

PRINCE IMMANUEL  
3210 Arthurpton 12

LUPUS AND FIDUS .

~~THE MILLS OF THE GODS .~~

By

Prince Immanuel of Jerusalem.

"The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceedingly small."

The Persons of the Drama :

Lupus, 40, mine operator and speculator.  
Mrs. Lupus, 35.  
Lucille Lupus, 16, their daughter.  
Fidus, 50, his partner.  
Angelica, 18, his daughter.  
Prince of the Alps, Italian.  
Count Schwernet, Prussian.  
Chief of the Gangsters.  
Brady, a miner.  
Foreman.  
Father Ignatius, a priest.  
Bruno, a lawyer.  
A Physician.  
A Professor.  
A Nurse.  
A Chauffeur.  
A Caretaker.  
An American Medium.  
A Private Secretary.  
A Private Detective.  
A Celestial Judge.  
An Angel.  
An Opera Singer.  
A Corpse made up to represent Lupus.  
Guests, Nobles, Miners, Secret Service Men, Friends.

Period :

Five years before the Great War and continuing to 1920.

Place:

Coal Mines in Colorado, an adjoining city. A Cottage in the Sierra Nevada.  
Rome.

ACT 1. Scene 1.

Reception Room in the House of Lupus, in a City adjoining Coal Mines, in Colorado. An Evening Party. MR., MRS., Miss Lupus, Mr. and Miss Fidus, Guests.

Fidus: Angelica has promised to recite one of her poems. She is becoming quite a poetess, I understand, and I'm proud of her. Come now, Angelica! Don't be bashful!

Angelica: THE STRIKE .

Deep in the mines, dense gloom profound,  
Nor picks nor shovels now resound,  
But a sullen hum, as of swarming bees:  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

We'll damp the boiler, and starve the stove,  
Slack the white furnace and lights. By Jove !  
Our masters we'll squeeze and bring to their knees!  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

We'll stop transportation, have expropriation,  
More pay and less work, or we'll shirk, we'll shirk!  
To hell with the world and its industries!  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Fire-damp, blast and slide, we have learned to deride.  
Shall we fear an injunction ? To hell with compunction !  
Our tyrants are deaf, they deny our pleas.  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Compassion be damned, haven't miners been hanged ?  
Shall we sell our soul for the profiteer's coal ?  
To us belongs all; we alone, referees.  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Lupus: Excellent! Those are their plans, their very words. Now you see, my friends, and you Fidus, even your own daughter condems those bums.

Angelica: But I'm not finished yet, Mr. Lupus.

Lupus: Go right ahead. You can't unsay what you've said already.

Angelica: High in their mansions, the lights in full glow,  
Hear the strain of the strings, the wine's lawless flow!  
But how brief their defense, how blunt their decrees:  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Make the swines' hours long, and their pay a mere song,  
Keep the high prices high, though the miners may die!  
Shall we bend to these ? We alone, legatees.  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Lupus: That's alright! It doesn't hurt a bit. I own the coal, so I expect I can burn it as I please; and I'd like to see the Fuel Administrator who'll stop me, or prevent me charging what I like for my own property! If he won't do as we want, we'll fire him; and if Washington won't pass our anti-strike laws, we'll san the government. And as to the wine, if the Prince of Wales can ship it to Washington, I can drink it here. Those who don't like it, can stay dry, or try my grape

Fidus: Let's hear the man. (To Brady.) We want to be fair with you boys, so we'd like to hear what you have to say. What's all this talk about a 30% raise, and the other stuff?

Brady: We know you're straight, boss, so I'll tell you exactly how it stands. We didn't want to strike at this here mine, because you've always given us a square deal, but we belong to the union, and what the union says goes. Of course we're no better off in the long run than the men at the other mines. You've given us good hospitals, good schools, good clubs, a home for the aged and cripples, and God knows there's enough of 'em, but we ain't got enough work nor enough pay. I'm not blaming you Sir, perhaps it ain't your fault. As Mr. Lupus says, if we dig too much coal, the prices'll drop, and our pay'll drop as much. So we've got to lay off, work only half the year, half the week, half the day. But we've got to live all the year, all the week, all the day, and our wives and kids too. How can we live all the time, when we get pay for only half time? Then you're paying us regular union pay, and you give us a bonus that they don't get at the other mines, but there's no union prices for what we've got to buy. You give us a co-operative store and we're better off than lots of others, but the H.C.L. has gone higher, and when we've grubbed and clothed the family, there ain't nothing left, and no work to make a bit. We've got to do it boss. We've got to live. And you know it's a risky job. Look at the cripples we've got, the explosions and accidents. But we ain't afraid of that, we're used to it. It's a hard job, but we're willing to do it. We only want enough for the wife and kiddies.

Fidus: And I'll see you get it. Go back to the mines and tell 'em so.

Brady: Thank you, boss! (Exit.)

Lupus: What you're going to do?

Fidus: I don't know yet. I'll think it over. We've recognized the right of collective bargaining, so we'll probably have to do something that the other operators agree to. But I don't believe that's going to settle our labour problems. Neither will your anti-strike laws. The men have as much right to walk out, as we have to lock them out. So long as workers strike, there must be a reason. It's our duty to discover the causes and remedy them. Repression will mean nothing to them but oppression, it will simply aggravate the evil, and no doubt drive every working man in the country to strike. We may have to come to profit sharing -- not a mere bonus added to a man's wages. That is merely an increase in wages and has no direct relationship to a man's own work. I believe that a man should have a direct share of the profits derived from the particular unit of work he himself is doing. What the laboring man wants, as I see it, is, above all else, to be treated as a man of flesh and blood.

Lupus: So long as Lupus is a partner in the firm of Fidus and Lupus there's going to be no sharing of profits with working-men, take it from me!

Fidus: I've given you my opinion and I'll give it to the commission.

Lupus: (Aside.) The damn fool! I'll have to get rid of him, the sooner the better.

Fidus: In the mean time I intend to share my part of the profits with the men.

Lupus: You can do as you please with what's your own. All I know is, the more you give 'em the more they want.

Fidus: They're like us. Working men are as insatiable as progress. Let's go into your study.

(Exit Fidus and Lupus. Lights are lowered and a curtain dropped representing a study.)

ACT 1. Scene 2.

Study. Lupus and Fidus.

Fidus: See here, Lupus, I'm going to make the great experiment. I know I've no right to draw you in, but I want you to do me a favor. Our annual profits on the mines are about four million dollars, my share is three million, yours one million. I've decided to give the men two million, half the profit, but you see it'll all come out of my pocket. I've only got one million that I can draw on, you know the rest is all tied up in new properties or the old mines. You've got about a million in your banks, I want you to lend it me, then I'll give the two million to Fidus and Lupus, and they'll divide it among all the men equally. That'll settle the strike for ever.

Lupus: Let's think it over a minute. I just want to figure out if I've got the million handy. You're a damn fool, anyhow!  
(Aside.) Here's my chance, but how to use it! I may never have it again. With this profit-sharing stunt, who knows what my quarter share will be worth in a couple of months. I've got to settle his hash, quick.... I've got it, his signature first, then I'll figure how to use it!  
Alright, Fidus, I think I can do it for you. I'll just get my secretary to type a receipt; and as it's a pretty little check, we might as well have a witness.

(Exit Lupus. He returns in a few seconds with his Private Secretary and Private Detective.)

Just make out a receipt for Fidus to me for a million dollars.

Private Secretary: Yes, Sir!

(He takes a double sheet of foolscap and inserts it in a typewriter.)

Lupus: I'll just make out a check. (He sits down and writes check.) Here you are, Fidus. I'm sorry to see money that once belonged to me thrown to the Devil in this way. But that's up to you.

Fidus: I'll endorse it over to Fidus and Lupus, and make out my personal check to Fidus and Lupus, then you can arrange to have the two million made up into pay envelopes. (He takes the seat vacated by Lupus, endorses check and while writing his own, continues:) I'll go down to the mines first thing in the morning, and tell the boys what we've done, and what we're going to do. I want to see the effect.

