

QUOTATIONS FROM GILBERT PARKER

DAVID WIDGER*

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The editor may be contacted at jwidger@cecomet.net for comments, questions or suggested additions to these extracts.

D.W.

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QUOTATIONS FROM THE NOVELS
OF
GILBERT PARKER

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP02][gp02w10.txt]6074

Awkward for your friends and gratifying to your enemies
Carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love
Freedom is the first essential of the artistic mind
I was born insolent
Knowing that his face would never be turned from me
Likenesses between the perfectly human and the perfectly animal
Longed to touch, oftener than they did, the hands of children
Meditation is the enemy of action
My excuses were making bad infernally worse
Nothing so good as courage, nothing so base as the shifting eye
She wasn't young, but she seemed so
The Barracks of the Free
The gods made last to humble the pride of men—there was rum
The soul of goodness in things evil
Time is the test, and Time will have its way with me
Where I should never hear the voice of the social Thou must

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP03][gp03w10.txt]6075

Delicate revenge which hath its hour with every man
Good is often an occasion more than a condition
He does not love Pierre; but he does not pretend to love him
It is not Justice that fills the gaols, but Law
It is not much to kill or to die—that is in the game
Men and women are unwittingly their own executioners
Noise is not battle
She was beginning to understand that evil is not absolute
The Government cherish the Injin much in these days

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP04][gp04w10.txt]6076

At first—and at the last—he was kind
Courage; without which, men are as the standing straw
Evil is half-accidental, half-natural
Fascinating colour which makes evil appear to be good
Had the luck together, all kinds and all weathers
Hunger for happiness is robbery

If one remembers, why should the other forget
Instinct for detecting veracity, having practised on both sides
Mothers always forgive
The higher we go the faster we live
The Injin speaks the truth, perhaps—eye of red man multiplies
The world is not so bad as is claimed for it
Whatever has been was a dream; whatever is now is real
You do not shout dinner till you have your knife in the loaf

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v4 [GP05][gp05w10.txt]6077

Irishmen have gifts for only two things—words and women
More idle than wicked
Reconciling the preacher and the sinner, as many another has

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v5 [GP06][gp06w10.txt]6078

An inner sorrow is a consuming fire
Philosophy which could separate the petty from the prodigious
Remember your own sins before you charge others

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by Parker, Complete [GP07][gp07w10.txt]6079

An inner sorrow is a consuming fire
At first—and at the last—he was kind
Awkward for your friends and gratifying to your enemies
Carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love
Courage; without which, men are as the standing straw
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Where I should never hear the voice of the social Thou must
You do not shout dinner till you have your knife in the loaf

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v1 [GP08][gp08w10.txt]6080

A human life he held to be a trifle in the big sum of time
Fear of one's own wife is the worst fear in the world
He never saw an insult unless he intended to avenge it
Liars all men may be, but that's wid wimmin or landlords
Men are like dogs—they worship him who beats them
She valued what others found useless
Women are half saints, half fools

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v2 [GP09][gp09w10.txt]6081

Bad turns good sometimes, when you know the how
How can you judge the facts if you don't know the feeling?
Put the matter on your own hearthstone

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v3 [GP10][gp10w10.txt]6082

Advantage to live where nothing was required of her but truth
Don't be too honest
Every shot that kills ricochets
Not good to have one thing in the head all the time
Remember the sorrow of thine own wife
Secret of life: to keep your own commandments
She had not suffered that sickness, social artifice
Some people are rough with the poor—and proud
They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly
Think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman
Youth hungers for the vanities

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v4 [GP11][gp11w10.txt]6083

Have you ever felt the hand of your own child in yours
Memory is man's greatest friend and worst enemy
Solitude fixes our hearts immovably on things
When a man laugh in the sun and think nothing of evil

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v5 [GP12][gp12w10.txt]6084

All humour in him had a strain of the sardonic
In her heart she never can defy the world as does a man
Some wise men are fools, one way or another

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by Parker, Complete [GP13][gp13w10.txt]6085

A human life he held to be a trifle in the big sum of time
Advantage to live where nothing was required of her but truth
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Bad turns good sometimes, when you know the how
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Think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman
When a man laugh in the sun and think nothing of evil
Women are half saints, half fools
Youth hungers for the vanities

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v1 [GP14][gp14w10.txt]6086

Even bad company's better than no company at all
Future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer
I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like
It ain't for us to say what we're goin' to be, not always
Things in life git stronger than we are

We don't live in months and years, but just in minutes

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v2 [GP15][gp15w10.txt]6087

I don't think. I'm old enough to know
Knew when to shut his eyes, and when to keep them open
Nothing so popular for the moment as the fall of a favourite
That he will find the room empty where I am not
The temerity and nonchalance of despair

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v3 [GP16][gp16w10.txt]6088

Being a man of very few ideas, he cherished those he had
Self-will, self-pride, and self-righteousness were big in him
Tyranny of the little man, given a power

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v4 [GP17][gp17w10.txt]6089

Babbling covers a lot of secrets
Beneath it all there was a little touch of ridicule
What'll be the differ a hundred years from now

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v5 [GP18][gp18w10.txt]6090

Don't go at a fence till you're sure of your seat
The real business of life is trying to understand each other
You've got blind rashness, and so you think you're bold

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by Parker, Complete [GP19][gp19w10.txt]6091

