

"THE COUNTESS GUCKI"

**A COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS**

**BY
FRANZ VON SCHOENTHAN**

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MISS ADA REHAN

ADAPTED BY AUGUSTIN DALY

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR AUGUSTIN DALY

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TO THE GREAT ARTISTE
MISS ADA REHAN
DEDICATED IN GRATEFUL REVERENCE.

Franz von Schwenkhan.

DRESDEN, *July*, 1895.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

COUNTESS HERMANCÉ TRACHAU, MISS ADA REHAN.
COURT COUNSELLOR VON MITTERSTEIG, MR. JAMES LEWIS.
CLEMENTINA, his wife, MRS. G. H. GILBERT.
CILLI, their daughter, MISS HELMA NELSON.
LEOPOLD VON MITTERSTEIG, . . . MR. SIDNEY HERBERT.
HORST VON NEUHOFF, MR. CHARLES RICHMAN.
GENERAL SUWATSCHEFF, MR. EDWIN STEVENS.
BAUMANN, MR. THOMAS BRIDGLAND.
WENZEL, MR. SHEPHARD.
ROSA, MISS HOFFMAN.

SCENE: CARLSBAD.

TIME: 1819.

ACT I.

SCENE.—At COUNSELLOR MITTERSTEIG'S. *An old-fashioned residence in Carlsbad. Chief entrance, L. C. Fireplace, R. Entrance to Garden, R. C. Window down L.*

DISCOVERED.—CILLI sitting at spinnet playing "*Extend to me thy hand, my life,*" from *Don Juan*.

WENZEL enters, C.

Wenzel. Your Grace— [*Comes a step nearer.*] —Please, your Grace, the Spa-Inspector begs leave to pay his most humble respects.

Cilli. [*Who has ceased playing.*] Who?

Wen. The Spa-Inspector.

Cilli. He wants papa, of course.

Wen. No, no, he said particularly the gracious young lady.

Cilli. [*Astonished.*] Me? Very well, then, let him come in. [*Stops playing.*]

WENZEL opens C. door and lets LEOPOLD enter, going behind him and exits closing the door.

LEOPOLD in official dress enters, C. Coming down C. somewhat embarrassed.

Leopold. Most gracious lady, I beg the honor of presenting myself, the Imperial-Royal Commissioner for Inspection of Spas. [*Music stops.*]

Cilli. [*Likewise embarrassed.*] Very glad to see you— May I— [*Offering him chair and sitting herself.*] Will you be seated?

Leo. [*With bow takes seat, L. of table, R.*] I take the liberty. [*Slight pause of embarrassment.*]

Cilli. [*Sits R. of table, L.*] I suppose you really wanted to see my papa—?

Leo. I shall not fail to pay my respects to the Court Counsellor, but—I—my name is Leopold von Mittersteig.

Cilli. Oh, yes! You are our Cousin Leopold? Papa told us about you. He got you the position here.

Leo. [*Embarrassed.*] He was so kind, and I wanted to make my call of acknowledgment—and to take the opportunity, and to have the good fortune to meet you personally, cousin.

Cilli. [*Rises, crosses to c. Extending her hand to him.*] I am delighted— [*Shakes his hand.*] —heartily.

Leo. [*During the hand-shaking repeats confused.*] —Heartily. [*Slight pause of embarrassment. Rises, crosses to c.*] This is the first time you've come to Carlsbad, is it not?

Cilli. Oh, yes—and it's my first trip from home. But now I have got used to it—and this place is so pretty. [*Goes to window.*] We have been here a week.

Leo. Yes, I know—and I should have called before—but my uniform wasn't ready. [*Rising and modestly but proudly presenting himself.*] This is my full dress. [*Down R.*]

Cilli. [*With genuine admiration.*] It's very fine. But pray, be seated.

Leo. [*Sitting again, R.*] And then I had so much to do in my new place. This year there is such a crowd. Carlsbad never had anything like it; more than two thousand guests this season.

Cilli. [*Astonished, sits, L.*] Two thousand—is it possible?

Leo. Yes, indeed. Carlsbad is taking a great step! We are going to have the streets lighted.

Cilli. I was very much surprised to hear *that*.

Leo. Forty-four lamps—distributed through the city. They are to burn until half-past ten—some of them. And such fine people coming! From all quarters of the world! The great composer von Beethoven is going to give a concert in August! Day before yesterday Catalani came, and you know, of course, that Privy Counsellor von Goethe is here again?

Cilli. Just think of it! The great Goethe. I saw him yesterday myself—for the first time in my life! In the

theatre. He sat just opposite us in the box. I kept looking at him the whole evening.

Leo. [*Smiling.*] I noticed it.

Cilli. Were you there too?

Leo. Yes, down in the parquet. I was going to take the liberty of coming up and paying my respects——

Cilli. Why didn't you?

Leo. I didn't know whether I ought. You were sitting there with an elegant young lady; people said it was a Countess Trachau.

Cilli. Yes, my friend, Manni Trachau. But she would have been only too pleased. You know you are related to *her* too.

Leo. Am I?

Cilli. Certainly, her father was a Mittersteig, of Vienna. She married my father's elder brother—but her husband only lived a year. And just think, [*rises*] she knows Goethe personally!

Leo. Indeed? [*Rises.*]

Cilli. Yes, she met him in Weimar. She was there six weeks, when her mother was living. And Goethe recognized her at once last night. When we were coming out of the theatre, he came up and spoke to her. You can just imagine the sensation among the crowd. My heart was beating clear up to here. [*Touching her throat.*] But Manni chattered away just as if it was nothing at all; and what do you think she was talking about with Goethe?

Leo. What?

Cilli. About a recipe for apple dumplings he made her copy out for him in Weimar——

Leo. Apple dumplings? Goethe?

Cilli. And about the Punch and Judy show they saw together in Vienna—and he was so amused, and laughed so much over her Viennese expressions; and as he was going away, he shook hands with her over and over again, and said quite loud, so that all the people heard it, that she was the most charming woman that anyone ever knew.

Leo. [*Crosses, L.*] Well, when Goethe says THAT——
[*Music pp.*]

Cilli. It must be so, mustn't it? [*Crosses, R.*] If I had been in Manni's place, I shouldn't have known myself for pride.

HERMANCÉ *behind the scene, calling CILLI, half singing, after the manner of children playing.*

Hermancé. Cilli, Cil—li!

Cilli. [*Springing up.*] There she is. She lives with us—she has our three front rooms. [*Hurries, R., front.*]

LEOPOLD *goes up to background.* [*Music, ff.*]

Her. [*Hurriedly from c. forward with a tied up paste-board box in her hand.*] Well, well, well. *Here* you are! I've been looking for you all over the house.

Cilli. What is it, Manni?

Her. [*Holding the box behind her back. Crosses to table, R.*] I've got a surprise for you. The mercer has just sent the things I ordered from Vienna. [*Showing the box.*] And among them is THIS!

Cilli. That box? What's in it? [*Tries to take it.*]

Her. [*Tantalizing.*] Hands off the pie! [*Deliberately.*] It's something for you! My! That makes you prick up your ears!

Cilli. Oh, Manni—let me see, please!

Her. And how your eyes shine. No matter, you can't see it, not until afternoon—just before we go out for the four o'clock parade. [*About to set the box away, reconsiders and taking it again in her hand, hastily untying the string.*] On second thoughts perhaps I'd better show it to you now; or we might both burst with suppressed emotion. [*Lifts out of the box a large hat.*] There, little girl, what do you say to that?

Cilli. [*Staring at the hat.*] What is it?

Her. What is it, Goosey? It's a hat. The very latest style from Vienna.

Cilli. [*Taking the hat from her and looking at it from all sides.*] But it looks so odd.

Her. It's stunning, that's what it is. [*Takes the hat away from her and sets it on her head.*] It becomes you splendidly. Really, Cilli, you look sweet enough to eat. Look at yourself—where's the glass? [*Looks around and observes LEOPOLD.*] Who are you? [*Going c.*]

Cilli. I beg pardon, he's *your* cousin, too, I quite forgot him. [*Presenting.*] Our cousin, Mr. Leopold von Mittersteig.

Her. What, are you *the* Leopold?

Leo. [*Bowing.*] Yes, Countess.

Her. Well, well, I thought you were quite different.

Leo. But, how?

Her. Well, more of a desperate looking character—more like the brigand stories I heard about you.

Cilli. [*Eagerly.*] Brigand stories? Manni?

Her. Sh! [*Softly.*] You mustn't breathe them in *this* house. You know he ran away and joined the Black Hussars in their famous campaign.

Cilli. What, were you in the war?

Leo. [*Modestly.*] Yes, but fortunately there wasn't any fighting. It was when everybody in Germany was up in arms against Napoleon. I was in Vienna, where uncle had put me as attaché in the embassy. Of course we young fellows had our meetings, and sang all the war songs of Koerner! Even the boys ran away from school. Then Koerner himself read us his poem, "The people wake, the war storm breaks, Why idly stand with empty hand?" You see, the inspiration took hold of me—I said, "Every man is needed by his country." [*Crosses to c. Song.*]

Cilli. [*Eagerly interrupting.*] That's right; I would have gone, too, if I had been a man.

Her. And so you sneaked away from Vienna, without telling your uncle?

Leo. I did; on foot; ran away to Breslau! They accepted me and drilled me, and sent me with the rear guard to Saxony. But when we got there it was all over—peace was concluded. I had to take off my uniform—and walk back. [*Crosses, L.*]

Her. [*Crosses, c.*] And you got a fine reception from your high old royal, official, Austrian, family!

Leo. I did; I was in disgrace until the Court Counsellor got me a position in the Custom House at Linz.

Cilli. [*Pityingly.*] Poor fellow! A Custom House?

Her. And you couldn't get that without a solemn promise never to go to war again?

Leo. Yes, indeed. Then the Court Counsellor interested himself again, and so did my aunt, and now I'm promoted to Commissioner of Inspection here at Carlsbad.

Her. Then I congratulate you, I am really and truly glad.

Leo. You are very kind.

Her. Not a bit, I mean it honestly ; don't I, Cilli?
[*Crosses, L. C.*]

Cilli. [*Nods.*] Yes.

Her. When I don't like anyone, I tell him so to his face. But you please me. There, give me your hand.
[*Offering him her hand.*]

Leo. [*Shakes her hand.*] I'm so glad you like me, and, Countess, I must ask permission to call on you within the next few days. I have something important to communicate.

Her. Something important? Well, I *am* curious. Come as soon as you can. Let's say to-morrow, or, seeing you are here now, you'd better tell me at once.

Leo. [*Aside to her.*] Willingly— [*With side glance to CILLI.*] —but I can't *now*.

Her. [*Understanding.*] So. [*To CILLI, motioning to her to leave.*] Sorry you must go, Cilli.

Cilli. Go? But I mustn't!

Her. Goodness, girl, don't be so stupid, pack the trumpery thing up [*pointing to box*—make your courtesy and vanish.

Cilli. Oh, that's it! [*Up R. Takes the box in which she has before put back the hat. to LEOPOLD.*] We shall see you oftener now, I hope, cousin——

Leo. If you permit——

Cilli. [*Somewhat embarrassed, crosses to LEOPOLD.*] Certainly, we shall be very glad [*offering her hand, with slight emphasis*] really very glad—I'm honest, too, ain't I, Manni? [*Exits quickly, R. U. E.*]

Her. [*Has meantime seated herself, R. of table, R.*] Now, then, please begin. [*Motioning him to seat.*]

Leo. [*Sitting near her, L. of table.*] I came here with the intention of taking Miss Cilli into my confidence, and perhaps her mother, but since I have made your acquaintance, Countess, and know your position in the house, I think it better to speak to you.

Her. [*Draving nearer to him with childish curiosity.*] Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—and what is it?

Leo. When I was in Ellbogen last week, to make my official call on the Graf, I heard something about uncle.

Her. [*Eagerly.*] The Court Counsellor? Cilli's father?

Leo. Yes, he is no longer in favor. They want to retire him.

Her. [*With good-hearted sympathy.*] Oh, Lord ! That is a misfortune.

Leo. Isn't it? To turn him out of his splendid position.

Her. It isn't so much the position. He has had nothing to do for forty years but lean against the stove and twiddle his thumb. And if somebody else leans against the same stove, it won't stop the dough from rising. But there's another consideration. [*With thumb and fore finger making the gesture of counting out money.*] There's where the rub is! It's the salary, though it is small! Too much for a dead man, and too little for a live one.

Leo. But there's the estate his wife brought him—the old ancestral castle——

Her. Yes, with the beautiful gate and the arms of the family in stone—the Bohemian lion, with the long tongue, and the two short tails. Unfortunately the gate is the best part of the castle. The roof leaks—where the mortgage lies.

Leo. Uncle always said if he left the service, he intended to farm the estate himself.

Her. That's what makes me so anxious. You see, for his mistakes as Court Counsellor the State treasury has to pay—they are Imperial-royal mistakes. But his private mistakes on the farm, he must pay for them himself—and that will be expensive. [*Rises.*]

Leo. [*Solicitously. Rises.*] That's why I wanted to tell you of the danger. Perhaps it would be wise to warn aunt.

Her. [*Crosses, L. c.*] Perhaps; but she gets palpitation of the heart at the least fright. Poor woman, she still imagines she can make her husband minister. She's going this very day to Eger, because Metternich is there.

Leo. Is she acquainted with the Prince?

Her. Not a bit; but she has a school friend from Prague, the Baroness Lippski, whose brother is private secretary to Metternich.

Leo. Aha! I see.

Her. And Baron Lippski's son has set his eye on Cilli.

Leo. [*With mastered excitement.*] And you think her mother encourages?——

Her. Of course! That secures the Lippskis and through

them the Prince, and through the Prince the cabinet place for the Counsellor.

Leo. [*With sigh.*] Yes, of course, of course.

Her. [*Meditatively. Crosses, R.*] But I *do* begrudge the girl to that fool Lippski—

Leo. [*Eagerly. Crosses, L. C.*] He isn't worthy of her—indeed, he isn't.

Her. I must try to manage it another way. And I think I know how. [*Points to the bell rope, L. C.*] Please ring the bell. [*LEOPOLD goes and rings bell, C.*] I'll go to Eger myself and look up my old school friend, Countess Lori. She knows Metternich and is worth a dozen private secretaries.

WENZEL enters, C.

Her. [*Gives him money.*] Wenzel, book me a seat in the coach at once. I am going to Eger this afternoon.

Wenzel. I'll see if I can get the seat next to my Lady. She is going to Eger this afternoon, and I have got her a place in the coach.

Her. That would be quite nice, but I prefer to travel in a small carriage. Be particular and get *me* a seat in the extra post. [*Crosses to LEOPOLD. WENZEL exits, C.*] You must know, *entre nous*, we are loving relations and all that, the Court Counsellor's wife and I, but I simply can't endure her; she is so full of her Bohemian old-family blood and rank and stuff. I couldn't live with these people if I wasn't so fond of Cilli. [*Crosses, R.*]

Leo. Miss Cilli would reconcile one to a dungeon.

Her. [*Warm. Back to C.*] O! You don't know anything about it. She is a treasure, and for her sake I shall take upon myself the whole affair. The poor girl would suffer most if the family come to want. [*Back to R.*]

Leo. [*Eagerly. Crosses to COUNTESS.*] If that should happen, I am only a poor devil myself, but—

Her. Well, well, it won't be so bad, as long as I'm alive. I'm the sworn foe of every sort of misery, particularly when it threatens people that I have once taken into my heart, as I have her. [*Crosses, L.*]

COURT COUNSELLOR, entering from R. U. E. back, with newspaper in his hand, excited.

Court Counsellor. The world is going upside down.

Here, Leopold, is this correct, that I have just been reading in the "Kreis Blatt"?

Leo. [R.] What is it, Uncle?

Coun. A proposition to light the streets of Carlsbad.

Leo. Certainly.

Coun. [C.] Then, all I have to say is, I don't understand it. I am no enemy of innovations, when there's a necessity for them—then, in Heaven's name, yes! But where is the necessity here?

Leo. Look at all the accidents that happen at night.

Coun. [*Hotly.*] Accidents to whom? To the dissolute rabble who gad about the streets at all hours? Let them stay at home, then nothing would happen to them. Am I not right, sister?

Her. [*Ironically conceding.*] Of course. Good citizens can always enjoy themselves rationally by going to bed as soon as it is dark.

Coun. [*Eagerly agreeing.*] Yes— [*Then doubting if she really means it.*] Hum!— [*Breaking off a little angry.*] One never knows whether you are in earnest or poking fun. At all events, the only man who has any business in the streets at night is the watchman. And he has his lantern, with the proper modicum of public oil. And we don't need any other lighting.

Her. That settles it. [*Sits, L.*]

Coun. [*Going to LEOPOLD.*] I trust, Leopold, that you will use your influence with the Magistrate to discourage these pernicious innovations.

Mrs. C. [*Enters, R. U. E., down C.*] What innovations?

Coun. [R. C. *Contemptuously.*] Lighting the streets.

Mrs. C. [C. *Reserved.*] Ahem! My dear, I would be guarded in my criticism, if I were you. The Magistrate did not suggest the lighting, it came from a higher quarter.

Coun. [*Surprised.*] A higher quarter!

Mrs. C. [*Important.*] And was doubtless due to the fact that His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince Joseph came near meeting with a serious mishap on his last visit.

Her. [L. C.] Yes, he stepped into a puddle.

Mrs. C. At all events, instructions were given to the governor by the *highest* authority.

Coun. [*Crosses, L. C.*] Then it's all right, as long as we know it in time. I have, thank Heaven, said nothing

against it. On the contrary, when the matter is considered from all sides, it is an eminently judicious arrangement. [*Growing into a passion.*] The night-watchmen sit in the ale-houses and the public oil is sold for rum. What kind of lighting is that? [*Going to LEOPOLD, R.*] I trust, Leopold, that you will use your influe— [*Stops and breaks off.*] Well, *you* understand? [*Sits R of table, R.*]

Leo. [*On his R.*] Certainly, Uncle—and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you [*Crosses to MRS. C.*] and Aunt for my position as inspector.

Coun. It was quite difficult to get.

Mrs. C. With your unfortunate early career, we had to be very diplomatic.

Her. Yes, you had to pull more strings than usual.

Mrs. C. [*Politely.*] I beg your pardon, sister-in-law—pull strings!

