dreams of my boyhood are about to be realized. I shall make myself a name and what is better in the eyes of the world I shall make money enough to free the old estate of my father from all incumbrances.

Dech

And your mother?

She is at home— I fear she will never be what she once was. Her health is gradually declining in face of all we can do for her. Aside from that I have no wish I cannot gratify. No regrets for the past, cares for the present non tans for the future.

Dech

My dear friend make the most of your happiness, guard it carefully, for it is a very perishable commodity— hold it fast with both hands! (Sappho laughs without.) Ah— (up stage, goes R.)

Szan

What has moved you? You look at me with such a strange expression! (X R)

(X, down L C)

Dech

Nothing— nothing— at the moment you were boasting of your happiness that woman seemed to laugh in mockery and a strange presentiment of evil shot through my heart.

Szan

Psah! How can she harm me? Our
words are so far apart we may never meet again.—Dech

Ah you don't know the caprices of that dreamer, Fly from him, Iean, if you value your peace.

Sappho (Come down E.)

(Enter with others,) What are you doing there so long Monsieur Decholette? We want you to entertain us a little, Mon. Dejoie has exhausted all his pretty little nothings. The Count and Caoudal are talking of R.R. and statues—and if you don't come to our rescue we shall die of ennui. (Ex to R.)

Rose

Yes we are reduced to such an abject state of mental depression that we shall welcome your bitterest sarcasm with grateful thanks. By the way, it is suppertime and I am ravenous, of course your friend will sup with us?

Sappho

Say no, (Aside to him.)

I. I must request that you will excuse me.

Dech

You must let me prevail on you.—(Aside do not look at that friend it is a trap)

Rose

Come come! you will consent?

Iean

It is very difficult to say no
Rose

There you consent, I know your gallantry would not allow you to disoblige me. Come.

Sappho

(Takes his arm just as Rose is about to take it.) Monsieur promised to give me his arm to supper some time ago.

Dech

Silly moth you are flitting around the flame that will destroy you. Remember my warning.

Sap. I have no fear—my bank account is too insignificant.

Rose

Spiteful thing she delights in disturbing every body's happiness.

Dech

Ah wassaly don't you know it stultifies me—ah wassaly I don't know how, but—Will you honor me with—(offers arm) Wassaly it's quite delightful don't you know wassaly (exit)

Dech

(Coming up stage.) Oh woman woman, woman, what an account you will have to settle in the hereafter! You had much better have remained than to come to this great city for ignorance. Commit yourself to knowledge, only to sink in the mine of sin.

Sappho

But do not go with them, I want you all to myself—Selahome. Oh.
I know quite well I dare you I ought to have more pride If you will believe it, I said to myself when I left you a while ago that nothing would induce me to enter the room where you were again, but I came—I could not help it—at what must you think of me?

Jean

That you are quite the most interesting young lady I ever met.

Sappho

And yet it would have been far better for you had we never met.

Jean

Yes, you are mistaken—this is one of the happiest moments of my life and I shall always remember it (her and her).

Sappho

May listen to me and take my advice—Go home to your mother—your sister, if you have one, to any loved one you have confidence in, tell them of the temptation, but tell them also that I saved you, let me say to my self in time to come "At least I have done one great unselfish act." At if we had only met sooner.

Jean

Miss Le Grand—Fanny you love me?

Sappho

Too well—I cannot a low you to sacrifice your self for me. Go save our woman to your self for me. And carry this ever in your heart that you are the only man who ever a woman the good instincts in me, and that I shall always adore you.

Jean

And that I will never and shall never forsake you.
let me help you to a new and better life

Sappho

No no - You might lift me out of the gutter make me a better and more respectable woman - but you would be soiled in doing so, you would be lost -

I am

Nothing you can say will ever change me

Sappho

Oh you innocence, The Provinces, what do they not send to Paris? The flowers fresh from the field & full of life And me - what do we send them in return - only withered leaves and mine - Well since you will have it so - but always remember that I warned you - I tried to save you

Where shall we go to your house or to mine?
Dear [Name],

I hope this letter finds you well. I was recently in [location] and wanted to share some exciting news. The conference was a great success, and I had the pleasure of meeting many interesting people. The keynote speaker was particularly inspiring, and I believe their ideas will have a significant impact on our field.