Babbling covers a lot of secrets
Being a man of very few ideas, he cherished those he had
Beneath it all there was a little touch of ridicule
Don't go at a fence till you're sure of your seat
Even bad company's better than no company at all
Future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer
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You've got blind rashness, and so you think you're bold

MRS. FALCHION, by G. Parker, v1 [GP20][gp20w10.txt]6092

Aboriginal dispersion
And even envy praised her
Audience that patronisingly listens outside a room or window
But to pay the vulgar penalty of prison—ah!
Death is a magnificent ally; it untangles knots
Engrossed more, it seemed, in the malady than in the man
For a man having work to do, woman, lovely woman, is rocks
It is difficult to be idle—and important too
It is hard to be polite to cowards
Jews everywhere treated worse than the Chinaman
One always buys back the past at a tremendous price
One doesn't choose to worry
Saying uncomfortable things in a deferential way
Slow-footed hours wandered by, leaving apathy in their train
That anxious civility which beauty can inspire
The ravings of a sick man are not always counted ravings
The sea is a great breeder of friendship
The tender care of a woman—than many pharmacopoeias
Vanity; and from this much feminine hatred springs
Very severe on those who do not pretend to be good
What is gone is gone. Graves are idolatry
Who get a morbid enjoyment out of misery

MRS. FALCHION, by G. Parker, v2 [GP21][gp21w10.txt]6093

A heart-break for that kind is their salvation
A man may be forgiven for a sin, but the effect remains
A man you could bank on, and draw your interest reg'lar
All he has to do is to be vague, and look prodigious (Scientist)
Death is not the worst of evils
Every true woman is a mother, though she have no child
Fear a woman are when she hates, and when she loves
He didn't always side with the majority
He had neither self-consciousness nor fear
Her own suffering always set her laughing at herself
Learned what fools we mortals be
Love can outlive slander
Men do not steal up here: that is the unpardonable crime
She had provoked love, but had never given it
Still the end of your existence, I rejoined—to be amused?
The happy scene of the play before the villain comes in
The threshold of an acknowledged love
There are things we repent of which cannot be repaired
There is no refuge from memory and remorse in this world
Think that a woman gives the heart for pleasant weather only?
Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart
Time a woman most yearns for a man is when she has refused him

Would look back and not remember that she had a childhood

MRS. FALCHION, by Parker, Complete [GP22][gp22w10.txt]6094

A heart-break for that kind is their salvation
A man may be forgiven for a sin, but the effect remains
A man you could bank on, and draw your interest reg'lar
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The tender care of a woman—than many pharmacopoeias
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The happy scene of the play before the villain comes in
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Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart
Time a woman most yearns for a man is when she has refused him
Vanity; and from this much feminine hatred springs
Very severe on those who do not pretend to be good
What is gone is gone. Graves are idolatry
Who get a morbid enjoyment out of misery
Would look back and not remember that she had a childhood

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v1 [GP23][gp23w10.txt]6095

Ate some coffee-beans and drank some cold water
His courtesy was not on the same expansive level as his vanity

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v2 [GP24][gp24w10.txt]6096

It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do
No, I'm not good—I'm only beautiful
Should not make our own personal experience a law unto the world
Undisciplined generosity
Women don't go by evidence, but by their feelings
You have lost your illusions
You've got to be ready, that's all

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v3 [GP25][gp25w10.txt]6097

Answered, with the indifference of despair
Mystery is dear to a woman's heart
Never looked to get an immense amount of happiness out of life
There is nothing so tragic as the formal

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v4 [GP26][gp26w10.txt]6098

Preserved a marked unconsciousness
Surely she might weep a little for herself
Time when she should and when she should not be wooed
Where the light is darkness

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v5 [GP27][gp27w10.txt]6099

All is fair where all is foul
He borrowed no trouble

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA, by Parker, Complete [GP28][gp28w10.txt]6101

All is fair where all is foul
Answered, with the indifference of despair
Ate some coffee-beans and drank some cold water
He borrowed no trouble
His courtesy was not on the same expansive level as his vanity
It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do
Mystery is dear to a woman's heart
Never looked to get an immense amount of happiness out of life
No, I'm not good—I'm only beautiful
Preserved a marked unconsciousness
Should not make our own personal experience a law unto the world
Surely she might weep a little for herself
There is nothing so tragic as the formal
Time when she should and when she should not be wooed

Undisciplined generosity
Where the light is darkness
Women don't go by evidence, but by their feelings
You have lost your illusions
You've got to be ready, that's all

VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC, by G. Parker, v1 [GP29][gp29w10.txt]6102

Conquest not important enough to satisfy ambition
Face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance
Touch of the fantastic, of the barbaric, in all genius
We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life

VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC, by G. Parker, v2 [GP30][gp30w10.txt]6103

Her sight was bounded by the little field where she strayed
I was never good at catechism
The blind tyranny of the just
Visions of the artistic temperament—delight and curse

VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC, by G. Parker, v3 [GP31][gp31w10.txt]6104

Vanity is the bane of mankind
You cannot live long enough to atone for that impertinence

VALMOND TO PONTIAC, by Parker, Complete [GP32][gp32w10.txt]6105

Conquest not important enough to satisfy ambition
Face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance
Her sight was bounded by the little field where she strayed
I was never good at catechism
The blind tyranny of the just
Touch of the fantastic, of the barbaric, in all genius
Vanity is the bane of mankind
Visions of the artistic temperament—delight and curse
We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life
You cannot live long enough to atone for that impertinence

