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TAUCHNITZ EDITION

COLLECTION OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS

VOL. 4860

na duki zwarte

THE FOREST
AND
SIX SHORT PLAYS

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

IN ONE VOLUME

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

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THE FOREST AND SIX SHORT PLAYS

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THE FOREST
AND
SIX SHORT PLAYS

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

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"Your own by tooth and claw, my boy.
Forest law."

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1928

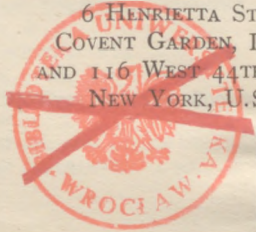
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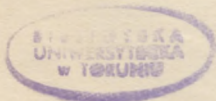
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THE FOREST

THE FOREST

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

TREGAY	War Correspondent
ADRIAN BASTAPLE	Financier
FARRELL	His Confidential Man
CHARLES STANFORTH . . .	Editor of a Liberal paper
LORD ELDERLEIGH	Nonconformist Peer
POLE REVERS	Of the Foreign Office
ROBERT BETON	Imperialist
BARON ZIMBOSCH	Belgian
SAMWAY	Elephant-hunter
JOHN STROOD	Explorer
HERRICK	Naturalist
CAPTAIN LOCKYER	} Members of Strood's Expe- dition
DR. FRANKS	
JAMES COLLIE	
AMINA	Half-caste Arab Girl
SAMEHDA	Her Brother
SADIG	Strood's Berberine Servant
MAHMOUD	Soudanese Sergeant
SOUDANESE SOLDIERS, CARRIERS, SAVAGES	

TIME: *End of Last Century*

CAST OF THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION AT THE
ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE, ON MARCH 6, 1924

TREGAY	By Mr. Nicholas Hannen
FARRELL	„ Mr. J. H. Roberts
ADRIAN BASTAPLE	„ Mr. Franklyn Dyall
LORD ELDERLEIGH	„ Mr. A. Carlaw Grand
STANFORTH	„ Mr. Campbell Gullan
POLE REVERS	„ Mr. Felix Aylmer
ROBERT BETON	„ Mr. Edward Irwin
BARON ZIMBOSCH	„ Mr. Edward Rigby
JOHN STROOD	„ Mr. Leslie Banks
SAMWAY	„ Mr. William E. Hallman
HERRICK	„ Mr. John Howell
AMINA	„ Miss Hermione Baddeley
SADIG	„ Mr. David Hallam
CAPTAIN LOCKYER	„ Mr. Ian Hunter
DR. FRANKS	„ Mr. H. R. Hignett
JAMES COLLIE	„ Mr. Campbell Gullan
MAHMOUD	„ Mr. Quashie
SAMEHDA	„ Mr. Felix Aylmer

ACT I

SCENE I. *Bastaple's outer sanctum in the City of London. September 1898.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Samway's Bungalow on the Albert Edward Nyanza. October.*

SCENE II. *A Native Hut on the West Bank of the Lualaba River. Christmas 1898.*

SCENE III. *The Same. Three days later.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Lockyer's Tent in the Forest, four marches from the Lualaba.*

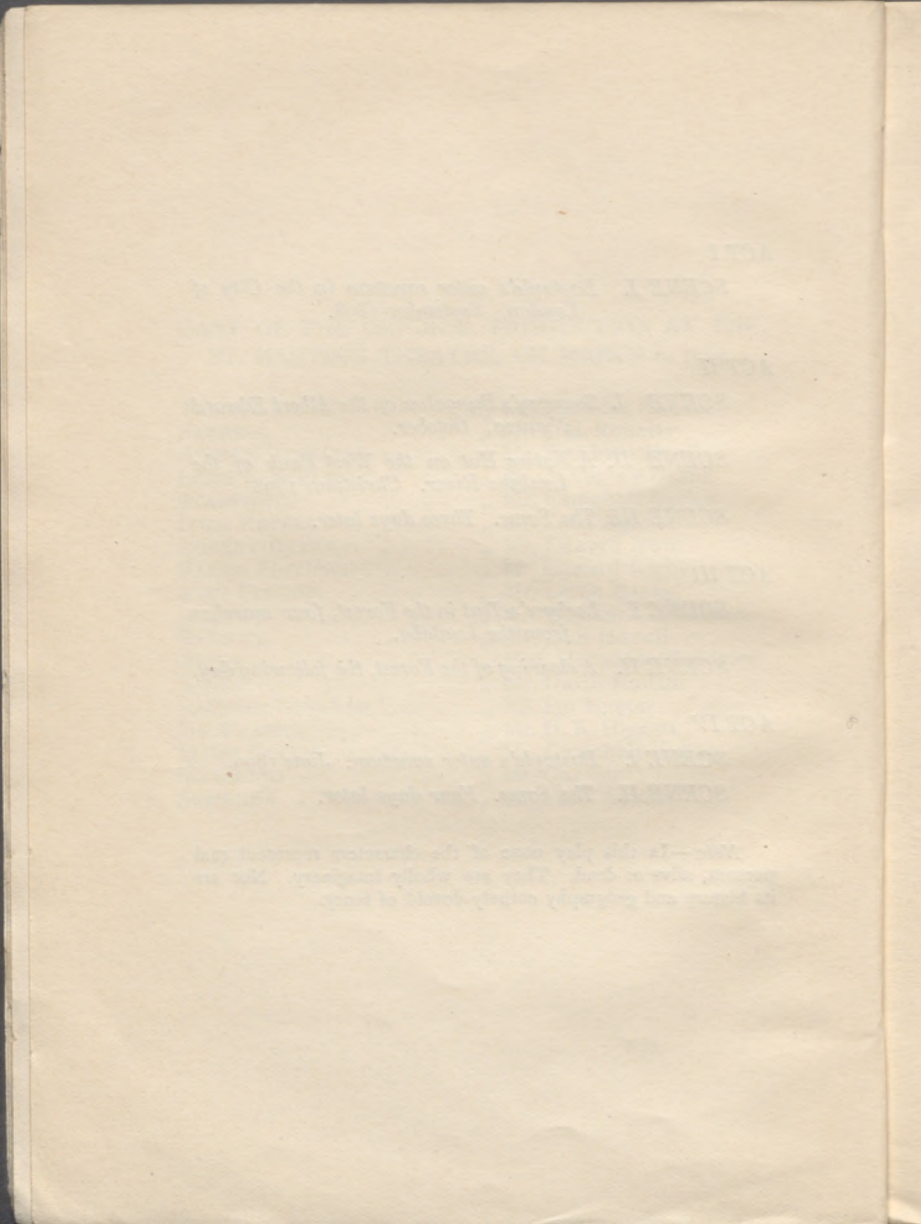
SCENE II. *A clearing of the Forest, the following day.*

ACT IV

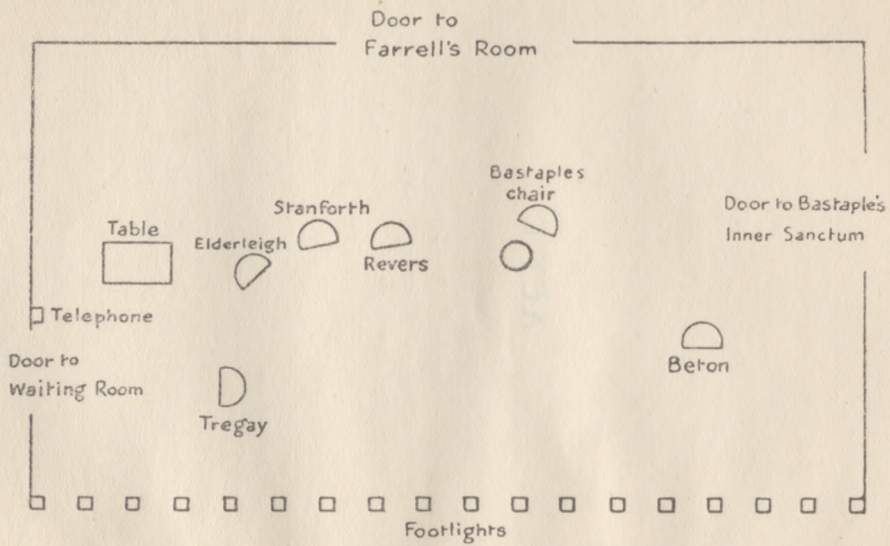
SCENE I. *Bastaple's outer sanctum. June 1899.*

SCENE II. *The Same. Four days later.*

Note.—In this play none of the characters represent real persons, alive or dead. They are wholly imaginary. Nor are its history and geography entirely devoid of fancy.



ACT I



ACT I

The sanctum of Adrian Bastaple, in the City of London, furnished in the style of the nineties, solid and comfortable—living-room rather than office. On a small table centre is a box of cigars with a little spirit flame (as in tobacconists' shops) alight beside it. A door on the Left leads to an inner sanctuary. A door on the Right to a waiting-room; a door Back to the room of Farrell, Bastaple's confidential man. There is a telephone on the Right of the room.

As the curtain rises FARRELL enters from his room, ushering in TREGAY. FARRELL is perhaps forty-five; a rather small man with eyes that show a quick brain behind a mild and nervy manner. His face has the habit of little wandering smiles and quick upward looks. TREGAY is a bronzed, upstanding man of forty, with a clipped fair beard, fine silky hair, and a face at once sanguine and sardonic.

TREGAY. Before my time, Mr. Farrell. Perhaps you can tell me what the deuce I've come for?

FARRELL. Your advantage, Mr. Tregay, I trust; sit down, sir.

It is noticeable that chairs have been arranged more or less in radiation from a deep armchair with the little table beside it.

TREGAY. Thought it might have been your chief's, Mr. Farrell; [*reversing a chair and sitting astride of it*] unless your City of London has changed its spots since I saw it last.

FARRELL. The City! Oh! no, sir. It doesn't change.

TREGAY. What's the latest financial circus? Haven't seen you since that Matabeleland racket, three years ago—in '95. How's Adrian Bastaple? Successful as ever?

FARRELL [*with a nervous look at the sanctuary on the Left*]. Oh! yes, sir—quite!

TREGAY. Well! Why have I been asked into the lion's den? 'Um!

FARRELL [*with again a nervous look*]. You've been away a long time, Mr. Tregay. China, was it?

TREGAY. And Peru. Good places to study finance while the blood flows. You should go yourself and see finance in flower—generally red!

FARRELL. A little hard on finance; necessary evil, Mr. Tregay, believe me—like—like manure.

TREGAY. Not bad! [*Pointing to the chairs.*] Before they come, put me wise, as the Yanks say. What's Charles Stanforth doing in this galley? Adrian Bastaple and a Liberal Daily is not a marriage made in heaven. Any offspring so far?

FARRELL. Well, they're—they're expecting delivery to-day, sir.

TREGAY. What a little mongrel it'll be! Who else is coming to the ceremony?

FARRELL *gives him one of his quick looks.*

FARRELL. Er—Lord Elderleigh.

TREGAY. Old Elderleigh of the Bible League? Ye gods! What's the next portent?

FARRELL. Mr. Robert Beton.

TREGAY [*absorbed*]. Robert Beton? Empire and the Bible! Well, that's all right. Who else?

FARRELL. Mr. Pole Revers.

TREGAY. Foreign Office!

FARRELL. Oh! Not officially. Under the rose, sir.

TREGAY. You bet! Well, the ingredients are all there for some fine tummy upsets. Am I the bicarbonate of soda?

FARRELL. Didn't Mr. Stanforth tell you?

TREGAY [*shaking his head*]. Just got a message to come here at five.

FARRELL. Perhaps I oughtn't—

TREGAY. Out with it, Mr. Farrell.

FARRELL. Well, sir, your experience of Africa, and your reputation for lost causes—

TREGAY. Adrian Bastaple and a lost cause! Something's got loose!

FARRELL. Oh! no! Mr. Bastaple has quite set his heart—

TREGAY. Then there's money in it?

FARRELL. No, sir, a pure matter of benevolence. [*One of his looks.*]



TREGAY. Now I think of it, I *have* seen his name in charity lists.

FARRELL. You have, sir—I see to that.

TREGAY. Ah! No limit to the things you do for him. Proud position, Mr. Farrell. What's the pure benevolence this time?

FARRELL. I'm sure it'll have your sympathy, sir; it's—the slave trade.

TREGAY. What! in the British Empire?

FARRELL [*with a smile*]. Oh! no, sir—oh! no!

TREGAY. Where then?

FARRELL. Congo.

TREGAY. But the Belgians roused them out a year or two ago.

FARRELL. Well—[*with one of his looks*] yes. [*The door on the Left is opened.*] Here is Mr. Bastaple. Mr. Tregay, sir.

TREGAY *rises from the chair he has been riding, and, reversing it, bows to the advancing figure. ADRIAN BASTAPLE is a man with a thick trunk and rather short neck, iron-grey hair once dark, subfusc, rather olive complexion, and heavy-lidded eyes with power in them. He may be sixty-five, and wears a frock coat and a dark cravat of the nineties, with a pearl pin. He speaks without accent, but with a slight thickness of voice, as if he were lined with leather.*

BASTAPLE. Mr. Tregay. Pleased to meet you.

Farrell, cigars. Smoke cigars, Mr. Tregay? [*Taking the box from FARRELL.*] Light up.

TREGAY [*taking one and lighting it*]. Thank you! [*Reading the label, with a quizzical look at Bastaple.*] Divinos!

FARRELL, *after a look from one to the other, goes back to his room.*

BASTAPLE. When did you get back?

TREGAY. Yesterday.

BASTAPLE. Interesting time?

TREGAY. Very.

BASTAPLE. Fine life a war correspondent's.

TREGAY. When you don't live it, Mr. Bastaple.

BASTAPLE [*with a steady look*]. I enjoy your writing, those Boxers that got messed up at that river—very powerful. Not much light in China, I think?

TREGAY. Not much light anywhere.

BASTAPLE. What are you doing now you're back?

TREGAY. Time to smell Piccadilly, and I shall be at the service of the angels of light.

FARRELL [*entering*]. Lord Elderleigh, sir; Mr. Stanforth.

TREGAY. Talk of—, and you hear—

LORD ELDERLEIGH *is a white-bearded, pink-faced person, short and bird-like, with a quick step and turn of the head; CHARLES STANFORTH a polished looking man between forty and fifty.*

ELDERLEIGH. Mr. Bastaple? [*He extends half a hand.*]

STANFORTH. Ah! Tregay. You got my message then. [*He shakes hands with TREGAY.*] Glad you're back safe and sound.

BASTAPLE. Sit down, gentlemen. Cigars, Farrell.

He himself sits in the armchair by the small table. They all seat themselves. LORD ELDERLEIGH has refused to smoke; STANFORTH has lighted one of his own cigarettes.

ELDERLEIGH. I hope we're going to clinch things to-day, Stanforth. Time's getting on.

FARRELL [*from the doorway*]. Mr. Pole Revers.

POLE REVERS is quick, tall, dark, and a bit of a dandy. He bows to BASTAPLE, nods to STANFORTH and LORD ELDERLEIGH, stares at TREGAY, and takes a chair.

FARRELL [*from the doorway*]. Mr. Robert Beton.

He stands watching the company a moment. BETON comes in, filling the eye with his large head on a short body and the breadth of his forehead. His eyes have power—epileptic eyes, seeing visions. He takes the end chair to the left of BASTAPLE.

BETON. How do, my lord? How do, Stanforth? Revers, yours.

FARRELL goes.

BASTAPLE [*introducing*]. Mr. Tregay.

BETON leans forward, staring, and makes an amicable movement of the hand at Tregay.

BETON. Ah! Mr. Tregay, glad to meet you. I suggested your name to Mr. Stanforth. You know a Dr. Franks, I believe?

TREGAY. Franks! Clement Franks? My cousin—Out at Mombasa.

BETON. Exactly! You know what we're here for?

TREGAY. Limelight on the slave trade, is it?

BETON. Yes. Your cousin suggested you could help to throw it.

STANFORTH. East of the Congo, Tregay. You were out there in '94, wasn't it?

TREGAY *nods*.

STANFORTH. Well, since then the Belgians have had two campaigns. But we're convinced the job's only been half done.

ELDERLEIGH. What's that country like, Mr. Tregay?

TREGAY. Forest thick as the city of London, my lord; fever—cannibals—all the luxuries.

STANFORTH. Quite; but we Liberals feel——

TREGAY. That you want a war-cry.

STANFORTH *turns on him a stony stare*.

ELDERLEIGH. Mr. Beton, you spoke of having a man; is he ready?

BETON. At Mombasa, waiting for the word "Go." John Strood.

REVERS. Strood! H'm!

STANFORTH. The man who discovered——?

REVERS. Not too savoury, that, Beton.

BETON. Well, he's right for this business, it's

This is a copy of the original text.

no child's play. Will the F.O. let him through Uganda? That's what we want to know from you, Revers.

REVERS [*to TREGAY*]. Where must he start from to get among the slavers?

TREGAY. Albert Edward Nyanza—south end.

BETON. That's what he says himself.

REVERS. What's said here goes no further? [*He looks for signs of assent, which are given to him.*] Uganda's still very disturbed, but I don't think the authorities will hinder a reconnaissance with such an object. Discretion though, our hands are full.

ELDERLEIGH. Beton, you can—what's that nice expression?—tip him the wink, eh?

BETON *nods*.

Good! Now—ways and means? Our League will venture a thousand. What will your paper do, Stanforth?

STANFORTH. Two thousand.

ELDERLEIGH. I'm afraid it'll cost more.

BETON. Mr. Tregay? An expedition starting from the Albert Edward covering country between the lakes and the Upper Congo, or Lualaba river, don't they call it?

TREGAY [*nodding*]. About the size of Spain.

BETON. Well? What do you say?

TREGAY. Ten thousand'll be under the mark before you've done.

ELDERLEIGH. Dear me! Ten thousand! Well, for such a cause——

Looking at BETON.

BETON. Idealism will put up three. What says Finance?

He turns to BASTAPLE.

BASTAPLE [*taking his cigar from his mouth*]. I asked you to come here, gentlemen, at Mr. Beton's suggestion. You'll forgive a little frankness. [*During the forthcoming he looks mainly at TREGAY.*] Financiers are never credited, with doing anything for nothing. Admit it! We all have our own fish to fry. Lord Elderleigh fries the devil; Mr. Stanforth the Tories.

STANFORTH. Same thing.

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

There is a moment's silence.

TREGAY [*taking his cigar from his mouth*]. Bra—vo!

ELDERLEIGH. Very generous, sir; very generous indeed. Will you put that in writing for us?

BASTAPLE. Glad to see religion has a sense of business, my lord.

ELDERLEIGH. Grievous experience, Mr. Bastaple. Well, that takes a weight off our minds. We can go ahead, then.

STANFORTH. Do we accept Strood?

REVERS. Properly warned.

BETON. Certainly.

REVERS. Then you want us to cable Mombasa

to give them a pass through Uganda to the Albert Edward.

BETON. That's it.

ELDERLEIGH. Would Mr. Tregay go out for us too? There couldn't be a stronger pen to bring things home to the British public.

TREGAY. What do you want brought home, my lord?

ELDERLEIGH. My dear Mr. Tregay, the truth.

TREGAY. Will *your* people pay two thousand, Stanforth, to be told the truth?

STANFORTH. What do you mean?

TREGAY. Suppose the Belgians are doing their best?

STANFORTH. We mustn't fall foul of the Belgians, of course; but this blind eye of theirs towards the slave trade—

TREGAY. Both ways—I see; true Liberalism.

Again STANFORTH turns on him a stony stare.

BETON [*to TREGAY*]. Do you know Strood?

TREGAY *nods*.

What d'you think of him?

TREGAY. Drives things through; but not Stanley's hold on the black man.

BETON. Ah! But Stanley! Stanley! Well, then I can set Strood in motion? [*He rises, and all follow suit*]. I'll cable him fully, and draw on you, Bastaple?

BASTAPLE *nods, and there is a general break up.*

Mr. Tregay, your address is——?

TREGAY [*hands him a card; then advancing—rather low*]. Good-bye, Mr. Bastaple. Fine investment!

BASTAPLE *stares at him steadily. TREGAY follows the others out.*

BETON [*coming from the door*]. Now then, Bastaple!

BASTAPLE *reseats himself at the little table.* We've got 'em side-tracked.

BASTAPLE. Long and expensive way round, Mr. Beton.

BETON. Can't be helped. Our coolie labour scheme is the only thing to make quick development possible in Africa. And it won't stand a dog's chance if the unco' guid aren't already employed elsewhere in bettering their neighbours. They started this anti-slavery racket themselves by God's own mercy! Old Elderleigh and brisk salvation; Stanforth and his precious principles. Yes, Bastaple, I've got my dreams. Stanley used to say that central forest of his reminded him of London—the swarm and push, the struggle for mere existence, the frightful riot of vitality without aim or end, but a fight for food and light and air. [*Walking.*] Well, like him, in the early mornings I've watched the swarms of human ants coming in over these bridges—pale, overworked, dwarfed, stoop-shouldered—the ghastly, teeming struggle of it! [*Standing still.*] By God, Bastaple, it makes you dream, it gives you nightmare. And all those great spaces in South Africa,

Canada, Australia, that want populations, white populations, where people can live a man's life, not a louse's! And fellows like Elderleigh, Stanforth, and their kidney—if we hadn't got this slave-trade red herring to draw across the trail, the hullabaloo they'd raise over my coolie scheme.

BASTAPLE. When's your General Meeting of South African Concessions?

BETON. Next July—we've got ten months. Strood will do it for us, if we hurry him. We'll have this anti-slavery campaign in full blast.

BASTAPLE. Wait till the very morning of the Meeting, then plump Strood's report on the slave trade into the papers. If it's sensational enough, the coolie scheme will go through and not a dog bark.

BETON. That's it, Bastaple, that's it. [*Off in his dreams.*] A real life for hundreds of thousands of these poor struggling devils here, who turn me sick to look at them.

BASTAPLE [*watching him*]. You will die a great man, Mr. Beton.

BETON. Well, look at this country, Bastaple. "Nothing so ugly in forest nature as the visible selfish rush towards the sky, in a clearing . . . the uproar of the rush, the fierce, heartless jostling and trampling." The life of that forest of Stanley's, Bastaple, is our big city life.

BASTAPLE *has a little smile on his face*. Ah! to you that's "all me eye and Betty Martin"; I know, I know. Flim-flam—that about your reputation—eh? Well? Once get coolie labour, and up

go the shares of all our companies, with a bound, sir, with a bound.

BASTAPLE. Our friend Tregay?

BETON. What about him?

BASTAPLE [*shaking his head*]. Mustn't go out. He's got a nose!

BETON. H'm! They seem to want him to.

BASTAPLE. Leave that to me. Do you use a code with Strood?

BETON *nods*.

And trust him?

BETON. Certainly.

BASTAPLE. Is he an Empire man?

BETON. Rather!

BASTAPLE. Then code him that he needn't mind treading on the Belgians' toes. The more fuss the better. Nothing like the sins of your neighbours for diverting attention from your own.

BETON [*with a laugh*]. I don't admit sin.

BASTAPLE. Never yet met anyone who did. I'll cable Strood credit at Mombasa. If we want speed, we must pay for it. [*He writes. Then looking up*] Mr. Beton; I find these dreams of yours very interesting. The struggle for existence! So you think we can improve on Nature?

BETON. I remember my boyhood, Bastaple. My father left six of us in Glasgow without a penny, and jungle there as thick as here. I went out with my little billhook and cut a path—we all did. But we suffered. Until I was nigh on forty I did as I was told, and it didn't suit me. Food I got, but

light and air—no. Well, I've shot up among the tops, into the sunlight; but I haven't forgotten. I want to save thousands of boys such as I was, want them to have decent lives. What was your boyhood like?

BASTAPLE [*with a slow puff of smoke*]. Never had one.

BETON. Ah! One feels there's a lot behind you. You're a kind of mystery man. Well, I'm going to code that cable. Here's Tregay's address. [*He hands the card.*] I don't thank you; it's as much your interest as mine. Without coolie labour the shares can't rise. Good-night!

BASTAPLE [*holding out his hand*]. Cigar?

BETON. No, thanks.

He shakes the outstretched hand and goes out, Back.

BASTAPLE *sinks deeper in his chair, with a smile flickering about his lips and his brooding eyes. He strikes a bell on the little table. FARRELL enters.*

BASTAPLE. What's my total holding now in all the companies of South African Concessions?

FARRELL. Three hundred and fifty-seven thousand shares, sir.

BASTAPLE. Standing me—in——?

FARRELL. Three hundred and twelve thousand pounds.

BASTAPLE. How many in my name?

FARRELL. About a hundred thousand, sir; the rest are in dummies.

BASTAPLE. I want them *all* in dummies, Farrell, except—twenty thousand. Get that done quietly, before Christmas.

FARRELL. Yes, sir.

BASTAPLE. Baron Zimbosch here yet?

FARRELL. In the waiting-room, sir.

BASTAPLE [*nodding*]. Ask him in.

FARRELL [*goes to the door, Right, opens it, and says*]: Will you come in, Baron?

BARON ZIMBOSCH *enters; a personable man with a brown beard parted in two and stiffish hair. He wears a frock-coat and carries a top hat.*

FARRELL *shuts the door and retires to his own room.*

BASTAPLE. Evening, Baron.

ZIMBOSCH [*in goodish English with a slight accent*]. Good evening, Mr. Bastaple.

BASTAPLE. What news for me?

ZIMBOSCH [*with a shrug*]. Well—for anything precise it is too early in the morning as you say. But Dr. Leyds is active—my hat! He is active.

BASTAPLE. Well! What of that?

ZIMBOSCH [*sinking his voice*]. War, Mr. Bastaple, war.

BASTAPLE. Phew! That's a long jump.

ZIMBOSCH. You think? Dr. Leyds gives Kruger always the impression that Europe is favourable to the Boers. These Hollanders they lead him by the nose. Oom Paul Kruger—they play with that ob-

stinate old man. And they want war, these Hollanders. And Majuba, Mr. Bastaple—the English have never forgotten Majuba—they never will till they wipe the eye. And the Uitlanders—will they get what they want from Paul Kruger? Not much. About this time next year, Mr. Bastaple—war, or I am a Dutchman, as you say.

BASTAPLE. Old Kruger's too slim. What chance have the Boers, Baron?

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

BASTAPLE. And how do you Congo people view it?

ZIMBOSCH [*with one of his expressive shrugs*]. If you lose South Africa, we get what we want from the Boers; they will 'ave more than they want themselves; anyway, your 'ands are full for a long time. In both case we stand in velvet, as you call it.

BASTAPLE. Well, Baron, I think you're riding before the hounds, as we say; but I'm obliged to you. Keep me well informed about Dr. Leyds.

ZIMBOSCH [*bowing*]. And for our steamers, Mr. Bastaple, you will help our scheme?

BASTAPLE. I see nothing against it at present, Baron; on the contrary.

ZIMBOSCH. *Bien!* We shall bring you the figures, then.

BASTAPLE. Cigar? [*Rings the bell.*]

ZIMBOSCH. Divinos! Ah! So excellent! [*Taking and lighting it.*] Good-evening, Mr. Bastaple. Good evening!

He is ushered out by FARRELL.

BASTAPLE [*brooding in his chair*]. The beggar's right. [*He rings the bell again.*]

FARRELL *enters.*

Farrell, take down this letter to Mr. Beton. [*Dictating.*]

"Dear Mr. Beton,

"Thinking things over, I conceive despatch of the utmost importance. The less time, the less chance of a slip. Please advance your General Meeting of South African Concessions to early June at latest; and impress on Strood that we *must* have something to go on before the end of May. I hope he is a man who reads between the lines—something adequate, no matter whose toes are trodden on.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Beton,

"Yours faithfully."

FARRELL *has taken it down in shorthand.*

BASTAPLE. Farrell, *if necessary* buy shares in all the Companies of South African Concessions sufficient to keep prices steady till the General Meeting in June.

FARRELL. My limit, sir?

BASTAPLE. You may raise my holding to half a million shares—not in my name.

FARRELL. No, sir. As to Press inquiries?

BASTAPLE. Discourage pessimism and all rumours of serious trouble with the Boers.

FARRELL [*with his quick look up*]. Very good, sir.
He is going away when BASTAPLE turns in his chair and speaks sharply.

BASTAPLE. Farrell!

FARRELL. Sir?

BASTAPLE. What's the general impression of me in the City? After twenty-five years you ought to know.

FARRELL [*deprecating*]. Well, sir— [*his eyes in play*].

BASTAPLE. Am I a mystery man?

FARRELL [*relieved*]. Oh! very much so, sir.

BASTAPLE. In what way?

FARRELL [*deprecating*]. Well, speculation about your beginnings, sir; curiosity as to your—er—general game. Some think—

BASTAPLE. Yes, Farrell?

FARRELL. Think you're after political power, sir; others that you aim at a peerage. I have heard, sir, that you were a—a Jew and want to buy the Holy Land. But then, I've heard too that you've got a Christian grudge against Rothschilds, and the object of your life is to give them a big knock.

BASTAPLE is listening with a smile, and seeing this smile, FARRELL is beginning to enjoy himself.

Beehive for rumour, sir, the City.

BASTAPLE. What else?

FARRELL. I've heard you called a great man, sir; and I've heard you called—er——

BASTAPLE. Yes?

FARRELL. A great scoundrel, if you don't mind, sir. Mr. Tregay, for instance—named this the lion's den. [*Without animus.*] He didn't call me the jackal, but he wanted to.

BASTAPLE. That reminds me, Tregay mustn't go out.

FARRELL. No, sir? Stop him with——?

BASTAPLE. A club, if you can't think of anything softer.

FARRELL [*with a snigger*]. Would a cable from Mombasa—saying he'd be too late?

BASTAPLE. If you can get it.

FARRELL. Oh! I can get it, sir.

BASTAPLE. Good! What else about me?

FARRELL. Well, sir, a whole lot say you're just a gambler on a huge scale. And there's one man got the fixed idea you've a passion for philanthropy. Everything with a bit of romance to it goes in the City of London.

BASTAPLE. And what do *you* think, Farrell?

FARRELL [*with his look up*]. Well, sir—I never think about the—origin of species.

BASTAPLE. Oh! yes, you do. Come along!

FARRELL [*taking hold of himself*]. Perhaps you wouldn't like, sir——

BASTAPLE. Risk that.

FARRELL. I don't take the romantic view. No, sir. Great gifts, great energy—trained in a hard

school, whatever it was [*he stops with his quick look up*].

BASTAPLE. Go on, Farrell.

FARRELL. I don't believe you have an object, sir, nor a passion. It's—it's—you couldn't stop yourself—that's all about it. Beg your pardon, sir—it's only a private view; I never mention it.

BASTAPLE. Romance useful, eh?

FARRELL. Of course, I've always admired your coolness and resource, and your never being turned by any little—er—

BASTAPLE. Yes, Farrell?

FARRELL [*drying up*]. I'm sure, sir, I had no intention of giving an opinion. [*Edging towards the door.*]

BASTAPLE. Come here!

FARRELL *comes to the table and BASTAPLE looks up into his face.*

For a quarter of a century you've deserved my confidence, so far as I know. I hope you always will.

FARRELL. You're very good, sir; I'm sure I want to—I feel—

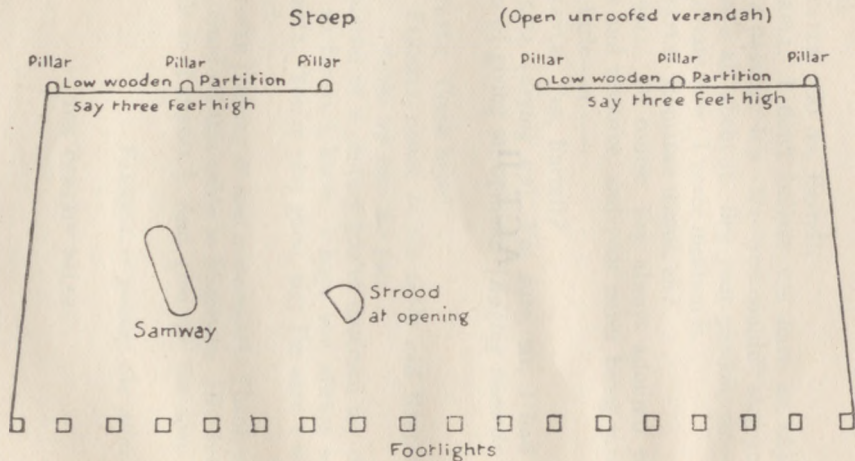
BASTAPLE [*staring at him a moment*]. Thank you, Farrell. Send off this cable to Mombasa. [*He hands the cable to FARRELL.*] And give me the map of Africa.

FARRELL *is getting the atlas as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II

BACKCLOTH WITH VIEW OF LAKE



ACT II

SCENE I

The scene is the shack of SAMWAY, the elephant-hunter, on the south shore of the Albert Edward Nyanza. A room divided only by a low wooden partition from a stoep, or low, roofless verandah, seen through the opening at back.

In long chairs, with drinks and pipes, STROOD and SAMWAY are seated; STROOD has a map on his lap, SAMWAY's left leg is bandaged.

SAMWAY [*lean, brown, bearded*]. Well, Mr. Strood, you sure did hustle. No man could have come through from the coast quicker.

STROOD. From Beton's cables, Samway, what they're really after is trouble with the Belgians. [*Putting his finger on the map.*] They want that Katanga region coloured red, and so do I.

SAMWAY. All one to me what darned flag flies.

STROOD. The slave trade's a stale pretext. ●

SAMWAY [*after a shrewd glance, holding up a little leather bag which he has taken out of his pocket*]. If you want to stir mud—see this!

STROOD *stares at him. SAMWAY tosses the bag to him, and he undoes it and stares at the contents.*

SAMWAY. Yes, sir—diamonds; not very large, but

plenty where those come from. Fetch me over that map.

STROOD *rises, spreads it on SAMWAY's knee, and stands behind him, ready to follow SAMWAY's finger.*

Down here [*putting his finger on the map*] between the Kasai river and the Luembe, there's diamonds—all over that country—and no one knows of them but me and one Belgian. Last I heard of that fellow, he was gettin' busy at Basoko with an expedition to go south. He's after them diamonds. Now, get there first, make a discoverer's claim, and keep some founders' shares for me. How's that for making trouble?

He looks quizzically up at STROOD, who has raised himself and is staring before him—a face brown and sanguine, a jaw of iron.

STROOD [*shaking his head*]. Clean away from instructions, Samway.

SAMWAY. Nothing like diamonds to raise brotherly love. It'd make all the fuss they want sure enough.

STROOD. H'm! [*Looking at SAMWAY's leg.*] Why did you go and get your leg chawed up like that?

SAMWAY [*pointing to a lion skin*]. Ask that guy there.

STROOD. Anyone here who knows that country besides you?

SAMWAY. Not a mother's son.

STROOD. Nyangwe on the Lualaba was my limit. How many weeks from there?

SAMWAY [*tracing on map*]. Say 350 miles as the crow flies—and I guess the darned fowl flies straighter in Africa than anywhere else; six to seven hundred miles of marching; through Batetela country, too.

STROOD. Mine's too small a caravan for that!

SAMWAY. Yeh! Those Batetela are a worse set of varmints than the Manyema—by golly, they are! They got the poison trick bad. When they hit you you sure die. An' they eat you after.

STROOD. How did *you* get through them, then?

SAMWAY. We—ell! Friend of mine has almighty power in those parts—son of one of those old Zanzibar slavers that the Belgians chawed up in '92; does a bit on his own still.

STROOD. Have you a pull on him?

SAMWAY. Why, yes—this Samehda was in trouble with a lion when we was huntin' there; I took care of the lion, so we kind of made blood-brotherhood. Brought his sister, too, back up here with me, to get her eyes cured—nearly blind, she was—quite a local beauty; she's livin' with Herrick now.

STROOD. What! That naturalist?

SAMWAY. Yeh. Devoted to him; spaniels round him all the time. Strikin' figure, Herrick.

STROOD. Unsociable devil.

SAMWAY. He certainly has mighty little use for anyone, s'long as he can watch his monkeys. [*An idea strikes him.*] See here, Mr. Strood!

STROOD. Well?

SAMWAY. Between the Lualaba and Lake Tanganyika there's a brand of chimpanzee that Herrick's just got to chum with, to finish his book on the Central African monkey. Take him and his girl along; she'll fix her brother for you.

STROOD. On a trip like mine?

SAMWAY. Hard bit o' goods; go all day, and all night too.

STROOD [*shaking his head*]. Women!

SAMWAY. You won't get hold of Samehda without her. And that belt between the Lualaba river and the Lomami river is the darnedest bit of country God ever spat out—forest and marsh and Batetela cannibals savage as hell.

STROOD [*taking another turn or two*]. Time, Samway—time! I've got to send them news before the end of May.

SAMWAY. Reach Samehda, and you'll have plenty news of slavery. Kill two birds with one stone, there.

STROOD. Would Herrick go?

SAMWAY. Crazy to meet that chimpanzee.

STROOD [*suddenly*]. Could you get him here?

SAMWAY. Sure.

STROOD *strikes his hands together, and*
SADIG, *his Berberine servant, appears*
from the verandah.

SAMWAY. Go to Mr. Herrick. Samway wants palaver say.

Sadig goes.

Mind! If you let on where you're going, you'll

lose your carriers. They're scared to death of them Batetela.

STROOD [*nodding*]. How long can I reckon on—before that Belgian?

SAMWAY. Why! He'll be all of five months by the road he'll go.

STROOD. By the Lord, Samway, I'll have a try!

SAMWAY. That's great! But pack your halo; you'll have to drive your crowd.

STROOD. Mustn't I tell my white men?

SAMWAY. Not safe. Let 'em think there's nothing beyond your original plan—to hunt up what's left of the slave trade. When are you scheduled to start?

STROOD. Day after to-morrow.

SAMWAY. Well! Forced marches play the devil. I don't hold with beatin' niggers, but take a sjambok; you'll need it.

STROOD [*smiling*]. This isn't a land for the chicken-livered, Samway.

SAMWAY. Well, there's been travellers here who never raised a hand, but I judge they didn't live long.

STROOD. Where does Herrick hail from?

SAMWAY. New Zealand. Independent as a jack rabbit.

STROOD. Bad man to take, Samway. An expedition like this has to be all of a piece, in the leader's hand.

SAMWAY. Well, it's the girl or nothing; and she won't go without him.

A tall man, lean and dark, with a good deal of hair, a pointed beard and deep, remarkable eyes, has come on to the stoep.

SAMWAY. Evening, Mr. Herrick!

HERRICK [*advancing*]. Evening to you. How's the leg?

SAMWAY. It kind of feels complimented when you call it that. Know Mr. Strood?

HERRICK [*with a slight bow*]. Yes.

STROOD. Good-evening.

SAMWAY. Mr. Herrick, we was talkin' about that chimpanzee the other evenin'.

HERRICK. Marungensis variety. Well?

SAMWAY. Mr. Strood is goin' into the home of that gentleman. Thought maybe you'd like to ask him to get you a specimen. Your girl comes from there. You don't talk to her about critters, I guess, or she might 'a' told you.

HERRICK. I want to see the fellow living, Samway.