I also had the opportunity to visit [site] and was impressed by the ongoing research in [particular area]. I believe there are some promising leads that could lead to new breakthroughs in [specific area].

I am currently working on [project] and am making good progress. I expect to have a draft ready for your review by the end of next month. If you have any specific feedback or suggestions, please let me know.

I am looking forward to hearing from you soon. If you are free, I would love to catch up for a coffee to discuss some of the developments I mentioned above.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
shall we go to your house or to mine?

Sean

to mine,— but it is four stories up—'tis in my mind— I can carry you up—

Bus & Curtain.
Sapho

Grandma Grandma - I thought I heard grandma calling me.

Come here little one.

No, I don't want to.

What were you thinking of just now?

Of my grandma, I thought I heard her calling me. I want to see her so much.

My darling why will you not try to love me? I want your love so much won't you call me mama?

No, Sapho.

Do darling do.

No, my mama is in heaven.

Who told you that?

Grandma.

But suppose it were not so?

But it is for grandma would not tell a lie.

But she may have been mistaken.

No, grandma could not make a mistake.

But suppose just for one moment that it was a mistake and that I was your mother what would you say? Would you not love me?

No you are not my mama if you were you would not have stayed away so long when I wanted you so much or so much. Sometimes when I am out at play I look up at the sky white clouds and I am almost sure I can see my mama's face looking at me from the
behind the great white clouds as they go sailing by — and I know I shall see her there some day. —

Sappho

Oh this is more than I can bear — look at me little one! — no no no! I must not will not tell him that he owes his existence to such a miserable wretch as I am — you are right little one go go to you play and always believe that your mamma is watching from behind the great white clouds and will always guard you from harm (Sinks in Chair)

(Patrons around her) I do not like you just a little (Exits)

Sappho

love love was never meant for me not even the love of my child — no I have sunk too low by the mine of Sir & degradation there is no hope of escape none none none (Exit)
Act 2 at 3 am

Act 4th

done as act 1st

without the stair case.

What a pretty picture, "Sapho." The Greek
Bodens, it looks like your fancy

Yes Ilean bought it for that very reason
she said - strange these accidental likes.
Not 2nd

Cesaire

("Discovered playing cards with Sappho.) Then the game is mine.

Sappho

Not quite, I may win yet. Deal the cards. —

Cesaire.

And so you have been keeping house for nearly a year?

Sappho

Yes and we have been so happy.

Cesaire

How could it be otherwise with such a charming companion as you — the shy dog and I think he should keep it a secret from his family & from me his uncle — But then what had he to fear? That some of his relatives would steal you away from him?

Jean

(Enters L.F.) Fanny! — (Sees Ces.) Why uncle, what in the world are you doing here? (Fanny gets table.)

Ces.

Business my boy business — but you see, I have been by no means idle — I am playing designs with my niece.

Jean

(Aisle) His niece! +

Ces.

I congratulate you my lad, what eyes - a dainty for a king!

Jean

Don't uncle! — What did you say the
business that brings you home from home?

Ces.

To get your Fr. sent to Courbevoie, I never expected to get it, but I received notice of his death by a letter saying that the payment of the money was waiting me—'

Sean

And my mother, how is she?

Ces.

My poor lad, she has grown much weaker lately, at times her memory fails her. The other evening your father was going out of her room and she asked Divonne, who that kind gentleman was who came to see her so often, if I have come to consult Boucheirieu who formerly attended her.

Sappho

Have you ever had madness in your family? (Susie sits at table. Ces. R.

Never, but that I may have been a little headstrong in my youth, but my madness was not displeasing to the ladies, they never shut one up for it.

Sappho

Ah, uncle!

Ces.

To tell the truth my boy, the vines are very bad; half the crop is already ruined and the rest can only be preserved by a misère, and the worst of it is your father is bent upon planting new vines, instead of cultivating olives and capers in all this now useless, but good land.

Sean

Will never mind that uncle, have you been to the theatre?
 OSD

לעתיםでおנץ, לא ניתן совершенствовать את אופ绔י עניין.[column]

 LARGE

OSD

Pictures, please.

For more information, please contact us.

OSD

Pictures, please.

For more information, please contact us.
Ces.
No but I shall go before I return you shall take me, but let me tell you I have some acres on the banks of the Rhone.

Sean
Yes yes I know (aside) Why will he divulge all the family secrets to this woman?