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by G. Parker, v1 [GP33][gp33w10.txt]6106

Love, too, is a game, and needs playing
To die without whining

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by G. Parker, v2 [GP34][gp34w10.txt]6107

Often called an invention of the devil (Violin)

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by G. Parker, v3 [GP35][gp35w10.txt]6108

Aboriginal in all of us, who must have a sign for an emotion
Learned, as we all must learn, that we live our dark hour alone

TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by Parker, Complete [GP37][gp37w10.txt]6110

Aboriginal in all of us, who must have a sign for an emotion
Learned, as we all must learn, that we live our dark hour alone
Love, too, is a game, and needs playing
Often called an invention of the devil (Violin)
To die without whining

TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP38][gp38w10.txt]6111

Being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event
His duties were many, or he made them so
Men must have their bad hours alone
Most important lessons of life—never to quarrel with a woman
Sympathy and consolation might be much misplaced
These little pieces of art make life possible
Think of our position
Who never knew self-consciousness
You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it

TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP39][gp39w10.txt]6112

If fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it
Miseries of this world are caused by forcing issues
Reading a lot and forgetting everything
The world never welcomes its deserters
There is no influence like the influence of habit
There should be written the one word, "Wait"
Training in the charms of superficiality
We grow away from people against our will
We speak with the straight tongue; it is cowards who lie

TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP40][gp40w10.txt]6113

Every man should have laws of his own
Flood came which sweeps away the rust that gathers in the eyes
How can one force one's heart? No, no! One has to wait
Man or woman must not expect too much out of life
May be more beautiful in uncertain England than anywhere else
Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play
Prepared for a kiss this hour and a reproach the next
Romance is an incident to a man
Simply to have death renewed every morning
To sorrow may their humour be a foil
We want to get more out of life than there really is in it
Who can understand a woman?
Worth while to have lived so long and to have seen so much

TRANSLATION OF SAVAGE, by Parker, Complete [GP41][gp41w10.txt]6114

Being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event
Every man should have laws of his own
Flood came which sweeps away the rust that gathers in the eyes
His duties were many, or he made them so
How can one force one's heart? No, no! One has to wait
If fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it
Man or woman must not expect too much out of life
May be more beautiful in uncertain England than anywhere else
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Prepared for a kiss this hour and a reproach the next
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Romance is an incident to a man
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These little pieces of art make life possible
Think of our position
To sorrow may their humour be a foil
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We grow away from people against our will
We want to get more out of life than there really is in it
We speak with the straight tongue; it is cowards who lie
Who never knew self-consciousness
Who can understand a woman?
Worth while to have lived so long and to have seen so much
You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it

POMP OF THE LAVIETTES, by G. Parker, v1 [GP42][gp42w10.txt]6115

Illusive hopes and irresponsible deceptions
She lacked sense a little and sensitiveness much
To be popular is not necessarily to be contemptible
Who say 'God bless you' in New York! They say 'Damn you!'

POMP OF THE LAVIETTES, by G. Parker, v2 [GP43][gp43w10.txt]6116

After which comes steady happiness or the devil to pay (wedding)
All men are worse than most women
I always did what was wrong, and liked it—nearly always
Men feel surer of women than women feel of men

POMP OF LAVIETTES, by Parker, Complete [GP44][gp44w10.txt]6117

After which comes steady happiness or the devil to pay (wedding)
All men are worse than most women
I always did what was wrong, and liked it—nearly always
Illusive hopes and irresponsible deceptions
Men feel surer of women than women feel of men
She lacked sense a little and sensitiveness much
To be popular is not necessarily to be contemptible
Who say 'God bless you' in New York! They say 'Damn you!'

AT SIGN OF THE EAGLE, by G. Parker, [GP45][gp45w10.txt]6118

But I don't think it is worth doing twice
He wishes to be rude to some one, and is disappointed
I—couldn't help it
Interfere with people who had a trade and didn't understand it
Lose their heads, and be so absurdly earnest
Scoundrel, too weak to face the consequences of his sin

THE TRESPASSER, by G. Parker, v1 [GP46][gp46w10.txt]6119

He was strong enough to admit ignorance
Not to show surprise at anything
Truth waits long, but whips hard

THE TRESPASSER, by G. Parker, v2 [GP47][gp47w10.txt]6120

Down in her heart, loves to be mastered
I don't wish to fit in; things must fit me
Imagination is at the root of much that passes for love
Live and let live is doing good

THE TRESPASSER, by G. Parker, v3 [GP48][gp48w10.txt]6121

Clever men are trying
He had no instinct for vice in the name of amusement
What a nice mob you press fellows are—wholesale scavengers

THE TRESPASSER, by Parker, Complete [GP49][gp49w10.txt]6122

Clever men are trying
Down in her heart, loves to be mastered
He had no instinct for vice in the name of amusement
He was strong enough to admit ignorance
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Truth waits long, but whips hard

What a nice mob you press fellows are—wholesale scavengers

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v1 [GP57][gp57w10.txt]6130

A sort of chuckle not entirely pleasant
Sacrifice to the god of the pin-hole
What fools there are in the world

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v2 [GP58][gp58w10.txt]6131

Adaptability was his greatest weapon in life
He felt things, he did not study them
If women hadn't memory, she answered, they wouldn't have much
Lilt of existence lulling to sleep wisdom and tried experience
Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it
Never to be content with superficial reasons and the obvious

