

tries to read the Contemporary, but becomes dispirited, and may be heard muttering over its pages, 'No, no use, no use,' and sometimes even 'Oh hell.' James has no respect for education; and Maggie is at present of an open mind.

They are Wylie and Sons of the local granite quarry, in which Alick was throughout his working days a mason. It is David who has raised them to this position; he climbed up himself step by step (and hewed the steps), and drew the others up after him. 'Wylie Brothers,' Alick would have had the firm called, but David said No, and James said No, and Maggie said No; first honour must be to their father; and Alick now likes it on the whole, though he often sighs at having to shave every day; and on some snell mornings he still creeps from his couch at four and even at two (thinking that his mallet and chisel are calling him), and begins to pull on his trousers, until the grandeur of them reminds him that he can go to bed again. Sometimes he cries a little, because there is no more work for him to do for ever and ever; and then Maggie gives him a spade (without telling David) or David gives him the logs to saw (without telling Maggie).

We have given James a longer time to make his move than our kind friends in front will give him, but in the meantime something has been happening. David has come in, wearing a black coat and his Sabbath boots, for he has been to a public meeting.

David is nigh forty years of age, whiskered like his father and brother (Alick's whiskers being worn as a sort of cravat round the neck), and he has the too brisk manner of one who must arrive anywhere a little before any one else. The painter who did the three of them for fifteen pounds (you may observe the canvases on the walls) has caught this characteristic, perhaps accidentally, for David is almost stepping out of his frame, as if to hurry off somewhere; while Alick and James look as if they were pinned to the wall for life. All the six of them, men and pictures, however, have a family resemblance, like granite blocks from their own quarry. They are as Scotch as peat for instance, and they might exchange eyes without any neighbour noticing the difference, inquisitive little blue eyes that seem to be always totting up the price of things.

The dambrod players pay no attention to David, nor does he regard them. Dumping down on the sofa he removes his 'lastic sides, as his Sabbath boots are called, by pushing one foot against the other, gets into a pair of hand-sewn slippers, deposits the boots as according to rule in the ottoman, and crosses to the fire. There must be something on David's mind to-night, for he pays no attention to the game, neither gives advice (than which nothing is more maddening) nor exchanges a wink with Alick over the parlous condition of Jame's crown. You can hear the wag-at-the-wall clock in the lobby ticking. Then

David lets himself go; it runs out of him like a hymn:

DAVID. Oh, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet,
5 Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet.

(This is not a soliloquy, but is offered as a definite statement. The players emerge from their game with difficulty.)

10 ALICK *(with James's crown in his hand)*. What's that you're saying, David?

DAVID *(like a public speaker explaining the situation in a few well chosen words)*. The thing I'm speaking about is Love.

15 JAMES *(keeping control of himself)*. Do you stand there and say you're in love, David Wylie?

DAVID. Me; what would I do with the thing?

JAMES *(who is by no means without pluck)*. I see no necessity for calling it a thing?

20 *(They are two bachelors who all their lives have been afraid of nothing but Woman.*

DAVID *in his sportive days—which continue—has done roguish things with his arm when conducting a lady home under an umbrella*

25 *from a soiree, and has both chuckled and been scared on thinking of it afterwards.*

JAMES, *a commoner fellow altogether, has discussed the sex over a glass, but is too canny to be in the company of less than two young*

women at a time.)

DAVID *(derisively)*. Oho, has she got you, James?

JAMES *(feeling the sting of it)*. Nobody has got me.

DAVID. They'll catch you yet, lad.

JAMES. They'll never catch me. You've been 5 nearer caught yourself.

ALICK. Yes, Kitty Menzies, David.

DAVID *(feeling himself under the umbrella)*. It was a kind of a shave that.

ALICK *(who knows all that is to be known about 10 women and can speak of them without a tremor)*. It's a curious thing, but a man cannot help winking when he hears that one of his friends has been caught.

DAVID. That's so. 15

JAMES *(clinging to his manhood)*. And fear of that wink is what has kept the two of us single men. And yet what's the glory of being single?

DAVID. There's no particular glory in it, but it's safe. 20

JAMES *(putting away his aspirations)*. Yes, it's lonely, but it's safe. But who did you mean the poetry for, then?

DAVID. For Maggie, of course.

(You don't know DAVID and JAMES till you 25 know how they love their sister MAGGIE.)

ALICK. I thought that.

DAVID *(coming to the second point of his statement about Love)*. I saw her reading poetry and saying

those words over to herself.

JAMES. She has such a poetical mind.

DAVID. Love. There's no doubt as that's what Maggie has set her heart on. And not merely love,
5 but one of those grand noble loves; for though Maggie is undersized she has a passion for romance.

JAMES (*wandering miserably about the room*). It's terrible not to be able to give Maggie what her heart is set on.

10 (*The others never pay much attention to JAMES, though he is quite a smart figure in less important houses.*)

ALICK (*violently*). Those idiots of men.

DAVID. Father, did you tell her who had got
15 the minister of Galashiels?

ALICK (*wagging his head sadly*). I had to tell her. And then I—I—bought her a sealskin muff, and I just slipped it into her hands and came away.

JAMES (*illustrating the sense of justice in the*
20 *Wylie family*). Of course, to be fair to the man, he never pretended he wanted her.

DAVID. None of them wants her; that's what depresses her. I was thinking, father, I would buy her that gold watch and chain in Snibby's
25 window. She hankers after it.

JAMES (*slapping his pocket*). You're too late, David; I've got them for her.

DAVID. It's ill done of the minister. Many a pound of steak has that man had in this house.

ALICK. You mind the slippers she worked for him?

JAMES. I mind them fine; she began them for William Cathro. She's getting on in years, too,
though she looks so young. 5

ALICK. I never can make up my mind, David, whether her curls make her look younger or older.

DAVID (*determinedly*). Younger. Whisht! I hear her winding the clock. Mind, not a word about the minister to her, James. Don't even
10 mention religion this day.

JAMES. Would it be like me to do such a thing?

DAVID. It would be very like you. And there's that other matter: say not a syllable about our having a reason for sitting up late to-night. When
15 she says it's bed-time, just all pretend we're not sleepy.

ALICK. Exactly, and when—

(*Here MAGGIE enters, and all three are suddenly engrossed in the dambrod. We could*
20 *describe MAGGIE at great length. But what is the use? What you really want to know is whether she was good-looking. No, she was not. Enter MAGGIE, who is not good-looking. When this is said, all is said. Enter MAGGIE,*
25 *as it were, with her throat cut from ear to ear. She has a soft Scotch voice and a more resolute manner than is perhaps fitting to her plainness; and she stops short at sight of*

JAMES *sprawling unconsciously in the company chair.*)

MAGGIE. James, I wouldn't sit on the fine chair.

JAMES. I forgot again.

5 *(But he wishes she had spoken more sharply. Even profanation of the fine chair has not roused her. She takes up her knitting, and they all suspect that she knows what they have been talking about.)*

10 MAGGIE. You're late, David, it's nearly bed-time.

DAVID *(finding the subject a safe one).* I was kept late at the public meeting.

ALICK *(glad to get so far away from Galashiels).* Was it a good meeting?

15 DAVID. Fairish. *(With some heat.)* That young John Shand *would* make a speech.

MAGGIE. John Shand? Is that the student Shand?

20 DAVID. The same. It's true he's a student at Glasgow University in the winter months, but in summer he's just the railway porter here; and I think it's very presumptuous of a young lad like that to make a speech when he hasn't a penny to bless himself with.

25 ALICK. The Shands were always an impudent family, and jealous. I suppose that's the reason they haven't been on speaking terms with us this six years. Was it a good speech?

DAVID *(illustrating the family's generosity).* It

was very fine; but he needn't have made fun of *me*.

MAGGIE *(losing a stitch).* He dared?

DAVID *(depressed).* You see I can *not* get started on a speech without saying things like 'In rising *for* to make a few remarks.' 5

JAMES. What's wrong with it?

DAVID. He mimicked me, and said 'Will our worthy chairman come for to go for to answer my questions?' and so on; and they roared.

JAMES *(slapping his money pocket).* The sacket. 10

DAVID. I did feel bitterly, father, the want of education. *(Without knowing it, he has a beautiful way of pronouncing this noble word.)*

MAGGIE *(holding out a kind hand to him).* David.

ALICK. I've missed it sore, David. Even now 15 I feel the want of it in the very marrow of me. I'm shamed to think I never gave you your chance. But when you were young I was so desperate poor, how could I do it, Maggie?

MAGGIE. It wasn't possible, father. 20

ALICK *(gazing at the book-shelves).* To be able to understand these books! To up with them one at a time and scrape them as clean as though they were a bowl of brose. Lads, it's not to riches, it's to scholarship that I make my humble 25 bow.

JAMES *(who is good at bathos).* There's ten yards of them. And they were selected by the minister of Galashiels. He said—

DAVID (*quickly*). James.

JAMES. I mean—I mean—

MAGGIE (*calmly*). I suppose you mean what you say, James. I hear, David, that the minister of
5 Galashiels is to be married on that Miss Turnbull.

DAVID (*on guard*). So they were saying.

ALICK. All I can say is she has made a poor bargain.

MAGGIE (*the damned*). I wonder at you, father.
10 He's a very nice gentleman. I'm sure I hope he has chosen wisely.

JAMES. Not him.

MAGGIE (*getting near her tragedy*). How can you say that when you don't know her? I expect she
15 is full of charm.

ALICK. Charm? It's the very word he used.

DAVID. Havering idiot.

ALICK. What *is* charm, exactly, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Oh, it's—it's a sort of bloom on a
20 woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none.

25 (*Somehow she has stopped knitting. Her men-folk are very depressed. JAMES brings his fist down on the table with a bang.*)

JAMES (*shouting*). I have a sister that has charm.

MAGGIE. No, James, you haven't.

JAMES (*rushing at her with the watch and chain*).
Ha'e, Maggie.

(*She lets them lie in her lap.*)

DAVID. Maggie, would you like a silk?

MAGGIE. What could I do with a silk? (*With* 5
a gust of passion.) You might as well dress up a little brown hen.

(*They wriggle miserably.*)

JAMES (*stamping*). Bring him here to me.

MAGGIE. Bring whom, James? 10

JAMES. David, I would be obliged if you wouldn't kick me beneath the table.

MAGGIE (*rising*). Let's be practical; let's go to our beds.

(*This reminds them that they have a job on* 15
hand in which she is not to share.)

DAVID (*slily*). I don't feel very sleepy yet.

ALICK. Nor me either.

JAMES. You've taken the very words out of my mouth. 20

DAVID (*with unusual politeness*). Good-night to you, Maggie.

MAGGIE (*fixing the three of them*). All of you unsleepy, when, as is well known, ten o'clock is your regular bed-time? 25

JAMES. Yes, it's common knowledge that we go to our beds at ten. (*Chuckling.*) That's what we're counting on.

MAGGIE. Counting on?

DAVID. You stupid whelp.

JAMES. What have I done?

MAGGIE (*folding her arms*). There's something up. You've got to tell me, David.

5 DAVID (*who knows when he is beaten*). Go out and watch, James.

MAGGIE. Watch?

(JAMES *takes himself off, armed, as MAGGIE notices, with a stick.*)

10 DAVID (*in his alert business way*). Maggie, there are burglars about.

MAGGIE. Burglars? (*She sits rigid, but she is not the kind to scream.*)

DAVID. We hadn't meant for to tell you till we
15 nabbed them; but they've been in this room twice of late. We sat up last night waiting for them, and we're to sit up again to-night.

MAGGIE. The silver plate.

DAVID. It's all safe as yet. That makes us
20 think that they were either frightened away these other times, or that they are coming back for to make a clean sweep.

MAGGIE. How did you get to know about this?

DAVID. It was on Tuesday that the polissman
25 called at the quarry with a very queer story. He had seen a man climbing out at this window at ten past two.

MAGGIE. Did he chase him?

DAVID. It was so dark he lost sight of him at

once.

ALICK. Tell her about the window.

DAVID. We've found out that the catch of the window has been pushed back by slipping the blade of a knife between the wood-work. 5

MAGGIE. David.

ALICK. The polissman said he was carrying a little carpet bag.

MAGGIE. The silver plate *is* gone.

DAVID. No, no. We were thinking that very
10 likely he has bunches of keys in the bag.

MAGGIE. Or weapons.

DAVID. As for that, we have some pretty stout weapons ourselves in the umbrella stand. So, if you'll go to your bed, Maggie— 15

MAGGIE. Me? and my brothers in danger.

ALICK. There's just one of them.

MAGGIE. The polissman just saw one.

DAVID (*licking his palms*). I would be very pleased if there were three of them. 20

MAGGIE. I watch with you. I would be very pleased if there were four of them.

DAVID. And they say she has no charm!

(JAMES *returns on tiptoe as if the burglars were beneath the table. He signs to every one
25 to breathe no more, and then whispers his news.*)

JAMES. He's there. I had no sooner gone out than I saw him sliding down the garden wall,

close to the rhubarbs.

ALICK. What's he like?

JAMES. He's an ugly customer. That's all I could see. There was a little carpet bag in his
5 hand.

DAVID. That's him.

JAMES. He slunk into the rhodydendrons, and he's there now, watching the window.

DAVID. We have him. Out with the light. (*The
10 room is beautified by a chandelier fitted for three gas jets, but with the advance of progress one of these has been removed and the incandescent light put in its place. This alone is lit. ALICK climbs a chair, pulls a little chain, and the room is now but vaguely lit by
15 the fire. It plays fitfully on four sparkling faces.*)

MAGGIE. Do you think he saw you, James?

JAMES. I couldn't say, but in any case I was
20 too clever for him. I looked up at the stars, and yawned loud at them as if I was tremendous sleepy. (*There is a long pause during which they are lurking in the shadows. At last they hear some movement, and they steal like ghosts
25 from the room. We see DAVID turning out the lobby light; then the door closes and an empty room awaits the intruder with a shudder of expectancy. The window opens and shuts as softly as if this were a mother peering in to*

*see whether her baby is asleep. Then the head of a man shows between the curtains. The remainder of him follows. He is carrying a little carpet bag. He stands irresolute; what
5 puzzles him evidently is that the Wylies should have retired to rest without lifting that piece of coal off the fire. He opens the door and peeps into the lobby, listening to the wag-at-the-wall clock. All seems serene, and he turns on the
10 light. We see him clearly now. He is JOHN SHAND, age twenty-one, boots muddy, as an indignant carpet can testify. He wears a shabby topcoat and a cockerty bonnet; otherwise he is in the well-worn corduroys of a railway porter. His movements, at first stealthy,
15 become almost homely as he feels that he is secure. He opens the bag and takes out a bunch of keys, a small paper parcel, and a black implement that may be a burglar's jemmy. This cool customer examines the fire and
20 piles on more coals. With the keys he opens the door of the bookcase, selects two large volumes, and brings them to the table. He takes off his topcoat and opens his parcel, which we now see contains sheets of foolscap
25 paper. His next action shows that the 'jemmy' is really a ruler. He knows where the pen and ink are kept. He pulls the fine chair nearer to the table, sits on it, and proceeds*

to write, occasionally dotting the carpet with ink as he stabs the air with his pen. He is so occupied that he does not see the door opening, and the Wylie family staring at him. They are armed with sticks.)

5 ALICK (*at last*). When you're ready, John Shand. (*JOHN hints back, and then has the grace to rise, dogged and expressionless.*)

JAMES (*like a railway porter*). Ticket, please.

10 DAVID. You can't think of anything clever for to go for to say now, John.

MAGGIE. I hope you find that chair comfortable, young man.

JOHN. I have no complaint to make against the
15 chair.

ALICK (*who is really distressed*). A native of the town. The disgrace to your family. I feel pity for the Shands this night.

JOHN (*glowering*). I'll thank you, Mr. Wylie,
20 not to pity my family.

JAMES. Canny, canny.

MAGGIE (*that sense of justice again*). I think you should let the young man explain. It mayn't be so bad as we thought.

25 DAVID. Explain away, my billie.

JOHN. Only the uneducated would need an explanation. I'm a student, (*with a little passion*) and I'm desperate for want of books. You have all I want here; no use to you but for display;

well, I came here to study. I come twice weekly. (*Amazement of his hosts.*)

DAVID (*who is the first to recover*). By the window.

JOHN. Do you think a Shand would so far lower
5 himself as to enter your door? Well, is it a case for the police?

JAMES. It is.

MAGGIE (*not so much out of the goodness of her heart as to patronise the Shands*). It seems to me
10 it's a case for us all to go to our beds and leave the young man to study; but not on that chair. (*And she wheels the chair away from him.*)

JOHN. Thank you, Miss Maggie, but I couldn't
15 be beholden to you.

JAMES. My opinion is that he's nobody, so out with him.

JOHN. Yes, out with me. And you'll be cheered to hear I'm likely to be a nobody for a long
20 time to come.

DAVID (*who had been beginning to respect him*).
Are you a poor scholar?

JOHN. On the contrary, I'm a brilliant scholar.

DAVID. It's siller, then?

JOHN (*glorified by experiences he has shared with
25 many a gallant soul*). My first year at college I lived on a barrel of potatoes, and we had just a sofa-bed between two of us; when the one lay down the other had to get up. Do you think it

was hardship? It was sublime. But this year I can't afford it. I'll have to stay on here, collecting the tickets of the illiterate, such as you, when I might be with Romulus and Remus among the stars.

JAMES (*summing up*). Havers.

DAVID (*in whose head some design is vaguely taking shape*). Whisht, James. I must say, young lad, I like your spirit. Now tell me, what's your professors' opinion of your future.

JOHN. They think me a young man of extraordinary promise.

DAVID. You have a name here for high moral character.

JOHN. And justly.

DAVID. Are you serious-minded?

JOHN. I never laughed in my life.

DAVID. Who do you sit under in Glasgow?

JOHN. Mr. Flemister of the Sauchiehall High.

DAVID. Are you a Sabbath-school teacher?

JOHN. I am.

DAVID. One more question. Are you promised?

JOHN. To a lady?

DAVID. Yes.

JOHN. I've never given one of them a single word of encouragement. I'm too much occupied thinking about my career.

DAVID. So. (*He reflects, and finally indicates by a jerk of the head that he wishes to talk with his*

father behind the door.)

JAMES (*longingly*). Do you want me too?

(*But they go out without even answering him.*)

MAGGIE. I don't know what maggot they have in their heads, but sit down, young man, till they come back.

JOHN. My name's Mr. Shand, and till I'm called that I decline to sit down again in this house.

MAGGIE. Then I'm thinking, young sir, you'll have a weary wait.

(*While he waits you can see how pinched his face is. He is little more than a boy, and he seldom has enough to eat. DAVID and ALICK return presently, looking as sly as if they had been discussing some move on the dambrod, as indeed they have.*)

DAVID (*suddenly become genial*). Sit down, Mr. Shand, and pull in your chair. You'll have a thimbleful of something to keep the cold out? (*Briskly.*) Glasses, Maggie.

(*She wonders, but gets glasses and decanter from the sideboard, which JAMES calls the chiffy. DAVID and ALICK, in the most friendly manner, also draw up to the table.*)

You're not a totaller, I hope?

JOHN (*guardedly*). I'm practically a totaller.

DAVID. So are we. How do you take it? Is there any hot water, Maggie?

JOHN. If I take it at all, and I haven't made up

my mind yet, I'll take it cold.

DAVID. You'll take it hot, James?

JAMES (*also sitting at the table but completely befogged*). No, I—

5 DAVID (*decisively*). I think you'll take it hot, James.

JAMES (*sulking*). I'll take it hot.

DAVID. The kettle, Maggie.

10 (*JAMES has evidently to take it hot so that they can get at the business now on hand, while MAGGIE goes kitchenward for the kettle.*)

ALICK. Now, David, quick, before she comes back.

DAVID. Mr. Shand, we have an offer to make you.

JOHN (*warningly*). No patronage.

15 ALICK. It's strictly a business affair.

DAVID. Leave it to me, father. It's this— (*But to his annoyance the suspicious MAGGIE has already returned with the kettle.*) Maggie, don't you see that you're not wanted?

20 MAGGIE (*sitting down by the fire and resuming her knitting*). I do, David.

DAVID. I have a proposition to put before Mr. Shand, and women are out of place in business transactions.

25 (*The needles continue to click.*)

ALICK (*sighing*). We'll have to let her bide, David.

DAVID (*sternly*). Woman. (*But even this does not budge her.*) Very well then, sit there, but don't

interfere, mind. Mr. Shand, we're willing, the three of us, to lay out £300 on your education if—

JOHN. Take care.

DAVID (*slowly, which is not his wont*). On condition that five years from now, Maggie Wylie, if 5 still unmarried, can claim to marry you, should such be her wish; the thing to be perfectly open on her side, but you to be strictly tied down.

JAMES (*enlightened*). So, so.

DAVID (*resuming his smart manner*). Now, what 10 have you to say? Decide.

JOHN (*after a pause*). I regret to say—

MAGGIE. It doesn't matter what he regrets to say, because I decide against it. And I think it was very ill-done of you to make any such proposal. 15

DAVID (*without looking at her*). Quiet, Maggie.

JOHN (*looking at her*). I must say, Miss Maggie, I don't see what reasons *you* can have for being so set against it.

MAGGIE. If you would grow a beard, Mr. Shand, 20 the reasons wouldn't be quite so obvious.

JOHN. I'll never grow a beard.

MAGGIE. Then you're done for at the start.

ALICK. Come, come.

MAGGIE. Seeing I have refused the young man— 25

JOHN. Refused!

DAVID. That's no reason why we shouldn't have his friendly opinion. Your objections, Mr. Shand?

JOHN. Simply, it's a one-sided bargain. I admit I'm no catch at present; but what could a man of my abilities not soar to with three hundred pounds? Something far above what she could
5 aspire to.

MAGGIE. Oh, indeed.

DAVID. The position is that without the three hundred you can't soar.

JOHN. You have me there.

10 MAGGIE. Yes, but—

ALLIC. You see *you're* safe-guarded, Maggie; you don't need to take him unless you like, but he has to take you.

JOHN. That's an unfair arrangement also.

15 MAGGIE. I wouldn't dream of it without that condition.

JOHN. Then you *are* thinking of it?

MAGGIE. Poof.

DAVID. It's a good arrangement for you, Mr.
20 Shand. The chances are you'll never have to go on with it, for in all probability she'll marry soon.

JAMES. She's tremendous run after.

JOHN. Even if that's true, it's just keeping me in reserve in case she misses doing better.

25 DAVID (*relieved*). That's the situation in a nutshell.

JOHN. Another thing. Supposing I was to get fond of her?

ALICK (*wistfully*). It's very likely.

JOHN. Yes, and then suppose she was to give me the go-by?

DAVID. You have to risk that.

JOHN. Or take it the other way. Supposing as I got to know her I *could not* endure her? 5

DAVID (*suavely*). You have both to take risks.

JAMES (*less suavely*). What you need, John Shand, is a clout on the head.

JOHN. Three hundred pounds is no great sum.

DAVID. You can take it or leave it. 10

ALICK. No great sum for a student studying for the ministry!

JOHN. Do you think that with that amount of money I would stop short at being a minister?

DAVID. That's how I like to hear you speak. 15
A young Scotsman of your ability let loose upon the world with £300, what could he not do? It's almost appalling to think of; especially if he went among the English.

JOHN. What do you think, Miss Maggie? 20

MAGGIE (*who is knitting*). I have no thoughts on the subject either way.

JOHN (*after looking her over*). What's her age? She looks young, but they say it's the curls that does it. 25

DAVID (*rather happily*). She's one of those women who are eternally young.

JOHN. I can't take that for an answer.

DAVID. She's twenty-five.

JOHN. I'm just twenty-one.

JAMES. I read in a book that about four years' difference in the ages is the ideal thing. (*As usual he is disregarded.*)

5 DAVID. Well, Mr. Shand?

JOHN (*where is his mother!*). I'm willing if she's willing?

DAVID. Maggie?

10 MAGGIE. There can be no 'if' about it. It must be an offer.

JOHN. A Shand give a Wylie such a chance to humiliate him? Never.

MAGGIE. Then all is off.

DAVID. Come, come, Mr. Shand, it's just a form.

15 JOHN (*reluctantly*). Miss Maggie, will you?

MAGGIE (*doggedly*). Is it an offer?

JOHN (*dourly*). Yes.

MAGGIE (*rising*). Before I answer I want first to give you a chance of drawing back.

20 DAVID. Maggie.

MAGGIE (*bravely*). When they said that I have been run after they were misleading you. I'm without charm; nobody has ever been after me.

JOHN. Oho!

25 ALICK. They will be yet.

JOHN (*the innocent*). It shows at least that you haven't been after them.

(*His hosts exchange a self-conscious glance.*)

MAGGIE. One thing more; David said I'm

twenty-five, I'm twenty-six.

JOHN. Aha!

MAGGIE. Now be practical. Do you withdraw from the bargain, or do you not?

JOHN (*on reflection*). It's a bargain. 5

MAGGIE. Then so be it.

DAVID (*hurriedly*). And that's settled. Did you say you would take it hot, Mr. Shand?

JOHN. I think I'll take it neat.

(*The others decide to take it hot, and there is some careful business here with the toddy ladles.*) 10

ALICK. Here's to you, and your career.

JOHN. Thank you. To you, Miss Maggie. Had we not better draw up a legal document? Law- 15 yer Crosbie could do it on the quiet.

DAVID. Should we do that, or should we just trust to one another's honour?

