

I wish ye joy o' your prize, mon!
 The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa'
 He's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

(Repeat chorus while the villagers flock back to the stage. The women are now dressed in the gayest peasant costumes. Lilith, off, resumes the dance tune and leads on Eel, who by this time is dancing with absolute abandon. All make way for him and stand back, laughing. The music stops. Eel, suddenly brought to himself, stares and gasps. He would go off, but Awl stops him.)

AWL: Na, Elder, ye've made this toon a hell lang enough! Tae the fountain, lads! *(They catch Eel and duck him half a dozen times. Enter Meek.)*

MEEK *(throws up his arms)*: An' what, i' the Lord's name, is come to Houghmagandie?

AWL: It's a' richt, meenister. But I'm the Law an' the Prophets the day! *(Elder Eel comes dripping from the fountain.)*

AWL: Prisoner at the bar, are ye guilty or not guilty? Guilty! Whaur's Jeannie Mackay? Dinna fear, lass. Will ye wed this mon here?

JEANNIE: Ay, sir *(she is in tears)*. It's his bairn, Gude kens.

AWL: Now, meenister, this is whaur ye're wanted. D'ye consent, Elder? Ye've been a hairless old scoundren, but ye can e'en dae the richt thing by the lass noo.

EEL: Ay! I repent sincerely.

AWL: None o' that! Say ye're sorry, like a mon!

FRANCISKU.

A Dramatic Masque.

By HELEN WOLJESKA.

Francisku was a boy of bronze. His hair, his face, his clothes, his bare feet, everything was bronze. When he stepped over to the deeply shaded pool and bent down to fill his huge watering can he looked like a beautiful animated statuette. And the three little baronesses held their breath for fear he might slip into the mysterious depths and disappear from them forever. . . .

The three little baronesses also looked like statuettes — like statuettes of delicately tinted ivory, inlaid with gold. On their long, slender, half-bare legs they meandered through the flower-beds, among tall-stemmed nodding blossoms of scarlet and coral and amethyst, while their eyes were on the boy of bronze.

"Que faites-vous, mesdemoiselles?" sharply inquired the "bonne" from the summer house.

"Nous cueillons des fleurs —" answered the innocent voices; slim white fingers gathered them up, while their slender, aristocratic legs carried them nearer and nearer to Francisku. His darkly flushing face and bashfully glowing eyes, his agile body and pantherlike movements sent strange thrills through the ivory and gold baronesses. If only they dared! They would like to come still closer, quite close, to touch his brown hands, his wild curls, perhaps to put their lips against his —

On the sunny lawn two huge St. Leonbergers lay dozing. Like maenads the three little girls descended upon them, burying their nervous fingers in the great, shaggy, tawny manes, rolling over their playmates, teasing, frolicking, romping, laughing — laughing —

This is an unjust world. He who sows is not always he who reaps.

ROCOCO.

A Dramatic Vignette.

A wonderful little marquise.

Her delicately tinted face seems full of whimsical irony and morbid charm. She is not beautiful in the conventional sense of the word, but her strangely troubled eyes, veiled smiles, nervous hands bestow a subtler beauty which

EEL: I'm sorry, Jeannie. An' I'll be a gude mon tae ye, lass.

AWL: That's better. Now, meenister, the Blessing.

MEEK: In the name o' God, I declare ye lawful man an' wife. *(He joins their hands and blesses them.)*

AWL: And no more private still, Elder, and no more bribes fra distillers!

EEL: Ay! I mean it.

AWL: Guid. Now, lass, run off wi' him, lest he fa' into the snare o' the 'Hoor o' Babylon again; an' this time for his soul's ill! *(All laugh. Eel goes off with Jeannie.)*

AWL: Noo, lads an' lasses a', prayer i' the morning, an' thanksgivin' in th' afternoon. *(Lilith plays.)*

AWL *(sings)*:

We'll mak' oor maut, we'll brew oor drink,

We'll dance an' sing an' rejoice, mon,

An' mony braw thanks tae the mickle black de'il

(Bowling to Lilith)

That's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,

There's hornpipes an' strathskeys, mon;

But the ae best dance e'er came tae oor land

Was — the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

(Chorus as before. All dance merrily, and at last even the minister is carried off by a big, flamboyant girl into the centre of the crowd.)

(CURTAIN.)

is independent of external advantages; she appears a being from another sphere from a world of sultry luxuries and graceful mockery, such as exists in languorous women's burning dreams. Her piquant smile vaguely remembers past ecstasies. But the melting sorrow of her eyes proclaims that in every ecstasy there lurked the foreboding of despair, and the frenzy of love was forever mingled with the dread of doom.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

KNIGHT-ERRANT.

A Dramatic Miniature,

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I came beneath the holy hill

Where jets the spring of Life-in-Youth,

Upon its summit flowers still

The golden rose of Love-in-Truth.

My lips, that desert suns devoured,

Were moist and merry at the draught;

And in that dew of sunlight showered

I stood and shook myself, and laughed.

Lightly I leapt upon the slope

To gain the golden rose above;

Outpacing faith, outsoaring hope,

I had no rival left but love. . . .

Mine arms are stretched to North and South,

A scarlet cross, a soldier sun;

The rose is music on my mouth,

Holiness to Hilarion!

I mark the bounds of space and time;

I suck salvation from the sod;

I point the way for man to climb

Up to his consummation, God.