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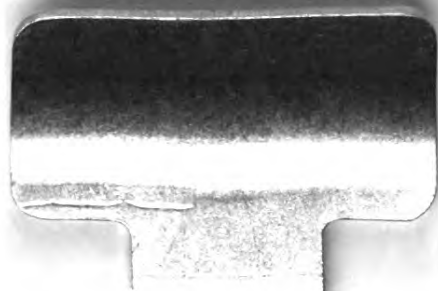
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IN
HIS HUMOUR

27001





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HIS HUMOUR

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CONTENTS



	PAGE
NATION AND EMPIRE	1
ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH	7
CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL	13
POLICY	19
HUMAN NATURE, LIBERTY, EQUALITY	23
LIFE	31
LOVE	35
MARRIAGE	39
MANNERS	43
POEMS	49
ANIMALS	61
TOWN AND COUNTRY	65
WOMEN	73
SENTIMENT, LICENCE, FREEDOM AND OTHER MATTERS	77
GOVERNMENT	87
THE PRESS	93
LAW AND PRISONS	97
"OLD ENGLISH"	103
FOOD AND WINE	107
BEHAVIOUR	111
MONEY AND FINANCE	117
PERSONS AND CHARACTERS, AFFECTIONS AND MORALITIES	121

OF NATION AND EMPIRE

OF NATION AND EMPIRE

NATIONS *can't* let each other alone.

Big ones could let little ones alone.

If they could there'd be no big ones. My dear fellow, we know little nations are your hobby, but surely office should have toned you down.

I've served my country fifty years, and I say she is not in the wrong.

I hope to serve her fifty, and I say she is.

There are moments when such things can't be said.

The Mob.

If you believe in your country, you must believe that the more land and power she has, the better for the world.

Is that your faith ?

Yes.

I respect it ; I even understand it ; but—I can't hold it.

The Mob.

Of all shallow-pated humbug—that sneering at chivalry's the worst. Civilization—such as we've got—is built on it.

Windows.

What do you say, Dad? Is civilization built on chivalry or on self-interest?

The question is considerable, Johnny. I should say it is built on contract, and jerry-built at that.

Yes; but why do we keep contracts when we can break them with advantage and impunity?

But do we keep them?

Well--say we do; otherwise you'll admit there isn't such a thing as civilization at all. But *why* do we keep them? Why did we give women the vote? Why free slaves? Why anything decent for the little and weak?

Well, you might say it was convenient for people living in communities.

I don't think it's convenient at all. Why not jungle law if there's nothing in chivalry?

Chivalry is altruism, Johnny. Of course it's quite a question whether altruism isn't enlightened self-interest.

Oh! Damn!

Windows.

A great country such as ours is trustee for
the highest sentiments of mankind.

The Mob.

The Empire's built by men that's got an itch
to measure themselves against the impossible.

The Forest.

After all, you can only die once, and, if it's
for your country—all the better!

Defeat.



OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH

THE English 'ave no idea of pleasure. They make it all so coarse and virtuous.

A Family Man.

We English, you know, still look on the body as the devil. It's bad form, until it's dead—then we're all over it. The body becomes sacred at once. Considering how we treat it till it's dead, it's unreasonable. But, after all, what would the English be without their sweet unreasonableness.

The Roof.

The English are so amiable.

Deuce they are! They haven't got that reputation.

Oh! I admire Englishmen. They are so strong and kind.

Hm! We've no manners.

The Frenchman is more polite; but not in the 'eart.

Yes. I suppose we're pretty sound at heart.

And the Englishman have his life in the family—the Frenchman have his life outside.

A Family Man.

I always say the great point about an Englishman is that he's got bottom ; you may knock him off his pins, but you find him on 'em again before you can say " Jack Robinson."

A Family Man.

The English are very humanitarian ; they have a very high sense of duty.

The Little Man.

That's where you're too English, my love ; grasping at conscience and missing casseroles.

The Roof.

The Englishman never sees his enemy—he eats too much fog and Yorkshire puddin'—so he is never ready. What Englishman believes he is at war till he 'as been beaten three or four times ? Then he begins to scratch his head and say, " Dear me, there is a war on."

The Forest.

Said old England was played out.
But she's still full of beans, isn't she ?
And always will be.
That's what I think.

Old English.

With so many poor people having nothing to look forward to, it seems almost the first duty of the Englishman to leave England.

Things do look a bit blue. The liquor trade's declinin'. You don't think the old country's goin' to peg out, do you ?

No, far from it ! England is very tough.

Exiled.

We're in England, and thank God for it.

Ah ! We're in England, good old England ; and ain't she gettin' old ?

Not she ! She's a two-year-old.

And we love 'er ; and we love 'er !

That *is* the little trouble. But *her* soul goes marching on !

Exiled.

OF CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL

OF CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL

ARTISTS are a loose lot. And young people in these days are the limit. I quite believe in moving with the times, but one's either born a Conservative, or one isn't.

A Family Man.

What are you goin' to ask Sir Charles if 'e comes in ?

What more can be done for the miners.

Well ! If your paper's Conservative he'll say : Nothing. If it's Liberal, he'll say : Everything. And if it's Labour, he'll say : Go to 'ell.

Exiled.

How is it possible for Liberals and Conservatives to join hands, as you call it ? That shows how absurd it is for women—

Why, the very essence of a Liberal is to trust the people.

Now, John, eat your breakfast. As if there were any real difference between you and the Conservatives. All the upper classes have the same interests to protect, and the same principles.

The Silver Box.

But we Liberals feel—
That you want a war-cry.

The Forest.

Funny thing that, about cocoa—how it still runs through the Liberal Party. It's virtuous, I suppose. Wine, beer, tea, coffee—all of 'em vices. But cocoa—you may drink a gallon a day, and annoy no one but yourself! There's a lot of deep things in life.

The Foundations.

The Labour man has got in at the by-election, my dear.

Another Labour? I can't think what on earth the country is about.

I predicted it. It's not a matter of vast importance.

Not? How can you take it so calmly, John? To me it's simply outrageous. And there you sit, you Liberals, and pretend to encourage these people!

The representation of all parties is necessary for any proper reform, any proper social policy.

The Silver Box.

It's lucky we English in'erited the earth, there ain't much left for some of us, bar taxes.

There's English blood and bone. If the old country'd put her back into it, the whole trouble would mop up like one of these ground mists. That's my opinion.

Why can't these politicians drop their Parties and put their heads together? We want a national policy.

Exiled.

I've no patience with your talk of reform—all that nonsense about social policy. We know perfectly well what they want; they want things for themselves. Those Socialists and Labour men are an absolutely selfish set of people. They have no sense of patriotism, like the upper classes; they simply want what we've got.—Quite uneducated men! Wait until they begin to tax our investments. I'm convinced that when they once get a chance they will tax everything—they've no feeling for the country. You Liberals and Conservatives, you're all alike; you don't see an inch before your noses. You've no imagination, not a scrap of imagination between you. You ought to join hands.

The Silver Box.

What's the remedy, sir? Are you one of those who put it all on the politician?

Poor devils, no!

But don't you think they might do more, sir?

If they pulled together, certainly.

But isn't the essence of politics that they shouldn't?

Looks like it. Labour pulls one way. Big business pulls another. The Liberals prance, and the Tories stick their toes in.

Then you think the situation hopeless?

Well, the country's getting richer all the time.

Exiled.

In the present state of affairs—What would you do, sir, if you had your way?

Increase agriculture; speed up emigration; abolish the slums.

Do you think we shall?

No. In the circumstances—you'll have something to drink?

Exiled.

OF POLICY

OF POLICY

WITH all this socialistic mollycoddling,
you're losing sight of the individual.

The Fugitive.

The only way to get order, sir, is to bring the
disorderly up with a round turn.

The Pigeon.

With all this extremism, we want a man of
principle and common sense.

A Family Man.

**OF HUMAN NATURE, LIBERTY AND
EQUALITY**

OF HUMAN NATURE, LIBERTY AND
EQUALITY

WHAT is class hatred?

Ah! A lot o' people thought when the war was over there'd be no more o' that. Used to amuse me to read in the papers about the wonderful unity that was comin'. I could ha' told 'em different.

The Foundations.

What's the use of all these lofty ideas that you can't live up to? Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, Democracy—see what comes o' fightin' for 'em! 'Ere we are—wipin' out the lot. We thought they was fixed stars; they was only comets—hot air. No; trust 'uman nature, I say, and follow your instincts.

Windows.

We ought to have faith.

Of course, in the Bible they 'ad faith, and just look what it did to them!

I mean faith in human instincts, human nature.

Oh! no, sir, *not* human nature; I never let that get the upper hand.

