1-1-1898

La Poudre aux Yeux

Virgil Dalrymple
Butler University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/mantheses

Part of the French and Francophone Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation
Dalrymple, Virgil, "La Poudre aux Yeux" (1898). Manuscript Thesis Collection. 54.
https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/mantheses/54

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Manuscript Thesis Collection at Digital Commons @ Butler University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Manuscript Thesis Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Butler University. For more information, please contact digitalscholarship@butler.edu.
"La Poudre Au Chéf."  
Presented by  
Virgil Balympole  June, 1898  
To the degree of A.B.  
Butler College.
Las Bourgeoise aux Fees.

Act I
(M. Malingeas's drawing-room. Piano, L. Desk, R. Round table. C.)

Scene I.
Madame Malingeas, Sophie. (with market basket on her arm.)

Sophie. Then, madame, there will not be any need of fish.

Madame Malingeas. (Seated at right of table, working.) No! There has been so much wind the whole week that they would be beyond a reasonable price. But try and make a good bargain on your fillet.

S. And as for vegetables? Spring peas are beginning to be seen.

Mme. M. You know very well that the first ones are tasteless. Make a stuffed cabbage for me.

S. As I did last week?

Mme. M. When you come back from the market, bring your account book and we will settle accounts.
S. Good morning, Madame. [Exit R.

Scene II.

Madame Malingeau. Malingeau.

Madame Malingeau (entering at back of stage). It is M. Good morning, wife!

Madame Malingeau. What! You had gone? Where do you come from? M. I have just seen my patient.

Mme. M. Your patient! I advise you to speak of them. You attend only to accidents on the street—people who are run over or who fall from windows.

M. (sitting down) Well, the same for me this morning, at six o’clock. I have a patient.

Mme. M. He is a stranger here?

M. No—a Frenchman.

Mme. M. This is the first time for two years that anyone has thought of disturbing you?

M. (gaily) I am getting along.

Mme. M. At fifty-four! It is time! Let me tell you; it is tact that you lack. You have such a ridicu-
Mr. 

Mrs. M. Where, by chance, heaven sends you a patient, you begin by removing his fears. You say to him: "This is nothing. It is only the matter of a few days."

Mrs. M. Why frighten him?

Mrs. M. With that system you have always the appearance of having cured a little hurt, a chillblain. I know a great many of your fellow doctors. They are true physicians. When they approach an invalid, it is not for two days. They say immediately: "It will be tedious, very tedious!" And they call one of their colleagues in consultation.

Mrs. M. Why?

Mrs. M. It is in favor which the latter hastens to repay the following week. That's the way a practice is built up!

Mrs. (rising) No, no, no, never!

Mrs. M. You, with your good nature, have lost one by one, all your patients. There was one left—the last one—a fine man.

Mr. Maurice Rubenou, our neighbor?
Mrs. M. He had swallowed a needle without suspecting it. You treated him for a fortnight. My good — that was "getting on." But the fine morning you had the stupidity to pay to him: "My dear monsieur Dubourg, I understand nothing at all about your disease."

M. Well! Where one doesn't understand.

Mrs. M. Where one doesn't understand, she says: "It is nervousness?" Ah! If I were a doctor!

M. What a quack you would make!

Mrs. M. It is lucky that Providence has given us an income of twelve thousand francs, and that we do not have to depend upon your practice. What is it that this person came to ask you this morning?

(Sits down again.)

M. (slightly embarrassed.) It is — it is a young man.

Mrs. M. Of good family?

M. (taking some bank notes from desk drawers.) Yes, he is of good family. We take these four thousand francs.

Mrs. M. What is that for?
M. We have had our parlor furniture returned and today the upholsterer is to collect his bill.

Mme. M. (taking bank notes) Oh! that's so! Well, this patient? (Rises).

M. Ah how curious you are! Here's a coachman of the house who was kicked by a horse—there!

Mme. M. A coachman! You have my congratulations! Tomorrow they will come after you for the horse.

M. John as much as you wish, but I am very glad to have given my aid to this fine fellow. In chatting with him I have learned something.

Mme. M. What, pray?

M. People are talking about our house.

Mme. M. About us? What can they say?

M. Not about us, but about that young man who comes every day to practice music with your daughter.

Mme. M. Monsieur Frederic, who acquaintance was made last summer at the sea baths of Devon?

M. They say that he is the intended husband of Emmeline. Last night at the
poster's they ever appointed the wedding day.

Mrs. Oh heavens!

F. You see that it's sometimes a good thing to take care of conchmen.

Mrs. What shal we do?

F. It is necessary to go to the root of the matter. Of course monsieur Frederic is very gentle, very distinguished.

Mrs. Ah, charming!

F. And it is very kind of him to come and play on our piano sometimes a week, but he must explain—it is time, high time!

Mrs. Why?

F. Emmeline is melancholy; she doesn't eat any more.

Mrs. How about having the doctor come?

F. The doctor? Why, what's the matter with me?

Mrs. Oh, yes! that's so! (aside) He is stronger than I am. I haven't any faith in him!

F. Yesterday, while monsieur Frederic was singing a duet with your daughter
Sperceived glances—very loving!

Mme. M. I acknowledge to you that I had dreamed of him for Emiline.

M. J. Good! I had too. This fellow please me very much and if he is of a good family—

Mme. M. But he doesn't declare himself.

M. J. Be patient. It's time for him now. You will see him appear with his little music roll. (perceiving Frederic) There he is!

Scene III

The Same, Frederic, later Emeline


M. Monsieur Frederic

Fred. How are you this morning?

Mme. Malingeard. Very well?

M. Fine.

Mme. M. (Whispering) Speaks to him.

M. (Whispering to his wife) Well, let me get a good chance.

Fred. I do not see mademoiselle Emme—
line. Can she be ill?
M. No, but —
Fred. (Opening his music roll.) I bring you a new romance — a charming title — "The First Sigh."
Mme. M. (Coughing) Ahem!
M. (To his wife) All right. (Aloud) Monsieur Frederic, you are a fine young man and you will not be displeased that we, my wife and I, ask for five minutes of conversation with you.
Fred. Nick me! (At a sign from Malvolio they sit down.)
M. Monsieur Frederic, you have too much sense not to understand and assiduous visits to a house —
Commeilieus. (Entering from right.) Good morning, sirs!
M. (Aside) She! My daughter! (Frightened)
Mme. M. You were saying, monsieur, that this romance was all the rage.
M. Whose is the music by?
Fred. By a Svedes.
Commeilieus. What is the name of it?
Fred. "The First Sigh."
M. (Quickly) Of a mother —
Mme. M. For her child.

Mme. AHI. How long this title is!

Mme. M. Emmeline. I have left my cotton upon the shelves in my room. Go and sit for me.

Emm. Yes, mamma. (Ept, Fred. sits down again.)

M. (To Fred.) I was saying to you that your assiduous visits to a house in which there is a girl, might appear to certain persons. This morning, one of my patients, a--

Mme. M. A banker.

Fred. But, sir, it seems to me that my conduct has always been--

M. Perfect. I knew it. But, you know, the world is very quick to interpret--

Emm. (returning) Mamma, here's your cotton!

M. (Changing tone) It is a very pretty subject for a romance--this mother near the cradle of her daughter, sighing.

Mme. M. It is delightful.

M. One might almost make a clock ornament of it in bronze.

Mme. M. Emmeline. I have broken my needle, go and get me another.

Emm. Yes, mamma. (aside) This is twice
that she has sent me away. Oh, there's something up. (E.g.)

M. I was just saying to you that people were prone to interpret the most innocent proceedings, the most natural proceedings. But it is the wisdom of a father to cut short these vague rumors, by an explanation clear and frank.

M. (Aside, to her husband.) Very good!

M. What are we expecting from you? An honest response.

Fred. (rising.) Let me thank you first of all, monsieur — driving you for having placed the question upon a ground which fear alone prevented me from approaching. Experience no embarrassment now in acknowledging to you that I love one——

M. (with quavering voice.)提出了 — 息息, that is clear! Might I now ask you for some information?

Fred. Concerning my family, my profession?

M. Ah, bah! Excuse my astonishment.
but during the two months that I have known you you have always been at
my piano.
Fred. Oh, I am a lawyer!
Mrs. Practicing?
Fred. No, but I am beginning. I have
few clients.
Mrs. I know about that sort of thing! I
do not think the worse of you for it.
Fred. As to the rest, my position is
independent. My father, an old mer-
chant, has retired from business with
a creditable fortune. I am an only
son.
Mme. M. (Aside) Oh!
Fred. In five. I have not thought that
I ought to hide from my parents the
feelings that I have for mademoiselle
Emeline, and I hope that before long
my father and mother will make a
bargain with you which will remove all interpretations.
Mme. M. (Aside to her husband) He expresses himself charmingly.
M. (To his wife) O Carmen! (To Fred)
Monsieur Frederic, Madame Malinquead
and I will appreciate as it deserves, the bargain which you announce to me.

Fred. Ah, monsieur.

M. But from now until then, I wish you, as a favor, to be willing to stop appreciated.

Fred. What?

M. For society's sake, monsieur Fred. for society's sake.

M. You will return in a few days—officially. Here, take your music. (He hands him his music roll which he has taken from the piano.)

Fred. All right, since you request it.