Her. That's all diplomacy amounts to, isn't it? [*Parrying an objection of MRS. C. Crosses to R. C. To LEOPOLD.*] Here's the whole story. Your appointment had to come from the Burggraf, Col. von Ellbogen. With that gentleman your aunt had no personal acquaintance. But she did know Mrs. General Koglovich, for whose seven children she had stood godmother. Mrs. Koglovich didn't know the Graf either, but *she did* know a Mrs. von Hawlaczek, and Mrs. von Hawlaczek has a *sister*. Unfortunately the sister was not directly acquainted with the Burggraf, but it appears she had just made a present of an exquisitely illuminated missal to the Bishop of Zaym. The Bishop, when a boy, went to school with the Burggraf, and still sends him every year at Michaelmas a keg of gherkins. Well— With the last keg of gherkins went a letter of recommendation in your behalf, in consequence of which you have become Spa-Inspector in Carlsbad. All of which proves that you owe the place, not to anybody's influence, but to your own merits, and those of your family, and the Hawlaczeks, the Kogloviches, the sister, the Bishop, the missal and the gherkins, and the Burggraf, Col. von Ellbogen. [*Courtsies and exits, R. I. E.*]

Coun. [*Who has been amused at HERMANCÉ's talk, smiling. Rises and crosses to C.*] She's capital, isn't she? Great fun!

Mrs. C. I'm surprised, Aloys, that you smile at her frivolity. We are loving relations, but I must say I don't

fancy her Vienna spring-chicken way of treating serious subjects!

Coun. [*Resuming.*] Yes, she does go a little far. Especially when she went on the merry-go-round in the Park. Actually perched herself up on a white horse, and went around with a stick full of rings to the music of the hand-organ. [*Crosses, L. With disapproving shrug of shoulders.*]

Mrs. C. [*Interrupting. Crosses to R. C.*] In Prague that would have been simply impossible.

Coun. [*Changes subject.*] But you wanted to speak to Leopold about the rooms?

Mrs. C. [*Crosses to LEOPOLD.*] Oh, yes, Leopold, we have three beautifully furnished rooms on our hands, and we want a lodger.

Leo. [*Crosses to C.*] I wish I had known yesterday. A Mr. von Neuhoff, that I knew in Breslau, has just gone to the White Horse Inn, across the way. But there are many people looking for lodgings just now.

Coun. [*L. C. To MRS. C.*] By the way, didn't you give Mr. von Radler the refusal last winter?

• *Mrs. C.* Yes, and he paid a hundred gulden in advance. But then his uncle was living, and a great friend of Lobkowitz, and Radler was likely to become Section-Chief. But they say now that Radler is out with the Governor—so it would be extremely imprudent to have anything more to do with him.

Coun. [*Crosses to C. Sighs. LEOPOLD crosses, C.*] Lord, Lord, one doesn't know which way to turn so as to be on the right side and make no mistake.

Mrs. C. [*R.*] That's why I wish to rent the rooms as quickly as possible, so we can say to Mr. von Radler: "You didn't come, and we had to let them go."

Coun. Yes, you can say: "We thought you had made other arrangements—awfully sorry," and so on.

Mrs. C. If he ever gets to be Section-Chief, we can let them to him for next year—and get another hundred gulden down.

Coun. And if he does *not* become Section-Chief, the whole Radler set may be sausage meat, for all we care. [*Crosses, R.*]

Mrs. C. You had better hang a slate on the gate-post as soon as possible. Mercy on me! I'm forgetting my

journey to Eger. [*Turns to go up c. Reflecting at the door. Standing still.*] Perhaps I can learn something about Radler from Baron Lippski. [*Again doubting.*] But it may be risky even to mention him. [*Decided, going to door.*] I'd better not say anything. When you suspect that a man is out of favor, you must not even know he exists. [*Exits quickly back, R. U. E.*]

Coun. I think I'll advertise the rooms in the newspaper.

Leo. I'm going to the printing office; can I take what you want?

Coun. You are very good; just wait a little; I'll write it out at once. [*Turns to go back, R. Considering, speaking to himself.*] "Three rooms—three furnished rooms—three elegantly furnished—— [*Undecided.*] Well—you wait. I'll write it out directly. [*Exits back, R. U. E.*]

WENZEL looks in at c., then speaking back while he opens the c. door for NEUHOFF.

Wenzel. Yes, sir; he is still here. [*After NEUHOFF'S entrance, exits through c.*]

HORST enters.

Horst. What? Is that you? And in full uniform!

Leo. [*Astonished.*] Neuhoff? How did you——?

Horst. [*Coming down, c.*] Very simple. I was at the government office; heard you were making a visit at Court Counsellor von Mittersteig's, and followed. [*Clapping him on the back.*] I'm in great luck.

Leo. How so?

Horst. Because you can introduce me to the family. I hear you are related to the ladies?

Leo. [*Already somewhat reserved.*] Yes—that is, related to the wife of the Court Counsellor.

Horst. [*Not believing.*] His wife? I've seen her—a young charming creature, with brown hair and grey eyes?

Leo. Nothing of the sort—over fifty—she is my aunt.

Horst. I don't mean your aunt, that's certain. But come, don't roast me over a slow fire; out with it at once. Who is the girl with brown hair and grey eyes?

Leo. [*Hesitating a little.*] You probably mean my cousin Cilli.

Horst. Cilli? That sounds better. Cilli! We'll pause at Cilli! Introduce me as quickly as possible.

Leo. [*Confused.*] I can't say whether—

Horst. Oh, I know everything must be regular—I must make the acquaintance of the aunt. But there's no hurry about that—I know a whole lot of aunts, but with such a niece as Miss Cilli, every moment's delay is an irreparable loss, so don't stand upon ceremony.

Leo. [*Evading, R. c.*] But if I tell you, I—besides, I don't know *how* I can introduce you.

Horst. [*L. c.*] Don't know how? You simply say: "This is my friend, von Neuhoff; my former Lieutenant in the Prussian service, but now in the Russian; Major in the Alexander Lancers; nephew and aide-de-camp of General Suwatscheff." The rest is *my* business. [*Crosses, L.*]

Leo. It isn't as easy as you think. [*Crosses to c.*]

Horst. Why not?

Leo. [*Trying to get out of it.*] I'll explain—there is my aunt—

Horst. My dear fellow, let your aunt alone. [*Crosses to L. c.*]

Leo. Then my uncle—he's worse. You see he is Court Counsellor. And these Court officials form a sort of clique. They associate only with themselves, and the military families associate with *themselves*—there is a regular gulf between them.

Horst. We'll get over the gulf. You simply say nothing about my being an officer. Here in Carlsbad I go about as a civilian just in this pikesche.

Leo. [*Shakes his hand. Embarrassed.*] I'm afraid—
[*Crosses, L.*]

Horst. [*Severely.*] The fact is you don't want to—you are cock of the walk here yourself, I suppose?

Leo. Neuhoff, I swear to you—

Horst. [*Interrupting.*] Don't trouble yourself. Under such circumstances, I wouldn't believe my own oath, much less anybody else's. The main thing is—I can't count on *you*?

Leo. If it was anything else?

Horst. All right, all right, I shall only have to think out a little scheme for myself.

Leo. [*Irritated.*] What do you want, anyhow?

Horst. I want to get into this house. And I shall. You can tell all the stories you like about me—say I am no end of a rascal. Don't restrain yourself. At school I was

always a dunce, I admit. Never did anything except idle while the war lasted. Been idle ever since. But, as regards lovely woman, my boy, I don't let the grass grow under my feet when one of them pleases me, and you know it. [*Becoming more and more ardent.*] I can't rest till I have told her: "By all the stars above us!"—and so forth. "And may I never speak, if it isn't true!"—and so on for ten minutes at a time without stopping to take breath. [*Then dryly.*] If she won't surrender—then— [*Going up c. Saluting lightly.*] Right about, face! I say to myself: "You have done your duty by HER—now for the next one!" [*Goes to door, turns around again.*] That's the way I do it, and that's the way I'll do it here. Remember—I'm to think out a little scheme for myself, so much the worse for you. [*Exits c.*]

Leo. [*Crosses, R. After he has stood for a moment, he braces himself up.*] Then I must think out a little scheme for myself?

CILLI, *entering from R. back, sits R. of table, L.*

Cilli. Cousin, papa is asking for you.

Leo. [*Remembering.*] Ah, yes—yes, I'm coming. [*Crosses up c. About to go back R., stands hesitating and then turns again to CILLI.*] I wanted to ask you—do you go out much here in Carlsbad? I mean—to concerts, and balls, and so on?

Cilli. Not very much—Manni can't always take me with her—and papa and mamma prefer to remain at home in the evenings.

Leo. [*Eagerly.*] That is right—you remain at home with them.

Cilli. But, it's nicest in the evenings, especially on the Promenade.

Leo. Yes, but when one is as young as you, cousin, and so very charming— [*Frightened, correcting himself quickly.*] I mean such charming festivities are given here that it's really dangerous.

Cilli. [*Incredulous.*] Nonsense!

Leo. [*Eagerly.*] Oh, yes, it is, especially this year, there are so many officers about, and they are very destructive—even in a pikesche.

Cilli. [*Naïve, anxiously*] Are they?

Leo. Yes; their profession gives them a certain boldness—I know some of them; there is one in particular—what's his name? [*Emphasis.*] Oh, yes, Neuhoff. Nothing is sacred to that fellow.

Cilli. Why not? [*Rises.*]

Leo. Why not? When a girl pleases him, he swears: "By all the stars," and so forth and so on, for ten minutes together without stopping to take breath—and then runs after another. [*Crosses, R.*]

Cilli. [*Somewhat intimidated.*] I shall be afraid to trust myself away from the door.

Leo. [*Back to CILLI.*] Yes, don't stir out—at least not without a protector.

Cilli. [*Reflecting.*] Oh, papa is no good— [*Sits. Hesitating.*]—It must be a relative, mustn't it?

Leo. [*Eagerly.*] Of course, that's indispensable.

Cilli. Unfortunately, *you* haven't any time, I suppose, cousin?

Leo. [*Eagerly. CILLI rises.*] On the contrary, I'll find all the time you want, for you will be safe with *me*.

Cilli. [*Frankly.*] Oh, I believe that.

Leo. I should consider it a sacred duty.

Cilli. And I should feel so much confidence. [*Offers her hand to him.*]

Leo. [*Seizing her hand with both his own and growing more and more ardent.*] And you may, my dear—my— [*From expression of reverence gradually going over to a tone of affection.*] My darling cousin.

Cilli. [*Leaving her hand in his, looking into his eyes, true-hearted, softly.*] Dear cousin! [*Both remain hand in hand during a slight pause, until they separate quickly on hearing the steps of the COUNSELLOR.*]

COUNSELLOR, sticking his head in the door, R., back.

Counsellor. Well, Leopold, are you coming? [*Withdraws again.*]

Leo. Right away, uncle. [*Exits quickly, R. U. E., back.*]

WENZEL enters C., leaving the door open—HORST appears behind him.

Wenzel. Has your Grace lost anything? There is a gentleman here has found it.

Cilli. [*Surprised.*] Something of mine?

HORST, C., *steps forward quickly before WENZEL with a package wrapped up in tissue paper.*

Horst. Yes, gracious lady, I was so fortunate; and I am more than rejoiced that this kind chance permits me to continue an acquaintance commenced at such a distance.

Cilli. [*Astonished.*] Acquaintance?

Horst. I had the pleasure of seeing you last night in the theatre, and of being noticed by you.

Cilli. [*Surprised.*] I was not aware of it.

Horst. Oh, oh, mademoiselle, that is hard! I don't wish to be indiscreet and assert that I enjoyed your preference the whole evening, but you surely looked over at me now and then?

Cilli. [*More and more astonished.*] I looked over at you—where?

Horst. In the box—just opposite yours—at the theatre.

Cilli. [*Comprehending, laughing. Crosses, R.*] Oh, I understand! Well, I admit that I did stare at that box all the evening.

Horst. Now, you see? [*Crosses to CILLI.*]

Cilli. But, pardon me, that had nothing to do with you.

Horst. With whom, then? There was nobody in it with me except a very old gentleman.

Cilli. [*With modestly concealed smile, coming toward HORST.*] Ah, yes, but that very old gentleman was Goethe!

Horst. [*Struck.*] Oh, was it? Goethe? Well, now, it did seem queer that the whole audience flattered me with their attention. I remember thinking I had grown mighty interesting all of a sudden. [*Going, L.*] But I fancied it might be one of my good days, you know. [*Back to C.*]

Cilli. I am very sorry to undeceive you in this manner—

Horst. [*Back to CILLI.*] Yes, it is bitter. But, it wasn't all deception. If you didn't look at me, I was looking at you the whole evening—no mistake about that.

Cilli. [*Simply, without coquetry.*] I am not so sure—I was not alone, either.

Horst. That's a fact! The lady with you was charm-

ing, too. But I beg you to believe that *you* and *you* alone——

Cilli. [*Cutting him off.*] I lost something, you say—which you wish to return?

Horst. Yes: I tried to get near you after the performance, but the crowd was so great, and when I got over, your box was empty, and I found this little trifle by the door. [*Has, with that, taken from the paper a lace handkerchief, and now offers it to her.*] I got your address from the box-keeper, and now I take the liberty——

Cilli. [*Has meantime examined the handkerchief.*] But this doesn't belong to me—nor to Manni, either.

Horst. Why, what a pity! It would have been such a pleasure to be able to render this slight service——

Cilli. [*Gives him back the handkerchief.*] Yes, I am very sorry that you have had all the trouble for nothing. [*Both holding handkerchief.*]

Horst. Not for nothing—that little handkerchief has gained me an introduction to your charming presence. My name is Neuhoff.

Cilli. [*Startled. Crosses, R.*] Neuhoff?

Horst. Horst von Neuhoff. [*Crosses, L.*]

Cilli. [*Agitated.*] Are you acquainted with my Cousin Leopold?

Horst. Why, of course, my old friend Leopold—is he your cousin? Then we are friends already. [*Makes a step towards her and tries to take her hand.*]

Cilli. [*Anxiously drawing back.*] Oh, no, Mr. von Neuhoff, I beg—you must not imagine—as I said, the handkerchief doesn't belong to me—and I didn't look over at you. And besides, my parents live so retired. [*Going up, R.*]

Horst. So I heard—but you?

Cilli. [*As above.*] And I live—retired, too—and I wouldn't like to make any new acquaintances, so you must—excuse me. [*Has during her last words withdrawn toward the door, back, R., and now exits quickly, R. U. E.*]

Horst. [*Going, R. Looks after her for a moment astonished, then with comic resignation.*] No surrender? Very well. [*Making military turn.*] Right about, face! [*About to exit through C., turns, stops however, listens as he hears the first words of HERMAN, who is coming in.*]

HERMANCE, *in entering down R. I. E., to ROSA, who follows her.*

Hermance. Tell the postilion he must take care of the boxes for me; there are some very precious things in them.

ROSA *enters from R. I. E., front, with boxes and hand luggage.*

Horst. [*Peeping at the COUNTESS.*] By Jove! The other one!

Her. [*Holds ROSA, who is about to pass before her, for a moment, and attentively glances over the different packages, her face in HORST'S direction without seeing him.*] Wait a little. Have we got everything? [*Examining each separate package, and murmuring half aloud to herself.*] The bag, the hat, the umbrella, the pompadour—*[Feeling it from outside.]* Are the sugar-plums in it? Yes—

Horst. [*Has meantime observed HERMANCE attentively, during her murmurs aside.*] She is charming. [*Has half turned away and hurriedly wraps the handkerchief up again in the tissue paper that he still holds in his hand—during this, aside.*] Far more charming than the other.

Her. [*As she finishes her examination, to ROSA.*] Now, then, go along. [*ROSA exits, c. Taking a step toward back, sees HORST with slight astonishment.*]

Horst. [*Going to her.*] Gracious lady, I humbly beg your pardon: I was just about to ask the honor of being announced—Mr. von Neuhoff. [*Introducing himself.*] I had the good fortune to find a trifle that you lost yesterday.

Her. Have I lost something again? But that's not astonishing—I lose all my things.

Horst. Pray, believe me, it is a special happiness to be able to render *you*—you particularly, this slight service. [*Offers her package.*]

Her. That is very kind, indeed, of you, Mr. von Neuhoff. I have to thank you many, many times. But what is it? [*Crosses, l. c. Unwraps package.*] A handkerchief? [*Examining it carefully.*] Why, this doesn't belong to me.

Horst. [*Pretending to be astonished.*] Is it possible?

I would have taken an oath—not if it was lying directly under your seat in the box——? I had the pleasure of seeing you in the theatre last night. I don't know whether I dare flatter myself that you observed me.

Her. [*Smiling.*] No, I didn't.

Horst. We were sitting directly opposite—Goethe and myself.

Her. Yes, but if you will sit beside GOETHE you mustn't be surprised if nobody sees you. [*Crosses, R.*] You couldn't have chosen a more disadvantageous position.

Horst. [*Crosses, L.*] And I'll never do it again. Once beside Goethe is enough for me.

Her. [*Has meantime looked at handkerchief again.*] Perhaps this handkerchief belongs to Cilli. I'll go at once and ask. [*Turns to go up R. C.*]

Horst. [*Frightened. Going toward her.*] No, I beg—don't trouble yourself. It was simply a mistake.

Her. [*With slight suspicion.*] Oh!

Horst. At all events, I am grateful for the chance that permits me to present myself, especially if I dare hope that this meeting will not be the last.

Her. [*Seeing through him, aside.*] Aha—the rogue! That's the corner the wind blows from. Well—just wait. [*Crosses, L. Very friendly.*] Won't you be seated, Mr. von Neuhoff? [*Sits, and motions him to chair.*]

Horst. [*Crosses, R.*] Thanks! [*As he is going to chair, R., aside, delighted.*] She surrenders, and I camp on the field of battle!

Her. [*Leaning back comfortably in arm-chair, L., in one hand the handkerchief and in the other the paper, glancing over roguishly to HORST.*] Do you know, this is quite a coincidence? [*Sits.*] As I said, I am always losing something—and there are people [*again intentional emphasis*] who have quite a special luck in finding things—in fact, they can find things that were never lost.

Horst. [*Unsuspecting.*] Yes, just so; you mean pick-pockets and other rogues?

Her. [*Double-meaning, very friendly.*] Yes, especially other rogues. Now, as regards this handkerchief, we will do a little detective work and find the real owner.