Windows.

We're goin' to 'ave a triumpherat in this country—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; an' if yer arsk me, they won't be in power six months before they've cut each other's throats.

The Foundations.

Thinks 'e knows 'uman nature, but of course 'e don't. Still, I can talk to 'im—got an open mind, and hates the Gover'ment. That's the two great things.

Windows.

Between man and man, now—what do you think of the situation of the country—these processions of the unemployed—the Red Flag an' the Marsillaisy in the streets—all this talk about an upheaval?

Well, speaking as a Socialist—

Why, I thought your newspaper was Tory!

So it is. That's nothing.

The Foundations.

The things he tells me is too wonderful for words. He's 'ad to do with prisoners, and generals——every sort of 'orror.

Windows.

Policemen, priests, prisoners, Cabinet Ministers, anyone who leads an unnatural life, see how it twists 'em.

Windows.

I sometimes think we humans are a rubbishy lot—each of us talking and thinking of nothing but our own potty little affairs.

Joy.

In a hundred human beings, how many have got souls?

It's difficult to say. So many people keep their souls locked up.

The Roof.

See people as they are. Then you won't be disappointed. Don't have ideals. Have vision—just simple vision.

Windows.

When you come to think how they take 'uman life in Injia and Ireland and all those there places, it seems 'ard to come down like a cartload o' bricks on a bit of a girl that's been carried away by a moment's abiration.

Windows.

What can a workin' girl do with a baby born under the rose, as they call it? Wonderful the difference money makes when it comes to bein' outside the law.

Windows.

Ah! But you shouldn't brood over it. I knew a man in Valpiraso that 'ad spent 'alf 'is life in prison—a *jolly* feller; I forget what 'e'd done, somethin' bloody. I want to see you like him.

Windows.

There's a lot of disposition in all of us. Question is: How far are you to give rein to your disposition? I knew a man who had the biggest disposition I ever come across. 'E struck 'is wife, 'e smoked opium, 'e was a liar, 'e gave all the rein 'e could, and yet, with all, one of the pleasantest men I ever met.

Windows.

“ There’s compensation for everything ”—
'Aigel says. At least, if it wasn't 'Aigel it was
one o' the others.

Windows.

People talk o' progress. What a sooper-
stition! Of course there ain't progress; it's a
world-without-end affair. You've got to make
up your mind to it, and not be discouraged.

Windows.

OF LIFE

OF LIFE

LIFE'S a disease—a blinkin' oak-apple : An' 'uman life's a 'umorous disease ; that's all the difference. Why—wot else can it be? See the bloomin' promise and the blighted performance—different as a 'eadline to the noos inside.

The Foundations.

What's done can't be undone; but it can be remedied.

A Family Man.

It's sport makes life worth livin'.

Others think work, I believe; others think women.

Work? You've got to work if you want to eat. But women? Work and women cancel each other out. Sport's the only real thing.

Similes.

All life's a struggle between people at different stages of development, in different positions, with different amounts of social influence and property. And the only thing is to have rules of the game and keep them.

The Skin Game.

They say life's a vale o' sorrows. Well, so
'tes, but don't du to let yureself thenk so.

The Foundations.

There's nothing like real life, after all. Beats
the theatre hollow.

The Show.

Life's too short for rows, and too jolly!

The Skin Game.

Only one thing in life matters—independence.
Lose that, lose everything.

Old English.

You can't tell how good it is to be alive till
you're facing death.

Defeat.

OF LOVE



OF LOVE

IT isn't enough to love people because they are good to you, or because in some way or other you're going to get something by it. We have to love because we love loving. That's the great thing—without that we're nothing but pagans.

A Bit o' Love.

The great thing about love is that each should know what the other wants at the moment.

The Roof.

God, of the moon and the sun; of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow—Give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing!

A Bit o' Love.

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OF MARRIAGE

OF MARRIAGE

If marriage is a failure people ought to be perfectly free ; it isn't everybody who believes that marriage is everything. Of course, *I* believe it's sacred, but if it's a failure, *I do* think it seems awful—don't you?

Joy.

What do you want with wills of your own till you're married?

A Family Man.

You've been bitten by this modern disease, this—this utter lack of common decency. There's an eternal order in certain things, and marriage is one of them ; in fact, it's the chief.

A Family Man.

OF MANNERS

D

OF MANNERS

HE'S a gentleman—didn't you hear his sniffy way o' talkin'?

Escape.

I suppose you call yourself a gentleman?
I really don't know. Depends on who I'm with.

Escape.

There's a kind of man that never forgives the world because he wasn't born a gentleman. What I say is—no man that's a gentleman looks down on another man because 'e 'appens to be a class or two above 'im, no more than if 'e 'appens to be a class or two below.

Strife.

No gentleman ever talks about his adventures with women.

The Roof.

It's not for me to say nothing—but I can tell a gen'leman as quick as ever I can tell a 'orse.

I find it safest to assume that every man is a gentleman, and every woman a lady. Saves no end of self-contempt,

The Pigeon.

Shall I tell you why I favour the gov'nor? Because, with all his pomp, he's a gentleman, as much as I am. Never asks you to do what he wouldn't do himself. What's more, he never comes it over you. If you get drunk, or—well, you understand me, he'll just say: "Yes, yes; I know, James" till he makes you feel he's done it himself. I've had experience with him in the war and out. Why! he didn't even hate the Huns, not as he ought. I tell you he's no Christian.

Well, for irreverence—

And he'll never be. He's got too soft a heart.

The Foundations.

What's your definition of a gentleman, Dodo?
Can't describe—only feel it.

Oh! Try!

Well—er—I suppose you might say—a man who keeps his form, and doesn't let life scupper him out of his standards.

But suppose his standards are low?

I assume, of course, that he's honest and tolerant, gentle to the weak, and not self-seeking.

The Skin Game.

I like to see the 'Umanitarians set about each other.

An Antivivisectionist and a doctor. You can't 'ave better sport than that.

You wouldn't call a doctor a humanitarian, would you?

Well, he's supposed to 'ave a leanin' that way.

Exiled.

We all have feelin's!

Not below three hundred a year.

Dear, dear! Where were you educated?

I wasn't.

Windows.

To have a mind—as you call it—it's not necessary to talk about Art and Literature.

The Fugitive.

The value of a sentiment is the amount of sacrifice you are prepared to make for it.

Yes: I read that in *The Times* yesterday.

Windows.

She's awfully virtuous, though, isn't she?
'Tisn't so much the bein' virtuous as the
lookin' it that's awful.

The Foundations.

What *does* one do with a glad eye that belongs
to someone else?

Windows.

To be irregular's one thing; but to swear you
ain't if you are, is askin' for trouble.

The Show.

I revolt. I won't be a hypocrite and a
Pharisee.

Well, for goodness sake let *me* be one.

Windows.

You were a soldier—use your reason.
Never allowed one in the Army, sir.

The Show.

Let the present bury the past—as the sayin' is.
Forget all about yourself, and you'll be a differ-
ent girl in no time.

Do *you* want to be a different woman?

Well! You *are* sharp! Here's the vinegar.

Windows.

POEMS

POEMS

COME with me if thou would'st know
A summer that will never go,
Flowers unfading and the tune
Of sheep-bells wandering in June.
And I will conjure till these seem
Such part of elfin-land to thee,
That backed on swallow thou shalt fly
And chase the thistle floating by,
And ride on moonbeams thro' the sky
To rob dark night of ecstasy.

The Roof.

LITTLE star soul
Through the frost fields of night
Roaming alone disconsolate—
From out the cold
I call thee in—
Striking my dark mandolin—
Beneath this moon of gold.

Pretty grey moth,
Where the strange candles shine,
Seeking for warmth, so desperate—
Ah! fluttering dove
I bid thee win—
Striking my dark mandolin—
The crimson flame of love.

Lips of my song,
To the white maiden's heart
Go ye, and whisper, passionate,
These words that burn—
“ O listening one!
Love that flieth past is gone,
Nor ever may return! ”

The Little Dream.

THE windy hours through darkness fly --
Canst hear them, little heart?
New loves are born, and old loves die,
And kissing lips must part.
The dusky bees of passing years—
Canst see them, soul of mine—
From flower and flower supping tears,
And pale sweet honey wine?

O flame, that treads the marsh of time
Flitting for ever low,
Where, through the black enchanted slime,
We, desperate, following go—
Untimely fire, we bid thee stay!
Into dark air above,
The golden gipsy thins away—
So has it been with love!

The Little Dream.

