would I. (Going to her consolingly.) Only the most pressing necessity, on the part of the cannibals in the Pacific Ocean leads me to go on with the rehearsals. Nothing but a stern sense of duty -- (Placing his arm about her waist.)

Harry.

(Resting her hand on his shoulder.) A sense of duty.

Harry.

With us military men, duty is the first consideration.
(Taking one of her hands tenderly and pressing her more closely.)

Kitty.

And I am a Sunday School teacher, you know. (half dropping her head on his shoulder.)

Harry.

Nothing but a sense of duty could impel me to waste my time -- (Tenderly) and sacrifice my pleasure in this manner.
(Kitty looks up suddenly; then at his arm about her waist.)
I would say -- I -- that is -- I mean -- speaking of the little cannibals --

Kitty.

They do need our assistance so much.

Harry.

We'll go on with the good work --
(Pressing her hand more tenderly still.)

Kitty.

However disagreeable it may be to both of us.

Harry.

In spite of our aversion to the task; we will go on. Do you remember, Kitty -- (Walking down R. with her.) -- When you and I were children together.

Kitty.

Oh, yes, Harry -- before you went to Westpoint.

Harry.

We used to walk in the fields together.

Kitty.

Among the wilds flowers.

Harry.

And we pick-d little cannibals -- (face to audience.) I mean blackberries -- off the bushes.

(Ernest comes in head first breaking through the window, leaning against wing, up L. He gathers himself up and comes down with dignity.)

Ernest.

Captain Opdyke. (Coldly.)

Harry.

Mr Duckworth.

(He bows with stiff formality and exits L. U. E.)

Ernest.

Miss Plumpet.

Kitty.

(Bowing over her shoulder.) Mr Duckworth.

Ernest.

A trifle chilly this morning.

Kitty.

Freezing! (Aside.) I'll send those slippers to the little cannibals.

Ernest.

Has Camilla --

Kitty.

(Aside.) Camilla!

Ernest.

Has Mrs. Westlake arrived yet ?

Kitty.

You ought to know where she is.

Ernest.

I did meet her this morning. She told me there was six hundred dollars' worth of tickets sold already.

Kitty.

I wish the Missionary Society would send you out with the money.

Ernest.

Me ? -- with the money ?

Kitty.

They'd eat you!

(Turning up stage provoked. Enter Camilla L. 2. E. Her dress, as she enters, brushes down the statue and pedestal, which fall upon the stage, shattered. She comes in with great dignity not paying the slightest attention to the accident. A sheet of music in her hand.)

Camilla.

Mr. Duckworth -- (smiling.) you are here before me, after all Miss Plumpet. (coldly?drawing up.)

Kitty.

(L. C.) Mrs. Westlake.

(They bow with constrained formality

Camilla.

Captain Henry Opdyke has not arrived yet ?

Ernest.

Captain Opdyke left Miss Plumet 's side a few minutes ago. (Moving to R. C.)

Camilla.

Indeed ? He is trying on his slippers, perhaps.

Kitty.

(Aside.) Oh, the spiteful thing !

Ernest.

Which way do you go after the rehearsal, Mrs. Westlake ? (With attentive manner.) I shall be happy to accompany you. (Flirtation in dumb-show R. C.)

Kitty

I wish I were a cannibal, myself! I'd eat 'em both! (She sits on the green bank L. C.) Ernest shan't be my lover in the play. I've had three before him -- and I'll get another.

Camilla.

(To Ernest.) Immediately after the rehearsal then. While we are waiting, I will try my voice in the theatre! my ballad in Part First.

(Moving down C. Front. She hands her music to the leader over the footlights, with a smile. The leader receives it with a nod, and sets it in his music rack.)

Music (Ballad.)

Ballad. Selected.

(After the Ballad, Camilla moves up to Ernest.)

Kitty.

(Still on bank.) M'm! Flirting together again, just to tease me! When Harry comes back, we'll show 'em!

(Ernest shows Camilla out, up R. with marked attention.)

I wouldn't be a clergyman's wife, anyway. I don't like clergymen. I never did. I hate 'em.