But what am I going to do?

M. Go to the lawn court a little that will distract your mind.

Fred. Ah, no! Not the lawn court. I am going to take a turn around the museum.

M. (aside) If he becomes leader of the bar!

Fred. (turning) Madame Monseigneur! (To Mlle. Emeline that I love her, that I adore her. And so long as a breath of life.

M. (accompanying him) Yes—later. Not so loud.

(Exit at back).
Scene IV
Madame Malpingee, Emmaude, later, Malpingee, and Alexander.

Madame Malpingee. That is a fine young man.

Emmaude (entering). Oh yes! He is a fine young man, and I am sure of being happy with him.

Mme. M. (astonished.) What? What are you saying? How do you know?

Emmaude (confused.) I heard a little without wishing to, while looking for your needle which had fallen near the door.

Mme. M. (imitating her.) I'm looking for your needle. It is very bad to listen at the doors.

Emmaude. Oh, don't scold me, and I will tell you a secret.

Mme. M. A secret?

Emmaude. Yesterday, while you were going to open the window, monsieur Frederic confided to me that his mother was to come here this morning.

Mme. M. Today?

Emmaude. Under the pretext of talking about the rooms on the third floor, she wishes to see
we before making the proposal.

Mrs. M. Luckily the order is done.

Mrs. And his father Monsieur Ratinois is to come on his part to consult further.

Mrs. M. Is he ill?

Mrs. Oh, no! Another protest for making his acquaintance. Do not repeat it to anyone— it is a secret.

Mrs. M. Don't worry about that.

Mrs. (entering). A charming fellow! Luxurious!

Mrs. M. (aside to her husband.) Malagueur!

Mrs. What?

Mrs. M. (whispering.) Do not repeat it—it is a secret. Madame Ratinois is to come this morning under protest. I'm talking about the room for rent.

Mrs. What?

Mrs. M. And her husband is to come to consult you.

Mrs. Then this is an investigation.

Mrs. M. They wish to know us before going further. It is very natural.

Alexandre (entering). Madame, there is a lady who wishes to speak to the landlord about the room on the third floor.

Mrs. M. and M. ourselves. It is she!
M. (quickly.) Wait. (to Alf.) Quick! My bonnet with the flowers—my evening bonnet.

Alf. Immediately. (She disappears.)

M. (to Emmeline.) Take off this apron. Dear me! How badly your hair is done up! I am going to do your curls now.

M. (astonished. Aside.) What has gotten into her? Alf. (returning) Here is the bonnet.

M. (Patting one mass into place.) You see that I am occupied. (Alf. places bonnet upon her mistress's head while the latter fastens her daughter's hair, who is on her knees. To Alf.) Back farther! Malignov—a pattern. Papa, a fine!

M. M. Well, hurry up!

M. (Bringing it.) Here it is. (Aside.) What's the matter with them?

M. (M.) There! Have her enter. (To Alf. And to her husband.) Above all, everything, do not say "thee and thou" to me before this lady.

M. Why?

M. M. It is common—it is barbarous! (To her daughter.) As for you, seat yourself at the piano, head back and play some runs.

Em. (At piano.) Some runs?
Mme. M. to sat. (Emmelin, playing come punk.
Mme. M. sits down in an armchair, a piece
of embroidery in her hand.)

Scene V

The same, Madame Rasimios, Alexandroni.

Mme. M. (to Emmeline) Enough, my child. here
is a caller. (She rises.)

Madame Rasimios. O dea thousand pounds,
I came at a very unsuitable time. It is
to Dr. Maliguear that I have the honor of speak-
ing.

Mme. M. (to Madame)

Mme. R. I have come to look over the appar-
tment on the third floor.

Mme. M. Be kind enough, then, to sit down.

Mme. R. (sitting down like Mme. Rasimios) Very
well, madame. I fear that I am in-
timely. I am interrupting Madame.

Mme. Oh Madame!

Mme. R. (Comme, Mme.) Do madame, you,
daughter.

Mme. M. Yes, madame.

Mme. R. (Aside) Frederic is right; she is very
nice. (Alone) I see that Madame is a
conscience.
Mrs. M. A pupil of Duprez.
Mrs. (Aside. Astonishes) What!
Mrs. R. Ah! Duprez is her professor?
Mrs. M. Do we expect him now?
Mrs. (to his wife.) What is that you are singing?
Mrs. M. (quickly.) A selection from the jew.
(Do Mrs. R.) My husband asks his daughter what she is singing. This a selection from the jew. (She makes signs to Mrs. who sits down at her right.)
Mrs. R. (Aside.) The house is on an expensive scale. It is much better than ours.
Mrs. M. As for me, in the first place, it is my principle to secure the foremost masters. So, when Amscherle began painting—
Mrs. R. (To Malingeau.) Ah! Modernizable paints also?
Mrs. (Embarrassed.) Yes, it seems so. Ask my wife.
Mrs. M. (Painting out a picture hung upon the wall.) What do you think of this little landscape?
Mrs. R. (Rising.) An oil painting!
Mrs. M. (Rising.) She amused herself by painting, or rather dabbing, that.
Mrs. Oh, upon my honor, that's too steep!
Mrs. (Aside.) What idea has someone now?
Mme. M. (Examining the picture.) It is true to life; it has a freshness. Our would say that it was by a master.

M. (Aside) I think so, indeed; it is a symmetrical and cost me two thousand francs!

Mme. R. (Aside) Very fine, my fine education!

(Aloud) And this room in it unoccupied?

(They sit down again.)

Mme. M. It will be so for the quarter day. Monsieur Malingeau is to have it decorated (to her husband.) That is your intention, is it not, my dear?

M. My darling you know... (correcting himself.) You know my will that I have an appointment to day with the architect.

Mme. M. I call your attention to the little parlour, it is not presentable.

M. Madame, you shall choose the hangings yourself.

(Angrily,Aside.) Madame! Are papa and mamma angry!

Mme. R. And what did the price be?

M. Four thousand francs.

(Aloud, with much astonishment.) Sir, someone is asking for you; it is a patient.

Mme. M. (Aside) The father! (They rise)
A patient! What is then extraordinary about that?

Alec. Heaven! It's the first time.

Mrs. H. That this gentleman has been here? That's all right. Let him take his turn.

One cannot let him go before persons who are waiting (writing on a piece of paper at the desk). Give him this number — number sixteen. (Exit Alec.)

Mr. (aside) My wife has never!

Mrs. R. (aside) Number sixteen! What a practice!

Mrs. H. My husband has not a minute to himself. On the morning he has his duties at the hospital. He comes back at noon. He almost always eats breakfast standing. The consultations commence and that keeps him busy until three o'clock.

Mr. But, my dear —

Mrs. H. Tell you that you will kill yourself. Afterward come the calls to the four corners of Paris. Privately, he returns in the evening, tired, worn out. Do you think he rests there? Not at all. He works at his great work which will be read at the public assembly at the Academy of Medi-
"They are expecting it!"

"But, my dear—"

"Let them wait! Beware, you are not subject to the orders of these gentle men!" (Confidentially to Madame Ratugio)

"It is a treatise upon the diseases of the throat."

"A fine question!"

"Aside. She ought to have married a decent man!"

"What a life!" (To M.) And you never take any recreation?

"Oh, my wife exaggerates."

"Interminating. Twice a week in the winter we offer a cup of tea to our neighbors."

"Aside. Good! A few evening parties now!"

"Tuesday and Saturday we have music. I receive the principal artists of Paris. My husband attends them. Gracie's you understand."

"What! I'm nothing?"

"Oh, the artists — Why these gentlemen pretend that it is a pleasure; I should say a duty, to visit my salon. Really they are very fine! very fine!"

"Aside. Nonsense!"
Mme. R.: What a charming room.
Mme. M.: I really hope, madame, if you become our lodger, that you will do the honor of attending our little parties.
M. (Aside:) She invites her!
Mme. M.: Indeed, madame, you are a thousand times too good. (Aside:) It's very aristocratic society.
Mme. M.: You are going, madame?
M. (Aside:) Yes, but Scarcely away the hope of returning very soon. I shall be happy, believe it, to maintain more regular, more intimate relations with a family so distinguished, so worthy of respect.
Mme. M. (Aside:) Madame! (Calling:) Baptiste! Baptiste!
M. (Aside:) Baptiste? Where does she get Baptiste?
Mme. M. (To her husband:) Have you sent the solit de chambre on an errand?
M. (amazed:) I? No! (Aside:) Mme never has a man servant.
Mme. M.: These servants never are on hand when one needs them. (Calling:) Alexandrine! Alexandrine! (to Mme. R.) I beg a thousand pardons, madame. (Alexandrine appears.) Ac-
company the lady to the door.

Mrs. R. (Aside) I think a stylish way of living! But would they want my Frederick? (Aloud) Madame, Monsieur ma domine.

(Ceremonious exit)

Scene II

Maliquear, Mrs. Maliquear then. ALEXANDER.

Emmeline

Maliquear. At last she has gone. (Comes back to front of stage.)

Emmeline. Mamma, explain to me.

Mrs. M. Now you can put on your apron again and clear away your dessert. To my child.

Emmeline. Yes, mamma. (Aside) But I have now made our oil painting. (Expt.)