TO the wild grass come, and the dull far roar
Of the falling rock; to the flowery meads
Of thy mountain home, where the eagles soar,
And the grizzled flock in the sunshine feeds.
To the Alp, where I, in the pale light crowned
With the moon's thin horns, to my pasture roam,
To the silent sky, and the wistful sound
Of the rosy dawns—my daughter, come!

The Little Dream.

MY goat, my little speckled one,
My yellow-eyed, sweet-smelling,
Let moon and wind and golden sun
And stars beyond all telling
Make, every day, a sweeter grass,
And multiply thy leaping !
And may the mountain foxes pass
And never see thee sleeping !
Oh ! Let my pipe be clear and far,
And let me find sweet water !
No hawk, nor udder-seeking jar
Come near thee, little daughter !
May fiery rocks defend, at noon,
Thy tender feet from slipping !

Oh ! hear my prayer beneath the moon—
Great Master, Goat-God—skipping !

The Little Dream.

WANDERING flame, thou restless fever
Burning all things, regretting none;
The winds of fate are stilled for ever—
Thy little generous life is done,
And all its wistful wanderings cease.
Thou traveller to the tideless sea,
Where light and dark, and change and peace
Are One—Come, little soul, to Mystery!

The Little Dream.

THE tambourine and castanet
To rhythmic beat and clack are set,
And at the music wild and sweet
The gipsy girls are on their feet.
The heels are tapping on the floor;
And strumming fingers in refrain
Untiring on the twanged guitars,
Repeat the tune again, again.
 Tra-la-la-la !

The rings of silver and of bronze
Are gleaming on the sun-burnt wrists,
In orange and in silver twists
The floating scarves are whirled along;
The song is married to the dance,
The dance is married to the song.

At first the beat is slow and thin,
Then free and fast the dancers spin,
Till all are fey—and dance the night away.
 Tra-la-la !

The gipsy music-men can wring
A frenzy from each drum and string.
The wild notes trilling to the stars
Bewitch the dancing Zingaras.

From out the drugging of the song,
The drowsing rhythm of the dance,
The gipsies, from their seeming trance
Waking, fly along, all enfevered, lost,
As in a whirlwind spun and tossed.
Tra-la-la-la!

Carmen. (New Version by J. and A. G.)

LOVE'S a bird that is wild as air,
And ever to his freedom clings;
Call him to you, he is not there!
Repulse him, and he'll fold his wings.
Love heeds neither threat nor prayer,
Entreat him and he far will flee.
Stony art thou? Ah! Have a care,
For love that's wooed not flies to thee!

Ah! Love! Ah! Love
The God of Love is gipsy-born,
And he has ever wandered free.
You love me not? Then am I sworn
That I rest nevermore till you love me!
You love me not? Ah! So you say!
But see, love's messenger is on its way.
You love me not? Take care! The dart
Of love is quivering in your heart!

Caught? Ah! No! he has flown away;
He's flown, and so you wait in vain.
Care not whether he fly or stay,
And lo! love's bird is back again!
He'll be near you when you have fled.
But bid him come and he is gone!
Press him to you and he seems dead.
You fly! He claims you for his own.

Ah! Love! Ah! Love!
The God of Love is gipsy-born,
And he has ever wandered free;
You love me not, then am I sworn
That I rest nevermore till you love me!

Carmen.

OH! come with us over the plain, under the
moon,
Up to the hills and the rain. Our life—you will
take to it soon!
Ride with us, ride! Come with us, then you will
see
All that a gipsy life can be.
There's the world before us still,
And for the Law we've our own dear will.
Best of all, up there, the gipsy star
Is bright and far, is bright and far.

There is the moon to light our flight—
Come, gipsies all!
Sun, star, moonshine,
All the sky is yours and mine.
All the earth before us still,
For law our own dear will,
And, best of all, up there our star—
Our star, so bright, so far!

Carmen.

OF ANIMALS

OF ANIMALS

GOD made this poor bird for the sky and the grass. And you put it in *that!* Never cage any wild thing; Never!

A Bit o' Love.

Locked up—! A little wild animal locked up. There he goes, up and down—in his cage—don't you see him?—looking for a place to gnaw his way through.

The First and the Last.

I like dawgs. They're friendly things.
More friendly, I'm afraid, than human beings.
You're right.

Exiled.

Curious, how much fonder of animals we English are than any other people.

Exiled.

OF TOWN AND COUNTRY

OF TOWN AND COUNTRY

THE good God made me so that I would rather walk a whole month of nights, hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool.

The Pigeon.

London—the swarm and push, the struggle for mere existence, the frightful riot of vitality without aim or end, but a fight for food and light and air. In the early mornings I've watched the swarms of human ants coming in over the bridges—pale, over-worked, dwarfed, stoop-shouldered—the ghastly, teeming struggle of it! By God, it makes you dream, it gives you nightmare. And all those great spaces in South Africa, Canada, Australia, that want populations, white populations, where people can live a man's life.

The Forest.

I lived in the country—I did my lovin' therr; I burried father therr. Therr bain't nothin' in life, you know, but a bit o' lovin'—all said an' done; bit o' lovin', with the wind, an' the stars out. 'T'es a brave pleasure, is lovin'. I likes to zee et in young folk. I likes to zee 'em kissin'; shows the 'eart in 'em. 'T'es the 'eart makes the world go round; 'tesn't nothin' else, in my opinion. No, I *never* yeard a swan sing—never! But I tell 'ee what I 'ave 'eard; the gells singin' in th' orchard 'angin' up the clothes to dry, an' the cuckoos callin' back to 'em. There's a-many songs in the country—the 'eart is free-like in the country.

The Foundations.

I am the mountains. Amongst kine and my black-brown sheep I live; I am silence, and monotony; I am the solemn hills. I am fierceness, and the mountain wind; clean pasture, and wild rest. Look in my eyes, love *me* alone! I stalk the eternal hills—I drink the mountain snows. My eyes are the colour of burned wine; in them lives melancholy. The lowing of the kine, the wind, the sound of falling rocks, the running of the torrents; no other talk know I. Thoughts single, and blood hot, strength huge—the cloak of gravity. Little soul! Hold to me! Love me! Live with me under the stars!

The Little Dream.

I am the town—the will o' the wisp that dances through the streets; I am the cooing dove, from the plane-trees' and the chestnuts' shade. From day to day all changes, where I burn my incense to my thousand little gods. In white palaces I dwell, and passionate dark alleys. The life of men in crowds is mine—of lamplight in the streets at dawn. I have a thousand loves, and never one too long; for I am nimbler than your heifers playing in the sunshine. I hear the rustling of the birth and death of pleasure; and the rattling of swift wheels. I hear the hungry oaths of men; and love kisses in the airless night. Without *me*, little soul, you starve and die. My thoughts surpass in number the flowers in your meadows; they fly more swiftly than your eagles on the wind. I drink the wine of aspiration, and the drug of disillusion. Thus am I never dull! Love *me*, little soul! I paint life fifty colours. I make a thousand pretty things. I twine about your heart.

The Little Dream.

Mine are the clouds with the dark silvered wings; mine are the rocks on fire with the sun; and the dewdrops cooler than pearls. Away from my breath of snow and sweet grass, thou wilt droop, little soul.

Thou shalt lie on the hills with Silence; and dance in the cities with Knowledge. Both shall possess thee! The sun and the moon on the mountains shall burn thee; the lamps of the Town sing thy wings, small Moth! Each shall seem all the world to thee, each shall seem as thy grave. Thy heart is a feather blown from one mouth to the other. But be not afraid! For the life of a man is for all loves in turn. 'Tis a little raft moored, then sailing out into the blue; a tune caught in a hush, then whispering on; a new-born babe, half courage and half sleep. There is a hidden rhythm. Change, Quietude. Chances, Certainty. The One, the Many. Burn on—thou pretty flame, trying to eat the world. Thou shalt come to me at last, my little soul!

The Little Dream.

To love is to live—seeking for wonder. When a feather flies is it not loving the wind, the unknown? If darkness and light did not change, could we breathe? To love is to peer over the edge, and, spying the little grey flower, to climb down! It has wings; it has flown—again you must climb; it shivers, 'tis but air in your hand—you must crawl, you must cling, you must leap, and still it is there and not there—for the grey flower flits like a moth, and the wind of its wings is all you shall catch. But your eyes shall be shining, your cheeks shall be burning, your breast shall be panting.—Ah, little heart! And when the night comes—there it is still, thistledown blown on the dark, and your white hands will reach for it and your honey breath waft it, and never, never shall you grasp it—but life shall be lovely.

The Little Dream.



OF WOMEN

OF WOMEN

I'm an old woman; and old women must take liberties, you know, or they couldn't get on at all.

A Bit o' Love.

