



The Balancer of The Universe

A Drama of the Race Conflict in Four Acts by B. Harrison Peyton

CHARACTERS
Mauricio Crispin, a dancer from the Argentine, age 25 years.
La Corusca, Senora Crispin, his Argentine mother, age 42.
Agnes, their American guest and dancing pupil, age 22.
Mrs. Vincent Widener, a woman journalist, age 35.
Period: Present. Place: Providencia, a city on the Pacific coast.

SCENE III
The Blazing Disruption.

Agnes: Your regret, I assure you, senor, however great it may be. Oh! but she's gone—like a whirlwind!

Crispin: Yes. And you were about to say?

Agnes: Merely that her regret can by no possibility exceed my own. But for us, too, senor, the hour of parting is come, and all too soon!

Crispin: Permit me. Still, the parting won't be really final, I trust, senorita. Surely it'll be simply *hasta la vista*; for will you not return to our home in a few weeks—or months at the most?

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attended, and make my support the constant hope and desire to enfold baby Godfrey in these arms once again before there comes that last closing of his eyes.

Crispin: Do you doubt your anxiety regarding your little brother troubles my spirit nigh as much as it does your own?

Agnes: Not for an instant. But, senor, how can you so soon forget your former Colored intimate?

Crispin: High-minded, brave hearted, matchless Anthony!—unhonored, reviled martyr to the cause of liberty! Why do you assume I've forgotten him, senorita?

Agnes: He possessed a very strong hold on your affections—didn't he, senor?

Crispin: I knew him just four years; he was somewhat older than I but in that short space, he became so much like a brother to me as if our mothers had been one—and when he was shot down like—

Agnes: Oh, senor! the senora herself has described to me all her own bitter stress of grief—and yours! But, if I may venture to mention again him whom you abhor for having killed your friend, why are you not mindful his home is in Shadow City?

Crispin: You think I should be afraid to cross Terry Whiteside's path—afraid 'twill provoke just such another mortal conflict as occurred between Anthony and him? Senorita, I desire to go with you in spite of that rather unlikely possibility.

Agnes: Yet you refused to go to Shadow City to dance la Malaguena for the representative's little son, crippled and bedridden!

Crispin: Precisely. Didn't he by his infernal malice, not only cause the death of scores on scores of others, but bring about the injury of his own child as well—like a swashbuckler who strikes and is heart-wounded by the recoil of his own weapon? Indeed, Whiteside represents to my mind, senorita, such inhuman and atrocious iniquities that the mere mention of his name sets my teeth on edge—my very veins to seething with fury—revolts my whole being!

Agnes: One might sooner doubt one's own feelings than the bitter intensity of your hate, senor!

Crispin: The representative's a murderer, senorita, an evil creature, ten thousand times a monster! May the heavenpowers forbid he and I should ever meet! But, at the same time, I ask you, does the disdainful bull-fighter ever hesitate to enter the ring, even though he knows the blood-thirsty, man-killing animal is there awaiting him?

Agnes: If the two of you indeed should encounter, senor, you, you'd—would give full rein to all your—reckless desire for vengeance?

Crispin: Terry Whiteside slew my loved comrade with much the same blood-lust as that with which the ferocious beast of the wild slays its prey! Some men might be tempted, senorita, to meet the murderer eye to eye—front to front—as the enraged and rampant bull, in his terrific onrush, is met by the matador with out-thrust sword! No, rather they'd be tempted to fling themselves upon him, fasten their hands like steel on his throat—and throttle him relentlessly—just as one would any other violent and dangerous maniac. But as to me, I simply bear in mind—"whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

Agnes: Senor Crispin! Senor Crispin! you've no—any—er—the slightest pity for his children—his innocent young son—his—?

Crispin: His wretched children can't help but be the infant father! Minna, don't forget there's a goddess who metes out the universal and eternal laws—counterbalances any disturbance of the proper and equitable order of things! Righteous Heaven! how the ancient Greeks feared her whom they named Nemesis, who governed with the measuring rod and bridle; punished with the sword and the scourge; and enforced justice with the swiftness of wings, the wheel; with the vigilance of the flying griffins harnessed to her chariot! Ah, senorita! it's a Nemesis decree—"visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children!" Whiteside's—his son, his daughter—inevitably must have inherited his madness of race prejudice and hatred, or caught it as by contagion!

