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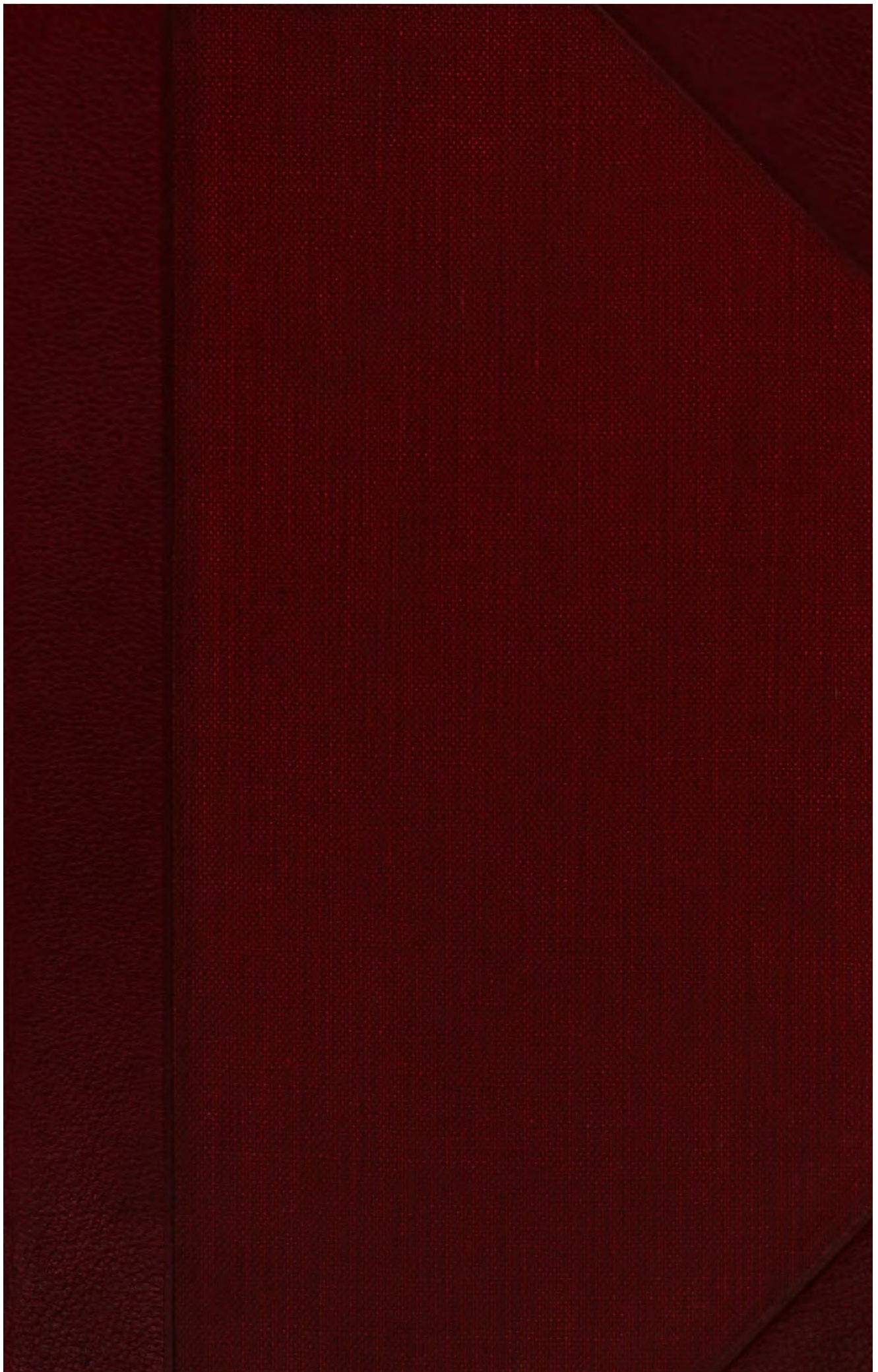
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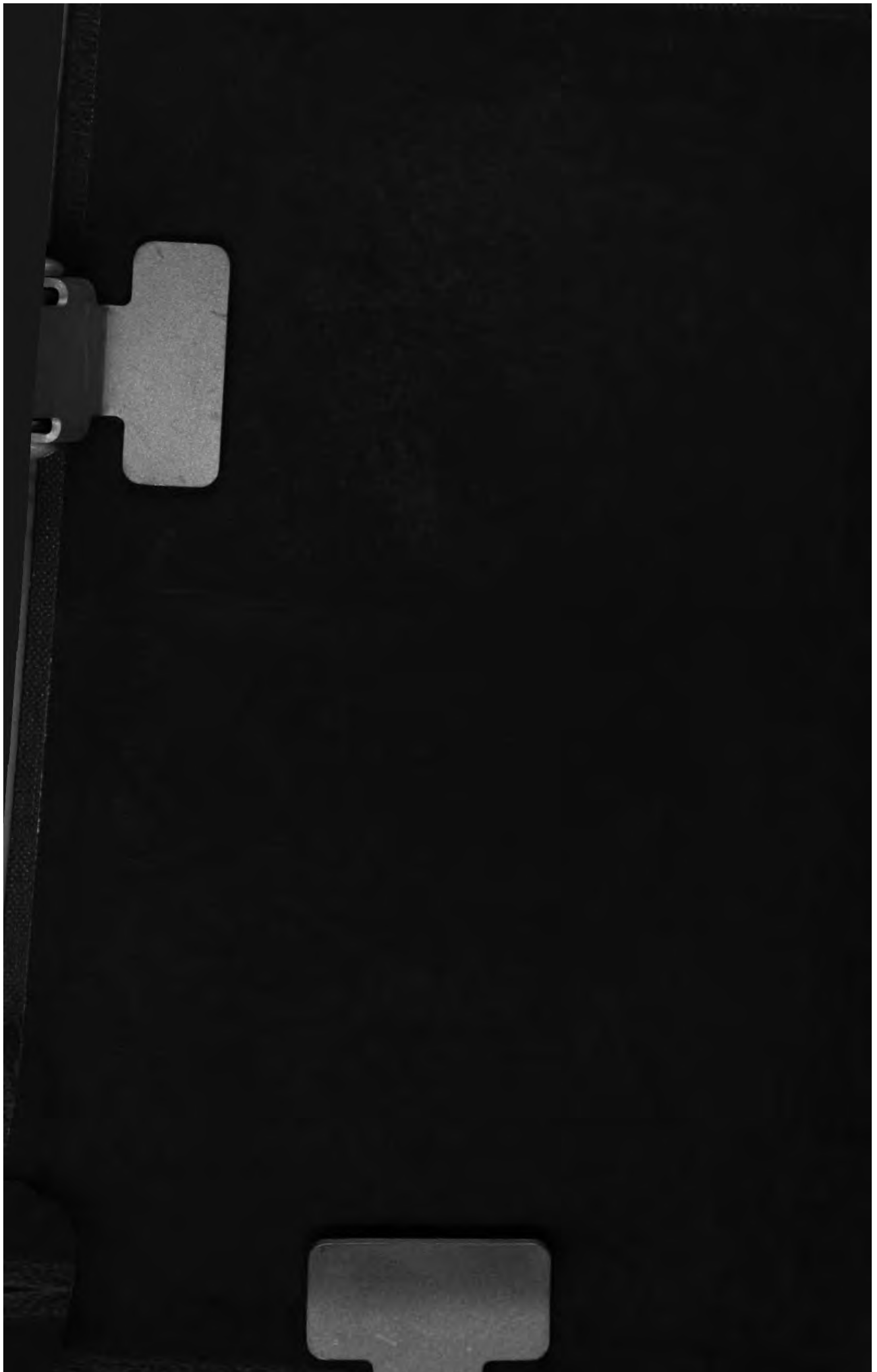
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THE WORKS  
OF  
ISRAEL ZANGWILL

*EDITION DE LUXE*

VOL. XII  
THE MELTING POT  
PLASTER SAINTS













The face! The face!

# THE MELTING POT

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

# PLASTER SAINTS

A HIGH COMEDY IN THREE MOVEMENTS

BY

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

THE GLOBE PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

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# THE MELTING POT

TO

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT**

IN RESPECTFUL RECOGNITION OF  
HIS STRENUOUS STRUGGLE AGAINST  
THE FORCES THAT THREATEN TO  
SHIPWRECK THE GREAT REPUBLIC  
WHICH CARRIES MANKIND AND  
ITS FORTUNES, THIS PLAY IS, BY  
HIS KIND PERMISSION, CORDIALLY  
DEDICATED



## THE CAST

[As first produced at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, on the fifth of October 1908]

David Quixano	WALKER WHITESIDE
Mendel Quixano	HENRY BERGMAN
Baron Revendal	JOHN BLAIR
Quincy Davenport, Jr.	GRANT STEWART
Herr Pappelmeister	HENRY VOGEL
Vera Revendal	CHRYSTAL HERNE
Baroness Revendal	LEONORA VON OTTINGER
Frau Quixano	LOUISE MULDENER
Kathleen O'Reilly	MOLLIE REVEL
Settlement Servant	ANNIE HARRIS

Produced by HUGH FORD

[As first produced by the Play Actors at the Court Theatre, London, on the twenty-fifth of January 1914]

David Quixano	HAROLD CHAPIN
Mendel Quixano	HUGH TABBERER
Baron Revendal	H. LAWRENCE LEYTON
Quincy Davenport, Jr.	P. PERCEVAL CLARK
Herr Pappelmeister	CLIFTON ALDERSON
Vera Revendal	PHYLLIS RELPH
Baroness Revendal	GILLIAN SCAIFE
Frau Quixano	INEZ BENSUSAN
Kathleen O'Reilly	E. NOLAN O'CONNOR
Settlement Servant	RUTH PARROTT

Produced by NORMAN PAGE

## THE CAST

[As produced at the Comedy Theatre, London]

David Quixano	WALKER WHITESIDE
Mendel Quixano	HUGH TABBERER
Baron Revendal	EDWARD SASS
Quincy Davenport, Jr.	P. PERCEVAL CLARK
Herr Pappelmeister	CLIFTON ALDERSON
Vera Revendal	GRACE LANE
Baroness Revendal	GILLIAN SCAIFE
Frau Quixano	INEZ BENSUSAN
Kathleen O'Reilly	E. NOLAN O'CONNOR
Settlement Servant	GWENDOLINE HAY

Produced by NORMAN PAGE

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## Act I

*The scene is laid in the living-room of the small home of the QUIXANOS in the Richmond or non-Jewish borough of New York, about five o'clock of a February afternoon. At centre back is a double street-door giving on a columned veranda in the Colonial style. Nailed on the right-hand door-post gleams a Mezuzah, a tiny metal case, containing a Biblical passage. On the right of the door is a small hat-stand holding MENDEL'S overcoat, umbrella, etc. There are two windows, one on either side of the door, and three exits, one down-stage on the left leading to the stairs and family bedrooms, and two on the right, the upper leading to KATHLEEN'S bedroom and the lower to the kitchen. Over the street-door is pinned the Stars-and-Stripes. On the left wall, in the upper corner of which is a music-stand, are bookshelves of large mouldering Hebrew books, and over them is hung a Mizrach, or Hebrew picture, to show it is the East Wall. Other pictures round the room include Wagner, Columbus, Lincoln, and "Jews at the Wailing Place." Down-stage, about a yard from the left wall, stands DAVID'S roll-desk, open and displaying a medley of music, a quill pen, etc. On the wall behind the desk hangs a book-rack with brightly bound English books. A grand piano stands at left centre back, holding a pile of music and one huge Hebrew tome. There is a table in the middle of the room covered with a red cloth and a litter of objects, music, and newspapers. The fireplace, in which a fire is burning, occupies*

*the centre of the right wall, and by it stands an armchair on which lies another heavy mouldy Hebrew tome. The mantel holds a clock, two silver candlesticks, etc. A chiffonier stands against the back wall on the right. There are a few cheap chairs. The whole effect is a curious blend of shabbiness, Americanism, Jewishness, and music, all four being combined in the figure of MENDEL QUIXANO, who, in a black skull-cap, a seedy velvet jacket, and red carpet-slippers, is discovered standing at the open street-door. He is an elderly music master with a fine Jewish face, pathetically furrowed by misfortunes, and a short grizzled beard.*

MENDEL

Good-bye, Johnny! . . . And don't forget to practise your scales. [*Shutting door, shivers.*]

Ugh! It'll snow again, I guess.

*[He yawns, heaves great sigh of relief, walks toward the table, and perceives a music-roll.]*

The chump! He's forgotten his music!

*[He picks it up and runs toward the window on the left, muttering furiously]*

Brainless, earless, thumb-fingered Gentile!

*[Throwing open the window]*

Here, Johnny! You can't practise your scales if you leave 'em here!

*[He throws out the music-roll and shivers again at the cold as he shuts the window.]*

Ugh! And I must go out to that miserable dancing class to scrape the rent together.

*[He goes to the fire and warms his hands.]*



*Ach Gott!* What a life! What a life!

*[He drops dejectedly into the armchair. Finding himself sitting uncomfortably on the big book, he half rises and pushes it to the side of the seat. After an instant an irate Irish voice is heard from behind the kitchen door.]*

KATHLEEN *[Without]*

Divil take the butther! I wouldn't put up with ye, not for a hundred dollars a week.

MENDEL *[Raising himself to listen, heaves great sigh]*  
*Ach!* Mother and Kathleen again!

KATHLEEN *[Still louder]*

Pots and pans and plates and knives! Sure 'tis enough to make a saint chrazy.

FRAU QUIXANO *[Equally loudly from kitchen]*

*Wos schreist du? Gott in Himmel, dieses Amerika!*

KATHLEEN *[Opening door of kitchen toward the end of FRAU QUIXANO's speech, but turning back, with her hand visible on the door]*

What's that ye're afther jabberin' about America? If ye don't like God's own counthry, sure ye can go back to your own Jerusalem, so ye can.

MENDEL

One's very servants are anti-Semites.

KATHLEEN *[Bangs her door as she enters excitedly, carrying a folded white table-cloth. She is a young and pretty Irish maid-of-all-work]*

Bad luck to me, if iver I take sarvice again with haythen  
Jews.

*[She perceives MENDEL huddled up in the armchair,  
gives a little scream, and drops the cloth.]*

Och, I thought ye was out !

MENDEL *[Rising]*

And so you dared to be rude to my mother.

KATHLEEN *[Angrily, as she picks up the cloth]*  
She said I put mate on a butther-plate.

MENDEL

Well, you know that's against her religion.

KATHLEEN

But I didn't do nothing of the soort. I ounly put  
butther on a mate-plate.

MENDEL

That's just as bad. What the Bible forbids——

KATHLEEN *[Lays the cloth on a chair and vigorously  
clears off the litter of things on the table.]*

Sure, the Pope himself couldn't remimber it all.  
Why don't ye have a sinsible religion ?

MENDEL

You are impertinent. Attend to your work.

*[He seats himself at the piano.]*

KATHLEEN

And isn't it laying the Sabbath cloth I am ?

[*She bangs down articles from the table into their right places.*]

MENDEL

Don't answer me back.

[*He begins to play softly.*]

KATHLEEN

Faith, I must answer *somebody* back—and sorra a word of English *she* understands. I might as well talk to a tree.

MENDEL

You are not paid to talk, but to work.

[*Playing on softly.*]

KATHLEEN

And who *can* work wid an ould woman nagglin' and grizzlin' and faultin' me ?

[*She removes the red table-cloth.*]

Mate-plates, butther-plates, *kosher*, *trepka*, sure I've smashed up folks' crockery and they makin' less fuss ouver it.

MENDEL [*Stops playing.*]

Breaking crockery is one thing, and breaking a religion another. Didn't you tell me when I engaged you that you had lived in other Jewish families ?

KATHLEEN [*Angrily*]

And is it a liar ye'd make me out now ? I've lived

wid clothiers and pawnbrokers and Vaudeville actors, but I niver shtruck a house where mate and butther couldn't be as paceable on the same plate as eggs and bacon—the most was that some wouldn't ate the bacon onless 'twas killed *kosher*.

MENDEL [*Tickled*]  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

KATHLEEN [*Furious, pauses with the white table-cloth half on.*]  
And who's ye laughin' at? I give ye a week's notice. I won't be the joke of Jews, no, begorra, that I won't.  
[*She pulls the cloth on viciously.*]

MENDEL [*Sobered, rising from the piano*]  
Don't talk nonsense, Kathleen. Nobody is making a joke of you. Have a little patience—you'll soon learn our ways.

KATHLEEN [*More mildly*]  
Whose ways, yours or the ould lady's or Mr. David's? To-night being yer Sabbath, *you'll* be blowing out yer bedroom candle, though ye won't light it; Mr. David'll light his and blow it out too; and the mis-thress won't even touch the candleshtick. There's three religions in this house, not wan.

MENDEL [*Coughs uneasily.*]  
Hem! Well, you learn the mistress's ways—that will be enough.

KATHLEEN [*Going to mantelpiece*]  
But what way can I understand her jabberin' and  
jibberin' ?—I'm not a monkey !  
[*She takes up a silver candlestick.*]  
Why doesn't she talk English like a Christian ?

MENDEL [*Irritated*]  
If you are going on like that, perhaps you had better  
*not* remain here.

KATHLEEN [*Blazing up, forgetting to take the second  
candlestick*]  
And who's axin' ye to remain here ? Faith, I'll quit  
off this blissid minit !

MENDEL [*Taken aback*]  
No, you can't do that.

KATHLEEN  
And why can't I ? Ye can keep yer dirty wages.  
[*She dumps down the candlestick violently on the  
table, and exit hysterically into her bedroom.*]

MENDEL [*Sighing heavily*]  
She might have put on the other candlestick.  
[*He goes to mantel and takes it. A rat-tat-tat at  
street-door.*]  
Who can that be ?  
[*Running to KATHLEEN's door, holding candlestick  
forgetfully low.*]  
Kathleen ! There's a visitor !

KATHLEEN [*Angrily from within*]  
I'm not here !

MENDEL  
So long as you're in this house, you must do your work.

[*KATHLEEN's head emerges sulkily.*]

KATHLEEN  
I tould ye I was lavin' at wanst. Let you open the door yerself.

MENDEL  
I'm not dressed to receive visitors—it may be a new pupil.

[*He goes toward staircase, automatically carrying off the candlestick which KATHLEEN has not caught sight of. Exit on the left.*]

KATHLEEN [*Moving toward the street-door*]  
The divil fly away wid me if ivir from this 'our I set foot again among haythen furriners——

[*She throws open the door angrily and then the outer door. VERA REVENDAL, a beautiful girl in furs and muff, with a touch of the exotic in her appearance, steps into the little vestibule.*]

VERA  
Is Mr. Quixano at home ?

KATHLEEN [*Sulkily*]  
Which Mr. Quixano ?

VERA [*Surprised*]  
Are there two Mr. Quixanos ?

KATHLEEN [*Tartly*]  
Didn't I say there was ?

VERA  
Then I want the one who plays.

KATHLEEN  
There isn't a one who plays.

VERA  
Oh, surely !

KATHLEEN  
Ye're wrong entirely. They both plays.

VERA [*Smiling*]  
Oh, dear ! And I suppose they both play the violin.

KATHLEEN  
Ye're wrong again. One plays the piano—ounly the young ginthleman plays the fiddle—Mr. David !

VERA [*Eagerly*]  
Ah, Mr. David—that's the one I want to see.

KATHLEEN  
He's out.  
[*She abruptly shuts the door.*]



VERA [*Stopping its closing*]  
Don't shut the door!

KATHLEEN [*Snappily*]  
More chanst of seeing him out there than in here!

VERA  
But I want to leave a message.

KATHLEEN  
Then why don't ye come inside? It's freezin' me  
to the bone.  
    [*She sneezes.*]  
Atchoo!

VERA  
I'm sorry.  
    [*She comes in and closes the door.*]  
Will you please say Miss Revendal called from the  
Settlement, and we are anxiously awaiting his answer  
to the letter asking him to play for us on——

KATHLEEN  
What way will I be tellin' him all that? I'm not  
here.

VERA  
Eh?

KATHLEEN  
I'm lavin'—just as soon as I've me thrunk packed.  
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VERA

Then I must *write* the message—can I write at this desk ?

KATHLEEN

If the ould woman don't come in and shpy you.

VERA

What old woman ?

KATHLEEN

Ould Mr. Quixano's mother—she wears a black wig, she's that houly.

VERA [*Bewildered*]

What ? . . . But why should she mind my writing ?

KATHLEEN

Look at the clock.

[*VERA looks at the clock, more puzzled than ever.*]  
If ye're not quick, it'll be *Shabbos*.

VERA

Be what ?

KATHLEEN [*Holds up hands of horror*]

Ye don't know what *Shabbos* is ! A Jewess not know her own Sunday !

VERA [*Outraged*]

I, a Jewess ! How dare you ?

KATHLEEN [*Flustered*]  
Axin' your pardon, miss, but ye looked a bit furrin  
and I——

VERA [*Frozen*]  
I am a Russian.  
    [*Slowly and dazedly*]  
Do I understand that Mr. Quixano is a Jew ?

KATHLEEN  
Two Jews, miss. Both of 'em.

VERA  
Oh, but it is impossible.  
    [*Dazedly to herself*]  
He had such charming manners.  
    [*Aloud again*]  
You seem to think everybody Jewish. Are you sure Mr.  
Quixano is not Spanish ?—the name sounds Spanish.

KATHLEEN  
Shpanish !  
    [*She picks up the old Hebrew book on the armchair.*]  
Look at the ould lady's book. Is that Shpanish ?  
    [*She points to the Mizrach.*]  
And that houly picture the ould lady says her pater-  
noster to ! Is that Shpanish ? And that houly table-  
cloth with the houly silver candle——  
    [*Cry of sudden astonishment*]  
Why, I've ounly put——  
    [*She looks toward mantel and utters a great cry of  
alarm as she drops the Hebrew book on the floor.*]

Why, where's the other candleshtick! Mother in hivin, they'll say I shtole the candleshtick!

*[Perceiving that VERA is dazedly moving toward door]*

Beggin' your pardon, miss——

*[She is about to move a chair toward the desk.]*

VERA

Thank you, I've changed my mind.

KATHLEEN

That's more than I'll do.

VERA *[Hand on door]*

Don't say I called at all.

KATHLEEN

Plaze yerself. What name did ye say?

*[MENDEL enters hastily from his bedroom, completely transmogrified, minus the skull-cap, with a Prince Albert coat, and boots instead of slippers, so that his appearance is gentlemanly. KATHLEEN begins to search quietly and unostentatiously in the table-drawers, the chiffonier, etc. etc., for the candlestick.]*

MENDEL

I am sorry if I have kept you waiting——

*[He rubs his hands importantly.]*

You see I have so many pupils already. Won't you sit down?

*[He indicates a chair.]*

VERA [*Flushing, embarrassed, releasing her hold of the door handle*]

Thank you—I—I—I didn't come about pianoforte lessons.

MENDEL [*Sighing in disappointment*]  
*Ach!*

VERA  
In fact I—er—it wasn't you I wanted at all—I was just going.

MENDEL [*Politely*]  
Perhaps I can direct you to the house you are looking for.

VERA  
Thank you, I won't trouble you.  
[*She turns toward the door again.*]

MENDEL  
Allow me!  
[*He opens the door for her.*]

VERA [*Hesitating, struck by his manners, struggling with her anti-Jewish prejudice*]  
It—it—was your son I wanted.

MENDEL [*His face lighting up*]  
You mean my nephew, David. Yes, *he* gives violin lessons.  
[*He closes the door.*]

VERA

Oh, is he your nephew ?

MENDEL

I am sorry he is out—he, too, has so many pupils, though at the moment he is only at the Crippled Children's Home—playing to them.

VERA

How lovely of him !

*[Touched and deciding to conquer her prejudice]*

But that's just what *I* came about—I mean we'd like him to play again at our Settlement. Please ask him why he hasn't answered Miss Andrews's letter.

MENDEL *[Astonished]*

He hasn't answered your letter ?

VERA

Oh, I'm not Miss Andrews ; I'm only her assistant.

MENDEL

I see—Kathleen, whatever are you doing under the table ?

*[KATHLEEN, in her hunting around for the candlestick, is now stooping and lifting up the table-cloth.]*

KATHLEEN

Sure the fiend's after witching away the candlestick.

MENDEL [*Embarrassed*]  
The candlestick? Oh—I—I think you'll find it in  
my bedroom.

KATHLEEN  
Wisha, now!  
[*She goes into his bedroom.*]

MENDEL [*Turning apologetically to VERA*]  
I beg your pardon, Miss Andrews, I mean Miss—er——

VERA  
Revendal.

MENDEL [*Slightly more interested*]  
Revendal? Then you must be the Miss Revendal  
David told me about!

VERA [*Blushing*]  
Why, he has only seen me once—the time he played  
at our Roof-Garden Concert.

MENDEL  
Yes, but he was so impressed by the way you handled  
those new immigrants—the Spirit of the Settlement,  
he called you.

VERA [*Modestly*]  
Ah, no—Miss Andrews is that. And you will tell  
him to answer her letter at once, won't you, because  
there's only a week now to our Concert.

[*A gust of wind shakes the windows. She smiles.*]  
Naturally it will *not* be on the Roof Garden.

MENDEL [*Half to himself*]  
Fancy David not saying a word about it to me ! Are you sure the letter was mailed ?

VERA  
I mailed it myself—a week ago. And even in New York——

[*She smiles. Re-enter KATHLEEN with the recovered candlestick.*]

KATHLEEN  
Bedad, ye're as great a shleep-walker as Mr. David !  
[*She places the candlestick on the table and moves toward her bedroom.*]

MENDEL  
Kathleen !

KATHLEEN [*Pursuing her walk without turning*]  
I'm not here !

MENDEL  
Did you take in a letter for Mr. David about a week ago ?  
[*Smiling at MISS REVENDAL*]  
He doesn't get many, you see.

KATHLEEN [*Turning*]  
A letter ? Sure, I took in ounly a postcard from Miss Johnson, an' that ounly sayin'——

VERA  
And you don't remember a letter—a large letter—last Saturday—with the seal of our Settlement ?



KATHLEEN

Last Saturday wid a seal, is it? Sure, how could I forgit it?

MENDEL

Then you *did* take it in?

KATHLEEN

Ye're wrong entirely. 'Twas the misthress took it in.

MENDEL [*To VERA*]

I am sorry the boy has been so rude.

KATHLEEN

But the misthress didn't give it him at wanst—she hid it away bekaz it was *Shabbos*.

MENDEL

Oh, dear—and she has forgotten to give it to him. Excuse me.

[*He makes a hurried exit to the kitchen.*]

KATHLEEN

And excuse *me*—I've me thrunk to pack.

[*She goes toward her bedroom, pauses at the door.*]

And ye'll witness I don't pack the candleshtick.

[*Emphatic exit.*]

VERA [*Still dazed*]

A Jew! That wonderful boy a Jew! . . . But then

so was David the shepherd youth with his harp and his psalms, the sweet singer in Israel.

*[She surveys the room and its contents with interest. The windows rattle once or twice in the rising wind. The light gets gradually less. She picks up the huge Hebrew tome on the piano and puts it down with a slight smile as if overwhelmed by the weight of alien antiquity. Then she goes over to the desk and picks up the printed music.]*

Mendelssohn's Concerto, Tartini's Sonata in G Minor, Bach's Chaconne . . .

*[She looks up at the book-rack.]*

"History of the American Commonwealth," "Cyclopædia of History," "History of the Jews"—he seems very fond of history. Ah, there's Shelley and Tennyson.

*[With surprise]*

Nietzsche next to the Bible? No Russian books apparently—

*[Re-enter MENDEL triumphantly with a large sealed letter.]*

MENDEL

Here it is! As it came on Saturday, my mother was afraid David would open it!

VERA *[Smiling]*

But what *can* you do with a letter except open it? Any more than with an oyster?

MENDEL *[Smiling as he puts the letter on DAVID'S desk]*

To a pious Jew letters and oysters are alike forbidden—  
at least letters may not be opened on our day of rest.

VERA

I'm sure I couldn't rest till I'd opened mine.

*[Enter from the kitchen FRAU QUIXANO, defending herself with excited gesticulation. She is an old lady with a black wig, but her appearance is dignified, venerable even, in no way comic. She speaks Yiddish exclusively, that being largely the language of the Russian Pale.]*

FRAU QUIXANO

*Obber ich hob gesogt zu Kathleen—*

MENDEL *[Turning and going to her]*

Yes, yes, mother, that's all right now.

FRAU QUIXANO *[In horror, perceiving her Hebrew book on the floor, where KATHLEEN has dropped it]*

*Mein Buch!*

*[She picks it up and kisses it piously.]*

MENDEL *[Presses her into her fireside chair]*

*Rubig, rubig, Mutter!*

*[To VERA]*

She understands barely a word of English—she won't disturb us.

VERA

Oh, but I must be going—I was so long finding the house, and look! it has begun to snow!

*[They both turn their heads and look at the falling snow.]*

MENDEL

All the more reason to wait for David—it may leave off. He can't be long now. Do sit down.

[*He offers a chair.*]

FRAU QUIXANO [*Looking round suspiciously*]

*Was will die Shikseh?*

VERA

What does your mother say?

MENDEL [*Half-smiling*]

Oh, only asking what your heathen ladyship desires.

VERA

Tell her I hope she is well.

MENDEL

*Das Fräulein hofft dass es geht gut—*

FRAU QUIXANO [*Shrugging her shoulders in despairing astonishment*]

*Gut? Un' wie soll es gut gehen—in Amerika!*

[*She takes out her spectacles, and begins slowly polishing and adjusting them.*]

VERA [*Smiling*]

I understood that last word.

MENDEL

She asks how can anything possibly go well in America!

VERA  
Ah, she doesn't like America.

MENDEL [*Half-smiling*]  
Her favourite exclamation is “*A Klog zu Columbes-  
sen!*”

VERA  
What does that mean?

MENDEL  
Cursed be Columbus!

VERA [*Laughingly*]  
Poor Columbus! I suppose she's just come over.

MENDEL  
Oh, no, it must be ten years since I sent for her.

VERA  
Really! But your nephew was born here?

MENDEL  
No, he's Russian too. But please sit down, you had  
better get his answer at once.

[*VERA sits.*]

VERA  
I suppose *you* taught him music.

MENDEL  
I? I can't play the violin. He is self-taught. In

the Russian Pale he was a wonder-child. Poor David ! He always looked forward to coming to America ; he imagined I was a famous musician over here. He found me conductor in a cheap theatre—a converted beer-hall.

VERA

Was he very disappointed ?

MENDEL

Disappointed ? He was enchanted ! He is crazy about America.

VERA [*Smiling*]

Ah, *he* doesn't curse Columbus.

MENDEL

My mother came with her life behind her : David with his life before him. Poor boy !

VERA

Why do you say poor boy ?

MENDEL

What is there before him here but a terrible struggle for life ? If he doesn't curse Columbus, he'll curse fate. Music-lessons and dance-halls, beer-halls and weddings—every hope and ambition will be ground out of him, and he will die obscure and unknown.

[*His head sinks on his breast. FRAU QUIXANO is heard faintly sobbing over her book. The sobbing continues throughout the scene.*]

VERA [*Half rising*]  
You have made your mother cry.

MENDEL  
Oh, no—she understood nothing. She always cries on the eve of the Sabbath.

VERA [*Mystified, sinking back into her chair*]  
Always cries? Why?

MENDEL [*Embarrassed*]  
Oh, well, a Christian wouldn't understand——

VERA  
Yes I could—do tell me!

MENDEL  
She knows that in this great grinding America, David and I must go out to earn our bread on Sabbath as on week-days. She never says a word to us, but her heart is full of tears.

VERA  
Poor old woman. It was wrong of us to ask your nephew to play at the Settlement for nothing.

MENDEL [*Rising fiercely*]  
If you offer him a fee, he shall not play. Did you think I was begging of you?

VERA  
I beg your pardon——  
[*She smiles.*]  
There, *I* am begging of *you*. Sit down, please.



MENDEL [*Walking away to piano*]  
I ought not to have burdened you with our troubles—  
you are too young.

VERA [*Pathetically*]  
I young ? If you only knew how old I am !

MENDEL  
You ?

VERA  
I left my youth in Russia—eternities ago.

MENDEL  
You know our Russia !  
[*He goes over to her and sits down.*]

VERA  
Can't you see I'm a Russian, too ?  
[*With a faint tremulous smile*]  
I might even have been a Siberian had I stayed. But  
I escaped from my gaolers.

MENDEL  
You were a Revolutionist !

VERA  
Who can live in Russia and not be ? So you see  
trouble and I are not such strangers.

MENDEL  
Who would have thought it to look at you ? Siberia,  
gaolers, revolutions !  
[*Rising*]  
What terrible things life holds !

VERA

Yes, even in free America.

[FRAU QUIXANO's sobbing grows slightly louder.]

MENDEL

That Settlement work must be full of tragedies.

VERA

Sometimes one sees nothing but the tragedy of things.

[Looking toward the window]

The snow is getting thicker. How pitilessly it falls—  
like fate.

MENDEL [*Following her gaze*]

Yes, icy and inexorable.

[*The faint sobbing of FRAU QUIXANO over her book, which has been heard throughout the scene as a sort of musical accompaniment, has combined to work it up to a mood of intense sadness, intensified by the growing dusk, so that as the two now gaze at the falling snow, the atmosphere seems overbrooded with melancholy. There is a moment or two without dialogue, given over to the sobbing of FRAU QUIXANO, the roar of the wind shaking the windows, the quick falling of the snow. Suddenly a happy voice singing "My Country 'tis of Thee" is heard from without.*]

FRAU QUIXANO [*Pricking up her ears, joyously*]  
*Do ist Dovidel!*

MENDEL

That's David!

[*He springs up.*]

VERA [*Murmurs in relief*]

Ah!

*[The whole atmosphere is changed to one of joyous expectation. DAVID is seen and heard passing the left window, still singing the national hymn, but it breaks off abruptly as he throws open the door and appears on the threshold, a buoyant snow-covered figure in a cloak and a broad-brimmed hat, carrying a violin case. He is a sunny, handsome youth of the finest Russo-Jewish type. He speaks with a slight German accent.]*

DAVID

Isn't it a beautiful world, uncle?

*[He closes the inner door.]*

Snow, the divine white snow——

*[Perceiving the visitor with amaze]*

Miss Revendal here!

*[He removes his hat and looks at her with boyish reverence and wonder.]*

VERA [*Smiling*]

Don't look so surprised—I haven't fallen from heaven like the snow. Take off your wet things.

DAVID

Oh, it's nothing; it's dry snow.

*[He lays down his violin case and brushes off the snow from his cloak, which MENDEL takes from him and hangs on the rack, all without interrupting the dialogue.]*

If I had only known you were waiting——

VERA

I am glad you didn't—I wouldn't have had those poor little cripples cheated out of a moment of your music.

DAVID

Uncle has told you? Ah, it was bully! You should have seen the cripples waltzing with their crutches!

*[He has moved toward the old woman, and while he holds one hand to the blaze now pats her cheek with the other in greeting, to which she responds with a loving smile ere she settles contentedly to slumber over her book.]*

*Es war grossartig, Granny.* Even the paralysed danced.

MENDEL

Don't exaggerate, David.

DAVID

Exaggerate, uncle! Why, if they hadn't the use of their legs, their arms danced on the counterpane; if their arms couldn't dance, their hands danced from the wrist; and if their hands couldn't dance, they danced with their fingers; and if their fingers couldn't dance, their heads danced; and if their heads were paralysed, why, their eyes danced—God never curses so utterly but you've *something* left to dance with!

*[He moves toward his desk.]*

VERA *[Infected with his gaiety]*

You'll tell us next the beds danced.

DAVID

So they did—they shook their legs like mad!

VERA

Oh, why wasn't I there?

*[His eyes meet hers at the thought of her presence.]*

DAVID

Dear little cripples, I felt as if I could play them all straight again with the love and joy jumping out of this old fiddle.

*[He lays his hand caressingly on the violin.]*

MENDEL *[Gloomily]*

But in reality you left them as crooked as ever.

DAVID

No, I didn't.

*[He caresses the back of his uncle's head in affectionate rebuke.]*

I couldn't play their bones straight, but I played their brains straight. And hunch-brains are worse than hunch-backs. . . .

*[Suddenly perceiving his letter on the desk]*

A letter for me!

*[He takes it with boyish eagerness, then hesitates to open it.]*

VERA *[Smiling]*

Oh, you may open it!

DAVID *[Wistfully]*

May I?

VERA [*Smiling*]  
Yes, and quick—or it'll be *Shabbos*!  
[DAVID *looks up at her in wonder.*]

MENDEL [*Smiling*]  
You read your letter!

DAVID [*Opens it eagerly, then smiles broadly with pleasure.*]  
Oh, Miss Revendal! Isn't that great! To play again at your Settlement. I *am* getting famous.

VERA  
But we can't offer you a fee.

MENDEL [*Quickly sotto voce to VERA*]  
Thank you!

DAVID  
A fee! I'd pay a fee to see all those happy immigrants you gather together—Dutchmen and Greeks, Poles and Norwegians, Welsh and Armenians. If you only had Jews, it would be as good as going to Ellis Island.

VERA [*Smiling*]  
What a strange taste! Who on earth wants to go to Ellis Island?

DAVID  
Oh, I love going to Ellis Island to watch the ships coming in from Europe, and to think that all those weary, sea-tossed wanderers are feeling what I felt

when America first stretched out her great mother-hand to *me* !

VERA [*Softly*]  
Were you very happy ?

DAVID  
It was heaven. You must remember that all my life I had heard of America—everybody in our town had friends there or was going there or got money orders from there. The earliest game I played at was selling off my toy furniture and setting up in America. All my life America was waiting, beckoning, shining—the place where God would wipe away tears from off all faces.

[*He ends in a half-sob.*]

MENDEL [*Rises, as in terror*]  
Now, now, David, don't get excited.  
[*Approaches him.*]

DAVID  
To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia, is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe, shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed—

MENDEL [*Soothingly*]  
Yes, yes, David.  
[*Laying hand on his shoulder*]  
Now sit down and—



DAVID [*Unheeding*]

Shining over the starving villages of Italy and Ireland,  
over the swarming stony cities of Poland and Galicia,  
over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles  
of Russia——

MENDEL [*Pleadingly*]

David!

DAVID

Oh, Miss Revendal, when I look at our Statue of  
Liberty, I just seem to hear the voice of America  
crying: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are  
heavy laden and I will give you rest—rest——"

[*He is now almost sobbing.*]

MENDEL

Don't talk any more—you know it is bad for you.

DAVID

But Miss Revendal asked—and I want to explain to  
her what America means to me.

MENDEL

You can explain it in your American symphony.

VERA [*Eagerly—to DAVID*]

You compose?

DAVID [*Embarrassed*]

Oh, uncle, why did you talk of—? Uncle always—  
my music is so thin and tinkling. When I am *writing*

my American symphony, it seems like thunder crashing through a forest full of bird songs. But next day—oh, next day!

*[He laughs dolefully and turns away.]*

VERA

So your music finds inspiration in America ?

DAVID

Yes—in the seething of the Crucible.

VERA

The Crucible ? I don't understand !

DAVID

Not understand ! You, the Spirit of the Settlement !

*[He rises and crosses to her and leans over the table, facing her.]*

Not understand that America is God's Crucible, the great Melting-Pot where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming ! Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, here you stand

*[Graphically illustrating it on the table]*

in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas ! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the Crucible with you all ! God is making the American.

MENDEL

I should have thought the American was made already  
—eighty millions of him.

DAVID

Eighty millions!

*[He smiles toward VERA in good-humoured derision.]*

Eighty millions! Over a continent! Why, that  
cockleshell of a Britain has forty millions! No, uncle,  
the real American has not yet arrived. He is only in  
the Crucible, I tell you—he will be the fusion of all  
races, perhaps the coming superman. Ah, what a  
glorious Finale for my symphony—if I can only  
write it.

VERA

But you have written some of it already! May I  
not see it?

DAVID *[Relapsing into boyish shyness]*

No, if you please, don't ask——

*[He moves over to his desk and nervously shuts it  
down and turns the keys of drawers as though  
protecting his MS.]*

VERA

Won't you give a bit of it at our Concert?

DAVID

Oh, it needs an orchestra.

VERA

But you at the violin and I at the piano——

MENDEL

You didn't tell me you played, Miss Revendal !

VERA

I told you less commonplace things.

DAVID

Miss Revendal plays quite like a professional.

VERA [*Smiling*]

I don't feel so complimented as you expect. You see I did have a professional training.

MENDEL [*Smiling*]

And I thought you came to *me* for lessons !

[*DAVID laughs.*]

VERA [*Smiling*]

No, I went to Petersburg——

DAVID [*Dazed*]

To Petersburg——?

VERA [*Smiling*]

Naturally. To the Conservatoire. There wasn't much music to be had at Kishineff, a town where——

DAVID

Kishineff !

[*He begins to tremble.*]

VERA [*Still smiling*]

My birthplace.

MENDEL [*Coming toward him, protectingly*]  
Calm yourself, David.

DAVID  
Yes, yes—so you are a Russian!  
[*He shudders violently, staggers.*]

VERA [*Alarmed*]  
You are ill!

DAVID  
It is nothing, I—not much music at Kishineff! No,  
only the Death-March! . . . Mother! Father!  
Ah—cowards, murderers! And you!  
[*He shakes his fist at the air.*]  
You, looking on with your cold butcher's face! O  
God! O God!  
[*He bursts into hysterical sobs and runs, shame-  
facedly, through the door to his room.*]

VERA [*Wildly*]  
What have I said? What have I done?

MENDEL  
Oh, I was afraid of this, I was afraid of this.

FRAU QUIXANO [*Who has fallen asleep over her  
book, wakes as if with a sense of the horror and  
gazes dazedly around, adding to the thrillingness  
of the moment*]  
*Dovidel! Wu is' Dovidel! Mir dacht sach—*  
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MENDEL [*Pressing her back to her slumbers*]  
*Du träumst, Mutter! Schlaf!*  
[*She sinks back to sleep.*]

VERA [*In hoarse whisper*]  
His father and mother were massacred ?

MENDEL [*In same tense tone*]  
Before his eyes—father, mother, sisters, down to the  
youngest babe, whose skull was battered in by a  
hooligan's heel.

VERA  
How did *he* escape ?

MENDEL  
He was shot in the shoulder, and fell unconscious.  
As he wasn't a girl, the hooligans left him for dead  
and hurried to fresh sport.

VERA  
Terrible! Terrible!  
[*Almost in tears.*]

MENDEL [*Shrugging shoulders, hopelessly*]  
It is only Jewish history! . . . David belongs to the  
species of *pogrom* orphan—they arrive in the States  
by almost every ship.

VERA  
Poor boy! Poor boy! And he looked so happy!  
[*She half sobs.*]

MENDEL

So he is, most of the time—a sunbeam took human shape when he was born. But naturally that dreadful scene left a scar on his brain, as the bullet left a scar on his shoulder, and he is always liable to see red when Kishineff is mentioned.

VERA

I will never mention my miserable birthplace to him again.

MENDEL

But you see every few months the newspapers tell us of another *pogrom*, and then he screams out against what he calls that butcher's face, so that I tremble for his reason. I tremble even when I see him writing that crazy music about America, for it only means he is brooding over the difference between America and Russia.

VERA

But perhaps—perhaps—all the terrible memory will pass peacefully away in his music.

MENDEL

There will always be the scar on his shoulder to remind him—whenever the wound twinges, it brings up these terrible faces and visions.

VERA

Is it on his right shoulder ?

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MENDEL

No—on his left. For a violinist that is even worse.

VERA

Ah, of course—the weight and the fingering.

[*Subconsciously placing and fingering an imaginary violin.*]

MENDEL

That is why I fear so for his future—he will never be strong enough for the feats of bravura that the public demands.

VERA

The wild beasts! I feel more ashamed of my country than ever. But there's his symphony.

MENDEL

And who will look at that amateurish stuff? He knows so little of harmony and counterpoint—he breaks all the rules. I've tried to give him a few pointers—but he ought to have gone to Germany.