Mrs. M. Now come! Between you and me! I have no dessert to put away, and I hope you are going to explain to me —

Mrs. M. What, now?

Mrs. M. Why — why, your beautiful pretenses. Why did you go and tell this lady that Dining is your daughter's professor? I do not even know him.

Mrs. M. It was necessary, perhaps, to denounce her as the pupil of Monsieur Blum.
ear of the illustrious avuncular Tommies.
Mrs. It is not necessary to name her profes-
see. It is the same way with this picture
or which you attribute to Emmeline.
Mr. Well?
Mrs. But it is a Lambriet!
Mr. It is not signed.
Mrs. Ah! That is a reason! And when
at the end of two months of married life
they will pay to your daughter who has
never touched a paint brush: "Paint for
us this pretty little landscape which
we see over there with the cows," what
will she answer to that?
Mrs. That is very simple. As a gen-
eral rule, as soon as young girls are
married they neglect the fine arts. Em-
neline will say that she colors imitate
her and that she will give up painting.
That's all.
Mr. That's all; ah, yes! As for me, how
about my great works upon the diseases
of the throat?
Mrs. They will say that it is in fuse.
And the first printing house which shall
burn.
M. And this immense practice which you have ascribed to me.

Mrs. M. Arroo wrong. The first time this woman shall call upon me I shall place things in their true situation. "Madame, I have sent to you doctor Maligueas, rejected by the Faculty. He attends only to criminals. Free of charge! Madame Maligueas — she knows how to read, write, figure! Madame Maligueas who makes her own dresses and carefully patches her husband's clothes."

M. It is useless to enter into these details and more useless still to pile up these lies? Let me tell you: It is pride! It is vanity! You wish to throw dust in her eyes.

Mrs. M. It is true; I acknowledge.

M. Ah!

Mrs. M. But in that same only following the example of my contemporaries. Each one passes his life in throwing particles of dust into the eyes of his neighbor. Why do people "dress up." Why do they have diamonds, carriages, liveries? For the eyes of others!

M. O. come now!

Mrs. M. But, as for you, you, without suspecting it, obey the general impulse.
M. | I?
Mme. | Do you remember that little fine gold chain which fastened your watch?
M. | Yes, well?
Mme. | It was so little that you were ashamed of it. You hid it under your vest.
M. | In order not to lose it.
Mme. | Oh, no! In order not to show it. We have replaced it with another—a large one. There it is. Now cover it, you display it; now we are proud of it.
M. | What foolishness.
Mme. | But you take good care not to tell that it is imitation.
M. (Quickly) Oh! Keep still!
Mme. | That is dust in the eyes! I catch you in it just as the others! Once your daughter is the little chain of gold—very simple, very true, unpretentious. So, no one pays any attention to her; there are so few jewelers in the world! Let me ornament her with a little trinket and immediately everyone will admire her. (Pointing to the chain) just as your great electro-plated chain.
Mr. (Aside) There is a foundation of truth in what she says.
Alexanderine (Entering) Monsieur!
Mr. What?
Alex. There is this gentleman, this number sixteen, who is growing impatient.
Mr. Ah, that is true! I had forgotten him, now sure. How is he entering.
Mme. Mr. No, not yet. He has the number sixteen. (To Alexanderine) Tell him that the doctor is occupied with number 17.
Mr. Ah! You believe that I am occupied with the fourteenth. (To Alexanderine) Tell him that I am occupied with number fourteen. (To Alexanderine)
Mme. Mr. Give me your purse.
Mr. My purse? Why? (He gives it to her)
Mme. Mr. (distributing some pieces of gds)
Mrs. Comes in this way, three on the desk and two upon the pieces.
Mr. (astonished.) What are you doing there!
Mme. Mr. Don't sit thus with all doctors of reputation?
Mr. It is true; it is their custom.
Mme. Mr. Now sit down at your desk. Assume an air of importance, of busque-
ness; few words — you are hurried. I mean you shall not go and deceive yourself.
(But Mr. Malingeau at night.)

Scene VII

M. Ratinois, later, a domestic in footman’s living.

M. (Alone) My wife is very shy! (coughing) Let number sixteen enter!

Alexandrine (Opening door at L. and calling) number Sixteen!

Ratinois (Entering.Aside) There is a wait for you. Three quarters of an hour in a waiting-room.

M. (Without looking at her.) Be seated.

R. Monsieur, I thank you. (Sets down. Aside) He is writing a prescription. This is fine furniture here.

M. (Still writing and without looking at her.) Be seated!

R. I thank you, I am seated. (Aside) I am as well as the Port Renf. What am I going to tell him?

M. (Putting down pen and turning towards Ratinois.) Come, what’s the matter with you?
R. Musier for about a week—(Annie drops several times on door at L.)
M. (crying out.) All right? Wait! (Aside) That's my wife knocking to make him believe that there are a lot of people there.
R. (Aside.) The seventeenth who is growing impatient.
M. I hear you.
R. Musier, a week ago—when they ask me, I mean nine days—I went to St. Béarn by rail and came back the same day. Upon entering the house, my wife says to me, "How red you are! Are you sick?" I answer, "Iam not exactly sick, but I feel a little queer," and I took a foot bath. That is how it came upon me.
M. (Aside.) He has the appearance of a fine fellow. (Aloud Rising.) And what do you feel?
R. (Embarrassed) Nerves! Many slight pains, now on one side, now on the other.
M. No painful headache?
R. No.
M. The stomach?
R. In excellent condition.
M. Your abdomen?
R. In very good condition.
M: Let's see about your pulse. He takes his hand.
R. (Aside.) What a beautiful chain he has! I have never seen such a large one.
M. (Aside, with satisfaction.) He is looking at my chain!
R. (Aside.) One can see right away that he is not a little puppy of a doctor running after practice.
M. (Applying his ear to Ruminio's back.) Breath hard! Very hard!
R. (rising.) I am curious to know what disease he is going to find me afflicted with.
M. That is sufficient; I understand your case very clearly.
R. Ah! (Aside) He is going to cover me with leeches.
M. My dear sir, you have absolutely nothing the matter with you.
R. What? (Aside.) He is very clever. Ah! indeed, very clever!
M. (Placing himself at desk and writing.) I am going to prescribe a diet for you.
Footman. (In full livery, entering from rear.) Monsieur!
M. What is it? (Aside.) Where did he come from?
R. (Aside.) He was a liveried footman!
Footman. (Presenting a letter in a silver salver.) It is a letter that has been brought from the duchess de Montefrascati.
M. (Taking letter, much astonished.) For me?
(Aside.) I don't know her! (Rises.)
R. (Aside.) He attends the duchess!
M. (Aside. Looking at letter.) Hold! The handwriting of my wife! (To Ratignoir.) Permit me?
R. (Aside.) Certainly.
M. (Aside. Reading.) "Read this letter aloud."
(Spoken.) Ah, it is necessary to read it!
(Reading, very loud.) "Dear doctor, I owe my life to you."
R. (Aside.) Indeed, I would have confidence in this good man.
M. (Reading.) "Never shall I be able to repay you. Allow me as a slight evidence of my undying gratitude, to send you these four thousand francs."
R. (Aside.) Four thousand francs at a single stroke!
M. (Putting bank notes into his pocket.Aside.) This is the money I gave her to pay the upholsterer.
R. (Aside.) And he puts it calmly in his pocket!
I'm sure that his clothes are stuffed full of it. What a fine match for Frederic!

M. Ah! There is a post script! (Reading)

"Wicked doctor, you do not wish them, to be in the Academy? And yet you have only to say one word!"

R. (With admiration) Oh, say it! Say it!

M. I am not ambitious! (Some one knocks again at the door) Wait, just one moment.

R. (Aside) It is full of people out there!

(Aloud) I am going.

M. (Taking up papers from desk) There is your prescription. (Reading) Cashes, cutlets, beefsteaks.

R. Hold! It is a restaurant bill!

M. (Hands him prescription and bows)

Monsieur.

R. (Aside. Taking out his purse) I should like to give him ten francs, that is very slight in comparison with the duchess. What a fine match for Frederic! Bah!

I am going to hand over my twenty francs. (He puts them carefully on the tray on the round table) I don't believe he saw me! (He takes up his twenty francs and makes them rattle against the tray)
Malinpearl bows. 

(Aside.) He saw me!

(Comes to front of stage.)

Scene VIII.

The Same. A Gentleman.

Gentleman. (Entering suddenly from L.) At last I am here! Here I am!

M. Who are you? What do you want?

Gent. At this time, I am melancholy.

M. (Aside.) Oh! a patient, a true patient!

G. (Aside) People struggle for an audience with him!

Gent. (To Malinpearl) I have been suffering for a long time with a disease.

M. Pardon me, I follow you.

G. Doctor, I leave you.

M. You accuse me?

G. Certainly! Do not trouble yourself.

(Aside. Going out.) What a fine match for Frederic! It is too good. They will never be willing to ally themselves with common people like us. (Aside.) Doctor, I have the honor. (Opens door at rear, disclosing the liveried footman who accompanies him out. Bowing to footman.) Thanks, do not trouble yourself.

(Door closes again.)
Scene IX

The Gentleman, Malvina

Mr. Now we are alone! You were saying that you had suffered for a long time with a disease.

Next. Oh, it's better now. (Handing him a paper.) Here's my little bill for parlor furniture.