ALICK (*gallantly*). Let Maggie decide.

MAGGIE. I think we would better have a legal 20 document.

DAVID. We'll have it drawn up to-morrow. I was thinking the best way would be for to pay the money in five yearly instalments.

JOHN. I was thinking, better bank the whole 25 sum in my name at once.

ALICK. I think David's plan's the best.

JOHN. I think not. Of course if it's not convenient to you—

DAVID (*touched to the quick*). It's perfectly convenient. What do you say, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I agree with John.

DAVID (*with an odd feeling that Maggie is now on the other side*). Very well.

JOHN. Then as that's settled I think I'll be stepping. (*He is putting his papers back in the bag.*)

ALICK (*politely*). If you would like to sit on at your books—

JOHN. As I can come at any orra time now I think I'll be stepping. (*MAGGIE helps him into his topcoat.*)

MAGGIE. Have you a muffler, John?

JOHN. I have. (*He gets it from his pocket.*)

MAGGIE. You had better put it twice round. (*She does this for him.*)

DAVID. Well good-night to you, Mr. Shand.

ALICK. And good luck.

JOHN. Thank you. The same to you. And I'll cry in at your office in the morning before the 6.20 is due.

DAVID. I'll have the document ready for you. (*There is the awkward pause that sometimes follows great events.*) I think, Maggie, you might see Mr.

Shand to the door.

MAGGIE. Certainly. (*JOHN is going by the window.*) This way, John.

(*She takes him off by the more usual exit.*)

DAVID. He's a fine frank fellow; and you saw

how cleverly he got the better of me about banking the money. (*As the heads of the conspirators come gleefully together.*) I tell you, father, he has a grand business head.

ALICK. Lads, he's canny. He's cannier than any of us.

JAMES. Except maybe Maggie. He has no idea what a remarkable woman Maggie is.

ALICK. Best he shouldn't know. Men are nervous of remarkable women.

JAMES. She's a long time in coming back.

DAVID (*not quite comfortable*). It's a good sign. H'sh. What sort of a night is it, Maggie?

MAGGIE. It's a little blowy.

(*She gets a large dust-cloth which is lying folded on a shelf, and proceeds to spread it over the fine chair. The men exchange self-conscious glances.*)

DAVID (*stretching himself*). Yes—well, well, oh yes. It's getting late. What is it with you, father?

ALICK. I'm ten forty-two.

JAMES. I'm ten forty.

DAVID. Ten forty-two.

(*They wind up their watches.*)

MAGGIE. It's high time we were bedded. (*She puts her hands on their shoulders lovingly, which is the very thing they have been trying to avoid.*) You're very kind to me.

DAVID. Havers.

ALICK. Havers.

JAMES (*but this does not matter*). Havers.

MAGGIE (*a little dolefully*). I'm a sort of sorry for the young man, David.

5 DAVID. Not at all. You'll be the making of him. (*She lifts the two volumes.*) Are you taking the books to your bed, Maggie?

10 MAGGIE. Yes. I don't want him to know things I don't know myself.

(*She departs with the books; and ALICK and DAVID, the villains, now want to get away from each other.*)

15 ALICK. Yes—yes. Oh yes—ay, man—it is so—umpha. You'll lift the big coals off, David.

(*He wanders away to his spring mattress.*)

DAVID *removes the coals.*)

JAMES (*who would like to sit down and have an*
20 *argy-bargy*). It's a most romantical affair. (*But he gets no answer.*) I wonder how it'll turn out? (*No answer.*) She's queer, Maggie. I wonder how some clever writer has never noticed how queer women are. It's my belief you could write
25 a whole book about them. (*DAVID remains obdurate.*) It was very noble of her to tell him she's twenty-six. (*Muttering as he too wanders away.*) But I thought she was twenty-seven.

(*DAVID turns out the light.*)



II

Six years have elapsed and John Shand's great hour has come. Perhaps his great hour really lies ahead of him, perhaps he had it six years ago; it often passes us by in the night with such a faint call that we don't even turn in our beds. But according to the 5
trumpets this is John's great hour; it is the hour for which he has long been working with his coat off; and now the coat is on again (broadcloth but ill-fitting), for there is no more to do but await results. He is standing for Parliament, and this is election 10
night.

As the scene discloses itself you get, so to speak, one of John Shand's posters in the face. Vote for Shand, Shand, Shand, Shand. Civil and Religious Liberty, Faith, Hope, Freedom. They are all fly-blown names 15
for Shand. Have a placard about Shand, have a hundred placards about him, it is snowing Shand tonight in Glasgow; take the paste out of your eye, and you will see that we are in one of Shand's committee rooms. It has been a hairdresser's emporium, but 20
Shand, Shand, Shand has swept through it like a wind, leaving nothing but the fixture; why shave, why have your head doused in those basins when you can be brushed and scraped and washed up for ever by simply voting for Shand? 25

There are a few hard chairs for yelling Shand from, and then rushing away. There is an iron spiral staircase that once led to the ladies' hair-dressing apartments, but now leads to more Shand, Shand, Shand. A glass door at the back opens on to the shop proper, screaming Civil and Religious Liberty, Shand, as it opens, and beyond is the street crammed with still more Shand pro and con. Men in every sort of garb rush in and out, up and down the stair, shouting the magic word. Then there is a lull, and down the stair comes Maggie Wylie, decidedly over-dressed in blue velvet and (let us get this over) less good-looking than ever. She raises her hands to heaven, she spins round like a little teetotum. To her from the street, suffering from a determination of the word Shand to the mouth, rush Alick and David. Alick is thinner (being older), David is stouter (being older), and they are both in tweeds and silk hats.

MAGGIE. David—have they—is he? quick, quick!

DAVID. There's no news yet, no news. It's terrible.

(The teetotum revolves more quickly.)

ALICK. For God's sake. Maggie, sit down.

MAGGIE. I can't, I can't.

DAVID. Hold her down.

(They press her into a chair; JAMES darts in, stouter also. His necktie has gone; he will never again be able to attend a funeral in

that hat.)

JAMES (wildly). John Shand's the man for you. John Shand's the man for you. John Shand's the man for you.

DAVID (clutching him). Have you heard anything?

JAMES. Not a word.

ALICK. Look at her.

DAVID. Maggie (he goes on his knees beside her, pressing her to him in affectionate anxiety). It was mad of him to dare.

MAGGIE. It was grand of him.

ALICK (moving about distraught). Insane ambition.

MAGGIE. Glorious ambition.

DAVID. Maggie, Maggie, my lamb, best be prepared for the worst.

MAGGIE (husky). I am prepared.

ALICK. Six weary years has she waited for this night.

MAGGIE. Six brave years has John toiled for this night.

JAMES. And you could have had him, Maggie, at the end of five. The document says five.

MAGGIE. Do you think I grudge not being married to him yet? Was I to hamper him till the fight was won.

DAVID (with wrinkled brows). But if it's lost?

(She can't answer.)

ALICK (starting). What's that?

(The three listen at the door; the shouting dies down.)

DAVID. They're terrible still; what can make them so still?

5 *(JAMES spirits himself away. ALICK and DAVID blanch to hear MAGGIE speaking softly as if to JOHN.)*

MAGGIE. Did you say you had lost, John? Of course you would lose the first time, dear John.
10 Six years. Very well, we'll begin another six to-night. You'll win yet. *(Fiercely.)* Never give in, John, never give in!

(The roar of the multitude breaks out again and comes rolling nearer.)

15 DAVID. I think he's coming.

(JAMES is fired into the room like a squeezed onion.)

JAMES. He's coming!

20 *(They may go on speaking, but through the clang outside none could hear. The populace seem to be trying to take the committee room by assault. Out of the scrimmage a man emerges dishevelled and bursts into the room, closing the door behind him. It is JOHN SHAND in a five guinea suit, including the hat. There*
25 *are other changes in him also, for he has been delving his way through loamy ground all those years. His right shoulder, which he used to raise to pound a path through the*

crowd, now remains permanently in that position. His mouth tends to close like a box. His eyes are tired, they need some one to pull the lids over them and send him to sleep for a week. But they are honest eyes still, and
5 *faithful, and could even light up his face at times with a smile, if the mouth would give a little help.*

JOHN *(clinging to a chair that he may not fly straight to heaven)*. I'm in; I'm elected. Majority
10 two hundred and forty-four; I'm John Shand, M.P.

(The crowd have the news by this time and their roar breaks the door open. JAMES is off at once to tell them that he is to be Shand's brother-in-law. A teardrop clings to ALICK'S
15 *nose; DAVID hits out playfully at JOHN, and JOHN in an ecstasy returns the blow.)*

DAVID. Fling yourself at the door, father, and bar them out. Maggie, what keeps you so quiet
now?
20

MAGGIE *(weak in her limbs)*. You're sure you're in, John.

JOHN. Majority 244. I've beaten the baronet. I've done it, Maggie, and not a soul to help me; I've done it alone. *(His voice breaks; you could*
25 *almost pick up the pieces.)* I'm as hoarse as a crow, and I have to address the Cowcaddens Club yet; David, pump some oxygen into me.

DAVID. Certainly, Mr. Shand. *(While he does*

it, MAGGIE *is seeing visions.*)

ALICK. What are you doing, Maggie?

MAGGIE. This is the House of Commons, and I'm John, catching the Speaker's eye for the first
5 time. Do you see a queer little old wife sitting
away up there in the Ladies' Gallery? That's
me. Mr. Speaker, sir, I rise to make my historic
maiden speech. I am no orator, sir; voice from
Ladies' Gallery, 'Are you not, John? you'll soon
10 let them see that'; cries of 'Silence, woman,' and
general indignation. Mr. Speaker, sir, I stand here
diffidently with my eyes on the Treasury Bench;
voice from the Ladies' Gallery, 'And you'll soon
have your coat-tails on it, John'; loud cries of
15 'Remove that little old wife,' in which she is
forcibly ejected, and the honourable gentleman
resumes his seat in a torrent of admiring applause.

(ALICK and DAVID *waggle their proud heads.*)

JOHN (*tolerantly*). Maggie, Maggie.

20 MAGGIE. You're not angry with me, John?

JOHN. No, no.

MAGGIE. But you glowered.

JOHN. I was thinking of Sir Peregrine. Just
because I beat him at the poll he took a shabby
25 revenge; he congratulated me in French, a lan-
guage I haven't taken the trouble to master.

MAGGIE (*becoming a little taller*). Would it help
you, John, if you were to marry a woman that
could speak French?

DAVID (*quickly*). Not at all.

MAGGIE (*gloriously*). Mon cher Jean, laissez-moi
parler le francais, voulez-vous un interprète?

JOHN. Hullo!

MAGGIE. Je suis la sœur française de mes deux 5
frères écossais.

DAVID (*worshipping her*). She's been learning
French.

JOHN (*lightly*). Well done.

MAGGIE (*grandly*). They're arriving. 10

ALICK. Who?

MAGGIE. Our guests. This is London, and Mrs.
John Shand is giving her first reception. (*Airily.*)
Have I told you, darling, who are coming to-
night? There's that dear Sir Peregrine. (*To* 15
ALICK.) Sir Peregrine, this *is* a pleasure. Avez-
vous. . . . So sorry we beat you at the poll.

JOHN. I'm doubting the baronet would sit on
you, Maggie.

MAGGIE. I've invited a lord to sit on the baron- 20
et. *Voilà!*

DAVID (*delighted*). You thing! You'll find the
lords expensive.

MAGGIE. Just a little cheap lord. (JAMES *enters*
importantly.) My dear Lord Cheap, this is kind 25
of you.

(JAMES *hopes that Maggie's reason is not*
unbalanced.)

DAVID (*who really ought to have had education*).

How de doo, Cheap?

JAMES (*bewildered*). Maggie—

MAGGIE. Yes, do call me Maggie.

ALICK (*grinning*). She's practising her first party,

5 James. The swells are at the door.

JAMES (*heavily*). That's what I came to say.
They *are* at the door.

JOHN. Who?

JAMES. The swells; a carriage and pair. (*He*
10 *gives JOHN three cards.*)

JOHN. 'Mr. Tenterden.'

DAVID. Him that was speaking for you?

JOHN. The same. He's a whip and an Honour-
able. 'Lady Sybil Tenterden.' (*Frowns.*) Her!
15 She's his sister.

MAGGIE. A married woman?

JOHN. No. 'The Comtesse de la Brière.'

MAGGIE (*the scholar*). She must be French.

JOHN. Yes; I think she's some relation. She's
20 a widow.

JAMES. But what am I to say to them? (*'Mr. Shand's compliments, and he will be proud to receive them' is the very least that the Wylies expect.*)

JOHN (*who was evidently made for great ends*).
25 Say I'm very busy, but if they care to wait I hope presently to give them a few minutes.

JAMES (*thunderstruck*). Good God, Mr. Shand!
(*But it makes him John's more humble servant than ever, and he departs with the message.*)

JOHN (*not unaware of the sensation he has created*).
I'll go up and let the crowd see me from the window.

MAGGIE. But—but—what are we to do with these ladies?
5

JOHN (*as he tramps upwards*). It's your reception, Maggie; this will prove you.

MAGGIE (*growing smaller*). Tell me what you know about this Lady Sybil?

JOHN. The only thing I know about her is that
10 she thinks me vulgar.

MAGGIE. You?

JOHN. She has attended some of my meetings, and I'm told she said that.

MAGGIE. What could the woman mean?
15

JOHN. I wonder. When I come down I'll ask her.

(*With his departure Maggie's nervousness increases.*)

ALICK (*encouragingly*). In at them, Maggie, with
20 your French.

MAGGIE. It's all slipping from me, father.

DAVID (*gloomily*). I'm sure to say 'for to come for to go.'

(*The new-comers glorify the room, and MAGGIE*
25 *feels that they have lifted her up with the tongs and deposited her in one of the basins. They are far from intending to be rude; it is not their fault that thus do swans scatter the ducks.*)

They do not know that they are guests of the family, they think merely that they are waiting with other strangers in a public room; they undulate enquiringly, and if MAGGIE *could undulate in return she would have no cause for offence. But she suddenly realises that this is an art as yet denied her, and that though David might buy her evening gowns as fine as theirs (and is at this moment probably deciding to do so), she would look better carrying them in her arms than on her person. She also feels that to emerge from wraps as they are doing is more difficult than to plank your money on the counter for them. The Comtesse she could forgive, for she is old; but Lady Sybil is young and beautiful and comes lazily to rest like a stately ship of Tarsus.)*

COMTESSE (*smiling divinely, and speaking with such a pretty accent*). I hope one is not in the way. We were told we might wait.

MAGGIE (*bravely climbing out of the basin*). Certainly—I am sure—if you will be so—it is—

(*She knows that David and her father are very sorry for her.*)

(*A high voice is heard orating outside.*)

SYBIL (*screwing her nose deliciously*). He is at it again, Auntie.

COMTESSE. Mon Dieu! (*Like one begging par-*

don of the universe.) It is Mr. Tenterden, you understand, making one more of his delightful speeches to the crowd. *Would you be so charming as to shut the door?*

(*This to DAVID in such appeal that she is evidently making the petition of her life. DAVID saves her.*)

MAGGIE (*determined not to go under*). J'espère que vous—trouvez—cette—réunion—intéressante?

COMTESSE. Vous parlez français? Mais c'est charmant! Voyons, causons un peu. Racontez-moi tout de ce grand homme, toutes les choses merveilleuses qu'il a faites.

MAGGIE. I—I—Je connais—(*Alas!*)

COMTESSE (*naughtily*). Forgive me, Mademoiselle, I thought you spoke French.

SYBIL (*who knows that DAVID admires her shoulders*). How wicked of you, Auntie. (*To MAGGIE.*) I assure you none of us can understand her when she gallops at that pace.

MAGGIE (*crushed*). It doesn't matter. I will tell Mr. Shand that you are here.

SYBIL (*drawling*). Please don't trouble him. We are really only waiting till my brother recovers and can take us back to our hotel.

MAGGIE. I'll tell him.

(*She is glad to disappear up the stair.*)

COMTESSE. The lady seems distressed. Is she a relation of Mr. Shand?

DAVID. Not for to say a relation. She's my sister. Our name is Wylie.

(But granite quarries are nothing to them.)

COMTESSE. How do you do? You are the committee man of Mr. Shand?

DAVID. No, just friends.

COMTESSE *(gaily to the basins)*. Aha! I know you. Next, please! Sybil, do you weigh yourself, or are you asleep?

10 (LADY SYBIL *has sunk indolently into a weighing-chair.*)

SYBIL. Not quite, Auntie.

COMTESSE *(the mirror of la politesse)*. Tell me all about Mr. Shand. Was it here that he—picked up the pin?

DAVID. The pin?

COMTESSE. As *I* have read, a self-made man always begins by picking up a pin. After that, as the memoirs say, his rise was rapid.

20 (DAVID, *however, is once more master of himself, and indeed has begun to tot up the cost of their garments.*)

DAVID. It wasn't a pin he picked up, my lady; it was £300.

25 ALICK *(who feels that JOHN'S greatness has been outside the conversation quite long enough)*. And his rise wasn't so rapid, just at first, David!

DAVID. He had his fight. His original intention was to become a minister; he's university educated,

you know; he's not a working-man member.

ALICK *(with reverence)*. He's an M.A. But while he was a student he got a place in an iron cementer's business.

COMTESSE *(now far out of her depths)*. Iron cementer?

DAVID. They scrape boilers.

COMTESSE. I see. The fun men have, Sybil!

DAVID *(with some solemnity)*. There have been millions made in scraping boilers. They say, father, he went into business so as to be able to pay off the £300.

ALICK *(slily)*. So I've heard.

COMTESSE. Aha—it was a loan?

(DAVID and ALICK *are astride their great subject now.*)

DAVID. No, a gift—of a sort—from some well-wishers. But they wouldn't hear of his paying it off, father!

ALICK. Not them!

COMTESSE *(restraining an impulse to think of other things)*. That was kind, charming.

ALICK *(with a look at DAVID)*. Yes. Well, my lady, he developed a perfect genius for the iron-cementing.

DAVID. But his ambition wasn't satisfied. Soon he had public life in his eye. As a heckler he was something fearsome; they had to seat him on the platform for to keep him quiet. Next they had to

let him into the Chair. After that he did all the speaking; he cleared all roads before him like a fire-engine; and when this vacancy occurred, you could hardly say it did occur, so quickly did he step
5 into it. My lady, there are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make.

COMTESSE. I can well believe it. And now he has said farewell to boilers?

DAVID (*impressively*). Not at all; the firm promised if he was elected for to make him their
10 London manager at £800 a year.

COMTESSE. There is a strong man for you, Sybil; but I believe you *are* asleep.

SYBIL (*stirring herself*). Honestly I'm not.
15 (*Sweetly to the others.*) But *would* you mind finding out whether my brother is drawing to a close?

(DAVID *goes out, leaving poor ALICK marooned. The COMTESSE is kind to him.*)

COMTESSE. Thank you very much. (*Which helps*
20 ALICK *out.*) Don't you love a strong man, sleepy head?

SYBIL (*precning herself*). I never met one.

COMTESSE. Neither have I. But if you *did* meet one, would he wake you up?

25 SYBIL. I dare say he would find there were two of us.

COMTESSE (*considering her*). Yes, I think he would. Ever been in love, you cold thing?

SYBIL (*yawning*). I have never shot up in flame,

Auntie.

COMTESSE. Think you could manage it?

SYBIL. If Mr. Right came along.

COMTESSE. As a girl of to-day it would be your duty to tame him. 5

SYBIL. As a girl of to-day I would try to do my duty.

COMTESSE. And if it turned out that *he* tamed you instead?

SYBIL. He would have to do that if he were
10 *my* Mr. Right.

COMTESSE. And then?

SYBIL. Then, of course, I should adore him. Auntie, I think if I ever really love it will be like Mary Queen of Scots, who said of her Bothwell
15 that she could follow him round the world in her nighty.

COMTESSE. My petite!

SYBIL. I believe I mean it.

COMTESSE. Oh, it is quite my conception of your
20 character. Do you know, I am rather sorry for this Mr. John Shand.

SYBIL (*opening her fine eyes*). Why? He is quite a boor, is he not?

COMTESSE. For that very reason. Because his
25 great hour is already nearly sped. That wild bull manner that moves the multitude—they will laugh at it in your House of Commons.

SYBIL (*indifferent*). I suppose so.

I went to Kobb for wood
2.45

COMTESSE. Yet if he had education—

SYBIL. Have we not been hearing how superbly he is educated?

COMTESSE. It is such as you or me that he needs
5 to educate him now. *You* could do it almost too well.

SYBIL. (*with that pretty stretch of neck*). I am not sufficiently interested. I retire in your favour. How would you begin?

10 COMTESSE. By asking him to drop in, about five, of course. By the way, I wonder is there a Mrs. Shand?

SYBIL. I have no idea. But they marry young.

COMTESSE. If there is not, there is probably a
15 lady waiting for him, somewhere in a boiler.

SYBIL. I dare say.

(MAGGIE *descends*.)

MAGGIE. Mr. Shand will be down directly.

COMTESSE. Thank you. Your brother has been
20 giving us such an interesting account of his career. I forget, Sybil, whether he said that he was married.

MAGGIE. No, he's not married; but he will be soon.

25 COMTESSE. Ah! (*She is merely making conversation*.) A friend of yours?

MAGGIE (*now a scorner of herself*). I don't think much of her.

COMTESSE. In that case, tell me all about her.

MAGGIE. There's not much to tell. She's common, and stupid. One of those who go in for self-culture; and then when the test comes they break down. (*With sinister enjoyment*.) She'll be the
5 ruin of him.

COMTESSE. But is not that sad! Figure to yourself how many men with greatness before them have been shipwrecked by marrying in the rank from which they sprang.

MAGGIE. I've told her that.

COMTESSE. But she will not give him up?

MAGGIE. No.

SYBIL. Why should she if he cares for her? What is her name?

MAGGIE. It's—Maggie.

COMTESSE (*still uninterested*). Well, I am afraid that Maggie is to do for John. (*JOHN comes down*.) Ah, our hero!

JOHN. Sorry I have kept you waiting. The
Comtesse?

COMTESSE. And my niece Lady Sybil Tenterden. (*SYBIL'S head inclines on its stem*.) She is not really all my niece; I mean I am only half of her aunt. What a triumph, Mr. Shand!

JOHN. Oh, pretty fair, pretty fair. Your brother
25 has just finished addressing the crowd, Lady Sybil.

SYBIL. Then we must not detain Mr. Shand, Auntie.

COMTESSE (*who unless her heart is touched thinks*

insincerity charming). Only one word. I heard you speak last night. Sublime! Just the sort of impassioned eloquence that your House of Commons loves.

5 JOHN. It's very good of you to say so.

COMTESSE. But we must run. *Bon soir.*

(SYBIL bows as to some one far away.)

JOHN. Good-night, Lady Sybil. I hear you think I'm vulgar.

10 (Eyebrows are raised.)

COMTESSE. My dear Mr. Shand, what absurd—

JOHN. I was told she said that after hearing me speak.

COMTESSE. Quite a mistake, I—

15 JOHN (*doggedly*). Is it not true?

SYBIL (*'waking up'*). You seem to know, Mr. Shand; and as you press me so unnecessarily—well, yes, that is how you struck me.

COMTESSE. My child!

20 SYBIL (*who is a little agitated*). He would have it.

JOHN (*perplexed*). What's the matter? I just wanted to know, because if it's true I must alter it.

COMTESSE. There, Sybil, see how he values your
25 good opinion.

SYBIL (*her svelte figure giving like a fly-rod*). It is very nice of you to put it in that way, Mr. Shand. Forgive me.

JOHN. But I don't quite understand yet. Of

course, it can't matter to me, Lady Sybil, what you think of me; what I mean is, that I mustn't be vulgar if it would be injurious to my career.

(*The fly-rod regains its rigidity.*)

SYBIL. I see. No, of course, I could not affect
5 your career, Mr. Shand.

JOHN (*who quite understands that he is being challenged*). That's so, Lady Sybil, meaning no offence.

SYBIL (*who has a naughty little impediment in her voice when she is most alluring*). Of course not.
10 And we are friends again?

JOHN. Certainly.

SYBIL. Then I hope you will come to see me in London as I present no terrors.

JOHN (*he is a man, is John*). I'll be very pleased.
15

SYBIL. Any afternoon about five.

JOHN. Much obliged. And you can teach me the things I don't know yet, if you'll be so kind.

SYBIL (*the impediment becoming more assertive*). If you wish it, I shall do my best.
20

JOHN. Thank you, Lady Sybil. And who knows there may be one or two things I can teach you.

SYBIL (*it has now become an angel's hiccough*). Yes, we can help one another. Good-bye till then.
25

JOHN. Good-bye. Maggie, the ladies are going.

(*During this skirmish MAGGIE has stood apart.*)

At the mention of her name they glance at one another. JOHN escorts SYBIL, but the COM-

TESSE *turns back*. *She says:*

'Are you, then, *the* Maggie? (MAGGIE *nods rather defiantly and the* COMTESSE *is distressed*.) But if I had known I would not have said those
5 things. Please forgive an old woman.'

'It doesn't matter.'

'I—I dare say it will be all right. Mademoiselle, if I were you I would not encourage those *tête-à-têtes* with Lady Sybil. I am the rude one,
10 but she is the dangerous one; and I am afraid his impudence has attracted her. *Bon voyage*, Miss Maggie.'

'Good-bye—but I *can* speak French. Je parle français. Isn't that right?'

