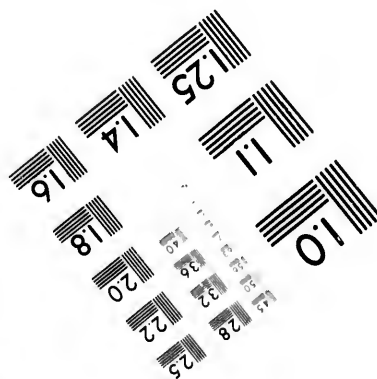
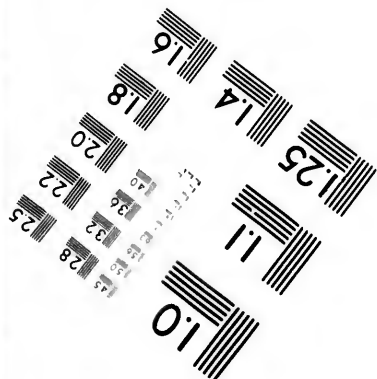
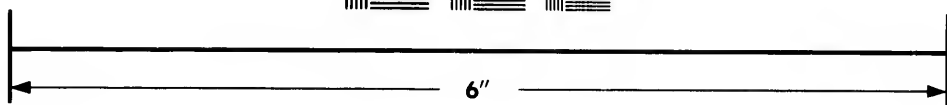
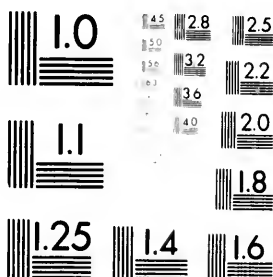


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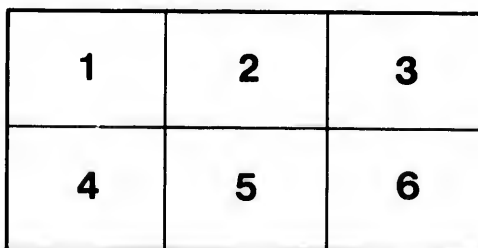
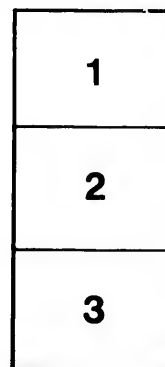
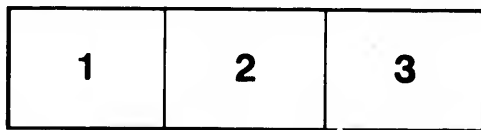
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COMIC OPERA

—IN—

THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

F. A. DIXON.

COMPOSED BY

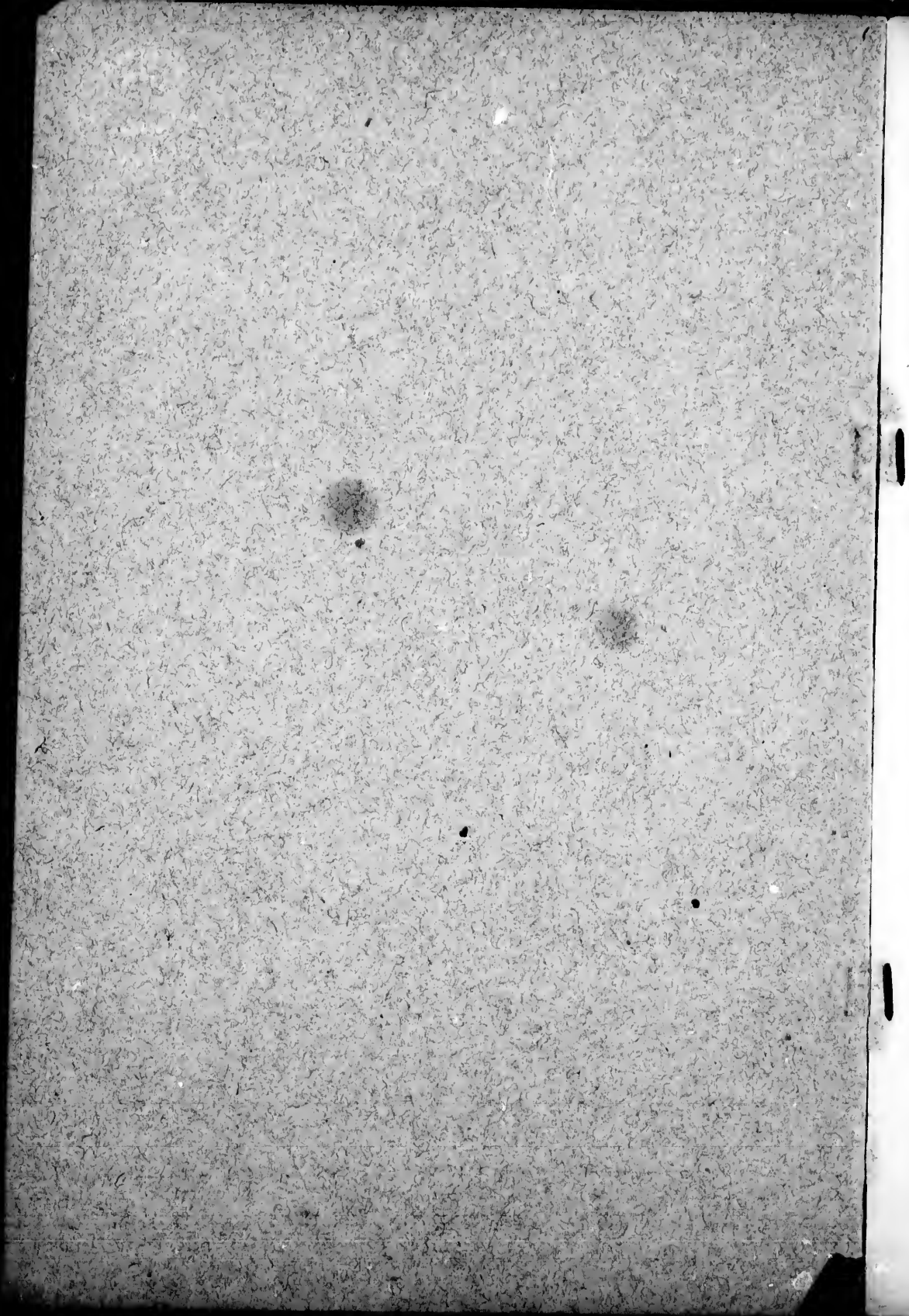
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PIPANDOR.

A COMIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS.

**Time of the Regency in France, 1718; Scene laid partly in Brittany
and partly in Paris.**

Act I.—Gardens of Chateaugris, Brittany.

Act II.—Rooms over Shop of Pipandor & Co, Paris.

Act III.—Salon of the Hotel de la Regence, overlooking the Gardens of
the Palais Royale, Paris.

CHARACTERS.

THE MARQUIS OF CHATEAUGRIS.

PIPANDOR, a servitor with a scull above buttons.

ESCARGOT, Secret Agent of Philip of Spain.

MAURICE.

BOS'UN GIGOT.

THE REGENT, DUC D'ORLEANS.

HELENE, Daughter of CHATEAUGRIS.

BARETTE, a Village Maid with a destiny.

MAD. GI OT DE COULOGNE.

ACT I.

EN HAUT, EN BAS—BRITTANY.

SCENE.—*Gardens of CHATEAUGRIS. The Chateau extending L. Door and porch with balcony, practicable. Window over balcony, practicable, L. 2. See-saw at back R. C. Table and rustic seats L. Wine, glasses, cake and fruit on table. Box with heraldic papers at foot of table. Rustic seat R. Flowers in garden bed R. 2 E., roses, lilies, etc. HELENE and BABETTE discovered on see-saw. CHATEAUGRIS and MADAME GIGOT asleep on seats L. Lights up. HELENE and BABETTE sing as curtain rises.*

SWING AND SWAY.

HELENE. Swing and sway; swing and sway;
See-saw; see-saw; all the day.
Blue above and green below;
Up we come and down we go.
Green below and blue above;
Down to earth and up to love.

HELENE AND BABETTE.

Sway and swing; sway and swing;
Birds are merry on the wing.
Bud and blossom, sleet and snow,
Up we come and down we go.
Summer sun and autumn rain,
Down, and up we come again.

PIPANDOR enters R. U. E. with a bouquet which he gives to HELENE.

PIP. From a gentleman, Mam'selle, a birthday bouquet.

HELENE. A gentleman?

PIP. Oh, yes, a real gentleman, a sailor; he gave me a gold Louis.

HELENE. Who was he?

PIP. I don't know, Mam'selle, but he gave me a gold Louis. He asked me if I knew Mademoiselle Helene de Chateaugris, and then he gave me the bouquet and gold Louis. (*Pip stands on see-saw.*)

HELENE, BABETTE AND PIPANDOR.

Swing and sway, swing and sway
Leave the bye gone, take to-day.
Roses blow and kisses go;
Take them while the dainties grow.
Young to-day, to-morrow old,
Rose and kiss may tears enfold.

At the close of song, a billet-doux falls from the bouquet on to the ground.

HELENE rises and picks it up hastily. PIPANDOR tumbles from seesaw. HELENE glances at note, and then goes off hurriedly into house, L. BABETTE follows. PIP. follows her, she boxes his ears.

PIP. What a sex! They have no consideration, and too much muscle. (*Sees wine, etc.*) What's this? Cake and wine? (*Makes grotesque bow to Chateaugris and Madam Gigot. Helps himself to wine and cake.*) By your leave. (*Seats himself on seat, R, eating.*) The Marquis of Chateaugris—fast asleep; Madam Gigot de Coulonge—fast asleep; Pip—wide awake. (*Drinks.*) Now, what is Madame doing here? That's what I want to know. She came a year ago as governess to Mam'selle Helene, and now I suspect she wants to be governess to Mam'selle's papa. No, you don't, Madame G. As my master says, the dignity of the house of Chateaugris must be maintained; besides, you've pulled my ear a dozen times a day ever since you came—twelve times a day for a year—is twelve times a day too much for this ear. (*Crosses to Madame Gigot; takes papers from her pocket.*) Sweet innocents! What's this? A packet of letters. My fingers always itch when I see paper with writing on it. I wish I could read! Never mind; they may come in useful some day. (*Goes to box; takes out piece of parchment.*) This will do nicely to wrap them up; it is torn, but that doesn't matter. (*Wraps up packet in parchment and puts it into his pocket.*) Both these wasps! they are after the plums. Ah! I know—(*Takes her handkerchief, catches wasp in it, and puts it back in her hand, then retires back.*) MADAME GIGOT suddenly starts up with a scream. CHATEAUGRIS wakes. PIP goes off; L. U. E.

CHAT. Hallo!

MAD. G. A wasp has stung me. Look! (*CHATEAUGRIS takes her hand.*) Oh! I shall faint; I know I shall.

CHAT. Poor little hand. (*Business; he amorous, but cautious; she trying to lead him on; he lifts the hand towards his lips, then suddenly lets it fall; rises and comes front, aside.*) Take care Chateaugris; take care; no kisses; you've gone too far already. (*Aloud.*) A little sweet oil, MADAME GIGOT. I will go and fetch it myself. (*Aside.*) Deuced fine woman, Chateaugris, but no kisses. Clever old birds, widows. (*Goes into house; L.*)

MAD. G. (*Coming front.*) There's an opportunity lost! A little sweet oil, indeed! Never mind! My time will come, and the widow Gigot, governess and police agent, shall change her position for the coronet of a Marquise—the Marguise de Chateaugris—and then the Regent may find out his plots for himself. But the bird is shy, very shy! (*Sings.*)

WHY WONT HE SEE?

MAD. GIG. I often sigh when no one's by
But he.
I drop my kerchief, but he lets it lie
Ah me,
Why wont he see!

I put his favourite flowers in my hair ;
His favourite coloured ribbons too I wear.

Why wont he see ?

If I were he,
And he were me,
Why I could see
So why can't he ?

If in the street we sometimes meet,

Why he

Just passes on with foot so fleet;

Ah me,

Why wont he see

How glad I'd be to let him take my hand ?

But no, he never seems to understand.

Why wont he see ?

If I were he,
And he were me,
Why I could see
So why can't he ?

[Goes into house L.]

(Noise and chorus heard off L. U. E. Villagers enter with ESCARGOT as a peddler. Cries of "Tell our fortunes!" "Tell our fortunes!")

ESCARGOT. (*Deliberately taking off his peddler's box.*) Not so fast my pretty maids! All in good time. Now! (*A girl comes forward shyly and holds out her hand.*) Ah! Tall, brown man, with dark moustache—three brown, fat babies and a sack of money. Next! (*BABETTE and HELENE have entered, L. BABETTE comes forward and holds up her hand.*) You'll go to court and see the Regent. Take care the Regent doesn't see you. (*Sees HELENE, R, goes to her and takes her hand, looking at bracelet on her arm.*)

SIX FAIR LETTERS.

ESCAR.

Six fair letters on a dart,
Stuck, poor things, right through the middle ;
Letters too extremely smart ;
Green, and gold, and red each part ;
See if I can read the riddle.

Would you know, for by and bye,
How, and where, and when, and why
This insinuating dart,
This uncompromising dart,
This mordacious, mocking dart
Runs those letters through the gizzard ?
Cross my hand for I'm a wizard ;
Cross my hand with silver, lady,
Little lady, pretty lady.

"H" is—ah, poor fellow, he—
 Wait a bit and you will see.
 "E"—Well, that's so very plain
 Surely you'll not ask again.
 "L"—This letter stands for one—
 But I must'nt spoil the fun.
 "E"—This name, of course, I'd state
 But perhaps you'd rather wait.
 "N"—No doubt his name and station
 You would like me to confess,
 And with all this information
 "E"—Perhaps you'd like to guess.