STROOD. Like to come with us, Mr. Herrick?

HERRICK. What? [*Surprised.*] How long are you to be away?

STROOD. Seven months or so with luck.

SAMWAY. Take your girl; she'll be useful there, I tell you.

HERRICK. Amina? No.

SAMWAY [*quizzically*]. You won't be two days out before she'll be with you. That's the worst of these half-Arab girls. Never let 'em get fond of you or they'll follow you like a dog.

HERRICK. Could I leave her with you, Samway?

SAMWAY [*with a secret glance at STROOD*]. What'll *she* say to that? Call her in. I judge she'll be around.

HERRICK. Amina!

*Instantly the GIRL walks in from the stoep.
A fine figure, veiled, not very dark in
colour, with black eyes fixed on HER-
RICK, quite ignoring the other men.*

AMINA [*she stands just inside the room with her eyes on HERRICK*]. You want me?

HERRICK. Listen. I go a journey—six months. I leave you with Mr. Samway.

AMINA [*after a moment's silence*]. No—no! I come.

SAMWAY [*grinning*]. What! Amina! Won't you stay with me?

AMINA. No. Go with Herrick. [*She crosses swiftly and puts his hand to her forehead.*]

SAMWAY. See that, Mr. Strood? You'll have to take her, I reckon.

AMINA [*with a swift look at the two men, and some instinctive comprehension*]. Ya, Mist' Strood, take me with Herrick; I know forest. Good traveller, Mist' Samway—not?

SAMWAY. Sure, you are!

HERRICK. Amina, go home. I come directly. Hear me?

AMINA. I cook for you—know good water—make bandage—mend your clo'es—keep watch.

SAMWAY. Why not, Mr. Herrick? She's good on the road; she won't trouble you any.

HERRICK [*revolted at the thought of being the only man with a woman in all that crowd*]. No. If she won't stay, I give up the idea. Good-night!

He turns from the GIRL and goes out on to the stoep and away.

SAMWAY [*sharply*]. Amina!

AMINA, *who is following* HERRICK, *stops.*

Here!

AMINA [*going to* SAMWAY]. Herrick angry.

SAMWAY. See here, my girl! Listen! Mr. Strood wants Herrick to go with him; understand?

AMINA *looks at* STROOD, *who nods.*

And I want to send salaam to your brother. Understand? Now, you do what I tell you. You let Herrick go; you stay, be good girl, obedient—let him go.

AMINA *makes a movement of refusal.*

Listen! I send you after him one day behind; you follow; you catch him in five days, not before; too far to send you back. Then he take you with him—see? Herrick's going after a monkey; he wants that monkey good. If he's got to stay here because of you, he'll certainly get mad with you. See?

AMINA [*looking deeply at him*]. You—true?

SAMWAY. Sure!

AMINA [*with a suspicious look at* STROOD]. Why he want take Herrick?

SAMWAY [*after a look at* STROOD; *to* AMINA].

Herrick write all about Mr. Strood—make much noise in white man's country; good for Herrick, good for Mr. Strood.

AMINA [*to STROOD*]. Why you not like Herrick?

STROOD [*taken aback*]. I?

SAMWAY. You don't understand white men yet, Amina; they're not like Arabs. Mr. Strood and Herrick not friends and not enemies—all business. Now, will you do what I say or not?

AMINA. I go home. If Herrick angry at me, then I do what you say—stay behind—come to you, you send me follow. [*She touches her heart.*] You friend to me, Mist' Samway. My brother love you good. So?

SAMWAY. So—it is.

She makes a gesture of salute to the two men and goes out.

SAMWAY. That's fixed it. He'll sure be riled, thinkin' of his chimpanzee. His mouth's waterin' after that critter. Cute, ain't she? These half-caste Arabs are deep. Simple, too. You may bet on—their gratitude; and you may bet on—their revenge.

STROOD. Not much nigger in that girl?

SAMWAY. Half Manyema. Their women are mighty handsome, and light-coloured. The father was pretty pure Arab.

From the stoep appears the white-clothed figure of a youngish, brown-skinned
MAN.

STROOD. Well, Sadig?

SADIG. Cap'en Lockyer, Docker Franks, Missah Collie here, sah.

STROOD. Mind if I see them, Samway?

SAMWAY. Sure, no. Bring them right in.

LOCKYER, FRANKS, and COLLIE enter from the stoep. LOCKYER is in tropical cloth; FRANKS and COLLIE in Holland drill. LOCKYER is soldierly, dry, and brown, with a small, fairish moustache and refined features. FRANKS is dark-haired and sallow-faced. COLLIE, a biggish man, has a good deal of roughish hair and moustache and rugged features. They greet SAMWAY.

STROOD. Well, gentlemen, all ready? How are your men's feet, Captain Lockyer?

LOCKYER. None too sound, sir. I'd rather have had Bangalas. The Soudanese are bad stragglers, as Barttelot found.

STROOD. Can't make a soldier out of a Bangala under three months. How's your prospector's kit, Collie?

COLLIE. Ah've known worse, and—ah've known better.

STROOD. Well, if you never commit yourself beyond that, you won't disgrace the north of the Tweed. Through with the vaccinations, Doctor? [FRANKS nods.] Got any of Parke's antidote for poisoned arrows?

FRANKS. Can't get it.

STROOD. Well, take plenty of ammonium car-

bonate. We start 4 a.m. sharp, day after tomorrow. I'm going to make long marches till we get to forest. See you keep 'em up to it. Got all the quinine you want, Dr. Franks? [FRANKS *nods.*] Right! Look after your men's feet, Lockyer. I want to get to Manyema country quick. It's there we'll begin to find any slaving that's left. Anything to ask friend Samway?

LOCKYER. Are the Manyema active, Samway?

SAMWAY. Why! they take a Bank Holiday now and then, Captain. Don't let your men stray, or they'll end in the frying-pan.

FRANKS [*to* STROOD]. Are we going further south or west than Nyangwe?

STROOD [*after exchanging a look with* SAMWAY]. I don't know, Franks. The Belgians won't love us, so where exactly the job will take us, I can't tell. It's a roving commission. [*He looks from one to another.*]

LOCKYER. That's all right, sir.

The others nod.

STROOD. Mr. Herrick may come with us, in search of a new sort of chimpanzee.

COLLIE. Losh! Aren't there enough monkeys in the world a'ready?

SAMWAY. We—ell! I judge we all want ancestors.

COLLIE. Aye! That's a morbid curiosity.

LOCKYER. I'd give all mine to know what's won the Leger.

STROOD. Well, gentlemen, stout hearts, prepared for anything, I hope.

COLLIE. I got a christenin' bottle here, Chief.
[*Produces a champagne bottle from his pocket and a corkscrew.*]

SAMWAY [*to SADIG, who is standing at the back*].
Glasses, boy!

SADIG. Missa Herrick come back, sah.

He takes the bottle and goes to fetch the glasses.

HERRICK *comes in, with the GIRL following.*

HERRICK [*looking round*]. Evening to you!

SAMWAY. Thought it over, Mr. Herrick?

HERRICK [*to STROOD*]. If you really meant it, I'll come, and thanks for the chance.

STROOD. Glad to have you.

HERRICK [*to SAMWAY*]. She'll stay with you, Samway; if you'll be kind enough to look after her.

SAMWAY [*looking at AMINA*]. Sure thing.

STROOD. One word, Mr. Herrick. You understand, of course, that you'll be under my orders, like these gentlemen. In this sort of trip the leader has to be an autocrat. It's queer country.

HERRICK *bows. The GIRL, standing with her arm raised, half hiding her face, looks intently at STROOD. The glasses have been brought, and handed round.*

SAMWAY [*raising his glass*]. Gentlemen—safe return! Luck to you all!

STROOD. Samway—success! [*He drains his glass.*]
The GIRL stands unmoving, looking from STROOD to HERRICK.

Having emptied their glasses, FRANKS, LOCKYER, and COLLIE go out on to the stoep.

STROOD [*following*]. A moment, Doctor.

He joins them on the stoep, and they pass away, talking. The GIRL remains motionless, watching HERRICK and listening.

HERRICK [*approaching SAMWAY*]. Samway! Why don't I cotton to Strood?

SAMWAY. Strood and me have been in one or two mix-ups together, Mr. Herrick.

HERRICK. You know him all the better, then. Well?

SAMWAY [*smiling*]. I judge Strood makes Gawd in his own image. Maybe that's the reason.

HERRICK. Sticks at nothing, you mean?

SAMWAY. You've gotten a habit of plain words. Well, he gets things done, whether in London City or an African forest.

HERRICK. I see.

SAMWAY. Old Man Allah 'll need a full flush to knock Strood out; he couldn't die to save his life.

HERRICK. Thanks. [*Lowering his voice.*] The girl will be all right with you?

SAMWAY. So she don't run away. Can't lock her up.

HERRICK. If she can't have *me*, she won't leave *you*. Good-night!

He shakes SAMWAY's hand, and, beckoning to AMINA, goes out. The GIRL comes swiftly down to SAMWAY.

SAMWAY. Well, Amina?

AMINA. You swear by Allah—I follow Herrick?

SAMWAY. By Allah!

AMINA. You friend to me—friend to my brother.

[*She leans forward, takes his hand and puts it to her forehead.*]

SAMWAY. That's right, Amina.

AMINA. I trust.

She rises and goes swiftly out to follow

HERRICK, just as STROOD comes in. He passes her with a stare, and she puts up her arm to cover her face. He stops, and stands looking at her.

STROOD. Girl—understand! You obey me just as if you were a man.

AMINA [*keeping her arm up*]. Obey Herrick.

STROOD. That's just what you don't do, it seems.

AMINA. Obey Herrick when I with him.

STROOD. And no tricks with any other man.

AMINA [*dropping her arm. Proudly*]. Trick! I no play trick.

STROOD. All right! Remember!

AMINA [*with a flash of eyes and teeth*]. Yes. I remember.

He passes her. She stands looking intently back at him over her shoulder; then goes out.

SAMWAY. Queer critter, that girl. Knife you as soon as look. Don't get wrong with her.

STROOD. So long as she behaves; but she'll have to toe the line like all the rest. What do you

think of my crowd, Samway? Collie's a rough diamond; Franks knows his job. What about young Lockyer?

SAMWAY. English gentleman, I judge.

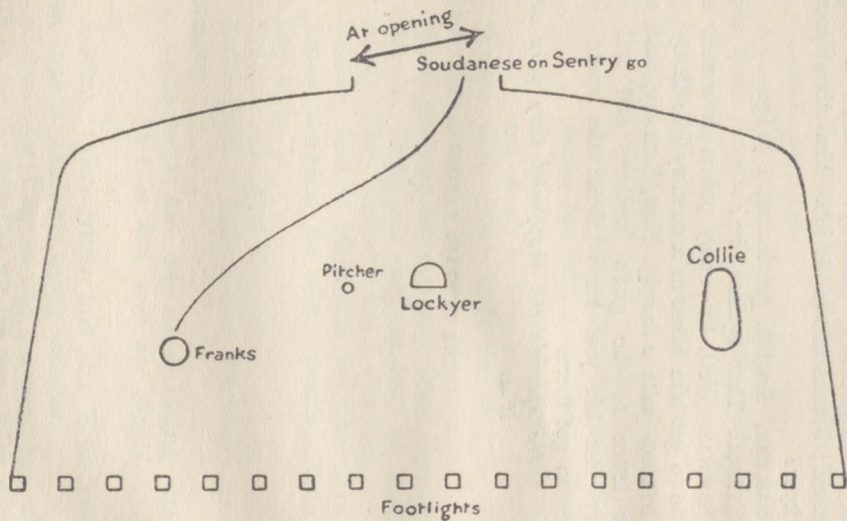
STROOD. That against him?

SAMWAY. Well, too many points of honour are liable to get him eaten in a country like that.

STROOD [*with a laugh*]. Now, Samway, write me that letter to the girl's brother; and tell me every last bit you know about the route—I'm going to get there.

He spreads the map, and they pore over it as

THE CURTAIN FALLS



SCENE II

Eight weeks later, on the west bank of the Lualaba river. Noon. A large native hut of the better type. Over an opening in the centre of the back wall some matting has been lifted, revealing trodden mud, undergrowth, high trees, and glimpses of river. The hut is of saplings and large leaves of the amoma tree, plastered inside with dried mud; it has conical roofing. There is nothing in the hut save white man's kit and mess-tins dumped here and there.

COLLIE, wrapped in a blanket, lies asleep on the Left. He is recovering from a bout of fever. Centre, LOCKYER, with the remnants of soldierly neatness, in shirt and breeches, sits cross-legged on the ground writing up his log. A native pitcher stands on the floor close to him. Some clothes are stretched here and there to dry. A Soudanese SENTRY, with rifle, at long intervals crosses and re-crosses the opening. Through the opening FRANKS enters. He has a growth of dark beard and is thin, stained, and haggard. He comes forward, takes up the pitcher and raises it to drink.

LOCKYER. Steady on, Franks. It's not been

boiled. Here! [*He hands his water-bottle to FRANKS, who drinks.*]

FRANKS. Your Soudanee is food for the crocodiles, Lockyer.

LOCKYER. Poor devil!

FRANKS. Ammonium carbonate hardly touches this brand of poison. The two carriers will die too—tetanus supervening. [*He leans against the wall, Right, in an exhausted attitude, looking down at LOCKYER.*]

LOCKYER. How's the chief's fever?

FRANKS. Passed off. Strong as a bull. Now he's on his legs we shall be off again.

LOCKYER. Got fever yourself, haven't you?

FRANKS *nods.*

Collie's temp.'s down. [*Shutting up his log.*] Look here, old man, I'll go on guard. Lie down; if we're off again, you'll need a spell.

FRANKS [*fever mounting in him*]. Lockyer, why have we crossed the Lualaba? Our job was to lie between this river and the Lakes. Eight hellish weeks getting here, and nothing done! No attempt to find slave trade—no trace of it. Driving—driving these poor wretches on. Six dead. Two more will die. Eight can't carry—can't march even—have to be left here; at least six more will founder when we start again. All forest in front. Forest again—my God! [*His voice has risen; COLLIE wakes and sits up.*] What's Strood doing? Damn him!

LOCKYER. Steady, old son!

COLLIE. Physician, heal thaself! [*Rising.*] Eh! but I'm feelin' fine again. Lie down, Franks; ye've no constitution. I told ye to get out of your wet togs last night.

FRANKS. With three men dying on my hands, and the chief cursing at every man we lose! He's playing some game we know nothing of. I've felt it all along. We can't go on like this; the men are skeletons. We *must* rest and feed them up.

COLLIE. If we rest, it's not ourselves we'll be feedin' up. Drums all night. We'll be attacked again directly.

LOCKYER. We gave them a pill yesterday, crossing the river.

COLLIE. Aye, but they're forgetfu' loons in this forest. [*As FRANKS crosses to the blankets*] I'm with the doctor; we want a reason for goin' on the way we are.

FRANKS. They can spare their arrows; we'll all founder in a fortnight, driven on like this. These stinking swamps!

He is seized with a violent fit of shivering.

COLLIE *wraps him in a blanket, and almost forces him down against the wall, Left.*

The Soudanese SENTRY stands to attention in the opening and speaks.

SENTRY. Chief—come! Captain! [*He grunts and is silent, at attention.*]

STROOD *enters. The SENTRY moves on.*

STROOD, *though lined and sallowed, has*

not lost, like the others, his look of physical strength. He has a revolver in his belt and a cloud on his face.

STROOD. Gentlemen—no officer on guard! Do you happen to remember we were attacked in crossing yesterday? Whose duty?

LOCKYER. I was just going, sir.

STROOD. "Just going" doesn't do, Captain Lockyer. Where's Herrick? Let *him* take his turn.

LOCKYER. We wanted to ask you, sir——

STROOD [*ominously*]. Well?

LOCKYER. Why have we crossed the Lualaba? We understood——

STROOD. Thought you were a soldier.

LOCKYER [*steadily*]. We consider the position pretty desperate, sir. We signed for an expedition between the Lakes and the Lualaba.

STROOD. You signed to be under my leadership for seven months. You have five months to run, Captain Lockyer, and your reputation in the Army at stake.

LOCKYER. I know that, sir. But you've crossed into cannibal country and the men are scared. We may have wholesale desertions.

STROOD. I've only flogged for desertion so far; I'll shoot the next man who tries it on. [*Grimly*.] But there'll be no straggling between this river and the Lomami. Any straggler now is food for cannibals.

FRANKS. And if we *all* recross the river?

STROOD [*putting his hand on his revolver*]. Dr. Franks!

LOCKYER [*quietly*]. Franks has fever, sir. But we shall be grateful if you'll tell us the exact purpose for which the whole expedition is risking its life.

COLLIE. Aye, chief; is it a pure pleasure trip?

STROOD [*controlling himself*]. Gentlemen, I've had to be on the safe side and keep my counsel, or lose my carriers. Well, we're on the safe side now. Our real destination is south, in the Lualaba Kasai.

Sensation.

COLLIE. How's that?

STROOD. Diamonds. No one else knows of them but one Belgian. And we're racing his outfit from Basoko.

FRANKS *laughs*.

COLLIE. Diamonds! Losh!

LOCKYER. We're not after the slave trade, then?

STROOD. Certainly. I'm expecting news of it hereabouts. But this other object is just as important.

LOCKYER. Frankly, sir, if I'd known this was a commercial expedition, I shouldn't have come.

STROOD. Commercial! You've heard of the copper deposits in Katanga? The south-east of the Congo State is a mass of minerals, gentlemen. It should never have been let slip. Samway's shown me the diamonds he found further west. If we can

make a discoverer's claim, it should lead to an alteration of the whole frontier, and add one of the richest bits of Africa to the British flag. Is that commercial, Lockyer?

LOCKYER [*steadily*]. How do you mean, sir? A frontier once fixed——

STROOD. Frontiers are never fixed.

LOCKYER. If it's for the flag——

COLLIE. It's a bonnie idea.

STROOD. Worth a few lives and a few scruples!

FRANKS. Only twenty-six carriers can march at all—and six of *them* will founder in a day or two. Eight men can't march, and two are dying. What are you going to do with them?

STROOD. Put them and you, Dr. Franks, and Mr. Herrick, back across the river to camp until you're fit; then you will take them home the way we came, or to Tanganyika, as you find best. I hope to send news by you of the slave trade.

FRANKS. Slave trade! It's we're the slavers—driving on these men—— [*He laughs a disordered laugh.*]

LOCKYER. Franks! . . . With only nine Soudanese, sir, and less than thirty carriers—all in bad shape; it's precious long odds against our getting through. We shall be attacked all the way.

STROOD. Why do you think I brought that girl of Herrick's?

LOCKYER. Yes, sir, why? She's a sullen little snake.

STROOD. Because she's sister to an Arab friend of Samway's, who rules these parts. From him—we shall get safe conduct to the Lomami, and more carriers if we need them.

LOCKYER. I see. That sounds good enough.

STROOD. Enough said, Lockyer. [*He holds out his hand, which LOCKYER takes.*] Put Herrick on guard. I'm going to send the girl off now, with Samway's letter.

He looks grimly at FRANKS, huddled in his blanket against the wall, and goes out.

LOCKYER *takes belt, revolver, and stick, buckles on the belt, and stands looking at FRANKS.*

LOCKYER. Get a sleep, old chap.

He goes out, speaking to the SENTRY in the entrance. COLLIE begins attending to the gear in the hut.

FRANKS [*huddled on the floor, with knees drawn up*]. Good fellow, Lockyer, but a fool, Collie. The Empire's built with the bones of fools like Lockyer.

COLLIE [*close to him*]. Na, no! The Empire's built by men that's got an itch to measure theirsels against the impossible. Strood's a great man in his way.

FRANKS. Lockyer's worth ten of him.

COLLIE. Doctor, ye're no' just. There's not a square mile of civilised airth that hasn't had a Strood at work on it. But for your Stroods we'd all be savages. England was forest no' so verra long ago.

FRANKS [*in the tone of one who utters an unimaginable word*]. England!

COLLIE [*who is bending down*]. Doctor, I'm eaten up wi' critters; the hut I slept in last night was fair crawlin' wi' 'em. [*He contemplates his stringy legs.*]

FRANKS [*suddenly*]. Driving on these poor devils—the skeletons we've made of them?

COLLIE [*humouring*]. Well, ye can nurse 'em back home.

FRANKS. They'll never see home; the forest'll have their bones, and he knows it.

COLLIE. Aweel! [*Stretching.*] Ah'd give ma conscience for the smell of whisky.

HERRICK *appears in the opening. He comes forward, impressively gaunt.*

HERRICK. Got the map?

COLLIE. Lockyer's told ye, then?

HERRICK [*nodding*]. Cat's paws. [*Looking at the map.*] Franks! We'll make for the Bambara Hills and Tanganyika when your men can march. Fever?

FRANKS *nods. He is now shivering violently.*

HERRICK. Pain? Across the back? Like an injection? [*He takes a little case from FRANKS's pocket and prepares to inject.*] Collie, yesterday, crossing the river, I caught a frog with unwebbed toes. He's got long, sharp claws. Now, doctor— [*He injects.*]

COLLIE. Grand stuff, opium! [*Pointing on the*

map] Losh! Those diamonds are a way off! Heard about your girl?

HERRICK. I have.

COLLIE. Will she go, d'ye think? She's no' friendly to Strood. Ma God, the way she looks at him! Aye, but it's a misfortune ye don't get on with Strood. There's a ween o' plans go wrong because o' personalities.

HERRICK. He's a bully.

COLLIE [*angrily*]. Ah! you and the doctor! How would *you* get a caravan across this country? Ye'd never get beyond your front door.

HERRICK [*to FRANKS*]. Any easier?

FRANKS *nods*. *He is getting drowsy from the injection.*

COLLIE. Ye can't eat pie without cuttin' crust. It's the lives of niggers against the glories of trade and science. I'm thinkin' ye'd be best to go and sit down by the Round Pond, Herrick, and study the chimpanzee in Kensington Gardens—What's the trouble now?

Sounds of commotion without.

Another of your men dead, doctor?

FRANKS *half raises himself, but droops again somnolently. The sounds of commotion increase.*

COLLIE. Aye, well! It's no' a God-fearin' parish this. [*He reaches for his revolver.*]

HERRICK *steps towards the door, but stands aside to let STROOD pass in. He has a sjambok in his hands and looks furious.*

The Soudanese SENTRY blocks the entry after him.

STROOD [*halting at sight of HERRICK*]. Do you know anything of this?

HERRICK [*haughtily*]. Of what?

STROOD. Did you put your girl up to sneaking into my tent?

HERRICK. Don't treat me like your black men, Mr. Strood.

LOCKYER'S VOICE. Into the hut!

Four ragged Soudanese SOLDIERS enter with the girl AMINA between them. LOCKYER follows. By his direction they open out, and, leaving the GIRL between STROOD and HERRICK, block the entrance. The GIRL stands quite still, but her eyes move and glitter dangerously. STROOD has recovered his self-command.

STROOD. Lockyer—Collie—the letter from Samway to this girl's brother is missing from my tent since I was here a few minutes ago. Sadig there? Call him!

LOCKYER looks out through the opening and beckons. SADIG, STROOD'S Berberine servant, enters. The GIRL turns her eyes on him malevolently.

STROOD. Sadig, you saw this girl come out of my tent just now?

SADIG. Yes, sah.

AMINA. Not true; you no see me come out!

SADIG [*with a gesture of solemn affirmation*]. Sah—that true. I see her come out.

STROOD. With something in her hand?

SADIG. Yes, sah; white thing.

STROOD. A letter?

SADIG. Sah—too far away. Can't say.

AMINA. You no see me.

STROOD. Quiet, you! How did she look—like a thief?

SADIG. Sah—she look this way, that way—[*he mimics what he has seen*] then see me, and run for Missah Herrick's tent. I follow. Missah Herrick—he not there. This girl stand and look at me and curse. I ask her what she do in my master's tent. She say she not do noting there, she say. Sah, I see her coming out. She bad—she steal something.

STROOD. What did you do then?

SADIG. Keep watch on her, an' call out big. Captain Lockyer he come and take her with these boys and send me fetch you, sah.

STROOD. What did she do while you were watching her?

SADIG. Spit at me—call me dog—she bad woman.

STROOD. Did she try and hide anything? Move her hands?

SADIG. She make her hands like this. [*He mimics hands on hips.*] She is not a good one.

STROOD [*to HERRICK*]. Did you know of this letter?

HERRICK. Lockyer told me of it just now.

STROOD. Where?

HERRICK. In my tent.

STROOD. Was the girl present?

HERRICK. Yes.

STROOD. Lockyer, go with Sadig; search Mr. Herrick's tent thoroughly and come back quick.

LOCKYER and SADIG go out.

HERRICK. By what right?

STROOD. Self-preservation. If the letter is not found in your tent, it is on this girl.

HERRICK [*to the GIRL, sternly*]. Did you steal this letter?

AMINA [*with a spaniel's look*]. I no steal. Arab girl not steal. Why I steal letter? No good for me.

HERRICK. What made you go into Mr. Strood's tent?

AMINA. I no go—stand outside.

HERRICK. Why?

AMINA. I go look in—see whether he got better tent than Herrick.

STROOD. Mr. Collie, go and search between my tent and Mr. Herrick's. Look well to both sides of a bee-line between.

COLLIE goes out.

HERRICK. Whatever she's done, you'll treat her gently, please.

STROOD. The life of the expedition hangs on this letter. And by God, I'll have it, if I have to flay her alive. It's the life of one tricky baggage against all our lives.

HERRICK. You've been making cat's paws of us.

But as he speaks, LOCKYER, SADIG, and COLLIE appear in the entrance.

STROOD. Well, Captain Lockyer?

LOCKYER. Not there, sir.

STROOD. Collie!

COLLIE. Not a sign.

STROOD [*taking a step forward with the sjambok raised; to the GIRL*]. Now! Give me that letter. Quick!

The GIRL stands cowering, her eyes alive with hate. She gives a quick look of supplication at HERRICK, who takes a step towards her.

STROOD. Surround her.

The SOUDANESE surround her.

Stand still, Mr. Herrick. [*To the GIRL*] Will you give me that letter?

AMINA. I no got letter.

STROOD. Search her!

HERRICK. Stop that! Leave her to me!

Two SOUDANESE bar him off with rifles; two seize the GIRL. A moment's pause.

STROOD. Strip her!

LOCKYER [*suddenly*]. Halt! [*The SOUDANESE are still.*] Sorry, sir. Can't do that.

STROOD [*furiously*]. Captain Lockyer—no damned squeamishness! It's your life and mine, and every man's here.

LOCKYER. Keep her in custody, sir; she'll give up the letter presently.

AMINA [*with a proud and triumphant gesture*].
I no got letter. I eat it!

STROOD *lashes at her, but the blow is intercepted by LOCKYER'S cane, and only falls lightly.*

AMINA. I kill you—one day.

STROOD [*recovering his self-possession in the strange way peculiar to him*]. Very well! Captain Lockyer, raise camp. We march in an hour. Tell off three of your men to guard this girl, on pain of a flogging if they let her get away. She will go with us, and be shot if we're attacked. Sadig, bring me the two natives we took yesterday, and stand by to interpret. I'll tell them we've got Samehda's sister, and release them to spread the news of it.

SADIG *goes out.*

COLLIE. Chief, have we a chance, now, to get through at all?

STROOD. I don't know; but we're going to try, Collie. Raise camp.

COLLIE *shrugs his shoulders, gathers up the two collected kits of himself and LOCKYER, and goes out.*

STROOD. Captain Lockyer, bind her fast and take her away. You will leave four of your men here with Dr. Franks, in charge of the ten carriers who can't march.

LOCKYER *and his MEN go out with the GIRL.*

Dr. Franks, you will take the canoe and re-cross the river as soon as you can; you will camp till your men can march; then make your way back

to the Albert Edward, or to Tanganyika, as you find best.

FRANKS, *who has risen, stares at him without reply.*

HERRICK, I shall keep your wench till we've crossed the Lomami river. No harm will come to her unless we're attacked. She has brought us to this pass, and she must get us out of it. You object to my ways of conducting a caravan; well, you now have an opportunity of judging how far you can get on without them.

He goes out, detaching the skin covering of the hut and letting it fall over the opening. There is silence, and but a dim light in the hut.

HERRICK [*crossing to where he can see FRANKS*].
Marooned, Doctor.

FRANKS *breaks into weak laughter.*

FRANKS. Lopped off—the rotten branches! [*He stops with a sharp ejaculation and sinks down on to the blankets.*]

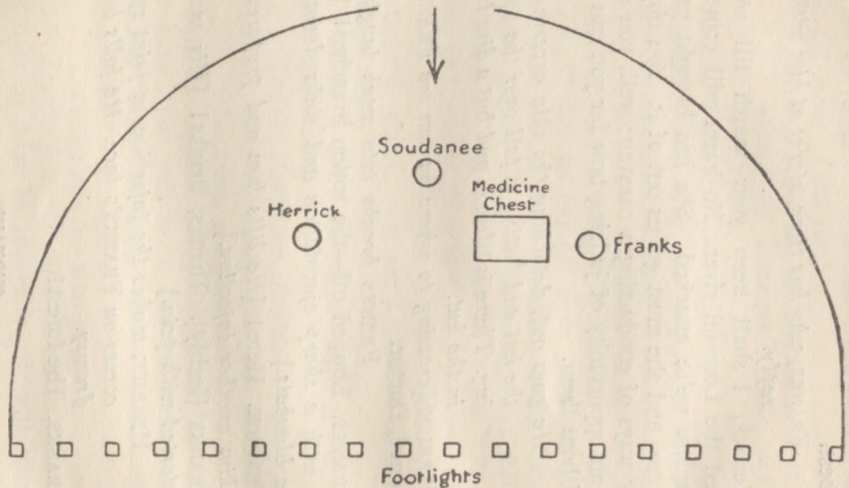
HERRICK. Here! [*He lifts him and prepares to give him another injection.*]

FRANKS [*feebly*]. Thanks, thanks! [*His mouth is distorted with pain.*]

HERRICK *makes the injection; a faint smile comes on FRANKS's face. He falls back, drowsy.*

FRANKS. The forest!

CURTAIN



Herrick

Soudanee

Medicine Chest

Franks

Footlights

SCENE III

The curtain has been lowered for a few seconds to indicate the lapse of time.

The scene is the same, three days later. Noon.

The hut is empty of all gear except a medicine chest. The matting over the doorway is gone. FRANKS is feebly going through contents of chest. The fever has left him, but he looks wan and exhausted. HERRICK enters, followed by a SOUDANEE.

HERRICK. Doctor, quinine for this man.

FRANKS [*holding up a bottle*]. This is all Strood's left me. [*He beckons to the SOUDANEE, looks at him searchingly, and gives him a dose.*]

The MAN salutes and goes out.

HERRICK. He's the best man we've got. . . . Still they don't attack—three days! Odd!

FRANKS. They must be following Strood up.

HERRICK. Practically no food, Franks. Daren't let them forage. Are you up to crossing?

FRANKS [*shrugging*]. Must be.

HERRICK. Queer thing, colour. Suppose I shall never see that girl again; find I haven't half the feeling for her I'd have for a dog. Got room in that chest for this bottle? My frog; don't want to lose him. Quaint chap, isn't he? [*He holds up the*

bottled specimen for FRANKS to see.] The variety of creature—the riot of life and death, in this forest!

FRANKS. Remember the carrier's dying wife in Stanley's book: "It's a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it." We have. How many journeys in that canoe? Fourteen of us, and the loads?

HERRICK. Four, I should say. I'll just label this chap.

FRANKS goes out.

HERRICK sits down, tears a sheet from his pocket-book and writes: "Unwebbed frog, with claws. Found on the Lualaba river, Christmas, '98. C. Herrick."

As he is attaching the label, the girl AMINA comes in; her garments are torn, but her face and body show no great signs of fatigue. She steals round with the swaying movement peculiar to her, and has clasped his knees before he realises that she is there.

AMINA. Amina come back! Escape—come through forest—back to Herrick. [*Again she embraces his knees, and is about to kiss his feet.*]

HERRICK [*rising*]. Get up. I don't like you to do that. [*Raising her by the shoulder and stroking it.*] Where did you leave them, Amina?

AMINA. Two marches. [*With a smile that shows her white teeth*] They not clever—Amina too clever. At night—she burn rope—look! [*She shows a burnt place on her arm.*]

HERRICK. God! That must have hurt!

AMINA. Five carrier run away—I find two dead of arrow. Soon all killed now or run away. They not go other marches—many. [*Her eyes and teeth gleam.*] Now I guide Herrick home, quick. Amina clever—got letter still. [*She steals her hand into the garment round her waist and brings out the letter.*]

HERRICK. You little snake!

AMINA [*proudly*]. Save it for Herrick! [*She gives him the letter.*] Herrick safe now.

HERRICK [*reading the letter; grave and puzzled*]. Tell me now—what made you steal this letter?

AMINA. Strood hate Herrick—use letter—then leave Herrick behind, so Batetela kill. Now Batetela kill Strood instead—soon kill.

HERRICK [*to himself*]. Who'd ever understand how their minds work! Jezebel!

The word is Greek to AMINA, but his gesture disturbs her.

AMINA. SAVE Herrick's life. Herrick use letter—make my brother friend.

HERRICK [*alive to the expedition's danger*]. Good God! What am I to do?

AMINA. Strood soon die—dog!

HERRICK. Listen, Amina! Strood and I not friends, but I never let Strood, Lockyer, Collie die. Understand? Never!

AMINA. No. Strood die. He strike me.

HERRICK. Take me to your brother. Come, now at once.

AMINA. No! Amina cross river now—take Herrick home.

HERRICK. Very well then—I go to join Strood and Lockyer.

AMINA. Ah, no! Why you care for Strood—he not care for you!

HERRICK. I don't care for Strood; but white men stick together.

AMINA. He enemy.

HERRICK. Come, now! Do what I tell you. Guide me to your brother.

AMINA [*passionately*]. I live two year with Herrick—not want my people now. Not want forest—want only Herrick.

HERRICK. I swear by Allah, that you live no more with me unless you take me to your brother.

AMINA. If my brother know Strood strike me, he kill him.

HERRICK. You won't tell him. Come, now! Come!

AMINA. My brother angry. Why Strood come in his country? Make bad for my brother's trade. Send news to white men that my brother catch slave. Amina know. She hear talk. My brother all ready to kill Strood now. Strood very few men—very weak.

HERRICK. Amina, once for all, take me to your brother, or you never see me again.

AMINA [*beating her breast*]. Ah, no! I do all for Herrick—burn rope—come all this way alone in forest to save his life.

HERRICK. Save the others too, then!

AMINA. Not Strood—bad man; leave Herrick and Doctor Frank behind to die.

HERRICK. Will you take me to your brother?

AMINA [*impassive; suddenly*]. You angry—I do what you tell.

FRANKS *has appeared in the opening of the hut.*

FRANKS. The canoe's gone, Herrick.

HERRICK [*holding out the letter and pointing with it to the GIRL*]. She escaped. She's got this still.

FRANKS. And Strood?

HERRICK. In mortal danger, all of them! Her brother's the only chance. She must take me to him, now—at once.

FRANKS. And we?

HERRICK. Make a raft. Hang on, Franks; get across somehow. I'll come back or send a message within three days. They're in worse straits than we are—far.

FRANKS [*in a low voice*]. Can you trust her?

HERRICK. With myself? Yes. Good-bye, old man. Amina—come!

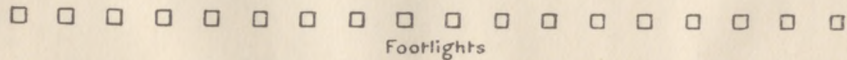
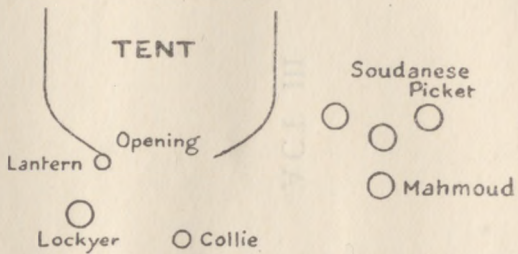
He goes out. The GIRL follows him. FRANKS stands aside, watching them go.

CURTAIN

ACT III

DARKNESS

DARKNESS



ACT III

SCENE I

The tent of LOCKYER and COLLIE in the forest, evening of the following day, four short marches from the Lualaba river. An oil lamp illumines the tent, the front side of which is open. Around is the loom of the forest; the faint outline of another tent is seen on one side and on the other four SOUDANESE are grouped—three squatting, one leaning on his rifle.

LOCKYER and COLLIE, *in front of the tent, have just finished their scanty meal of bananas and biscuit, and are lighting their pipes—rifles and revolvers close at hand. Now and then drifts up the sound of native drums beaten out in the forest.*

COLLIE [*listening*]. Those damned drums! Heh! but 'tis awfu' like the Salvation Army in Glasgow.

LOCKYER. Salvation! Rum idea that! What do you make of it, Collie?

COLLIE. We—el! I've known maself verra queer—times. A wee bit more, and I wouldna've been answerable for the consequences. Have ye never felt lik' that?

LOCKYER. Never!

COLLIE. That's your upbringing'. Ye can always

tell an English gentleman—never drunk on anything but liquor.

LOCKYER. Well! He makes up there.

COLLIE. Wish to God I were drunk now. The girl's escape has fair finished us. We won't last to the Lomami river.

LOCKYER. What distance d'you make it still?

COLLIE. Forty miles. We've not come thirty these four days, and lost twelve men. And Strood won't turn; the man's demented.

LOCKYER [*with a shrug*]. Mahmoud!

The SOUDANESE on foot comes up at the call.

Keep on your rounds, there!

The MAN salutes, and goes on his round to the Right.

I've got fever coming on, Collie; feel so darned talkative.

COLLIE. Aye, that's a sure sign of fever or insanity. Well, I'm no for a sleep meself till I've given Strood me mind. Got a drain of brandy there?

LOCKYER *hands him a flask.*

LOCKYER. Collie! Mutton cutlets with new peas and asparagus, and a pint of iced champagne.

COLLIE. Na! A fresh-run salmon and a gallon o' mountain dew!

LOCKYER. Wonder what sort of a season they're having with the Quorn! What on earth brings us out into places like this? Good Lord! I think we're all mad! This tobacco tastes rotten—always

does before fever. My brother's got a horse running in the National next spring—wonder if he'll think of putting me anything on? Wonder if he thinks of me at all? Wonder if anyone thinks of fools like us? Collie! Cold pigeon pie and iced claret-cup, what! Or how about marrow-bones and a bottle of Steinberg Cabinet! Oh, damn! at home I never think of what I eat. If we were Belgians, we'd be talking about women. Ever play cricket?

COLLIE [*shaking his head*]. Na—golf's ma diversion.

LOCKYER. Rotten game! I say, what do you think death really is?

COLLIE. We'll be no needin' to *think* if Strood won't turn.

LOCKYER. Change of trains—or a black-out, eh?

COLLIE. I'm no' certain. But it canna be worse than this forest.

LOCKYER. Ah! Imagine haunting this forest!

“And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child!”