15 'But, yes, it is excellent. (*Making things easy for her.*) C'est très bien.'

'Je me suis embrouillée—la dernière fois.'

'Good! Shall I speak more slowly?'

'No, no. Non, non, faster, faster.'

20 'J'admire votre courage!'

'Je comprends chaque mot.'

'Parfait! Bravo!'

'Voilà!'

'Superbe!'

25 (*The COMTESSE goes, applauding; and MAGGIE has a moment of elation, which however has passed before JOHN returns for his hat.*)

'Have you more speaking to do, John?'

(*He is somehow in high good-humour.*)

'I must run across and address the Cowcaddens Club. (*He sprays his throat with a hand-spray.*) I wonder if I *am* vulgar, Maggie?'

'You are not, but *I* am.'

'Not that *I* can see.'

5 'Look how over-dressed I am, John! I knew it was too showy when I ordered it, and yet I could not resist the thing. But I will tone down, I will. What did you think of Lady Sybil?'

'That young woman had better be careful. 10 She's a bit of a besom, Maggie.'

'She's beautiful, John.'

'She has a neat way of stretching herself. For playing with she would do as well as another.'

(MAGGIE *looks at him wistfully.*)

15 'You couldn't stay and have a talk for a few minutes?'

'If you want me, Maggie. The longer you keep them waiting, the more they think of you.'

'When are you to announce that we're to be 20 married, John?'

'I won't be long. You've waited a year more than you need have done, so I think it's your due I should hurry things now.'

'I think it's noble of you.'

25 'Not at all, Maggie; the nobleness has been yours in waiting so patiently. And your brothers would insist on it at any rate. They're watching me like cats with a mouse.'

'It's so little I've done to help.'

'Three hundred pounds.'

'I'm getting a thousand per cent. for it.'

'And very pleased I am you should think so,
5 Maggie.'

'Is it terrible hard to you, John?'

'It is not hard at all. I can say truthfully,
Maggie, that all, or nearly all, I've seen of you
in these six years has gone to increase my respect
10 for you.'

'Respect!'

'And a bargain's a bargain.'

'If it wasn't that you're so glorious to me, John,
I would let you off.'

15 *(There is a gleam in his eye, but he puts it out.)*

'In my opinion, Maggie, we'll be a very happy
pair.'

(She accepts this eagerly.)

'We know each other so well, John, don't we?'

20 'I'm an extraordinary queer character, and I
suppose nobody knows me well except myself;
but I know you, Maggie, to the very roots of you.'

(She magnanimously lets this remark alone.)

'And it's not as if there was any other woman
25 you—fancied more, John.'

'There's none whatever.'

'If there ever should be—oh, if there ever should
be! Some woman with charm.'

'Maggie, you forget yourself. There couldn't

be another woman once I was a married man.'

'One has heard of such things.'

'Not in Scotsmen, Maggie; not in Scotsmen.'

'I've sometimes thought, John, that the differ-
ence between us and the English is that the Scotch 5
are hard in all other respects but soft with women,
and the English are hard with women but soft in
all other respects.'

'You've forgotten the grandest moral attribute
of a Scotsman, Maggie, that he'll do nothing which 10
might damage his career.'

'Ah, but John, whatever you do, you do it so
tremendously; and if you were to love, what a
passion it would be.'

'There's something in that, I suppose.' 15

'And then, what could I do? For the desire of
my life now, John, is to help you to get everything
you want, except just that I want you to have me,
too.'

'We'll get on fine, Maggie.' 20

'You're just making the best of it. They say
that love is sympathy, and if that's so, mine must
be a great love for you, for I see all you are feel-
ing this night and bravely hiding; I feel for you
as if I was John Shand myself.' (JOHN sighs.) 25

'I had best go to the meeting, Maggie.'

'Not yet. Can you look me in the face, John,
and deny that there is surging within you a mighty
desire to be free, to begin the new life untram-

melled?'

'Leave such maggots alone, Maggie.'

'It's a shame of me not to give you up.'

'I would consider you a very foolish woman if
5 you did.'

'If I were John Shand I would no more want to
take Maggie Wylie with me through the beautiful
door that has opened wide for you than I would
want to take an old pair of shoon. Why don't
10 you bang the door in my face, John?' (*A tremor
runs through JOHN.*)

'A bargain's a bargain, Maggie.'

(MAGGIE moves about, an eerie figure, break-
ing into little cries. She flutters round him,
15 threateningly.)

'Say one word about wanting to get out of it,
and I'll put the lawyers on you.'

'Have I hinted at such a thing?'

'The document holds you hard and fast.'

20 'It does.'

(*She gloats miserably.*)

'The woman never rises with the man. I'll drag
you down, John. I'll drag you down.'

'Have no fear of that, I won't let you. I'm too
25 strong.'

'You'll miss the prettiest thing in the world, and
all owing to me.'

'What's that?'

'Romance.'

'Poof.'

'All's cold and grey without it, John. They
that have had it have slipped in and out of heaven.'

'You're exaggerating, Maggie.'

'You've worked so hard, you've had none of the
5 fun that comes to most men long before they're
your age.'

'I never was one for fun. I cannot call to mind,
Maggie, ever having laughed in my life.'

'You have no sense of humour. 10

'Not a spark.'

'I've sometimes thought that if you had, it might
make you fonder of me. I think one needs a sense
of humour to be fond of me.'

'I remember reading of some one that said it
15 needed a surgical operation to get a joke into a
Scotsman's head.'

'Yes, that's been said.'

'What beats me, Maggie, is how you could
insert a joke with an operation. 20

(*He considers this and gives it up.*)

'That's not the kind of fun I was thinking of.
I mean fun with the lasses, John—gay, jolly, harm-
less fun. They could be impudent fashionable
beauties now, stretching themselves to attract you,
25 like that hiccougging little devil, and running away
from you, and crooking their fingers to you to run
after them.'

(*JOHN draws a big breath.*)

'No, I never had that.'

'It's every man's birthright, and you would have it now but for me.'

'I can do without, Maggie.'

5 'It's like missing out all the Saturdays.'

'You feel sure, I suppose, that an older man wouldn't suit you better, Maggie?'

'I couldn't feel sure of anything. You're just my ideal.'

10 'Yes, yes. Well, that's as it should be.'

(She threatens him again.)

'David has the document. It's carefully locked away.'

'He would naturally take good care of it.'

15 *(The pride of the Wylies deserts her.)*

'John, I make you a solemn promise that, in consideration of the circumstances of our marriage, if you should ever fall in love I'll act differently from other wives.'

20 'There will be no occasion, Maggie.'

(Her voice becomes tremulous.)

'John, David doesn't have the document. He thinks he has, but I have it here.'

25 *(Somewhat heavily John surveys the fatal paper.)*

'Well do I mind the look of it, Maggie. Yes, yes, that's it. Umpha.'

'You don't ask why I've brought it.'

'Why did you?'

'Because I thought I might perhaps have the courage and the womanliness to give it back to you. (JOHN has a brief dream.) Will you never hold it up against me in the future that I couldn't do that?'

5

'I promise you, Maggie, I never will.'

'To go back to the Pans and take up my old life there, when all these six years my eyes have been centred on this night! I've been waiting for this night as long as you have been; and now to go back there, and wizen and dry up, when I might be married to John Shand!'

10

'And you will be, Maggie. You have my word.'

'Never—never—never. (She tears up the document. He remains seated immovable, but the gleam returns to his eye. She rages first at herself and then at him.) I'm a fool, a fool, to let you go. I tell you, you'll rue this day, for you need me, you'll come to grief without me. There's nobody can help you as I could have helped you. I'm essential to your career, and you're blind not to see it.'

15

20

'What's that, Maggie? In no circumstances would I allow any meddling with my career.'

'You would never have known I was meddling with it. But that's over. Don't be in too great a hurry to marry, John. Have your fling with the beautiful dolls first. Get the whipland of the haughty ones, John. Give them their licks. Every time they hiccough let them have an extra slap in'

25

memory of me. And be sure to remember this, my man, that the one who marries you will find you out.'

'Find me out?'

5 'However careful a man is, his wife always finds out his failings.'

'I don't know, Maggie, to what failings you refer.
(*The Cowcaddens Club has burst its walls, and is pouring this way to raise the new Member on its crest. The first wave hurls itself against the barber's shop with cries of 'Shand, Shand, Shand.' For a moment*
10 *JOHN stems the torrent by planting his back against the door.*)

15 You are acting under an impulse, Maggie, and I can't take advantage of it. Think the matter over, and we'll speak about it in the morning.'

'No, I can't go through it again. It ends to-night and now. Good luck, John.'

20 (*She is immediately submerged in the sea that surges through the door, bringing much wreckage with it. In a moment the place is so full that another cupful could not find standing room. Some slippery ones are squeezed upwards and remain aloft as warnings.*
25 *JOHN has jumped on to the stair, and harangues the flood vainly like another Canute. It is something about freedom and noble minds, and, though unheard, goes to all heads, including*

the speaker's. By the time he is audible sentiment has him for her own.)

'But, gentlemen, one may have too much even of freedom. (*No, no.*) Yes, Mr. Adamson. One may want to be tied. (*Never, never.*) I say yes, 5 Willie Cameron; and I have found a young lady who I am proud to say is willing to be tied to me. I'm to be married. (*Uproar.*) Her name's Miss Wylie. (*Transport.*) Quiet; she's here now. (*Frenzy.*) She was here! Where are you, Mag- 10 gie?' (*A small voice—'I'm here.' A hundred great voices—'Where—where—where?' The small voice—'I'm so little none of you can see me.'*)

(*Three men, name of Wylie, buffet their way forward. Anon is heard the voice of DAVID.*) 15

'James, father, have you grip of her?'

'We've got her.'

'Then hoist her up.'

(*The qucer little elated figure is raised aloft. With her fingers she can just touch the stars. 20 Not unconscious of the nobility of his behaviour, the hero of the evening points an impressive finger at her.*)

Gentlemen, the future Mrs. John Shand!' (*Speech, speech.*) 'No, no, being a lady she can't make a 25 speech, but—'

(*The heroine of the evening surprises him.*)

'I can make a speech, and I will make a speech, and it's in two words, and they're these—(*holding*

out her arms to enfold all the members of the Cowcaddens Club)—My Constituents! (Dementia.)

III

A few minutes ago the Comtesse de la Brière, who has not recently been in England, was shown into the London home of the Shands. Though not sufficiently interested to express her surprise in words, she raised her eyebrows on finding herself in a charming room; 5 she had presumed that the Shand scheme of decoration would be as impossible as themselves.

It is the little room behind the dining-room for which English architects have long been famous; 'Make something of this, and you will indeed be a clever 10 one,' they seem to say to you as they unveil it. The Comtesse finds that John has undoubtedly made something of it. It is his 'study' (mon Dieu, the words these English use!) and there is nothing in it that offends; there is so much not in it too that might 15 so easily have been there. It is not in the least ornate; there are no colours quarrelling with each other (unseen, unheard by the blissful occupant of the revolving chair); the Comtesse has not even the gentle satisfaction of noting a 'suite' in stained oak. Nature 20 might have taken a share in the decorations, so restful are they to the eyes; it is the working room of a man of culture, probably lately down from Oxford; at a first meeting there is nothing in it that pretends to be what it is not. Our visitor is a little disappointed, 25

but being fair-minded blows her absent host a kiss for disappointing her.

He has even, she observes with a twinkle, made something of the most difficult of his possessions, the
5 little wife. For Maggie, who is here receiving her, has been quite creditably toned down. He has put her into a little grey frock that not only deals gently with her personal defects, but is in harmony with the room. Evidently, however, she has not 'risen' with
10 him, for she is as stupid as ever; the Comtesse, who remembers having liked her the better of the two, could shake her for being so stupid. For instance, why is she not asserting herself in that other apartment?

The other apartment is really a correctly solemn dining-room, of which we have a glimpse through partly
15 open folding-doors. At this moment it is harbouring Mr. Shand's ladies' committee, who sit with pens and foolscap round the large table, awaiting the advent of their leader. There are nobly wise ones and some
20 foolish ones among them, for we are back in the strange days when it was considered 'unwomanly' for women to have minds. The Comtesse peeps at them with curiosity, as they arrange their papers or are ushered into the dining-room through a door
25 which we cannot see. To her frivolous ladyship they are a species of wild fowl, and she is specially amused to find her niece among them. She demands an explanation as soon as the communicating doors close.

'Tell me since when has my dear Sybil become one of these ladies? It is not like her.'

(MAGGIE is obviously not clever enough to understand the woman question. Her eye rests longingly on a half-finished stocking as she
5 innocently but densely replies:

'I think it was about the time that my husband took up their cause.'

(The COMTESSE has been hearing tales of LADY SYBIL and the barbarian; and after having
10 the grace to hesitate, she speaks with the directness for which she is famed in Mayfair.)

'Mrs. Shand, excuse me for saying that if half of what I hear be true, your husband is seeing that lady a great deal too often. (MAGGIE is ex-
15 pressionless; she reaches for her stocking, whereat her guest loses patience.) Oh, mon Dieu, put that down; you can buy them at two francs the pair. Mrs. Shand, why do not you compel yourself to take an intelligent interest in your husband's work?'
20

'I typewrite his speeches.'

'But do you know what they are about?'

'They are about various subjects.'

'Oh!'

(Did MAGGIE give her an unseen quizzical
25 glance before demurely resuming the knitting? One is not certain, as JOHN has come in, and this obliterates her. A 'Scotsman on the make,' of whom DAVID has spoken reverently,

is still to be read—in a somewhat better bound volume—in JOHN SHAND'S person; but it is as doggedly honest a face as ever; and he champions women, not for personal ends, but because his blessed days of poverty gave him a light upon their needs. His self-satisfaction, however, has increased, and he has pleasantly forgotten some things. For instance, he can now call out 'Porter' at railway stations without dropping his hands for the barrow. MAGGIE introduces the COMTESSE, and he is still undaunted.)

'I remember you well—at Glasgow.'

'It must be quite two years ago, Mr. Shand.'

(JOHN has no objection to showing that he has had a classical education.)

'Tempus fugit, Comtesse.'

'I have not been much in this country since then, and I return to find you a coming man.'

(Fortunately his learning is tempered with modesty.)

'Oh, I don't know, I don't know.'

'The Ladies' Champion.'

(His modesty is tempered with a respect for truth.)

'Well, well.'

'And you are about, as I understand, to introduce a bill to give women an equal right with men to grow beards (*which is all she knows about it. JOHN takes the remark literally.*)

'There's nothing about beards in it, Comtesse. (*She gives him time to cogitate, and is pleased to note that there is no result.*) Have you typed my speech, Maggie?'

'Yes; twenty-six pages.' (*She produces it from a drawer.*)

(Perhaps JOHN wishes to impress the visitor.)

'I'm to give the ladies' committee a general idea of it. Just see, Maggie, if I know the peroration. "In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, these are the reasonable demands of every intelligent English-woman"—I had better say British woman—"and I am proud to nail them to my flag"'

(The visitor is properly impressed.)

"Oho! defies his leaders!"

"So long as I can do so without embarrassing the Government."

'Ah, ah, Mr. Shand!'

"I call upon the Front Bench, sir, loyally but firmly"'

'Firm again!'

' "either to accept my Bill, or to promise without delay to bring in one of their own; and if they decline to do so I solemnly warn them that though I will not press the matter to a division just now"'

'Ahem!'

"I will bring it forward again in the near future." And now, Comtesse, *you* know that I'm

not going to divide—and not another soul knows it.'

'I am indeed flattered by your confidence.'

'I've only told you because I don't care who knows now.'

5 'Oh!'

(Somehow MAGGIE seems to be dissatisfied.)

'But why is that, John?'

'I daren't keep the Government in doubt any longer about what I mean to do. I'll show the
10 whips the speech privately to-night.'

(But still MAGGIE wants to know.) 'But not to go to a division is hedging, isn't it? Is that strong?'

'To make the speech at all, Maggie, is stronger than most would dare. They would *do* for me if
15 I went to a division.'

'Bark but not bite?'

'Now, now, Maggie, you're out of your depth.'

'I suppose that's it.'

(The COMTESSE remains in the shallows.)

20 'But what will the ladies say, Mr. Shand?'

'They won't like it, Comtesse, but they've got to lump it.'

(Here the MAID appears with a card for MAGGIE, who considers it quietly.)

25 'Any one of importance?'

'No.'

'Then I'm ready, Maggie.'

(This is evidently an intimation that she is to open the folding-doors, and he makes an effec-

*tive entrance into the dining-room, his thumb in his waistcoat. There is a delicious clapping of hands from the committee, and the door closes. Not till then does MAGGIE, who has grown thoughtful, tell her maid to admit the
5 visitor.)*

'Another lady, Mrs. Shand?'

'The card says "Mr. Charles Venables."'

(The COMTESSE is really interested at last.)

'Charles Venables! Do you know him?' 10

'I think I call to mind meeting one of that name at the Foreign Office party.'

'One of that name! He who is a Minister of your Cabinet. But as you know him so little why should he call on you?' 15

'I wonder.'

(MAGGIE'S glance wanders to the drawer in which she has replaced John's speech.)

'Well, well, I shall take care of you, petite.'

'Do you know him?' 20

'Do I know him! The last time I saw him he asked me to—to—hem!—ma chérie, it was thirty years ago.'

'Thirty years!'

'I was a pretty woman then. I dare say I shall
25 detest him now; but if I find I do not—let us have a little plot—I shall drop this book; and then perhaps you will be so charming as—as not to be here for a little while?'

(MR. VENABLES, *who enters, is such a courtly seigneur that he seems to bring the eighteenth century with him; you feel that his sedan chair is at the door. He stoops over* MAGGIE'S *plebeian hand.*)

5 'I hope you will pardon my calling, Mrs. Shand; we had such a pleasant talk the other evening.'

(MAGGIE, *of course, is at once deceived by his gracious manner.*)

10 'I think it's kind of you. Do you know each other? The Comtesse de la Brière.'

(*He repeats the name with some emotion, and the COMTESSE half mischievously, half sadly, holds a hand before her face.*)

15 'Comtesse.'

'Thirty years, Mr. Venables.'

(*He gallantly removes the hand that screens her face.*)

'It does not seem so much.'

20 (She gives him a similar scrutiny.)

'Mon Dieu, it seems all that.'

(*They smile rather ruefully. MAGGIE like a kind hostess relieves the tension.*)

25 'The Comtesse has taken a cottage in Surrey for the summer.'

'I am overjoyed.'

'No, Charles, you are not. You no longer care. Fickle one! And it is only thirty years.'

(*He sinks into a chair beside her.*)

'Those heavenly evenings, Comtesse, on the Bosphorus.'

'I refuse to talk of them. I hate you.'

(*But she drops the book, and MAGGIE fades from the room. It is not a very clever departure, and the old diplomatist smiles. Then he sighs a beautiful sigh, for he does all things beautifully.*)

'It is moonlight, Comtesse, on the Golden Horn.'

10 'Who are those two young things in a caïque?'

'Is he the brave Leander, Comtesse, and is she Hero of the Lamp?'

'No, she is the foolish wife of the French Ambassador, and he is a good-for-nothing British attaché trying to get her husband's secrets out of her.'

15 'Is it possible! They part at a certain garden gate.'

'Oh, Charles, Charles!'

'But you promised to come back; I waited there till dawn. Blanche, if you *had* come back—'

20 'How is Mrs. Venables?'

'She is rather poorly. I think it's gout.'

'And you?'

'I creak a little in the mornings.'

25 'So do I. There is such a good man at Wiesbaden.'

'The Homburg fellow is better. The way he patched me up last summer—Oh, Lord, Lord!'

'Yes, Charles, the game is up; we are two old

fogies. (*They groan in unison; then she raps him sharply on the knuckles.*) Tell me, sir, what are you doing here?’

‘Merely a friendly call.’

5 ‘I do not believe it.’

‘The same woman; the old delightful candour.’

‘The same man; the old fibs. (*She sees that the door is asking a question.*) Yes, come, Mrs. Shand, I have had quite enough of him; I warn you he is here for some crafty purpose.’

MAGGIE (*drawing back timidly*). Surely not?

VENABLES. Really, Comtesse, you make conversation difficult. To show that my intentions are innocent, Mrs. Shand, I propose that you choose

15 the subject.

MAGGIE (*relieved*). There, Comtesse.

VENABLES. I hope your husband is well?

MAGGIE. Yes, thank you. (*With a happy thought.*) I decide that we talk about him.

20 VENABLES. If you wish it.

COMTESSE. Be careful; *he* has chosen the subject.

MAGGIE. *I* chose it, didn't I?

VENABLES. You know you did.

MAGGIE (*appealingly*). You admire John?

25 VENABLES. Very much. But he puzzles me a little. You Scots, Mrs. Shand, are such a mixture of the practical and the emotional that you escape out of an Englishman's hand like a trout.

MAGGIE (*open-eyed*). Do we?

VENABLES. Well, not you, but your husband. I have known few men make a worse beginning in the House. He had the most atrocious bow-wow public park manner—

COMTESSE. I remember that manner!

5

MAGGIE. No, he hadn't.

VENABLES (*soothingly*). At first. But by his second session he had shed all that, and he is now a pleasure to listen to. By the way, Comtesse, have you found any dark intention in that?

10

COMTESSE. You wanted to know whether he talks over these matters with his wife; and she has told you that he does not.

MAGGIE (*indignantly*). I haven't said a word about it, have I?

15

VENABLES. Not a word. Then, again, I admire him for his impromptu speeches.

MAGGIE. What is impromptu?

VENABLES. Unprepared. They have contained some grave blunders, not so much of judgment as

20

of taste—

MAGGIE (*hotly*). *I* don't think so.

VENABLES. Pardon me. But he has righted himself subsequently in the neatest way. I have always found that the man whose second thoughts are

25

good is worth watching. Well, Comtesse, I see you have something to say.

COMTESSE. You are wondering whether she can tell you who gives him his second thoughts.

MAGGIE. Gives them to John? I would like to see anybody try to give thoughts to John.

VENABLES. Quite so.

COMTESSE. Is there anything more that has
5 roused your admiration, Charles?

VENABLES (*purring*). Let me see. Yes, we are all much edified by his humour.

COMTESSE (*surprised indeed*). His humour? That man!

10 MAGGIE (*with hauteur*). Why not?

VENABLES. I assure you, Comtesse, some of the neat things in his speeches convulse the house. A word has even been coined for them—Shandisms.

COMTESSE (*slowly recovering from a blow*). Hu-
15 mour!

VENABLES. In conversation, I admit, he strikes one as being—ah—somewhat lacking in humour.

COMTESSE (*pouncing*). You are wondering who supplies his speeches with the humour.

20 MAGGIE. Supplies John?

VENABLES. Now that you mention it, some of his Shandisms do have a curiously feminine quality.

COMTESSE. You have thought it might be a woman.

25 VENABLES. Really, Comtesse—

COMTESSE. I see it all. Charles, you thought it might be the wife!

VENABLES (*flinging up his hands*). I own up.

MAGGIE (*bewildered*). Me?

VENABLES. Forgive me, I see I was wrong.

MAGGIE (*alarmed*). Have I been doing John any harm?

VENABLES. On the contrary, I am relieved to know that there are no hairpins in his speeches. 5
If he is at home, Mrs. Shand, may I see him? I am going to be rather charming to him.

MAGGIE (*drawn in two directions*). Yes, he is—oh yes—but—

VENABLES. That is to say, Comtesse, if he proves 10
himself the man I believe him to be.

(*This arrests MAGGIE almost as she has reached the dining-room door.*)

MAGGIE (*hesitating*). He is very busy just now.

VENABLES (*smiling*). I think he will see me. 15

MAGGIE. Is it something about his speech?

VENABLES (*the smile hardening*). Well, yes, it is.

MAGGIE. Then I dare say I could tell you what you want to know without troubling him, as I've been typing it. 20

VENABLES (*with a sigh*). I don't acquire information in that way.

COMTESSE. I trust not.

MAGGIE. There's no secret about it. He is to show it to the Whips to-night. 25

VENABLES (*sharply*). You are sure of that?

COMTESSE. It is quite true, Charles. I heard him say so; and indeed he repeated what he called the 'peroration' before me.

MAGGIE. I know it by heart. (*She plays a bold game.*) 'These are the demands of all intelligent British women, and I am proud to nail them to my flag'—

5 COMTESSE. The very words, Mrs. Shand.

MAGGIE (*looking at her imploringly.*) 'And I don't care how they may embarrass the Government.' (*The COMTESSE is bereft of speech, so suddenly has she been introduced to the real MAGGIE SHAND.*)
10 'If the right honourable gentleman will give us his pledge to introduce a similar bill this session I will willingly withdraw mine; but otherwise I solemnly warn him that I will press the matter now to a division.'

15 (*She turns her face from the great man; she has gone white.*)

VENABLES (*after a pause*). Capital.

(*The blood returns to MAGGIE'S heart.*)

COMTESSE (*who is beginning to enjoy herself very*
20 *much*). Then you are pleased to know that he means to, as you say, go to a division?

VENABLES. Delighted. The courage of it will be the making of him.

COMTESSE. I see.

25 VENABLES. Had he been to hedge we should have known that he was a pasteboard knight and have disregarded him.

COMTESSE. I see.

(*She desires to catch the eye of MAGGIE, but*

it is carefully turned from her.)

VENABLES. Mrs. Shand, let us have him in at once.

COMTESSE. Yes, yes, indeed.