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v3 [GP59][gp59w10.txt]6132

Egotism with which all are diseased
Egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities
Follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me
It's the people who try to be clever who never are
Knew the lie of silence to be as evil as the lie of speech
People who are clever never think of trying to be

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v4 [GP60][gp60w10.txt]6133

Being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget
Cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered
Futility of goodness, the futility of all
Her voice had the steadiness of despair
Joy of a confessional which relieves the sick heart
Often, we would rather be hurt than hurt
Queer that things which hurt most can't be punished by law
Rack of secrecy, the cruelest inquisition of life
Sardonic pleasure in the miseries of the world
Sympathy, with curiousness in their eyes and as much inhumanity
Thanked him in her heart for the things he had left unsaid
There is something humiliating in even an undeserved injury
There was never a grey wind but there's a greyer
Uses up your misery and makes you tired (Work)
We care so little for real justice

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v5 [GP61][gp61w10.txt]6134

It is easy to repent when our pleasures have palled
Kissed her twice on the cheek—the first time in fifteen years
No news—no trouble
War is cruelty, and none can make it gentle

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v6 [GP62][gp62w10.txt]6135

It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by Parker, Complete [GP63][gp63w10.txt]6136

A sort of chuckle not entirely pleasant
Adaptability was his greatest weapon in life
Being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget
Cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered
Egotism with which all are diseased
Egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities
Follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me
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Lilt of existence lulling to sleep wisdom and tried experience
Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it
Never to be content with superficial reasons and the obvious
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Often, we would rather be hurt than hurt
People who are clever never think of trying to be
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Sacrifice to the god of the pin-hole
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Uses up your misery and makes you tired (Work)
War is cruelty, and none can make it gentle
We care so little for real justice
What fools there are in the world

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v1 [GP64][gp64w10.txt]6137

Ah, let it be soon! Ah, let him die soon!
All are hurt some time
Did not let him think that she was giving up anything for him
Duplicity, for which she might never have to ask forgiveness
Frenchman, slave of ideas, the victim of sentiment

Frenchman, volatile, moody, chivalrous, unreasonable
Her stronger soul ruled him without his knowledge
I love that love in which I married him
Let others ride to glory, I'll shoe their horses for the gallop
Lighted candles in hollowed pumpkins
Love has nothing to do with ugliness or beauty, or fortune
Nature twists in back, or anywhere, gets a twist in's brain too
Rewarded for its mistakes
Some are hurt in one way and some in another
Struggle of conscience and expediency

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v2 [GP65][gp65w10.txt]6138

But a wounded spirit who can bear
Man grows old only by what he suffers, and what he forgives
You—you all were so ready to suspect

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v3 [GP66][gp66w10.txt]6139

Can't get the company I want, so what I can get I have
Capered at the mirror, and dusted her face with oatmeal
For everything you lose you get something
No trouble like that which comes between parent and child
Old clock in the corner "ticking" life, and youth, and hope away
She had not much brains, but she had some shrewdness
Take the honeymoon himself, and leave his wife to learn cooking
The laughter of a ripe summer was upon the land
Thought all as flippant as herself
Turned the misery of the world into a game, and grinned at it
When the heart rusts the rust shows

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v4 [GP67][gp67w10.txt]6140

We'll lave the past behind us
The furious music of death and war was over

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by Parker, Complete [GP68][gp68w10.txt]6141

Ah, let it be soon! Ah, let him die soon!
All are hurt some time
But a wounded spirit who can bear
Did not let him think that she was giving up anything for him
Duplicity, for which she might never have to ask forgiveness
Frenchman, slave of ideas, the victim of sentiment
Frenchman, volatile, moody, chivalrous, unreasonable
Her stronger soul ruled him without his knowledge
I love that love in which I married him
Let others ride to glory, I'll shoe their horses for the gallop
Lighted candles in hollowed pumpkins
Love has nothing to do with ugliness or beauty, or fortune

Man grows old only by what he suffers, and what he forgives
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Some are hurt in one way and some in another
Struggle of conscience and expediency
The furious music of death and war was over
We'll lave the past behind us
You—you all were so ready to suspect

PARABLES OF A PROVINCE, by G. Parker, [GP69][gp69w10.txt]6142

Counsel of the overwise to go jolting through the soul
Love knows not distance; it hath no continent
When a child is born the mother also is born again

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v1 [GP70][gp70w10.txt]6143

He had had acquaintances, but never friendships, and never loves
He has wheeled his nuptial bed into the street
He left his fellow-citizens very much alone
I am only myself when I am drunk
I should remember to forget it
Liquor makes me human
Nervous legs at a gallop
So say your prayers, believe all you can, don't ask questions
Was not civilisation a mistake
Who knows!