COLLIE. Here! Tak' your temperature. [*Hands him a thermometer.*]

LOCKYER [*refusing it*]. Wonder if the Almighty ever had to keep his wicket up against bowling like this? Almighty? But *if Almighty*, Collie—He can change the attack whenever it doesn't suit Him.

COLLIE. Na! I'm thinkin' the Deity has a manly vocation. Fancy findin' ye'd made this forest! That'd tak' some livin' down.

LOCKYER. It is a corker. But think how we shall look back on it! By George! I can see myself with a long drink looking back.

COLLIE. Aye! Ye've got fever. Tak' some of these. [*Handing him a little bottle of tabloids.*]

LOCKYER [*swallowing two tabloids*]. Married, aren't you, Collie?

COLLIE *nods.*

That's bad. Children?

COLLIE. Two. Bonnie bairns.

LOCKYER. What on earth brought *you* out here?

COLLIE. We—el! Ah've got ambeetions for them.

LOCKYER *bursts into a sort of laughter.*

LOCKYER. Sorry, old man! Only—ambitions here! It's rather—funny—what!

COLLIE. Aye! And I'm goin' to see Strood about it. [*He gets up and passes towards the other tent at the back.*]

LOCKYER [*to himself*]. Poor old Collie!

The sound of the drums rises. LOCKYER leans forward over his crossed legs, listening. The drum beats swell.

LOCKYER. Gosh!

The SOUDANESE, who have been squatting in talk, rise; they are joined by MAHMOUD, and come down to LOCKYER.

MAHMOUD. Capt'n Sahib! Men say no go any more—in morning all run away. This too bad country—bad men—cannibal.

The beating of the drums seems to come from every side. The SOUDANESE manifest an attentive alarm.

No can go more.

LOCKYER [*grasping his revolver and rising to his feet*]. 'Shun!

The MEN stand half-heartedly at attention.

What's this, Mahmoud? If I tell Strood Sahib, he'll have you shot for mutiny.

MAHMOUD. No can shoot all. In morning all go.

LOCKYER. Come, Mahmoud—soldiers are not afraid. Obey orders.

MAHMOUD [*touching his mouth and stomach, imitated by the others*]. No can march if not eat. Lockyer Sahib tell men "Right about." Then obey—men march—all go back to river. Lockyer Sahib good—our officer—Strood Sahib— [He shakes his head.]

LOCKYER. Mahmoud!

MAHMOUD [*grimly*]. Our officer—he lead us—no mutiny then.

LOCKYER. You scoundrel! How dare you?

MAHMOUD. No, Sahib, we not bad—we hungry—got sores—no like die for not'ing. Carrier men run away—leave us—then all die quick—white men too. [*With a salute*] Lockyer Sahib, save um all.

LOCKYER. You are under my orders, Mahmoud! I am under Strood Sahib's.

MAHMOUD [*fiercely*]. By Allah! No can go more.

LOCKYER *blows a whistle. There is a stir, and the emaciated forms of CARRIERS*

gather in the darkness behind the SOUDANESE to the left. COLLIE and STROOD come hurriedly from the darkness Right, with revolvers in their hands. They are followed by SADIG.

STROOD. What's this, Captain Lockyer?

LOCKYER. The men refuse to march to-morrow.

STROOD. Who speaks for them?

LOCKYER [*pointing*]. Mahmoud—there.

STROOD [*covering him with his revolver*]. Put him under arrest.

LOCKYER [*to MAHMOUD*]. Ground arms!

MAHMOUD *lays down his rifle and folds his arms with a certain dignity.*

STROOD. Now, my man, refuse orders to-morrow morning, and you'll be shot. [*To the CARRIERS*] Listen, children. Those who run away—all killed by Batetela.

Two of the CARRIERS emerge from among the huddled mass of them. They are poor, emaciated creatures.

1ST CARRIER. Master! No food—got many sores—got fever. Dis bad caravan. Go back to ribber—cross ribber—some food.

2ND CARRIER. We not engage come in dis country, master; hab wife—hab children. Soon we fall down—no able carry load. Look, Master! We not go-ee, go-ees. Look! [*He lifts the rag of his garment to display his emaciated leg, disfigured by a great sore.*]

LOCKYER *turns his head away.*

STROOD. Listen! [*Pointing to MAHMOUD*] This man tell you wrong. No can go back. If go back, Batetela attack, kill every man. Now, sons, trust me. No one else can save you. Trust me.

The CARRIERS look at him, beseeching, doubting, trying to see if he is speaking truth.

1ST CARRIER [*a Zanzibari*]. Master, to-day Khamis die—[*pointing to 2nd CARRIER*] to-morrow Umari die—[*pointing to another*] my brother Mabruk he die soon; this too far from our country—bad forest—bad men—eat enemy.

3RD CARRIER [MABRUK]. Master, two moons we travel—carry load too fast—all that thick forest not like our country. Sometime no food—our stomach empty. When we try find food—No!—White men drive on—drive on. Sometime want little sleep—sit down—white man come with whip—[*he makes the appropriate gesture*]. We not go-ee go-ees. We men—not dog.

STROOD. Not men, Mabruk—children! The whip saved your lives. You fools! stray away in that forest, you never come back! Manyema in that old forest; Batetela in this forest. Keep together, children, keep on, keep on; if not, death all round to take you, Mabruk.

3RD CARRIER. Inshallah—death come when it come. Me tired—me sick—

STROOD. Listen, my son; listen, all! In four days I bring you out of the forest. Bring you to good country—plenty food—no bad men—more carriers

—plenty more! All this way—a little further, and we're safe. Courage, men! Trust me! Now go and sleep! Go and sleep! To-morrow we march quickly!

He waves his hand, and the shadowy figures melt away into the darkness, with murmurs of: "Inshallah! Inshallah!"

Mahmoud, take up your rifle! Obey orders!

MAHMOUD resumes his rifle, and the FOUR SOUDANESE retreat to their picket.

LOCKYER. Poor devils!

STROOD [*turning on him*]. Our only chance is carrying on. We're in mid-stream. The pressure'll get less.

COLLIE. Ye'll never get 'em forrard. There's a limit; and it's well to know when ye've reached it.

STROOD. No limit to will power, Collie, none!

COLLIE. There's a limit to human strength. Ye're sacrificing the lot of us for no good. Turn back!

STROOD. Never! Never have, never shall. You, Lockyer—a soldier! One spurt and we'll win out. Come!

LOCKYER. If you order me on [*with a shrug*] I'll go.

STROOD. I do. Collie!

HERRICK'S voice from the darkness: "*Don't shoot! Friends!*"

LOCKYER. Herrick!

The THREE MEN stand alert and waiting. From Left Back appear HERRICK and

AMINA, *surrounded by the SOUDANESE picket.*

STROOD. Seize that wench!

HERRICK [*who looks exhausted.*] No. [*He takes the GIRL by the arm.*] Drink.

LOCKYER *hands him a water-bottle, which he passes to the GIRL first. She drinks and sinks down, squatting and watching.*

HERRICK, *after drinking, takes out the letter.*

STROOD. She had it—after all? So much for squeamishness, Captain. Twelve men lost by it!

HERRICK. Do you want this letter delivered now?

STROOD [*sardonically*]. Do we want to live?

HERRICK. Amina, go—fetch your brother.

AMINA *stands up. Her eyes seem to stab*

STROOD.

Go! Call him.

As if hypnotised, the GIRL sways out to the edge of the clearing and is lost among the trees. The MEN stand waiting. Presently a long, shrill, peculiar call is heard—repeated—then answered faintly from the forest. Round the WHITE MEN grouped in the light from the tent lantern, and the motionless SOUDANESE, the emaciated forms of the CARRIERS can be seen dimly to the Left, gathering in the darkness.

COLLIE. Is she for a bit o' new treachery, d'ye think?

HERRICK. Got any brandy?

LOCKYER *hands him the flask and some biscuits.*

HERRICK *drinks from it and nibbles a biscuit.*

You're surrounded here.

STROOD [*to LOCKYER*]. Take your men and see what she's doing.

HERRICK. Wait! Wait!

There is another moment of silent waiting. Then TWO FIGURES are seen coming from the darkness, Right Back. The GIRL comes first, and after her, imposing, dark, hawk-faced, clad in light garments, her brother, the half-caste Arab, SAMEHDA. She leads him up to the group, and the two stand silent and apart.

HERRICK. Samehda! Salaam!

AMINA [*to her brother*]. Herrick—good.

HERRICK *advances, holding out the letter. As he does so, AMINA says something low and rapid to her brother in their language.*

HERRICK. From Samway.

SAMEHDA *steps forward and takes the letter with a salaam. He reads it by the light of the oil lantern and then retreats and stands with his head drawn back, look-*

*ing from one white man to another,
AMINA at his elbow.*

SAMEHDA. Chief man?

AMINA *points to STROOD, and again speaks low and rapidly in a language the white men do not understand.*

SAMEHDA [*making a movement to silence her*].
Samway—my brother. You Strood?

STROOD *advances, holding out his hand.*

SAMEHDA *does not take it, but salaams.*

SAMEHDA. Palaver.

After a certain hesitation they sit down cross-legged. The CARRIERS also squat in the background; only the SOUDANESE remain standing, leaning on their rifles.

SAMEHDA. Belgian man here?

STROOD. No; Englishmen—all.

SAMEHDA [*with a deep sound*]. Belgian my enemy. Belgian kill many my people—take away my slave. Why you come my country?

STROOD. Samehda, we are no friends of Belgians. We come to take Belgian country many marches from here. [*Pointing to the south*] South—far.

SAMEHDA [*pointing to HERRICK*]. This man friend of my sister—Samway say—long time friend?

HERRICK [*bowing*]. Yes.

SAMEHDA [*pointing to LOCKYER*]. This man no Belgian?

LOCKYER. English.

SAMEHDA [*pointing to COLLIE*]. This man?

COLLIE. Scot.

STROOD. Brother of English.

SAMEHDA [*with a deep sound which may or may not be approval*]. What you come for?

STROOD. I tell you: we pass through your country, go far south, take away some Belgian country.

SAMEHDA [*reserved and ironic*]. I born Zanzibar—I know white men—come from across sea—take country—ivory—slave—all that belong Arab. Belgian—English—German. And all say: "Serve Allah! Free slave!" All steal from Arab.

STROOD. Arab stole first from black men, Samehda.

SAMEHDA. Then Arab keep if can; white men take if can. Arab serve Allah too.

STROOD. Allah made men free, Samehda; Arab make men slaves.

SAMEHDA. White men make slave too—carrier men. If run away—whip, shoot.

STROOD. Hear me, Samehda. Samway is my friend.

SAMEHDA. Samway my brother.

STROOD. Help us to cross your country: we will make you a large present. Come! Do what Samway asks you.

AMINA *murmurs rapidly in the unknown tongue.*

SAMEHDA. My father chief man. I his son. [*Touching AMINA*] This one his daughter—daughter of Arab chief man. You—[*he makes the motion of striking*]. Why?

STROOD. She stole that letter from my tent. Suppose you have a great strong letter, Samehda, a woman steal it—what you do?

SAMEHDA. No whip for Arab. Arab not black man.

STROOD [*pressing him*]. She did a very bad thing to steal that letter. That letter is from your brother Samway. He saved your life; Arab never forget.

SAMEHDA [*loftily*]. Arab good man.

STROOD. Listen! You give us carriers—forty. You make all quiet for us. At the Lomami river we give you good present—some rifles—some cloth. Afterward more present—bigger.

SAMEHDA. How much rifle—how many cloth?

STROOD. Ten pieces of cloth when we reach the Lomami; after crossing, ten rifles.

SAMEHDA. You give me rifle made in Germany?

STROOD. Good rifles.

SAMEHDA. No! You give me ten English rifle now; then I see.

STROOD. At the river, Samehda.

SAMEHDA. Suppose I no help?—Batetela very

many—very strong. Got poison arrow; kill all. Take all rifles, then.

STROOD [*vigorously*]. If we are killed, a great army will avenge us. Remember your father—how the white men came.

SAMEHDA [*with a smile*]. This Belgian country. English soldier no come here. English—Belgian not good friend.

STROOD. Samehda, listen! I, too, am a chief man in my country—a strong chief. My death will make much noise. My Government will make the Belgians send an army—kill you—take your country.

SAMEHDA [*softly*]. If you die, no one know. [*With a gesture*] Forest hide all.

STROOD. You refuse, then?

SAMEHDA [*elusive*]. Samway my brother.

STROOD. Well?

SAMEHDA. You give me ten rifle now.

STROOD [*rising*]. Palaver finish. I take you both with me to the Lomami river.

SAMEHDA *and the GIRL spring up. All are on their feet.*

No attack, while I have you.

SAMEHDA'S *glance slides round, STROOD lifts his revolver.*

Stand! Don't move!

SAMEHDA [*with dignity*]. This *peace* palaver—you no keep word.

STROOD. For our lives—you force me.

While he is speaking the GIRL has glided forward, stooping, and strikes upward

at STROOD'S lifted arm, with a little dagger; he drops the revolver, wounded in the wrist, and tries to seize her with the other hand; but she glides past him and away into the darkness, pursued by TWO SOUDANESE and SADIG. SAMEHDA has sprung back, drawing a knife. LOCKYER dashes forward to seize him; there is a swift ham-stringing cut and LOCKYER stumbles, clinging to the tent-pole for support. SAMEHDA turns and darts away. COLLIE rushes in pursuit of him; they disappear in the darkness to the Right. There are two shots, then a long groan, and in wailing, chattering confusion the CARRIERS disperse into the darkness.

STROOD. Stop them! Herrick! Mahmoud! Lockyer!—stop them!

He, HERRICK, and the SOUDANESE dash after them.

LOCKYER is left clinging to the tent-pole. One or two more shots are heard; the drum-beats swell furiously. LOCKYER tries to leave the support of the tent-pole and walk, but sinks to the ground. He sits there, feeling and examining his leg.

LOCKYER. Ham-strung! My God!

He crawls back to the tent-pole, takes up his revolver and painfully raises himself till he is leaning against the pole, the

*lantern hanging quite close to his face.
To this one lighted spot STROOD and
HERRICK come back.*

STROOD. Lockyer!

LOCKYER. Here!

STROOD. Gone—every rat! Soudanese too. Not a man left. Not a man!

LOCKYER. Collie?

HERRICK. I stumbled over his body.

*Savage cries from the forest and the beating
of drums.*

They're on us.

STROOD. Into the bushes, quick! Stick together. Come!

HERRICK. Any chance?

STROOD. Yes! Yes! Come on! We'll slip through them yet. Come on—both of you. Stick close to me.

HERRICK. Hurt, Lockyer?

LOCKYER. Nothing.

STROOD. By compass—due west. Keep close, now! Keep close.

He moves to the Left, followed by HERRICK.

LOCKYER. I'll just put out this light.

*He extinguishes the lantern and sinks down
under the lee of the tent. A moment's
empty, dark silence.*

HERRICK [*returning; in a low voice*]. Lockyer! Lockyer!

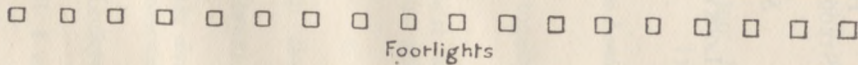
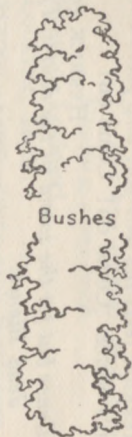
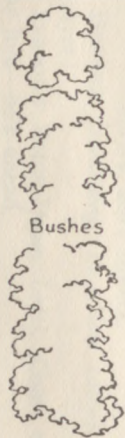
STROOD'S VOICE [*from Left*]. Come on! I can hear him—he's ahead.

HERRICK *feels the tent-pole and peers about.*
STROOD'S VOICE. Come on! Come on!

HERRICK *goes.*
Silence but for the sound of the drums. Then
dead silence.

LOCKYER'S VOICE [*low, in the darkness*]. Good
luck!

CURTAIN



SCENE II*

The forest on the following day—noon. A fallen trunk, huge and rotten, with viper-like creepers, lies along the Back Centre of the scene leading up Stage. HERRICK lies propped against the log, unconscious. STROOD is bending over him. He moves a step away, and himself squats down, staring at HERRICK. He seems to be struggling to form a resolve. He leans forward and listens for the sound of HERRICK's breathing; then, at some noise, recoils, every nerve taut, listening to the forest. Nothing! He relaxes a moment in physical exhaustion. Then with an effort, again forces his mind to the forming of that resolve, fixing his queer stare on HERRICK, still unconscious. His shoulders shrug convulsively and he rises. He has taken two stealthy steps away when HERRICK stirs. STROOD stands still, then turns his head. HERRICK's eyes have opened; they are fixed on his. The two men stare at each other without speaking. A faint smile flickers on HERRICK's face.

* With the tent gone, entirely different lighting, and a fresh backcloth, the same setting can be used as in the preceding scene.

HERRICK. It's all right—go!

STROOD. For water.

HERRICK [*with the same smile*]. For water?

STROOD. Do you think I was leaving you?

HERRICK. Yes. Why not? I've got a shot left. Our souls are naked here, Strood. Not worth keeping it from me. Shake hands.

STROOD. I meant to go. But damn me if I do. We'll get through yet. Lie here, I'll find some water. Back—soon!

He goes, treading stealthily away among the trees to the Left. HERRICK, left alone, mumbles his dry lips with his tongue, and leans back against the trunk, the picture of exhaustion, with his hand on his revolver.

HERRICK [*muttering*]. Back—will he?

The face of AMINA is poked out from some bushes on the Right. She steals noiselessly up to HERRICK's side. With her eyes fixed on his face she waits for him to stir. HERRICK opens his eyes and sees her.

HERRICK. You!

AMINA. Batetela track all night. I follow—kill one fellow in bush there. [*She shows her dagger.*] Come with Amina! Samehda friend to my friend. All safe with Amina! [*Putting his hand to her breast*] Come!

HERRICK *continues to stare at her without speaking.*

AMINA. If not quick, too late. Batetela soon here—find dead fellow—kill Herrick then. My brother not far—two three mile.

HERRICK. Strood.

AMINA. Quick!

HERRICK. Wait for him.

AMINA. No. He strike me. He break word. Strood dead man. Batetela all round—all over forest—many—soon find Herrick too.

HERRICK [*raising his revolver*]. Not alive.

AMINA [*embracing his knees*]. Ah! no! Come! Herrick safe with Samehda. Come quick! Strood leave you here to die. .

HERRICK. No. Gone for water.

AMINA. Strood find water; he go on. Strood let all die, if he live.

HERRICK [*slowly*]. No, I'll wait.

AMINA. If Strood come back, he shoot me.

HERRICK *rises.*

AMINA [*clinging to him, twining round him, trying to draw him away into the bushes*]. Come! Come!

HERRICK. Let go, girl! I'll wait!

AMINA [*recoiling suddenly*]. Strood.

STROOD *has appeared from the forest, Left.*

HERRICK [*with triumph, to the GIRL*]. See!

The GIRL shrinks behind the trunk.

STROOD *lifts his revolver, but the GIRL, interposing the trunk, creeps back into cover.*

STROOD. Why didn't you hold her? Are they on us?

HERRICK. She killed a tracker out there.

The sound of drums is heard.

STROOD [*slicing a length of creeper from the tree*]. Here! Tie yourself to me. Come on! She'll follow. We'll get her yet.

They tie the creeper around their waists.

The almost naked form of a SAVAGE emerges from the bushes on the Right. With a cry, he darts back into the bushes. Yells follow and the beating of drums.

STROOD. Back to back, when we must. Now! Into the thick.

He hastens forward, half dragging HERRICK into the forest. Two dark FIGURES glide from the bushes and pass crouching. Then a splendid SAVAGE is seen standing clear, he leaps on to the fallen trunk, and stretches his bow. There is a shot; the SAVAGE shoots his arrow and leaps forward into the forest. The stage is empty again; three more shots are heard, some fierce cries; then STROOD, half dragging, half supporting HERRICK,

comes back towards the trunk. Two arrows have pierced HERRICK'S back, the shafts visible.

HERRICK [*prostrate*]. Cut, cut! I'm done!

For answer STROOD lifts him. AMINA emerges from the bushes, Right, and leaps towards HERRICK. STROOD, dropping HERRICK, who sinks down dead, levels his revolver and fires. But the revolver clicks. It is empty. He throws it down, and stands quite still, unarmed, exposed, with his eyes fixed on the GIRL, who crouches forward towards him.

STROOD. Well! . . . Come on if you dare, you forest hell-cat!

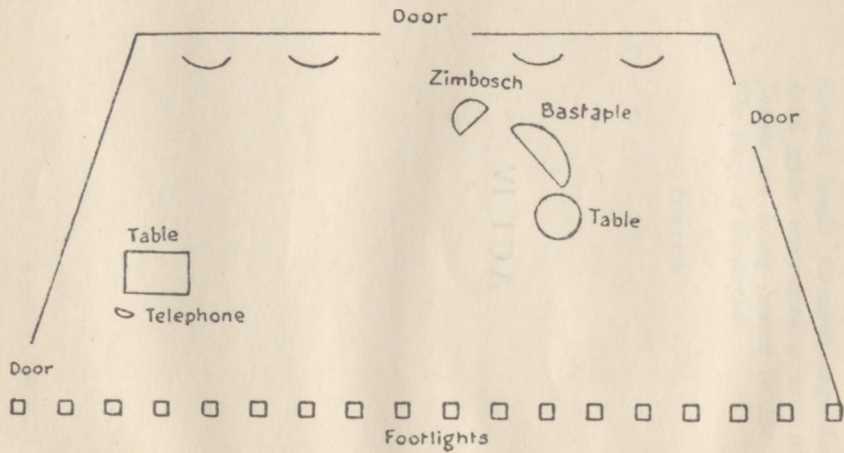
His face has a kind of exaltation of defiance, as if holding a wild beast at bay with the force of his gaze. The GIRL stands hypnotised. At a sound from the bushes STROOD turns his head for a second. Quick as thought the GIRL springs and drives her dagger into his heart. With a gasp, he falls against the trunk, dead. The GIRL flings herself down by HERRICK'S dead body, stroking it and uttering a crooning lament.

A SAVAGE steals out of the bushes and stops three paces away, looking down at STROOD'S half-recumbent body. A kind of contraction passes over STROOD'S face. The SAVAGE recoils, raising his spear.

STROOD'S face relaxes in death. The SAVAGE bends forward, regarding the dead white man with a sort of awe. Drums are being beaten in the forest. The stage is darkened.

CURTAIN

ACT IV



ACT IV

SCENE I

The following June. Bastaple's outer sanctum in the City of London. Afternoon.

BASTAPLE *is seated at his little table. BARON ZIMBOSCH in a chair to his right.*

ZIMBOSCH. Since the middle of May, Mr. Bastaple, they have been sitting there at Bloemfontein, Milner and Oom Paul Kruger. Well, it is over—the Conference.

BASTAPLE. What's the result?

ZIMBOSCH. Impasse. The more Kruger ask, the more Milner refuse; the more Milner ask, the more Kruger stick his heel. No one will know for a fortnight; but take it from me, Mr. Bastaple: this is a cert—no agreement.

BASTAPLE. H'm!

ZIMBOSCH [*nodding*]. War—in the autumn. When the result of this Conference is known—up go the temperatures. A bad attack of war fever—you will see.

BASTAPLE. Quite sure about your news?

ZIMBOSCH. Absolute! Cable this morning; best information from the back stair. You may bottom your dollar on it, Mr. Bastaple. My word—Africans! La! la! But you have a fortnight still before the

news is out. Your friend Beton has his General Meeting the day after to-morrow, isn't it? If he gets his coolie labour, you have your chance to get out yet. I admire Robert Beton, he is idealist to his tiptoes. *Bon Dieu!* you are all idealists in this country.

BASTAPLE *smiles*.

Ah! not you, Mr. Bastaple—not you!

The door, Back, is opened, and FARRELL appears; he closes and is about to advance when BASTAPLE waves him back.

BASTAPLE. One minute, Farrell.

FARRELL *retires*.

ZIMBOSCH [*rising*]. Well, I hope I have brought you some useful news this time. You remember how Rothschild won the battle of Waterloo. And they put that lion up in the sky—the British-Belgian lion! My Lord! What a monster! Curious no country has taken a tiger for its pet animal!

BASTAPLE. No uplift about a tiger, Baron.

ZIMBOSCH [*preparing to go*]. And our steamers, Mr. Bastaple? We are looking to you for that loan.

BASTAPLE. You have my word, Baron.

ZIMBOSCH. The word of Adrian Bastaple. [*With a bow*] Good afternoon then, Mr. Bastaple. You have yet a fortnight. [*He is moving to the door back.*]

BASTAPLE [*rising and motioning to the door, Right*]. This way, Baron.

He shows him out, then presses his bell.

FARRELL enters from his room.

FARRELL. Mr. Beton is here, sir; but Mr. Stanforth and Lord Elderleigh have not yet come.

BASTAPLE. What are South African Concessions at this afternoon?

FARRELL. Still sagging, sir—fifteen shillings.

BASTAPLE. Back about three-sixteenths all round, um?

FARRELL. Yes, sir. Oh! you saw this, sir, in this morning's paper? [*Reads from cutting*] "Dr. Clement Franks arrived in London yesterday from Mombasa. He has lately returned from the Congo, where he accompanied Mr. Strood, Captain Lockyer, and Mr. Collie in the expedition of which as yet no news has been received. Dr. Franks was left at the Lualaba river, in command of the men who were unfit to travel further. His mission in London is to communicate with those who promoted this mysterious adventure. He declined to give our representative any further details."

BASTAPLE. Yes, I saw that.

FARRELL. Will you have Mr. Beton in?

BASTAPLE. Yes.

FARRELL [*opening the door*]. Oh! the others have just come, sir. Will you come in, gentlemen?

BETON comes in, followed almost immediately by STANFORTH and LORD ELDERLEIGH.

BETON. Seen that about Franks, Bastaple. I hope to God he'll give us some good news.

ELDERLEIGH. He sent a letter overland to his cousin Mr. Tregay.

BETON. What does he say?

STANFORTH [*coldly*]. We have come about that.

ELDERLEIGH. I'm afraid we shall have to speak plainly. Mr. Tregay holds the theory that this expedition has been dust in our eyes, Mr. Beton. It appears you are bringing forward a scheme for coolie labour at your meeting the day after tomorrow which is entirely—entirely contrary to our ideals and views. Mr. Tregay has suggested that you and Mr. Bastaple have tried to blind us with this anti-slavery expedition. He calls it a red herring.

BASTAPLE. Mr. Tregay is a picturesque person, my lord.

ELDERLEIGH. That may be. But this coolie scheme is not a figure of speech, and we—I speak for Nonconformist opinion—are dead against it.

STANFORTH. I speak for Liberalism—dead against it. Africa is for the white man, and we won't have the yellow there, nor that dressed-up slavery, indentured labour.

BETON. Africa will not be for the white man in our time, *without* my coolie labour. I want to see the white man there, and you don't care two straws about it. No, you don't—neither of you. You just want to air your principles, or whatever you call them. Very well; it's a fight.

ELDERLEIGH. I should like to know: was it a red herring?

BASTAPLE. Really, my lord——

BETON. It was; I don't care a damn whether you know it or not. I'm too sorry about those poor fellows swallowed up in that forest.

ELDERLEIGH. Stanforth, is there anything to stay for?

STANFORTH. No, there's everything to go for.

ELDERLEIGH. Then we meet the day after tomorrow at—Philippi. Good afternoon!

They go out.

BETON. This is a bolt from the blue! We've made a mistake not to have proxies, Bastaple. The cat's out of the bag and might just as well have been out sooner. Well, I shall let myself go at the meeting—they'll get it from the shoulder. "Africa for the white man!" Bunkum! It'll take a hundred years that way. I want to see my dreams come true in my lifetime.

BASTAPLE. The market's got wind; shares are sagging.

BETON. Let 'em; their future's safe.

BASTAPLE. The Boers, Beton?

BETON. Oh! old Kruger will have climbed down all right. If Dr. Franks comes here, let me have the news. I must go to work on this. I shall get it through, yet.

He goes out, Back. BASTAPLE is left brooding.

BASTAPLE [*to himself*]. Not he! [*He takes a sheet of paper and begins figuring. A damned bad hole!*]

He crosses over to the telephone, takes up the receiver, but puts it back again. After a turn up and down, he goes to the table, takes a cigar from the box, and is about to light it when

FARRELL *enters, Right, from the waiting-room.*

FARRELL. Dr. Franks, sir, in the waiting-room.

BASTAPLE. Oh! very well!

FARRELL *retires to his own room.*

BASTAPLE *replaces the cigar, crosses to the waiting-room, and opens the door.*

BASTAPLE. Dr. Franks? Adrian Bastaple.

FRANKS *comes in. Very sun-dark and thin, with the look of a man who has been through a terrible strain. He is a great contrast to BASTAPLE.*

BASTAPLE. Glad to see you, Dr. Franks. Read of your arrival in this morning's paper. What news?

FRANKS [*taking a long envelope from his pocket*]. You had the long cable I sent through your agents at Mombasa?

BASTAPLE *nods.*

This is my detailed report. But from the time Strood left me at the Lualaba river, I've no news—none. They went on in hostile country—thick forest ahead—savage cannibals; they were very weak, very ill-provided in every way to resist attack. They must have foundered utterly.

BASTAPLE. But you?

FRANKS. By a miracle I got through to Tanganika with six out of the twelve men left with me.

BASTAPLE [*impressed by his voice and his look*]. You have been through much, I'm afraid.

FRANKS [*sombrely*]. The forest.

BASTAPLE. And you struck no signs of the slave trade?

FRANKS. None. You'll find it all here [*handing the report*].

BASTAPLE. Shortly—what's the story?

FRANKS. We travelled from the Albert Edward to the Lualaba——

BASTAPLE. One second. [*He goes to the table, takes out and spreads a map.*] Put your finger on the places.

They stand side by side behind the table, and FRANKS touches the map from time to time.

FRANKS. From here to here at the utmost speed we could manage in that forest; forced marches, avoiding native villages, every human being we could.

BASTAPLE. How do you account for that?

FRANKS. After we'd crossed the Lualaba river—which was never in the programme as we thought—Strood told us: he was not really looking for the slave trade. His objective was down here [*points*]—diamond fields, reported to him by an elephant-hunter called Samway.

BASTAPLE. Diamonds?

FRANKS. Besides Samway, a Belgian knew of them, he was travelling from Basoko—here—to claim them. Strood was racing him.

BASTAPLE. A wild departure, Dr. Franks.

FRANKS. Strood seemed to think the discovery important to the British Empire; our lives of no account so long as he got there first.

BASTAPLE [*brooding*]. You were left here [*he points*], you say? Why mightn't Strood have got through?

FRANKS. Imagine the back of night, the bottom of hell, and you'll have some conception of the conditions.

BASTAPLE. Still—you yourself——

FRANKS. I recrossed the river. The country's terrible enough, but not full of hostile cannibals. If he hadn't perished, some news *must* have filtered through.

BASTAPLE. What about that Belgian expedition?

FRANKS. It turned back.

BASTAPLE. Ah!

FRANKS. Strood was alone among us in wishing to go on. [*With a sudden look at BASTAPLE*] May I ask you a question?

BASTAPLE *nods*.
Was he told to embroil us with the Belgians?

BASTAPLE. He was told to look for the slave trade, Dr. Franks.

FRANKS. Forgive me. I——

BASTAPLE [*with a conciliatory wave of his hand; tracing on the map*]. All this country in front of Strood. What is there?

FRANKS. Forest, marsh, hostile natives. Further on, I believe, it's better.

BASTAPLE. No white posts?

FRANKS. Not south of him.

BASTAPLE [*his eyes very alive*]. I see. Dr. Franks, we owe you a great debt for what you've been through. In what way can I serve you?

FRANKS. Oh? thank you—none.

BASTAPLE. What are you going to do now?

FRANKS. See Captain Lockyer's people, and Mr. Collie's. After that, I don't know.

BASTAPLE. Is any money due to you?

FRANKS. No; it was all paid up at Mombasa. [*Looking suddenly at BASTAPLE*] I want to forget the whole thing—if I can.

BASTAPLE. I understand: painful—newspaper gossip, and all that. The less said!

FRANKS. Yes. But with my report my duty ends. I can make no promises.

BASTAPLE. Why should you, Dr. Franks? Why should you? [*He rings.*] I shall read your report at once.

FARRELL *enters.*

Please leave your address. Many thanks, again. Good-bye!

FRANKS. Good-bye.

FARRELL *and* FRANKS *go out.*

BASTAPLE, alone, brings his hands together, presses the palms closely, rubs them; then stands still. On his face is the look of a man who suddenly sees his way. Then, going to the map, he examines it, passing his finger down, as if tracing an imaginary route. When he raises his head, the expression on his face has changed to one of great determination. He rings the bell and stands behind the map, waiting.

FARRELL enters.

FARRELL. Yes, sir?

BASTAPLE. Farrell, Dr. Franks has been telling me about Strood's expedition. Follow me. [*He traces with his finger on the map.*] It seems that when Franks was left behind, here, Strood was making for some diamond fields—there in the Kasai—to secure them for South African Concessions.

FARRELL [*startled*]. Indeed, sir?

BASTAPLE. Dr. Franks thinks he cannot possibly have reached those diamond fields, and that the whole expedition has foundered. I think—he is unduly pessimistic.

FARRELL. You—you do, sir?

BASTAPLE. I shouldn't be surprised if at any moment we had news—of his having reached them. My instinct is not often wrong. [*As if to himself*] A new De Beers discovered for South African Concessions——! God-sent! God-sent, Farrell!

FARRELL [*his mouth opening a little*]. Yes, sir.

BASTAPLE. But no use, if it doesn't come within a fortnight. When the Transvaal news is out, Africans will drop to nothing.

FARRELL. Oh! . . . If Strood—how should we be likely to hear, sir?

BASTAPLE [*pointing to map*]. From the west coast, I imagine—a Portuguese source, probably. [*Turning to FARRELL*] If coolie labour doesn't go through, Farrell, I am face to face with something like disaster.

FARRELL [*gazing intently*]. I—I—see, sir. I heard of the opposition; Mr. Stanforth was most sarcastic. But is there *no* chance of coolie labour going through?

BASTAPLE. We must wait for the General Meeting. If it does go through, Strood's success is less material. If it doesn't—and it won't, Farrell, it won't—his success is vital. [*A pause—with sudden emphasis*] But he's no more a man to fail than I.

FARRELL. N—no, sir.

BASTAPLE [*hardening*]. Did you ever know my instinct wrong?

FARRELL. N—no, sir.

BASTAPLE. Dr. Franks got through, then why not Strood? We are not all so pessimistic, Farrell.

FARRELL. N—no, sir.

BASTAPLE. What shares are left in my name?

FARRELL. Only the twenty thousand, sir.

BASTAPLE. Good. The rest are to be sold at any price above a pound. [*Putting his finger on a spot in the map*] Study this map.

*He crosses to the door and goes through into
his inner sanctum.*

FARRELL *is left gazing at the map with
round eyes. He blows out his cheeks and
lets them slowly subside.*

FARRELL [*to himself*]. What a man!

CURTAIN

SCENE II

The same, in the afternoon, four days later.

FARRELL is at the telephone.

FARRELL. No, he's been out of town the last three days. . . . Yes. . . . I quite follow—two currents—selling on the coolie failure—buying on this report . . . much the stronger! . . . I see. What have they touched? . . . Thirty shillings! Still upward? . . . Ah, ha! Batson! buy me five thousand for Mr. Bastaple's account; you've just time before they close. . . . Yes, yes. . . . Exactly . . . Right. [*Cutting off. To himself*] Buying! [*He sits, smiling.*] A master stroke.

The door, Back, is opened and BASTAPLE comes in, top-hatted. FARRELL starts up and looks at him eagerly. But his face is like that of a graven image. He passes without a word into his inner sanctum. FARRELL is hesitating whether to follow, when he comes back without hat or gloves.

BASTAPLE. Well, Farrell?

FARRELL. There's been a very heavy rise all day on this report—buying mostly from the general public. [*With his quick look*] There's been heavy selling too, sir. [*A little meaning smile.*]

BASTAPLE. Really?

FARRELL. Yes, sir. The demand is so great, I fully expect all the dummies will be sold before closing time. [*He rubs his hands.*] In fact, I'm waiting for——

BASTAPLE. Did you get my wire?

FARRELL. Yes, sir, and I've bought you the fifteen thousand, in three hands; it—it must be well over the City that you're buying. [*Nervously*] Er—"Another De Beers," that's what——

BASTAPLE. Yes, this report about Strood is almost too good to be true. Where did it come from, Farrell?

FARRELL [*with his quick look*]. Portuguese source, sir.

BASTAPLE. As I thought. Mr. Beton been here?

FARRELL. Yes, sir; he came the morning after the General Meeting, very upset by the coolie failure. And again this morning about the report of Strood's finding these diamonds. I told him you'd been out of town ever since he was here with Mr. Stanforth and Lord Elderleigh.

BASTAPLE. What did he say to this report about Strood?

FARRELL. Seemed doubtful, sir—wanted to know what *you* thought. I told him; I'd just had a wire from you to buy. *That* impressed him. But he said this find wouldn't console him for the smash of his coolie scheme. Only Strood's being safe was a great relief. He wanted to know if the news had come

from Dr. Franks. I said I thought not. Dr. Franks had been here, but he had no news.

BASTAPLE. I must see Dr. Franks again. Send for him.

He goes back into his inner sanctum.

FARRELL stands for a moment looking after him, nervously licking his lips. He has turned to the door, back, to go out, when it is opened and a CLERK says:

CLERK. Mr. Tregay and Dr. Franks, sir.

They come in.

TREGAY. Mr. Farrell, can we see your chief?

FARRELL. Certainly, sir. He was just saying he wanted to see Dr. Franks. Will you take a seat?

TREGAY and FRANKS stand over on the Right, and FARRELL goes into the sanctum. He returns almost immediately.

FARRELL. In a minute, gentlemen. Will you smoke?

They will not, and FARRELL goes into his room, with a quick look round at them. They are close together and speak in low voices.

TREGAY. You've told no one else what Strood was really after?

FRANKS. Not a soul.

TREGAY. Any proof.

FRANKS. My word of honour.

TREGAY. Not legal tender, Clement.

FRANKS. Isn't a man's word believed in the City?

TREGAY. It has been known.

FRANKS. I must have my name cleared of this, Roger. In my report there wasn't a shred of hope that Strood could ever reach those diamonds. What am I to say to poor Lockyer's people, and to Collie's, now? What am I to do?

TREGAY. Keep your head, my boy.

While he is speaking BASTAPLE'S door is opened, and he comes in.

BASTAPLE. Good evening, gentlemen.

They turn abruptly. TREGAY reserved, ironic.

FRANKS tense and quivering.

I've read your report, Dr. Franks. Terrible, that forest! I was just sending round to you about this news in the papers.

FRANKS. I came about that.

BASTAPLE. I thought you unduly pessimistic the other day.

FRANKS. You believe it?

TREGAY. Striking coincidence, Mr. Bastaple.

BASTAPLE. How do you mean?