(*MAGGIE'S anxiety returns, but she has to call*
JOHN *in.*)

JOHN (*impressed*). Mr. Venables! This is an honour.

VENABLES. How are you, Shand?

JOHN. Sit down, sit down. (*Becoming himself*
again.) I can guess what you have come about.

VENABLES. Ah, you Scotsmen.

JOHN. Of course I know I'm harassing the Government a good deal—

VENABLES (*blandly*). Not at all, Shand. The
Government are very pleased.

JOHN. You don't expect me to believe that.

VENABLES. I called here to give you the proof of it. You may know that we are to have a big meeting at Leeds on the 24th, when the Ministers
20 are to speak. There is room for a third speaker, and I am authorised to offer that place to you.

JOHN. To me!

VENABLES. Yes.

JOHN (*swelling*). It would be—the Government
25 taking me up.

VENABLES. Don't make too much of it; it would be an acknowledgment that they look upon you as one of their likely young men.

MAGGIE. John!

JOHN (*not found wanting in a trying hour*). It's a bribe. You are offering me this on condition that I don't make my speech. How can you think so
5 meanly of me as to believe that I would play the women's cause false for the sake of my own advancement. I refuse your bribe.

VENABLES (*liking him for the first time*). Good. But you are wrong. There are no conditions, and
10 we want you to make your speech. Now do you accept?

JOHN (*still suspicious*). If you make me the same offer after you have read it. I insist on your reading it first.

15 VENABLES (*sighing*). By all means.

(MAGGIE is in an agony as she sees JOHN hand the speech to his leader. On the other hand, the COMTESSE thrills.)

But I assure you we look on the speech as a small
20 matter. The important thing is your intention of going to a division; and we agree to that also.

JOHN (*losing his head*). What's that?

VENABLES. Yes, we agree.

JOHN. But—but—why, you have been threat-
25 ening to excommunicate me if I dared.

VENABLES. All done to test you, Shand.

JOHN. To test me?

VENABLES. We know that a division on your Bill can have no serious significance; we shall see to

that. And so the test was to be whether you had the pluck to divide the House. Had you been intending to talk big in this speech, and then hedge, through fear of the Government, they would have had no further use for you.

JOHN (*heavily*). I understand. (*But there is one thing he cannot understand, which is, why VENABLES should be so sure that he is not to hedge.*)

VENABLES (*turning over the pages carelessly*). Any
10 of your good things in this, Shand?

JOHN (*whose one desire is to get the pages back*). No, I—no—it isn't necessary you should read it now.

VENABLES (*from politeness only*). Merely for my own pleasure. I shall look through it this evening.
15 (*He rolls up the speech to put it in his pocket. JOHN turns despairingly to MAGGIE, though well aware that no help can come from her.*)

MAGGIE. That's the only copy there is, John.
(*To VENABLES.*) Let me make a fresh one, and send
20 it to you in an hour or two.

VENABLES (*good-naturedly*). I could not put you to that trouble, Mrs. Shand. I will take good care of it.

MAGGIE. If anything were to happen to you on
25 the way home, wouldn't whatever is in your pocket be considered to be the property of your heirs?

VENABLES (*laughing*). Now there is forethought! Shand, I think that after that—! (*He returns the*

speech to JOHN, whose hand swallows it greedily.)
She is Scotch too, Comtesse.

COMTESSE (*delighted*). Yes, she is Scotch too.

VENABLES. Though the only persons likely to do
5 for me in the street, Shand, are your ladies' committee. Ever since they took the horse out of my brougham, I can scent them a mile away.

COMTESSE. A mile? Charles, peep in there.

(*He softly turns the handle of the dining-room door, and realises that his scent is not so good as he had thought it. He bids his hostess and the COMTESSE good-bye in a burlesque whisper and tiptoes off to safer places. JOHN having gone out with him, MAGGIE can no longer avoid the COMTESSE'S reproachful eye. That much injured lady advances upon her with accusing finger.*)

'So, madam!'

(*MAGGIE is prepared for her.*)

20 'I don't know what you mean.'

'Yes, you do. I mean that there *is* some one who "helps" our Mr. Shand.'

'There's not.'

'And it *is* a woman, and it's you.'

25 'I help in the little things.'

'The little things! You are the Pin he picked up and that is to make his fortune. And now what I want to know is whether your John is aware that you help at all.'

(*JOHN returns, and at once provides the answer.*)

'Maggie, Comtesse, I've done it again!'

'I'm so glad, John.'

(*The COMTESSE is in an ecstasy.*)

'And all because you were not to hedge, Mr. 5 Shand.'

(*His appeal to her with the wistfulness of a schoolboy makes him rather attractive.*)

'You won't tell on me, Comtesse! (*He thinks it out.*) They had just guessed I would be firm be- 10 cause they know I'm a strong man. You little saw, Maggie, what a good turn you were doing me when you said you wanted to make another copy of the speech.'

(*She is dense.*)

15

'How, John?'

'Because now I can alter the end.'

(*She is enlightened.*)

'So you can!'

'Here's another lucky thing, Maggie: I hadn't 20 told the ladies' committee that I was to hedge, and so they need never know. Comtesse, I tell you there's a little cherub who sits up aloft and looks after the career of John Shand.'

(*The COMTESSE looks not aloft but toward the 25 chair at present occupied by MAGGIE.*)

'Where does she sit, Mr. Shand?'

(*He knows that women are not well read.*)

'It's just a figure of speech.'

(He returns airily to his committee room; and now again you may hear the click of Maggie's needles. They no longer annoy the COMTESSE; she is setting them to music.)

5 'It is not down here she sits, Mrs. Shand, knitting a stocking.'

'No, it isn't.'

'And when I came in I gave him credit for everything; even for the prettiness of the room!'

10 'He has beautiful taste.'

'Good-bye, Scotchy.'

'Good-bye, Comtesse, and thank you for coming.'

'Good-bye—Miss Pin.'

(MAGGIE rings genteelly.)

15 'Good-bye.'

(The COMTESSE is now lost in admiration of her.)

'You divine little wife. He can't be worthy of it, no man could be worthy of it. Why do you do
20 it?'

(MAGGIE shivers a little.)

'He loves to think he does it all himself; that's the way of men. I'm six years older than he is. I'm plain, and I have no charm. I shouldn't
25 have let him marry me. I'm trying to make up for it.'

(The COMTESSE kisses her and goes away. MAGGIE, somewhat foolishly, resumes her knitting.)

*Some days later this same room is listening—with the same inattention—to the outpouring of JOHN SHAND'S love for the lady of the hiccoughs. We arrive—by arrangement—rather late; and thus we miss some of the
5 most delightful of the pangs.*

*One can see that these two are playing no game, or, if they are, that they little know it. The wonders of the world (so strange are the instruments chosen by Love) have been reveal-
10 ed to JOHN in hiccoughs; he shakes in SYBIL'S presence; never were more swimming eyes; he who has been of a wooden face till now, with ways to match, has gone on flame like a piece of paper; emotion is in flood in him. We
15 may be almost fond of JOHN for being so worshipful of love. Much has come to him that we had almost despaired of his acquiring, including nearly all the divine attributes except that sense of humour. The beautiful SYBIL has
20 always possessed but little of it also, and what she had has been struck from her by Cupid's flail. Naked of the saving grace, they face each other in awful rapture.*

'In a room, Sybil, I go to you as a cold man to a
25 fire. You fill me like a peal of bells in an empty house.'

(She is being brutally treated by the dear

impediment, for which hiccough is such an inadequate name that even to spell it is an abomination though a sign of ability. How to describe a sound that is noiseless? Let us
 5 *put it thus, that when SYBIL wants to say something very much there are little obstacles in her way; she falters, falls perhaps once, and then is over, the while her appealing orbs beg you not to be angry with her. We may express those sweet pauses in precious dots, which*
 10 *some clever person can afterwards string together and make a pearl necklace of them.)*

'I should not . . . let you say it, . . . but . . . you . . . say it so beautifully.'

15 'You must have guessed.'

'I dreamed . . . I feared . . . but you were . . . Scotch, and I didn't know what to think.'

'Do you know what first attracted me to you, Sybil? It was your insolence. I thought, "I'll
 20 break her insolence for her."'

'And I thought . . . "I'll break his strength!"'

'And now your cooing voice plays round me; the softness of you, Sybil, in your pretty clothes makes
 25 me think of young birds. (*The impediment is now insurmountable; she has to swim for it, she swims toward him.*) It is you who inspire my work.'

He thrills to find that she can be touched without breaking.)

'I am so glad . . . so proud . . .'

'And others know it, Sybil, as well as I. Only yesterday the Comtesse said to me, "No man could get on so fast unaided. *Cherchez la femme*, Mr. Shand.'" 5

'Auntie said that!'

'I said "Find her yourself, Comtesse."'

'And she?'

'She said "I have found her," and I said in my blunt way, "You mean Lady Sybil," and she went
 10 away laughing.'

'Laughing?'

'I seem to amuse the woman.'

(SYBIL *grows sad.*)

'If Mrs. Shand— It is so cruel to her. Whom
 15 did you say she had gone to the station to meet?'

'Her father and brothers.'

'It is so cruel to them. We must think no more of this. It is mad . . . ness.'

'It's fate. Sybil, let us declare our love openly.' 20

'You can't ask that, now in the first moment that you tell me of it.'

'The one thing I won't do even for you is to live a life of underhand.'

'The . . . blow to her.' 25

'Yes. But at least she has always known that I never loved her.'

'It is asking me to give . . . up everything, every one, for you.'

'It's too much.'

(JOHN *is humble at last.*)

'To a woman who truly loves, even that is not too much. Oh! it is not I who matter—it is you.'

5 'My dear, my dear.'

'So gladly would I do it to save you; but, oh, if it were to bring you down!'

'Nothing can keep me down if I have you to help me.'

10 'I am dazed, John, I . . .'

'My love, my love.'

'I . . . oh . . . here . . .'

'Be brave, Sybil, be brave.'

' '

15 (In this bewilderment of pearls she melts into his arms. MAGGIE happens to open the door just then; but neither fond heart hears her.)

'I can't walk along the streets, Sybil, without looking in all the shop windows for what I think
20 would become you best. (As awkwardly as though his heart still beat against corduroy, he takes from his pocket a pendant and its chain. He is shy, and she drops pearls over the beauty of the ruby which is its only stone.) It is a drop of my blood, Sybil,'

25 (Her lovely neck is outstretched, and he puts the chain round it. MAGGIE withdraws as silently as she had come; but perhaps the door whispered 'd—n,' or (humorously) 'd . . n' as it closed, for SYBIL wakes out of Paradise.)

'I thought— Did the door shut?'

'It was shut already.'

(Perhaps it is only that SYBIL is bewildered to find herself once again in a world that has doors.)

'It seemed to me—'

'There was nothing. But I think I hear voices; they may have arrived.'

(Some pretty instinct makes SYBIL go farther from him. MAGGIE kindly gives her time for
10 this by speaking before opening the door.)

'That will do perfectly, David. The maid knows where to put them. (She comes in.) They've come, John; they *would* help with the luggage. (JOHN goes out. MAGGIE is agreeably surprised to find a
15 visitor.) How do you do, Lady Sybil? This is nice of you.'

'I was so sorry not to find you in, Mrs. Shand.'

(The impediment has run away. It is only for those who love it.)

'Thank you. You'll sit down?'

'I think not; your relatives—'

'They will be so proud to see that you are my friend.'

(If MAGGIE were less simple her guest would
25 feel more comfortable. She tries to make conversation.)

'It is their first visit to London?'

(Instead of relieving her anxiety on this point,

MAGGIE *has a long look at the gorgeous armful.*)

'I'm glad you are so beautiful, Lady Sybil.'

(The beautiful one is somehow not flattered.

5 *She pursues her investigations with growing uneasiness.)*

'One of them is married now, isn't he? *(Still there is no answer; MAGGIE continues looking at her, and shivers slightly.)* Have they travelled from
10 Scotland to-day? Mrs. Shand, why do you look at me so? The door did open! *(MAGGIE nods.)* What are you to do?'

'That would be telling. Sit down, my pretty.'

15 *(As SYBIL subsides into what the Wylies with one glance would call the best chair, Maggie's men-folk are brought in by JOHN, all carrying silk hats and looking very active after their long rest in the train. They are gazing about them. They would like this lady, they would like JOHN, they would even like MAGGIE to go
20 away for a little and leave them to examine the room. Is that linen on the walls, for instance, or just paper? Is the carpet as thick as it feels, or is there brown paper beneath it?
25 Had MAGGIE got anything off that book-case on account of the worm-holes? DAVID even discovers that we were simpletons when we said there was nothing in the room that pretended to be what it was not. He taps the*

marble mantelpiece, and is favourably impressed by the tinny sound.)

DAVID. Very fine imitation. It's a capital house, Maggie.

MAGGIE. I'm so glad you like it. Do you know
5 one another? This is my father and my brothers, Lady Sybil.

(The lovely form inclines toward them. ALICK and JOHN remain firm on their legs, but JAMES totters.)

JAMES. A ladyship! Well done, Maggie.

ALICK *(sharply)*. James! I remember you, my lady.

MAGGIE. Sit down, father. This is the study.

(JAMES wanders round it inquisitively until called to order.)

SYBIL. You must be tired after your long journey.

DAVID *(drawing the portraits of himself and partners in one lightning sketch)*. Tired, your ladyship? We sat on cushioned seats the whole way.

JAMES *(looking about him for the chair you sit on)*.
20 Every seat in this room is cushioned.

MAGGIE. You may say all my life is cushioned now, James, by this dear man of mine.

(She gives JOHN'S shoulder a loving pressure, which SYBIL feels is a telegraphic communication to herself in a cypher that she cannot read.)

ALICK and the BROTHERS bask in the evidence of MAGGIE'S happiness.)

JOHN *(uncomfortably)*. And is Elizabeth hearty,

James?

JAMES (*looking down his nose in the manner proper to young husbands when addressed about their wives*). She's very well, I thank you kindly.

5 MAGGIE. James is a married man now, Lady Sybil.

(SYBIL *murmurs her congratulations*.)

JAMES. I thank you kindly. (*Courageously*.) Yes, I'm married. (*He looks at DAVID and ALICK to see if they are smiling; and they are*.) It wasn't a case of being caught; it was entirely of my own free will. (*He looks again: and the mean fellows are smiling still*.) Is your ladyship married?

SYBIL. Alas! no.

15 DAVID. James! (*Politely*.) You will be yet, my lady.

(SYBIL *indicates that he is kind indeed*.)

JOHN. Perhaps they would like you to show them their rooms, Maggie?

20 DAVID. Fine would we like to see all the house as well as the sleeping accommodation. But first— (*He gives his father the look with which chairmen call on the next speaker*.)

ALICK. I take you, David. (*He produces a paper parcel from a roomy pocket*.) It wasn't likely, Mr. Shand, that we would forget the day.

JOHN. The day?

DAVID. The second anniversary of your marriage. We came purposely for the day.

JAMES (*his fingers itching to take the parcel from his father*). It's a lace shawl, Maggie, from the three of us, a pure Tobermory; you would never dare wear it if you knew the cost.

(*The shawl in its beauty is revealed, and MAGGIE hails it with little cries of joy. She rushes at the donors and kisses each of them just as if she were a pretty woman. They are much pleased and give expression to their pleasure in a not very dissimilar manner*.)

ALICK. Havers.

DAVID. Havers.

JAMES. Havers.

JOHN. It's a very fine shawl.

(*He should not have spoken, for he has set JAMES'S volatile mind working*.)

JAMES. You may say so. What did you give her, Mr. Shand?

JOHN (*suddenly deserted by God and man*). Me?

ALICK. Yes, yes, let's see it.

JOHN. Oh—I—

(*He is not deserted by MAGGIE, but she can think of no way out*.)

SYBIL (*prompted by the impediment, which is in hiding, quite close*). Did he . . . forget?

(*There is more than a touch of malice in the question. It is a challenge, and the Wylies as a family are almost too quick to accept a challenge*.)

MAGGIE (*lifting the gage of battle*). John forget? Never! It's a pendant, father.

(*The impediment bolts. JOHN rises.*)

ALICK. A pendant? One of those things on a
5 chain?

(*He grins, remembering how once, about sixty years ago, he and a lady and a pendant—but we have no time for this.*)

MAGGIE. Yes.

10 DAVID (*who has felt the note of antagonism and is troubled*). You were slow in speaking of it, Mr. Shand.

MAGGIE (*This is her fight*). He was shy, because he thought you might blame him for extrava-
15 gance.

DAVID (*relieved*). Oh, that's it.

JAMES (*licking his lips*). Let's see it.

MAGGIE (*a daughter of the devil*). Where did you put it, John?

20 (JOHN'S mouth opens but has nothing to contribute.)

SYBIL (*the impediment has stolen back again*). Perhaps it has been . . . mislaid.

(*The BROTHERS echo the word incredulously.*)

25 MAGGIE. Not it. I can't think where we laid it down, John. It's not on that table, is it, James? (*The WYLIES turn to look, and MAGGIE'S hand goes out to LADY SYBIL: JOHN SHAND, witness. It is a very determined hand, and presently a pendant is placed in*

it). Here it is! (*ALICK and the BROTHERS cluster round it, weigh it and appraise it.*)

ALICK. Preserve me. Is that stone real, Mr. Shand?

JOHN (*who has begun to look his grimmest*). Yes. 5

MAGGIE (*who is now ready, if he wishes it, to take him on too*). John says it's a drop of his blood.

JOHN (*wishing it*). And so it is.

DAVID. Well said, Mr. Shand.

MAGGIE (*scared*). And now, if you'll all come
10 with me, I think John has something he wants to talk over with Lady Sybil. (*Recovering and taking him on.*) Or would you prefer, John, to say it before us all?

SYBIL (*gasping*). No! 15

JOHN (*flinging back his head*). Yes, I prefer to say it before you all.

MAGGIE (*flinging back hers*). Then sit down again.

(*The WYLIES wonderingly obey.*)

SYBIL. Mr. Shand, Mr. Shand!— 20

JOHN. Maggie knows, and it was only for her I was troubled. Do you think I'm afraid of *them*? (*With mighty relief.*) Now we can be open.

DAVID (*lowering*). What is it? What's wrong, John Shand? 25

JOHN (*facing him squarely*). It was to Lady Sybil I gave the pendant, and all my love with it. (*Perhaps JAMES utters a cry, but the silence of ALICK and DAVID is more terrible.*)

SYBIL (*whose voice is smaller than we had thought*).
What are you to do?

(*It is to MAGGIE she is speaking.*)

DAVID. She'll leave it for us to do.

5 JOHN. That's what I want.

(*The lords of creation look at the ladies.*)

MAGGIE (*interpreting*). You and I are expected
to retire, Lady Sybil, while the men decide our fate.
(*SYBIL is ready to obey the law, but MAGGIE remains*
10 *seated.*) Man's the oak, woman's the ivy. Which
of us is it that's to cling to you, John?

(*With three stalwarts glaring at him, JOHN*
rather grandly takes SYBIL'S hand. They are
two against the world.)

15 SYBIL (*a heroine*). I hesitated, but I am afraid no
longer; whatever he asks of me I will do.

(*Evidently the first thing he asks of her is to*
await him in the dining-room.)

It will mean surrendering everything for him. I am
20 glad it means all that. (*She passes into the dining-*
room looking as pretty as a kiss.)

MAGGIE. So that settles it.

ALICK. I'm thinking that doesn't settle it.

DAVID. No, by God! (*But his love for MAGGIE*
25 *steadies him. There is even a note of entreaty in his*
voice.) Have you nothing to say to her, man?

JOHN. I have things to say to her, but not before
you.

DAVID (*sternly*). Go away, Maggie. Leave him

to us.

JAMES (*who thinks it is about time that he said*
something). Yes, leave him to us.

MAGGIE. No, David, I want to hear what is to
become of me; I promise not to take any side. 5

(*And sitting by the fire she resumes her knit-*
ting. The four regard her as on an evening
at The Pans a good many years ago.)

DAVID (*barking*). How long has this been going
on? 10

JOHN. If you mean how long has that lady been
the apple of my eye, I'm not sure; but I never told
her of it until to-day.

MAGGIE (*thoughtfully and without dropping a*
stitch). I think it wasn't till about six months ago, 15
John, that she began to be very dear to you. At
first you liked to bring in her name when talking to
me, so that I could tell you of any little things I
might have heard she was doing. But afterwards,
as she became more and more to you, you avoided 20
mentioning her name.

JOHN (*surprised*). Did you notice that?

MAGGIE (*in her old-fashioned way*). Yes.

JOHN. I tried to be done with it for your sake.
I've often had a sore heart for you, Maggie. 25

JAMES. You're proving it!

MAGGIE. Yes, James, he had. I've often seen
him looking at me very sorrowfully of late because
of what was in his mind; and many a kindly little

thing he has done for me that he didn't use to do.

JOHN. You noticed that too!

MAGGIE. Yes.

DAVID (*controlling himself*). Well, we won't go
5 into that; the thing to be thankful for is that it's
ended.

ALICK (*who is looking very old*). Yes, yes, that's
the great thing.

JOHN. All useless, sir, it's not ended; it's to go on.

10 DAVID. There's a devil in you, John Shand.

JOHN (*who is an unhappy man just now*). I dare
say there is. But do you think he had a walk over,
Mr. David?

JAMES. Man, I could knock you down!

15 MAGGIE. There's not one of you could knock
John down.

DAVID (*exasperated*). Quiet, Maggie. One would
think you were taking his part.

MAGGIE. Do you expect me to desert him at the
20 very moment that he needs me most?

DAVID. It's him that's deserting you.

JOHN. Yes, Maggie, that's what it is.

ALICK. Where's your marriage vow? And your
church attendances?

25 JAMES (*with terrible irony*). And your prize for
moral philosophy?

JOHN (*recklessly*). All gone whistling down the
wind.

DAVID. I suppose you understand that you'll

have to resign your seat.

JOHN (*his underlip much in evidence*). There are
hundreds of seats, but there's only one John Shand.

MAGGIE (*but we don't hear her*). That's how I
like to hear him speak. 5

DAVID (*the ablest person in the room*). Think,
man, I'm old by you, and for long I've had a pride
in you. It will be beginning the world again with
more against you than there was eight years ago.

JOHN. I have a better head to begin it with than 10
I had eight years ago.

ALICK (*hoping this will bite*). She'll have her own
money, David!

JOHN. She's as poor as a mouse.

JAMES (*thinking possibly of his Elizabeth's mother*). 15
We'll go to her friends, and tell them all. They'll
stop it.

JOHN. She's of age.

JAMES. They'll take her far away.

JOHN. I'll follow, and tear her from them. 20

ALICK. Your career—

JOHN (*to his credit*). To hell with my career. Do
you think I don't know I'm on the rocks. What
can you, or you, or you, understand of the passions
of a man! I've fought, and I've given in. When a 25
ship founders, as I suppose I'm foundering, it's not a
thing to yelp at. Peace all of you. (*He strides into
the dining-room, where we see him at times pacing
the floor.*)

DAVID (*to JAMES, who gives signs of a desire to take off his coat*). Let him be. We can't budge him. (*With bitter wisdom*.) It's true what he says, true at any rate about me. What do I know of the
5 passions of a man! I'm up against something I don't understand.

ALICK. It's something wicked.

DAVID. I dare say it is, but it's something big.

JAMES. It's that damned charm.

10 MAGGIE (*still by the fire*). That's it. What was it that made you fancy Elizabeth, James?

JAMES (*sheepishly*). I can scarcely say.

MAGGIE. It was her charm.

DAVID. *Her* charm!

15 JAMES (*pugnaciously*). Yes, *her* charm.

MAGGIE. She had charm for James.

(This somehow breaks them up. MAGGIE goes from one to another with an old little smile flickering on her face.)

20 DAVID. Put on your things, Maggie, and we'll leave his house.

MAGGIE (*patting his kind head*). Not me, David.

(This is a MAGGIE they have known but forgotten; all three brighten.)

25 DAVID. You haven't given in!

(The smile flickers and expires.)

MAGGIE. I want you all to go upstairs, and let me have my try now.

JAMES. Your try?

ALICK. Maggie, you put new life into me.

JAMES. And into me.

(DAVID says nothing; the way he grips her shoulder says it for him.)

MAGGIE. I'll save him, David, if I can. 5

DAVID. Does he deserve to be saved after the way he has treated you?

MAGGIE. You stupid David. What has that to do with it.

(When they have gone, JOHN comes to the door of the dining-room. There is welling up in him a great pity for MAGGIE, but it has to subside a little when he sees that the knitting is still in her hand. No man likes to be so soon supplanted. SYBIL follows, and the two of them gaze at the active needles.) 10 15

MAGGIE (*perceiving that she has visitors*). Come in, John. Sit down, Lady Sybil, and make yourself comfortable. I'm afraid we've put you about.

(She is, after all, only a few years older than they and scarcely looks her age; yet it must have been in some such way as this that the little old woman who lived in a shoe addressed her numerous progeny.) 20

JOHN. I'm mortal sorry, Maggie. 25

SYBIL (*who would be more courageous if she could hold his hand*). And I also.

MAGGIE (*soothingly*). I'm sure you are. But as it can't be helped I see no reason why we three

shouldn't talk the matter over in a practical way.

(SYBIL looks doubtful, but JOHN hangs on desperately to the word practical.)

JOHN. If you could understand, Maggie, what an
5 inspiration she is to me and my work.

SYBIL. Indeed, Mrs. Shand, I think of nothing else.