(Re-enter Harry, in character costume, R. Kitty continues to sit pouting bank.)

Recitation. (Selected.)

(Exit Harry R.)

If the Reverend Ernest Duckworth ever says another word to me, I'll --

Forrest.

(Without L.) Haul up!

(The green bank is suddenly hoisted to the flies. Kitty screams as she is tumbled off on stage. Ernest runs in up R.)

Ernest.

My darling Kitty!

(She is on her feet quickly and draws herself up. Camilla re-enters up R.)

Kitty

Thank you, Mr. Duckworth, I do not need your assistance in the least.

(She tosses her head and walks to R. C. where she sits, with an air, upon the broken capital or set rock. It crushes beneath her weight and she goes down upon the stage again, with another scream. Ernest helps her up.)

Kitty.

(Half indignant and half crying.) Go away, you mean thing you!

(Stamping her foot and going L. Ernest moves to Camilla, R. a little business between Ernest and Kitty across stage he flirting with Camilla! she pouting.)

Kitty.

Oh! They may say what they please against the cannibals, but I don't blame 'em for eating clergymen a bit. I'm getting hungry, myself!

(Re-enter Harry L. U. E.)

Harry.

Mrs. Westlake. (Coldly.)

Camilla.

(Coldly.) Captain Opdyke. If Miss Plumpet and yourself are ready to go with the rehearsal --

Harry

You and Mr. Duckworth are also ready. We will proceed. (Crossing to Kitty.) You are looking very charming this afternoon, Miss Kitty.

Kitty

(Apart.) That's right, keep it up! Make love to me!

Camilla.

Oh, you flatterer!

(To Ernest, shaking her finger. Flirtation in dumb-show.)

Harry.

(Aside.) Confound him! he is paying her compliments. (To Kitty. (Aloud.) I never saw you looking prettier, Miss Kitty. (Apart to her.) Hang it, you say something too.

Kitty.

(Apart.) I can't, I'm too mad.

Ernest.

(To Cammilla.) May I call this evening ?

Harry.

Call! a pastoral visit I suppose.

(Kitty pinches him hard in the arm; he starts bound in pain.)

Kitty.

Go on making love to me, you stupid!

Harry.

(Apart. Rubbing his arm.) How the devil can I make love to you, if you pinch me like that ?

Kitty.

(Apart) Say something sweet to me, you donkey!

Camilla.

(To Ernest.) I shall be expecting you this evening.

Harry.

Will you be at home this evening, Miss Kitty ?

(Smiling with an effort still rubbing his arm.)

Kitty.

Yes, I will. (snappingly.) Come early and stay late; and I hope we shan't be interrupted.

(Significantly, glancing across.)

Ernest.

(To Cammilla.) Half-past seven then. I shall be there.

Harry.

If I see him going in that direction, I'll knock the church militant into the middle of next week.

(Re-enter Forrest, briskly, L. E. E.

Forrest.

(as he enters.) The rehearsal, ladies and gentlemen.

(He stares at the crushed Capital; then at the broken statue; then at the pieces of scenery and the window moving about briskly as he does so. Calls up to the gallery, up stage.)

I say, Brown! paint new scenery for every piece I do while these amateurs are rehearsing. (Then pleasantly coming down C. with book in his hand.) All ready, ladies and gentlemen, we will proceed with the rehearsal.

Harry.

Fall in! Right dress! Count off by fours.

Forrest.

I beg you pardon, those are not strictly professional terms.

Harry.

Pro , -- Oh, very well. Break ranks! You're in command. Give your own orders.

(The following business should be very rapid, and may, if desirable, be elaborated at rehearsal.)

Forrest.

(Looking at book.) The Faun-of-the-Glen, left.

(Kitty walks briskly across to extreme right.)

Excuse me. That side is left. (pointing)-

Kitty.

Oh. (She marches straight across; stops.)

Forrest.

That's it -- Faun-of-the-Glen, down left.

(Kitty drops to one knee or sitting.)

The Earl at right upper corner.

(Ernest wanders about up stage.)