Lupus: I'll fix it up. Perhaps I'll be able to get down myself later in the day, and see the fire-works. Let's have the receipt. (The Secretary hands it to him, he places it before Fidus who signs it and then rises from the seat.)

Fidus: I'll go and listen to the singing. (Exit.)

Lupus: You two fellows just sign this as witnesses. (They both sign.) Now you can join the girls, but I want to have a little talk to you. (Exit Secretary.) Have you got everything fixed?

Private Detective: Yes, Sir!

Lupus: Shoot!

Private Detective: I've got five hundred sluggers at the mine. Most of 'em joined a couple of weeks ago and know all the leaders. I've got their names and you can have 'em served with the injunction. The gang's all ready, just waiting for orders to put the machinery out of commission and start a riot. A bunch of your miners didn't want to join the strikers, and we had some trouble getting 'em out of the mines. It'll be a cinch

to start a fight, and lay out any you don't want.

Lupus: I don't want any one that's got a lot of say, whether he's with the strikers or the loyal bunch. Get the ring-leaders, or run 'em out of the mines. Let your men smash the machinery tonight, if any of the ring-leaders escape tomorrow, arrest 'em for sabotage, and we'll get the balance of the crew with the injunction. I want a clean-up. D'ye get me ?

Private Detective: Yes, Sir! The chief of the gang's handy and I'll give him the word.

Lupus: Oh! he is, is he ? Supposing you bring him up. I'd like to see what kind of a specimen he is. Don't let any one see him come up here. Use this door, and you'd better stay in the reception room and use your ears.

Private Detective: Yes, Sir! (Exit.)

Lupus: Luck's with me! I'll get the whole damn shooting-match at one shot. Clean out the mines, get possession of 'em, and get rid of Fidas. Let me see. (He reads:)

Received of Lupine Lupus one million dollars.

Felix Fidas.

Now to complete this Bill of Sale. There's plenty of room above the receipt. (He inserts the paper in the typewriter and writes. Then he withdraws it and reads:)

I have this day sold to my partner, Lupine Lupus, all my interests in the coal mines known as the Black River Collieries for one million dollars, receipt of which is acknowledged below. I have the right to buy back the said interests within thirty days for one million dollars plus six percent. interest. If I fail to make use of my right of redemption within the period named, or if I should die within the said period, this sale to Lupine Lupus shall stand and require no further documents of legitimation.

Received of Lupine Lupus one million dollars.

Felix Fidas.

As Witness:

Sydney Sykof

Bud Budmash

(There is a knock at the side door.)

And now we'll see if luck's still with me. Come in !

(Enter Chief of the Gangsters.)

Chief: Want to talk to me, boss ?

Lupus: Only want to take a peep at your phiz.

Chief: Sort o' nickle show, eh ?

Lupus: That's about it. Been a long time at the game ?

Chief: What game have ye particularly in yer head, boss ?

Lupus: Well, boxing bouts where the other fellow's knocked out and stays out for good.

Chief: Guess I've practised the noble art o' self defence since I was a pic-aniany.

Lupus: You look like a grown-up one still.

Chief: Tain't looks as count, boss.

Lupus: No, guess it's the referee, that's me this time, as I've got a guy that I'd like to count out. Can you do it ?

Chief: 'Pends on the stakes, boss !

Lupus: I'll make the purse ten thousand bucks .

Chief: Must be some scrapper, an' I reckon there's a bit o' risk to my own skin.

Lupus: That's up to you. Are you game ?

Chief: He's not to come back, eh ?

Lupus: That's the talk. And you've got to keep your mouth shut.

Chief: I know that. Where's the match to be pulled off ?

Lupus: He'll be down at the mines tomorrow morning. There'll be a bunch of accidents and some casualties. You've got to get in training tonight, and not let him open his mouth to the miners. I don't want them to hear what he's got to say.

Chief: Sort o' crater, eh ?

Lupus: Not exactly.

Chief: What's he call himself ?

Lupus: Do you agree to the conditions ?

Chief: Ten thousand ! How about the rope or the pen, boss ?

Lupus: I'll keep you out. It'll only be an extra accident.

Chief: I take ye. What's his name ?

Lupus: Fidus of Fidus and Lupus !

Chief: Nix ! The match's off ! We'll have to double, boss .

Lupus: It's a go, but no money passes till it's over.

Chief: That's the rule, Any other propositions, boss ?

Lupus: Not tonight. Get out by this door, and hide your phiz !

Chief: Night, boss ! (Exit.)

Lupus: The mines are worth atleast six million a year, but he gives 'em two in bonuses and charity. I've got two million of his checks, in a year I'll have eight. I'll corner all the coal mines, then I'll talk to the railroads, the steel trust, the factories, every man in this country or any other country that wants my coal. They'll pay my price or freeze.... I'll have a strike every year, that'll send my coal up, and other industries down. Then I'll buy their stock, and sell it back to 'em when they go up again with the help of my higher priced coal. The best stock I'll keep, until I control Wall Street. Then Washington, the police force and the army! We'll see if this damn seum of a proletariat is going to run America !

(Curtain.)

ACT 2. Scene 1.

The Coal Mines. Groups of Miners. Miner Brady stands on a wheel-barrow to address them.

Brady: I was up to Fidus last night, and he told me we'd get what we're asking for. I know we'll get it, and you all know it. What's the use of loafing around waiting till the other operators come across? Fidus gave me his word, and we all know what that means. Even if the others don't agree to the miners conditions, we'll get a square deal at this pit. What ye say, boys, shall we go down and dig coal?

Miners: I feel like taking a chance. So do I. So do I.

Chief of the Gangsters: Ye're a fine bunch o' union men. Lot o' scabs! Yah! Dirty scabs! to dig coal before the others make a deal. Ye ought to be plugged, the whole damn lot o' ye. No digging for me, till the others dig. An' I don't believe a damn word o' this here Fidus. Perhaps it's only a stall to get us back on the job again. Let's see the color o' his coin first, then we'll 'gree to consider it.

Brady: Who the hell are you? You ain't got no say here, anyhow. You've only been at this here pit two weeks, and I never seen you do any work. Boys, you all know Fidus. Let's go down this morning!

Chief: I'll shew ye who I am, ye dirty scab!

(General fight, shots fired, several fall. In the distance Fidus and Angelica are seen approaching.)

A Miner: There he is! There's Fidus, boys! Let him talk to us!

(Several miners help Fidus on to the wheel-barrow.)

Fidus: My boys.... (A shot rings out and he falls into the arms of miners.)

Angelica: O God! He's shot! Daddy! Daddy! Speak to me, Daddy!

(The miners lay him on the ground.)

Fidus: Lads! I forgive him who did it. I know you've had plenty of provocation, but I was going to make good. Ask Lupus, he'll.... (He dies in Angelica's arms;)

(Brady approaches with blood on his face.)

Brady: There's the damn skunk that did it. Get him, boys! We'll lynch him!

(They rush towards the Chief of the Gangsters. A posse of plain clothes men, led by the Private Detective, run to get in between them, and surround the Chief of the Gangsters.)

Private Detective: I'll arrest him.

Miners: Lynch him! Lynch him! String him up on a derrick!

(Lupus is seen approaching guarded by secret police.)

Chief: There's Lupus! Ask him what we're going to get.

(Lupus approaches.)

Chief: Are we going to get our terms? This guy says yer partner promised everything we asked for.

Lupus: Never heard of it. What's all this rumpus?

(Curtain.)



ACT 2: Scene 2.

A curtain representing inside of office is dropped between the front and the back part of the stage. The mines and miners are still seen through windows.  
Lupus and Private Detective.

P.D: I've arrested 'em all. The chief of the gang wants to have a private talk with you, before I let him go.

