

**THE LOCUST FLOWER:
AND THE CELIBATE.
TWO PLAYS, PP. 1-101**

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The Locust Flower: And The Celibate. Two Plays, pp. 1-101 by Pauline Brooks Quinton

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PAULINE BROOKS QUINTON

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THE LOCUST FLOWER
and
THE CELIBATE

TWO PLAYS BY
PAULINE BROOKS QUINTON



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1916

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SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

Pauline Brooks Simons

S'consept- September 1916 -

TO
THOSE WHO LOVED ME
WHEN I WAS A CHILD

Lib. Comm.
Wagelin
12-16-36
33075

FOREWORD

Plays are written for the theatre, but the audience often leaves the best and stays for the worst. To make the play perfect the audience must see what the poet sees.

The crowd tramples on the wildflowers in the forest to find a restful spot for feast and dancing. The poet kneels at the shrine of the same wild flowers, gently and reverently feasts the soul and not the senses, and departs with lingering and loving farewells.

The most completely beautiful appreciation of a play has ever been by the poet, who was often greater than the play itself, as he sat by the fireside on a winter's evening, too poor to have the lights and color, throng, music and the players; but who shut his eyes over the rhythmic lines and dreamed as the author had dreamed before him — the sleet on the roof for his orchestra, the crackling fire for the diction of his players, the mystery of candle-light for his color!

The "first nighter" must envy such an auditor, for Imagination without a sou in pocket

Foreword

can see what the brilliant horse shoe, thronged with fair ladies and gallant men, never — never sees.

I commend these little plays to those who are slippers by the fireside on winter evenings, and whose fancy still sparkles with an ingenuous delight and whose hearts still beat with a human joy which the jewelled bosoms of society have lost or never knew.

GEORGE C. HAZELTON, JR.

New York,
1916.

THE LOCUST FLOWER *

A FANTASY IN ONE ACT

* Signifies "Love or Memory from beyond the grave."