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v2 [GP71][gp71w10.txt]6144

Is the habit of good living mere habit and mere acting
Suspicion, the bane of sick old age

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v3 [GP72][gp72w10.txt]6145

Always hoping the best from the worst of us
Have not we all something to hide—with or without shame?
In all secrets there is a kind of guilt
Pathetically in earnest
Things that once charmed charm less

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v4 [GP73][gp73w10.txt]6146

A left-handed boy is all right in the world
Damnably propinquity
Hugging the chain of denial to his bosom
I have a good memory for forgetting
Importunity with discretion was his motto
It is good to live, isn't it?
Know how bad are you, and doesn't mind

Strike first and heal after—"a kick and a lick"

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v5 [GP74][gp74w10.txt]6147

Good fathers think they have good daughters
Shure, if we could always be 'about the same,' we'd do

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v6 [GP75][gp75w10.txt]6148

Youth is the only comrade for youth

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by Parker, Complete [GP76][gp76w10.txt]6149

A left-handed boy is all right in the world
Always hoping the best from the worst of us
Damnably propinquity
Good fathers think they have good daughters
Have not we all something to hide—with or without shame?
He has wheeled his nuptial bed into the street
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Strike first and heal after—"a kick and a lick"
Suspicion, the bane of sick old age
Things that once charmed charm less
Was not civilisation a mistake
Who knows!
Youth is the only comrade for youth

MICHEL AND ANGELE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP77][gp77w10.txt]6150

Boldness without rashness, and hope without vain thinking
Nothing is futile that is right
Religion to him was a dull recreation invented chiefly for women

MICHEL AND ANGELE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP78][gp78w10.txt]6151

Each of us will prove himself a fool given perfect opportunity
No note of praise could be pitched too high for Elizabeth
She had never stooped to conquer

MICHEL AND ANGELE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP79][gp79w10.txt]6152

Never believed that when man or woman said no that no was meant
Slander ever scorches where it touches

MICHEL AND ANGELE, by Parker, Complete [GP80][gp80w10.txt]6153

Boldness without rashness, and hope without vain thinking
Each of us will prove himself a fool given perfect opportunity
Never believed that when man or woman said no that no was meant
No note of praise could be pitched too high for Elizabeth
Nothing is futile that is right
Religion to him was a dull recreation invented chiefly for women
She had never stooped to conquer
Slander ever scorches where it touches

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v1 [GP83][gp83w10.txt]6156

A look too bright for joy, too intense for despair
His gift for lying was inexpressible
One favour is always the promise of another

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v2 [GP84][gp84w10.txt]6157

All the world's mad but thee and me
He had tasted freedom; he was near to license

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v3 [GP85][gp85w10.txt]6158

As if our penalties were only paid by ourselves!
Credulity, easily transmutable into superstition
Paradoxes which make for laughter—and for tears
What is crime in one country, is virtue in another
Women only admitted to Heaven by the intercession of husbands

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v4 [GP86][gp86w10.txt]6159

Anger was the least injurious of all grounds for separation
Dangerous man, as all enthusiasts are
Oriental would think not less of him for dissimulation
The friendship of man is like the shade of the acacia
Vanity of successful labour

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by Parker, Complete [GP87][gp87w10.txt]6160

A look too bright for joy, too intense for despair
All the world's mad but thee and me
Anger was the least injurious of all grounds for separation
As if our penalties were only paid by ourselves!
Credulity, easily transmutable into superstition
Dangerous man, as all enthusiasts are
He had tasted freedom; he was near to license
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Vanity of successful labour
What is crime in one country, is virtue in another
Women only admitted to Heaven by the intercession of husbands

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v1 [GP88][gp88w10.txt]6161

There is no habit so powerful as the habit of care of others

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v2 [GP89][gp89w10.txt]6162

Begin to see how near good is to evil
But the years go on, and friends have an end
Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation
Heaven where wives without number awaited him
Honesty was a thing he greatly desired—in others
How little we can know to-day what we shall feel tomorrow
How many conquests have been made in the name of God
One does the work and another gets paid
To-morrow is no man's gift
We want every land to do as we do; and we want to make 'em do it

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v3 [GP90][gp90w10.txt]6163

A cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind
Antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature
Antipathy of the man in the wrong to the man in the right
Friendship means a giving and a getting
He's a barber-shop philosopher
Monotonously intelligent
No virtue in not falling, when you're not tempted
Of course I've hated, or I wouldn't be worth a button
Only the supremely wise or the deeply ignorant who never alter
Passion to forget themselves
Political virtue goes unrewarded
She knew what to say and what to leave unsaid
Smiling was part of his equipment
Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home
Soul tortured through different degrees of misunderstanding

The vague pain of suffered indifference
There's no credit in not doing what you don't want to do
Tricks played by Fact to discredit the imagination
We must live our dark hours alone
Woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v4 [GP91][gp91w10.txt]6164

Cherish any alleviating lie
Triumph of Oriental duplicity over Western civilisation
When God permits, shall man despair?

THE WEAVERS, by Parker, Complete [GP94][gp94w10.txt]6167

A cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind
Antipathy of the man in the wrong to the man in the right
Antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature
Begin to see how near good is to evil
But the years go on, and friends have an end
Cherish any alleviating lie
Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation
Friendship means a giving and a getting
He's a barber-shop philosopher
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We want every land to do as we do; and we want to make 'em do it
We must live our dark hours alone
When God permits, shall man despair?
Woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v1 [GP102][gp10210.txt]6175

Air of certainty and universal comprehension
Always calling to something, for something outside ourselves
Came of a race who set great store by mothers and grandmothers
Grove of pines to give a sense of warmth in winter
Grow more intense, more convinced, more thorough, as they talk
He admired, yet he wished to be admired
Inclined to resent his own insignificance
Lyrical in his enthusiasms
No man so simply sincere, or so extraordinarily prejudiced
Of those who hypnotize themselves, who glow with self-creation
Spurting out little geysers of other people's cheap wisdom
Untamed by the normal restraints of a happy married life