TREGAY. On Monday my cousin reports Strood's objective; on Thursday comes the news that he has reached it.

BASTAPLE. You think something let fall by Dr. Franks has inspired the imagination of some journalist?

FRANKS. I've let nothing fall.

BASTAPLE [*shrugging his shoulders*]. How about Mr. Tregay——? Walls have ears, Dr. Franks.

FRANKS [*drawing a cutting from his pocket*]. “On behalf of South African Concessions?” How could I have said that? I’ve been away six years—didn’t even know there was such a concern.

BASTAPLE. Ever heard of Robert Beton?

FRANKS. Yes, from Strood.

BASTAPLE. Robert Beton *is* South African Concessions. Beton picked him for this trip.

FRANKS [*flustered*]. Yes; but I—I’ve never spoken of Beton.

BASTAPLE. Well! It looks more and more as if the news were true. We must try and verify it, Dr. Franks.

TREGAY. How about beginning in this office?

BASTAPLE. The report, you mean? . . . Hasn’t been out of my personal possession, Mr. Tregay. [*He takes it from his breast pocket.*] And since I saw Dr. Franks, I’ve been away from town until an hour ago.

TREGAY. Walls have ears, Mr. Bastaple.

BASTAPLE. Not these walls, gentlemen, or a good many projects would have gone agley.

FRANKS [*excitedly*]. There’s a wild buying of shares, they tell me. See this headline: “Another De Beers.”

BASTAPLE. Let’s look at that wording. [*Reading the cutting*] “Another De Beers is reported to have been discovered on behalf of South African Concessions, by the explorer John Strood, who last

autumn penetrated the Congo region from the Albert Edward Nyanza." Been down to the office of that journal?

FRANKS. Yes, and to others. The only answer I get is that it comes from a reliable source.

BASTAPLE. The craze for sensation—it *may* be a canard.

TREGAY. *If* so, how comes it they pitched on Strood's *real* objective?

BASTAPLE [*shrugging*]. Exactly! how?

FRANKS. People are losing and making fortunes on the strength of this report. I don't believe it; I want my name cleared of it.

BASTAPLE. What are you going to do, then?

FRANKS. Disclaim any connection, in the papers, warn people against the report.

FARRELL *appears from his room, with evening papers in his hand. He puts them down on the little table; then hands BASTAPLE a slip of paper, and goes out.*

BASTAPLE [*after a glance at the slip of paper, smiles; then, curling it up in his hand, spreads an evening journal*]. Let's see if there's anything fresh about it. [*Reading to himself*] Um! It says here: "From a Portuguese source." That absolves you, Dr. Franks.

FRANKS [*startled*]. Portuguese! If it's true, after all!

BASTAPLE. Why not? I'm buying on the strength of it. Still, send that denial of your responsibility.

TREGAY. At once, Clement, if it's to be in to-morrow's press.

FRANKS. Could I write it quietly in there? [*He points to the door, Right.*]

BASTAPLE. Certainly. You'll find everything.

FRANKS. Thanks.

He goes out.

TREGAY. Might I have a look at that bit of paper in your left hand?

BASTAPLE [*involuntarily closing his hand*]. I beg your pardon!

TREGAY. This is a ramp, Mr. Bastaple.

BASTAPLE [*slowly*]. Are you unwell, sir?

TREGAY. Who financed the Strood expedition? You! Why? Because you wanted coolie labour to boost your shares with. Coolie labour fell down two days ago,

BASTAPLE *makes a gesture of impatience.* and you were in deep—or you'd never have pulled out ten thousand pounds last autumn for a slave-trade story. What then? Shares falling—time pressing; you know why, and so do I. Old Kruger—war coming. And so—you whispered “diamonds,” and someone heard you, and—

Again BASTAPLE *makes a movement.* Well! Why not? You win instead of losing—someone loses instead of winning. And you have made——? Do show me that bit of paper!

BASTAPLE. This is amusing.

TREGAY. Ah! Then, may I have a look?

BASTAPLE. You may be damned! [*He takes a*

cigar and lights it from the little flame burning beside his cigar box.]

TREGAY [*staring at him*]. Self for self and devil take the hindmost—fine motto, Mr. Bastaple.

BASTAPLE. Confound your impudence. What business have you——?

TREGAY. My cousin is not exactly at home in this city of yours, poor devil.

BASTAPLE. You are offensive, sir.

TREGAY. I've seen your sort at work too often, stalking your game, mousing after the oof-bird. The cat force!

BASTAPLE. Romanticism! Ha!

While he speaks, FRANKS has returned and stands amazed.

TREGAY. Clement, there's some plain speaking going on. This rumour's a fake.

BASTAPLE. I have a witness now, sir.

TREGAY [*looking at his watch*]. The Stock Exchange has closed. If you want to know what he's made out of this, ask him to let you see the bit of paper in his left hand. Let's take it from him! [*He steps forward.*]

BASTAPLE [*putting his hand near the flame*]. You have the advantage of me, in age and numbers, gentlemen!

The word brings TREGAY to a standstill.

FRANKS. You say *he* issued that report?

TREGAY. Or got it issued.

FRANKS. To make money! [*With sudden passion*]
By God! You people who sit here—if I had you in

the forest, at the tail of a caravan, covered with sores, with shrunken stomachs, and your ribs sticking out of you! That'd teach you not to juggle with lives!

BASTAPLE [*icily*]. Dr. Franks, I judged from your report that your heart is better than your head. Take your romantic friend here away, and ask him quietly on what evidence he bases his fantastic accusation, and he will have to tell you "On none!" Do you understand me? None! Ask him to get you some, if he can. Beating the air is not an occupation for serious men. Go away!

TREGAY. Not so fast! You went down to the newspapers, Clement. So did I. You got nothing—you don't know the ropes. I do, and I got this. [*He takes a bit of paper from his pocket and reads*] "John Strood, English explorer for South African Concessions, discovered diamond fields Kasai, Congo Territory, March last, signed Central Press Agency, Lisbon."

FRANKS. But that sounds——

BASTAPLE *is standing very attentive.*

TREGAY. Too slick, my boy. They gave me this at five o'clock yesterday. I wired off to a friend at Lisbon—and got this answer just before you came to see me. [*Reading*] "Press Agency Lisbon, no knowledge of message, cannot trace sender." [*He shows it to FRANKS.*] What do you say to that, Mr. Bastaple?

BASTAPLE *presses the bell.*
Cherchez l'homme—Who profits by this report?

BASTAPLE. Precisely! . . . Go and make your inquiries on the Stock Exchange. You will find that since this report appeared I have bought fifteen thousand shares and sold none. You two owe your immunity from an action to the fact that Dr. Franks has suffered what he has. [FARRELL *has appeared in the doorway*] Farrell, show these people out.

TREGAY. Hold on!

FARRELL *closes the door, and BASTAPLE, who is moving towards his inner sanctum, stops.*

Mr. Farrell, you knew of Strood's ultimate destination.

FARRELL [*hesitating*]. N—no, sir—unless you—you mean—[*his finger takes the direction of the floor*].

TREGAY. For once I'm not joking in bad taste. After Dr. Franks left last Monday, Mr. Bastaple told you.

FARRELL [*looking at BASTAPLE*]. Did you, sir? I—I don't seem—

BASTAPLE. You must remember whether I did or not.

FARRELL [*closing up*]. Certainly, sir; you did not.

TREGAY. Mr. Farrell, be careful.

FARRELL. I am naturally careful, sir.

TREGAY. Will you swear he didn't tell you?

BASTAPLE. This is not a Court of Law.

TREGAY. No; but you may find yourself in one.

BASTAPLE. And you, sir.

TREGAY [*to FARRELL*]. I say you knew that Strood was after those diamonds in the Kasai. I further say that on Wednesday night, after the General Meeting, when coolie labour was defeated, you wired in cipher to Lisbon instructing your agent there to send this report about Strood. Look at it! [*He thrusts it before FARRELL's eyes.*]

While FARRELL is reading, all three men are staring hard at him. FARRELL finishes reading and looks up.

FARRELL. I certainly did not.

TREGAY. Pardon me if I've underrated the astuteness of your methods, but somehow you got that message sent. Look at *this*: "Press Agency Lisbon no knowledge—cannot trace sender." [*He shows FARRELL the telegram.*] Bring an action for slander if you didn't rig that report.

FARRELL. You're talking wild, sir.

TREGAY [*patting his pocket*]. That bit of paper you brought in just now? What a nice round figure, isn't it? [*Putting his hand in his pocket, bringing it out as if with the paper in it, and looking at the inside of his hand.*]

FARRELL [*after a moment of suspense*]. Yes, sir, what is the—the amount?

BASTAPLE. Your bluff called. Ha! My patience is exhausted. [*Opening the door into his inner sanctum*] Farrell.

He goes out, followed by FARRELL.

TREGAY. There goes a tiger. But he's right.

Clement; we shall never bring it home to him. *His pads leave no track.*

FRANKS [*as if to himself*]. "It's a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it." Just to make money!

TREGAY. Your own by tooth and claw, my boy. Forest law. [*He takes FRANKS's arm.*] Come on!

The door of the inner sanctum has been reopened, and FARRELL stands there.

[*Regarding him steadily*] What about that action, Mr. Farrell? You've got two witnesses.

FARRELL. I also have a wife and children. I don't go in for luxuries.

TREGAY. He might pay you better for his dirty work.

FARRELL [*with heat*]. Whet your tongue on me; but keep it off *him*, please!

TREGAY. By Jove, Mr. Farrell, there's sand in you. Tell me, isn't he ever ashamed of himself?

FARRELL. No more than you, sir.

TREGAY [*with a shrug*]. Come along, Clement.

They go out, followed by the gaze of FARRELL.

As the door is shut, BASTAPLE comes from the inner sanctum, still smoking his cigar. He seats himself and opens a drawer of the little table.

FARRELL [*nervously*]. Mr. Tregay—

BASTAPLE [*stopping him with a gesture and taking a cheque-book from a drawer, writes*]. For you. On my account with Buenos Aires. Ten per cent on [*uncrisping his left hand to read from the scrap*

of paper in it] two hundred and five thousand pounds. [*He finishes the cheque and hands it to FARRELL.*]

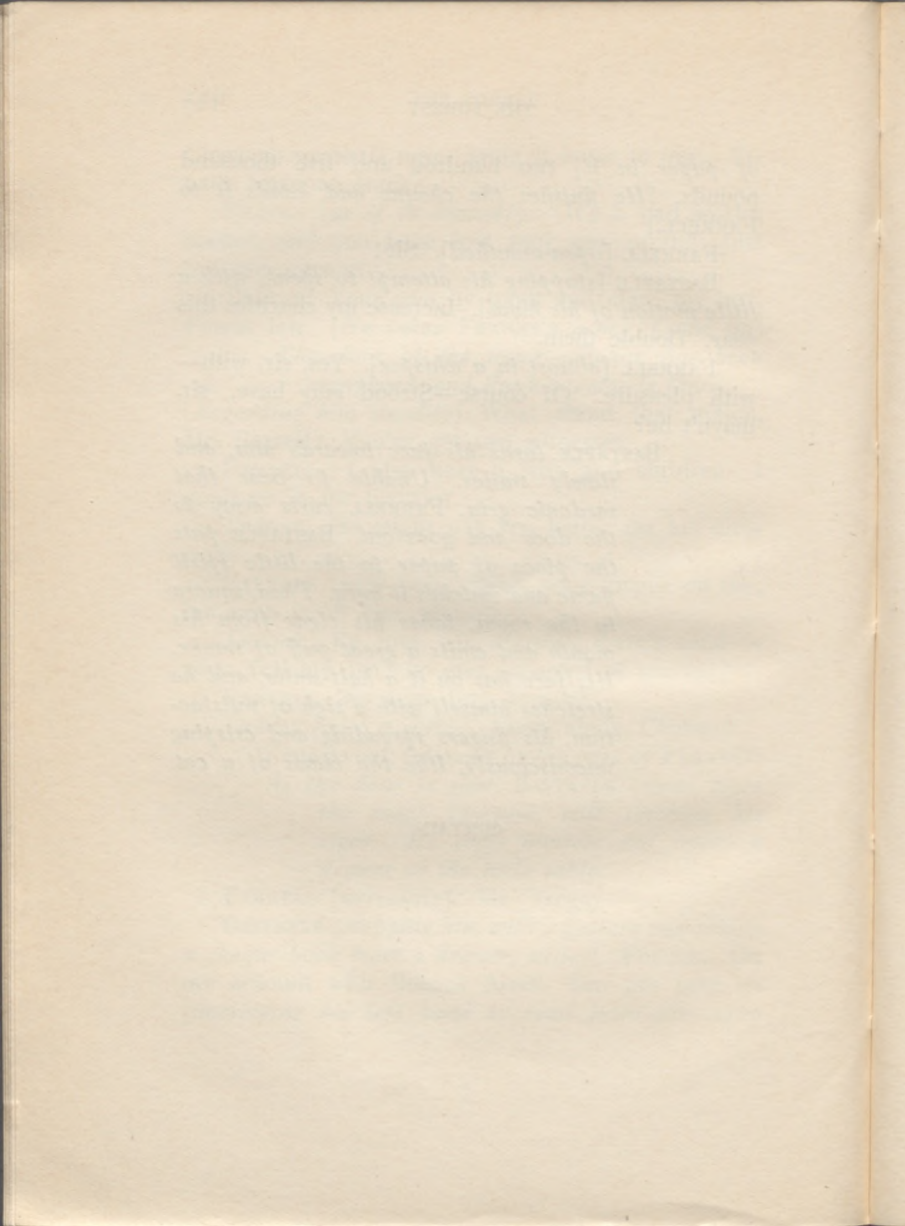
FARRELL [*open-mouthed*]. Sir!

BASTAPLE [*stopping his attempt to speak, with a little motion of his hand*]. Increase my charities this year. Double them.

FARRELL [*almost in a whisper*]. Yes, sir, with— with pleasure. Of course—Strood *may* have, sir, mayn't he?

BASTAPLE *turns his face towards him, and slowly smiles. Unable to bear that sardonic grin, FARRELL curls away to the door and goes out. BASTAPLE puts the piece of paper to the little spirit flame and watches it burn. Then, square to the room, takes his cigar from his mouth and emits a great puff of smoke. His face has on it a half-smile, and he stretches himself with a sigh of satisfaction, his fingers spreading and crisping unconsciously, like the claws of a cat.*

CURTAIN



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TO
STACY AUMONIER

STACY ALMOND

THE FIRST AND THE LAST

A DRAMA

IN THREE SCENES

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KEITH DARRANT, K.C.

LARRY DARRANT, His Brother.

WANDA.

SCENE I. KEITH'S Study.

SCENE II. WANDA'S Room.

SCENE III. The Same.

— *Between SCENE I and SCENE II—Thirty hours.*

Between SCENE II and SCENE III—Two months.

SCENE I

It is six o'clock of a November evening, in KEITH DARRANT's study. A large, dark-curtained room where the light from a single reading-lamp falling on Turkey carpet, on books beside a large armchair, on the deep blue-and-gold coffee service, makes a sort of oasis before a log fire. In red Turkish slippers and an old brown velvet coat, KEITH DARRANT sits asleep. He has a dark, clean-cut, clean-shaven face, dark grizzling hair, dark twisting eyebrows.

[The curtained door away out in the dim part of the room behind him is opened so softly that he does not wake. LARRY DARRANT enters and stands half lost in the curtain over the door. A thin figure, with a worn, high cheekboned face, deep-sunk blue eyes and wavy hair all ruffled—a face which still has a certain beauty. He moves inwards along the wall, stands still again and utters a gasping sigh. KEITH stirs in his chair.]

KEITH. Who's there?

LARRY. *[In a stifled voice]* Only I—Larry.

KEITH. *[Half-waked]* Come in! I was asleep.

[He does not turn his head, staring sleepily at the fire.]

The sound of LARRY'S breathing can be heard.

[Turning his head a little] Well, Larry, what is it?
LARRY comes skirting along the wall, as if
craving its support, outside the radius of
the light.

[Staring] Are you ill?

LARRY stands still again and heaves a deep
sigh.

KEITH. [Rising, with his back to the fire, and
staring at his brother] What is it, man? [Then with
a brutality born of nerves suddenly ruffled] Have
you committed a murder that you stand there like
a fish?

LARRY. [In a whisper] Yes, Keith.

KEITH. [With vigorous disgust] By Jove! Drunk
again! [In a voice changed by sudden apprehension]
What do you mean by coming here in this state?
I told you— If you weren't my brother—!
Come here, where I can see you! What's the matter
with you, Larry?

*With a lurch LARRY leaves the shelter of the
wall and sinks into a chair in the circle
of light.*

LARRY. It's true.

KEITH steps quickly forward and stares
down into his brother's eyes, where is
a horrified wonder, as if they would
never again get on terms with his face.

KEITH. [Angry, bewildered—in a low voice] What
in God's name is this nonsense?

He goes quickly over to the door and draws the curtain aside, to see that it is shut, then comes back to LARRY, who is huddling over the fire.

Come, Larry! Pull yourself together and drop exaggeration! What on earth do you mean?

LARRY. [*In a shrill outburst*] It's true, I tell you; I've killed a man.

KEITH. [*Bracing himself; coldly*] Be quiet!

LARRY *lifts his hands and wrings them.*
[*Utterly taken aback*] Why come here and tell me this?

LARRY. Whom *should* I tell, Keith? I came to ask what I'm to do—give myself up, or what?

KEITH. When—when—what——?

LARRY. Last night.

KEITH. Good God! How? Where? You'd better tell me quietly from the beginning. Here, drink this coffee; it'll clear your head.

He pours out and hands him a cup of coffee.

LARRY *drinks it off.*

LARRY. My head! Yes! It's like this, Keith—there's a girl——

KEITH. Women! Always women, with you! Well?

LARRY. A Polish girl. She—her father died over here when she was sixteen, and left her all alone. There was a mongrel living in the same house who married her—or pretended to. She's very pretty, Keith. He left her with a baby coming. She lost it, and nearly starved. Then another fellow took her on, and she lived with him two years, till that

brute turned up again and made her go back to him. He used to beat her black and blue. He'd left her again when I met her. She was taking anybody then. [*He stops, passes his hand over his lips, looks up at KEITH, and goes on defiantly*] I never met a sweeter woman, or a truer, that I swear. Woman! She's only twenty now! When I went to her last night, that devil had found her out again. He came for me—a bullying, great, hulking brute. Look! [*He touches a dark mark on his forehead*] I took his ugly throat, and when I let go— [*He stops and his hands drop.*]

KEITH. Yes?

LARRY [*In a smothered voice*] Dead, Keith. I never knew till afterwards that she was hanging on to him—to h-help me. [*Again he wrings his hands.*]

KEITH. [*In a hard, dry voice*] What did you do then?

LARRY. We—we sat by it a long time.

KEITH. Well?

LARRY. Then I carried it on my back down the street, round a corner, to an archway.

KEITH. How far?

LARRY. About fifty yards.

KEITH. Was—did anyone see?

LARRY. No.

KEITH. What time?

LARRY. Three in the morning.

KEITH. And then?

LARRY. Went back to her.

KEITH. Why—in heaven's name?

LARRY. She was lonely and afraid. So was I, Keith.

KEITH. Where is this place?

LARRY. Forty-two Borrow Square, Soho.

KEITH. And the archway?

LARRY. Corner of Glove Lane.

KEITH. Good God! Why, I saw it in the paper this morning. They were talking of it in the Courts! [*He snatches the evening paper from his armchair, and runs it over and reads*] Here it is again. "Body of a man was found this morning under an archway in Glove Lane. From marks about the throat grave suspicion of foul play are entertained. The body had apparently been robbed." My God! [*Suddenly he turns*] You saw this in the paper and dreamed it. D'you understand, Larry?—you dreamed it.

LARRY. [*Wistfully*] If only I had, Keith!

KEITH *makes a movement of his hands almost like his brother's.*

KEITH. Did you take anything from the—body?

LARRY. [*Drawing an envelope from his pocket*] This dropped out while we were struggling.

KEITH. [*Snatching it and reading*] "Patrick Walenn"—Was that his name?—"Simon's Hotel, Farrier Street, London." [*Stooping, he puts it in the fire*] No!—that makes me—— [*He bends to pluck it out, stays his hand, and stamps it suddenly further in with his foot*] What in God's name made you come here and tell *me*? Don't you know I'm—I'm within an ace of a Judgeship?

LARRY. [*Simply*] Yes. You *must* know what I

ought to do. I didn't mean to kill him, Keith. I love the girl—I love her. What shall I do?

KEITH. Love!

LARRY. [*In a flash*] Love!—That swinish brute! A million creatures die every day, and not one of them deserves death as he did. But—but I feel it here. [*Touching his heart*] Such an awful clutch, Keith. Help me if you can, old man. I may be no good, but I've never hurt a fly if I could help it. [*He buries his face in his hands.*]

KEITH. Steady, Larry! Let's think it out. You weren't seen, you say?

LARRY. It's a dark place, and dead night.

KEITH. When did you leave the girl again?

LARRY. About seven.

KEITH. Where did you go?

LARRY. To my rooms.

KEITH. Fitzroy Street?

LARRY. Yes.

KEITH. What have you done since?

LARRY. Sat there—thinking.

KEITH. Not been out?

LARRY. No.

KEITH. Not seen the girl?

LARRY *shakes his head.*

Will she give you away?

LARRY. Never.

KEITH. Or herself—hysteria?

LARRY. No.

KEITH. Who knows of your relations with her?

LARRY. No one.

KEITH. No one?

LARRY. I don't know who should, Keith.

KEITH. Did anyone see you go in last night, when you first went to her?

LARRY. No. She lives on the ground floor. I've got keys.

KEITH. Give them to me.

LARRY *takes two keys from his pocket and hands them to his brother.*

LARRY. [*Rising*] I can't be cut off from her!

KEITH. What! A girl like that?

LARRY. [*With a flash*] Yes, a girl like that.

KEITH. [*Moving his hand to put down all emotion*] What else have you that connects you with her?

LARRY. Nothing.

KEITH. In your rooms?

LARRY *shakes his head.*

Photographs? Letters?

LARRY. No.

KEITH. Sure?

LARRY. Nothing.

KEITH. No one saw you going back to her?

LARRY *shakes his head.*

Nor leave in the morning? You can't be certain.

LARRY. I am.

KEITH. You were fortunate. Sit down again, man. I must think.

He turns to the fire and leans his elbows on the mantelpiece and his head on his hands. LARRY sits down again obediently.

KEITH. It's all too unlikely. It's monstrous!

LARRY. [*Sighing it out*] Yes.

KEITH. This Walenn—was it his first reappearance after an absence?

LARRY. Yes.

KEITH. How did he find out where she was?

LARRY. I don't know.

KEITH. [*Brutally*] How drunk were you?

LARRY. I was not drunk.

KEITH. How much had you drunk, then?

LARRY. A little claret—nothing!

KEITH. You say you didn't mean to kill him.

LARRY. God knows.

KEITH. That's something.

LARRY. He hit me. [*He holds up his hands*] I didn't know I was so strong.

KEITH. She was hanging on to him, you say?—That's ugly.

LARRY. She was scared for me.

KEITH. D'you mean she—loves you?

LARRY. [*Simply*] Yes, Keith.

KEITH. [*Brutally*] Can a woman like that love?

LARRY. [*Flashing out*] By God, you are a stony devil! Why not?

KEITH. [*Drily*] I'm trying to get at truth. If you want me to help, I must know everything. What makes you think she's fond of you?

LARRY. [*With a crazy laugh*] Oh, you lawyer! Were you never in a woman's arms?

KEITH. I'm talking of *love*.

LARRY. [*Fiercely*] So am I. I tell you she's

devoted. Did you ever pick up a lost dog? Well, she has the lost dog's love for me. And I for her; we picked each other up. I've never felt for another woman what I feel for her—she's been the saving of me!

KEITH. [*With a shrug*] What made you choose that archway?

LARRY. It was the first dark place.

KEITH. Did his face look as if he'd been strangled?

LARRY. Don't!

KEITH. Did it?

LARRY *bows his head.*

Very disfigured?

LARRY. Yes.

KEITH. Did you look to see if his clothes were marked?

LARRY. No.

KEITH. Why not?

LARRY. [*In an outburst*] I'm not made of iron, like you. Why not? If you had done it——!

KEITH. [*Holding up his hand*] You say he was disfigured. Would he be recognisable?

LARRY. [*Wearily*] I don't know.

KEITH. When she lived with him last—where was that?

LARRY. In Pimlico, I think.

KEITH. Not Soho?

LARRY *shakes his head.*

How long has she been at this Soho place?

LARRY. Nearly a year.

KEITH. Living this life?

LARRY. Till she met me.

KEITH. Till she met you? And you believe——?

LARRY. [*Starting up*] Keith!

KEITH. [*Again raising his hand*] Always in the same rooms?

LARRY. [*Subsiding*] Yes.

KEITH. What was *he*? A professional bully?

LARRY *nods*.

Spending most of his time abroad, I suppose.

LARRY. I think so.

KEITH. Can you say if he was known to the police?

LARRY. I've never heard.

KEITH *turns away and walks up and down; then, stopping at LARRY'S chair, he speaks.*

KEITH. Now listen, Larry. When you leave here, go straight home, and stay there till I give you leave to go out again. Promise.

LARRY. I promise.

KEITH. Is your promise worth anything?

LARRY. [*With one of his flashes*] "Unstable as water, he shall not excel!"

KEITH. Exactly. But if I'm to help you, you must do as I say. I must have time to think this out. Have you got money?

LARRY. Very little.

KEITH. [*Grimly*] Half-quarter day—yes, your quarter's always spent by then. If you're to get away—never mind, I can manage the money.

LARRY. [*Humbly*] You're very good, Keith; you've always been very good to me—I don't know why.

KEITH. [*Sardonically*] Privilege of a brother. As it happens, I'm thinking of myself and our family. You can't indulge yourself in killing without bringing ruin. My God! I suppose you realise that you've made me an accessory after the fact—me, King's Counsel—sworn to the service of the Law, who, in a year or two, will have the trying of cases like yours! By heaven, Larry, you've surpassed yourself!

LARRY. [*Bringing out a little box*] I'd better have done with it.

KEITH. You fool! Give that to me.

LARRY. [*With a strange smile*] No. [*He holds up a tabloid between finger and thumb*] White magic, Keith! Just one—and they may do what they like to you, and you won't know it. Snap your fingers at all the tortures. It's a great comfort! Have one to keep by you?

KEITH. Come, Larry! Hand it over.

LARRY. [*Replacing the box*] Not quite! You've never killed a man, you see. [*He gives that crazy laugh.*] D'you remember that hammer when we were boys and you riled me, up in the long room? I had luck then. I had luck in Naples once. I nearly killed a driver for beating his poor brute of a horse. But now——! My God! [*He covers his face.*]

KEITH *touched, goes up and lays a hand on his shoulder.*

KEITH. Come, Larry! Courage!

LARRY *looks up at him.*

LARRY. All right, Keith; I'll try.

KEITH. Don't go out. Don't drink. Don't talk. Pull yourself together!

LARRY. [*Moving towards the door*] Don't keep me longer than you can help, Keith.

KEITH. No, no. Courage!

LARRY *reaches the door, turns as if to say something—finds no words, and goes.*

[*To the fire*] Courage! My God! I shall need it!

CURTAIN

SCENE II

About eleven o'clock the following night in WANDA'S room on the ground floor in Soho. In the light from one close-shaded electric bulb the room is but dimly visible. A dying fire burns on the left. A curtained window in the centre of the back wall. A door on the right. The furniture is plush-covered and commonplace, with a kind of shabby smartness. A couch, without back or arms, stands aslant, between window and fire.

[On this WANDA is sitting, her knees drawn up under her, staring at the embers. She has on only her nightgown and a wrapper over it; her bare feet are thrust into slippers. Her hands are crossed and pressed over her breast. She starts and looks up, listening. Her eyes are candid and startled, her face alabaster pale, and its pale brown hair, short and square-cut, curls towards her bare neck. The startled dark eyes and the faint rose of her lips are like colour-staining on a white mask.

[Footsteps as of a policeman, very measured, pass on the pavement outside, and die away. She gets up and steals to the window, draws one curtain aside so that a chink of the night is seen. She opens the curtain wider, till the shape of a bare, witch-like tree becomes visible in the

open space of the little Square on the far side of the road. The footsteps are heard once more coming nearer. WANDA closes the curtains and cranes back. They pass and die again. She moves away and stands looking down at the floor between door and couch, as though seeing something there; shudders; covers her eyes; goes back to the couch and sits down again just as before, to stare at the embers. Again she is startled by noise of the outer door being opened. She springs up, runs and turns out the light by a switch close to the door. By the dim glimmer of the fire she can just be seen standing by the dark window-curtains, listening.

[*There comes the sound of subdued knocking on her door. She stands in breathless terror. The knocking is repeated. The sound of a latchkey in the door is heard. Her terror leaves her. The door opens; a man enters in a dark, fur overcoat.*

WANDA. [*In a voice of breathless relief, with a rather foreign accent*] Oh! it's you, Larry! Why did you knock? I was so frightened. Come in! [*She crosses quickly, and flings her arms round his neck*] [*Recoiling—in a terror-stricken whisper*] Oh! Who is it?

KEITH. [*In a smothered voice*] A friend of Larry's. Don't be frightened.

She has recoiled again to the window; and when he finds the switch and turns the

light up, she is seen standing there holding her dark wrapper up to her throat, so that her face has an uncanny look of being detached from the body.

[Gently] You needn't be afraid. I haven't come to do you harm—quite the contrary. [*Holding up the keys*] Larry wouldn't have given me these, would he, if he hadn't trusted me?

WANDA *does not move, staring like a spirit startled out of the flesh.*

[After looking round him] I'm sorry to have startled you.

WANDA. [*In a whisper*] Who are you, please?

KEITH. Larry's brother.

WANDA, *with a sigh of utter relief, steals forward to the couch and sinks down.*

KEITH *goes up to her.*

He's told me.

WANDA. [*Clasping her hands round her knees.*] Yes?

KEITH. An awful business!

WANDA. Yes; oh, yes! Awful—it is awful!

KEITH. [*Staring round him again.*] In this room?

WANDA. Just where you are standing. I see him now, always falling.

KEITH. [*Moved by the gentle despair in her voice*] You look very young. What's your name?

WANDA. Wanda.

KEITH. Are you fond of Larry?

WANDA. I would die for him!

A moment's silence.

KEITH. I—I've come to see what you can do to save him.

WANDA. [*Wistfully*] You would not deceive me. You are really his brother?

KEITH. I swear it.

WANDA. [*Clasping her hands*] If I can save him! Won't you sit down?

KEITH. [*Drawing up a chair and sitting*] This man, your—your husband, before he came here the night before last—how long since you saw him?

WANDA. Eighteen month.

KEITH. Does anyone about here know you are his wife?

WANDA. No. I came here to live a bad life. Nobody know me. I am quite alone.

KEITH. They've discovered who he was—you know that?

WANDA. No; I have not dared to go out.

KEITH. Well, they have; and they'll look for anyone connected with him, of course.

WANDA. He never let people think I was married to him. I don't know if I was—really. We went to an office and signed our names; but he was a wicked man. He treated many, I think, like me.

KEITH. Did my brother ever see him before?

WANDA. Never! And that man first went for him.

KEITH. Yes. I saw the mark. Have you a servant?

WANDA. No. A woman come at nine in the morning for an hour.

KEITH. Does she know Larry?

WANDA. No. He is always gone.

KEITH. Friends—acquaintances?

WANDA. No; I am verree quiet. Since I know your brother, I see no one, sare.

KEITH. [*Sharply*] Do you mean that?

WANDA. Oh, yes! I love him. Nobody come here but him for a long time now.

KEITH. How long?

WANDA. Five month.

KEITH. So you have not been out since——?

WANDA *shakes her head.*

What have you been doing?

WANDA. [*Simply*] Crying. [*Pressing her hands to her breast*] He is in danger because of me. I am so afraid for him.

KEITH. [*Checking her emotion*] Look at me.

She looks at him.

If the worst comes, and this man is traced to you, can you trust yourself not to give Larry away?

WANDA. [*Rising and pointing to the fire*] Look! I have burned all the things he have given me—even his picture. Now I have nothing from him.

KEITH. [*Who has risen too*] Good! One more question. Do the police know you—because—of your life?

She looks at him intently, and shakes her head.

You know where Larry lives?

WANDA. Yes.

KEITH. You mustn't go there, and he mustn't come to you.

She bows her head; then suddenly comes close to him.

WANDA. Please do not take him from me altogether. I will be so careful. I will not do anything to hurt him. But if I cannot see him sometimes, I shall die. Please do not take him from me.

She catches his hand and presses it desperately between her own.

KEITH. Leave that to me. I'm going to do all I can.

WANDA. [*Looking up into his face*] But you will be kind?

Suddenly she bends and kisses his hand.

KEITH draws his hand away, and she recoils a little humbly, looking up at him again. Suddenly she stands rigid, listening.

[*In a whisper*] Listen! Someone—out there!

She darts past him and turns out the light.

There is a knock on the door. They are now close together between door and window.

[*Whispering*] Oh! Who is it?

KEITH. [*Under his breath*] You said no one comes but Larry.

WANDA. Yes, and you have his keys. Oh! if it is Larry! I must open!

KEITH shrinks back against the wall. WANDA goes to the door.

[*Opening the door an inch*] Yes? Please? Who?

A thin streak of light from a bull's-eye

lantern outside plays over the wall. A Policeman's voice says: "All right, Miss. Your outer door's open. You ought to keep it shut after dark, you know."

WANDA. Thank you, sir.

The sound of retreating footsteps, of the outer door closing. WANDA shuts the door.

A policeman!

KEITH. [*Moving from the wall*] Curse! I must have left that door. [*Suddenly—turning up the light*] You told me they didn't know you.

WANDA [*Sighing*] I did not think they did, sir. It is so long I was not out in the town; not since I had Larry.

KEITH *gives her an intent look, then crosses to the fire. He stands there a moment, looking down, then turns to the girl, who has crept back to the couch.*

KEITH. [*Half to himself*] After your life, who can believe——? Look here! You drifted together and you'll drift apart, you know. Better for him to get away and make a clean cut of it.

WANDA. [*Uttering a little moaning sound*] Oh, sir! May I not love, because I have been bad? I was only sixteen when that man spoiled me. If you knew——

KEITH. I'm thinking of Larry. With you, his danger is much greater. There's a good chance as things are going. You may wreck it. And for what? Just a few months more of—well—you know.

WANDA. [*Standing at the head of the couch and touching her eyes with her hands*] Oh, sir! Look! It is true. He is my life. Don't take him away from me.

KEITH. [*Moved and restless*] You must know what Larry is. He'll never stick to you.

WANDA. [*Simply*] He will, sir.

KEITH. [*Energetically*] The last man on earth to stick to anything! But for the sake of a whim he'll risk his life and the honour of all his family. I know him.

WANDA. No, no, you do not. It is I who know him.

KEITH. Now, now! At any moment they may find out your connection with that man. So long as Larry goes on with you, he's tied to this murder, don't you see?

WANDA. [*Coming close to him*] But he love me. Oh, sir! he love me!

KEITH. Larry has loved dozens of women.

WANDA. Yes, but—— [*Her face quivers*].

KEITH. [*Brusquely*] Don't cry! If I give you money, will you disappear, for his sake?

WANDA [*With a moan*] It will be in the water, then. There will be no cruel men there.

KEITH. Ah! First Larry, then you! Come now. It's better for you both. A few months, and you'll forget you ever met.

WANDA. [*Looking wildly up*] I will go if Larry say I must. But not to live. No! [*Simply*] I could not, sir.

KEITH, *moved, is silent.*

I could not live without Larry. What is left for a girl like me—when she once love? It is finish.

KEITH. I don't want you to go back to that life.

WANDA. No; you do not care what I do. Why should you? I tell you I will go if Larry say I must.

KEITH. That's not enough. You know that. You must take it out of his hands. He will never give up his present for the sake of his future. If you're as fond of him as you say, you'll help to save him.

WANDA [*Below her breath*] Yes! Oh, yes! But do not keep him long from me—I beg! [*She sinks to the floor and clasps his knees.*]

KEITH. Well, well! Get up.

There is a tap on the window-pane.

Listen!

A faint, peculiar whistle.

WANDA. [*Springing up*] Larry! Oh, thank God! *She runs to the door, opens it, and goes out to bring him in. KEITH stands waiting, facing the open doorway.*

LARRY *entering with WANDA just behind him.*

LARRY. Keith!

KEITH. [*Grimly*] So much for your promise not to go out!

LARRY. I've been waiting in for you all day. I couldn't stand it any longer.

KEITH. Exactly!

LARRY. Well, what's the sentence, brother?

"Transportation for life and then to be fined forty pounds"?

KEITH. So you can joke, can you?

LARRY. Must.

KEITH. A boat leaves for the Argentine the day after to-morrow; you must go by it.

LARRY. [*Putting his arms round WANDA, who is standing motionless with her eyes fixed on him*] Together, Keith?

KEITH. You can't go together. I'll send her by the next boat.

LARRY. Swear?

KEITH. Yes. You're lucky—they're on a false scent.

LARRY. What!

KEITH. You haven't seen it?

LARRY. I've seen nothing, not even a paper.

KEITH. They've taken up a vagabond who robbed the body. He pawned a snake-shaped ring, and they identified this Walenn by it. I've been down and seen him charged myself.

LARRY. With murder?

WANDA. [*Faintly*] Larry!

KEITH. He's in no danger. They always get the wrong man first. It'll do him no harm to be locked up a bit—hyena like that. Better in prison, anyway, than sleeping out under archways in this weather.

LARRY. What was he like, Keith?

KEITH. A little yellow, ragged, lame, unshaven scarecrow of a chap. They were fools to think he could have had the strength.

LARRY. What! [*In an awed voice*] Why, I saw him—after I left you last night.

KEITH. You? Where?

LARRY. By the archway.

KEITH. You went back there?

LARRY. It draws you, Keith.

KEITH. You're mad, I think.

LARRY. I talked to him, and he said, "Thank you for this little chat. It's worth more than money when you're down." Little grey man like a shaggy animal. And a newspaper boy came up and said: "That's right, guv'nors! 'Ere's where they found the body—very spot. They 'yn't got 'im yet."

He laughs; and the terrified girl presses herself against him.

An innocent man!

KEITH. *He's* in no danger, I tell you. He could never have strangled—— Why, he hadn't the strength of a kitten. Now, Larry! I'll take your berth tomorrow. Here's money! [*He brings out a pile of notes and puts them on the couch*] You can make a new life of it out there together presently, in the sun.

LARRY. [*In a whisper*] In the sun! "A cup of wine and thou." [*Suddenly*] How can I, Keith? I must see how it goes with that poor devil.

KEITH. Bosh! Dismiss it from your mind; there's not nearly enough evidence.

LARRY. Not?

KEITH. No. You've got your chance. Take it like a man.

LARRY. [*With a strange smile—to the girl*] Shall we, Wanda?

WANDA. Oh, Larry!

LARRY. [*Picking the notes up from the couch*] Take them back, Keith.