The Marchioness -- right, if you please.
(Motioning. She moves down R.)
Facing the audience.

Harry.
Eyes front! (He strolls to R. C.)

Forrest.
The Earl -- I beg your pardon sir; you are now in the left upper corner.

Ernest.
Am I ?

Forrest
The right upper corner, if you please.

(Ernest crosses to R. at back, stumbling over something.)

Harry
Ground Arms!

Forrest.
Keep your eyes out of the flies sir. The Earl crosses stage as he enters to extreme left.
(Ernest walks straight across stage to L. At back; turns sharp angle and comes down L.)

Harry
File right! Halt!

Forrest
Pardon me, Mr. Duckworth. The Earl moves directly down from right upper corner to extreme left front.

Harry
Left oblique!

Camilla
Down slanting.

Ernest.
Oh -- I see -- across the middle aisle.

Kitty.
Come down bias.

Harry.

Counter-march to the right and try it again.

Forrest.

That will do for the present. The Indian Prince --

Harry.

Here! (Drawing up with a start.) Attention! (Presenting cane as sword.)

Forrest.

Standing, if you please, Miss Plumpet.

Kitty.

You said I was "down left" (rising.)

Forrest.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we have the position of all the characters at the beginning of the quintette -- the rehearsal of which was broken off rather suddenly yesterday morning. The orchestra is now here, and we will go through the quintette carefully. As I said yesterday, the gentlemen will assume attitudes of loverlike devotion to their respective ladies.

(Each lady draws up and turns away petulantly; each gentleman also turns away; so that each pair of lovers stand with their backs to one another.)

The gentlemen will please rest their arms affectionately about the ladies waists -- and in the second line of the third stanza -- (turning to leader.) fourth bar ?

(The leader nods. Musical introduction begins lightly.)

At the fourth bar in the second line of the third stanza you will kiss the ladies.

Kitty.

I'm not going on with this play unless we change lovers.

Camilla.

An admirable idea! we will change by all means.

(The leader stops the music.)

Har. & Ern.

Change lovers ? Change lovers!

Forrest.

Change --

Kitty.

Captain Opdyke must be my Earl.

Camilla.

Mr Duckworth shall be the Indian Prince.

Harry.

But we've both got our parts by heart.

Ernest

We've learned them the other way.

Kitty

I sha'n't go on with the play unless we change lovers!

Camilla.

Nor I!

Har. & Ern.

But, really -- ladies -- we --

Kitty.

I sha'n't say one word of my part, unless I have a different lover.

Camilla.

I insist on a change.

Kitty.

I will have another Earl!

(Ernest and Harry meet C. and walk up stage in confidential consultation)

Forrest.

(To leader, over footlights, shrugging his shoulders.) Pleasant state of things for a stage manager! These Amateurs are always quarreling; professionals never do.

Ernest.

(To Harry up stage.) On your word of honor, Harry ?

Harry

On my honor as an officer and a gentleman.

Ernest

The slippers referred to in that letter were for me ?

Harry

For your birthday to-morrow. I was only going to try them on. We wear the same boots.

Ernest

My dear fellow.

(He shakes Harry warmly by the hand. They whisper in each other's ear.)

Harry

We will change parts.

Ernest

By all means!

(They come down.)

Harry.

We will obey your commands, ladies. Ernest will be the Indian Prince and I will be the Earl.

Forrest

Ladies and gentlemen -- the quintette.

Music. Medley.

Songs of the Day.

All.

(They attempt to sing the final quintette of Act Third; and it is again a failure, as at the end of the previous act; this time because the two gentlemen have changed parts and get confused as to their words &c. as follows. Orchestre.)

Harry

(Singing.) If my ways have been rather erratic,
I'll soon make --

Kitty

No, that's not the Earl!

Ernest

(Singing) Here's an end of my bachelor troubles
I've captured a --

Camilla.

That's the Earl's part, not the Prince's.

Ernest

(Singing) If my ways have been rather erratic
I've captured a jewel --

Kitty.

Now you're getting both parts mixed up.

Harry
(Singing.)