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v2 [GP103][gp10310.txt]6176

Confidence in a weak world gets unearned profit often
Enjoy his own generosity
Had the slight flavour of the superior and the paternal
He had only made of his wife an incident in his life
He was in fact not a philosopher, but a sentimentalist
He was not always sorry when his teasing hurt
Lacks a balance-wheel. He has brains, but not enough
Man who tells the story in a new way, that is genius
Missed being a genius by an inch
Not content to do even the smallest thing ill
You went north towards heaven and south towards hell

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v3 [GP104][gp10410.txt]6177

He hated irony in anyone else
I said I was not falling in love—I am in love
If you have a good thought, act on it
Philosophers are often stupid in human affairs
The beginning of the end of things was come for him

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v4 [GP105][gp10510.txt]6178

Being generous with other people's money
I had to listen to him, and he had to pay me for listening
Law. It is expensive whether you win or lose
Protest that it is right when it knows that it is wrong

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v5 [GP106][gp10610.txt]6179

Courage which awaits the worst the world can do
Good thing for a man himself to be owed kindness
I can't pay you for your kindness to me, and I don't want to
No past that is hidden has ever been a happy past
She was not to be forced to answer his arguments directly

That iceberg which most mourners carry in their breasts
The soul is a great traveller
You can't take time as the measure of life

THE MONEY MASTER, by Parker, Complete [GP107][gp10710.txt]6180

Air of certainty and universal comprehension
Always calling to something, for something outside ourselves
Being generous with other people's money
Came of a race who set great store by mothers and grandmothers
Confidence in a weak world gets unearned profit often
Courage which awaits the worst the world can do
Enjoy his own generosity
Good thing for a man himself to be owed kindness
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Untamed by the normal restraints of a happy married life
You can't take time as the measure of life
You went north towards heaven and south towards hell

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP108][gp10810.txt]6181

Saw how futile was much competition

When you strike your camp, put out the fires

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP109][gp10910.txt]6182

They think that if a vote's worth having it's worth paying for
You never can really overtake a newspaper lie

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP110][gp11010.txt]6183

Agony in thinking about the things we're never going to do
I don't believe in walking just for the sake of walking
It's no good simply going—you've got to go somewhere
Most honest thing I ever heard, but it's not the most truthful
Women may leave you in the bright days

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by Parker, Complete [GP111][gp11110.txt]6184

Agony in thinking about the things we're never going to do
I don't believe in walking just for the sake of walking
It's no good simply going—you've got to go somewhere
Most honest thing I ever heard, but it's not the most truthful
Saw how futile was much competition
They think that if a vote's worth having it's worth paying for
When you strike your camp, put out the fires
Women may leave you in the bright days
You never can really overtake a newspaper lie

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by G. Parker, v1 [GP112][gp11210.txt]6185

Anny man as is a man has to have one vice
Her moral standard had not a multitude of delicate punctilios
Law's delays outlasted even the memory of the crime committed
She looked too gay to be good
They had seen the world through the bottom of a tumbler

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by G. Parker, v2 [GP113][gp11310.txt]6186

And I was very lucky—worse luck!
God help the man that's afraid of his own wife!
Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by G. Parker, v3 [GP114][gp11410.txt]6187

He saw what he wished to see, which is the way of man
Searchers after excuses for ungoverned instincts and acts
Telling the unnecessary truth
What isn't never was to those that never knew

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by Parker, Complete [GP115][gp11510.txt]6188

And I was very lucky–worse luck!
 Anny man as is a man has to have one vice
 God help the man that's afraid of his own wife!
 He saw what he wished to see, which is the way of man
 Her moral standard had not a multitude of delicate punctilios
 Law's delays outlasted even the memory of the crime committed
 Searchers after excuses for ungoverned instincts and acts
 Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other
 She looked too gay to be good
 Telling the unnecessary truth
 They had seen the world through the bottom of a tumbler
 What isn't never was to those that never knew And I was very lucky–worse
 luck!
 Anny man as is a man has to have one vice
 God help the man that's afraid of his own wife!
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 And I was very lucky–worse luck!
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 Law's delays outlasted even the memory of the crime committed
 Searchers after excuses for ungoverned instincts and acts
 Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other
 She looked too gay to be good
 Telling the unnecessary truth
 They had seen the world through the bottom of a tumbler
 What isn't never was to those that never knew

WILD YOUTH, by Parker, Complete [GP118][gp11810.txt]6191

Highsterics, they call it
 World was only the size of four walls to a sick person

NO DEFENSE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP119][gp11910.txt]6192

Beginning of a lifetime of experience, comedy, and tragedy
 Wit is always at the elbow of want

NO DEFENSE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP121][gp12110.txt]6194

Without the money brains seldom win alone

NO DEFENSE, by Parker, Complete [GP122][gp12210.txt]6195

Beginning of a lifetime of experience, comedy, and tragedy
Wit is always at the elbow of want
Without the money brains seldom win alone

CARNAC'S FOLLY, by G. Parker, v1 [GP123][gp12310.txt]6196

All genius is at once a blessing or a curse
Do what you feel you've got to do, and never mind what happens
Had got unreasonably old
How many sons have ever added to their father's fame?
Never give up your soul to things only, keep it for people
We do what we forbid ourselves to do
We suffer the shames we damn in others

CARNAC'S FOLLY, by G. Parker, v3 [GP125][gp12510.txt]6198

Don't be a bigger fool than there's any need to be
Life is only futile to the futile
Youth's a dream, middle age a delusion, old age a mistake