VERA

Perhaps it's not too late.

MENDEL [*Passionately*]

Ah, if you and your friends could help him! See—I'm begging after all. But it's not for myself.

VERA

My father loves music. Perhaps *he*—but no! he



lives in Kishineff. But I will think—there are people here—I will write to you.

MENDEL [*Fervently*]  
Thank you! Thank you!

VERA  
Now you must go to him. Good-bye. Tell him I count upon him for the Concert.

MENDEL  
How good you are!  
[*He follows her to the street-door.*]

VERA [*At door*]  
Say good-bye for me to your mother—she seems asleep.

MENDEL [*Opening outer door*]  
I am sorry it is snowing so.

VERA  
We Russians are used to it.  
[*Smiling, at exit*]  
Good-bye—let us hope your David will turn out a Rubinstein.

MENDEL [*Closing the doors softly*]  
I never thought a Russian Christian could be so human.  
[*He looks at the clock.*]

*Gott in Himmel!*—my dancing class!

[*He hurries into the overcoat hanging on the hat-rack. Re-enter DAVID, having composed himself, but still somewhat dazed.*]

DAVID

She is gone? Oh, but I have driven her away by my craziness. Is she very angry?

MENDEL

Quite the contrary—she expects you at the Concert, and what is more——

DAVID [*Ecstatically*]

And she understood! She understood my Crucible of God! Oh, uncle, you don't know what it means to me to have somebody who understands me. Even you have never understood——

MENDEL [*Wounded*]

Nonsense! How can Miss Revendal understand you better than your own uncle?

DAVID [*Mystically exalted*]

I can't explain—I feel it.

MENDEL

Of course she's interested in your music, thank Heaven. But what true understanding can there be between a Russian Jew and a Russian Christian?

DAVID

What understanding? Aren't we both Americans?

MENDEL

Well, I haven't time to discuss it now.

*[He winds his muffler round his throat.]*

DAVID

Why, where are you going?

MENDEL *[Ironically]*

Where *should* I be going—in the snow—on the eve of the Sabbath? Suppose we say to synagogue!

DAVID

Oh, uncle—how you always seem to hanker after those old things!

MENDEL *[Tartly]*

Nonsense!

*[He takes his umbrella from the stand.]*

I don't like to see our people going to pieces, that's all.

DAVID

Then why did you come to America? Why didn't you work for a Jewish land? You're not even a Zionist.

MENDEL

I can't argue now. There's a pack of giggling school-girls waiting to waltz.

DAVID

The fresh romping young things! Think of their happiness! I should love to play for them.

MENDEL [*Sarcastically*]

I can see you are yourself again.

[*He opens the street-door—turns back.*]

What about your own lesson? Can't we go together?

DAVID

I must first write down what is singing in my soul—oh, uncle, it seems as if I knew suddenly what was wanting in my music!

MENDEL [*Drily*]

Well, don't forget what is wanting in the house! The rent isn't paid yet.

[*Exit through street-door. As he goes out, he touches and kisses the Mezuzah on the door-post, with a subconsciously antagonistic revival of religious impulse. DAVID opens his desk, takes out a pile of musical manuscript, sprawls over his chair and, humming to himself, scribbles feverishly with the quill. After a few moments FRAU QUIXANO yawns, wakes, and stretches herself. Then she looks at the clock.*]

FRAU QUIXANO

*Shabbos!*

[*She rises and goes to the table and sees there are*

*no candles, walks to the chiffonier and gets them and places them in the candlesticks, then lights the candles, muttering a ceremonial Hebrew benediction.]*

*Boruch atto haddoshem ellôheinu melech hoôlam assher kiddishonu bemitzvôsov vettzivonu lehadlik neir shel shabbos.*

*[She pulls down the blinds of the two windows, then she goes to the rapt composer and touches him, remindingly, on the shoulder. He does not move, but continues writing.]*

*Dovidel!*

*[He looks up dazedly. She points to the candles.]*

*Shabbos!*

*[A sweet smile comes over his face, he throws the quill resignedly away and submits his head to her hands and her muttered Hebrew blessing.]*

*Yesimcho elôhim ke-efrayim vechimnasseh—yevorechecho haddoshem veyishmerecho, yoer hadoshem ponov eilecho vechunecho, yisso hadoshem ponov eilecho veyosem lecho sholôm.*

*[Then she goes toward the kitchen. As she turns at the door, he is again writing. She shakes her finger at him, repeating]*

*Gut Shabbos!*

**DAVID**

*Gut Shabbos!*

*[Puts down the pen and smiles after her till the door closes, then with a deep sigh takes his cape from the peg and his violin-case, pauses, still humming, to take up his pen and write down a fresh phrase,*

*finally puts on his hat and is just about to open the street-door when KATHLEEN enters from her bedroom fully dressed to go, and laden with a large brown paper parcel and an umbrella. He turns at the sound of her footsteps and remains at the door, holding his violin-case during the ensuing dialogue.]*

DAVID

You're not going out this bitter weather ?

KATHLEEN [*Sharply fending him off with her umbrella*]

And who's to shtay me ?

DAVID

Oh, but you mustn't—I'll do your errand—what is it ?

KATHLEEN [*Indignantly*]

Errand, is it, indeed ! I'm not here !

DAVID

Not here ?

KATHLEEN

I'm lavin', they'll come for me thrunk—and ye'll witness I don't take the candleshtick

DAVID

But who's sending you away ?

KATHLEEN

It's sending meself away I am—yer houly grand-mother has me distroyed intirely.

DAVID

Why, what has the poor old la——?

KATHLEEN

I don't be saltin' the mate and I do be mixin' the crockery and——!

DAVID [*Gently*]

I know, I know—but, Kathleen, remember she was brought up to these things from childhood. And her father was a Rabbi.

KATHLEEN

What's that ? A priest ?

DAVID

A sort of priest. In Russia he was a great man. Her husband, too, was a mighty scholar, and to give him time to study the holy books she had to do chores all day for him and the children.

KATHLEEN

Oh, those priests !

DAVID [*Smiling*]

No, *he* wasn't a priest. But he took sick and died

and the children left her—went to America or heaven or other far-off places—and she was left all penniless and alone.

KATHLEEN  
Poor ould lady.

DAVID  
Not so old yet, for she was married at fifteen.

KATHLEEN  
Poor young crathur !

DAVID  
But she was still the good angel of the congregation—sat up with the sick and watched over the dead.

KATHLEEN  
Saints alive ! And not scared ?

DAVID  
No, nothing scared her—except me. I got a broken-down fiddle and used to play it even on *Shabbos*—I was very naughty. But she was so lovely to me. I still remember the heavenly taste of a piece of *Motso* she gave me dipped in raisin wine ! Passover cake, you know.

KATHLEEN [*Proudly*]  
Oh, *I* know *Motso*.

DAVID [*Smacks his lips, repeats*]  
Heavenly !



KATHLEEN  
Sure, I must tashte it.

DAVID [*Shaking his head, mysteriously*]  
Only little boys get that tashte.

KATHLEEN  
That's quare.

DAVID [*Smiling*]  
Very quare. And then one day my uncle sent the old lady a ticket to come to America. But it is not so happy for her here because you see my uncle has to be near his theatre and can't live in the Jewish quarter, and so nobody understands her, and she sits all the livelong day alone—alone with her book and her religion and her memories——

KATHLEEN [*Breaking down*]  
Oh, Mr. David!

DAVID  
And now all this long, cold, snowy evening she'll sit by the fire alone, thinking of her dead, and the fire will sink lower and lower, and she won't be able to touch it, because it's the holy Sabbath, and there'll be no kind Kathleen to brighten up the grey ashes, and then at last, sad and shivering, she'll creep up to her room without a candlestick, and there in the dark and the cold——

KATHLEEN [*Hysterically bursting into tears, dropping her parcel, and untying her bonnet-strings*]  
Oh, Mr. David, I won't mix the crockery, I won't——

DAVID [*Heartily*]

Of course you won't. Good night.

[*He slips out hurriedly through the street-door as KATHLEEN throws off her bonnet, and the curtain falls quickly. As it rises again, she is seen strenuously poking the fire, illumined by its red glow.*]



## Act II

*The same scene on an afternoon a month later. DAVID is discovered at his desk, scribbling music in a fever of enthusiasm. MENDEL, dressed in his best, is playing softly on the piano, watching DAVID. After an instant or two of indecision, he puts down the piano-lid with a bang and rises decisively.*

MENDEL  
David !

DAVID [*Putting up his left hand*]  
Please, please——  
[*He writes feverishly.*]

MENDEL  
But I want to talk to you seriously—at once.

DAVID  
I'm just re-writing the Finale. Oh, such a splendid inspiration !  
[*He writes on.*]

MENDEL [*Sbrugs his shoulders and reseats himself at piano. He plays a bar or two. Looks at watch impatiently. Resolutely*]  
David, I've got wonderful news for you. Miss Revendal is bringing somebody to see you, and we have hopes of getting you sent to Germany to study composition.  
[*DAVID does not reply, but writes rapidly on.*]

Why, he hasn't heard a word !

[*He shouts.*]

David !

DAVID [*Writing on*]

I can't, uncle. I *must* put it down while that glorious impression is fresh.

MENDEL

What impression ? You only went to the People's Alliance.

DAVID

Yes, and there I saw the Jewish children—a thousand of 'em—saluting the flag.

[*He writes on.*]

MENDEL

Well, what of that ?

DAVID

What of that ?

[*He throws down his quill and jumps up.*]

But just fancy it, uncle. The Stars and Stripes unfurled, and a thousand childish voices, piping and foreign, fresh from the lands of oppression, hailing its fluttering folds. I cried like a baby.

MENDEL

I'm afraid you *are* one.

DAVID

Ah, but if you had heard them—"Flag of our Great Republic"—the words have gone singing at my heart ever since—

*[He turns to the flag over the door.]*

"Flag of our Great Republic, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for Bravery, Purity, Truth, and Union, we salute thee. We, the natives of distant lands, who find

*[Half-sobbing]*

rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, our sacred honour to love and protect thee, our Country, and the liberty of the American people for ever."

*[He ends almost hysterically.]*

MENDEL *[Soothingly]*

Quite right. But you needn't get so excited over it.

DAVID

Not when one hears the roaring of the fires of God ?  
Not when one sees the souls melting in the Crucible ?  
Uncle, all those little Jews will grow up Americans !

MENDEL *[Putting a pacifying hand on his shoulder and forcing him into a chair]*

Sit down. I want to talk to you about your affairs.

DAVID *[Sitting]*

My affairs ! But I've been talking about them all the time !

MENDEL

Nonsense, David.

[*He sits beside him.*]

Don't you think it's time you got into a wider world ?

DAVID

Eh ? This planet's wide enough for me.

MENDEL

Do be serious. You don't want to live all your life in this room.

DAVID [*Looks round*]

What's the matter with this room ? It's princely.

MENDEL [*Raising his hands in horror*]

Princely !

DAVID

Imperial. Remember when I first saw it—after pigging a week in the rocking steerage, swinging in a berth as wide as my fiddle-case, hung near the cooking-engines ; imagine the hot rancid smell of the food, the oil of the machinery, the odours of all that close-packed, sea-sick——

MENDEL [*Putting his hand over DAVID's mouth*]

Don't ! You make me ill ! How could you ever bear it ?

DAVID [*Smiling*]

I was quite happy—I only had to fancy I'd been shipwrecked, and that after clinging to a plank five days without food or water on the great lonely Atlantic, my frozen, sodden form had been picked up by this great safe steamer and given this delightful dry berth, regular meals, and the spectacle of all these friendly faces. . . . Do you know who was on board that boat? Quincy Davenport.

MENDEL

The lord of corn and oil?

DAVID [*Smiling*]

Yes, even we wretches in the steerage felt safe to think the lord was up above, we believed the company would never dare drown *him*. But could even Quincy Davenport command a cabin like this?

[*Waving his arm round the room.*]

Why, uncle, we have a cabin worth a thousand dollars—a thousand dollars a *week*—and what's more, it doesn't wobble!

[*He plants his feet voluptuously upon the floor.*]

MENDEL

Come, come, David, I asked you to be serious. Surely, some day you'd like your music produced?

DAVID [*Jumps up*]

Wouldn't it be glorious? To hear it all actually coming out of violins and 'cellos, drums and trumpets.



MENDEL

And you'd like it to go all over the world ?

DAVID

All over the world and all down the ages.

MENDEL

But don't you see that unless you go and study seriously in Germany——?

*[Enter KATHLEEN from kitchen, carrying a furnished tea-tray with ear-shaped cakes, bread and butter, etc., and wearing a grotesque false nose. MENDEL cries out in amaze.]*

Kathleen !

DAVID *[Roaring with boyish laughter]*

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

KATHLEEN *[Standing still with her tray]*

Sure, what's the matter ?

DAVID

Look in the glass !

KATHLEEN *[Going to the mantel]*

Houly Moses !

*[She drops the tray, which MENDEL catches, and snatches off the nose.]*

Och, I forgot to take it off—'twas the misthress gave it me—I put it on to cheer her up.

DAVID

Is she so miserable, then ?

KATHLEEN

Terrible low, Mr. David, to-day being *Purim*.

MENDEL

*Purim!* Is to-day *Purim* ?

[*Gives her the tea-tray back. KATHLEEN, to take it, drops her nose and forgets to pick it up.*]

DAVID

But *Purim* is a merry time, Kathleen, like your Carnival. Haven't you read the book of Esther—how the Jews of Persia escaped massacre ?

KATHLEEN

That's what the mistress is so miserable about. Ye don't *keep* the Carnival. There's noses for both of ye in the kitchen—didn't I go with her to Hester Street to buy 'em ?—but ye don't be axin' for 'em. And to see your noses layin' around so solemn and neglected, faith, it nearly makes me chry meself.

MENDEL [*Bitterly to himself*]

Who can remember about *Purim* in America ?

DAVID [*Half-smiling*]

Poor granny, tell her to come in and I'll play her a *Purim* jig.

MENDEL [*Hastily*]  
No, no, David, not here—the visitors !

DAVID  
Visitors ? What visitors ?

MENDEL [*Impatiently*]  
That's just what I've been trying to explain.

DAVID  
Well, I can play in the kitchen.  
*[He takes his violin. Exit to kitchen. MENDEL sighs and shrugs his shoulders hopelessly at the boy's perversity, then fingers the cups and saucers.]*

MENDEL [*Anxiously*]  
Is that the *best* tea-set ?

KATHLEEN  
Can't you see it's the Passover set !  
*[Ruefully]*  
And shpiled intirely it'll be now for our Passover. . . .  
And the misthress thought the visitors might like to thry some of her *Purim* cakes.  
*[Indicates ear-shaped cakes on tray.]*

MENDEL [*Bitterly*]  
*Purim* cakes !  
*[He turns his back on her and stares moodily out of the window.]*

KATHLEEN [*Mutters contemptuously*]

Call yerself a Jew and you forgettin' to keep *Purim*!

[*She is going back to the kitchen when a merry Slavic dance breaks out, softened by the door; her feet unconsciously get more and more into dance step, and at last she jigs out. As she opens and passes through the door, the music sounds louder.*]

FRAU QUIXANO [*Heard from kitchen*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Kathleen!!

[*MENDEL's feet, too, begin to take the swing of the music, and his feet dance as he stares out of the window. Suddenly the hoot of an automobile is heard, followed by the rattling up of the car.*]

MENDEL

Ah, she has brought somebody swell!

[*He throws open the doors and goes out eagerly to meet the visitors. The dance music goes on softly throughout the scene.*]

QUINCY DAVENPORT [*Outside*]

Oh, thank you—I leave the coats in the car.

[*Enter an instant later QUINCY DAVENPORT and VERA REVENDAL, MENDEL in the rear. VERA is dressed much as before, but with a motor veil, which she takes off during the scene. DAVENPORT is a dude, aping the air of a European sporting clubman. Aged about thirty-five and well set-up, he wears an orchid and an intermittent eyeglass, and gives the impression of a coarse-fibred and patronisingly facetious but not bad-hearted man, spoiled by prosperity.*]

MENDEL

Won't you be seated ?

VERA

First let me introduce my friend, who is good enough to interest himself in your nephew—Mr. Quincy Davenport.

MENDEL [*Struck of a heap*]

Mr. Quincy Davenport ! How strange !

VERA

What is strange ?

MENDEL

David just mentioned Mr. Davenport's name—said they travelled to New York on the same boat.

QUINCY

Impossible ! Always travel on my own yacht. Slow but select. Must have been another man of the same name—my dad. Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

MENDEL

Ah, of course. I thought you were too young.

QUINCY

My dad, Miss Revendal, is one of those antiquated Americans who are always in a hurry !

VERA

He burns coal and you burn time.

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QUINCY

Precisely ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

MENDEL

Won't you sit down—I'll go and prepare David.

VERA [*Sitting*]

You've not prepared him yet ?

MENDEL

I've tried to more than once—but I never really got to——

[*He smiles*]  
to Germany.

[*QUINCY sits.*]

VERA

Then prepare him for *three* visitors.

MENDEL

Three ?

VERA

You see Mr. Davenport himself is no judge of music.

QUINCY [*Jumps up*]

I beg your pardon.

VERA

In manuscript.

QUINCY

Ah, of course not. Music should be heard, not seen—  
like that jolly jig. Is that your David ?

MENDEL

Oh, you mustn't judge him by that. He's just  
fooling.

QUINCY

Oh, he'd better not fool with Poppy. Poppy's awful  
severe.

MENDEL

Poppy ?

QUINCY

Pappelmeister—my private orchestra conductor.

MENDEL

Is it *your* orchestra Pappelmeister conducts ?

QUINCY

Well, *I* pay the piper—and the drummer too !  
[*He chuckles.*]

MENDEL [*Sadly*]

*I* wanted to play in it, but he turned me down.

QUINCY

I told you he was awful severe.

[*To VERA*]

He only allows me comic opera once a week. My wife calls him the Bismarck of the baton.

MENDEL [*Reverently*]  
A great conductor !

QUINCY

Would he have a twenty-thousand-dollar job with me if he wasn't ? Not that he'd get half that in the open market—only I have to stick it on to keep him for my guests exclusively.

[*Looks at watch.*]

But he ought to be here, confound him. A conductor should keep time, eh, Miss Revendal ?

[*He sniggers.*]

MENDEL

I'll bring David. Won't you help yourselves to tea ?

[*To VERA*]

You see there's lemon for you—as in Russia.

[*Exit to kitchen—a moment afterwards the merry music stops in the middle of a bar.*]

VERA

Thank you.

[*Taking a cup.*]

Do *you* like lemon, Mr. Davenport ?

QUINCY [*Flirtatiously*]

That depends. The last I had was in Russia itself—from the fair hands of your mother, the Baroness.



VERA [*Pained*]

Please don't say my mother, my mother is dead.

QUINCY [*Fatuously misunderstanding*]

Oh, you have no call to be ashamed of your step-mother—she's a stunning creature; all the points of a tip-top Russian aristocrat, or Quincy Davenport's no judge of breed! Doesn't speak English like your father—but then the Baron is a wonder.

VERA [*Takes up teapot*]

Father once hoped to be British Ambassador—that's why *I* had an English governess. But you never told me you met him in *Russia*.

QUINCY

Surely! When I gave you all those love messages——

VERA [*Pouring tea quickly*]

You said you met him at Wiesbaden.

QUINCY

Yes, but we grew such pals I motored him and the Baroness back to St. Petersburg. Jolly country, Russia—they know how to live.

VERA [*Coldly*]

I saw more of those who know how to die. . . . Milk and sugar?

QUINCY [*Sentimentally*]

Oh, Miss Revendal! Have you forgotten?

VERA [*Politely snubbing*]  
How should I remember ?

QUINCY  
You don't remember our first meeting ? At the  
Settlement Bazaar ? When I paid you a hundred  
dollars for every piece of sugar you put in ?

VERA  
Did you ? Then I hope you drank syrup.

QUINCY  
Ugh ! I hate sugar—I sacrificed myself.

VERA  
To the Settlement ? How heroic of you !

QUINCY  
No, not to the Settlement. To you !

VERA  
Then I'll only put milk in.

QUINCY  
I hate milk. But from you——

VERA  
Then we *must* fall back on the lemon.

QUINCY  
I loathe lemon. But from——

VERA

Then you shall have your tea neat.

QUINCY

I detest tea, and here it would be particularly cheap and nasty. But——

VERA

Then you shall have a cake !

*[She offers plate.]*

QUINCY *[Taking one]*

Would they be eatable ?

*[Tasting it.]*

Humph ! Not bad.

*[Sentimentally]*

A little cake was all you would eat the only time you came to one of my private concerts. Don't you remember ? We went down to supper together.

VERA *[Taking his tea for herself and putting in lemon]*

I shall always remember the delicious music Herr Pappelmeister gave us.

QUINCY

How unkind of you !

VERA

Unkind ?

*[She sips the tea and puts down the cup.]*

To be grateful for the music ?

QUINCY

You know what I mean—to forget *me* !  
[*He tries to take her hand.*]

VERA [*Rising*]

Aren't you forgetting yourself ?

QUINCY

You mean because I'm married to that patched-and-painted creature ? She's hankering for the stage again, the old witch.

VERA

Hush ! Marriages with comic opera stars are not usually domestic idylls.

QUINCY

I fell a victim to my love of music.

VERA [*Murmurs, smiling*]

Music !

QUINCY

And I hadn't yet met the right breed—the true blue blood of Europe. I'll get a divorce.

[*Approaching her*]

Vera !

VERA [*Retreating*]

You will make me sorry I came to you.

QUINCY

No, don't say that—I promised the Baron I'd always do all I could for——

VERA

You promised ? You dared discuss my affairs ?

QUINCY

It was your father began it. When he found I knew you, he almost wept with emotion. He asked a hundred questions about your life in America.

VERA

His life and mine are for ever separate. He is a Reactionary, I a Radical.

QUINCY

But he loves you dreadfully—he can't understand why you should go slaving away summer and winter in a Settlement—you a member of the Russian nobility !

VERA [*With faint smile*]

I might say, *noblesse oblige*. But the truth is, I earn my living that way. It would do *you* good to slave there too !

QUINCY [*Eagerly*]

Would they chain us together ? I'd come to-morrow.  
[*He moves nearer her. There is a double knock at the door.*]

VERA [*Relieved*]  
Here's Pappelmeister !

QUINCY  
Bother Poppy—why is he so darned punctual ?  
[*Enter KATHLEEN from the kitchen.*]

VERA [*Smiling*]  
Ah, you're still here.

KATHLEEN  
And why would I not be here ?  
[*She goes to open the door.*]

PAPPELMEISTER  
Mr. Quixano ?

KATHLEEN  
Yes, come in.  
[*Enter HERR PAPPELMEISTER, a burly German figure with a leonine head, spectacles, and a mane of white hair—a figure that makes his employer look even coarser. He carries an umbrella, which he never lets go. He is at first grave and silent, which makes any burst of emotion the more striking. He and QUINCY DAVENPORT suggest a picture of "Dignity and Impudence." His English, as roughly indicated in the text, is extremely Teutonic.*]

QUINCY  
You're late, Poppy !  
[*PAPPELMEISTER silently bows to VERA.*]

VERA [*Smilingly goes and offers her hand.*]  
Proud to meet you, Herr Pappelmeister !

QUINCY

Excuse me——

[*Introducing*]

Miss Revendal!—I forgot you and Poppy hadn't been introduced—curiously enough it was at Wiesbaden I picked him up too—he was conducting the opera—your folks were in my box. I don't think I ever met anyone so mad on music as the Baron. And the Baroness told me he had retired from active service in the Army because of the torture of listening to the average military band. Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

VERA

Yes, my father once hoped *my* music would comfort him.

[*She smiles sadly.*]

Poor father ! But a soldier must bear defeat. Herr Pappelmeister, may I not give you some tea ?

[*She sits again at the table.*]

QUINCY

Tea ! Lager's more in Poppy's line.

[*He chuckles.*]

PAPPELMEISTER [*Gravely*]

*Bitte.* Tea.

[*She pours out, he sits.*]

Lemon. Four lumps. . . . Nun, five! . . . Or six!

*[She hands him the cup.]*

Danke.

*[As he receives the cup, he utters an exclamation, for KATHLEEN after opening the door has lingered on, hunting around everywhere, and having finally crawled under the table has now brushed against his leg.]*

VERA

What are you looking for ?

KATHLEEN *[Her head emerging]*

My nose !

*[They are all startled and amused.]*

VERA

Your nose ?

KATHLEEN

I forgot me nose !

QUINCY

Well, follow your nose—and you'll find it. Ha !  
Ha ! Ha !

KATHLEEN *[Pouncing on it]*

Here it is !

*[Picks it up near the armchair.]*

OMNES

Oh !

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KATHLEEN

Sure, it's gotten all dirty.

*[She takes out a handkerchief and wipes the nose carefully.]*

QUINCY

But why do you want a nose like that ?

KATHLEEN [*Proudly*]

Bekaz we're Hebrews !

QUINCY

What !

VERA

What *do* you mean ?

KATHLEEN

It's our Carnival to-day ! *Purim.*

*[She carries her nose carefully and piously toward the kitchen.]*

VERA

Oh ! I see.

*[Exit KATHLEEN.]*

QUINCY [*In horror*]

Miss Revendal, you don't mean to say you've brought me to a Jew !

VERA

I'm afraid I have. I was thinking only of his genius,

not his race. And you see, so many musicians are Jews.

QUINCY

Not *my* musicians. No Jew's harp in my orchestra, eh?

[*He sniggers.*]

I wouldn't have a Jew if he paid *me*.

VERA

I daresay you have some, all the same.

QUINCY

Impossible. Poppy! Are there any Jews in my orchestra?

PAPPELMEISTER [*Removing the cup from his mouth and speaking with sepulchral solemnity*]

Do you mean are dere any Christians?

QUINCY [*In horror*]

Gee-rusalem! Perhaps *you're* a Jew!

PAPPELMEISTER [*Gravely*]

I haf not de honour. But, if you brefer, I will gut out from my brogrammes all de Chewish composers. *Was?*

QUINCY

Why, of course. Fire 'em out, every mother's son of 'em.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Unsmiling*]  
*Also*—no more comic operas !

QUINCY  
What !!!

PAPPELMEISTER  
Dey write all de comic operas !

QUINCY  
Brute !

[PAPPELMEISTER's *chuckle is heard gurgling in his cup. Re-enter MENDEL from kitchen.*]

MENDEL [*To VERA*]  
I'm so sorry—I can't get him to come in—he's terrible shy.

QUINCY  
Won't face the music, eh ?  
[*He sniggers.*]

VERA  
Did you tell him *I* was here ?

MENDEL  
Of course.

VERA [*Disappointed*]  
Oh !

MENDEL  
But I've persuaded him to let me show his MS.

VERA [*With forced satisfaction*]

Oh, well, that's all we want.

[MENDEL goes to the desk, opens it, and gets the MS., and offers it to QUINCY DAVENPORT.]

QUINCY

Not for me—Poppy!

[MENDEL offers it to PAPPELMEISTER, who takes it solemnly.]

MENDEL [*Anxiously to PAPPELMEISTER*]

Of course you must remember his youth and his lack of musical education——

PAPPELMEISTER

*Bitte, das Pult!*

[MENDEL moves DAVID'S music-stand from the corner to the centre of the room. PAPPELMEISTER puts MS. on it.]

So!

[*All eyes centre on him eagerly, MENDEL standing uneasily, the others sitting. PAPPELMEISTER polishes his glasses with irritating elaborateness and weary "achs," then reads in absolute silence. A pause.*]

QUINCY [*Bored by the silence*]

But won't you play it to us?

PAPPELMEISTER

Blay it? Am I an orchestra? I blay it in my brain.

[*He goes on reading, his brow gets wrinkled. He*

*ruffles his hair unconsciously. All watch him  
anxiously—he turns the page.]*

*So!*

VERA [*Anxiously*]  
You don't seem to like it!

PAPPELMEISTER  
I do not comprehend it.

MENDEL  
I knew it was crazy—it is supposed to be about  
America or a Crucible or something. And of course  
there are heaps of mistakes.

VERA  
That is why I am suggesting to Mr. Davenport to  
send him to Germany.

QUINCY  
I'll send as many Jews as you like to Germany. Ha!  
Ha! Ha!

PAPPELMEISTER [*Absorbed, turning pages*]  
*Ach!—ach!—So!*

QUINCY  
I'd even lend my own yacht to take 'em back. Ha!  
Ha! Ha!

VERA  
Sh! We're disturbing Herr Pappelmeister.

QUINCY

Oh, Poppy's all right.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Sublimely unconscious*]

*Ach so—so—SO! Das ist etwas neues!*

[*His umbrella begins to beat time, moving more and more vigorously, till at last he is conducting elaborately, stretching out his left palm for pianissimo passages, and raising it vigorously for forte, with every now and then an exclamation.*]

*Wunderschön! . . . pianissimo!*—now the flutes!

Clarinets! *Ach, ergötzlich . . . bassoons and drums!*

*. . . Fortissimo! . . . Kolossal! Kolossal!*

[*Conducting in a fury of enthusiasm.*]

VERA [*Clapping her hands*]

Bravo! Bravo! I'm so excited!

QUINCY [*Yawning*]

Then it isn't bad, Poppy?

PAPPELMEISTER [*Not listening, never ceasing to conduct*]

*Und de harp solo . . . ach, reizend! . . . Second violins—!*

QUINCY

But Poppy! We can't be here all day.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Not listening, continuing pantomime action*]

Sh! Sh! *Piano.*

QUINCY [*Outraged*]  
Sh to me!  
[*Rises.*]

VERA  
He doesn't know it's you.

QUINCY  
But look here, Poppy—  
[*He seizes the wildly moving umbrella. Blank stare of PAPPELMEISTER gradually returning to consciousness.*]

PAPPELMEISTER  
*Was giebt's . . . ?*

QUINCY  
We've had enough.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Indignant*]  
Enough? Enough? Of such a beautiful symphony?

QUINCY  
It may be beautiful to you, but to us it's damn dull. See here, Poppy, if you're satisfied that the young fellow has sufficient talent to be sent to study in Germany—

PAPPELMEISTER  
In Germany! Germany has nodings to teach him, he has to teach Germany.

VERA

Bravo!

[*She springs up.*]

MENDEL

I always said he was a genius!

QUINCY

Well, at that rate you could put this stuff of his in one of my programmes. *Sinfonia Americana*, eh?

VERA

Oh, that *is* good of you!

PAPPELMEISTER

I should be broud to indroduce it to de world.

VERA

And will it be played in that wonderful marble music-room overlooking the Hudson?

QUINCY

Sure. Before five hundred of the smartest folk in America.

MENDEL

Oh, thank you, thank you. That will mean fame!

QUINCY

And dollars. Don't forget the dollars.



MENDEL

I'll run and tell him.

*[He hastens into the kitchen, PAPPELMEISTER is re-absorbed in the MS., but no longer conducting.]*

QUINCY

You see, I'll help even a Jew for your sake.

VERA

Hush!

*[Indicating PAPPELMEISTER.]*

QUINCY

Oh, Poppy's in the moon.

VERA

You must help him for his own sake, for art's sake.

QUINCY

And why not for heart's sake—for my sake?

*[He comes nearer.]*

VERA *[Crossing to PAPPELMEISTER]*

Herr Pappelmeister! When do you think you can produce it?

PAPPELMEISTER

*Wunderbar! . . .*

*[Becoming half-conscious of VERA]*

Four lumps. . . .

*[Waking up]*

*Bitte?*

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VERA

How soon can you produce it ?

PAPPELMEISTER

How soon can he finish it ?

VERA

Isn't it finished ?

PAPPELMEISTER

I see von Finale scratched out and anoder not quite completed. But anyhow, ve couldn't broduce it before Saturday fortnight.

QUINCY

Saturday fortnight ! Not time to get my crowd.

PAPPELMEISTER

Den ve say Saturday dree veeks. Yes ?

QUINCY

Yes. Stop a minute ! Did you say Saturday ?  
That's my comic opera night ! You thief !

PAPPELMEISTER

Somedings must be sagraficed.

MENDEL [*Outside*]

But you *must* come, David.

[*The kitchen door opens, and MENDEL drags in the boyishly shrinking DAVID. PAPPELMEISTER thumps*

*with his umbrella, VERA claps her hands, QUINCY DAVENPORT produces his eyeglass and surveys DAVID curiously.]*

VERA

Oh, Mr. Quixano, I am so glad! Mr. Davenport is going to produce your symphony in his wonderful music-room.

QUINCY

Yes, young man, I'm going to give you the smartest audience in America. And if Poppy is right, you're just going to rake in the dollars. America wants a composer.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Raises hands emphatically*]  
*Ach Gott, ja!*

VERA [*To DAVID*]

Why don't you speak? You're not angry with me for interfering——?

DAVID

I can never be grateful enough to you——

VERA

Oh, not to me. It is to Mr. Davenport you——

DAVID

And I can never be grateful enough to Herr Pappelmeister. It is an honour even to meet him.

[*Bows.*]

PAPPELMEISTER [*Choking with emotion, goes and pats him on the back.*]  
*Mein braver Junge!*

VERA [*Anxiously*]  
But it is Mr. Davenport——

DAVID  
Before I accept Mr. Davenport's kindness, I must know to whom I am indebted—and if Mr. Davenport is the man who——

QUINCY  
Who travelled with you to New York? Ha! Ha!  
Ha! No, *I'm* only the junior.

DAVID  
Oh, I know, sir, you don't make the money you spend.

QUINCY  
Eh?

VERA [*Anxiously*]  
He means he knows you're not in business.

DAVID  
Yes, sir; but is it true you are in pleasure?

QUINCY [*Puzzled*]  
I beg your pardon?

DAVID

Are all the stories the papers print about you true ?

QUINCY

*All* the stories. That's a tall order. Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

DAVID

Well, anyhow, is it true that——?

VERA

Mr. Quixano ! What *are* you driving at ?

QUINCY

Oh, it's rather fun to hear what the masses read about me. Fire ahead. Is what true ?

DAVID

That you were married in a balloon ?

QUINCY

Ho ! Ha ! Ha ! That's true enough. Marriage in high life, they said, didn't they ? Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

DAVID

And is it true you live in America only two months in the year, and then only to entertain Europeans who wander to these wild parts ?

QUINCY

Lucky for you, young man. You'll have an Italian prince and a British duke to hear your scribblings.

DAVID

And the palace where they will hear my scribblings—  
is it true that——?

VERA [*Who has been on pins and needles*]

Mr. Quixano, what possible——?

DAVID [*Entreatingly holds up a hand.*]

Miss Revendal!

[*To QUINCY DAVENPORT*]

Is this palace the same whose grounds were turned  
into Venetian canals where the guests ate in gondolas—  
gondolas that were draped with the most wonderful  
trailing silks in imitation of the Venetian nobility in  
the great water fêtes?

QUINCY [*Turns to VERA*]

Ah, Miss Revendal—what a pity you refused that  
invitation! It was a fairy scene of twinkling lights  
and delicious darkness—each couple had their own  
gondola to sup in, and their own side-canal to slip  
down. Eh? Ha! Ha! Ha!

DAVID

And the same night, women and children died of  
hunger in New York!

QUINCY [*Startled, drops eyeglass.*]

Eh?

DAVID [*Furiously*]

And this is the sort of people you would invite to hear  
my symphony—these gondola-guzzlers!

VERA  
Mr. Quixano !

MENDEL  
David !

DAVID  
These magnificent animals who went into the gondolas  
two by two, to feed and flirt !

QUINCY [*Dazed*]  
Sir !

DAVID  
I should be a new freak for you for a new freak evening  
—I and my dreams and my music !

QUINCY  
You low-down, ungrateful——

DAVID  
Not for you and such as you have I sat here writing and  
dreaming ; not for you who are killing my America !

QUINCY  
*Your* America, forsooth, you Jew-immigrant !

VERA  
Mr. Davenport !

DAVID  
Yes—Jew-immigrant ! But a Jew who knows that

your Pilgrim Fathers came straight out of his Old Testament, and that our Jew-immigrants are a greater factor in the glory of this great commonwealth than some of you sons of the soil. It is you, freak-fashionables, who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarising your high heritage, and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature.

QUINCY [*Rocking with laughter*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

[*To VERA.*]

You never told me your Jew-scribbler was a socialist!

DAVID

I am nothing but a simple artist, but I come from Europe, one of her victims, and I know that she is a failure; that her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit, and that the only hope of mankind lies in a new world. And here—in the land of to-morrow—you are trying to bring back Europe—

QUINCY [*Interjecting*]

I wish we could!—

DAVID

Europe with her comic-opera coronets and her worm-eaten stage decorations, and her pomp and chivalry built on a morass of crime and misery—

QUINCY [*With sneering laugh*]

Morass!—



DAVID [*With prophetic passion*]  
But you shall not kill my dream! There shall come  
a fire round the Crucible that will melt you and your  
breed like wax in a blowpipe—

QUINCY [*Furiously, with clenched fist*]  
You—

DAVID  
America *shall* make good . . . !

PAPPELMEISTER [*Who has sat down and remained  
imperturbably seated throughout all this scene, springs  
up and waves his umbrella hysterically*]  
*Hoch Quixano! Hoch! Hoch! Es lebe Quixano! Hoch!*

QUINCY  
Poppy! You're dismissed!

PAPPELMEISTER [*Goes to DAVID with outstretched  
hand*]  
*Danke.*

[*They grip hands. PAPPELMEISTER turns to QUINCY  
DAVENPORT.*]  
Comic Opera! Ouf!

QUINCY [*Goes to street-door, at white heat.*]  
Are you coming, Miss Revendal?  
[*He opens the door.*]

VERA [*To QUINCY, but not moving*]  
Pray, pray, accept my apologies—believe me, if I had  
known—

QUINCY [*Furiously*]  
Then stop with your Jew!  
[*Exit.*]

MENDEL [*Frantically*]  
But, Mr. Davenport—don't go! He is only a boy.  
[*Exit after QUINCY DAVENPORT.*]  
You must consider——

DAVID  
Oh, Herr Pappelmeister, you have lost your place!

PAPPELMEISTER  
And saved my soul. Dollars are de devil. Now I  
must to an appointment. *Auf baldiges Wiedersehen.*  
[*He shakes DAVID's hand.*]  
Fräulein Revendal!  
[*He takes her hand and kisses it. Exit. DAVID  
and VERA stand gazing at each other.*]

VERA  
What have you done? What have you done?

DAVID  
What else could I do?

VERA  
I hate the smart set as much as you—but as your ladder  
and your trumpet——

DAVID  
I would not stand indebted to them. I know you  
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meant it for my good, but what would these Europeans have understood of *my* America—the America of my music? They look back on Europe as a pleasure ground, a palace of art—but I know

[*Getting hysterical*]

it is sodden with blood, red with bestial massacres—

VERA [*Alarmed, anxious*]

Let us talk no more about it.

[*She holds out her hand.*]

Good-bye.

DAVID [*Frozen, taking it, holding it*]

Ah, you are offended by my ingratitude—I shall never see you again.

VERA

No, I am not offended. But I have failed to help you. We have nothing else to meet for.

[*She disengages her hand.*]

DAVID

Why will you punish me so? I have only hurt myself.

VERA

It is not a *punishment*.

DAVID

What else? When you are with me, all the air seems to tremble with fairy music played by some unseen fairy orchestra.

VERA [*Tremulous*]

And yet you wouldn't come in just now when I——

DAVID

I was too frightened of the others . . .

VERA [*Smiling*]

Frightened indeed!

DAVID

Yes, I know I became overbold—but to take all that magic sweetness out of my life for ever—you don't call that a punishment?

VERA [*Blushing*]

How could I wish to punish you? I was proud of you!

[*Drops her eyes, murmurs*]

Besides it would be punishing *myself*.

DAVID [*In passionate amaze*]

Miss Revendal! . . . But no, it cannot be. It is too impossible.

VERA [*Frightened*]

Yes, too impossible. Good-bye.

[*She turns.*]

DAVID

But not for always?

[*VERA hangs her head. He comes nearer. Passionately*]

Promise me that you—that I——  
[*He takes her hand again.*]

VERA [*Melting at his touch, breathes*]  
Yes, yes, David.

DAVID  
Miss Revendal !  
[*She falls into his arms.*]

VERA  
My dear ! my dear !

DAVID  
It is a dream. You cannot care for me—you so far  
above me.

VERA  
Above you, you simple boy ? Your genius lifts you  
to the stars.

DAVID  
No, no ; it is you who lift me there——

VERA [*Smoothing his hair*]  
Oh, David. And to think that I was brought up to  
despise your race.

DAVID [*Sadly*]  
Yes, all Russians are.  
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VERA

But we of the nobility in particular.

DAVID [*Amazed, half-releasing her*]

You are noble ?

VERA

My father is Baron Revendal, but I have long since carved out a life of my own.

DAVID

Then he will not separate us ?

VERA

No.

[*Re-embracing him.*]

Nothing can separate us.

[*A knock at the street-door. They separate. The automobile is heard clattering off.*]

DAVID

It is my uncle coming back.

VERA [*In low, tense tones*]

Then I shall slip out. I could not bear a third. I will write.

[*She goes to the door.*]

DAVID

Yes, yes . . . Vera.

[*He follows her to the door. He opens it and she slips out.*]

MENDEL [*Half-seen at the door, expostulating*]  
You, too, Miss Revendal——?

[*Re-enters.*]

Oh, David, you have driven away all your friends.

DAVID [*Going to window and looking after VERA*]  
Not all, uncle. Not all.

[*He throws his arms boyishly round his uncle.*]

I am so happy.

MENDEL

Happy ?

DAVID

She loves me—Vera loves me.

MENDEL

Vera ?

DAVID

Miss Revendal.

MENDEL

Have you lost your wits ?

[*He throws DAVID off.*]

DAVID

I don't wonder you're amazed. Maybe you think  
*I* wasn't. It is as if an angel should stoop down——

MENDEL [*Hoarsely*]

This is true ? This is not some stupid *Purim* joke ?

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DAVID

True and sacred as the sunrise.

MENDEL

But you are a Jew!

DAVID

Yes, and just think! She was bred up to despise Jews—her father was a Russian baron——

MENDEL

If she was the daughter of fifty barons, you cannot marry her.

DAVID [*In pained amaze*]

Uncle!

[*Slowly*]

Then your hankering after the synagogue was serious after all.

MENDEL

It is not so much the synagogue—it is the call of our blood through immemorial generations.

DAVID

*You* say that! You who have come to the heart of the Crucible, where the roaring fires of God are fusing our race with all the others.

MENDEL [*Passionately*]

Not *our* race, not your race and mine.

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DAVID

What immunity has our race ?

*[Meditatively]*

The pride and the prejudice, the dreams and the sacrifices, the traditions and the superstitions, the fasts and the feasts, things noble and things sordid—they must all into the Crucible.

MENDEL *[With prophetic fury]*

The Jew has been tried in a thousand fires and only tempered and annealed.

DAVID

Fires of hate, not fires of love. That is what melts.

MENDEL *[Sneeringly]*

So I see.

DAVID

Your sneer is false. The love that melted me was not Vera's—it was the love *America* showed me—the day she gathered me to her breast.

MENDEL *[Speaking passionately and rapidly]*

Many countries have gathered us. Holland took us when we were driven from Spain—but we did not become Dutchmen. Turkey took us when Germany oppressed us—but we have not become Turks.

DAVID

These countries were not in the making. They were

old civilisations stamped with the seal of creed. In such countries the Jew may be right to stand out. But here in this new secular Republic we must look forward——

MENDEL [*Passionately interrupting*]  
We must look backwards, too.

DAVID [*Hysterically*]  
To what? To Kishineff?  
[*As if seeing his vision*]  
To that butcher's face directing the slaughter? To those——?

MENDEL [*Alarmed*]  
Hush! Calm yourself!

DAVID [*Struggling with himself*]  
Yes, I will calm myself—but how else shall I calm myself save by forgetting all that nightmare of religions and races, save by holding out my hands with prayer and music toward the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God! The Past I cannot mend—its evil outlines are stamped in immortal rigidity. Take away the hope that I can mend the Future, and you make me mad.

MENDEL  
You are mad already—your dreams are mad—the Jew is hated here as everywhere—you are false to your race.