Mr. What! Parlor furniture?

Next. I commissioned upholsterers.

Mr. What?

Next. It is madame who begged me to take number seventeen. That's a special thing that you're doing.

Mr. I assure you it was unknown to me.

Next. There is nothing back in it. Every trade has its little tricks. Know this.

Mr. I beg you to believe me, sir. (Aside.) My wife is placing me in a compromising position.

Next. Here is the account amounting to four thousand francs.

Mr. Let me examine it. Oh! An armchair, a hundred and fifty francs!

Next. That is at the forest price.

Mr. And the chairs, eighty francs. That is astonishing.
Dear. What! You are going to haggle about the price after the service I have just rendered you!

M. What service?

Rent. Why the number seventeen. I am your little seventeen!

M. (Protested.) Come on, it's all right! Receipt your bill. (Takes up pen from desk and gives it to him.)

Rent. At once! (Signs upon the table)

M. (Handing him the bank notes.) Here is your money.

Rent. (Counting his money.) Thanks, say, doctor, if at another time you have need of some one, I recommend my brother to you. He is out of work. M. What for?

Rent. He has a cold and will be very moderate.

M. That is enough of it! You are paid. I am not retaining you any longer.

Rent. (Aside. Going out.) All the same, he is an old rogue.

(Curt at rear.)
Scene X


M. (Alone.) Truly, madame Malgueur must
one play so ridiculous a role.

Mme. M. (Entering.) Well, have you paid the
upholsterer?

M. Yes, number seventeen.

Mme. M. That was a good idea I had.

M. I compliment you upon it! You made
me pass for a quack in this man's eyes.

Mme. M. An upholsterer!

M. And it's the same with that tall lanky
fellow in livery.

Mme. M. Why, didn't you recognize him?

M. No.

Mme. M. He is the footman of the first floor.

M. (Forgetful.) He is superb! (Laugh-
ing tone.) But you are going to make me
the laughing-stock of the whole house. He
will gattle about it; that's certain.

Mme. M. There had to be someone to carry the
duchesses' letter.

M. There now, I'm not saying anything
about the Duchess' letter; that is fine, that
is well done, especially the end, the final
script.
Mme. M. "Wicked doctor—"
M. "You do not wish them to be—"
Mme. M. "In the Academy—" What kind of a face did Monseur Ratignol make?
M. He was left dumbfounded. You do not know—he looked at my chain!
Mme. M. Ah! I tell you that both of them have gone away dazzled, charmed.
M. Think so?
Mme. M. And tomorrow—no later than tomorrow, we
M. (Perceiving his daughter) Ooh! Emmelucie!
Emmelucie, Mamma, there isn’t any more powdered sugar.
Mme. M. Here is the key of the larder.
M. (To Emmelucie, starting to leave) Mél aren’t you going to kiss me? (Kissing her!) Dear little one, your father has just given himself a great deal of trouble for you.
M. What now?
M. I can’t tell it; I mustn’t repeat it. It is a secret.
Emmelucie. Be calm. (Aside.) It is a question of my marriage. (Aloud.) I don’t ask you to. Come now, there is a loose button on your coat.
M. Will you sew it back on?
Our. I badly! I have just enough black silk. (Malingear takes off his coat and hands it to Emmeline who dries it to go on better)

M. (Aside.) Isn't she pretty? If I were madame Ratinois (pointing to Emmeline who is sewing) it is like that that I should love her!

Scene XI

The Same. Sophie, then Alexandrine.

Sophie (Entering with basket under arm)

Here I am from market.

Mme M. You have taken your time for it.

Sophie. Does madame wish to count up?

Mme M. Yes. Give me your book.

Sophie. There it is madame. (Gives her mistress the book and places on the floor the basket from which one sees a cabbage turning)

Mme M. (Sitting at desk. Counting.) "Milk, two pence; a rabbit fifty pence." (Spoken)

That's horribly dear!

Sophie. Madame there is a disease among rabbits.

M. (Paper in hand.) A disease?

Sophie. Yes, sir.

M. I didn't know anything about it.
Mme. M. (Continuing) "A pair of braces for monsieur, five sous." Now, braces?
Sophie. The buckle which had been broken.
M. (Aside) What would the duchess de Montefiascone say if she were present at this family scene?
Mme. M. (Continuing) "The sixteenth. A cabbage, eighteen sous." (Crying out) Eighteen sous!
Sophie. It is curved, madame.
Alexandrine. Madame here is a caller!
The whole Family (rising) A caller!
Ale. Monsieur and madame Rattuso.
Mme. M. They?
M. Already.
Enr. (Aside) What good luck!
Mme. M. (To Alexandrine) Have them enter.
(Exit Alexandrine. To Sophie, handing her book to her.) Quick, get out. (Exit Sophie)
M. My coat! He puts it on quickly.
Mme. M. (To Emeline) Seat yourself at the piano, head back, and play some music.
Oh, heavens! The basket! (She takes it and runs around the stage in order to hide it and ends by shoving it under the table, letting the table cover down.) Emeline plays.
some runs. Monsieur and Madame appear at the back.

**Scene XII.**

Maligneur, Madame Maligneur, Emmanuel
Monsieur and Madame Ratigni
(Mme R. is in full dress; Ratigni's mans
coat, a white tie and white gloves.)

Mme. R. Madame!

To. Doctor!

Mme M. (To Mme R.) What a happy sur
prise; have you at last decided to take
the apartment?

R. No, we have not come exactly for
that. (Aside.) Heaven's! How shaky I am!

M. (To R.) Can your indisposition have
increased?

R. Thanks, I am all right.

Mme R. Mr. have come for something else.

M. and Mme M. (Feigning astonishment)
For something else!

Em. (Aside.) 'The father has on a white tie,
it is for the proposal.' (They sit down. Em
remains standing by the piano.

R. (Much moved) Mr have a communica
to make, one of those communica
(to his wife) You speak!
Mme. B. Intimate and confidential.
Emeline. Mamma, my drawing teacher is there waiting for me.
Mme. M. Go, my child.
M. (Aside) Isn't she smart!
Em. (Bowing.) Madame, monsieur, M. and Mme R. Mademoiselle! (Etc. Em.)
M. Are we are alone!
Mme R. (Aside to her husband) Speak! Courage.
R. (Aside to wife) It's no use, they wouldn't be willing.
Mme. M. We are ready to hear you.
R. (Much mord) Monsieur and madame, I am a father, I have an only son, Frederic.
M. We know him.
Mme. M. A charming young man, who is mildly pleased sometimes to honor our salons with a call.
R. (Aside to his wife.) "Our salons!" You see they have several salons. They will never be willing!
Mme R. (To her husband.) Come now!
R. This young man who is a lawyer has not been able to see your daughter, your honorable daughter without
thinking of an alliance, which would honor your family, we were able to enter our honorable family, which everybody honors.

Mme. M. (Feigning astonishment) What!
M. (Feigning astonishment) Is it possible?
R. (Aside to his wife) There! See? Let's go!
M. Monsieur, I acknowledge that a request like that made unexpectedly surprises me a little.

R. (Aside to his wife) Let's go!
M. A marriage is a delicate thing and we ask your permission to consult each other, to reflect.

Mme. R. Why certainly, that is quite natural!
Mme. M. In a few days we will let you know our reply. (They rise.)
R. (Aside) They do not refuse! (Aloud) Ah, madame! Oh, doctor! Ah, my wife!
Mme. M. (Aside to her husband) Well, just ice the eyes?
M. (Aside to his wife) Dearest, that's fine, I am convinced. (Aloud) Tell the maid to tell the servant to tell the coachman to hitch up Brilliante and Mirza; I am going to dine with the Duchess.
Monsieur and madame Ratnuis. (With admiration.) With the archers!
M. (Aside.) There it goes, right in their eyes!

Act II. Scene I

(Parlor in home of Ratnuis. Mantle piece, L. table, L. window and round table R.)

Ratnuis. (Standing.) Do you want me to quit you my opinion? It is a marriage
that won’t come off.

Frederic. (Seated at table, writing.) Come now! What’s
you’re saying?
Frederic. (To Frederic.) Don’t trouble yourself. Go on mak-
ing out my receipts. It is a work which re-
quires coolness.

R. (Seated at right, knitting.) I am very
much afraid that your father is right.
R. It is two weeks ago today since we made
the proposal and we haven’t received an answer.

Frederic. What does that mean?
R. It means that these people are too high up
for us.
There is a scale of house-keeping!
Fred. Why I haven't noticed —
R. I know that. A lord! You have only seen the little girl, but I have seen the liveried servant! A man seven or eight feet tall.
Fred. Ah! Really now?
R. Seven or eight feet. Nothing escapes the sharp eye of a father!
Mrs. R. And the young lady takes lessons of Duprez!
R. She has the means for it. When one has a father who receives 4000 francs a month — I counted them — and who puts them into his pocket as carefully as if it were his spectacle case!
Fred. But that is no reason—
R. But do you know who this man is whose daughter you court?
Fred. It is a doctor.
R. Yes, a doctor who would have only one word to say in order to become a member of the academy of sciences. If he were willing to say one word — Presto! He would be in it! And his chair did you notice it?
Fred. No.
R. He has noticed nothing. And you wish a person like that to ally herself with the son of an old confectioner?