KEITH. What! I tell you no jury would convict; and if they did, no judge would hang. A ghoul who can rob a dead body, ought to be in prison. He did worse than you.

LARRY. It won't do, Keith. I must see it out.

KEITH. Don't be a fool!

LARRY. I've still got some kind of honour. If I clear out before I know, I shall have none—nor peace. Take them, Keith, or I'll put them in the fire.

KEITH. [*Taking back the notes; bitterly*] I suppose I may ask you not to be entirely oblivious of our name. Or is that unworthy of your honour?

LARRY. [*Hanging his head*] I'm awfully sorry, Keith; awfully sorry, old man.

KEITH. [*Sternly*] You owe it to me—to our name—to our dead mother—to do nothing anyway till we see what happens.

LARRY. I know. I'll do nothing without you, Keith.

KEITH. [*Taking up his hat*] Can I trust you? [*He stares hard at his brother.*]

LARRY. You can trust me.

KEITH. Swear?

LARRY. I swear.

KEITH. Remember, *nothing!* Good night!

LARRY. Good night!

KEITH goes.

LARRY *sits down on the couch and stares at the fire. The girl steals up and slips her arms about him.*

LARRY. An innocent man!

WANDA. Oh, Larry! But so are you. What did we want—to kill that man? Never! Oh! kiss me!

LARRY *turns his face. She kisses his lips.*
I have suffered so—not seein' you. Don't leave me again—don't! Stay here. Isn't it good to be together?—Oh! Poor Larry! How tired you look!—Stay with me. I am so frightened all alone. So frightened they will take you from me.

LARRY. Poor child!

WANDA. No, no! Don't look like that!

LARRY. You're shivering.

WANDA. I will make up the fire. Love me, Larry! I want to forget.

LARRY. The poorest little wretch on God's earth—locked up—for me! A little wild animal, locked up. There he goes, up and down, up and down—in his cage—don't you see him?—looking for a place to gnaw his way through—little grey rat. [*He gets up and roams about.*]

WANDA. No, no! I can't bear it! Don't frighten me more!

He comes back and takes her in his arms.

LARRY. There, there! [*He kisses her closed eyes.*]

WANDA. [*Without moving*] If we could sleep a little—wouldn't it be nice?

LARRY. Sleep?

WANDA. [*Raising herself*] Promise to stay with me—to stay here for good, Larry. I will cook for you; I will make you so comfortable. They will find him innocent. And then—Oh, Larry!—in the sun—right away—far from this horrible country. How lovely! [*Trying to get him to look at her*] Larry!

LARRY. [*With a movement to free himself*] To the edge of the world—and—over!

WANDA. No, no! No, no! You don't want me to die, Larry, do you? I shall if you leave me. Let us be happy! Love me!

LARRY. [*With a laugh*] Ah! Let's be happy and shut out the sight of him. Who cares? Millions suffer for no mortal reason. Let's be strong, like Keith. No! I won't leave you, Wanda. Let's forget everything except ourselves. [*Suddenly*] There he goes—up and down!

WANDA. [*Moaning*] No, no! See! I will pray to the Virgin. She will pity us!

She falls on her knees and clasps her hands, praying. Her lips move. LARRY stands motionless, with arms crossed, and on his face are yearning and mockery, love and despair.

LARRY. [*Whispering*] Pray for us! Bravo! Pray away!

Suddenly the girl stretches out her arms and lifts her face with a look of ecstasy.

What?

WANDA. She is smiling! We shall be happy soon.

LARRY. [*Bending down over her*] Poor child! When we die, Wanda, let's go together. We should keep each other warm out in the dark.

WANDA. [*Raising her hands to his face*] Yes! oh, yes! If you die I could not—I could not go on living!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

TWO MONTHS LATER

WANDA'S room. Daylight is just beginning to fail of a January afternoon. The table is laid for supper, with decanters of wine.

WANDA is standing at the window looking out at the wintry trees of the Square beyond the pavement. A newspaper Boy's voice is heard coming nearer.

VOICE. Pyper! Glove Lyne murder! Trial and verdict! [*Receding*] Verdict! Pyper!

WANDA throws up the window as if to call to him, checks herself, closes it and runs to the door. She opens it, but recoils into the room. KEITH is standing there. He comes in.

KEITH. Where's Larry?

WANDA. He went to the trial. I could not keep him from it. The trial—Oh! what has happened, sir?

KEITH. [*Savagely*] Guilty! Sentence of death! Fools!—idiots!

WANDA. Of death! [*For a moment she seems about to swoon.*]

KEITH. Girl! girl! It may all depend on you. Larry's still living here?

WANDA. Yes.

KEITH. I must wait for him.

WANDA. Will you sit down, please?

KEITH. [*Shaking his head*] Are you ready to go away at any time?

WANDA. Yes, yes; always I am ready.

KEITH. And he?

WANDA. Yes—but now! What will he do? That poor man!

KEITH. A graveyard thief—a ghoul!

WANDA. Perhaps he was hungry. I have been hungry: you do things then that you would not. Larry has thought of him in prison so much all these weeks. Oh! what shall we do now?

KEITH. Listen! Help me. Don't let Larry out of your sight. I must see how things go. They'll never hang this wretch. [*He grips her arms*] Now, we must stop Larry from giving himself up. He's fool enough. D'you understand?

WANDA. Yes. But why has he not come in? Oh! If he have, already!

KEITH. [*Letting go her arms*] My God! If the police come—find me here—[*He moves to the door*] No, he wouldn't—without seeing you first. He's sure to come. Watch him like a lynx. Don't let him go without you.

WANDA. [*Clasping her hands on her breast*] I will try, sir.

KEITH. Listen!

A key is heard in the lock.

It's he!

LARRY *enters*. *He is holding a great bunch of pink lilies and white narcissus. His face tells nothing. KEITH looks from him to the girl, who stands motionless.*

LARRY. Keith! So you've seen?

KEITH. The thing can't stand. I'll stop it somehow. But you must give me time, Larry.

LARRY. [*Calmly*] Still looking after your honour, Keith?

KEITH. [*Grimly*] Think my reasons what you like.

WANDA. [*Softly*] Larry!

LARRY puts his arm round her.

LARRY. Sorry, old man.

KEITH. This man can and shall get off. I want your solemn promise that you won't give yourself up, nor even go out till I've seen you again.

LARRY. I give it.

KEITH. [*Looking from one to the other*] By the memory of our mother, swear that.

LARRY. [*With a smile*] I swear.

KEITH. I have your oath—both of you—both of you. I'm going at once to see what can be done.

LARRY. [*Softly*] Good luck, brother.

KEITH goes out.

WANDA. [*Putting her hands on LARRY'S breast*] What does it mean?

LARRY. Supper, child—I've had nothing all day. Put these lilies in water.

She takes the lilies and obediently puts them into a vase. LARRY pours wine into a deep-coloured glass and drinks it off.

We've had a good time, Wanda. Best time I ever had, these last two months; and nothing but the bill to pay.

WANDA. [*Clasping him desperately*] Oh, Larry! Larry!

LARRY. [*Holding her away to look at her*] Take off those things and put on a bridal garment.

WANDA. Promise me—wherever you go, I go too. Promise! Larry, you think I haven't seen, all these weeks. But I have seen everything; all in your heart, always. You cannot hide from me. I knew—I knew! Oh, if we might go away into the sun! Oh! Larry—couldn't we? [*She searches his eyes with hers—then shuddering*] Well! If it must be dark—I don't care, if I may go in your arms. In prison we could not be together. I am ready. Only love me first. Don't let me cry before I go. Oh! Larry, will there be much pain?

LARRY. [*In a choked voice*] No pain, my pretty.

WANDA. [*With a little sigh*] It is a pity.

LARRY. If you had seen him, as I have, all day, being tortured. Wanda, we shall be out of it. [*The wine mounting to his head*] We shall be free in the

dark; free of their cursed inhumanities. I hate this world—I loathe it! I hate its God-forsaken savagery; its pride and smugness! Keith's world—all righteous will-power and success. We're no good here, you and I—we were cast out at birth—soft, will-less—better dead. No fear, Keith! I'm staying indoors. [*He pours wine into two glasses*] Drink it up!

Obediently WANDA drinks, and he also.

Now go and make yourself beautiful.

WANDA. [*Seizing him in her arms*] Oh, Larry!

LARRY. [*Touching her face and hair*] Hanged by the neck until he's dead—for what I did.

WANDA takes a long look at his face, slips her arms from him, and goes out through the curtains below the fireplace.

LARRY feels in his pocket, brings out the little box, opens it, fingers the white tabloids.

LARRY. Two each—after food. [*He laughs and puts back the box*] Oh! my girl!

The sound of a piano playing a faint festive tune is heard afar off. He mutters, staring at the fire.

Flames—flame, and flicker—ashes.

“No more, no more, the moon is dead,
And all the people in it.”

He sits on the couch with a piece of paper on his knees, adding a few words with a stylo pen to what is already written.

The GIRL, in a silk wrapper, coming back through the curtains, watches him.

LARRY. [*Looking up*] It's all here—I've confessed. [*Reading*] "Please bury us together.

"LAURENCE DARRANT.

"January 28th, about six p.m."

They'll find us in the morning. Come and have supper, my dear love.

The girl creeps forward. He rises, puts his arm round her, and with her arm twined round him, smiling into each other's faces, they go to the table and sit down.

The curtain falls for a few seconds to indicate the passage of three hours. When it rises again, the lovers are lying on the couch, in each other's arms, the lilies strewn about them. The girl's bare arm is round LARRY'S neck. Her eyes are closed; his are open and sightless. There is no light but fire-light.

A knocking on the door and the sound of a key turned in the lock. KEITH enters. He stands a moment bewildered by the half-light, then calls sharply: "Larry!" and turns up the light. Seeing the forms on the couch, he recoils a moment. Then, glancing at the table and empty decanters, goes up to the couch.

KEITH. [*Muttering*] Asleep! Drunk! Ugh!

Suddenly he bends, touches LARRY, and springs back.

What! [*He bends again, shakes him and calls*] Larry!
Larry!

Then, motionless, he stares down at his brother's open, sightless eyes. Suddenly he wets his finger and holds it to the girl's lips, then to LARRY'S.

Larry!

He bends and listens at their hearts; catches sight of the little box lying between them and takes it up.

My God!

Then, raising himself, he closes his brother's eyes, and as he does so, catches sight of a paper pinned to the couch; detaches it and reads:

"I, Laurence Darrant, about to die by my own hand confess that I——"

He reads on silently, in horror; finishes, letting the paper drop, and recoils from the couch on to a chair at the dishevelled supper table. Aghast, he sits there. Suddenly he mutters:

If I leave that there—my name—my whole future!—

He springs up, takes up the paper again, and again reads.

My God! It's ruin!

He makes as if to tear it across, stops, and looks down at those two; covers his eyes with his hand; drops the paper and rushes to the door. But he stops there and comes back, magnetised, as it were, by that paper. He takes it up once more and thrusts it into his pocket.

The footsteps of a Policeman pass, slow and regular, outside. His face crimps and quivers; he stands listening till they die away. Then he snatches the paper from his pocket, and goes past the foot of the couch to the fire.

All my—— No! Let him hang!

He thrusts the paper into the fire, stamps it down with his foot, watches it writhe and blacken. Then suddenly clutching his head, he turns to the bodies on the couch. Panting and like a man demented, he recoils past the head of the couch, and rushing to the window, draws the curtains and throws the window up for air. Out in the darkness rises the witch-like skeleton tree, where a dark shape seems hanging. KEITH starts back.

What's that? What——!

He shuts the window and draws the dark curtains across it again.

Fool! Nothing!

Clenching his fists, he draws himself up,

*steadying himself with all his might.
Then slowly he moves to the door, stands
a second like a carved figure, his face
hard as stone.*

*Deliberately he turns out the light, opens
the door, and goes.*

*The still bodies lie there before the fire
which is licking at the last blackened
wafer.*

CURTAIN

CHARACTERS

THE LITTLE MAN

A FARCICAL MORALITY

IN THREE SCENES

CHARACTERS

THE LITTLE MAN.

THE AMERICAN.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN.

THE GERMAN.

THE DUTCH BOY.

THE MOTHER.

THE BABY.

THE WAITER.

THE STATION OFFICIAL.

THE POLICEMAN.

THE PORTER.

SCENE I

Afternoon, on the departure platform of an Austrian railway station. At several little tables outside the buffet persons are taking refreshment, served by a pale young waiter. On a seat against the wall of the buffet a woman of lowly station is sitting beside two large bundles, on one of which she has placed her baby, swathed in a black shawl.

WAITER. [*Approaching a table whereat sit an English traveller and his wife*] Two coffee?

ENGLISHMAN. [*Paying*] Thanks. [*To his wife, in an Oxford voice*] Sugar?

ENGLISHWOMAN. [*In a Cambridge voice*] One.

AMERICAN TRAVELLER. [*With field-glasses and a pocket camera—from another table*] Waiter, I'd like to have you get my eggs. I've been sitting here quite a while.

WAITER. Yes, sare.

GERMAN TRAVELLER. Kellner, bezahlen! [*His voice is, like his moustache, stiff and brushed up at the ends. His figure also is stiff and his hair a little grey; clearly once, if not now, a colonel.*]

WAITER. Komm' gleich!

The baby on the bundle wails. The mother takes it up to soothe it. A young, red-

cheeked Dutchman at the fourth table stops eating and laughs.

AMERICAN. My eggs! Get a wiggle on you!

WAITER. Yes, sare. [*He rapidly recedes.*]

A LITTLE MAN in a soft hat is seen to the right of tables. He stands a moment looking after the hurrying waiter, then seats himself at the fifth table.

ENGLISHMAN. [*Looking at his watch*] Ten minutes more.

ENGLISHWOMAN. Bother!

AMERICAN. [*Addressing them*] 'Pears as if they'd a prejudice against eggs here, anyway.

The ENGLISH look at him, but do not speak.

GERMAN. [*In creditable English*] In these places man can get nothing.

*The WAITER comes flying back with a com-
pote for the DUTCH YOUTH, who pays.*

GERMAN. Kellner, bezahlen!

WAITER. Eine Krone sechzig.

The GERMAN pays.

AMERICAN. [*Rising, and taking out his watch—
blandly*] See here. If I don't get my eggs before this watch ticks twenty, there'll be another waiter in heaven.

WAITER. [*Flying*] Komm' gleich!

AMERICAN. [*Seeking sympathy*] I'm gettin' kind of mad!

*The ENGLISHMAN halves his newspaper and
hands the advertisement half to his wife.*

The BABY wails. The MOTHER rocks it.

The DUTCH YOUTH stops eating and laughs. The GERMAN lights a cigarette. The LITTLE MAN sits motionless, nursing his hat. The WAITER comes flying back with the eggs and places them before the AMERICAN.

AMERICAN. [*Putting away his watch*] Good! I don't like trouble. How much?

He pays and eats. The WAITER stands a moment at the edge of the platform and passes his hand across his brow. The LITTLE MAN eyes him and speaks gently.

LITTLE MAN. Herr Ober!

The WAITER turns.

Might I have a glass of beer?

WAITER. Yes, sare.

LITTLE MAN. Thank you very much.

The WAITER goes.

AMERICAN. [*Pausing in the deglutition of his eggs—affably*] Pardon me, sir; I'd like to have you tell me why you called that little bit of a feller "Herr Ober." Reckon you would know what that means? Mr. Head Waiter.

LITTLE MAN. Yes, yes.

AMERICAN. I smile.

LITTLE MAN. Oughtn't I to call him that?

GERMAN. [*Abruptly*] Nein—Kellner.

AMERICAN. Why, yes! Just "waiter."

The ENGLISHWOMAN looks round her paper

for a second. The DUTCH YOUTH stops eating and laughs. The LITTLE MAN gazes from face to face and nurses his hat.

LITTLE MAN. I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

GERMAN. Gott!

AMERICAN. In my country we're very democratic—but that's quite a proposition.

ENGLISHMAN. [*Handling coffee-pot, to his wife*] More?

ENGLISHWOMAN. No, thanks.

GERMAN. [*Abruptly*] These fellows—if you treat them in this manner, at once they take liberties. You see, you will not get your beer.

As he speaks the WAITER returns, bringing the LITTLE MAN'S beer, then retires.

AMERICAN. That 'pears to be one up to democracy. [*To the LITTLE MAN*] I judge you go in for brotherhood?

LITTLE MAN. [*Startled*] Oh, no!

AMERICAN. I take considerable stock in Leo Tolstoi myself. Grand man—grand-souled apparatus. But I guess you've got to pinch those waiters some to make 'em skip. [*To the ENGLISH, who have carelessly looked his way for a moment*] You'll appreciate that, the way he acted about my eggs.

The ENGLISH make faint motions with their chins and avert their eyes.

[To the WAITER, who is standing at the door of the buffet] Waiter! Flash of beer—jump, now!

WAITER. Komm' gleich!

GERMAN. Cigarren!

WAITER. Schön!

He disappears.

AMERICAN. [*Affably—to the LITTLE MAN*] Now, if I don't get that flash of beer quicker'n you got yours, I shall admire.

GERMAN. [*Abruptly*] Tolstoi is nothing—nichts! No good! Ha?

AMERICAN. [*Relishing the approach of argument*] Well, that is a matter of temperament. Now, I'm all for equality. See that poor woman there—very humble woman—there she sits among us with her baby. Perhaps you'd like to locate her somewhere else?

GERMAN. [*Shrugging*] Tolstoi is sentimentalisch. Nietzsche is the true philosopher, the only one.

AMERICAN. Well, that's quite in the prospectus—very stimulating party—old Nietch—virgin mind. But give me Leo! [*He turns to the red-cheeked YOUTH*] What do you opine, sir? I guess by your labels you'll be Dutch. Do they read Tolstoi in your country?

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs.

AMERICAN. That is a very luminous answer.

GERMAN. Tolstoi is nothing. Man should himself express. He must push—he must be strong.

AMERICAN. That is so. In America we believe in virility; we like a man to expand. But we believe in brotherhood too. We draw the line at niggers; but we aspire. Social barriers and distinctions we've not much use for.

ENGLISHMAN. Do you feel a draught?

ENGLISHWOMAN. [*With a shiver of her shoulder toward the AMERICAN*] I do—rather.

GERMAN. Wait! You are a young people.

AMERICAN. That is so; there are no flies on us. [*To the LITTLE MAN, who has been gazing eagerly from face to face*] Say! I'd like to have you give us your sentiments in relation to the duty of man.

The LITTLE MAN fidgets, and is about to open his mouth.

AMERICAN. For example—is it your opinion that we should kill off the weak and diseased, and all that can't jump around?

GERMAN. [*Nodding*] Ja, ja! That is coming.

LITTLE MAN. [*Looking from face to face*] They might be me.

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs.

AMERICAN. [*Reproving him with a look*] That's true humility. 'Tisn't grammar. Now, here's a proposition that brings it nearer the bone: Would you step out of your way to help them when it was liable to bring you trouble?

GERMAN. Nein, nein! That is stupid.

LITTLE MAN. [*Eager but wistful*] I'm afraid not.

Of course one wants to— There was St. Francis d'Assisi and St. Julien l'Hospitalier, and——

AMERICAN. Very lofty dispositions. Guess they died of them. [*He rises*] Shake hands, sir—my name is—[*He hands a card*] I am an ice-machine maker. [*He shakes the LITTLE MAN's hand*] I like your sentiments—I feel kind of brotherly. [*Catching sight of the WAITER appearing in the doorway*] Waiter, where to h—ll is that flash of beer?

GERMAN. Cigarren!

WAITER. Komm' gleich!

He vanishes.

ENGLISHMAN. [*Consulting watch*] Train's late.

ENGLISHWOMAN. Really! Nuisance!

A station POLICEMAN, *very square and uniformed, passes and repasses.*

AMERICAN. [*Resuming his seat—to the GERMAN*] Now, we don't have so much of that in America. Guess we feel more to trust in human nature.

GERMAN. Ah! ha! you will bresently find there is nothing in him but self.

LITTLE MAN. [*Wistfully*] Don't you believe in human nature?

AMERICAN. Very stimulating question.

He looks round for opinions.

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs.

ENGLISHMAN. [*Holding out his half of the paper to his wife*] Swap!

His wife swaps.

GERMAN. In human nature I believe so far as I can see him—no more.

AMERICAN. Now that 'pears to me kind o' blasphemy. I believe in heroism. I opine there's not one of us settin' around here that's not a hero—give him the occasion.

LITTLE MAN. Oh! Do you believe that?

AMERICAN. Well! I judge a hero is just a person that'll help another at the expense of himself. Take that poor woman there. Well, now, she's a heroine, I guess. She would die for her baby any old time.

GERMAN. Animals will die for their babies. That is nothing.

AMERICAN. I carry it further. I postulate we would all die for that baby if a locomotive was to trundle up right here and try to handle it. [*To the GERMAN*] I guess *you* don't know how good you are. [*As the GERMAN is twisting up the ends of his moustache—to the ENGLISHWOMAN*] I should like to have you express an opinion, ma'am.

ENGLISHWOMAN. I beg your pardon.

AMERICAN. The English are very humanitarian; they have a very high sense of duty. So have the Germans, so have the Americans. [*To the DUTCH YOUTH*] I judge even in your little country they have that. This is an epoch of equality and high-toned ideals. [*To the LITTLE MAN*] What is *your* nationality, sir?

LITTLE MAN. I'm afraid I'm nothing particular. My father was half-English and half-American, and my mother half-German and half-Dutch.

AMERICAN. My! That's a bit streaky, any old way. [*The POLICEMAN passes again*] Now, I don't believe we've much use any more for those gentlemen in buttons. We've grown kind of mild—we don't think of self as we used to do.

The WAITER has appeared in the doorway.

GERMAN. [*In a voice of thunder*] Cigarren! Donnerwetter!

AMERICAN. [*Shaking his fist at the vanishing WAITER*] That flash of beer!

WAITER. Komm' gleich!

AMERICAN. A little more, and he will join George Washington! I was about to remark when he intruded: In this year of grace 1913 the kingdom of Christ is quite a going concern. We are mighty near to universal brotherhood. The colonel here [*He indicates the GERMAN*] is a man of blood and iron, but give him an opportunity to be magnanimous, and he'll be right there. Oh, sir! yep!

The GERMAN, with a profound mixture of pleasure and cynicism, brushes up the ends of his moustache.

LITTLE MAN. I wonder. One wants to, but somehow— [*He shakes his head.*]

AMERICAN. You seem kind of skeery about that. You've had experience, maybe. I'm an optimist—I think we're bound to make the devil hum in the near future. I opine we shall occasion a good deal of trouble to that old party. There's about to be a holocaust of selfish interests. The colonel there

with old-man Nietch—he won't know himself. There's going to be a very sacred opportunity.

As he speaks, the voice of a RAILWAY OFFICIAL is heard in the distance calling out in German. It approaches, and the words become audible.

GERMAN. [*Startled*] Der Teufel! [*He gets up, and seizes the bag beside him.*]

The STATION OFFICIAL has appeared; he stands for a moment casting his commands at the seated group. The DUTCH YOUTH also rises, and takes his coat and hat. The OFFICIAL turns on his heel and retires, still issuing directions.

ENGLISHMAN. What does he say?

GERMAN. Our drain has come in, de oder platform; only one minute we haf.

ALL have risen in a fluster.

AMERICAN. Now, that's very provoking. I won't get that flash of beer.

There is a general scurry to gather coats and hats and wraps, during which the lowly WOMAN is seen making desperate attempts to deal with her baby and the two large bundles. Quite defeated, she suddenly puts all down, wrings her hands, and cries out: "Herr Jesu! Hilfe!" The flying procession turn their heads at that strange cry.

AMERICAN. What's that? Help?

He continues to run.

The LITTLE MAN spins round, rushes back, picks up baby and bundle on which it was seated.

LITTLE MAN. Come along, good woman, come along!

The WOMAN picks up the other bundle and they run.

The WAITER, appearing in the doorway with the bottle of beer, watches with his tired smile.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

A second-class compartment of a corridor carriage, in motion. In it are seated the ENGLISHMAN and his WIFE, opposite each other at the corridor end, she with her face to the engine, he with his back. Both are somewhat protected from the rest of the travellers by newspapers. Next to her sits the GERMAN, and opposite him sits the AMERICAN; next the AMERICAN in one window corner is seated the DUTCH YOUTH; the other window corner is taken by the GERMAN'S bag. The silence is only broken by the slight rushing noise of the train's progression and the crackling of the English newspapers.

AMERICAN. [*Turning to the DUTCH YOUTH*] Guess I'd like that window raised; it's kind of chilly after that old run they gave us.

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs, and goes through the motions of raising the window. The ENGLISH regard the operation with uneasy irritation. The GERMAN opens his bag, which reposes on the corner seat next him, and takes out a book.

AMERICAN. The Germans are great readers. Very stimulating practice. I read most anything myself!
The GERMAN holds up the book so that the title may be read.

"Don Quixote"—fine book. We Americans take considerable stock in old man Quixote. Bit of a wild-cat—but we don't laugh at him.

GERMAN. He is dead. Dead as a sheep. A good thing, too.

AMERICAN. In America we have still quite an amount of chivalry.

GERMAN. Chivalry is nothing—sentimentalisch. In modern days—no good. A man must push, he must pull.

AMERICAN. So you say. But I judge your form of chivalry is sacrifice to the state. We allow more freedom to the individual soul. Where there's something little and weak, we feel it kind of noble to give up to it. That way we feel elevated.

As he speaks there is seen in the corridor doorway the LITTLE MAN, with the WOMAN'S BABY still on his arm and the bundle held in the other hand. He peers in anxiously. The ENGLISH, acutely conscious, try to dissociate themselves from his presence with their papers. The DUTCH YOUTH laughs.

GERMAN. Ach! So!

AMERICAN. Dear me!

LITTLE MAN. Is there room? I can't find a seat.

AMERICAN. Why, yes! There's a seat for one.

LITTLE MAN. [*Depositing bundle outside, and heaving BABY*] May I?

AMERICAN. Come right in!

The GERMAN sulkily moves his bag. The

LITTLE MAN *comes in and seats himself gingerly.*

AMERICAN. Where's the mother?

LITTLE MAN. [*Ruefully*] Afraid she got left behind.

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs. The ENGLISH unconsciously emerge from their newspapers.

AMERICAN. My! That would appear to be quite a domestic incident.

The ENGLISHMAN suddenly utters a profound "Ha, Ha!" and disappears behind his paper. And that paper and the one opposite are seen to shake, and little squirrels and squeaks emerge.

GERMAN. And you haf got her bundle, and her baby. Ha! [*He cackles drily.*]

AMERICAN. [*Gravely*] I smile. I guess Providence has played it pretty low down on you. It's sure acted real mean.

The BABY wails, and the LITTLE MAN jigs it with a sort of gentle desperation, looking apologetically from face to face. His wistful glance renews the fire of merriment wherever it alights. The AMERICAN alone preserves a gravity which seems incapable of being broken.

AMERICAN. Maybe you'd better get off right smart and restore that baby. There's nothing can act madder than a mother.

LITTLE MAN. Poor thing, yes! What she must be suffering!

A gale of laughter shakes the carriage. The ENGLISH for a moment drop their papers, the better to indulge. The LITTLE MAN smiles a wintry smile.

AMERICAN. [*In a lull*] How did it eventuate?

LITTLE MAN. We got there just as the train was going to start; and I jumped, thinking I could help her up. But it moved too quickly, and—and left her.

The gale of laughter blows up again.

AMERICAN. Guess I'd have thrown the baby out to her.

LITTLE MAN. I was afraid the poor little thing might break.

The BABY wails; the LITTLE MAN heaves it; the gale of laughter blows.

AMERICAN. [*Gravely*] It's highly entertaining—not for the baby. What kind of an old baby is it, anyway? [*He sniffs*] I judge it's a bit—niffy.

LITTLE MAN. Afraid I've hardly looked at it yet.

AMERICAN. Which end up is it?

LITTLE MAN. Oh! I think the right end. Yes, yes, it is.

AMERICAN. Well, that's something. Maybe you should hold it out of window a bit. Very excitable things, babies!

ENGLISHWOMAN. [*Galvanised*] No, no!

ENGLISHMAN. [*Touching her knee*] My dear!

AMERICAN. You are right, ma'am. I opine there's

a draught out there. This baby is precious. We've all of us got stock in this baby in a manner of speaking. This is a little bit of universal brotherhood. Is it a woman baby?

LITTLE MAN. I—I can only see the top of its head.

AMERICAN. You can't always tell from that. It looks kind of over-wrapped up. Maybe it had better be unbound.

GERMAN. Nein, nein, nein!

AMERICAN. I think you are very likely right, colonel. It might be a pity to unbind that baby. I guess the lady should be consulted in this matter.

ENGLISHWOMAN. Yes, yes, of course—I—

ENGLISHMAN. [*Touching her*] Let it be! Little beggar seems all right.

AMERICAN. That would seem only known to Providence at this moment. I judge it might be due to humanity to look at its face.

LITTLE MAN. [*Gladly*] It's sucking my finger. There, there—nice little thing—there!

AMERICAN. I would surmise in your leisure moments you have created babies, sir?

LITTLE MAN. Oh! no—indeed, no.

AMERICAN. Dear me!—That is a loss. [*Addressing himself to the carriage at large*] I think we may esteem ourselves fortunate to have this little stranger right here with us. Demonstrates what a hold the little and weak have upon us nowadays. The colonel here—a man of blood and iron—there he sits quite ca'm next door to it. [*He sniffs*] Now, this baby

is rather chastening—that is a sign of grace, in the colonel—that is true heroism.

LITTLE MAN. [*Faintly*] I—I can see its face a little now.

All bend forward.

AMERICAN. What sort of a physiognomy has it, anyway?

LITTLE MAN. [*Still faintly*] I don't see anything but—but spots.

GERMAN. Oh! Ha! Pfui!

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs.

AMERICAN. I am told that is not uncommon amongst babies. Perhaps we could have you inform us, ma'am.

ENGLISHWOMAN. Yes, of course—only—what sort of—

LITTLE MAN. They seem all over it—[*At the slight recoil of everyone*] I feel sure it's—it's quite a good baby underneath.

AMERICAN. That will be rather difficult to come at. I'm just a bit sensitive. I've very little use for affections of the epidermis.

GERMAN. Pfui! [*He has edged away as far as he can get, and is lighting a big cigar.*]

The DUTCH YOUTH draws his legs back.

AMERICAN. [*Also taking out a cigar*] I guess it would be well to fumigate this carriage. Does it suffer, do you think?

LITTLE MAN. [*Peering*] Really, I don't—I'm not sure—I know so little about babies. I think it would have a nice expression—if—if it showed.

AMERICAN. Is it kind of boiled looking?

LITTLE MAN. Yes—yes, it is.

AMERICAN. [*Looking gravely round*] I judge this baby has the measles.

The GERMAN screws himself spasmodically against the arm of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S seat.

ENGLISHWOMAN. Poor little thing! Shall I——?
She half rises.

ENGLISHMAN. [*Touching her*] No, no— Dash it!

AMERICAN. I honour your emotion, ma'am. It does credit to us all. But I sympathise with your husband too. The measles is a very important pestilence in connection with a grown woman.

LITTLE MAN. It likes my finger awfully. Really, it's rather a sweet baby.

AMERICAN. [*Sniffing*] Well, that would appear to be quite a question. About them spots, now? Are they rosy?

LITTLE MAN. No-o; they're dark, almost black.

GERMAN. Gott! Typhus! [*He bounds up on to the arm of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S seat.*]

AMERICAN. Typhus! That's quite an indisposition!

The DUTCH YOUTH rises suddenly, and bolts out into the corridor. He is followed by the GERMAN, puffing clouds of smoke. The ENGLISH and AMERICAN sit a moment longer without speaking. The ENGLISHWOMAN'S face is turned with a curious expression—half pity, half fear—towards

the LITTLE MAN. Then the ENGLISHMAN gets up.

ENGLISHMAN. Bit stuffy for you here, dear, isn't it? *He puts his arm through hers, raises her, and almost pushes her through the doorway. She goes, still looking back.*

AMERICAN. [*Gravely*] There's nothing I admire more'n courage. Guess I'll go and smoke in the corridor.

As he goes out the LITTLE MAN looks very wistfully after him. Screwing up his mouth and nose, he holds the BABY away from him and wavers; then rising, he puts it on the seat opposite and goes through the motions of letting down the window. Having done so he looks at the BABY, who has begun to wail. Suddenly he raises his hands and clasps them, like a child praying. Since, however, the BABY does not stop wailing, he hovers over it in indecision; then, picking it up, sits down again to dandle it, with his face turned toward the open window. Finding that it still wails, he begins to sing to it in a cracked little voice. It is charmed at once. While he is singing, the AMERICAN appears in the corridor. Letting down the passage window, he stands there in the doorway with the draught blowing his hair and the smoke of his cigar all about him.

The LITTLE MAN stops singing and shifts the shawl higher to protect the BABY'S head from the draught.

AMERICAN. [*Gravely*] This is the most sublime spectacle I have ever envisaged. There ought to be a record of this.

The LITTLE MAN looks at him, wondering.
You are typical, sir, of the sentiments of modern Christianity. You illustrate the deepest feelings in the heart of every man.

The LITTLE MAN rises with the BABY and a movement of approach.
Guess I'm wanted in the dining-car.

He vanishes.
The LITTLE MAN sits down again, but back to the engine, away from the draught, and looks out of the window, patiently jogging the BABY on his knee.

CURTAIN

SCENE III

An arrival platform. The LITTLE MAN, with the BABY and the bundle, is standing disconsolate, while travellers pass and luggage is being carried by. A STATION OFFICIAL, accompanied by a POLICEMAN, appears from a doorway, behind him.

OFFICIAL. [*Consulting telegram in his hand*] Das ist der Herr.

They advance to the LITTLE MAN.

OFFICIAL. Sie haben einen Buben gestohlen?

LITTLE MAN. I only speak English and American.

OFFICIAL. Dies ist nicht Ihr Bube?

He touches the BABY.

LITTLE MAN. [*Shaking his head*] Take care—it's ill.

The man does not understand.

Ill—the baby——

OFFICIAL. [*Shaking his head*] Verstehe nicht. Dis is nod your baby? No?

LITTLE MAN. [*Shaking his head violently*] No, it is not. No.

OFFICIAL. [*Tapping the telegram*] Gut! You are 'rested. [*He signs to the POLICEMAN, who takes the LITTLE MAN'S arm.*]

LITTLE MAN. Why? I don't want the poor baby.

OFFICIAL. [*Lifting the bundle*] Dies ist nicht Ihr Gepäck—pag?

LITTLE MAN. No.

OFFICIAL. Gut. You are 'rested.

LITTLE MAN. I only took it for the poor woman.
I'm not a thief—I'm—I'm——

OFFICIAL. [*Shaking head*] Verstehe nicht.

*The LITTLE MAN tries to tear his hair. The
disturbed BABY wails.*

LITTLE MAN. [*Dandling it as best he can*] There,
there—poor, poor!

OFFICIAL. Halt still! You are 'rested. It is all
right.

LITTLE MAN. Where is the mother?

OFFICIAL. She comm by next drain. Das telegram
say: Halt einen Herrn mit schwarzem Buben and
schwarzem Gepäck. 'Rest gentleman mit black baby
und black—pag.

The LITTLE MAN turns up his eyes to heaven.

OFFICIAL. Komm mit us.

*They take the LITTLE MAN toward the door
from which they have come. A voice
stops them.*

AMERICAN. [*Speaking from as far away as may
be*] Just a moment!

*The OFFICIAL stops; the LITTLE MAN also
stops and sits down on a bench against
the wall. The POLICEMAN stands stolidly
beside him. The AMERICAN approaches
a step or two, beckoning; the OFFICIAL
goes up to him.*

AMERICAN. Guess you've got an angel from
heaven there! What's the gentleman in buttons for?

OFFICIAL. Was ist das?

AMERICAN. Is there anybody here that can understand American?

OFFICIAL. Verstehe nicht.

AMERICAN. Well, just watch my gestures. I was saying [*He points to the LITTLE MAN, then makes gestures of flying*] you have an angel from heaven there. You have there a man in whom Gawd [*He points upward*] takes quite an amount of stock. You have no call to arrest him. [*He makes the gesture of arrest*] No, sir. Providence has acted pretty mean, loading off that baby on him. [*He makes the motion of dandling*] The little man has a heart of gold. [*He points to his heart, and takes out a gold coin.*]

OFFICIAL. [*Thinking he is about to be bribed*] Aber, das ist zu viel!

AMERICAN. Now, don't rattle me! [*Pointing to the LITTLE MAN*] Man [*Pointing to his heart*] Herz [*Pointing to the coin*] von Gold. This is a flower of the field—he don't want no gentleman in buttons to pluck him up.

*A little crowd is gathering, including the
TWO ENGLISH, the GERMAN, and the
DUTCH YOUTH.*

OFFICIAL. Verstehe absolut nichts. [*He taps the telegram*] Ich muss mein duty do.

AMERICAN. But I'm telling you. This is a white man. This is probably the whitest man on Gawd's earth.

OFFICIAL. Das macht nichts—gut or no gut, I

muss mein duty do. [*He turns to go toward the LITTLE MAN.*]

AMERICAN. Oh! Very well, arrest him; do your duty. This baby has typhus.

At the word "typhus" the OFFICIAL stops.

AMERICAN. [*Making gestures*] First-class typhus, black typhus, schwarzen typhus. Now you have it. I'm kind o' sorry for you and the gentleman in buttons. Do your duty!

OFFICIAL. Typhus? Der Bub'— die baby hat typhus?

AMERICAN. I'm telling you.

OFFICIAL. Gott im Himmel!

AMERICAN. [*Spotting the GERMAN in the little throng*] Here's a gentleman will corroborate me.

OFFICIAL. [*Much disturbed, and signing to the POLICEMAN to stand clear*] Typhus! Aber das ist grässlich!

AMERICAN. I kind o' thought you'd feel like that.

OFFICIAL. Die Sanitätsmaschine! Gleich!

A PORTER goes to get it. From either side the broken half-moon of persons stand gazing at the LITTLE MAN, who sits unhappily dandling the BABY in the centre.

OFFICIAL. [*Raising his hands*] Was zu tun?

AMERICAN. Guess you'd better isolate the baby.

A silence, during which the LITTLE MAN is heard faintly whistling and clucking to the BABY.

OFFICIAL. [*Referring once more to his telegram*] "Rest gentleman mit black baby." [*Shaking his*

head] Wir must de gentleman hold. [*To the GERMAN*] Bitte, mein Herr, sagen Sie ihm, den Buben zu niedersetzen. [*He makes the gesture of deposit.*]

GERMAN. [*To the LITTLE MAN*] He say: Put down the baby.

The LITTLE MAN shakes his head, and continues to dandle the BABY.

OFFICIAL. You must.

The LITTLE MAN glowers, in silence.

ENGLISHMAN. [*In background—muttering*] Good man!

GERMAN. His spirit ever denies.

OFFICIAL. [*Again making his gesture*] Aber er muss!

The LITTLE MAN makes a face at him.

Sag' ihm: Instantly put down baby, and komm' mit us.