I tell you what, young woman—the sooner you and your sister get rid of your silly notions about not living at home, and making your own way, the sooner you'll both get married. Men don't like the new spirit in women—they may say so, but they don't.

A Family Man.

Well, in my belief, we all have a vice about us somewhere. But if I were you, miss, I wouldn't touch bettin'.

The Fugitive.

Have you ever acted? You mightn't think so, but there's a prejudice in favour of training. There's Chorus—I don't recommend it.

Joy.

When a woman's living alone and unprotected, the very least thing will set a lot of hags and jackanapes talking.

Joy.

How beastly women are to each other!

Windows.

You don't like women—that's clear.

Not too much.

You speak your mind, anyway.

If you ask me, they've got such a lot of vice about 'em compared with horses.

And who puts vice into them?

I know—you all say men, but d'you believe it?

Well, I don't know. Don't men put vice into horses?

M'yes! All the same, there's nothing wilder than a wild horse—I've seen 'em out West.

There's nothing *so* wild as a wild woman.

Escape.

**OF SENTIMENT, LICENCE, FREEDOM,
AND OTHER MATTERS**



*OF SENTIMENT, LICENCE, FREEDOM
AND OTHER MATTERS*

IT has been said that times have changed ; if they have, I have not changed with them. It has been said that masters and men are equal. Cant ! There can be only one master in a house ! Where two men meet the better man will rule. It has been said that Capital and Labour have the same interests. Cant ! Their interests are as wide asunder as the poles. . . . This middle-class sentiment, or socialism, or whatever it may be, is rotten. . . . Mark my words : one fine morning, when you have given way here, and given way there—you will find you have parted with the ground beneath your feet and are deep in the bog of bankruptcy ; and with you, floundering in that bog, will be the very men you have given way to. I am thinking of the future of this country, threatened with the black waters of confusion, threatened with mob government, threatened with what I cannot see. If by any conduct of mine I help to bring this on us, I shall be ashamed to look my fellows in the face.

Strife.

I tell you—a very little more of this liberty—
licence I call it—and there isn't a man who'll be
able to call himself head of a family.

A Family Man.

My family goes back to the thirteenth century.
Nowadays they laugh at that! I don't! Nowa-
days they laugh at everything—they even laugh
at the word lady—I married *you*, and I don't.
. . . You and I were brought up, and we've
brought the children up, with certain beliefs,
and wants, and habits. A man's past—his
traditions—he can't get rid of them. They're
—they're himself!

The Eldest Son.

Maudlin sentimentality in these days is
absolutely rotting this country. A man can't
be master in his own house, can't require his
wife to fulfil her duties, can't attempt to control
the conduct of his daughters, without coming up
against it. A man can't control his employees;
he can't put his foot down on rebellion anywhere,
without a lot of humanitarians and licence-lovers
howling at him.

A Family Man.

I suppose you were brought up to think men should have a good time and women shouldn't?

Hardly so crude as that. No! My suspicion is that we none of us get a good time if we're after it.

What *would* you go after then?

You have me—ask a moralist.

Exiled.

You country folk are fair awful hypocrites. Ye talk about good form and all that sort o' thing. It's just the comfortable doctrine of the man in the saddle; sentimental varnish.

The Skin Game.

The interest of the State——

The interest of the individual citizen, sir——

Come! A little of both, a little of both.

A Family Man.

My doubt is whether our instincts at this moment of the world's history are leading us up or down.

What is up and what is down? Can you answer me that? Is it up or down to get so soft you can't take care of yourself?

Down.

Well, is it up or down to get so 'ard that you can't take care of others?

Down.

Well, there you are!

Then our instincts are taking us down?

No. They're strikin' a balance, unbeknownst, all the time.

Windows.

The whole thing's so jolly complicated. According to Calway, we're to give the State all we can spare, to make the undeserving deserving. He's a Professor; he ought to know. But old Hoxton's always dinning it into me that we ought to support private organizations for helping the deserving, and damn the undeserving. Well, that's just the opposite. And he's a J.P. Tremendous experience. And the Vicar seems to be for a little bit of both.

The Pigeon.

The more I see of the times the more I'm convinced that everybody who is anybody has got to buckle to, and save the landmarks left.

The Eldest Son.

Ah! We want the good old times. The further you look back the more dependable the times get; 'ave you noticed that, sir?

Windows.

In Sir Charles's grandfather's day, coal and land were property; now you can't get 'em taken off your hands. D'ye think I can make my farm pay? It's a hobby, that all it is.

Exiled.

Unless you're anxious to come down you must not put the lower classes up.

The Foundations.

Education is simply ruining the lower classes. It unsettles them, and that's the worst for us all. I see an enormous difference in the manner of servants.

The Silver Box.

People talk about sympathy with the working classes : they don't know what it means to try and put it into practice.

Strife.

Men are very simple creatures ; and Mob is just conglomerate essence of simple men.

The Mob.

Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's Capital! A thing that will say—" I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows—you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital! A white-faced, stony-hearted monster.

Can't we have done with this old-fashioned tug-of-war business ? What good's it doing you ? Why don't you recognize once for all that these people are men like yourselves, and want what's good for them just as you want what's good for you—your motor-cars, and champagne, and eight-course dinners.

Strife.

When a man's down, never 'it 'im. 'Tisn't necessary. Give him a hand up. That's a metaphor I recommend to you in life. It's sound policy.

Justice.

T. (staring at H.) D'you know, sir—these terms, they're the *very same* we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?

H. (in a slow grim voice) That's where the fun comes in!

Strife.

The microbe of freedom; it's in the air.

Yes, and there it'll stay—that's the first sensible word you've uttered. Now, come! Take your hat off, and let's be friends!

A Family Man.

OF GOVERNMENT

OF GOVERNMENT

WHAT'S the good of morals and beliefs?
What do they lead to? If you want me to
go somewhere you must tell me why.

Exiled.

Human nature *is* stubborn. That's what you
easy-going people never see.

Windows.

You make me despair. You're so matter-of-
fact you never give one credit for a pure ideal.

I know where ideals lead.

Where?

Into the soup. And the purer they are, the
hotter the soup.

Windows.

War is war!

Not on women!

It not infrequently happens that women are
the greatest sufferers.

If we knew that, all the more responsibility
rests on us.

This is no matter for amateurs.

Call me what you like, sir. It's sickened me.
We had no right to carry things to such a
length.

Strife.

The Government ought to have looked ahead sooner.

Eh, but Goovernments are always late with the milk. When t'pig's dead they'll cure it, fast enoof.

Exiled.

I wouldn't be surprised to see a change of Government before long. I've seen 'uge trees in Brazil without any roots—seen 'em come down with a rush.

Good image, Mr. Bly. Hope you're right.

Well, Governments! They're all the same—Butter when they're out of power, and blood when they're in. And Lord! 'ow they do abuse other Governments for doin' the things they do themselves.

Windows.

We great Powers have got to change our ways in dealing with weaker nations. The very dogs can give us lessons—watch a big dog with a little one.