Horst. [*Cheerfully.*] Yes, do.

Her. It does not belong to me—that's positive. And

you say it doesn't belong to Cilli. [*With peculiar inflection.*]

Horst. [*Becoming confused.*] Yes, but then how did it come in your box?

Her. [*Artfully.*] That I don't know. [*With changed tone. Rises, goes c.*] But I can tell you quite positively how it came into your hands.

Horst. Can you? [*Coolly. Rises.*] I am really curious.

Her. [*Aside, observing him with laughing nods of the head.*] The rascal! He puts a bold face on it, though he knows he is trapped. I like that. [*Rising and beckoning to him with forefinger while she goes to the window.*] Come here. You see that drygoods shop across yonder? You bought the handkerchief there yourself.

Horst. You surely don't believe —

Her. [*With drill force.*] Stop! Don't go in any deeper. [*Crosses, c.*] Holding the tissue paper up before his eyes. [*Going, c.*] Look there, do you see that fine print? [*Reading.*] "Thomas Brothers & Thomas, dry goods, Branch from Vienna, No. 17, Old Meadow, Carlsbad."

Horst [*With comic despair.*] Oh, well, when a person has eyes for fine print like that, there is nothing more to be done. [*Crosses, R.*]

Her. [*Smiling at him triumphantly.*] No, there is absolutely nothing more to be done. Here! [*Gives it up, laughing.*]

Horst. [*Plucking up.*] Well, I am glad anyway you think it funny. [*Crosses, L.*]

Her. [*With lightly marked double meaning.*] It's not worth the trouble to take seriously. [*Crosses, R. c.*]

Horst. Then you grant me complete absolution?

Her. As far as I'm concerned, yes—since I happened to find you out in time. [*With discreet intonation.*]

Horst. Believe me, I—

Her. But you don't get off without penance. [*Wraps the handkerchief in paper and gives him the package again.*] There, take your handkerchief, carry it carefully across the street again, and say, "Please, Thomas Brothers, it was no good; give me back my two gulden eighteen kreutzer." [*Pointing to package.*] That's the price marked in plain figures. It was a cheap scheme.

Horst. [*Comically abashed.*] And what am I to do after that?

Her. [*Continuing.*] You must present the two gulden eighteen kreutzer to the first beggar you see, and be sure that it's a woman. The men, even when they are beggars, are the same deceivers ever. [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. [*L. c. Sticking the package in his breast pocket, but with genuine ardor.*] I don't give back this handkerchief for a million gulden. [*Hastily.*] But every beggar-woman in Carlsbad shall have a treat.

Her. That's right. Good-bye!

Horst. Of course, I shall have to report to you to-morrow and the day after?

Her. [*Laughing.*] No, no, you needn't give yourself the trouble. [*Crosses, L. Amiable, but somewhat decided.*] I believe, Mr. von Neuhoff, that everything is settled between us and we can bid each other adieu!

Horst. Countess, my lips wouldn't permit anything stronger than an *au revoir* to pass them.

Her. [*With comic astonishment.*] What? You have the courage to try again—after the way things have gone with you to-day?

Horst. [*Again frivolous.*] After the way things have gone with me? Well, yes, you caught me, and I got a bit of a set-back. But that doesn't last long with me—all I have to do is to think out another little scheme, that's all.

Her. [*Laughing.*] Another scheme? You wish to pique my curiosity—you know how curious women are! [*Crosses, R. Discreet leave-taking gesture.*] At all events, what do you say now?

Enter, WENZEL.

Horst. [*With bow.*] I say, *au revoir*! [*She bows. Up, c. Goes to chair, R., back, where he has laid his hat and gloves.*]

Wenzel. [*Enters, c.*] Your Grace—— [*Notices that the Countess is not alone, is about to retire, excusing himself.*] I beg pardon——

Her. Come in, Wenzel—what do you want?

Wen. I only wanted to say that all the seats in the Extra Post were booked before I got there.

Her. Then I can't go until to-morrow.

Wen. Oh, yes, your Grace can still go to-day. [*HORST becomes attentive at this cue, loiters intentionally over his hat and gloves, and listens to the further conversation.*]

Her. Indeed, how so?

Wen. The Post-keeper has ordered a two-seated carriage. Here is the ticket for one seat in it.

Her. [*Has looked slyly over at HORST, notices that he listens to report of WENZEL, intentionally loud. Crosses, L. c.*] Then there is a second seat in the carriage not yet taken?

Wen. Yes, Countess.

Her. That's all right. [*Will exit, R., comes thereby near NEUHOFF and acts as if she had just noticed that he was still there.*] Ah, Mr. von Neuhoff, you are still here.

Horst. [*Playing the ingenuous. Down, c.*] Yes, I couldn't find my gloves—but now I really take my leave—

Her. [*Teasing.*] Are you still thinking out another little scheme?

Horst. Oh, yes, another and a better, as you will see very shortly. [*With bow, exits quickly, c. WENZEL, who has also intended to go, but couldn't, because HORST was standing in the door, will now follow him.*]

Her. [*Crosses, L. Takes step quickly and holds WENZEL back by the coat-tails, calling to him softly.*] Wenzel! [*Draws him away from the door, mysteriously.*] Wenzel, listen—when you go out that gentleman will be waiting for you. He'll press a few gulden into your hand and tell you to run over to the Post and secure the other seat in my carriage.

Wen. Shall I do it?

Her. Of course—You wouldn't rob the poor man of that comfort. [*Crosses, L.*]

COUNSELLOR enters from R., back, with a small paper slate in his hand, which he gives to WENZEL, who is going out.

Counsellor. [*Eagerly.*] Wenzel, hang this slate on the gate at once. [*Down, c. WENZEL exits, c. To HERMANCÉ.*] Leopold has already gone with the advertisement, so if luck is good I can rent the rooms before my

wife gets back from Eger. I want to do it while she's away, she does pick out such insipid people.

Her. [*Looking at her watch.*] Is she ready for the journey?

Coun. I don't know—this is one of her bad days. It seems she doesn't fancy one of her fellow-passengers.

Her. Which one?

Coun. I don't know. I only heard her say, "I'd like to know what *she's* going to Eger for just when I am." [*Crosses up* L. c.]

Her. [*Laughing out.*] Oh, that's it.

Cilli. [*Quickly back from* R. U. E.] Manni, are you ready? The coach goes at twelve.

Her. All right; get my things, quick. I'm coming at once. [*Crosses, R. CILLI exits, R. I. E., forward.*]

Coun. [*Startled.* Goes, c.] What, are you going to Eger, too?

Her. Of course—I'm the objectionable fellow-passenger. [*Back to c.*]

Coun. [*Helplessly.*] What a blunderer I am! I beg a thousand pardons.

Her. [*Laughing.*] Oh, it's of no consequence, I assure you.

ROSA enters, c.

Rosa. Please, Mr. Counsellor, there is a gentleman downstairs at the slate. He is asking about the rooms.

Coun. Let him come right up. Where is Wenzel?

Rosa. I believe *he* was sent to the Post. [*Exits, c.*]

Countess. [*Aside.*] So? The bait took.

Coun. [*Pleased.*] We've hooked a fish already.

Her. I do hope it is a suitable party. [*Turns to door, R.*] Now, I'm going to ease your wife's mind about her fellow-passenger.

Coun. [*Anxiously.*] Don't say anything to her about what I blurted out, will you?

Her. [*Back to COUNSELLOR.*] Have no fear—*entre nous*. I object to travelling with *her* as much as she does with me.

Coun. [*Involuntarily laughing out.*] Ha-ha-ha! [*Controlling himself quickly.*] How is it that with the profoundest desire to stand well with everybody and twisting

extremes all the while, one does make such infernal *faux pas* at times?

Her. [*Interrupting, lightly copying him.*] It is because gymnastic diplomacy always ends in a bad fall. I wouldn't twist and turn so much—try to walk straight. I know it's not politics, but it's honesty, and honesty always pays best in the end. [*Exits, R. I. E.*]

Rosa. [*Appearing in c. door.*] Here's the gentleman, sir. [*Lets HORST pass by her and enter c., then exits.*]

Coun. [*Going to meet HORST.*] Walk in.

Horst [*Quick through c.*] If you will pardon the liberty.

Coun. Certainly. With whom have I the honor?

Horst. [*About to introduce himself, coming down, c.*] I am. [*Stops, searching more cautiously.*] First, let me ask, have you ever heard the name of Neuhoﬀ? No?

Coun. [*Meditating.*] Neuhoﬀ?

Horst. Has nobody ever said anything—here—in your house about a Mr. von Neuhoﬀ?

Coun. No.

Horst. [*Breathing relieved.*] My reason for asking is—I am Mr. von Neuhoﬀ.

Coun. Very good—and you want the rooms? [*Offers him chair.*]

Horst. The situation suits me exactly. [*They sit, R.*]

Coun. There are three. [*L.*]

Horst. Three? Just what I was looking for.

Coun. Not in the front—they are in the rear, over the garden.

Horst. [*Rapturously.*] The garden! The very thing—over the garden!

Coun. Perhaps you would like to look at them.

Horst. No, it is perfectly immaterial—. [*Correcting himself.*] I mean the rooms are not the most important thing in a residence. To me the people count for much more.

Coun. Very proper.

Horst. And in that respect, I must say, that the first impression [*With bow to COUNSELLOR. Rises.*] is extremely encouraging.

Coun. Thanks, thanks, it's mutual. [*Rises.*]

Horst. [*Sits. Drawing near, c.*] You see, to be perfectly frank, I have no taste for excitement, for carousal,

for the mad fever of the gaming table, for the intoxicating whirl of the ball-room, for the hurly-burly of the giddy throng. What I am looking for is a home with a quiet family.

Coun. We are as quiet as mice. My wife and I, of course, are not entirely alone.

Horst. Oh, well, if there are merely a few younger members of the family—sons or daughters or relations, I don't care which—I should probably soon become attached to them. I hope I'm not too effusive, but to tell you the truth, I'm a regular tame cat for a family fireside.

Coun. [*Rises.*] Mr. von Neuhoff, such sentiments do you honor. A young man like you is a treat nowadays.

Horst. [*Turning away with assumed modesty.*] You are too good. [*Rises, R. c.*]

Coun. [*Confidingly. Rises to L. c.*] I tell you what it is, if you take the rooms I should gain a little private advantage. You see, very often in the evenings I like to go for a little game of dominoes or cards in the coffee house, but I can't leave my family all alone at home. Now, if *you* were in the house—with your domestic habits—

Horst. You could go out every evening and stay as late as you please. I should simply sit up with the wife and the children. If the wife wished to retire early I wouldn't mind sitting up with the children as late as they wished.

Coun. Young man, you were made for our home. I can only say we have missed you.

Horst. Then I can have the rooms? Your hand on it. [*Offers him his hand.*]

Coun. [*Shaking hands.*] With hand and word and open arms. [*Opening his arms to him.*]

Horst. [*Embrace.*] I feel already that you are more than a parent.

HERMANCÉ, *ready for journey, enters, R. I. E., forward, at sight of group, astonished.*

Hermance. What's all this?

Coun. [*Crosses, R., loosening himself from the embrace of NEUHOF.*] Ah, sister-in-law, allow me to present Mr. von Neuhoff. [*NEUHOF crosses, L.*]

Her. [*Aside.*] Back already. [*Crosses, L. c.*]

Coun. [*Continuing.*] A very nice young gentleman.

Her. [*Ironically laughing.*] Indeed?

Coun. To whom I have just let the suite of rooms.

[*Points to L.*]

Her. [*To HORST.*] What? You going to live *here*?

Coun. [*Continuing.*] I tell you he fits into our home as if the angels had brought him.

Her. What kind of angels!

Coun. Oh, everything is settled. I'll draw the papers.
[*Goes in background and takes from an étagère writing materials, pen and paper, going up R.*]

Horst. Do.

Her. [*Going to NEUHOFF.*] So this is your little scheme?

Horst [*Nodding with self-satisfaction.*] Yes. Clever, isn't it?

Her. [*Likewise smiling ironically.*] Very clever.
[*With changed tone, loud.*] Only it's a pity that nothing will come of it.

Horst. [*Protesting.*] Nothing?

Coun. [*Crossing at same time forward with writing materials.*] What's that—nothing come of it?

Her. You forget what your wife said.

Horst [*Eagerly.*] Am I too late? Has she let the rooms already?

Her. No, the rooms are not let—and you have not come too late—but too soon, much too soon—several years too soon, in fact. The trouble is that you are too young just at present. Drop in when you are sixty.

Horst. But, my dear madame—

Her. [*Decidedly. To COUNSELLOR.*] Your wife said expressly old gentlemen or nobody.

Horst. But I am not so young.

Her. Yes, but you are not old. [*Turns to COUNSELLOR.*] Frankly, I am surprised that you overlooked—

Coun. [*Abashed.*] Well, yes, it's true, I did forget—yes, you are a little young yet. [*Crosses to NEUHOFF.*] Yes, it can't be thought of. I am very sorry, Mr. von Neuhoff, but you see, there are others to consult. [*Shrugs his shoulders and goes up back with writing things to étagère, then exits, R. U. E.*]

Horst. [*Comically resigned, crosses L, then to c.*] It's too bad. I had the thing arranged so beautifully. Well, all right, I'll have to think of another little scheme.

Her. [*Significantly.*] I've thought of something.

Horst. [*Astonished.*] You?

Her. Yes, a surprise—you will be delighted.

WENZEL enters C. with ticket in his hand.

Wenzel. [*To HORST.*] Here is the ticket for the se—
[*Down C., crosses L.*]

Horst. [*Snatches the ticket from him and cuts off his word.*] Sh!

Her. [*Has noticed the preceding, smilingly, but acts as if she had seen nothing.*] What is it, Wenzel?

Wen. [*At signs from HORST, stuttering.*] Shall I take your trunk down now? [*Crosses, R.*]

Her. Yes, it's about time. [*WENZEL exits R., forward.*]

Horst. [*Playing the astonished.*] You're not going away, Countess?

Her. [*Playing him.*] Yes, I'm going to Eger by the Post.

Horst. [*Same.*] To Eger—what a coincidence! I am going there too.

Her. Just look at that now—what a thing chance is! How are you going? in the coach or by "Extra Post?"

Horst. [*Acting as if it were perfectly indifferent to him.*] The fact is I don't know. [*Feels in the different pockets for the ticket.*] Where did I put it? [*Drawing out ticket.*] Ah, here is the ticket. [*Reading out.*] By "Extra Post"—only two seats, and I've got one. [*Down L.*]

Her. Indeed! And do you know who has got the other?

Horst. [*Apparently unconcerned.*] No, who?

Her. My sister-in-law.

Horst. [*Innocently.*] Mrs. Counsellor—why, I thought you were going to sit there.

Her. Oh, no, I ride in the coach.

Horst. [*Eagerly.*] Why, then, I'm going in the coach.

Her. Sorry, the seats are all taken.

Horst. [*Comically crestfallen. Going to her.*] But consider—I can't—six hours to Eger with an old lady—I—I'm too young—you said so yourself—an old gentleman or nobody.

Her. Oh, that is in furnished rooms, not in Post coaches. She rather likes a young man there. [*Going to Mrs. COUNSELLOR, who enters R. U. E.*] Isn't it so, dear? [*Presenting.*] This is Mr. von Neuhoff, your travelling companion. [*Crosses, R.*]

Mrs. COUNSELLOR has entered from R., back, in travelling dress, pompadour in hand, in act of putting on her gloves. Following her appears the COUNSELLOR with two pillows and all sorts of hand luggage.

Mrs. Counsellor. [*With somewhat affected friendliness.*] Ah, my travelling companion? Delighted! Take that, will you. [*Gives him her pompadour while she puts on her gloves.*] Will you be so kind——

Horst. [*With sour face taking the pompadour.*] Why, certainly——

Mrs. Counsellor. [*Flattered.*] My sister told me how much trouble you gave yourself to get the seat next mine. You even sent Wenzel to the Post. [*Turns to COUNSELLOR to call his attention to some of the packages.*]

Horst. [*Crosses to R. To HERMANCÉ, softly, full of reproach.*] And you knew about that?

Her. [*Nodding.*] Yes, and so I changed with her at the last moment.

Horst. [*Will fly into passion.*] Well, I call that——

Her. [*Putting in the word for him.*] A surprise—eh? You see that's the little scheme *I* thought out, and my scheme worked. Bye-bye! [*Mrs. COUNSELLOR takes pillows and hand luggage from COUNSELLOR and piles them in HORST'S arms and goes to door as curtain falls. WENZEL and ROSA appear in the door with a large trunk. Behind the scenes is heard the post horn. HERMANCÉ observes him, laughing heartily. CILLI runs on to say "good-bye" to HERMANCÉ.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Towards evening in summer.*

DISCOVERED.—CILLI stands at window, dreamily looking down into the street, suddenly makes joyous movement as if she sees some one; hurries away from the window; in passing throws a glance at herself in the mirror, then sits, R., and begins zealously to stitch her embroidery. After a short pause, a knock is heard at c. door. CILLI crosses R., sits R. of table.

Cilli [Quickly.] Come in. [Another knock, somewhat impatient.] Come in.

Leopold. [Appears at c. door.] May I venture?

Cilli. [Acting quite ingenuously.] Oh, is that you, cousin?

Leo. [Still at the door.] Yes, but I'm afraid of disturbing—

Cilli. No, no; come in.

Leo. [Coming forward, sits L. of table, R.] I've got news! We are going to have royal visitors in Carlsbad.

Cilli. Who will it be?

Leo. The Empress Dowager of Russia and her whole Court: the Crown Prince Anton, the Grand Duke with his family; a lot of generals, ministers, chamberlains and ever so many distinguished foreigners, particularly Russians—in short, such splendor and magnificence as were never yet seen in Carlsbad.

Cilli. Ah, if I could only see something of it.

Leo. You shall see it all. I will get a seat for you on the Johannes bridge—that's where the official reception is to take place. And Prince Metternich may come over from Eger. And in the evenings the whole town is to be illuminated and we are to have fireworks and a grand ball, and you are going to the ball.

Cilli. That will be lovely. And will you be there, too?

Leo. Of course, I always go where there's dancing.

Cilli. [Naïvely.] Oh, how fortunate we met each other here, cousin. [Offers her hand.]

Leo. [Taking her hand cordially.] It was the happiest day of my life.