Mrs. R. (Rising.) What madness have you to say that you have been a confectioner?

R. I do not blush about it. I speak of it to no one, but I do not blush about it.

Mrs. R. My poor child! I believe that we must no more dream of this marriage.

R. But they have not refused, mamma. You interpret the silence—

R. "The silence of the great is a lesson for the small." (Changing tone.) Do not forget the number of doors and windows!

Fred. When I went there to call they met me day after the proposal, monsieur Malingeard was very amiable. He gave me advice concerning my future. He advised me to make land damages my legal specialty.

R. Good branch—a very good branch!

Mrs. R. And madame Malingeard said to me: "It is astonishing! Your mother never goes to the Italian theatre? I haven't seen her yet."

R. This very day I went and rented a box for the season, and it is high-priced in
that theatre.

Mme. R.: That is a temporary sacrifice.

(Sits down again.)

R.: I understood it. When one has the ambition to enter a family like that, it is necessary to do things suitably. So when you called my attention to the fact that you could not go to the Italian theatre as a foot, I hastened to take a carriage by the month, which is also very expensive!

Mme. R.: Since it is the custom.

R. (Sitting down.) I am not saying anything; it is necessary to do things properly. If however I had been permitted to choose the theatre, I wouldn't have chosen that one!

Mme. R.: Why?

R.: They always play the same piece. Mr. has gone there four times. "Rigoletto," four times! Besides it is in Italian—our understand nothing of it.

Mme. R.: You do not!

R.: Nor you either. You cry in vain: Bravo! Bravo! in order to attract attention; I defy you to tell me the piece.

Mme. R.: I applaud the music.

R.: Let me be calm now. You let your eyes
drops in the second act.

Mr. R. (quickly) I close my eyes but I do not sleep; it is absorbed meditation.

R. Madam. Once more, it is moving!

Mr. R. But, father, we have the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Malin-ghez with their daughter.

R. Yes! We bow to them from our box.

Mr. R. They bow to us from theirs, and there it is! That is able to endure an infinity of Rigoletto! I tell you, there is one thing against which I formally protest.

Mr. R. What now?

R. (Rising) In order to make the Malin-ghez believe that we have acquaintances, you force me to distribute salutations to a crowd of people whom I have never seen.

Mr. R. (Rising) What's the difference since they return them?

R. Not at all! Not at all! The other day I happened upon a minister plenipotentiary. I continued to bow like that with my hand.

Mr. R. Well?

R. Well, he stared at me with a certain
stiffness. It is very disagreeable.

Fred: (Rising and handing some papers.)
Papa; here are your receipts.

R: (Putting them in his pocket.) Thank you my child.

Mme R: (To Frederic who takes his hat.)
Are you going out?

Fred: Yes, to do an errand.

R: Say! Take the carriage; it is rented by the month. We must use it.

Fred: Are you not going to use it?

R: I? Never! There are two great rogues of horses who paw up the ground all day. They tear up the pavement of the court.

Fred: Good-bye. (Aude.) Yesterday Camille was in the park. Perhaps she will be there today. (Expt)

Mme R: I am going to write to my dressmaker.

R: What for?

Mme R: Why, to give her orders for some dresses. (Expt. L.)
Scene II.

Ratnois, later Robert

R. (Alone) Yes, some dresses for the Cabin theatre! with waltz regalee! That is still very expensive! We will make out our little accounts at the end of the month!

Robert (Entering from rear; he wears ear-rings) How do you do, Ratnois?

R. Well! It is uncle Robert! (Shake hands with each other)

Rob. Everything all right?

R. Yes. Frederik has just gone out.

Rob. Where is my niece?

R. She is here. I am going to tell her.

Rob. No, don't disturb her. I was just passing in this neighborhood and I have only a minute. I must be at Percy at three o'clock. I am expecting a load of charcoal.

R. Always in business! You will never pettie?

Rob. As late as possible. You see, Ratnois, when we have come to Paris with twelve sous in one's pocket and when one has commenced on the wharf, for I commenced on the wharf.

R. I know! I know! (Aside) It is funny that since I saw in a certain social set,
I find uncle Robert so common.
Rob. Well, I am not any provider on
that account.
R. Sounds! (Beide) His earnings are
ridiculous!
Rob. Because I say to myself: The man
is worth what he is worth.
R. Say doesn’t that bother you?
Rob. What?
Rob. No, I have worn them ever since I
was born. You don’t find them pretty?
R. I didn’t say that, but in case they
should trouble you, could you take them off?
Rob. (nervously) Thank you, they do not
trouble me.
R. He clings to them!
Rob. I was saying then that man is
worth what he is worth. You were a
confectioner.
R. Shh!
Rob. I am a dealer in wood.
R. Shh!
Rob. Why?
R. It isn’t necessary to say that I have
been a confectioner, and to cry out that you
have been a wood merchant?
Rob. I am not ashamed of my profession; find me a better one!
R. Splendid! It is a splendid one!
Rob. Well, then?
R. But every one isn't able to follow this—this free profession.
Rob. No, certainly not.
R. Well where you cry out: "I am a wood merchant!" it is as if you said to others: "Fools! You are not; but as for me, I am!" It is bragging.
Rob. Ah! If that is so I'll keep still.
Taking out watch.) Half past two! Good-bye, you'll see me again soon.
R. (Astonished.) Ah!
Rob. To-day is your wife's birthday anniversary—the twenty-second of April.
R. By my faith, that's true! I'd forgotten.
Rob. On the way back I'll pass the flower-market and I'll buy an orange tree.
R. Oh yes! Your little annual present!
Rob. It is something that there are yet mine of.
R. You will dine with us? We will have no one else.
Rob. All right! But no ceremony!
R. You may rest assured that it is not for you that we will put on style! So, at 7... o'clock?
Rob. By the way, don't you want to marry off that boy, Frederic?
R. There is perhaps something underground.
Rob. Ah! Something pretty good?
R. Yes, indeed, a hopeless match.
Rob. A wood dealer?
R. Not quite! Unfortunately, this affair isn't moving—it's dragging.
Rob. It must be warmed up! Do you want to go and see the family?
R. (Prelighted) Oh, no! Thank you. (Aside) If he should meet the duchess!
Rob. You know what I have told you? I have no children. I am rich, on the day of the wedding, I will make a gift—a fine gift.
R. Noble uncle Robert!
Rob. Good-bye, for a time! Above all, don't mention my surprise, the orange-tree.
R. Never fear! (Grt Robert.)
Scene III.

Ratius, then Josephine, Nurse, Ratius.

R. (Alone.) What an excellent man! He loves Frederic, and is capable of giving him a fine present—a dozen silver plates. Poor boy! His marriage will not come off. We have aimed too high. It is a pity.

Josephine. (Entering.) There are a lady and a gentleman at the door who ask for monsieur.

R. Have they told you their names?

Jes. Monsieur and Madame Malingay.

R. They? Oh, goodness, gracious! Where is my wife? (To Josephine.) Wait, don't let any one in. (Calling.) Constance! Constance!

Nurse. R. (Entering quickly) Heaven, what's the matter?

R. They are here!

Nurse. R. Who?

R. The father and mother. What shall we do?

Nurse. R. We must receive them, for they have come to make an answer.

R. They! You think so?

Nurse, R. Grands! (To Josephine) Let them
enter. Oh heavens, the furniture covers!
R. Oh yes, the covers! Let's take them off.
(To Josephine.) Suit! Don't let them in but
help us. (All begin to take off covers.)
What an event! What a day!
Mme. R. Come, have self-possession,
courage; and above all do not speak
to me familiarly.
R. Why?
Mme. R. In order to do as they do. (To
Josephine, who has thrown the covers into
a closet near by.) Let them enter. (Exit Jos.)
R. (To his wife.) Sit down at the table
and play some runs. (Seeing a chair in
the rear, decorated with its cover.) Ah!
we have forgotten one. (He runs to it -
They enter.)

Scene IV.
The Same. Mousier and Madame Mal-

Mme. Ratiouls. (To Mme. M.) Ah, dear
madame, how happy I am to see you!
M. We have to reproach ourselves. It's owed
you a visit.
Mme. M. But the doctor is so busy.
Mme. R. Please sit down. (They sit down.)
M. Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing monsieur Ratansi? (Ratansi, who has remained in the rear trying to loosen the rope, finishes by throwing it into a good box.)

R. Here I am! I am coming. (Malinguer rises.) I was in my work room. (Coming) Doctor! dear madame shall I dare to ask you news of your precious health?

Mrs. M. All right except headaches.

Mrs. R. Just so with me. I am ruined by headaches.

R. I, too, am ruined by headaches. (Sits down as Malinguer does.)

Mrs. M. We will see you at Les Italiers tomorrow?

Mrs. R. Oh, certainly, certainly!

R. What is it that they play?

M. Rigoletto.

R. Ah! So much the better! So much the better.

Mrs. M. It has music of which we never tire.

R. That is very true.

Mrs. R. Especially the finale.

All. Oh, charming! Charming!