MAGGIE. That's fine. That's as it should be.

SYBIL (talking too much). Mrs. Shand, I think
10 you are very kind to take it so reasonably.

MAGGIE. That's the Scotch way. When were you thinking of leaving me, John?

(Perhaps this is the Scotch way also; but SYBIL is English, and from the manner in
15 which she starts you would say that something has fallen on her toes.)

JOHN (who has heard nothing fall). I think, now that it has come to a breach, the sooner the better. (His tone becomes that of JAMES when asked after the
20 health of his wife.) So long as it is convenient to you, Maggie.

MAGGIE (making a rapid calculation). It couldn't well be before Wednesday. That's the day the laundry comes home.

(SYBIL has to draw in her toes again.)

JOHN. And it's the day the House rises. (Stifling a groan.) It may be my last appearance in the House.

SYBIL (her arms yearning for him). No, no,

please don't say that.

MAGGIE (surveying them sympathetically). You love the House, don't you, John, next to her? It's a pity you can't wait till after your speech at Leeds. Mr. Venables won't let you speak at Leeds,
5 I fear, if you leave me.

JOHN. What a chance it would have been. But let it go.

MAGGIE. The meeting is in less than a month. Could you not make it such a speech that they
10 would be very loth to lose you?

JOHN (swelling). That's what was in my mind.

SYBIL (with noble confidence). And he could have done it.

MAGGIE. Then we've come to something
15 practical.

JOHN (exercising his imagination with powerful effect). No, it wouldn't be fair to you if I was to stay on now.

MAGGIE. Do you think I'll let myself be con-
20 sidered when your career is at stake. A month will soon pass for me; I'll have a lot of packing to do.

JOHN. It's noble of you, but I don't deserve it, and I can't take it from you.

MAGGIE. Now's the time, Lady Sybil, for you to have one of your inspiring ideas.

SYBIL (ever ready). Yes, yes—but what?

(It is odd that they should both turn to Maggie

at this moment.)

MAGGIE (*who has already been saying it to herself*).
What do you think of this: I can stay on here
with my father and brothers; and you, John, can
5 go away somewhere and devote yourself to your
speech?

SYBIL. Yes.

JOHN. That might be. (*Considerately.*) Away
from both of you. Where could I go?

10 SYBIL (*ever ready*). Where?

MAGGIE. I know.

*(She has called up a number on the telephone
before they have time to check her.)*

JOHN (*on his dignity*). Don't be in such a hurry,
15 Maggie.

MAGGIE. Is this Lamb's Hotel? Put me on to
the Comtesse de la Brière, please.

SYBIL (*with a sinking*). What do you want with
Auntie?

20 MAGGIE. Her cottage in the country would be
the very place. She invited John and me.

JOHN. Yes, but—

MAGGIE (*arguing*). And Mr. Venables is to be
there. Think of the impression you could make
25 on *him*, seeing him daily for three weeks.

JOHN. There's something in that.

MAGGIE. Is it you, Comtesse? I'm Maggie
Shand.

SYBIL. You are not to tell her that—?

MAGGIE. No. (*To the COMTESSE.*) Oh, I'm very
well, never was better. Yes, yes; you see I can't,
because my folk have never been in London be-
fore, and I must take them about and show them
the sights. But John could come to you alone; 5
why not?

JOHN (*with proper pride*). If she's not keen to
have me, I won't go.

MAGGIE. She's very keen. Comtesse, I could
come for a day by and by to see how you are 10
getting on. Yes—yes—certainly. (*To JOHN.*) She
says she'll be delighted.

JOHN (*thoughtfully*). You're not doing this,
Maggie, thinking that my being absent from Sybil
for a few weeks can make any difference? Of 15
course it's natural you should want us to keep
apart, but—

MAGGIE (*grimly*). I'm founding no hope on
keeping you apart, John.

JOHN. It's what other wives would do. 20

MAGGIE. I promised to be different.

JOHN (*his position as a strong man assured*). Then
tell her I accept. (*He wanders back into the dining-
room.*)

SYBIL. I think—(*she is not sure what she thinks*) 25
—I think you are very wonderful.

MAGGIE. Was that John calling to you?

SYBIL. Was it? (*She is glad to join him in the
dining-room.*)

MAGGIE. Comtesse, hold the line a minute—
(She is alone, and she has nearly reached the end of her self-control. She shakes emotionally and utters painful little cries; there is something she wants to do, and she is loth to do it. But she does it.) Are
 5 you there, Comtesse? There's one other thing, dear Comtesse; I want you to invite Lady Sybil also; yes, for the whole time that John is there. No, I'm not mad; as a great favour to me; yes,
 10 I have a very particular reason, but I won't tell you what it is; oh, call me Scotchy as much as you like, but consent; do, do, do. Thank you, thank you, good-bye.

(She has control of herself now, and is determined not to let it slip from her again. When they reappear the stubborn one is writing a letter.)
 15

JOHN. I thought I heard the telephone again.

MAGGIE *(looking up from her labours)*. It was
 20 the Comtesse; she says she's to invite Lady Sybil to the cottage at the same time.

SYBIL. Me!

JOHN. To invite Sybil? Then of course I won't go, Maggie.

25 MAGGIE *(wondering seemingly at these niceties)*. What does it matter? Is anything to be considered except the speech? *(It has been admitted that she was a little devil.)* And, with Sybil on the spot, John, to help you and inspire you, what a speech it

will be!

JOHN *(carried away)*. Maggie, you really are a very generous woman.

SYBIL *(convinced at last)*. She is indeed.

JOHN. And you're queer too. How many women
 5 in the circumstances would sit down to write a letter.

MAGGIE. It's a letter to you, John.

JOHN. To me?

MAGGIE. I'll give it to you when it's finished, but I ask you not to open it till your visit to the Com-
 10 tesse ends.

JOHN. What is it about?

MAGGIE. It's practical.

SYBIL *(rather faintly)*. Practical? *(She has heard the word so frequently to-day that it is beginning to have a Scotch sound. She feels she ought to like Maggie, but that she would like her better if they were farther apart. She indicates that the doctors are troubled about her heart, and murmuring her adieux she goes.)* JOHN, who is accompanying her, pauses at
 15
 20 the door.)

JOHN *(with a queer sort of admiration for his wife)*. Maggie, I wish I was fond of you.

MAGGIE *(heartily)*. I wish you were, John.

(He goes, and she resumes her letter. The stocking is lying at hand, and she pushes it to the floor. She is done for a time with knitting.)
 25

IV

Man's greatest invention is the lawn-mower. All the birds know this, and that is why, when it is at rest, there is always at least one of them sitting on the handle with his head cocked, wondering how the
 5 delicious whirring sound is made. When they find out, they will change their note. As it is, you must sometimes have thought that you heard the mower very early in the morning, and perhaps you peeped in
 10 *négligé* from your lattice window to see who was up so early. It was really the birds trying to get the note.

On this broiling morning, however, we are at noon, and whoever looks will see that the whirring is done by Mr. Venables. He is in a linen suit with the coat
 15 discarded (the bird is sitting on it), and he comes and goes across the Comtesse's lawns, pleasantly mopping his face. We see him through a crooked bowred window generously open, roses intruding into it as if
 20 to prevent its ever being closed at night; there are other roses in such armfuls on the tables that one could not easily say where the room ends and the garden begins.

In the Comtesse's pretty comic drawing-room (for she likes the comic touch when she is in England) sits
 25 John Shand with his hostess, on chairs at a great

distance from each other. No linen garments for John, nor flannels, nor even knickerbockers; he envies the English way of dressing for trees and lawns, but is too Scotch to be able to imitate it; he wears tweeds, just as he would do in his native country where they
 5 would be in kilts. Like many another Scot, the first time he ever saw a kilt was on a Sassenach; indeed kilts were only invented, like golf, to draw the English north. John is doing nothing, which again is not a
 10 Scotch accomplishment, and he looks rather miserable and dour. The Comtesse is already at her Patience cards, and occasionally she smiles on him as if not displeased with his long silence. At last she speaks:

'I feel it rather a shame to detain you here on such a lovely day, Mr. Shand, entertaining an old
 15 woman.'

'I don't pretend to think I'm entertaining you, Comtesse.'

'But you *are*, you know.'

'I would be pleased to be told how?'

(She shrugs her impertinent shoulders, and presently there is another heavy sigh from
 20 JOHN.)

'Again! Why do not you go out on the river?'

'Yes, I can do that.' (He rises.)

'And take Sybil with you.' (He sits again.)

'No?'

'I have been on the river with her twenty times.'

'Then take her for a long walk through the Fairloe woods.'

'We were there twice last week.'

'There is a romantically damp little arbour at the end of what the villagers call the Lovers' Lane.'

'One can't go there every day. I see nothing to laugh at.'

'Did I laugh? I must have been translating the situation into French.'

(Perhaps the music of the lawn-mower is not to JOHN'S mood, for he betakes himself to another room. MR. VENABLES pauses in his labours to greet a lady who has appeared on the lawn, and who is MAGGIE. She is as neat as if she were one of the army of typists (who are quite the nicest kind of women), and carries a little bag. She comes in through the window, and puts her hands over the COMTESSE'S eyes. The COMTESSE says:

'They are a strong pair of hands, at any rate.'

'And not very white, and biggish for my size. Now guess.'

(The COMTESSE guesses, and takes both the hands in hers as if she valued them. She pulls off MAGGIE'S hat as if to prevent her flying away.)

'Dear abominable one, not to let me know you were coming.'

'It is just a surprise visit, Comtesse. I walked up

from the station.' (For a moment MAGGIE seems to have borrowed SYBIL'S impediment.) How is—everybody?'

'He is quite well. But, my child, he seems to me to be a most unhappy man.'

(This sad news does not seem to make a most unhappy woman of the child. The COMTESSE is puzzled, as she knows nothing of the situation save what she has discovered for herself.)

'Why should that please you, O heartless one?'

'I won't tell you.'

'I could take you and shake you, Maggie. Here have I put my house at your disposal for so many days for some sly Scotch purpose, and you will not tell me what it is.'

'No.'

'Very well then, but I have what you call a nasty one for you. (The COMTESSE lures MR. VENABLES into the room by holding up what might be a foaming glass of lemon squash.) Alas, Charles, it is but a flower vase. I want you to tell Mrs. Shand what you think of her husband's speech.'

(MR. VENABLES gives his hostess a reproachful look.)

'Eh—ah—Shand will prefer to do that himself. I promised the gardener—I must not disappoint him—excuse me—'

'You must tell her, Charles.'

'Please, Mr. Venables, I should like to know.'

(He sits down with a sigh and obeys.)

'Your husband has been writing the speech here, and by his own wish he read it to me three days ago. The occasion is to be an important one; and, 5 well, there are a dozen young men in the party at present, all capable of filling a certain small ministerial post. *(He looks longingly at the mower, but it sends no message to his aid.)* And as he is one of them I was anxious that he should show in this 10 speech of what he is capable.

'And hasn't he?',

(Not for the first time MR. VENABLES wishes that he was not in politics.)

'I am afraid he has.'

15 'What is wrong with the speech, Charles?'

'Nothing—and he can still deliver it. It is a powerful, well-thought-out piece of work, such as only a very able man could produce. But it has no *special quality* of its own—none of the little touches 20 that used to make an old stager like myself want to pat Shand on the shoulder. *(The COMTESSE'S mouth twitches, but MAGGIE declines to notice it.)* He pounds on manfully enough, but, if I may say so, with a wooden leg. It is as good, I dare say, as the rest 25 of them could have done; but they start with such inherited advantages, Mrs. Shand, that he had to do better.'

'Yes, I can understand that.'

'I am sorry, Mrs. Shand, for he interested me.'

His career has set me wondering whether if I had begun as a railway porter I might not still be calling out, "By your leave."'

(MAGGIE thinks it probable but not important.)

'Mr. Venables, now that I think of it, surely 5 John wrote to me that you were dissatisfied with his first speech, and that he was writing another.

(The COMTESSE'S eyes open very wide indeed.)

'I have heard nothing of that, Mrs. Shand. *(VENABLES shakes his wise head.)* And in any case, 10 I am afraid—' *(He still hears the wooden leg.)*

'But you said yourself that his second thoughts were sometimes such an improvement on the first.'

(The COMTESSE comes to the help of the baggage.) 15

'I remember your saying that, Charles.'

'Yes, that has struck me. *(Politely)* Well, if he has anything to show me— In the mean time—'

(He regains the lawn, like one glad to escape attendance at JOHN'S obsequies. The COMTESSE 20 is brought back to speech by the sound of the mower—nothing wooden in it.)

'What are you up to now, Miss Pin? You know as well as I do that there is no such speech.'

(MAGGIE'S mouth tightens.) 25

'I do not.'

'It is a duel, is it, my friend?'

(The COMTESSE rings the bell and MAGGIE'S guilty mind is agitated.)

'What are you ringing for?'

'As the challenged one, Miss Pin, I have the choice of weapons. I am going to send for your husband to ask him if he has written such a speech.
5 After which, I suppose, *you* will ask me to leave you while you and he write it together.

(MAGGIE *wrings her hands.*)

'You are wrong, Comtesse; but please don't do that.'

10 'You but make me more curious, and my doctor says that I must be told everything. (*The COMTESSE assumes the pose of her sex in melodrama.*) Put your cards on the table, Maggie Shand, *or—(she indicates that she always pinks her man.* MAGGIE *dolefully produces a roll of paper from her bag.*) What precisely is that?'

(*The reply is little more than a squeak.*)

'John's speech.'

'You have written it yourself!'

20 (MAGGIE *is naturally indignant.*)

'It's typed.'

'You guessed that the speech he wrote unaided would not satisfy, and you prepared this to take its place!'

25 'Not at all, Comtesse. It is the draft of his speech that he left at home. That's all.'

'With a few trivial alterations by yourself, I swear. Can you deny it?'

(*No wonder that MAGGIE is outraged. She*

replaces John's speech in the bag with becoming hauteur.)

'Comtesse, these insinuations are unworthy of you. May I ask where is my husband?'

(*The COMTESSE drops her a curtsy.*)

5 'I believe your Haughtiness may find him in the Dutch garden. Oh, I see through you. You are not to show him your speech. But you are to get him to write another one, and somehow all your additions will be in it. Think not, creature, that
10 you can deceive one so old in iniquity as the Comtesse de la Brière.'

(*There can be but one reply from a good wife to such a charge, and at once the COMTESSE is left alone with her shame. Anon a footman
15 appears. You know how they come and go.*)

'You rang, my lady?'

'Did I? Ah, yes, but why? (*He is but lately from the ploughshare and cannot help her. In this quandary her eyes alight upon the bag. She is un-
20 fortunately too abandoned to feel her shame: she still thinks that she has the choice of weapons. She takes the speech from the bag and bestows it on her servitor.*) Take this to Mr. Venables, please, and say it is from Mr. Shand. (THOMAS *—but in the end we shall
25 probably call him JOHN—departs with the little explosive; and when MAGGIE returns she finds that the COMTESSE is once more engaged on her interrupted game of Patience.*) You did not find him?'

(All the bravery has dropped from MAGGIE'S face.)

'I didn't see him, but I heard him. She is with him. I think they are coming here.'

5 (The COMTESSE is suddenly kind again.)

'Sybil? Shall I get rid of her?'

'No, I want her to be here, too. Now I shall know.'

(The COMTESSE twists the little thing round.)

10 'Know what?'

'As soon as I look into his face I shall know.'

(A delicious scent ushers in the fair SYBIL, who is as sweet as a milking stool. She greets MRS. SHAND with some alarm.)

15 MAGGIE. How do you do, Lady Sybil? How pretty you look in that frock. (SYBIL rustles uncomfortably.) You are a feast to the eye.

SYBIL. Please, I wish you would not.

20 (Shall we describe SYBIL'S frock, in which she looks like a great strawberry that knows it ought to be plucked; or would it be easier to watch the coming of JOHN? Let us watch JOHN.)

JOHN. You, Maggie! You never wrote that you were coming.

25 (No, let us watch MAGGIE. As soon as she looked into his face she was to know something of importance.)

MAGGIE (not dissatisfied with what she sees). No, John, it's a surprise visit. I just ran down to say

good-bye.

(At this his face falls, which does not seem to pain her.)

SYBIL (foreseeing another horrible Scotch scene).
To say good-bye? 5

COMTESSE (thrilling with expectation). To whom, Maggie?

SYBIL (deserted by the impediment, which is probably playing with rough boys in the Lovers Lane).
Auntie, do leave us, won't you? 10

COMTESSE. Not I. It is becoming far too interesting.

MAGGIE. I suppose there's no reason the Comtesse shouldn't be told, as she will know so soon at any rate? 15

JOHN. That's so. (SYBIL sees with a sinking that he is to be practical also.)

MAGGIE. It's so simple. You see, Comtesse, John and Lady Sybil have fallen in love with one another, and they are to go off as soon as the meeting at Leeds has taken place. 20

(The COMTESSE'S breast is too suddenly introduced to Caledonia and its varied charms.)

COMTESSE. Mon Dieu!

MAGGIE. I think that's putting it correctly, John. 25

JOHN. In a sense. But I'm not to attend the meeting at Leeds. My speech doesn't find favour. (With a strange humility) There's something wrong with it.

COMTESSE. I never expected to hear you say that, Mr. Shand.

JOHN (*wondering also*). I never expected it myself. I meant to make it the speech of my career.
5 But somehow my hand seems to have lost its cunning.

COMTESSE. And you don't know how?

JOHN. It's inexplicable. My brain was never clearer.

10 COMTESSE. You might have helped him, Sybil.

SYBIL (*quite sulkily*). I did.

COMTESSE. But I thought she was such an inspiration to you, Mr. Shand.

15 JOHN (*going bravely to Sybil's side*). She slaved at it with me.

COMTESSE. Strange. (*Wickedly becoming practical also*.) So now there is nothing to detain you. Shall I send for a fly, Sybil?

SYBIL (*with a cry of the heart*). Auntie, do leave us.

20 COMTESSE. I can understand your impatience to be gone, Mr. Shand.

JOHN (*heavily*). I promised Maggie to wait till the 24th, and I'm a man of my word.

MAGGIE. But I give you back your word, John.
25 You can go now.

(JOHN looks at SYBIL, and SYBIL looks at JOHN, and the impediment arrives in time to take a peep at both of them.)

SYBIL (*groping for the practical, to which we must*

all come in the end). He must make satisfactory arrangements about you first. I insist on that.

MAGGIE (*with no more imagination than a hen*). Thank you, Lady Sybil, but I have made all my arrangements.
5

JOHN (*stung*). Maggie, that was my part.

MAGGIE (*the hens are saying it all the time*). You see, my brothers feel they can't be away from their business any longer; and so, if it would be convenient to you, John, I could travel north with them
10 by the night train on Wednesday.

SYBIL. I—I—. The way you put things—!

JOHN. This is just the 21st.

MAGGIE. My things are all packed. I think you'll find the house in good order, Lady Sybil. I have
15 had the vacuum cleaners in. I'll give you the keys of the linen and the silver plate; I have them in that bag. The carpet on the upper landing is a good deal frayed, but—

SYBIL. Please, I don't want to hear any more.
20

MAGGIE. The ceiling of the dining-room would be the better of a new lick of paint—

SYBIL (*stamping her foot, small fours*). Can't you stop her?
•

JOHN (*soothingly*). She's meaning well. Maggie,
25 I know it's natural to you to value those things, because your outlook on life is bounded by them; but all this jars on me.

MAGGIE. Does it?

JOHN. Why should you be so ready to go?

MAGGIE. I promised not to stand in your way.

JOHN (*stoutly*). You needn't be in such a hurry. There are three days to run yet. (*The French are*
5 *so different from us that we shall probably never be*
able to understand why the COMTESSE laughed aloud
here.) It's just a joke to the Comtesse.

COMTESSE. It seems to be no joke to you, Mr. Shand. Sybil, my pet, are you to let him off?

10 SYBIL (*flashing*). Let him off? If he wishes it. Do you?

JOHN (*manfully*). I want it to go on. (*Something*
seems to have caught in his throat: perhaps it is the
impediment trying a temporary home.) It's the one
15 wish of my heart. If you come with me, Sybil, I'll
do all in a man's power to make you never regret it.

(*Triumph of the Vere de Veres.*)

MAGGIE (*bringing them back to earth with a dump*).
And I can make my arrangements for Wednesday?

20 SYBIL (*seeking the COMTESSE'S protection*). No, you
can't. Auntie, I am not going on with this. I'm
very sorry for you, John, but I see now—I couldn't
face it—

(*She can't face anything at this moment except*
25 *the sofa pillows.*)

COMTESSE (*noticing JOHN'S big sigh of relief*). So
that is all right, Mr. Shand!

MAGGIE. Don't you love her any more, John?
Be practical.

SYBIL (*to the pillows*). At any rate I have tired of
him. Oh, best to tell the horrid truth. I am
ashamed of myself. I have been crying my eyes
out over it—I thought I was such a different kind of
woman. But I am weary of him. I think him— 5
oh, so dull.

JOHN (*his face lighting up*). Are you sure that is
how you have come to think of me?

SYBIL. I'm sorry; (*With all her soul*) but yes—
yes—yes. 10

JOHN. By God, it's more than I deserve.

COMTESSE. Congratulations to you both.

(*SYBIL runs away; and in the fulness of time*
she married successfully in Cloth of Silver,
which was afterwards turned into a bed- 15
spread.)

MAGGIE. You haven't read my letter yet, John,
have you?

JOHN. No.

COMTESSE (*imploringly*). May I know to what 20
darling letter you refer?

MAGGIE. It's a letter I wrote to him before he
left London. I gave it to him closed, not to be
opened until his time here was ended.

JOHN (*as his hand strays to his pocket*). Am I to 25
read it now?

MAGGIE. Not before her. Please go away, Com-
tesse.

COMTESSE. Every word you say makes me more

determined to remain.

MAGGIE. It will hurt you. (*Distressed.*) Don't read it, John; tear it up.

JOHN. You make me very curious, Maggie. And yet I don't see what can be in it.

COMTESSE. But you feel a little nervous? Give me the dagger.

MAGGIE (*quickly*). No. (*But the COMTESSE has already got it.*)

COMTESSE. May I? (*She must have thought they said Yes, for she opens the letter. She shares its contents with them.*) 'Dearest John, It is at my request that the Comtesse is having Lady Sybil at the cottage at the same time as yourself.'

JOHN. What?

COMTESSE. Yes, she begged me to invite you together.

JOHN. But why?

MAGGIE. I promised you not to behave as other wives would do.

JOHN. It's not understandable.

COMTESSE. 'You may ask why I do this, John, and my reason is, I think that after a few weeks of Lady Sybil, every day, and all day, you will become sick to death of her. I am also giving her the chance to help you and inspire you with your work, so that you may both learn what her help and her inspiration amount to. Of course, if your love is the great strong passion you think it, then those weeks will

make you love her more than ever and I can only say good-bye. But if, as I suspect, you don't even now know what true love is, then by the next time we meet, dear John, you will have had enough of her.—Your affectionate wife, MAGGIE.' Oh, why was not Sybil present at the reading of the will! And now, if you two will kindly excuse me, I think I must go and get that poor sufferer the eau de Cologne.

JOHN. It's almost enough to make a man lose faith in himself.

COMTESSE. Oh, don't say that, Mr. Shand.

MAGGIE (*defending him*). You mustn't hurt him. If you haven't loved deep and true, that's just because you have never met a woman yet, John, capable of inspiring it.

COMTESSE (*putting her hand on MAGGIE'S shoulder*). Have you not, Mr. Shand?

JOHN. I see what you mean. But Maggie wouldn't think better of me for any false pretences. She knows my feelings for her now are neither more nor less than what they have always been.

MAGGIE (*who sees that he is looking at her as solemnly as a volume of sermons printed by request*). I think no one could be fond of me that can't laugh a little at me.

JOHN. How could that help?

COMTESSE (*exasperated*). Mr. Shand, I give you up.

MAGGIE. I admire his honesty.

COMTESSE. Oh, I give you up also. Arcades ambo. Scotchies both.

JOHN (*when she has gone*). But this letter, it's not
5 like you. By Gosh, Maggie, you're no fool.

(*She beams at this, as any wife would.*)

But how could I have made such a mistake? It's
not like a strong man. (*Evidently he has an inspira-*
tion.)

10 MAGGIE. What is it?

JOHN (*the inspiration*). Am I a strong man?

MAGGIE. You? Of course you are. And self
made. Has anybody ever helped you in the smallest
way?

15 JOHN (*thinking it out again*). No, nobody.

MAGGIE. Not even Lady Sybil?

JOHN. I'm beginning to doubt it. It's very curi-
ous, though, Maggie, that this speech should be
disappointing.

20 MAGGIE. It's just that Mr. Venables hasn't the
brains to see how good it is.

JOHN. That must be it. (*But he is too good a
man to rest satisfied with this.*) No, Maggie, it's
not. Somehow I seem to have lost my neat way of
25 saying things.

MAGGIE (*almost cooing*). It will come back to you.

JOHN (*forlorn*). If you knew how I've tried.

MAGGIE (*cautiously*). Maybe if you were to try
again; and I'll just come and sit beside you, and

knit. I think the click of the needles sometimes put
you in the mood.

JOHN. Hardly that; and yet many a Shandism
have I knocked off while you were sitting beside me
knitting. I suppose it was the quietness. 5

MAGGIE. Very likely.

JOHN (*with another inspiration*). Maggie!