VILLAGERS. It is wonderful!

HELENE. It is—but I don't know any more than I did before.
 (*Noise heard off R. VILLAGERS go up and look off R. Enter SAILORS R. During the following ESCARGOT takes up his box, and goes from one to another selling goods. HELENE buys a bracelet for BABETTE and a wooden doll for PIP.*)

THE WHITE-CAPPED SEA.

MEN. Drink, boys, drink, to the sea, the sea!
 Let us drink to the white-capped sea!
 Through its flurry and its foam
 The sailor loves to roam.
 Drink, boys, drink, to the sea, the sea!
 When the bonny breezes blow,
 Then the word "up-sail, and go!"
 Drink, boys, drink, to the sea, the sea!
 Let us drink to the white-capped sea!
 Weathered and worn our faces,
 Dirty and stained each hand;
 Snug in each heart a place is
 For sweethearts left on land.
 Sailing back, kisses a sack,
 This is the life for Jack!

GIRLS. How you lads deceive us!
 Kiss and love and leave us!
 Hapless maidens you have caught;
 While you've loves in every port.
 You come and kiss and pet us,
 Then go and just forget us:
 The girls of the gay Breton strand.
 But when you're gone, you'll miss us,
 So come back soon to kiss us,
 The girls of the gay Breton strand.

MEN. Here's a health to the lasses,
 The jolly, pretty lasses,
 The girls that we leave with the land.

Our sweethearts and our wives;
The sweetmeats of our lives;
The girls of the gay Breton strand.

FULL CHORUS. So drink, { boys } drink, to the sea, the sea!
 { girls }
Let us drink to the white-capped sea.
With bumpers fill our glasses
While { we } toast { the } pretty lasses;
 { they } { us }
Here's the { lasses } and the sea, the white-capped
 { sailors }
 sea !

(CHATEAUGRIS and MADAME GIGOT enter from house, L. ESCARGOT meets them with extravagant bows. HELENE goes to CHATEAUGRIS with gestures of explanation.)

CHAT. (to ESCAR.) Perhaps you would kindly inform us—who the dickens you are ?

ESCAR. Why, cert'nly. (Sings.)

A CHEQUERED LIFE.

ESCAR.

First my name is Escargot, and I was born at Picardie;
I was brought up by a virgin aunt who was only forty-three;
And so stiff she was, and stately, that I ran away to sea.

But the sea it smelt so badly of rope's end, hard tack, and tar,
With the captain, and the mates, and crew I foand my feelings jar;
So I gently slipped my cable, sir, before the ship sailed far.
(CHOR.) So he gently, etc.

Then I wandered through strange countries and the natives there can
tell,
How I learned to know the difference 'twixt the oyster and the shell;
And one need'nt be a lawyer, sir, to taste the oyster well.

I've been waiter in a café, and sold sweetmeats in Stamboul;
And I've played the penny whistle too before the King of Zool;
And I figured as " Professor " in a first-class ladies' school.
(CHOR.) And he's figured, etc.

I've sold poison for cockroaches, and I've hawked the Daily News;
I've been barber to a " Personage," and showed people to their pews;
And I've cooked the South Sea Islanders some most astounding stews.

Then I've peddled dispensations through the length and breadth of
France;
And I've taught the bears of Russia all the latest steps to dance;
And I've turned an honest penny out of every game of chance.
(CHOR.) Then he's turned, etc.

Then the companies I've started in all these lucky lands!
But I always kept the management in comprehensive hands;
And the money that they *should* have made a schoolboy understands.

Then I served once as a doctor's boy: I can cast a horoscope;
I can give an entertainment of an hour that I hope
Would call no blush upon the cheek of maiden or of Pope.
(CHOR.) Would call no blush, etc.

Here, I've got a cure for toothache that will drive the dentists mad;
Here's a plaster that can draw a cart from here to Hyd'rabad;
And this box of pills will cure all ills that ever mortal had.

Here's a philtre for a lover that will hold him like a vice;
This will smooth out all your wrinkles and give beauty in a trice;
This pretty stuff is very rough on beetles, rats and mice.
(CHOR.) That pretty stuff, etc.

I can tell the fortune plainly, now, of every pretty lass;
And I'm just the only wizard with the famous "magic glass."
So take this opportunity, and pray don't let it pass.

In short, I'm sure I've tackled all that any mortal can;
And I never tumbled down too low beneath the social ban;
For I never yet became a mayor, nor yet an alderman.
(CHOR.) He never yet, etc.

CHAT. A very pretty list, upon my word. But you don't seem to
have made much of a fortune, after all! (ESCARBOT *puts box on ground, R.*)

ESCAR. Fortune! In a few days I shall be positively rolling in gold.
Smelling of money.

(*All laugh incredulously.*)

ESCAR. Listen, and I will tell you how: (*Recitative.*)

Do any of you wish to make a mammoth and colossal fortune in
the twinkle of a Jew's eye, or at least in that ordinary and insignificant
section of a day called a minute?

ALL. (*Interested.*) Ah!

ESCAR. Because, if you do, I am acquainted with a sweet and child-
like process which I assure you, on the honour of a financier, though
one at present out at elbows, contains a positively ridiculous number
of millions in it.

ALL. (*Gathering about him.*) Ah, sir, we do, indeed we do.

ESCAR. Well, then, you have heard, or, perhaps, considering the
awful one-horseness of this otherwise charming locality, you have not
heard, of a certain John Law, a famous man who has come direct from
Scotland, or the skies, to lay before the Regent, now at his wits and for
vile dross, and who, to put it plainly, has jumped at the idea, his little
plan.

ALL. (*Shaking their heads.*) No, sir, we know him not.

ESCAR. No matter; the aforesaid John Law proposes to make money
as cheap as dirt, if not cheaper, so that everybody from Dan to Beer-
sheba, so to speak, may be rich as Cræsus, or a trifle richer, in a caper.

ALL. (*Excited.*) Rich! in a caper!

ESCAR. With a bank, a little printer's ink, and a big stamp, he is going to fill the pockets of all France, and let folks pay their way—

ALL. (*Eagerly.*) How?

ESCAR. With paper.

ALL. (*Disappointed.*) Oh!

ESCAR. Yes. Finance in a nutshell.

CHAT. (*Dubiously.*) Paper? Morning paper?

PIP. (*Excitedly, coming forward.*) I know. (*Calls out in newspaper boy fashion.*) Morning pepper! Morning pepper! "Times," "Telegraph," "Standard," "Daily News." (*Varied according to locality.*)

CHAT. Someone put a cork in that boy. (*PIP. is pulled back.*)

No. Paper suggests something to me. (*Meditatively*) What?

HELENE. I know! Parcels! Delightful!

CHAT. Pooh!

PIP. (*Coming forward.*) Paper collars.

CHAT. Bah!

MAD. GIG. Bills?

CHAT. Pooh! pooh! Ha! I know! My last note at three months, gone to protest. (*Sinks head on shoulder.*)

ESCAR. (*Slapping him on the back.*) Never mind, cheer up, old boy! Come to Paris and make your fortune.

ALL. Come to Paris! Make our fortune! Delightful!

CHAT. I'd have you know, sir, that though the House may be poor, it is ancient, very ancient.

ESCAR. (*Looking at Chateau, aside.*) Aint slunted yet, eh?

CHAT. (*Taking up family tree, pompously.*) This, sir, is our pedigree..

ESCAR. Your What?

CHAT. Family tree.

ESCAR. Curious vegetable, isn't it? Grow it yourself?

CHAT. Grow it myself? Why it represents a long line of noble ancestry. What do you think of it?

ESCAR. It is most encouraging — and extremely umbrageous.

(*Bows.* CHAT. *aitto.*)

CHAT. I will tell you how the old House rose.

THE OLD HOUSE.

CHAT. This is the way the old House rose, sir,
 Our noble House of Chateaugris,
 These are the roots from which has grown, sir,
 That splendid trunk of our family tree.
 These are the branches stout and strong,
 So proud and spreading;
 These are the arms that all belong,
 By right of wedding.

ESCAR. }
 MAD. GIG. } Interesting very, if we only knew.
 PIP. } Tell the grand old story, how the old House grew,
 BAB. } Oh, Chateaugris, with ancestors so many,
 Oh Chateaugris.
 How noble you must be,

(CHORUS.) Oh, Chateaugris, etc.
Some more! some more! some more!

CHAT. This was the founder of our line, sir,
He, in the time of Charlemagne
Slew a mosquito that to dine, sir,
On the proboscis royal was fain.
Then did the king in gratitude
Give him, so daring,
Six of those insects sharp and rude
The right of bearing.

ESCAR. } Six mosquitos rampant on a field of gold!
MAD. GIG. } Lucky Chateaugris with ancestor so bold.
PIP. } Oh, Chateaugris, with such a noble story,
BAB. } Oh Chateaugris
How noble you must be!
(CHORUS.) Ah Chateaugris, etc.

CHAT. This to be grand chief butler rose, sir,
Bearing the bottles here you see.
That, with the honour to hand the king's hose, sir,
Quartered the royal fleur-de-lis.
This was a noble, most discreet
Of back-stair pages.
On his escutcheon, wag-tails meet
In place of wages.

ESCAR. } Twenty silver bottles, blue the field, we see—
MAD. GIG. } Four and twenty wag-tails and a fleur-de-lis.
PIP. } Oh Chateaugris with ancestors so noble,
BAB. } Ah Chateaugris
How noble you must be!
(CHORUS.) Ah Chateaugris, how noble you must be!
No more! no more! no more!

CHAT. This was a Lord——
(CHOR.) That is as much as we can swallow;
Give us a rest of a month or so.

CHAT. This was a——
(CHOR.) On to your branches we can't follow;
We've learned as much as we ought to know.

CHAT. This was——
(CHOR.) Oh, Chateaugris,
With such a family tree,
Ah, Chateaugris,
How noble you must be!

CHAT. This——
(CHOR.) No more! no more! no more!

CHORUS. *Goes off, L. U. E. CHATEAUGRIS angrily rolls up pedigree, and goes off into the house with ESCARGOT and MADAME GIGOT. ESCARGOT making extravagant gestures of respect to his face, but expressing ludicrous depreciation behind his back as they enter. HELENE comes down and takes out letter.*

HELENE. Dear Maurice!

(*Reads.*) "Have you forgotten the garden wall at your Paris school, and the water butt." He used to climb the wall, and we sat on the water butt. Dear Maurice. (*Reads.*) "Accident has brought me here to your house, but poor and friendless, dare I hope to recall your love, once given me? Still I am for ever and a day,

"Thine own. MAURICE."

Maurice. And I thought he had forgotten me! a schoolgirl; with pink cheeks and fuzzy hair; sent to Paris to learn manners. He used to bribe the baker to bring me roses and bon-bons. Dear Maurice. (*Pensively reads.*) "For ever and a day,

"Thine own. MAURICE."

[*She seats herself on see-saw reading letter.*

MAURICE. (*Behind. R. HELENE comes down.*)

Ah, sweet, the day has fled;
The sun-maid droops her head;
In golden glory dies
The flash of fair day's eyes,
Come, for here at thy gate,
For thee I wait.
Come, for light will arise
With my love's eyes.

[MAURICE enters, R. *She turns from him, L.*

HELENE. Ah, friend, too sweet thy song;
The summer day is long;
The daisy fair is wise
To shut her golden eyes.
Maids who go to the gate,
To wed, may wait;
Love light, lit with the eyes,
They say, soon dies.

ENSEMBLE.

HELENE. So sweet his gentle song
Who patient waits so long;
I have not heart to say,
My longing lover may.

MAURICE. Ah, sweet, say shall my song
All lonely, wait so long?
Hast thou the heart to say
Thy longing lover may?

HELENE. I yield to maiden's fate,
And give my life to wait,
One minute at the gate.

She has } not heart to say,
I have }

Her } longing lover nay.
My }

[*They go off together, R. U. E.*]

(PIPANDOR enters from the house, L, looking back as he enters and laughing)

PIP. There they are, the Marquis and the peddler fellow, talking away in the library as if they had known each other for years, and Madam Gigot, at her old tricks, listening at the keyhole. I gave her such a fright. I dropped our Tom cat on to her back. (*Laughs.*) Well, she boxed my ears because she caught me kissing a girl. I couldn't help it. I'm sure I wasn't kissing *her*. Oh, Pip, Pip, you're a sad dog, you are.

WHAT IS THE REASON ?

PIPANDOR. What is the reason I can't say ;
Really the girls wont keep away.
First it's Babette,
Then it's Jeanette,
Then it's Fifiine, and Colinette ;
Tra la la la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la la.
All of these misses
Want kisses and blisses,
Kisses and blisses for all the four.
Love an abyss is,
But luckily this is
Just the thing for Pipandor.
Pipandor, you're a pretty fellow ;
Pipandor, 'pon my word you are.

What is the reason I can't say ;
Each of them cries she wants to stay.

"Marry Babette !"

"Marry Jeanette !"

"Marry Fifiine and Colinette !"

No no no no no no no no !

No no no no no no no no !

To marry a miss is

To pay for one's kisses,

Kisses and blisses and something more.

To give for their kisses

One's liberty ! This is

Not the thing for Pipandor.

Pipandor, etc.