CARNAC'S FOLLY, by Parker, Complete [GP126][gp12610.txt]6199

All genius is at once a blessing or a curse
Do what you feel you've got to do, and never mind what happens
Don't be a bigger fool than there's any need to be
Had got unreasonably old
How many sons have ever added to their father's fame?
Life is only futile to the futile
Never give up your soul to things only, keep it for people
We suffer the shames we damn in others
We do what we forbid ourselves to do
Youth's a dream, middle age a delusion, old age a mistake

THE PG WORKS OF GILBERT PARKER, COMPLETE [GP127][gp12710.txt]6200

A human life he held to be a trifle in the big sum of time
A heart-break for that kind is their salvation
A man may be forgiven for a sin, but the effect remains
A look too bright for joy, too intense for despair
A sort of chuckle not entirely pleasant
A man you could bank on, and draw your interest reg'lar
A left-handed boy is all right in the world
A cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind
Aboriginal in all of us, who must have a sign for an emotion
Aboriginal dispersion
Adaptability was his greatest weapon in life
Advantage to live where nothing was required of her but truth

After which comes steady happiness or the devil to pay (wedding)
Agony in thinking about the things we're never going to do
Ah, let it be soon! Ah, let him die soon!
Air of certainty and universal comprehension
All humour in him had a strain of the sardonic
All genius is at once a blessing or a curse
All the world's mad but thee and me
All men are worse than most women
All is fair where all is foul
All he has to do is to be vague, and look prodigious (Scientist)
All are hurt some time
Always hoping the best from the worst of us
Always calling to something, for something outside ourselves
An inner sorrow is a consuming fire
And even envy praised her
Anger was the least injurious of all grounds for separation
Answered, with the indifference of despair
Antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature
Antipathy of the man in the wrong to the man in the right
As if our penalties were only paid by ourselves!
At first—and at the last—he was kind
Ate some coffee-beans and drank some cold water
Audience that patronisingly listens outside a room or window
Awkward for your friends and gratifying to your enemies
Babbling covers a lot of secrets
Bad turns good sometimes, when you know the how
Begin to see how near good is to evil
Beginning of a lifetime of experience, comedy, and tragedy
Being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget
Being generous with other people's money
Being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event
Being a man of very few ideas, he cherished those he had
Beneath it all there was a little touch of ridicule
Boldness without rashness, and hope without vain thinking
But I don't think it is worth doing twice
But to pay the vulgar penalty of prison—ah!
But a wounded spirit who can bear
But the years go on, and friends have an end
Came of a race who set great store by mothers and grandmothers
Carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love
Cherish any alleviating lie
Clever men are trying
Cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered
Confidence in a weak world gets unearned profit often
Conquest not important enough to satisfy ambition
Counsel of the overwise to go jolting through the soul
Courage which awaits the worst the world can do
Courage; without which, men are as the standing straw
Credulity, easily transmutable into superstition
Damnable propinquity

Dangerous man, as all enthusiasts are
 Death is not the worst of evils
 Death is a magnificent ally; it untangles knots
 Delicate revenge which hath its hour with every man
 Did not let him think that she was giving up anything for him
 Do what you feel you've got to do, and never mind what happens
 Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation
 Don't go at a fence till you're sure of your seat
 Don't be a bigger fool than there's any need to be
 Don't be too honest
 Down in her heart, loves to be mastered
 Duplicity, for which she might never have to ask forgiveness
 Each of us will prove himself a fool given perfect opportunity
 Egotism with which all are diseased
 Egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities
 Engrossed more, it seemed, in the malady than in the man
 Enjoy his own generosity
 Even bad company's better than no company at all
 Every true woman is a mother, though she have no child
 Every man should have laws of his own
 Every shot that kills ricochets
 Evil is half-accidental, half-natural
 Face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance
 Fascinating colour which makes evil appear to be good
 Fear a woman are when she hates, and when she loves
 Fear of one's own wife is the worst fear in the world
 Flood came which sweeps away the rust that gathers in the eyes
 Follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me
 For a man having work to do, woman, lovely woman, is rocks
 Freedom is the first essential of the artistic mind
 Frenchman, volatile, moody, chivalrous, unreasonable
 Frenchman, slave of ideas, the victim of sentiment
 Friendship means a giving and a getting
 Futility of goodness, the futility of all
 Future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer
 Good fathers think they have good daughters
 Good is often an occasion more than a condition
 Good thing for a man himself to be owed kindness
 Grove of pines to give a sense of warmth in winter

Grow more intense, more convinced, more thorough, as they talk
 Had the luck together, all kinds and all weathers
 Had the slight flavour of the superior and the paternal
 Had got unreasonably old
 Have not we all something to hide—with or without shame?
 Have you ever felt the hand of your own child in yours
 He had neither self-consciousness nor fear
 He admired, yet he wished to be admired
 He hated irony in anyone else
 He was not always sorry when his teasing hurt