Lupus: Talk with me? What've I got to do with him? You've paid 'em all, haven't you?

P.D: The chief says he's got a little private bill to cash in. We'll have to let him slip quick. The miners have got it in for him, say he laid out their chums, and Brady says he saw him shoot Fidus. That's a pretty serious affair.

Lupus: Don't think you'd better let the chief go. I didn't bargain for murdering Fidus. Let him swing for it. I don't want to see him. If the miners want to lynch him, let 'em. What you arrest Brady for?

P.D: Sabotage!

Lupus: Bring him in here. I'd like to talk to him.

(Exit Private Detective.)

Got to get that chief out of the way. Knows too much. He may get arrested any minute for murder, and blow the whole game.

(Re-enter Private Detective with Brady handcuffed.)

You say you saw that fellow shoot Fidus?

Brady: Yes Sir, saw the gun in his hand, and the smoke.

Lupus: Are you quite sure? There were lots of guns today.

Brady: I'll swear to it.

Lupus: Then why the hell didn't you stop him?

Brady: God forgive me, Sir, but I was sort o' hypnotized, and when I run towards him, he'd done it.

Lupus: Why didn't you fellows knock him on the head after?

Brady: Didn't get a chance. The police got him and arrested me.

Lupus: (To P.D.) What's Brady in for?

P.D: Sabotage, Sir!

Lupus: Nonsense! I know Brady. He's been with us ten years. He wouldn't smash a crew-bar. Let him go, Cap! I'll vouch for him.

P.D: Alright, Sir! (He frees Brady.)

Brady: Thank you, Sir! I won't forget it.

Lupus: I wish you'd got that murderer.

Brady: We'll get him yet, Sir.

Lupus: Luck to you!

(Exit Brady.)

Let 'em get him!

(Exit Private Detective.)

(Through the windows of the office a group of miners is seen welcoming Brady. Brady addresses them:)

Brady: Boys, let's rush the police, and get that murderer. I believe he shot our boys also. Come on!

(Followed by a crowd he runs towards a group of prisoners. They seize the Chief of the Gangsters and hang him to a derrick.)

Lupus: Damn good riddance! and twenty thousand dollars saved!

(Curtain.)

ACT 2. Scene 3.

Same office as in Scene 2. Lupus and Angelica in mourning.

Lupus: What do you intend doing ?

Angelica: I'm going to stay here, Mr. Lupus. I want to be near Daddy's grave.

Lupus: What good will that do you ?

Angelica: Mr. Lupus !

Lupus: I mean what'll you do for a living?

Angelica: I haven't thought of that yet. I expect Daddy left me enough to live on, but I don't want to do that. I want to work. I believe everybody should work, and earn his own bread.

Lupus: That's correct. I'm glad you look at it that way. Fidus didn't leave you much. I don't think there'll be anything for you, when I get things straightened out. He gave most of it away in charity, and had to sell his interest in the mines. When all the debts are paid, his interest may be next to nothing.

Angelica: But Daddy told me he was going to share two million dollars of his own money with the miners.

Lupus: Did he ? I think you must have misunderstood him. He did speak about a profit-sharing plan, but it couldn't have been as much as all that. We did have some money set aside for something like it, but that'll all be absorbed now in replacing the machinery that these ragamuffins broke to pieces. If there was anything over, I wouldn't give it 'em anyhow, after what they've done. What did Fidus get from 'em for his charity? A bullet !

Angelica: Oh! Mr. Lupus, I don't believe any of our men ever thought of such a terrible deed. It was that stranger they hanged. I'm going to devote my life to them. I'm sure Daddy would have wanted me to. I'll get a position in the hospital. Never mind if there's no money for me. I would have given it back to them anyway. It belonged to them, except Daddy's share for his services to them. I'm glad he gave them everything.

Lupus: I think you're foolish, but if your mind's set upon it, you might as well stay here in the office. We want somebody, and I'd pay you fifteen dollars a week.

Angelica: Oh! Mr. Lupus, do you really think I'd be useful here ?

Lupus: You might be able to do something. You know shorthand and typing.

Angelica: Oh! Thank you, Mr. Lupus, you're very kind !

Lupus: I've got to do something for my partner's child.

(He strokes her cheek, but she is unconscious of his desires. Suddenly she jumps up.)

Angelica: I'm going to thank God on Daddy's grave. (Exit.)

Lupus: Damn her Daddy !

(Curtain.)

ACT 2. Scene 4.

Same office as in previous scene. Angelica at typewriter and Lupus.

Lupus: Have you ever thought of marrying, Angelica ?

Angelica: What a strange question, Mr. Lupus ? What makes you ask it ?

Lupus: You've got such strange ideas about different things, I thought you'd have some about marriage.

Angelica: I don't think I have. But I haven't really thought much about it myself, although I've read quite a bit. Marriage always brings up to me the picture of Daddy. He used to speak about my dead mother, and said she and I had made him what he was. It must be the most wonderful thing that God gave man, if it made Daddy what he was. That's the way I look at marriage -- a father, a mother, children, all helping each other to become better people.

Lupus: (Aside.) Always her Daddy !

Angelica: What did you say ?

Lupus: No ! I said... Yes ! That's a beautiful description, but it doesn't always happen. Sometimes they don't love each other, what then ?

Angelica: I think people shouldn't marry unless they are sure of each others' love. Marriage is simply the union of two people who love each other. If there is no love, there is no marriage. It seems to me that is what God wanted us to do.

Lupus: That's right. But they may love each other when they get married, and cease to love later on.

Angelica: I think if people really love each other, they can never change. It must be passion that they mistake for love. But of course, I really don't know what passion or love is. I can only imagine.

Lupus: (Bending towards her.) But I know.

Angelica: ( Continuing her line of thought without noticing his ardent looks.) If such a thing is really possible, that people may cease to love each other, then they should be divorced.

Lupus: Then you believe in divorce ?

Angelica: Why shouldn't I? I'm not a Catholic, and I just said, If there is no love, there is no marriage.

Lupus: But I'm a Catholic.

Angelica: I don't understand you, Mr. Lupus.

Lupus: I... I mean what is a Catholic to do ?

Angelica: That is beyond me. I expect your church thought as I do when it forbade divorce -- that people should not marry unless they love each other, and that true love lasts as long as life.

Lupus: But why shouldn't a Catholic rebel, though he is married ? You said love is before marriage. (He takes her hand.) Why shouldn't I.....

(Mrs. Lupus enters abruptly.)

Lupus: (Starting up.) What the devil are you doing here ?

Mrs. Lupus: Thank you ! I came to see what you are doing here. (She looks at Angelica.) You've been coming down to the mines on business very often lately. (Angelica leaves the room.) I see you have very important business.

Lupus: At least my business is no damn concern of yours. I've never consulted you, and don't intend to. I do what suits me. If you don't like it you have your remedy. Might as well save yourself any more dirty spying. Next time you'll knock before you come into my office, or you'll have the pleasure of being shown the door by the clerk.

Mrs.Lupus: Your're very kind,Mr.Lupus.She must be a wonderful creature to have captivated you.

Mr.Lupus: You can either shut up and get out,or I'm going.I've told you of you don't like it,sue for a divorce.

Mrs.Lupus: And give you the opportunity of marrying that thing .

Lupus: I never wait for opportunities.What I want I take.

Mrs.Lupus: So I see. That's why you married my money.

Lupus: It was the best investment your father ever made.

Mrs.Lupus: And I was your commission.

(Exit Lupus.)

The pig ! The hussy ! I expected it of him,but her,with that innocent baby face, and the cloak of religion !

( Enter Angelica.)

Angelica: O Mrs.Lupus,I hope there's nothing serious the matter ?

Mrs.Lupus: I wonder what your dead father would have said.

Angelica: About what ?

Mrs.Lupus: You and Mr.Lupus.

Angelica: I don't understand you,Mrs.Lupus. Please tell me what you mean.