Mrs. M. And the Adante?
R. Ah! That is glorious! Glorious!
M. This father-in-law is a fanatic. I, like my wife, don't know a thing about music.
(Moment of silence)
Mrs. M. (To her husband.) My dear, we are wasting the time of madame and monsieur Ratiens!
Mrs. R. Not at all!
R. I have nothing to do. I have retired from business.
M. Ah! You were in business?
R. Yes.
Mrs. M. What sort of business?
R. (Embarrassed.) Why, I was—
Mrs. R. (Quickly.) A sugar refiner. My husband was a sugar refiner.
M. Ah! That is manufacturing on a large scale.
R. (Aside.) Confectioner—refiner—it is always in the sugar.
Mrs. M. Sugar refiners are always mill inventors. (Silence again.) Doctor you for-get that we are an answer.
M. (Rising.) That's so! (Posing.) Madame and you, monsieur, had the kindness a fortnight ago, to address to me a pro-
R. Ah! That is glorious! Glorious!
M. This father-in-law is so fanatical, I like my wife, don't know a thing about music.
(Moment of Silence)
Mme. M. (To her husband.) My dear, we are wasting the time of madame and monsieur Ratins.
Mme. R. Not at all!
R. I have nothing to do. I have retired from business.
M. Ah! You were in business?
R. Yes.
Mme. M. What sort of business?
R. (Embarrassed.) Why, I was—
Mme. R. (Quickly.) A sugar refiner. My husband was a sugar refiner.
M. Ah! That is manufacturing on a large scale.
R. (Aside.) Confectioner—refiner—it is always in the sugar.
Mme. M. Sugar refiners are always mill owners. (Silence again.) Doctor, you forgot that we have an answer.
M. (Rising.) That's so! (Rising.) Madam, and you, monsieur, had the kindness a fortnight ago, to address to me a prop.
oration which flatters us as much as it honors us.

M. and Mme. M. (Bowling) Doctor, madame.

M. The inquiries which we have had to make, as much concerning your son as concerning the family to which he has the honor to belong—these inquiries did not and could not have any inquisitorial character, be assured; these inquiries I say, have led us to think that there is reason to take into serious consideration the flattering virtues which you have been willing to make to us! (Sits down)

R. (Rising, very much moved) Doctor, I believe that I am the faithful interpreter of the sentiments of Madame Rat.

Liniis, and, if my own and of those of my son Frédéric, the lawyer, in paying to you with emotion which you will understand— for it is that of a father—and you are a mother, madame—in paying to you: Doctor receive this day the blessings and the affectionate gratitude of a family who—whom I will say more of a family who—(Effusively)

In short will you dine with us?
M. (Surprised) Here?
M. What! Today?

Mme. R. Oh! That would be fine!
M. Another day, later on.
R. Such an honor would be pleasure.
Mme. R. M. will be a family party.
R. Well, Doctor?
Mme. R. Madame?
M. Some we will not refuse you. But
no one condition.
R. What is it?
M. It is that you will have no ceremony.
R. That is understood.

Mme. R. Our ordinary meal — nothing
but our ordinary meal. (She rings) Aunt
me? (Aside to Josephine who enters.) To
immediately to get the manager of
monsieur Sheret at the Palais Royal.

Josephine (Astonished) What?
Mme. R. Quick! Quick! (Exit Josephine.)

Mme. M. (To Madame Ratinis.) It is well
understood that will not dress?
Mme R. M. will remain as we are.
M. Now I will ask you for a few minutes' conversation, my dear Ratinis.
R. I am entirely at your disposal. (Aside)
He called me Ratinos! What if we shall be able to become familiar with each other some day?

M. We have to talk about our little affairs.

A. The damny! (Clouds) I hope that we shall have no difficulty. Will you pass into my room?

M. After you Ratinos.

A. Certainly not! He has him enter. And Ratinos! I dare not call him Malin-gear yet. (Exit L)

Scene V

Madame Ratinos, Madame Malin-gear.

Mme. A. Oh, how happy The devil is going to be!

Mme. M. Between us, I believe that he is not disliked by my daughter.

Mme. A. Dear child! I promise to love her as a mother.

Mme. M. Do you want to talk a little about their housekeeping?

Mme. A. Oh, yes indeed.

Mme. M. Tomorrow we will look for apartments.

Mme. A. Are entered?

Mme. M. An entered is pretty low. Second.
Mme. R.: A second floor is pretty high.
Mme. M.: Then a first? It is a matter of about five or six thousand francs.
(They sit down.)
Mme. R.: Let's put it at five thousand.
Mme. M.: (Taking a card from her little portfolio) Wait, I am going to write upon this card. (Writing) Rent: 6,000 francs.
Mme. R.: The toilette—that is important.
Mme. M.: It is very difficult for a woman who sees a certain social set, to get off with less than four or five thousand francs. That's what I depend.
Mme. R.: I also. Let's make it six thousand francs.
Mme. M.: Toilette: 6,000 francs. (writing. And Good! She is not stingy!)
Mme. R. (Aside) I spent only nine hundred francs last year, and Ratinois seduced me.
Mme. M.: A carriage. Do you think they can indulge in a carriage?
Mme. R.: Sure. (Aside) That will depend upon the doing!
Mme. M.: It is quite disagreeable for a young woman to travel about in
the mud, especially with the dresses they make now-a-days.

Mme. R. Oh, it is impossible. There are a great many cabs.

Mme. M. Cabs! Oh, don't speak to me about those filthy boxes.

Mme. R. (Quickly) I am not speaking of them.

Mme. M. They are dark and close.

Mme. R. And dirty! They wouldn't get me into one for anything in the world. (Aside) I always go on foot!

Mme. M. I think that a little couple—

Mme. R. With two little horses—

Mme. M. And a little coachman!

Mme. R. Let's put down fifty thousand francs.

Mme. M. (Writing) Coupe: 6,000 francs. (Aside) These refires walk upon gold. (Aside) The household expenses, table etc.

Mme. R. Let's put down fifty thousand francs.

Mme. M. That's enough. (Adding) Six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four. Total, twenty-four thousand francs. That seems all right to me. (Looks cards on table)

Mme. R. That's not too much. (Aside) They ought to give her a pretty big dowry.
Scene VI

The Same. Malinegar, Ratinir.
M. (Going from L. followed by Ratico) It is settled, Ratinir, you have my word.
R. And you mine, Malinegar! (Aside) I have taken the risk!
M. (To woman.) We are completely agreed.
R. Completely, Malinegar.

Mme. M. (Aside to husband.) How much?
M. (Aside to wife.) A hundred thousand.
Mme. M. (Aside, astonished.) Not more?
Mme. R. (Aside to Ratinir.) How much?
R. (Aside.) A hundred thousand.
Mme. R. (Aside.) Only that?
Mme. M. (Aside to husband.) Let's go out; I want to talk to you.
M. My bug of you the permission to with draw. Some patients to see!
R. The doctors?
Mme. R. We shall expect you, at all.
(To mme. M.) And especially no elaborate dressing.
Mme. M. Oh, that's understood! (Bowin.)
Maddame.
R. Adieu, Malinegar.

(Curtain at rear.)
Scene VII

Ratiocinio. Mme. Ratiocinio. then Josephine.

R. Ah! There is one good piece of business concluded.

Mme. R. A hundred thousand francs! That is not serious?

R. (Astonished) Why not?

Mme. R. It's a mean trick! A hundred thousand francs!

R. But I could give no more.

Mme. R. What difference? Our son has a profession. He is a lawyer.

R. But he never pleads!

Mme. R. He never pleads because he has no cases!

R. That's right. (After reflecting) But he has no cases. That's as if he were not a lawyer.

Mme. R. That will come; the future is before him. I do not understand why you have accepted this figure.

R. A young household which has an income of two thousand francs, is quite genteel.

Mme. R. It is want!

R. Ah! Upon my honor.

Mme. R. (Giving him card left on table)
Here; just look here.

R: That's that.

More. R: The budget of the children, which madame Malangeau jotted down upon this card, while you were in there.

R (Reading) But: 6,000 francs, toilette, couple—twenty-four thousand francs. What does that prove? Can we reduce this account.

More. R: Oh, if madame Malangeau was a simple young girl, reared in the rules of order and economy, if she were a little bit gross, in short, every thing would go for the best; but a girl who takes lessons from Bluprez, who paints pictures in oil, and would not even know how to sew on a button for her husband—

R: It is true that in the matter of sewing—

More. R: She plays music. She has all her life, been cradled in silk and lace. She must have an apartment on the first floor, a carriage, a coachman—

I do not complain of that, but then, they bring a dowry, a real dowry—

R: Come, don't get excited! Frederic loves the little girl and if one speaks taking of breaking off this marriage—
Mr. R. It is not a question of breaking it! The Malvigeers are rich, very rich. People who have a butler and footman!

R. Yes, I saw him; seven or eight feet tall.

Mr. R. Well, let them give mine. You must speak to the father. He is going to come?

R. Yes. As it is necessary for me to speak.

Mr. R. What! You have the appearance of not understanding.

R. Yes! Yes! But it is difficult today to a gentle man. 'He hundred thousand francs that I give, are sufficient, but yours are not.' It is very hard.

Mr. R. Oh! It is absurd! It is necessary to invite him to take him by his vanity. Offer to give something more yourself - that will put him in the way.

R. We are not able to go very far with even four thousand francs a year.

Mr. R. People propose a present - a trifle.