[*Goes towards the box, R, left by ESCARGOT.*]

PIP. Aha! The peddler's box! How my fingers do itch to overhaul it. I must. I really must. There's no one looking. Here goes. (*Squat himself on ground by box, so that the rustic seat is between him and the house. Ribbons, and frills, and laces, and—pshaw—women's jim-cracks. (Takes out bottle, opens it and tastes.)* Medicine! bah! (*Touches spring, secret drawer flies open.*) Hullo! Here's something! (*Takes out papers.*) Paper again! with a big red seal too. I never could resist paper. What's this? another family tree, perhaps. (*Unfolds paper. (MADAME GIGOT enters from house, looking back as she enters.)*)

MAD. GIG. There is something mysterious going on. The Marquis and the peddler are whispering together as if they had a state secret to hatch. Unfortunately the keyholes in this house are all too small. When I am Marquise there'll be no secrets from me. When I am Marquise. Tut! I will be Marquise; and when a woman says I will, why, she will. (*Sees PIP.*) There's that scamp Pip again. He shall be dismissed the first moment when I am Marquise. (*Goes behind him quietly.*)

PIP. (*Puzzled.*) Hang me if I can make it out. Well it may be useful some day. I'll put it in a safe place. (*Is going to put paper in his pocket. MADAME GIGOT snatches it away, taking hold of his ear with her other hand.*) Bo off, sirrah!

PIP. My ear again! (*At back going into house.*) I wish I were a man. I'd—(*Makes threatening gestures behind her back.*) I know; I'll go and put a mouse in her bed.

MAD. GIG. (*Reading.*) "To the Duchess of Maine." A pretty peddler, indeed. So ho! a rising in Brittany. "Philip of Spain will send a fleet to assist." Ah! here's luck. Here's the plot at last! (*Goes towards box.*) Perhaps there's more here. (*Looks off, R.*) Somebody coming! (*Goes off hastily, L. HELENE enters, R. U. E.*)

HELENE. Oh, how happy Maurice has made me. He has told me he loves me ten times as much as ever. Poor fellow, he says he is only the mate of a ship from Seville with a cargo of oranges for marmalade. Marmalade! how sweet! He says it might have been coals. . . But what does that matter? I love him, and what does love care for cargoes? (*Sings.*)

IT IS LOVE.

HELENE. Birds fly high in the rosy sky,
And the sunflower turns to the sun;
And I sleep no more in the dream-time of yore,
For the waking of life has begun.
Ah why? Ah why?
It is love! it is love! it is love!

Now I know why the blossom is growing,
Why the vine's twining tendrils upcurl,
Why the humming bird's breast is a-glowing,
With emerald, ruby and pearl.

Why the sweet maiden rose in all blushes,
And the lily bends shyly her head;

What the song of the lark and the thrush is,
To the nest that soft wings overspread.

Ah why? Ah why?

It is love! it is love! it is love!

(*Bends over flowers.*)

Ah rose did your own lover kiss you?

We are sisters then, sweet, you and I.

Ah lily, so white, could love miss you?

My lily, no wonder you're shy.

A secret, I whisper, my lily,

A secret, I tell you my rose,

I blushed at his silly, kiss; was it?

And now all my secret he knows.

Ah why? Ah why?

It is love! it is love! it is love!

It was but a kiss from my lover,

But a kiss, and I woke from a sleep;

And the life that a veil seemed to cover,

A new life, was mine at a leap.

Could I refuse! ah, I dare not,

This love all so strange and so strong.

Whither it leads me I care not,

Drifting and drifting along.

Ah why? Ah why?

It is love! it is love! it is love!

[*Goes off, L. U. E.*]

(CHATEAUGRIS and ESCARGOT enter from house talking earnestly. They seat themselves on garden seat, L.)

CHAT. Upon my word I didn't recognize you in that disguise. Last time you came you were a——

ESCAR. Begging friar. (*Imitates whine of mendicant*) Charity, good sir, charity, for our poor brethren. (*Laughs.*)

CHAT. And the time before you were a——

ESCAR. An old sailor with one arm. (*In nautical manner.*) Fell off the gibboom sprits'l yard, you know, plump to the deck, broke my arm and five ribs; was picked up for dead, I was.

CHAT. I should very much like to know who you really are?

ESCAR. (*Taking off his hat.*) A humble servant of His Majesty the King of Spain and yours, come over with a cargo of oranges (*meaningly*) from Seville, to get the King his rights in France. Come, we may count on you, may we not? Remember, if Philip of Spain becomes Regent of France, you will change your Marquis's coronet for the title of Duke.

CHAT. (*Aside.*) What an addition to our family tree. (*Aloud.*) I say. You're quite sure we shall succeed, eh?

ESCAR. Succeed! Why its the best speculation I was ever in; we can't fail if you are sure of your people, Duke.

CHAT. Duke! That decides me. (*Gives ESCAROOT his hand.*) My people, sir! The Lord of Chateaugris is master here. I will show you. (*Goes up stage and beckons off, L. Peasants and sailors enter, also HELENE, MADAME GIGOT, PIPANDOR and BABETTE.*) Friends, you are aware that this is my daughters' birthday. I have a pleasant little surprise for her in honour of the occasion. In short, I have promised her hand in marriage.

ALL. Marriage?

CHAT. Yes; to my neighbour—the most wealthy and most noble the Baron Chateauinois.

ALL. The Baron Chateauinois!

CHORUS.

WHY, HE'S OLD.

SEMI-CHORUS (*young girls.*)

Why he's old and very ugly;
The idea is quite absurd
That a pretty maid should marry
Such an antiquated bird.

SEMI-CHORUS (*old women.*)

Though he's old and very ugly,
Why we've very often heard
That to be an old man's darling
Is not at all absurd.

(*To HELENE.*)

Be wise, child, be wise, child,
And marry while you may,
For youth and love will vanish,
But the gold will always stay.

HELENE.

I know him not, I love him not,
That Baron rich and old,
I do not want to marry just
A horrid bag of gold.

(*To CHATEAUGRIS.*)

I pray you, sir, relent,
I am so young.
Why should my life be spent,
In discontent?
I am so young.

CHAT.

This week the Baron comes to woe,
The next he comes to wed:
And daughters have no word to say,
But just be mar-ri-ed.

(*To HELENE.*)

Oh no, I'll not relent,
Although you're young.
Your life need not be spent
In discontent,
If you are young.

MAD. GIG. (*Aside.*)

It's very clear the girl cannot
Too quickly married be,
If I'm to be the lady of
The Lord of Chateaugris.

I hope he wont relent,
Because she's young.
Her life need not be spent
In discontent:
If she is young.

ESCAR.

'Tis very clear there's trouble here:
A row there'll be, I know,
Between the miss and her papa
About the rich old bean.

I hope he will relent,
She is so young.
Her life should not be spent
In discontent:
She is so young.

CHORUS.

Why he's old, etc.

{CHORUS. *Go off* R. U. E. CHATEAUGRIS *and* MADAM GIGOT *into the house.* CHATEAUGRIS *in a passion.* HELENE *up stage, crying.* *Stage slightly darker.* *Sunset effect.* ESCARGOT, PIPANDOR *and* BABETTE, c.)

ESCAR. The old gentleman seems to have a temper.

BAB. Oh, he has.

PIP. Got it from his ancestors. Cross old dog!

ESCAR. Oh, I see, *distemper.* I say, do you know what I would do if I were you?

PIP. What would you do?

DSCAR. I should tell her young man.

[*Goes off* R. *taking box with him.* HELENE *comes down.*]

PIPANDOR. Perhaps, mam'selle (*slyly*), if that young gentleman who sent you the bouquet knew—

HELENE. Yes, yes, Pip, find him directly. Tell him to do something; anything. Tell him I'll—I'll run away, first.

PIP. I know. I'll find him (*importantly*.) There'll be an elopement. What fun!

[*Goes off* running R. U. E.]

HELENE. Now Babette, quick, into the house and help me to get ready.

BABETTE. But perhaps the gentleman wont.

HELENE. (*Scornfully*.) Perhaps the gentleman will. Why he used to get over the garden wall every night when I was at school.

[*They go into house* L.—*the* Bo'sun, GIGOT, *enters* R.]

GIGOT. Oh, these land lubbers! Not a drop of rum in the whole village. Well, this is the place where I was to meet Master Maurice; a pretty sort of an inn too. (*Sees wine on table.*) Now, I calls that considerate of Master Maurice. (*Helps himself to wine.*) He knows a sailor's ways. Good stuff, too; but there's nothing like rum for a sea-faring man. (*Drinks.*)

A SAILOR LAD.

GIGOT. A sturdy sailor lad was I
 When first I wandered off to sea;
 But little learning did I try,
 And little learning then tried me.
 My compass, helm and ship I knew,
 I'd tie a knot and rig a spar;
 I learnt to love the ocean blue;
 And that's the learning for a tar.
 Sing cheerily ho, sing cheerily ho,
 For that's the book that sailors know.

One lesson soon by heart I got,
 'Twas learnt in many a heavy gale:
 Though storm and ship-wreck be his lot,
 A sailor's heart must never quail.
 And when, at last, to port we'd pass,
 I learnt the sailors' manners free:
 To love a glass, and kiss a lass,
 And dance a horn pipe merrily.
 Sing cheerily ho, etc.

(MAURICE and PIPANDOR enter R. U. E. *Stage grows darker.*)

MAURICE. (*To PIPANDOR.*) Now, my boy, you understand. Twelve sharp. Signal, three lights from the window; we'll be there with a ladder. Down mam'selle comes, and off we go.

PIP. Aye, aye, sir. (*hitches up his breeches sailor fashion, and runs off into house.*)

MAURICE. The tide turns at midnight, and out we go, and no one the wiser. (*to GIGOT.*) Now, old friend, I want your assistance.

GIG. Heave ahead, Master Maurice. Did I ever refuse anything you wanted, from the day when the "Nannette" went down with all hands and passengers in the Bay of Biscay, and I picked you up floating on a hencoop, a blessed babby, without a stitch of canvas on you, but a bit of parchment in a bag round your neck.

MAURICE. I know; I've got the bit of parchment still. Here it is (*takes parchment from his breast*), but it's so torn that I can't make out what it means. Oh, if I only knew my real name! Maurice! Maurice what?

GIG. Blest if I know; but your pa was a swell, likewise your ma, I'll swear.

MAURICE. Never mind. Well, there's a pretty little schooner here that I want to command; oh, a regular beauty! And the commodore wants to give her to an old chap not fit to run a collier. What would you do if you were me?

GIG. Why cut her out. Clap on all sail, and show 'em a clean stern.

MAURICE. Just what I propose to do.

GIG. I say, though, Master Maurice, if you're going to smuggle a cargo of kisses aboard, see that they *is* kisses first.

MAURICE. Kisses, why of course. We'll be married at the first port we touch.

GIG. Well, I took in a cargo of that kind once, and when I got 'em down in the hold, blest if they wasn't all salts and senna and brimstone.

MAURICE. Your married life wasn't successful, eh bo'sun?

GIG. Not exactly. Mrs. G. and me we didn't agree. I haven't set eyes on her for twenty years. She thinks I went down in the "Nannette" and I didn't care to deceive her.

MAURICE. (*Laughing.*) Well, well, my cargo will be the real thing, I promise you. But come with me and we will settle what to do.

[*They go off* R.

(*Stage dark. Moon effect. Chorus of pond beaters enter, R. U. C.*)

DANSE DE SABOTS.

CHOR. Brwack! Brwack! Brwack!

This, night by night, 's our cheerful duty;
Thrashing his Lordship's ponds and streams;
So that his Lordship's frogs loud croaking
May not disturb his Lordship's dreams.

(*They dance solemnly.*)

Brwack! Brwack! Brwack!
Sons of the soil, in mud we wallow;
Whacking his frogs to stop their song.
Oh, how we love our cheerful duty,
Choking their croaking all night long.

[*They go off* L. U. E.

(*PIPANDOR enters from house.*)

PIP. That's all nicely arranged. Mam'selle is quite ready. Now to wait for the signal. Confound it! Here's the Marquis! (*retires back.*
CHAUTEAUGRIS *goes to table and takes up the dead box.*

CHAT. I had nearly forgotten the box: luckily there are no thieves about here. (*Comes front.*) Duke! Duke of what? Never mind; there's plenty of time to think of the like—when it comes. What a rise for the old House? Why, I shall be cousin to the King. Our well-beloved cousin. Place for the Duke of—oh, bother! I must get my new title. Let me see: Duke of—(*PIPANDOR sneezes.*) Hullo! who's there? (*Goes up and discovers PIPANDOR, brings him down by the*

ear.) Pipandor, you rascal, what are you doing here? (PIPANDOR shows signs of hesitation and fear. MAURICE is heard off R. U. E. singing softly the air "Ah, sweet the day." A light flashes three times from window over balcony.) Ah! my daughter's room! A signal! I see it all! Come with me you young rascal. (Goes rapidly into house, dragging PIPANDOR with him. MAURICE and GIGOT enter R. U. E. with a ladder, which they place against balcony. CHATEAUGRIS appears on balcony covered with a woman's cloak. He prepares to descend. The moon shines out from a cloud. MAURICE and GIGOT see who it is.

MAURICE. The Marquis! (The alarm bell sounds, they seize the ladder and run off, R., leaving CHATEAUGRIS suspended on a hook. Enter villagers, R. U. E. ESCARGOT, R., and MADAME GIGOT from house.

CHORUS. What's the matter? What's the matter?
 What's the meaning of this clatter?
 Through the village people bawling!
 From our beds the tocsin calling!
 Is it fire? is it murder? is it thieves?
 Thieves! thieves! thieves! thieves!

CHAT. Hi there, you rascals! Help me down!

CHORUS. The Marquis! What surprise!
 Suspended from the skies,
 In such a strange disguise!
 Can we believe our eyes?
 Ho! ho! ho! ho!
 [Vainly trying to suppress laughter, they help him down.]

CHAT. (Embarrassed.) The situation,
 Some explanation,
 Appears to need.

CHORUS. It does indeed.

CHAT. My lofty station,
 In the nation—
 I proceed.

CHORUS. You do indeed.

CHAT. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking.—No! (Stops.)
 ESCAR. He's stuck!

MAD. GIG. (Aside.) Elopement interrupted! Just my luck!

