

JACK (*over his shoulder*): Here, you're wanted outside. There's been an escape from Sing Sing.

SQUIFF (*eagerly*): Oh, if it were only Edward Kelly!
(*Jack and Mary renew their embraces. Squiff observes them through the periscope. He fires the gun in the air.*)

Break away! (*They take no notice. He fires again.*) Time!
(*They take no notice. Squiff puts a cigar in the cane and begins to smoke. Then he puts up the periscope again at the audience.*)

Hey, Mr. Sampson!

(*He taps him on the shoulder.*)

Nothing can escape for long the eagle eye of Slyman Squiff, the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly!

JACK: Oh, go to blazes!

SQUIFF: But see here, Mr. Sampson, there's all these people here!

(*He points to audience. Mary releases her husband with a little scream of surprise.*)

MARY: Well, they're all very nice people indeed! Suppose we put them on to the good thing? We can get plenty of new bonds for ourselves before the show opens to-morrow!

Come on, Jack! Come on, Mr. Squiff!

(*They gather up the bonds and go about the audience selling them, each actor making a little sale speech from time to time, as may be convenient. This should be impromptu, and fitted to the special needs of each district. When the day's quota is disposed of, the actors return to the stage and bow in the conventional manner, with possibly a speech of thanks.*)

WINDFLOWERS OF ASKLEPIADES.

Translated from the Greek by EDWARD STORER.

[Asklepiades lived and made his epigrams about the end of the fourth century B. C. He was a Samian, a contemporary of Theokritos, and in the *Crown* of Meleager his emblem is the windflower, the wild anemone which first sprang up in the island of Cyprus from the tears shed by Aphrodite over the grave of Adonis. Thus is this poet of love delicately associated with Kypris.]

I.

The Crown of Spring.

Sweet for the thirsty in summer is snow to drink; sweet for sailors after winter's storms to see the crown of spring; but sweeter still when beneath one coverlet two lovers lie, and Kypris is praised by both.

II.

The Rose Garland.

Stay here, my flowers, hanging by this porch, and do not shed too soon those petals I have wetted with my tears, for the eyes of lovers are always ready with tears.

But when the door opens and you see her, drip down your rain over her head, so that at least that golden hair may drink my tears.

III.

The Revel.

Run over to the Agora, Demetrios, and ask Amyntos for three bluefish, two crabs and two dozen prawns, which he will count himself, and come back here with them.

Bring, too, six crowns of roses from Thauborios — and on the way stop and tell Tryphera not to be late.

IV.

Aiskhra, the Perfume-Seller.

Bring us twenty prawns — do you hear? — and five coronals of roses. What! you've no money, you say. This is just robbery. Won't some one torture this Lapith on the wheel for me? It's a pirate we've got, not a slave.

You have done nothing wrong, you say? Nothing? Bring the account, and, Phryne, come here with the reckoning stones. O sly fox!

Wine, five drakhmas; sausage, two — eggs, hares, tunny, sesame, honeycombs. To-morrow we will go into that.

Run, now, to Aiskhra, the perfume-seller, and tell her we know she gave herself five times to Bakkho, for the bed is witness to it.

V.

On the Tomb of an Hetaira.

I hold Arkheanassa, the hetaira of Kolophon, in whose very wrinkles love lived.

O you, her lovers, who plucked the early flowers of her first youth, through what flames you have passed.

VI.

The Dread of the Sea.

Keep eight cubits away from me, stormy sea, and swell and roar with all your might.

If you wash away my mound, what will that profit you? You will find only bones and dust.

VII.

To the Hetaira Philanion.

The wanton Philanion has hurt me, and though my grief is not to be seen, it flows through me to my finger tips.

It is over with me, Loves, I am ruined; I perish. Lightheartedly enough I went to our first meeting, and now I am in Hades.

VIII.

Kleopatra's Ring.

"Drunkness" am I — a gem worked by a subtle hand. I am given in amethyst, and the subject and the stone are ill-assorted.

But I am the precious property of Kleopatra, and on the finger of a queen even "drunkness" should be sober.

IX.

The Signs of Love.

Wine is a test of love. Although Nikagoras denied his passion to us, his many cups of wine accused him.

Moreover, he wept and hung his head, and seemed sad, and his coronal was all awry.

*A play on words: *Methe*, drunkenness, and *a-methe*, not drunkenness and *amethyst*. To wear the stone was supposed to keep people sober.