Cilli. I hope mamma will be back from Eger, and Manni. Otherwise, papa won't let me go.

Leo. That would be too bad.

Cilli. Of course, when I'm so happy, and it will really be my first ball.

Leo. But you told me you went last winter in Prague.

Cilli. [*Contemptuously.*] Yes, that was the regimental ball and don't count. [*Rises.*] I had a young baron for partner and he spoilt my whole evening. Oh, he was so tiresome. [*Crosses, L. C. Precociously.*] Now, do you think it right, when you meet a young lady for the first time to begin to talk about love at once?

Leo. [*Jealously.*] He did that? [*Rises. With sudden passion, crosses to C.*] It's monstrous! A man oughtn't to speak of love unless he really feels it.

Cilli. [*Agreeing.*] Certainly, then he *ought* to speak.

Leo. And only then when he knows that the girl loves him in return.

Cilli. [*Likewise restraining herself.*] Or at least when he can *guess* she does.

Leo. Yes, from certain little indications she gives him.

Cilli. What sort of indications?

Leo. Oh, she must manage some way to let him see she cares for him.

Cilli. [*Astonished.*] Before she knows whether he cares for her?

Leo. [*Becoming somewhat nervous.*] Well, he can't let her know that till *she* lets him know——

Cilli. [*Likewise somewhat excited.*] But that would make her have to speak first.

Leo. Oh, I don't ask that—far from it! [*Crosses, R.*]

Cilli. [*Working herself up.*] Then, what *do* you ask? The girl sits there with her heart full of love—full of love, I say—and waits—and waits—and the man don't speak—and won't speak. [*Crosses, L.*]

Leo. [*More and more excited.*] And why—why? Because—he—can't! He can't! Oh, Miss Cilli, don't you see that? [*Up and down C.*]

Cilli. [*Likewise. Crosses L. to window and back.*] Well, there's no need to be violent about it.

Leo. I'm only distressed because you won't understand how a man can't run around after girls and have them laughing in his face.

Cilli. [*Angry. Walking up and down c.*] Oh, nonsense!

Leo. [*Likewise.*] He'd rather drown himself before he'd open his mouth.

Cilli. [*Crossing, L.*] Then let him, and serve him right. *She* certainly won't give him any indications—no well-bred girl would.

Leo. Well, then, they'll never come together.

Cilli. All right; then let them stay apart. [*Crosses, R., sits.*]

Leo. [*Goes raging to window. Crosses, L., sits.*] All right; let 'em stay apart.

COUNSELLOR, *entering from R. U. E., back.*

Counsellor. [*Angrily.*] Well, well, well—a man can't take his afternoon nap for the brawling that's going on in this house. [*To LEOPOLD.*] Why are you always quarrelling with the girl? If you can't be pleasant to her, you had better not come here any more.

Cilli. [*Pacified.*] Why, papa—

Coun. [*To LEOPOLD.*] What do you want here, anyway? Perhaps you've found another party for the rooms. Since day before yesterday you have come here with a cock-and-bull story about half a dozen parties, and not one of them has come yet.

Leo. [*Crosses to COUNSELLOR.*] I am very sorry, uncle; I have really taken all possible pains. [*Frankly.*] Besides, I do assure you that my whole future happiness depends upon proving my gratitude and esteem to you.

Coun. [*Quickly changed over.*] Yes, yes, I know that. You have your faults, and you have probably perilled your official future. But, at the bottom, you are a thoroughly good fellow. I am very fond of you. [*With sudden upswelling anger.*] I don't understand, Cilli, why you are always quarrelling with him—

Leo. [*Pacifying.*] But, uncle—

Coun. [*Again pacified.*] Between relations such a thing ought never to happen. There, give him your hand—[*Puts their hands together*—and make up again. It's all right now, isn't it? [*Looking from one to the other.*]

Cilli. [*Holding LEOPOLD's hand.*] Yes, papa.

Leo. [*Likewise.*] Certainly, uncle.

Coun. And now I am going back to my coffee. [*Goes to bell and rings. To CILLI.*] Have you had your butter-milk?

Cilli. No, papa, not yet. [*Crosses, R.*]

Coun. [*Crosses to door, R.*] Why haven't you? The doctor ordered it every day punctually. [*Banging open the door, front R., and calling within.*] Rosa! [*To CILLI, scolding further.*] If you don't take it regularly, it won't do you a bit of good. [*ROSA appears in door, R. I. E., front.*] Rosa, why hasn't my daughter had her buttermilk? [*WENZEL appears, C.*]

Rosa. I thought Wenzel—

Coun. [*Scolding. C.*] You thought! You thought! Always the way. "Wenzel." Nonsense! One shoves it on to the other. [*Turning up his coat collar and shivering.*] Gracious, why don't you shut the doors? [*ROSA and WENZEL enter and close the door.*] There's a diabolical draught in this house and I simply can't stand it, with my rheumatism. As to the buttermilk, I hold you both responsible. Bring it punctually and stand there till she has drunk it—whether she wants it or not. [*Rosa exits, and WENZEL through C.*]

Cilli. [*Smiling.*] Why, papa—

Coun. Yes, yes, I know you. You don't want to take anything. As for you, my boy, you needn't bother yourself any more about the rooms—they are let already and occupied now.

Leo. By whom?

Coun. By a Russian general; probably come to Carlsbad to pay his court to the Empress. [*After a pause.*] Suwatscheff, that's his name.

Leo. [*Anxiously.*] General Suwatscheff! That's the uncle of Mr. von Neuhoff?

Coun. Yes; Mr. Neuhoff brought him this morning.

Leo. But I thought Mr. von Neuhoff went to Eger with aunt?

Coun. [*Scratches his chin.*] No, he only went as far as the first stop. There it suddenly occurred to him that he expected his uncle. So he came back hot foot and engaged our rooms for him.

Leo. Indeed! [*Suspiciously.*] That is quite remarkable.

Cilli. [*With a glance of understanding at LEOPOLD.*] Yes, I think so, too.

Coun. I am mighty glad that I found a lodger before mamma's return—and such a charming man as this general is. You'll see for yourself. I will introduce you at once as a member of the family. [*Knocks at L., front.*]

Leo [*Holding back.*] Perhaps he is not in? Or not up?

Coun. Oh, yes, he must be. [*Exits, L., front.*]

Leo. [*Hurriedly whispering to CILLI as he goes.*] I must speak with you about that Mr. Neuhoff again. [*Exits, L., front.*]

Cilli. [*Crosses, R., calling after him.*] Yes, we must speak about that.

HORST enters, c., a rose in his hand.

Horst. Miss Cilli, I have the honor to wish you good evening!

Cilli. [*Cool, pointing to L.*] Good evening! Your uncle is in his room.

Horst. May I ask how you are, and how is your papa?

Cilli. [*As before.*] Thanks! Papa is also in there, with your uncle.

Horst. [*Crosses, L., back to CILLI.*] Then the two gentlemen can entertain each other—and if you will let me keep you company—may I take the liberty? [*Offers her the rose.*]

Cilli. [*Stiffly leaning back. Crosses, L. c.*] I must thank you, Mr. Neuhoff; I told you this morning and this afternoon not to bring me any more flowers.

Horst. [*Going to CILLI.*] Good heavens, Miss Cilli! Why treat me in this way? I confess, the manner of my first approach was displeasing, but you can at least forgive a little thing like that—

Cilli. I don't know that my forgiveness can matter much to you.

Horst. Pardon me, it matters very much; now that my uncle lives here I *must* go in and out.

Cilli. Yes, you do go in and out very much.

Horst. Then, of course, I must stand well with all the members of the household, for we shall be continually meeting one another.

Cilli. These meetings can be avoided. [*Takes from a drawer quite a large key.*] There is another entrance to

your uncle's rooms—through the garden. [*Lays the key on the table, L., by which HORST is standing.*] Here is the key to the garden gate. [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. [*Crosses, L., sits at table.*] Oh, no; that would spoil all my plans. I haven't brought my uncle here and got in with your papa, heart and soul, to be told all of a sudden to get out. No, Miss Cilli, I can't submit to that. [*Sits, front.*] I really cannot.

Cilli. You surely will not force me to tell papa my reasons, will you?

Horst. [*With droll affability.*] Your reasons? You allude to that stupid affair about the handkerchief? That is no reason. The real reason is something very different. [*Rises, to L. C.*] I've seen that for some time. Somebody else is at the bottom of it and wants to put me out—I don't know why. Perhaps out of envy—or is it jealousy? [*CILLI at the word jealousy turns away embarrassed.*]

Horst. [*Noticing her movement, goes to her gently.*] Yes, I'm afraid it's jealousy. I might have guessed it at once. A young girl is never seriously annoyed with one person unless she is seriously fond of another.

Cilli. [*Trying to speak again.*] Mr. von Neuhoff—

Horst. [*Interrupting superiorly.*] And if I only knew who the other one was you should not turn poor Neuhoff out of the house so easily.

LEOPOLD enters, L., forward, as he sees NEUHOFF going to him quickly.

Leopold. My dear Neuhoff—let me be frank and explicit with you—your continual coming to this house is impossible—

Horst. [*Astonished.*] What's that?

Leo. [*Quickly continuing.*] If you must go in and out on your uncle's account be good enough to use the garden door. [*Going to the drawer from which CILLI has taken the key.*] Here is the key. [*Crosses to table.*]

Horst. Thank you. [*Holding up the key.*] I've got it already. [*Looking from one to the other.*] So, then, this is—the other? [*Going to CILLI and putting key on table.*] Miss Cilli, here is your key. I prefer the front door.

Cilli. [*Turns away, vexed.*] Oh, dear! [*Going toward door, R.*]

Horst. [*Crosses to LEOPOLD.*] Let me be frank and explicit with you, my boy—it is not at all nice of you to treat an old comrade like this.

Leo. What else can you expect?

Horst. [*Interrupting.*] Where is your gratitude? What did I do for you that time in Breslau?

Leo. Yes, that is true.

Horst. Didn't I take care of you like a good Samaritan?

Cilli. [*Crosses to HORST. Sympathetic, to LEOPOLD.*] Why, cousin, were you ill?

Horst. [*To CILLI.*] Not exactly that—but he sprained his hand. For three days he carried his arm in a sling and I made the bandages, buttered his bread and wrote his letters. [*To LEOPOLD.*] You remember! Four pages every day, so the dear soul, whose heart was yearning for you, shouldn't go a day without news.

Leo. [*Heartily.*] Yes, and she often told me how much your letters consoled her.

Horst. And didn't I picture your love and tenderness—how you longed for her and sent her thousands of kisses, blotted with tears. [*To CILLI.*] I've never written more beautiful letters for myself.

Cilli. [*R. Piqued, trying to struggle with her jealousy, sits L. of table.*] Well, I don't see anything so strange in one friend writing love letters for another—

Leo. [*Crosses to CILLI. Interrupting.*] Why, it wasn't—

Cilli. [*Repulsing him. Rises.*] Of course, it's none of my business. But I don't think much of your patriotic enthusiasm, when you only went to Breslau to carry on a love affair.

Leo. [*Noticing her jealousy with joyous excitement.*] And would that make you angry?

Cilli. [*Struggling with her tears.*] If you had stayed quietly at the Ministry you wouldn't have sprained your hand, [*crosses, c.,*] and you could have written to your sweetheart from there just as well. [*Up c.*]

Horst. Sweetheart! Why, the innocent never had a sweetheart.

Leo. [*Interrupting, assenting.*] Never.

Cilli. [*Astonished.*] But the letters?

Horst. They were to his mother.

Cilli. [*Glad. Down to LEOPOLD.*] Your mother?

Leo. Of course, to my mother.

Horst. [*Superiorly.*] Yes. [*Going to CILLI, who has turned away.*] A load has fallen from somebody's heart—eh?

Cilli. [*Confused.*] Mr. von Neuhoff, you certainly don't imagine—

Horst. [*Crosses up c. to R.*] I imagine nothing at all. But just peep *there* once— [*Turns her with light touch towards the mirror that is on the wall, L.*] —in the mirror. [*With humor.*] Have you ever seen a prettier color than those blushes?

Cilli. [*Breaking away from him, putting her hands over her face ashamed, with comic contempt, down R.*] Oh, you!

Horst. [*Going to LEOPOLD, poking him in side.*] Well, old boy, am I a friend or not?

Leo. [*Seizing both his hands and shaking them softly.*] You are. But please— [*entreating*] —go away now.

Horst. [*Confidentially.*] I'll keep the old gentlemen in there. [*Goes quickly to door, R., forward, then with a glance at the two, with a sigh of comic envy and singing softly.*] "There's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!" [*Exits quickly.*]

Leo. [*Going to CILLI, in voice trembling from emotion, half loud.*] Miss Cilli—dear Cilli—now I can speak.

Cilli. [*Rises. Has turned full to him, naïvely.*] But I haven't given any indications, have I? [*Sits, L. of table.*]

Leo. [*Taking her hands, overjoyed.*] No, no, but I guessed it. [*Drawing her gently to his breast.*] Now I know it.

Cilli. [*Burying her face on his breast.*] I knew it yesterday.

Leo. [*Presses her head on his breast tenderly.*] My darling! [*Kisses her forehead, smooths her hair and hand, and then tries to embrace her.*]

Cilli. [*After a slight pause, raising her face to him, disheartened.*] Well, you are not speaking, even now—

Leo. [*Letting her loose and stepping back a bit.*] That's because my heart is so full—so full of happiness—I can't tell one-half of what's in it.

Cilli. It's just the same with me. [*With both hands claspng her throat.*] I feel it beating up here.

ROSA, *enters from forward with a salver on which is a glass of buttermilk, down L. c. to table.*

Rosa. Here's the buttermilk, Miss Cilli.

Cilli. [*Rises. In the midst of her excitement.*] What is it, Rosa?

Rosa. Master ordered it, you know.

Cilli. Oh, yes; put it down, please. I'll drink it later.

Rosa. [*Will not be sent away.*] But I must stay till it's been drunk.

Cilli. But I can't now; don't you hear? I cannot.

Leo. [*Going quickly between, as ROSA will not leave, excited.*] Why do you worry the young lady? You heard her say she can't.

Rosa. [*Crosses, c.*] It's the doctor's orders—it must be drunk.

Leo. [*Fiercely.*] Well, then, give it here. [*Seizing the glass, gulps down the milk.*]

Rosa. But that isn't the same thing.

Leo. [*Putting glass on salver.*] There, you were only to stay here till you saw it drunk—now clear out! [*Shoves her out of door, c., and turns back again to CILLI.*] And now, my darling, tell me again—you love me.

Cilli. [*Ardently.*] Yes, for ever and ever.

Leo. [*Crosses, L. c.*] I never expected to find half this happiness when I saw you for the first time in the theatre—

Cilli. And all this in two days—it seems like a dream.

WENZEL *enters, c., with a salver, on which is the milk.*

Wenzel. The buttermilk, please!

Leo. [*Goes to him quickly, taking the glass from salver.*] Yes, that's all right; give it to me.

Wen. [*Perplexed.*] But it's for Miss Cilli.

Leo. [*Has swallowed it. Puts glass back again, breathless from drinking so fast.*] Yes, yes, I know. Now get out. [*Shoves him out and turns again to CILLI.*] We don't know the future, darling. But I swear to you—

ROSA *again enters with glass of buttermilk, from c., going to CILLI, who is turned away.*

Rosa. Here's your—

Leo. [*Crosses, L. In despair.*] What, are you back again? [CILLI crosses, R., turns to ROSA and makes gesture of despair.]

Hernance. [*Calling outside.*] Cilli! Cilli! [*Enters.*]

Cilli. And when is mamma coming?

Her. [*After ROSA's kiss, gives her hand to LEOPOLD in greeting. To CILLI.*] Probably not before to-morrow. We intended coming together, but [*with light irony*] unfortunately we missed each other.

Cilli. [*With sudden outburst of happiness.*] I cannot tell you, Manni, how happy I am that you are back again. And just to-day—just now—just when I am so—so happy—so—I'll tell you everything by-and-by. [*Exits quickly, R., front.*]

Her. Do! How hot it was! And the clouds of dust I swallowed—I must have something to drink at once.

Leo. [*Hands milk to her.*] May I have the pleasure?

Her. [*Looking at it.*] Thanks. [*Pouring out some water from carafe near by.*] Our buttermilk is very good, but somehow I prefer water. [*Drinks a few swallows—refreshed.*] Ah! [*To LEOPOLD, who still stands with milk in his hand, good-humoredly.*] Won't you have the milk? [*Drinks rest of water.*]

Leo. [*With involuntary gesture of comic disgust, hurriedly sets glass away, puts glass on table, L.*] Oh, Lord, no, not any more to-day—no more. Thanks!

Her. [*Seriously, with glance at door, L., front.*] Well, the rumor about the Counsellor is unfortunately true.

Leo. [*Sympathetically.*] He is to be retired?

Her. [*Nodding assent.*] And Lori can't help us!

Leo. [*As above.*] Why, that is really—

Her. Your aunt may be able to accomplish something. She seems to be on very good terms with Baron Lippski, and it fortunately happens— [*Stops suddenly as she sees CILLI enter, silencing LEOPOLD, with finger on lip.*] Sh!

Cilli. [*Enters, R. I. E., forward, with her hand full of freshly plucked roses.*] Look, Manni, the first from our garden. They bloomed to-day. What a happy day it is!

Her. [*Taking roses.*] You are beaming yourself like a new-blown rose. What's the matter with you? [*Going to table.*]

Cilli. Oh, Manni, I've got so much to tell you. [LEOPOLD, behind HERMANCÉ's back, motions her to be still.]

Her. [*Waiting for her to go on.*] Well?

Cilli. [*Crosses to c., then to L. c., has noticed LEO-POLD's signs—stutters.*] While you were away we rented our rooms.

Leo. [*Crosses to c. Coming to CILLI's help.*] Yes, they are rented.

Her. [*Crosses, c.*] Well, is that the cause of all this rejoicing? Who has taken them?

Leo. [*Crosses, c.*] Here is his registry. [*Hands slip of paper. With glance of understanding to CILLI, significantly.*] I'll be by here to-morrow morning, and then I'll take the liberty of asking for it. [*Exits, c.*]

Her. [*Crosses L., sits on sofa. Meantime has glanced at the slip of paper.*] Why, Cilli, what is this? General Suwatscheff lodging here?

Cilli. Yes; do you know him?