ESCAR. (Aside.) I see it all.

CHAT. This is a question.

ESCAR. (Coming front.) Of too much cucumber and indigestion.

CHAT. Oh, not at all. The fact is, friend, that—

ESCAR. (Aside.) Dolt! (Aloud.)

The Marquis had a nightmare and a bolt. (Whispers to CHATEAUGRIS.)

CHAT. (*Taking the hint.*)

Quite so; the rest explains itself. My friends,
Good night.

A thousand thanks, I trust your beds will
still be warm.

CHOR. A drop o' drink, we think, would be good form.

CHAT. Good night, good night.

CHOR. To serve your Lordship is our chief delight;

A drop o' drink, your honour, would—

CHAT. Good night!

CHOR. (*Fro ut.*) How true it is that virtue *brings* its own reward.

(*They produce bottles from their pockets and drink.*)

FINAL CHORUS. Drink, boys, drink to the sea, the sea.

(*Add fin. Quick curtain as they are going off, R. U. E.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

EN BAS. EN HAUT. PARIS.

SCENE.—*Interior of apartments in Paris. Folding doors c. Over doors in large gilt letters "Signor 'Scargoti Astrologer." Chamber at back containing a large mirror frame, practicable, covered with curtains. Doors closed when scene opens. Pedestal to right of doors. Window L. c. in flat, backed by street. Door in flat R., backed by chamber. Doors at sides R. L. E., and L. L. E. Notice on stand by door R. L. E. "Signor Pipandore and Company, modistes. To the Ladies Show Rooms." Small Screens R. and L. Mirror on wall at L. Table and two chairs R. PIPANDOR and BABETTE discovered in chairs with their backs to each other, as curtain rises. Lights up.*

BAB. So there now, Pip., you see I will have my own way, and you'd better let me have it quietly.

PIP. Row! Row! Row! And they call this bliss. Bliss!

BAB. Nonsense. Why we've been marr' a three months. You'd never have been married at all but for me. Think of that.

PIP. Well, I suppose we'd better make it up as usual.

BAB. Make it up. Why of course. Arn't you "artist in ladies' costumes?" It's your business to "make up."

PIP. We've done it every day since we've been married. The thing becomes monotonous.

BAB. Now Pip., be good, and I'll give you a kiss. (*Kisses him.*) There. (*He tries to hold her.*) Oh, enough is as good as a feast.

PIP. I never had a feast, so I can't say.

DUETT. A MATRIMONIAL TIFF.

PIPANDOR AND BABETTE.

When a matrimonial tiff
Mars the matrimonial bliss
Why it only wants a kiss
Like this, and this, and this. (*Kissing.*)

PIP. If you haven't called her ugly,
Or alluded to her "ma."

BAB. If you haven't said too plainly,
What you thought about his "pa."

PIP. If you haven't rashly stated,
That her reason may be rated,
With the giggle, addle-pated,
Of a goose.

- BAB. If you haven't drawn attention,
To his powers of invention,
And insisted upon mention,
Of their use.
- BOTH. Why the matrimonial bliss
Will return with just a kiss,
Like this, and this, and this.
[Business, indicative of domestic felicity.]
- BOTH. But—
- PIP. If you've cast a rash reflection
On her manners, or her waist.
- BAB. If you've said he's not perfection
In his spelling or his taste.
- PIP. If you stupidly have hinted
That her aunt's great uncle squinted,
Or the family wit is stinted,
Have a care.
- BAB. If, with tongue so bold and daring,
You have said you're sick of swearing,
And his manners stop your caring
For a bear,
- BOTH. Why, the matrimonial bliss
Will just culminate in this,
And this, and this, and this.
[Business. Up and down stage, suggestive of connubial discord.]
- BOTH. But our love is so requited;
And our hearts are so united;
With each other so delighted
Do we grow.
That each matrimonial trouble,
Instead of growing double,
Comes to nothing, like the bubble
Children blow.

BAB. There, now, as we've had our usual morning's recreation, let us get to work. After all, Pip, we're a very lucky couple.

PIP. *(Hesitatingly.)* Yes; my dear.

BAB. Thanks to Monsieur Escargot who brought us all to Paris and set us up in business. What a man he is! It was he who made us marry.

PIP. *(Slowly.)* So it was, dear.

BAB. Then, when her papa put mademoiselle in the convent because she would not marry that nasty old Baron, wasn't it Monsieur Escargot who got her out so cleverly.

PIP. (*Laughs.*) Yes; the Marquis thinks she's at the convent; the nuns think she's back at home; and all the time she's safely hiding here.

BAB. Poor thing! she's safe enough, but she's crying her pretty eyes out after Monsieur Maurice.

PIP. Yes; his ship sailed that night they tried to run away. (*Aside.*) Oh, if I hadn't sneezed!

BAB. And we have never set eyes on him since. But Pip, I say, do you know there's something very mysterious about Monsieur Escar-got. There's a secret! he does more than tell fortunes I'm sure. Queer people come at night; and then he disappears for days together. Never mind, we've got the business.

PIP. (*Brightening up.*) Yes; and a snug little business it is. (*Points to R.*) There: "Signor Pipandora and Company, artists in ladies' fashions, etc., etc."

BAB. By the way, who's the "Company?"

PIP. Why, you, of course, "two's company," you know, "three's none." Then, here we have Signor 'Scargoti.

ESCAR. (*Entering the door.*) The "Mystic Magian of the Magic Mirror." Fates and fortunes told, warranted to come true—if you wait long enough. The choicest spirits kept on call.

PIP. Eau de vie-sions!

BAB. (*Pointing to herself.*) Yes, and here's the medium. It's such fun being a medium; but I do wish one could foam at the mouth without soap. (*Knock heard at street door.*)

ESCAR. Ah, there's a fly come to the web. Be off with you. (*PIPANDOR and BABETTE go off by door R.*) I must go and put on my robe of office. (*Goes off through folding doors at back. Tapping at door L., repeated.* MAURICE enters.)

MAURICE. Does the fortune teller live here? No one in! (*Comes front.*) My last hope! I have searched half France for Helene, but in vain. I learnt that she had run away. But where to? Everyone comes to Paris, why not she? This astrologer will, perhaps, tell me. It is my only hope. (*Sings.*)

IF MAGIC SPELLS.

MAURICE. If magic spells could give me back
Her love so long denied—
So dear.
No fear
Should keep me from her side.
If in her sweet eyes I might look
And see my own eyes there,
The wildest page of wizard's book
How gladly would I dare!

If round her white neck I might lay
My arms for one short hour—
What rate
Too great
To pay for magic power?

If I should see her gay and glad
 Her old love all forgot,
 My heart might break, and I be sad,
 But still accept my lot.

For love alone is love that deems
 Life, soul and self as naught:
 And sad,
 Or glad,
 Her bliss is all my thought.
 Yet could I see by magic spell,
 My love of days gone by,
 My own, unchanged, then those can tell,
 Who love—my ecstasy.

(ESCARGOT enters at back in his magician's robe, studying a big book; he wears a white beard.)

ESCAR. (*Aside.*) Ha! the young mate of my ship from Seville.
 (*Aloud.*) What would you, young man? Would you consult the
 starry orbs as they roll in their mighty spheres.

MAURICE. Indeed, sir, I would.

ESCAR. (*Abruptly.*) And her name, is?

MAURICE. Her name! Her name, sir, is Helene. I have lost her!
 Help me to find her.

ESCAR. (*Aside.*) Helene! Now for some magic. (*Takes glass ball
 from his breast and looks at it intently. Aloud.*) Maurice! (*MAURICE
 starts.*) Ah, I thought so. Would you like to see Helene de Chateau-
 gris in the spirit or the body?

MAURICE. Can you ask? Oh, show her to me!

ESCAR. Gently; all in good time. (*Opens folding doors, discovering
 magic mirror covered with a curtain. Aside.*) If the starry orbs don't
 astonish your orbs, I'm a Dutchman. (*Goes through doors and off R.
 Soft music. The curtain over the mirror is drawn aside, and discovers
 HELENE.*)

MAURICE. Helene! (*He rushes forward. HELENE cries "Maurice!"
 and steps out from the mirror to meet him. They embrace.*)

DUETT—AH ONCE AGAIN.

(RECIT.)

MAURICE. Ah, once again my arms my love enfold,
 No cruel fate shall pluck her from my hold.

AREA.

What was the magic that drew me beside you?
 Magic so strong that the earth could not hide you.

Ever before me I saw your sweet form;
 Ever your voice 'twas I heard in the storm,

HELENE. Ah, love, you came, for my heart so esteemed you.
 Waking I thought of you ; sleeping I dream'd you.
 Was it so strange I could never forget ?
 Was it so strange that our hearts should have met ?

ENSEMBLE.

Draw me sweet, hold me sweet, ever and aye
 Yours, by love's linking, united alway.
 Far off or near, till life's story is done,
 Love knows no bar when two hearts are as one.

(PIPANDOR, BABETTE enter at door R. ESCARGOT enters C. in ordinary dress.)

BAB. Dear mam'selle! At last! (*running to HELENE.*)

MAURICE. (*Giving hand to PIPANDOR.*) What! My friend of the bouquet! You here! This is a day of surprises, indeed. (*Knocking heard at street door. BABETTE runs to the window.*)

BAB. Pip, our customers are arriving!

ESCAR. Perhaps mam'selle and the gentleman will step in here? (*Opens door R. in flat.*) Business must be attended to, and Pipandor is now an artist. HELENE and MAURICE go into room.) If you want company call out. (*Shuts door, also folding doors.*) Now, Pip remember your lesson. Puff yourself out enough, and people will think you must be a swell. You've got cheek enough for anything.

SOLO ON THE DOOR KNOCKER.

Rat tat tat. Rat tat tat tat tat, tat tat.

TRIO.

ESCAR. }	See the ladies are arriving
BAB. }	And they're striving
PIP. }	And contriving
	'Mongst each other to be first upon the floor.

CHORUS OF LADIES OUTSIDE.

Pipandor! Pipandor! Pipandor.

Rat tat tat, etc.

TRIO.

Well, admit them,
 And we'll fit them,
 With the fashions they implore
 Evermore.
 And their fathers, or their mothers,
 Or their husbands, or their brothers,
 Some other day will call and pay the score.

ENSEMBLE.

Pay the score,
Pipandor.
Rat tat tat.

(BABETTE runs off, R PIPANDOR poses à l'artist at back, c, arranging draperies on pedestal in different combinations. ESCARGOT opens door, L. 2 E. Chorus of fashionable women enter.)

ESCAR. Hush! disturb him not; he is in a rapture of composition.

LADIES. Ah!

ESCAR. A dress of luxury!

LADIES. Indeed.

ESCAR. For a bride.

LADIES. Ah!

ESCAR. It will be a most sweet and tender thing.

LADIES. Let us endeavour to quicken the master mind with melody.
[ESCARGOT goes off R.
[They stand in a semi circle in front of PIPANDOR.]

HYMN TO FASHION.

LADIES.

Sweet Fashion, we, thy votaries adore thee,
Give us, oh, give us *something* we implore thee.
No matter if mankind should deem us noddies,
Here, at thy feet, we lay our souls and bodies
Without a mutter.

[They kneel round PIPANDOR.]

If hoops are "in" we grow to huge dimensions,
And fill the streets with all your large distensions;
The end and aim of female education,
To push all poor, disgusted male creation
Into the gutter.

Or, at thy bidding, which so good for trade is,
Hoops, frills and flounces all cast off, we ladies
Appear like ornamented hop poles, gladly,
And squeeze our waists like wasps, and suffer badly
From indigestion.

[All rise.]

We can't sit down, but that again's no matter.
The matter is that some of us grow fatter.
But short or tall, or thin or stout, we dash on;
To breathe or not to breathe, oh, darling Fashion
Is *that* the question?

PIP. At last! I have found my inspiration in this. (Holds up oyster shell.)

LADIES. An oyster shell! (*They shake their heads doubtfully.*)

PIP. We must not despise anything, however humble, in the search for the beautiful. For me, I have found exquisite blendings in plain bread and butter; whilst a baby's mouth, covered with strawberry jam, suggests—

LADIES. Ah!

PIP. A strawberry-jam covered baby's mouth.

LADIES. How truly true to nature!

PIP. Take the pearl rose and creamy white of this shell. Set them in a background of green seaweed. Compose the whole in satin and lace, and in the middle put—

LADIES. The oyster?

PIP. No, the bride.

LADIES. It is too sweet!

PIP. I dreamed it: 'Twas a fantasy!

LADIES. The price? The price?

PIP. A trifle, 10,000 francs or so, but come, ladies, you shall see the effect.

[PIPANDOR and LADIES go off door R. Enter MAD. GIGOT door L.

MAD. GIG. (*Advancing into room slowly.*) No one in. Why there's nothing dreadful here—not even a stuffed alligator, or a black cat. (*Sees notice on door, c.*) “Signor 'Scargoti, Astrologer.” Oh, that must be his chamber. Dear me. I feel my courage oozing out at the tips of my fingers, but I'll go through with it now I am here. I am tired of being a spy and a shuttle-cock. I will be an aristocrat and a battle-dore. I will know whether I am to be the Marquise of Chateaugris. I've tried everything. I've cried and I've stormed and coaxed and fainted, and done all that a weak woman can do, but the Marquis is such a tough bird. His heart only wants a few small stones and a little exercise to be a first class gizzard. (*Goes to door, c., and raps.*) No answer! Perhaps he's asleep. Catch a gizzard, wizard I mean, asleep! Ill see. (*Goes out, c. Rap at door, L.*) CHATEAUGRIS enters, comes down with letter in his hand.