Ces.
But what you do not know is I have made a splendid discovery, I am treating my lands by immersion, I have a good crop already and I am going to purchase la Tiboisette with my good for — but this is between ourselves no one must have an inkling of it yet.

Sappho
Not even Divonne uncle?

Ces.
Oh Divonne my wife! I never do anything without her she has faith in my ideas besides and would be very happy if I should rebuild the fortunes of Castelet after having commenced their downfall.

Sean
(Aside) Good heavens, is the man going to confess the shameful history of the forgeries he committed in his youth?

Ces.
Ah, Pervée! you should know how the happiness she gives me — so pretty — Anice you are a woman you should know something of the matter — see here is her photograph (takens it from pocket.)

Sappho
Yes, she is indeed very pretty

Ces.
And such a figure! (Looks at watch as he replaces picture) It is late (must go or the bank will be closed) Shall see you
you again so good bye—mind you take
good care of yourselves you know (exit)
O by the way—Bouchereau is going to adopt
Irene—do you remember the little girl you
met at home a year ago?—Her sister is
married and he is lonely and so Irene has
consented to take her sister's place, So good
of her—is it not?

Jean

Very natural that she should care
for her uncle in his old age—he has
done much for her whole family.

Ces

Well well good by Good by (Exit.)

Sappho

Who is Irene? (To wanted lights cigarette.)

Irene

The daughter of an old friend of my
uncle.

Sappho

She how old is she?

Jean

About 18 or 14—(Sits on sofa)

Sappho

You never mentioned her to me before—

Jean

Well?

Sappho

Is she pretty? (Sits on sofa.)

Jean

Very pretty

Sappho

And she visited at your home?

Jean

Very often—

Sappho

I do not wonder you did not speak
of her—So you loved another before me?
Fanny how can you be so absurd—
She is only a child

Sappho

A child at 19! Go along with you! You will never convince me—on the banks of the Rhone or else where, we are all alike.

Fanny I tell you you are wrong, she is as pure and innocent as a new born babe and I forbid you to even speak of her again—

Sappho

There there—forgive me my own—don’t be cross because I have a great favor to ask of you.

Sappho

Well what is it?

Sappho

Olympe was here today and told me of a poor little lad who has been brought up by his grandmother at Morvan. The father and mother were wool merchants in Paris, the grandmother died suddenly. The mother has run away with a lover & the drunken father being bankrupt has disappeared—These lawful unions are so happy—And there is the poor little fellow 6 years old, such a darling without bread or clothing a castaway—Suppose we often to take it would you consent?

Sappho

What nonsense

Sappho.

Why? I do so wish to.—People love these little ones they adopt quite as much as their own. It will give me so much pleasure, I am so
lonely by my self all day—and the expense is nothing—just 6 yrs old—we can fix him out with your old clothes—Olympe who understands these things? Tell me it would make no difference at all.

Scan—let her take him then, and then when I am no longer here what then?—I trouble he would be.

Sappho—
you are quite mistaken my own, the child would be something to talk to you about.

Scan—
no no, he would be a burden to you in the future.

Sappho—
say rather, a comfort a responsibility too, which would give me strength to work, and something in life to make it worth living.

Scan—
where is this child?

Sappho—
at the house of a gang's man who has kept him for some days—after that there is nothing but the work house.

Scan.

Well then you can go and fetch him as you seem to be bent on it.

Sappho—
thank you my own—I will run upstairs and write to Olympe to tell her how good you are—(Exit R.) (Thunder)

Scan—
I wonder if we are going to have a storm?
I don't like the idea of liking this child.
(Open door) Why yes, it's raining. (Creak doors
V Dejois appear)
Caon

Hello! Is it possible that it is you?

Scan (R.)

Yes, won't you come in? (They enter.)

Places chair. Caon C

We were about to seek shelter on your porch, from the storm—well, well, the sight of you is good for one's eyes—isn't he handsome—Fancy that I was once his age.

Dejois (L., on sofa.)

No—really? I marvel would have thought it no by your really,

Caon.

My dear fellow don't laugh, I would give all I am worth and all the decorations the institutes all for that hair & that color—by the way what have you done with Sappho, one never sees her now?

Scan.

Sappho?

Caon.

Are you not together still?

Scan.

Sappho?

Caon.

Sappho. Come now Fanny Le Grand.

Scan.

Oh—yes! Oh that's along with long ago—

Dejois.