Mrs.Lupus: (Aside.) She plays it off beautifully. (Aloud.) Why all your friends are talking about it.It's disgraceful! A young girl like you,and he a married man,father of a girl as old as yourself !

Angelica: (She stares at Mrs.Lupus.) Now I think I understand.And you believe it ? You think that of me ? I won't even try to deny it,it's too contemptible,too... too.....

(Enter Lupus.)

Lupus: I see you are still here.

Mrs.Lupus (Mrs.Lupus looks at him in fear and leaves the office.)

Angelica: I'm going,Mr.Lupus.I can't stay here any longer. (She takes her coat and hat.) Thank you for all you've done for me.

Lupus: I don't knew what she said to you,but she doesn't know what she's talking about.She's crazy. Jealousy,nothing but jealousy ! Don't take any notice of her.

Angelica: Good-bye,Mr.Lupus.

Lupus: But where will you go to,what will you do?

Angelica: I don't know. Perhaps I'll go East to Daddy's relatives.I'll go to Daddy's grave to say Good-bye,and I'm sure he'll show me the way.

Lupus:That's foolish ! You can't go like that. I'll tell you what I'll do with you.I've got a beautiful little cottage in the Sierra Nevada.There's nobody there but an old caretaker.It's far away from everybody.Go up there for a couple of months,till all this nonsense is forgotten.Then you can either come back or go East,just as you like.Any way it'll give you time to think it over.

Angelica: I don't think I ought to accept your offer.

Lupus: Ofcourse you should.I'll send the clerk over to help you pack.I'll go and get a ticket.

(Exit Lupus.While Angelica is pondering,the curtain drops.)

ACT 3. Scene 1.

Sunset at Cottage in Sierra Nevada. Pines, orange grove, waterfall, orange bushes, valleys, hills, a brook, a beehive. Angelica on the porch.

Angelica: Isn't it wonderful here ! I'd like to stay for ever, but I must go into the world to work as others. I'm no better than they. Look at the wonderful sunset !

Now the moon,  
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls,  
Into the mellow eve:— the west puts on  
Her gorgeous beauties,— palaces and halls,  
And towers, all carv'd of the unstable cloud,  
Welcome the calmly waning monarch — he  
Sinks gently midst that glorious canopy  
Down on his couch of rest — even like a proud  
King of the earth — the ocean.

(She turns towards the waterfall, rises from her chair. In the distance Lupus approaches, dressed in motoring clothes. She does not notice him.)

Everything here inspires one with poetry. Look at that wonderful fall, catching the rays of the setting sun. Certainly Byron stood before such a sight.

(Lupus steps to listen to her.)

The fall of waters! rapid as the light,  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,  
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
With its unemptied clouds of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald:— how profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent  
To the broad column which rolls on.

Lupus: Wonderful!

(She turns in surprise.)

Angelica: I did not know anyone was listening to me. When did you come ?

Lupus: I was inspecting some new properties in the neighborhood, and thought I'd come and sleep here tonight. It's a wonderful place, but I must confess I never saw its beauty, till I heard you describe the falls just now.

Angelica: Isn't it lovely! But I must go and prepare a room for you, and perhaps you're hungry ?

Lupus: No, don't trouble. I told the caretaker to get the room fixed up, and I've had my dinner. Sit down and tell me how you're getting on.

Angelica: I've been going back to my poetry since I've been here. You can't help it. I'm sure I'll be a poetess after I'm dead.

Lupus: Why wait till you're dead?

Angelica: I must go back to the haunts of men to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.

Lupus: You needn't. This place is yours if you wish. Angelica.....

Angelica: No, I can't accept it. It's very kind of you, but I can't live on charity.

Lupus: It's not charity, Angelica. It's....., it's....., don't you understand, Angelica?

Angelica: I know you feel as if you had some responsibility towards me, and I appreciate it, but I believe it's everyone's duty to share in the toil of the world, and I must do my share. I believe that's what God put us here for. There's your chauffeur. I'll get him some supper. (She disappears in the cottage.)

Lupus: She makes me mad. If she can't understand, I'll force her. It can't be that she doesn't know. Every woman does.... Perhaps it's that that determines me to have her. Yes, I'll have her, tomorrow, and I'll make her understand.... It's impossible that she'll repulse me. Haven't I offered her this place, and all the money she wants..... If she doesn't understand, so much the better. Tomorrow!

(Curtain.)

ACT 3. Scene 2.

The porch at dawn. Lupus, Angelica, Caretaker, Chauffeur.

Lupus: I want you to go into town with this letter.

Chauffeur: Yes Sir!

Lupus: (To Caretaker.) And you can go with him. You haven't had a vacation for some time, so you needn't get back till bed-time.

Caretaker: Thank you, Sir, you're very considerate.

Lupus: (To Angelica.) Do you want anything in the town?

Angelica: I can't just think of anything. No, never mind this time.

(Exit Chauffeur and Caretaker. The noise of the automobile is heard. She looks around while he looks at her.)

Every day I discover new wonders.

DAWN.

How beautiful doth all nature dawn before me!  
Valleys and hills and bubbling brooks,  
The shimmering sky, armed as with darts,  
From Phoebus' bow to Hesperus shot,  
As if to hurl the pale Diana into gloom.

Hark! the glorious chorus of the birds,  
Vying in love and praise to mate and God!  
The dawn is theirs, even to drown the falls,  
And hush the breeze,  
That steals through their coniferous bowers.

It wafts to me a quickening fragrance,  
Laden with rose and orange grove and sweet verberna,  
That draw from yonder drowsy hive  
Emancipated bees to dewy baths.

May they serve as inspiration to my sex!  
To give the nectar of our lips to those who love  
And harbor us with care and wisdom;  
But to the drones that sip in ease and lust  
Come death, inflicted by our stings!

Lupus: I don't know much about poetry, but it sounds good. But haven't you forgotten something about the bees? I read something last night in one of your books, I think it was Keats:

Even bees, the little alms-men of spring bowers,  
Knew there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

As you wish to follow the bees, let me be your poison-flower, Angelica.

Angelica: That is the first time you have ever quoted poetry, so I'll cap it. But let a woman answer you, for somehow I seem to feel like a woman this morning.

I know the very difference that lies  
'Twixt hallow'd love and base unholy lust;  
I know the one is as a golden spur,  
Urging the spirit to all noble aims;  
The other but a foul and miry pit,  
O'erthrowing it in midst of its career.

Lupus: Call it lust, if you will. Call it whatever you like, I don't care any more. I want you, and I'll have you.

(He seizes her arm.)

Angelica: My Lupus, what's the matter with you?

Lupus: I don't want to hurt you so don't force me to.

(He tries to drag her into the cottage. She resists. He lifts her up and carries her into the cottage. The audience is left in suspense for several minutes, then Lupus emerges dishevelled and flushed.)

I should have used the chloroform or the drug. She's like a mad bitch, worse than a swarm of bees. I was a fool. . . Well haven't I given her this cottage, and all the money she wants, the ungrateful idiot! Without me she would have starved, had to go to work to earn a few dollars. I'll tell her she'll have to get out of this. That'll bring her to her senses.

(Angelica emerges, haggard, dishevelled, with a cloak thrown across her arm.)

Angelica: You cowardly wretch, you infernal scoundrel, so that's what you brought me here for, that is why you sent the servants away! That is what you call love! (She flings some coins and bills in his face.) There's the last of your money! If there is any justice in the land, you'll pay for this with your life. There must be men in America who will avenge me!

(She starts off.)

Lupus: I must stop her. She'll ruin me.

(He hurriedly takes a bottle out of his pocket, pours some chloroform on a handkerchief, rushes after her, seizes her from behind, and thrusts the handkerchief into her face. She becomes limp in her arms, he carries her back to the porch and places her in a chair.)