CHAT. (*Reads.*) “Be at the astrologer's at noon, and you will hear of something to your advantage.” This is the astrologer's; this is noon here am I; but where's the something? (*Goes to door, c., and looks through keyhole.*) Ah, I see the something! Madame Gigot, again! (*Comes down, c.*) I am a mere undraped infant in the hands of that woman; a simple orphan child, an unfledged nestling. She will marry me in spite of myself. (*Door opens slowly; CHATEAUGRIS dashes behind the screen, R.*) MADAME GIGOT enters slowly, looking back.)

MAD. GIG. Nothing there except a strong smell of brandy. (*CHATEAUGRIS, looking at her through the cracks of the screen, leans against it and it falls forward, he with it.*) What! The Marquis! (*Aside.*) Here's a lucky chance! (*She helps him up.*) What curious creatures you men are.

CHAT. Yes. We have our exits and entrances. Excuse both of mine. (*Moves towards door.*)

MAD. GIG. Marquis! (*In fascinating tones.*) Marquis!

CHAT. Well, Madame.

MAD. GIG. Do you know that this is leap year?

CHAT. Is it?

MAD. GIG. Do you know what happens in leap year?

CHAT. In leap year. Yes, madame, there are in February twenty-nine days. Good morning. (*Goes towards door, L.*)

DUETT.—CHATEAUGRIS AND MADAME GIGOT.

MAD. GIG. Stay, Marquis, stay,
And say me, yea or nay!

CHAT. (*aside.*) It's coming. Oh, I wish
I'd stayed away.
I'm on the rack.
Alack! Alack!
[*Makes desperate bolt for door, L.*
Good day!
[*She catches him by the coat and brings him down front.*

MAD. GIG. Who, when with cold in head
You stayed in bed,
Brought up your gruel, rubbed your swollen nose?
Who nursed you when the gout attacked your toes?
Who, with her own fair fingers darned your hose?
By all your family blood pray answer, who did?

CHAT. By all my family blood then, madam, *you* did.

MAD. GIG. Who, when you closed your eyes.
Kept off the flies?
Who cooked the dainties that you loved to eat?
Who, with her needle, made your wardrobe neat?
Who aired with tender care each snowy sheet?
"Extras," as school bills have it, "all included."

CHAT. By all my House's vital fluid, *you* did.

(*Aside, with mock sentimentality.*)
Who ran to lift me when I fell?
Who kissed the place to make it well?
Madam Gigot.

She waits supposing
I'm just proposing.
MAD. GIG. (*Aside.*) He's caught, I see

CHAT. (*Aside.*) A weazel dozing,
My eyes I'm closing;
But I can see
As far as she
(*Laughs quietly.*) He! He! He! He!
MAD. GIG. (*Languishingly.*) Ah, Chateaugris!

CHAT. (*Aloud.*) I must confess it.—(*Hesitates.*)
MAD. GIG. (*Aside.*) The darling! Bless it!
He's mine I see!

CHAT. (*Aside.*) Now I shall mess it,
I can't finesse it,
Dear me! dear me!

MAD. GIG. (*Aside.*) Marquise, I'll be,
de Chateaugris.
(*In a gush of satisfaction aloud.*) Ah Chateaugris!

(*She lays her head on his shoulder, he shows embarrassment, but does not attempt to remove it.*)

MAD. GIG. (*Coaxingly.*)
Shilly-shally dallying,
Never comes to marrying.
"Kisses" rhymes with "blisses," nothing more.
Playing and delaying
Always end in staying,
As you were before,
Maid or bachelor.
(*Sighs.*) Heigho! heigho! heigho!

Quenching torch of hymen
Is the worst of *crimen*.
Hymen's kisses last for evermore.

CHAT. (*Aside.*) That's the reason why men
Fight so shy of Hymen.
Staying as before,
Just the bachelor.

MAD. GIG. Heigho! heigho! heigho!
(*Aside—spoken through hurried music.*)

I see the coronet slipping through my hands. A bold stroke now, or
all is lost! Oh, blessed leap year! (*Throws herself at his feet and
seizes his hand.*)

By Love divine
You shall be mine!
Be mine! Be mine!

ENSEMBLE.

CHAT. (*Aside*) This comes of gallivanting
With a widow bent on granting
Her favours too enchanting,
Chateaugris.

MAD. GIG. My heart to you I'm granting,
It's throbbing and its panting,
And a tiny wedding ring is all the fee,
Chateaugris.

CHAT. (*Aside.*) That's the fee, Chateaugris.

CHAT. (*Aloud.*)

Madam, the honour that you fain would do me
Goes through me.

Your hand, I must regret, I can't accept it.
The leap you offer, I've already leapt it.
In short, to you my feeling's just a brother's,
An uncle's, or a father's, or a mother's,
In fact, I must inform you I'm another's.

[*Abrupt stop; dead silence.*]

MAD. GIG. (*Speaking.*) Oh! In that case, I shall place the matter and all your letters, which, with the simple artlessness of my sex, I have carefully conserved, in the hands of my solicitors. (*Going off' R. At the door she turns suddenly.*) Brute! (*Goes off door L.*)

CHAT. Phew! I'd give my chances of the dukedom for a brandy and seltzer! (*ESCAROT enters R. wearing his beard and magician's robe.*) The astrologer!

ESCAR. Hullo! Duke. What's the matter? Seen one of my spirits. Eh!

CHAT. I've raised the deuce.

ESCAR. The deuce you have! A woman?

CHAT. Of course: a woman. But no matter. It's all right now. I got your letter and here I am.

ESCAR. This time we can't fail.

CHAT. No more risings, I hope. The last was a failure. The troops came down; cut the ears off half a dozen of my rascals; Chateaugris is confiscated, the estates gone, and it took all the influence of my backstairs ancestors to save my own poor bacon.

ESCAR. Listen. Here is a letter from Cellamare, the Spanish Ambassador to the Duchess of Maine. It is all settled. Next week the Regent and his *roués* are going to have one of their famous suppers at the Café de la Regence. As the clock strikes four the Regent will be seized, gagged, put into a carriage and carried off to Spain. Once out of the way, Philip of Spain will become Regent; the Duke of Maine, or rather, the Duchess, his lieutenant, and you—

CHAT. Ah! And I?

ESCAR. You will get your dukedom.

CHAT. (*As if?*) Elusive phantom, when shall I grasp thee?

ESCAR. Think of your old House; your family tree. You have never had a duke in it yet, have you?

CHAT. (*Hastily taking pedigree from his breast.*) No, not exactly a duke. But, look here, (*sings.*) "This was the way the old—"

ESCAR. (*Dryly.*) Thank you. Another time. I have received information that the Regent intends to visit the *astrologer* to-day, to learn from the stars what chance he has of the throne of France. (*Laughs.*) He will be here immediately. After he has gone we will discuss our plans. Oblige me by stepping in here. (*Goes to curtain opening, R.*) That passage leads to a private room. You will find a bottle of cognac and a peerge. You can brandy and water your family tree, Duke.

CHAT. Duke! (*Goes off R.*)

ESCAR. Donkey! Now to inform the Duchess of our plans. I must send her Cellamare's letter. (*Sits at table R. and writes; folds up note and then rings bell on table, PIPANDOR and BABETTE enter R. 2 E., and MAURICE and HELENE from door in flat.*)

ESCAR. (*Calls.*) Pipandor! (*Sees MAURICE and HELENE; hastily throws his handkerchief over letter and rises.*) Excuse me, mam'selle, but urgent private business compells me to ask that you will inflict yourselves upon each other a little longer. We expect visitors.

QUINTETTE—IN THERE.

ESCAR. }	In there,	
PIP. }	With care,	
BAB. }	{ Pray hide. }	{ }
	{ We'll hide. }	{ }
HELENE. }	And see who comes with knock and ring.	
MAURICE. }	If he	
	Should see	
	{ You }	here
	{ Us }	
	{ We }	fear
	{ I }	
	{ The bird most surely would take wing. }	
	{ Some mischief surely would he bring. }	
	We are,	
	So far,	
	Indeed,	
	Agreed.	
	{ Some must be spiders; some be flies. }	
	{ Love does not like a stranger's eyes. }	
	That's why	The spi-
	we fly	der's fly
	to se-	must ea-
	crecy.	ten be.
	With nature's law we sympathise.	

(*Knocking heard at street door. HELENE and MAURICE hastily go back into room R. in flat, BABETTE goes through folding doors C.*)

ESCAR. Now, Pip, don't forget the skull and stuffed glove. (*Goes after BABETTE. PIPANDOR fetches fishing rod with glove at the end of the line; also a skull from R.*)

PIP. Yes, but where's the stuffing? (*Sees handkerchief.*) Ah, this will do! (*Takes handkerchief, and with it the note, and stuffs them into the glove, setting rod behind screen R. ESCARGOT enters from C. with big book which he lays on pedestal. Loud knocking. PIPANDOR goes behind screen R. The REGENT, in a cloak, enters L., ESCARGOT seeming deeply intent on his book. REGENT advances into the room and coughs; ESCARGOT takes no notice; the REGENT taps him on the shoulder.*)

REGENT. Have you the—(*hesitates*)—the knowledge box of the hocus-pocus man?

ESCAR. (*Impressively.*) Sir, I have not the knowledge box of the hocus-pocus man; but I have the Magic Mirror of the Magian.

REGENT. Humph! Is this the right shop for fortunes?

ESCAR. This is the right shop for fortunes; that is, if you have the right fortune for the shop. (*Holds out hand, REGENT drops purse into it laughing.*) You're a gentleman. (*Recovering himself.*) I should say, the poor will profit by your generosity, sir. I am but a poor instrument for their benefit. The spirits are not to be bought, (*aside.*) for less than ten sous a glass. (*Aloud.*) We will see if any are present.

(*ESCARGOT throws open folding doors in flat, discovering mirror covered with a curtain. He describes a circle with his wand and places the REGENT in the centre, his back to audience.*)

ESCAR. There, in this circle stand. Beware
Of putting foot or hand outside; nor dare
To utter sound, or mischief will befall
us all.

REGENT. Your preparations, friend, are
somewhat, say, uncanny; still,
I must obey your will.
So here I stand. Turn on your taps,
And patiently I'll listen for the raps.

ESCAR. Ready? (*Draws curtain across window. Stage dark.*)

REG. All ready. Go ahead.

ESCAR. (*Front, with extravagant solemnity.*)

Ye spirits dread
Of earth, and air, and fire,
I call you by a power higher—
The sacred seal of Solomon!

(*PIPANDOR dangles the stuffed kid glove over the REGENT's head and face.*)

REG. Hullo! Here's something tickling my nose!

ESCAR. It's the spirits! Be silent for your life! They're here!
(*Continues solemnly.*)

From lowest depths of dark abysmal earth;
From far off stars and planets of your birth;
From the hot bowels of volcanoes rise
And lift the future's veil before his eyes.

(*PIPANDOR swings a skull covered with phosphorous round the room at the end of a rod, while ESCARGOT hits the REGENT sharply on the back with a long flat wand.*)

REG. Come, I say, that's no joke!

ESCAR. Silence! The spirits are working powerfully. Take care, or we're both as dead as mutton. (*PIPANDOR groans and dangles chains at R.*) There! (*Calls.*)

Salathiel! Salathiel! Salathiel!
Impero tibi, per clavem Solomonis
Et nomen magnum Semhamphoras!

(*Crash at back. The curtain is drawn discovering BABETTE, dressed in a white sheet and holding out a crown towards the REGENT.*)

ESCAR. Whoever you are, the spirits offer you a crown. That is the spirit of—(*Raps heard all over the stage.*)—Cleopatra!

REG. (*Aside, turning towards audience.*) Wonderful! My heart's hopes to be realized! (PIPANDOR again dangles the stuffed glove about his head.) Hullo! (*He seizes it, and following up the string discovers PIPANDOR behind screen R. He brings him down by the ear. ESCARGOT gets behind screen, L.*) Ah! So! So! (*He rushes to mirror and drags BABETTE from it to the window, her sheet falling off. PIPANDOR bolts behind screen R. The REGENT throws back the curtain. Stage light*) I see! A very pretty little spirit, indeed. (*Pinches her cheek.*) well materialized, too.

BAB. (*Falling on her knees.*) Sire, forgive us! We (*sobs*) didn't intend any harm. And—and (*looking up archly, and laughing*), it was such fun. (*The Regent looks angry a moment, then bursts into a laugh.*)

REG. Fun! Why of course it was! Gad, I should like to have a try at it myself. I will, too. (*Calls.*) Come out of your holes you two rats. (*PIP and ESCARGOT come out.*) Miserable scamps! But I'll forgive you on condition that you engage me as assistant. Gad, I'll do the stuffed glove business myself. (*Picks up fishing rod and wand and dangles glove over PIPANDOR'S face, slapping ESCARGOT on the back with the wand. Business round stage.*) What fun we will have with the boobies who come to get their fortunes told. (*BABETTE looks at him slyly.*) H'm. (*Takes handkerchief and note out.*) Hullo! here's some *spirit handwriting*. (*ESCARGOT is much disturbed; he and PIPANDOR and BABETTE at back.*) What's this? "To the Duchess of Maine." Eh! (*Opens and reads.*)

Dear Duchess :—Be prepared to *captivate* our friend the (blank) and the (blank) of (blank) will be (blank) of (blank) with the (blank) of (blank) as Lieutenant, which, of course, means yourself.

CELLAMARE.

H'm! Cellamare! The Spanish ambassador! Oho! Another Spanish plot! Philip of Spain will be Regent of France, will he? and the Duke of Maine will be his Lieutenant, that is, his wife will be—*Captivate* me will she! Now, to checkmate the dear Duchess and fill up these blanks in *my* way. (*Going towards door L.*) Bah! my little conspirators we will deal with you presently. (*Goes out door L. BABETTE and ESCARGOT each take one of PIPANDOR'S ears and bring him down front.*)

BAB. There, you've done it now! Ruined us; destroyed the wife of your bosom. Booby!