DAVID

I keep faith with America. I have faith America will keep faith with us.

*[He raises his hands in religious rapture toward the flag over the door.]*

Flag of our great Republic, guardian of our homes, whose stars and——

MENDEL

Spare me that rigmarole. Go out and marry your Gentile and be happy.

DAVID

You turn me out ?

MENDEL

Would you stay and break my mother's heart ? You know she would mourn for you with the rending of garments and the seven days' sitting on the floor. Go ! You have cast off the God of our fathers !

DAVID [*Thundrously*]

And the God of our children—does *He* demand no service ?

*[Quieter, coming toward his uncle and touching him affectionately on the shoulder.]*

You are right—I do need a wider world.

*[Expands his lungs.]*

I must go away.

MENDEL

Go, then—I'll hide the truth—she must never suspect—lest she mourn you as dead.

FRAU QUIXANO [*Outside, in the kitchen*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Both men turn toward the kitchen and listen.*]

KATHLEEN

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

FRAU QUIXANO AND KATHLEEN

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MENDEL [*Bitterly*]

A merry *Purim*!

[*The kitchen door opens and remains ajar. FRAU QUIXANO rushes in, carrying DAVID's violin and bow. KATHLEEN looks in, grinning.*]

FRAU QUIXANO [*Hilariously*]

*Nu spiel noch! spiel!*

[*She holds the violin and bow appealingly toward DAVID.*]

MENDEL [*Putting out a protesting hand*]

No, no, David—I couldn't bear it.

DAVID

But I must! You said she mustn't suspect.

[*He looks lovingly at her as he loudly utters these words, which are unintelligible to her.*]

And it may be the last time I shall ever play for her.

[*Changing to a mock merry smile as he takes the violin and bow from her*]

Gewiss, Granny!

[*He starts the same old Slavic dance.*]

FRAU QUIXANO [*Childishly pleased*]

He! He! He!

[*She claps on a false grotesque nose from her pocket.*]

DAVID [*Torn between laughter and tears*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MENDEL [*Shocked*]

*Mutter!*

FRAU QUIXANO

*Un' du auch!*

[*She claps another false nose on MENDEL, laughing in childish glee at the effect. Then she starts dancing to the music, and KATHLEEN slips in and joyously dances beside her.*]

DAVID [*Joining tearfully in the laughter*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*The curtain falls quickly. It rises again upon the picture of FRAU QUIXANO fallen back into a chair, exhausted with laughter, fanning herself with her apron, while KATHLEEN has dropped breathless across the arm of the armchair; DAVID is still playing on, and MENDEL, his false nose torn off, stands by, glowering. The curtain falls again and rises upon a final tableau of DAVID in his cloak and hat, stealing out of the door with his violin, casting a sad farewell glance at the old woman and at the home which has sheltered him.*]

## Act III

*April, about a month later. The scene changes to MISS REVENDAL'S sitting-room at the Settlement House on a sunny day. Simple, pretty furniture : a sofa, chairs, small table, etc. An open piano with music. Flowers and books about. Fine art reproductions on walls. The fireplace is on the left. A door on the left leads to the hall, and a door on the right to the interior. A servant enters from the left, ushering in BARON and BARONESS REVENDAL and QUINCY DAVENPORT. The BARON is a tall, stern, grizzled man of military bearing, with a narrow, fanatical forehead and martinet manners, but otherwise of honest and distinguished appearance, with a short, well-trimmed white beard and well-cut European clothes. Although his dignity is diminished by the constant nervous suspiciousness of the Russian official, it is never lost ; his nervousness, despite its comic side, being visibly the tragic shadow of his position. His English has only a touch of the foreign in accent and vocabulary and is much superior to his wife's, which comes to her through her French. The BARONESS is pretty and dressed in red in the height of Paris fashion, but blazes with barbaric jewels at neck and throat and wrist. She gestures freely with her hand, which, when ungloved, glitters with heavy rings. She is much younger than the BARON and self-consciously fascinating. Her parasol, which matches her costume, suggests the sunshine without. QUINCY DAVENPORT is in a smart spring suit with a motor dust-coat*

*and cap, which last he lays down on the mantel-piece.*

SERVANT

Miss Revendal is on the roof-garden. I'll go and tell her.

*[Exit, toward the hall.]*

BARON

A marvellous people, you Americans. Gardens in the sky!

QUINCY

Gardens, forsooth! We plant a tub and call it Paradise. No, Baron. New York is the great stone desert.

BARONESS

But ze big beautiful Park vere ve drove tru?

QUINCY

No taste, Baroness, modern sculpture and menageries! Think of the Medici gardens at Rome.

BARONESS

Ah, Rome!

*[With an ecstatic sigh, she drops into an armchair. Then she takes out a dainty cigarette-case, pulls off her right-hand glove, exhibiting her rings, and chooses a cigarette. The BARON, seeing this, produces his match-box.]*

QUINCY

And now, dear Baron Revendal, having brought you safely to the den of the lioness—if I may venture to call your daughter so—I must leave *you* to do the taming, eh ?

BARON

You are always of the most amiable.

[*He strikes a match.*]

BARONESS

*Tout à fait charmant.*

[*The BARON lights her cigarette.*]

QUINCY [*Bows gallantly*]

Don't mention it. I'll just have my auto take me to the Club, and then I'll send it back for you.

BARONESS

Ah, zank you—zat street-car looks horreeble.

[*She puffs out smoke.*]

BARON

Quite impossible. What is to prevent an anarchist sitting next to you and shooting out your brains ?

QUINCY

We haven't much of that here—I don't mean brains. Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

BARON

But I saw desperadoes spying as we came off your yacht.

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QUINCY

Oh, that was newspaper chaps.

BARON [*Shakes his head*]

No—they are circulating my appearance to all the gang in the States. They took snapshots.

QUINCY

Then you're quite safe from recognition.

[*He sniggers.*]

Didn't they ask you questions ?

BARON

Yes, but I am a diplomat. I do not reply.

QUINCY

That's not very diplomatic here. Ha ! Ha !

BARON

*Diable !*

[*He claps his hand to his hip pocket, half-producing a pistol. The BARONESS looks equally anxious.*]

QUINCY

What's up ?

BARON [*Points to window, whispers hoarsely*]

Regard ! A hooligan peeped in !

QUINCY [*Goes to window*]

Only some poor devil come to the Settlement.

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BARON [*Hoarsely*]  
But under his arm—a bomb!

QUINCY [*Shaking his head smilingly*]  
A soup bowl.

BARONESS  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

QUINCY  
What makes you so nervous, Baron?  
[*The BARON slips back his pistol, a little ashamed.*]

BARONESS  
Ze Intellectuals and ze *Bund*, zey all hate my husband  
because he is faizful to Christ  
[*Crossing herself*]  
and ze Tsar.

QUINCY  
But the Intellectuals are in Russia.

BARON  
They have their branches here—the refugees are  
the leaders—it is a diabolical network.

QUINCY  
Well, anyhow, *we're* not in Russia, eh? No, no,  
Baron, you're quite safe. Still, you can keep my  
automobile as long as you like—I've plenty.

BARON

A thousand thanks.

[*Wiping his forehead.*]

But surely no gentleman would sit in the public car, squeezed between working-men and shop-girls, not to say Jews and Blacks.

QUINCY

It *is* done here. But we shall change all that. Already we have a few taxi-cabs. Give us time, my dear Baron, give us time. You mustn't judge us by your European standard.

BARON

By the European standard, Mr. Davenport, you put our hospitality to the shame. From the moment you sent your yacht for us to Odessa——

QUINCY

Pray, don't ever speak of that again—you know how anxious I was to get you to New York.

BARON

Provided we have arrived in time !

QUINCY

That's all right, I keep telling you. They aren't married yet——

BARON [*Grinding his teeth and shaking his fist*]

Those Jew-vermin—all my life I have suffered from them !

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QUINCY

We all suffer from them.

BARONESS

Zey are ze pests of ze civilisation.

BARON

But this supreme insult Vera shall not put on the blood of the Revendals—not if I have to shoot her down with my own hand—and myself after !

QUINCY

No, no, Baron, that's not done here. Besides, if you shoot her down, where do *I* come in, eh ?

BARON [*Puzzled*]

Where *you* come in ?

QUINCY

Oh, Baron ! Surely you have guessed that it is not merely Jew-hate, but—er—Christian love. Eh ?

[*Laughing uneasily.*]

BARON

You !

BARONESS [*Clapping her hands*]

Oh, *charmant, charmant* ! But it ees a romance !

BARON

But you are married !

BARONESS [*Downcast*]  
*Ab, oui. Quel dommage, vat a peety!*

QUINCY  
You forget, Baron, we are in America. The law giveth  
and the law taketh away.  
[*He sniggers.*]

BARONESS  
It ees a vonderful country! But your wife—*hein?*—  
would she consent?

QUINCY  
She's mad to get back on the stage—I'll run a theatre  
for her. It's your daughter's consent that's the real  
trouble—she won't see me because I lost my temper  
and told her to stop with her Jew. So I look to you  
to straighten things out.

BARONESS  
*Mais parfaitement.*

BARON [*Frowning at her*]  
You go too quick, Katusha. What influence have I  
on Vera? And *you* she has never even seen! To  
kick out the Jew-beast is one thing. . . .

QUINCY  
Well, anyhow, don't *shoot* her—shoot the beast rather.  
[*Sniggeringly.*]

BARON

Shooting is too good for the enemies of Christ.

*[Crossing himself.]*

At Kishineff we stick the swine.

QUINCY *[Interested]*

Ah! I read about that. Did you see the massacre?

BARON

Which one? Give me a cigarette, Katusha.

*[She obeys.]*

We've had several Jew-massacres in Kishineff.

QUINCY

Have you? The papers only boomed one—four or five years ago—about Easter time, I think—

BARON

Ah, yes—when the Jews insulted the procession of the Host!

*[Taking a light from the cigarette in his wife's mouth.]*

QUINCY

Did they? I thought—

BARON *[Sarcastically]*

I daresay. That's the lies they spread in the West. They have the Press in their hands, damn 'em. But you see I was on the spot.

*[He drops into a chair.]*

I had charge of the whole district.

QUINCY [*Startled*]  
You !

BARON  
Yes, and I hurried a regiment up to teach the blaspheming brutes manners—  
[*He puffs out a leisurely cloud.*]

QUINCY [*Whistling*]  
Whew ! . . . I—I say, old chap, I mean Baron, you'd better not say that here.

BARON  
Why not ? I am proud of it.

BARONESS  
My husband vas decorated for it—he has ze order of St. Vladimir.

BARON [*Proudly*]  
Second class ! Shall we allow these bigots to mock at all we hold sacred ? The Jews are the deadliest enemies of our holy autocracy and of the only orthodox Church. Their *Bund* is behind all the Revolution.

BARONESS  
A plague-spot muz be cut out !

QUINCY  
Well, I'd keep it dark if I were you. Kishineff is a back number, and we don't take much stock in the new massacres. Still, we're a bit squeamish—

BARON

Squeamish ! Don't you lynch and roast your niggers ?

QUINCY

Not officially. Whereas your Black Hundreds——

BARON

Black Hundreds ! My dear Mr. Davenport, they are the white hosts of Christ

[*Crossing himself*]

and of the Tsar, who is God's vicegerent on earth. Have you not read the works of our sainted Pobiedonostzeff, Procurator of the Most Holy Synod ?

QUINCY

Well, of course, I always felt there was another side to it, but still——

BARONESS

Perhaps he has right, Alexis. Our Ambassador vonce told me ze Americans are more sentimental zan civilised.

BARON

Ah, let them wait till they have ten million vermin overrunning *their* country—we shall see how long they will be sentimental. Think of it ! A burrowing swarm creeping and crawling everywhere, ugh ! They ruin our peasantry with their loans and their drink shops, ruin our army with their revolutionary propaganda, ruin our professional classes by snatching all the prizes and professorships, ruin our commercial



classes by monopolising our sugar industries, our oil-fields, our timber-trade. . . . Why, if we gave them equal rights, our Holy Russia would be entirely run by them.

BARONESS

*Mon dieu ! C'est vrai.* Ve real Russians would become slaves.

QUINCY

Then what are you going to do with them ?

BARON

One-third will be baptized, one-third massacred, the other third emigrated here.

*[He strikes a match to relight his cigarette.]*

QUINCY *[Shudderingly]*

Thank you, my dear Baron,—you've already sent me one Jew too many. We're going to stop all alien immigration.

BARON

To stop *all* alien—? But that is barbarous !

QUINCY

Well, don't let us waste our time on the Jew-problem . . . our own little Jew-problem is enough, eh ? Get rid of this little fiddler. Then *I* may have a look in. Adieu, Baron.

BARON

Adieu.

*[Holding his hand]*

But you are not really serious about Vera ?

*[The BARONESS makes a gesture of annoyance.]*

QUINCY

Not serious, Baron ? Why, to marry her is the only thing I have ever wanted that I couldn't get. It is torture ! Baroness, I rely on your sympathy.

*[He kisses her hand with a pretentious foreign air.]*

BARONESS *[In sentimental approval]*

*Ab ! L'amour ! L'amour !*

*[Exit QUINCY DAVENPORT, taking his cap in passing.]*

You might have given him a little encouragement, Alexis.

BARON

Silence, Katusha. I only tolerated the man in Europe because he was a link with Vera.

BARONESS

You accepted his yacht and his——

BARON

If I had known his loose views on divorce——

BARONESS

I am sick of your scruples. You are ze only poor official in Bessarabia.

BARON

Be silent ! Have I not forbidden——?

BARONESS [*Petulantly*]

Forbidden ! Forbidden ! All your life you have served ze Tsar, and you cannot afford a single automobile. A millionaire son-in-law is just vat you owe me.

BARON

What I owe you ?

BARONESS

Yes, ven I married you, I vas tinking you had a good position. I did not know you were too honest to use it. You vere not open viz me, Alexis.

BARON

You knew I was a Revendal. The Revendals keep their hands clean. . . .

*[With a sudden start he tiptoes noiselessly to the door leading to the hall and throws it open. Nobody is visible. He closes it shamefacedly.]*

BARONESS [*Has shared his nervousness till the door was opened, but now bursts into mocking laughter*]

If you thought less about your precious safety, and more about me and Vera——

BARON

Hush ! You do not know Vera. You saw I was even afraid to give my name. She might have sent me away as she sent away the Tsar's plate of mutton.

BARONESS

The Tsar's plate of——?

BARON

Did I never tell you? When she was only a school-girl—at the Imperial High School—the Tsar on his annual visit tasted the food, and Vera, as the show pupil, was given the honour of finishing his Majesty's plate.

BARONESS [*In incredulous horror*]

And she sent it away?

BARON

Gave it to a servant.

[*Awed silence.*]

And then you think I can impose a husband on her. No, Katusha, I have to win her love for myself, not for millionaires.

BARONESS [*Angry again*]

Always so affrightfully selfish!

BARON

I have no control over her, I tell you!

[*Bitterly*]

I never could control my womenkind.

BARONESS

Because you zink zey are your soldiers. Silence!  
Halt! Forbidden! Right Veel! March!

BARON [*Sullenly*]

I wish I did think they were my soldiers—I might try the lash.

BARONESS [*Springing up angrily, shakes parasol at him*]

You British barbarian!

VERA [*Outside the door leading to the interior*]

Yes, thank you, Miss Andrews. I know I have visitors.

BARON [*Ecstatically*]

Vera's voice!

[*The BARONESS lowers her parasol. He looks yearningly toward the door. It opens. Enter VERA with inquiring gaze.*]

VERA [*With a great shock of surprise*]

Father!!

BARON

*Verotschka!* My dearest darling! . . .

[*He makes a movement toward her, but is checked by her irresponsiveness.*]

Why, you've grown more beautiful than ever.

VERA

You in New York!

BARON

The Baroness wished to see America. Katusha, this is my daughter.

BARONESS [*In sugared sweetness*]  
And mine, too, if she vill let me love her.

VERA [*Bowing coldly, but still addressing her father*]  
But how? When?

BARON  
We have just come and——

BARONESS [*Dashing in*]  
Zat charming young man lent us his yacht—he is adoràhble.

VERA  
What charming young man?

BARONESS  
Ah, she has many, ze little coquette—ha! ha! ha!  
[*She touches VERA playfully with her parasol.*]

BARON  
We wished to give you a pleasant surprise.

VERA  
It is certainly a surprise.

BARON [*Chilled*]  
You are not very . . . daughterly.

VERA  
Do you remember when you last saw me? You did not claim me as a daughter then.

BARON [*Covers his eyes with his hand*]  
Do not recall it ; it hurts too much.

VERA  
I was in the dock.

BARON  
It was horrible. I hated you for the devil of rebellion that had entered into your soul. But I thanked God when you escaped.

VERA [*Softened*]  
I think I was more sorry for you than for myself. I hope, at least, no suspicion fell on you.

BARONESS [*Eagerly*]  
But it did—an avalanche of suspicion. He is still buried under it. Vy else did they make Skovaloff Ambassador instead of him? Even now he risks everything to see you again. Ah, *mon enfant*, you owe your fazer a grand reparation !

VERA  
What reparation can I possibly make ?

BARON [*Passionately*]  
You can love me again, Vera.

BARONESS [*Stamping foot*]  
Alexis, you are interrupting——

VERA

I fear, father, we have grown too estranged—our ideas are so opposite——

BARON

But not now, Vera, surely not now? You are no longer

*[He lowers his voice and looks around]*

a Revolutionist?

VERA

Not with bombs, perhaps. I thank Heaven I was caught before I had done any *practical* work. But if you think I accept the order of things, you are mistaken. In Russia I fought against the autocracy——

BARON

Hush! Hush!

*[He looks round nervously.]*

VERA

Here I fight against the poverty. No, father, a woman who has once heard the call will always be a wild creature.

BARON

But

*[Lowering his voice]*

those revolutionary Russian clubs here—you are not a member?

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VERA

I do not believe in Revolutions carried on at a safe distance. I have found my life-work in America.

BARON

I am enchanted, Vera, enchanted.

BARONESS [*Gushingly*]

Permit me to kiss you, *belle enfant*.

VERA

I do not know you enough yet ; I will kiss my father.

BARON [*With a great cry of joy*]

Vera !

[*He embraces her passionately.*]

At last ! At last ! I have found my little Vera again !

VERA

No, father, *your* Vera belongs to Russia with her mother and the happy days of childhood. But for their sakes——

[*She breaks down in emotion.*]

BARON

Ah, your poor mother !

BARONESS [*Tartly*]

Alexis, I perceive I am too many !

[*She begins to go toward the door.*]

BARON

No, no, Katusha. Vera will learn to love you, too.

VERA [*To BARONESS*]

What does my loving you matter? I can never return to Russia.

BARONESS [*Pausing*]

But ve can come here—often—ven you are married.

VERA [*Surprised*]

When I am married?

[*Softly, blushing*]

You know?

BARONESS [*Smiling*]

Ve know zat charming young man adores ze floor your foot treads on!

VERA [*Blushing*]

You have seen David?

BARON [*Hoarsely*]

David!

[*He clenches his fist.*]

BARONESS [*Half aside, as much gestured as spoken*]

Sh! Leave it to me.

[*Sweetly.*]

Oh, no, ve have not seen David.

VERA [*Looking from one to the other*]  
Not seen—? Then what—whom are you talking about?

BARONESS  
About zat handsome, quite adoràhble Mr. Davenport.

VERA  
Davenport !

BARONESS  
Who combines ze manners of Europe viz ze millions  
of America !

VERA [*Breaks into girlish laughter*]  
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! So Mr. Davenport has been talking  
to you ! But you all seem to forget one small point—  
bigamy is not permitted even to millionaires.

BARONESS  
Ah, not boz at vonce, but——

VERA  
And do you think I would take another woman's  
leavings ? No, not even if she were dead.

BARONESS  
You are insulting !

VERA  
I beg your pardon—I wasn't even thinking of you.  
Father, to put an end at once to this absurd conversa-  
tion, let me inform you I am already engaged.

BARON [*Trembling, hoarse*]  
By name, David.

VERA  
Yes—David Quixano.

BARON  
A Jew!

VERA  
How did you know? Yes, he is a Jew, a noble Jew.

BARON  
A Jew noble!  
[*He laughs bitterly.*]

VERA  
Yes—even as you esteem nobility—by pedigree. In Spain his ancestors were hidalgos, favourites at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella; but in the great expulsion of 1492 they preferred exile in Poland to baptism.

BARON  
And you, a Revendal, would mate with an unbaptized dog?

VERA  
Dog! You call my husband a dog!

BARON  
Husband! God in heaven—are you married already?

VERA

No! But not being unemployed millionaires like Mr. Davenport, we hold even our troth eternal.

[*Calmer*]

Our poverty, not your prejudice, stands in the way of our marriage. But David is a musician of genius, and some day——

BARONESS

A fiddler in a beer-hall! She prefers a fiddler to a millionaire of ze first families of America!

VERA [*Contemptuously*]

First families! I told you David's family came to Poland in 1492—some months before America was discovered.

BARON

Christ save us! You have become a Jewess!

VERA

No more than David has become a Christian. We were already at one—all honest people are. Surely, father, all religions must serve the same God—since there is only one God to serve.

BARONESS

But ze girl is an atheist!

BARON

Silence, Katusha! Leave me to deal with my daughter.

[*Changing tone to pathos, taking her face between his hands*]

Oh, Vera, *Verotschka*, my dearest darling, I had sooner you had remained buried in Siberia than that—  
[*He breaks down.*]

VERA [*Touched, sitting beside him*]  
For you, father, I *was* as though buried in Siberia. Why did you come here to stab yourself afresh ?

BARON  
I wish to God I had come here earlier. I wish I had not been so nervous of Russian spies. Ah, *Verotschka*, if you only knew how I have pored over the newspaper pictures of you, and the reports of your life in this Settlement !

VERA  
You asked me not to send letters.

BARON  
I know, I know—and yet sometimes I felt as if I could risk Siberia myself to read your dear, dainty handwriting again.

VERA [*Still more softened*]  
Father, if you love me so much, surely you will love David a little too—for my sake.

BARON [*Dazed*]  
I—love—a Jew ? Impossible.  
[*He shudders.*]

VERA [*Moving away, icily*]

Then so is any love from me to you. You have chosen to come back into my life, and after our years of pain and separation I would gladly remember only my old childish affection. But not if you hate David. You must make your choice.

BARON [*Pitifully*]

Choice? I have no choice. Can I carry mountains? No more can I love a Jew.

[*He rises resolutely.*]

BARONESS [*Who has turned away, fretting and fuming, turns back to her husband, clapping her hands*]

Bravo!

VERA [*Going to him again, coaxingly*]

I don't ask you to carry mountains, but to drop the mountains you carry—the mountains of prejudice. Wait till you see him.

BARON

I will not see him.

VERA

Then you will hear him—he is going to make music for all the world. You can't escape him, *papasha*, you with your love of music, any more than you escaped Rubinstein.

BARONESS

Rubinstein was not a Jew.

VERA

Rubinstein was a Jewish boy-genius, just like my David.

BARONESS

But his parents vere baptized soon after his birth. I had it from his patroness, ze Grande Duchesse Helena Pavlovna.

VERA

And did the water outside change the blood within ? Rubinstein was our Court pianist and was decorated by the Tsar. And you, the Tsar's servant, dare to say you could not meet a Rubinstein.

BARON [*Wavering*]

I did not say I could not meet a *Rubinstein*.

VERA

You practically said so. David will be even greater than Rubinstein. Come, father, I'll telephone for him ; he is only round the corner.

BARONESS [*Excitedly*]

Ve vill not see him !

VERA [*Ignoring her*]

He shall bring his violin and play to you. There ! You see, little father, you are already less frowning—now take that last wrinkle out of your forehead.

[*She caresses his forehead.*]

Never mind ! David will smooth it out with his music as his Biblical ancestor smoothed that surly old Saul.



BARONESS

Ve vill not hear him !

BARON

Silence, Katusha ! Oh, my little Vera, I little thought when I let you study music at Petersburg——

VERA [*Smiling wheedlingly*]

That I should marry a musician. But you see, little father, it all ends in music after all. Now I will go and perform on the telephone, I'm not angel enough to bear one in here.

[*She goes toward the door of the hall, smiling happily.*]

BARON [*With a last agonized cry of resistance*]

Halt !

VERA [*Turning, makes mock military salute*]

Yes, *papasha*.

BARON [*Overcome by her roguish smile*]

You—I—he—do you love this J— this David so much ?

VERA [*Suddenly tragic*]

It would kill me to give him up.

[*Resuming smile*]

But don't let us talk of funerals on this happy day of sunshine and reunion.

[*She kisses her hand to him and exit toward the hall.*]

BARONESS [*Angrily*]

You are in her hands as wax !

BARON

She is the only child I have ever had, Katusha. Her baby arms curled round my neck ; in her baby sorrows her wet face nestled against little father's.

*[He drops on a chair, and leans his head on the table.]*

BARONESS *[Approaching tauntingly]*

So you vill have a Jew son-in-law !

BARON

You don't know what it meant to me to feel her arms round me again.

BARONESS

And a hook-nosed brat to call you grandpapa, and nestle his greasy face against yours.

BARON *[Banging his fist on the table]*

Don't drive me mad !

*[His head drops again.]*

BARONESS

Then drive me home—I vill not meet him. . . .

Alexis !

*[She taps him on the shoulder with her parasol.*

*He does not move.]*

Alexis Ivanovitch ! Do you not listen ! . . .

*[She stamps her foot.]*

Zen I go to ze hotel alone.

*[She walks angrily toward the hall. Just before she reaches the door, it opens, and the servant ushers*

*in* HERR PAPPELMEISTER *with his umbrella. The*  
BARONESS'S *tone changes instantly to a sugared*  
*society accent.*]

How do you do, Herr Pappelmeister ?

*[She extends her hand, which he takes limply.]*

You don't remember me ? *Non ?*

*[Exit servant.]*

Ve vere with Mr. Quincy Davenport at Wiesbaden—  
ze Baroness Revendal.

PAPPELMEISTER

*So !*

*[He drops her hand.]*

BARONESS

Yes, it vas ze Baron's entousiasm for you zat got you  
your present position.

PAPPELMEISTER *[Arching his eyebrows]*

*So !*

BARONESS

Yes—zere he is !

*[She turns toward the BARON.]*

Alexis, rouse yourself !

*[She taps him with her parasol.]*

Zis American air makes ze Baron so sleepy.

BARON *[Rises dazedly and bows]*

Charmed to meet you, Herr—

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BARONESS

Pappelmeister! You remember ze great Pappelmeister.

BARON [*Waking up, becomes keen*]

Ah, yes, yes, charmed—why do you never bring your orchestra to Russia, Herr Pappelmeister?

PAPPELMEISTER [*Surprised*]

Russia? It never occurred to me to go to Russia—she seems so uncivilised.

BARONESS [*Angry*]

Uncivilised! Vy, ve have ze finest restaurants in ze world! And ze best telephones!

PAPPELMEISTER

*So?*

BARONESS

Yes, and the most beautiful ballets—Russia is affrightfully misunderstood.

[*She sweeps away in burning indignation. PAPPELMEISTER murmurs in deprecation. Re-enter VERA from the hall. She is gay and happy.*]

VERA

He is coming round at once—

[*She utters a cry of pleased surprise.*]

Herr Pappelmeister! This is indeed a pleasure!

[*She gives PAPPELMEISTER her hand, which he kisses.*]

BARONESS [*Sotto voce to the BARON*]

Let us go before he comes.

[*The BARON ignores her, his eyes hungrily on VERA.*]

PAPPELMEISTER [*To VERA*]

But I come again—you have visitors.

VERA [*Smiling*]

Only my father and——

PAPPELMEISTER [*Surprised*]

Your fader? *Ach so!*

[*He taps his forehead.*]

Revendal!

BARONESS [*Sotto voce to the BARON*]

I vill not meet a Jew, I tell you.

PAPPELMEISTER

But you vill vant to talk to your fader, and all *I* vant is Mr. Quixano's address. De Irish maiden at de house says de bird is flown.

VERA [*Gravely*]

I don't know if I ought to tell you where the new nest is——

PAPPELMEISTER [*Disappointed*]

*Ach!*

VERA [*Smiling*]

But I will produce the bird.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Looks round*]  
You vill broduce Mr. Quixano ?

VERA [*Merrily*]  
By clapping my hands.  
    [*Mysteriously*]  
I am a magician.

BARON [*Whose eyes have been glued on VERA*]  
You are, indeed! I don't know how you have  
bewitched me.  
    [*The BARONESS glares at him.*]

VERA  
Dear little father !  
    [*She crosses to him and strokes his hair.*]  
Herr Pappelmeister, tell father about Mr. Quixano's  
music.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Shaking his head*]  
Music cannot be talked about.

VERA [*Smiling*]  
That's a nasty one for the critics. But tell father  
what a genius Da— Mr. Quixano is.

BARONESS [*Desperately intervening*]  
Good-bye, Vera.  
    [*She thrusts out her hand, which VERA takes.*]  
I have a headache. You muz excuse me. Herr  
Pappelmeister, *au plaisir de vous revoir*.  
    [*PAPPELMEISTER hastens to the door, which he holds  
open. The BARONESS turns and glares at the BARON.*]

BARON [*Agitated*]  
Let me see you to the auto——

BARONESS  
You could see me to ze hotel almost as quick.

BARON [*To VERA*]  
I won't say good-bye, *Verotschka*—I shall be back.  
[*He goes toward the hall, then turns.*]  
You will keep your Rubinstein waiting?  
[*VERA smiles lovingly.*]

BARONESS  
You are keeping *me* waiting.  
[*He turns quickly. Exeunt BARON and BARONESS.*]

PAPPELMEISTER  
And now broduce Mr. Quixano!

VERA  
Not so fast. What are you going to do with him?

PAPPELMEISTER  
Put him in my orchestra!

VERA [*Ecstatic*]  
Oh, you dear!  
[*Then her tone changes to disappointment.*]  
But he won't go into Mr. Davenport's orchestra.

PAPPELMEISTER  
It is no more Mr. Davenport's orchestra. He fired

me, don't you remember? Now I boss—how say you in American?

VERA [*Smiling*]  
Your own show.

PAPPELMEISTER  
*Ja*, my own band. Ven I left dat comic opera millionaire, dey all shtick to me almost to von man.

VERA  
How nice of them!

PAPPELMEISTER  
All egsept de Christian—he vas de von man. He shtick to de millionaire. So I lose my brincipal first violin.

VERA  
And Mr. Quixano is to—oh, how delightful!  
[*She claps her hands girlishly.*]

PAPPELMEISTER [*Looks round mischievously*]  
*Ach*, de magic failed.

VERA [*Puzzled*]  
Eh!

PAPPELMEISTER  
You do not broduce him. You clap de hands—but you do not broduce him. Ha! Ha! Ha!  
[*He breaks into a great roar of genial laughter.*]



VERA [*Chiming in merrily*]  
Ha! Ha! Ha! But I said I have to know everything  
first. Will he get a good salary?

PAPPELMEISTER  
Enough to keep a wife and eight children!

VERA [*Blushing*]  
But he hasn't a——

PAPPELMEISTER  
No, but de Christian had—he get de same—I mean  
salary, ha! ha! ha! not children. Den he can be  
independent—vedder de fool-public like his American  
symphony or not—*nicht wahr?*

VERA  
You *are* good to us——  
[*Hastily correcting herself*]  
to Mr. Quixano.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Smiling*]  
And although you cannot produce him, I produce his  
symphony. *Was?*

VERA  
Oh, Herr Pappelmeister! You are an angel.

PAPPELMEISTER  
*Nein, nein, mein liebes Kind!* I fear I haf not de  
correct shape for an angel.  
[*He laughs heartily. A knock at the door from the hall.*]

VERA [*Merrily*]

Now I clap my hands.

[*She claps.*]

Come!

[*The door opens.*]

Behold him!

[*She makes a conjurer's gesture. DAVID, bare-headed, carrying his fiddle, opens the door, and stands staring in amazement at PAPPELMEISTER.*]

DAVID

I thought you asked me to meet your father.

PAPPELMEISTER

She is a magician. She has changed us.

[*He waves his umbrella.*]

Hey presto, *was*? Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*He goes to DAVID, and shakes hands.*]

*Und wie geht's?* I hear you've left home.

DAVID

Yes, but I've such a bully cabin——

PAPPELMEISTER [*Alarmed*]

You are sailing away?

VERA [*Laughing*]

No, no—that's only his way of describing his two-dollar-a-month garret.

DAVID

Yes—my state-room on the top deck!

VERA [*Smiling*]  
Six foot square.

DAVID  
But three other passengers aren't squeezed in, and  
it never pitches and tosses. It's heavenly.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Smiling*]  
And from heaven you flew down to blay in dat beer-  
hall. *Was?*  
[DAVID *looks surprised.*]  
*I* heard you.

DAVID  
You! What on earth did you go *there* for?

PAPPELMEISTER  
Vat on earth does one go to a beer-hall for? Ha!  
Ha! Ha! For vawter! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ven I  
hear you blay, I dink mit myself—if my blans succeed  
and I get Carnegie Hall for Saturday Symphony  
Concerts, dat boy shall be one of my first violins. *Was?*  
[*He slaps DAVID on the left shoulder.*]

DAVID [*Overwhelmed, ecstatic, yet wincing a little at  
the slap on his wound*]  
Be one of your first—  
[*Remembering*]  
Oh, but it is impossible.

VERA [*Alarmed*]  
Mr. Quixano! You must not refuse.  
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DAVID

But does Herr Pappelmeister know about the wound  
in my shoulder ?

PAPPELMEISTER [*Agitated*]

You haf been vounded ?

DAVID

Only a legacy from Russia—but it twinges in some  
weathers.

PAPPELMEISTER

And de pain ubsets your blaying ?

DAVID

Not so much the pain—it's all the dreadful memories—

VERA [*Alarmed*]

Don't talk of them.

DAVID

I *must* explain to Herr Pappelmeister—it wouldn't be  
fair. Even now

[*Shuddering*]

there comes up before me the bleeding body of my  
mother, the cold, fiendish face of the Russian officer,  
supervising the slaughter——

VERA

Hush ! Hush !

DAVID [*Hysterically*]  
Oh, that butcher's face—there it is—hovering in the  
air, that narrow, fanatical forehead, that——

PAPPELMEISTER [*Brings down his umbrella with a  
bang*]

*Schluss!* No man ever dared break down under me.  
My baton will beat away all dese faces and fancies.  
Out with your violin!

[*He taps his umbrella imperiously on the table.*]

*Keinen Mut verlieren!*

[*DAVID takes out his violin from its case and puts it  
to his shoulder, PAPPELMEISTER keeping up a hypnotic  
torrent of encouraging German cries.*]

*Also! Fertig! Anfangen!*

[*He raises and waves his umbrella like a baton.*]

Von, dwo, dree, four——

DAVID [*With a great sigh of relief*]  
Thanks, thanks—they are gone already.

PAPPELMEISTER  
Ha! Ha! Ha! You see. And ven ve blay your  
American symphony——

DAVID [*Dazed*]  
You will play my American symphony?

VERA [*Disappointed*]  
Don't you jump for joy?

DAVID [*Still dazed but ecstatic*]

Herr Pappelmeister !

[*Changing back to despondency*]

But what certainty is there your Carnegie Hall audience would understand me? It would be the same smart set.

[*He drops dejectedly into a chair and lays down his violin.*]

PAPPELMEISTER

*Ach, nein.* Of course, some—ve can't keep people out merely because dey pay for deir seats. *Was?*

[*He laughs.*]

DAVID

It was always my dream to play it first to the new immigrants—those who have known the pain of the old world and the hope of the new.

PAPPELMEISTER

Try it on the dog. *Was?*

DAVID

Yes—on the dog that here will become a man !

PAPPELMEISTER [*Shakes his head*]

I fear neider dogs nor men are a musical breed.

DAVID

The immigrants will not understand my music with their brains or their ears, but with their hearts and their souls.

VERA

Well, then, why shouldn't it be done here—on our Roof-Garden ?

DAVID [*Jumping up*]  
A *Bas-Kôl!* A *Bas-Kôl!*

VERA

What *are* you talking ?

DAVID

Hebrew ! It means a voice from heaven.

VERA

Ah, but will Herr Pappelmeister consent ?

PAPPELMEISTER [*Bowing*]

Who can disobey a voice from heaven ? . . . But ven ?

VERA

On some holiday evening. . . . Why not the Fourth of July ?

DAVID [*Still more ecstatic*]

Another *Bas-Kôl!* . . . My American Symphony ! Played to the People ! Under God's sky ! On Independence Day ! With all the—

[*Waving his hand expressively, sighs voluptuously.*]  
That will be too perfect.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Smiling*]

Dat has to be seen. You must permit me to invite—

DAVID [*In horror*]  
Not the musical critics !

PAPPELMEISTER [*Raising both hands with umbrella  
in equal horror*]  
*Gott bewahre !* But I'd like to invite all de persons  
in New York who really undershtand music.

VERA  
Splendid ! But should we have room ?

PAPPELMEISTER  
Room ? I vant four blaces.

VERA [*Smiling*]  
You are severe ! Mr. Davenport was right.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Smiling*]  
Perhaps de oders vill be out of town. *Also !*  
[*Holding out his hand to DAVID*]  
You come to Carnegie to-morrow at eleven. Yes ?  
*Fräulein.*  
[*Kisses her hand.*]  
*Auf Wiedersehen !*  
[*Going*]  
On de Roof-Garden—*nicht wahr ?*

VERA [*Smiling*]  
Wind and weather permitting.

PAPPELMEISTER  
I haf always mein umbrella. *Was ?* Ha ! Ha ! Ha !



VERA [*Murmuring*]  
Isn't he a darling? Isn't he——?

PAPPELMEISTER [*Pausing suddenly*]  
But ve never settled de salary.

DAVID  
Salary!  
[*He looks dazedly from one to the other.*]  
For the honour of playing in your orchestra!

PAPPELMEISTER  
Shylock!! . . . Never mind—ve settle de pound of  
flesh to-morrow. *Lebe wohl!*  
[*Exit, the door closes.*]

VERA [*Suddenly miserable*]  
How selfish of you, David!

DAVID  
Selfish, Vera?

VERA  
Yes—not to think of your salary. It looks as if you  
didn't really love me.

DAVID  
Not love you? I don't understand.

VERA [*Half in tears*]  
Just when I was so happy to think that now we shall  
be able to marry.

DAVID

Shall we ? Marry ? On my salary as first violin ?

VERA

Not if you don't want to.

DAVID

Sweetheart ! Can it be true ? How do you know ?

VERA [*Smiling*]

*I'm* not a Jew. I asked.

DAVID

My guardian angel !

[*Embracing her. He sits down, she lovingly at his feet.*]

VERA [*Looking up at him*]

Then you *do* care ?

DAVID

What a question !

VERA

And you don't think wholly of your music and forget me ?

DAVID

Why, you are behind all I write and play !

VERA [*With jealous passion*]

Behind ? But I want to be before ! I want you to love me first, before everything.

DAVID

I do put you before everything.

VERA

You are sure ? And nothing shall part us ?

DAVID

Not all the seven seas could part you and me.

VERA

And you won't grow tired of me—not even when you are world-famous——?

DAVID [*A shade petulant*]

Sweetheart, considering I should owe it all to you——

VERA [*Drawing his head down to her breast*]

Oh, David! David! Don't be angry with poor little Vera if she doubts, if she wants to feel quite sure. You see father has talked so terribly, and after all I was brought up in the Greek Church, and we oughtn't to cause all this suffering unless——

DAVID

Those who love us *must* suffer, and *we* must suffer in their suffering. It is live things, not dead metals, that are being melted in the Crucible.

VERA

Still, we ought to soften the suffering as much as——

DAVID

Yes, but only Time can heal it.

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VERA [*With transition to happiness*]

But father seems half-reconciled already! Dear little father, if only he were not so narrow about Holy Russia!

DAVID

If only *my* folks were not so narrow about Holy Judea! But the ideals of the fathers shall not be foisted on the children. Each generation must live and die for its own dream.

VERA

Yes, David, yes. You are the prophet of the living present. I am so happy.

[*She looks up wistfully.*]

You are happy, too?

DAVID

I am dazed—I cannot realise that all our troubles have melted away—it is so sudden.

VERA

You, David? Who always see everything in such rosy colours? Now that the whole horizon is one great splendid rose, you almost seem as if gazing out toward a blackness——

DAVID

We Jews are cheerful in gloom, mistrustful in joy. It is our tragic history——

VERA

But you have come to end the tragic history; to throw off the coils of the centuries.

DAVID [*Smiling again*]

Yes, yes, Vera. You bring back my sunnier self. I must be a pioneer on the lost road of happiness. To-day shall be all joy, all lyric ecstasy.

[*He takes up his violin.*]

Yes, I will make my old fiddle-strings burst with joy!

[*He dashes into a jubilant tarantella. After a few bars there is a knock at the door leading from the hall; their happy faces betray no sign of hearing it; then the door slightly opens, and BARON REVEN-DAL'S head looks hesitatingly in. As DAVID perceives it, his features work convulsively, his string breaks with a tragic snap, and he totters backward into VERA'S arms. Hoarsely*]

The face! The face!

VERA

David—my dearest!

DAVID [*His eyes closed, his violin clasped mechanically*]  
Don't be anxious—I shall be better soon—I oughtn't to have talked about it—the hallucination has never been so complete.

VERA

Don't speak—rest against Vera's heart—till it has passed away.

[*The BARON comes dazedly forward, half with a shocked sense of VERA'S impropriety, half to relieve her of her burden. She motions him back.*]

This is the work of your Holy Russia.

BARON [*Harshly*]

What is the matter with him ?

[*DAVID's violin and bow drop from his grasp and fall on the table.*]

DAVID

The voice !

[*He opens his eyes, stares frenziedly at the BARON, then struggles out of VERA's arms.*]

VERA [*Trying to stop him*]

Dearest——

DAVID

Let me go.

[*He moves like a sleep-walker toward the paralysed BARON, puts out his hand, and testingly touches the face.*]

BARON [*Shuddering back*]

Hands off !

DAVID [*With a great cry*]

A-a-a-h ! It is flesh and blood. No, it is stone—the man of stone ! Monster !

[*He raises his hand frenziedly.*]

BARON [*Whipping out his pistol*]

Back, dog !

[*VERA darts between them with a shriek.*]

DAVID [*Frozen again, surveying the pistol stonily*]  
Ha! You want *my* life, too. Is the cry not yet  
loud enough?

BARON  
The cry?

DAVID [*Mystically*]  
Can you not hear it? The voice of the blood of my  
brothers crying out against you from the ground?  
Oh, how can you bear not to turn that pistol against  
yourself and execute upon yourself the justice which  
Russia denies you?

BARON  
Tush!  
[*Pocketing the pistol a little shamefacedly.*]

VERA  
Justice on himself? For what?

DAVID  
For crimes beyond human penalty, for obscenities  
beyond human utterance, for——

VERA  
You are raving.

DAVID  
Would to heaven I were!  
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VERA

But this is my father.

DAVID

Your father! . . . God!

[*He staggers.*]

BARON [*Drawing her to him*]

Come, Vera, I told you——

VERA [*Frantically, shrinking back*]

Don't touch me!

BARON [*Starting back in amaze*]

Vera!

VERA [*Hoarsely*]

Say it's not true.

BARON

What is not true?

VERA

What David said. It was the mob that massacred—  
*you* had no hand in it.

BARON [*Sullenly*]

I was there with my soldiers.

DAVID [*Leaning, pale, against a chair, hisses*]

And you looked on with that cold face of hate—while  
my mother—my sister——



BARON [*Sullenly*]  
I could not see everything.

DAVID  
Now and again you ordered your soldiers to fire——

VERA [*In joyous relief*]  
Ah, he *did* check the mob—he *did* tell his soldiers to fire.

DAVID  
At any Jew who tried to defend himself.

VERA  
Great God !  
    [*She falls on the sofa and buries her head on the cushion, moaning*]  
Is there no pity in heaven ?

DAVID  
There was no pity on earth.

BARON  
It was the People avenging itself, Vera. The People rose like a flood. It had centuries of spoliation to wipe out. The voice of the People is the voice of God.