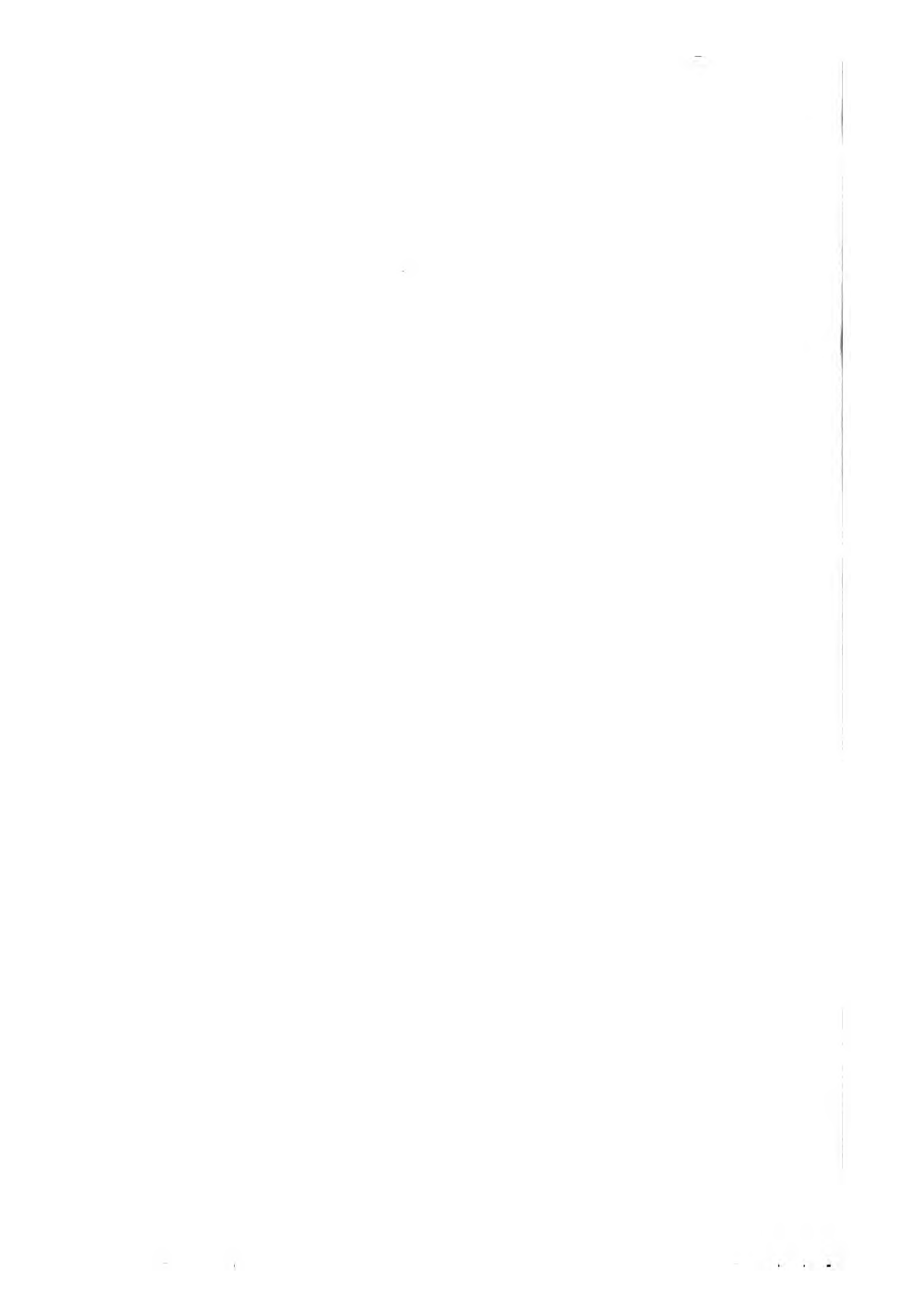
No, no, these things are not so simple as that.

There's no reason in the world why the rules of chivalry should not apply to nations at least as well as to dogs.

The Mob.

Dangerous times these. Authority questioned all over the place. We want a man that feels his responsibilities With all this extremism we want a man of principle and common sense.

A Family Man.



OF THE PRESS

OF THE PRESS

WE couldn't do wivaht the Press—there wouldn't be no distress, no revolution—'cos nobody'd know nuffin' abaht it. Why! There wouldn't be no life at all on Earf in these dyes, wivaht the Press! It's them wot says: "Let there be Light—an' there is Light."

The Foundations.

Would you say that a strong Press movement would help to quiet the country?

Well, as you ask me, Lord William, I'll tell you. No newspapers for a month would do the trick.

The Foundations.

Is it fair to attribute responsibility to an unsigned journalist for what he has to say?

The Foundations.

The Press gets all the blame for the natural instincts of mankind. I don't care what they say, curiosity is the greatest thing in the world.

The Show.

Some people abuse the papers; I don't. There might be something to be said for juggin' the lot; but short o' that you must take 'em as they come.

Similes.

I'm always so sorry for people who read *The Times*; such a very loud noise——

The Winter Garden.

The Press is the chief safeguard against injustice of all sorts.

The Show.

I say: Is there really going to be a revolution, or are you making it up, you Press?

We don't know. We never know whether we come before the event, or it comes before us.

That's very deep—very deep. D'you mind lending me your note-book a moment. I'd like to stick that down. Thanks awfully. Now what's your real opinion of the situation?

As a man, or a Press man?

Is there any difference?

Is there any connection?

Well, as a man.

As a man, I think it's rotten.

'Rotten.' And as a Press man?

Prime.

The Foundations.

OF THE LAW AND PRISONS

OF THE LAW AND PRISONS

LOOK in at Bow Street on Monday morning. To see 'em shoot the sitting pheasant?—no, thanks; the Law isn't exactly sporting. Can't be, I suppose, if it's got to keep the course clear.

Escape.

That great cage which never again quite lets a man go—the cage of the Law. . . . Men are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals.

Justice.

I contend that, just as a man who destroys himself may be, and often is, absolved from the stigma attaching to the crime of self-murder, so he may, and frequently does, commit other crimes while in this irresponsible condition, and that he may as justly be acquitted of criminal intent and be treated as a patient. I admit that this is a plea which might well be abused. It is a matter for discretion.

Justice.

You see some rum starts, too, in a lawyer's office, in a quiet way.

Loyalties.

I've never been mixed up with the Law, and I don't want to begin. When you do, you don't know where you'll stop.

Loyalties.

Public opinion's always in advance of the Law.



Windows.

There is nothing more tragic in life than the utter impossibility of changing what you have done.

Justice.

The background of "life"—that palpitating life which, believe me—whatever my friend may say—always lies behind the commission of a crime.

Justice.

Rather dangerous giving the police a discretion on morals. The police are very like ourselves ; and—er—most of us haven't got discretion and the rest haven't got morals.

Escape.

I've been sitting in that Court all these three days, watching, and it's made me feel there's nothing we like better than seeing people skinned.

Loyalties.

Thought is one thing—knowledge another. There's duty to our profession. Ours is a fine calling. On the good faith of solicitors a very great deal hangs.

Loyalties.

The Law is what it is—a majestic edifice, sheltering all of us, each stone of which rests on another.

Justice.

They're *nasty* places—prisons.

Justice.

The noises are all hollow in a prison. You'd think you'd get used to being shut up, but I never did. It's awful the feeling you get there—so tight and choking. People who are free don't know what it's like to be shut up.

Windows.

Have you been in prison, ever?

No, thank God.

It's awfully clean.

You bet.

And it's stone cold. It turns your heart.

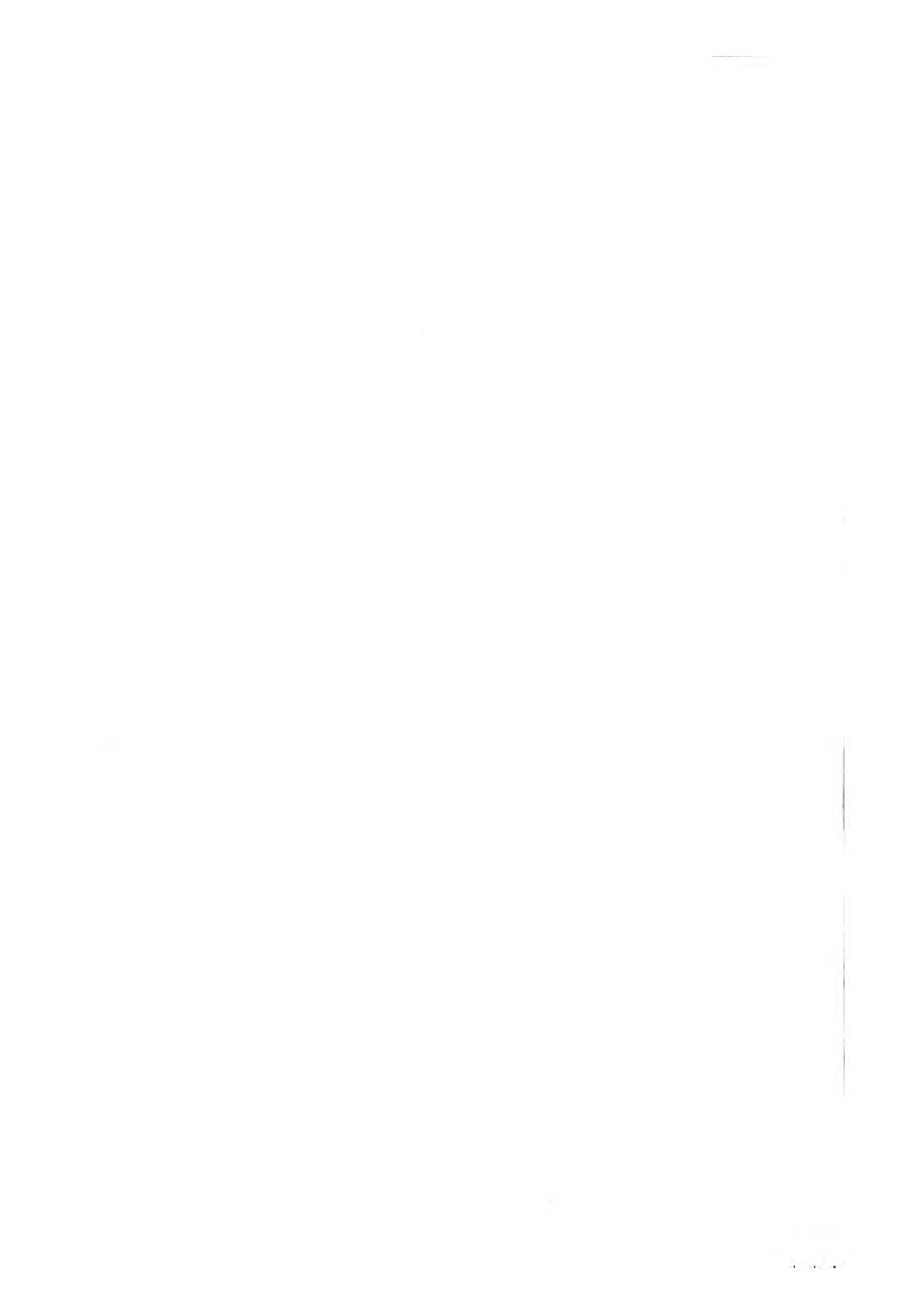
Ah! Did you ever see a stalactite.