ESCAR. Yes. Killed one of the best businesses in town. Ass!

PIP. I always told you the stuffing would fall out of the business some day.

BAB. (*Crying.*) What will become of us?

ESCAR. You're all safe, it isn't *you* they want, babies, it's me. I must get away at once. How?

(*BABETTE runs to window and looks out.*)

BAB. Not by the door, there's a gendarme there already.

PIP. I know! Dress him up as a woman of fashion, and he can leave with the ladies.

ESCAR. Capital! Quick now! There's no time to lose. (PIPANDOR and BABETTE go out door R, 2 E., and return with dress-makers' wire model completely dressed. They rapidly transfer the clothes to ESCARGOT. BABETTE finally bringing rouge and rougeing his cheeks.)

ESCAR. How do I look?

BAB. Like a born woman.

ESCAR. Then go and bring the ladies down. (PIPANDOR and BABETTE go out door R, 2 E. ESCARGOT turns to mirror on wall, L. CHATEAUGRIS enters R. disguised as a lady of fashion.)

CHAT. There, I think I'm safe. They'll never find me out in this costume. (Sees ESCARGOT.) Hullo! A lady! I must be careful.

(Business across stage with ESCARGOT, each afraid of being found out.)

ESCAR. (Detecting him.) Marquis!

CHAT. Escargot!

ESCAR. Capital, madame.

CHAT. Excellent, mademoiselle.

BOTH. Hush! they come!

(Ladies enter R., while an officer and soldiers file in at door L. PIPANDOR, BABETTE enter R. (During the following the ladies curiously inspect ESCARGOT and CHATEAUGRIS.)

(Solo by the Officer and Chorus by soldiers.)

THE REGIMENT OF THE LINE.

We're here, we're here! The King's own guards,
 At duty's call appearing.
 We leave our skittles and champagne,
 Our sweethearts so endearing.
 We leave the feast; we leave the flow of wit and reason.
 All ripe for any fight or fun in season.
 We love our colonel madly, and
 We love our captain true;
 We quite adore our sergeants, and
 We like our corporals too.
 Oh, 'tis a glorious thing,
 The uniform's so fine,
 To see us marching by,
 A regiment of the line.

CHOR. We love our colonel, etc.

There never was a family so
 With its own self delighted.
 The regiment is our brother and
 Our pa and ma united.

Tat, tat, our drums begin to beat. With colours flying,
 Away we march; and leave the girls all crying.
 You may not think to look at us
 We'd care for shedding gore;
 But you are much mistaken, for
 There's nothing we like more.
 Oh, 'tis, etc.

CHOR. You may not think, etc.

We leave the nursery-maided parks,
 The kitchens snug and cosy;
 The strolls by day, the larks by night,
 And cupid's arms so rosy.
 "Fall in," the bugle sounds, and quickly then we fall in;
 Though well we know the soldiers' soup there's gall in.
 We do enjoy our drill, also
 Our pay day, when it comes.
 We think the finest music is
 The rattle of our drums.
 Oh, 'tis, etc.,

CHOR. We do enjoy, etc.

(*The REGENT enters door L.*)

CHOR. The Regent! 'Tis the Rege. ^!

REG. Arrest everybody!

PIP. But the ladies, Sir!

REG. (*Gallantly.*) Oh, not the ladies, of course. We couldn't hope
 to captivate Beauty (*bowing to ESCARGOT*) and Grace (*bowing to CHAT-
 EAUGRIS R.* *They return his bows with exaggerated courtesies. He offers
 an arm to each.*)

REG. Permit me, ladies, to take you to your chairs. (*They go out
 on his arm, door L. The ladies rush into the centre of room and gesti-
 culate violently.*)

SOLDIERS.

'Tis duty calls, and we obey.
 The King's own guards, we love the fray.
 Again the fact we must repeat,
 A row is quite a jolly treat.

Tat, tat, tat, ta, ta, tat, tat, tat, etc. (*imitating drums.*)

We love the life, adore the flag,
 We'd follow just the merest rag.
 We only ask a foe to meet,
 Our regiment never did retreat.
 Tat, tat, etc.

LADIES. (*To each other in great excitement.*)

Was there ever such a situation seen?
 And whatever does the situation mean?
 It is really most embarrassing but nice,
 Don't you think we ought to give them some advice?
 There's a secret here we feel we ought to know,
 And the secret we will have before we go.
 It's deliciously romantic we declare,
 So becoming to complexions that are fair.
 [*They hastily rouse each other. The REGENT re-enters.*]

REG. What ho! What ho! Search well the house!
 Ladies, we're looking for a mouse.

(*Soldiers scatter in search, some leaving the room R. door.*)

CHOR. (*Ladies only, to each other confidentially.*)

A mouse hunt,
 A mouse hunt,
 Ah! this is just a mouse hunt.

(*They shake their heads knowingly.*)

A tiny mouse
 Is in the house.
 So they've got up a mouse hunt.

(*Mysteriously.*)

Tiddleeum, tiddleeum, tiddleeum ti, tum ti,
 Tiddleeum, tiddleeum, the cat ran up the plum tree.

(*The soldiers break open door, R, in flat and discover HELENE disguised as MAURICE. They seize her.*)

REGENT. (*Recit.*) The mouse is found,
 And run to ground.
 So we'll set the cat.
 To find the rat.

CHOR. (*Ladies as before.*) A rat hunt,
 A rat hunt,
 All this is just a rat hunt.

They set a cat
 To catch a rat,
 And this they call a rat hunt.
 Tiddleeum, etc.

(*BABETTE and PIPANDOR, one on each side of the REGENT, burst out laughing. the REGENT looks at them enquiringly.*)

PIP. We laugh because—(*goes off into a fit of laughter.*)

REG. (*Angrily.*) A joke at my expense!

BAB. Forgive us, sir, the joke is too immense. (*Goes off into a fit of laughter.*)

REG. Where's the astrologer?

PIP. Why, that's the joke.

BAB. He's gone, Sir.

REG. Vanished?

BAB. Like a puff of smoke.

PIP. (*Pointing down.*) He went below.

REG. What, through the floor! the elf!

BAB. Oh, no! You took him down yourself! (*They laugh and the REGENT finally joins in.*)

REGENT. I'm done again, the joke's at my expense,
I must forgive them, it is so immense.

At least we have our prisoner. (*HELENE takes off hat.*) What's this?
Another sell?

HELENE. No, sir, a woman.

CHORUS. 'Tis a woman!

REGENT. Off to prison! she's a spy!

HELENE. (*Deprecating.*) A little weak and helpless woman, I.

CHORUS. A little weak and helpless woman, she.

REGENT. (*Mockingly.*) A little weak—(*bursts out laughing.*) A
match for any he.

Ah well! I've lost! I must forgive, I see.

FINAL CHORUS.

REGENT. I forgive you, I forgive you,
Yes, I see I must forgive you.
This sensation comes so rarely,
You have made me laugh out fairly.
This excitement, this sensation,
This delicious palpitation,
'Tis a thing I seldom share. (*Laughs heartily.*)

LADIES. This is what we always long for,
Some sensation hot and strong for
Stirring all our nerves and thrilling,
All the marrow in us chilling.
This excitement, this sensation,
This delicious palpitation,
'Tis a thing we want to share.

{ PIP. } He forgives us, he forgives us,
{ BAB. } Yes, we see he must forgive us,
His sensations come so rarely
We have made him laugh out fairly.
This excitement, this sensation,
This delicious palpitation,
'Tis a thing we seldom share.

FULL CHORUS.

How truly great the great appear
When changing frown for smile,
And putting in their pockets all
The things that stir their bile.
They might strike off our heads, but don't,
Or hang us up to trees,
But graciously, instead, accept
Our meek apologies.

So, happy let us go our way,
And thank our lucky stars,
That made the great so truly great
If not their "pas" and "mas."
Had providence not made the great,
With pockets in their "clo's,"
What would become of us small fry,
Why, goodness gracious knows!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

EN BALANCE. PARIS.

SCENE.—*The Café de la Regence, Paris. Opening c., showing illuminated gardens beyond. Small round tables, each with two chairs, R. and L. Sofa at back R. A counter set with bottles and glasses at side L. (NOTE.—The scene represents the wild excitement of the South Sea Bubble period. A crowd of speculators of all classes fills the stage. Stock brokers stand on the counter, and sofa, and chairs, calling out quotations of stock; the people rush from one to another with wild gesticulations, bidding for shares.) CHATEAUGRIS and ESCARGOT front. ESCARGOT stands on seat R. as a broker, he uses CHATEAUGRIS' back as a desk, both are in very seedy dress. Noise on stage before curtain rises.*

CHOR. Bulls and bears, and stocks and shares,
What it all means, why nobody cares.

Company this and Company that,
Every company getting fat.

Up, up, up to fifty per cent.,
Cent per cent., and a thousand per cent.!

Thief and parson, master and man,
Pick up your fortunes while you can.

Riddle me, diddle me, double me down.
Money's the rage all over the town.

(Bell heard off L. at back. The crowd rush off c. and L. leaving CHATEAUGRIS and ESCARGOT.)

ESCAR. (Coming down.) There they go! Another new company started! What is it, now? (Listens off L.) Oh, the Poor Man's Turtle and Champagne Company. All shareholders entitled to dine off T. and C. when they can get it. Bah! it's a swindle!

CHAT. (Straightening himself up.) Oh my poor back! Here's a tumble down for the old House! Chateaugris mortgaged and its master turned into a desk to get a dinner. Ass that I was to dabble in stocks at my age.

ESCAR. Never say die, man! Why, my company for providing the South Sea Islanders with hot French rolls has gone up, regularly gone up. The capitalists wouldn't bite. But I don't despair. Look here. I've an idea. What do you think of an Umbrella Loan Company. Capital, ten million francs. Agents at every street corner. You shall be a director.

CHAT. An Umbrella Loan Company?

ESCAR. Yes, no more buying umbrellas, carrying umbrellas, losing umbrellas. When it rains, you hire one of our domestic red gingham in the street, leave your address, walk home dry, boy calls next morning for the umbrella, and there you are. Oh there's a fortune in it.

CHAT. (*Grimly.*) Yes; it sounds like a thing the Stock Exchange would jump at. Are your agents honest?

ESCAR. Oh, strictly honest. Certified by two bank directors and the parish beadle. But I must be off to float the new company and advertise the new umbrella. [*Goes off, c. and L.*]

MAD. GIG. (*Calling off L.*) Chatie! Chatie!

CHAT. Chatie! Oh, shades of my ancestors! That is the voice of your descendant's mistress, master I mean. (*MADAM GIGOT enters L.*)

MAD. GIG. Now, Chatie, don't be idle. Go and set the tables in the dining room. The Regent will be here soon for supper.

CHAT. Madam Gigot, you forget—

MAD. GIG. That since yesterday you are waiter in the Café de la Regence, where I am the mistress. On, no, I don't, Marquis. These are strange days. Why, I had a Russian Prince who offered to black boots for a meal, as our boot boy has made his fortune out of Mississippi stock and set up his carriage.

CHAT. Carriage! and I've just sold mine.

MAD. GIG. Ah! you would have been better off if you had married me.

CHAT. Madam, the old House never yet married anything under a title, but what remains of it will go and set the table. (*Goes off L.*)

MAD. GIG. All the same, my Marquis, you will marry me yet. I am rich. I will buy up his mortgages, and then we shall see—(*Goes off L. HELENE enters c. She is dressed in shabby black and appears exhausted.*)

HELENE. No one about! Oh, this weary life! For weeks I have searched in vain for Maurice, always in vain. Singing, singing, singing in the streets and cafés, hoping that my voice will bring a reply from him, but no answer comes; no answer. I must try here. (*Sings.*)

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Once stood three maidens, their father a king,
Asking the stars what the future would bring,
Whose fate was happiest, whose should be blest,
Whose the most noble, the highest, the best.

One was in cloth of gold, raven her hair;
One was in crimson, the proudest one there;
One was a gentle maid robed all in white,
Sad were her sweet eyes for loss of her knight.

Cloth of gold married a king of renown;
Crimson, so proud, wed the heir to a crown;
Lily-white lay where no crown touched her head,
Lilies and daisies and tear drops instead.

(PIPANDOR enters c. *He is extravagantly dressed as a dandy of the period.*)

PIPANDOR. (*Affectedly.*) Lud! what a pretty voice, and what a pretty figure! I never could resist a pretty figure. (*Advancing to HELENE is going to put his arm round her waist. She turns.*)

HELENE. Pip!

PIP. (*Disconcerted.*) Mademoiselle Helene!

HELENE. Oh, Pip! Where is Monsieur Maurice?

PIP. Oh Mam'selle! I don't know. He must have escaped. But never fear (*with importance*), I will find him for you.

HELENE. You!

PIP. Yes; mam'selle. I have given up the artist business. In fact it gave me up; we were turned out; sold up. The Regent was so good as to take a fancy to me, and I am now (*showing ribbon and order on his breast*) the C. R. W. S. S.

HELENE. What is that?

PIP. Chief Bottle Washer of the Order of the Silver Saucepan.

HELENE. Oh! and Babette?

PIP. Madam Pipandor? ah, mam'selle! she is indeed distinguished.

HELENE. Distinguished?

PIP. She is the F. P. B. S. S.

HELENE. (*Puzzled.*) Yes?

PIP. First Professional Beauty of the Order of the Silver Saucepan. Oh, it is a high position. And ours is truly a noble order. The Regent himself is the head. The order meets here; cooks its own suppers and eats them. You shall be present, but not in those clothes. Come with me and we will provide you with suitable apparel. Come. You may meet Monsieur Maurice; who knows?