MAGGIE (*again*). What is it, John?

JOHN. What if it was you that put those queer
ideas into my head! 10

MAGGIE. Me?

JOHN. Without your knowing it, I mean.

MAGGIE. But how?

JOHN. We used to talk bits over; and it may be
that you dropped the seed, so to speak. 15

MAGGIE. John, could it be this, that I sometimes
had the idea in a rough womanish sort of way and
then you polished it up till it came out a Shandism?

JOHN (*slowly slapping his knee*). I believe you've
hit it, Maggie: to think that you may have been
20 helping me all the time—and neither of us knew it.

(*He has so nearly reached a smile that no one
can say what might have happened within the
next moment if the COMTESSE had not reap-*
peared.) 25

COMTESSE. Mr. Venables wishes to see you, Mr.
Shand.

JOHN (*Lost, stolen, or strayed a smile in the making*).
Hum.

COMTESSE. He is coming now.

JOHN (*grumpy*). Indeed.

COMTESSE (*sweetly*). It is about your speech.

JOHN. He has said all he need say on that sub-
5 ject, and more.

COMTESSE (*quaking a little*). I think it is about
the second speech.

JOHN. What second speech?

(MAGGIE *runs to her bag and opens it.*)

10 MAGGIE (*horrified*). Comtesse, you have given it
to him.

COMTESSE (*impudently*). Wasn't I meant to?

JOHN. What is it? What second speech?

MAGGIE. Cruel, cruel. (*Willing to go on her*
15 *knecs.*) You had left the first draft of your speech
at home, John, and I brought it here with—with a
few little things I've added myself.

JOHN (*a seven-footer*). What's that?

MAGGIE (*four foot ten at most*). Just trifles—things
20 I was to suggest to you—while I was knitting—and
then, if you liked any of them you could have polished
them—and turned them into something good. John,
John—and now she has shown it to Mr. Venables.

JOHN (*thundering*). As my work, Comtesse?

25 (*But the COMTESSE is not of the women who*
are afraid of thunder.)

MAGGIE. It is your work—nine-tenths of it.

JOHN (*in the black cap*). You presumed, Mag-
gie Shand! Very well, then, here he comes, and

now we'll see to what extent you've helped me.

VENABLES. My dear fellow. My dear Shand, I
congratulate you. Give me your hand.

JOHN. The speech?

VENABLES. You have improved it out of know- 5
ledge. It is the same speech, but those new touches
make all the difference. (*John sits down heavily.*)
Mrs. Shand, be proud of him.

MAGGIE. I am. I am, John.

COMTESSE. You always said that his second 10
thoughts were best, Charles.

VENABLES (*pleased to be reminded of it*). Didn't
I? didn't I? Those delicious little touches! How
good that is, Shand, about the flowing tide.

COMTESSE. The flowing tide? 15

VENABLES. In the first speech it was something
like this—'Gentlemen, the Opposition are calling to
you to vote for them and the flowing tide, but I
solemnly warn you to beware lest the flowing tide
does not engulf you.' The second way is much 20
better.

COMTESSE. What is the second way, Mr. Shand?

(JOHN *does not tell her.*)

VENABLES. This is how he puts it now. (JOHN
cannot help raising his head to listen.) 'Gentlemen, 25
the Opposition are calling to you to vote for them
and the flowing tide, but I ask you cheerfully to
vote for us and *dam* the flowing tide.'

(VENABLES *and his old friend the COMTESSE*

laugh heartily, but for different reasons.)

COMTESSE. It is better, Mr. Shand.

MAGGIE. I don't think so.

VENABLES. Yes, yes, it's so virile. Excuse me,
5 Comtesse, I'm off to read the whole thing again.
*(For the first time he notices that JOHN is strangely
quiet.)* I think this has rather bowled you over,
Shand.

(John's head sinks lower.)

10 Well, well, good news doesn't kill.

MAGGIE *(counsel for the defence)*. Surely the im-
portant thing about the speech is its strength and
knowledge and eloquence, the things that were in
the first speech as well as in the second.

15 VENABLES. That of course is largely true. The
wit would not be enough without them, just as they
were not enough without the wit. It is the com-
bination that is irresistible. *(JOHN'S head rises a
little.)* Shand, you are our man, remember that, it
20 is emphatically the best thing you have ever done.
How this will go down at Leeds.

*(He returns gaily to his hammock; but lower
sinks JOHN'S head, and even the COMTESSE has
the grace to take herself off. MAGGIE'S arms
25 flutter near her husband, not daring to alight.)*

'You heard what he said, John. It's the com-
bination. Is it so terrible to you to find that my
love for you had made me able to help you in the
little things?'

'The little things! It seems strange to me to
hear you call me by my name, Maggie. It's as if
I looked on you for the first time.'

'Look at me, John, for the first time. What do
you see?'

'I see a woman who has brought her husband
low.'

'Only that?'

'I see the tragedy of a man who has found him-
self out. Eh, I can't live with you again, Maggie.'

(He shivers.)

'Why did you shiver, John?'

'It was at myself for saying that I couldn't live
with you again, when I should have been wondering
how for so long you have lived with me. And I
15 suppose you have forgiven me all the time. *(She
nods.)* And forgive me still? *(She nods again.)*
Dear God!'

'John, am I to go? or are you to keep me on?
(She is now a little bundle near his feet.) I'm willing
20 to stay because I'm useful to you, if it can't be for a
better reason. *(His hand feels for her, and the
bundle wriggles nearer.)* It's nothing unusual I've
done, John. Every man who is high up loves to
think that he has done it all himself; and the wife
25 smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke.
Every woman knows that. *(He stares at her in
hopeless perplexity.)* Oh, John, if only you could
laugh at me.'

'I can't laugh, Maggie.'

(But as he continues to stare at her a strange disorder appears in his face. MAGGIE feels that it is to be now or never.)

5 'Laugh, John, laugh. Watch me; see how easy it is.'

(A terrible struggle is taking place within him. He creaks. Something that may be mirth forces a passage, at first painfully, no more joy in it than in the discoloured water from
10 *a spring that has long been dry. Soon, however, he laughs loud and long. The spring water is becoming clear. MAGGIE claps her hands. He is saved.)*

THE END

NOTES

音標文字の説明

1. a: father [ˈfɑ:ðə]	14. ɪ king [kɪŋ]
2. ai, au dry, how [draɪ] [haʊ]	15. ou go [gəʊ]
3. æ bad [bæd]	16. o molest [məʊlest]
4. ʌ up [ʌp]	17. ɔ: all [ɔ:l]
5. ɔ̃ this [ðɪs]	18. ɒ rot [rɒt]
6. ei bay [beɪ]	19. ʃ show [ʃəʊ]
7. e get [get]	20. θ thin [θɪn]
8. ə there [ðə]	21. u: too [tu:]
9. ə: bird [bɜ:d]	22. u book [bʊk]
10. ə above [əˈbʌv]	23. ʒ measure [ˈmeɪʒə]
11. i: bee [bi:]	24. tʃ church [tʃɜ:tʃ]
12. i it [ɪt]	25. dʒ judge [dʒʌdʒ]
13. j yet [jet]	

26. ç ドイツ語の ich [ɪç] の ch 或は日本語の「ヒ」の音。
 27. ʃ フランス語の montagne [mɔ̃taɲ] の gn の音。
 28. ø ドイツ語の hören [ˈhø:rən] の ö 或はフランス語の peu [pø] の eu の音。
 29. œ ドイツ語の Wörter [ˈwœrtər] の ö 或はフランス語の peur [pœ:r] の eu の音。
 30. x ドイツ語の ach [ax] の ch 或はスコットランド方言の loch [lɔx] の ch の音。
 31. y ドイツ語の über [ˈy:bər] の ü 或はフランス語の pur [py:r] の u の音。
 32. ɥ フランス語の nuit [nuɪ] の u の音。
 33. ~ (フランス語に於て) 母音の上にこの符號を置くは鼻音化 (nasalize) した事を表す。

注意:— ' はアクセントのある綴りの前に置く、例へば [ˈmeɪʒə] [əˈbʌv] などの如し。

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

C. O. D. = Concise Oxford Dictionary.
 P. O. D. = Pocket Oxford Dictionary.
 C. D. = Century Dictionary.

I

P. 1. 1. *James Wylie* Wylie [ˈwaɪli] 家の次男。Wylie 家のことは、後に自然に説明される。

move = moving a piece in chess & other games.

dambrod [ˈdæmbrəd] = chess-board (*Scotch*).

3 *poised* = balanced in the air.

4 *Alick* Wylie 家の老父。

5 *see to* = attend to, make sure of.

8 *heartlessly* = 「冷酷に」

9 *close on* = grasp.

'*man*' = piece in game of chess.

11. *caught* = detected. 見つけられること。

unholy = wicked.

11-2. *as plain as porridge* この plain は勿論「明瞭」の意であるが、それが porridge と結付いたのは、粥のやうに「質素な」「飾りのない」といふ方の意味からである。

13. *too late, his opponent.....again* この too late は、前の 'James glares' が「手遅れ」なのではなくて、it is too late that his opponent is a simple old father again である。

15. *sprawls* = spreads one's limbs out in careless or ungainly *conducive* 「助けとなる」 [way.

20-1. *after family worship.....to bed* Patrick Braybrooke さいふ人の Barrie 論に、この一節を引用して、次のやうに批評してある。"Is not this enough to tell us that we are in a Scotch family? No English playwright would be so unwise as to make the servant

go to bed after prayers, because it is not the custom of one-servant houses in England to have prayers at night. The Englishman does not care to pray publicly after dinner, he prefers to pray publicly before breakfast on week-days and before lunch on Sundays" (p. 10).

24. *It is not the room &c.* 親子が将棋をさしてある部屋の説明をするやうな顔をして、著者は巧みに此一家の生活法を説明する。

P. 2. 1. *merino* = soft woollen material like French cashmere.

4. *whip* = snatch.

7. *dickey* = false shirt-front. 所謂「するめ」で、胸のころだけシャツを着たやうに見せる仕掛のもの。

9-10. *pot-luck* 何でもよい有合せの御馳走のころ。

which 前の文章を受け、さういふ風に手軽く併し實意をこめて人を招くのが、さういふ意。

11-12. *pretend that.....daily* 平生は食堂を使はないのに、毎日使ふやうな振りをすること。

15. *in his stocking soles* 靴足袋のまゝ直かに、の意。

16. *catch Maggie letting him* 「マギが彼にさうさせてあるころを見付けて見よ」が文字通りで、決して Maggie はそんなことを黙つて放つて置かない、の意。

17. *heavens* = by heavens, good heavens.

19. *in an emergency* 「いざいふ場合に」 例へば立派なお客様でも見えた時をいふ。

19-21. *It sneers.....for money* 無生の平凡なものを人間化して取扱ふ Dickens と共通な Barrie の筆致。Cf. p. 16, ll. 26-8.

21. *Otherwise* 「其他の點に於ては」

23. *that smaller house where the Wylie began* Wylie 家が微賤から起つて今日の富裕を得たころを説明する。[haunches.

28. *small of his back* = hinder part of his waist, between ribs &

29. *ten past twelve* 兩足を三十度はかりコムバスのやうに開

P. 3. 1. *company* = guests. [いた形。

2-4. *horse-hair, than which.....down the seat* 馬の毛入りの椅子は可なり下等な品物であり、且その座席の真中に一文字に凹みが出来てゐるのは、其椅子の使ひ古されたころを示すのだが、貧賤から身を起した Wylie 一家の人々には、それがどの椅子よりも

坐り心地が良いさういふ意。

10. *they would not justify Maggie* they は其四冊の書物を受け、それだけならば、マギの言ひ分は立たない、の意。

11. *dogged* ['dɒɡɪd] = obstinate, persistent.

15. *pitch pine* 丈夫な材になる松の一種。specially resinous

19. *gasp* 驚いて息のつけない形。[kinds of p. tree (C.O.D.).

24. *it* 'that made' 以下の文章をうける。

27. *take in* = take by subscription, subscribe to.

28. *stand up to* = meet, face, (opponent) courageously.

P. 4. 3. 'Oh hell' 全く判らなくて忌ま忌ましくなつた時の

5. *of an open mind* = unprejudiced or undecided. [歎聲。

10. *and hewed the steps* 自ら其地歩を開拓して行つたころを、商賣の石を切るころにかけていふ。

11. 'Wylie Brothers' 次の called の complement. 父の Alick は隠居をして二人の息子だけに商賣をやらせようさういふ考。

15. *shave every day* 昔労働者であつた老人には、さういふ行儀のよい生活は、甚だ窮屈なのである。

16. *snell* = keen, sharp (Scotch). 「いふころをさす。

20. *he can go to bed again* そんなに早く起きなくてもよいさ

22-4. *then Maggie gives him &c.* 兄の David と妹の Maggie の父親を思ふ真情が、此一節にあらはれてゐる。

26. *our kind friends in front* 正面に居る吾々の親切な友人達とは、見物のお客様さういふころ。

P. 5. 2-3. *Alick's whisker.....round the neck* 首が髭で埋つて

5. *did* = painted. [みる形容。

14. *peat* 北ヨーロッパに多く産する燃料、日本の泥炭「すくも」又は亞炭「いはき」の類。

exchange eyes 眼の玉の取替つこをすること。

16. *totting up* 'tot' = count up, add (colloq.) 使つた金の勘定などに用ゐる言葉。普通 'up' を伴ふ。

20. *elastic* = elastic.

21. *pushing.....other* あまり行儀のよくない靴の脱ぎ方。

23. *in the ottoman* ottoman は普通背部や腕懸のない sofa であるが、場合によるさ全體が一種の箱になつてゐて、その蓋にあたる座席を揚げるこ、中へ品物が納はれる仕掛になつてゐる。こゝ

はそれをいふのである。

26-7. *than which.....maddening* which は 'gives advice' をうけ、その忠告を興へられるほど癪に障はることはない、さういふ意。'maddening' = irritating.

28. *parlous* = perilous (*archaic, facet.*).

crown 西洋の将棋は、各自 king, queen, two bishops, two knights, two castles or rooks 及び eight pawns 總計十六の所謂 'men' を以て行ひ、相手の king を窮地に陥れて、所謂 checkmate するところに勝負が定まる。こゝに crown さういふのは king をさす。

29. *wag-at-the-wall clock* 大きな長い振り子のついた掛時計。
lobby = entrance hall.

P. 6. 6. What some have found so sweet 下に説明のあるやうに love のこと。'some' = some people.

8-9. *emerge.....with difficulty* 将棋に夢中になつてゐて、それから他に心を轉ずることが中々困難なこと。

15-6. *stand there and say* よくもそんなことが耻しくもなく言へたものたの意。

17. *what would I do with the thing?* そんなものを相手に何をしよう、わしの知つたことではない、の意。

18-9. *I see.....a thing* love を輕蔑的に the thing さ呼んだのに對して憤慨する形。

22. *sportive days* 呑氣に遊んで暮した時分。

25. *soiree* ['swa:rei] 本當の綴は soirée (F.).

both.....and = not only.....but also.

chuckled 口をつぐんで込み上げる笑ひを押殺すやうな、所謂「悦に入る」さういふ笑ひかたをさす。

26. *scared* 根もないことに恐れおびえること。Cf. 'scare-

28. *canny* = shrewd. [crow.]

29- *less than two young women at a time* つまり若い女一人のこと。 「れによつて急所をさゝれて、の意。

P. 7. 3. feeling the sting of it 相手の言葉の辛辣さを感じ、そ

4. *They* 世間の婦人達。

6. *caught* = caught. [の名。

7. *Kitty Menzies* David が危く捕虜にならうとした相手の女

8. *feeling himself under the umbrella* その女と相合傘で夜會から歸る時の心持を再び味つて、の意。

9. *shave* = narrow escape.

12. *winking* 片目をつぶつて冷笑する表情。あの男も到頭さつ捕まりやがつたなさういふ心持。

clinging to his manhood 自分たつて男だから結婚がしたくない譯ではないが、自分の男たる性質を見失ふまいとすること。

21. *putting away his aspirations* 結婚をして男の本分を全うしようさういふ切角の望みを打捨て、の意。

28. *the second point of his statement* 先に David の口調が公開演説のやうたさういつた、その比喩を追うて、「其陳述の第二點」さしかつめらしくいふ。第二點とは、先づ戀を論じ、次に其戀が Maggie に關することを指す。

P. 8. 3. as = that (*vulgar.*)

4. *set her heart on* = resolved to get.

6. *undersized* = of less than the usual size. さういふ under は insufficiently, incompletely の意。Cf. 'underpay,' 'underexpose' (寫眞の感光が足りないこと)。

10-2. *The others never pay.....important houses* James は此一家では眼中に置かれないうで、其行動が一人前のものと認められないところに、これから先きの種々の軽い滑稽が生じて來る。しかもそれが唯の茶番でなくて、矢張そのうちに温な情愛の籠つてゐるところに、Barrie 一流の上品な humour が存するのである。

13. *Those idiots of men* 世間の男達は、Maggie の眞價を知らないで、Maggie に結婚しようさもしないのは、何さういふ痴けであ

15. *Galashiels* [gælə'ʃi:lz] 〔らう、の意。〕

17. *sealskin muff* Maggie に對するせめてもの慰めに上等のマフ(婦人が兩手を反對の方向から突込んで暖めるための毛皮其他の覆ひ)を買つてやつたこと。

18. *just slipped it &c.* 父が娘の顔を見るに忍びないで大急ぎで立去つた様子をいふ。

19-20. *sense of justice in the Wylie family* Wylie 家の人々は他人の批判をするのに、決して公平を缺かないさういふこと。

26. *slapping his pocket* このポケットに納つてあるさういふ身

28. *ill done of* Cf. 'unkind of you.' 〔振。〕

P. 9. 1. **mind** = remember.

3-4. **began them for William Cathro** 初め當てにしてその上靴を造つた相手の男は逃けて了つたことをさす。

getting on = advancing.

8. **Whisht** hush の變形。

9. **Mind** = be careful.

12. **like** = characteristic of.

14. **that other matter** 後に説明される盜賊事件のこと。

15. **sitting up late** 寢ず番をしてゐること。

18. **when**—— 上の when と同じ調子で、何か言ひ出さうと

20. **engrossed** = wholly occupied. したること。

24. **Enter** 脚本のト書きに用ゐる言葉で、元來は役者の進退を合圖する prompter の命令の言葉。但 **exit** (pl. *exeunt*) ともいふが、これは命令法ではない。

28-9. **more resolute manner.....plainness** 醜い女は遠慮勝ちなものだといふ前提から出た言葉。‘plain’ は ugly を上品に云つ

P. 10. 1. **sprawling** Cf. p. 1, l. 15. した形容。

1-2. **company chair** Cf. p. 2, l. 17.

15. **Fairish** fair に ish がついたもので、かやうな ish は somewhat の意。 Cf. ‘whitish,’ ‘stiffish.’

heat = anger.

16. **John Shand** この劇の主演となる青年の名。

would make = insisted on making.

23-4. **hasn't a penny to bless himself with** 以前の silver penny に cross (十字架) があつたところから生じた句で、一文の金も持合せない、の意。

27. **on speaking terms** 口を利いて挨拶する間柄。

27-8. **this six years** ‘six years’ を一つの duration of time と見ての言ひ方。俗語に多い。

29. **family's generosity** Wylie 家の人々に特有の寛大な態度。

P. 11. 1. **made fun of me** Cf. ‘make a fool of.’

2. **losing a stitch** 怒つて思はず編物の一針をはづすこと。

4-5. **In rising for to make** この for は ‘in order,’ ‘with the intent’ の意で、to と重ねて用ゐられ、以前は普通であつたが、今は vulgar な言葉使にだけ見られる。 Cf. ‘What went ye out for to

see?’ *Mat.* xi. 8. ‘The Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them,’ *Acts* xvi. 10.

9. **roared**, i.e. with laughter. 「るなさいふ身振り。

slapping his money pocket おれには金があるぞ、馬鹿にす

10. **sacket** = rascal (*dial.*). 「sorely, severely.

15. **missed it sore** ‘miss’ = regret the absence of. ‘sore’ =

18 **desperate** = desperately. 「動詞のやうに用ゐられる。

22. **up with them** = take them up. ‘up’ は方言や卑語に於ては

24. **brose** = dish of oatcake with boiling water or milk poured on

25. **riches** = wealth. [it (*C.O.D.*).

27. **is good at bathos** ‘bathos’ は anticlimax で崇高な感激の頂點から急に滑稽に逆戻りするところ。感激に富んだ父の言葉に對して、書物を唯その並んだ長さだけで評する ‘ten yards of them’ などといふ馬鹿氣た言葉をさしはさむ點に於て、James は實にぶち壊はしの名人だといふこと。

29. **Galashiels** Cf. p. 9, l. 10. 今晚は Galashiels の牧師のことは勿論、宗教の談すら禁物だといふのに、James はうつかり口を滑らすのである。

P. 12. 1. **James** 兄が弟をたしなめる言葉。

5. **married on** (n は方言風の言ひ方。

9. **the damned** 「濟度し難い女」 Maggie が、自分に同情してくれる切角の父の言葉を遮つて、自分の不幸を態々肯定するやうな態度をこころをさす。 「ものか、の意。 Cf. ‘not I.’

12. **Not him** = not he. あの男に、さうしてそんなことが出来る

13. **getting near her tragedy** Maggie が、結婚出来ないといふ自分の悲劇的事實を避けようともせず、反つてそれに近いて行くこと。

17. **Havering** = talking foolishly (*North. Eng. and Scotch*).

19. **bloom** 「花やかさ」「色つや」「みづみづしさ」

24. **some have charm for none** 即ち Maggie もその一人であ

P. 13. 2. **Ha'e** [he:] = have (*Scotch*). する。

3. **She lets them lie in her lap** Maggie がさういふものに對して一向執着のない様子をいふ。

6. **gust** = burst.

8. **wriggle miserably** 苦しさに身をもたえる當惑の表情。

11-2. **I would be obliged.....the table** David が弟に向つて、餘計なことを云ふなと、足の先きで注意したに對する James の言
on hand = in one's possession. 〔葉〕

19. **the very words** 'Nor me either' といふ言葉。

23. **fixing** ならみつけること。

28. **counting on** 「あてにする」皆が眠につくといふことの判つてゐるその十時が過ぎれば、愈々事件が發展するのであるから、それを當てにして待つてゐるといふ意、で、Maggie に知らしてならぬ盜賊事件を、へまな James が得意さうにほのめかすこと。

P. 14. 1. **whelp** = young dog. James を罵る言葉。

4. **You've got to** = you must.

5. **beaten** = defeated.

11. **about** = somewhere round. Cf. 'hang about.'

15. **nabbed** = arrested (*colloq.*).

18. **silver plate** 銀の食器類で、屢々盜賊の目當となるもの。

22. **make a clean sweep** すつかり引摺へて行くこと。古道具などをすつかり賣拂ふやうな場合にも用ふ。

24. **polissman** = policeman. i を訛つて短く詰めることを示す。

P. 15. 5. **woodwork** 木で出來た部分、こゝでは窓框をさす。

9. **The silver plate is gone** 靴をさけて行つた以上は、盜賊が銀食器をそれへ入れて持去つたに相違ないといふ解釋。

19. **licking his palms** 掌をなめて、盜賊を手捕りにしてやらうといふ意氣込みを示すこと。

21-2. **I would.....four of them** 盜賊が三人だけでは、自分の相手とすべき者が居なくて困るといふ、Maggie の元氣な愛嬌ある言ひ草。

23. **and they say.....charm!** こんな痛快なことを云ふ妹に、愛嬌がないなどは、世間の人にも譯がわからないといふ心持。

P. 16. 1. **rhubarbs** ['ru:ba:bz]

3. **ugly customer** = formidable person. 'customer' = person to deal with. Cf. 'queer, awkward, &c., customer.'

7. **rhodydendrons** rhododendron の綴が普通。

9. **Out with** = put out.

10. **chandelier** [ʃændi'liə]

11. **progress** 寧ろ civilization した方がよい。

13. **incandescent** 織條を白熱して生ずる(光)。

21. **tremendous** = tremendously (*colloq.*).

23. **shadows** = darkness.

26-8. **an empty room.....expectancy** Barrie 式の筆致。

P. 17. 2. **shows** = appears.

8. **wag-at-the-wall clock** Cf. p. 5, l. 29.

9. **turn on** Cf. 'turn off' (消す) 'turn down' (細くする)。

12. **as an indignant carpet can testify** 切角の綺麗なカーベツトに、泥足の跟が歴然とついてゐること。例によつて Barrie はカーベツトを人間視して、それが憤慨するものと想像する。

13. **cockerty** 片方へ傾き崩れてゐること (*Sc. dial.*).

14. **corduroys** = corduroy trousers. 'corduroy' 粗悪な厚い畝織になつた木綿で、主として労働者の用ゐるもの。「のである」。

20. **cool customer** Cf. p. 16, l. 3. 其圖々しい様子が 'cool' な

P. 18. 1. **dotting the carpet &c.** ペンについたインキを振落して、平氣でカーベツトを汚す圖々しい態度をいふ。

7. **hints back** 相手の聲に應じて、後ろへはつと身を退くこと
grace = decency. 「やさしさ」「しほらしさ」 〔こ〕

10-1. **for to go for to say** 前に John Shand に皮肉られた返

19. **glowering** ['glauəriŋ] 〔報〕

22. **that sense of justice** Cf. p. 8, ll. 19-20.