VERA [*Moaning*]  
But you could have stopped them.

BARON

I had no orders to defend the foes of Christ and  
[*Crossing himself*]  
the Tsar. The People——

VERA

But you could have stopped them.

BARON

Who can stop a flood? I did my duty. A soldier's  
duty is not so pretty as a musician's.

VERA

But you could have stopped them.

BARON [*Losing all patience*]

Silence! You talk like an ignorant girl, blinded by  
passion. The *pogrom* is a holy crusade. Are we  
Russians the first people to crush down the Jew?  
No—from the dawn of history the nations have had  
to stamp upon him—the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the  
Persians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Romans——

DAVID

Yes, it is true. Even Christianity did not invent  
hatred. But not till Holy Church arose were we  
burnt at the stake, and not till Holy Russia arose were  
our babes torn limb from limb. Oh, it is too much!  
Delivered from Egypt four thousand years ago, to be  
slaves to the Russian Pharaoh to-day.

[*He falls as if kneeling on a chair, and leans his  
head on the rail.*]

O God, shall we always be broken on the wheel of history? How long, O Lord, how long?

BARON [*Savagely*]

Till you are all stamped out, ground into your dirt.

[*Tenderly*]

Look up, little Vera! You saw how *papasba* loves you—how he was ready to hold out his hand—and how this cur tried to bite it. Be calm—tell him a daughter of Russia cannot mate with dirt.

VERA

Father, I will be calm. I will speak without passion or blindness. I will tell David the truth. I was never absolutely sure of my love for him—perhaps that was why I doubted his love for me—often after our enchanted moments there would come a nameless uneasiness, some vague instinct, relic of the long centuries of Jew-loathing, some strange shrinking from his Christless creed—

BARON [*With an exultant cry*]

Ah! She is a Revendal.

VERA

But now—

[*She rises and walks firmly toward DAVID*]

now, David, I come to you, and I say in the words of Ruth, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God!

[*She stretches out her hands to DAVID.*]

BARON

You shameless——!

*[He stops as he perceives DAVID remains impassive.]*

VERA *[With agonised cry]*

David!

DAVID *[In low, icy tones]*

You cannot come to me. There is a river of blood between us.

VERA

Were it seven seas, our love must cross them.

DAVID

Easy words to you. You never saw that red flood bearing the mangled breasts of women and the spattered brains of babes and sucklings. Oh!

*[He covers his eyes with his hands. The BARON turns away in gloomy impotence. At last DAVID begins to speak quietly, almost dreamily.]*

It was your Easter, and the air was full of holy bells and the streets of holy processions—priests in black and girls in white and waving palms and crucifixes, and everybody exchanging Easter eggs and kissing one another three times on the mouth in token of peace and goodwill, and even the Jew-boy felt the spirit of love brooding over the earth, though he did not then know that this Christ, whom holy chants proclaimed re-risen, was born in the form of a brother

Jew. And what added to the peace and holy joy was that our own Passover was shining before us. My mother had already made the raisin wine, and my greedy little brother Solomon had sipped it on the sly that very morning. We were all at home—all except my father—he was away in the little Synagogue at which he was cantor. Ah, such a voice he had—a voice of tears and thunder—when he prayed it was like a wounded soul beating at the gates of Heaven—but he sang even more beautifully in the ritual of home, and how we were looking forward to his hymns at the Passover table——

*[He breaks down. The BARON has gradually turned round under the spell of DAVID's story and now listens hypnotised.]*

I was playing my cracked little fiddle. Little Miriam was making her doll dance to it. Ah, that decrepit old china doll—the only one the poor child had ever had—I can see it now—one eye, no nose, half an arm. We were all laughing to see it caper to my music . . . My father flies in through the door, desperately clasping to his breast the Holy Scroll. We cry out to him to explain, and then we see that in that beloved mouth of song there is no longer a tongue—only blood. He tries to bar the door—a mob breaks in—we dash out through the back into the street. There are the soldiers—and the Face——

*[VERA's eyes involuntarily seek the face of her father, who shrinks away as their eyes meet.]*

VERA *[In a low sob]*

O God!

DAVID

When I came to myself, with a curious aching in my left shoulder, I saw lying beside me a strange shapeless Something . . .

[DAVID points weirdly to the floor, and VERA, hunched forwards, gazes stonily at it, as if seeing the horror.]

By the crimson doll in what seemed a hand I knew it must be little Miriam. The doll was a dream of beauty and perfection beside the mutilated mass which was all that remained of my sister, of my mother, of greedy little Solomon— Oh! You Christians can only see that rosy splendour on the horizon of happiness. And the Jew didn't see rosily enough for you, ha! ha! ha! the Jew who gropes in one great crimson mist.

[He breaks down in spasmodic, ironic, long-drawn, terrible laughter.]

VERA [*Trying vainly to tranquillise him*]

Hush, David! Your laughter hurts more than tears. Let Vera comfort you.

[She kneels by his chair, tries to put her arms round him.]

DAVID [*Shuddering*]

Take them away! Don't you feel the cold dead pushing between us?

VERA [*Unflinching, moving his face toward her lips*]

Kiss me!

DAVID

I should feel the blood on my lips.

VERA

My love shall wipe it out.

DAVID

Love! Christian love!

*[He unwinds her clinging arms; she sinks prostrate on the floor as he rises.]*

For this I gave up my people—darkened the home that sheltered me—there was always a still, small voice at my heart calling me back, but I heeded nothing—only the voice of the butcher's daughter.

*[Brokenly]*

Let me go home, let me go home.

*[He looks lingeringly at VERA's prostrate form, but overcoming the instinct to touch and comfort her, begins tottering with uncertain pauses toward the door leading to the hall.]*

BARON *[Extending his arms in relief and longing]*

And here is your home, Vera!

*[He raises her gradually from the floor; she is dazed, but suddenly she becomes conscious of whose arms she is in, and utters a cry of repulsion.]*

VERA

Those arms reeking from that crimson river!

*[She falls back.]*

BARON [*Sullenly*]

Don't echo that babble. You came to these arms often enough when they were fresh from the battlefield.

VERA

But not from the shambles! You heard what he called you. Not soldier—butcher! Oh, I dared to dream of happiness after my nightmare of Siberia, but you—you——

[*She breaks down for the first time in hysterical sobs.*]

BARON [*Brokenly*]

Vera! Little Vera! Don't cry! You stab me!

VERA

You thought you were ordering your soldiers to fire at the Jews, but it was my heart they pierced.

[*She sobs on.*]

BARON

. . . And my own. . . . But we will comfort each other. I will go to the Tsar myself—with my forehead to the earth—to beg for your pardon! . . . Come, put your wet face to little father's. . . .

VERA [*Violently pushing his face away*]

I hate you! I curse the day I was born your daughter!

[*She staggers toward the door leading to the interior.*

*At the same moment DAVID, who has reached the door leading to the hall, now feeling subconsciously that VERA is going and that his last reason for*



*lingering on is removed, turns the door-handle. The click attracts the BARON'S attention, he veers round.]*

BARON [*To DAVID*]

Halt!

*[DAVID turns mechanically. VERA drifts out through her door, leaving the two men face to face. The BARON beckons to DAVID, who as if hypnotised moves nearer. The BARON whips out his pistol, slowly crosses to DAVID, who stands as if awaiting his fate. The BARON hands the pistol to DAVID.]*

You were right!

*[He steps back swiftly with a touch of stern heroism into the attitude of the culprit at a military execution, awaiting the bullet.]*

Shoot me!

DAVID [*Takes the pistol mechanically, looks long and pensively at it as with a sense of its irrelevance. Gradually his arm droops and lets the pistol fall on the table, and there his hand touches a string of his violin, which yields a little note. Thus reminded of it, he picks up the violin, and as his fingers draw out the broken string he murmurs*]

I must get a new string.

*[He resumes his dragging march toward the door, repeating maunderingly]*

I must get a new string.

*[The curtain falls.]*

## Act IV

*Saturday, July 4, evening. The Roof-Garden of the Settlement House, showing a beautiful, far-stretching panorama of New York, with its irregular sky-buildings on the left, and the harbour with its Statue of Liberty on the right. Everything is wet and gleaming after rain. Parapet at the back. Elevator on the right. Entrance from the stairs on the left. In the sky hang heavy clouds through which thin, golden lines of sunset are just beginning to labour. DAVID is discovered on a bench, hugging his violin-case to his breast, gazing moodily at the sky. A muffled sound of applause comes up from below and continues with varying intensity through the early part of the scene. Through it comes the noise of the elevator ascending. MENDEL steps out and hurries forward.*

MENDEL

Come down, David! Don't you hear them shouting for you?

*[He passes his hand over the wet bench.]*

Good heavens! You will get rheumatic fever!

DAVID

Why have you followed me?

MENDEL

Get up—everything is still damp.

DAVID *[Rising, gloomily]*

Yes, there's a damper over everything.

MENDEL

Nonsense—the rain hasn't damped your triumph in the least. In fact, the more delicate effects wouldn't have gone so well in the open air. Listen!

DAVID

Let them shout. Who told you I was up here?

MENDEL

Miss Revendal, of course.

DAVID [*Agitated*]

Miss Revendal? How should *she* know?

MENDEL [*Sullenly*]

She seems to understand your crazy ways.

DAVID [*Passing his hand over his eyes*]

Ah, *you* never understood me, uncle. . . . How did she look? Was she pale?

MENDEL

Never mind about Miss Revendal. Pappelmeister wants you—the people insist on seeing you. Nobody can quiet them.

DAVID

They saw me all through the symphony in my place in the orchestra.

MENDEL

They didn't know you were the composer as well

as the first violin. Now Miss Revendal has told them.

[*Louder applause.*]

There! Eleven minutes it has gone on—like for an office-seeker. You *must* come and show yourself.

DAVID

I won't—I'm not an office-seeker. Leave me to my misery.

MENDEL

Your misery? With all this glory and greatness opening before you? Wait till you're *my* age—

[*Shouts of "QUIXANO!"*]

You hear! What is to be done with them?

DAVID

Send somebody on the platform to remind them this is the interval for refreshments!

MENDEL

Don't be cynical. You know your dearest wish was to melt these simple souls with your music. And now—

DAVID

Now I have only made my own stony.

MENDEL

You are right. You are stone all over—ever since you came back home to us. Turned into a pillar of salt, mother says—like Lot's wife.

DAVID

That was the punishment for looking backward. Ah, uncle, there's more sense in that old Bible than the Rabbis suspect. Perhaps that is the secret of our people's paralysis—we are always looking backward.

*[He drops hopelessly into an iron garden-chair behind him.]*

MENDEL *[Stopping him before he touches the seat]*

Take care—it's sopping wet. You don't look backward enough.

*[He takes out his handkerchief and begins drying the chair.]*

DAVID *[Faintly smiling]*

I thought you wanted the salt to melt.

MENDEL

It is melting a little if you can smile. Do you know, David, I haven't seen you smile since that *Purim* afternoon?

DAVID

You haven't worn a false nose since, uncle.

*[He laughs bitterly.]*

Ha! Ha! Ha! Fancy masquerading in America because twenty-five centuries ago the Jews escaped a pogrom in Persia. Two thousand five hundred years ago! Aren't we uncanny?

*[He drops into the wiped chair.]*

MENDEL [*Angrily*]

Better you should leave us altogether than mock at us. I thought it was your Jewish heart that drove you back home to us; but if you are still hankering after Miss Revendal——

DAVID [*Pained*]

Uncle!

MENDEL

I'd rather see you marry her than go about like this. You couldn't make the house any gloomier.

DAVID

Go back to the concert, please. They have quieted down.

MENDEL [*Hesitating*]

And you?

DAVID

Oh, I'm not playing in the popular after-pieces. Pappelmeister guessed I'd be broken up with the stress of my own symphony—he has violins enough

MENDEL

Then you don't want to carry this about.

[*Taking the violin from DAVID's arms.*]

DAVID [*Clinging to it*]

Don't rob me of my music—it's all I have.

MENDEL

You'll spoil it in the wet. I'll take it home.

DAVID

No—

[*He suddenly catches sight of two figures entering from the left—FRAU QUIXANO and KATHLEEN clad in their best, and wearing tiny American flags in honour of Independence Day. KATHLEEN escorts the old lady, with the air of a guardian angel, on her slow, tottering course toward DAVID. FRAU QUIXANO is puffing and panting after the many stairs. DAVID jumps up in surprise, releases the violin-case to MENDEL.*]

They at my symphony!

MENDEL

Mother *would* come—even though, being *Shabbos*, she had to walk.

DAVID

But wasn't she shocked at my playing on the Sabbath?

MENDEL

No—that's the curious part of it. She said that even as a boy you played your fiddle on *Shabbos*, and that if the Lord has stood it all these years, He must consider you an exception.

DAVID

You see! She's more sensible than you thought.

I daresay whatever I were to do she'd consider me an exception.

MENDEL [*In sullen acquiescence*]  
I suppose geniuses *are*.

KATHLEEN [*Reaching them ; panting with admiration and breathlessness*]  
Oh, Mr. David! it was like midnight mass! But the mistress was asleep.

DAVID  
Asleep!  
[*Laughs half-merrily, half-sadly.*]  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

FRAU QUIXANO [*Panting and laughing in response*]  
He! He! He! *Dovidel lacht widder.* He! He! He!  
[*She touches his arm affectionately, but feeling his wet coat, utters a cry of horror.*]  
*Du bist nass!*

DAVID  
*Es ist gor nicht, Granny—my clothes are thick.*  
[*She fusses over him, wiping him down with her gloved hand.*]

MENDEL  
But what brought you up here, Kathleen?

KATHLEEN  
Sure, not the elevator. The mistress said 'twould be breaking the *Shabbos* to ride up in it.



DAVID [*Uneasily*]

But did—did Miss Revendal send you up ?

KATHLEEN

And who else should be axin' the misthress if she wasn't proud of Mr. David ? Faith, she's a sweet lady.

MENDEL [*Impatiently*]

Don't chatter, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

But, Mr. Quixano——!

DAVID [*Sweetly*]

Please take your mistress down again—don't let her walk.

KATHLEEN

But *Shabbos* isn't out yet !

MENDEL

Chattering again !

DAVID [*Gently*]

There's no harm, Kathleen, in going *down* in the elevator.

KATHLEEN

Troth, I'll egshplain to her that droppin' down isn't ridin'.

DAVID [*Smiling*]

Yes, tell her dropping down is natural—not *work*, like flying up.

[KATHLEEN *begins to move toward the stairs, explaining to FRAU QUIXANO.*]

And, Kathleen! You'll get her some refreshments.

KATHLEEN [*Turns, glaring*]

Refreshments, is it? Give her refreshments where they mix the mate with the butther-plates! Oh, Mr. David!

[*She moves off toward the stairs in reproachful sorrow.*]

MENDEL [*Smiling*]

I'll get her some coffee.

DAVID [*Smiling*]

Yes, that'll keep her awake. Besides, Pappelmeister was so sure the people wouldn't understand me, he's relaxing them on Gounod and Rossini.

MENDEL

Pappelmeister's idea of relaxation! *I* should have given them comic opera.

[*With sudden call to KATHLEEN, who with her mistress is at the wrong exit.*]

Kathleen! The elevator's *this* side!

KATHLEEN [*Turning*]

What way can that be, when I came up *this* side?

MENDEL

You chatter too much.

[FRAU QUIXANO, *not understanding, exit.*]

Come this way. Can't you see the elevator ?

KATHLEEN [*Perceives FRAU QUIXANO has gone, calls after her in Irish-sounding Yiddish*]

*Wu geht Ihr, bedad ? . . .*

[*Impatiently*]

Houly Moses, *komm' zurick !*

[*Exit anxiously, re-enter with FRAU QUIXANO.*]

Begorra, we Jews never know our way.

[MENDEL, *carrying the violin, escorts his mother and KATHLEEN to the elevator. When they are near it, it stops with a thud, and PAPPELMEISTER springs out, his umbrella up, meeting them face to face. He looks happy and beaming over DAVID's triumph.*]

PAPPELMEISTER [*In loud, joyous voice*]

*Nun, Frau Quixano, was sagen Sie ? Vat you tink of your David ?*

FRAU QUIXANO

*Dovid ? Er ist meshuggah.*

[*She taps her forehead.*]

PAPPELMEISTER [*Puzzled, to MENDEL*]

*Meshuggah ! Vat means meshuggah ? Crazy ?*

MENDEL [*Half-smiling*]

You've struck it. She says David doesn't know enough to go in out of the rain.

[*General laughter.*]

DAVID [*Rising*]

But it's stopped raining, Herr Pappelmeister. You don't want your umbrella.

[*General laughter.*]

PAPPELMEISTER

*So.*

[*Shuts it down.*]

MENDEL

*Herein, Mutter.*

[*He pushes FRAU QUIXANO's somewhat shrunken form into the elevator. KATHLEEN follows, then MENDEL.*]

Herr Pappelmeister, we are all your grateful servants.

[*PAPPELMEISTER bows; the gates close, the elevator descends.*]

DAVID

And you won't think *me* ungrateful for running away—you know my thanks are too deep to be spoken.

PAPPELMEISTER

And so are my congratulations!

DAVID

Then, don't speak them, please.

PAPPELMEISTER

But you *must* come and speak to all de people in America who undershtand music.

DAVID [*Half-smiling*]

To your four connoisseurs ?

[*Seriously*]

Oh, please ! I really could not meet strangers, especially musical vampires.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Half-startled, half-angry*]

Vampires ? Oh, come !

DAVID

Voluptuaries, then—rich, idle æsthetes to whom art and life have no connection, parasites who suck our music——

PAPPELMEISTER [*Laughs good-naturedly*]

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Vait till you hear vat dey say.

DAVID

I will wait as long as you like.

PAPPELMEISTER

Den I like to tell you now.

[*He roars with mischievous laughter.*]

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! De first vampire says it is a great vork, but poorly performed.

DAVID [*Indignant*]

Oh !

PAPPELMEISTER

De second vampire says it is a poor vork, but greatly performed.

DAVID [*Disappointed*]  
Oh!

PAPPELMEISTER  
De dird vampire says it is a great vork greatly performed.

DAVID [*Complacently*]  
Ah!

PAPPELMEISTER  
And de fourz vampire says it is a poor vork poorly performed.

DAVID [*Angry and disappointed*]  
Oh!

[*Then smiling*]  
You see you *have* to go by the people after all.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Shakes head, smiling*]  
*Nein.* Ven critics disagree—I agree mit mineself.  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*He slaps DAVID on the back.*]  
A great vork dat vill be even better performed next time! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ten dousand congratulations.  
[*He seizes DAVID's hand and grips it heartily.*]

DAVID  
Don't! You hurt me.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Dropping DAVID's hand,—mis-  
understanding*]  
Pardon! I forget your vound.

DAVID

No—no—what does my wound matter? That never stung half so much as these clappings and congratulations.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Puzzled but solicitous*]

I knew your nerves would be all shnapping like fiddle-shtrings. Oh, you cheniuses!

[*Smiling.*]

You like neider de clappings nor de criticisms,—*was?*

DAVID

They are equally—irrelevant. One has to wrestle with one's own art, one's own soul, *alone!*

PAPPELMEISTER [*Patting him soothingly*]

I am glad I did not let you blay in Part Two.

DAVID

Dear Herr Pappelmeister! Don't think I don't appreciate all your kindnesses—you are almost a father to me.

PAPPELMEISTER

And you disobey me like a son. Ha! Ha! Ha! Vell, I vill make your excuses to de—vampires. Ha! Ha! *Also, David.*

[*He lays his hand again affectionately on DAVID'S right shoulder.*]

*Lebe wohl!* I must go down to my popular classics.

[*Gloomily*]

Truly a going down! *Was?*

DAVID [*Smiling*]

Oh, it isn't such a descent as all that. Uncle said you ought to have given them comic opera.

PAPPELMEISTER [*Shuddering convulsively*]

Comic opera. . . . Ouf!

[*He goes toward the elevator and rings the bell.*

*Then he turns to DAVID.*]

Vat vas dat vord, David?

DAVID

What word?

PAPPELMEISTER [*Groping for it*]

*Mega—megasshu . . .*

DAVID [*Puzzled*]

*Megasshu?*

[*The elevator comes up; the gates open.*]

PAPPELMEISTER

*Megussbah!* You know.

[*He taps his forehead with his umbrella.*]

DAVID

Ah, *meshuggah!*

PAPPELMEISTER [*Joyously*]

*Ja, meshuggah!*

[*He gives a great roar of laughter.*]

Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*He waves umbrella at DAVID.*]



Well, don't be . . . *meshuggah*.

[*He steps into the elevator.*]

Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*The gates close, and it descends with his laughter.*]

DAVID [*After a pause*]

Perhaps I am . . . *meshuggah*.

[*He walks up and down moodily, approaches the parapet at back.*]

Dropping down is indeed natural.

[*He looks over.*]

How it tugs and drags at one!

[*He moves back resolutely and shakes his head.*]

That would be even a greater descent than Pappelmeister's to comic opera. One *must* fly upward—somehow.

[*He drops on the chair that MENDEL dried. A faint music steals up and makes an accompaniment to all the rest of the scene.*]

Ah! the popular classics!

[*His head sinks on a little table. The elevator comes up again, but he does not raise his head. VERA, pale and sad, steps out and walks gently over to him; stands looking at him with maternal pity; then decides not to disturb him and is stealing away when suddenly he looks up and perceives her and springs to his feet with a dazed glad cry.*]

Vera!

VERA [*Turns, speaks with grave dignity*]

Miss Andrews has charged me to convey to you the heart-felt thanks and congratulations of the Settlement.

DAVID [*Frozen*]

Miss Andrews is very kind. . . . I trust you are well.

VERA

Thank you, Mr. Quixano. Very well and very busy.  
So you'll excuse me.

[*She turns to go.*]

DAVID

Certainly. . . . How are your folks ?

VERA [*Turns her head*]

They are gone back to Russia. And yours ?

DAVID

You just saw them all.

VERA [*Confused*]

Yes—yes—of course—I forgot! Good-bye, Mr.  
Quixano.

DAVID

Good-bye, Miss Revendal.

[*He drops back on the chair. VERA walks to the  
elevator, then just before ringing turns again.*]

VERA

I shouldn't advise you to sit here in the damp.

DAVID

My uncle dried the chair.

[*Bitterly*]

Curious how every one is concerned about my body and no one about my soul.

VERA

Because your soul is so much stronger than your body. Why, think! It has just lifted a thousand people far higher than this roof-garden.

DAVID

Please don't you congratulate me, too! That would be too ironical.

VERA [*Agitated, coming nearer*]

Irony, Mr. Quixano? Please, please, do not imagine there is any irony in my congratulations.

DAVID

The irony is in all the congratulations. How can I endure them when I know what a terrible failure I have made!

VERA

Failure! Because the critics are all divided? That is the surest proof of success. You have produced something real and new.

DAVID

I am not thinking of Pappelmeister's connoisseurs —I am the only connoisseur, the only one who knows. And every bar of my music cried "Failure! Failure!" It shrieked from the violins, blared from the trombones, thundered from the drums. It was written on all the faces——

VERA [*Vehemently, coming still nearer*]

Oh, no! no! I watched the faces—those faces of toil and sorrow, those faces from many lands. They were fired by your vision of their coming brotherhood, lulled by your dream of their land of rest. And I could see that you were right in speaking to the people. In some strange, beautiful way the inner meaning of your music stole into all those simple souls——

DAVID [*Springing up*]

And *my* soul? What of *my* soul? False to its own music, its own mission, its own dream. That is what I mean by failure, Vera. I preached of God's Crucible, this great new continent that could melt up all race-differences and vendettas, that could purge and re-create, and God tried me with his supremest test. He gave me a heritage from the Old World, hate and vengeance and blood, and said, "Cast it all into my Crucible." And I said, "Even thy Crucible cannot melt this hate, cannot drink up this blood." And so I sat crooning over the dead past, gloating over the old blood-stains—I, the apostle of America, the prophet of the God of our children. Oh—how my music mocked me! And you—so fearless, so high above fate—how you must despise me!

VERA

I? Ah no!

DAVID

You must. You do. Your words still sting. Were

it seven seas between us, you said, our love must cross them. And I—I who had prated of seven seas——

VERA

Not seas of blood—I spoke selfishly, thoughtlessly. I had not realised that crimson flood. Now I see it day and night. O God!

*[She shudders and covers her eyes.]*

DAVID

There lies my failure—to have brought it to your eyes, instead of blotting it from my own.

VERA

No man could have blotted it out.

DAVID

Yes—by faith in the Crucible. From the blood of battlefields spring daisies and buttercups. In the divine chemistry the very garbage turns to roses. But in the supreme moment my faith was found wanting. You came to me—and I thrust you away.

VERA

I ought not to have come to you. . . . I ought not to have come to you to-day. We must not meet again.

DAVID

Ah, you cannot forgive me!

VERA

Forgive? It is I that should go down on my knees for my father's sin.

*[She is half-sinking to her knees. He stops her by a gesture and a cry.]*

DAVID

No! The sins of the fathers shall not be visited on the children.

VERA

My brain follows you, but not my heart. It is heavy with the sense of unpaid debts—debts that can only cry for forgiveness.

DAVID

You owe me nothing—

VERA

But my father, my people, my country. . . .

*[She breaks down. Recovers herself.]*

My only consolation is, you need nothing.

DAVID [*Dazed*]

I—need—nothing?

VERA

Nothing but your music . . . your dreams.

DAVID

And your love? Do I not need that?

VERA [*Shaking her head sadly*]  
No.

DAVID  
You say that because I have forfeited it.

VERA  
It is my only consolation, I tell you, that you do not need me. In our happiest moments a suspicion of this truth used to lacerate me. But now it is my one comfort in the doom that divides us. See how you stand up here above the world, alone and self-sufficient. No woman could ever have more than the second place in your life.

DAVID  
But you have the *first* place, Vera !

VERA [*Shakes her head again*]  
No—I no longer even desire it. I have gotten over that womanly weakness.

DAVID  
You torture me. What do you mean ?

VERA  
What can be simpler ? I used to be jealous of your music, your prophetic visions. I wanted to come first—before them all ! Now, dear David, I only pray that they may fill your life to the brim.

DAVID  
But they cannot.

VERA

They will—have faith in yourself, in your mission—  
good-bye.

DAVID [*Dazed*]

You love me and you leave me ?

VERA

What else can I do ? Shall the shadow of Kishineff  
hang over all your years to come ? Shall I kiss you  
and leave blood upon your lips, cling to you and be  
pushed away by all those cold, dead hands ?

DAVID [*Taking both her hands*]

Yes, cling to me, despite them all, cling to me till all  
these ghosts are exorcised, cling to me till our love  
triumphs over death. Kiss me, kiss me now.

VERA [*Resisting, drawing back*]

I dare not ! It will make you remember.

DAVID

It will make me forget. Kiss me.

*[There is a pause of hesitation, filled up by the  
Cathedral music from "Faust" surging up softly  
from below.]*

VERA [*Slowly*]

I will kiss you as we Russians kiss at Easter—the three  
kisses of peace.

*[She kisses him three times on the mouth as in  
ritual solemnity.]*



DAVID [*Very calmly*]  
Easter was the date of the massacre—see! I am at  
peace.

VERA  
God grant it endure!  
[*They stand quietly hand in hand.*]  
Look! How beautiful the sunset is after the storm!  
[*DAVID turns. The sunset, which has begun to grow  
beautiful just after VERA's entrance, has now reached  
its most magnificent moment; below there are  
narrow lines of saffron and pale gold, but above the  
whole sky is one glory of burning flame.*]

DAVID [*Prophetically exalted by the spectacle*]  
It is the fires of God round His Crucible.  
[*He drops her hand and points downward.*]  
There she lies, the great Melting Pot—listen! Can't  
you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There  
gapes her mouth  
[*He points east*]  
—the harbour where a thousand mammoth feeders  
come from the ends of the world to pour in their  
human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething!  
Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian,  
—black and yellow—

VERA [*Softly, nestling to him*]  
Jew and Gentile—

DAVID  
Yes, East and West, and North and South, the palm  
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and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, Vera, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labour and look forward!

*[He raises his hands in benediction over the shining city.]*

Peace, peace, to all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this giant continent—the God of our *children* give you Peace.

*[An instant's solemn pause. The sunset is swiftly fading, and the vast panorama is suffused with a more restful twilight, to which the many-gleaming lights of the town add the tender poetry of the night. Far back, like a lonely, guiding star, twinkles over the darkening water the torch of the Statue of Liberty. From below comes up the softened sound of voices and instruments joining in "My Country, 'tis of Thee." The curtain falls slowly.]*



## APPENDIX A

### THE MELTING POT IN ACTION

ALIENS ADMITTED TO THE UNITED STATES IN THE YEAR  
ENDED JUNE 30TH, 1913

African (black) . . .	9,734	Brought forward	875,975
Armenian . . .	9,554	Japanese . . .	11,672
Bohemian and Mo- ravian . . .	11,852	Korean . . .	74
Bulgarian, Servian, Montenegrin . . .	10,083	Lithuanian . . .	25,529
Chinese . . .	3,487	Magyar . . .	33,561
Croatian and Sla- vonian . . .	44,754	Mexican . . .	15,495
Cuban . . .	6,121	Pacific Islander . . .	27
Dalmatian, Bos- nian, Herzegovi- nian . . .	4,775	Polish . . .	185,207
Dutch and Flemish	18,746	Portuguese . . .	14,631
East Indian . . .	233	Roumanian . . .	14,780
English . . .	100,062	Russian . . .	58,380
Finnish . . .	14,920	Ruthenian (Russ- niak) . . .	39,405
French . . .	26,509	Scandinavian . . .	51,650
German . . .	101,764	Scotch . . .	31,434
Greek . . .	40,933	Slovak . . .	29,094
Hebrew . . .	105,826	Spanish . . .	15,017
Irish . . .	48,103	Spanish-American	3,409
Italian (north) . . .	54,171	Syrian . . .	10,019
Italian (south) . . .	264,348	Turkish . . .	2,132
		Welsh . . .	3,922
		West Indian (ex- cept Cuban) . . .	2,302
		Other peoples . . .	3,512
Carried forward	875,975	Total . . .	1,427,227

## APPENDIX B

### THE POGROM

#### (I) A RUSSIAN ON ITS REASONS

[From *The Nation*, November 15, 1913]

It is now over thirty years since the crew of the sinking ship of Russian absolutism first tried this unworthy weapon to save their failing cause. This was when Plehve organised an anti-Semitic agitation and Jewish pogroms in 1883 in South Russia, where the Jews formed almost the only merchant class in the villages, and where the ignorant peasants, together with some crafty Russian tradesmen, had a natural grudge against them. The result was that the prevailing discontent of the masses was diverted against the Jews. A large public meeting of protest was organised at that time in the London Mansion House, the Lord Mayor taking the chair. English public opinion rightly appreciated the value of this criminal method of using Jews as scapegoats for political purposes. Now we see merely a further, and let us hope a final, development of the same tactics. They have been used on many occasions since 1883. One of the largest Jewish pogroms of the latest series in Kishineff in 1903 has been clearly traced to the same experienced hand of Plehve, when the passive attitude of the local administration and the military was explained by the presence in the town of a mysterious colonel of the Imperial Gendarmerie who arrived with secret orders and a large supply of pogrom literature from St. Petersburg, and who organised the scum of the town population for the purpose of looting and killing Jews.

The repulsive stories of further pogroms all over the country immediately after the issue of the constitutional manifesto of

October 17, 1905, are fresh in the memory of the civilised world. At that time anti-Semitic doctrine was openly preached, not only against Jews, but against the whole constitutional and revolutionary upheaval. Pogroms against both were organised under the same pretext of saving the Tsar, the orthodoxy, and the Fatherland. Local police and military officials had secret orders to abstain from interference with the looting and murdering of Jews or "their hirelings." Processions of peaceful citizens and children were trampled down by the Cossack horses, and the Cossacks received formal thanks from high quarters for their excellent exploits. . . .

N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY.

## (II) A NURSE ON ITS RESULTS

[From *Public Health*, Nurses' Quarterly, Cleveland, Ohio, October 1913]

I was a Red Cross nurse on the battlefield.

The words of the chief doctor of the Jewish Hospital of Odessa still ring in my ears. When the telephone message came, he said, "Moldvanko is running in blood; send nurses and doctors." This meant that the Pogrom (massacre) was going on.

Dr. P—— came into the wards with these words: "Sisters, there is no time for weeping. Those who have no one dependent upon them, come. Put on your white surgical gowns, and the red cross. Make ready to go on the battlefield at once. God knows how many of our sisters and brothers are already killed." Tears were just running down his cheeks as he spoke. In a minute twelve nurses and eight doctors had volunteered. There was one Red Cross nurse who was in bed waiting to be operated on. She got up and made ready too. Nobody could keep her from going with us. "Where my sisters and brothers fall, there shall I fall," she said, and with these words, jumped into the ambulance and went on to the City Hospital with us. There they had better equipment, and

they sent out three times as many nurses as the Jewish Hospital. At the City Hospital they hung silver crosses about our necks. We wore the silver crosses so that we would not be recognised as Jewish by the Holiganes (Hooligans).

Then we went to Molorosiskia Street in the Moldvanko (slums). We could not see, for the feathers were flying like snow. The blood was already up to our ankles on the pavement and in the yards. The uproar was deafening but we could hear the Holiganes' fierce cries of "Hooray, kill the Jews," on all sides. It was enough to hear such words. They could turn your hair grey, but we went on. We had no time to think. All our thoughts were to pick up wounded ones, and to try to rescue some uninjured ones. We succeeded in rescuing some uninjured who were in hiding. We put bandages on them to make it appear that they were wounded. We put them in the ambulance and carried them to the hospital, too. So at the Jewish Hospital we had five thousand injured and seven thousand uninjured to feed and protect for two weeks. Some were left without homes, without clothes, and children were even without parents.

My dear reader, I want to tell you one thing before I describe the scenes of the massacre any further; do not think that you are reading a story which could not happen! No, I want you to know that everything you read is just exactly as it was. My hair is a little grey, but I am surprised it is not quite white after what I witnessed.

The procession of the Pogrom was led by about ten Catholic (Greek) Sisters with about forty or fifty of their school children. They carried ikons or pictures of Jesus and sang "God save the Tsar." They were followed by a crowd containing hundreds of men and women murderers yelling "Bey Zhida," which means "Kill the Jews." With these words they ran into the yards where there were fifty or a hundred tenants. They rushed in like tigers. Soon they began to throw children out of the windows of the second, third, and fourth stories. They would take a poor, innocent six-months-old baby, who could not possibly have done any harm in this world, and



throw it down on to the pavement. You can imagine it could not live after it struck the ground, but this did not satisfy the stony-hearted murderers. They then rushed up to the child, seized it and broke its little arm and leg bones into three or four pieces, then wrung its neck too. They laughed and yelled, so carried away with pleasure at their successful work.

I do wish a few Americans could have been there to see, and they would know what America is, and what it means to live in the United States. It was not enough for them to open up a woman's abdomen and take out the child which she carried, but they took time to stuff the abdomen with straw and fill it up. Can you imagine human beings able to do such things? I do not think anybody could, because I could not imagine it myself when a few years before I read the news of the massacre in Kishineff, but now I have seen it with my own eyes. It was not enough for them to cut out an old man's tongue and cut off his nose, but they drove nails into the eyes also. You wonder how they had enough time to carry away everything of value—money, gold, silver, jewels—and still be able to do so much fancy killing, but oh, my friends, all the time for three days and three nights was theirs.

The last day and night it poured down rain, and you would think that might stop them, but no, they worked just as hard as ever. We could wear shoes no longer. Our feet were swollen, so we wore rubbers over our stockings, and in this way worked until some power was able to stop these horrors. They not only killed, but they had time to abuse young girls of twelve and fourteen years of age, who died immediately after being operated upon.

I remember what happened to my own class-mates. They were two who came from a small town to Odessa to become midwives. These girls ran to the school to hide themselves as it was a government school, and they knew the Holiganes would not dare to come in there. But the dean of the school had ordered they should not be admitted, because they were Jewish, as if they had different blood running in their veins.



So when they came, the watchman refused to open the doors, according to his instructions. The crowd of Holiganes found them outside the doors of the hospital. They abused them right there in the middle of the street. One was eighteen years old and the other was twenty. One died after the operation and the other went insane from shame.

Some people ask why the Jews did not leave everything and go away. But how could they go and where could they go? The murderers were scattered throughout the Jewish quarters. All they could do was hide where they were in the cellars and garrets. The Holiganes searched them out and killed them where they were hidden. Others may ask, why did they not resist the murderers with their knives and pistols? The grown men organised by the second day. They were helped by the Vigilantes, too, who brought them arms. The Vigilantes were composed of students at the University and high-school boys, and also the strongest man from each Jewish family. There were a good many Gentiles among the students who belonged to the Vigilantes because they wanted justice. So on the second day the Vigilantes stood before the doors and gave resistance to the murderers. Some will ask where were the soldiers and the police? They were sent to protect, but on arriving, joined in with the murderers. However, the police put disguises on over their uniforms. Later, when they were brought to the hospital with other wounded, we found their uniforms underneath their disguises.

When the Vigilantes took their stations, the scene was like a battlefield. Bullets were flying from both sides of the Red Cross carriages. We expected to be killed any minute, but notwithstanding, we rushed wherever there were shots heard in order to carry away the wounded. Whenever we arrived we shouted "Red Cross, Red Cross," in order to help make them realise we were not Vigilantes. Then they would stop and let us pick up the wounded. They did this on account of their own wounded.

The Vigilantes could not stop the butchery entirely because they were not strong enough in numbers. On the fourth day,

the Jewish people of Odessa, through Dr. P——, succeeded in communicating to the Mayor of a different State. Soldiers from outside, strangers to the murderers, came in and took charge of the city. The city was put under martial law until order could be restored.

On the fifth day the doctors and nurses were called to the cemetery, where there were four hundred unidentified dead. Their friends and relatives who came to search for them were crazed and hysterical and needed our attention. Wives came to look for husbands, parents hunting children, a mother for her only son, and so on. It took eight days to identify the bodies, and by that time four hundred of the wounded had died, and so we had eight hundred to bury. If you visit Odessa, you will be shown two long graves, about one hundred feet long, beside the Jewish Cemetery. There lie the victims of the massacre. Among them are Gentile Vigilantes whose parents asked that they be buried with the Jews. . . .

Another case I knew was that of a married man. He left his wife, who was pregnant, and three children, to go on a business trip. When he got back the massacre had occurred. His home was in ruins, his family gone. He went to the hospital, then to the cemetery. There he found his wife with her abdomen stuffed with straw, and his three children dead. It simply broke his heart, and he lost his mind. But he was harmless, and was to be seen wandering about the hospital as though in search of some one, and daily he grew more thin and suffering.

This story is told in the hope that Americans will appreciate the safety and freedom in which they live and that they will help others to gain that freedom.

## APPENDIX C

### THE STORY OF DANIEL MELSA

ANOTHER example of Nature aping Art is afforded by the romantic story of Daniel Melsa, a young Russo-Jewish violinist who has carried audiences by storm in Berlin, Paris and London, and who had arranged to go to America last November. The following extract from an interview in the *Jewish Chronicle* of January 24, 1913, shows the curious coincidence between his beginnings and David Quixano's :

"Melsa is not yet twenty years of age, but he looks somewhat older. He is of slight build and has a sad expression, which increased to almost a painful degree when recounting some of his past experiences. He seems singularly devoid of any affectation, while modesty is obviously the keynote of his nature.

"After some persuasion, Melsa put aside his reticence, and, complying with the request, outlined briefly his career, the early part of which, he said, was overshadowed by a great tragedy. He was born in Warsaw, and, at the age of three, his parents moved to Lodz, where shortly after a private tutor was engaged for him.

" 'Although I exhibited a passion for music quite early, I did not receive any lessons on the subject till my seventh birthday, but before that my father obtained a cheap violin for me upon which I was soon able to play simple melodies by ear.'

"By chance a well-known professor of the town heard him play, and so impressed was he with the talent exhibited by the boy that he advised the father to have him educated. Acting upon this advice, as far as limited means allowed, tutors were engaged, and so much progress did he make that at the age of nine he was admitted to the local Conservatorium of

Professor Grudzinski, where he remained two years. It was at the age of eleven that a great calamity overtook the family, his father and sister falling victims to the pogroms.

“ Melsa’s story runs as follows :

“ ‘ It was in June of 1905, at the time of the pogroms, when one afternoon my father, accompanied by my little sister, ventured out into the street, from which they never returned. They were both killed,’ he added sadly, ‘ by Cossacks. A week later I found my sister in a Christian churchyard riddled with bullets, but I have not been able to trace the remains of my father, who must have been buried in some out-of-the-way place. During this awful period my mother and myself lived in imminent danger of our lives, and it was only the recollection of my playing that saved us also falling a prey to the vodka-besodden Cossacks.’ ”

## APPENDIX D

### BEILIS AND AMERICA

THE close relation in Jewish thought between Russo-Jewish persecution and America as the land of escape from it is well illustrated by the recent remarks of the *Jewish Chronicle* on the future of the victim of the Blood-Ritual Prosecution in Kieff. "So long as Beilis continues to live in Russia, his life is unsafe. The Black Hundreds, he himself says, have solemnly decided on his death, and we have seen, in the not distant past, that they can carry out diabolical plots of this description with complete immunity. . . . He would gladly go to America, provided he was sure of a living. The condition should not be difficult to fulfil, and if this victim of a barbarous *régime*—we cannot say latest victim, for, as we write, comes the news of an expulsion order against 1200 Jewish students of Kieff—should find a home and place under the sheltering wing of freedom, it would be a fitting ending to a painful chapter in our Jewish history."

That it is the natural ending even the Jew-baiting Russian organ, the *Novoe Vremya*, indirectly testifies, for it has published a sneering cartoon representing a number of Jews crowded on the Statue of Liberty to welcome the arrival of Beilis. One wonders that the Russian censor should have permitted the masses to become aware that Liberty exists on earth, if only in the form of a statue.

## APPENDIX E

### THE ALIEN IN THE MELTING POT

MR. FREDERICK J. HASKIN has recently published in the *Chicago Daily News* the following graphic summary of what immigrants have done and do for the United States :

I am the immigrant.

Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.

My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.

My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty and a better wage for the sweat of my face.

I looked towards the United States with eyes kindled by the fire of ambition and heart quickened with new-born hope.

I approached its gates with great expectation.

I entered in with fine hopes.

I have shouldered my burden as the American man of all work.

I contribute eighty-five per cent. of all the labour in the slaughtering and meat-packing industries.

I do seven-tenths of the bituminous coal mining.

I do seventy-eight per cent. of all the work in the woollen mills.

I contribute nine-tenths of all the labour in the cotton mills.

I make nine-twentieths of all the clothing.

I manufacture more than half the shoes.

I build four-fifths of all the furniture.

I make half of the collars, cuffs, and shirts.

I turn out four-fifths of all the leather.

I make half the gloves.

I refine nearly nineteen-twentieths of the sugar.

I make half of the tobacco and cigars.

And yet, I am the great American problem.

When I pour out my blood on your altar of labour, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your god of toil, men make no more comment than at the fall of a sparrow.

But my brawn is woven into the warp and woof of the fabric of your national being.

My children shall be your children and your land shall be my land because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundations of the America of To-Morrow.

If I can be fused into the body politic, the Melting Pot will have stood the supreme test.



## Afterword

### I

*The Melting Pot* is the third of the writer's plays to be published in book form, though the first of the three in order of composition. But unlike *The War God* and *The Next Religion*, which are dramatisations of the spiritual duels of our time, *The Melting Pot* sprang directly from the author's concrete experience as President of the Emigration Regulation Department of the Jewish Territorial Organisation, which, founded shortly after the great massacres of Jews in Russia, will soon have fostered the settlement of ten thousand Russian Jews in the West of the United States.