HELENE. Maurice! True. I will go with you, Pip—that is—Monsieur Pipandor. (*Courtseys. He bows; leads her towards centre entrance.*)

PIP. (*Aside.*) If I could only make *her* first professional beauty instead of Babette, I might have some chance of seeing my wife occasionally. I'll try it. (*To HELENE.*) Come mam'selle. (*They go off c. and r. MAURICE and GIGOT enter L. and c. GIGOT is dressed in the height of fashion, and looks extremely uncomfortable.*)

GIGOT. Avast there, Master Maurice, let's come to an anchor. I feel like the main mast out for an airing in these togs. There aint no freedom in em—blow me if I havn't split my mains'l already. (*Tries to look at his back.*)

MAURICE. (*Seating himself at table r.*) Well, Bos'un, what shall it be? We're both gentlemen now, thanks to the Universal Pill Company and paper money.

GIGOT. What shall it be? A big go of rum, and just a wink of water in it for me. (*Sits.*)

MAURICE. (*Calls.*) Waiter! Waiter! (*CHATEAUGRIS enters L.*) Chateaugris! Helene's father here!

GIGOT. (*Aside.*) Why, that's the old gent as we left a-hangin' on the hook.

MAURICE. (*Aside.*) He *shall* tell me where Helene is.

CHAT. What will you take, gentlemen?

(MAURICE seizes him by the collar R., the GIGOT ditto L.)

MAURICE. Your daughter? Where is she, old man? Tell me instantly, or—(Shakes him. ESCARGOT enters hurriedly, c from L.)

ESCAR. Hullo! Here's my syndicate falling out. (To MAURICE.) Gently, my sailor friend. That's not quite the way we landsmen "ask papa."

MAURICE. Forgive me, sir, but I was mad; only tell me where is Helene?

CHAT. My daughter, sir, is safe in a con— is none of your business.

ESCAR. (Taking him aside.) That's the naval part of the syndicate. He is going to carry the Regent off to Spain in his ship. You must not fall out, or he wont fall in with our plan, Duke. (Goes to MAURICE and takes him aside.) Come, you helped me once, now, I'll help you. Join the party of the King of Spain, and Mam'selle Helene shall be yours; aye, and with her father's consent too. Is it a bargain?

MAURICE. Anything, so that Helene is mine.

ESCAR. Well then, listen. (They gather round him. The REGENT and PIP enter at back disguised in long cloaks, the four conspirators go to the different entrances, listening. The REGENT and PIP hastily hide behind the curtains, R. and L., of centre opening, looking out as the four return to front of stage.)

SEXTETTE.

When the clock strikes four
From the tall church tower—
One—two—three—four.
Then the Regent will
Be in our power—
One—two—three—four.

[All whisper together.

REGENT AND PIP. (At back.)
We hear their tricks;
We make five, six.

CONSPIRATORS. Disguised we'll be. (Whisper as before.)
REGENT AND PIP. Their game we see.

CONSPIRATORS. It really is a famous plot. (Whisper.)
REGENT AND PIP. (Ironically.)
Oh, is it not! Oh, is it not?

CONSPIRATORS. And then we ship him off to Spain.
[Laugh, and clap each other on the back.

REGENT AND PIP. Their meaning is extremely plain.

CONSPIRATORS. (Going off c., mysteriously.)
One—two—three—four.

REGENT AND PIP. Five—six, five—six.

(When conspirators are off c., the REGENT and PIPANDOR come down laughing heartily)

REFENT. We'll stop that little game

PIP. I have an idea! (*Whispers to REFENT.*)

REGENT. Good! Go and see about it. What a night we shall have!
(HELENE enters in rich court dress c. from R. She wears a mask. She meets PIPANDOR at the entrance. PIPANDOR points to the REGENT as though suggesting an opportunity for interview.)

PIPANDOR. (*Aside to HELENE.*) Now's your opportunity. Conciliate him. (*Goes off c. and L. HELENE moves forward a step, the REGENT turns and sees her.*) Ah! Beauty in disguise! (*He approaches her; she un.masks.*) What! the "little weak and helpless woman" again? (*Aside.*) She's positively beautiful. Beats Babette hollow. She shall be first professional beauty *vice* Babette, superceded.

HELENE. Oh, sir, what have you done with Maurice? For pity's sake tell me!

REGENT. Maurice? Ah! that's the young gentleman's name is it? (*Aside.*) I must not lose sight of her. (*Aloud.*) Maurice is safe. In fact he will be here to night. (*Aside.*) A harmless fiction.

HELENE. Maurice here! What happiness! at last!

REGENT. Yes; you shall meet him at supper. No thanks! no thanks! (*Aside.*) She's lovely; I'll cut out master Maurice, and do the lovemaking myself. (*Aloud.*) Well, if you want to be grateful; one kiss. (*Tries to put his arm round her waist. She breaks away from him. PIP appears at c.*)

PIP. Ehem! The guests are arriving, sir. (*Courtiers and ladies enter masked c., the ladies being brought in sedan chairs. HELENE remasks.*)

PIP. (*To HELENE.*) Any news, mam'selle.

HELENE. Yes, indeed! Maurice is to be here to-night.

PIP. Phew! Did the Regent tell you so?

HELENE. Yes? (*Enquiringly*) Well?

PIP. Oh, nothing; but be careful, the Regent is—

HELENE. Yes?

PIP. Well, the Regent— (*Excitement amongst the ladies, who cluster about the door and stand on the sofas and chairs, forming an avenue from the door. A sedan chair is brought to centre. The REGENT advances and hands out BABETTE, kissing her hand. They come down front. BABETTE carries her mask in her hand; he takes her cloak from her shoulders, PIPANDOR on the other side vainly offering his services.*)

PIP. (*To BABETTE.*) Come, come, have I no marital rights?

BAB. Pip, don't bore me. Well, there's my fan! (*Gives fan.*) Arn't you the husband of the Professional Beauty? What more do you want? (*to Regent.*) What more does he want?

REGENT. Pip, you are a most unconscionable rascal. Get out.

BAB. I cannot help being beautiful, can I? Why, I was born to be a beauty.

REGENT. A toast! a toast! the reigning Beauty. (*Attendants bring wine, all drink.*)

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

BABETTE.

I was born to grow to a beauty,
 And my mission in life you see,
 Was to make all women jealous,
 And all men in love with me.
 Dancing, glancing,
 Pleasing, teasing.

Oh, to be a Professional Beauty,
 Why it's just the thing to be.

I have Dukes and Barons and Princes
 By the dozen at my feet,
 I could gild the whole of the city,
 With the millionaires I meet.
 Bowing, vowing,
 Sighing, dying.

Oh, to be a Professional Beauty,
 Is a life that's truly sweet.

When I go to fêtes and races,
 Don't I love to see folks stare,
 Because I know that my own pretty face is,
 Quite by far the prettiest there.
 Rushing, crushing,
 Tearing, staring.

Just to see the Professional Beauty,
 And the way she does her hair.

Then they copy all my dresses,
 And they wear the things I do,
 If I wore a Portugal onion,
 Why they'd want to wear one too.
 Trying, vieing,
 Sewing, owing.

They would all be Professional Beauties,
 But they want a thing or two.

Then my wit is so "enchanting,"
 And my walk so "full of grace;"
 Whilst the painters cover acres
 With the outlines of my face.
 Talking, walking,
 Posing, dozing.

If I weren't a Professional Beauty
 I could take Minerva's place.

If I smile, I smile "divinely;"
 If I frown its just the same;
 What I wear is put in the papers,
 What I eat is known to fame.

Smiling, wileing,
 Dining, wineing.

Oh, to be a Professional Beauty
 Is the most delightful game. (*General applause.*)

REGENT. Come ladies, the dance! (*They dance, the REGENT with BABETTE, and PIPANDOR with HELENE.*)

REGENT. Now, then, to prepare our supper. The Companions of the Order of the Silver Saucepan will assemble. (*Attendants bring cooks' caps and aprons and silver saucepans.*)

REGENT AND CHORUS.

SONG OF THE SAUCEPAN.

Oh, the song of the saucepan, oh!
 Succulent soup and savoury stew,
 Gravy brown and rich ragout.
 Oh, the song of the saucepan, oh!
 Sinner and saint
 Must dine or faint,
 And the saucepan lives forever.
 We sing, we sing
 That the cook is king,
 And the saucepan lives forever.

Oh, the song of the saucepan, oh!
 "Griddle and pan may have their day,
 Oven and spit will pass away,"
 This the song of the saucepan, oh!
 Beauty may die,
 And love may fly,
 But the saucepan lives forever.
 We sing, etc.

REGENT. Now to the kitchen! Remember, everyone must cook something. For me, I will prepare the salad. I have compounded a royal one. Listen—here it is:—(*Sings.*)

SALADE DU ROI.

First take three anchovies, a little shalot,
 Some parsley, and chop up the whole in a pot;
 Add mustard and salt, and pour in when it's done,
 Two big spoonfuls of oil and of vinegar one.
 Put to this, not too much, just the mere *satis jam*,
 Of thin slices of beef or Westphalia ham;
 Mix it, and mix it, as if you were mad,
 Your arm may be stiff but your palate be glad.
 Then cover the bowl for three hours or so,
 And the king of all salads the eater will know.
 Garnish with parsley and bacon cut fine;
 Wash your hands; say your grace; and then sit down to dine.

CHOR. (*Repeat "Oh, the song of the saucepan, oh!" and all dance off stage L. 2 E. in Bacchanalian procession, beating their saucepans, except HELENE.*)

HELENE. Not here yet! When will he come? (MADAME GIGOT enters L.) Madame Gigot! (*Hastily tries to remark.*)

MAD. GIG. Mam'selle Helene! Too late mam'selle (*laughs ironically*), you're found out. How pleased your dear papa will be to be sure. He thinks you are safe in the convent with the other bread and butter misses.

HELENE. I'm not a bread and butter miss, madam, I'm—

MAD. GIG. The new Professional Beauty, perhaps? Oh, we all saw the glances the Regent threw at you in the dance just now.

HELENE. I'm not going to be a beauty any more than you are going to be—

MAD. GIG. What? (GIGOT enters at back; he starts on seeing MADAME GIGOT.)

HELENE. Marquise de Chateaugris. (*Curtseys.*)

GIGOT. (*Aside.*) Marquise de Chateaugris! It's my wife! Oho, Madame Gigot!

MAD. GIG. That may be nearer than you expect.

GIGOT. (*Aside at back.*) I don't know about that.

MAD. GIG. I shall go and inform your dear papa. (*Go's off L., GIGOT goes off c. and L.*)

HELENE. Do, dear mamma. Spiteful thing. What shall I do! Oh, if Maurice would only come!

(REGENT enters L. 2 F. with saucepan in one hand and ladle in the other.)

REGENT. My fair unknown, you mustn't desert us

HELENE. Ah, sir, where is Maurice?

REGENT. (*Who is slightly excited by wine, mimicking her.*) Where's Maurice? I don't know where Maurice is, but the Duke of Orleans is here; quite at your service; in fact, your most devoted slave. (*Leads her to sofa, setting down saucepan on the ground by it.*)

HELENE. (*Aside.*) I must not quarrel with him, or Maurice is lost. (*Sits. MAURICE, GIGOT and ESCARGOT appear at back. MAURICE sees HELENE and is with difficulty prevented by ESCARGOT from rushing forward.*)

REGENT. I'll wager now, this gay young spark, Maurice, has clean forgotten you. A butterfly of fashion; sipping sweets from every flower. Why should you waste your beauty on a man who has forsaken you? (*Takes her hand.*) Soft as velvet. Come. You shall be the reigning beauty of the hour; the belle of every ball; the toast of every gallant in town; the envy of all women; the adoration of all men.

HELENE. (*Aside.*) Detestable man! but I must conciliate him. (*Aloud.*) But Babette, what will she say? Isn't she the Professional Beauty?

REGENT. (*Disparagingly.*) So, so! but she's getting fat; washed out; *passée*. Why she's been the rage for quite three months now. Come—one kiss is all I ask. Here at your feet most beautiful women I lie. (*He tries to kiss her. MAURICE half draws his sword. ESCARGOT restrains him. HELENE rises hastily, pushing the REGENT, who falls on his hands and knees, upsetting saucepan and ladle. She runs off into the room. R., as ESCARGOT and GIGOT hurry MAURICE off at back, L. PIPANDOR enters at door, R., in time to take in the situation; he holds a saucepan in his hand.*)

PIP. (*Aside.*) Ha! A very pretty situation! (*Aloud to the REGENT.*) Your royal highness is looking for something?

REGENT. Yes, I've lost—

PIP. (*innocently.*) Perhaps, sir, it was—(*picking up ladle and giving it to him*), the spoon. (*They look at each other a moment, then burst out laughing.*)

PIP. Your Royal Highness is wanted sadly in the kitchen. It is a question whether beccaficoes should be dressed with ham or bacon.

REGENT. Heavens! If they've used bacon! (*Hurries off* L. PIPANDOR goes to door R. and taps.)

PIP. Mam'selle Helene! (*HELENE opens door cautiously and comes out.*)

HELENE. Ah, Monsieur Pipandor. That dreadful man! he wanted to kiss me.

PIP. That's nothing; only court manners. But stay where you are, don't move till I come for you. It will all come right.

HELENE. But Maurice?

PIP. Oh, that will be all right. I've such an idea. (*HELENE returns to room, R.*) What a night we shall have of it. But here come the revellers. (*Ladies and gentlemen re-enter, L. 2 E., without caps and aprons. The REGENT, MADAME GIGOT and BABETTE follow.*)

REGENT. There, now, while the supper is being prepared, what shall we do?

PIP. Some maskers outside desire to entertain your Royal Highness with a dance.

REGENT. Admit them. (*Aside to PIPANDOR.*) Is it all right? Everything arranged as I directed?

