

given us in the person of this Rococo! The foundations of society are crumbling!

*Mogol.* Whaddyemean?

*Finances.* He's gone and talked the Discontented into the idea that they must reform themselves. And they've taken him at his word and want to become sober!

*Mogol.* Well, and isn't that all right?

*Finances.* All right, you say? The State Treasury already shows a deficit of fourteen millions in liquor taxes. Where are we going to get the money now?

*Mogol.* You can't shake fourteen millions out of your sleeve. We must put a tax in that case on the finer wines consumed by the upper classes.

*Finances.* Won't do! We'll have the Right after us. Or they will emigrate, and society will lose its most reliable support.

*Mogol.* Then what shall we do?

*Finances.* I don't know, and therefore beg to place my portfolio at your disposition. *Exit.*

#### ACT V.

*Mogol. Minister for Luxuries.*

*Mogol.* What in God's name is the trouble now?

*Luxuries.* Oh, Great Mogol, that was a rotten reformer you sent out. He has gone and preached to them that they must reform themselves. And now they have become thrifty. Society threatens to collapse, for behold, the rascals will use neither tobacco, nor coffee, nor sugar. And the State Treasury shows a deficit of 27 millions in taxes.

*Mogol.* Fourteen and twenty-seven make forty-one millions; where are we going to get them? We must put a tax on wine and silk.

*Luxuries.* No use! The Right will emigrate and society will lose its most dependable support; I herewith present my resignation to you. *Exit.*

#### ACT VI

*Mogol. The Minister for Soldiers.*

*Mogol.* What misfortune brings you?

*Soldiers.* Oh, Great Mogol, what a stupid reformer you did send to the Discontented!

*Mogol.* What's he been doing now?

*Soldiers.* He has given them royal permission to reform themselves! And now they say that they will do no military serv-

ice, since it is forbidden by the Law and by the Gospel to use the sword. I am therefore forced to present my resignation to you. *Exit.*

#### ACT VII.

*Mogol. Later the Minister for the Dynasty.*

*Mogol.* This thing is beginning to get serious! Society doesn't really seem to be built up on the virtues exactly; we must find a way to disavow this reformer!

*Dynasty.* Oh, Great Mogol! Ruler by the Grace of God! Society is in process of disintegration. That devil of a reformer has succeeded in making the Discontented moral, and now they renounce their oath of fidelity to the Dynasty, since they consider it immoral to serve the Dynasty! What are we going to do now?

*Mogol.* We have the army!

*Dynasty.* We have *not* the army! It has become moral also. *Exit.*

*Mogol.* Oh, damn you, Lama, for giving me such advice! What on earth shall I do?

#### ACT VIII

*Mogol. Lama.*

*Lama.* Well, this is the limit! That damned Rococo has gone and given them permission to reform themselves, and they have left the State Church, because they consider it immoral to support a doctrine in which they do not believe.

*Mogol.* Where's our woe and where's our care, and where's C. O. Berg?

*Lama.* He has also left the State Church!

*Mogol.* So he has become moral too! Where shall this end?

*Lama.* We must emigrate! That's all there is to it! No Dynasty, no Army, no Church! No, it would be much better if they were immoral! The pillar of society really *does* seem to have been immorality.

*Mogol.* What are we going to do?

*Lama.* Let us become immoral!

*Mogol.* No; is there no middle path? Just think, suppose we should begin by reforming society!

*Lama.* That wouldn't be so bad, perhaps.

*Mogol.* Please note that I say *we*: for *they* must not occupy themselves with such delicate tasks.

*Lama.* If Rococo's going to have any share in this, I'll emigrate at once.

*Mogol whistles.*