

ANTICHRIST

Scene. Partly in Greece, and partly in Turkey.

ACT I.

Scene I. New York. A Room in Prince Vittorio's House.

Enter NAPOLEON and GLADYS.

GLADYS. How the notes of the Opera gambol through
My brain. Good old Fourteenth Street, you seem from
The clustered vales of fair Italy. Orrie,
Was not Il Trovatore grand?

NAPOLEON. It was mellifluous. I never knew
Such art was in New York, other than in
The larger theatres. It was grand.

GLADYS. Do you remember the scene in the first
Opera, when everyone rose to his
Feet?

NAPOLEON. Even now it flashes through my brain. Il
Trovatore is lovely; but that was
Grand.

GLADYS. They do not strive for money; it is for
Art. Within the shadow of Broadway they
Have clustered. Dulcet joy they bring to the
Italian People.

NAPOLEON. I expected you to say: "My People."

GLADYS. I was born in New York, although Mother
And Father were born in Italy. I
Am proud I am an American.

NAPOLEON. The old legends of Italy and Greece
Carry my mind afar, not allowing
Me to be master of myself.

GLADYS. The mountains, the rivers and vales resound
With musical notes. It is a Land of
Dreams. Great men have risen and crowned the Earth