No really by sou! Then she is in the swim still—

Coandal.

How superb she was that night at the fancy dress ball, if that day I found
you breakfasting with her you might have fancied her a 15-days bride—

Déjôie

How old is she then?

Caon

Oh I don't know exactly, about 17 when she sat as my modiste for Sappho in '85. This is 1900 count it up for yourself. Ah but if you had seen her then—The True Cupids Bow at her mouth—Arms—Shoulders And the woman! The whole gamut as Gourméli's used to say. (Jean sits R.)

Sean

Was his her lover too?

Caon

la Gourmélie— I should think so—rather I suffered enough on his account. For 4 yrs. we lived together as man and wife. I took care of her married myself to satisfy her caprices—singing masters—dancing masters—riding & what not, & when I had polished her like a precious stone cut to shape, cleansed from the gutter where I found her one night—that rhymster came and took her from me!

Déjôie

Easily that was too bad—quite horrid of him don't you know—

Caon

At any rate his dishonorable conduct availed him nothing, Their tyrant of housekeeping was an inferno. But the beauty of it all was when he wished to separate
from her. She stuck to him like a burr followed him about nearly knocking down his door to get in and she would lie on his door mat waiting for him—but he remained implacable even going so far as to put the case in the hands of the Police to rid himself of her the cur!

Dejios

Ah weakly! by love he was a wasp cast if ever I meet him again I shall cut him dead— I will weakly.

Caon

And as a final act— thank offering to this girl who had given him the best of her youth, her intelligence & herself he emptied upon her head a volume of spiteful verses called “The Book of Love.” Then she took up with Flamant the Engraver—you know the terrible sequel?

Jean

No—What?

Caon.

He was poor—mad upon the girl & for fear of being dropped he forged bank notes to keep her in luxury—Discovered they were both arrested—he got 10 years. She 6 months at St Lazare her innocence having been proved—I was at the trial oh how pretty she looked in her prison head dress, never cringing, grave & faithful to her companion to the end. I shall never forget as she went out, throwing him a kiss she cried to him in a voice sad enough to soften the heart of a stone

“Don’t be down hearted my own the
happy days will return & we shall love each other again.

Dejoie

Wespy how sad—

Caon

Since that time, starved into fast society, she has taken lovers, by the mouth, the week—never artists—I did not see her again until I met her with you and then I said to myself—There is my Sappho bitten again, but I was mistaken—and I am glad for your sake, my boy—for it would be a pity that she should spoil your life. I am glad to hear that your ingenious friend—

Dejoie

passing good come in, and see me—

when you have time—

Dejoie

yes come and see me too always.

Sad—I am weakly—(like you about you know—"

Sean

Thank you—(dropping in chair) Sappho! Sappho! Sappho! She's my God! Oh what is this burning sensation in my breast which is ascending to my head and makes it feels as if it would split like an iron plate heated white hot?—Sappho! Sappho! And to think I have lived with such a creature! I will leave her! And yet after all she has never told me a false hood—I have never questioned her about her past.

And yet—she should have told me at least about this prison—no—poor girl how could she She—O God!
(Enter with letter) Shilling. I beg pardon. I have a letter for Mr. D... 2
Very well. give it to

The morning scan quite to gread
in an one bag. A postcard. Dear

Very well, keep it up. Give it to

Perhaps you would like to look at
the envelope

Mrs. Morgan.

Very well. I will leave it on the table for
you. Though your mind. you can look at it
but you cannot touch it. (Geddo) They say it
that soon are not common. But the does
break at it. This out dorn love hastile for
some thing. But will dorn it down officially.

Open the letter. Decorate. digits. black don't

What shall she be writing? At man's hand write.
what my sh... I was to (dust) those letter die. It
is from the phone. I want to (several) my book. I shall soon know

I want relieved from pain.
some quick and speedy relief from
this horrible situation I am suffering
with the horror of it all —

Ces

(Enters hurriedly clothes disordered) Sean?

Sean

Uncle! what has happened to you?

Ces

(Sinking in chair) Sean I have made a

fool of myself.

Sappho (L.)

(Enter.) What is it — Sean Why are you

so pale? — Ces

Oh it's all my fault, Fanny, my child,
I got the money and then mistook some old
friends the old story, I have lost every
thing. at the gaming table, Not a son
left! How can I go home & tell Dinah
Ah what a disgrace I am and always
have been to my relatives, people like me
should be killed off like wolves —
Where should I be now but for my
brothers generosity — In the convict
prison with forged I

Sean

Hush uncle hush!