What's that?

In caves. The water drops like tears, and each drop has some sort of salt, and leaves it behind, till there's just a long salt, petrified drip hanging from the roof.

Windows.

“ OLD ENGLISH ”



“ OLD ENGLISH ”

CHAPS like that little-headed young pup. All the same mould, no drive, no vices—nothing. Thinks himself a spark. Why! at his age I'd broken my neck, winged a Yankee, been drowned for a bet, and lost my last bob on the Derby.

Pretty hard wood. Real old man-o'-war teak. . . .

Grandfather lived to be a hundred; father ninety-six—three-bottle men, both of 'em. . . .

“Old English.” What! Don't you know his nick-name? . . . A tough old hulk—he'll go down fighting. Doesn't give a damn for anything. Old school—What! See him raising his hat to that old woman? . . .

He's got pluck, and he's got manners. . . .

Life hangs by a thread? Stout one, my boys.

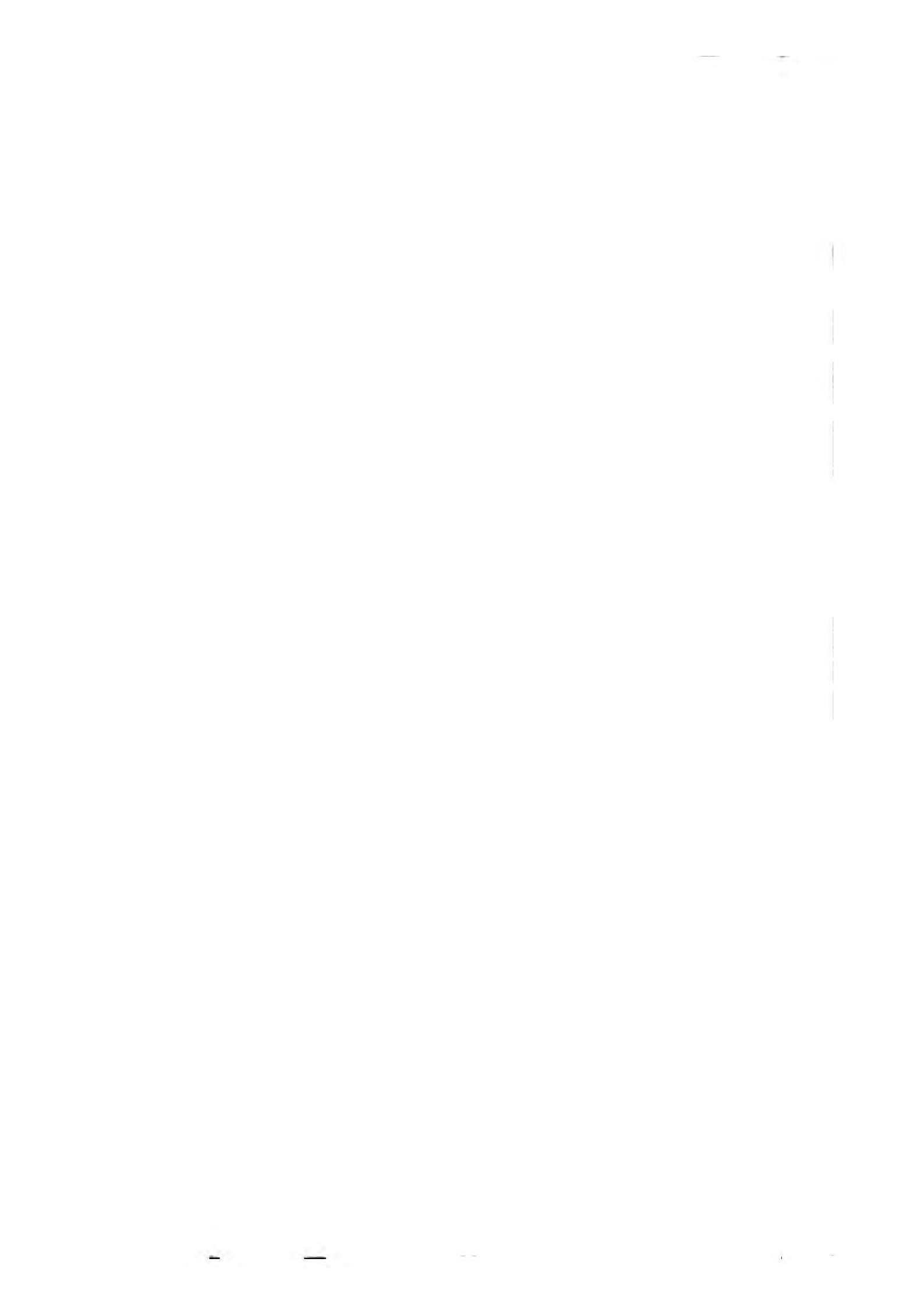
. . . Saw Hermit win his Derby. Four-in-hands then, tandems, gigs—drove my own cab—tiger behind.

He's asleep. Good-night, dear ; bless you !

Gone!

Mother o' Jasus! The grand old fightin' gintleman! The great old sinner he was!

Old English.



OF FOOD AND WINE

H



OF FOOD AND WINE

IF you're interested in wine—you can read the history of the times in this cellar. Take 'ock. Not a bottle gone. German product, of course. Now, that 'ock is 'avin' the time of its life—maturin' grandly; got a wonderful chance. About the time we're bringin' ourselves to drink it, we shall be havin' the next great war. With luck that 'ock may lie there another quarter of a century, and a sweet pretty wine it'll be. I only hope I may be here to drink it. Ah!—but look at claret! Times are hard on claret. We're givin' it an awful doin'. Now, there's a Ponty Canny—if we weren't so 'opelessly allied with France, that wine would have had a reasonable future. As it is—none! We drink it up and up; not more than sixty dozen left. And where's its equal to come from for a dinner wine—ah! I ask you? On the other hand, port is steady; made in a little country, all but the cobwebs and the old boot flavour; guaranteed by the British Navy; we may 'ope for the best with port.

The Foundations.

It's wonderful the difference good food'll
make.

Windows.