Damn her! How the devil could I take such a risk for a baggage like that... But what'll I do when she wakes up? and the servants get back? Then there may be some visitors before I can fix things up.... It'd be better if she didn't wake up at all..... It's risky, but I've got to take the chance. I'll tell the chauffeur and the caretaker she took an overdose of a sleeping-draught, and that they'd better keep their mouths shut, as I don't want any newspaper talk. They'll do it. They can't afford to do anything but what I tell 'em.

(He looks around to see that no one is in sight, takes the bottle from his pocket, and pours the contents between her lips.)

(Curtain.)



ACT 4. Scene 1.

Palace of Lupus in Rome. Lupus, Mrs. Lupus, Miss Lupus, Count von Schwernot, Prince of the Alps, Nobility, Uniformed Diplomats and Officers, Opera Singers, Private Secretary, Private Detective. A Prima Donna sings a selection.

Count von Schwernot: (To Lupus where no others can hear.) Mr. Lupus, I believe your country is very favorably disposed towards Russia. Isn't that so?

Lupus: Exactly, your Highness!

Count: Can you imagine any eventuality that would cause a reversal of this traditional attitude?

Lupus: Many, your Highness.

Count: For instance?

Lupus: Business!

Count: Ah, yes! I understand that Miss Lupus has a very high opinion of our German nobles, and that many of my countrymen have laid their titles at her feet.

Lupus: Mostly empty ones, your Highness, and my daughter is worthy of a reigning prince.

Count: That is difficult without the permission of the Emperor.

Lupus: It has been granted in the case of young ladies whose fathers have been raised to the nobility.

Count: Ah, yes! I see. But the grooms were not quite reigning princes.

Lupus: My daughter is ambitious, your Highness.

Count: No doubt! And American heiresses are usually worthy of their ambitions.

Lupus: You flatter my countrywomen, your Highness.

Count: Not at all. I consider American men the equals of American women. You, for instance, I believe control the whole American financial world, I understand your commands on Wall Street are as faithfully obeyed as the behests of our Emperor in Germany.

Lupus: You exaggerate, your Highness.

Count: I daresay in case of war you could determine the direction to be taken by all America's resources.

Lupus: That would depend, your Highness.

Count: Do you think American public opinion could be turned even against Russia, so that in case of war your country would not only not remain neutral but would give financial and material aid to Russia's enemies?

Lupus: If it would pay us better, your Highness.

Count: Most interesting, Mr. Lupus. You Americans are the most practical people in the world. I shall esteem it an honor to serve you and the charming Miss Lupus when I return to the Court at Berlin. (The Count withdraws to another part of the room.)

Lupus: (To himself.) I wonder what's his game. Looks like Germany's going to plug Russia. That means Italy, Austria, France, England, perhaps the whole doggone earth. Well, I should worry! But I'll get busy. Perhaps I can do more on Wall Street than his Highness imagines. Guess he was kidding me about Americans. Trying to get my goat, and draw me. Didn't spill much, I reckon. If my kid's not good enough for a sauerkraut prince, a Dago one'll have to do, and I'll buy the title of baron from Emanuel cheaper than I'd get it from Whiteman. Perhaps it'd be better business too in the long run. Who knows where Germany'll be in a general shake-up. England's got it in for Germany, and it'd cost something to run the blockade of John Bull's fleet, if John Bull takes a hand against Germany. I calculate I'll have a little business talk with Emanuel; see if I can't queer the Triple Alliance. (He approaches an Italian nobleman and draws him aside.)

Your Italian music deserves its position of preeminence, Prince. It certainly is unapproachable. In fact, you Italians are a more gifted people than the rest of the world gives you credit for. My art collector here tells me you are not an unworthy progeny of Ancient Rome. The old marbles are not greater than the canvasses of Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, Tintoretto and Leonardo da Vinci. Dante is probably greater than the Ancients. Marconi ranks with our Edison. I am proud to live in Rome, and will esteem it a privilege to be allied with a modern Roman.

Prince of the Alps: Such praise coming from the Croesus of the New World deserves to be acknowledged by the whole of Italy. Speaking for myself, Mr. Lupus, I can assure you that an Alliance with the American who appreciates Italian art, science and literature so eloquently would be deemed the highest honor by any Roman. But I have not heard of the alliance at which you hint.

Lupus: It's nothing, Prince; merely an expression of my sentiments.

Prince: With such encouragement the fair Miss Lupus will soon be besieged by a myriad of suitors.

Lupus: Keep it to yourself.

Prince: Your confidences are highly flattering, Mr. Lupus.

Lupus: No flattery at all. I'm sure the trust reposed in you by His Majesty has never been betrayed, and that your affection for your country will constrain you to use with due caution whatever I may say to you.

Prince: You are enigmatic, Mr. Lupus, but you have my word of honor that our conversation will go no farther.

Lupus: That's not what I mean, Prince. I want it to go to His Majesty.

Prince: I must be unusually dense tonight, or I would understand the interest of my royal master and cousin in the alliance you mentioned.

Lupus: Let me speak clearly. I do not refer to my daughter now. That was merely a little secret between ourselves. I have reason to fear that a grave calamity threatens Italy.

Prince: You astonish me. Please speak freely.

Lupus: Let us take a suppositional case, for instance, war between Germany and Russia. Italy would join Germany.

Prince: Certainly, we have the Triple Alliance.

Lupus: That would mean the slavery of Italy, perhaps its disappearance from the map of Europe.

Prince: You astound me! If you were not Mr. Lupus, I would barely take your words at the value I must. Pray continue.

Lupus: You know our traditional friendship for Russia. England and France are allies of Russia. Speaking for American business interests I can assure you that America will be against you. If Germany wins you will never recover Italia Irredenta, you will never set foot in Asia Minor. If Germany is defeated, and Italy is on the side of Germany, Italy will shrink almost to nothing. If however, Germany is defeated, and Italy is with us, then there is Italia Irredenta, Trieste, Fiume, Asia, Africa, and freedom from Prussian dictatorship.

Prince: I do not know what to think, Mr. Lupus, your words are so overpowering. But why do you speak of war between Germany and Russia?

Lupus: I do not say there will be war, but if it comes to that, I hope you will let His Majesty know what I have said.

Prince: He shall know it immediately. And now I will go and pay my respects to Miss Lupus.

Lupus: Remember our little secret, Prince.

(Curtain.)

ACT 4. Scene 2.

Palace of Lupus in Rome. Lupus and Prince of the Alps in uniform.

Prince: I recall the evening when you promised me the unattainable.

Lupus: Haven't I fulfilled my promise? The war has made me the richest man in the world. You and my daughter will inherit it all.

Prince: I speak for my country. At this very moment, the Austrians may have launched their march on Rome. Instead of Italia Irredenta, Trieste, Africa, Asia, we are to be divided between Germany and Austria. Before that I will die. My men are waiting for me to lead them to death. I have come to say Adieu!

Lupus: But surely you will marry Lucilla before you leave Rome again?

Prince: I will not make her my wife today, and leave her my widow tomorrow.

Lupus: You can resign from the army, and return with us to America. Rome is not the safest place in the world just now.

Prince: You once said we were a worthy progeny of Ancient Rome. Why think that I have since turned traitor and poltroon. Americans may ignore the dastardly murder of women and children on the Lousitania, we Italians are different. Adieu!

Lupus: Wait! All is not lost yet. Promise me not to get shot, and Italy will win.

Prince: My dear Lupus, you amuse me! Of what value are your promises?

Lupus: America shall enter the war! Ten million Yanks will be here in a few months! I'll flood Italy with American coal, steel, food, ammunition!

Prince: You seem to forget that Wilson was elected President because he kept you out of war.

Lupus: Wilson be damned! I'm boss in the U.S.

Prince: Then why have your promises to me failed?

Lupus: Because I'm in this game for profit. The longer it lasts, the more there's in it for me. I've made England part with her securities. I've bought English bonds and my own back at a discount. I've floated loans for England in America. The Old World owes me more than it can ever pay. I've transferred the Bank of England to myself. If couldn't be done, unless John Bull was almost bled to death.