Her. Do I know him? Such an adventure! Do you know who this Suwatscheff is? Why, dear—he was my first romance.

Cilli. [*Astonished. Crosses to Manni.*] What?

[*During following it grows dark.*]

Her. That is to say, the first of a serious nature.

Cilli. Why, Manni, he has grey hair. [*Sits at Manni's feet.*]

Her. Grey? Well—— [*Recollecting.*] He was a little grey, even at that time, and that was ten years ago. [*Reckoning in her mind.*] When Marie Louise was married to the Emperor. He came to Vienna with the Grand Duke. It was on my sixteenth birthday I saw him for the first time—and eight days after he came to papa to propose for my hand.

Cilli. And you didn't accept him?

Her. [*With a light sigh.*] Perhaps it was folly. I would have spared myself some hard, hard years.

Cilli. [*Sympathetically.*] Poor Manni!

Her. [*Forcefully breaking away from the remembrance, merry again.*] Well, don't let's talk about that. [*Rises. Crosses to R. c.*] It is buried and grass is grown over it, thank goodness!

Cilli. [*Rises.*] Won't this meeting be painful?

Her. I really don't know. Why? Because I gave

him the mitten ten years ago? He hasn't been dragging it after him to the present day, surely.

COUNSELLOR *enters*, R. I. E., *front*.

Counsellor. [*Shivers, crosses, c.*] Cilli, you *must* have something done to the window in his room—there's a fearful draught from it. The General didn't say anything, but he sat away from it. He can't bear a draught any more than I can. His nephew has already confided to me that he is a martyr to rheumatism.

Cilli. Yes, papa, I'll send for the carpenter. [*Exits*, R. U. E.]

Coun. Tell Wenzel to get him early to-morrow morning. And he must look at this window too. [*Points to front.*] It always blows infernally from there on anyone sitting near it. [*Points to chair, R., forward.* MANNI *sits*, R.] You've heard about our new lodger? The General is a charming man. [*Winks.*]

Her. Is he?

Coun. A little impatient if anybody contradicts him. But, then, one needn't contradict him.

Her. How did he happen to come to us?

Coun. The luckiest chance—his nephew brought him.

Her. Ah! he has a nephew?

Coun. Yes.

Her. Does *he* live here too?

Coun. No, he lives over in the "White Horse." But he is very attentive to his uncle; I suppose he comes over twenty times a day to see how he is. He's just in there again now. I never saw such affection as there is between those two. [*To HORST, who enters.*] You'll see—here he is.

HORST *enters from L., forward, beaming with happiness.*

Her. [*Looking up, astonished.*] Who is this?

Coun. The General's nephew.

Her. [*Much astonished. Crosses to c.*] Mr. von Neuhoff?

Coun. Of course. You met him?

Her. Yes, I had the pleasure.

Horst. [*Bows with somewhat ironic formality.*] Highly flattered.

Her. So you have quartered an uncle here? Bravo! Bravo!

Horst. And he is quite the proper age, too. So you will have nothing to object to in him.

Her. Oh, not in the least.

Horst. [*Hypocritically.*] Ah, and he is so comfortable here!

Her. [*Ironically friendly.*] You visit him a great deal, I suppose.

Horst. Naturally. In a certain way I owe him the duty of a son. And I take such obligations very seriously.

Coun. I told you—he lives only for his uncle.

Her. It is touching. Then you really spend more time here than at the "White Horse?"

Horst. Yes; he mustn't be left alone—old gentleman, you know.

Her. In that case don't let us keep you if you wish to go back——

Horst. No, no—he sometimes takes a little nap.

Coun. [*Politely, down R.*] And at those times Mr. von Neuhoff will give us a little of his company.

Her. How nice of him! [*Crosses to L.*]

Horst. [*Crosses to C.*] Do you know I feel a sort of natural inclination to the members of this family? We shall make up little picnic parties occasionally—take breakfast in the wood, go in the evening to the theatre, and do lots of things.

Her. You have got that all nicely arranged, haven't you?

Horst. Then on festal occasions—this evening, for instance, we all gather round the fragrant bowl.

Her. [*Coolly.*] What is the festal occasion this evening?

Horst. Why, it's my uncle's first night under this friendly roof.

Coun. Yes, that must really be celebrated.

Horst. [*To both.*] My uncle cordially invites you to join him.

Her. [*Ironically.*] That is very kind.

Horst. I have given Wenzel the materials for the punch—according to my recipe, of course. Fresh berries, a light moselle, champagne, well *frappé*.

Coun. As far as I am concerned, I will go at once and personally inform the General that I accept his kind invitation with pleasure. [*Goes to door, L. HERMANCÉ crosses to R.*]

Horst. [*Crosses, L., to COUNSELLOR.*] That's very good of you, Mr. Counsellor.

Coun. And, besides, what you said just now about those little rural excursions, do you know that's a good idea!

Horst. [*Inciting him.*] You see?

Coun. [*Continuing.*] Yes, indeed; people become so narrow if they don't mix together. I can't remember when I last went to a picnic, and I never breakfasted in the woods. That's something to look forward to. I declare, we don't know how insipidly we live until someone comes along and wakes us up.

Horst. And "someone" is here now to stir you all up.

Coun. [*Taking his hands.*] That's right. I said the very first time I saw you, "You belong to us," you dear boy! [*Embraces him and exits, L. I. E.*]

Horst. [*With merry triumph, going to HERMANCÉ.*] Well, what do you say now, Countess?

Her. I say you have managed to make a nice warm nest for yourself during my absence, and it was done quickly, too.

Horst. Wasn't it? Here I am like a son of the house, and now, Countess, do what you will, I remain. [*Crosses, L.*] No matter how badly you treat me, I shall not complain—I shall remain.

Her. [*Roguishly.*] Will you? Don't be too sure, Perhaps I may think out another little scheme.

Horst. [*Imploringly. Going to her.*] No, no, you really mustn't do that any more. Even if you have no feeling for me, think of that poor old man in there—my dear, good old uncle.

Her. [*With laughing menace.*] Deceiver! [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. [*Crosses, R.*] Honestly—he's overjoyed at his quarters here. You know, he's quite alone in the world.

Her. [*With finesse.*] Did he never marry?

Horst. Fortunately, no—

Her. How "fortunately"?

Horst. Just imagine the shock to my creditors if my uncle should suddenly present me with an aunt.

Her. But he may.

Horst. No, there's no danger of that.

Her. How so? [*Sits R. of table, R.*]

Horst. [*Taps his breast. Sits L. of table, R.*] There's an old romance still dominating his heart.

Her. [*Acting curiously.*] How interesting!

Horst. The affair was ten years ago. He fell over head and ears in love, dancing a Lannerschen waltz. I have no wish to slander the lady, whom I never saw, but with respect to female beauty uncle always had a peculiar taste.

Her. [*Amused.*] Ah! and she didn't accept him?

Horst. No, I don't understand it. She gave the old Cræsus the mitten.

Her. How could anyone be so stupid?

Horst. It was my jolly luck, and *his*, too, really. He was always enthusing over her beauty, but I imagine there isn't much of that left to rave over by this time.

Her. [*Agreeing.*] Of course not.

Horst. He swears that he has never got over his passion—that his sweetheart still floats before him as the fairy creature of his dreams. I tell him the fairy has got up to his two hundred pounds by this time.

Her. [*Laughing.*] Oh, pray—however, it is very nice of him to think of her still, isn't it?

Horst. [*Agreeing.*] Oh, yes, and I've always helped it on a little bit. I have never allowed her memory to die out altogether.

Her. Why not?

Horst. [*Slyly.*] Don't you see? So that he won't fall in love with anybody else.

Her. How clever!

Horst. [*Self-satisfied.*] Ye-e-es. I rather flatter myself on that.

Her. And does the plan succeed?

Horst. Every time. Whenever I notice anything suspicious I begin at once about beautiful Viennese women, and then I hint about a certain Lannerschen waltz, and away he is. It works on him like the sound of a cow-horn upon a Switzer in exile.

Her. Then you use his former sweetheart as a sort of bugbear to fright other females from his path.

Horst. [*Laughing. Rises.*] Yes, she's the bugbear.

COUNSELLOR enters from L., looking around to the COUNTESS and speaking back into the room of the GENERAL.

Counsellor. Yes, General, she is here. [*Leaving door open and going hurriedly to HERMANCÉ.*] We were just talking of you, and it came out that you and the General are old acquaintances.

Her. [*Embarrassed. Rises, goes to him.*] Why, of course! [*Taking few steps to meet GENERAL as he comes out, offering him her hand cordially.*] And so you have not forgotten me?

GENERAL enters L., goes to C.

GENERAL. [*Who has meantime entered quickly from L., seizes HERMANCÉ's hand, and looks at her with joyous agitation.*] Forgotten you? [*Kissing her hand.*] How can you ask such a thing? How glad I am to see you again.

Horst. [*Somewhat anxiously.*] You are acquainted with the Countess, uncle?

Gen. Acquainted! Why, this is the lady we talked about so often—the lovely Viennese—my charming Countess Hermance.

Horst. [*Disconcerted. To HERMANCÉ.*] Then you are—

Her. Yes, I am the bugbear.

Horst. Oh, Lord, it's a boomerang. [*Sits.*]

COUNSELLOR has meantime gone out L., back, at a slight movement of the GENERAL.

Gen. [*Who during the preceding has gone a step back with the COUNSELLOR, comes forward again, standing before HERMANCÉ, looking at her with delighted gaze.*] I can hardly believe it even now. Do you know how long it is since we saw each other?

Her. [*Merrily parrying.*] Don't let's talk of that; it's a whole age.

Gen. Oh, you can count back calmly. What was only a bud then is now a rose—beautiful then and beautiful today. [*Gallantly kissing her hand.*] In reality even more beautiful.

Horst. [*Disquieted, coughing, comes forward.*] Ahem!

Her. Ah! That is only your gallantry! [*With a roguish side glance at HORST.*] I know that I am no longer the fairy creature that floats in your dreams—even if I am still, thank goodness, pretty far from tipping the scales at two hundred, but there's not much beauty left to rave over by this time. [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. [*Crosses to c., anxiously tries to interrupt the conversation.*] I beg pardon, Uncle. [*Looking at watch.*] But you wanted to go to headquarters this evening.

Gen. [*Annoyed.*] Headquarters? What for? What about?

Horst. To meet Count Maeischkin.

Gen. [*Good-naturedly, patting his cheeks.*] All right, my dear boy. [*Pushing him gently aside and going to COUNTESS.*] There's plenty of time for that. The Count doesn't come till half-past nine. [*Goes to table, R.*]

Her. [*Who has meantime seated herself in the arm-chair, L., next to small table forward.*] And I can't give the General up this evening. [*With quiet movement of hand motioning GENERAL to arm-chair near her, very amiable.*] We haven't seen each other for such a long time.

Gen. [*Sitting, eagerly, L. of table, R.*] Yes, that is true. And I have so longed for an hour like this. [*Seizing her hand.*] You can believe me, Countess, I have longed for it.

Horst. [*Who, in anxiety to prevent a tête-à-tête between the two, wedges himself in the narrow space between the two chairs, bends over the table.*] Allow me—but the vase. [*Seizes the vase on the table with assumed cautiousness.*] It may fall.

Her. [*Noticing his intention and thwarting it.*] You are quite right, and now go and put it yonder on the spinnet.

Horst. [*Hesitates, as he don't want to give up his place.*] Over yonder?

Her. [*Nodding friendly.*] If you please.

Horst. [*Hesitatingly takes vase, crosses to spinnet.*] All right—

Her. [*Calling after him.*] And do pray sit down yourself—[*when HORST has reached the spinnet*] just where you are—on the stool.

Horst. [*Forced.*] As you command, Countess. [*Sits on spinnet stool.*]

Gen. It has always been this way with me in life—the greatest joys come unexpectedly, and how grateful I am this time to Chance!

Her. Don't let's be unjust, General, we must thank your nephew a little bit.

Gen. How so?

Her. You know it was his idea, your coming here. That was *his* little scheme. [*Bows.*] Honor to whom honor belongs.

Gen. [*Turns to HORST.*] Yes, yes, that is true, my boy. You did better than you knew. [*Turns back.*]

Her. Yes, much better.

Horst. [*Rises, with grim humor.*] Oh, well, so long as you are both satisfied, I ought to be happy. [*Goes in despair up stage and stares at the pictures on the wall.*]

Her. And now, first of all, my heartiest congratulations on your brilliant career.

Gen. So you followed it?

Her. Yes, yes, I have read everything. How you gained the Cross and how you were made General at Borodino.

Gen. You know that, too? Such words make me inexpressibly happy. [*Drawing nearer.*]

Her. [*To evade his somewhat too warm advances.*] Oh, do tell me all about the battle! It must be thrilling.

Gen. Of course, much depends upon luck! You see Bonaparte came with 123,000 men from Smolensk [*lightly striking the table as if he would thereby mark the location of Smolensk*] marching upon us. General Kutusow and I took our position between three rivers. [*With the left hand on arm-chair pointing down.*] Kalatsche [*with right hand crossing between his and Manni's chair*], Moyne and [*with right hand on her chair*], Stonetz, and there we were crowded together. [*His chair quite near HERMAN'S chair.*] As we are now. [*With his right hand slightly pointing back.*] Our reserves stood northeast, near Utizi—

Horst. [*Who has during the last few sentences in background made signs of growing jealous of the intimacy of the two, takes with quick grasp the map from the wall and comes forward with it.*] The Countess will understand

better. [*Between two chairs standing, and with left hand shoves the map between their two heads*] from the map. [*Then even more vigorously, making signs with right hand on the map.*] You see, here is Smolensk.

Gen. [*Leans forward over the frame of the map to see HERMANCÉ's face.*] Yes, and Marshal Ney was posted there.

Horst. [*Shifting the map about again, so the GENERAL cannot see HERMANCÉ.*] And here was uncle with his regiment of the Guards.

Gen. [*Half way up from his chair, looks over the upper frame of the map.*] Between Utizi and Borodino.

Horst. [*Lifting the map again a little higher so as to cut off the GENERAL, and with his right hand pointing.*] Borodino is right over here—

Gen. [*Rises. Impatiently.*] But, my boy. [*Takes map in his hand and carries to L.*] The Countess isn't so anxious to know the particular spot.

Horst. [*Taking his opportunity, sits quickly in the arm-chair of the GENERAL.*] All right, then let's talk now about something else.

Gen. [*Looking at map as he lays it on the table. Astonished, without noticing the others.*] Why, this is not the map at all. [*Looks further at map.*] There's no Smolensk, nor Borodino—nor—you got the wrong location. [*Turning, now notices that HORST has taken his chair and is much engaged with the COUNTESS, so he comes forward to them.*] Here! [*And as HORST doesn't take any notice, touches him on the shoulder.*] Here, I say, you've got the wrong location again.

Horst. [*Assuming innocence.*] What's the matter, sir?

Gen. The map you want is in my room.

Horst. Yes, sir, I know; I put it there myself.

Gen. [*Intending to send him away.*] Well, then, be so good as to go and get it.

Horst. [*Hesitating.*] Oh, not now, when we are so comfortable.

Her. But, if it is your uncle's wish—?

Horst. [*Rises, but still looking for an excuse.*] I meant I can't find it in the dark.

Gen. [*Sits immediately on chair.*] Well, then, take a candle. [*Turns around to COUNTESS again and begins to talk.*]

Horst. [*Still hesitating, looks anxiously back at group. Takes candelabra, which stands on c. table.*] Oh, all right. [*As he still goes back, L.*] I shan't be long—I'll be back right away. [*Goes up quick, R., back.*]

As HORST has taken the only light in the room with him, the room, by shutting the door, is in darkness.

Gen. [*Jumping up, interrupting conversation by the darkness.*] Why, why, what's this?

Her. [*Laughing.*] He has taken away the light.

Gen. Never mind. A chat in the dark is just what I like—especially with you, Countess.

Horst. [*Calling out behind scenes.*] I've got it. [*Enters with folio map quickly from R. After the door is closed behind him, astonished.*] I say—who put out the light?

Gen. You took it away yourself.

Horst. [*In consternation.*] By Jove! [*Exits hurriedly, R., leaving the door open; as before, the door being half open, the light shines in from inner room onto stage.*]

Gen. [*Turning to Countess.*] Our meeting again so romantically—so—so—

Horst. [*Enters hurriedly from L., with candelabra, which he puts on table.*] Here's the light. You might have told me, uncle, that I left you in the dark. Pray excuse me, Countess.

Her. Oh, we weren't at all frightened.

Horst. Yes, but an accident might so easily have happened—[*stammering*]—with uncle—and the vases—

Her. Why are you so concerned about the vases? [*Goes to spinnet and takes down vase, putting her face among the flowers, then crosses R.*] It would be a pity, though, for my lovely flowers. You see, General, Cilli made me a present of them when I returned from Eger. It's a beautiful custom when one comes home to be met with such fragrant greetings, isn't it?

Gen. [*Hesitating.*] I didn't get such a greeting when I came to-day.

Her. But you shall. [*Handing him the finest rose out of the vase.*]

Gen. [*At same time that he takes rose from her, kisses her hand.*] Oh, Countess, how charmingly you do everything!

Horst. [*From the other side.*] I've been coming several times, too——

Her. [*Laughing, motioning him away and putting vase on spinnet.*] No, no, I won't have all my roses taken away. [*Standing before spinnet, plays few chords.*]

Gen. [*Sits by spinnet.*] Oh, yes, do play something for me!

Her. [*Sitting down on spinnet stool.*] Shall I play a Lannerschen waltz?

Horst. [*Sits R. of table, R. Aside, in despair.*] That's the cow-horn. That'll finish him.

Gen. [*Enthusiastically.*] Oh, how long it is since I heard that, how long! [*Sinks into arm-chair, which stands near spinnet by window.*]

Horst. [*Losing patience, rises, crosses to General.*] Why, uncle, I've played that waltz for you a hundred times.

Gen. [*Looking at Countess in ecstasy.*] Not as she plays it, my boy. That's something quite different.

Horst. [*In despair. Aside.*] I brought it on myself. [*Up c. to door.*]

GENERAL, *without taking his gaze from the Countess, turns up collar of his coat on one side as if to protect himself from the draught.*

Her. [*As she is playing.*] Do you feel a draught, General?

Gen. [*As above.*] It's nothing; go on playing.