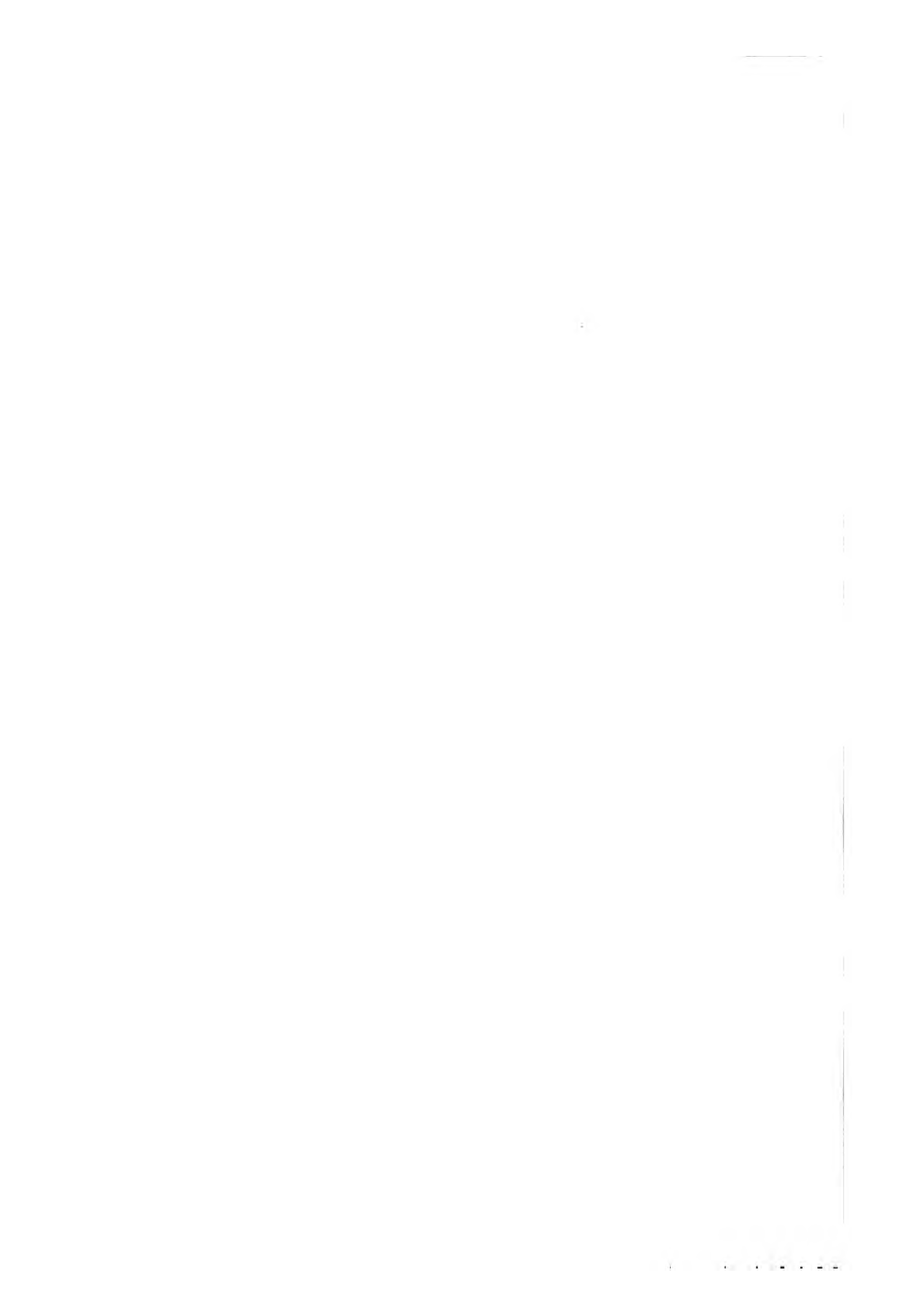
In Paree good wine, good food. People come,
they eat, they drink—suddenly their blood is
surprised—it march.

The Roof.

Tell him from me to drink port—add five
years to his life.

Old English.

OF BEHAVIOUR



OF BEHAVIOUR

ALL people are offensive when they give advice. Don't you agree with me?

The Roof.

Well, we've all got a weakness towards bein' kind, somewhere about us.

The Foundations.

I don't see the use in drawin' hard and fast rules. You only have to break 'em.

The Eldest Son.

The proper people to help the young are the old.

Windows.

Let's boss our own natures before we boss those of other people.

A Family Man.

'Tisn't conceit to believe in yourself when ye've got reason to.

The Skin Game.

The question is, do—er—any of us ever really
give satisfaction except to ourselves?

Windows.

There's a whole world outside yours. Why
don't you spread your wings?

The Fugitive.

Lots of horrible things in the world.
It's our business to make them fewer.

The Skin Game.

There was one thing anyway we learned out
there—When a chap was in a hole—to pull him
out, even at a risk.

Windows.

I judge a hero is just a person that'll help
another at the expense of himself.

The Little Man.

A man may 'ave what opinion 'e likes, so long
as 'e's not personal; When 'e's that 'e's not
safe.

Strife.

Isn't it always a mistake to lose one's temper?

A Family Man.

I hate a fellow who can't keep cool.

Joy.

Have a sleep on it before you do anything.

A Family Man.

'T'es no yüse expectin' tü much o' this world.
'T'es a funny place.

A Bit o' Love.

OF MONEY AND FINANCE

OF MONEY AND FINANCE

ALL the money goes to those 'oo've got it.
That's the first law of yuman nature.

Exiled.

Walkin' from town to town lookin' for something regular, but there was a million an' a 'arf out o' work. If all that couldn't get a job, what was the use of me tryin'? So I went on the road.

Sleeping under the stars of God?

Ah! What is it to them where I sleep, s'long as I'm not doin' 'arm? *You* can bring out y'r five bob and say your 'avin' a fresh-air cure, or some such classy bunk. But a poor beggar that ain't got the price of a room on' im——

True! But for money we should all be in prison.

Exiled.

A gold mine's a *gold* mine. I don't mean he deliberately—but they take in women and parsons, and—all sorts of fools.

Joy.

Financiers are never credited with doing anything for nothing. Admit it! We all have our own fish to fry. Lord E. fries the devil; Mr. S. the Tories.

Same thing.

Mr. R. fries the virtue of neighbouring States, and Mr. B. fries his dreams. That leaves me. Well! I'd like to fry my reputation a little, gentlemen. I'd like a little kudos.—I put up—ten thousand.

The Forest.

It always tickles the groundlings to believe the worst about a rich man.

Exiled.

All the money goes to fellows who don't know a horse from a haystack. And care less. We want men racing to whom a horse means something. The horse is a noble animal, sir.

Loyalties.

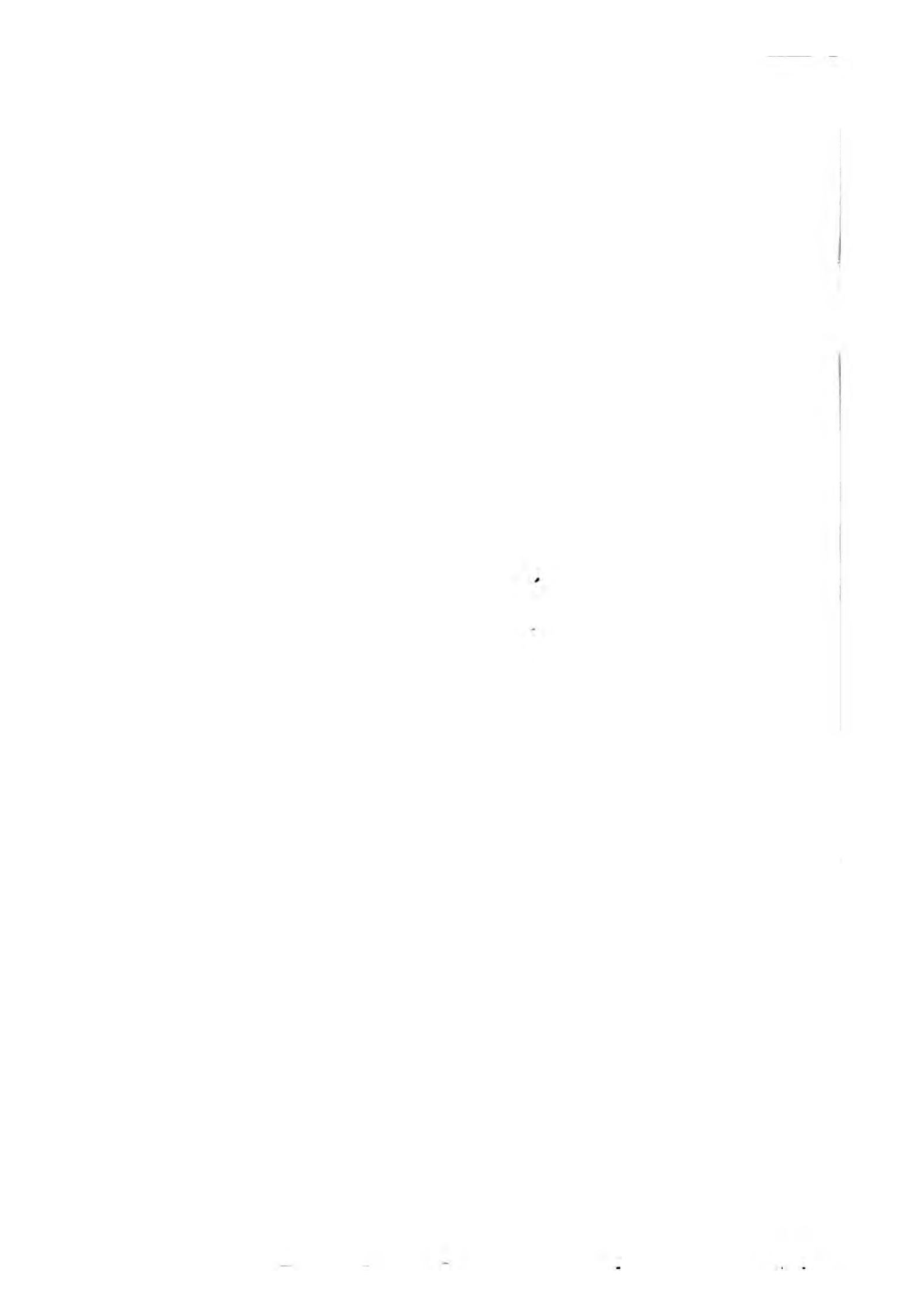
Finance; necessary evil, believe me—like—like manure.