"Romantic claptrap," wrote Mr. A. B. Walkley in the *Times* of "this rhapsodising over music and crucibles and statues of Liberty." As if these things were not the homeliest of realities, and rhapsodising the natural response to them of the Russo-Jewish psychology, incurably optimist. The statue of Liberty is a large visible object at the mouth of New York harbour; the crucible, if visible only to the eye of imagination like the inner reality of the sunrise to the eye of Blake, is none the less a roaring and flaming actuality. These things are as substantial, if not as important, as Adeline Genée and Anna Pavlova, the objects of Mr. Walkley's own rhapsodising. Mr. Walkley, never having lacked Liberty, nor cowered for days in a cellar in terror of a howling mob, can see only theatrical exaggeration in the enthusiasm for a land of freedom, just as, never having known or never having had eyes to see the grotesque and tragic creatures existing all





around us, he has doubted the reality of some of Balzac's creations. It is to be feared that for such a play as *The Melting Pot* Mr. Walkley is far from being the *χαρίεις* of Aristotle. The ideal spectator must have known and felt more of life than Mr. Walkley, who resembles too much the library-fed man of letters whose denunciation by Walter Bagehot he himself quotes without suspecting *de te fabula narratur*. Even the critic, who has to deal with a refracted world, cannot dispense with primary experience of his own. For "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces" it is not only necessary there should be masterpieces, there must also be a soul. Mr. Walkley, one of the wittiest of contemporary writers and within his urban range one of the wisest, can scarcely be accused of lacking a soul, though Mr. Bernard Shaw's long-enduring misconception of him as a brother in the spirit is one of the comedies of literature. But such spiritual vitality as Oxford failed to sterilise in him has been largely torpified by his profession of play-taster, with its divorcement from reality in the raw. His cry of "romantic claptrap" is merely the reaction of the club armchair to the "drums and tramlings" of the street. It is in fact (he will welcome an allusion to Dickens almost as much as one to Aristotle) the higher Podsnappery. "Thus happily acquainted with his own merit and importance, Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence. . . . The world got up at eight, shaved close at a quarter past, breakfasted at nine, went to the City at ten, came home at half-past five, and dined at seven."

Mr. Roosevelt, with his multifarious American experience as soldier and cowboy, hunter and historian, police-captain and President, comes far nearer the ideal spectator, for this play at least, than Mr. Walkley. Yet his enthusiasm for it has been dismissed by our critic as "stupendous *naïveté*." Mr. Roosevelt apparently falls under that class of "people who knowing no rules, are at the mercy of their undisciplined taste," which Mr. Walkley excludes altogether from his classification of critics, in despite of Dr. Johnson's opinion that "natural judges" are only second to "those who know but are above the rules." It is comforting, therefore, to find Mr. Augustus Thomas, the famous American playwright, who is familiar with the rules to the point of contempt, chivalrously associating himself, in defence of a British rival, with Mr. Roosevelt's "stupendous *naïveté*."

"Mr. Zangwill's 'rhapsodising' over music and crucibles and statues of Liberty is," says Mr. Thomas, "a very effective use of a most potent symbolism, and I have never seen men and women more sincerely stirred than the audience at *The Melting Pot*. The impulses awakened by the Zangwill play were those of wide human sympathy, charity, and compassion; and, for my own part, I would rather retire from the theatre and retire from all direct or indirect association with journalism than write down the employment of these factors by Mr. Zangwill as mere claptrap."

"As a work of art for art's sake," also wrote Mr. William Archer, "the play simply does not exist." He added: "but Mr. Zangwill would not dream of appealing to such a standard." Mr. Archer had the

misfortune to see the play in New York side by side with his more cynical *confrère*, and thus his very praise has an air of apologia to Mr. Walkley and the great doctrine of "art for art's sake." It would almost seem as if he even takes a "work of art" and a "work of art for art's sake" as synonymous. Nothing, in fact, could be more inartistic. "Art for art's sake" is one species of art, whose right to existence the author has amply recognised in other works. (*The King of Schnorrers* was even read aloud by Oscar Wilde to a duchess.) But he roundly denies that art is any the less artistic for being inspired by life, and seeking in its turn to inspire life. Such a contention is tainted by the very Philistinism it would repudiate, since it seeks a negative test of art in something outside art—to wit, purpose, whose presence is surely as irrelevant to art as its absence. The only test of art is artistic quality, and this quality *occurs* perhaps more frequently than it is achieved, as in the words of the Hebrew prophets, or the vision of a slum at night, the former consciously aiming at something quite different, the latter achieving its beauty in utter unconsciousness.

## II

It will be seen from the official table of immigration that the Russian Jew is only one and not even the largest of the fifty elements that, to the tune of nearly a million and a half a year, are being fused in the greatest "Melting Pot" the world has ever known; but if he has been selected as the typical immigrant, it is because he alone of all the fifty has no home-

land. Some few other races, such as the Armenians, are almost equally devoid of political power, and, in consequence, equally obnoxious to massacre; but except the gipsy, whose essence is to be homeless, there is no other race—black, white, red, or yellow—that has not remained, at least a majority of the population, in some area of its own. There is none, therefore, more in need of a land of liberty, none to whose future it is more vital that America should preserve that spirit of William Penn which President Wilson has so nobly characterised. And there is assuredly none which has more valuable elements to contribute to the ethnic and psυχical amalgam of the people of to-morrow.

The process of American amalgamation is not assimilation or simple surrender to the dominant type, as is popularly supposed, but an all-round give-and-take by which the final type may be enriched or impoverished. Thus the intelligent reader will have remarked how the somewhat anti-Semitic Irish servant of the first act talks Yiddish herself in the fourth. Even as to the ultimate language of the United States, it is unreasonable to suppose that American, though fortunately protected by English literature, will not bear traces of the fifty languages now being spoken side by side with it, and of which this play alone presents scraps in German, French, Russian, Yiddish, Irish, Hebrew, and Italian.

That in the crucible of love, or even co-citizenship, the most violent antitheses of the past may be fused into a higher unity is a truth of both ethics and observation, and it was in order to present historic

enmities at their extremes that the persecuted Jew of Russia and the persecuting Russian race have been taken for protagonists—"the fell incensèd points of mighty opposites."

The Jewish immigrant is, moreover, the toughest of all the white elements that have been poured into the American crucible, the race having, by its unique experience of several thousand years of exposure to alien majorities, developed a salamandrine power of survival. And this asbestoid fibre is made even more fireproof by the anti-Semitism of American uncivilisation. Nevertheless, to suppose that America will remain permanently afflicted by all the old European diseases would be to despair of humanity, not to mention super-humanity.

### III

Even the negrophobia is not likely to remain eternally at its present barbarous pitch. Mr. William Archer, who has won a new fame as student of that black problem, which is America's nemesis for her ancient slave-raiding, and who favours the creation of a Black State as one of the United States, observes: "It is noteworthy that neither David Quixano nor anyone else in the play makes the slightest reference to that inconvenient element in the crucible of God—the negro." This is an oversight of Mr. Archer's, for Baron Revendal defends the Jew-baiting of Russia by asking of an American: "Don't you lynch and roast your niggers?" And David Quixano expressly throws both "black and yellow" into the crucible. No



doubt there is an instinctive antipathy which tends to keep the white man free from black blood, though this antipathy having been overcome by a large minority in all the many periods and all the many countries of their contiguity, it is equally certain that there are at work forces of attraction as well as of repulsion, and that even upon the negro the "Melting Pot" of America will not fail to act in a measure as it has acted on the Red Indian, who has found it almost as facile to mate with his white neighbours as with his black. Indeed, it is as much social prejudice as racial antipathy that to-day divides black and white in the New World; and Sir Sydney Olivier has recorded that in Jamaica the white is far more on his guard and his dignity against the half-white than against the all-black, while in Guiana, according to Sir Harry Johnston in his great work "The Negro in the New World," it is the half-white that, in his turn, despises the black and succeeds in marrying still further white-wards. It might have been thought that the dark-white races on the northern shore of the Mediterranean—the Spaniards, Sicilians, &c.—who have already been crossed with the sons of Ham from its southern shore, would, among the American immigrants, be the natural links towards the fusion of white and black, but a similar instinct of pride and peril seems to hold them back. But whether the antipathy in America be a race instinct or a social prejudice, the accusations against the black are largely panic-born myths, for the alleged repulsive smell of the negro is consistent with being shaved by him, and the immorality of the negress is consistent with her control of the nurseries

of the South. The devil is not so black nor the black so devilish as he is painted. This is not to deny that the prognathous face is an ugly and undesirable type of countenance or that it connotes a lower average of intellect and ethics, or that white and black are as yet too far apart for profitable fusion. Melanophobia, or fear of the black, may be pragmatically as valuable a racial defence for the white as the counter-instinct of philoleucosis, or love of the white, is a force of racial uplifting for the black. But neither colour has succeeded in monopolising all the virtues and graces in its specific evolution from the common ancestral ape, and a superficial acquaintance with the work of Dr. Arthur Keith teaches that if the black man is nearer the ape in some ways (having even the remains of throat-pouches), the white man is nearer in other ways (as in his greater hairiness).

And besides being, as Sir Sydney Olivier says, "a matrix of emotional and spiritual energies that have yet to find their human expression," the African negro has obviously already not a few valuable ethnic elements—joy of life, love of colour, keen senses, beautiful voice, and ear for music—contributions that might somewhat compensate for the dragging-down of the white and, in small doses at least, might one day prove a tonic to an anæmic and art-less America. A musician like Coleridge-Taylor is no despicable product of the "Melting Pot," while the negroes of genius whom the writer has been privileged to know—men like Henry O. Tanner, the painter, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, the poet—show the potentialities of the race even without white admixture; and as

men of this stamp are capable of attracting cultured white wives, the fusing process, beginning at the top with types like these, should be far less unwelcome than that which starts with the dregs of both races. But the negroid hair and complexion being, in Mendelian language, "dominant," these black traits are not easy to eliminate from the hybrid posterity; and in view of all the unpleasantness, both immediate and contingent, that attends the blending of colours, only heroic souls on either side should dare the adventure of intermarriage. Blacks of this temper, however, would serve their race better by making Liberia a success or building up an American negro State, as Mr. William Archer recommends, or at least asserting their rights as American citizens in that sub-tropical South which without their labour could never have been opened up. Meantime, however scrupulously and justifiably America avoids physical intermarriage with the negro, the comic spirit cannot fail to note the spiritual miscegenation which, while clothing, commercialising, and Christianising the ex-African, has given "rag-time" and the sex-dances that go to it, first to white America and thence to the whole white world.

The action of the crucible is thus not exclusively physical—a consideration particularly important as regards the Jew. The Jew may be Americanised and the American Judaised without any gametic interaction.



#### IV

Among the Jews *The Melting Pot*, though it has in some instances served to interpret to each other the old generation and the new, has more frequently been misunderstood by both. While a distinguished Christian clergyman wrote that it was "calculated to do for the Jewish race what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the coloured man," the Jewish pulpits of America have resounded with denunciation of its supposed solution of the Jewish problem by dissolution. As if even a play with a purpose could do more than suggest and interpret! It is true that its leading figure, David Quixano, advocates absorption in America, but even he is speaking solely of the American Jews and asks his uncle why, if he objects to the dissolving process, he did not work for a separate Jewish land. He is not offering a panacea for the Jewish problem, universally applicable. But he urges that the conditions offered to the Jew in America are without parallel throughout the world.

And, in sooth, the Jew is here citizen of a republic without a State religion—a republic resting, moreover, on the same simple principles of justice and equal rights as the Mosaic Commonwealth from which the Puritan Fathers drew their inspiration. In America, therefore, the Jew, by a roundabout journey from Zion, has come into his own again. It is by no mere accident that when an inscription was needed for the colossal statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, that "Mother of Exiles" whose torch lights the entrance to the New Jerusalem, the best expression

of the spirit of Americanism was found in the sonnet of the Jewess, Emma Lazarus :

*Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.*

And if, alas ! passing through the golden door, the Jew finds his New Jerusalem as much a caricature by the crumbling of its early ideals as the old became by the fading of the visions of Isaiah and Amos, he may find his mission in fighting for the preservation of the original Hebraic pattern. In this fight he will not be alone, and intermarriage with his fellow-crusaders in the new Land of Promise will naturally follow wherever, as with David Quixano and Vera Revendal, no theological differences divide. There will be neither Jew nor Greek. Intermarriage, wherever there is social intimacy, will follow, even when the parties stand in opposite religious camps ; but this is less advisable as leading to a house divided against itself and to dissension in the upbringing of the children. It is only when a common outlook has been reached, transcending the old doctrinal differences, that intermarriage is denuded of those latent discords which the instinct of mankind divines, and which keep even Catholic and Protestant wisely apart.

These discords, together with the prevalent anti-Semitism and his own ingrained persistence, tend to preserve the Jew even in the "Melting Pot," so that his dissolution must be necessarily slower than that of

the similar aggregations of Germans, Italians, or Poles. But the process for all is the same, however tempered by specific factors. Beginning as broken-off bits of Germany, Italy, or Poland, with newspapers and theatres in German, Italian, or Polish, these colonies gradually become Americanised, their vernaculars, even when jealously cherished, become a mere medium for American conceptions of life ; while in the third generation the child is ashamed both of its parents and their lingo, the newspapers dwindle in circulation, the theatres languish. The reality of this process has been denied by no less distinguished an American than Dr. Charles Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University, whose prophecy of Jewish solidarity in America and of the contribution of Judaism to the world's future is more optimistic than my own. Dr. Eliot points to the still unmelted heaps of racial matter, without suspecting—although he is a chemist—that their semblance of solidity is only kept up by the constant immigration of similar atoms to the base to replace those liquefied at the apex. Once America slams her doors, the crucible will roar like a closed furnace.

Heaven forbid, however, that the doors shall be slammed for centuries yet. The notion that the few millions of people in America have a moral right to exclude others is monstrous. Exclusiveness may have some justification in countries, especially when old and well-populated ; but for continents like the United States—or for the matter of that Canada and Australia—to mistake themselves for mere countries is an intolerable injustice to the rest of the human race.

The exclusion of criminals even is as impossible in practice as the exclusion of the sick and ailing is unchristian. Infinitely more important were it to keep the gates of *birth* free from undesirables. As for the exclusion of the able-bodied, whether illiterate or literate, that is sheer economic madness in so empty a continent, especially with the Panama Canal to divert them to the least developed States. Fortunately, any serious restriction will avenge itself not only by the stagnation of many of the States, but by the paralysis of the great liners which depend on steerage passengers, without whom freights and fares will rise and saloon passengers be docked of their sailing facilities. Meantime the inquisition at Ellis Island has to its account cruelties no less atrocious than the ancient Spanish—cruelties that only flash into momentary prominence when some luxurious music-hall lady of dubious morals has a taste of the barbarities meted out daily to blameless and hard-working refugees from oppression or hunger, who, having staked their all on the great adventure, find themselves hustled back, penniless and heartbroken, to the Old World.

## V

Whether any country will ever again be based like those of the Old World upon a unity of race or religion is a matter of doubt. New England, of course, like Pennsylvania and Maryland, owes its inception to religion, but the original impulse has long been submerged by purely economic pressures. And the same motley immigration from the Old World

is building up the bulk of the coming countries. At most, the dominant language gives a semblance of unity and serves to attract a considerable stream of immigrants who speak it, as of Portuguese to Brazil, Spaniards to the Argentine. But the chief magnet remains economic, for Brazil draws six times as many Italians as Portuguese, and the Argentine two and a half times as many Italians as Spanish. It may be urged, of course, that the Italian gravitation to these countries is still a matter of race, and that, in the absence of an El Dorado of his own, the Italian is attracted towards States that are at least Latin. But though Brazil and the Argentine be predominantly Latin, the minority of Germans, Austrians, and Swiss is by no means insignificant. The great modern steamship, in fact—supplemented by its wandering and seductive agent—is playing the part in the world formerly played by invasions and crusades, while the “economic” immigrant is more and more replacing the refugee, just as the purely commercial company working under native law is replacing the Chartered Company which was a law to itself. How small a part in the modern movement is played by patriotism proper may be seen from the avidity with which the farmers of the United States cross the borders to Canada to obtain the large free holdings which enable them to sell off their American properties. How little the proudest tradition counts against the environment is shown in the shame felt by Argentine-born children for the English spoken by their British parents.

The difference in the method of importing the ingredients makes thus no difference to the action of



the crucible. Though the peoples now in process of formation in the New World are being recruited by mainly economic forces, it may be predicted they will ultimately harden into homogeneity of race, if not even of belief. For internationalism in religion seems to be again receding in favour of national religions (if, indeed, these were ever more than superficially superseded), at any rate in favour of nationalism, raised into religion.

If racial homogeneity has not yet been evolved completely even in England—and, of course, the tendency can never be more than asymptotic—it is because cheap and easy transport and communication with freedom of economic movement, have been late developments and are still far from perfect. Hence, there has never been a thorough shake-up and admixture of elements, so that certain countries and corners have retained types and breeds peculiar to them. But with the ever-growing interconnection of all parts of the country, and with the multiplication of labour bureaux, these breeds and types will be—alas, for local colour!—increasingly absorbed in the general mass. For fusion and unification are part of the historic life-process. “Normans and Saxons and Danes” are we here in England, yes and Huguenot, and Flemings and Gascons and Angevins and Jews and many other things.

In fact, according to Sir Harry Johnston, there is hardly an ethnic element that has not entered into the Englishman, including even the missing link, as the Piltdown skull would seem to testify. The earlier discovery at Galley Hill showed Britannia rising from

the apes with an extinct Tasmanian type, not unlike the surviving aboriginal Australian. Then the west of Britain was invaded by a negroid type from France, followed by an Eskimo type of which traces are still to be seen in the West of Ireland and parts of Scotland. Next came the true Mediterranean white man, the Iberian, with dark hair and eyes and a white skin; and then the round-headed people of the Bronze Age, probably Asiatic. And then the Gael, the long-headed, fair-haired Aryan, who ruled by iron and whose Keltic vocabulary was tinged with Iberian, and who was followed by the Brython or Belgian. And, at some unknown date, we have to allow for the invasion of North Britain by another Germanic type, the Caledonian, which would seem to have been a Norse stock, foreshadowing the later Norman Conquest. And, as if this mish-mash was not confusion enough, came to make it worse confounded the Roman conquerors, trailing like a mantle of many colours the subject-races of their far-flung Empire.

Is it wonderful if the crucible, capable of fusing such a motley of types into "the true-born Briton," should be melting up its Jews like old silver? The comparison belongs to Mr. Walkley, who was more moved by the beauty of the old and the pathos of its passing than by the resplendence of the new, and who seemed to forget that it is for the dramatist to register both impartially—their conflict constituting another of those spiritual duels which are peculiarly his affair. Jews are, unlike negroes, a "recessive" type, whose physical traits tend to disappear in the blended offspring. There does not exist in England to-day a

single representative of the Jewish families whom Cromwell admitted, though their lineage may be traced in not a few noble families. Thus every country has been and is a "Melting Pot." But America, exhibiting the normal fusing process magnified many thousand diameters and diversified beyond all historic experience, and fed not by successive waves of immigration but by a hodge-podge of simultaneous hordes, is, in Bacon's phrase, an "ostensive instance" of a universal phenomenon. America is *the* "Melting Pot."

Her people has already begun to take on such a complexion of its own, it is already so emphatically tending to a new race, crossed with every European type, that the British illusion of a cousinly Anglo-Saxon people with whom war is unthinkable is sheer wilful blindness. Even to-day, while the mixture is still largely mechanical not chemical, the Anglo-Saxon element is only preponderant ; it is very far from being the sum total.

## VI

While our sluggish and sensual English stage has resisted and even burked the writer's attempt to express in terms of the theatre our European problems of war and religion, and to interpret through art the "years of the modern, years of the unperformed," it remains to be acknowledged with gratitude that this play, designed to bring home to America both its comparative rawness and emptiness and its true significance and potentiality for history and civilisation, has been universally acclaimed by Americans



as a revelation of Americanism, despite that it contains only one native-born American character, and that a bad one. Played throughout the length and breadth of the States since its original production in 1908, given, moreover, in Universities and Women's Colleges, passing through edition after edition in book form, cited by preachers and journalists, politicians and Presidential candidates, even calling into existence a "Melting Pot" Club in Boston, it has had the happy fortune to contribute its title to current thought, and, in the testimony of Jane Addams, to "perform a great service to America by reminding us of the high hopes of the founders of the Republic."

I. Z.

*January 1914.*

## PLASTER SAINTS

TO  
MY FRIEND AND MANAGER  
GASTON MAYER  
IN RECOGNITION OF  
HIS GALLANT FIGHT FOR ART

## THE CAST

[As first produced at the Comedy Theatre, Saturday, May 23, 1914.]

Rev. Dr. Rodney Vaughan	EDWARD SASS
Sir John Archmundham, Bart.	CLIFTON ALDERSON
John Archmundham, M.D., D.Sc., M.A.	HAROLD CHAPIN
Purvis	H. K. AYLIFF
Hannah Vaughan	GRACE LANE
Elsie Vaughan	ERNITA LASCELLES
Amy Archmundham	GILLIAN SCAIFE
Mrs. Morrow	INEZ BENSUSAN
The Hon. Mrs. Anon	GWENDOLINE HAY

[The action passes in the Minister's study at Midstoke, between tea and dinner in the beginning of October, 1912.]

[The rights of performing or publishing this play in any country or language are strictly reserved by the author, from whom the stage-text, slightly curtailed towards the end of the second movement, together with complete stage-directions, can be obtained by lessees.]

## First Movement

HANNAH VAUGHAN, *a provincial lady, with the beauty of a benign middle age, and the eyes of a mystic, is sitting in the study of her husband, the REV. DR. RODNEY VAUGHAN, sorting old letters and papers at his writing-table and throwing some into the waste-paper basket. It is a solid room in a solid city, meant for solid work, comfortably done. Its outstanding impressions, besides the book-lined walls, are this large many-drawered writing-table along the right of the back wall, getting its light from the central French window, which leads to the garden. By the left wall is a small bureau sustaining a bell, two photographs of young women in standing frames, and a plaster bust of Purity. At back a large gaily-cushioned divan, strewn with large envelopes of varying colours. Near the table an arm-chair, by right wall library steps. The door near the steps leads to HANNAH'S room, the door in the left wall to a passage. As HANNAH works with precise masterful movements, she has that air of arranging other people's lives natural to a female saint who is also a clergyman's wife. The clamorous continuous sound of a gong comes from the passage. She looks up, as if surprised at the flight of time, then goes on with her work. A moment later, PURVIS, an old family factotum of somewhat dour aspect, side-whiskered and wearing an old-fashioned morning coat and black tie, enters, carrying a little tray with tea and bread-and-butter.*

PURVIS

I've brought it in, mum. Dr. Vaughan and the lassie isn't back from the garden-party.

HANNAH

I know. Then why all this gong-beating ?

PURVIS

Habit, mum. It overcomes us—like sin.

*[He sets down the tray by her side.]*

Eh, but they'll get a grander spread at the Lord Mayor's.

*[He begins to go, but finding she ignores the tea he turns back.]*

Dusty work, redding up th' measter's papers. M'appen yo'll be glad o' yor tea.

HANNAH

Thank you.

*[Ignoring it still.]*

PURVIS *[Choking and coughing]*

Makes a man feel like th' serpent.

HANNAH *[Absently]*

What serpent ?

PURVIS *[Amazed]*

There's only one serpent, mum. Him that beguiled th' woman and was doomed to eat dust a' the days of his life. *[Coughs again.]*

HANNAH

Ah, yes—you'd better open the window.

*[Drinks the tea as PURVIS throws open the French window, exhibiting a stretch of garden, and begins to go.]*

You can take it away. Crumble the bread for the birds.

PURVIS *[Feeding birds and then taking tray]*

Pity there's no ravens here. I always feel we owe 'em for feeding Elijah.

*[As he goes out through the door ELSIE VAUGHAN, the minister's daughter, dashes in through the window, putting down her parasol. She is still in her teens, with a strong face, both beautiful and intellectual, and is tastefully but economically clad. Behind her looms a young man, and behind him another girl.]*

ELSIE *[Impetuous in speech as in movement]*

Oh, mother, you ought to have come. Fancy mugging indoors this divine day of Indian summer. The whole Church Conference was there.

HANNAH

I had my stock-taking. You know I count my year by the Conference.

*[Becoming vaguely aware of the others]*

Have you brought some of our clergy—?

*[AMY ARCHMUNDHAM, the girl at the back, laughs as she lowers her parasol. She is older than ELSIE and more richly dressed; pretty but pale, with a passionate and high-strung look.]*



AMY

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Oh brother John ! Fancy you being taken for a minister !

[JOHN ARCHMUNDHAM, M.D., D.SC., M.A., *with a warning "Sh !" to his sister hastens to greet MRS. VAUGHAN. He is a good-looking youth of twenty-five, superior and condescending in manner, and the mock-earnestness of his tone penetrates to ELSIE'S ears, despite his obvious desire to stand well with her mother.*]

JOHN

Sorry I only represent Science, Mrs. Vaughan. How do you do ?

HANNAH [*Surprised*]

Mr. Archmundham !

JOHN

Yes. We drove your daughter home, so dropped in to see you.

HANNAH

That was doubly kind of you. How do you do, Miss Archmundham ?

[*Shakes her hand. Then turns to ELSIE*]

But what have you done with father ?

ELSIE

I lost him in the squash.

JOHN

And *our* father has nobly driven back for him.

HANNAH

That was very kind of Sir John.

[*To ELSIE*]

Don't say squash.

[*To the others*]

Won't you sit down ?

JOHN [*Suavely defending ELSIE's slang*]

Well, Mrs. Vaughan, the garden-party did suffer from congestion.

[*Sits.*]

AMY [*Dropping on the divan*]

But not of the brain. It was simply black with shovel-hats.

JOHN [*Placating MRS. VAUGHAN*]

Not so black as you paint it, Amy. Why, our own father's hat was white.

ELSIE

And think of the Mayoress's picture-hat ! Giant as the gourd that came up over Jonah.

AMY

Yes, and her Pompadour gown—quite the Scarlet Woman !

HANNAH

You shouldn't jest children, with sacred things.

AMY

The Mayoress sacred !

JOHN [*Warningly*]  
Sh!

HANNAH  
The Mayor and his wife have spent time and money in honouring our Church Conference. They are entitled to equal honour from us.

JOHN  
A sentiment the more unimpeachable, Mrs. Vaughan, inasmuch as you personally do not appear to favour this mingling of gaiety and the Gospel.

ELSIE [*Flashing a resentful glance at him*]  
Dad did thank them, mother.

HANNAH  
I am very glad. And you ought to have kept close to him.

AMY  
She couldn't, Mrs Vaughan. Dr. Vaughan was positively surrounded with palpitating parasols.

JOHN [*Blandly soothing*]  
So many ladies took the opportunity of greeting the President of the Conference.  
[*Diverting attention to the large envelopes on the divan*]  
I wonder you sort your letters in that old-fashioned way. You want a proper file, such as I use for my potato-experiments.

ELSIE [*Rising and pulling AMY up*]

Yes, and we had better leave mother to her stock-taking. Suppose we sit in the summer-house till your carriage comes back.

HANNAH

But wouldn't they like some tea ?

AMY

Tea ! After strawberry ices ! Oh, Mrs. Vaughan, you shouldn't jest with sacred things.

JOHN [*Hastily*]

Good-bye Mrs. Vaughan. Ices always go to Amy's head.

[*Hurries her out by the window. ELSIE is following.*]

HANNAH [*A large envelope in her hand*]

One moment, Elsie.

ELSIE

Yes, mother ?

HANNAH

What is the matter with Miss Archmundham ?

ELSIE

So flippant you mean ?

HANNAH

So feverish. Her hand was burning. And her eyes were too brilliant.

ELSIE

I *have* been feeling something's wrong. . . . I wonder . . .

HANNAH

Poor Amy! She shall have my prayers. Such a nice girl, usually.

ELSIE

A perfect brick!

HANNAH [*Rebuking the slang*]

Elsie!

ELSIE

Well, when a girl's so beastly rich and yet so genuine—

HANNAH

I'm sure, dear, your slang sounds disrespectful to your father's position.

ELSIE

Why, dad uses slang himself!

HANNAH

He catches it from you. That is why you should be particularly careful—especially with London members here, who may one day give him the longed-for call to the capital. I sometimes think, daughter, you don't quite appreciate that your father is one of the great spiritual figures of our Communion.

ELSIE

Oh, yes I do, mother. But I don't see why one shouldn't be spiritual and slangy, too.

HANNAH

Can you imagine the Fathers of the Church using slang?

ELSIE

But they weren't fathers at all, were they? They don't seem human. And father is so very human. That's the secret of his influence. I sometimes think, mother, you don't quite appreciate that your husband is one of the great *human* figures of our Communion.

HANNAH [*Wistfully*]

I appreciate that you are making fun of me.

ELSIE

Dear old mother Superior!

*[They embrace tenderly. JOHN re-appears at the garden window. They move apart.]*

JOHN

I'm so sorry to worry you, Mrs. Vaughan, but my sister seems to have a bad headache. Perhaps you've got something.

HANNAH

Certainly! Poor girl! Just what I feared. I'll get my salts.

*[Hurries to the door on the right. ELSIE is moving towards the garden.]*

JOHN [*Coming in*]  
Best let her be, Miss Vaughan.

ELSIE  
I thought something had upset her.

JOHN  
Too many ices, I daresay.

ELSIE  
Don't be so brotherly. . . . It's some mental trouble.

JOHN  
Is it ?

ELSIE  
Don't pretend. Perhaps I can help her.

JOHN  
I can't give away Amy's secrets.

ELSIE [*Dropping on divan*]  
Then we'll change the subject. . . . Did you know  
Hubert Morrow is off to Australia ?

JOHN [*On arm of armchair*]  
You . . . diplomatist !

ELSIE [*Smiling*]  
Then I've guessed it. There *was* something between  
your sister and Hubert Morrow.

JOHN

There *will* be—the ocean.

ELSIE

They've quarrelled ?

JOHN

You really ought to have gone to the Bar.

[MRS. VAUGHAN *passes through with smelling-salts.*]  
She's in the summer-house.

HANNAH

Clear the couch !

[*Exit to garden*]

[ELSIE and JOHN *collect the envelopes and heap them on the armchair, while talking.*]

ELSIE

They *must* have quarrelled if she lets him go to Australia.

JOHN

How can she stop him ? They're not engaged.

ELSIE

Then why doesn't she propose ?

JOHN [*Shocked, dropping the envelopes*]

You'd consider that womanly ?

ELSIE

And if it's manly ! . . . Queen Victoria proposed.



And your sister is as rich as a queen compared with Hubert Morrow.

JOHN [*Sitting on table*]  
You're all at sea. Hubert proposed.

ELSIE  
And your sister refused ?

JOHN  
No—father refused. There! You've got it out of me.

ELSIE  
Your father rejected him ! But why ?

JOHN [*Uneasily*]  
I'd rather not go into it.

ELSIE  
But why don't they marry without his consent ?

JOHN  
And what has Hubert Morrow got to marry on ?  
Unpublished symphonies ?

ELSIE  
He's got your sister's money to marry on.

JOHN  
No—it's only hers at marriage if father consents.  
Same with mine. That's where the old generation's  
got us in its grip.

ELSIE

Well, I call it beastly—just because the man's poor, he must be robbed of your sister, too.

JOHN

It's not because he's poor.

ELSIE [*Hotly*]

What other excuse can your father have? Aren't the Morrors a fine old family, finer even than yours? And the way Hubert Morrow gave up Germany and music for an office-stool when his mother lost her money——!

JOHN

Was more virtuous than my giving up my medical practice to wallow in theory—I know. But the fact remains that my father is right . . . for once.

ELSIE

Sir John is right?

JOHN

Accidents will happen.

ELSIE

I call it wicked of him, not right. And you know it is. You are only laughing at him.

JOHN

I assure you——

ELSIE

As you laughed at my mother.

JOHN

I ? Why, I was as solemn as the Church Conference.

ELSIE

That's what I mean. You weren't real with her.

JOHN

Is *she* real ? I beg your pardon, but I mean, all her generation. Did they ever see things with their own eyes, feel things with their own nerves ? Can one fancy them in love ? Or fighting for some live ideal ? They seem merely . . . theological.

ELSIE

We can't all be *biological*. We can't all potter over potatoes.

JOHN [*Rising indignantly*]

That's your conception of my research work ! The potatoes I breed tell me more of life and death than all the theologies.

ELSIE

I don't mean to question the value of your experiments. But you're so hard on the old people.

JOHN

Hard ? What are they ? Marble !

ELSIE

Dad isn't marble.

JOHN

No, *he's* a bit plastic, perhaps. But *my* father and *your* mother—what a blessing *they* didn't marry. By all the laws of Mendel, they'd have had a family of statues.

HANNAH [*Outside*]

Do, dear! I'm sure you'd be better lying down.

ELSIE

That doesn't sound like marble.

[*Enter HANNAH from the garden, supporting AMY.*]

HANNAH

And Dr. Vaughan has the most comfortable couch in the house.

[*Places AMY on it.*]

And it doesn't mind boots.

[*Puts AMY's feet up. ELSIE adjusts cushions and takes AMY's hat.*]

AMY [*Feebly*]

You are very kind.

[*HANNAH tenders salts. AMY waves them back.*]

No, not again, please—they're so strong. Haven't you got some eau-de-cologne?

HANNAH

I'm afraid we never have that!

ELSIE

Oh yes, mother, there's some in the bureau.

HANNAH

In father's bureau ?

ELSIE

When I was looking for sealing-wax yesterday, I came upon a bottle—buried under old shorthand notes.

[*Goes to bureau, laying down AMY's hat on it.*]

HANNAH

Ah, of course. Felicia Morrow must have left it.

JOHN [*Startled*]

Felicia Morrow !

[*Recovering himself with a smile*]

Oh—in the days when she was Dr. Vaughan's secretary.

HANNAH

Yes. She had headaches, poor girl—I remember her once putting some on *his* forehead, too.

ELSIE [*Triumphantly producing a small bottle*]

There ! Just a wee drappie.

HANNAH [*Taking it*]

How providential !

[*To AMY*]

Will you have it on your handkerchief ?

AMY [*Clutching at the bottle*]

Thank you. I can do it.

*[She pours some on her handkerchief and applies it to her forehead.]*

I feel much better.

*[Surveys bottle lovingly]*

Felicia Morrow's, did you say? I daresay her brother brought it back from Germany.

JOHN [*Smiling*]

Rather a far-fetched hypothesis, isn't it?

HANNAH

I'm afraid Dr. Vaughan worked her too hard—and himself too. Her shorthand made his brain act twice as quickly, he said, but I'm sure it was the beginning of his insomnia. He's never been the same man since Felicia came.

ELSIE [*Sitting with legs tucked under her*]

It can't be the shorthand, mother, for he's slept worse since Felicia left.

JOHN

Because now he feels short-handed.

ELSIE }

AMY }

Oh! Oh!

*[AMY pretends to throw the bottle at him. He laughingly tries to take it from her but she clutches it tightly.]*

AMY  
Let it be !

JOHN  
But it's empty.

AMY [*Blushing*]  
There's the picture of Cologne Cathedral—reminds  
me of our one jaunt abroad.

HANNAH [*Misreading the blush*]  
It's given her quite a colour again.  
[*Enter PURVIS.*]

PURVIS  
A lady for Dr. Vaughan, mum.

HANNAH  
But he's not back yet. What name ?

PURVIS  
Didna give a name. Said she'd met Dr. Vaughan at  
th' garden-party and he asked her to call.

HANNAH [*Who has dropped into an armchair*]  
H'm.

[*To ELSIE*]  
Another secretary at last, I'm afraid.

[*Sighs*]  
I wish shorthand wasn't so difficult.

PURVIS [*Grimly*]  
Dunnot look a likely secretary.

HANNAH

Eh? What then does she look like?

PURVIS

More like Lady Macbeth.

JOHN

What! Ha! Ha! Ha! Then you did go to *Macbeth*?

PURVIS [*Flustered*]

A man canna help seeing th' posters!

JOHN [*Laughingly*]

Come now. Wasn't my father right? You and our coachman——

PURVIS [*Sullenly*]

The scandal folk will tell behind a man's back.

HANNAH

Never mind that now, Purvis. Is the lady old or young?

PURVIS

I have my doubts.

JOHN

Shall *I* go and report on her?

HANNAH

Why should we trouble you? Elsie can go. That'll do, Purvis.

[*Exit PURVIS, ELSIE starts going.*]



JOHN  
I think a joint report would be safer.  
*[Starts to follow ELSIE.]*

ELSIE *[Discouraging him]*  
I am not going to report. I shall either send her away  
or let her wait in the drawing room.  
*[Exit.]*

JOHN  
But I'm sure Amy wants to be left with her kind nurse.  
*[Follows ELSIE.]*

HANNAH  
How thoughtful your brother is! . . . Perhaps you'd  
like me to go too, while you have a nap.

AMY  
No, I can sit up now. There!  
*[Puts the cushion at her back and sits up]*  
Do tell me more about Felicia Morrow.

HANNAH  
About Felicia? But you knew her before she went  
to London.

AMY  
Yes, of course. Sweetly pretty, wasn't she?

HANNAH  
And most useful. That packet in her writing  
*[Points to a large pink envelope on the armchair]*

includes reports on charity cases, accounts, abstracts of serm——

AMY [*Impatiently*]

Yes, yes, but did her brother ever come when she was working here ?

HANNAH

Hubert ? He may have come once or twice in the winter evenings to see her home. Why ?

AMY

And did he look tired after all that horrid office-work ?

HANNAH

I'm afraid I didn't notice. Of course he was sad at having had to give up his studies in Germany. Though why music is German I never could make out. You're crying again !

AMY

No, I'm not.

HANNAH

I wish you would let me help you, Miss Archmundham.

AMY

You *have* helped me.

HANNAH [*Sitting down by her*]

Only physically. After all a motherless girl like you might talk to a woman old enough to be her mother.

AMY

How do you know I could have talked to my mother ?

HANNAH

What are you saying ?

AMY

Don't be alarmed ! I only mean there's a gulf between my generation and yours. It's too wide to talk across. One can only shout.

HANNAH

What gulf, my dear ? What gulf is there that love cannot bridge ?

AMY [*Jumping up fretfully*]

Love ? Whose love ?

HANNAH

Your father's—to begin with——

AMY

Father's ?

[*Laughs hysterically*]

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

HANNAH [*Rising and going to her*]

Now do control yourself, dear.

AMY

I told you we could only shout.

HANNAH

You surely don't doubt your father loves you ?

AMY

And his love blights my womanhood as his religion blighted my childhood !

HANNAH [*Frightened rather than shocked*]

Do, do be calm.

AMY

How can I be calm when Hubert is sailing to Australia ?

HANNAH [*Astounded*]

Felicia's brother—and you !

[*AMY sobs*]

Oh, my dear !

[*Gathers her to her arms.*]

AMY

Just because he's got no money, father——

[*Breaks down.*]

HANNAH

But this is dreadful—putting money before everything. And so unlike your father. Are you sure it's that ?

AMY

A Morrow is no match for *my* daughter—that's all I can get out of him. And what *else* can he mean ?

Oh, do you think *you* could speak to him ?

HANNAH

I ?

*[Shrinks back, releasing AMY]*

What right should *I* have to interfere ?

AMY.

You go round to the poor slick enough, telling them their duty. Why should the rich never hear——?

*[A burst of laughter from two men is heard from the garden.]*

HANNAH *[Relieved]*

There's Dr. Vaughan. Perhaps he'd have more authority.

AMY

No, no, not a man . . .

*[Hysterically]*

Please tell John I've gone home.

*[Abrupt exit to passage, still clinging to the eau-de-cologne bottle.]*

HANNAH *[Following her]*

But Amy !

*[AMY disappears, her sobs are heard.]*

Yes, yes, I *will* speak to your father. . . . My poor Amy !

*[Exit.]*

*[The genial stentorian laughing voice of the REV. DR. RODNEY VAUGHAN is heard from the garden.]*

DR. VAUGHAN [*From without*]

Good-bye, Judson. Good-bye, O man of little faith!

*[The smiling faces of DR. VAUGHAN and SIR JOHN ARCHMUNDHAM become visible at the open French window. The minister, though of a narrow sect, suggests a Broad Churchman, both physically and spiritually. His clerical costume and white tie only accentuate the sunniness of a full-blooded personality, whose magnetism is potent for men as well as women. But underneath there are signs of strain; at times the eyes are haggard, he has almost a haunted look. Evidently a man cast in a large mould, for good or evil. SIR JOHN, the lay head of the congregation, has also an imposing personality—the provincial Puritan millionaire, hearty, portly, honest and grey-whiskered. His white top-hat makes a sharp contrast with the clerical shovel hat.]*

SIR JOHN

Rather rough on Judson. Ha! Ha! Ha!

*[They step in.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

*All* treasurers are croakers, Sir John—especially when one proposes to enlarge the work. *You* were the only ideal treasurer we ever had.

SIR JOHN [*Dropping into the chair by the bureau*]

What's your definition of an ideal treasurer—a cheerful spender?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Placing both their hats on table*]  
A cheerful giver, I'm afraid. Ha! Ha! Ha! The ideal treasurer is the man who donates the fund which he administers.

SIR JOHN  
Ha! Ha! Ha! But that's just why I resigned. A wealthy treasurer makes everybody else so slack.

DR. VAUGHAN  
That's true. And Judson's croakings do stiffen up the stingy.

SIR JOHN  
Poor old Judson! You must admit that these crusades you've preached us into *will* play the dickens with his surplus.

DR. VAUGHAN  
On the contrary, Sir John. Our campaigns against the African atrocities and the White Slave Traffic will touch every heart and every pocket.

SIR JOHN  
Well, don't overwork, dear friend. I don't like your not sleeping.

DR. VAUGHAN  
So long as I keep my congregation awake! Ha! Ha!  
Ha!

[*Turns to divan.*]

Why, who has been lying on *my* bed ? said the big bear.

SIR JOHN

I'm serious, Doctor. Remember *you* are Judson's greatest asset.

DR. VAUGHAN

This won't be work. This'll be the joy of battle. Great God ! to think of all that villainy !

[*Clenches his fist*]

Every nerve in me tingles for the fight with these fiends. If we can't bring God's kingdom on earth yet awhile, at least we may destroy the Devil's kingdom.

SIR JOHN

God grant it ! [*Rising*] But I must collect my chicks. Thank you for making me stretch my legs.

DR. VAUGHAN

Thank you for keeping *my* legs company. It's my best chance of sleep. I'll get your children.

[*Rings the bell on the bureau.*]

SIR JOHN [*Looking out with unconscious patronage*]  
Your garden's a tidy size.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Joining him at window*]

Yes, that's the advantage of moving a bit out.



SIR JOHN

You won't get such a garden in London.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Eagerly*]

In London? Am I to be called to——?

SIR JOHN [*Evasively*]

Who knows? Some day, I suppose . . . after your brilliant handling of the Conference. I remember when this quarter was all garden. Old Cobb, the Quaker, it was who first saw the town would grow this way. Picked up three hundred acres for an old song and built a meeting-house to attract his fellow fanatics. How such a clever man could be a Quaker—!

DR. VAUGHAN

The spirit moved him, I presume.

SIR JOHN

The spirit of crankiness! Every man his own minister indeed! The meeting-house still exists, I suppose?

DR. VAUGHAN

As a cinematograph-hall.

SIR JOHN

Ha! Ha! Ha! Serve the cranks right.

[*Enter PURVIS, carrying a set of pyjamas.*]

PURVIS [*Perceiving SIR JOHN, mutters*]  
Holy Moses!  
[*Retreats hastily and exit.*]

SIR JOHN  
What's the mountebank up to?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Ha! Ha! Ha!  
[*Rings the bell again*]  
He was bringing in my pyjamas—I left them in the bath room, I suppose—and he didn't want you to know I sleep on this divan.

SIR JOHN  
Do you?

DR. VAUGHAN  
When I can't sleep. But that's a bull. Ha! Ha! Ha!  
I mean, not to disturb my wife. And there's the books to browse on. Those cushions turn into snowy pillows.  
[*Lifts up cover and reveals pillow-cases.*]

SIR JOHN [*Laughingly*]  
Whited sepulchres! Who would think anything in *your* house ever led a double life?

