THE GILDED AGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Senior . . . . A Technology student.
Westcott . . . . Another.
Smith and Jones . . . . Two more.
Bloodgood and others.

SCENE.—A chamber in a Back Bay dwelling house temporarily used as a gentlemen's dressing room.

(Enter Senior and Westcott with overcoats over their dress suits.)

Senior.
This is hard luck! We're early, blast it all!
It is enough to make a man profane,
And sacrifice his chance of future rest
With awful oaths. (Subsides grumbling.)

Westcott.
I'm with you there, old man.
It makes me tired to come before the time.
Still, we're not very early. There's the clock.
The others must be close upon our heels.
Take off your things.

(They take off their coats. Senior sits down. Westcott looks about him.)

I say, just look at that! An heirloom, I suppose; a regular chromo:
"The Dying Swan," a cheerful subject truly!
Catch on to these swell mantel ornaments:
A china dog, two alabaster vases,
A pair of old brass snuffers, and a clock!
What taste these people have! But look at this!
Just see the scrimpy glass they're given us,
So small that you can hardly see your face;
It puts me on my ear to see a thing
Like that put up for us to dress before.
Now where's the hairbrush?

(Hunts vigorously.)

Senior, I'll be jiggered!
Here is no brush for us to fix our hair.
What sort of people are they in this house?
Do they suppose we bring our brushes with us?
It makes me tired, the way some people seem

To quite forget the comfort of their guests,
Who do them proud by coming to their house.
Senior, I say.

Senior.
O, just you close your face.
You're talking through your hat. My hair's all right.

Westcott.
But mine's not. (Discovers brush.) Hm-hm-hm. Well, here's the brush.
But who on earth would ever think a man
Could find a brush that was stuck out of sight? Say, who do you suppose will come to-night?

Senior.
O, I don't know. Awfully mixed, I guess.
They always have Tom, Dick, and Harry here.

Westcott.
By Jove! you're right. Now I remember it,
They had the Washburn girls at their last dance,
With those two Richards jays.

(Enter Jones and Smith, who bow nervously to Senior and Westcott, and proceed to take off their things.)

There, look at that!
I told you so. There's Smith and Jones together,
The football player and the long-haired grind.
Who would expect to meet them anywhere?
But this is fun. Just look, they're badly phased.
They are as green as grass. And see their clothes!
Almost as from the self-same shop, I swear.
By Jove! I wonder if they hired their suits.

(Stands before the mirror and arranges his tie as Smith comes up to brush his hair.)

Were you at the last Coffee Party, Senior?

Senior.
I never go to those, they're such a bore.
And the Assemblies, too, are dreadful slow:
Sometimes I take the Harvard Assemblies in.