Horst. [*Taking opportunity, energetically. Business with door.*] Excuse me, uncle, do you remember what the doctor told you about draughts? You mustn't sit here any longer.

Gen. [*Rises.*] Do you think so?

Horst. With your rheumatism——

Gen. [*Sitting down at once.*] Rheumatism be damned—I am not an invalid. I've got no rheumatism. [*Energetically, turning down coat collar.*] You may open all the doors and windows if it doesn't inconvenience the Countess.

Her. [*Ceasing to play, goes to window and opening it.*] I don't think it would do any harm—it's a little close in here.

Horst. [*Energetically.*] All right, if you will have it — [*Hurries to c. door.*] We'll give you air. [*Pushes both doors open and remains in the background next to door, with a triumphant laugh. A thorough gust of wind blows through the room, the curtains blow out and then flap like flags in the room. A small flower basket, which hangs by chain in the window, begins to swing; small work-basket which stood on window-ledge is blown into room, the contents being strewn upon the floor; different sheets of music are blown off the piano, and the corners of table-covers flap back and forwards. The flame of the candles flickers; the chandelier begins to swing also, making the crystals strike together. In corridor, which is to be seen through the c., the cover of a small table is blown off, and the map which hangs on the wall is blown up and down by the wind. Door, L., front, is torn open, and a few papers which were lying on desk in background are blown into the room. WENZEL enters, c., carrying the punch, appears as if walking against a strong wind, while the napkin which he carries over his arm is blown off. After his entrance, a door in the distance is heard to bang, then a second door, and then with a loud bang the c. door shuts.*]

Her. [*As she was standing at the window, she was also caught in the wind, runs across stage quickly as L. door is blown open and closes it again. Laughing.*] Why, this is a perfect hurricane!

Gen. [*Flies to R. corner and turning up coat collar anxiously.*] I can't stand this. It's frightful.

Her. [*Leaning against door, L., to keep it closed.*] For goodness' sake, Wenzel, shut the window.

Wen. [*Puts punch quickly on c. table.*] This is an awful draught! [*Goes to window and shuts it, picks up sheets of music, contents of basket from the floor, and puts vase with roses on c. table and brings everything into order.*]

Her. [*Leaving door and goes to mirror to put her deranged hair straight. GENERAL comes from corner, turns down collar and struts up and down angrily.*] Everything is tossed to pieces. [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. [*Has witnessed the whole scene with a grim pleasure.*] Air a bit fresh for you, uncle? [*Down c.*]

Gen. [*Growling under his breath, crosses to c.*] You

are altogether too careful of me. You needn't trouble yourself so much—you needn't call again unless you are sent for. You understand, sir?

Horst. [*Little frightened, looks at watch.*] I only came this evening to remind you of Count Maeischkin, sir.

Gen. Very well; I needn't go in person; you can represent me.

Horst. [*Making an excuse.*] But, uncle, he'll think—

Gen. [*With slight emphasis, in military position.*] Attention! Go at once and report that General Suwatscheff has arrived in Carlsbad to greet the Empress. [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. [*At cue "attention" assumes military attitude and says:*] At your command, General. [*To HERMANCÉ, turning, bows formally.*] Your Ladyship. [*Exits, C. WENZEL, who meantime has put the room to rights, opens C. door for HORST and exits also.*]

Her. [*Laughing, sympathizingly.*] Poor fellow. Is your Excellency really angry with him?

Gen. Oh, by no means. I like him too much for that, and to-day especially. He's really a good fellow at heart. You'll find him so. What do you think?

Her. [*With silent gladness.*] I think I understand him.

Gen. And one thing, besides, he's a true hand that holds fast. I don't mean money. *That* seems to slip through his fingers somehow. But in friendship and love, there you can depend upon him.

Her. [*Cautiously.*] But just a little gay, eh?

Gen. Ah, that's all right. You know what the Russians say:

“ April in the head,
May in the heart.”

Up here, [*Pointing to head.*] everything uncertain—now a heavy shower—now a hot sun—but here—[*puts hand on his heart*]—constant as the blue skies of May.

Her. [*Hiding her joy behind redoubled friendliness.*] That must be a family characteristic, General, for you have the two best things in the world—a warm heart and true friendship.

Gen. [*Seizes her hands, which she lets lie in his. Passionately.*] Then you understand us both. [*Crosses, R.*]

Do you know I never had such an enjoyable evening? I feel so well, and so happy——

Her. Why, then, we will spend it together. I feel—I don't know how. In Vienna we call it a "wurlert mood."

Gen. What sort of a mood is that?

Her. [*Naïvely.*] "Wurlert." I don't know what you call it in Russian, but it means one is in such a flutter that one doesn't know what to do with one's self for joy. [*Leans her head back in a reverie and only listens half-way to what the GENERAL is saying.*]

Gen. [*Cautiously beginning and then becoming warmer and warmer.*] That's the way with me, too—when I sit near you with the tea table between us—and when I think that perhaps it might always be so! You know you sent me away that time because you were not free—but now you are free.

Her. [*Starting.*] What are you saying?

Gen. [*Continuing.*] And if I dared to ask again, will you accept me——

Her. [*Interrupting him quickly and promptly rising.*] Why, General! [*Then relenting in pity and half smiling.*] Now, what kind of an answer am I to make to such a declaration from you? [*Crosses to c.*]

Gen. [*Up, who likewise has risen, disappointed.*] Of course, if you don't know what to say, Countess, you have already said enough. [*Up R. and down c. Turns away.*]

Her. [*As above, and crosses, L. c.*] It's too bad. Just as I was thinking that we might spend so many pleasant days together—as friends.

Gen. [*Going up and down, grumbling with himself.*] And so we might—but I had to go and spoil it all. Well, it's all over, and I suppose it won't do now for me to keep on living here——

Her. Well, it would hardly——

COUNSELLOR enters, R. U. E., back, in full dress.

Counsellor. [*With a certain formality.*] I have taken the liberty of accepting your Excellency's kind invitation to punch, this evening.

Gen. [*Who recollected.*] Eh? Oh! Yes, yes. [*Shaking his hand.*] You are very kind. We will have a bowl together, too, in the "White Horse"——

Coun. But why not here?

Gen. By the way, I wish to give notice that I intend to take up my quarters across the way, in the hotel.

Coun. So suddenly? What is the matter?

Gen. Pray, don't ask me. Of course, you shall be at no loss.

Coun. The loss of your Excellency is irreparable. [*Crosses, R.*]

Gen. [*Shaking his hand, with side glance at COUNTESS.*] I assure you, it will not be easy for me, but I must return to Russia.

Her. [*Attentive.*] No, no.

Gen. When the festivities are over I shall go to my estate at Wilma, with my nephew.

Coun. You are going to take that dear Mr. von Neu-hoff away from us, too?

Her. [*Going to him, R.*] I must not try to persuade you, but though you change your quarters you needn't fly the country. Why, if you run off to Russia we shall never see each other at all.

Gen. And I couldn't stand that; I—Pshaw! [*Scolding himself.*] I'm a fool. I'll move—that's settled. [*Tenderly.*] But I won't quit Carlsbad.

Her. That's right. [*Crosses, L.*]

Gen. [*To COUNSELLOR.*] And I shall run over sometimes to see [*then suddenly*] my nephew.

Her. Mr. von Neuhoff?

Gen. [*To COUNSELLOR.*] Yes, let him come in my place. [*Crosses, R. C.*]

Coun. With the greatest pleasure.

HORST enters through c. door, leaving it open, keeping on his cap, without greeting others, walks with military air to the GENERAL.

Horst. General, I respectfully report—

Gen. [*In good humor, presses down his saluting hand, and taking his cap off, gives it to him in his hand.*] Stuff with your "General." I'm your own old uncle. And now, you must do me a favor, my boy. I am going to leave here.

Horst [*Shocked.*] Uncle!

Gen. You must give up your quarters at the "White Horse" to me—at once.

Horst. And where am I to go?

Gen. You come here.

Horst. Here!

Gen. Right into my place.

Horst. [*Hardly able to control his joyous excitement.*]

Why, that is——

Gen. No hesitation. It's all settled. Good-bye, you rascal—you young rascal—my boy. [*Exits hastily with COUNSELLOR through c.*]

Horst. [*Frank and over-happy.*] Is it possible, Countess? Did you arrange it for me?

Her. [*Laughing, turns away.*] I assure you, nothing was further from my thoughts——

Horst. [*Naïvely.*] Well, everything is exactly as I wanted it. With Uncle, with the Counsellor, with the family— [*seeing the punch, comically affected*] —with the punch even! [*COUNTESS crosses, R.*] May I have some to celebrate the occasion—won't you?

Her. [*Retiring somewhat to L., front.*] What, we two alone? That would be highly improper.

Horst. [*Comically misunderstanding.*] We don't have to drink it *all* if we don't like. [*Taking off the cover of the bowl and bending over it.*] My, what a flavor! [*Sniffing the fragrance.*] Just like the woods in summer! Just come and take a sniff.

Her. [*Who has approached near and bows lightly over the tureen, sniffing the fragrance.*] Delicious! Yes, just like springtime. [*Laying her hands on the outside of the bowl.*] And isn't it nice and cool? [*Somewhat longingly.*] You know, I am very fond of champagne.

Horst. [*Pouring out a very small glass for HERMANCE, boldly.*] Well, don't stand shivering on the brink and "letting I dare not wait upon I would!" That's Shakespeare. [*Sits.*]

Her. [*Laughing, sits.*] That is the first evidence of literary taste I've heard from you.

Horst. [*Pouring out a larger glass for himself.*] You know I never was given to thinking very much. [*Frank and simply.*] I have always taken life just as it hit me, full in the face. No complaint when it went rough with me, and only too happy when it was good to me—as it is to-night. [*Raising his glass to touch hers, rises.*] Here's to life with all its blessings! [*Hold his glass to hers.* HER-

MANCE stands on the other side of the table opposite him, has during the whole of the last speech looked him fully and unembarrassed in the face, not taking her eyes from him, while she has reached for the glass and holds it out to him. As he is about to touch glasses with her he looks into her face, stops suddenly, puts down his glass, and says, with frank tones:] Let me look at you one moment more! I've got it. It's your eyes.

Her. What about my eyes? [*Rises, takes c.*]

Horst. [*Crosses to COUNTESS.*] I have been racking my brain and asking what is there about this woman so strange, so unlike all I've known before? Now I know—it's your glance. Others look at me, but none so honestly, none so purely, none so deeply! Your eyes make one feel that they sound the depths of the soul.

Her. [*Interrupting him, smilingly.*] Stop! stop! that's an old story—my eyes and my glance. When I was a mere child I used to peer into people's faces so pertly—with such a spirit of mischief—that even now they call me—do you know the word—my nickname—Countess Gucki. It doesn't mean to stare, nor to peek, nor to pry, but it's all of them together—and something besides. [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. Countess Gucki? [*Crosses to L. of table, L.*] I'll make a note of it. Here's to Countess Gucki! [*Clinks glasses with her and drinks the whole glass in one draught.*]

Her. [*Still holds her glass in her hand while he drinks.*] Why, you've taken the whole glass at once.

Horst. [*Holding high his glass, turned upside down.*] To the last drop. The toast was in bumpers.

Her. [*Crosses to table, L.*] Then here's better manners to "Gucki" than to stare at people. [*Sits.*]

Horst. Oh, bumpers! It isn't a bit strong, is it? [*Sits. She shakes her head as she drains her small glass, then holds it upside down.*]

Her. That's better than tea.

Horst. [*Taking her empty glass.*] Isn't it? Tea for tattle, wine for wit. [*Will fill her glass again.*]

Her. You are fairly blazing to-night! [*Perceives that he is going to fill her glass.*] No, no, not another drop for me. I'm going now. [*Goes hastily to door, R., front, and takes from table there the light.*]

Horst. But, Countess?

Her. What is it?

Horst. [*Calling after her. Crosses back of table.*] Surely, you won't leave me—yet.

Her. [*Standing close by her door, turns to him.*] Yes, yes. Good-night! Good-night! [*Will turn again at door.*]

Horst. [*Still standing by the bowl, urgently, starts toward her.*] But, Countess, you have forgotten something—

Her. [*Turning again toward him.*] I?

Horst. [*Going to her.*] Yes, what this evening signifies to me. Just think—under the same roof with you for the first time—it's my home—while you let me stay—my home. [*Looking over at vase and roses that stand on c. table under the bowl.*] Where is my greeting—where is my flower?

Her. [*Still at door, loitering, half loud, with sinking eyes.*] It would be unkind, wouldn't it, to refuse you so little?

Horst. [*Ardently.*] You see—

Her. [*Raising her eyes to him.*] So—[*Places the light again on the table near the door and goes to c. table.*] I can do my part. [*Taking up the bunch of roses in a grasp and offering him one rose.*] There.

Horst. Thanks! But one!—only one—

Her. Why should you have more? We give all strangers one.

Horst. Am I still a stranger?

Her. A stranger—no—not a stranger—there—there—[*Pressing all into his hand.*] Good friend, and now Good-night! Good-night!

Horst. Good-night! Good-night! Countess Gucki.

Her. Good-night!

Horst. [*Calling after her tenderly.*] Countess Gucki! [*Backs to table and takes glass.*]

Her. [*In the open doorway.*] Good-night! Good-night! [*Exits quickly, R. I. E.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same.*

DISCOVERED.—ROSA, *in maid's costume, apron, three-cornered cloth on her head, with a salver in her hand, on which is a tea service for one, is about to go out c.*
 HORST, *opening the side door, c., cautiously.*

Horst. [*Calling half loud.*] Rosa!

Rosa. [*R. I. E., slightly frightened.*] Oh, sir! [*Recovering.*] Yes, sir.

Horst. [*Crosses, L., still looking out of the door, friendly.*] Good morning, Rosy! Is the Countess up yet?

Rosa. Oh, yes, sir; she's been up and off long ago.

Horst. [*Startled. Enters quickly.*] Off? Off where? Not gone away?

Rosa. Oh, no; only climbing the mountains; off for a morning walk.

Horst. [*Reflectively.*] That's a good sign. [*To Rosa.*] She was in pretty good humor?

Rosa. Oh, splendid! [*Mysteriously. Both coming down, c.*] And she had such a lovely dream last night.

Horst. A dream? That's a very good sign, isn't it?

Rosa. I looked it up in my dream book, to buy the number in the lottery. You know there's a number in the book for everything you can possibly dream.

Horst. [*Taking a piece of money from his vest pocket and laying it on the salver.*] Buy it for me, too. What did she dream?

Rosa. Two splendid numbers—47 and 73. 47 for potato pancakes, and 73 for currant jelly. She dreamed of them both.

Horst. You humbug! I don't believe a word of it—I won't abet such profanation. [*Takes money and puts in pocket.*] Pancakes! Currant jelly!

Rosa. Shall I bring you your breakfast?

Horst. [*Takes hold of the salver.*] No, I'll take it myself.

Rosa. But this is only what the Countess left.

Horst. [*Eyeing the service fondly.*] Indeed? That was her breakfast? Happy breakfast! [*Hesitating.*] Why,

she didn't take half her tea. [*Takes the cup and puts it to his mouth.*]

Rosa. [*Archly. Still standing before him with a salver in her hand, smiling.*] Is it sweet enough, sir?

Horst. Just suits me. [*Takes a little swallow.*] Delicious! [*Drinks again.*] How nice cold tea is. [*Drinks.*] Tastes much better than hot. [*Drinks the rest, smacking his lips, satisfied, while he puts cup back on salver.*] And she didn't eat half her roll.

Rosa. No, she only bit a piece out of it, as you see.

Horst. [*Eating roll.*] Didn't she leave any word for me? Just good morning or something?

Rosa. No, sir; nothing at all.

Horst. Try and remember.

Rosa. No, nothing whatever.

Horst. Then she forgot it. [*Going, L.*]

Rosa. [*Who has gone to c. door, turns around again.*] Oh, I was told to ask you how you slept, sir.

Horst. [*Warmly, starting towards ROSA.*] By the Countess?

Rosa. No, sir; by the old lady.

Horst. [*Coldly.*] Thank you!

Rosa. She got home at midnight last night, and when she heard you were living here now, she specially told me to—

Horst. [*Ironically cutting off.*] Yes, that's all right. Say I particularly inquired after her health.

Rosa. Yes, but she is asleep now.

Horst. [*Quickly interrupting.*] Don't wake her. I shall have the pleasure later on—when I come back. By Jove! I must be off. [*Going to door, L.*] If the Counsellor asks for me say I've gone across the way to see my uncle. I'll just go through the garden. [*Opens the door to go.*]

Rosa. [*Calling after him.*] The Counsellor went out early, too. He said he's going to take breakfast in the woods.

Horst. [*Laughing out, going to ROSA.*] Oho! Well, Rosa, here's your money. [*Lays the money on the salver again.*] You may play those numbers for me. What was it again?

Rosa. Potato pancakes and currant jelly.

Horst. No, I mean the numbers.

Rosa. 47 and 73.

Horst. Well, then, play them for me. I never have any luck at gambling. [*Pinching her cheeks.*] So some time I shall be fortunate in love, eh? [*Exits, L. I. E.*]

Rosa. [*Looking after HORST, then enjoying the remaining drops in the cup.*] Such a nice gentleman! [*Finishes the cup, going to the table.*]

HERMANCE enters C. quickly, a bunch of field flowers in her hand, first calling behind the scenes.

Hermance. Rosa! [*Calling.*] Rosa! [*Enters excitedly, then giving ROSA the flowers in both hands.*] Put those in water for me at once.

Rosa. [*Setting down salver on table, R., and taking flowers.*] Oh, what lovely flowers! [*Puts flowers in water pitcher.*]

Her. Oh, my shoes! [*With foot tapping.*] I believe I could swim in one of them. Such a dew on the grass! [*Has taken off her hat and runs fingers through her hair.*] But it was lovely up there. [*Half to herself.*] Dear, dear! All the world is beautiful to me now. [*Goes to window and opens it to let in fresh air.*]

Rosa. [*Arranging the bouquet.*] Why, there are some ripe strawberries among them.

Her. Lots! And I have eaten some, too. [*Apparently thinking of the preceding evening.*] I believe strawberries are really my favorite fruit. [*During preceding stands by the spinnet, where she heedlessly has struck one or two airs, and now plays the melody, "My Lover's a Trooper."*]

Rosa. [*Has listened, swaying with the melody.*] I know that song, too, your Grace.