25. **billie** = fellow, comrade (*Scotch*). billy に同じ。

P. 19. 11. **a case for us all &c.** 上の 'a case for the police' を巧みに利用して、その青年を見逃がしてやらうとする Maggie の

16. **nobody** = person of no importance. 〔頓智〕

out with = drive out. Cf. p. 16, l. 9.

21. **had been.....respect him** David は、John が返答する以前彼に對して尊敬を抱きかけてゐたので、今 John が自ら當分 nobody であるかも知れぬといふのを聞いて質問をする氣になること。

22. **poor scholar** 學問が出來ない、成績の悪い學生かこ聞く

24. **siller** = silver (*Scotch*). 〔こ〕

P. 20. 2. **stay on** 'on' は「繼續」の意。

4. **Romulus** ['rɒmjʊləs] and **Remus** ['ri:məs] Rome 市を建設

6. **Havers** = nonsense. Cf. p. 12, l. 17. 〔した傳説の二英雄〕

18. **Who** 本来は whom であるが、俗語では屢々代用される。
sit under = be one of congregation preached to by (minister)
19. **Mr.** Presbyterian の牧師は Rev. さいはない。 [(C.O.D.).
Sauchiehall ['so:kiho:l] **High** 宗旨の名。
26. **encouragement** 相手の女に、結婚しようなごさいふ氣持を
- P. 21.** 4. **maggot** = whimsical fancy. [起させること。
 17. **become past participle.**
 19. **thimbleful** = small quantity (of brandy &c.) to drink (C.O.D.).
 23. **chiffy** ['ʃifi] = chiffonier. 運轉の出来る低い戸棚で、上が
 食器を載せる臺になつてあるもの。
 25. **totaler** = teetotaler.
 26. **practically** 細かな理屈を抜きにして事實からいふと結局、
 の意。 Cf. 'practically the same.'
- P. 22.** 5. **decisively** David が萬事をテキパキさきめて了ふ
 形。 [するところ。
 15. **patronage** 恩にきせて、お爲ごかしに、何かをさせようご
 24. **The needles click** Maggie の平然として動かぬ様子。
 25. **bide** = remain.
- P. 23.** 3. **Take care** Cf. l. 15, 'warningly.'
 4. **wont** [wount] = habit.
 6-7. **should such** = if such a thing should.
 9. **So, so,** 「それだけのこそか」さいふ意で、普通は 'only
 tolerably' (まあ好加減) の意に用みられる。
 18. **you** 異存は寧ろ私の方にあつて、あなたに不服のあるわ
 けはなさうた、さいふ已惚れた考へ方。
 19. **set against** = filled with settled dislike for.
 22. **I'll never grow a beard** 相手の言葉を文字通りにこつて、
 humour を解しない John の性格を表はす。
 23. **done for** = ruined.
- P. 24.** 3. **to** 初めの what へかゝり「ごんなごころまで」ご
 7. **position** = situation of the matter. [なる。
 9. **have** = gain advantage over.
 18. **Poof** pooh ごも綴る。何を馬鹿なご、一笑に附するご。
 20. **The chances are** = very likely.
 22. **tremendous** Cf. p. 16, l. 21.

- 25-6. **in a nutshell** = concisely expressed.
- P. 25.** 2. **give me the go-by** = leave me behind.
 6. **both** = in both ways.
 8. **clout** = rap (with knuckles).
 22. **either way** 賛成ごも反對ごも、何れにも。
- P. 26.** 6. **where is his mother!** John のお母さんでも側に居た
 ら、まさかかやうにむごむごご口説き落されはしまいに、の意。
 11. **give** = should give.
 13. **all is off** Cf. 'all is over.'
 17. **dourly** = grimly (Scotch).
 24. **Oho** [ou'hou]
 25. **will be,** i.e. after her.
 28. **His hosts glance** John の興みし易いのを見て、これな
- P. 27.** 2. **Aha** [a'ha:] [ら大丈夫ご頷き合ふご。
 5. **It's a bargain** = I accept the terms, I agree.
 6. **so be it** = let it be so.
 9. **neat** = undiluted.
 11-2. **toddy ladles** 甘酒を造るためのスプーンで、銀なごで出
 來、美しい彫刻なごあるもの。 'toddy' = sweetened drink of
 16. **on the quiet** = secretly. [spirits & hot water (C.O.D.).
- P. 28.** 1. **quick** = sensitive flesh below nails or skin or a sore,
 seat of feeling or emotion (P.O.D.).
 7. **stepping** = leaving the house.
 10. **orra** = odd.
 20. **cry in** 中へ聲をかけるご。
the 6, 20, i.e. train.
 21. **due** 到着するごにきまつてあるご。
 28. **more usual exit** 戸のごを一層普通の出口、さいふご
- P. 29.** 1. **got the better of** = defeated. [るに滑稽がある。
 9. **Best** = it is best.
 11. **She's a long time** Cf. 'He is long in coming.'
 13. **H'sh** = hush.
 14. **blowy** = windy. [事にする意。
 15. **She gets a large dust-cloth &c.** John の専用にするため大
 21. **Ten forty-two** 例によつて James は眼中に置かれなご。

25. **we were** = we should be. 俗語の普通の言ひ方。 Cf. 'It is
29. **Havers** Cf. p. 20, l. 6. [time that we started.]
P. 30. 3. **a sort of** = to some extent, somewhat. Cf. 'sort of',
'kind of' (I kind of expected it). [of (C.O.D.).
5. **be the making of** = ensure success or favourable development
8. **things** 其次に that の畧された形。
11. **villains** ['vilənz]
13-4. **Yes—yes, Oh yes.....umpha** 別に意味のない所在な
さをまぎらすための言葉。 'umpha' [ʊm̩ə] は humph の變形で
一種の溜息。 [寢床に横ることをほのめかす。
15. **spring mattress** 昔は堅いベッドに寝た身が、今は贅澤な
18. **argy-bargy** = argument (colloq.).
romantic romantic が普通で James の半可通なことを
23. **obdurate** ['ɒbdjʊərɪt, ɒb'djuərɪt] [示す。
27. **turns out** = puts out.

II

- P. 31.** 1. **great hour** 人間の一生を支配する重大な時機。
6. **trumpets** 堂々さ公に發表せられること。
8. **broadcloth** 上等の單純な織目の羅紗で、元來は其幅が普
通の倍であるところから起つた名であるが、今日は質の名となつ
10. **standing for** 議員の候補に立つこと。 [してある。
12. **you get.....in the face** Shand 應援のポスターの一つが、
顔へぶつつかつて、くつつくやうに感ずる程、ポスターだらけで
ある、の意。
15. **fly-blown** 蠅が卵を生みつけた程陳腐な、の意。
18. **take the paste out of your eye** 上にポスターが顔へくつつ
く云つたから、そのために附いた糊を眼からさり去る、の意。
20. **emporium** = shop. 日本で小さな理髮屋なさが、高等美容院
なさが氣取ると同じ俗惡な言ひ方。
23. **doused** = dowsed, drenched. [金世界が現出する、の意。
25. **by simply voting for Shand** Shand に投票すれば忽ちに黄
P. 32. 1. **hard chairs** クツシヨンのない木造りの椅子。
1-2. **for yelling Shand from** = from which we can yell the
rushing away 上の for へかゝる。 [name of Shand,

6. **shop proper** 本當の店にあたる部屋。
8. **pro and con** = for and against.
10. **magic word**, i.e. Shand.
12-3. **get this over** 'get over' = finish (troublesome task)
14. **teetotum** = top. [(P.O.D.).
15. **suffering from.....mouth** さうしても Shand さいふ言葉
を口にしないでは居れないさいふ一種の病氣のやうな決心に悩ん
である、の意。
17. **Alick is thinner &c.** 同じ年をさるにしても、老人は益々
瘠せ、青年は中年に進んで益々肥るさいふこと。
20. **have they—is he?** have they brought any news さか is
he elected さか言ひかけた形。
29- **in that hat** シルクハットがひしやけてあること。
P. 33. 2. **the man for you** 「諸君の選ぶべき人」
13. **distraught** [dis'trɔ:t]
24. **grudge** 不服を述べること。
P. 34. 3. **terrible** = terribly.
5. **spirits himself away** 魔物にさらはれたやうに駈出すこ
22. **scrimmage** = confused struggle. [こ。
25. **guinea** 今日では一ポンド一シリングで、主として衣服調
度などの評價に用ゐる英貨の單位。 [matter (P.O.D.).
27. **loamy** 'loam' = rich soil of clay, sand & decayed vegetable
P. 35. 7-8. **if the mouth.....help** 口が嚴めしく堅く結はれて
ゐるので、彼をして破顔一笑させることの難しいことをほのめか
す。 [た無邪氣な行動。
16. **hits out playfully** 犬がじやれるやうに、歡びに感極まつ
27. **Cowcaddens Club** John を選舉してくれた政治團體の名。
P. 36. 5. **wifie** = wife. 語尾の變化は親みを表はす形。 Cf.
'Tommy', 'Betty.'
12. **Treasury Bench** 議長の右手にある前列の長椅子で、内閣
員の坐る席。 'Front Bench' ともいふ。
27. **becoming a little taller** 得意になつたこと。
P. 37. 2-3. **Mon cher.....interprète** [mɔ̃ ʃɛr ɡã, lɛsɛ mwa parle
lə frãsɛ, vule vɥ z œ̃ ãterprɛt] [frɛ:r z ekosɛ]
5-6. **Je suis.....écossais** [ʒə sɥi la sœ:r frãsɛz də mɛ dɔ̃]

18. *baronet* peer の中へは入らない、従つて lord の下位であ
sit on = repress. 押つけてへこませるこゝ。 する。
21. *Voilà* [vwala]
22. *thing* 'creature' なぎさ同じく、ある人に對して愛撫を表
する。
- P. 38. 1. *de doo* = do you do. はず呼び方。
5. *swells* = persons of distinction.
6. *heavily* = dejectedly.
9. *carriage and pair*, i.e. of horses. Cf. 'a carriage and four.'
12. *Him* = he. 「有つ世話役、院内幹事。
13. *whip* 鞭撻する人の意で、政黨の訓練駈引について責任を
Honourable 侯爵以下の貴族の子女、女官、高等裁判所判
事、スコットランドの高法官、印度及び英領殖民地の大臣又は行
政官の尊稱。
14. *Lady* 公爵夫人を除き、それ以下の貴族の夫人、及び公侯
伯の娘に對する尊稱。従つて Lady 何某さいふ時は、貴族の女さ
いふこゝは判るが、既婚未婚は判らない。 [the Brière.
17. *Comtesse de la Brière* [kõ:tes də la briè:r] = Countess of
23. *very least* 幾ら無愛相でも、せめてそれ位の挨拶は、ある
のが當然、さいふ意。 「に起さしたかさいふこゝ。
P. 39. 1. *sensation he has created* どの位の感動を周囲の者
8. *growing smaller* Cf. p. 36, l. 27.
20. *In at* = be engaged in a struggle with. Cf. 'in for' =
engaged in competition for.
26-7. *lifted her.....basins* 新來の客の堂々たる姿に、全く氣
勢をそがれて、片隅へ小さくなる形容。
P. 40. 4. *undulate enquiringly* 品を造つて、身體をうねらし
ながら、探りを入れるこゝ。
9. *is*, i.e. David is. 太陽が海から出るこゝでもいふやうに、堂
々と悠々と外套を脱ぐさまを形容する。
18. *Tarsus* = ancient city of Cilicia, Asia Minor. ギリシヤ文化
の中心、小アジアの最も商業の盛んであつた市。
20. *one is not* = we are not. フランス式の言ひ方。
22. *climbing out of the basin* Cf. p. 39, ll. 26-7.
27. *screwing* 一種の緊張を與へるこゝで、顔面表情の鋭敏さ
を示す言葉。

29. *Mon Dieu* [mõ djø] = my God (F.). 英語よりも意味が輕
く、一寸した驚きを表はす時に用ゐられる。
29- Like one.....universe 辨解のしかたの堂々たる様を形容
する。總てフランス人の表情の大けさであるこゝを、英國人は滑
稽の種とする。 [reyniõ ēterēsū]
P. 41. 8-9. *J'espère.....intéressante* [ʒ espɛ:r kə vu truve set
10-3. *Vous parlez français &c.* [vu parle frãse. mɛ se ʃarmã,
vwajõ, kozõ z œ pø. rakõte mwa tu də sɔ grã t õm, tut le ʃoz
14. *Je connais* [ʒə kɔnɛ] [mɛrvɛjɔz kil a fɛ:t.]
15. *Mademoiselle* [madmwazɛl]
17. *shoulders* 夜會服で肩が露出してゐるこゝ。
23. *drawing* 無精らしい長く引張つた物の言ひやう。往々貴
族の一特徴と見なさる。
P. 42. 3. *But granite quarries &c.* Wylie さいへは其邊で
有名であるから、David は一かど相手を感じさせるつもりで言つた
のたけれど、全く効果がないこゝ。
7-8. *Aha! I know you. Next, please!* 理髮用の洗面所を見
つけて、戯れに、お前は例の「お待遠さま、お次の方」たな、さふ
ざけるこゝ。
weigh yourself 日本では秤臺が湯屋にあるが、英國ではよ
く理髮屋にあつて、腰をかけて量るやうになつてゐるから、Sybil
がそれへ腰を下してゐるこゝ。
13. *la politesse* = politeness.
19. *memoirs* ['memwɔ:] 「たこゝ。
21. *tot up* Cf. p. 5, l. 16. David の頭の働きの活潑になつて來
P. 43. 1. *working-man member* 労働者から選ばれた議員。
2. *M. A.* = Master of Arts.
5. *out of her depths* 自分の背丈の届かない深みへ落込んだ、
の意で、見當のつかないこゝ。普通 'depths' でなく、單數形であ
8. *fun* 次に that のある形。 する。 Cf. p. 66, l. 17.
15. *astride* すつかり馬乗りになる、の意。
20. *Not them!* Cf. p. 12, l. 12. 「感じないこゝ。
21. *restraining.....things* 伯爵夫人がその問題に一向興味を
27. *heckler* 'heckle' = question, especially in a severe or antag-
onistic manner, as a parliamentary candidate in Great Britain

- (C.D.). 「坐らせること。」
 28-9. **seat him on the platform** 役員の一入として演壇の背に
P. 44. 6. **on the make**=on the way of being made.
 16. **my brother**, i.e. his speech.
 17. **marooned**=left ashore on a desert island.
 19. **Thank you very much** Alick にも頼んだやうに見せて、皆
 其部屋から Alick を去らせること。
 22. **preening** 'preen'=trim feathers with beak (C.O.D.).
P. 45. 2. **Think**=do you think.
 3. **Mr. Right** 適当な人間さいふ意味を固有名詞にした形。
 15. **Mary Queen of Scots** (1542-87) Queen Elizabeth の政策
 の犠牲となつて、斬罪に處せられた薄命の皇后。
Bothwell (1536-78) Mary と結婚して、自分に反対する
 貴族達のために一敗地にまみれた彼女の戀人。
 18. **petite** [pətit]=little one (F.).
P. 46. 15. **boiler** Cf. p. 43, l. 7.
 25. **She is.....conversation** Maggie が問題の人たごは知らない
 ので、唯話の調子を合せてあるだけ、の意。
P. 47. 2. **go in for**=take as one's object.
 4. **sinister enjoyment** 自分で自分を傷けて快感を感じるやう
 17. **do for**=ruin. Cf. p. 23, l. 23. [なやりかた。
 22. **inclines on its stem** すました頭の下げかたで頸だけを折
 り曲げること。
 29- **unless her heart.....charming** 自分のハートの問題、例
 へは戀なごさいふ點で、人から不誠實にされるのは困るが、さうで
 なければ、嘘をつくことは、社交上の必要たご考へる、の意。
P. 48. 6. **Bon soir** [bɔ̃ swar]=good night (F.).
 10. **Eyebrows are raised** 驚の表情。
 20. **would have**=insists on having.
 26. **svelte**=supple (F.).
giving=yielding.
fly-rod 蚊鉤(かほり)を以て魚を釣るための竿。
P. 49. 4. **regains its rigidity** John の無愛相な利己的な言葉
 に、Sybil が機嫌を出した形。
 9. **naughty little impediment** 言葉の魅惑的な途切れをいふ。

23. **hiccough** ['hikəp]
P. 50. 9. **tête-à-têtes** [tɛːtatɛːt]=private conversations (F.).
 11. **Bon voyage** [bɔ̃ vwajaːʒ]=pleasant journey to you (F.).
 13-4. **Je parle français** [ʒə parl frɑ̃sɛ]
 15. **But** フランス式の使ひ方で、反対の意味を有たない。Cf.
 16. **C'est très bien** [sɛ trɛ bjɛ̃] [‘mais oui.’]
 17. **Je me.....fois** [ʒə mə sɥi z əbruʒɛ—la dɛrniɛr fwa.]
 19. **Non, non, faster, faster** 英語とフランス語をごつちやに
 するところに滑稽がある。
 20. **J'admire votre courage** [ʒadmir vɔtr kuraːʒ]
 21. **Je comprends chaque mot** [ʒə kɔ̃prɑ̃ ʃak mɔ̃]
 22. **Porfait** [parfɛ̃]
 23. **Voilà** [vwala]
 24. **Superbe** [syperb]
P. 51. 5. **Not that I can see**=you are not so far as I can see.
 11. **besom** ['biːzəm]=worthless woman (Scotch).
 23-4. **your due**=what is owed to you. Cf. 'give the devil his
P. 52. 8. **all, or nearly all** that を補つて見る。 [due.]
 11. **Respect!** Maggie の求めるところは respect よりも寧ろ
 love である。 [ること。
 15. **gleam in his eye** 約束からの解放を聞いて、思はず眼が光
 23. **magnanimously** John は實際のところ、ちつとも Maggie
 を理解してはゐないのに、上のやうな口幅つたいことを云ふので
 あるが、Maggie は敢て反対しようさしない。
P. 53. 1. **once** that がその次にある形。
 15. **something**=some truth.
 21. **making the best of**=using to the best advantage. あまり有
 難くない事態を、成るべく良いやうに利用してゐる、の意。
 23. **all**, i.e. all that.
 25. **sighs** Maggie の爲に己の心中を看破されての溜息。
 29. **untrammelled**=unfettered.
P. 54. 3. **of me**=on my part. Cf. p. 8, l. 28.
 9. **shoon**=shoes (archaic).
 13. **eerie** ['iəri]=weird, unearthly.
 21. **gloats**=ponders with pleasure, as upon something that

gratifies an evil passion (C.D.).

P. 55. 8. **one for** = person suited for.

19. **What beats me** = that which I cannot understand at all.

10-20. **is how.....operation** John は上の諺を文字通りにごつて、それを解し得ないところ、彼が全然 humour を解する力のないことを曝露する。そして John をしてかやうな言葉を發せしめるところが又、Barrie の筆の輕妙な點である。

27. **crooking their fingers** 日本の手招きに對して、西洋の人は指先を鍵のやうに曲けて、人を呼ぶ。

P. 56. 3. **but for** = if it were not for, except for.

5. **Saturdays** 日本では日曜が重なる娛樂の日となつてゐるが、英國では今尚日曜は神聖な宗教日と見なされてゐるから、fun に富んだ日としての Saturday の意味が、一層強いわけである。「る。

6-7. **You feel sure &c.** Maggie は John よりも五つ年長であ

15. **The pride.....deserts her** 見榮も外聞も構はずに、女らし

24. **heavily** = gloomily. [い優しさを示すこと。

26. **mind** = remember.

27. **Umpha** やれやれといふ溜息。 Cf. p. 30, l. 14, note.

P. 57. 7. **Pans** pan = hard-pan で、地の表面下にある堅い地層をいふ。Wylie の石切場の通稱と見える。

11. **wizen** ['wizn] = become dry and withered, shrivel (Sc.).

15. **the gleam** Cf. p. 52, l. 15.

19. **nobody** 次に who を略した形。俗語に多い。

26. **fling** = spell of indulgence in impulse (C.O.D.). 一時の間やりたい放題をやること。'have one's fling' は set phrase.

27. **whiphand** = hand that holds the whip (esp. have the w. h. of, be in a position to control) (C.O.D.).

28. **licks** = smart blows with a stick &c.

P. 58. 8. **its walls** そのクラブの建物をさす。そしてクラブ員の押寄せを寄せ来る波に譬へる。

27. **Canute** (c. 994-1035) Canute the Great と呼ばれ、英國に君臨したデンマーク王。家來共が王に詔つて、王の一言があれば、寄せ来る浪を退け得るたらうと云つたところ、それを吐りつけたと傳へられる。従つて Barrie の引用の仕方が少し間違つてゐる。

P. 59. 2. **has him for her own** 其感情がすっかり此男を占有

する、の意。

「極つて来る。

10. **Frenzy** 'Uproar' から 'Transport' となつて、次第に感

20. **touch the stars** 非常に高いといふことの誇張。

21. **nobility** Maggie が證文を裂いて、結婚の約束から John を解放したにも係らず、進んで其結婚に應じたことをさす。「ber.

P. 60. 2. **Constituents** = voters who elect a representative mem-

Dementia [di'menʃiə] = species of insanity consisting in feebleness of mind (C.O.D.). 前の 'Frenzy' から一步進んで、到頭感激の極、頭が變になる、の意。

III

P. 61. 4-5. **raised her eyebrows** 意外の感を表はす表情。

7. **impossible** = intolerable.

11. **unveil** 除幕をすること。

13. **Mon Dieu** Cf. p. 40, l. 29, note.

14. **words** 次に that の略された形。

15-6. **there is so much.....better** や、もすれはさういふ部屋に有がちな下らぬ物が大に除かれてゐる點でも、尙また趣味が高いこと。

19-20. **gentle satisfaction** 相手の趣味があまり上品でないといふことを認めて感ずる物柔かな満足。

'suite' [swi:t] 道具が對になつて揃つてゐること。あまり揃つて統一してゐるのは品がよくない。

stained oak 黒く染めた櫟材製の furniture.

P. 62. 1. **blows** 口元に手を添えて kiss を遠くへ吹き送る眞 **absent host**, i.e. John Shand. [似をすること。

6. **toned down** 着物の好みかけはけはしくないこと。

11. **could** = feel inclined to.

14. **correctly** 儀禮にかなつてゐること。

25. **her frivolous ladyship** His Imperial Highness なごご同様、貴族の婦人を尊敬して呼んだ形。但 frivolous は、婦人の権利たごが參政たごかいふ眞面目な問題に無頓着で、社交や戀愛や物見遊山を生命とする女のこと。

P. 63. 8. **took up their cause** 婦人の主張を助け、その味方と

10. **barbarian**, i.e. John Shand. [なること。

12. *Mayfair* ロンドンの上流人士の住居地。Hyde Park の東にあたる。

23. *about various subjects* 態さ呆けた返答をする。

25. *unseen* 伯爵夫人の眼につかないで、の意。

quizzical = making sport of, mocking. 「す。

26. *demurely* 婦人なさが態さすまして淑かにする様子をさ

28. *this* John の入つて来たこと。

'*Scotsman on the make*' Cf. p. 44, l. 6.

P. 64. 3-4. *champions* = maintains the cause of.

18. *coming man* = man looked forward to.

25. *Well, well* 相手の言葉に幾分の肯定を興へる返答。

29. *takes the remark literally* John の humour を解する力のな

P. 65. 2. *cogitate* = ponder, meditate. 「いことを示す。

9. *peroration* = earnest or rhetorical passage closing a speech

14. *properly* = thoroughly (*colloq.*). 「(P.O.D.).

18. *Ab, ah* 前には政府に反抗するのかと思つたら、John が 'So long as &c.' と緩和的の條件を附したので、稍がつかりした歎

19. *Front Bench* Cf. p. 36, l. 12. 'Treasury Bench.' 「聲。

25. *press the matter to a division* 此問題を採決投票まで押つめる、が文字通り。

26. *Ahem!* [m'ɪm] humph よりも稍語氣が強く、「あれ」「それは困りますね」といつたやうな皮肉な歎聲。

P. 66. 2. *flattered* = delighted. *confidence* = confiding of secrets.

5. *Oh!* 前には、「あなただけに打あけるのだ」と恩にきせ、今度は、「今となつては誰が知つても構はないのだ」となご打こわしを云ふので、伯爵夫人が呆れる形。

10. *whips* Cf. p. 38, l. 13.

12. *hedging* 'hedge' = avoid committing oneself (*P.O.D.*).

14. *do for* Cf. p. 47, l. 17.

17. *out of your depth* Cf. p. 43, l. 5.

19. *in the shallows* 'out of your depth' にかけた洒落。

22. *lump* = take without choice (*C.D.*). 丸なりで呑込む意味の slang. Cf. 'if you don't like it, you may lump it.'

P. 67. 1-2. *his thumb in his waistcoat* チョツキの脇のところにへ拇指をかけることで、氣取つた態度。

8. *Venables* ['venəblz]

19. *petite* Cf. p. 45, l. 18.

22. *asked me to—to—hem!* 自分の戀をかなへてくれと頼んだ、こいふやうな意味のこを云ひかけた形。

ma chérie [ma ʃeri] = my dear (F.).

28. *charming* = kind.

P. 68. 2. *seigneur* [sɛ̃nœ:r] = lord (F.).

3. *sedan chair* [si'dæn] = vehicle of 17-18th cc. seated for one & carried by two chairmen on poles (*P.O.D.*).

5. *plebian* [pli'bi:ən] = belonging to the common people.