DR. VAUGHAN [*With sudden gravity*]  
Yes, who?  
[*His face grows haggard, he turns away. Enter PURVIS.*]

SIR JOHN

Ah, there you are again, you old rascal—looking as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. Mr. John and Miss Amy are here, I suppose.

PURVIS

Ay, Sir John.

SIR JOHN

And my carriage ?

PURVIS

No, Sir John.

SIR JOHN

*No ?* When *we* have *walked* ! Why what's the rascal up to ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Smiling*]

We've walked too fast—we've upset his calculations.

SIR JOHN

Dropped in to a music-hall, eh Purvis ?

PURVIS

Impossible, Sir. First house dunnot begin till 6.45.

SIR JOHN

You seem very well up in it all. And yet you deny the pair of you went to *Macbeth* !

PURVIS

Always rakings-up here—dust and dust.

*[Exit with dignity.]*

DR. VAUGHAN *[Smilingly]*

Oh well, Sir John, it was only Shakespeare.

SIR JOHN

Only the devil! Shakespeare's the thin end of the wedge. I sometimes think Satan never did a better day's work than when he wrote Shakespeare.

DR. VAUGHAN

Ha! Ha! Ha! Not Bacon but Satan. Well, I'm afraid you'll have to wait for your coachman. Won't you browse a bit?

*[Indicates books]*

Keep off that corner—William Satan!

SIR JOHN

You may laugh, but if we had weeded our Training College Library of love-poetry, we might have escaped that student scandal. I think I'll go across and buck up Judson. His house is opposite, isn't it?

DR. VAUGHAN

Three doors to the right.

SIR JOHN *[Taking his hat from the table]*

Good! I'll see my carriage coming.

*[Goes right and puts his hand on the door.]*

DR. VAUGHAN [*Laughingly*]  
Whoa! I didn't say *one* door to the right. That's  
my wife's room.

SIR JOHN  
I beg your pardon. My bump of locality——  
[*Smilingly goes out by the other door.*]

DR. VAUGHAN  
Ha! Ha! Ha!  
[*As the door closes on SIR JOHN, his laughter ceases. His eyes wander uneasily round the signs of clearing up. Then he stoops to get his slippers under the table. As he rises, he catches sight of the pink envelope and reads the superscription.*]

“From Felicia Morrow!”  
[*He drops the slippers in agitation and with every symptom of nervous apprehension runs hastily through the contents, his face relaxing as he nears the end, till at last he heaves a great sigh of relief as he stuffs them all back into their envelope.*]

Thank God!  
[*As he is putting the envelope back, he suddenly alters his mind and tears the whole fiercely to pieces*]

Let it all be blotted out!  
[*He throws the fragments into the waste-paper basket and falls on his knees*]

The peace of Thy forgiveness, Lord, the peace of Thy forgiveness!

[*He remains on his knees, praying silently as in bitter remorse. Enter HANNAH from the passage.*]

*She looks at him reverently and turns to go. But he hears her and looks round with a guilty start and is about to rise.]*

HANNAH

Don't let me disturb you, dear. We have much to thank God for.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Rising*]

I was just finished. How long have you been here ?

HANNAH

Only this instant. What have you done with Sir John ? I must speak to him about his daughter.

DR. VAUGHAN

He went across to Judson's—he'll be back. Such a pity, Hannah, you didn't come——!

HANNAH

After this morning's revelations about white slaves and black slaves, I didn't feel like garden-parties.

DR. VAUGHAN

So you said. But brooding over horrors won't mend them. And we must seek God in joy as well as in gloom.

[*Mystically*]

He smiles as well as scourges. I tell you, Hannah, looking at all those happy groups in a sort of Paradise,

I had a sudden sense of the meaning of that verse in Genesis: "The Lord God was walking in the garden."

HANNAH

I daresay you are right, Rodney. But God has given me joy enough all this godly week—pure, heavenly joy.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Lightly*]

Even in that infernal debate over the Training College?

HANNAH

Weren't *you* presiding over it? And to see you in the Chair—Captain of the hosts of the Lord—wasn't that my lifelong dream?

DR. VAUGHAN

You haven't known me all your life.

HANNAH

Don't tease. You know my girlish dream was to marry a servant of God.

DR. VAUGHAN

Who should also be a master of men, eh old wench?

[*Strokes her cheek.*]

HANNAH

A schoolmaster. The teaching priest! Isn't that the design on your betrothal ring?

[*Takes his hand.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

Dear queer old ring.

[*She kisses it! He draws his hand away.*]

I wish, Hannah, you wouldn't make me out such a . . . plaster saint! I grow so afraid——

HANNAH

Of losing your humility? Never!

DR. VAUGHAN

Afraid of hurting you—if ever I—you know, dear—even the saints were always being tempted of the devil.

HANNAH

Yes, and *your* temptation is always to depreciate yourself——

[*She smiles*]

to hint at the seven deadly sins—for fear I should get too proud of you, I suppose. Oh Rodney, what have I done to deserve you?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Pained*]

Don't, Hannah.

[*Withdraws his hand and turns away.*]

You've certainly left nothing *undone*.

HANNAH [*With sudden recollection*]

Oh, haven't I? Why, I've forgotten the lady!

DR. VAUGHAN

What lady?



HANNAH

In the drawing-room. I do hope you're not thinking of her for a secretary because according to Purvis—I haven't had time to see for myself—she's a most unsuitable person—very different from Felicia.

DR. VAUGHAN

No lady is suitable for a secretary—except you.

[*Takes her hand again.*]

HANNAH

Dear Rodney! You really are satisfied without shorthand?

DR. VAUGHAN

Haven't I got along all these months? What I gained in time I lost in style.

HANNAH

I'm so glad. Now I can confess that useful and delightful as Felicia was, it wasn't pleasant to see her take my place.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Starting*]

Take your place?

HANNAH

Getting to know your books and sermons before I did.

DR. VAUGHAN

I assure you the poor girl was much too pre-occupied

with the shorthand to think of the sense. Besides, it was you that originally suggested her.

HANNAH

Of course I wanted her to earn some money when her poor mother——

DR. VAUGHAN [*Fidgeting towards the door*]

I know, but this unsuitable person, hadn't I better get rid of her ?

HANNAH

Just a moment, dear. She's got Elsie and young Archmundham to entertain her. I want to tell you about Amy Archmundham. It was she drove the lady out of my head.

DR. VAUGHAN

What about Amy Archmundham ?

[*A knock at the door.*]

Come in !

[*Enter JOHN.*]

JOHN

Ah, Doctor, you're back. I was sent to scout. Then may I send you down a beautiful lady who insists on seeing you ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Smiling*]

If she insists !

HANNAH

Not with those slippers showing !

[*Hides them.*]

JOHN

But where's my father ? He did find you, I hope.

DR. VAUGHAN

Oh yes—he's only at Judson's, waiting for his carriage.

JOHN

Why, where *is* the carriage ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Hasn't got here yet. You see, *we* walked. Ha ! Ha !  
Ha !

JOHN

Then I'll send you the lady. Good-bye.

HANNAH

Not good-bye to *me*. I shall be joining you and Elsie  
in the drawing-room.

JOHN [*His face falling*]

How delightful !

[*Exit.*]

HANNAH

What a nice boy John is growing up !

DR. VAUGHAN

Is he? Yes, I suppose he *is* an improvement on the medical student we used to hear tales of.

HANNAH [*Putting envelopes from chair on table*]

I never did believe the tittle-tattle about his frequenting playhouses.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Dropping into arm-chair*]

His potatoes seem certainly to have steadied him. I shouldn't wonder now if he marries Lady Muriel as Sir John would like.

HANNAH

And a very proper match—with the two estates joining! But I wish I could understand about these potatoes. What does he do with them?

DR. VAUGHAN

What we've just been talking about. He marries them. A potato parson!

HANNAH

Don't jest, dear.

[*Takes up books to replace tidily on shelves.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

I'm not jesting—in fact it was a pious old priest that began it, the Abbé Mendel. You study the laws of heredity with pigs or fowls or strawberries—whatever you please. Mendel did it with peas. Our young friend prefers potatoes. When two sorts are

blended, the type that triumphs in the issue is called the dominant. You, for example, are the dominant.

HANNAH [*Who has been a bit shocked by all this*]  
Me dominant? Oh Rodney!

DR. VAUGHAN  
Why, only think of Elsie's good looks! Ha! Ha!  
Ha!

[*Enter PURVIS, announcing*]

PURVIS  
The lady, sir!

HANNAH  
Oh, and I haven't told you about Amy ——!

[*A lady, the flush of whose youth and beauty is only accentuated by her heavy veil enters, parasol in hand. She is exquisitely gowned and of fashionable manners, but evidently passing through an emotional crisis. She bows, but looks constrained at the sight of HANNAH, who returns her bow.*]

HANNAH  
Don't shut the door, Purvis.  
[*HANNAH goes, not without having scrutinized the visitor. PURVIS closes the door upon himself.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Who has risen*]  
Won't you sit down?

LADY [*Ignoring the chair ; throwing back her veil*]  
You don't remember me—at the garden party—you  
said I might come.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Oh, ah, yes. But I thought you meant next week.

LADY  
Next week? Next week I shall be back in London.  
Next week the impulse may be dead.

DR. VAUGHAN  
You wish to consult me ?

LADY  
If you will forget all I say.

DR. VAUGHAN  
I will try. I have certainly forgotten your name.

LADY  
I am so glad. I knew I could count on you. I knew  
it the moment you stepped on the platform amid that  
thunder of cheers. I knew then, that Providence, not  
chance, had led me to your strange smoky town.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Smiling*]  
Oh, we are proud of our town. Do sit down.

LADY  
Thank you.  
*[She sits by the side of his table, he at it.]*

You are the first man I ever felt could be a priest to me.

*[She struggles with her emotion.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

Shall I get you a glass of water ?

LADY

You give me the living water. . . . But turn your face away. . . . Thank you.

*[She bows her head.]*

There is a sin on my soul . . . the sin that in Christ's day was punished with stoning. . . . But nobody knows . . . least of all, my husband. . . so I go unpunished.

*[She wrings her hands.]*

DR. VAUGHAN *[Turns back to her]*

Unpunished ? When you sit like that ? To go unpunished is, perhaps, the deepest punishment of all.

LADY

Is it ? My husband's love, my children's reverence, the world's respect, wealth, station—all are mine. For ironic climax I bear the title "Honourable." Where is the punishment ?

DR. VAUGHAN

You are enduring it now.

LADY

But I was learning to forget. It was only your eyes, your words, that pierced through.

DR. VAUGHAN

The episode is closed, then ?

LADY

Absolutely. . . . A brief madness. . . . He pursued me until I— Oh, how could I ? How could I ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Calm yourself.

LADY [*Sobbing*]

I had no excuse. My husband was always so good to me.

DR. VAUGHAN

But suddenly—as under the spell of Satan—you seemed to see a world of beauty you had missed in the humdrum of duty and domesticity.

LADY

Yes, yes.

DR. VAUGHAN

And in that strange transfiguration, when all the world grew golden, under the glamour of witchcraft, the sin seemed not in the loving, but in letting the love go by.

LADY

Ah, how you understand women !



DR. VAUGHAN

Because women are human. Because we are all sinners.

LADY

Please, please, not these fly-blown phrases. I came to you for real words.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Resentfully*]

And how could I give you real words unless I too were a sinner ?

LADY [*Turning to him appealingly*]

You shall not put me off with phrases. It is for your sinlessness that I come to you—for the great white light that shines out from you, showing up all my evil.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Who has risen agitatedly*]

But surely you remember that no man dared cast the first stone, that only our Lord was sinless.

LADY

You are a parrot like the others. I'm sorry I troubled you. Good-bye.

[*She goes angrily towards the door, then turns*]

Oh, forgive me ! But don't you think I've read the passage in St. John a hundred times ? And where is the comfort of finding that some men are as bad as I ? There are plenty of good men, too. Suppose our Lord had bidden *you* cast the first stone ?

DR. VAUGHAN

But our Lord himself said, "Neither do *I* condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

LADY

But did she tell her husband ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Tell her husband ?

LADY

Yes, unless she told her husband, she was surely unpurged of her sin.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Dropping back into his seat*]  
I see. You feel you ought to tell your husband.

LADY

How could I not feel it ? But I haven't the strength to speak.

DR. VAUGHAN

Has he the strength to hear ?

LADY

It would shatter his life.

DR. VAUGHAN

He is wrapped up in you ?

LADY

To absolute blindness. To worship. I often sit and look at him as he sits so secure——

DR. VAUGHAN [*Continuing eagerly*]

In the peace of love, in the happiness of the quiet evening, and you feel like a dynamiter who with one spark could bring the whole house tumbling down with a hideous roar.

LADY [*Excitedly returning to him and her seat*]

Ah, you understand! How you understand!

DR. VAUGHAN

And in those grim moments, although you know the consequences, the ruin and the chaos, and although you still love the companion of your home——

LADY

With all the passion of remorse——

DR. VAUGHAN

With all the passion of remorse—yet your conscience pricks and urges you to speak the word that blasts——

LADY

And you drop hints which are received with a worshipful smile——

DR. VAUGHAN

Until you can hardly keep from shrieking it!

LADY

Until it tears at your lips like a beast in a trap!

DR. VAUGHAN

And in the night you dread lest it escape in your slumber!

LADY

No—that was only at first. Not now. I told you I was learning to forget.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Rising*]

Then *you* are fortunate. Complete your education.

LADY

What! You tell me to forget!

DR. VAUGHAN [*Striding about the room*]

Is it a good conscience that tempts us to torture those we love? No, it is an evil conscience, I say. We must trample on it.

LADY [*Amazed, rising*]

You, a man of God, say that!

DR. VAUGHAN [*Turning on her*]

Yes, I, a man of God, say that—to you, a woman of God. Conscience was given us to keep us from sin, to scourge us after sin, not to dynamite the innocent.

LADY

Then I am—*not* to confess—?

DR. VAUGHAN

It would only be a second sin on top of——

LADY

And you are a priest !

DR. VAUGHAN

Come ! Come ! You say no cant, and when I give you real words——

LADY

But is it not said, “ If we confess our sins He will cleanse us from all unrighteousness ? ”

DR. VAUGHAN

Assuredly. If we confess to *ourselves!* That is what the Apostle is thinking of. For he goes on : “ If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us.” Deceive *ourselves*, you see. That is where the real horror lies—in saying we have *no* sin. But you and I——

LADY [*Puzzled*]

You and I ?

DR. VAUGHAN

You and I might deceive others. But our conscience could never deceive itself. And so the truth would still be in us.

LADY [*Slowly*]

Then I *have* the truth in me ?

DR. VAUGHAN

I say again, "Go and sin no more."

*[Hypnotised by his words she turns to go, then turns fiercely upon him.]*

LADY

No! No! No! It's not true! There is *no* truth in me! Every time my husband smiles at the child of sin, he seems to brand "Liar" all over my flesh.

DR. VAUGHAN *[In a strange half-whisper]*

There is a child!!

LADY

You are shocked at last.

DR. VAUGHAN *[Mastering himself]*

No, no, only startled. . . . Then your husband does not suspect anything in the child?

LADY

No—it has my colouring, my features—

DR. VAUGHAN *[Muttering]*

Ah, the dominant.

LADY

What do you say?

DR. VAUGHAN

Nothing . . . just thinking.

LADY

But the child—don't you see that that makes my life  
a daily lie !

DR. VAUGHAN

And would you gain truth at the child's cost ? Brand  
the innocent babe as a—— ?

LADY [*Covering her eyes*]

Don't !

DR. VAUGHAN

Rather be thankful that you can protect it—give it  
the same home influence as your other children.

[*In low tones as if staring at an unseen vision*]

Think of a girl-mother condemned to secrecy in her  
agony !

LADY

I should envy her—at least she'd have no husband to  
betray.

DR. VAUGHAN

And no husband to make reparation to. You must  
make yours the happier for your sin, not the more  
miserable.

LADY

You change things so wonderfully, the monstrous  
blackness seems lifting.

DR. VAUGHAN

And what's the use of living in a fog ? Either die or be happy.

LADY

You give me fresh life.

DR. VAUGHAN

Then use it more wisely.

LADY

Ah, you believe with Tennyson

“ That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things ! ”

DR. VAUGHAN

I do. The fire that does not destroy us purifies us.  
Go then and purify others.

LADY

I purify others ? But how ?

DR. VAUGHAN

In the atmosphere of your London circle there is levity towards the deeper things of the race. Rebuke it by the radiance of your purity.

LADY

My *purity* ! Oh, I am re-born !

[*Bursts into tears.*]



DR. VAUGHAN  
And re-baptized in your tears !

LADY  
My deliverer ! I could kneel to you.  
[*Is sinking at his feet.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Perturbed*]  
No, no, *please*. [*Raising her*] Who am I ?

LADY  
One who speaks as no man has spoken before.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Nonsense ! Read the eighteenth of Ezekiel : “ When  
the wicked turneth away from his wickedness he  
shall save his soul alive.” I only say what many  
have said.

LADY  
No—you speak as one at the heart of things.

DR. VAUGHAN  
It is you that are at the heart of things. That is the  
only profit of our sins—to touch reality.  
[*He rings, then opens the door.*]  
Good-bye.  
[*Holds out his hand.*]

LADY [*Seizing and kissing it*]  
Good-bye. . . . God bless you.  
[*Exit.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

I need His blessing, indeed !

*[He covers his eyes as in prayer and deep emotion.*

*Enter HANNAH.]*

HANNAH

Well, and what did the creature—what's the matter ?

DR. VAUGHAN

That poor woman !

HANNAH

Why, she looked quite elated.

DR. VAUGHAN

Because I helped her, thank God for that !

HANNAH

Past helping she looked to me—a weak, neurotic—  
ugh !

*[She shudders.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

Don't be such a Pharisee, dear. She's in great  
distress.

HANNAH

There's distress nearer home.

DR. VAUGHAN *[Alarmed]*

Nearer home ?

HANNAH

Amy Archmundham—I've been trying to tell you—she's at a nervous crisis.

DR. VAUGHAN

Miss Archmundham? Why, at the garden-party she looked brilliant.

HANNAH [*Sinking into the armchair*]

Men can never tell the difference between the hectic and the healthy—any more than between the vicious and the deserving—she's really in a pitiful state.

DR. VAUGHAN

But what's the matter with her?

HANNAH

I've persuaded her to lie down in the spare room.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Sitting on the table*]

But what's the crisis about?

HANNAH

It's all through Hubert Morrow.

DR. VAUGHAN

Hubert Morrow?

HANNAH

Yes, Felicia's brother. He and Amy are in love.

DR. VAUGHAN

Is it possible ?

HANNAH

It's all that's possible. That's why Hubert is going to Australia. Sir John won't give his consent, and Hubert, being as proud as he's poor, puts the globe between himself and Amy.

DR. VAUGHAN

Poor things !

HANNAH

It's no use saying "poor things !" We must *do* something.

DR. VAUGHAN

But what can *we* do ? We can't find Hubert money. We haven't got enough of our own.

HANNAH

No, but we can make Sir John think less of money.

DR. VAUGHAN

I never found Sir John a Mammon-worshipper.

HANNAH

We never saw him tested. He can have nothing else against young Morrow.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Uneasily*]

How can you be sure ? Many parents shy at musicians.

HANNAH

But Hubert hasn't had a thing published yet, not even his setting of Elsie's verses. And everybody knows how strictly Mrs. Morrow has brought him and Felicia up. She may be a little unchristian with her family pride but even that one forgives her, now the poor thing has nothing else.

DR. VAUGHAN

Well, anyhow, it's not our business.

HANNAH

It's *my* business.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Alarmed*]

Yours ?

HANNAH

Amy begged me to——

[*Enter PURVIS.*]

PURVIS

Sir John Archmundham is in his carriage and wanting his childer.

DR. VAUGHAN

You'll find them upstairs.

[*PURVIS turns to go.*]

HANNAH

Ask Sir John to oblige me and come in for a moment.

PURVIS

Ay, mum.

[*Exit* PURVIS.]

DR. VAUGHAN

You don't really mean to——

HANNAH

I must, dear. I promised Amy.

DR. VAUGHAN

Sir John will be very angry.

HANNAH

Do you think I have no tact ? I must tell him about Amy's illness—that gives me an opening.

DR. VAUGHAN

Dearest Hannah, I seldom exercise my authority, but I feel so sure that harm will come of your meddling that——

HANNAH

Please, please, don't make me break my promise. I feel so sure I shall make these two young people happy that I——

[*Enter* PURVIS, *announcing*]

PURVIS

Sir John Archmundham.

[*Enter* SIR JOHN.]

SIR JOHN [*Shaking hands with HANNAH*]  
Ah, Mrs. Vaughan, we missed you at the garden-party.

HANNAH  
It's a pity you took your daughter. She's quite ill.

SIR JOHN  
Ill? Poor chick! I thought she was off her feed. Where *is* she?

HANNAH  
Lying down.

SIR JOHN  
I'll 'phone to Dr. Territt.

HANNAH  
It isn't a doctor she wants.

SIR JOHN  
Not a doctor? You haven't joined the faith-healers!

HANNAH [*Annoyed*]  
Of course not. I mean you know quite well how to cure her yourself.

SIR JOHN  
Feed her up, d'you mean? Roast-beef?

HANNAH [*Disgusted*]  
Roast-beef! Don't pretend you——

DR. VAUGHAN [*Hurriedly*]  
Talking of roast-beef, how are John's potatoes ?

SIR JOHN [*Incapable of the swift transition*]  
Eh ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Oh, I hope it isn't still a sore subject.

SIR JOHN  
John's potatoes ? Not at all. I've quite turned round about John's potatoes.

HANNAH [*Snatching at her opportunity*]  
Then perhaps you'll turn round too about——

DR. VAUGHAN  
Do let us get to the end of this, Hannah. Why have you turned round about John's potatoes ?

SIR JOHN  
Because they put such a stopper on all the silly new sex-theories.

HANNAH  
We are talking of your daughter——

DR. VAUGHAN  
My dear ! You are interrupting Sir John's explanation. They put such a stopper on—— ?



SIR JOHN

All that newfangled nonsense about love being everything. As if rotten tubers could yield prize potatoes! Freethinkers and Freelovers may spout and scribble but the grand old laws of God go on inexorably.

HANNAH

And one of those laws is——

DR. VAUGHAN

I'm afraid my wife hardly follows science.

*[Takes SIR JOHN's arm and draws him doorward.]*

Shall we go and collect your children ?

SIR JOHN

Yes, I've just robbed them of ten thousand pounds.  
Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

DR. VAUGHAN

Doesn't sound a laughing matter.

*[Gets to door.]*

SIR JOHN

Promised it to Judson for our crusades. Half for the African atrocities and half——

*[Is going out with DR. VAUGHAN.]*

HANNAH *[Desperately]*

Sir John, you are positively heartless !

DR. VAUGHAN

Hannah !

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SIR JOHN [*Frozen*]  
Eh ?

HANNAH  
Talk of African atrocities ? The way you let that poor girl pine and fret when you're simply rolling in money——!

SIR JOHN [*Coldly*]  
I beg your pardon.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Hannah ! For heaven's sake——!

HANNAH  
It *is* for heaven's sake. Is our Church Conference nothing but a babble ? Is everything to be meted with the measure of worldliness ?

SIR JOHN  
I'm afraid I can't follow you.

HANNAH  
Oh yes, you can. Better than I can follow science. Why is your daughter ill ? Why is Hubert Morrow——?

DR. VAUGHAN  
I forbid this. Come, Sir John, she's been upset by your daughter's illness.

HANNAH

You may stop my speaking openly to Sir John—you won't prevent other people speaking behind his back.

SIR JOHN

And pray, ma'am, what will they be saying ?

HANNAH

That your Mammon-worship broke your daughter's heart.

SIR JOHN

The devil they will ! Pardon me, Doctor, my one oath.

DR. VAUGHAN

People will say nothing of the kind, Hannah. They will believe in the righteousness of Sir John's motives.

SIR JOHN

Thank you, Dr. Vaughan. I wish, madam, you had a little of your husband's Christian charity.

DR. VAUGHAN

Mammon-worship, forsooth ! When Sir John has just given—— !

HANNAH

Charity begins at home.

SIR JOHN

And Christian charity abroad !

DR. VAUGHAN

Ha! Ha! Ha! A Roland for an Oliver.

[*Links his arm in SIR JOHN'S.*]

Come along!

HANNAH

If Sir John has anything against Hubert Morrow's character, I will beg his forgiveness—and God's!

SIR JOHN [*Turning to face her*]

I have nothing against Hubert Morrow's character.

HANNAH

Well, then!

DR. VAUGHAN

Hannah, we have not the right——

HANNAH

The girl has no mother. Somebody must stand up for her!

DR. VAUGHAN [*Drawing SIR JOHN again doorward*]

Not against a father so honoured and loved.

HANNAH

“As many as I love I rebuke.” That's in Revelation.

SIR JOHN [*Veering round and breaking away*]

Revelations, ma'am. If it's revelations you want——!

DR. VAUGHAN  
Don't be profane, Sir John.

SIR JOHN [*Angrily*]  
I'm not profane. But deuce take it, revelations you shall have.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Again trying to take his arm*]  
We don't want them. Come, Sir John, take your daughter home.

SIR JOHN  
The fact is, Mrs. Vaughan, I'm as sorry for Hubert Morrow as you are. It's his sister!

HANNAH [*Startled*]  
Felicia!

DR. VAUGHAN [*Dropping into bureau-chair with a murmur*]  
Miss Morrow!

SIR JOHN  
I couldn't tell Amy because I wanted to protect her innocence, I couldn't tell Hubert because it's for his mother to do that. And I couldn't tell my old friend [*Lays his hand on DR. VAUGHAN's shoulder*] because I hate spreading scandal—especially about his former secretary.

HANNAH  
Scandal! Scandal against Felicia! I'll not believe it.

SIR JOHN

At any rate let it go no further. You know that after leaving your husband Felicia Morrow went to London.

DR. VAUGHAN

Pardon me. She was at another post in between.

SIR JOHN

What does that matter ?

DR. VAUGHAN

I merely recall that last Christmas she took a country post—for the sake of her health.

SIR JOHN

But the point is that in June she went off to London, away from all who knew her.

HANNAH

To take the secretaryship of a nursing home.

SIR JOHN

To take the services of a nursing home ! She went to have a child.

HANNAH

Felicia ! O my God !

DR. VAUGHAN [*With ashen lips*]

It's not possible !

SIR JOHN

It was a bold stroke of concealment—a flash of genius almost.

DR. VAUGHAN

That simple sweet girl——!

SIR JOHN

Had an affair. Precisely. While she was still your secretary!

HANNAH

An affair! O Rodney, say you don't believe it!

DR. VAUGHAN [*As from a dry throat*]

I cannot find words. . . . So that's why she left me . . .

HANNAH [*Her hand caressingly on his shoulder*]

But she was the flower of your flock. You knew her—how gentle and God-fearing. No, no, Sir John, this is some terrible mistake. How do you know? Who told you?

SIR JOHN

John told me.

DR. VAUGHAN

John?

HANNAH

And who told John?

SIR JOHN

The doctor at the nursing home was his old fellow student. They still correspond. The doctor tells him anything of interest bearing on birth-problems. Eugenics, they call it. And this child had—er—some Frenchman's finger.

HANNAH

Had what ?

SIR JOHN

A bend in his little finger called after the French surgeon who first cured it, I suppose.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Shuddering*]

Loathsome !

SIR JOHN

Not at all. A mere contraction of the skin. Quite a fine little chap, John said, though rather under weight.

DR. VAUGHAN

I mean the callousness of this cold-blooded science !

HANNAH

And on this hearsay, Felicia's character is to be ruined, your daughter's life spoilt ! How did John know it was Felicia ?

SIR JOHN

Why, the brazen hussy gave her own name !



HANNAH

Precisely. A brazen hussy who had stolen Felicia's name.

SIR JOHN [*Sarcastically*]

And who when they mistakenly thought she was dying stole Felicia's mother.

HANNAH

You mean, they wired here for Mrs. Morrow ?

SIR JOHN [*Imitating her*]

Precisely.

HANNAH

And Mrs. Morrow went ?

SIR JOHN

So it seems.

HANNAH

Now I know it is false. How could Mrs. Morrow hold up her head if it was true ? Why, she was at the Conference. She spoke against the new crusades—only this morning—don't you remember ? She feared they would divert us from our mission work. No, no, it is all some ridiculous blunder.

DR. VAUGHAN

And even if it were true, aren't you visiting the sins of the sister on the brother ?

SIR JOHN

I knew you were drifting to this modern sentimentality—you with your Shakespeare! I've felt it in your sermons this last twelvemonth! But I stick to my Old Testament. The sinner shall be cut off root and branch. Even John's potatoes preach that.

DR. VAUGHAN

Never mind John's potatoes. Mendelism is not yet proved, and if it were, there's no proof that—that what cropped out in Miss Morrow will crop out in her brother.

SIR JOHN

It may in his progeny. John tells me that traits may skip a generation and re-appear in the next—like this finger possibly.

DR. VAUGHAN

Come! Come! You're not really thinking of heredity—you're afraid of a scandal in your family.

SIR JOHN

And what if I am! Our record is clean, thank God. Why should Amy marry a man who brings nothing to the cupboard except a family skeleton?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Rising*]

Ah, my wife is not so wrong—you *are* thinking of his poverty.

SIR JOHN

No, by God I'm not—forgive me, but you——

DR. VAUGHAN

But if the skeleton is safely buried !

SIR JOHN

If it were buried as deep as the seducer's wickedness,  
I'd rather see Amy die than marry into diseased stock.

HANNAH [*Sinking on the divan*]

Oh, it is all a nightmare !

DR. VAUGHAN

But one may recover from disease—even the disease  
of sin. God forgives.

SIR JOHN

But He cannot forget. Consequences are consequences. That's what you preachers ought to insist on most to-day when the air reeks with romantic pestilence. All these little poets with their soul-struggles and love-lyrics that end in hospitals or lunatic asylums. And these hysterical boys and girls with their problem-plays.

DR. VAUGHAN

What do you know of problem-plays ? You won't even read Shakespeare.

SIR JOHN

One can't escape the newspapers. Problem-plays

indeed! Silly refusals to look life in the face—plays about marriage with the first cause for which matrimony was ordained left out!

DR. VAUGHAN  
You mean the child

SIR JOHN  
Of course I mean what the marriage-service means. There are delicate fools who'd have even that touch of reality cut out. But Almighty has given me a brave ancestry and with His blessing my grandchildren shall carry no tainted blood. Good-bye, old friend.

[Claps DR. VAUGHAN's shoulder]

I didn't mean to preach to *you* but the day England forgets her Puritanism she'll go down like a rotten ship.

DR. VAUGHAN  
I quite agree.

SIR JOHN  
I knew you'd come round. Good-bye, Mrs. Vaughan. Sorry I had to quote *my* Revelation.

HANNAH  
I don't believe *your* Revelation.

SIR JOHN  
That doesn't make it less gospel. I'll go up and get Amy, if I may.

[MRS. VAUGHAN makes a move as if to rise]

No, don't trouble. Thank you for being so kind to her.

HANNAH

She's welcome to stay on.

SIR JOHN

I'll see how she is. Thank you again.

*[Exit. Door closes.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

I told you not to interfere !

HANNAH *[Rising and moving to bureau]*

It cannot be true.

*[She rings.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

What are you going to do ?

HANNAH

I cannot accept such a ridiculous story without evidence.

DR. VAUGHAN

You will meddle again ? Rake up more dust, as Purvis says ?

HANNAH

I shall lay this dust. Frenchman's finger forsooth !  
I'm not going to stand by and see all these lives ruined  
—Felicia, Amy, Hubert, Mrs. Morrow—

DR. VAUGHAN

Take care you don't ruin more.

HANNAH

How can I ruin——?

[*Enter* PURVIS]

Ring up Mrs. Morrow, and if you get her, let me know.

PURVIS

Yes, mum.

[*Exit.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Walking up and down*]

But this is more mischievous than ever! To stir up a mother's agony.

HANNAH

There's no agony, I tell you. It's all a mare's nest. We'll save her the agony of parting with Hubert.

DR. VAUGHAN

You're not going to discuss it by telephone!

HANNAH

Of course not. I shall ask her to come about the mission-work.

DR. VAUGHAN

And if she refuses?

HANNAH

I shall go to her.

DR. VAUGHAN

Hannah—let it alone—for God's sake.

HANNAH

I cannot, dearest. I can't rest till I know the truth.

DR. VAUGHAN

You seem to me driven along by some demon.

HANNAH

And I feel it is the guidance of God.

[*Enter PURVIS*]

PURVIS

Mrs. Morrow is holding the line.

HANNAH

Thank you.

[*She follows PURVIS. The door closes, DR. VAUGHAN collapses on the divan.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*In an awed whisper*]

The guidance of God!

[*The Action Pauses.*]

## Second Movement

*Presently PURVIS enters, bearing the pyjamas afresh, but seeing DR. VAUGHAN is sunk upon the divan, his head buried in his hands, he remains in comic perplexity. He turns to go as if baffled again, then, with a sudden resolution, he steals cautiously forward, lifts the covering and slips the pyjamas noiselessly beside the pillow-cases. Then, his harassed face relaxing, he ventures to cough. DR. VAUGHAN looks up.]*

DR. VAUGHAN  
What is it ?

PURVIS [*With bowed head of contrition*]  
Now you're alone, doctor, I'd like to tell you about *Macbeth*.

DR. VAUGHAN  
About *Macbeth* ?

PURVIS  
Yes, sir. You see, Sir John's coachman——

DR. VAUGHAN  
Not now, please. Another time.  
[PURVIS, with a sigh, turns to close the French window]

No, no, it's so hot.  
[As PURVIS is going out silently, with still-bowed head, HANNAH re-enters]

Well ?



HANNAH

Mrs. Morrow can't come to- night—it's her last night  
but one with her boy.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Relieved*]

Ah !

HANNAH

But he's out this afternoon—so she'll come as soon as  
all the boarders have had their tea.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Perturbed*]

Oh, indeed !

*[Takes his hat and goes towards garden.]*

HANNAH

Where are you going ?

DR. VAUGHAN

I can't stand another of your scenes.

HANNAH

You needn't be present, dear—I'll see her in the  
drawing-room.

DR. VAUGHAN

With the Archmundhams about ? You see you drive  
me out of my own house !

HANNAH

But, dearest, Felicia's good name—— !

*[Exit DR. VAUGHAN into the garden. HANNAH*

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*sighs, then sits at his table, and gets his pass-book and cheque-book from a drawer, pulls out the paid cheques and sets to work, checking the entries. After a moment ELSIE comes in.]*

ELSIE

Will it disturb you if I look at the rhyming dictionary ?

HANNAH

No, dear. But why not keep it in *your* room ? You're the only poet in the house.

ELSIE [*Smiling as she mounts the library-steps*]

Am I ? Are you sure you know all father's secret sins ? Where is he, by the way ?

HANNAH

Gone for a stroll. Have you left the Archmundhams alone ?

ELSIE

Amy's got up now. I thought three was family and four society.

[*Consults book from her perch on top of steps.*]

HANNAH

You were quite right, dear—there is a . . . a domestic difficulty.

ELSIE

I know.

[*Reading*]

Haven, craven, shaven—

HANNAH  
You know ?

ELSIE  
About Amy ? Of course—Raven, graven—father  
trying to spoil her life. The old story.

HANNAH [*Wincing*]  
You're not quite fair to Sir John.

ELSIE  
That's what his son says—haven and graven, splendid !  
[*Shuts book and replaces it on shelf*]  
But if it's not a money question, what other objection  
can the old growler have ?

HANNAH  
Never mind—I've got a money-question of my own.  
Trying to check father's pass-book. . . . Perhaps we  
can dispose of Sir John's objection.

ELSIE [*Coming towards table*]  
Oh, wouldn't that be ripping—jolly, I mean ! But  
how ?

HANNAH  
Wait a bit. . . . Come here, you know father's  
writing—read me this counterfoil.

ELSIE [*Looking over her shoulder*]  
Binks, Forty Pounds . . .

HANNAH  
But who is Binks ?

ELSIE  
Haven't an idea. Where's the cheque ? June 20.

HANNAH  
Here it is. But that's pay "Self" and he's endorsed it. Look!

ELSIE [*Studying counterfoil, carries it to window-light*]  
Perhaps it's Barks—or Borks. No, Books! That's what it is—two o's.

HANNAH [*Taking it from her as she returns to table*]  
Ah, of course! That forty pounds he spent on books when I wanted money so badly for your clothes!

ELSIE [*Smooths her frock*]  
But you see we managed all right, mother—my little verses, and your embroidery work—

HANNAH  
Yes, but because I asked him to state on the counterfoil what the cheque was for, whenever he drew on "Self," he states what it's for but forgets "Self."

ELSIE [*Smiling*]  
But isn't that what he preaches—to forget Self ?

HANNAH

If you had to clear up his muddles, you wouldn't find them so laughable. Here's a counterfoil not filled up at all !

ELSIE

Only one ?

HANNAH [*Taking it over to bureau*]

Go on laughing at me.

ELSIE

I'm laughing at *him*. If you *would* marry a genius—Don't look so tragic over trifles.

HANNAH

It's not about the cheques—it's because you make me afraid. Oh Elsie !

[*Embraces her with sudden passion*]

You don't feel there is a gulf between us ?

ELSIE

Between you and father ?

HANNAH

Between you and me ! A great gulf fixed—as between Lazarus and the rich man ?

ELSIE

What do you mean, mother ?

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HANNAH

A gulf you have to shout across ?

ELSIE

What an idea !

HANNAH

But that's what Amy Archmundham said—and it's been weighing upon me. You do love me ?

ELSIE

Darling mother !

*[Kisses her as she sinks on the divan.]*

HANNAH

And I could die for you ! . . . I wish God had let me die for your sisters. But His wisdom knew best.

*[Breaks down.]*

ELSIE *[Kneeling on divan to embrace her]*

Don't cry, darling. They died, doing their duty. Look at their faces !

*[Points to photographs on bureau]*

One would say, they were smiling with pride.

HANNAH

I could bear Mary's death in the Red Cross Army, and Ruth's among her slum-people. But to lose a living daughter—— !

ELSIE *[Rising and holding both her hands]*

Please don't talk so dreadfully.

HANNAH

Ah, daughter, perhaps you'll realise it yourself some day. It seems so strange to remember you that tiny—so frail and helpless—sleeping at my breast—and to see you growing up tall and superior and aloof—

ELSIE [*Sinking against her knees to embrace her*]

Oh never, mother, never! I never did feel like Amy Archmundham. Besides, she has no mother.

HANNAH

And you do love me? And you'll never feel I want to spoil your life? And you'll always come to me, even if I don't always understand your little poems?

ELSIE [*Smiling as they both rise*]

Always, mother.

HANNAH

Always, you said, remember. Even when you are gone from me!

ELSIE

Oh, mother, you know I shall never leave you!

[*They embrace more closely. There is a sound at the door, they stand apart. It opens, revealing*  
JOHN.]

HANNAH

Ah, you are going!

[*She advances, holding out her hand.*]

JOHN

Not yet, please. Amy's bad again.

HANNAH

Oh dear !

JOHN

Yes, father poured oil on the troubled flames—he told her he'd proved to you he's in the right.

HANNAH

That remains to be seen. Oh, do you think I could be of any use ?

JOHN

You are the one person who could——  
[*Makes way as for her exit.*]

HANNAH

Your poor sister !  
[*Exit. JOHN closes the door.*]

JOHN [*Hastening towards ELSIE*]

At last we can go on with our talk !

ELSIE

How can you think of yourself—with Amy in that state ?

JOHN

Perhaps I'm in that state too.



ELSIE

What's the matter with *you*? Potatoes diseased again?

JOHN

Don't be so heartless.

ELSIE

Heartless? When I pity your potatoes more than you pity your sister!

JOHN

Who said I didn't pity Amy?

ELSIE

You aren't half as concerned as that time your potatoes went bad.

JOHN

It wasn't their going bad—it was their having the wrong disease.

ELSIE

Are there right diseases, then?

JOHN

Naturally—the ones I infect them with. If only they develop them properly—that is the real anxiety.

ELSIE

It must be very wearing for you.

JOHN

All right, scoff away. But science is above sneers.

ELSIE

I'm not sneering. It quite touches me to think of you watching tenderly over your sick tubers.

JOHN

Go on!

*[Folds his arms]*

This, I suppose, is payment in kind for my unreal remarks to your mother.

ELSIE

*My* remarks are real. Your superiority to humanity overawes me. But to think of you at a sick bed—if it's only a potato bed——!

JOHN *[Approaching her]*

You know I'm only too human——

*[Re-enter HANNAH.]*

HANNAH

She won't even have me in the room. Elsie, *you* are of her own generation. Perhaps——

ELSIE

I'll try, mother.

*[Exit through open door, closing it.]*

HANNAH *[Turning on JOHN]*

I'm afraid this is all your fault.

JOHN  
Mine ?

HANNAH  
If you hadn't told your father that ridiculous story about the Frenchman's finger——!

JOHN  
Dupuytren's finger ? But the child did have it—my friend actually operated for it, which Dupuytren himself couldn't have done at that age. Yes, and I only wish my friend could have settled the point whether it's hereditary or not. But though he took a scientific squint at the father's hand——

HANNAH  
The *father's* hand ?

JOHN  
A burly clean-shaven man who came to see Miss Morrow the day after.

HANNAH  
And how did he know it was the father ?

JOHN  
Oh well—he naturally assumed——

HANNAH  
Assumed ! Just as you assumed it was Felicia. And what foreigner's finger did the *father* have ?

JOHN

Oh, there was nothing abnormal about *his* hand—except a queer signet-ring. But of course its hereditariness being dubious, that doesn't prove——!

HANNAH

I should think not indeed! And on this basis of hearsay and guess-work your father—oh I have no patience with either of you!

JOHN

Would you marry *your* daughter into a disgraced family, with a nameless brat hanging around? I wouldn't—at least

[*Smiling*]

I wouldn't marry my *father's* daughter into it. No, nor his son, either.

HANNAH

I dare say not. But you beg the question. It's your friend I consider disgraced. I always thought doctors had a code of honour—not to tell professional secrets.

JOHN

My friend only told me professionally—as a student of eugenics. And of course father and I won't blab, if you don't.

HANNAH

How can I blab as you call it, when I don't believe there's one iota——?

[SIR JOHN *opens the door, leading* AMY.]

SIR JOHN

May the little penitent come to apologise ?

HANNAH

What for ?

AMY

For turning you out of your own room. I forgot  
I wasn't at home.

*[Goes towards her]*

Do forgive me ! And thank you for trying——

HANNAH *[Looking defiantly at the men]*

I haven't given up——

AMY *[Eagerly]*

Then father *didn't* convert you ?

HANNAH

Wait ! Trust in God !

*[Kisses her and leads her to the window]*

See what a sunset He has sent us.

AMY *[Vaguely comforted]*

And what a fairy moon !

*[Becomes absorbed in skyscape. Telephone rings  
without.]*

SIR JOHN

Never mind the moon, Amy—get on your things.

John'll take you home.

JOHN

Aren't *you* coming ?

SIR JOHN

You know I have to be back here at seven—don't look so horrified, Mrs. Vaughan, you shouldn't have such a popular husband. Now I've been kept so late, I'll ask Judson for a game of chess rather than drive to and fro.

HANNAH

Is it a committee meeting here ?

SIR JOHN [*Embarrassed*]

A sort of committee meeting.

HANNAH

My husband never mentioned it.

SIR JOHN [*Smiling*]

He didn't know.

JOHN [*Smiling from his perch on the table*]

And there are people who call him a prophet !

HANNAH

But suppose he's not back.

SIR JOHN

Has he gone out ? My gracious ! And our Londoners *must* catch the dining-train !

HANNAH

He must be back for his own dinner.

SIR JOHN

That's what we reckoned on. Ha! Ha! Ha!

JOHN

You *might* let Mrs. Vaughan into the secret.

SIR JOHN

Well, if she'll keep it from her husband——

HANNAH

Oh, I can't do that. Rodney and I have never had a secret from each other.