Agnes: For the holy Saviour's sake, senor! can't you perceive your expressed feeling—is more than sufficient reason why you shouldn't go with me?

Crispin: You torment yourself with needless fears, senorita. The chance that I shall come into personal contact with Whiteside is in fact very remote.

Agnes: Senor, on the contrary, I assure you that, if you accompany me to Shadow City, you'll certainly meet him!

Crispin: Why are you so absolutely positive of that?

Agnes: Because, senor, the fact is

his family and I dwell very close together in Shadow City; my acquaintance with his daughter is so especially intimate that I may truly call her a bosom friend!

Crispin: Incredible! You've never given us the least reason to believe that you—you—and the Whitesides—!

Agnes. It has never before been necessary, senor. But it gives me a shuddery horror to hear you talk the way you do. I must hasten to my room. Won't you kindly let me pass?

Crispin: Now I understand your attitude! Senorita, you've got to listen to me!

Agnes: Why do you persist, Senor Crispin?

Crispin: I won't—I won't permit you to go away without my having given utterance in plain words to that which my every action must've already told you over and over again!

Agnes: What's the good of saying anything further? The insurmountable obstacles, senor!

Crispin: Senorita, they tell me the quickest, surest course to the heart's—

Agnes: Senor, it's just as though you entered a fiery iron into my heart—really 'tis! Oh! you don't want to marry me—not me! I'm—Great heavens! why do you talk thus to me of love and marriage and happiness when little Godfrey's dying thousands of miles away?

Crispin: Senorita Gorland, I don't mean to be selfish. You will, I pray, be good enough to forgive me. All the same, senorita, my love constrains me to assure you you shan't go out of my life altogether, no matter what the circumstances are!

Agnes: Oh! Senor Crispin, you'll

drive me frantic, with terror, with pain!

Crispin: But your manner—how can you imagine I've been totally blind to your manner? Then, too—oh! think, senorita! how we two would dance together, with el torero so importunately wooing la Malaguena! How can you go on pretending you never perceived I was really wooing you, with all the buoyant forces, dashing eagerness, inescapableness of the wind? And while you floated before me, as lightsome and graceful—seemingly as lofty and glorious—as an illuminated cloud at sunset, surely you, too, thrilled with the consciousness that our two souls were intermingling, even as the harmonies themselves, in that music which animated your whole figure, and by which I felt myself uplifted!

Agnes: You don't know how your every word wounds me! Senor Crispin, I tell you, you'll drive me frantic with pain, with chagrin!

Crispin: Won't you, senorita, won't you marry me?

Agnes: Senor, it's just as though you entered a fiery iron into my heart—really 'tis! Oh! you don't want to marry me—not me! I'm—Great heavens! why do you talk thus to me of love and marriage and happiness when little Godfrey's dying thousands of miles away?

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Agnes: Senor! Crispin: Had you granted me your consent, senorita, I should've escorted you safely to your father's door without ever once mentioning my love. But since you refuse me your—

Agnes: Can it be your purpose to—to follow me against my will?

Crispin: I can only say such is my determination—indeed, my unalterable determination! I shall go to Shadow City in spite of the terrible memory of the panic—in spite of Terry Whiteside—in spite of everything!

Agnes: I've but the one recourse, Senor Crispin, of appealing yet further to your pity. You don't realize—

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PROBATE NOTICE
In the Matter of the Estate of Fred Gitter Deceased.
Notice is hereby given: That the creditors of said deceased will meet the administratrix of said estate, before me, County Judge of Douglas County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 26th day of June, 1919, and on the 26th day of August, 1919, at 9 o'clock A. M., each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Three months are allowed for the creditors to present their claims, from the 24th day of May, 1919.
BRYCE CRAWFORD,
County Judge.

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