

**THE EPISTOLARY FLIRT  
IN FOUR EXPOSURES:  
IN FOUR EXPOSURES**

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The Epistolary Flirt in Four Exposures: In Four Exposures by Esmerie Amory

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**ESMERIE AMORY**

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EPISTOLARY FLIRT

*IN FOUR EXPOSURES*

BY  
ESMERIE AMORY



CHICAGO  
WAY & WILLIAMS  
1896

27 9066.5.

PERSONS OF THE PIECE.

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- ERNESTINE . . . *A woman who writes verses.*
- IRWIN . . . . *A man who writes verse.*
- PHILIP . . . . *A man who writes poetry.*

## THE EPISTOLARY FLIRT.

### SCENE I.

*Place:* The library of a city house. *Present:*  
ERNESTINE and PHILIP. *Time:* Evening.

*Philip.*— How did it begin?

*Ernestine.*— How does anything begin, Philip? First the blade, then the ear. And the blade was such an innocent little green thing. Who could have dreamed that the full corn would be as heavy as this? [She lifts a large package of letters, and lets it drop to the floor.]

*P.* [looking about at the scattered mis-sives].— All in your writing.

*E.*— All in my writing.

*P.*— What a pretty little field of corn it



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makes. I can almost hear the wind sigh through the leaves.

*E.*—Oh, yes, the wind sighs through the leaves—the wind sighs through the leaves.

*P.*—I'll warrant that if you look within the husk you'll find as much milkiness and silkiness as—as Nature generally contrives to create in such cases. [He laughs.] If I were nearer to you I could read the address on the envelopes.

*E.*—No one shall ever come near enough for that. [Picking the letters up and hastily sorting them.] Here you observe three piles, containing respectively, four, twelve, and thirty-seven letters. The first were dated year before last, the second last year, the third this year.

*P.*—I understand. Nature is never content with mere geometrical progression. And the

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wind did not begin to sigh until there were enough leaves for it to sigh through. Suppose we start at year before last—before the sighing began.

*E.* [hastily glancing through the contents of the initial four].—Oh, there is nothing in them—nothing but gratitude and twaddle about myself. You know he believes that I am a poet.

*P.*—What a fool! You are a much finer thing: you are a woman.

*E.*—It does not seem very difficult to be a woman. I know many fellow-beings who are so distinguished.

*P.*—But the majority of them have miserably failed in the business of womanliness, a business in which you are a conspicuous success—in your way. But let us to the course of untrue love. Who was the first to write to which?

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*E.*— He wrote to me first. He happened to see a little love lyric of mine in a newspaper, and he wrote to say that he had marked it and sent it to his sweetheart, with the comment that it expressed his love for her more perfectly than he could. That was all I heard of him for two years. Then he wrote again, praising a triolet of mine he had seen in another paper. He said I had done something never yet achieved — I had given a soul to a triolet.

*P.* [vehemently].— Never! You'll find a box of figs growing on every thread of thistle-down before you'll find a soul in a triolet.

*E.*— I perceive that you have not yet read *my* triolet. Then he asked me as a fellow-writer to gratify his deep interest in my work by sending him more of it.

*P.*— And then you thanked him prettily,