SIR JOHN

Well, anyhow, you mustn't tell him that we——

[*Enter PURVIS.*]

PURVIS

Please, mum, Mr. Hubert Morrow has telephoned

[*AMY turns sharply at the name*]

to say he was sorry he was out when Dr. Vaughan called just now——

HANNAH [*Dazed*]

When Dr. Vaughan called just now?

PURVIS

Ay, mum, I wrote it down—like a text.

[*Reads from a paper*]

“ And he begs to thank Dr. Vaughan for his kindness in coming to say good-bye.”

AMY

Good-bye ?

[*Sways at window.*]

SIR JOHN [*Catching her*]

Steady, old girl.

HANNAH [*Recovering composure*]

Thank you, Purvis.

[*PURVIS goes again to shut window.*]

AMY

Don't shut out the sunset ! . . .

[*Turns to HANNAH*]

I beg your pardon, I'm always forgetting I'm not at home.

HANNAH

Leave it, Purvis.

[*PURVIS goes out silently.*]

If you'd rather wait here, Sir John, I'll have the fire lit in the drawing-room.

SIR JOHN

Oh, I couldn't trouble you—

HANNAH

No trouble—it's laid.

[*Enter ELSIE with a newspaper*]



And here comes the "Evening Sentinel."

*[Takes it from ELSIE and hands it to SIR JOHN.]*

SIR JOHN

Thank you! Amy, put on your things.

JOHN

I don't think Amy is fit to drive home yet.

AMY

What nonsense!

JOHN [*Firmly*]

Well, I won't take the responsibility—all alone. I'd rather wait with you, father.

HANNAH

It might be better for Amy—put a light to the drawing-room fire, Elsie.

*[ELSIE goes to the door.]*

JOHN

Here's matches!

*[Produces a box and hastens after ELSIE. Exeunt.]*

HANNAH [*To SIR JOHN*]

And you won't want to keep your coachman an hour on the box.

SIR JOHN

No, of course not. Judson has stables—he'll let us put up. I'll go and tell my rascal.

HANNAH

Please, leave it to me. I want to give him some tea—  
he must be quite faint.

[*Goes to door.*]

SIR JOHN [*Sinking on divan and unfolding news-  
paper*]

Don't worry too much over that scallawag. . . .  
Bless my soul! here's an account of the garden-party  
already!

AMY [*In a hollow voice from the window*]  
Written yesterday!

HANNAH [*At door*]  
You can't read by that light!  
[*Turns up electric lights.*]

SIR JOHN  
You brighten up everything!  
[*Exit HANNAH. SIR JOHN reads aloud*]  
“Under the genial auspices of Sol and the Lord Mayor  
and his charming consort, all the beauty and fashion  
of Midstoke with all that is most distinguished in”—  
won't you catch cold?

AMY  
I hope so.  
[*SIR JOHN throws down paper, jumps up and draws  
her within.*]

SIR JOHN

Why, now I see you in the light, you look like a ghost.

AMY

I *am* a ghost.

SIR JOHN

Then I'll lay it.

[*Puts her on divan*]

There, dear! You'll soon get over this, I tell you . . .

[*She turns her head from him*]

Look here, lassie—you shall have your dream. I'll take you to Italy—if you won't expect me to do the Popish churches with you—I don't know which is worse, the Papists with too many priests and ceremonies or the Quakers with none at all. To Italy, do you hear?

AMY

I don't want to go to Italy.

SIR JOHN [*Taken aback*]

Not to Italy? Well, wherever you like!

AMY

Then I'll go to Australia.

SIR JOHN

I meant this side of the globe.

AMY

This side is empty to me.

SIR JOHN

It will fill up again. Nature abhors a vacuum. You are so young.

AMY

Young ? I'm a hundred !

SIR JOHN

Older than her dad, eh ? The little puss !

AMY

Don't talk baby-talk to me !

SIR JOHN

Oh well, if you really are a centenarian, that's all right. It's the young man who'll cry off. *He's* only a quarter of a century.

AMY

Hubert will never cry off.

SIR JOHN

Then why doesn't he take you to the Antipodes ? I can't stop you.

AMY

I wanted to go.

SIR JOHN

So you just intimated. But he has more sense, eh ?

AMY  
He wouldn't drag me down to poverty.

SIR JOHN  
That's decent of him.

AMY  
Decent? He's a Bayard and a genius. And if you had let me have my money, he could have stayed here, writing his symphonies without sordid cares.

SIR JOHN [*Perplexed, sits beside her*]  
You must trust me, my child. You must trust my love.

AMY  
I cannot trust you. You are cruel—cruel——  
[*She sobs*]  
[DR. VAUGHAN *comes in through the window.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Drawing back*]  
Oh, I beg your pardon.

SIR JOHN  
No, no, we mustn't drive you out of your own den.  
So glad you're back. Come, Amy!  
[*He tries to lift her from the divan, but she sobs on*]  
Perhaps you can help me to soothe this wild young thing.

DR. VAUGHAN  
What could *I* do?  
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SIR JOHN

We know your influence over the lambs of your flock.

DR. VAUGHAN

Miss Archmundham—Amy——

AMY

I don't want your soothing syrup.

SIR JOHN

Don't be rude! You think I'm cruel. Do you think Dr. Vaughan is?

AMY

*He* is a human being.

SIR JOHN [*With a grimace*]

Oh, indeed! Very well, then! If Dr. Vaughan assures you that my objection is not a mere abuse of paternal power, will you give me back your trust?

AMY

Dr. Vaughan will say what pleases you.

SIR JOHN

Will he, by George! I only wish he made a practice of it. Come, Amy! Don't wriggle out of it.

AMY

Then on his honour as a human being——

SIR JOHN

Dr. Vaughan! You know the reason that compels me to reject Hubert Morrow.

DR. VAUGHAN

I know what you told me.

SIR JOHN

Quite so. And is this reason weighty? Or capricious?

DR. VAUGHAN

Certainly not capricious.

SIR JOHN

There!

AMY

But would *you* act like that in papa's place?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Hesitates*]

I—I—

AMY

On your honour!

DR. VAUGHAN

No!

AMY

Oh, you human being!

[*Springs up and bugs him.*]

SIR JOHN

Why, Doctor, you told me not twenty minutes ago that you agreed with me.

DR. VAUGHAN

You misunderstood—you were saying that without Puritanism England would go down like a rotten ship. That's what I agreed with.

AMY

So that's it! Hubert isn't Puritan enough! Because he's musical! Because God has given him the gift of melody! Because——

SIR JOHN

Don't be silly, Amy. Who was more musical than Milton? Don't I take you to Oratorios?

AMY

But Hubert writes love-music—that's what's the matter! Love-music, and you all hate everything but your gloomy conventicle! I wonder you don't pull that moon down out of heaven and turn it into a church lamp. But you *shall* hear Hubert's music—I'll give it you now!

*[Runs out through the door]*

SIR JOHN

Gloomy conventicle, indeed!

*[Follows her.]*

That girl will die a Papist.





DR. VAUGHAN

Don't stop her singing or strumming—it'll work off the hysteria.

SIR JOHN

Deuce take it all! I wish the fellow had never come back from Germany!

*[Exit.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

O God, when will this coil of consequence end?

*[He picks up the newspaper and looks at it distractedly. Enter HANNAH.]*

HANNAH

Sir John told me you were back.

DR. VAUGHAN

Has Mrs. Morrow been?

HANNAH

Not yet. She can't afford taxis like you.

DR. VAUGHAN *[Flushing]*

What do you mean?

HANNAH

You must have taken a taxi straight to her.

DR. VAUGHAN

Eh? What makes you think that?

HANNAH  
You didn't go to her ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Why should I go to her ?

HANNAH [*Horried*]  
Rodney ! I *know* you went to her.

DR. VAUGHAN  
I went to Hubert—to say good-bye.

HANNAH  
Forgive me ! Yes, that's what he said. . . . He  
'phoned to thank you.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Ah !

HANNAH [*Remembering*]  
But I told you he was out—why did you go ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
I hoped he'd be back. And you see he was—almost  
immediately.

HANNAH  
You didn't really rush there to stop Mrs. Morrow  
coming here ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Slowly*]  
I don't say if I'd found Mrs. Morrow in I shouldn't

have tried to stop her—indeed, the more I think of it, the more dreadful it seems to me to let you hurt her feelings as you hurt Sir John's.

HANNAH

I know I lost my temper with Sir John. I haven't got much Christian patience, have I, dear ?

DR. VAUGHAN

I'm afraid not, darling. Nor pagan tact, either.

[*Enter PURVIS.*]

PURVIS

Mrs. Morrow for you, mum. Where shall I show her ?

DR. VAUGHAN

In here.

HANNAH

But I don't want to turn you out—there's the dining-room.

DR. VAUGHAN

Show her in here, Purvis.

PURVIS

Yes, sir.

[*Slow exit. As the door closes on him, DR. VAUGHAN turns swiftly and masterfully to HANNAH and takes her smilingly by the shoulders.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

It's you that must be turned out, dear.

HANNAH

But surely she and I—two women—

DR. VAUGHAN

You forget that as her pastor I shall seem less intrusive.

HANNAH

Perhaps you are right.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Forcing her smilingly towards the garden*]

Of course I'm right—one folly a day is all I can allow you.

HANNAH

Poor Rodney—I do bring troubles on you.

[*Kisses him and is pushed through the window as PURVIS ushers in MRS. MORROW, and closes the door. MRS. MORROW, a lady still with the traces of beauty and prosperity in her sorrowful face and shabby, well-cut clothes, enters with a proud bearing.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*With his massive cordiality*]

How do you do, Mrs. Morrow? Didn't see you at the garden-party.

MRS. MORROW

No.

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DR. VAUGHAN  
You'll find that most comfortable.  
[*Indicates chair.*]

MRS. MORROW  
Thank you.  
[*Sits.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Fetching chair and sitting beside her*]  
And what's the news of your dear daughter ? Still in London ?

MRS. MORROW  
Still in London.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And getting on well in her post, I hope—let me see, a hospital, wasn't it ?

MRS. MORROW  
No, not exactly.  
[*Uneasily*]  
Isn't Mrs. Vaughan in ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
She thought *I'd* best discuss the matter with you.

MRS. MORROW  
But it isn't only the mission-work—I want to ask her something.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Can't you ask *me* ?

MRS. MORROW [*With a faint smile*]  
It's hardly your department.

DR. VAUGHAN [*With a broader smile*]  
Well, she intrudes enough on mine.

MRS. MORROW  
It's about Felicia.

DR. VAUGHAN [*His smile checked*]  
About your daughter ?

MRS. MORROW  
Yes—she is coming to-morrow.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Startled*]  
Really ? Any particular reason ?

MRS. MORROW  
To say good-bye to Hubert.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Ah yes. But doesn't he sail from London ?

MRS. MORROW  
No, from Plymouth . . . it's a cheaper line. Besides,  
*I* get a glimpse of Felicia, too.

DR. VAUGHAN

That's true. Quite a while since you've seen her, I suppose ?

MRS. MORROW

Well, you know when she left here—last Christmas.

DR. VAUGHAN

Dear me, how time flies ! And she's feeling better, I hope. . . . Let me see, didn't she go to some little country place for her headaches ?

MRS. MORROW

Yes, Pinfold something—I never can remember.

DR. VAUGHAN

And you didn't go and see her there ?

MRS. MORROW [*Curtly*]

I told you I haven't seen her since Christmas.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Relieved*]

So you did . . .

[*More cheerfully*]

And so she's coming back.

MRS. MORROW

Only for the night. She goes with Hubert as far as Plymouth—thence straight back to her London work.

But

[*Embarrassed*]

the fact is, now I've had to take boarders, there's

scarcely room for her to-morrow night. So, coming along, it occurred to me that perhaps you——

DR. VAUGHAN [*Startled again*]  
I ?

MRS. MORROW  
You and Mrs. Vaughan—you see Hubert's cab passes here on the way to the station—and with all you dear people it would be homelier for her than at an hotel——

DR. VAUGHAN [*Perturbed*]  
I'm afraid that is Mrs. Vaughan's department.  
[*He goes to the door and opens it and calls*]  
Purvis !

[*AMY's voice is heard from above in HUBERT's setting of "I arise from dreams of thee"*]  
Purvis ! Ah, there you are. Ask Mrs. Vaughan to come in.

AMY [*Heard singing from the drawing-room*]  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how ?  
To thy chamber window, sweet !  
[*DR. VAUGHAN stands listening as if hypnotised, till HANNAH comes in and closes the door.*]

HANNAH  
So good of you to come, Mrs. Morrow.  
[*Shakes hands.*]



DR. VAUGHAN

Mrs. Morrow asks if her daughter may sleep here to-morrow night.

HANNAH [*Startled*]  
Felicia ?

MRS. MORROW

You see we've let her room, and I thought she'd be less unhappy here than at——

HANNAH [*Suspiciously*]  
*Less* unhappy ?

MRS. MORROW

About Hubert's going to Australia.

HANNAH

Ah yes—and it must be a great wrench for *you*.

MRS. MORROW

He was all I had left—I mean at home. But God does all things for the best.

HANNAH [*Impulsively*]

But we mustn't always let Him, Mrs. Morrow.

MRS. MORROW [*Shocked*]

What do you say ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*With a forced smile*]  
My wife expresses herself badly. She means, you ought to make an effort to keep your boy at home.

HANNAH  
Yes, indeed! I'm so glad you've mentioned Felicia because—but perhaps, Rodney, you have already disposed of that.

DR. VAUGHAN  
No. Under the new circumstances I left it for you.

MRS. MORROW [*Rising uneasily*]  
What is it about Felicia?

HANNAH  
Her staying here will be just splendid!

MRS. MORROW  
Oh, thank you.  
[*She sits down in relief.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Perturbed*]  
But, Mrs. Morrow, have you *asked* your daughter if she'd like to stay here?

MRS. MORROW  
I took it for granted. . . . She  
[*Flushing*]  
. . . she doesn't know I've had to let her room.

HANNAH

You have been keeping the boarders from her ?

MRS. MORROW

It would only have added to her . . . I mean, she's so proud . . . And sometimes they . . . they ring for me ! Oh, do you think I've done wrong ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Certainly not, Mrs. Morrow. Why make unnecessary pain ?

HANNAH

Well, it's got to come out now. Even white lies turn black by keeping. . . . But, anyhow, her staying here will be a splendid answer to Sir John !

MRS. MORROW [*Half-rising*]

Why, what has Sir John——?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Waving her down*]

Dear Mrs. Morrow, do try to be patient. Nobody knows better than I the blameless reputation of your family.

HANNAH

But there's a miserable scandal afoot——

MRS. MORROW [*Jumping up indignantly*]

A scandal against Felicia ?

HANNAH

Of course we none of us believe it.

MRS. MORROW

I have no patience even to hear it.

HANNAH

Then it isn't true ?

MRS. MORROW

It's an abominable lie.

HANNAH

What did I tell you ?

[*She rings.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

What are you ringing for ?

HANNAH

Sir John shall hear this denial.

DR. VAUGHAN

Why, you haven't even told Mrs. Morrow *what* she's to deny !

MRS. MORROW

I don't care what it is—there is nothing against Felicia !

DR. VAUGHAN

Nevertheless, before you face Sir John, you had better be prepared for what he may say. The accusation——

MRS. MORROW

Accusation ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Ridiculous, perhaps, but there it is. Tell her, Hannah!  
*[Retires to divan-seat.]*

HANNAH

They say she has had a child.

MRS. MORROW *[Staggers]*

O my God ! And who dares——?

*[Enter PURVIS. AMY's passionate music swells out.]*

HANNAH

Ask Sir John Archmundham to step down.

PURVIS

Ay, mum.

*[Exit PURVIS, shutting out the music.]*

MRS. MORROW

I will not meet Sir John.

*[Goes towards garden.]*

HANNAH

But, my dear Mrs. Morrow, you must !

MRS. MORROW

Why must I ? What have I to do with Sir John ?

HANNAH

Don't you love Hubert ? Don't you want him to be happy ?

MRS. MORROW

What has that to do with it ?

HANNAH

That is why Sir John objects to the match.

MRS. MORROW

What match ?

HANNAH

You don't know Hubert is leaving England because he's not allowed to marry Amy Archmundham ?

MRS. MORROW [*Dazed*]

No—I know nothing—my children are always so reticent. O my poor Hubert. So that's it ! My poor martyred boy !

HANNAH

But don't you see he needn't be martyred ? You've only got to show Sir John the story is false.

MRS. MORROW

I will not meet Sir John. If my family is not good enough——

[PURVIS opens the door for SIR JOHN who comes through and bows coldly to MRS. MORROW. She, with a stiff return bow, tries to pass him and escape.]

HANNAH [*Firmly closing the door*]

Dear Mrs. Morrow, surely you wish to keep your boy—to make him happy——

SIR JOHN

I see, Mrs. Vaughan you still doubt my revelation.

HANNAH

Not if she is silent. Mrs. Morrow, don't torture me like this!

MRS. MORROW [*Fiercely*]

What torture is it of yours?

HANNAH

What torture? To think of Felicia sunk to that! Look at my husband—don't you see it is torturing him, too? Come, Mrs. Morrow . . .

[MRS. MORROW looks round with the hopeless eyes of a trapped animal]

Why don't you speak?

MRS. MORROW

O my God, why am I scourged thus?

[*She breaks down in hysteric sobs.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Rising and pressing her into chair*]  
My poor Mrs. Morrow! Calm yourself.

SIR JOHN  
My poor Amy!  
[*He goes out sorrowfully.*]

MRS. MORROW  
Oh, you don't know what it has been! She never said a word. When—to hide from you and me what must have happened here, she took that post at Pinfold—thirty miles away——  
[*Breaks down, choked with emotion.*]

HANNAH  
Pinfold?—I thought my husband said Craddock.

MRS. MORROW [*Struggling for composure*]  
Craddock—yes, that's the part I can never remember.

DR. VAUGHAN [*With forced lightness*]  
Just as I can never remember the Pinfold part.

HANNAH  
But if it's Pinfold Craddock, you went there this Spring!

DR. VAUGHAN [*After an appreciable pause*]  
So I did! To take a funeral for old Rogers when he had the flue. A fearful cross-country journey!



MRS. MORROW

Yes, she always said she had no time or money to come and see me—and then she wrote she had a new post in London—at a private nursing home—and then—end of June—a wire—she was dying! So at least they thought.

HANNAH [*Stonily*]

And she wanted you to look after the child of sin.

MRS. MORROW

Don't look at me so pitilessly. I had to lie.

HANNAH

Nobody has to lie.

MRS. MORROW

I had a husband, money, children—now there is nothing.

HANNAH

There is always God.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Eagerly*]

But the little boy——

[*Correcting himself*]  
the child—has it lived? Is it well?

MRS. MORROW

It was rather small and had a bent finger, but otherwise——

[*She falls fainting on her chair.*]

DR. VAUGHAN  
You are too cruel to her.

HANNAH  
I'll get my salts.  
*[She rushes into her room. In the silence AMY'S renewed love-song faintly penetrates.]*

DR. VAUGHAN *[Murmuring]*  
Love! Love! The great romantic cheat!—O God!  
Must I go on lying or must I break Hannah's heart?  
*[Re-enter HANNAH.]*

HANNAH  
I must have left the bottle in here. She's not come to?

DR. VAUGHAN  
No. But when she does, pray remember it is for such crises we are Christians.

HANNAH *[Finding the bottle on the divan]*  
Ah, here it is! I know I was harsh, dear,  
*[She applies the salts to MRS. MORROW]*  
But you spoil me for people of this sort.

DR. VAUGHAN *[Turning away in bitter shame]*  
We are all God's creatures.

HANNAH  
I know, dear, but it's not so easy to copy your loving-kindness to liars and sinners.

MRS. MORROW [*Opening her eyes*]  
I will not meet Sir John !

HANNAH  
No, he is gone. Dear Mrs. Morrow,  
    [*Raising the patient's head*]  
you are all right again.

MRS. MORROW  
Oh my poor children !

HANNAH [*To her husband*]  
Sir John's carriage must take her home.

MRS. MORROW  
No, no—nothing of Sir John's !  
    [*She staggers to her feet*]  
I can walk.

DR. VAUGHAN  
That's nonsense—I'll get you a cab.

MRS. MORROW  
You know I cannot take cabs.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Recovering his bluff geniality*]  
You can take one from me !

MRS. MORROW  
I can quite well walk.  
    [*Moves proudly*]  
There !

DR. VAUGHAN

How unkind you are to me !

MRS. MORROW

You shall give the fare to the mission-fund—in my name.

*[Turns toward door. DR. VAUGHAN precedes her to open it.]*

HANNAH

One moment, Mrs. Morrow. You may rely on our spreading the sad story no further. But——

MRS. MORROW

But you can't have Felicia sleeping here—I know. Forgive me for trying to protect her.

HANNAH

It's my duty to forgive you. And perhaps it's my duty to have her here—more than ever. I will think. I will let you know. But that's not what I was going to say.

DR. VAUGHAN *[In renewed torture]*

Need any more be said ? Mrs. Morrow is so tired.

*[Puts his hand on the door-knob.]*

HANNAH

Still, before we dismiss the subject for ever, oughtn't we to ask Mrs. Morrow the name of the man ?

MRS. MORROW

But I don't know the name of the man.

DR. VAUGHAN

And what good would revenge do ?

HANNAH

Who's thinking of revenge ? Reparation.

DR. VAUGHAN

Reparation ?

HANNAH

Marriage ! Why should he not marry her ?

MRS. MORROW [*Clasping her hands*]

Oh, if I could live to see it !

HANNAH [*Eagerly*]

And then, perhaps, Sir John would relent !

DR. VAUGHAN

But—but the man may be married.

HANNAH

Then he can be divorced.

DR. VAUGHAN

I thought you were against divorce.

HANNAH

I never realized that it might be the smaller of two evils. And the fifth of Matthew permits it !

DR. VAUGHAN

But there's his present wife to consider——

HANNAH

If there *is* a wife, she couldn't possibly live with him any longer. He belongs to Felicia—and Felicia's child.

MRS. MORROW

You will never get Felicia to give his name. Not if you cut her to pieces.

HANNAH

But surely you have some idea ? Nor you, Rodney ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Desperately defensive*]

Who was the man she worked for at Pinfold, what-is-it ?

HANNAH

Pinfold Craddock.

MRS. MORROW

It wasn't a man—it was an old lady, all but blind.

DR. VAUGHAN

Ha ! Blind ! The easier then——

HANNAH [*To her husband*]

But how do you know it *was* an old lady— ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Mrs. Morrow says so.

HANNAH

Blind, yourself, dear. Don't you see Mrs. Morrow had only Felicia's letters to go by ?

DR. VAUGHAN

That's true. Talk of the wisdom of the serpent !

HANNAH

And when you saw Felicia in the nursing home, Mrs. Morrow, wasn't there *any* clue to the man ?

DR. VAUGHAN

You really mustn't exhaust Mrs. Morrow—

HANNAH

No picture ? No keepsake ?

MRS. MORROW

Nothing !

DR. VAUGHAN

There ! She's quite worn out. Purvis *must* get a cab.

HANNAH

No letter came while you were with her ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Really, Hannah! Why should you try to ferret out Felicia's secret?

HANNAH

For Felicia's salvation. He must marry her.

MRS. MORROW

I did take an opportunity, when she was under a drug, of opening her locket.

HANNAH [*Tensely*]

Well?

MRS. MORROW

There was nothing.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Relieved*]

Ah!

MRS. MORROW

Only the pictures of her mother and her pastor.

HANNAH

Of my husband?

MRS. MORROW [*With a faint smile*]

Felicia was always a hero-worshipper.

[*Tragic again*]

If she had only listened to your teachings instead!



DR. VAUGHAN

Yes. I hope the other young ladies who carry me about do better.

HANNAH

But how could she get a miniature? I thought *I* was the only person who had one.

DR. VAUGHAN

I suppose she got my photograph reduced. And, by the way, Lovell the bookseller has been telling me what a run there's been on it during the Conference. Like an actor's, he said—and then he begged pardon, poor man. Ha! Ha! Ha!

HANNAH

Rodney, when you went to Pinfold Craddock, did you call on Felicia?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Slowly*]

Did I call on Felicia?

HANNAH

No—I forgot—you didn't even know it was an old lady she was with. But I should have thought you'd have taken the opportunity of seeing how she was getting on.

DR. VAUGHAN

Yes, but—but, you see, I met her—by chance—at the post-office.

HANNAH

And didn't you notice anything?

DR. VAUGHAN

I noticed she was looking pretty.

HANNAH

Is that all ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Didn't you say we men can never tell the difference between anything and anything ?

HANNAH

And you saw no clue to the man ? Nobody was with her ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*With a ghastly smile*]

I was with her—and a venerable gaffer drawing his old-age pension.

MRS. MORROW

But when exactly did you see her ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Smiling*]

I never was good at dates.

HANNAH

The day you went to take the funeral was Mayday. I remember it because of the contrast of death and the Spring.

DR. VAUGHAN

That thought struck me—the world in bridal white and the tragedy lurking

MRS. MORROW

But by that date, Dr. Vaughan, you could surely see—  
Why anybody but the blind woman must have seen——

HANNAH [*Paling with a now irresistible suspicion*]  
My husband is right. This is fatiguing you inexcusably.  
Do let me get you a cab.

MRS. MORROW

Thank you, no.

[DR. VAUGHAN *hurriedly throws open the door.*]

HANNAH

Why not? You were ready to let me entertain  
Felicia.

MRS. MORROW

I have entertained Elsie. Good-night.

[*Exit.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

Good-night.

[*Follows her out in optimistic relief*]

Things will brighten—never lose hold of the goodness  
of God!

[HANNAH *looks round wildly, her hands tremble. Mastering herself with a great effort, she sits down again to the pass-book. After an instant of quiet work she clutches suddenly at the salts, smells them then resumes work. Re-enter DR. VAUGHAN.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

Well, dear——

[*Touches her hair. She shudders and shakes off his hand.*]

HANNAH

Don't—I want to finish your pass-book.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Smilingly at ease again*]

So the old wench is afraid of being scolded, eh? But there! I won't say I told you so.

HANNAH [*Passionately*]

Yes, yes, scold me—I've had evil thoughts—silly, shameful thoughts. . . . You were right—I should have minded my own business.

DR. VAUGHAN

Never mind, dear—go on minding mine. Have I been making *great* muddles?

[*Bends over pass-book.*]

HANNAH [*Smiling*]

Well, you forgot to fill in the . . . a—a—a—h!

[*Screams suddenly.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

You frighten me! What is it?

HANNAH

Those forty pounds—those mysterious forty pounds!

DR. VAUGHAN [*Looking over her shoulder in renewed torment*]  
That's filled in all right. Books!

HANNAH  
But where *are* the books?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Oh, all about.

HANNAH  
I don't see any new books.

DR. VAUGHAN  
I never said new. It's the old editions that cost the money. You see, not having got anybody to replace Miss Morrow, I thought I could afford—

HANNAH  
But coming just at that time!

DR. VAUGHAN  
What time?

HANNAH  
Felicia's time.  
[*Points distractedly to the cheque.*]

DR. VAUGHAN  
I don't understand you.

HANNAH

And you went to London that June morning—I remember now.

DR. VAUGHAN

To buy the books.

HANNAH

And you would go in mufti.

DR. VAUGHAN

It was too hot for black.

HANNAH

And the time I found you all smelling of eau-de-cologne! You said Felicia had given it you for your headache.

DR. VAUGHAN

And what else would she give it me for?

HANNAH

And the burly, clean-shaven man! God, how it all flies together!

DR. VAUGHAN

*[With a desperate effort at self-command]*

I think, Hannah, you are losing your wits.

HANNAH

I *shall* lose them—O Father in heaven! And Elsie

wanting clothes so badly. And the mission fund so——

DR. VAUGHAN

Hush !

*[He closes the window.]*

HANNAH

And you never told me you had met her in Pinfold Craddock !

DR. VAUGHAN

Why on earth should I——?

HANNAH

And you wouldn't let me see Mrs. Morrow, till you had made sure she didn't know.

DR. VAUGHAN

Hannah ! It comes on me suddenly what you mean. You surely can't think that I—that Miss Morrow——

HANNAH

No—no—Mrs. Morrow has upset my nerves. . . . I had such faith in Felicia that now I feel anybody. . . . But no—not *you* ! That is impossible.

*[Struggling with herself she resumes her study of the pass-book]*

But I do really wish you would fill in your counter-foils.

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DR. VAUGHAN

There are always the cheques to guide you.

HANNAH

Yes—but it's a worry.

DR. VAUGHAN

I'm sorry. I do worry you, dear heart, don't I ?

[*Puts his face to hers*]

But I'll turn over a new leaf, I really will.

HANNAH [*Smiling*]

Of the cheque-book ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*With a forced explosive laugh*]

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! I must send that to *Punch*.

HANNAH [*Smiling on*]

It's all very well to laugh. But really, unless you reform, I shall have to take away your cheque-book.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Gaily*]

And my latch-key, and stand me in the corner with a fool's cap.

HANNAH

Yes, and a sermon written on it.

DR. VAUGHAN

Ha ! Ha ! Ha !



HANNAH

Look at this now—Thursday and no other date.

DR. VAUGHAN

But it's between cheques for May 2 and May 7, so it's easy to find out. There you are—on the calendar!

[*Points to it*]

Thursday, May 4.

HANNAH

Then May the first was Monday.

DR. VAUGHAN [*With ghastly facetiousness*]

“Which there's no deniging of it, Betsy!”

HANNAH

But then—they don't pay Old Age Pensions on Monday.

DR. VAUGHAN

And who said they did?

HANNAH

*You* said—when you met Felicia in the post office at Pinfold Craddock on Mayday—a gaffer was drawing his Old Age Pension. But Friday is the day for that!

DR. VAUGHAN

Well, it may have been his arrears—

HANNAH

That's true.

DR. VAUGHAN

Or his savings. Only he looked so old I thought of the Pensions. And what a great thing they are for those little villages, Hannah, circulating the money and bringing grandparents back into respect.

HANNAH

Yes, I wish there could be State pensions for people like poor Mrs. Morrow.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Stroking her hair*]

I'm glad you're feeling kindlier to her, dear.

HANNAH

I do try, darling.

*[She takes his hand and rubs it against her cheek.  
Suddenly she utters a great agonised cry]*

Ah!

*[She seizes the hand that caressed her, and stares at the ring that has rubbed her cheek.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

What's up now?

HANNAH

The strange ring!!

DR. VAUGHAN

But it's your own ring—my engagement ring with the device of the Teaching Priest.

HANNAH

Yes, that is the horror of it !

DR. VAUGHAN [*Paling*]

Hannah !

HANNAH

The man in the nursing home had a strange ring !

DR. VAUGHAN

Your ring does not exhaust the oddities of annulation.

HANNAH

Don't give me arguments—I know each thing in itself is foolish—but it's all the rings—they make a chain—a chain that is choking me. O God help us, God help us !

*[Driven to bay, he looks at her for a moment as she twists her hands, then he sighs wearily.]*

DR. VAUGHAN [*In a matter-of-fact voice*]

Ah well, I see I must confess.

HANNAH [*Huskily*]

Confess !

*[She stares at him.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

When I met her at the post office in Pinfold Craddock I did find out what was the matter. In fact, Miss Morrow, overwhelmed with emotion at the sight of me, made me her priest, throwing herself on my

pastoral protection. What could I do? I took up the burden. I found her the nursing home. I spent the forty pounds on her.

HANNAH [*Rising and coming to him*]  
And the man—she told you his name?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Even his name I know. But I can't very well tell, can I?

HANNAH  
But you can make him marry her!

DR. VAUGHAN [*Mystically*]  
That man is dead—it was he I buried at Pinfold Craddock.

HANNAH  
Poor Felicia! . . . But you only met her at the post office, you said.

Dr. VAUGHAN  
She could hardly be at his funeral. . . . That was part of her burden . . .

HANNAH  
Poor soul. . . . But you told me a lie about the books!

DR. VAUGHAN  
That was part of *my* burden. I couldn't give away her secret, could I? And it *was* books I bought in a

sense—a little cheque-book for her, a little pass-book—

*[Airily waves at his own]*

And with the remains of the money she was able to set up a little typing office, and keep herself and her child.

HANNAH *[Moved]*  
My kind husband!

DR. VAUGHAN *[Turning uneasily from her]*  
I wanted to be kind, believe me, Hannah—I always want to be kind. But it's been an awful strain. As you just said, even white lies turn black with time. I shall never have another secret from you, Hannah!

HANNAH  
My dear, my dear! What were your white lies to my black accusations? Oh, I could tear my tongue out! See, I am so wretchedly repentant—and yet so terribly, terribly happy! Oh! Rodney!  
*[Sinks to her knees, and clings to him, sobbing hysterically.]*

DR. VAUGHAN  
No, by God! I can't stand this. Get up, get up, I tell you. It is all true—all true.

HANNAH *[Dazed—checking sobs]*  
True? What is true?

DR. VAUGHAN

You must get up. You must bear it. I tried to spare you. But you don't spare *me*. You kneel to me, and that's a worse hell for me than even the lies I've had to tell.

HANNAH

You've lied to me ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Lied till I felt my very tongue turning black. But I can't sink too low. I must keep some shred of self-respect.

HANNAH

Then it is true ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Yes.

*[Wipes the sweat from his forehead]*

I see now what a relief to the criminal to be caught !

HANNAH

It is true ? You have broken God's commandment !  
. . . You !

DR. VAUGHAN

Yes.

*[Bows his head.]*

HANNAH

You have lied and deceived and committed adultery and ruined a girl——

DR. VAUGHAN

And shamed her child and borne false witness, and stolen the household money, and had other gods beside God, and taken His name in vain—everything, everything. Nigh the whole Decalogue stands by me desecrated.

HANNAH

And you can stand there ? And you do not sink into the earth ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Not so loud ! Nobody must hear.

HANNAH [*Rising in amaze*]

I am to shield you ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*His head bowed lower*]

To try and forgive my great sin against you.

HANNAH

What does it matter about *me* ? I feel degraded, sickened, crushed, but what do *I* count, compared with the degradation of your sacred office ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Never mind my office—I cry to you as human being to human being.

HANNAH

I can only think of your congregation.

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DR. VAUGHAN

*They* have only cause for rejoicing !

HANNAH [*Dazed*]

Oh, my poor Rodney ! All this over-work——

DR. VAUGHAN

And shall they not share the joy in heaven over the sinner that repenteth ? I give you the commonplaces of Christianity and you stare at me as if I were mad.

HANNAH

It is my last hope.

DR. VAUGHAN

Dismiss it. I am very sane. My sin was madness, maybe. But now—I am perhaps the sanest man in this city. Because, what is sanity ? To know things as they are. Man as he is. God as he is ! I know now how man can fall—I know now how God can chastise and redeem.

HANNAH [*Sinking tragically into a chair*]

Then it *is* true ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Don't babble that again !

[*Recovering his gentleness*]

Pull yourself together, dearest, and let us face facts.

HANNAH [*Moaning*]

O God ! O God ! . . . You !!



DR. VAUGHAN

Pull yourself together—it's not so terrible as it looks now.

HANNAH

*My husband!*

DR. VAUGHAN

And must it always be some other woman's? Sin lieth at the door, you read in Genesis—shall it never come in? Are the battles of the soul to be always elsewhere—like our British wars always on some far frontier?

HANNAH

The husband I worshipped—next to God!

DR. VAUGHAN

And who will always worship you!

*[Touches her affectionately.]*

HANNAH

Don't put your hand on me—it is horrible, horrible. The sun gone out of heaven!

DR. VAUGHAN

The sun never goes out of heaven, Hannah. It is we who turn away from the sun.

HANNAH *[Half to herself]*

When I saw you in the pulpit, I felt like Joshua when

he saw the angel with the drawn sword—and knew the hosts of the Lord must win——

DR. VAUGHAN  
My sword is still unsheathed !  
    [*She sobs tearlessly*]  
Listen to me, dear wife.

HANNAH  
I can't listen. I am your wife no longer. I must go away.

DR. VAUGHAN  
You would divorce me ?

HANNAH [*Rising*]  
I must save your soul. The child must have a father !

DR. VAUGHAN  
And you—and Elsie ?

HANNAH  
We must suffer for your sin.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And the congregation ? And the community ? And the scandal to the Church ?

HANNAH  
You should have thought of that before.

DR. VAUGHAN

And shall I not think of it now ? And the ribaldry  
of the masses ? And the gloating of the organs of  
Free-thought ? And the loss of faith among my flock ?  
And the——

HANNAH

Don't ! Don't !

DR. VAUGHAN

The drunkards and drabs who love me and whom I  
love, and whom only *my* hand can drag up from the  
gutter—where you would now cast *me* !

HANNAH

Don't, I tell you.

DR. VAUGHAN

And God's work undone—the work I am thrilling to  
do !

HANNAH

You do God's work ! It is a sacrilege.

DR. VAUGHAN

An atonement ! I never so longed to save sinners.

HANNAH

Cease your blasphemies. You are unfit to mount the  
pulpit.

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DR. VAUGHAN

Unfit? Unfit, Hannah? I never was so fitted to preach God's word.

HANNAH

You! Oh, if I could only laugh! You—a minister of God!

DR. VAUGHAN

Yes—now at last fitted to be His instrument——  
“Iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears——”

HANNAH

Don't quote poetry now. This is real.

DR. VAUGHAN

Then I assure you in prose, that when I look at my old sermons, I blush at the impudence and ignorance with which I, an innocent at home, dared to speak of sin to my superiors in sinfulness.

HANNAH

This jocosity is dreadful. A priest must be perfect.

DR. VAUGHAN

Ah, there's the jocosity that's dreadful. Perfect! Beardless boys stuck up a ladder to preach to life-battered men and women!

HANNAH

Didn't you dismiss those young men at the Training College on the mere breath of a scandal ?

DR. VAUGHAN

I did, God forgive me. I didn't know they might be qualifying better through sin than through the whole college curriculum.

HANNAH [*Putting her hands over her ears*]

A—a—a—h ! Satan has you indeed !

DR. VAUGHAN

It is because I've known sin at first hand—known for myself all the dazzle of temptation and all the anguish of contrition—that I was able to comfort that poor woman.

HANNAH

Drowse her, I warrant, not comfort her, drug the remains of her conscience. Evil you call good and good evil.

DR. VAUGHAN

On the contrary. Now I *know* the difference between good and evil. It was through sin that Adam and Eve learnt it. Has that profound allegory no teaching for us ? O this fantastic hypothesis of perfection ! A sea captain who has never made a voyage—the perfection of ignorance—and you trust him with the ship. You take a youth—the fool of the family for choice—

keep him in cotton-wool under a glass case, cram him with Greek and Latin, constrict his neck with a white choker, clap a shovel hat on his sconce, and lo! he is God's minister! But it is written, "He maketh His ministers flames of fire."

HANNAH

Then would you build a training college for sinners, a graduation college in iniquity? Oh!

[*Covers her eyes.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

Don't caricature me. The seaman does not seek the storm, but he puts out to sea. The fledgling priest must face temptation, ay, and fight it to the bitter end.

HANNAH

Not such a very bitter end—for you and Felicia.

DR. VAUGHAN

If only that had been the end! If there had been no after to the glamour of our romance——

HANNAH [*Collapses on chair, murmuring*]  
Romance! O God!

DR. VAUGHAN

Yes, I won't deny the uplift, the exultation, the stirring of dry bones—that's the bedazzlement and bedevilment I've learnt to guard my flock against—but, oh my dear! how it was all poisoned by the deceit we

had to practise on *you* ! But as we sow, we reap, and out of our suffering we must make our education.

HANNAH

I see Felicia's suffering—not yours.

DR. VAUGHAN

And *her* suffering and yours and Amy's and Hubert's and Mrs. Morrow's—do I not suffer them all over again ?

HANNAH [*Sneering*]

Second-hand suffering !

DR. VAUGHAN

And the scourge of sleeplessness ?

HANNAH

Fear of being found out. When it comes to facing exposure and losing your pride of place and your lust of power——

DR. VAUGHAN

Hannah !

HANNAH

Satan finds for you all these sophistries.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Passionately*]

They are *not* sophistries. Every fibre in me longs to do God's work. Does He choose only perfect vessels to be His instruments ? He took Moses, the murderer

of the Egyptian, and used him to establish His people; He took David, the beguiler of Bathsheba, and used him to establish His Kingdom; He took Paul, the stoner of Stephen, and used him to establish His Church. And shall I, tainted though I am, and worm though I am, compared with these, be utterly thrown away? Wasted—when so much is crying out to be done! Think of it—the sin and shame of the world!

HANNAH

To which you have added. Oh, you sicken me with your hypocrisy.

DR. VAUGHAN

I am not thinking of private sins, but of public sins—our commercial greeds, our organized injustices, our squalors and brutalities—our ghastly wars, all the sores of our civilization, all that goads us to our crusades. I tell you, Hannah, the sins we do as a people so outweigh the sins we do as individuals, that I could almost cry: Each man as he pleases! so long as the nation do right!

HANNAH

Let each man do right and the whole nation is righteous.

DR. VAUGHAN

Not so. One unrighteous war may wreak more misery than a myriad private crimes. Are there so



many champions of national righteousness that you would paralyse this hand ?

HANNAH

How can I paralyse it ? I must do what is right. But you can always explain you are a skilled sea captain —At Lloyd's, is that the phrase ?

DR. VAUGHAN

You know you would paralyse it. Even that sinful lady demanded sinlessness of *me*. It is one of the delusions of the modern world.

HANNAH

Then what an opportunity to correct it !

DR. VAUGHAN

You know it can only be corrected by teachers not compromised.

HANNAH

Ah, sinlessness *is* necessary in a teacher !

*[She sits at the table, takes up her pen and writes.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

What are you writing ?

HANNAH

What St. Paul wrote to Timothy : " That the man of God may be perfect."

DR. VAUGHAN

Don't mock me. What are you writing ?

HANNAH

A letter to a lawyer, of course.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Snatching away her pen*]

You shall not kill my work !

HANNAH

You are killing your soul—you must atone to Felicia.

DR. VAUGHAN

It is you who would kill my soul by stifling its activities. Felicia asks no atonement. It was all I could do to make her take the few pounds to see her through. She's a free proud spirit. She demands her equal share of the blame, and would die rather than injure me. She saw how the double life was breaking me up. And she knew how I longed for the call to London—the real centre of energy. She knew my life-work was at stake, and it was she that said as Abram said to Lot, "Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me."

HANNAH

And don't I say the same ? And yet you snatch my pen !

DR. VAUGHAN

Spare me your mockery, I tell you. Listen ! Sir John hinted just before that the call to London was

imminent. Think of the activities you propose to kill. But you shan't. Take your pen.

[*Gives it back.*]

HANNAH

What will you do ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Go again through the hell of falsehood.

HANNAH

Lie, do you mean ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Terribly.

HANNAH

With your black tongue ?

DR. VAUGHAN

With my white purpose. I have these crusades to lead—shall the slave traffickers rejoice over my broken sword ? Is it not enough that I admit to you and to my own soul that I have done evil ?

HANNAH

Admit it to the world ! All else is hypocrisy.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Smiting the table*]

No ! If I teach my flock to hate sin, do I not feel and believe it down to the bleeding depths of my heart ? And suppose I did tear open my breast to

them, show them my spots and sores, would they understand? No more than you understand. The Salvation Army understands. They raise the sinner from the dust. But your respectable classes—one stumble, and every foot, every hoof is trampling on him. But they sha'n't! By heaven, they sha'n't! I will lie—as Mrs. Morrow lied to protect Felicia. I have to protect you and my home and my daughter and my life-work.

HANNAH

You will fail as she failed.

DR. VAUGHAN

And you will succeed only in stirring up a foul puddle—at which every filthy beast will rush to drink. Why, you can't even *get* a divorce, I suddenly remember.

HANNAH

Can't *get* a divorce?

DR. VAUGHAN

No, there's no cruelty.

HANNAH

This is not cruelty? O God!

DR. VAUGHAN

No, nor desertion either. And even if you tried to get a judicial separation, what proofs have you that a judge and a jury wouldn't laugh at? *Was* I at the nursing-home? It was as the priest who held her secret.

Felicia will clear me, Felicia with her divine constancy of self-sacrifice. She, not you, is the Christian.