The Forest.

I can't bear money—it's in my blood, I suppose. And yet, you know, every day I find it more and more impossible to live without it.

Old English.

**OF PERSONS AND CHARACTERS,
AFFECTIONS AND MORALITIES**



OF PERSONS AND CHARACTERS,
AFFECTIONS AND MORALITIES

BECAUSE general sentiment's against me, am I to deny my faith? The point is not whether I'm right or wrong, but whether I'm to sneak out of my conviction because it's unpopular.

The Mob.

Did I ever tell you about Saint Francis of Assisi?

No.

Well, *he* was the best Christian, I think, that ever lived—simply full of love and joy.

A Bit o' Love.

Tolstoi was the most truthful writer that ever lived.

Tolstoi was a Russian—always proving that what isn't, is.

Russians are charitable, anyway, and see into other people's souls.

That's why they're hopeless.

Well—for cynicism—

It's at least as important to see into ourselves as into other people.

Windows.

I take considerable stock in Leo Tolstoi myself. Grand man—grand-souled apparatus.

The Little Man.

M. (*suddenly*) Wonder what Christ would have done!

P. (*gravely*) That is the hardest question in the world. Nobody ever knows. You may answer this or that, but nobody ever knows. The more you read these writings, the more you realise that He was incalculable. You see—He was a genius! It makes it hard for us who try to follow Him.

Escape.

MOTHER reminds me of England according to herself—always right whatever she does.

The Skin Game.

You know, the extraordinary thing is somebody told me—my mother was wild in her youth. Not wild—no—merely unmanageable.

The Roof.

Father must have opinions of his own. He has only one: Whatever is, is wrong.

Windows.

I always think the master might have been a Scotchman, except for his fishionomy.

A Scotsman?

So down on anything soft. Haven't you noticed, whenever one of these 'Umanitarians writes to the papers there's always a Scotchman after him next morning? Seems to be a fact of 'uman nature, like introduc'in' rabbits into a new country and then weasels to get rid of 'em. And then something to keep down the weasels. But *I* never can see what could keep down a Scotchman! You seem to reach the hapex there!

A Family Man.

To tell you the truth, I don't like—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—'Ebrews. They work harder; they're more sober; they're honest, and they're everywhere. I've nothing against them, but the fact is—they *get on* so.

Loyalties.

The French—

Yes?

Very irritating sometimes to a plain Englishman—that's all.

A Family Man.

Why is there more "life" in Paris than in other places?

It's a superstition.

The Roof.

What a town for pleasure—Paris!

I suppose so. Loose place, Paris.

Loose? What is that, monsieur?

The opposite of strict.

Strict! Oh! certainly we like life, we French. It is not like England.

A Family Man.

That's what I like about the French. By giving full spiritual attention to the body they avoid starvation and repletion, and so are able to give full bodily attention to the spirit.

The Roof.

Did you ever know repentance change anybody?

Well, generally it's a way of gettin' ready for the next.

Windows.

I ain't forgiven him!

That is sinful.

I'm a Catholic.

My good child, what difference does that make?

. . . What I want to find in you is repentance.

I can't get me livin' off of repentin'.

Now, now! Never say what you know to be wrong.

The Pigeon.

Nothing like the sins of your neighbours for diverting attention from your own.

The Forest.

Put a good heart into it and get to know your job.

Windows.

There's a limit; and it's well to know when
ye've reached it.

The Forest.

Takes a bit o' weather to flummox a sailor.

Escape.

Safety first is rather boring.

Exiled.

Remember! Bread and butter with independence
is better than champagne with a fool.

Old English.

Never rest on your oars; go forward or you go
back.

Old English.

Pride's better than nothing to keep your body
warm.

Strife.

There is nothing that gives more courage than
to see the irony of things.

The Pigeon.

Ah! the luck—'tis a chancey thing.
Yes. If you ever get any—stick to it.

Old English.

I like to see a man do a bit of speculatin', with
'is mind off of 'imself for once.

Windows.

It's horrible not having the courage to take
people as they are.

As they are? H'm! How *can* you, till you
know.

Hall-marked.

My dear, I always let people have the last
word. It makes them—feel funny.

The Skin Game.

Can you—er—be firm on the telephone?
Tell them you're engaged when you're not?
Oh! yes.

Windows.

I can ride a bike with any man, but the blasted thing wouldn't click. So there I was.

Exiled.

What a pytient life—a barman's: Mixin' drinks for other fellers.

Exiled.

I've met him playing cricket, he's rather a good sort.

Joy.

My dear boy, poker's an art—you don't learn it in an evening.

The Roof.

You play Bridge, sir?

Afraid not.

Don't mean that?—You write, don't you?

Such is my weakness.

Delightful profession. Doesn't tie you! What!

Only by the head.

You smoke?

Too much.

Ah! Must smoke when you think a lot.

Or think when you smoke a lot.

The Fugitive.

Ever play cricket?
No—golf's ma diversion.
Rotten game!

The Forest.

You might just tell me what you think of these verses.

Er—I—I—like the last line awfully.

What about the other eleven?

Well—old man, I—er—think perhaps it'd be stronger if they were out.

Windows.

I shall make you wear a hard hat. Those squashy hats of yours are hopelessly inefficient.

The Pigeon.

Don't do to underrate your neighbours.

A cad—I call him.

That's it, ma'am—got all the advantage.

The Skin Game.

Do you want a lot of reasons, or the real one?

A Family Man.

Ah've known worse, and—ah've known better.
Well, if you never commit yourself beyond
that, you won't disgrace the North of the
Tweed.

The Forest.

I can always tell when a woman's enjoying
herself.

Can you? You're *very* clever.

Joy.

When something comes along that takes a
bit of doing—Give it to the other chap!

Windows.

'Ere's the wine. The master likes 'is glass.
And 'ere's the spirits, in the tantalizer—'t isn't
ever kept locked, in case Master Johnny should
bring a friend in. Have you noticed Master
Johnny? Ah! He's a dear boy; and wonderful
high-principled since he's been in the War.
He'll come to me sometimes and say: "Cook,
we're all going to the devil!" They think 'ighly
of 'im as a poet.

Windows.

Cats be like maids; they must get out a bit.

A Bit o' Love.

It is a risk, sir; but there! you've got to take 'em to get maids now-a-days. If it isn't in the past, it's in the future.

Windows.

They say you get used to anything: but I'll tell you you never get used to playing the canary when you don't feel like it.

Ah! I always sympathized with canaries—expected to sing, and so permanently yellow.

Escape.

Man about London in my day.

Oh! your day must have been jolly. Did you wear peg-top trousers, and dundrearys, and ride in the Row? What larks! And I suppose you had lots of adventures with opera-singers, and gambling? The young men are all so good now. That young man, for instance, is a perfect stick of goodness. You wouldn't know how good he was unless you'd sat next him going through a tunnel.

Old English.

Thank goodness, it's the Vicar's business to see that married people live together in his parish.

Oh! (*dubiously*). The Megans are Roman Catholic-Atheists.

Then they're all the more bound.

The Pigeon.

Blessed be the respectable! May they dream of—me. And blessed be all men of the world. May they perish of a surfeit of—good form!

The Fugitive.

We aren't angels down here below. And a son of the Church can't act as if for himself alone. The eyes of everyone are on him.

A Bit o' Love.

There's always talk where there's newcomers. I take people as I find 'em.

Yes, yes—quite right.

Hall-marked.

Wonder if there's dancin' in 'Eaven?

There's beasts, and flowers, and water, and trees—'e told us.

Naw! There's no dumb things in 'eaven. Jim Bere 'e says there is! 'E thinks 'is old cat's there.

Yes. There's stars, an' owls, an' a man playin' on the flute. Where 'tes gude, there must be music.

A Bit o' Love.

Forgive an awkward question, Nurse—but you must have seen a lot of death. Is it, or isn't it?

The end? I don't know; I don't think so. I once saw an old lady die; she was all darkened and drawn; quite unconscious. Suddenly she smiled very faintly, very sweetly, and was gone. Why—why did she smile, if something hadn't opened to her? It was so happy.

The Roof.