Prince: And you would have left us to our fate?

Lupus: You'd be alright in America.

Prince: Until the German navy reached New York. After Italy, America!

Lupus: Let's drop that. I'll show you what I can do. (He rings a bell and his Private Secretary enters.)

Code this to my lobbyist in Washington:

German treaty with Mexico. Preparing to invade America.

Roosevelt made peace between Russia and Japan. Wilson can dictate European peace, but only on condition that America enters war immediately. Also necessary, if German invasion to be forestalled. Opportunity for greater name than Roosevelt. Not merely peace-maker, but chance to apply some democratic ideals; say control by the people, in other words self-determination; say treaty for universal peace, in other words a league of nations. Tell Wall Street, we'll drop every cent Europe owes us, if we don't save our debtors.

(To Prince.) Now, will you promise?

Prince: If it means the salvation of Italy, I must promise, but I will return to my troops.

Lupus: It's a bargain.

(Curtain.)

ACT 4. Scene 3.

Palace of Lupus in Rome. Reception in honor of marriage of Lucille Lupus to Prince of the Alps.

Prince: Allow me to greet you, Baron Lupus !

Lupus: Barn !

Prince: For your services to Italy, His Majesty has been pleased to confer this title upon you.

Lupus: Prince, this is the happiest day of my life. I did what I could and never expected to be paid for it. Please convey my eternal gratitude and submission to His Majesty, the King !

Prince: I also wish to thank you, Baron, for that magnificent gift. (Points to an oilpainting.) It is a masterpiece and is another proof of your excellent judgment and unexampled patronage of art.

(Lupus and the Prince withdraw to one side out of hearing of the other guests.)

I really cannot understand your love for everything artistic. Your collections are the marvel of the world. I hope they afford you the pleasure they were intended to inspire.

Lupus: Pleasure ! Yes pleasure through profit. This studio jargon and my collections bring me in contact with the fashionable world, diplomats, people who have money to invest. I depend on my art collectors to make the right selections. Besides, it's a good investment. Art treasures increase in value as quick and safer than stocks and bonds.

Prince: Ah ! I understand.

Lupus: Then my collectors in all parts of the world keep me posted on the genius of the people.

Prince: How are you interested in that ?

Lupus: By genius I mean the policy of a nation. For instance, the genius of England is expressed in Free Trade, the Survival of the Fittest, formulated by Darwin. I counted on that to destroy Self-Determination, the League of Nations.

Prince: Ah! You proposed it because you knew you could destroy it ?

Lupus: Yes! With Self-Determination what would Italy have in Asia or Africa ? England would lose her possessions. She is now in the position of a gambler who has lost practically all, and can recouperate only by continuing the game. A League of Nations would stop the game of the Survival of the Fittest to promote which England has Free Trade. So long as the game continues there is a chance for her to get back what she has lost. If England had not lost so much, she ~~would~~ undoubtedly would be the strongest advocate of the League. She has always stood in the van-guard of similar movements, but until she gets back what she has lost during this war, I can stifle the League. I don't want it. It's bad for business. I make money when there's trouble, not when people or nations can settle their disputes amicably. I stir up the stock-exchange, and buy when others are compelled to sell. Without this war, English financiers would not have lost to me. Without this war, Italy would not have gained what she has, and with Self-Determination and a League of Nations she could not keep what she has gained.

Prince: It does not seem honorable. I suppose there is a flaw somewhere in your philosophy, though I cannot name it. It, however, works out justly in the case of Italy, so I must submit.

By the way, you spoke of returning to America.

Lupus: Only poor Americans live in America, and they go South in Winter, North in Summer, West in Spring, and East in the Fall.

Prince: Ah! Now I understand why Americans eat ice cream at Christmas.

(A young lady comes hurriedly towards them.)

Young Lady: Oh! Baron! The American medium has just written a poem with the planchette, and we want you to hear it. (She drags him towards the other guests.)

Guests: Read it! Read it!

Medium:

FROM ANGELICA.

Lupus: Stop!

Medium: Yes, Baron!

Lupus: Let me see it! (He takes the paper and reads it hurriedly, while attempting to hide his anxiety. Mrs. Lupus comes next to him.)

Guests: Read it aloud, Baron! Read it aloud!

(Lupus hands the paper back to the Medium.)

Medium:

I have crossed the natal bourne,  
I have won the spirit plane,  
Where the waiting cease to mourn  
And immortals know no bane.

My transition was a dream  
Out of which I woke to life,  
To a world of love and peace,  
Where all heart ties still are rife.

For the sire who sought me long  
Held me clasped within his arms,  
And I heard the welcome song,  
That enthralled me as with charms.

Thus I wandered in his care  
Through the friendships of the soul,  
Midst the fields and flowers rare,  
And the pleasures without toll.

And the earth and all bereft  
Was effaced as by a mist,  
Yet the waves of those I left  
All the dikes of heaven kissed.

Till they grew unto a roar,  
Told me of the voices' dearth,  
Bade me enter on raptur;  
And my message sailed to earth:

There's no death! We all do live!  
You may hear the voices still,  
See the auras that we give,  
If you wish it, if you will!

Guests: How beautiful! Isn't it wonderful ?

Lupus: (Aside.) I was almost afraid she was going to say something. What rot! It isn't her. There's no such thing! Bunk! But it's strange he got her name, and about her sire.

Guests: Who's Angelica ? Do you know her, Baron? Please tell us all about her!

Lupus: No! No! I never heard of such a person. It's nonsense!

Guests: And you, Baroness ?

Mrs. Lupus: Gee! It almost scared me to death. I thought it was somebody I used to know, but it wasn't. I never heard of such a person. Let us dance.

(A dance and curtain.)

ACT 5. Scene 1.

The stage is divided into two parts, front and back. The back represents a bedroom in which the death-bed scene takes place. The front half is in obscurity during Scene 1.

Bed-room. Lupus sick in bed. A Nurse busy. A Doctor examining Lupus. Sitting around, Mrs. Lupus, a Priest, a Professor, a Lawyer.

Lupus: Well, Doctor, I expect I'm going ?

Doctor: While there's life there's hope.

Lupus: I'm not afraid to go. I've never been afraid of anything. That's why I could do what I did. That's why I've got what I have. I didn't even fear the Devil. How about that, Father Ignatius ?

Father Ignatius: No good man need fear Satan.

Lupus: I built a church just to nag him. Perhaps I ought to build another, just for spite, to keep him away from my death-bed ?

Father Ignatius: He dare not approach you. If all the sons of the Church were as faithful as you, my son, Hell would soon be empty.

Lupus: Here, Bruno, give Father Ignatius half a million, no make it a million, for a new church. Call it a fee for absolution.

Bruno: Yes, Baron! (Bruno makes a note.)

Father Ignatius: My son, I absolve thee. The Holy Father will remember you for this in his prayers. The blessings of the whole Catholic Church will follow you. May the intercession of the Saints assuage your suffering !

Lupus: Tut! Tut! I'm alright. It's just to spite the Devil.... and those accursed miners. Build it among 'em. They're all atheists. If they'd only go to church, they wouldn't go on strike. When I'm gone they'll want to forget me. The church will make them remember Lupus and his iron fist. Drat 'em! .... Well, Professor, what can I do for you, before I go ?

Professor: Baron, I am not here to receive, but to give whatever lies in my power. I have been delegated to express the sorrow of the whole student-body, ~~and~~ alumni, and faculty of the noble foundation that bears your name.

Lupus: I expect that's about all you can do for me. I at least did something with my money, but what can you do for me with your science ? You've been experimenting with the living and with the dead. You haven't found the origin of being, the elixir of life, or the cause of death. I experimented with gold, and learned all there is to know about it.

Professor: It takes time and money.