HANNAH

You would go into the witness-box and deny it ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Unflinchingly.

HANNAH

And add perjury to your other sins ?

DR. VAUGHAN

And add perjury to the sins I should understand. I should leave the court a plaster saint, a shining example of priestly perfection. All that is best in our church would rally round me, and you, my poor Hannah, would be branded as a morbid woman, crazed with jealousy.

HANNAH

I saw you as an angel—and you are a fiend.

*[Bursts into sobs.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

I am neither—merely a man.

*[Sobbing, HANNAH goes into her room, and the key is heard turning in the lock. DR. VAUGHAN wipes his brow again, and throwing open the window draws a long breath of cool evening air. Then he turns out the lights and throws himself upon the divan in the moonlit darkness.]*

*[The Action Pauses.]*

## Third Movement

*Presently ELSIE opens the door and comes in.*

ELSIE  
Nobody here ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Wearily*]  
I'm here, Baby. Don't turn up the light.

ELSIE  
Poor daddy ! Did I disturb your nap ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
You know I don't nap so easily. But it rests me to lie  
in the moonlight.

ELSIE  
Dear romantic old daddy ! And what a delicious  
smell from the garden !

DR. VAUGHAN  
But why aren't you in bed ?

ELSIE  
Before dinner ! !

DR. VAUGHAN  
What am I thinking of ?

ELSIE  
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! You must have napped after all.

DR. VAUGHAN

And night-mared ! The Archmundhams are gone, I suppose ?

ELSIE

Not yet. They're all in the drawing-room.

DR. VAUGHAN

What are they hanging about for ?

ELSIE

I can't turn them out. And it looks so odd you and mother avoiding them. You might come up and pretend nothing was the matter.

DR. VAUGHAN

Pretend ? Oh, about Amy's tantrums.

ELSIE

Yes, come along. We want livening up ! You shall give us one of your rattling songs.

DR. VAUGHAN

Sing ?

ELSIE

Now, it's not a great tenor, so it needn't put on airs. And it hasn't got a cold.

DR. VAUGHAN

I can't, Elsie.

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ELSIE

Not even "The Death of Nelson?"

DR. VAUGHAN

No!

ELSIE

Yes, you will.—Or else I shall!

[Sings]

'Twas in Trafalgar Bay

We saw the Frenchman lay——

Awful grammar, I know. But come along! Amy'll play the accompaniment.

[Trying to raise him]

What a sluggish parent it is! Let us hear your rich manly voice troll it out.

[Sings]

England expects that every man

This day will do his duty,

This day will do——

[A burst of hysteric sobbing comes from HANNAH'S room]

What's that?

DR. VAUGHAN

It sounded like Amy Archmundham.

ELSIE

But it came from mother's room.

DR. VAUGHAN

One can't tell in the dark.

[ELSIE moves towards room door]



No, don't go in. Mother's resting.  
[ELSIE *knocks.*]

HANNAH [*Within*]  
You can't come in.

ELSIE  
But it's me—Elsie.

HANNAH  
I can't see you now.

DR. VAUGHAN  
I told you so. Run upstairs.

ELSIE  
But why does mother sound so cross ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
She's upset over Miss Archmundham. And Mrs. Morrow has been bothering, too. Cut along, Baby, and try to get rid of the Archmundhams.

ELSIE  
They'd go quicker if you sang.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Springing up in mock anger, itself simulated*]  
You malicious minx! Why not try one of your poems ?

ELSIE

Now, father! You promised me never to mention them.

DR. VAUGHAN

Be off then—or I'll recite one.

*[Strikes a drawing-room reciter's attitude]*

“Dawn over the Factories,” by George Rodney!

ELSIE *[In mock terror]*

For heaven's sake!

*[Rushes out]*

Ha! Ha! Ha!

DR. VAUGHAN

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

*[As the door closes behind ELSIE, his laughter dies abruptly. He turns towards HANNAH'S door]*

God! how she suffers!

*[He goes to her door and knocks. There is no answer]*

Hannah! I must speak to you!

HANNAH *[Within]*

I'm too busy packing.

DR. VAUGHAN

For God's sake!

*[Rattling the handle]*

Hannah!

*[The key is heard turning, the door is slightly opened, the light from HANNAH'S room streams through. Her white face appears in the illuminated patch.]*

HANNAH

What do you want ? Why are you in the dark ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Can I be in the light ?

HANNAH

No, indeed ! But that is what you must face.

*[She enters and turns it on. It shows him broken  
in body and spirit.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

I know I must—if you insist on a judicial separation. Of course I couldn't fight against you or descend to perjury—forget my wild words. But you surely won't go away like this—without even a night for reflection !

HANNAH

My duty needs no reflection. I must set you free.

DR. VAUGHAN

But you can't, I tell you—unless we played a comedy.

HANNAH

Played a comedy ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Unless I refused you conjugal rights, for example.

HANNAH [*Outraged*]

What !!

DR. VAUGHAN

You see, dear, even for a righteous end you would have to go a little crookedly.

HANNAH [*Passionately*]

I don't care. If *that* is man's law I can't take it seriously. You must be free to marry Felicia.

DR. VAUGHAN

And bury the Rev. Rodney Vaughan! And will that make *you* any happier—I mean, my marrying Felicia?

HANNAH

It will make *you* less sinful.

DR. VAUGHAN

You madden me with your perfection—forgive me! it's my own *imperfection* that maddens me. But what I want now is for you to consider yourself.

HANNAH

I *am* considering myself. How can I stay here? Every room is profaned. To think that in this very sanctum—oh, I can't bear to look at it!

[*Covers her eyes.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

You *would* turn up the light.

HANNAH

I should see it all the more in the dark. Elsie and I must make a little home for ourselves.

DR. VAUGHN [*Overwhelmed*]  
Elsie, too ?

HANNAH  
Do you think Felicia would want her about ? Oh,  
her sisters were lucky to die ! They shall not stay  
here !

*[She seizes the photograph frames.]*

DR. VAUGHAN  
Let them be ! They are inscribed " To Dad ! "

HANNAH  
Felicia won't want *my* children, too.  
*[She takes the photographs out of the frames.]*

DR. VAUGHAN  
Give me my photographs !  
*[He takes hold of them.]*

HANNAH  
No !  
*[He tries to wrest them from her. The door opens. She relaxes her hold, leaving them in his possession. Enter PURVIS, with a tray heaped high with letters and papers. He brings it to DR. VAUGHAN, who motions him impatiently to place them on his writing-table. Exit PURVIS. DR. VAUGHAN penitently hands back the photographs to HANNAH.]*

DR. VAUGHAN

You are right ! I have forfeited even the dead.

*[He drops miserably into his chair at the writing-table, while she places the photographs in her bosom.]*

But I love you, Hannah, despite everything.

HANNAH

Don't begin your lies again. *Please!*

DR. VAUGHAN

It's not lies. We men can love in more ways than one.

HANNAH

Then you *still* love her !

DR. VAUGHAN *[With a passionate sweep of the hand that scatters the pile of letters all over his table]*

*Won't* you understand ? A hurricane whirled me from my moorings—no, you women saints will never understand that—but haven't I fought my way back in the teeth of the gale ?

HANNAH

For your career's sake—not for mine.

DR. VAUGHAN

For yours, too. Isn't every thought bound up with our joint life ? Can I sit at this table without remembering that we bought it together ? Can I walk in the garden and not feel who planted the irises ? Can

I look at those frames, even though you have emptied them, and not think of the children we have loved and lost ? . . . You talk of divorce ! Can I shake off all our years together and begin a new life with a comparative stranger ?

HANNAH [*Softened—moving towards him*]  
You did begin it.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And end it. Since that day at the nursing home we have not exchanged a word, a look, a line !

HANNAH  
Are you sure—are you very sure ?  
[*Approaches the writing-table.*]

DR. VAUGHAN  
I had a circular announcing her little type-writing establishment. That was the absolute last.

HANNAH  
You dare tell me that when a letter from—— ?  
[*Points to one of the scattered letters.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Agitated*]  
A letter from Felicia !

HANNAH  
Can't you smell the reek of her eau-de-cologne ?  
[*DR. VAUGHAN extends his hand to take it, then draws back.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

Open it !

HANNAH

I ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Yes ! Read it !

*[HANNAH'S hand goes slowly and doubtfully towards the letter. She picks it up.]*

HANNAH *[Handing it to him]*

You take it ! I can't bear the scent.

DR. VAUGHAN

Read it !

*[HANNAH'S trembling fingers fumble vainly at the envelope.]*

You see—you tell me to marry her—and your hand trembles with jealousy.

HANNAH

It's not jealousy. It's the sense of a quicksand under my feet ; no solid foothold anywhere. Nothing I can believe.

DR. VAUGHAN

Don't deny *all* flesh and blood ! Isn't the gulf between us wide enough ?

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HANNAH

If I am jealous, all the more reason I should give her up to you. Take her letter!

DR. VAUGHAN

No!

*[Puts his hands behind his back.]*

HANNAH *[Opening the letter fumblingly, and reading]*  
“Dear Pastor—As we may chance to meet to-morrow, when I must come up to say good-bye to Hubert, I had better—warn—” no, that’s scratched out—“tell—better tell you I shall be accompanied by my husband.”

DR. VAUGHAN

What!!

*[He turns agitatedly, and takes the letter from her and reads on]*

“I have married a rising young author, whose novel I had been typing. He is very good to me and fond of little Davie—

*[Pauses in emotion]*

—who is gaining weight fast. Always in grateful goodwill—FELICIA VENABLES.”

*[He lets the letter flutter to the ground and stands miserable.]*

HANNAH *[In mingled relief and horror]*

And she marries him without telling him——!

DR. VAUGHAN

She has obviously told him everything—except my name.

HANNAH

And men will marry like that !

DR. VAUGHAN

We are not so hard as you, you see.

HANNAH

And the child—he will pretend it is his ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Gloomily*]

It will pass as his—naturally.

HANNAH

Horrible !

DR. VAUGHAN

Society has the shams it deserves.

HANNAH

How deserves ?

DR. VAUGHAN

If it will recognize only two classes of persons—the perfect and the imprisoned.

HANNAH

It makes me feel like on a rocking ship.

DR. VAUGHAN

Because you have never known the deeps of life—you're only used to the harbour. One must get one's sea-legs.

HANNAH

*You* seem rather white.

DR. VAUGHAN [*With sudden fierceness*]

And isn't it ghastly to think of Felicia tied to a man she doesn't love ?

HANNAH

How do you know she doesn't love him ?

DR. VAUGHAN

Don't say anything against Felicia. She couldn't change like that !

HANNAH

Poor mother ! Then it's for the child she sacrificed herself.

DR. VAUGHAN

It's for me she has sacrificed herself ! God ! see where my scoundrelism has driven her ! She feared I wouldn't be strong enough—that I should be drawn back to her—her and my boy. So she puts an impassable barrier between us. . . . She's a great creature, I tell you. . . . And perhaps she knew me better than I knew myself. . . . Anyhow, here's an end to your revelations and reparations.

HANNAH  
How an end ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*In amazed alarm*]  
You don't want to divorce me all the same ? Publicly,  
at least. That's not your duty now.

HANNAH  
It's *your* duty I'm thinking of. You can't go into  
your pulpit while your congregation remains ignorant  
that——

DR. VAUGHAN  
Good God ! You expect me to confess ? Now ?  
And ruin Felicia's position ! I tell you not a hair of  
her head——

HANNAH  
You needn't mention her name any more than she  
mentioned yours.

DR. VAUGHAN  
You ask me to shatter everything Felicia sacrificed  
herself to save !

HANNAH  
You can't go on preaching while you yourself are a  
whited sepulchre. You *must* make your peace with  
God.

DR. VAUGHAN

Peace! What a beautiful word! Yes—the strength to fight seems snapped. Peace!

HANNAH [*Eagerly*]

Then you *will* confess?

DR. VAUGHAN

And do you think I have strength for claptrap confessions? I am tired, I tell you—suddenly tired.

HANNAH

But there is only one road to peace and rest.

DR. VAUGHAN

Yes—only one road.

[*ELSIE throws open the door and runs in excitedly, flourishing a newspaper.*]

ELSIE

Oh, father! The *Courier* has such a lovely picture of the President of the——!

DR. VAUGHAN

I wish you wouldn't rush so.

ELSIE

But it's so splendiferous!

[*He motions her impatiently to leave it*]

And you've dropped a letter.

[*Picks up FELICIA's letter and puts it on his table*]

What an awful post! Lucky it's the last.

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DR. VAUGHAN [*Broodingly*]  
Yes, the last post.

ELSIE  
Can't I help you ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
No, Baby, you can't help me.

ELSIE [*Passing by the bureau*]  
Why, who has taken away Ruth and Mary ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Do leave me in peace.  
[*ELSIE flies out*]  
And you, too, Hannah.

HANNAH  
If it is in peace with God !

DR. VAUGHAN  
God understands the faults of His creature. He knows  
that my sin came out of the very glory of His world.  
If I could fall asleep in His arms !  
[*His head sinks on his breast in utter weariness.  
There is a double rat-tat at the house-door. He  
does not move.*]

HANNAH [*Vaguely terrified*]  
You are drugged. Sin has drugged you. Come !  
Face your sin. Be yourself.

DR. VAUGHAN

This *is* myself.

HANNAH.

Then yourself is a man I have never known.

DR. VAUGHAN

And whose acquaintance I am still making.

[*Enter PURVIS with a telegram. DR. VAUGHAN still does not move.*]

HANNAH [*Controlling her voice*]

Is that for me ?

PURVIS [*Sternly*]

No, mum, for Vaughan. Reply prepaid.

[*Gives it to her husband.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Reading it and crumpling it up angrily*]

Those pestering papers !

[*Throws it into the waste-paper basket. PURVIS lingers.*]

No answer !

HANNAH

But you needn't waste the reply form.

[*She picks up the crumpled mass, and reads the wire aloud*]

"Kindly inform *Herald's* readers how propose start Crusades." Thirty-six words prepaid.

[*She sits at table and takes a pen.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*To PURVIS*]  
I told you no answer.

PURVIS  
Yes, sir. But can't I tell you now about *Macbeth* ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
What is this nonsense about *Macbeth* ?  
[*PURVIS looks disconcerted*]  
Fire away, then !

PURVIS  
I did go to th' play-house with Sir John's coachman—  
we've had a searching of hearts over it just now—it's  
been weighing on us both.

DR. VAUGHAN [*With a faint smile*]  
*Macbeth* hath murdered sleep, eh ?

PURVIS  
I wouldna go so far as to say that.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And is that all that's on your conscience ?

PURVIS  
Yes, sir.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And you could now look Sir John in the face ?

PURVIS  
Like a man.  
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DR. VAUGHAN  
Even when carrying in my pyjamas ?

PURVIS  
They werna very clean, sir.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Smiling*]  
I see. So now you are perfect.

PURVIS  
Oh no, Dr. Vaughan. No man was ever perfect—  
except Noah.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And *he* got drunk !

PURVIS  
That was *after* the flood, sir. M'appen he got tired  
of water.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

HANNAH [*Counting what she has written*]  
Thirty-five, thirty-six ! Here's the answer !  
[*Rising, she gives it to PURVIS who starts to go. DR.*  
*VAUGHAN is taken aback but recovers himself.*]

DR. VAUGHAN  
One moment !  
[*He takes it from PURVIS and scans it questioningly*]  
Wants a word or two altered. You needn't wait.  
[*PURVIS goes out. He tears the telegram in two*]

You expect me to tell the paper that I propose to start the Crusades against iniquity by proclaiming my own sin from the pulpit !

HANNAH

And how else can you preach your new gospel ?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Puzzled*]

My new gospel ?

HANNAH

That repentant sinners make the best ministers.

DR. VAUGHAN

Oh that !

[*Throws pieces in wastepaper basket*]

Isn't that all a web of sophistry—spun just as you said—to cover up my sin ?

HANNAH

Not if you tear away the covering ! Not if you purge yourself by public confession ! That *may* be a re-baptising—so as by fire.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Kindled*]

Ha !

HANNAH

And then God might deign to use you again as His instrument.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Exalted by her fervour*]

Then you *believe* in my idea ?

HANNAH

It is for you to prove it to me. *Show* the world the triumph of conscience.

DR. VAUGHAN

And if it proves our ruin ?

[ELSIE *flies in.*]

ELSIE

You're wanted at the 'phone, mother—Oh, I'm sorry, father, I rushed so—but it's most urgent, she says.

DR. VAUGHAN

Who says ?

ELSIE

Mrs. Morrow.

HANNAH [*Surprised*]

Mrs. Morrow ?

[*Goes towards door. With parting admonition to her husband*]

Send that telegram !

[*Exit.*]

ELSIE

Shall *I* take it ?

DR. VAUGHAN

No, no, it's not ready.

ELSIE

And you haven't looked at your picture in the *Courier* !  
[*Picks it up reproachfully.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

Not now, Baby.

[*He goes out to the garden, ELSIE is following*]

Please ! I want to be alone.

[*Exit.*]

ELSIE

Poor overworked Dad ! But I suppose you must pay  
for your pictures.

[*She stands at the open window, gloating over the  
biography. With a little knock, unheeded by her,  
JOHN comes in, pausing at the door ; then, seeing  
she is rapt, he steals up behind her.*]

JOHN

Another of your poems ?

ELSIE [*Startled*]

Oh ! . . . What poems ? I'm reading about father !

[*Shows the picture of him*]

Why have you come down ?

JOHN

I was bored without you. Shall we go into the  
garden ?

ELSIE

What for ? We don't grow potatoes.

JOHN  
Don't tease. Do let us go.

ELSIE  
No.

JOHN  
Not with such a heavenly moon ?  
[*He stands at the garden-window.*]

ELSIE  
Heavenly ? What else can the moon be ?

JOHN  
Come along !

ELSIE [*Shaking her head*]  
Father is there !

JOHN [*Eagerly*]  
Oh, you want us to be alone.

ELSIE  
No, I want father to be alone.

JOHN  
Always pulling me down from heaven.

ELSIE [*Looking up*]  
Ursa Minor seems still there.

JOHN [*Bitterly*]  
That's your idea of me—the Little Bear !

ELSIE [*Roguishly*]  
Well, you don't consider yourself the Great Bear ?  
That's your father.

JOHN  
I should like to give you a great hug.

ELSIE [*Retreating a little*]  
Don't be such a *savage* bear. Doesn't all this starry  
peacefulness soothe you ?

JOHN  
No, it fires me—like your poem.

ELSIE  
My poem ?

JOHN  
In Saturday's *Courier*.

ELSIE [*Blushing, murmurs, embarrassed*]  
How do you know ?

JOHN  
Well, it's signed "George Rodney," and in literature  
George is always a lady. And Rodney wasn't very  
difficult to place, was it, George ?

ELSIE  
Mr. Archmundham, you mustn't—

JOHN  
Mustn't call you by somebody else's Christian name ?

ELSIE  
We must be going back to your people.

JOHN  
Besides, I didn't need that clue—I saw your tender soul in every line.

ELSIE  
What do *you* know of tenderness ?

JOHN  
Ah, you think me a bear because I can't take the old people seriously—this deity of theirs with his big beard and his eye on everything ! But between your poetry and my science there is no hostility. Truth and love—that's all we have for the certainties of our elders. Can't we make them enough ?

ELSIE [*Smilingly*]  
Poetry and potatoes ?

JOHN  
Isn't that all that really matters ?

ELSIE  
But need we despise our elders ?

JOHN

You shall teach me toleration. Only love me, Elsie love me, as I love you. . . .

*[She turns away]*

Ah, I know you can't yet, but in time—perhaps—

ELSIE

But I do love you.

JOHN

Elsie !

ELSIE

Why else did I detest you ? I have loved you—oh, a dreadful time, ever since you took those brilliant degrees. But you seemed so far away—so abominably clever—so disgustingly rich——

JOHN

And you detested me for that ?

ELSIE

No, not for that—you couldn't help that. But you seemed so cruel, so cynical—I had to fight against myself.

JOHN

But now ?

ELSIE

Now I see you are good—good !

*[She falls into his arms.]*



JOHN

Oh, Elsie, I shall never be as good as you.

ELSIE

Oh, John, it has been terrible—this strange cruel aching towards you—this feeling that it could not be. Even now I feel this is only a dream.

JOHN

So long as we never wake !

*[Their lips meet. Enter HANNAH.]*

HANNAH [*Dazed*]

Elsie !

ELSIE [*Scarcely moving*]

Oh, mother, I am so happy.

JOHN

And I, too, mother.

HANNAH

You have got engaged ?

JOHN

Wasn't it clever of us ?

HANNAH [*Half to herself*]

My God ! Who could have foreseen this ?

*[Staggers, sinks into chair.]*

ELSIE [*Catching her*]  
Mother !

HANNAH  
It is impossible—impossible.  
[*Pushes ELSIE away.*]

JOHN  
You refuse your consent ?

HANNAH  
Elsie is no fit match for you—we are only plain  
people—

JOHN  
Elsie plain ? Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

HANNAH  
You are so rich !

JOHN  
I am, indeed.  
[*Clasps ELSIE.*]

HANNAH  
One day you will be titled.

JOHN  
Don't rub it in. It may happen to you yet—with a  
husband like yours. . . . So now we are through  
with the objections.

HANNAH

No! This marriage cannot take place.

ELSIE [*Tragically*]

What do you mean, mother ?

HANNAH [*Rising*]

It is impossible. It's a saving of pain to tell you so at once.

JOHN

But how impossible ? Here am I and here is Elsie.

HANNAH

And here was Amy and here was Hubert.

JOHN

I see ! You mean to pay us out for rejecting Hubert.

HANNAH

As if I would hurt Elsie for that !

ELSIE [*Passionately*]

And why else would you hurt me ?

HANNAH [*To JOHN*]

Please go !

JOHN

Are you not going to give me a reason ?

HANNAH

Your father will give you a reason—when he knows.

JOHN

Oh, that's what you think, is it? Excuse me a moment, Elsie.

[*He runs out, HANNAH goes distractedly towards the garden.*]

ELSIE

Where are you going?

HANNAH

To tell father—I suppose he's out here.

ELSIE

But I want you to listen to me! You *must* listen!

HANNAH [*Dazed now throughout*]

Yes—yes—what do you want to say?

ELSIE

I love John. Do you understand?

HANNAH

Yes, I understand.

ELSIE

And if you take John from me, I shall not carry on like Amy—but there *will* be a great gulf fixed between you and me. Do you understand?

HANNAH

Yes, yes.

ELSIE

And I shall just break my heart—do you understand ?

HANNAH

I understand.

ELSIE

You don't look as if you did ! You are not attending to me at all.

HANNAH

Wait ! Wait—don't be so impatient with me. Yes, it is all coming to me. If I take John away from you, you will go away from me—on the other side of a gulf—

*[She screams]*

No, no, Elsie ! Not you, too !

*[Throws her arms round her, bursting into tears.]*

ELSIE

Yes, I too. I have always stood up for the old generation. But now I see how they crush the young, how they sacrifice us to their incomprehensible—

*[SIR JOHN opens the door, JOHN behind him.]*

SIR JOHN *[Radiant]*

May *I* have a look in ?

*[HANNAH tries to suppress her sobs]*

No, don't mind *me*, Mrs. Vaughan, I'm a bit choky

myself. But when you've done with my daughter,  
I'd like a hug at her.

JOHN [*Beaming*]  
The *Great Bear*! What did I tell you?

HANNAH  
Sir John, believe me, if I had dreamed of this——

SIR JOHN  
You'd have dreamed true. Ha! Ha! Ha!  
[*Embraces ELSIE, who becomes as radiant as he.*]

HANNAH [*Imperiously interrupting this dalliance*]  
Sir John! I must tell you. Ten minutes ago Mrs.  
Morrow rang me up. She is coming here to see you.

SIR JOHN [*Throwing up his hands*]  
Not again to-night!

HANNAH  
I'm afraid I advised her to. She's got important  
news which she begged me to carry to you—but I  
persuaded her to jump into a taxi for once and tell  
you herself.

SIR JOHN  
Bother! Just when I thought we'd have a bit of a  
jollification!

JOHN [*Shocked*]  
Jollification!  
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SIR JOHN

Yes, you potato ! The night *I* got engaged there was a party and we all sang.

JOHN

Hymns ?

ELSIE [*Shaking her finger laughingly*]

John !

SIR JOHN

Hymns are jollier than your drawing-room ballads. Think what Amy has been squalling. And now on top of her comes Mrs. Morrow.

ELSIE [*Still laughing*]

*She* isn't going to sing ?

SIR JOHN

Worse ! . . . John, would you mind taking Elsie away ?

JOHN

At such a moment, father, I can refuse you nothing.

[*Facetious exit with ELSIE.*]

SIR JOHN [*Turning sternly on HANNAH*]

I do hope Mrs. Morrow hasn't been working on your feminine weakness. Facts are facts.

HANNAH

And there is a new one.

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SIR JOHN

There is indeed—that I take a daughter from your hallowed home. You and I must combine now to guard our family honour.

HANNAH [*Huskily*]

Yes. . . . But suppose . . .

SIR JOHN

And your husband must help too. What's become of him ?

HANNAH

He was here just before.

[*Calling at garden-window*]

Rodney ! . . . Rodney ! . . . He must have walked into the street.

[*Summons up all her strength*]

But you mustn't speak, Sir John, as if this marriage was all settled.

SIR JOHN

Your husband may feel slighted, you mean ?

HANNAH [*Resolutely*]

I mean—if my husband opens his heart to you—

[*Her whole being seems agitated with a mental struggle. She ends weakly*]

objections may be revealed.

SIR JOHN

Fudge ! What objections can be revealed ? He'll be as delighted as I am.



HANNAH [*Wavering*]  
You really *are* delighted ?

SIR JOHN  
Can you ask ? The offspring of such parents !

HANNAH [*With a last flicker of resistance*]  
But surely John ought to do better—Lady Muriel Travers, for example.

SIR JOHN  
I don't deny Lady Muriel would have brought more land ! But not more looks ! Eh ? And John has got quite enough land for his potatoes. What ? Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! I'm so glad the Dower House is just empty for them. And what an opportunity to work off my carriages on them as wedding-presents and get motors. Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

[*Enter PURVIS.*]

PURVIS  
Mrs. Morrow for Sir John Archmundham.

HANNAH  
Show her in here.

[*PURVIS goes through door, HANNAH towards garden.*]

SIR JOHN  
Don't go—I want your moral support. The family must stick together.

[*HANNAH, obviously still distressed by her conscience, turns back. PURVIS ushers in MRS. MORROW and exit. MRS. MORROW stands in stately pride.*]

HANNAH [*Apologetically*]  
Sir John asks me to remain. Won't you sit down ?

MRS. MORROW

Thank you.

[*Ignores chair*]

Sir John, I did not think I could ever face you again,  
but for my boy's sake—and your girl's——

SIR JOHN

Please come to the new fact.

MRS. MORROW

Felicia is married !

[*Holds out a letter*]

She's just written.

SIR JOHN

Eh ? The scoundrel has married her ?

MRS. MORROW

So it seems.

SIR JOHN

And who *was* he ?

MRS. MORROW

He's a young author. So you see——

SIR JOHN

I shall see his works don't get into the public library.

HANNAH [*Agitated*]

But that would be unjust. . . . I mean, the *books* mightn't be evil.

SIR JOHN

I know those books. I thought you were here to give me your moral support. . . . Well, Mrs. Morrow, I'm glad the thing's put right so far, and it's better for their child. But I don't see how it removes my objection.

HANNAH

But surely, Sir John——!

SIR JOHN

Tainted stock is tainted stock.

HANNAH [*Hotly*]

One flaw doesn't——

MRS. MORROW [*Proudly*]

Please, Mrs. Vaughan! Good-bye, Sir John!

[*Sweeps to the door. Turns*]

If you could see Hubert's condition you would understand how I could humble myself. But you and I will not meet again!

AMY [*Appearing suddenly outside window*]

Oh yes, you will, mother!

HANNAH  
Miss Archmundham !  
SIR JOHN  
Amy !  
MRS. MORROW  
Miss Archmundham !

} *Together.*

AMY [*Entering*]  
You two are going to be great friends.

SIR JOHN  
Eavesdropping !

AMY  
And who has the right to decide my life behind my back ? Was I to let the old Doge hold another Council of Three ? Elsie told me Mrs. Morrow was coming to it, and as she and John didn't seem anxious for my society, I thought I'd make a fourth.

SIR JOHN  
The old Doge wished to spare your delicacy.

AMY  
Then he should never have let me do district visiting. Felicia has only followed the local custom. Don't look so shocked ! You know our masses only marry afterwards. The torture you've put me to, guessing at Hubert's iniquities. And all the while he's a martyred saint ! You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

SIR JOHN

*You* ought to be ashamed to go by the masses. We Archmundhams have to set a standard.

AMY

Yes, of justice. Even Mrs. Vaughan, who's like the angel of judgment, was shocked at you.

SIR JOHN [*Contemptuously*]

Angel of judgment! *You* women are all alike. Three of you, and not one standing up for law and civilization.

AMY

Hurrah! Votes for women!

SIR JOHN

But John is on my side.

AMY [*Scornfully*]

John! He thinks people are like potatoes.

SIR JOHN

So they are!

AMY

Well, you can't boil us in our skins. That's a comfort.

SIR JOHN

But we can throw you into the dust-bin. I mean the bad ones. Women with pasts should be eliminated.

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AMY

Women have to marry men with pasts.

HANNAH

Or futures.

SIR JOHN

Two wrongs don't make a right.

[AMY goes to the door]

Where are you off to ?

AMY

To telephone to the shipping company.

SIR JOHN

What for ?

AMY

To cancel Hubert's passage.

SIR JOHN

Eh ?

MRS. MORROW

But the office will be closed, dear.

AMY

Bother ! Then I'll tell Hubert he's engaged.

SIR JOHN

What !

AMY [*Going to him*]

The dear old Doge has withdrawn the embargo.

SIR JOHN

No, I haven't—

[*She kisses him cajolingly*]

at least, not till Dr. Vaughan does—I wish he'd come in.

AMY

Why Dr. Vaughan ?

SIR JOHN

John and Elsie told you *they're* engaged, didn't they ? Well, then ! It all affects Dr. Vaughan's honour now—don't you see ?—and as we never consulted him about Elsie, we must leave *something* to him !

AMY [*Shaking her head at him*]

Oh you men ! You *must* save your faces. Well, anyhow

[*Links her arm in MRS. MORROW'S*]

we can go and help Hubert unpack !

MRS. MORROW

This relief is too much !

[*She droops half-fainting on AMY'S arm.*]

SIR JOHN [*With a courtly bow*]

Mrs. Morrow will do me the honour of using my carriage.

AMY

I told you you two would be great friends ! Good-night, Mrs. Vaughan. You've been *so* kind.

MRS. MORROW

Good-night, Sir John, thank you for your carriage,

AMY

*A rivederci, Doge!*

MRS. MORROW

Good-night, Mrs. Vaughan.

*[Exit with AMY.]*

HANNAH

Good-night!

*[She stands like a statue.]*

SIR JOHN

You see how they desert me—both my chicks.

HANNAH *[Dully]*

Yes—there's a gulf whatever one does.

SIR JOHN

Never mind—they get us the grandchicks. Cheer up,  
mother—don't look as if 'twas a funeral.

*[AMY pops in a laughing head.]*

AMY

Doge!

SIR JOHN

Yes, darling.



AMY

*You're* a pretty Grand Signor! You offer Mrs. Morrow your carriage and it isn't there!

SIR JOHN [*Roaring*]

Why, what has the rascal——?

HANNAH

You sent it to Judson's.

SIR JOHN

So I did.

AMY

Ha! Ha! Ha!

[HANNAH *is moving to the door.*]

SIR JOHN

No, don't trouble. I'll see to it all. All these young people with their love-affairs send one's wits wool-gathering.

[*Exit.* HANNAH *moves like a sleep-walker to the table. She catches sight of FELICIA'S letter.*]

HANNAH [*Startled into terror*]

Her letter!

[*Tearing it into pieces*]

How careless of Rodney!

[*She throws the pieces into the waste-paper basket. Then she takes out the photographs from her bosom, and carefully replaces them in their frames. Enter DR. VAUGHAN by the garden window. She utters a cry of relief.*]

Rodney! Where have you been?

DR. VAUGHAN [*Who looks exalted*]  
Up to the stars, I think. Your words lifted me.

HANNAH [*Dazed*]  
My words ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Yes. Not sleep, struggle. Not hypocrisy, truth. I shall fight.

HANNAH  
Fight ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Sweep away this modern cant of the plaster priest !  
All the saints and prophets of the world were sown  
in sin—as lilies are reared in peat. St. Augustine,  
St. Francis, Tolstoy—there isn't a church in the  
world, to-day, would have given any of 'em a post !  
Well, let them take away mine !

HANNAH [*Trembling*]  
You are going to tell them— — ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Yes, dear. Without Felicia's name, of course. And  
if they cast stones at me, I will take those stones and  
of them I will build a new church—the church of  
reality. By God ! they shall not paralyse this hand !  
. . . Is Sir John gone ?

HANNAH

Yes—no—getting his carriage.

DR. VAUGHAN

Good. Then let him cast the first stone !

*[Going towards the door.]*

HANNAH

No, no—not now—not to-night.

DR. VAUGHAN

But I must—now, while I hold the vision beautiful !

To-morrow it may have faded.

HANNAH

The sooner it fades the better ! Oh, God help us !

DR. VAUGHAN

Hannah ! What has come over you ?

HANNAH

Elsie—Elsie is engaged to John Archmundham !

DR. VAUGHAN *[Overwhelmed]*

Elsie—my little Elsie ! Why, she's a baby !

HANNAH

A woman with a will of iron, but a heart you can crush like a bird's. And don't you see that if Sir John knows that Elsie's father—oh, Rodney !

*[Covers her eyes.]*

Even John himself was against Amy's marriage.

DR. VAUGHAN

Wait! Let me grasp this transformation! Do you mean that Sir John has consented——?

HANNAH

Yes.

DR. VAUGHAN

But he wanted John to marry Lady Muriel!

HANNAH

He's delighted John shall marry our Elsie.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Slowly*]

Then—I am not to confess? Not to fight?

HANNAH

It would break Elsie's heart—as Amy's was nigh broken. . . . Oh, I don't wonder you look at me like that. To think that I dared to preach to you, to madden you with my perfection—I, a Pharisee, yes, you were right—a Pharisee who had never been tempted—who at the first temptation threw over everything.

[*Breaks down.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Soothingly*]

But for Elsie's sake not your own.

HANNAH

Don't try to comfort me. It was sheer maternal

weakness. It's not even as if I was thinking purely of Elsie's broken heart. Satan kept whispering, too, of the carriages she would drive in, the title she would one day bear. And how she would hate me if I kept her from everything. And all the mud and filth if you confessed and fought. And all the horrible burden and anxiety of the fight, which might end in our all starving, and which at heart I didn't even believe we had a right to win.

[DR. VAUGHAN *makes a gesture of protest.*]

Oh, I know I talked fine about your new gospel, but I was so harrowed by the state you got into I daresay I'd have subscribed to any absurdity. And wasn't there a voice underneath all along, crying, what does anything matter but to make him happy again, but to have his arms around you again some day?

[*Covers her face in shame*]

You said you were still making your own acquaintance. I've only begun to make mine. Oh, how ugly everything is!

[*Breaks down.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

And how beautiful! Don't you see, dear, that all this brings us a little nearer again? That it bridges, if only by a span, the gulf between us?

HANNAH

Is there *any* gulf between us? I shall have to stand by and connive at your career, as I had to stand by and hear Felicia's young husband slandered as her seducer.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Eagerly*]  
They know she's married ?

HANNAH  
Mrs. Morrow came back with the new fact. She  
hoped it would soften Sir John.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And did it ?

HANNAH  
Hubert and Amy are practically engaged.

DR. VAUGHAN  
Thank God ! That's one burden off my conscience.  
I know, dear, I've been a great disillusion to you, but  
in time—when you see how I use my pulpit to teach  
what my sin has taught me, you will not find it so  
degrading to . . . connive at my career.

HANNAH  
Oh, I didn't mean to wound you—but I *was* so looking  
forward to your call to London. And now—I can  
never be proud of you again.

DR. VAUGHAN  
But you can learn to despise me less.

HANNAH

I haven't the right to despise you—weren't you ready to do the great thing? It's myself I despise for stopping you.

DR. VAUGHAN

No, no. You sacrificed your ideal to Elsie, I sacrificed mine to myself.

HANNAH [*Wailing*]

Don't try to comfort me.

[*Enter SIR JOHN. Half retreats apologetically.*]

SIR JOHN [*Murmuring*]

Oh, I'm sorry.

HANNAH [*Deaf to his entry*]

Don't try to comfort me.

SIR JOHN [*Coming forward*]

But mother! Elsie'll only be two miles off!

DR. VAUGHAN

Ah, Sir John!

[*Shakes his hand*]

We're both really very glad about Elsie and your boy. And still gladder about Amy and Hubert.

SIR JOHN

Oh, you sentimentalists! Well, after all, of course, it isn't as if Hubert's *father* had disgraced himself,

eh, Mrs. Vaughan! A sister *is* rather a side issue.  
What?

*[Vigorous rat-tatting and ringing at the street door]*

Ah, there they are!

DR. VAUGHAN  
There who are?

SIR JOHN *[Smiling]*  
Prepare to receive cavalry.

HANNAH  
A deputation?

DR. VAUGHAN  
At this hour? I won't see them.

SIR JOHN  
Oh, but my dear Doctor——

DR. VAUGHAN  
I'm tired out. I haven't even seen Elsie since she got engaged, and I——

*[Enter PURVIS. As the door opens a motley buzz of conversation and laughter is heard from the passage.]*

PURVIS  
The Elders!  
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DR. VAUGHAN

Ask them to come in the morning, Purvis, I'm too tired.

[PURVIS *hesitates.*]

HANNAH

Ask them into the drawing-room—I'll see them.

[PURVIS *closes the door behind him: the babble dwindles.*]

SIR JOHN

But, Mrs. Vaughan, it's a testimonial. To the President of the Conference!

DR. VAUGHAN

I don't care.

SIR JOHN

Don't be absurd.

DR. VAUGHAN

I don't feel like taking testimonials.

SIR JOHN

Because you're tired?

DR. VAUGHAN

Because I'm unworthy.

SIR JOHN

Tut! Tut! That's what they all say. But they take 'em! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[Claps DR. VAUGHAN on the shoulder]

Come along.

[PURVIS re-appears at the door, bearing a large and handsome silver salver.]

PURVIS

Does th' tray go upstairs, too?

SIR JOHN

Yes—but bring it over here. Let the Doctor see it!

DR. VAUGHAN [*Waving it back*]

I don't want to see it.

SIR JOHN

Show it to Mrs. Vaughan.

DR. VAUGHAN

Ah, trying to tempt Eve.

HANNAH [*Waving it back*]

But if my husband feels unworthy——

SIR JOHN [*Getting exasperated*]

Stuff and nonsense! Just hear the inscription. Read it, Purvis.

PURVIS

Ay, that will I.

[*Reads with unction*]

“To the Rev. Dr. Rodney Vaughan, who combines the saintliness of the minister with the ability of the statesman, this unworthy memento——”

DR. VAUGHAN  
Ugh! Take it away!

PURVIS  
Ay, ay, blessed are the meek.

DR. VAUGHAN  
And say I don't feel able to see them or to take it.

HANNAH  
But that the Doctor will acknowledge their kindness from the pulpit.

PURVIS  
I understand, mum.  
[*Exit, carrying salver, his lips still unctuously murmuring*]  
“Who combines the saintliness of the minister with the ability——”  
[*Exit.*]

SIR JOHN [*To DR. VAUGHAN*]  
You really mean to insult them—and lose London?

HANNAH  
Lose London? Has Dr. Edgeworth resigned?  
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SIR JOHN

I oughtn't to have said anything. But this presentation is merely a prelude to our highest post—a thousand a year, remember. And work after your own heart for the glory of God! Come!

[*But DR. VAUGHAN is looking at the bureau with a strange intentness.*]

DR. VAUGHAN

You've put back the photographs!

HANNAH

Yes, dear.

[*Their eyes meet.*]

SIR JOHN

Don't go wool-gathering, man. Pull yourself together. The Lord calls you.

DR. VAUGHAN

The Lord! You and Judson and a pair of London tradesmen. No, no.

[*Mystically*]

I hear the call of the Lord—to sacrifice to Him. I shall give up even this post.

SIR JOHN

What!

DR. VAUGHAN

I shall retire from the ministry.

HANNAH  
Thank God !

SIR JOHN [*Turning on her*]  
Eh ? Is this *your* idea ?

HANNAH  
No, God be praised—it's his own. I never thought of it—I never dreamed he'd give up his work.

SIR JOHN  
But how will you live ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Oh, don't be afraid ! I sha'n't sponge on Elsie's father-in-law.

SIR JOHN [*With dignity*]  
I never hoped you would, Rodney.

DR. VAUGHAN  
I beg your pardon, Sir John.

SIR JOHN  
I beg yours. I only meant what will you do ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
I only know what I won't do—make a profession of holiness.

SIR JOHN  
Why, what's come over you, man ?

DR. VAUGHAN

What ought to come over every man—a change of heart.

SIR JOHN

A change of air—that's what you want. The Conference has been too much for you. I quite understand, Mrs. Vaughan, your relief at the idea of his pulling up. But—

[*Noisy voices of the descending deputation without*]  
There! I told you they'd be angry. You won't send them away like this—you'll sleep over it.

DR. VAUGHAN [*With a wan smile*]

Not very likely.

SIR JOHN [*Gently*]

Ah, I know, dear Rodney, it's your insomnia that's behind all this.

DR. VAUGHAN

Then won't you leave me in peace, dear friend ?

SIR JOHN

I'm sorry.

[*Going. Turns*]

But what are we to do with the testimonial ?

HANNAH [*Smiling wanly*]

Judson won't ask that.

DR. VAUGHAN [*Laughingly*]  
No, indeed! Melt it down for our Crusades.

SIR JOHN  
For *our* Crusades? Then you *will* work with us?

DR. VAUGHAN  
Yes,  
    [*Clasps SIR JOHN's hand*]  
with the ability of the statesman, if God has given it  
me.  
    [*Drops his hand*]  
But not with the saintliness of the priest.

SIR JOHN  
I don't quite follow.

DR. VAUGHAN  
I am no monster of sanctity. I will work as a man  
among men.

SIR JOHN  
Fiddlesticks! And where are we to find a saintlier  
successor?

DR. VAUGHAN  
What do you want with successors? Aren't we all  
children of God? Didn't *you* preach to me this  
afternoon—and jolly sound doctrine! And aren't we  
all sinners? Why dress one up in black and stick him  
on a pedestal of perfection?  
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SIR JOHN  
You'd abolish the clergy ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
As a profession.

SIR JOHN  
And who would marry John and Elsie ?

DR. VAUGHAN  
They would marry themselves.

SIR JOHN  
You've turned Quaker ! This is sheer Quakery !

DR. VAUGHAN  
And everything else is sheer quackery.

SIR JOHN  
You are overwrought. I'll come in the morning.  
Get a good night's rest.

[*He goes out into the passage crying cheerily :*]  
Ah, Judson ! The fact is, gentlemen, the strain of  
the——

[*The door closes.*]

HANNAH [*Opening her arms*]  
Husband !

[*He goes to her embrace. After an instant she  
raises her wet face*]

But you needn't have talked so much rubbish ! You  
know the clergy are a necessity.



Dr. VAUGHAN

But not a collection of plaster saints.

[ELSIE *appears radiant at the door—a bouquet in her hand. He utters a glad cry*]

Elsie!

[*She runs to his embrace.*]

ELSIE [*Laughingly*]

Don't crush the flowers.

[*Holds them out of danger.*]

DR. VAUGHAN [*Quizzingly*]

From John already?

ELSIE [*Happily*]

Yes, but for mother.

HANNAH

For me? How kind of him!

[ELSIE *crosses to give the bouquet to HANNAH who takes it and folds her in a passionate embrace.*]

ELSIE

Oh mother, isn't life wonderful!

CURTAIN.



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