Her. [*Somewhat confused.*] What song?

Rosa. [*Half singing.*]

"My Lover's a Trooper,
A trooper is he—
The Horse to the Emp'ror
But the rider to me."

Her. [*Comically piqued.*] I know the song with quite different words.

Rosa. [*Has taken her salver and about to exit, c.*] But mine are the best.

Her. [*Calling her back.*] Rosa! [*Then hesitating*

and particularly friendly.] Rosy, has anybody asked for me this morning?

Rosa. Nobody but Major Neuhoff.

Her. [*Playing the indifferent.*] Oh! *Nobody* but he.

Rosa. He has just gone out. Couldn't even wait till I got him some fresh tea from the kitchen.

Her. [*Crosses, L.*] Gone without his breakfast?

Rosa. Well, he drank the little drop your Grace left in the cup—and he ate some of your roll, too. [*Goes into corridor through c. door, which she leaves open.*]

Her. [*Understanding and confused.*] Well, [*smiling*] you know soldiers have to forage and they can't break themselves [*crosses, R.*] of the habit. [*Aside, as if indignant.*] Before the girl, too.

BAUMANN has meantime appeared in corridor and spoken a few words to ROSA, softly.

Rosa. [*Speaking in c. door.*] Your Grace, here is some one who wants to see Mrs. Counsellor.

Baumann. [*Passing ROSA quickly, enters c., down c.*] I beg your pardon—it is an important letter. [*Gives HERMANCE a letter that he takes out of the portfolio he carries under his arm. BAUMANN is a man of fifty, smooth face, well preserved, very clean and correctly dressed, not in livery, but in a dark coat with white binding. ROSA closes the c. door behind BAUMANN.*]

Bau. [*Continuing.*] My name is Baumann—I am Baron Lippski's valet.

Her. [*Indifferent, going up to BAUMANN.*] I remember—I saw you in Eger. Are you to wait for an answer?

Bau. I didn't ask. I had to come away so hurriedly.

Her. Mrs. Counsellor is still asleep. Can you come back again later?

Bau. Yes, on my return from Ellbogen. I have to go there with important dispatches. [*Pointing to portfolio.*]

Her. [*With gesture, dismisses him.*] Well, until then. [*Crosses, L.*]

Bau. Oh, I shan't be long. I have the Baron's horses—I shall be back by eleven. [*Exits, c.*]

Her. [*Looking at letter, with glance toward door, L., back.*] She came back at midnight and here's a letter already. That's rushing it. [*ROSA enters with c. pitcher of*

water, goes down to COUNTESS, then to table, R.] As soon as Mrs. Counsellor gets up, Rosa, give her this letter. [Gives her the letter.] Just say it's from the Baron von Lippski. [Sneezing.] That's my wet shoes. [Going down to door, R., front.] If I get a cold and a red nose—just at this time of all others—I'll drown myself. [Exits, R., front, leaves the door open.]

Rosa has put letter in her apron pocket and fills, during the following, the vase in which she has placed the flowers, out of the pitcher of water that she brings with her. WENZEL enters, C., carrying travelling bag.

Rosa. What have you got there, Wenzel?

Wenzel. The Major's things from the "White Horse." Who was the gentleman that went away just now in that fine carriage?

Rosa. [Important.] That was Baron Lippski.

Wen. Baron Lippski? What a pair of horses he's got! [Exits, L.]

LEOPOLD enters, C., excited, down C.

Leopold. Rosa, is the Countess at home?

Rosa. Yes, she's in there—but I believe she's taking off her shoes. [Exits, C.]

Her. [Calling from her room without becoming visible.] Mr. Leopold, is that you?

Leo. [Speaking loud, toward door.] Yes, Countess, if you'll allow me a moment—

Her. [Anxiously, as above.] Yes, but don't come in here—what is it?

Leo. It's very important. [Rosa exits with water pitcher, C.]

Her. [Enters from R. I. E.] Well, what has happened? Where's the fire?

Leo. [Crosses, L.] I have just learned that Prince Metternich is coming over from Eger to the reception.

Her. Well, what's the harm?

Leo. But Baron Lippski is coming with him.

Her. [Ironically.] How glad the Empress will be. But why do you bother yourself about it?

Leo. Isn't he coming for Miss Cilli, and won't he settle it with her mother?

Her. [*Understanding.*] Ah, that's what you mean by all this flurry! You have set your eye on Cilli——

Leo. [*Embarrassed.*] Well——

Her. Well, don't try to deceive me. I like people to speak right out on such things. I don't begrudge her to you. [*Gives him her hand.*]

Leo. [*Kissing her hand.*] You are so good. If I only knew whether she——

Her. Then you *don't* know? Are you afraid to speak? Would you like me to sound her a little bit——

COUNSELLOR, *entering c., speaking back into corridor to ROSA, who enters c. and exits R.*

Counsellor. No, no, let her sleep on—the longer the better. [*Entering c.*] Good-morning, sister! Between us I'll never take another breakfast in the woods. The bugs fell into my coffee, the white ants crept down my back, and when I dropped my roll the dog ran off with it. It was all woods and no breakfast. Want to see me, Leopold? [*Goes in background, where he lays off his hat and dusts his knees with his handkerchief.*]

Leo. [*Timidly.*] No, I only wanted——

Her. [*Holding him back.*] He came to me on official business. [*Going to LEOPOLD significantly, with slight show of official tone.*] I will make the necessary enquiries—and if you return in about an hour—— [*Goes past him, softly.*] Go now. [*To COUNSELLOR.*] Have you seen the General this morning? [*LEOPOLD bows and exits, c.*]

Coun. Yes, I have just come from him. He had a dreadful night.

Her. [*Regretfully.*] Oh, dear, what was it?

Coun. [*Down R. c.*] He must have got in a draught somewhere yesterday. Had another touch of rheumatism like the one in Felfzug.

Her. I hope he's better.

Coun. Very much. Fortunately Wali was there—you know Wali, the old nurse.

Her. Yes, with her horse liniment.

Coun. Yes. She took him in hand at once and really helped him. He swears he'll take her back to Russia and pay her whatever she asks.

Her. She'll agree to *that*.

Coun. No, she's afraid of the trip—too far.

Her. [*Decisively.*] I'll talk to her myself.

Coun. I wish you would. You are the only person that can. [*To the GENERAL, who enters, c., shaking hands.*] General, you can thank the Countess in advance.

GENERAL, *in costume of preceding evening, enters, c., shakes hands with COUNSELLOR, then goes at once to COUNTESS, likewise extending his hand in greeting.*

General. For what then? But you are always doing good. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Her. What praise! I don't deserve it.

Gen. [*Lost in her gaze, becoming warmer.*] Perhaps not; for it comes so easy to you to be good to people! You have only to smile, as you are doing now—and a fellow is happy. My, how you do look to-day! And so you were just speaking of me?

Her. [*With slight embarrassment.*] Yes.

Coun. [*Interrupting.*] About your rheumatism.

Gen. [*Embarrassed.*] Hum!

Coun. And how Wali nursed you—

Gen. [*Cross.*] It must have been very interesting. [*Crosses, R.*]

Coun. [*Crosses, c. Naïvely.*] Very. I never tire of telling how she coddles people with her liniments and— [*To COUNTESS.*] When I went over, the General was lying on the sofa piled up with blankets and a hot stove lid to his feet. [*Again to GENERAL.*] But it did you good. You are quite fine again, aren't you?

Gen. [*Hiding his anger, going up stage growling.*] Yes—thanks. [*Up R., down to table, sits.*]

Coun. [*Still innocently.*] It really isn't fair to laugh, but how funny you did look—blankets and a hot stove lid.

Her. [*With light warning to stop him.*] 'Sh!

Coun. [*Persisting.*] And he let out that he had just been thinking of getting married. Ha-ha-ha! [*Good-naturedly to GENERAL.*] Oh, no. Old fellows, like you and me, don't want a wife—it's a nurse we want.

Rosa. [*Sticking her head in the door, c.*] Mrs. Counsellor is getting up. [*Vanishes again.*]

Coun. [*Eagerly.*] I'm coming. [*Somewhat confused.*]

What was it I was just going to say? [*Breaking off.*] Never mind—I'll just add— [*Turns to door with light sigh.*] I wish I only had the nurse. [*Exits R. U. E.*]

Gen. [*Aside. Stands, out of humor, at window.*] Infernal old——

Her. [*Crosses, R. After a short pause goes slowly quite close behind the GENERAL, softly and tenderly.*] General, you caught the rheumatism on the battle-field—and if you are proud of your decoration and your rank, we are not ashamed of your rheumatism.

Gen. [*Moved, turns to her, and seizing both her hands, kisses them repeatedly.*] Oh, you—you are the dearest woman. And I—I was an old——

Her. [*Roguishly stopping him.*] Don't call names. I never let anyone abuse my friends. [*Heartily.*] And it's settled that *we* are friends, is it not?

Gen. [*Frankly and cordially.*] You will never find a better one.

Her. [*Crossing from L. to R., has taken his arm and goes with him, up and down.*] Then between friends one can say everything. To begin with, as to Wali. You take her with you?

Gen. I want to, but she can't decide——

Her. I am going to talk to her. Shall we go over at once?

Gen. Right away? [*Looking at his watch.*] No, I can't. My things are still in there, and— [*Points to R.*]—I must put on my uniform and report at headquarters. [*Crosses, L.*]

Her. [*Giving him her hand.*] Then, by-and-by, when you come back.

Gen. [*At door.*] And that will be as soon as I possibly can. [*Opens door, c., stops a moment on the threshold.*] Why, what's this? [*Goes out and returns.*] Look what somebody has sent that rascally boy. [*Carrying before him with both hands the wine bowl used as a vase and filled with flowers.*] Why, this is a whole flower bed. [*Stands bowl on c. table.*]

Her. [*Crosses, L. Joyously astonished.*] Did you ever!

Gen. [*Looking at it nearer.*] He has stuck the flowers in the punch bowl.

Her. [*Standing at other side of table and innocently.*]

Yes, how did he ever get such an idea? [*Notices that on the handle of the bowl, tied with a red silk ribbon, hangs the large key of preceding act; points to key, half to audience, unused.*] The key of the garden door.

Gen. [*Who meantime has looked further under the roses.*] There's something else sticking in there. [*Draws out the handkerchief of First Act—which is tied to stalk of rose as flagstaff. Waves it. Looks at handkerchief.*] Doubtless a trophy from some fair lady.

Her. [*Laughing.*] Perhaps he picked it up—in the theatre, or somewhere—

Gen. Do you know anything about it—can you tell what it all means?

Her. I haven't the remotest idea.

Gen. [*Crosses to c. Mysterially.*] Then I'll tell you. The boy is in love.

Her. [*Crosses to c. Indifferent.*] Nonsense!

Gen. I saw it yesterday. He had his arm around my shoulder continuously, and that's a sure sign a man is in love. Yesterday afternoon he hugged me—that means he is madly in love.

Her. Isn't it only his affection for his uncle?

Gen. [*Resenting it, laughingly.*] Affection for his grandmother! [*Crosses to table.*] And these roses—are they for his uncle? [*Discovers card among flowers.*] Ah, now we've got it, here's a card—with writing. [*Looks at card, reading.*] “Good-morning, Countess Gucki!”

Her. [*Rejoiced.*] Who? [*Tries to get it.*]

Gen. [*Giving her card.*] Do you know the lady?

Her. [*In her enjoyment betrays herself.*] Yes—[*but correcting herself*]—that is, no. [*Crosses, R. Puts face in roses to hide her confusion.*]

Gen. [*Reflectively.*] Gucki! Gucki! I never heard that name before—probably an Italian family.

HORST, in full uniform, enters c., goes to GENERAL in military style, without removing his helmet.

Horst. General, I report. The Archduke expects you at eleven o'clock. [*Turns around to COUNTESS, takes off helmet and bows.*] Countess, good-morning!

Her. [*With little flag, waves over her face like a fan. Laughingly.*] Good-morning, Mr. von Neuhoff!

Horst. [Following movement of flag with his head. What's that? [Recognizing flag, at same time noticing punch bowl on table, with comic fright.] Oh, Lord! [Turns embarrassed away.]

Gen. [Inquiringly.] Well, sir, what's the meaning of this?

Horst. [Acts as if nothing was the matter.] This? Oh, that? That's a bouquet.

Gen. A very novel arrangement. A punch bowl, a key and a flag of truce.

Horst. Yes, sir. I've surrendered—a—a—I mean—it's a decoration for the festivities. I intend to put it in the window and light it up at night.

Gen. You rascal!

WENZEL enters c., giving HORST a note.

Wenzel. Major, this note has just been returned from headquarters. The clerks can't make out that part. [Shows note and reads it.] "I beg to report that I am detained by particular business—the Countess—Countess Gucki."

Horst. [Faintly smiling. Embarrassed. Crosses up R.] Oh, that's a mistake—we'll fix that—a little absent-minded, that's all. There—I've scratched it out. [Takes piece of paper to his desk in background, writes a few words, gives note, helmet and sword to servant.]

Gen. [Approaching her, half aloud.] Didn't I tell you there was something in the wind about that Gucki woman?

Her. [Looks at him laughingly.] Do you think so?

Gen. [As above.] In love—in love—drowned in it. [Exits back, L. I. E. WENZEL exits after GENERAL with sword, note and helmet. HORST is undecided how HERMANCE takes the matter, stands at desk embarrassed. HERMANCE in foreground, L., looks at him laughingly.]

Her. [Between seriousness and joking.] Well, I won't get angry so early in the morning. [Crosses, L.] Especially since you "scratched out" the Countess Gucki.

Horst. [Again bold, going to table.] And now I'm detained by her again. I am sorry that uncle found my bouquet—it wasn't quite finished.

Her. [Laughingly.] No?

Horst. [Crosses, L.] If I had had time I should have added a lot more things.

Her. [*Sits.*] Your invention is wonderful! Did you finish all that punch last night?

Horst. Well, we had a few toasts in my room at the open window—where the moon was shining in. It was a beautiful night—and we had toast after toast. First, your health, then mine and then ours!

Her. [*Alarmed.* *Rises, crosses, c.*] Ours—what ours! Who—

Horst. The moon and me! [*Going to her.*] At the last glass I leaned out of the window and proposed the whole universe! I always thought it required lots of company and noise to enjoy punch, but I didn't know before what good company it was to be all alone with one's happiness. I am not superstitious, Countess, but as sure as cock crow, last night the moon came and sat just in front of me and looked into my eyes until I felt here [*hand to heart*] the assurance of that happiness. [*Going, L.*]

CILLI, in light summer dress, straw hat on her arm and flowers in her hand, rushes in, c.

Cilli. Manni, just see what I have brought you.

Her. [*During the last conversation, without looking at HORST, much agitated, turns and embraces CILLI very passionately.*] Cilli, my darling!

Cilli. [*Ardently.*] Wasn't it lovely out on the meadows? The springtime and flowers—and both made me think of you. [*Noticing HORST, offers him her hand in salutation.*] That is, once or twice [*crosses to c.*] I thought of you too.

Her. [*A little astonished.*] Thought of him!

Cilli. [*Innocently, heartily, c.*] Yes, he deserves it. I have to ask his pardon for so many things.

Her. [*As above.*] His pardon? For what?

Cilli. Because at first I wronged him. When I think how I treated you the first time we met—

Horst. [*Alarmed.*] Pray, don't mention it.

Her. [*With increasing suspicion.*] The first time you met? What happened the first time you met?

Cilli. Oh, it was very funny. He came with such an innocent air and told me I had lost a handkerchief at the theatre. [*Crosses, R.*]

Her. [*Intently.*] What? [*Crosses, c.*]

Cilli. [*Continuing.*] And he was so fortunate as to find it.

Horst. [*Tries to interrupt, with increasing embarrassment.*] I beg—

Cilli. [*Goes on without noticing him, still amused.*] And it was every bit a made-up story.

Her. [*With side glances. To HORST, nervously.*] Of course, of course—

Cilli. [*As above.*] It was only an excuse to get acquainted with me, you know.

Her. [*As above.*] I understand.

Horst. [*Tries to make excuse. Crosses to COUNTESS.*] Countess—it was—that is it's really—I had— [*As he cannot find a way out, turns away in comic despair.*] Oh, Lord, what shall I say? [*Crosses, L.*]

Her. [*Nervously strumming on table. Sits.*] Oh, pray, pray, Mr. von Neuhoff, speak out. This is the time to invent something.

Horst. [*Starts towards her.*] It is all a mistake—

Her. Oh, no, I understand it perfectly. [*To CILLI, with increasing jealousy.*] But you, Cilli—I don't understand you. Such a secret from your best friend—perhaps you were afraid that I would be in your way? [*With scornful laugh.*] Nothing could be further from my thought. [*To her again.*] If you think that your happiness lies in that direction—I can only wish you joy—though I can't see where the happiness comes in. [*Waving back HORST.*] Oh, yes, yes, the outside is all right—such a nicely dressed soldier!—but I saw a much nicer one the other day in a toy shop, and it only cost a florin. Unfortunately, it was only tin—but what matter if neither has a heart? [*Crosses, R.*]

Horst. [*Tries to interrupt.*] I insist—

Her. [*With severe look at HORST, continuing.*] I said “no heart!” [*Disguising.*] Nobody with a heart would give his old uncle the rheumatism by opening all the doors and windows—and then sit up half the night drinking. Anyway, when a man is so far gone as to drink with the moon—that's the last! [*Crosses, R.*]

Cilli. [*Pacifying.*] But Manni—

Her. [*Crying, tenderly embracing.*] Cilli, I am heart sick. To be so unjust to me—I deserved better from you. [*Going to LEOPOLD, who enters, c.*] Look here, this would have been the right one for you.

Cilli. [*Not understanding.*] Leopold?

Her. Yes, the poor fellow couldn't trust himself to speak, but he meant good and honestly. You did mean it good and honest, didn't you?

Leo. I swear it.

Her. [*Crosses to HORST.*] You hear—and he's a person one can depend upon. He doesn't look much in that uniform—but he would have made you happy—because he loves you. He confided it to me. [*Pleading.*] *Cilli*, dear—[*Going to Cilli*] can't you be fond of him a little bit?

Cilli. [*Heartily.*] Why, with my whole heart.

Her. [*Beside herself with joy.*] Really? Well, then, come here. Let me see you give each other the first kiss.

Horst. Me too?