PIP. Everything. The Duke and Duchess of Maine will be arrested as the clock strikes four.

REGENT. Very well, we'll have some fun with these little conspirators. (*He sits, R. 2 E. ESCARGOT, CHATEAUGRIS, MAURICE and GIGOT and two others enter dancing from centre. They are all disguised as Scaramouches, and each carries in front of his face an open umbrella, painted to represent a huge grotesque face. The handles conceal swords. All wear masks.*)

GROTESQUE SONG AND DANCE.

(*ESCARGOT, MAURICE, CHATEAUGRIS, GIGOT, and two others.*)

One, two, three, four, five, six,
(*Aside.*) Here we are in readiness the Regent's
job to fix.

Two, three, four, five, six, one,
(*Aside.*) And there'll be a pretty row
before the
job is done.

Three, four, five, six, one, two,
(*Aside.*) But they've not the least idea what we
mean to do.

Four, five, six, one, two, three,
(*Aside.*) Won't His Royal Highness find his
supper disagree?

Five, six, one, two, three, four,
(Aside.) Oh, 'twill be a pretty row as we
 said before.

Six, one, two, three, four, five,
(Aside.) This will be a funny dance, as sure
 as we're alive.

*(Enter six of the REGENT'S soldiers, disguised as Normandy nurses,
 each with a baby in long clothes, the head of the baby forming the
 handle of a sword. Babies cry.)*

NURSES. Hush-a-by, baby! Hush! Hush! Hush!
(Aside.) Here is the enemy, now for a brush. *(Babies cry.)*

Hush-a-by, baby, oh, hush-a-by.
(Aside.) Nurses and babies are only "my eye."

Hush-a-bye baby, hush-a-bye do,
(Aside.) When they discover us wont they look blue.

(Vigorous chorus of squalling babies.)

LADIES. Precious poppet will you stop it,
 Oh you blessed baby drop it.
(What a bother when the baby once begins!)
 There's no use ever trying,
 To stop a baby's crying,
 Particularly when it comes from pins.
 Give it syrup,
 Chirrup, chirrup,
 Chirrup, chirrup.
 Particularly when it comes from pins.

Is it gums or indigestion,
 Or the colic? that's the question.
(What a bother when the baby once begins.)
 Give it Jones' paregoric,
 Or that soothing stuff historic.
 Particularly when it comes from pins.
 Give it syrup, etc., etc.

*(The ladies cluster round the babies, and at last succeed in touching them.
 They immediately come down front.)*

LADIES. *(Mysteriously.)*
 Those—babies—all—have—wooden—heads,
 [Church clock strikes.
 Likewise their legs are far too long, [Clock strikes.
 The nurses, too, have martial treads, [Clock strikes.

MALE CHOR. We } much suspect there's something wrong.
 They } [Clock strikes.

(*Clashing of swords heard off L. at back. The conspirators close umbrellas, draw their swords, and rush towards the REGENT; at the same moment the nurses draw the swords from their babies, and range themselves in front of the REGENT; they exchange a few passes and beat down the conspirators. Soldiers appear at back.*)

REGENT. (*Laughing.*) Well done, Pipandor! (*PIPANDOR takes CHATEAUGRIS by the ear and leads him down front L.*)

PIP. (*Aside to CHATEAUGRIS.*) What will you give me if I get you out of this scrape?

CIAT. Anything.

PIP. Very well, I claim your daughter's hand. (*Goes to ESCARGOT and brings him down by the ear R. MADAME GIGOT approaches CHATEAUGRIS.*)

MAD. GIG. Promise to marry me, and you shall escape.

CIAT. (*Aside.*) The old House is on its last legs. (*Aloud.*) I promise.

PIP. (*To ESCARGOT.*) You made my wife a Professional Beauty; unmake her and you are free.

ESCAR. That's easy. Trust to me. (*A soldier enters, c., and gives a paper to the REGENT.*)

REGENT. Good. (*Reads.*) The Duke and Duchess of Maine are arrested. The Spanish Ambassador is dismissed, and the plot exploded. Bravo, Pip! (*Slaps PIPANDOR on the back.*) Now, friends, what shall we do with these small fry?

PIP. (*Kneels before REGENT.*) Give them to me, sir.

REGENT. A pretty lot! well, they are yours. Do what you choose with them.

PIP. (*Pointing to MAURICE.*) For this gentleman, he is a desperate character, mad with love, he shall be tied up at once. (*Goes to door, R., and brings in HELENE. She rushes into the arms of MAURICE.*)

REGENT. My beauty! Come, come; that's more than I bargained for.

PIP. Do you hesitate? I will tell you the story of the muscular chicken. (*Sings.*)

THE MUSCULAR CHICKEN.

PIPANDOR. A chicken once went straying
Beyond the farm yard gate,

CHOR. Cluck, cluck.

PIP. She saw a big fox preying
And didn't want to wait,

CHOR. Cluck, cluck.

PIP. Oh, butter and bacon and beans,
Can you guess what the story means?

CHOR. With his butter and bacon and beans.
We can't guess what his story means.

PIP. The big fox he espied her,
And made a graceful bow,

CHOR. Cluck, cluck.

PIP. "You are the sweetest chicken
I ever saw, I vow."

CHOR. Cluck, cluck.

- PIP. Oh, spinach and maids in their teens
Can you guess what the story means?
CHOR. With his spinach and maids in their teens
We can't guess what his story means.
-
- PIP. "You're far too ducky dainty
To lie by on the shelf,
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. We'll go and get a license
And I'll marry you myself."
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. Oh bishops and curates and deans,
Can you guess what the story means?
CHOR. With his bishops and curates and deans
We can't guess what his story means.
-
- PIP. "Just one small kiss pray give me"
(He laughéd in his sleeve)
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. "Before we toddle churchwards"
(All this was make believe.)
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. Oh, gammon and odorous greens
Can you guess what the story means?
CHOR. With his gammon and odorous greens
We can't guess what his story means.
-
- PIP. Then up she flew like fury;
The fox he gave a howl.
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. She tore him all to tatters
This most demure young fowl.
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. Oh, daggers and claymores and skeans
Can you guess what the story means?
CHOR. With his daggers and claymores and skeans
We can't guess what his story means.
-
- PIP. She buried him most snugly,
And scratched his epitaph.
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. "The laugh that comes the latest
Is the sweetest kind of laugh."
CHOR. Cluck, cluck.
PIP. Just tickle a chick in its teens
And you'll find what my story means.
CHOR. (*Puzzled*) We must tickle a chick in its teens
To find out what his story means.
-
- REGENT. Well, I consent. I prefer scratching my own epitaph.
CHAT. But I don't consent.
REGENT. Who is this?

PIP. The Marquis de Chateaugris, papa of Mademoiselle de Chateaugris. (*Pointing to HELENE.*) The Marquis is going to give her hand to this gentleman, Monsieur Maurice — I don't know his name.

CHAT. Never!

PIP. Who will give him in exchange this bundle of documents. (*Gives bundle of letters tied up in parchment to MAURICE.*)

CHAT. (*Aside.*) My letters?

MAD. GIG. (*Aside.*) His letters!

(MAURICE undoes parchment.)

MAURICE. What is this? (*Hastily takes parchment from his breast, the two halves fit.*) At last! I have found my name. I am Maurice de Chateaugris!

CHAT. My lost brother's son! (*Aside.*) If so, he is the heir to Chateaugris! and I am nothing. Let me see. (*Takes parchments and examines them eagerly, then embraces MAURICE and HELENE.*) It is he! (*MADAME GIGOT tries quietly to secure the letters while CHATEAUGRIS is examining the parchment. PIPANDOR sees her, and takes her by the ear, shaking his head.*)

REGENT. It's quite a domestic drama!

MAD. GIG. (*Effusively joining the party.*) My blessing on your union, my dear children.

MAURICE. } Your blessing!

HELENE. } Children indeed! (*GIGOT whispers to PIPANDOR.*)

CHAT. It's coming.

MAD. GIG. As your future step-mamma, my children.

PIP. Excuse me, madam, but there is a little difficulty.

MAD. GIG. Indeed, Mr. Impudence, where?

PIP. (*Leading GIGOT forward.*) Here!

MAD. GIG. (*Screams.*) My husband! (*CHATEAUGRIS shakes hands with PIPANDOR and GIGOT. MADAME GIGOT goes up stage, GIGOT presently following her.*)

REGENT. Bravo, Pip, again! This is as good as a play. Now for the second act.

BAB. (*Pouting.*) It seems to me that it's my turn. Nobody pays me the least attention. What is the good of being the Professional Beauty?

PIP. (*Aside to ESCARGOT.*) Now's your time.

ESCAR. With your Royal Highness' permission, I will tell you the story of the Charming Milliner. (*BABETTE seems disturbed.*)

REGENT. Oh, by all means. This is as good as a music hall.

ESCAR. (*Sings.*) THE CHARMING MILLINER.

Oh it was a charming milliner
The gallants used all to say,
Who had lots of coo and bill in her,
And customers to pay.
For she kept the latest fashions,
And the very freshest passions
Of the day.

In a cosy little shop,
That was only just a hop,
From the corner of the Rue de la Paix.

The fine ladies from their carriages,
Were all scented and *poudrées*,
The gallants they scented marriages,
The gallants they were so gay!
And the time they spent in trying
On those fallals before buying
Slipped away.
For the shop it was so neat,
And the milliner discreet,
And there was such a long time to pay.

But her bills for silk and laces in
The end would surely rouse,
The ugliest of faces in
A not too handsome spouse.
While her frills and falbalas,
Were the dread of all papas,
So one day—
They shut up the little shop,
That was only just a hop,
From the corner of the Rue de la Paix.

LADIES. What! A milliner! Oh, really!

(They walk round BABETTE, looking at her in a supercilious fashion; each making a disparaging remark as she passes, such as "a very ordinary person," "paints," "dreadfully made up." BABETTE is at first indignant; then cries.)

REGENT. *(To BABETTE.)*

I must say, my little lady,
Your behavior's rather shady;
Flirtation's ruination; leads to rows:
The profession of a Beauty
Doesn't kindly go with duty
To the buttons and the stockings of your spouse.

So you'd better drop the "Beauty"
For your safe domestic duty,
And the sleepy, creepy, cradle rôle of wife;
See your husband gets good dinners,
And resign to us poor sinners
All the glitter-flitter-bitter sweets of "life,"

BAB. *(To PIPANDOR.)* Pip., let's be friends.

PIP. Why; ar'nt you the Professional Beauty? what more do you want? *(To REGENT.)* What more does she want?

REGENT. Oh, she's a woman. Wants to be everything, I suppose.

PIP. Everything! well, so she shall be everything to me, if she will, that is. (*They embrace.*) But you'll drop the "Profession."

BAB. And retire into private life.

MAD. GIG. (*Coming down to GIGOT.*) There! there's an example! there's a pattern woman! Come, Gigot, shall I be everything to you?

GIGOT. The fact is Mrs. G., I don't want *everything*.

MAD. GIG. I am well off. The cellars of the Café de la Regence are well stocked. You shall have the key.

GIGOT. Umph! That's a consideration. I say; if I do ship for another matrimonial cruise, I must be a cabin passenger.

MAD. GIG. Agreed.

GIGOT. Look here, I say, no brimstone in the cargo, this time, eh?

REGENT. No, nothing but treacle.

GIGOT. (*Sighing.*) All right. Ship me aboard. (*They embrace.*)

HELENE. (*To MAURICE.*) We shall be everything—

MAURICE. To each other.

CHAT. Everybody seems to be everything to somebody. I shall be nobody.

PIP. No, you shall come back to Chateaugris with us.

REGENT. And cultivate the family tree.

CHAT. (*Aside.*) Where is my dukedom now? (*PIPANDOR whispers to REGENT, then goes off L.*)

REGENT. Oh! (*To CHATEAUGRIS.*) Kneel down. (*CHATEAUGRIS kneels. PIPANDOR returns with a saucepan decorated with lettuce leaves and onions to represent a ducal coronet; gives it to the REGENT who places it on CHATEAUGRIS' head.*) I create you First Scrapper to the Noble Order of the Silver Saucepan. There's your coronet.

CHAT. It's lucky I have a head left to wear it.

ESCAR. (*Meekly.*) Can't I do something?

REGENT. Yes. Get out. Pip, you are a genius, you shall be rewarded. I create you Master of the Ceremonies to the Order of the Silver Saucepan. (*PIPANDOR kneels and the REGENT decorates him with his own ribbon.*) And now, to supper.

FINALE.

ALL PRINCIPALS.

Now to the story so happily ended
Stick on the moral which should be appended.
Tie to your kite, if you'd not have it fail,
Plenty of string and a deuce of a tail.

HELENE.	Faint heart in love—
MAURICE.	never captured the fair.
MAD. GIG.	A bird in the hand—
GIGOT.	is worth two in the air,
PIP.	First take the inch—
BAB.	and you'll soon get the ell,
CHAT.	Don't count your chickens—
ESCAR.	till out of the shell.

CHOR. Thus to the story so happily ended
 Stick on the moral which should be appended.
 Tie to your kite if you'd not have it fail,
 Plenty of string and a deuce of a tail.

Propriety we satisfy and gratify completely,
 Sticking on the moral all so deftly and so neatly.
 Longest lanes will turn, and so will worms, so
 runs the fable;
 Ups and downs we all must have, we'll bear them
 as we're able.
 Ups and downs will come, and when we can't bear
 any more, sir,
 We'll just remember Chateaugris, Helene, and
 Pipandor, sir.

THE REGENT.

BABETTE.

HELENE.

PIPANDOR.

MAURICE.

ESCARGOT.

MAD. GIGOT.

CHATEAUGRIS.

GIGOT

THE END.