The BABY wails.

LITTLE MAN. Leave the poor ill baby here alone? Be—be—be d——d to you!

AMERICAN. [*Jumping on to a trunk—with enthusiasm*] Bully!

The ENGLISH clap their hands; the DUTCH YOUTH laughs. The OFFICIAL is muttering, greatly incensed.

AMERICAN. What does that body-snatcher say?

GERMAN. He say this man use the baby to save himself from arrest. Very smart—he say.

AMERICAN. I judge you do him an injustice. [*Showing off the LITTLE MAN with a sweep of his arm.*] This is a white man. He's got a black baby,

and he won't leave it in the lurch. Guess we would all act noble, that way, give us the chance.

The LITTLE MAN rises, holding out the BABY, and advances a step or two. The half-moon at once gives, increasing its size; the AMERICAN climbs on to a higher trunk. The LITTLE MAN retires and again sits down.

AMERICAN. [*Addressing the OFFICIAL*] Guess you'd better go out of business and wait for the mother.

OFFICIAL. [*Stamping his foot*] Die Mutter sall 'rested be for taking out baby mit typhus. Ha! [*To the LITTLE MAN*] Put ze baby down!

The LITTLE MAN smiles.

Do you 'ear?

AMERICAN. [*Addressing the OFFICIAL*] Now, see here. 'Pears to me you don't suspicion just how beautiful this is. Here we have a man giving his life for that old baby that's got no claim on him. This is not a baby of his own making. No, sir, this is a very Christ-like proposition in the gentleman.

OFFICIAL. Put ze baby down, or ich will gommand someone it to do.

AMERICAN. That will be very interesting to watch.

OFFICIAL. [*To POLICEMAN*] Dake it vrom him.

The POLICEMAN mutters, but does not.

AMERICAN. [*To the German*] Guess I lost that.

GERMAN. He say he is not his officier.

AMERICAN. That just tickles me to death.

OFFICIAL. [*Looking round*] Vill nobody dake ze Bub'?

ENGLISHWOMAN. [*Moving a step—faintly*] Yes—
I—

ENGLISHMAN. [*Grasping her arm*] By Jove! Will you!

OFFICIAL. [*Gathering himself for a great effort to take the BABY, and advancing two steps*] Zen I gommand you—[*He stops and his voice dies away*] Zit dere!

AMERICAN. My! That's wonderful. What a man this is! What a sublime sense of duty!

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs. The OFFICIAL turns on him, but as he does so the MOTHER of the BABY is seen hurrying.

MOTHER. Ach! Ach! Mei' Bubi!

Her face is illumined; she is about to rush to the LITTLE MAN.

OFFICIAL. [*To the POLICEMAN*] Nimm die Frau!
The POLICEMAN catches hold of the WOMAN.

OFFICIAL. [*To the frightened WOMAN*] Warum haben Sie einen Buben mit Typhus mit ausgebracht?

AMERICAN. [*Eagerly, from his perch*] What was that? I don't want to miss any.

GERMAN. He say: Why did you a baby with typhus with you bring out?

AMERICAN. Well, that's quite a question.

He takes out the field-glasses slung around him and adjusts them on the BABY.

MOTHER. [*Bewildered*] Mei' Bubi—Typhus—aber

Typhus? [*She shakes her head violently*] Nein, nein, nein! Typhus!

OFFICIAL. Er hat Typhus.

MOTHER. [*Shaking her head*] Nein, nein, nein!

AMERICAN. [*Looking through his glasses*] Guess she's kind of right! I judge the typhus is where the baby's slobbered on the shawl, and it's come off on him.

The DUTCH YOUTH laughs.

OFFICIAL. [*Turning on him furiously*] Er hat Typhus.

AMERICAN. Now, that's where you slop over. Come right here.

The OFFICIAL mounts, and looks through the glasses.

AMERICAN. [*To the LITTLE MAN*] Skin out the baby's leg. If we don't locate spots on that, it'll be good enough for me.

The LITTLE MAN fumbles out the BABY'S little white foot.

MOTHER. Mei' Bubi! [*She tries to break away.*]

AMERICAN. White as a banana. [*To the OFFICIAL—affably*] Guess you've made kind of a fool of us with your old typhus.

OFFICIAL. Lass die Frau!

The POLICEMAN lets her go, and she rushes to her BABY.

MOTHER. Mei' Bubi!

The BABY, exchanging the warmth of the LITTLE MAN for the momentary chill of its MOTHER, wails.

OFFICIAL. [*Descending and beckoning to the POLICEMAN*] Sie wollen den Herrn accusiren?

The POLICEMAN takes the LITTLE MAN's arm.

AMERICAN. What's that? They goin' to pinch him after all?

The MOTHER, still hugging her BABY, who has stopped crying, gazes at the LITTLE MAN, who sits dazedly looking up. Suddenly she drops on her knees, and with her free hand lifts his booted foot and kisses it.

AMERICAN. [*Waving his hat*] Ra! Ra! [*He descends swiftly, goes up to the LITTLE MAN, whose arm the POLICEMAN has dropped, and takes his hand*] Brother, I am proud to know you. This is one of the greatest moments I have ever experienced. [*Displaying the LITTLE MAN to the assembled company*] I think I sense the situation when I say that we all esteem it an honour to breathe the rather inferior atmosphere of this station here along with our little friend. I guess we shall all go home and treasure the memory of his face as the whitest thing in our museum of recollections. And perhaps this good woman will also go home and wash the face of our little brother here. I am inspired with a new faith in mankind. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to present to you a sure-enough saint—only wants a halo, to be transfigured. [*To the LITTLE MAN*] Stand right up.

The LITTLE MAN stands up bewildered.

They come about him. The OFFICIAL bows to him, the POLICEMAN salutes him.

The DUTCH YOUTH shakes his head and laughs. The GERMAN draws himself up very straight, and bows quickly twice. The ENGLISHMAN and his WIFE approach at least two steps, then, thinking better of it, turn to each other and recede. The MOTHER kisses his hand. The PORTER returning with the Sanitätsmaschine, turns it on from behind, and its pinkish shower, goldened by a ray of sunlight, falls around the LITTLE MAN'S head, transfiguring it as he stands with eyes upraised to see whence the portent comes.

AMERICAN. [*Rushing forward and dropping on his knees*] Hold on just a minute! Guess I'll take a snapshot of the miracle. [*He adjusts his pocket camera*] This ought to look bully!

CURTAIN

HALL-MARKED
A SATIRIC TRIFLE

CHARACTERS

HERSELF.	THE DOCTOR.
LADY ELLA.	THE CABMAN.
THE SQUIRE.	THE MAID.
MAUD.	HANNIBAL <i>and</i>
THE RECTOR.	EDWARD.

HALL-MARKED

The scene is the sitting-room and verandah of HER bungalow.

The room is pleasant, and along the back, where the verandah runs, it seems all window, both French and casement. There is a door right and a door left. The day is bright; the time morning.

[HERSELF, dripping wet, comes running along the verandah, through the French window, with a wet Scotch terrier in her arms. She vanishes through the door left. A little pause, and LADY ELLA comes running, dry, thin, refined, and agitated. She halts where the tracks of water cease at the door left. A little pause, and MAUD comes running, fairly dry, stolid, breathless, and dragging a bull-dog, wet, breathless, and stout, by the crutch end of her en-tout-cas.]

LADY ELLA. Don't bring Hannibal in till I know where she's put Edward!

MAUD. [Brutally, to HANNIBAL] Bad dog! Bad dog!

HANNIBAL snuffles.

LADY ELLA. Maud, do take him out! Tie him up. Here! [She takes out a lace handkerchief] No—something stronger! Poor darling Edward! [To HANNIBAL] You are a bad dog!

HANNIBAL snuffles.

MAUD. Edward began it, Ella. [*To HANNIBAL*]
Bad dog! Bad dog!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

LADY ELLA. Tie him up outside. Here, take my scarf. Where *is* my poor treasure? [*She removes her scarf*] Catch! His ear's torn; I saw it.

MAUD. [*Taking the scarf, to HANNIBAL*] Now!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

[*She ties the scarf to his collar*] He smells horrible. Bad dog—getting into *ponds* to fight!

LADY ELLA. Tie him up, Maud. I *must* try in here.

Their husbands, THE SQUIRE and THE RECTOR, come hastening along the verandah.

MAUD. [*To THE RECTOR*] Smell him, Bertie! [*To THE SQUIRE*] You *might* have that pond drained, Squire!

She takes HANNIBAL out, and ties him to the verandah. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR come in. LADY ELLA is knocking on the door left.

HER VOICE. All right! I've bound him up!

LADY ELLA. May I come in?

HER VOICE. Just a second! I've got nothing on.

LADY ELLA *recoils*. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR *make an involuntary movement of approach*.

LADY ELLA. Oh! There you are!

THE RECTOR. [*Doubtfully*] I was just going to wade in—

LADY ELLA. Hannibal would have killed him, if she hadn't rushed in!

THE SQUIRE. Done him good, little beast!

LADY ELLA. Why didn't *you* go in, Tommy?

THE SQUIRE. Well, I *would*—only she——

LADY ELLA. I can't think how she got Edward out of Hannibal's awful mouth!

MAUD. [*Without—to HANNIBAL, who is snuffling on the verandah and straining at the scarf*] Bad dog!

LADY ELLA. We must simply thank her tremendously! I shall never forget the way she ran in, with her skirts up to her waist!

THE SQUIRE. By Jove! No. It was topping.

LADY ELLA. Her clothes must be ruined. That pond—ugh! [*She wrinkles her nose*] Tommy, do have it drained.

THE RECTOR. [*Dreamily*] I don't remember her face in church.

THE SQUIRE. Ah! Yes. Who is she? Pretty woman!

LADY ELLA. I must get the Vet. to Edward. [*To THE SQUIRE*] Tommy, do exert yourself!

MAUD *re-enters*.

THE SQUIRE. All right! [*Exerting himself*] Here's a bell!

HER VOICE. [*Through the door*] The bleeding's stopped.

They listen.

Shall I send him in to you?

LADY ELLA. Oh, please! Poor darling!

LADY ELLA *prepares to receive* EDWARD.
 THE SQUIRE *and* RECTOR *stand trans-*
fixed. The door opens, and a bare arm
gently pushes EDWARD forth. He is ban-
daged with a smooth towel. There is a
snuffle—HANNIBAL has broken the scarf,
outside.

LADY ELLA. [*Aghast*] Look! Hannibal's loose!
 Maud—Tommy. [*To THE RECTOR*] You!

The THREE rush to prevent HANNIBAL from
re-entering.

LADY ELLA. [*To EDWARD*] Yes, I know—you'd
 like to! You *shall* bite him when it's safe. Oh! my
 darling, you *do*— [*She sniffs*].

MAUD *and* THE SQUIRE *re-enter.*
 Have you tied him properly this time?

MAUD. With Bertie's braces.

LADY ELLA. Oh! but——

MAUD. It's all right; they're almost leather.

THE RECTOR *re-enters, with a slight look of*
insecurity.

LADY ELLA. Rector, are you sure it's safe?

THE RECTOR. [*Hitching at his trousers*] No, in-
 deed, Lady Ella—I——

LADY ELLA. Tommy, do lend a hand!

THE SQUIRE. All right, Ella; all right! He doesn't
 mean what you mean!

LADY ELLA. [*Transferring EDWARD to THE*
 SQUIRE] Hold him, Tommy. He's sure to smell cut
 Hannibal!

THE SQUIRE. [*Taking EDWARD by the collar, and*

holding his own nose] Jove! Clever if he can smell anything but himself. Phew! She ought to have the Victoria Cross for goin' in that pond.

The door opens, and HERSELF appears; a fine, frank, handsome woman, in a man's orange-coloured motor-coat, hastily thrown on over the substrata of costume.

SHE. So very sorry—had to have a bath, and change, of course!

LADY ELLA. We're so awfully grateful to you. It was splendid.

MAUD. Quite.

THE RECTOR. [*Rather holding himself together*] Heroic! I was just myself about to——

THE SQUIRE. [*Restraining EDWARD*] Little beast *will* fight—must apologise—you were too quick for me——

He looks up at her. She is smiling, and regarding the wounded dog, her head benevolently on one side.

SHE. Poor dears! They thought they were so safe in that nice pond!

LADY ELLA. Is he very badly torn?

SHE. Rather nasty. There ought to be a stitch or two put in his ear.

LADY ELLA. I thought so. Tommy, do——

THE SQUIRE. All right. Am I to let him go?

LADY ELLA. No.

MAUD. The fly's outside. Bertie, run and tell Jarvis to drive in for the Vet.

THE RECTOR. [*Gentle and embarrassed*] Run? Well, Maud—I——

SHE. The doctor would sew it up. My maid can go round.

HANNIBAL *appears at the open casement with the broken braces dangling from his collar.*

LADY ELLA. Look! Catch him! Rector!

MAUD. Bertie! Catch him!

THE RECTOR *seizes HANNIBAL, but is seen to be in difficulties with his garments.*

HERSELF, *who has gone out left, returns, with a leather strop in one hand and a pair of braces in the other.*

SHE. Take this strop—he can't break that. And would these be any good to you?

SHE *hands the braces to MAUD and goes out on to the verandah and hastily away.*

MAUD, *transferring the braces to the RECTOR, goes out, draws HANNIBAL from the casement window, and secures him with the strop. THE RECTOR sits suddenly with the braces in his hands. There is a moment's peace.*

LADY ELLA. Splendid, isn't she? I do admire her.

THE SQUIRE. She's all there.

THE RECTOR. [*Feelingly*] Most kind.

He looks ruefully at the braces and at LADY ELLA. A silence. MAUD reappears at the door and stands gazing at the braces.

THE SQUIRE. [*Suddenly*] Eh?

MAUD. Yes.

THE SQUIRE. [*Looking at his wife*] Ah!

LADY ELLA. [*Absorbed in EDWARD*] Poor darling!

THE SQUIRE. [*Bluntly*] Ella, the Rector wants to get up!

THE RECTOR. [*Gently*] Perhaps—just for a moment—

LADY ELLA. Oh! [*She turns to the wall.*]

THE RECTOR, *screened by his WIFE, retires on to the verandah to adjust his garments.*

THE SQUIRE. [*Meditating*] So she's married!

LADY ELLA. [*Absorbed in EDWARD*] Why?

THE SQUIRE. Braces.

LADY ELLA. Oh! Yes. We ought to ask them to dinner, Tommy.

THE SQUIRE. Ah! Yes. Wonder who they are?

THE RECTOR *and MAUD reappear.*

THE RECTOR. Really very good of her to lend her husband's— I was—er—quite—

MAUD. That'll do, Bertie.

THEY *see HER returning along the verandah, followed by a sandy, red-faced gentleman in leather leggings, with a needle and cotton in his hand.*

HERSELF. Caught the doctor just starting. So lucky!

LADY ELLA. Oh! Thank goodness!

DOCTOR. How do, Lady Ella? How do, Squire?

—how do, Rector? [*To MAUD*] How de do? This the beastie? I see. Quite! Who'll hold him for me?

LADY ELLA. Oh! I!

HERSELF. D'you know, I *think* I'd better. It's so dreadful when it's your own, isn't it? Shall we go in here, doctor? Come along, pretty boy!

She takes EDWARD, and they pass into the room, left.

LADY ELLA. I dreaded it. She *is* splendid!

THE SQUIRE. Dogs take to her. That's a sure sign.

THE RECTOR. Little things—one can always tell.

THE SQUIRE. Something very attractive about her—what! Fine build of woman.

MAUD. I shall get hold of her for parish work.

THE RECTOR. Ah! Excellent—excellent! Do!

THE SQUIRE. Wonder if her husband shoots? She seems quite—er—quite—

LADY ELLA. [*Watching the door*] Quite! Altogether charming; one of the nicest faces I ever saw.

THE DOCTOR comes out alone.

Oh! Doctor—have you?—is it—?

DOCTOR. Right as rain! She held him like an angel—he just licked her, and never made a sound.

LADY ELLA. Poor darling! Can I—

She signs toward the door.

DOCTOR. Better leave 'em a minute. She's moppin' 'im off. [*He wrinkles his nose*] Wonderful clever hands!

THE SQUIRE. I say—who *is* she?

DOCTOR. [*Looking from face to face with a dubious and rather quizzical expression*] Who? Well—there you have me! All I know is she's a first-rate nurse—been helpin' me with a case in Ditch Lane. Nice woman, too—thorough good sort! Quite an acquisition here. H'm! [*Again that quizzical glance*] Excuse me hurryin' off—very late. Good-bye, Rector. Good-bye, Lady Ella. Good-bye!

He goes. A silence.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! I suppose we ought to be a bit careful.

JARVIS, *flyman of the old school, has appeared on the verandah.*

JARVIS. [*To THE RECTOR*] Beg pardon, sir. Is the little dog all right?

MAUD. Yes.

JARVIS. [*Touching his hat*] Seein' you've missed your train, m'm, shall I wait, and take you 'ome again?

MAUD. No.

JARVIS. Cert'nly, m'm. [*He touches his hat with a circular gesture, and is about to withdraw.*]

LADY ELLA. Oh, Jarvis—what's the name of the people here?

JARVIS. Challenger's the name I've driven 'em in, my lady.

THE SQUIRE. Challenger? Sounds like a hound. What's he like?

JARVIS. [*Scratching his head*] Wears a soft 'at, sir.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Ah!

JARVIS. Very nice gentleman, very nice lady. 'Elped me with my old mare when she 'ad the 'ighsteria last week—couldn't 'a' been kinder if they'd 'a' been angels from 'eaven. Wonderful fond o' dumb animals, the two of 'em. I don't pay no attention to gossip, meself.

MAUD. Gossip? What gossip?

JARVIS. [*Backing*] Did I make use of the word, m'm? You'll excuse me, I'm sure. There's always talk where there's newcomers. I takes people as I finds 'em.

THE RECTOR. Yes, yes, Jarvis—quite—quite right!

JARVIS. Yes, sir. I've—I've got a 'abit that way at my time o' life.

MAUD. [*Sharply*] How long have they been here, Jarvis?

JARVIS. Well—er—a matter of three weeks, m'm.

A slight involuntary stir.

[*Apologetic*] Of course, in my profession I can't afford to take notice of whether there's the trifle of a ring between 'em, as the sayin' is. 'Tisn't 'ardly my business like.

A silence.

LADY ELLA. [*Suddenly*] Er—thank you, Jarvis; you needn't wait.

JARVIS. No, m'lady! Your service, sir—service, m'm.

He goes. A silence.

THE SQUIRE. [*Drawing a little closer*] Three weeks? I say—er—wasn't there a book?

THE RECTOR. [*Abstracted*] Three weeks—— I certainly haven't seen them in church.

MAUD. A *trifle* of a ring!

LADY ELLA. [*Impulsively*] Oh, bother! I'm sure she's all right. And if she isn't, I don't care. She's been much too splendid.

THE SQUIRE. Must think of the village. Didn't quite like the doctor's way of puttin' us off.

LADY ELLA. The poor darling owes his life to her.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Dash it! Yes! Can't forget the way she ran into that stinkin' pond.

MAUD. *Had* she a wedding-ring on?

They look at each other, but no one knows.

LADY ELLA. Well, I'm not going to be ungrateful!

THE SQUIRE. It'd be dashed awkward—mustn't take a false step, Ella.

THE RECTOR. And I've got his braces! [*He puts his hand to his waist.*]

MAUD. [*Warningly*] Bertie!

THE SQUIRE. That's all right, Rector—we're goin' to be perfectly polite, and—and—thank her, and all that.

LADY ELLA. We can *see* she's a good sort. What *does* it matter?

MAUD. My dear Ella! "What does it matter!" We've *got to know*.

THE RECTOR. We *do* want light.

THE SQUIRE. I'll ring the bell. [*He rings.*]

They look at each other aghast.

LADY ELLA. What did you ring for, Tommy?

THE SQUIRE. [*Flabbergasted*] God knows!

perplexed

*quite right.
spoke,
trump,
hoick
Anoth*

MAUD. Somebody'll come.

THE SQUIRE. Rector—you—you've got to——

MAUD. Yes, Bertie.

THE RECTOR. Dear me! But—er—what—er—
How?

THE SQUIRE. [*Deeply—to himself*] The whole
thing's damn delicate.

*The door right is opened and a MAID
appears. She is a determined-looking
female. They face her in silence.*

THE RECTOR. Er—er—your master is not in?

THE MAID. No. 'E's gone up to London.

THE RECTOR. Er—*Mr. Challenger*, I think?

THE MAID. Yes.

THE RECTOR. Yes! Er—quite so!

THE MAID. [*Eyeing them*] D'you want—Mrs.
Challenger?

THE RECTOR. Ah! Not precisely——

THE SQUIRE. [*To him in a low, determined
voice*] Go on.

THE RECTOR. [*Desperately*] I asked because there
was a—a—Mr. Challenger I used to know in the
'nineties, and I thought—you wouldn't happen to
know how long they've been married? My friend
marr——

THE MAID. Three weeks.

THE RECTOR. Quite so—quite so! I shall hope
it will turn out to be—— Er—thank you—Ha!

LADY ELLA. Our dog has been fighting with the
Rector's, and Mrs. Challenger rescued him; she's

bathing his ear. We're waiting to thank her. You needn't—

THE MAID. [*Eyeing them*] No.

She turns and goes out.

THE SQUIRE. Phew! What a gorgon! I say, Rector, did you really know a Challenger in the 'nineties?

THE RECTOR. [*Wiping his brow*] No.

THE SQUIRE. Ha! Jolly good!

LADY ELLA. Well, you see!—it's all right.

THE RECTOR. Yes, indeed. A great relief!

LADY ELLA. [*Moving to the door*] I must go in now.

THE SQUIRE. Hold on! You goin' to ask 'em to—to—anything?

LADY ELLA. Yes.

MAUD. I shouldn't.

LADY ELLA. Why not? We all like the look of her.

THE RECTOR. I think we should punish ourselves for entertaining that uncharitable thought.

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

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

LADY ELLA. Trust our instincts, of course.

THE SQUIRE. And supposing she'd turned out not married—eh!

LADY ELLA. She'd still be *herself*, wouldn't she?

MAUD. Ella!

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Don't know about that.

LADY ELLA. Of course she would, Tommy.

THE RECTOR. [*His hand stealing to his waist*]
Well! It's a great weight off my——!

LADY ELLA. There's the poor darling snuffling.
I must go in.

*She knocks on the door. It is opened, and
EDWARD comes out briskly, with a neat
little white pointed ear-cap on one ear.*

LADY ELLA. Precious!

SHE HERSELF *comes out, now properly
dressed in flax-blue linen.*

LADY ELLA. How perfectly sweet of you to make
him that!

SHE. He's such a dear. And the other poor dog?

MAUD. Quite safe, thanks to your strop.

HANNIBAL *appears at the window, with the
broken strop dangling. Following her
gaze, they turn and see him.*

MAUD. Oh! There, he's broken it. Bertie!

SHE. Let me! [*She seizes HANNIBAL.*]

THE SQUIRE. We're really most tremendously
obliged to you. Afraid we've been an awful nuisance.

SHE. Not a bit. I love dogs.

THE SQUIRE. Hope to make the acquaintance of
Mr.—— of your husband.

LADY ELLA. [*To EDWARD, who is straining*]
Gently, darling! Tommy, take him.

THE SQUIRE *does so.*

MAUD. [*Approaching HANNIBAL.*] Is he behaving?
She stops short, and her face suddenly

shoots forward at HER hands that are holding HANNIBAL'S neck.

SHE. Oh! yes—he's a love.

MAUD. [*Regaining her upright position, and pursing her lips; in a peculiar voice*] Bertie, take Hannibal.

THE RECTOR *takes him.*

LADY ELLA. [*Producing a card*] I can't be too grateful for all you've done for my poor darling. This is where we live. Do come—and see——

MAUD, *whose eyes have never left those hands, tweaks LADY ELLA'S dress.*

LADY ELLA. That is—I'm—I——

HERSELF *looks at LADY ELLA in surprise.*

THE SQUIRE. I don't know if your husband shoots, but if——

MAUD, *catching his eye, taps the third finger of her left hand.*

—er—he—does—er—er——

HERSELF *looks at THE SQUIRE surprised.*

MAUD. [*Turning to her husband, repeats the gesture with the low and simple word*] Look!

THE RECTOR. [*With round eyes, severely*] Hannibal! [*He lifts him bodily and carries him away.*]

MAUD. Don't squeeze him, Bertie!

She follows through the French window.

THE SQUIRE. [*Abruptly—of the unoffending EDWARD*] That dog'll be forgettin' himself in a minute.

He picks up EDWARD and takes him out.

LADY ELLA *is left staring.*

LADY ELLA. [*At last*] You mustn't think, I——

You mustn't think, we—— Oh! I *must* just see they don't let Edward get at Hannibal.

She skims away.

HERSELF *is left staring after* LADY ELLA, *in surprise.*

SHE. What is the matter with them?

The door is opened.

THE MAID. [*Entering and holding out a wedding-ring—severely*] You left this, m'm, in the bathroom.

SHE. [*Looking, startled, at her finger*] Oh! [*Taking it*] I hadn't missed it. Thank you, Martha.

THE MAID *goes.*

A hand, slipping in at the casement window, softly lays a pair of braces on the window-sill. SHE looks at the braces, then at the ring. HER lip curls.

SHE. [*Murmuring deeply*] Ah!

CURTAIN

DEFEAT
A TINY DRAMA

CHARACTERS

THE OFFICER.

THE GIRL.

DEFEAT

During the Great War. Evening.

An empty room. The curtains drawn and gas turned low. The furniture and walls give a colour-impression as of greens and beetroot. There is a prevalence of plush. A fireplace on the Left, a sofa, a small table; the curtained window is at the back. On the table, in a common pot, stands a little plant of maidenhair fern, fresh and green.

Enter from the door on the Right, a GIRL and a YOUNG OFFICER in khaki. The GIRL wears a discreet dark dress, hat, and veil, and stained yellow gloves. The YOUNG OFFICER is tall, with a fresh open face, and kindly eager blue eyes; he is a little lame. The GIRL, who is evidently at home, moves towards the gas jet to turn it up, then changes her mind, and going to the curtains, draws them apart and throws up the window. Bright moonlight comes flooding in. Outside are seen the trees of a little Square. She stands gazing out, suddenly turns inward with a shiver.

YOUNG OFF. I say; what's the matter? You were crying when I spoke to you.

GIRL. [*With a movement of recovery*] Oh! nothing. The beautiful evening—that's all.

YOUNG OFF. [*Looking at her*] Cheer up!

GIRL. [*Taking off hat and veil; her hair is yellowish and crinkly*] Cheer up! You are not lonelee, like me.

YOUNG OFF. [*Limping to the window—doubtfully*] I say, how did you—how did you get into this? Isn't it an awfully hopeless sort of life?

GIRL. Yees, it ees. You haf been wounded?

YOUNG OFF. Just out of hospital to-day.

GIRL. The horrible war—all the misery is because of the war. When will it end?

YOUNG OFF. [*Leaning against the window-sill, looking at her attentively*] I say, what nationality are you?

GIRL. [*With a quick look and away*] Rooshian.

YOUNG OFF. Really! I never met a Russian girl. [*The GIRL gives him another quick look*] I say, is it as bad as they make out?

GIRL. [*Slipping her hand through his arm*] Not when I haf anyone as ni-ice as you; I never haf had, though. [*She smiles, and her smile, like her speech, is slow and confiding*] You stopped because I was sad, others stop because I am gay. I am not fond of men at all. When you know—you are not fond of them.

YOUNG OFF. Well, you hardly know them at their best, do you? You should see them in the trenches. By George! They're simply splendid—officers and men, every blessed soul. There's never been anything like it—just one long bit of jolly fine self-sacrifice; it's perfectly amazing.

GIRL. [*Turning her blue-grey eyes on him*] I expect you are not the last at that. You see in them what you haf in yourself, I think.

YOUNG OFF. Oh, not a bit; you're quite out! I assure you when we made the attack where I got wounded there wasn't a single man in my regiment who wasn't an absolute hero. The way they went in—never thinking of themselves—it was simply ripping.

GIRL. [*In a queer voice*] It is the same too, perhaps, with—the enemy.

YOUNG OFF. Oh, yes! I know that.

GIRL. Ah! You are not a mean man. How I hate mean men!

YOUNG OFF. Oh! they're not mean really—they simply don't understand.

GIRL. Oh! You are a babee—a good babee—aren't you?

The YOUNG OFFICER doesn't like this, and frowns. The GIRL looks a little scared.

GIRL. [*Clingingly*] But I li-ke you for it. It is so good to find a ni-ice man.

YOUNG OFF. [*Abruptly*] About being lonely? Haven't you any Russian friends?

GIRL. [*Blankly*] Rooshian? No. [*Quickly*] The town is so beeg. Were you at the concert before you spoke to me?

YOUNG OFF. Yes.

GIRL. I too. I love music.

YOUNG OFF. I suppose all Russians do.

GIRL. [*With another quick look at him*] I go there always when I have the money.

YOUNG OFF. What! Are you as badly on the rocks as that?

GIRL. Well, I have just one shilling now.

She laughs bitterly. The laugh upsets him; he sits on the window-sill, and leans forward towards her.

YOUNG OFF. I say, what's your name?

GIRL. May. Well, I call myself that. It is no good asking yours.

YOUNG OFF. [*With a laugh*] You're a distrustful little soul, aren't you?

GIRL. I have reason to be, don't you think?

YOUNG OFF. Yes. I suppose you're bound to think us all brutes.

GIRL. [*Sitting on a chair close to the window where the moonlight falls on one powdered cheek*] Well, I have a lot of reasons to be afraid all my time. I am dreadfully nervous now; I am not trusting anybody. I suppose you have been killing lots of Germans?

YOUNG OFF. We never know, unless it happens to be hand to hand; I haven't come in for that yet.

GIRL. But you would be very glad if you had killed some.

YOUNG OFF. Oh, glad? I don't think so. We're

all in the same boat, so far as that's concerned. We're not glad to kill each other—not most of us. We do our job—that's all.

GIRL. Oh! It is frightful. I expect I haf my brothers killed.

YOUNG OFF. Don't you get any news ever?

GIRL. News? No indeed, no news of anybody in my country. I might not haf a country; all that I ever knew is gone; fader, moder, sisters, broders, all; never any more I shall see them, I suppose, now. The war it breaks and breaks, it breaks hearts. [*She gives a little snarl*] Do you know what I was thinking when you came up to me? I was thinking of my native town, and the river in the moonlight. If I could see it again I would be glad. Were you ever homeseeck?

YOUNG OFF. Yes, I have been—in the trenches. But one's ashamed—with all the others.

GIRL. Ah! Yees! Yees! You are all comrades there. What is it like for me here, do you think, where everybody hates and despises me, and would catch me and put me in prison, perhaps. [*Her breast heaves.*]

YOUNG OFF. [*Leaning forward and patting her knee*] Sorry—sorry.

GIRL. [*In a smothered voice*] You are the first who has been kind to me for so long! I will tell you the truth—I am not Rooshian at all—I am German.

YOUNG OFF. [*Staring*] My dear girl, who cares? We aren't fighting against women.

GIRL. [*Peering at him*] Another man said that to me. But he was thinkin' of his fun. You are a veree ni-ice boy; I am so glad I met you. You see the good in people, don't you? That is the first thing in the world—because—there is really not much good in people, you know.

YOUNG OFF. [*Smiling*] You are a dreadful little cynic! But of course you are!

GIRL. Cyneec? How long do you think I would live if I was not a cyneec? I should drown myself to-morrow. Perhaps there are good people, but, you see, I don't know them.

YOUNG OFF. I know lots.

GIRL. [*Leaning towards him*] Well now—see, ni-ice boy—you haf never been in a hole, haf you?

YOUNG OFF. I suppose not a real hole.

GIRL. No, I should think not, with your face. Well, suppose I am still a good girl, as I was once, you know; and you took me to your mother and your sisters and you said: "Here is a little German girl that has no work, and no money, and no friends." They will say: "Oh! how sad! A German girl!" And they will go and wash their hands.

The OFFICER is silent, staring at her.

GIRL. You see.

YOUNG OFF. [*Muttering*] I'm sure there *are* people.

GIRL. No. They would not take a German, even if she was good. Besides, I don't want to be good

any more—I am not a humbug; I have learned to be bad. Aren't you going to kees me, ni-ice boy?

She puts her face close to his. Her eyes trouble him; he draws back.

YOUNG OFF. Don't. I'd rather not, if you don't mind. [*She looks at him fixedly, with a curious inquiring stare*] It's stupid. I don't know—but you see, out there, and in hospital, life's different. It's—it's—it isn't mean, you know. Don't come too close.

GIRL. Oh! You are fun—[*She stops*] Eesn't it light? No Zeps to-night. When they burn—what a 'orrible death! And all the people cheer. It is natural. Do you hate us veree much?

YOUNG OFF. [*Turning sharply*] Hate? I don't know.

GIRL. I don't hate even the English—I despise them. I despise my people too; even more, because they began this war. Oh! I know that. I despise all the peoples. Why haf they made the world so miserable—why haf they killed all our lives—hundreds and thousands and millions of lives—all for noting? They haf made a bad world—everybody hating, and looking for the worst everywhere. They haf made me bad, I know. I believe no more in anything. What is there to believe in? Is there a God? No! Once I was teaching little English children their prayers—isn't that funnee? I was reading to them about Christ and love. I believed all those things. Now I believe noting at all—no

one who is not a fool or a liar can believe. I would like to work in a 'ospital; I would like to go and 'elp poor boys like you. Because I am a German they would throw me out a 'undred times, even if I was good. It is the same in Germany, in France, in Russia, everywhere. But do you think I will believe in Love and Christ and God and all that—Not I! I think we are animals—that's all! Oh, yes! you fancy it is because my life has spoiled me. It is not that at all—that is not the worst thing in life. The men I take are not ni-ice, like you, but it's their nature; and—they help me to live, which is something for me, anyway. No, it is the men who think themselves great and good and make the war with their talk und their hate, killing us all—killing all the boys like you, and keeping poor people in prison, and telling us to go on hating; and all these dreadful cold-blood creatures who write in the papers—the same in my country—just the same; it is because of all of them that I think we are only animals.

The YOUNG OFFICER gets up, acutely miserable. She follows him with her eyes.

GIRL. Don't mind me talkin', ni-ice boy. I don't know anyone to talk to. If you don't like it, I can be quiet as a mouse.

YOUNG OFF. Oh, go on! Talk away; I'm not obliged to believe you, and I don't.

She, too, is on her feet now, leaning against the wall; her dark dress and white face just touched by the slanting moonlight.

Her voice comes again, slow and soft and bitter.

GIRL. Well, look here, ni-ice boy, what sort of world is it, where millions are being tortured, for no fault of theirs, at all? A beautiful world, isn't it? 'Umbog! Silly rot, as you boys call it. You say it is all "Comrades" and braveness out there at the front, and people don't think of themselves. Well, I don't think of myself verree much. What does it matter? I am lost now, anyway. But I think of my people at 'ome; how they suffer and grieve. I think of all the poor people there, and here, who lose those they love, and all the poor prisoners. Am I not to think of them? And if I do, how am I to believe it a beautiful world, ni-ice boy?

He stands very still, staring at her.

GIRL. Look here! We haf one life each, and soon it is over. Well, *I* think that is lucky.

YOUNG OFF. No! There's more than that.

GIRL. [*Softly*] Ah! *You* think the war is fought for the future; you are giving your lives for a better world, aren't you?

YOUNG OFF. We must fight till we win.

GIRL. Till you win. My people think that too. All the peoples think that if they win the world will be better. But it will not, you know; it will be much worse, anyway.

He turns away from her, and catches up his cap. Her voice follows him.

GIRL. I don't care which win. I don't care if my

country is beaten. I despise them all—animals—animals. Ah! Don't go, ni-ice boy; I will be quiet now.

He has taken some notes from his tunic pocket; he puts them on the table and goes up to her.

YOUNG OFF. Good-night.

GIRL. [*Plaintively*] Are you really going? Don't you like me enough?

YOUNG OFF. Yes, I like you.

GIRL. It is because I am German, then?

YOUNG OFF. No.

GIRL. Then why won't you stay?

YOUNG OFF. [*With a shrug*] If you must know—because you upset me.

GIRL. Won't you kees me once?

He bends, puts his lips to her forehead. But as he takes them away she throws her head back, presses her mouth to his, and clings to him.

YOUNG OFF. [*Sitting down suddenly*] Don't! I don't want to feel a brute.

GIRL. [*Laughing*] You are a funny boy; but you are veree good. Talk me to a little, then. No one talks to me. Tell me, haf you seen many German prisoners?

YOUNG OFF. [*Sighing*] A good many.

GIRL. Any from the Rhine?

YOUNG OFF. Yes, I think so.

GIRL. Were they verree sad?

YOUNG OFF. Some were; some were quite *glad* to be taken.

GIRL. Did you ever see the Rhine? It will be wonderful to-night. The moonlight will be the same there, and in Rooshia too, and France, everywhere; and the trees will look the same as here, and people will meet under them and make love just as here. Oh! isn't it stupid, the war? As if it were not good to be alive!

YOUNG OFF. You can't tell how good it is to be alive till you're facing death. You don't live till then. And when a whole lot of you feel like that—and are ready to give their lives for each other, it's worth all the rest of life put together.

He stops, ashamed of such sentiment before this girl, who believes in nothing.

GIRL. [*Softly*] How were you wounded, ni-ice boy?

YOUNG OFF. Attacking across open ground; four machine bullets got me at one go off.

GIRL. Weren't you verree frightened when they ordered you to attack?

He shakes his head and laughs.

YOUNG OFF. It was great. We did laugh that morning. They got me much too soon, though—a swindle.

GIRL. [*Staring at him*] You laughed?

YOUNG OFF. Yes. And what do you think was

the first thing I was conscious of next morning? My old Colonel bending over me and giving me a squeeze of lemon. If you knew my Colonel you'd still believe in things. There *is* something, you know, behind all this evil. After all, you can only die once, and, if it's for your country—all the better!

Her face, in the moonlight, with intent eyes touched up with black, has a most strange, other-world look.

GIRL. No; I believe in nothing, not even in my country. My heart is dead.

YOUNG OFF. Yes; you think so, but it isn't, you know, or you wouldn't have been crying when I met you.

GIRL. If it were not dead, do you think I could live my life—walking the streets every night, pretending to like strange men; never hearing a kind word; never talking, for fear I will be known for a German? Soon I shall take to drinking; then I shall be “kaput” verree quick. You see, I am practical; I see things clear. To-night I am a little emotional; the moon is funny, you know. But I live for myself only, now. I don't care for anything or anybody.

YOUNG OFF. All the same, just now you were pitying your folk at home, and prisoners and that.

GIRL. Yees; because they suffer. Those who suffer are like me—I pity myself, that's all; I am different from your English women. I see what I am doing; I do not let my mind become a turnip just because I am no longer moral.

YOUNG OFF. Nor your heart either, for all you say.

GIRL. Ni-ice boy, you are veree obstinate. But all that about love is 'umbog. We love ourselves, noting more.