Lupus: That's it -- time and money ! I might as well give you a few million more. I can't take it with me. But I don't see what good it's going to do me now. While I was alive, it was a sop to public opinion. You have to give charity and build universities and endow libraries, just as you have to pay taxes. But I'd rather give it away and get some honor and advertising, than let the people take it away from me in the form of taxation.... Well, I suppose you and the Church did all you could for me, you helped me sell stock, you defended my reputation and my financial operations, and I'd rather give it, you, than share with the damned proletariat. They never did anything for me. My own workmen did nothing but strike, and try to rob me of the profits which I earned through my own intelligence without the help of their brute bodies. If it hadn't been for me, they'd have starved, like ingrates !

Professor: Education will teach the working classes to appreciate justly the services rendered humanity by great captains of industry such as you, Baron.

Lupus: I don't know so much about that. The more they know, the more they want.

Professor: That's because wrong systems of education.....

Lupus: Alright, Professor. Give 'em the right kind and we'll make it five millions. Bruno, arrange that.

Professor: Baron.....

Lupus: I might as well get something for my money. Professor, I understand you've made some startling discoveries about the dead and dying.

Mrs. Lupus: Oh! don't let us speak about that now!

Doctor: I'm afraid, Baron, you are tiring yourself with all this conversation. I shall have to order the visitors out of the room.

Lupus: I'm doing the ordering still. When I'm dead somebody else'll do it. While I'm alive I'm going to know it. I'll die talking.... Now, Professor, sit down again. Your Father Ignatius, I'll excuse you. When I stop talking, give me the unction. (Father Ignatius bows himself out.) Professor, have you been able to communicate with the departed?

Professor: We have investigated some inexplicable cases of psychic phenomena and received messages purporting to come from discarnate beings, but we have not yet been able to establish their complete authenticity.

Lupus: And never will. When we're dead, we're dead!

Professor: Not always, Baron.

Lupus: How's that?

Professor: We have not yet been able to explain or recognize all cases of suspended animation or trance.

Lupus: You mean to say that I may be buried alive?

Doctor: Oh no, Baron! Medical science had provided against such an eventuality.

Lupus: How?

Doctor: I'd rather not explain just now.

Lupus: I demand to know. You tell me, Professor!

Professor: While transferring a cemetery some years ago, it was discovered that a high proportion of the corpses showed signs of having been buried alive. It was then decided to inject a virulent poison into all corpses to make death certain before interment.

Lupus: Doctor, see that it's done. I don't want to wake up in my coffin.....

Mrs. Lupus: Oh, dear, do let us stop this....

Lupus: Alright. Professor, is it true that the dying see their past rise before them?

Professor: That happens very often. Those who have recovered from a trance, also affirm that they see their future.

Mrs. Lupus: Please, dear!

Lupus: Alright! I'm tired anyway. I'll rest a little and.....

(He sinks back on a pillow. The doctor bends over him. After a few moments he goes out and returns with Father Ignatius who administers extreme unction. Suddenly Lupus starts up with a cry!)

I see it!

(and drops back dead.)

(Curtain.)



ACT 5. Scene 2.

While the lights are lowered, scenery from the wings shuts off the view of the bed-room, and the front half of the stage takes on a celestial appearance.

Celestial Judge and Spirit of Lupus.

Spirit of Lupus: Are you God ?

Celestial Judge: I am but one of his judges.

Spirit: Is there a God ?

Judge: I have said, I am but one of his judges.

Spirit: Then why does he not show himself ?

Judge: Here, or on earth ?

Spirit: Both. If I had seen him on earth, I would have regulated my life differently. If I see him here, I will believe you.

Judge: Thou didst not see all the kings of the earth, though thou wert honored by many. Thou didst nevertheless believe that others existed. Men who have seen God have lived on the earth. They left their testimonies. If thou hadst not learned to consider all men liars, thou wouldst have believed them.... Only such as are judged worthy according to thy earthly standards are presented to thy earthly monarchs. Dost thou consider thyself fit to stand in the presence of God ?

Spirit: Why have I been brought before you ?

Judge: To be judged.

Spirit: I did not know, I did not believe in a future life.

Judge: Thou shalt not be judged according to that belief, but according to thine acts.

Spirit: But my acts would have been different, if I had known that I was to be arraigned after death.

Judge: The criminal constrains his acts through respect for earthly laws, not through spontaneous action. If thou hadst foreseen this day, thou wouldst have ordered thy life in fear of punishment, to profit here as thou didst profit on earth. Doth thy conscience tell thee that reward is granted for deeds done through fear or self-interest ? The standard of terrestrial conscience is not different from that of heaven. Whether thou didst or didst not believe in immortality, could not cast thy conscience in a different mould. Dost thou plead ignorance of conscience' law ?

Spirit: But God's law teaches forgiveness. I demand that my sins be forgiven.

I dare not plead ignorance, for all my deeds are known, are they not ?

Judge: If they were not, perchance thou wouldst lie here as thou didst on earth. Didst thou invoke God's law on earth ? Hast thou a right to call upon it here ? Dost thou show repentance ? Hast thou made an effort to atone for the wrongs thou didst commit in the flesh ? Thou hast not even in thy defence a death-bed repentance. If the unrepentant sinner may appeal to the law which he despises, then the good will suffer in vain, the evil will escape with impunity. Not a tooth for a tooth, but God's eternal justice ordains a day of reckoning for all thine acts on earth..... The godless believe there is no God, no after-life, therefore they commit all manner of crimes. Some who even believe in an after-life and profess to communicate with the departed, teach that there is no retribution in the life beyond the grave. Divine justice says the good shall have their reward in heaven, and the wicked shall be punished in hell. On earth thou didst have thy riches, thy honors. Thou didst do much evil. Thou didst commit horrible crimes..... To err is human, to forgive divine.

*yet God is merciful even to the wicked, for He maketh his very punishment the means of his improvement and final salvation.*

Jesus forgave his enemies, but he swung the lash in the Temple...Dost thou know this woman ?

(The Spirit of Angelica appears.)

Spirit of Lupus: O God ! Angelica !

Judge: Angelica, what hast thou to say of this man ?

Spirit of Lupus: Mercy ! Mercy ! I cannot listen. (Covers his ears with his hands.)

Judge: Not only must thou hear it, but thou shalt hear all thy earthly deeds, and see them, whether good or bad. Thou canst not stop thy ears here.

Spirit of Angelica: He.....

Spirit of Lupus: Angels of mercy ! I hear her voice ! Silence, I tell you !

Judge: Look upon her ! (Spirit of Lupus holds his hands before his eyes.) In vain thou shieldest thine eyes, thou must look upon her.

Spirit of Lupus: Take her away ! I see her ! I see her !

Judge: Speak, Angelica, tell this man that which he did unto thee.

Spirit of Angelica: He poisoned me, he ravished me, he robbed me, he murdered my father.

Spirit of Lupus: A lie ! A lie !

Judge: Truly, that which thou utterest is a lie.

(The Spirit of Fidus appears.)

Judge: Fidus, what hast thou to say of this man ?

Spirit of Lupus: Holy Mother of Christ, strike me deaf and blind !

Spirit of Fidus: He plundered me, he plundered my child. He assassinated me, he assassinated my child. He violated my daughter.

Spirit of Lupus: O Saints of Heaven ! Pardon !

(A host is seen approaching.)

Judge: Look yonder ! Approaching, thou seest the miners and soldiers thou didst send to their graves, the widows and orphans thou didst pillage. Anon thou shalt answer them. Man, thou hast much to answer here . But go thou now to thy semblables.

(Curtain.)

ACT 3. Scene 3.

While the lights are lowered, the front half of the stage is changed to represent hell. Serpents painted on scenery, red flames issuing from caves, demons and lost souls strutting across the stage. The bed-room is hidden in darkness. There is a trap door hidden from the audience by a rock. The Spirit of Lupus disappears through this trap door in Scene 4.

Spirit of Lupus chained. Enter Spirit of the Chief of the Gangsters.