R. A dozen silver plates! (Aside) Those of uncle Roberts.

Josephine (Entering) Madame, here is the head - usher of monsieur Chevet whom you asked for.

Mr. R. Let him enter! (To Josephine)
R. Constance, I have no need to request you to do the thing with propery.
Mme R. Don't worry.

Scene VIII

The Same. Caterer, later, Prederic.
Caterer, (Entering and bowing.) He has on a coat. Madame.
Mme R. Monsieur, we want a dinner.
R. (Seated.) A big dinner!
Caterer, How many people?
Mme R. We are — two.
R. But you will prepare as if for as dozen. We are going to receive an illustrious person, Mr. Malougeard, whom you have doubtless heard.
Caterer. No, monsieur.
R. Ah! Of course, he treats only the aristocratic people.
Caterer. Here is what I should propose to madame: two poulpes, bisque, and postage à la reine.
R. Are there mushrooms in it?
Caterer. No monsieur, there is no soup with mushrooms in it.
R. That's a pity!
Mme R. Nept?
Enter. The second course.
Fred. (Entering.) Here I am!
R. and Ma'me R. Frederic!
R. (Shutting.) You do not know? They have come.
Fred. Who?
R. The Malpequeans.
Fred. Ah, fshaw!
Ma'me. R. You are liked by the young girl.
R. By the father and the mother, every thing is arranged.
Fred. Is it possible?
Ma'me. R. (Opening her arms) My child!
(They embrace)
R. (Opening his arms) And I?
Fred. Father! (They embrace)
Caterer (Not knowing what to do with himself. Asides) I'm in the way! (Goes to back of stage and looks at picture)
R. I have invited them to dinner this evening.
Fred. What a good idea!
Ma'me. R. And we are beginning to order the menu.
R. Here is the caterer. Well, where is he now? Hey! monsieur.
Caterer (Coming down.) Pardon!
R. (To Fred.) In wine at the second course. You
are going to help us.

Caterer. Rienish carp in Chambord sauce,
garnished with mushrooms.
R. Very good!

Caterer. With shrimp curled like earrings.
R. (Suddenly.) Al, sapristi!
Fred and Mine R. What's the matter?
R. I counted Mike Robert! The earrings
made me think of it.
Mine R. What? Is it possible?
Fred. Why?
Mine R. He can't have him sit at the same
table with the Malinards.

Caterer. I am in the way. (Goes back to
the picture)
Fred. But his my uncle, such a fine man.
R. Yes, but he is not in our class. In
the first place, his manner of eating—he
puts his knife in his mouth.
Mine R. And he serves himself from the
dish with the fork.
R. And he pours wine into his bouillette.
That may be good for the stomach, but
it is horrible to the naked eye!
Fred. That is no reason—
R. Come my friend, let us reason. I am at a time when we are making the sacrifice of a magnificent dinner, going to spoil the look of it? For in short, what sort of a face do you expect Uncle Robert to make before a Rhenish carp in Chantilly sauce? It would look as if it were a plate of cabbages! do you want to serve a plate of cabbages?

Now R. We will invite time for tomorrow.

R. To eat the leftovers. That's all right. Let's go on. After the carp? (Looking for caterer) Bill, where is he now? (Calling) Hey! Monsieur. He always goes away!

Caterer. (Coming down) Pardon!

R. After the carp?


R. With mushrooms?

Caterer. If you wish it.

R. Grands!

Caterer. Roast: Chinese golden pheasant with truffles!

R. Good! (To Fred.) Can you imagine Uncle Robert in the presence of a Chinese golden pheasant? That man would...
be out of place.

Caterer: For entrées I should like to offer you some mushrooms à la Lucullus, in disguise, but you have already had a good many mushrooms.

R: That don't matter! That don't matter!

Mme R: Serve the mushrooms à la Lucullus. Ah! I dined recently at a house where they changed the knife and fork at each plate.

Caterer: That is done everywhere, now.

Mme R: But I have only twenty-four covers.

R: Well you will not change mine.

Fred: Nor mine.

Mme R: Nor mine.

Caterer: They will wash them as we proceed.

R: What's so? (Aside.) Isn't he intelligent!

(Blond) Let's see to the dessert, now.

Caterer: For the center I should suggest a structure of pastry.

R: Something very tall.

Caterer: It is a tower of Buckingham with pineapples surrounded by a Chinoiserie made out of spun sugar.
Wine R: Oh, that must be enchanting!
R: At what price do you sell that?
Caterer: Sixty-four francs.
R: Oh! allow me! Pave me on the spot, create in any character of old.
Maw R: (Quickly.) That is all right. We will reflect. We will reflect.
Caterer. When madame shall want it, it is all ready. What brand of champagne do you prefer? The Möet or the "Vignob"?
R: What vignerons?
Fred: The vignerons Chiquet, that is best.
R: At twelve francs do you sell it?
Caterer. At twelve francs. The Möet is put up.
R: Well, we will pay, we will reflect.
Maw. Now the dinner ready for 10 sharp.
Caterer. Madam will not assured. (Stuffed)
R: (Calling him back.) Oh, caterer!
Caterer. Sir?
R: There is one dish which I like very much, but I do not know its name. They serve it quite at the end. It is made of hot water and mint which one drinks.
Caterer. Those are fingerboists.
Fred. That is not to be drunk.
R. (astonished) Guards! I have drunk it. Caterer (Coming out. Cries) Well there are some curious people! (He disappears)
R. Come, I believe that we shall have a pretty little dinner. They will talk of it! None. R. We have forgotten the most important thing.
R. What?
None. R. The Monbegans have astonished footman, and it is absolutely necessary for us to show a liver.
R. That is true.
R. For what good?
None. R. We must do things up properly.
None. R. The lodger of the first floor, a creole, has left for the country and has left his servants. If I were able — (Cloud.) None. Frederic. I have need of you — some duties to assign you.
Fred. I follow you mother. (Exeunt)

Scene 12
Raines, later, Robert.
R. A liver! We have only Josephine.
Rob. Catering. Here I am.
R. Uncle Robert!
Rob. I come early, but I bring an appetite."
R. (Aside) It is a lucky chance! It would be necessary to find some means of withdrawing the invitation gently.

Rob. In passing, I went into Leavischop and bought a pie. I handed it to Josephines.

R. Oh, dear uncle Robert, who has thought of buying—

Rob. Oval and a slice of bread.

R. Oh, heavens! It just occurs to me.

Rob. What?

R. Answer me, frankly, wherein I intend you to dinner?

Rob. Certainly.

R. There I was sure of it.

Rob. Well?

R. Well, it is impossible, we are going to dine out.

Rob. Oh, that's too bad!

R. At the Blanchard's. To means of refusing, they have received an evening.

Rob. I understand.

R. Then you are not mad?

Rob. Come now, you and I? And my pie?

R. We'll eat that tomorrow. We count upon you.

Rob. Agreed! Goodbye! Have a good time!
R. Tell tomorrow!
(Rob. Returning) An idea! I have some thing to tell the Blanchards. It may be that I shall go this evening to take coffee with you.

R. (Aside) The devil!
Rob. Until this evening. (Exeunt at rear.)

Scene 2

Rattus, later Fredric, later a second.
R. There I am indeed! He will not find us at the Blanchards and that is going to make a mess.
Fred. (Entering, loaded down with books and a stereoscope.) Here are our acquaintances.
R. What did you buy?
Fred. This is a photographic album. Mamma told me to place it on the table in full view. They will think that these are our acquaintances.
R. Ah, that's a good idea! (Turning over the leaves of the album.) Lord Ahuniton, Count Gostochoff! Jose Vernet, Lézardt!
Fred. (Handing him a little box.) That is for you.
R. What is it? A chain?
Fred. To fasten to your watch.
R. I think that it's bigger than Malingeares'. He fastens his watch on it.
It is magnificent! That will produce a fine effect.
Fred. It is reminiscent. It is not necessary to say so.
R. (Indignant.) False! (after reflecting)
after all, where the false has the appearance of true it is no longer false!
A tall servant in livery enters from rear with two lighted lamps. (To Fred.) Who is that? Do you know him?
Fred. No.
R. (To servant, who places the lamps on the mantel.) My friend where do you come from?
Servant. I am the servant of the first floor.
R. Ah! Very good! (To Fred.) He is a borrowed soul. He is free! (Looking at the servant who is going out.) But not so tall as Malingeares. (The rolling of a carriage is heard.)
Fred. (Running to window) A carriage! It is they!
R. And my wife not here! (Calling) Constance! Constance!  

Scene XI  
The Same, Malingeaz, Madame Malingeaz in full dress, dress shot with gold thread. Cameline, later Miss Paterno. The door in the rear opens and a little negro announces. 

Negro. Monsieur, madame and madame monselle Malingeaz.  
R. (Aside.) A negro now! How women understand stage-setting! (Going to meet the Malingeaz.) Monsieur, madame monselle!  