At that intense soft bitterness in her voice, he gets up, feeling stifled, and stands at the window. A newspaper boy some way off is calling his wares. The GIRL's fingers slip between his own, and stay unmoving. He looks round into her face. In spite of make-up it has a queer, unholy, touching beauty.

YOUNG OFF. [*With an outburst*] No; we don't only love ourselves; there is more. I can't explain, but there's something great; there's kindness—and—and——

The shouting of newspaper boys grows louder, and their cries, passionately vehement, clash into each other and obscure each word. His head goes up to listen; her hand tightens within his arm—she too is listening. The cries come nearer, hoarser, more shrill and clamorous; the empty moonlight outside seems suddenly crowded with figures, footsteps, voices, and a fierce distant cheering. "Great victory—great victory! Official! British! 'Eavy Defeat of the 'Uns! Many thousand prisoners! 'Eavy Defeat!" It speeds by, intoxicating, filling him with

a fearful joy; he leans far out, waving his cap and cheering like a madman; the night seems to flutter and vibrate and answer. He turns to rush down into the street, strikes against something soft, and recoils. The GIRL stands with hands clenched, and face convulsed, panting. All confused with the desire to do something, he stoops to kiss her hand. She snatches away her fingers, sweeps up the notes he has put down, and holds them out to him.

GIRL. Take them—I will not haf your English money—take them.

Suddenly she tears them across, twice, thrice, lets the bits flutter to the floor, and turns her back on him. He stands looking at her leaning against the plush-covered table, her head down, a dark figure in a dark room, with the moonlight sharpening her outline. Hardly a moment he stays, then makes for the door. When he is gone, she still stands there, her chin on her breast, with the sound in her ears of cheering, of hurrying feet, and voices crying: "'Eavy Defeat!" stands, in the centre of a pattern made by the fragments of the torn-up notes, staring out into the moonlight, seeing not this hated room and the hated Square outside, but a German orchard, and herself, a little

girl, plucking apples, a big dog beside her; and a hundred other pictures, such as the drowning see. Then she sinks down on the floor, lays her forehead on the dusty carpet, and presses her body to it. Mechanically, she sweeps together the scattered fragments of notes, assembling them with the dust into a little pile, as of fallen leaves, and dabbling in it with her fingers, while the tears run down her cheeks.

GIRL. Defeat! Das Vaterland! Defeat! . . . One shillin'!

Then suddenly, in the moonlight, she sits up, and begins to sing with all her might: "Die Wacht am Rhein." And outside men pass, singing: "Rule, Britannia!"

CURTAIN

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country at the time of the outbreak of the war. It mentions the fact that the country was in a state of peace and that the population was increasing rapidly. It also mentions that the country was in a state of prosperity and that the people were enjoying a high standard of living.

The second part of the report deals with the effect of the war on the country. It mentions that the war had a disastrous effect on the country and that the population had decreased rapidly. It also mentions that the country had become a state of poverty and that the people were suffering from a high standard of living.

THE SUN

A SCENE

CHARACTERS

THE GIRL.

THE MAN.

THE SOLDIER.

THE SUN

A GIRL sits crouched over her knees on a stile close to a river. A MAN with a silver badge stands beside her, clutching the worn top plank. THE GIRL's level brows are drawn together; her eyes see her memories. THE MAN's eyes see THE GIRL; he has a dark, twisted face. The bright sun shines; the quiet river flows; the Cuckoo is calling; the mayflower is in bloom along the hedge that ends in the stile on the towing-path.

THE GIRL. God knows what 'e'll say, Jim.

THE MAN. Let 'im. 'E's come too late, that's all.

THE GIRL. He couldn't come before. I'm frightened. 'E was fond o' me.

THE MAN. And aren't I fond of you?

THE GIRL. I ought to 'a waited, Jim; with 'im in the fightin'.

THE MAN. [*Passionately*] And what about me? Aren't I been in the fightin'—earned all I could get?

THE GIRL. [*Touching him*] Ah!

THE MAN. Did you——? [*He cannot speak the words.*]

THE GIRL. Not like you, Jim—not like you.

THE MAN. Have a spirit, then.

THE GIRL. I promised him.

THE MAN. One man's luck's another's poison.

THE GIRL. I ought to 'a waited. I never thought he'd come back from the fightin':

THE MAN. [*Grimly*] Maybe 'e'd better not 'ave.

THE GIRL. [*Looking back along the tow-path*] What'll he be like, I wonder?

THE MAN. [*Gripping her shoulder*] Daisy, don't you never go back on me, or I should kill you, and 'im too.

THE GIRL *looks at him, shivers, and puts her lips to his.*

THE GIRL. I never could.

THE MAN. Will you run for it? 'E'd never find us.

THE GIRL *shakes her head.*

THE MAN. [*Dully*] What's the good o' stayin'? The world's wide.

THE GIRL. I'd rather have it off me mind, with him home.

THE MAN. [*Clenching his hands*] It's temptin' Providence.

THE GIRL. What's the time, Jim?

THE MAN. [*Glancing at the sun*] 'Alf past four.

THE GIRL. [*Looking along the towing-path*] He said four o'clock. Jim, you better go.

THE MAN. Not I. *I've* not got the wind up. I've seen as much of hell as he has, any day. What like is he?

THE GIRL. [*Dully*] I dunno, just. I've not seen him these three years. I dunno no more, since I've known you.

THE MAN. Big or little chap?

THE GIRL. 'Bout your size. Oh! Jim, go along!

THE MAN. No fear! What's a blighter like that to old Fritz's shells? We didn't shift when they was comin'. If you'll go, I'll go; not else.

Again she shakes her head.

THE GIRL. Jim, do you love me true?

For answer THE MAN takes her avidly in his arms.

I ain't ashamed—I ain't ashamed. If 'e could see me 'eart.

THE MAN. Daisy! If I'd known you out there, I never could 'a stuck it. They'd 'a got me for a deserter. That's how I love you!

THE GIRL. Jim, don't lift your hand to 'im! Promise!

THE MAN. That's according.

THE GIRL. Promise!

THE MAN. If 'e keeps quiet, I won't. But I'm not accountable—not always, I tell you straight—not since I've been through that.

THE GIRL. [*With a shiver*] Nor p'raps he isn't.

THE MAN. Like as not. It takes the lynch pins out, I tell you.

THE GIRL. God 'elp us!

THE MAN. [*Grimly*] Ah! We said that a bit too often. What we want we take, now; there's no one else to give it us, and there's no fear'll stop us; we seen the bottom of things.

THE GIRL. P'raps he'll say that too.

THE MAN. Then it'll be 'im or me.

THE GIRL. I'm frightened.

THE MAN. [*Tenderly*] No, Daisy, no! The river's handy. One more or less. 'E shan't 'arm you; nor me neither. [*He takes out a knife.*]

THE GIRL. [*Seizing his hand*] Oh, no! Give it to me, Jim!

THE MAN. [*Smiling*] No fear! [*He puts it away*] Shan't 'ave no need for it like as not. All right, little Daisy; you can't be expected to see things like what we do. What's life, anyway? I've seen a thousand lives taken in five minutes. I've seen dead men on the wires like flies on a flypaper. I've been as good as dead meself a hundred times. I've killed a dozen men. It's nothin'. He's safe, if e' don't get my blood up. If he does, nobody's safe; not 'im, nor anybody else; not even you. I'm speakin' sober.

THE GIRL. [*Softly*] Jim, you won't go fightin' in the sun, with the birds all callin'?

THE MAN. That depends on 'im. I'm not lookin' for it. Daisy, I love you. I love your hair. I love your eyes. I love you.

THE GIRL. And I love you, Jim. I don't want nothin' more than you in all the world.

THE MAN. Amen to that, my dear. Kiss me close!

The sound of a voice singing breaks in on their embrace. THE GIRL starts from his arms, and looks behind her along the towing-path. THE MAN draws back against the hedge, fingering his side, where the knife is hidden. The song comes nearer:

"I'll be right there to-night,
Where the fields are snowy white;
Banjos ringing, darkies singing,
All the world seems bright."

THE GIRL. It's him!

THE MAN. Don't get the wind up, Daisy. I'm here!

The singing stops. A man's voice says:
"Christ! It's Daisy; it's little Daisy
'erself!" THE GIRL *stands rigid. The*
figure of a soldier appears on the other
side of the stile. His cap is tucked into
his belt, his hair is bright in the sun-
shine; he is lean, wasted, brown, and
laughing.

SOLDIER. Daisy! Daisy! Hallo, old pretty girl!

THE GIRL *does not move, barring the way,*
as it were.

THE GIRL. Hallo, Jack! [*Softly*] I got things to tell you!

SOLDIER. What sort o' things, this lovely day? Why, I got things that'd take me years to tell. Have you missed me, Daisy?

THE GIRL. You been so long.

SOLDIER. So I 'ave. My Gawd! It's a way they 'ave in the Army. I said when I got out of it I'd laugh. Like as the sun itself I used to think of you, Daisy, when the crumps was comin' over, and the wind was up. D'you remember that last night in the wood? "Come back and marry me quick, Jack." Well, here I am—got me pass to heaven.

No more fightin', no more drillin', no more sleepin' rough. We can get married now, Daisy. We can live soft an' 'appy. Give us a kiss, my dear.

THE GIRL. [*Drawing back*] No.

SOLDIER. [*Blankly*] Why not?

THE MAN, *with a swift movement steps along the hedge to THE GIRL'S side.*

THE MAN. That's why, soldier.

SOLDIER. [*Leaping over the stile*] 'Oo are you, Pompey? The sun don't shine in your inside, do it? 'Oo is he, Daisy?

THE GIRL. My man.

SOLDIER. Your—man! Lummy! "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief!" Well, mate! So you've been through it, too. I'm laughin' this mornin' as luck will 'ave it. Ah! I can see your knife.

THE MAN. [*Who has half drawn his knife*] Don't laugh at *me*, I tell you.

SOLDIER. Not at you, not at you. [*He looks from one to the other*] I'm laughin' at things in general. Where did *you* get it, mate?

THE MAN. [*Watchfully*] Through the lung.

SOLDIER. Think o' that! An' I never was touched. Four years an' never was touched. An' so you've come an' took my girl! Nothin' doin'! Ha! [*Again he looks from one to the other—then away*] Well! The world's before me! [*He laughs*] I'll give you Daisy for a lung protector.

THE MAN. [*Fiercely*] You won't. I've took her.

SOLDIER. That's all right, then. You keep 'er. I've

got a laugh in me you can't put out, black as you look! Good-bye, little Daisy!

THE GIRL *makes a movement towards him.*

THE MAN. Don't touch 'im!

THE GIRL *stands hesitating, and suddenly bursts into tears.*

SOLDIER. Look 'ere, mate; shake 'ands! I don't want to see a girl cry, this day of all, with the sun shinin'. I seen too much of sorrer. You and me've been at the back of it. We've 'ad our whack. Shake!

THE MAN. Who are you kiddin'? *You never loved 'er!*

SOLDIER. [*After a long moment's pause*] Oh! I thought I did.

THE MAN. I'll fight you for her.

He drops his knife.

SOLDIER. [*Slowly*] Mate, you done your bit, an' I done mine. It's took us two ways, seemin'ly.

THE GIRL. [*Pleading*] Jim!

THE MAN. [*With clenched fists*] I don't want 'is charity. I only want what I can take.

SOLDIER. Daisy, which of us will you 'ave?

THE GIRL. [*Covering her face*] Oh! *Him!*

SOLDIER. You see, mate! Put your 'ands down. There's nothin' for it but a laugh. You an' me know that. Laugh, mate!

THE MAN. You blarsted——!

THE GIRL *springs to him and stops his mouth.*

SOLDIER. It's no use, mate. I can't do it. I said I'd laugh to-day, and laugh I will. I've come through

that, an' all the stink of it; I've come through sorrer. Never again! Cheerio, mate! The sun's a-shinin'!

He turns away.

THE GIRL. Jack, don't think too 'ard of me!

SOLDIER. [*Looking back*] No fear, my dear! Enjoy your fancy! So long! Gawd bless you both!

He sings, and goes along the path, and the song:

"I'll be right there to-night,
Where the fields are snowy white;
Banjos ringing, darkies singing,
All the world seems bright!"

fades away.

THE MAN. 'E's mad.

THE GIRL. [*Looking down the path with her hands clasped*] The sun has touched 'im, Jim!

CURTAIN

PUNCH AND GO

A LITTLE COMEDY

"Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze. . ."

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JAMES G. FRUST	^{proprietor} The Boss.
E. BLEWITT VANE	^{proprietor} The Producer.
MR. FORESON	^{proprietor} The Stage Manager.
"ELECTRICS"	The Electrician.
"PROPS"	The Property Man.
HERBERT	The Call Boy.

OF THE PLAY WITHIN THE PLAY

GUY TOONE	The Professor.
VANESSA HELLGROVE	The Wife.
GEORGE FLEETWAY	Orpheus.
MAUDE HOPKINS	The Faun.

SCENE: The Stage of a Theatre.

Action continuous, though the curtain is momentarily lowered according to that action.

PUNCH AND GO

The Scene is the stage of the theatre set for the dress rehearsal of the little play: "Orpheus with his Lute." The curtain is up and the audience, though present, is not supposed to be. The set scene represents the end section of a room, with wide French windows, Back Centre, fully opened on to an apple orchard in bloom. The Back Wall with these French windows, is set only about ten feet from the footlights, and the rest of the stage is orchard. What is visible of the room would indicate the study of a writing man of culture. In the wall, Stage Left, is a curtained opening, across which the curtain is half drawn. Stage Right of the French windows is a large armchair turned rather towards the window, with a book rest attached, on which is a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, while on a stool alongside are writing materials such as a man requires when he writes with a pad on his knees. On a little table close by is a reading-lamp with a dark green shade. A crude light from the floats makes the stage stare; the only person on it is MR. FORESON, the stage manager,*

* *Note.*—If found advantageous for scenic purposes, this section of room can be changed to a broad verandah or porch with pillars supporting its roof.

who is standing in the centre looking upwards as if waiting for someone to speak. He is a short, broad man, rather blank, and fatal. From the back of the auditorium, or from an empty box, whichever is most convenient, the producer, MR. BLEWITT VANE, a man of about thirty-four, with his hair brushed back, speaks.

VANE. Mr. Foreson?

FORESON. Sir?

VANE. We'll do that lighting again.

FORESON walks straight off the stage into the wings Right. A pause.

Mr. Foreson! [*Crescendo*] Mr. Foreson.

FORESON walks on again from Right and shades his eyes.

VANE. For Goodness sake, stand by! We'll do that lighting again. Check your floats.

FORESON. [*Speaking up into the prompt wings*] Electrics!

VOICE OF ELECTRICS. Hallo!

FORESON. Give it us again. Check your floats.

The floats go down, and there is a sudden blinding glare of blue lights, in which FORESON looks particularly ghastly.

VANE. Great Scott! What the blazes! Mr. Foreson!

FORESON walks straight out into the wings Left. Crescendo.

Mr. Foreson!

FORESON. [*Re-appearing*] Sir?

VANE. Tell Miller to come down.

FORESON. Electrics! Mr. Blewitt Vane wants to speak to you. Come down!

VANE. Tell Herbert to sit in that chair.

FORESON *walks straight out into the Right wings.*

Mr. Foreson!

FORESON. [*Re-appearing*] Sir?

VANE. Don't go off the stage. [FORESON *mutters.*

ELECTRICS *appears from the wings, Stage Left. He is a dark, thin-faced man with rather spikey hair.*

ELECTRICS. Yes, Mr. Vane?

VANE. Look!

ELECTRICS. That's what I'd got marked, Mr. Vane.

VANE. Once for all, what I want is the orchard in full moonlight, *and the room dark* except for the reading-lamp. Cut off your front battens.

ELECTRICS *withdraws Left.* FORESON *walks off the stage into the Right wings.*

Mr. Foreson!

FORESON. [*Re-appearing*] Sir?

VANE. See this marked right. Now, come on with it! I want to get some beauty into this!

While he is speaking, HERBERT, the call boy, appears from the wings Right, a mercurial youth of about sixteen with a wide mouth.

FORESON. [*Maliciously*] Here you are, then, Mr. Vane. Herbert, sit in that chair.

HERBERT *sits in the armchair, with an air of perfect peace.*

VANE. NOW! [*All the lights go out. In a wail*]
Great Scott!

A throaty chuckle from FORESON in the darkness. The light dances up, flickers, shifts, grows steady, falling on the orchard outside. The reading lamp darts alight and a piercing little glare from it strikes into the auditorium away from HERBERT.

[*In a terrible voice*] Mr. Foreson.

FORESON. Sir?

VANE. Look—at—that—shade!

FORESON *mutters, walks up to it and turns it round so that the light shines on HERBERT'S legs.*

On his face, on his face!

FORESON *turns the light accordingly.*

FORESON. Is that what you want, Mr. Vane?

VANE. Yes. Now, mark that!

FORESON. [*Up into wings Right*] Electrics!

ELECTRICS. Hallo!

FORESON. Mark that!

The blue suddenly becomes amber.

VANE. My God!

The blue returns. All is steady. HERBERT is seen diverting himself with an imaginary cigar.

Mr. Foreson.

FORESON. Sir?

VANE. Ask him if he's got that?

FORESON. Have you got that?

ELECTRICS. Yes.

VANE. Now pass to the change. Take your floats off altogether.

FORESON. [*Calling up*] Floats out. [*They go out.*]

VANE. Cut off that lamp. [*The lamp goes out*] Put a little amber in your back batten. Mark that! Now pass to the end. Mr. Foreson!

FORESON. Sir?

VANE. Black out!

FORESON. [*Calling up*] Black out!

The lights go out.

VANE. Give us your first lighting—lamp on. And then the two changes. Quick as you can. Put some pep into it. Mr. Foreson!

FORESON. Sir?

VANE. Stand for me where Miss Hellgrove comes in.

FORESON crosses to the window.

No, no!—by the curtain.

FORESON takes his stand by the curtain; and suddenly the three lighting effects are rendered quickly and with miraculous exactness.

Good! Leave it at that. We'll begin. Mr. Foreson, send up to Mr. Frust.

He moves from the auditorium and ascends on to the stage, by some steps stage Right.

FORESON. Herb! Call the boss, and tell beginners to stand by. Sharp, now!

HERBERT *gets out of the chair, and goes off Right.*

FORESON *is going off Left as VANE mounts the stage.*

VANE. Mr. Foreson.

FORESON. [*Re-appearing*] Sir?

VANE. I want "Props."

FORESON. [*In a stentorian voice*] "Props!"

A rather moth-eaten man appears through the French windows.

VANE. Is that boulder firm?

PROPS. [*Going to where, in front of the back-cloth, and apparently among its apple trees, lies the counterfeitment of a mossy boulder; he puts his foot on it*] If you don't put too much weight on it, sir.

VANE. It won't creak?

PROPS. Nao. [*He mounts on it, and a dolorous creaking arises.*]

VANE. Make that right. Let me see that lute.

PROPS *produces a property lute. While they scrutinise it, a broad man with broad leathery clean-shaven face and small mouth, occupied by the butt end of a cigar, has come on to the stage from stage Left, and stands waiting to be noticed.*

PROPS. [*Attracted by the scent of the cigar*] The Boss, sir.

VANE. [*Turning to "PROPS"*] That'll do, then.

"PROPS" goes out through the French windows.

VANE. [*To FRUST*] Now, sir, we're all ready for rehearsal of "Orpheus with his Lute."

FRUST. [*In a Cosmopolitan voice*] "Orphoos with his loot!" That his loot, Mr. Vane? Why didn't he pinch something more precious? Has this high-brow curtain-raiser of yours got any "pep" in it?

VANE. It has charm.

FRUST. I'd thought of "Pop goes the Weasel" with little Miggs. We kind of want a cock-tail before "Louisa loses," Mr. Vane.

VANE. Well, sir, you'll see.

FRUST. This your lighting? It's a bit on the spiritool side. I've left my glasses. Guess I'll sit in the front row. Ha'f a minute. Who plays this Orphoos?

VANE. George Fleetway.

FRUST. Has he got punch?

VANE. It's a very small part.

FRUST. Who are the others?

VANE. Guy Toone plays the Professor; Vanessa Hellgrove his wife; Maude Hopkins the faun.

FRUST. H'm! Names don't draw.

VANE. They're not expensive, any of them. Miss Hellgrove's a find, I think.

FRUST. Pretty?

VANE. Quite.

FRUST. Arty?

VANE. [*Doubtfully*] No. [*With resolution*] Look

here, Mr. Frust, it's no use your expecting another "Pop goes the Weasel."

FRUST. We-ell, if it's got punch and go, that'll be enough for me. Let's get to it!

He extinguishes his cigar and descends the steps and sits in the centre of the front row of the stalls.

VANE. Mr. Foreson?

FORESON. [*Appearing through curtain, Right*] Sir?

VANE. Beginners. Take your curtain down.

He descends the steps and seats himself next to FRUST. The curtain goes down.

A woman's voice is heard singing very beautifully Sullivan's song: "Orpheus with his lute, with his lute made trees and the mountain tops that freeze" etc.

FRUST. Some voice!

The curtain rises.

In the armchair the PROFESSOR is yawning, tall, thin, abstracted, and slightly grizzled in the hair. He has a pad of paper on his knee, ink on the stool to his right and the Encyclopedia volume on the stand to his left—barricaded in fact by the article he is writing. He is reading a page over to himself, but the words are drowned in the sound of the song his wife is singing in the next room, partly screened off by the curtain. She finishes, and stops. His voice can then be heard conning the words of his article.

PROF. "Orpheus symbolised the voice of Beauty, the call of life, luring us mortals with his song back from the graves we dig for ourselves. Probably the ancients realised this neither more nor less than we moderns. Mankind has not changed. The civilised being still hides the faun and the dryad within its broadcloth and its silk. And yet"—[*He stops, with a dried-up air—rather impatiently*] Go on, my dear! It helps the atmosphere.

The voice of his wife begins again, gets as far as "made them sing" and stops dead, just as the PROFESSOR'S pen is beginning to scratch. And suddenly, drawing the curtain further aside,

SHE appears. Much younger than the PROFESSOR, pale, very pretty, of a Botticellian type in face, figure, and in her clinging cream-coloured frock. She gazes at her abstracted husband; then swiftly moves to the lintel of the open window, and stands looking out.

THE WIFE. God! What beauty!

PROF. [*Looking up*] Umm?

THE WIFE. I said: God! What beauty!

PROF. Aha!

THE WIFE. [*Looking at him*] Do you know that I have to repeat everything to you nowadays?

PROF. What!

THE WIFE. That I have to repeat—

PROF. Yes; I heard. I'm sorry. I get absorbed.

THE WIFE. In all but me.

PROF. [*Startled*] My dear, your song was helping me like anything to get the mood. This paper is the very deuce—to balance between the historical and the natural.

THE WIFE. Who wants the natural?

PROF. [*Grumbling*] Ummm! Wish I thought that! Modern taste! History may go hang; they're all for tuppence-coloured sentiment nowadays.

THE WIFE. [*As if to herself*] Is the Spring sentiment?

PROF. I beg your pardon, my dear; I didn't catch.

WIFE. [*As if against her will—urged by some pent-up force*] Beauty, beauty!

PROF. That's what I'm trying to say here. The Orpheus legend symbolises to this day the call of Beauty! [*He takes up his pen, while she continues to stare out at the moonlight. Yawning*] Dash it! I get so sleepy; I wish you'd tell them to make the after-dinner coffee twice as strong.

WIFE. I will.

PROF. How does this strike you? [*Conning*] "Many Renaissance pictures, especially those of Botticelli, Francesca and Piero di Cosimo were inspired by such legends as that of Orpheus, and we owe a tiny gem-like Raphael 'Apollo and Marsyas' to the same Pagan inspiration."

WIFE. We owe it more than that—rebellion against the dry-as-dust.

PROF. Quite! I might develop that: "We owe it our revolt against the academic; or our disgust

at 'big business,' and all the grossness of commercial success. We owe——" [*His voice peters out.*]

WIFE. It—love.

PROF. [*Abstracted*] Eh?

WIFE. I said: We owe it love.

PROF. [*Rather startled*] Possibly. But—er—[*With a dry smile*] I mustn't say that here—hardly!

WIFE. [*To herself and the moonlight*] Orpheus with his lute!

PROF. Most people think a lute is a sort of flute. [*Yawning heavily*] My dear, if you're not going to sing again, d'you mind sitting down? I want to concentrate.

WIFE. I'm going out.

PROF. Mind the dew!

WIFE. The Christian virtues and the dew.

PROF. [*With a little dry laugh*] Not bad! Not bad! The Christian virtues and the dew. [*His hand takes up his pen, his face droops over his paper, while his wife looks at him with a very strange face*] "How far we can trace the modern resurgence against the Christian virtues to the symbolic figures of Orpheus, Pan, Apollo, and Bacchus might be difficult to estimate, but——"

*During those words his WIFE has passed through the window into the moonlight, and her voice rises, singing as she goes:
"Orpheus with his lute, with his lute made trees . . ."*

PROF. [*Suddenly aware of something*] She'll get her throat bad. [*He is silent as the voice swells in*

the distance] Sounds queer at night—H'm! [*He is silent—Yawning. The voice dies away. Suddenly his head nods; he fights his drowsiness; writes a word or two, nods again, and in twenty seconds is asleep.*]

The Stage is darkened by a black-out.

FRUST'S voice is heard speaking.

FRUST. What's that girl's name?

VANE. Vanessa Hellgrove.

FRUST. Aha!

The stage is lighted up again. Moonlight bright on the orchard; the room in darkness where the Professor's figure is just visible sleeping in the chair, and screwed a little more round towards the window. From behind the mossy boulder a faun-like figure uncurls itself and peeps over with ears standing up and elbows leaning on the stone, playing a rustic pipe; and there are seen two rabbits and a fox sitting up and listening. A shiver of wind passes, blowing petals from the apple-trees.

The FAUN darts his head towards where, from Right, comes slowly the figure of a Greek youth, holding a lute or lyre which his fingers strike, lifting out little wandering strains as of wind whinnying in funnels and odd corners. The FAUN darts down behind the stone, and the youth stands by the boulder playing his lute. Slowly while he plays the whitened

trunk of an apple-tree is seen to dissolve into the body of a girl with bare arms and feet, her dark hair unbound, and the face of the PROFESSOR'S WIFE. Hypnotised, she slowly sways towards him, their eyes fixed on each other, till she is quite close. Her arms go out to him, cling round his neck, and, their lips meet. But as they meet there comes a gasp and the PROFESSOR with ruffled hair is seen starting from his chair, his hands thrown up; and at his horrified "Oh!" the stage is darkened with a black-out.

The voice of FRUST is heard speaking.

FRUST. Gee!

The stage is lighted up again, as in the opening scene. The PROFESSOR is seen in his chair, with spilt sheets of paper round him, waking from a dream. He shakes himself, pinches his leg, stares heavily round into the moonlight, rises.

PROF. Phew! Beastly dream! Boof! H'm!

He moves to the window and calls.

Blanche! Blanche! [*To himself*] Made trees—made trees! [*Calling*] Blanche!

WIFE'S VOICE. Yes.

PROF. Where are you?

WIFE. [*Appearing by the stone with her hair down*] Here!

PROF. I say—I—I've been asleep—had a dream. Come in. I'll tell you.

She comes, and they stand in the window.

PROF. I dreamed I saw a—faun on that boulder blowing on a pipe. [*He looks nervously at the stone*] With two damned little rabbits and a fox sitting up and listening. And then from out there came our friend Orpheus playing on his confounded lute, till he actually turned that tree there into *you*. And gradually he—he drew you like a snake till you—er—put your arms round his neck and—er—kissed him. Boof! I woke up. Most unpleasant. Why! Your hair's down!

WIFE. Yes.

PROF. Why?

WIFE. It was no dream. He was bringing me to life.

PROF. What on earth——?

WIFE. Do you suppose I *am* alive? I'm as dead as Eurydice.

PROF. Good heavens, Blanche, what's the matter with you to-night?

WIFE. [*Pointing to the litter of papers*] Why don't we *live*, instead of writing of it? [*She points out into the moonlight*] What do we get out of life? Money, fame, fashion, talk, learning? Yes. And what good are they? I want to *live*!

PROF. [*Helplessly*] My dear, I really don't know what you mean.

WIFE. [*Pointing out into the moonlight*] Look! Orpheus with his lute, and nobody can see him.

Beauty, beauty, beauty—we let it go. [*With sudden passion*] Beauty, love, the spring. They should be in us, and they're all outside.

PROF. My dear, this is—this is—awful. [*He tries to embrace her.*]

WIFE. [*Avoiding him—in a stilly voice*] Oh! Go on with your writing!

PROF. I'm—I'm upset. I've never known you so—so——

WIFE. Hysterical? Well! It's over. I'll go and sing.

PROF. [*Soothingly*] There, there! I'm sorry, darling; I really am. You're hipped—you're hipped. [*He gives and she accepts a kiss*] Better?

He gravitates towards his papers.

All right, now?

WIFE. [*Standing still and looking at him*] Quite!

PROF. Well, I'll try and finish this to-night; then, to-morrow we might have a jaunt. How about a theatre? There's a thing—they say—called "Chinese Chops," that's been running years.

WIFE. [*Softly to herself as he settles down into his chair*] Oh! God!

While he takes up a sheet of paper and adjusts himself, she stands at the window staring with all her might at the boulder, till from behind it the faun's head and shoulders emerge once more.

PROF. Very queer the power suggestion has over the mind. Very queer! There's nothing really in animism, you know, except the curious shapes rocks,

trees and things take in certain lights—effect they have on our imagination. [*He looks up*] What's the matter now?

WIFE. [*Startled*] Nothing! Nothing!

Her eyes waver to him again, and the FAUN vanishes. She turns again to look at the boulder; there is nothing there; a little shiver of wind blows some petals off the trees. She catches one of them, and turning quickly, goes out through the curtain.

PROF. [*Coming to himself and writing*] "The Orpheus legend is the—er—apotheosis of animism. Can we accept——" [*His voice is lost in the sound of his WIFE'S voice beginning again: "Orpheus with his lute—with his lute made trees——" It dies in a sob. The PROFESSOR looks up startled, as the curtain falls.*]

FRUST. Fine! Fine!

VANE. Take up the curtain. Mr. Foreson?

The curtain goes up.

FORESON. Sir?

VANE. Everybody on.

He and FRUST leave their seats and ascend on to the stage, on which are collecting the four Players.

VANE. Give us some light.

FORESON. Electrics! Turn up your floats!

The footlights go up, and the blue goes out; the light is crude as at the beginning.

FRUST. I'd like to meet Miss Hellgrove. [*She comes forward eagerly and timidly. He grasps her*

hand] Miss Hellgrove, I want to say I thought that fine—fine. [*Her evident emotion and pleasure warm him so that he increases his grasp and commendation*] Fine. It quite got my soft spots. Emotional. Fine!

MISS H. Oh! Mr. Frust; it means so much to me. Thank you!

FRUST. [*A little balder in the eye, and losing warmth*] Er—fine! [*His eye wanders*] Where's Mr. Flatway?

VANE. Fleetway.

FLEETWAY *comes up.*

FRUST. Mr. Fleetway, I want to say I thought your Orphoos very remarkable. Fine.

FLEETWAY. Thank you, sir, indeed—so glad you liked it.

FRUST. [*A little balder in the eye*] There wasn't much to it, but what there was was fine. Mr. Toone.

FLEETWAY *melts out and TOONE is precipitated.*

Mr. Toone, I was very pleased with your Professor—quite a character-study. [*TOONE bows and murmurs*] Yes, sir! I thought it fine. [*His eye grows bald*] Who plays the goat?

MISS HOPK. [*Appearing suddenly between the windows*] I play the faun, Mr. Frust.

FORESON. [*Introducing*] Miss Maude 'Opkins.

FRUST. Miss Hopkins, I guess your fawn was fine.

MISS HOPK. Oh! Thank you, Mr. Frust. How nice of you to say so. I do so enjoy playing him.

FRUST. [*His eye growing bald*] Mr. Foreson, I thought the way you fixed that tree was very cunning; I certainly did. Got a match?

He takes a match from FORESON, and lighting a very long cigar, walks up stage through the French windows followed by FORESON, and examines the apple-tree.

The two Actors depart, but MISS HELLGROVE runs from where she has been lingering, by the curtain, to VANE, stage Right.

MISS H. Oh! Mr. Vane—do you think? He seemed quite—Oh! Mr. Vane [*ecstatically*] If only——

VANE. [*Pleased and happy*] Yes, yes. All right—you were splendid. He liked it. He quite——

MISS H. [*Clasping her hand*] How wonderful! Oh, Mr. Vane, thank you!

She clasps his hands; but suddenly, seeing that FRUST is coming back, flits across to the curtain and vanishes.

The stage, in the crude light, is empty now save for FRUST, who, in the French windows, Centre, is mumbling his cigar; and VANE, stage Right, who is looking up into the wings, stage Left.

VANE. [*Calling up*] That lighting's just right now, Miller. Got it marked carefully?

ELECTRICS. Yes, Mr. Vane.

VANE. Good. [*To FRUST who is coming down*] Well, sir? So glad——

FRUST. Mr. Vane, we got little Miggs on contract?

VANE. Yes.

FRUST. Well, I liked that little pocket piece fine. But I'm blamed if I know what it's all about.

VANE. [*A little staggered*] Why! Of course it's a little allegory. The tragedy of civilisation—all real feeling for Beauty and Nature kept out, or pent up even in the cultured.

FRUST. Ye-ep. [*Meditatively*] Little Miggs'd be fine in "Pop goes the Weasel."

VANE. Yes, he'd be all right, but——

FRUST. Get him on the 'phone, and put it into rehearsal right now.

VANE. What! But this piece—I—I——!

FRUST. Guess we can't take liberties with our public, Mr. Vane. They want pep.

VANE. [*Distressed*] But it'll break that girl's heart. I—really—I can't——

FRUST. Give her the part of the 'tweeny in "Pop goes."

VANE. Mr. Frust, I—I beg. I've taken a lot of trouble with this little play. It's good. It's that girl's chance—and I——

FRUST. We-ell! I certainly thought she was fine. Now, you 'phone up Miggs, and get right along with it. I've only one rule, sir! Give the Public what it wants, and what the Public wants is punch and go. They've got no use for Beauty, Allegory, all that high-brow racket. I know 'em as I know my hand.

During this speech MISS HELLGROVE is seen listening by the French window, in distress, unnoticed by either of them.

VANE. Mr. Frust, the Public *would* take this, I'm

sure they would; I'm convinced of it. You under-rate them.

FRUST. Now, see here, Mr. Blewitt Vane, is this my theatre? I tell you, I can't afford luxuries.

VANE. But it—it moved *you*, sir; I saw it. I was watching.

FRUST. [*With unmoved finality*] Mr. Vane, I judge I'm not the average man. Before "Louisa Loses" the Public'll want a stimulant. "Pop goes the Weasel" will suit us fine. So—get right along with it. I'll go get some lunch.

As he vanishes into the wings, Left, Miss HELLGROVE covers her face with her hands. A little sob escaping her attracts VANE'S attention. He takes a step towards her, but she flies.

VANE. [*Dashing his hands through his hair till it stands up*] Damnation!

FORESON walks on from the wings, Right.

FORESON. Sir?

VANE. "Punch and go!" That *superstition!*

FORESON walks straight out into the wings, Left.

VANE. Mr. Foreson!

FORESON. [*Re-appearing*] Sir?

VANE. This is scrapped. [*With savagery*] Tell 'em to set the first act of "Louisa Loses," and put some pep into it.

He goes out through the French windows with the wind still in his hair.

FORESON. [*In the centre of the stage*] Electrics!

ELECTRICS. Hallo!

FORESON. Where's Charlie?

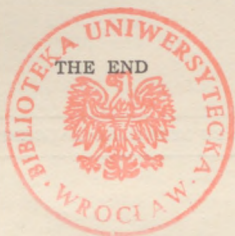
ELECTRICS. Gone to his dinner.

FORESON. Anybody on the curtain?

A VOICE. Yes, Mr. Foreson.

FORESON. Put your curtain down.

*He stands in the centre of the stage with
eyes uplifted as the curtain descends.*



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"Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" Author of: *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome, Jerome K., † 1927.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v. — Tea-Table Talk 1 v. — Tommy and Co. 1 v. — Idle Ideas in 1905 1 v. — The Passing of the Third Floor Back 1 v. — The Angel and the Author—and Others 1 v. — They and I, 1 v. — All Roads Lead to Calvary 1 v. — Anthony John 1 v.

Jerrold, Douglas, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow: *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Jolly, Emily.

Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author of: *vide* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Kavanagh, Miss Julia, † 1877.

Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen

Mah 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lillies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. (*vide* p. 27.)

Kaye-Smith, Sheila.

The End of the House of Alard 1 v. — Iron and Smoke 1 v.

Keary, Annie, † 1879.

Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

Keary, C. F.

The Mount 1 v.

Keeling, D'Estere: *vide* Esterre.

Kennedy, Margaret.

The Constant Nymph 1 v.

Kimball, Richard B. (Am.), † 1892.

Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v.

Kingsley, Charles, † 1875.

Two Years ago 2 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v.

Kingsley, Henry, † 1876.

Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffrey Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Reginald Hetheridge 2 v. — The Grange Garden 2 v.

Kinross, Albert.

An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Kipling, Rudyard.

Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v. — Just So Stories 1 v. — The Five Nations 1 v. — Traffics and Discoveries 1 v. — Puck of Pook's Hill 1 v. — Actions and Reactions 1 v. — Rewards and Fairies 1 v. — Land and Sea Tales 1 v. — Debits and Credits 1 v.

Laffan, May.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor 1 v.

Langdon, Mary (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

"Last of the Cavaliers, the," Author of (Miss Piddington).

The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Łaszowska, Mme de: *vide* E. Gerard.