Sappho

Don't uncle — don't! Let us see if we
can not find some means of helping
you — A year ago I could have

easily procured the money, but
now — it has been so long since
I have seen any one—stay (wonders).
He must be in Paris and he is such
a generous fellow—

But I scarcely know him.
Sappho

I will go self—
Sear

What! you really wish it?
Sappho

Why not? (Looks at her; she
hangs her head) still if it will
annoy you?
Cess

(Raises)
No, no—surely Sear, you will not
object if she can get this money—
only—for a short time—1 shall
surely be able to return it soon.
Sear

Very well—you can go—
Sappho

I shall return soon (Exit.—

Cess

Is it to caustic? his house?
Sear

No—close by—
Cess

Can I go to your room and straighten
my self up
Sear

Yes, uncle—you will find water—my
comb & brush yonder; all you want
yonder.
Ces. (at dinner)

Thanks my lad—Ah, if she only gets the money! (Exit R.)

Sean.

Sappho, sappho, shall I ever be able to tear my self away from her?

Dech. (R.)

(Knocks.) Any body at home? (Enters) Here I am my boy, To look after and keep you out of mischief—How do you do?

Sean

I have been almost ill—restless, incapable of concentrating my thoughts.

Dech.

I see—still under the influence of Sappho—silly, silly fellow, I thought I had reasoned you out of that folly.

Sean

Nay, Dechrelle, you did not reason right why did you not tell me that this woman was Sappho——

Dech. In the world—that I

For the best reason in the world—that I suppose you knew—now that you do know all take my advice and leave her alone.

Sean

I expect that I did not follow your advice from the first. It is so much harder to profit by your advice but after all she loves me.

Dech. She is not capable of it for.

Sappho, Sappho—my dear boy, she is destitute of feeling and truth—

Sean

And in spite of the pain it is bringing on me, with shame I confess—Sappho L.
Dech (R)

Well then, if your reason is gone, let the brute instinct which would impel you to fly from the attack of a mad dog, be your safe guard - quit Paris - travel to England, Turkey, Russia, China, Africa - there's plenty of amusement going on in all those places.

A capital thought you shall be our correspondent - you shall supply 3 columns a day - the varacity of your reports does not matter - the more mysterious and unintelligible the better, our correspondents are never expected to be rational. Come pack up your portmanteau trunk - you will be cured in 8 months.

Sean

Yes yes - you may be right my friend.

Dech

Certainly I am - distance will send enchantment to the view - will rub it out.

(thunder) Oh the storm is coming on again - well it will soon blow over - all will be right again -

Sean

I will think over your proposition and tomorrow -

Dech

No - no tomorrow my dear fellow, for me. That is my motto what I have always ad heard to - What a terrible thing these separations are. Two people live together - Told each other every thing - they are united head and foot. Then
Dear [Name],

I am writing to inquire about the possibility of working with the [Company]. I am currently attending [University], where I am pursuing a degree in [Major]. I am very interested in the field of [Industry] and believe that your company offers a great opportunity for me to gain valuable experience.

I have attached my resume and portfolio, which I believe will give you a good idea of my skills and experience. I am available for an interview at your earliest convenience.

Thank you for considering my application. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
They separate — and family secrets become the jest of the Club room — no news if a woman were to beg me — no tomorrow for me unless it is marriage — that is definite and more correct — No you must go now or never (Knock) Come in! (Knock) Come in! — (Knock) Why the devil don't you come in? (Opens door) (Irene at door) A young girl! Come in madmoiselle — we can offer you an umbrella —

Irene (C.)

Excuse me sir! I knocked by accident. I took shelter in the porch the lightening flashed me & I drew close to the door & in my fright must have knocked the door — I beg pardon (going)

Sean (L.)

Stay — surely I have seen you before are you not Irene? Mons. Bouchereau’s adopted daughter?

Irene

Ah yes and you are Sean, my old friend and play fellow — I'll wait till the rain is over —

Dech (R.)

That’s right—why you are quite drenched it’s fortunate there is a good fire here (takes her cloak & dries it)

Irene

Is this your house sir?

Dech.

Oh no, it belongs to your friend