Here's an end of my bachelor troubles,
I'll soon make amends --

Kitty

So are you! You're both jumbling up the Earl and the Prince and the Prince and the Earl -- neither of us can tell which is our own lover.

Harry

Well, hang it! we've changed parts, how can we sing it ? Let's sing what we please -- every one of us!

He suddenly launches out into some bright popular song of the day, the orchestre joining a moment after, as if taking it up. He sings one stanza. Ernest dashes in immediately with one stanza of some other popular song. Forrest, who has moved up, comes down with another. Then each of the ladies in turn sings a stanza of a different song or ballad. Some of the refrains or stanzas, perhaps in chorus. A general air of reckless jollity, as if the rehearsal might go,to the dogs. In the case of each different song, the orchestre comes in a bar or two after--not leading, but as if it merely came in with-

out previous arrangement. If necessary to the singer a single pitch-note may be worked in each time, by some instrument. Each singer runs on from the last without a pause or break, so far as possible.)

Forrest.

(at the end) It is my opinion that this rehearsal is also a failure. Amateur Actors and their little cannibals be --

The ladies.

Eh?

Forrest

They may dine on one another. Ladies and gentlemen, good-day.

(Exit rapidly, either up C. and out L. U. E. or across and out L. 1. E. with hands in pockets or under coat.)

Harry

The rehearsal a failure ? by no means! it has just commenced. Ernest and I have changed parts -- he is the Indian Prince and I am the Earl -- we know our words, already, without a moment's study.

Ernest

Perfectly; we know every line of our new parts.

Harry

(To Kitty L.) My darling Kitty -- I would say -- my darling Faun-of-the-Glen --

Ernest

(To Camilla)R.) My dear Camilla -- I would say, my dear Marchioness, I have long loved you in secret.

(Kitty starts and draws up L.)

Harry

(To Kitty.) I have loved you from our early childhood.

(Camilla starts and draws up R.)

Ernest

True, I gave my hand to another --

Harry

I have never spoken my thoughts till now.

Ernest

My heart has been yours only from the first.

(Kitty turns and moves C. slightly up up stage, whereshe stands looking at Ernest and Camilla, without paying the slightest attention to Harry. The two gentlemen go on simultaneously Harry to Kitty's back, and Ernest to Camilla, down R.)

A life of devotion, the loving admiration of a worshipper at the feet of beauty, shall be yours. Death and death only shall divide us. I am your slave.

Harry

The most ardent passion of a warm and loving heart is yours, fair angel of my brightest visions! Transports of joy fill my breast at every thought of your bright face, my fair enchantress!

Kitty

(Angrily, turning suddenly down L.) Oh! I'd like to scratch their eyes out!

Harry

(Having followed her, and tenderly, over her shoulder.) My dear Kitty, I mean, My dear Faun, when we were children together, I dreamed of you, and you only as my future wife.

(Camilla starts and listens intently, Ernest making love to her in dumb show.)

If I had spoken tenderly to another, it was because I thought you were indifferent to me -- a mere flirtation on my part, I was desperate!

(Camilla moves C., slightly up stage, and stares at them, patting her foot, and not paying the slightest attention to Ernest. The two gentlemen speak again simultaneously; Ernest to Camilla's back, and Harry to Kitty, down L.)

Ernest

Nothing shall ever tear us asunder. The charm of life is gone when I do not see your smile. The one cherished hope of my existence is to be near thee -- thee only! -- forever!

Harry

Hope fades in my breast when you are absent. I live only in your presence. Away from the sweet sunshine of your face, I am utterly wretched. You, only, are the one bright star of my live!

Camilla.

(Angrily, turning suddenly down R.) Oh, -- I -- I I cannot keep my temper much longer!

(Ernest sings to her.)
(music)

Final -- Solos, Duets & Quartetts.

All.

Ernest.
(Air "Little Sweetheart" No. 2 accompanying music.)Olivette introductions

Little Sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Just once me before I go
Tell me truly will you miss me,
As I wander to and fro.

(Musical pause.)

Kitty.

I could cry, but I wont!