Spirit of Chief: Welcome, boss ! I've been waiting for ye. But I perceive yer chained. So was I, but I put one over 'em. Hold yer chain in this flame, an' it'll melt like butter.

(Spirit of Lupus holds chain in flame.)

Spirit of Lupus: It burns, it burns ! Liar ! Water ! for Christ's sake ! Water ! It burns !

(Spirit of Chief grins at him, while an angel brings a cup of water, and places it on a rock. The angel disappears immediately, the Spirit of the Chief seizes the water and drinks it.)

S. of Lupus: Thief, give me my water ! It burns ! It burns ! Liar ! Thief ! Give me my water !

S. of Chief: (Mockingly.) No, a thief, a liar ! I never stole a cent, I never told a lie. I'm George Washington. You lied me to the rope, you stole twenty thousand bucks of me. You're a liar, you're a thief. Have a drink !

(He holds the cup of water towards S. of Lupus, then drinks it himself.) Melts like butter ! Ah ! Ah !

S. of Lupus: Water ! Water ! It burns ! Water !

S. of Chief: I'm drinking water, ain't I ? What's the matter with ye ? Melts like butter ? (He smacks his lips.) Say, there's yer daughter !

(Behind a gauze is seen the picture of the cottage in the Sierra Nevada. Lucille is sitting on the perch. Count von Schwernet appears.)

Lucille: Why, what brings you here, Count ? I never thought you were in America. I understood you were in Holland with the Kaiser.

Count: I was, but His Majesty sent me here to inspect some properties. I heard you were staying up here, Princess, and thought I'd just drop in and renew our old friendship.

Lucille: I'm sure you're very welcome. Mother'll be back in a few days, she's visiting some friends in Los Angeles, so it happens I'm quite alone, not a soul here till the caretaker returns to night. Very romantic, isn't it ? Pray be seated !

Count: And how is the Prince of the Alps ?

Lucille: He was called back to Italy by the King. There is still much unrest in Europe.

Count: You know, Princess, I'm quite jealous of your husband, — a victorious hero, while I am a defeated outlaw, — he, the husband of the woman whom I had once thought to make mistress of my Prussian castle.

Lucille: Count !

Count: Yes, I must tell it you now. I loved you then, but your father told me you were ambitious, only a reigning prince could win your hand. I love you still, Lucille. (He seizes her hand. She rises.)

Lucille: Please let me go, Count, you frighten me !

Count: Can't you love me, Lucille ? Come back with me, and one day we'll return to Prussia.

(She tries to drag herself away. He rises.)

No, I won't let you go. You belong to me. We've lost all, but I'll not lose you.

(He attempts to put his arms around her, she breaks loose and rushes into the cottage. He follows her.)

S. of Lupus: Set me free ! Set me free ! He's killing her ! Set me free !

S. of Chief: Why don't ye put yer irons in the fire ? Melt like butter ! Ah ! Ah ! Kill yer daughter. That's nix ! Didn't ye tell me to kill Fidus an' the strikers ? When I come here, they had me up as a witness agin ye, an' I heard ye poisoned Fidus's daughter. You ain't got no kick coming. Ah ! Ah ! Melt like butter ! (He smacks his lips.)

(Count emerges from cottage.)

Count: She's mine now ! But what am I to do next ? She's in a swoon. If somebody comes along, they may ask about her. I ought not to be seen here. I'll go. But I can't leave her here. I can't carry her like that down to the machine.... She may come to any minute..... She called me a cowardly Hun ! Curse her ! Perhaps I made a mistake. If these accursed Americans should hear of it ! And like an idiot I told her about the Kaiser's properties here. (He looks at a ring on his finger.) Majesty gave it me to use if I failed. It was intended for himself in case the Allies captured him. (He takes the ring from his finger, and lifts the stone.) He told me it was a deadly poison, instantaneous, painless, leaving absolutely no trace, the discovery of our great German scientists. (He lifts it slowly towards his mouth, when about to swallow it, he stops suddenly.) What a fool I am. I haven't failed yet. I'll give it her.

(He enters the cottage.)

S. of Lupus: Let me go ! Let me go ! The hell fiend's dishonored my child, and now he's poisoning her !

S. of Chief: Well, who's holding ye ? Put yer bracelets in the flames ! Melt like butter ! Ah ! Ah ! Dishonored yer child ! an' now he's poisoning her ! Who dishonored Fidus's child, who poisoned her ? Reckon yer old pardner's 'bout square with ye now. Melts like butter ! (He smacks his lips.) So long, Count ! Hope to see ye again ! (The Count is seen emerging from the cottage and disappears.) Have a drink ! 'Tain't gone dry up here yet. Expect ye'd like to have a drop of the stuff ye left down there. I'll see what I can do fer ye. Cost ye twenty thousand bucks a drop, but that's a flea bite fer a bloated plutocrat like you. Say, there's yer missus. Reckon I'll wait a bit !

(Mrs Lupus and the Count are seen sitting on the porch of the cottage.)

Mrs. Lupus: It was terrible, Count ! She was all by herself. The doctors said it was heart failure.

Count: I can imagine your state of mind, Baroness. You must feel terrible lonesome now !

Mrs. Lupus: Yes, Count, I hardly know what I shall do with myself.

Count: (He takes her hand.) If you will permit me, I will endeavor to make you forget all your bereavements.

Mrs. Lupus: O Count, this is so sudden. You must give me time to think it over. (The Count takes her in his arms.)

S. of Lupus: Hell and all the fiends here, free me, only for a brief second, that I may strangle that adulterer !

S. of Chief: Why don't ye put yer irons in the flames ? Melt like butter ! (He smacks his lips.) Adulterer ! Eh ? What ye call yerself, then, Mr. Lupus ? A lily white virgin, who didn't put one over his missus ! Have a drop ! (Offers the cup, but drinks it himself.) What, ye refuse an old friend ! Perhaps, yer thirsty fer blood ? Jealous !

The green eyed monster's got ye, eh! Look at 'em. See 'em hugging each other.  
Yer face is like a burning coal, yer like 'an ugly fiend o' hell yerself.  
Why don't ye get 'em? Sicken, Lupus, Sicken! Ah! Ah! Melts like butter!  
(He smacks his lips.)

(Curtain.)

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(He smacks his lips.)

(Curtain.)

ACT 5. Scene 4.

The front half of the stage is in complete darkness, only the Spirit of Lupus is seen looking towards the bed-room which is illuminated with candles around the corpse. Enter the Doctor with hypodermic syringe in his hand.

Doctor: He's gone ! Perhaps the greatest force of our time. He made war and peace. Sent millions to an untimely grave. Men trembled before his power. Whole nations toiled to fill his vaults. He owned them body and soul, more completely than the slave-owners their slaves. And all by means of a handful of gray matter, apparently no different from the brains of other men... What is the secret of it all ? He had less vital force, less will power, less magnetism, character, education than thousands of other men who were his abject slaves. Was it the cortical substance, or luck, chance, opportunity, aided by the artificial arrangement of our modern society ?... One thing is certain, a less complex social system would make such an organism totally impossible. I can well diagnose, though I cannot prescribe, the anarchist's methods for purging the world of its organizations.... The secret may one day be discovered in the psychic powers which are threatening to revolutionize our exact sciences. Till then we must reckon without the psyche, deny its very existence.

( He bends over the corpse to insert the needle. The Spirit of Lupus raises its arms, endeavors to move towards the corpse, but cannot.)

Spirit of Lupus: Stop !

(The Doctor starts up.)

Doctor: I thought I heard a voice. (He looks around.) It must be my imagination affected by my musing. (He rapidly inserts the needle and injects the virus. With a cry of agony the Spirit of Lupus disappears through the trap door. The corpse starts up from the bed, but falls back immediately. The Doctor in horror starts back, then slowly approaches the corpse to examine it.)

He must have been in a trance.

End.