8. *deceived* 愉快な話をしもしないのに、したやうな氣になること。

17. *gallantly* 伊達に優美に、婦人に對して行動すること。

24. *Surrey* ロンドン南方の郊外。

P. 69. 2. *Bosphorus* ['bɒsfərəs] 黒海と Marmora 海とを連絡し、歐亞の境をなす海峡。

9. *Golden Horn* Constantinople の港を形作る Bosphorus 海峡

10. *caïque* = light Bosporan row-boat. 「の入江。

11. *Leander* [li'ændə] ギリシヤの傳説にある、Hero の戀人。夜な夜な彼は Hellespont を泳渡つて、Lesbos の彼女の城を訪れたが、ある風雨の夜に、目じるしの城の燈明が消えたので、彼は溺死した。その死骸が城に打寄せたのを見て、Hero も亦城から飛降りて自殺した。所謂 the Romeo and Juliet of the Dardanelles として名高い話である。

12. *Hero of the Lamp* Venus に仕へる priestess. 'of the

14. *attaché* [ə'tæʃei] 「Lamp' とは燈明を守るの意。

20. *if you had come back* — 若し其時歸つて来たなら、二人は夫婦になつてみたかも知れない、の意。従つて自然の聯想として、Mrs. Venables が問題となり、今昔の差の甚たしさに滑稽が生

25. *Wiesbaden* Prussia にある有名な温泉地。 「する。

27. *Homburg* 同じく Prussia にあつて、鑛泉を以て有名であ

28. *patched up* 一時的の手當をすること。 「する。

P. 70. 2. *knuckles* = bones at finger-joints.

7. *fihs* = trivial lies.

28. *trout* 鱒釣りは、日本の鮎釣と同じく、多大の技術を要す

る、そして鱒がスコットランドの寒い湖水などに澤山居る魚であることも。この場合適切な比喩である。

P. 71. 3-4. **bow-wow public park manner** ロンドンの Hyde Park なぎでわめき立てる大道演説式のこゝ。

17. **impromptu** [im'promptju:]

P. 72. 6. **purring** 猫が咽喉をごろごろいさせるやうに、喜び又は満足の色を表す、低い囁くやうな口調。

10. **hauteur** [ou'tɔ:] = haughtiness (F.).

28. **own up** = make frank confession. Venables は果して Mrs. Shand を偵察に来たのである。

P. 73. 5. **hairpins** petticoat と同じく女性を代表し、同時に演説の points といふやうな考へから出た比喩。

7. **charming** Cf. p. 67, l. 28. 「屹さなるこゝ。

17. **smile hardening** 餘計な質問をされて、今までの笑顔が稍

21. **with a sigh** 遺憾ながら、さういふ卑怯なこゝは出来ない

29. **'peroration'** Cf. p. 65, l. 9. 「さういふ表情。

P. 74. 6-8. **I don't care.....Government** Cf. p. 65, ll. 16-7.

22-3. **be the making of him** = ensure his success.

25. **hedge** Cf. p. 66, l. 12.

26. **pasteboard** = unsubstantial, flimsy (C.O.D.).

P. 75. 20. **Leeds** Yorkshire の大都會、Aire 河に臨む、人口約

29 **likely** = promising, capable-looking (C.O.D.). 「五十萬。

P. 76. 2. **wanting** = unequal to the occasion.

5-6. **play.....false** = betray.

29. **see to** Cf. p. 1, l. 5.

P. 77. 3. **talk big**, i.e. boastfully.

10. **your good things** John の警句をさす。

11. **one desire** 'one' = only.

22. **could not** 'could' = feel inclined to. Cf. 'really couldn't

26. **whatever** = anything which. 「think of it.

29. **that after that** 前の 'that' は conj で、後の 'that' は

P. 78. 4-5. **do for** Cf. p. 47, l. 17. 「demonst. pron.

7. **brougham** [bru:m]

12. **burlesque** [bɜ:'lesk] = mock-serious (C.O.D.).

26. **Pin** Cf. p. 42, l. 18.

P. 79. 4. **in an ecstasy** John の鈍感さ Maggie の態さ呆けた返答に、堪らなく興味を感じるこゝ。

7. **His appeal to her &c.** John は、Comtesse にだけは弱點を握られてゐると思ふから、氣を揉むのである。

12. **good turn** = kind service. 「know.

22. **they need never know** = there will be no need for them to

P. 80. 25. **make up for** = compensate, supply by an equivalent. 尙 make が *v.t.* の場合には 'make up the loss' 'make it up to him' のやうに用ゐる。 「意。

P. 81. 4 **by arrangement** 態ささうなるやうに打合せて、の

7-8. **playing no game** 戯れの芝居を演じてゐるのでなくて、

14. **to match** = corresponding. 「真劍である、の意。

22-3. **Cupid's flail** 普通ならば、Cupid's arrow であるのを、flail といつたところに、愛の天使が滑稽化される。

saving grace = redeeming virtue, quality that mitigates the

24. **rapture** = mental transport, ecstatic delight. 「fierceness of.

25-7. **In a room &c.** この文句の生まじめな滑稽さに注意。

P. 82. 3. **though a sign of ability** 'hiccuph' といふ綴りは、中々むづかしいから、それが綴れるのは一かごの技倆の印であるが、の意。

11. **which some clever person &c.** Barrie 式の奇技な考へ方。

26. **swim for it** この it は、*v.t.* 又は *v.i.* を伴ふ *indefinite obj.* として屢々用ゐられるもの。 Cf. 'run for it' (一と駆け駆ける)。

P. 83. 4. **get on** = advance, succeed. 「'dance it' (大に踊る)。

Cherchez la femme [ʃɛrʃɛ la fam]

24. **of underhand** = not above-board.

P. 84. 17. **fond** = foolishly affectionate.

19. **what** = something that.

21. **corduroy** Cf. p. 17, l. 14.

28. **d — n** = damn. 「こゝろが實に面白い。

d . . n Sybil の真似をして、'am' の略をボツで行つた

P. 85. 4-5. **in a world that has doors** 戀の樂園に夢のやうに遊んでゐたのが、平凡な現實の世界に眼覺めたこゝ。

14. **would** = insisted on (helping).

18. **in** = in the house.

16. *She*=Sybil.

P. 86. 1-2. *gorgeous armful* 男の腕に小さく抱へられるに適合した、立派な服装の美女の意。

13. *That would be telling*, i.e. telling tales. そんなことについては、嘘しか云へない、の意から、到底云へない、の意となる。子供などの間によく用ゐられる言葉。

17. *looking very active &c.* 普通ならば旅の疲れさといふべきところを、労働に馴れた頑丈な田舎の人が、何もしないで、汽車に坐つてゐたので、今や潑潑たる元氣に満ちてゐること。

22. *Is that &c.* 田舎の人の物珍しさを稍茶番的に表はす。

25. *off*=taken off, deducted from.

27-8. *we said that &c.* Cf. p. 61, ll. 24-5.

P. 87. 2. *tinny sound* トタンにペンキを塗つて大理石が模してあることをさす。但模造さいつても、必ずしもそんなに安物さ

12. *James!* 父が弟をたしなめる言葉。[いふ意味ではない。

15. *called to order* 'order'=principles of decorum & rules of procedure accepted by legislative assembly or public meeting, or enforced by its president (*C.O.D.*). Cf. 'Speaker called him to order.'

21. *all my life is cushioned* Sybil に對するあてこすりである。

P. 88. 2. *looking down his nose* 氣まり悪さをあらはす。

10-1. *It wasn't a case of being caught* Cf. p. 7, l. 6 *seqq.*

13. *Is your ladyship married?* Lady は既婚未婚双方に適用する婦人の尊稱であるから、Lady Sybil さいつただけでは、その差別が判らない。

19. *their rooms* 個人の私室即ち寢室のこさ。次の 'sleeping

24. *take*=understand. [accommodation' を参照。

P. 89. 3. *Tobermory* [tɒbə'mɔ:ri] Scotland の Argyllshire にある歴史的に有名な小港。レースがその名産。

11. *Havers* Cf. p. 20, l. 6.

16. *volatile*=having the quality of taking flight.

28. *too quick to accept* 'too ready to go' なごさ同じ *too* (=quite) で、'too wise to do' (=so wise as not to do) の方ではない。

P. 90. 1. *gage of battle* 昔武士と武士とが決闘する時、先づ挑戦する方が、その手袋 (gauntlet or glove) を相手に投付けたこと

に譬へる。Cf. 'fling, throw, down the gauntlet' (=issue challenge), 'pick, take, up the g.' (=accept challenge). 'gage'=pledge; glove thrown down as, any symbol of, challenge to fight (*C.O.D.*).

7. *he and a lady and a pendant* 老人の昔の戀とそれに關聯した頸飾の贈物の遠い思出を持出したところ、如何にも Barrie

17. *licking his lips* 早く見たいものさといふ表情。 [式。

18. *a daughter of the devil* 如何にも圖々しく、の意。

23. *misaid* 何處かへ置き忘れて、失くした、の意。

28. *witness* 同格の名詞。 [help me.'

P. 91. 3. *Preserve me*, i.e. God may. Cf. 'Bless me,' 'God

6. *if he wishes it* 'it' は take him on するこさをさす。

take him on=play with him.

12. *Recovering* scared の心持の回復をさす。

16. *flinging back his head* 昂然と頭を立て顔を振上げるこさ。

22. *them* Maggie の親戚の者共。

24. *lowering* ['ləʊərɪŋ]=scowling.

26. *squarély* 眞正面から、怯めず臆せず、の意。

P. 92. 6. *lords of creation* 造られた者のうちの主なるもの、即ち男のこさ。'creation'=that which is created, creatures collect-

12. *stalwarts* ['stɔ:lwɔ:ts]=strongly built persons. [lively.

P. 93. 3. *Pans* Cf. p. 57, l. 7.

9. *barking*=speaking petulantly.

12. *apple of my eye*=my cherished object.

24. *be done with*=put an end to.

26. *You're proving it!* 反語。'it' は Maggie のために心を痛

P. 94. 12. *walk over*=easy victory. [めてゐるさといふこさ。

14. *could*=feel inclined. Cf. p. 77, l. 22. 但 Maggie は、次の言葉で「力」の意にさる。

27-8. *whistling down the wind*=to no purpose. Cf. 'whistle down the wind'=talk to no purpose (*C.D.*), let (person, thing) go unconcernedly (*P.O.D.*).

P. 95. 2. *his undertip much in evidence* 反抗の表情。

7. *by you*=compared with you.

12. *bite*=cause pain to.

14. *as poor as mouse* Cf. 'as poor as a church mouse.'

22. **To hell with** Cf. 'Down with him.'
23. **on the rocks** = shipwrecked. Cf. 'run upon the rocks.'
25. **given in** = yielded. 「うさする意。」
- P. 96.** 1-2. **take off his coat** 上着を脱いで John が格闘しよ
3. **with bitter wisdom** 心苦しくも悟らざるを得ないこと。
5. **up against** = standing in opposition to.
12. **sheepishly** = bashfully.
14. **Her charm!** あんな女にチャームがあるものかと冷評す
17. **breaks them up** 'break up' = separate, disunite. するところ。
- P. 97.** 14-5. **No man likes.....supplanted** 夫が構つてくれなくても、平気で編物をしてゐることは、夫を編物に見かへたわけで、夫として不愉快であることをさす。 [(C.O.D.)]
19. **put you about** 'put about' = trouble, distress (chiefly Sc.)
23. **the little old woman.....progeny** fairy mother がその子供に云ひきかすやうな如何にも大人びた patronize するやうな物の
25. **mortal** = extremely (slang). 云ひ方をさす。
- 26-7. **who would.....his hand** Maggie の前へ出て案外びくびくしてゐること。
- P. 98.** 13. **Perhaps this is the Scotch way also** 上の、何時お出かけですかといふ言葉が、あまりにも事務的で、何んたか薄氣味悪いことを評する。
- 14-6. **from the manner.....her toes** Sybil が直覺的にハツと驚いた、その驚き方を、足指の上へ物が落ちたやうたご形容する。
17. **who has heard nothing fall** John が、一向そんなことに氣付かず、鈍感であること。
25. **Sybil has to.....again** 水曜が洗濯物の歸つて来る日たななんていふ、あまりに事務的の薄氣味悪い言葉を再び聞いて、Sybil は又再びハツとすること。
- P. 99.** 17. **exercising his imagination &c.** John が何時になく、上の Maggie の言葉の意味を察したことを云ふ。
21. **at stake** = in peril.
- P. 100.** 16. **Put me on to** 電話の聯絡を交換手に頼むこと。
18. **sinking** = internal sensation of collapse caused by apprehension
26. **something** = some truth. [sion (C.O.D.)]
- P. 101.** 2. **I can't,** i.e. come to you.

7. **keen** = anxious.
22. **assured** = being assured, 「ための氣轉。」
27. **Was that John calling to you?** Maggie が Sybil を追拂ふ
- P. 102.** 2. **She is alone &c.** 後にはマギ唯一人、さいふ思入れ
16. **the stubborn one,** i.e. Maggie. したつぶりの場面。
25. **niceties** = excessive delicacies, fastidious considerations.
28. **little devil** いけ圖々しくも、次のやうなことを云ひ得る其度胸を評する。 「制を失ふこと。」
- P. 103.** 2. **carried away** 調子に乗せられて、歡びの爲に自
17. **She indicates &c.** 心臓が少し悪いので醫者に見て貰ふ、さいふ口實の下にそこを去ること。
26. **done.....with** = ceased to have anything to do with.

IV

四つの幕のト書きは、皆それぞれに趣が深くて Barrie の特色を示してゐるが、初の第一幕のさ此第四幕のさは、殊に情味豊かであると思ふ。そしてこの書出しは、英國特有の緑濃やかな lawn を背景とするロンドン郊外の柔かな美さを巧みに描出してゐる。

P. 104. 6. **As it is** ところが實際は、鳥がまたその歌の呼吸を覺えないから、の意。

9. **négligé** ['negli:gei] = free & easy or unceremonious attire
12. **broiling** = very hot. [(F.)]
- 17-8. **bowed** [boud] **window** = curved (not angular) bay-window.
24. **touch** = style of execution. [Cf. 'bow-window.']
- P. 105.** 1. **No linen garments &c.** John が北國生れであるから、夏にふさはしい輕快な服装に馴れないことをさす。
2. **knickerbockers** = loose-fitting breeches gathered in at knee (C.O.D.).

4. **tweeds** 'tweed' = twilled woollen or wool-&-cotton fabric with unfinished surface & usually two colours combined in the yarn, used esp. for men's clothes & largely made in South Scotland (C.O.D.). この複數形は、上着ツボン等が皆この生地からなることを意味す。 Cf. 'corduroys,' 'flannels.'

6. **in kilts** 'kilt' = skirt usually of tartan cloth (幾つかの色の組合せからなる格子縞のラシヤ) reaching from waist to knee, part

of Highland male dress (C.O.D.).

7. *Sassenach* Scotland 又は Ireland に於ける、Englishman に對する呼び名。この一節は、ある土地の名物が、其土地では殆んど棄たれて、却つて外來者に喜ばれる傾向の可笑味を指摘する。例へば日本の象牙彫が、今日日本で、あまり持はやされないで、西洋人にだけ喜ばれるなさが、それで、こゝに云ふ場合は、日本の象牙彫を初めて見たのが、西洋人の家で、あつた、さいふのと同じ。

11. *dour* = grim (Sc.).

Patience Solitaire 即ち一人で出来るカルタ遊びの一種で、色々の種類に富んであるが、要するに其目的は、亂雑に配列された札を一定の秩序に並べかへることで、それが「根氣仕事」であるさいふ點からつけられた名である。

21. *She shrugs her impertinent shoulders* 肩を聳かす身振りは、殊にフランスの年こつた婦人などに多い。impertinent さは、そんなことは、聞ふだけ野暮さいつたやうな、人を馬鹿にした調子を帯びてゐること。

P. 106. 4. *romantically damp little arbour* 戀なさを語るにふさはしい、人目をさけたしめつばい緑蔭のこゝ。

8-9. *I must.....into French* humour を解しない、Scotland 人のあなたには、可笑くないたらうが、それをフランス人的の立場から見ると、滑稽たさいふ暗示。

15. *typists* 女のタイピストの、きびきびしてゐることを、Barrie は好んで描く。*The Twelve-Pound Look* を参照。

P. 107. 18. *tures Mr. Venables into the rooms &c.* 伯爵夫人の當意即妙な思付で、咽喉の渴いた Venables を、旨く一杯くはして、呼びよせるこゝろ、この種の夫人のひやうきんな老獐さを巧みに描く。 [water.]

20. *lemon squash* [skwɔʃ] = drink of squeezed lemon & soda.

P. 108. 12. *Not for the first time &c.* 所謂すまじきものは宮仕へ、さいつたやうな心持。

20. *old stager* = person of experience. 「相手を褒める身振。

21. *pat.....on the shoulder* 出かした、旨いさ、親しみを以て、

22-3. *pounds on* = makes one's way laboriously.

P. 109. 3. *'By your leave'* 驛夫が人の中を押分けて荷物を

15. *baggage* = saucy girl. [運ぶ時のかけ聲。

22. *obsequies* = funeral. John が没落して葬り去られんこする厭な話の形容。これに似た例が、Barrie の *The Will* にあつて、死んだ人のこゝろや過去の悔恨の話が濟んで、ほつこする氣持を形容して、'turning with relief from the cemetery (墓地)' さいふ。

23. *up to* = engaged on or attempting (mischief).

P. 110. 3. *choice of weapons* 普通、決闘の場合には、ピストルか劍かをきめるこゝ。

7. *wring her hands* 切なる心の苦を訴へる身振。

12. *melodrama* = drama marked by crude appeals to emotion, poetic justice, & happy ending (P.O.D.). 忠臣節婦惡漢毒婦が目先の面白い筋を織出して、最後には、惡人亡び善人榮ゆる低級な劇。

13. *cards* 相手の謀計の種さいふ程の意。

14. *pink* = runs through with sword.

17. *squeak* = short shrill cry or sound (e.g. of mouse or rusty

P. 111. 2. *hauteur* Cf. p. 72, l. 10. [hinge] (P.O.D.).

3. *insinuations* = suggestions or intimations by indirect allusion, innuendos. 「あてこすり」

5. *drops her a curtsy* 'curtsy' は古風な婦人の挨拶の仕方、両手に袴の膝のこゝろをつまみ上げ、片足を引いて腰を落とし、頭は殆んど曲げない。'drop' さいふのは、その腰を落すこゝろから來た言葉。'her' は、Maggie に對して、の意。

6. *Your Haughtiness* Your Highness をもちつた、一種の mock reverence. [Barrie の burlesque 趣味を表はす。

10-1. *Think not, creature &c.* 伯爵夫人の辨天小僧式の啖呵。

16. *You know how.....go* 英國の男の召使が、貴族的な主人の前に出て、如何に滑稽的に、几帳面であるかをいふ。

20. *quandary* ['kwɔndəri] = state of perplexity.

21. *abandoned* = recklessly wicked, shameless.

25. *but in the end &c.* Thomas も、今こそ footman をしてゐるが、矢張り John と同じやうに、後に出世をするたらう、さいふ意。

28. *engaged on* = occupied with.

P. 112. 9. *twists the little thing round* 云ふこゝろをきかぬ子供を無理に自分の方へ向けるやうな心持。

13. *as sweet as a milking stool* milking さいふ言葉には、田園的な新鮮清楚の感じを伴ふ美さがある。

P. 113. 2. *his face falls* 'fall' = assume an expression of dejection, discontent, sorrow, shame &c. (C.D.).

4. *scene* = agitated colloquy esp. with display of temper

16. *sinking* Cf. p. 100, l. 18. [(C.O.D.).

23. *Caledonia* = a name given by the Roman writers to the northern portion of the island of Great Britain; now used as a poetical designation of Scotland (C.D.). Cf. 'Albion' (=England).

25. *putting* = expressing.

P. 114. 4. *the speeches of my career* 政治家としての私の一

5. *cunning* = skill. [世一代の演説、の意。

14. *slaved* = worked as a slave.

23. *man of my word*, i.e. who keeps one's promise.

P. 115. 2. *arrangements* Sybil の意味では、夫婦別れをするについての、法律上其他の手續きのこと。併し Maggie は、態さ呆けて、家事の整理や旅行の用意の意味にさる。

6. *stung* John は Maggie がさういふ意味で云つてあるさ知らないで、Sybil と同じ意味にさつて怒ること。

12. *The way you put things!* この 'put' は上にあつた express 又は speak の意味で、'way' の次に in which の略された形。従つて things は「物事」又は「事柄」の意味であるのを、Maggie は、再び呆けて、「品物」「荷物」の意味に用ひ、put を文字通り「取片付ける」意味に解する。

16. *vacuum* ['vækjuəm] *cleaners* 日本でも近頃使はれるやうになつた、真空を利用してポンプの逆に塵を吸さる掃除器。

23. *small fours* 婦人用靴の番號。

P. 116. 6. *COMTESSE laughed aloud here* Shand が Sybil に厭き、Maggie に未練があるのを見さめて、痛快に感ずること。

9. *let him off* 'let off' 「放免」さういふ言葉を用ゐたところが面白い。

17. *Vere de Veres* De Vere 家は、Normandy から來た英國の名門。勇名を以て知られてゐる。その Vere 中の Vere さは、即ち男の中の男さういふ程の意。

P. 117. 15. *which was afterwards turned into a bed-spread* 時到つて、Sybil は貴族的な romantic な結婚をしたが、併し結局、その華さも一時で、結婚の晴衣裳が、彼女の恐れた practical な目的

に利用されて、寢具の上覆さなつた、さういふ皮肉。

21. *darling* = dear. good に親しみを添えた云ひ方。kind さういふべきところを、charming さういふに同じ。

P. 118. 6. *nervous* びくびくすること。

24. *sick* = surfeited or tired.

25. *to death* = utterly.

28. *amount to* = signify.

P. 119. 4. *have had enough* = be sick.

8-9. *eau de Cologne* ['əudəkə'loun] Cologne で出来る香水の名。香水の別名のやうになつて了つて、ヘチマコロンなさういふ名のものが、日本で出来るやうになつた。こゝでは氣付藥 (salts) の替りに、Sybil に嗅がせようさすること。

17. *putting her hand on &c.* この Maggie こそ、本當の愛すべき婦人ではなからうかさういふ伯爵夫人の謎。 [言出すこと。

20. *false pretences* 今更態さ Maggie が可愛いなごさ、偽つて

24. *printed by request* 裕福な老婦人なごさ、特に出版した、至極勿體ぶつたものをいふ。

28. *exasperated* = irritated to a high degree.

P. 120. 2-3. *Arcades ambo* ['a:kədi:z 'æmbou] = both sweet innocents or simpletons. Arcadians は、ギリシヤ人中で最もぼんやり者さされてゐたために生じた諺。 Cf. Virgil's *Eclogue*, vii. v. 4. お人よしの馬鹿者のことを、Arcadian youth さもいふ。

5. *By Gosh* Gosh は God の轉訛で、vulgar な云ひ方。

6. *beam* = look radiantly.

26. *cooing* 鳩のやうな、柔かな低い甘つたるい聲をさす。

P. 121. 4. *knocked off* = dispatched.

talk bits over 断片的な四方山のことを親しく話し合ふこと。

19. *slapping his knee* 悟りを開いたことを示す身振。 [こと。

20. *hit it* = found solution.

22. *so nearly reached a smile* 生れてから一度も笑つたことのない Shand が危く笑ひかけたこと。

28. *Lost, stolen.....in the making* = a smile being lost, stolen,

P. 122. 2. *grumpy* = ill-tempered, surly. [or strayed &c.

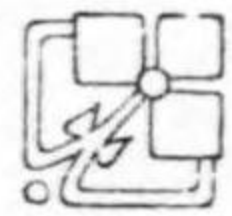
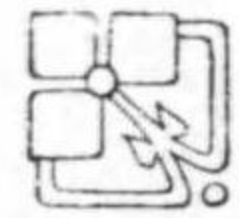
5. *and more* 云はなくてもよい餘計なごさまで云つたこと。

23. *seven-footer* = man seven feet high. 威丈高になること。

19. *four foot ten* 'foot' = feet, 'ten' = ten inches.
28. *in the black cap* black cap は、裁判官が死刑宣告の時に被るもの。Maggie に對して致命的な宣告をするの意。
- P. 123.** 19. *lest* = that. *lest* の場合には、普通後に *not* は入らない。
24. *puts* = expresses. Cf. p. 113, l. 25.
- P. 124.** 4. *virile* ['virail; 'viril; 'vaiəril]
7. *bowled you over* = knocked you down.
11. *counsel for the defence* 被告の辯護人。Cf. 'counsel for the Crown' (刑事上の罪は、王室に對する罪であるさいふ見地から、被告側の辯護に對抗し、日本の検事に相當する役目を務める辯護人)。
19. *our man*, *i.e.* who can supply our need. [護士のこと。]
22. *go* = succeed. 次の *down* は Leeds の方へかゝる。
- grace* Cf. p. 18, l. 7.
- P. 125.** 6-7. *brought.....low* = humbled.
- 9-10. *found himself out* = discovered the truth about himself.
26. *at that* = at that degree.
27. *Every woman knows that* 此書の表題の生じた所以。
28. *if only* How better it would be のやうな本文の略された形。
- P. 126.** 8. *creaks* ある變化の起らうとする前兆。 [形。]
- mirth* merriment などと同じく *laugh* の代用語。

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