Let me feel the tender pressing
Of your ruby lips to mine,
With your dimple hands caressing,
And your snowy arms entwine.

(Refrain sung by Ernest and Camilla in duet, she taking his hand and resting her other hand on his shoulder. Kitty watches them, moving about angrily; Harry following her and making ardent love in dumb show at her back. She makes sudden turns and he is obliged to dodge her &c.)

Little
Oh, My sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper sweet and low!

That your heart will sadly miss me
As I / you wander to and fro.

Harry
(Singing immediately to Kitty, down L. "Pray Make Yourself at Home" -- New words, No. 3 accompanying music. To be sung in double-quick time.)

When first we met, I loved you, pet!
But you were coy and shy.
I held your hand and told my love;
It nearly made you cry.
You blushed and grew a rosy red,
But did not bid me roam;
You whispered low and gently said,
"Pray make yourself at home."

(Billie Taylor. Musical Pause.)

Camilla.
I-I-I postively shall not cry!

As days passed on I often came
And sat with you, my dear,
Upon the sofa, side by side --
We could not be more near.
You felt my arm, you dropped your head,
But did not bid me roam;
You whispered low and gently said;
"Pray make yourself at home."

(Refrain sung by Harry and Kitty in duet. She taking his hand and resting her other hand on his shoulder. Camilla watches them, moving about angrily; Ernest following her and making ardent love in dumb show to her back; dodging her &c. &c.)

"Pray make yourself at home,"
"Pray make yourself at home,"
I / you whispered low and gently said;
"Pray make yourself at home.

Harry

And now our love grows warm, my dear,
Our lips, themselves, have met;
And when they part, they meet again;
I'm often there my pet.
And when I'm there you let me stay,
Nor ever bid me roam,
You whisper low and gently say;
"Pray make yourself at home."

When e'er my arms are round your neck
My heart is beating high;
Your own I, feel upon my breast;
By turns you laugh and cry,
Grow pale and blush and pout and smile,
But never bid me roam;
You whisper low and gently sigh,
"Pray make yourself at home."

(Refrain in duet. He now places his arm about her waist and she rests her head on his shoulder. Very affectionate attitude.)

"Pray make yourself at home!"
"Pray make yourself at home,"
I / You } whisper low and gently sigh,
"Pray make yourself at home."

Ern. & Cam.

Little / Oh, my sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper sweet and low,
That your heart will sadly miss me,
As I / you } wander to and fro.

(Goes into The Gloaming Symphony. Camilla in Ernest's arms; her head on his shoulder. Very affectionate attitude. Kitty looks across and suddenly rises from Harry's arms, Pushing him away?)

Kitty

O-o-h! -- I--I don't like it this way!

Camilla.

(Rising from Ernest's arms and pushing him away.) Neither do I!

Kitty

Camilla!

Camilla

Kitty!

Kitty

O-o-o-oh!

Camilla

O-o-o-o-h!

(Both bursting into tears, dropping their faces into their hands and sobbing. Harry and Ernest sign to each other, and exchange places, across stage, each going to his own lady. They sing in duet.)

Har & Ern.

(Air "in the Gloaming" No 1 accompanying music. Words re-arranged.)

I

In the gloaming, oh, my darling!
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come and softly go;
When the winds are gliding faintly
With a gentle, tender sigh;
Will you think of me and love me
As you do when I am nigh ?

II

In the gloaming, Oh, my darling!
Think oh, lovingly of me!
Tho' I am not present with you,
When you're lonely, think of me.
My own heart will turn with longing,
Then, as ever unto thee;
I will see thee, tho' I'm absent,
Love thee truly, love but thee.

(The ladies yield gradually and coquettishly to the gentlemen, placing their hands in theirs.) The ladies sink back into their lovers' arms; and the final stanza is sung as a quartette.) (Together)

III

In the gloaming, oh, my darling!
Or the brightest light of day,
In your absence, in your presence,
Here or there, be where you may;
My own heart will turn with longing,
In the evening or the day;
I will love you fondly, dearly,
Be you near or far away.

I will love you fond and true
Be you near or far away.

Curtain