Her. [*Without having heard him, turns to him triumphantly.*] Now, sir, you see what it is to be plain and straightforward. [*Points to couple.*] I did that.

Horst. [*Boldly.*] No, Countess, I did that. [*Crosses to c.*]

Her. [*Astonished.*] You?

Cilli. Of course, yesterday.

Leo. [*Shaking hands with him.*] He brought us together. [*Crosses R. of HORST.*]

Cilli. [*Shaking her other hand.*] That's why he smuggled himself in here. [*Crosses L. of HORST.*]

Horst. [*Nodding to her and taking both their hands.*] Yes, Countess, that's the kind of a tin heart I have.

Her. [*Looking at group, quite astonished, sees through the situation threatens HORST with her finger. Crosses, L. c.*] Oh, you impostor! [*Peremptorily.*] Come here directly. [*HORST comes out of group to HERMANCE. LEOPOLD and CILLI go when HORST leaves down R. I. E. Roquishly*] Answer me one thing—whose handkerchief did you find first—mine or *Cilli's*?

Horst. Am I really to give you an answer to that now?

Her. [*Looking into his face a moment, then convinced of his honesty, shaking her head, softly.*] No, I know I shall believe anything.

Horst. And are you angry with me?

Her. [*Laughing.*] I find it impossible.

Horst. [*Seizing her hand and repeatedly kissing it.*]

You are truth itself—and I acknowledge I am a guilty sinner.

Her. [*Turning, laughing.*] That will do——

Horst. [*Further kissing.*] No, no, that is only in token of repentance—[*kissing*—fervent repentance——

Her. [*As above.*] Yes, yes, but that is enough repentance.

Horst. [*Boldly.*] You are right. Now comes the thanks. [*Kissing.*] The heartfelt thanks. [*Kissing.*] And resolutions for the future. [*Kissing.*]

Her. [*Getting behind the c. table and pushing away the outstretched arm.*] No, no; simply swear off. [*Crosses, L., sits on sofa.*]

GENERAL, in parade uniform, enters, L.

General. Now, then, my boy, forward—we must report.

Horst. [*Recollecting.*] True. Excuse me, Countess—the service—— [*Goes through c. door that he leaves open into corridor, takes from chair there his helmet and sword, and enters during the following into room again.*]

Gen. [*Continuing, not interrupted by HORST's leaving.*] To-day will probably be your last as my aid-de-camp.

Horst. [*Has entered, and putting on his sword.*] How so, sir?

Gen. [*Crosses, R.*] Well, last night I concluded to tender my resignation and retire to my estate.

Horst. [*Startled.*] And what shall I do?

Gen. You needn't go and bury yourself with me——

Horst. But you can't go alone without any one to take care of you.

Gen. Oh, you needn't trouble yourself. I am going to take a nurse with me. [*Smiles and winks at COUNTESS, who nods acquiescence to HORST.*]

Horst. [*Thinking that the GENERAL means the COUNTESS, much startled.*] Take a nurse with you?

Gen. [*Same. Sits.*] Yes, sir; one I can trust—she's a genuine treasure.

Horst. [*An inquiring glance at HERMANCÉ.*] And has she given her consent?

Gen. Well—she is deliberating.

Horst. [*Regaining his former boldness with comic triumph.*] I thought so. [*Going up, R. c.*]

Gen. [*Continuing.*] But I shall persuade her. I'll promise her her weight in gold.

Horst. [*Taking his helmet, stands at c. door.*] Don't waste your time, uncle. If I know that woman, neither rank or money will buy her. [*Going towards GENERAL, half turning to HERMANCÉ, gaily, but with genuine feeling.*] I can't tell yet for whom she will decide, but I do know this—she will only follow the man to whom she gives her whole love and her whole heart, and it's not a tin heart either. [*Exits quickly, c.*]

Gen. [*Stupefied, breaking out.*] The boy is mad! [*Rises.*]

Her. [*Already during last few sentences trying to suppress her laughter, sits and laughs out loud on arm-chair.*] He is! He is! [*Crosses up, R. c.*]

Gen. Heart and love! Old Wali? I only want her rheumatism liniment. [*Continuing.*] He is certainly out of his mind. [*Crosses, L. c.*]

Her. [*Cannot speak for laughter.*] It is odd! Such expressions! [*Slightly copying his tone and position.*] "I don't know for whom she will decide! And she hasn't a tin heart either." [*Interrupted through laughter.*] Poor old Wali! [*With renewed laughter goes up stage.*]

Gen. I noticed something yesterday. [*Makes signs with his hand to his forehead.*] He worried me about wanting to exchange into an Austrian regiment in this place; and asked me to speak to the Archduke about it.

Her. [*Listening with joyous expression.*] And will you?

Gen. Oh, if he has set his heart on it; it will only cost a word. [*Turns to c. door to exit.*]

Her. [*With sudden inspiration goes to the GENERAL.*] One moment, please. Are you on good terms with the Archduke?

Gen. [*Standing at c. door, assents.*] He is always very kind to me.

Her. Then you can do us the greatest service. They mean to retire our Counsellor; if they do, it would give his wife palpitation of the heart.

Gen. But all women have that, haven't they?

Her. Not her kind. But this is for the sake of our good old Counsellor himself.

Gen. [*Taking both her hands warmly.*] I shall ask it as a special favor—even if I have to go down on my knees for it.

Her. [*Archly.*] Not on your knees—with your rheumatism.

Gen. [*Good-naturedly laughing.*] True, true. But you know [*making signs*] the going down is all right—it's the getting up! [*Laughs and exits, c.* HERMANCE follows the open door.]

MRS. COUNSELLOR enters R. U. E., back.

Mrs. Counsellor. [*With excessive friendliness.*] My dear sister, here you are. We have just been talking about you, haven't we, Aloysius? [*COUNSELLOR stands just behind his wife and nods dubiously.*]

Her. [*The c. door closing, and coming down, reserved.*] And I was just speaking of you.

Mrs. C. [*Shaking both her hands.*] How beautiful you look to-day—simply blooming—

Her. [*Aside, to COUNSELLOR.*] She wants something.

Mrs. C. You could render us a great service.

Her. [*As before.*] I thought so.

Mrs. C. It's only a matter of a few days—we are in need of more room—and we thought if you could spare us a sitting room from your apartment—

Her. Oh, is that all? Take them all. I'll sleep with Cilli.

Mrs. C. [*Flattering.*] Aloysius, isn't that real Viennese good nature? Now we can take in the whole family.

Her. What family?

Mrs. C. [*Important.*] The Lippskis.

Coun. [*Points to letter.*] We had each a pleasant letter—the Baron will probably be here for dinner.

Her. Hum! The Lippskis? Well, if I had known that I should have considered about the rooms. [*Crosses, L.*]

Coun. But why? A man like the Baron— [*Crosses to COUNTESS.*]

Her. But you don't know him. You don't even know whether you'll like him.

Mrs. C. [*Crosses, R.*] Well, but when you need the assistance of such people—

Coun. Especially at this moment, when it's a question of my being retired.

Mrs. C. I hope we'll hear no more of that.

Coun. Of course, if our Cilli marries young Lippski—

Her. [*Starting.*] Oh, that's it? And what does the Baron say?

Mrs. C. The Baroness has settled it. In such matters the head of the family is the wife.

Coun. [*Naïvely.*] Just like us!

Her. [*Excitedly.* *Crosses to c.*] Well, in this matter I mean to have something to say. I never interfere with your affairs, but with regard to Cilli I must speak. I am her godmother, and when I put my hand on her baby head I took a vow which I mean to keep—and that was to save her from harm—if I could.

Coun. [*Moved.*] Quite right, of course.

Mrs. C. But if the girl can marry into such a family—

Her. Don't bother me about families. People don't marry families! They marry happiness or unhappiness. I had my experience and I'm resolved that Cilli shall marry neither a Baron, nor a Count, nor a Duke Lippski! She shall marry only the man she loves.

Mrs. C. Love comes with marriage.

Her. Not in this case—her love has gone to somebody else already.

Coun. [*Moved.*] My Cilli!

Mrs. C. [*Frightened.*] Who is it?

Her. Her cousin, Leopold, if you wish to know particularly.

Coun. Leopold?

Mrs. C. It's out of the question. A young man who threw up his career to go into the army—enlist as a private just to fight Napoleon—out of patriotism and stuff!

Coun. [*Contemptuously.*] Enlisting as a private!

Her. [*Ironically.*] Well, you can't enlist as an officer. [*To Mrs. COUNSELLOR.*] And he didn't fight—Napoleon ran away as soon as he heard that Leopold was coming.

Coun. [*Good-humored and amused, laughs.*] He'd better.

Mrs. C. [*Severely reprimanding.*] Aloysius! It is no time for laughter. [*Turns warmly to COUNTESS.*] I hope that Cilli will understand that she must make a sacrifice

for her family as I have done—often. We need protectors—and powerful ones.

Her. Yes; I have noticed your sacrifices for that—how you were treated the other day when we were at Eger—what impertinences you had to swallow, and all with a sweet smile, as if they were sugar plums. You were snubbed for everybody, even the fancy cook. You had to take the poodles out for exercise, while the others went to receptions—and all for protection! People can shove you about and crowd you out—Lippskis to-day and Loppskis to-morrow—and you lead a dog's life. Worse, in fact, for if you kick a dog he can bark, and you *don't dare* to! And now you want to drag Cilli into this slavery, to save a little title and a little rank. Which is most to be respected, you or old Wali over at the hotel, who has been washing dishes for the last thirty years? A withered-up little creature, who stoops to nobody and has no protection, except her two busy old hands. From the scrapings of her wages which she saved, kreutzer by kreutzer, she sends her son to college. *She* wouldn't sell her child's happiness! She'd run all the Lippskis out of her pantry first. If you come to rank and titles, that old woman stands first and highest—for nobody dares to snub *her*!

Mrs. C. [*Has during the preceding stood near the door on L., and exits with passion, R. U. E., back.*] It's intolerable!

Her. [*To COUNSELLOR. After MRS. COUNSELLOR has gone, breathing relieved.*] Well, she got it for once anyhow. [*Sits, R.*]

Coun. [*Crosses, R. During preceding has stood motionless, moves suddenly.*] Do you know—all you have just said I intended telling her long ago.

Her. [*Rejoiced.*] Indeed! Then you see it as I do.

Coun. [*Mounting.*] You spoke right out of my heart in every word.

Her. I am glad to hear it.

Coun. [*Admiringly.*] When you get roused up it's a treat to listen to you. [*Going back toward door mumbling.*] Other people get roused up, too, but somehow it isn't so pleasant. [*Turning to HERMANCÉ.*] Oh, what a wife you'd make.

Her. Would I? Well, I think I'd have made a man of my husband.

Coun. And what a mother you'd be, too!

Her. I wouldn't barter my child for patronage.

Coun. And she is *our* child. We *won't* be outdone by Wali. [*Crosses, L. c.*]

WENZEL, *opening c. door.*

Wenzel. Baron Lippski. [*Exit into ante-room and leaves c. door open.*]

Coun. [*Bracing up.*] Just in time.

BAUMANN *appears with portfolio under his arm, c.*

Coun. [*Sternly. To BAUMANN.*] See here, Lippski, if you are looking for lodgings I may as well tell you at once all the rooms are engaged.

Baumann. [*Still at c. door, startled.*] I beg—

Coun. [*Even more energetically.*] If you are looking for my daughter—she is also engaged.

Her. [*Intending to rectify COUNSELLOR.*] But, my dear—

Coun. [*In excitement. Crosses, L.*] Allow me to speak, will you? [*Looks at BAUMANN meaningly.*] I don't put on gloves with people who snub my wife. [*Energetically.*] Lippskis or Loppskis, we won't be kicked about any longer. We bark now—you understand me, Lippski. We bark.

Her. [*Turns away laughing.*] Bow-wow!

Bau. [*Intimidated.*] I only wish to remark—

Coun. You go home and tell your wife what I say. If you haven't got the courage I'll call and do it. She may marry her son to whom she likes—if she wants anybody to snub, let her snub her cook—if she dare. And as to her poodle, she can take him out herself. We beg leave to drop out of the procession. Good day! [*Striding up and down triumphantly.*]

Bau. [*Exits, c., shrugging his shoulders and elevating his hands and closes door after him.*] I can't get in a word.

Her. [*Laughing. Rises, crosses to c.*] You've made a slight mistake, Counsellor—that wasn't Baron Lippski.

Coun. [*Astonished.*] Who then?

Her. It was his valet.

Coun. [*In harness again.*] His valet! [*Crosses up c., runs through c. into ante-room, and calls to R., back.*] I say, you, tell old Lippski all I said. Don't forget. [*Enters again, c. After first step into room follows a sudden inclination, going to window and opening it, leaning out half way and calls out into the street.*] We don't want his protection. We protect ourselves. [*Comes back into room with great inhalations.*] By the Great Frederick! I'm roused up now.

LEOPOLD and CILLI have entered from L., changed a few words with HERMANCE, and run in great joy to COUNSELLOR, take him between them with his hands.

Cilli. Dearest papa—

Leopold. Uncle, is it really true?

Coun. [*Shaking their hands and turning from one to the other.*] Do you really love each other?

Cilli. [*Nods with her head and her father following her.*] Oh, ever so much!

Coun. Well, then, embrace. [*Taking them to his heart, much moved.*] And, Leopold, make her very happy.

Leo. [*Kissing him warmly.*] Oh, I will.

Cilli. [*Doing same from other side.*] The best papa in the world.

Coun. [*Between the two, who kiss him alternately. Affected.*] If you keep on kissing me like that I won't know where to turn my head.

Her. [*Starting in gladly.*] Just turn it to me and you will get the sweetest kiss I ever gave to anybody. [*Has taken his cheeks with both hands and kisses him on his mouth, LEOPOLD and CILLI embrace each other.*]

HORST enters, c., with General.

Horst. [*At sight of group with comic fright.*] What's all this?

General. [*With letter in his hand, c., suddenly stops.*] Another of those infernal draughts! [*Turns up coat collar and runs into L. corner. HORST goes to GENERAL quickly, likewise turns up his collar, stammers a few words of excuse to the GENERAL, who exits L., back. LEOPOLD and CILLI at cue "draught" run from their corner to c. door to close it, but at same time rush out of room.*]

Her. [*At cue "draught" runs to window, L., and closes one part, while going there saying laughingly:*] Poor General! [*As she closes one part, intending to close the other, she listens out into the street.*] Don't you hear anything? Isn't there a band coming?

HORST, who followed HERMANCE to window, stands next to her. During the preceding a wind similar to that of Act II., but not so strong, flapping curtains and table covers, swinging of basket and chandelier, but all noises much less. Draught begins when HORST enters with GENERAL and opens the door, c., partly ceases when LEOPOLD closes it, and ceases entirely when HERMANCE closes the window.

Horst. [*Crossing HERMANCE to window.*] Yes, it's the Coburg Lancers going to the bridge—my future regiment.

Her. [*Going down, R.*] Really? Then your uncle managed it?

Horst. With the first word. I can hardly say, Countess, how happy I am.

Her. [*With disclosing warmth.*] And I—— [*Suddenly correcting her imprudence.*] But that is a Bohemian regiment. How will you manage to make yourself understood?

Horst. We'll find a way, somehow. At Borodino I had a Polish squadron. I said, "Boys, there come the parlez-vous. If we don't finish them they'll finish us. Down with the lance and go like the devil!" And they all understood.

Her. Oh, that's because there are moments when the heart speaks and words are not needed.

Horst. You believe there are such moments, don't you? One came to me last night while I was sitting at the open window—and I saw just opposite to me my Happiness—as I see you sitting here. I could not hear a whisper, but I understood everything. It cried into my heart, "Not understand! Did your squadron understand?" [*Goes on his knees, seizes her hand.*] "Down on your knees, seize her hand, and don't let go until she says, 'Yes—yes—yes!'" [*He remains before her on his knees, his face pressed down onto her hands.*]

Her. [*Has at cue "and seize her hand" risen and*

stands before the kneeling HORST, letting her hands lie in his, with happy expression of countenance. The band of the regiment is heard in the distance playing "*My Lover's a Trooper*," very soft and muffled, and she speaks with the accompaniment of the music, beginning at first soft and increasing till the last line is spoken with full joyousness of love.]

" My Lover's a Trooper,
A Trooper is he,
The Horse to the Emp'ror—

[Throwing her arms around HORST's neck and bending her face down to him]

But the Rider to me!"

Horst. [Springing up and outstretching his arms.]
Gucki! Darling Gucki!

COUNSELLOR enters in joyous excitement, c., and hurries to MANNI.

Counsellor. Sister, a letter from the Archduke—and we have to thank you for it. Now, I want to give you a kiss.

Mrs. Counsellor. [Entering with GENERAL just after COUNSELLOR, hurries down to other side of HERMANCE.]
And I, too.

Her. [Standing between the two, copying the COUNSELLOR's tone and movements slightly.] Now I don't know which way to turn my head.

CILLI and LEOPOLD have entered with others, and as HERMANCE leaves the group of COUNSELLOR and MRS. COUNSELLOR, they go to MRS. COUNSELLOR, one on either side of her; the COUNSELLOR goes up with the GENERAL, shaking hands with him. At the cue "*Countess Gucki*" music is heard again behind the scenes and "*My Lover's a Trooper*" is played till after curtain—forte at intervals and at final fall.

Coun. Well, I do believe that everybody is happy and contented. Ah, trust diplomacy for bringing everything right about at last.

Leo. It wasn't all diplomacy this time, uncle.

Cilli. No, indeed. Love did most. Didn't it, Manni?

Her. Yes—Love's Diplomacy.

Mrs. C. Please give some credit to my wise, prudent and sagacious foresight. Eh, General?

Gen. Well, I am gratified by discovering that my nephew inherits his uncle's good taste.

Coun. Well, he does look particularly happy.

Horst. Yes, sir; and it's the result of my wise, prudent and sagacious foresight. I knew that nothing could win the Countess but reckless audacity and I tried it. Was I right, Countess?

Her. Yes, your little scheme worked that time.

'Tis ever true in Love and Life that courage wins the
prize,
Who strives for *fortune* or a *wife* must look with fearless
eyes.

Let wise old heads instruct us as they may,

Young hearts will rule and *Love* will have its *way*.

So if our friends approve this oft-told theme,

Join hands once more—applaud *our* Little Scheme.

CURTAIN.