- Laurence, George Alfred: *vide* "Guy Livingstone."
- Lawless, the Hon. Emily, † 1913.
Hurrish 1 v.
- Lawrence, D. H.
England, My England 1 v. — The Woman Who Rode Away 1 v.
- Mrs. Lean: *vide* Florence Marryat.
- "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands": *vide* Victoria R. I.
- Lee, Holme: *vide* Harriet Parr.
- Lee, Vernon.
Pope Jacynth, etc. 1 v. — Hortus Vitae, and Limbo 1 v. — Vanitas 1 v. — Louis Norbert 1 v. — The Tower of the Mirrors 1 v. — The Golden Keys 1 v.
- Le Fanu, J. S., † 1873.
Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.
- Lemon, Mark, † 1870.
Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last 2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall, and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters 2 v.
- Author of "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son": *vide* George Horace Lorimer.
- Author of "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth": *vide* Trowbridge.
- Lever, Charles, † 1872.
The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. — Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Malley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. — Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. — The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The Fortunes of Glencore 2 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. — Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride 2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler 2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The Bramleights of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Norcott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul Gossett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kilgobbin 2 v.
- Levett-Yeats, S.
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's Way 1 v. — The Lord Protector 1 v. — Orrain 1 v.
- Lewes, G. H., † 1878.
Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of Common Life 2 v.
- Lewis, Sinclair. (Am.)
Babbitt 1 v. — Our Mr. Wrenn 1 v. — Arrowsmith 1 v.
- Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn, † 1898.
The true History of Joshua Davidson 1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The World well Lost 2 v. — Under which Lord? 2 v. — Todhunters' at Loanin' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — Ione 2 v.
- Lockhart, L. W. M., † 1882.
Mine is Thine 2 v.
- Loftus, Lord Augustus.
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837-1862 2 v.
- London, Jack (Am.), † 1916.
Burning Daylight 1 v. — The Call of the Wild 1 v. — When God Laughs 1 v. — The Sea-Wolf 2 v. — South Sea Tales 1 v. — Martin Eden 2 v. — A Son of the Sun 1 v. — The Son of the Wolf 1 v. — The Valley of the Moon 2 v.
- Longard, Mme de: *vide* D. Gerard.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (Am.), † 1882.
Poetical Works 3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v. — The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. — The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems 1 v.
- Lonsdale, Margaret.
Sister Dora 1 v.
- Loos, Anita (Am.).
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" 1 v.
- Lorimer, George Horace (Am.).
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son 1 v. — Old Gorgon Graham 1 v. — Jack Spurlock, Prodigal 1 v.
- "Lost Battle, A" 2 v.
- Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc.
Studies in Wives 1 v. — The Lodger 1 v. — The End of her Honeymoon 1 v. — Why They Married 1 v. — The Territorid Mystery 1 v. — Some Men and Women 1 v. — Bread of Deceit 1 v. — What Really Happened 1 v. — "Thou Shalt Not Kill"

- 1 v. — The Story of Ivy 1 v. — Cressida: No Mystery 1 v.
- Lubbock, Sir John** (Lord Avebury), * 1834, † 1913.
- The Beauties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. — Essays and Addresses 1900-1903 1 v.
- "Lutfullah": *vide* Eastwick.
- Lyall, Edna**, † 1903.
- We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — Knight-Errent 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v. — The Hinderers 1 v.
- Lytton, Lord**: *vide* E. Bulwer.
- Lytton, Robert Lord** (Owen Meredith), † 1891.
- Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.
- Maartens, Maarten**, † 1915
- The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — My Poor Relations 2 v. — Dorothea 2 v. — The Healers 2 v. — The Woman's Victory, and Other Stories 2 v. — The New Religion 2 v. — Brothers All 1 v. — The Price of Lis Doris 2 v. — Harmen Pols: Peasant 1 v. — Eve 2 v.
- MacAulay, Allan** (Am.): *vide* Kate Douglas Wiggin.
- Macaulay, Lord**, † 1859.
- History of England 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).
- Macaulay, Rose**.
- Told by an Idiot 1 v. — Orphan Island 1 v. — A Casual Commentary 1 v. — Crewe Train 1 v. — Keeping up Appearances 1 v.
- McCarthy, Justin**.
- The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A Short History of our Own Times. 2 v. — A Short History of our Own Times. Vol. 3 (supplemental).
- MacDonald, George**, † 1905.
- Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.
- Mackarness, Mrs.**, † 1881.
- Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.
- Mackay, Eric**, † 1898.
- Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems 1 v.
- Mackenzie, Compton**.
- The Old Men of the Sea 1 v.
- McKnight, Charles** (Am.), † 1881.
- Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.
- Maclaren, Ian**, † 1907.
- Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. — The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v.
- Macleod, Norman**, † 1872.
- The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.
- Macquoid, Mrs.**
- Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. — Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v. — Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful Lover 2 v.
- "Mademoiselle Mori," Author of (Miss Roberts).
- Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v. — Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.
- Mahon, Lord**: *vide* Stanhope.
- Maine, E. S.**
- Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.
- Malet, Lucas** (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison).
- Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v. — The Far Horizon 2 v. — The Score 1 v. — Adrian Savage 2 v.
- Malmesbury, the Earl of**.
- Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.
- Mann, Mary E.**
- A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar Star 1 v.
- Mansfield, Robert Blachford**.
- The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Mark Twain: *vide* Twain.

Marlowe, Christopher, † 1593.

Doctor Faustus; Edward the Second; The Jew of Malta 1 v.

"Marmorne," Author of: *vide* P. G. Hamerton.

"Marriage," the Authors of (Am.).

Marriage. Short Stories of Married Life by American Writers 1 v.

Marryat, Capt., † 1848.

The Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. — Mr. Midshipman Easy 2 v. — (*Vide* p. 27.)

Marryat, Florence, † 1899.

Love's Conflict 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. — Nelly Brooke 2 v. — Véronique 2 v. — Petronel 2 v. — Her Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the Gods 1 v. — Life and Letters of Captain Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. — No Intentions 2 v. — Fighting the Air 2 v. — The Poison of Asps, and other Stories 1 v. — "My own Child" 2 v. — A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. — A Little Stepson 1 v. — Written in Fire 2 v. — Her World against a Lie 2 v. — The Root of all Evil 2 v. — The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. — With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. — My Sister the Actress 2 v. — Phyllida 2 v. — Facing the Footlights 2 v. — A Moment of Madness, and other Stories 1 v. — The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories 1 v. — Peeress and Player 2 v. — Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. — The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. — The Heir Presumptive 2 v. — The Master Passion 2 v. — Spiders of Society 2 v. — Driven to Bay 2 v. — A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. — Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. — Blindfold 2 v. — A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. — The Beautiful Soul 1 v. — At Heart a Rake 2 v. — The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs 1 v. — The Dream that Stayed 2 v. — A Passing Madness 1 v. — The Blood of the Vampire 1 v. — A Soul on Fire 1 v. — Iris the Avenger 1 v.

Marsh, Mrs. Anne, † 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. — The Heiress of Haughton 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.

Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. —

Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. — In the East-Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. — Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. — Winchester Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. — Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v. — Penshurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington Palace 1 v. — The Master of the Musicians 1 v. — An Escape from the Tower 1 v. — A Haunt of Ancient Peace 1 v. — Castle Meadow 1 v. — In the Choir of Westminster Abbey 1 v. — The Young Queen of Hearts 1 v. — Under the Dome of St. Paul's 1 v. — (*Vide* p. 27.)

Mason, A. E. W.

The Broken Road 1 v. — At the Villa Rose 1 v. — The House of the Arrow 1 v. — The Winding Stair 1 v. — No Other Tiger 1 v.

Mathers, Helen (Mrs. Henry Reeves).

"Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. — "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. — My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. — As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. — Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. — Eyre's Acquittal 2 v. — Found Out 1 v. — The Fashion of this World (80 Pf.) — Blind Justice, and "Who, being dead, yet Speaketh" 1 v. — What the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman 1 v. — Bam Wildfire 2 v. — Becky 2 v. — "Honey" 1 v. — The New Lady Teazle, and Other Stories and Essays 1 v. — Tally Ho! 2 v. — Pigskin and Petticoat 2 v. — Gay Lawless 1 v.

Maugham, W. Somerset.

The Trembling of a Leaf 1 v. — The Painted Veil 1 v. — Ashenden or the British Agent 1 v. — The Casuarina Tree 1 v.

Maurice, Colonel.

The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

Maurier, George du, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

Maxwell, Mrs.: *vide* Miss Braddon.

Maxwell, W. B.

The Ragged Messenger 2 v. — In Cotton Wool 2 v. — The Day's Journey 1 v. — Children of the Night 1 v. — Fernande 1 v. — Spinster of this Parish 1 v. — The Case of Bevan Yorke 1 v. — Gabrielle 1 v. — We Forget Because We Must 1 v.

"Mehalah": *vide* Baring-Gould.

Melville, George J. Whyte, † 1878.
 Kate Coventry 1 v. — Digby Grand 1 v.
 — Good for Nothing 2 v. — The Queen's
 Maries 2 v. — The Gladiators 2 v. — The
 Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v.
 — The Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose
 2 v. — M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v.
 — Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. —
 Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. —
 Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black
 but Comely 2 v.

Mencken, H. L. (Am.).
 In Defence of Women 1 v.

Meredith, George, † 1909.
 The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. —
 Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic
 Comedians 1 v. — The Egoist 2 v. —
 Rhoda Fleming 2 v.

Meredith, Owen: *vide* Robert Lord Lytton.

Merrick, Hope.
 Mary-Girl 1 v.

Merrick, Leonard.
 Cynthia 1 v. — One Man's View 1 v. —
 The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love flies
 out of the Window 1 v. — Whispers
 about Women 1 v. — The Man who Under-
 stood Women, etc. 1 v.

Merriman, Henry Seton, † 1903.
 Prisoners and Captives 2 v. — From
 One Generation to Another 1 v. — Flotsam
 1 v. — Roden's Corner 1 v.

Mill, John Stuart, * 1806, † 1873.
 On Liberty and The Subjection of Women
 1 v.

Milne, James.
 The Epistles of Atkins 1 v.

Milton, John, † 1674.
 Poetical Works 1 v.

"Miss Molly," Author of.
 Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

"Molly Bawn," Author of: *vide* Mrs.
 Hungerford.

Montague, C. E.
 Rough Justice 1 v. — Right off the Map
 1 v.

Montgomery, Florence.
 Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown To-
 gether 2 v. — Wild Mike 1 v. — Colonel
 Norton 2 v.

Moore, Frank Frankfort.

"I Forbid the Banns" 2 v. — One Fair
 Daughter 2 v. — Nell Gwyn — Comedian
 1 v. — A Damsel or Two 1 v. — Castle
 Omeragh 2 v. — Shipmates in Sunshine
 2 v. — The Original Woman 1 v. — The
 White Causeway 1 v. — The Artful Miss
 Dill 1 v. — The Marriage Lease 1 v. — An
 Amateur Adventuress 1 v. — Priscilla and
 Charybdis 2 v. — The Food of Love 1 v. —
 The Laird of Craig Athol 1 v.

Moore, George.

The Untilled Field 1 v. — Confessions of a
 Young Man 1 v. — The Lake 1 v. — Muslim
 2 v. — The Coming of Gabrielle 1 v. —
 Celibate Lives 1 v.

Morgan, Lady, † 1859.
 Memoirs 3 v.

Morrison, Arthur.

A Child of the Jago 1 v. — To London
 Town 1 v. — Cunning Murrell 1 v. —
 The Hole in the Wall 1 v. — The Green
 Eye of Goona 1 v. — Divers Vanities 1 v.
 — Green Ginger 1 v.

Mulock, Miss: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Murray, David Christie.
 Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Murray, Grenville: *vide* Grenville.

"My Little Lady," Author of: *vide* E.
 Frances Poynter.

New Testament, the.

The Authorised English Version, with
 Introduction and Various Readings from
 the three most celebrated Manuscripts of
 the Original Text, by Constantine Tischendorf
 (vol. 1000, published 1869) 1 v.

Newby, Mrs. C. J.
 Common Sense 2 v.

Nicholls, Mrs.: *vide* Currer Bell.

"Nina Balatka," Author of: *vide* An-
 thony Trollope.

"No Church," Author of (F. Robinson).
 No Church 2 v. — Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Noel, Lady Augusta.
 Hithersea Mere 2 v.

Norris, W. E.
 A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. — The Rogue
 2 v. — Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs. Fenton 1 v.

— Misadventure 2 v. — Saint Ann's 1 v. — A Victim of Good Luck 1 v. — Clarissa Furiosa 2 v. — Marietta's Marriage 2 v. — The Fight for the Crown 1 v. — The Widower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1 v. — The Flower of the Flock 1 v. — His Own Father 1 v. — The Credit of the County 1 v. — Lord Leonard the Luckless 1 v. — Nature's Comedian 1 v. — Nigel's Vocation 1 v. — Barham of Beltana 1 v. — Harry and Ursula 1 v. — The Square Peg 1 v. — The Perjurer 1 v. — Not Guilty 1 v. — Paul's Paragon 1 v. — The Triumphs of Sara 1 v. — Tony the Exceptional 1 v.

Norton, Hon. Mrs., † 1877.

Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

"Not Easily Jealous," Author of (Miss Iza Hardy).

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

"Novels and Tales": vide "Household Words."

"Nursery Rhymes," 1 v.

O'Connor Eccles, Charlotte (Hal Godfrey).

The Matrimonial Lottery 1 v.

Oldmeadow, Ernest.

Susan 1 v.

Oliphant, Laurence, † 1888.

Altiora Peto 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.

Oliphant, Mrs., † 1897.

The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Ombrà 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — Whiteladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phœbe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. —

Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.

"One who has kept a Diary": vide George W. E. Russell.

Oppenheim, E. Phillips

Prodigals of Monte Carlo 1 v.

Orczy, Baroness.

The Scarlet Pimpernel 1 v. — I will Repay 1 v. — The Elusive Pimpernel 1 v. — Eldorado 2 v. — Nicolette 1 v. — The Honourable Jim 1 v. — Pimpernel and Rosemary 1 v. — Unravelled Knots 1 v. — The Celestial City 1 v. — Sir Percy Hits Back 1 v. — "Skin o' My Tooth" 1 v.

Osbourne, Lloyd (Am.).

Baby Bullet 1 v. — Harm's Way 1 v. — The Kingdoms of the World 1 v.

Ouida, † 1908.

Idalia 2 v. — Puck 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarel 2 v. — Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa 3 v. — Ariadne 2 v. — Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlin 3 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — Helianthus 2 v.

"Outcasts, the," Author of: vide "Roy Tellet."

Parker, Sir Gilbert.

The Battle of the Strong 2 v. — The Seats of the Mighty 2 v. — The Judgment House 2 v.

Parr, Harriet (Holme Lee), † 1900.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Harrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of

Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.

Parr, Mrs.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

Paston, George.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la.

Master Christopher 2 v.

Paul, Mrs.: vide "Still Waters."

"Paul Ferroll," Author of (Mrs. Caroline Clive), † 1873.

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year 1 v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

Payn, James, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. — Not Wooded, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Trust 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — What He cost Her 2 v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tasks 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (*First Series*) 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Burnt Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Gleams of Memory, and The Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Overt 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Peard, Frances Mary.

One Year 2 v. — The Rose-Garden 1 v. — Thorpe Regis 1 v. — A Winter Story 1 v.

— A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. — Cartouche 1 v. — Mother Molly 1 v. — Schloss and Town 2 v. — Contradictions 2 v. — Near Neighbours 1 v. — Alicia Tennant 1 v. — Madame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Number One and Number Two 1 v. — The Ring from Jaipur 1 v. — The Flying Months 1 v.

Pemberton, Max.

A Woman of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Garden of Swords 1 v. — The Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — The Giant's Gate 2 v. — I crown thee King 1 v. — Red Morn 1 v. — Mid the Thick Arrows 2 v. — My Sword for Lafayette 1 v. — The Lodestar 1 v. — Love the Harvester 1 v.

Percy, Bishop Thomas, † 1811.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Porrin, Alice.

Government House 1 v. — Rough Passages 1 v.

Phillips, F. C.

The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 2 v. — That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — A Full Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Schoolgirls of To-day, etc. 1 v. — If Only, etc. 1 v. — An Unfortunate Blend 1 v. — A Barrister's Courtship 1 v.

Phillips, F. C., & Percy Fendall.

Margaret Byng 1 v. — Disciples of Plato 1 v.

Phillips, F. C., & C. J. Wills.

The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Phillipotts, Eden.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The

Good Red Earth 1 v. — The Striking Hours 1 v. — The Farm of the Dagger 1 v. — The Whirlwind 2 v. — The Human Boy Again 1 v. — From the Angle of Seventeen 1 v. — The Bronze Venus 1 v. — The Grey Room 1 v. — The Red Redmaynes 1 v. — A Human Boy's Diary 1 v. — Cheat-the-Boys 1 v. — A Voice from the Dark 1 v. — The Marylebone Miser 1 v. — The Jury 1 v.

Phillipotts, E., & Arnold Bennett.
The Sinews of War 1 v. — The Statue 1 v.

Piddington, Miss: *vide* Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers."

Poe, Edgar Allan (Am.), † 1849.
Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Fantastic Tales 1 v.

Pope, Alexander, † 1744.
Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Poynter, Miss E. Frances.
My Little Lady 2 v. — Ersilia 2 v. — Among the Hills 1 v.

Praed, Mrs. Campbell.
Affinities 1 v. — The Head Station 2 v.

Prentiss, Mrs. E. (Am.), † 1878.
Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

Prince Consort, the, † 1861.
Speeches and Addresses 1 v.

Pryce, Richard.
Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.

Pym, H. N.: *vide* Caroline Fox.

Quiller-Couch, Sir A. T. ("Q").
I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v. — Fort Amity 1 v. — Shakespeare's Christmas, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Mayor of Troy 1 v. — Merry-Garden, and Other Stories 1 v. — Brother Copas 1 v.

Quincey: *vide* De Quincey.

Rae, W. Fraser, † 1905.
Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.

Raimond, C. E.: *vide* Elizabeth Robins (Am.).

"Rajah's Heir, the." 2 v.

Reade, Charles, † 1884.
Hard Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. — A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. — A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir 1 v. — Readiana 1 v.

"Recommended to Mercy," Author of (Mrs. Houston).
Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.

Reeves, Mrs.: *vide* Helen Mathers.

Rhys, Grace.
Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of Sheila 1 v. — About many Things 1 v.

Rice, James: *vide* Walter Besant.

Richards, Alfred Bate, † 1876.
So very Human 3 v.

Richardson, S., † 1761.
Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.

Riddell, Mrs. (F. G. Trafford).
George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.

Ridge, W. Pett.
Name of Garland 1 v. — Thanks to Sander-son 1 v. — Miss Mannerling 1 v. — The Lunch Basket 1 v. — Just like Aunt Bertha 1 v.

"Rita."
Souls 1 v. — The Jesters 1 v. — The Masqueraders 2 v. — Queer Lady Judas 2 v. — Prince Charming 1 v. — The Pointing Finger 1 v. — A Man of no Importance 1 v. — Calvary 2 v. — That is to say— 1 v.

Ritchie, Mrs. Anne Thackeray: *vide* Miss Thackeray.

Roberts, Miss: *vide* Author of "Madoiselle Mori."

Elizabeth Robins (C. E. Raimond) (Am.).
The Open Question 2 v. — The Magnetic North 2 v. — A Dark Lantern 2 v. — The Convert 2 v. — The Florentine Frame 1 v. — Way Stations 1 v. — The Secret That Was Kept 1 v.

Robinson, F.: *vide* "No Church."

- Ross, Charles H.
The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London Romance 2 v.
- Ross, Martin: *vide* Somerville.
- "Roy Tellet."
The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.
- Ruck, Berta.
Sir or Madam? 1 v. — The Dancing Star 1 v. — Lucky in Love 1 v. — The Clouded Pearl 1 v. — The Immortal Girl 1 v. — Kneel to the Prettiest 1 v. — The Pearl Thief 1 v. — Her Pirate Partner 1 v. — Money for One 1 v. — The Youngest Venus 1 v. — One of the Chorus 1 v.
- Ruffini, J., † 1881.
Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. — A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v.
- Ruskin, John, * 1819, † 1900.
Sesame and Lilies 1 v. — The Stones of Venice (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Unto this Last and Munera Pulveris 1 v. — The Seven Lamps of Architecture (with 14 Illustrations) 1 v. — Mornings in Florence 1 v. — St. Mark's Rest 1 v.
- Russell, W. Clark, † 1911.
A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. — The "Lady Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.
- Russell, George W. E.
Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary 2 v. — A Londoner's Log-Book 1 v.
- "Ruth and her Friends": *vide* p. 27.
- Sala, George Augustus, † 1895.
The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.
- Saunders, John.
Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble Wife 2 v.
- Saunders, Katherine (Mrs. Cooper).
Joan Merryweather, and other Tales 1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales 1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.
- Savage, Richard Henry (Am.), † 1903.
My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady of Lagunitas 2 v. — Prince Schamyl's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas 1 v. — Miss Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. — In the Swim 2 v. — In the House of
- His Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v.
- Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.
Waverley 2 v. — Ivanhoe 2 v. — Kenilworth 2 v. — Quentin Durward 2 v.
- Seeley, Prof. J. R., † 1895.
Life and Times of Stein 4 v. — The Expansion of England 1 v.
- Sewell, Elizabeth, † 1906.
Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal of a Home Life 2 v. — After Life 2 v. — The Experience of Life 2 v.
- Shakespeare, William, † 1616.
Plays and Poems (*Second Edition*) 7 v.
Shakespeare's Plays may also be had in 37 numbers, each number sold separately.
- Sharp, William, † 1905: *vide* Miss Howard, Fiona Macleod and Swinburne.
- Shaw, Bernard.
Man and Superman 1 v. — The Perfect Wagnerite 1 v. — Cashel Byron's Profession 1 v. — Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant (The Three Unpleasant Plays 1 v. — The Four Pleasant Plays 1 v.). — Getting Married & The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet 1 v. — The Doctor's Dilemma & The Dark Lady of the Sonnets 1 v. — Three Plays for Puritans 1 v. — John Bull's Other Island etc. 1 v. — Androcles and the Lion; Pygmalion 1 v. — Misalliance 1 v. — Fanny's First Play, etc. 1 v. — Heartbreak House, etc. 1 v. — Back to Methuselah 1 v. — Saint Joan 1 v.
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe, † 1822.
A Selection from his Poems 1 v.
- Sheppard, Nathan (Am.), † 1883.
Shut up in Paris 1 v.
- Sheridan, R. B., † 1816.
The Dramatic Works 1 v.
- Shorthouse, J. Henry, † 1903.
John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche, Lady Falaise 1 v.
- Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred.
The Lantern Bearers 1 v. — Anthea's Guest 1 v.
- May Sinclair.
Arne Severn and the Fieldings 1 v. — Uncanny Stories 1 v. — A Cure of Souls 1 v. — Arnold Waterlow: a Life 1 v. — The Rector of Wyck 1 v. — Far End 1 v. — The Allingham's 1 v. — History of Anthony Waring 1 v.

- Snaith, J. C.**
 An Affair of State 1 v. — Time and Tide 1 v. — Thus Far 1 v.
- "Society in London," Author of.
 Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.
- Somerville, E. C., & M. Ross.
 Naboth's Vineyard 1 v. — Dan Russel the Fox 1 v.
- "Spanish Brothers, the." 2 v.
- Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon), † 1875.
 Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.
- Steel, Flora Annie.
 The Hosts of the Lord 2 v.
- Sterne, Laurence, † 1768.
 Tristram Shandy 2 v. — A Sentimental Journey 1 v.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis, † 1894.
 Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. — Kidnapped 1 v. — The Black Arrow 1 v. — The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. — Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. — Catriona 1 v. — In the South Seas 2 v. — Tales and Fantasies 1 v.
- "Still Waters," Author of (Mrs. Paul).
 Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa 1 v.
- Stirling, M. C.: *vide* G. M. Craik.
- Stockton, Frank R. (Am.), † 1902.
 The House of Martha 1 v.
- "Story of a Penitent Soul, the." 1 v.
- "Story of Elizabeth, the," Author of:
vide Miss Thackeray.
- Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Am.), † 1896.
 Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Oldtown Folks 2 v.
- "Sunbeam Stories," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Mackarness.
- Swift, Jonathan (Dean Swift), † 1745.
 Gulliver's Travels 1 v.
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles, † 1909.
 Atalanta in Calydon: and Lyrical Poems selected, with an Introduction, by William Sharp 1 v. — Love's Cross-Currents 1 v. — Chastelard and Mary Stuart 1 v.
- Swinerton, Frank.**
 The Three Lovers 1 v. — The Elder Sister 1 v. — Summer Storm 1 v. — Tokenfield Papers 1 v.
- Symonds, John Addington, † 1893.
 Sketches in Italy 1 v. — New Italian Sketches 1 v.
- Synge, John M., † 1909.
 Plays 1 v. — The Aran Islands 1 v.
- Tagore, Rabindranath.**
 The Home and the World 1 v. — The Gardener 1 v. — Sādhana 1 v. — The Wreck 1 v. — Gitanjali; Fruit-Gathering 1 v.
- Tallentyre, S. G.: *vide* H. S. Merriman.
- Tarkington, Booth (Am.).**
 Women 1 v. — The Plutocrat 1 v. — Claire Ambler 1 v. — The World Does Move 1 v.
- Tasma.**
 Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.
- Tautpoeus, Baroness, † 1893.
 Cyrilla 2 v. — Quits 2 v.
- Taylor, Col. Meadows † 1876.
 Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.
- Tellet: *vide* "Roy Tellet."**
- Templeton: *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."**
- Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), † 1892.
 Poetical Works vol. 5, 8. — Locksley Hall, sixty Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By His Son 4 v.
- Testament the New: *vide* New.**
- Thackeray, William Makepeace, † 1863.**
 Vanity Fair 3 v. — Miscellanies Vol. 2, 3, 5. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The Virginians vol. 1, 2. — The Adventures of Philip 2 v. — Roundabout Papers 2 v. — The Paris Sketch Book 2 v.
- Thackeray, Miss (Lady Ritchie).**
 Old Kensington 2 v. — Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. — Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. — Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. — Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. — Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.

Thomas, A. (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).
 Denis Donne 2 v. — On Guard 2 v. —
 Walter Goring 2 v. — Played Out 2 v. —
 Called to Account 2 v. — Only herself
 2 v. — A Narrow Escape 2 v.

Thomson, James, † 1748.
 Poetical Works 1 v.

"**Thoth,**" Author of.
 Thoth 1 v.

Thurston, E. Temple.
 The Greatest Wish in the World 1 v. —
 Mirage 1 v. — The City of Beautiful Non-
 sense 1 v. — The Garden of Resurrection 1 v.
 — The Apple of Eden 1 v. — The Antagon-
 ists 1 v. — The Open Window 1 v. —
 Richard Furlong 1 v. — The Eye of the Wif
 1 v. — Achievement 1 v. — May Eve 1 v.
 — The Green Bough 1 v. — Charmeuse 1 v.
 — Mr. Bottleby Does Something 1 v. —
 Jane Carroll 1 v.

Tischendorf Constantine: v. New Testa-
 ment.

Tomlinson, H. M.
 Gallions Reach 1 v.

Trafford, F. G.: *vide* Mrs. Riddell.

Trois-Etoiles: *vide* Grenville.

Trollope, Anthony, † 1882.
 Doctor Thorne 2 v. — The Bertrams
 2 v. — The Warden 1 v. — Barchester
 Towers 2 v. — Castle Richmond 2 v. —
 Framley Parsonage 2 v. — North America
 3 v. — Orley Farm 3 v. — The Belton
 Estate 2 v. — Nina Balatka 1 v. — The
 Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v. — Phineas
 Finn 3 v. — Ralph the Heir 2 v. —
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 Children 3 v. — Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. —
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 Alice Dugdale, and other Stories 1 v. —
 La Mère Bauche, and other Stories 1 v. —
 The Mistletoe Bough, and other Stories
 1 v. — An Autobiography 1 v. — An Old
 Man's Love 1 v.

Trollope, T. Adolphus, † 1892.
 The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v.
 — A Siren 2 v.

Trowbridge, W. R. H.
 The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth
 1 v. — That Little Marquis of Branden-

burg 1 v. — A Dazzling Reprobate 1 v.
 — The White Hope 1 v.

Twain, Mark (Samuel L. Clemens)
 (Am.), † 1910.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. —
 The Innocents Abroad; or, The New
 Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. — A Tramp Abroad
 2 v. — "Roughing it" 1 v. — The In-
 nocents at Home 1 v. — The Prince and
 the Pauper 2 v. — The Stolen White
 Elephant, etc. 1 v. — Life on the Mis-
 sissippi 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. — Huckle-
 berry Finn 2 v. — Selections from Ameri-
 can Humour 1 v. — The American
 Claimant 1 v. — The £ 1000000 Bank-
 Note and other new Stories 1 v. — Tom
 Sawyer Abroad 1 v. — Pudd'nhead Wil-
 son 1 v. — Tom Sawyer, Detective, and
 other Tales 1 v. — More Tramps Abroad
 2 v. — A Double-Barrelled Detective
 Story, etc. 1 v. — The \$30,000 Bequest,
 and Other Stories 1 v. — Christian Science
 1 v. — Captain Stormfield's Visit to
 Heaven & Is Shakespeare Dead? 1 v.

"**Two Cosmos, the,**" 1 v.

Vachell, Horace Annesley.
 Teh Hill 1 v. — An Impending Sword 1 v.
 — Quinneys' 1 v. — Change Partners 1 v.
 — The Yard 1 v. — Quinney's Adventures
 1 v. — Watling's for Worth 1 v. — A
 Woman in Exile 1 v. — Dew of the Sea,
 and Other Stories 1 v. — Miss Torrobin's
 Experiment 1 v.

Vechten, Carl van (Am.).
 Nigger Heaven 1 v. — Spider Boy 1 v.

"**Venus and Cupid,**" 1 v.

"**Véra,**" Author of.

Véra 1 v. — The Hôtel du Petit St.
 Jean 1 v. — Blue Roses 2 v. — Within
 Sound of the Sea 2 v. — Ninette 1 v.

Victoria R. I † 1901.
 Leaves from the Journal of our Life in
 the Highlands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. —
 More Leaves, etc. from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

"**Virginia,**" 1 v.

Vizetelly, Ernest Alfred.
 With Zola in England 1 v.

Walford, L. B.
 Mr. Smith 2 v. — Pauline 2 v. — Cousins
 2 v. — Troublesome Daughters 2 v. —
 Liddy Marget 1 v.

Wallace, Ed. ar.
 The Book of All-Power 1 v. — The Valley
 of Ghosts 1 v. — Chick 1 v. — Captains of

Souls 1 v. — The Missing Million 1 v. — The Face in the Night 1 v. — The Door with Seven Locks 1 v. — The Avenger 1 v. — Terror Keep 1 v. — The Traitor's Gate 1 v. — The Feathered Serpent 1 v. — The Ringer 1 v. — The Squeaker 1 v.

Wallace, Lew. (Am.), † 1905.
Ben-Hur 2 v.

Walpole, Hugh.

Jeremy and Hamlet 1 v. — The Old Ladies 1 v. — Portrait of a Man with Red Hair 1 v. — Harmer John 1 v. — Jeremy at Crale 1 v. — Wintersmoon 2 v. — The Silver Thorn 1 v.

Warburton, Eliot, † 1852. Darien 2 v.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry, † 1920.

Miss Bretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v. — Bessie Costrell 1 v. — Fenwick's Career 2 v. — Diana Mallory 2 v. — Daphne; or, "Marriage à la Mode" 1 v. — The Case of Richard Meynell 2 v.

Warner, Susan: *vide* Wetherell.

Warren, Samuel, † 1877.

Diary of a late Physician 2 v. — Ten Thousand a-Year 3 v. — Now and Then 1 v. — The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

"Waterdale Neighbours, the," Author of: *vide* Justin McCarthy.

Watson, H. B. Marriott.

The Excelsior 1 v.

Watts-Dunton, Theodore, † 1914.

Aylwin 2 v.

Wells, H. G.

The Stolen Bacillus, etc. 1 v. — The War of the Worlds 1 v. — The Invisible Man 1 v. — The Time Machine, and The Island of Doctor Moreau 1 v. — When the Sleeper Wakes 1 v. — Tales of Space and Time 1 v. — The Plattner Story, and Others 1 v. — Love and Mr. Lewisham 1 v. — The Wheels of Chance 1 v. — Anticipations 1 v. — The First Men in the Moon 1 v. — The Sea Lady 1 v. — Twelve Stories and a Dream 1 v. — The Food of the Gods 1 v. — A Modern Utopia 1 v. — Kipps 2 v. — In the Days of the Comet 1 v. — The Future in America 1 v. — New Worlds for Old 1 v. — The War in the Air 1 v. — Tono-Bungay 2 v. — First and Last Things 1 v. — The New Machiavelli 2 v. — Marriage 2 v. — The Passionate Friends 2 v. — An Englishman looks at the World 1 v. — The World Set Free 1 v. — A Short History of the World (with twelve Maps) 1 v. — Men Like Gods 1 v. — The Dream 1 v. — Bealby 1 v. — The Secret Places of

the Heart 1 v. — The Country of the Blind, and Other Stories 1 v. — Christina Alberta's Father 1 v. — The Undying Fire 1 v. — Meanwhile 1 v. — The World of William Clissold 2 v. — Mr. Bleitsworthy on Rampole Island 1 v.

Westbury, Hugh. Acte 2 v.

Wetherell, Elizabeth (Susan Warner) (Am.), † 1885.

Queechy 2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. — Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.

Weyman, Stanley J.

The Story of Francis Cludde 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minister of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v. — Shrewsbury 2 v. — Sophia 2 v. — In Kings' Byways 1 v. — The Abiss of Vlaye 2 v. — Chipping 2 v. — Laid up in Lavender 1 v.

"Whim, a." 1 v.

Whitby, Beatrice.

The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. — In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.

White, Percy.

Mr. Bailey-Martin 1 v. — The West End 2 v. — The New Christians 1 v. — Park Lane 2 v. — The Triumph of Mrs. St. George 2 v. — A Millionaire's Daughter 1 v. — A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — The System 2 v. — The Patient Man 1 v. — Mr. John Strood 1 v. — The Eight Guests 2 v. — Mr. Strudge 1 v. — Love and the Poor Suitor 1 v. — An Averted Marriage 1 v.

Whiteing, Richard.

The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality 1 v. — The Life of Paris 1 v. — The Yellow Van 1 v. — Ring in the New 1 v. — All Moonshine 1 v. — Little People 1 v.

Whitman, Sidney, † 1925.

Imperial Germany 1 v. — The Realm of the Habsburgs 1 v. — Teuton Studies 1 v. — Reminiscences of the King of Roumania 1 v. — Conversations with Prince Bismarck 1 v. — Life of the Emperor Frederick 2 v. — German Memories 1 v.

"Who Breaks—Pays," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Jenkin.

Whyte Melville, George J.: *vide* Melville

Wiggin, Kate Douglas (Am.).

Penelope's Irish Experiences 1 v. — Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm 1 v. — Rose o' the River 1 v. — The Old Peabody Pew, and Susanna and Sue 1 v.

- Wiggin, K. D., M. & J. Findlater, & Allan McAulay.
The Affair at the Inn 1 v. — Robinetta 1 v.
- Wilde, Oscar, † 1900.
The Picture of Dorian Gray 1 v. — De Profundis and The Ballad of Reading Gaol 1 v. — A House of Pomegranates 1 v. — Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Prose Pieces 1 v. — Lady Windermere's Fan 1 v. — An Ideal Husband 1 v. — Salome 1 v. — The Happy Prince, and Other Tales 1 v. — A Woman of No Importance 1 v. — The Importance of Being Earnest 1 v. — Poems 1 v.
- Wilkins, Mary E. (Am.).
Pembroke 1 v. — Madelon 1 v. — Jerome 2 v. — Silence, and other Stories 1 v.
- Williamson, C. N. & A. M.
The Lightning Conductor 1 v. — Lady Betty across the Water 1 v. — The Motor Maid 1 v. — Lord Loveland discovers America 1 v. — It Happened in Egypt 2 v. — The Wedding Day 1 v. — The Lion's Mouse 1 v. — The Lady from the Air 1 v.
- Williamson, Alice M.
Cancelled Love 1 v. — Told at Monte Carlo 1 v. — Sheikh Bill 1 v. — Black Sleeves 1 v.
- Wills, C. J.: *vide* F. C. Phillips.
Wodehouse, P. G.
Ukridge 1 v. — Bill the Conqueror 1 v. — Carry on, Jeeves! 1 v. — Sam the Sudden 1 v. — Love among the Chickens 1 v. — The Heart of a Goof 1 v. — Psmith, Journalist 1 v. — Leave it to Psmith 1 v. — The Small Bachelor 1 v. — A Damsel in Distress 1 v. — The Adventures of Sally 1 v. — Meet Mr. Mulliner 1 v.
- Wood, C.: *vide* "Buried Alone."
Wood, H. F.
The Passenger from Scotland Yard 1 v.
- Wood, Mrs. Henry (Johnny Ludlow), † 1887.
East Lynne 3 v. — The Channings 2 v. — Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles 2 v. — Verner's Pride 3 v. — The Shadow of Ashlydyat 3 v. — Trevlyn Hold 2 v. — Oswald Cray 2 v. — Mildred Arkell 2 v. — St. Martin's Eve 2 v. — Lady Adelaide's Oath 2 v. — Roland Yorke 2 v. — George Canterbury's Will 2 v. — Bessy Rane 2 v. — The Foggy Night at Offord; Martyn Ware's Temptation; The Night-Walk over the Mill Stream 1 v. — Johnny Ludlow 2 v. — Told in the Twilight 2 v. — Adam Grainger 1 v. — Edina 2 v. —
- Pomeroy Abbey 2 v. — Court Netherleigh 2 v. — (The following by Johnny Ludlow): Lost in the Post, and Other Tales 1 v. — A Tale of Sin, and Other Tales 1 v. — Anne, and Other Tales 1 v. — The Mystery of Jessy Page, etc. 1 v. — Helen Whitney's Wedding, etc. 1 v. — The Story of Dorothy Grape, etc. 1 v.
- Woodroffe, Daniel.
Tangled Trinities 1 v. — The Beauty-Shop 1 v.
- Woods, Margaret L.
A Village Tragedy 1 v. — The Vagabonds 1 v. — Sons of the Sword 2 v. — The Invader 1 v.
- Woolf, Virginia.
Orlando 1 v. — Mrs. Dalloway 1 v.
- Wraxall, Lascelles, † 1865.
Wild Oats 1 v.
- Yates, Edmund, † 1894.
Land at Last 2 v. — The Forlorn Hope 2 v. — Black Sheep 2 v. — The Rock Ahead 2 v. — Wrecked in Port 2 v. — Dr. Wainwright's Patient 2 v. — A Waiting Race 2 v. — The yellow Flag 2 v. — The Impending Sword 2 v. — Two, by Tricks 1 v. — A Silent Witness 2 v. — Recollections and Experiences 2 v.
- Yeats: *vide* Levett-Yeats.
Yeats, W. B.
A Selection from his Poetry 1 v.
- Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.
Heartsease 2 v. — The Daisy Chain 2 v. — Hopes and Fears 2 v. — The Young Step-Mother 2 v. — The Trial 2 v. — The Clever Woman of the Family 2 v. — The Dove in the Eagle's Nest 2 v. — The Danvers Papers; The Prince and the Page 1 v. — The Chaplet of Pearls 2 v. — The two Guardians 1 v. — The Caged Lion 2 v. — The Pillars of the House 5 v. — Lady Hester 1 v. — My Young Alcides 2 v. — Womankind 2 v. — Love and Life 1 v. — Stray Pearls 2 v. — The Armourer's Prentices 2 v. — Nuttie's Father 2 v. — Beechcroft at Rockstone 2 v. — A Reputed Changeling 2 v. — Two Penniless Princesses 1 v. — That Stick 1 v. — Grisly Grisell 1 v. — The Long Vacation 2 v. — Modern Broods 1 v. (*vide* p. 27).
- Zangwill, I., * 1864, † 1926.
Dreamers of the Ghetto 2 v. — Ghetto Comedies 2 v. — Ghetto Tragedies 2 v.
- "Z. Z."
The World and a Man 2 v.

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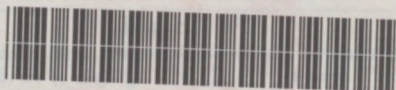
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