Fred. (Browning) Mademoiselle Cameline!  
Mme. N. (Aside to her husband.) They have a negro! did you notice?  
M. Yes, these refined — that sort of people never deny themselves anything!  
R. (To Mme. N.) Oh, dear madame! that is not right.  
Mme. N. What now?  
R. It was decided not to make a toilette, and you have on a dazzling one! My wife's dinner is going to fail!  
Mme. N. Oh, all that, very simple!
Mr. R. My wife will not make one and if
our cure she will send you. Here she is!
Receiving the toilette of his wife, comfort
of varied and conspicuous colors. Aside) Oh,
goodness gracious! A rainbow!
Mr. R. Dear, good madame, how
delicate you are!
Mrs. M. We were eager to be with you.
Aside) Three rows of floweres! That is
beauitiful! (Aloud:) an admirable toilette.
Mr. R. It does not approach yours.
Aside) A dress of gold! That’s bad faith.
Fred, Mamma, do you wish us to go in
to the parlor?
Mr. R. Certainly. (Exit with [name elided])
Mrs. M. (Aside to her husband) Keep
mournful, Ralvern, and speak to him
about the dowry.
Mr. (Aside) Yes.
Mrs. M. (Aside to Ralvern) Stay with the
father-in-law and speak to him about
the dowry.
Mr. (Aside) Don’t worry.
Mrs. M. (Pointing to parlor door) Mad-
amie!
(Repeat R.)
Scene XII

Retire, Malvignac.

R. Here we are alone. (Aside) It isn't easy to start this business.

M. How the devil shall I broach the matter?

R. (Approaching Malvignac) My dear Malvignac, it is very kind of you to accept our invitation to our little dinner.

M. You insisted upon it so kindly.

R. It is because I admire you!

M. And I you!

R. (Grasping his hand) Dear Malvignac.

M. (Grasping his hand) True Retiree!

R. (Aside) All that sentiment—that draws us apart! (Aloud) A little while ago we talked a little superficially about the down (The pit down near table at L). 


R. Oh, that is a figure that I put down at random—in the air; but that doesn't bind you.

M. I was saying, also—a great revenge—

R. And you are illustrious doctors who re-
The text is not legible or clear enough to transcribe accurately.
A: Almost as much as you love Frederic.
B: Yes; let's not talk about Frederic; let's talk about ourselves. It is necessary to make
for her—this child—an existence of silk
and gold.
M: (Impressed) Oh, thank you, for her!
B: From which, Sir, that there is pace
for increasing the dowry.
M: That is exactly my sentiment.
B: Well, fix it yourself; I accept in advance.
M: (Aside) Ah! Very well! Talk to me about
merchants! (aloud) I think that in giving
a hundred and fifty thousand francs.
B: Ah, Malinger, that's not enough!
M: Then let's make it two hundred thousand.
B: Rising) That's all right! I give the
plate, and you the two hundred thousand.
M: (Rising) What? It is you who give them?
B: I? Indeed!
M: Why I, and not you?
B: Because in your position—a marquis—
has a carriage, a box at "Les Italiens"
and a liveried footman—
M: But you also have a carriage, a box
at "Les Italiens" and a mige, which is more
expensive.
R. I? D. It's not the same thing!
M. Why? Unless you assume a luxury--for your position?
R. Not at all! My position is unpart! My position is excellent!
M. Well, it is just, that one give as much as the other. Each one two hundred thousand francs. (Aside) That an income of two hundred two thousand francs. It will be an extra two.
R. (Aside) Found! I have seventeen thousand francs a year; it will leave me only seven thousand! That is impossible!
M. You do not hesitate for a miserable question of money?
R. I am not hesitating. A hundred thousand francs more or less--what difference do you suppose that could make to one? I offer three hundred thousand francs! That's how I hesitate!
M. (Astonished) What? Three hundred?
R. (Aside) I'm going to raise it until he backs down, and then I'm going to break it off. (Cloud: You're back down?
M. Not at all; I'm reflecting. (Aside) Three hundred thousand--that is impossible! There is only one way, that is, to increase the down...
until he says no. Then the whole thing will be broken off. (Cloud) I propose four hundred thousand!

R. That's not enough. Two hundred thousand!

M. That's not enough. Six hundred thousand!

R. That's not enough!

Scene III

The Same. Uncle Robert.

R. (Appearing with an orange tree) That is six hundred thousand francs!

M. (Clasping) Uncle Robert! I was going to come out with a million! I would have come out with it. (Cloud) Monsieur Maligeau, the future father-in-law.

M. Or were talking about the down.

R. (Kneeling down his orange tree.) What! And you give six hundred thousand francs? (Dying.) Oh, monsieur permit one to congratulate now!

M. But monsieur, Ratoncito gives as much.

R. What! You?

R. (Embarrassed.) Naturally.

M. (R. R.) Congratulations! I didn't know that you were as rich as me that!

R. As rich! As rich! Certainly, Sime at my
case. But where our finds himself before people—millionaires—who have demands.

M. Ah! Pardon, monsieur! I have demanded nothing. It is you on the contrary, who—

Q. I? I proposed plate, and therefore you started off.

M. What? I started off? I said that I would give the ornaments for the pastor,

monstrated and you coldly answered "Ah!"

Q. Answered, "Ah"—it was my right; but not coldly.

M. Ah, pardon, monsieur!

Q. Pardon, yourself!

M. Then you are agreed?

Q. We are agreed. I see is willing! But I did not answer coldly!

M. I beg your pardon!

Q. No, monsieur!

M. Yes, monsieur!

Q. Wait! Do you want one to tell you what I think?

M. You will give me pleasure.

Q. Well, you are seeking an excuse to break off this marriage.

M. Now? An excuse?
R: Are you! I hold to the word. But I, who am an honest man—
M: No more than I!
R: That is possible! But as I do not wish an excuse, I tell you quite clearly—
Both (Together) Let's break it off!
Rob. Some gentlemen no anger!
R: I'm not angry. (Aside, with satisfaction.) There it is! It's broken off!
M: (Aside, with satisfaction.) That is our affair, which is all one!
R: Oh! The devil! You do business very quickly! A breaking off! I applied your
now did not low mademoiselle Molineux, did he?
R: He didn't love her! He didn't love her!
He was foolish over her! But what has
that got to do with it?
Rob. And mademoiselle Molineux was
subsequently in love with Frederic?
M: Mildly. That is to say, she seemed to
have a certain inclination for him. I
do not hide it, but—
Rob. But, "what has that got to do with it?
M: I didn't say that. Permit me—
Rob. (Angrily) No, I don't permit you! You
men are vain, proud!

M. Monseur.

R. Uncle.

R. Ah! I have restrained myself for

a quarter of an hour. I must let loose.

You have been trying for a fortnight
to dazzle each other, to lie to each other,
to deceive each other!

R. What?

R. Yes, to deceive each other, in parading

devices you are not able to give

in that true! Strutting about in an

existence in a luxury which is not you.

R. But—

R. to "what?" I have talked with the poor

people! When I want to know anything

talk with the peasants— that’s my system!

But how they have been able to tell you?

R. In the first place I met a negro in

the kitchen. A negro in the kitchen! That’s

not decent! And then monsieur has

taken a carriage by the mouth of a box at

"Les Italiens"— Ralunis or "Les Italiens"?

R. Why it seems to me that that is a theatre

R. Which forces you.

R. Ah!
I was only a father fit to be thrown out of the window. (Pointing to M.) and necessitous indeed. But it is not my fault—it is my wife. She shall pay me for it! (Shouting tendre) And listen to you that if you ever see me stumbling in the path—which—which—(Suddenly)
In short, will you dine with me?

Scene XIV.
The Duke, Madame Malangras, Madame
Hatier's Gardener, later, Guernicre, Later
None. R. (All gentlemen, you leave us alone.)
R. Oh, there's my wife! Come here madame.
R. (To his wife, severely.) Come here madame!
None R. They!
None. W. What's the matter?
R. (To his wife.) A mother, guilty, and puffed up with vanity! But that's the style today!
W. People play the peacock!
R. The smell up like balloons!
W. And they do not fear to sacrifice the future—the happiness of their children!
R. For they love each other, but they answer: What has that to do with it? And to
hid the mother! Good evening!
Have R, now what's the matter with you?
Have R. Explain to me -
R. (Irritantly.) Take your knitting! She
knits all of my worsted stockings in vain.
(He passes before his wife.)
R. (Irritantly.) Why my wife was too!
Have R. What! You, madame?
R. Why yes! Off with the masks! Rastigno
an old confectioner, not referee!
Have R. And have M. What?
Have R. But my friend -
R. Don't bother me! At the sign of the
silver fleur-de-lis she was cashiered. He gives a
hundred thousand francs to his son as a dowry.
M. My turn! Melangor, as doctor, without
patients!
Have R. What?
R. But the duchess?
M. She tendered to two couples this
year, and that free of charge! He gives a
hundred thousand francs, as dowry to his
daughter!
R. My turn! Robert, wood-merchant
who came to Paris with timber sons in
his pocket, gives a dowry of a hundred
thousand francs to his nephew!
Red. Uncle!
Encourage Good uncle!
R. He has that!
Clerk (Excusing) Dinner is served!
Rob. Come to the table
C. One minute!
All. What now?
R. I have served a foolish dinner. Saw
shame of it. Set dishes of mushrooms!
All. (Reproachfully) Oh, Rottens!
M. A father, father of our family!
R. One could perhaps have maneuvered
Best take them back!
All. Oh, No!
Rob. I object to it!
R. Come, let’s eat them that will be
our punishment! To the table! Arms
to the ladies! (They offer their arms
to the ladies and pass into the dining
room.)