He felt things, he did not study them
 He was in fact not a philosopher, but a sentimentalist
 He had only made of his wife an incident in his life
 He didn't always side with the majority
 He does not love Pierre; but he does not pretend to love him
 He was strong enough to admit ignorance
 He has wheeled his nuptial bed into the street
 He had had acquaintances, but never friendships, and never loves
 He had no instinct for vice in the name of amusement
 He left his fellow-citizens very much alone
 He never saw an insult unless he intended to avenge it
 He had tasted freedom; he was near to license
 He borrowed no trouble
 He wishes to be rude to some one, and is disappointed
 He's a barber-shop philosopher
 Heaven where wives without number awaited him
 Her sight was bounded by the little field where she strayed
 Her voice had the steadiness of despair
 Her stronger soul ruled him without his knowledge
 Her own suffering always set her laughing at herself
 Highsterics, they call it
 His courtesy was not on the same expansive level as his vanity
 His duties were many, or he made them so
 His gift for lying was inexpressible
 Honesty was a thing he greatly desired—in others
 How little we can know to-day what we shall feel tomorrow
 How can one force one's heart? No, no! One has to wait
 How many sons have ever added to their father's fame?
 How many conquests have been made in the name of God
 How can you judge the facts if you don't know the feeling?
 Hugging the chain of denial to his bosom
 Hunger for happiness is robbery
 I love that love in which I married him
 I was never good at catechism
 I said I was not falling in love—I am in love
 I am only myself when I am drunk
 I have a good memory for forgetting
 I don't wish to fit in; things must fit me
 I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like
 I always did what was wrong, and liked it—nearly always
 I should remember to forget it
 I don't believe in walking just for the sake of walking
 I don't think. I'm old enough to know
 I can't pay you for your kindness to me, and I don't want to
 I had to listen to him, and he had to pay me for listening
 I was born insolent
 I—couldn't help it
 If you have a good thought, act on it
 If one remembers, why should the other forget
 If women hadn't memory, she answered, they wouldn't have much

If fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it
Illusive hopes and irresponsible deceptions
Imagination is at the root of much that passes for love
Importunity with discretion was his motto
In all secrets there is a kind of guilt
In her heart she never can defy the world as does a man
Inclined to resent his own insignificance
Instinct for detecting veracity, having practised on both sides
Interfere with people who had a trade and didn't understand it
Irishmen have gifts for only two things—words and women
Is the habit of good living mere habit and mere acting
It is hard to be polite to cowards
It is not Justice that fills the gaols, but Law
It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride
It is good to live, isn't it?
It is difficult to be idle—and important too
It is not much to kill or to die—that is in the game
It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do
It ain't for us to say what we're goin' to be, not always
It is easy to repent when our pleasures have palled
It's the people who try to be clever who never are
It's no good simply going—you've got to go somewhere
Jews everywhere treated worse than the Chinaman
Joy of a confessional which relieves the sick heart
Kissed her twice on the cheek—the first time in fifteen years
Knew the lie of silence to be as evil as the lie of speech
Knew when to shut his eyes, and when to keep them open
Know how bad are you, and doesn't mind
Knowing that his face would never be turned from me
Lacks a balance-wheel. He has brains, but not enough
Law. It is expensive whether you win or lose
Learned what fools we mortals be
Learned, as we all must learn, that we live our dark hour alone
Let others ride to glory, I'll shoe their horses for the gallop
Liars all men may be, but that's wid wimmin or landlords
Life is only futile to the futile
Lighted candles in hollowed pumpkins
Likenesses between the perfectly human and the perfectly animal
Lilt of existence lulling to sleep wisdom and tried experience
Liquor makes me human
Live and let live is doing good

Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it
Longed to touch, oftener than they did, the hands of children
Lose their heads, and be so absurdly earnest
Love can outlive slander
Love, too, is a game, and needs playing
Love knows not distance; it hath no continent
Love has nothing to do with ugliness or beauty, or fortune
Lyrical in his enthusiasms

Man who tells the story in a new way, that is genius
Man grows old only by what he suffers, and what he forgives
Man or woman must not expect too much out of life
May be more beautiful in uncertain England than anywhere else
Meditation is the enemy of action
Memory is man's greatest friend and worst enemy
Men and women are unwittingly their own executioners
Men feel surer of women than women feel of men
Men do not steal up here: that is the unpardonable crime
Men must have their bad hours alone
Men are like dogs—they worship him who beats them
Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play
Miseries of this world are caused by forcing issues
Missed being a genius by an inch
Monotonously intelligent
More idle than wicked
Most honest thing I ever heard, but it's not the most truthful
Most important lessons of life—never to quarrel with a woman
Mothers always forgive
My excuses were making bad infernally worse
Mystery is dear to a woman's heart
Nature twists in back, or anywhere, gets a twist in's brain too
Nervous legs at a gallop
Never believed that when man or woman said no that no was meant
Never looked to get an immense amount of happiness out of life
Never to be content with superficial reasons and the obvious
Never give up your soul to things only, keep it for people
No note of praise could be pitched too high for Elizabeth
No, I'm not good—I'm only beautiful
No news—no trouble
No virtue in not falling, when you're not tempted
No past that is hidden has ever been a happy past
No man so simply sincere, or so extraordinarily prejudiced
Noise is not battle
Not good to have one thing in the head all the time
Not content to do even the smallest thing ill
Not to show surprise at anything
Nothing so good as courage, nothing so base as the shifting eye
Nothing is futile that is right
Nothing so popular for the moment as the fall of a favourite
Of those who hypnotize themselves, who glow with self-creation
Of course I've hated, or I wouldn't be worth a button
Often called an invention of the devil (Violin)
Often, we would rather be hurt than hurt
One does the work and another gets paid
One always buys back the past at a tremendous price
One doesn't choose to worry
One favour is always the promise of another
Only the supremely wise or the deeply ignorant who never alter
Oriental would think not less of him for dissimulation

Paradoxes which make for laughter—and for tears
Passion to forget themselves
Pathetically in earnest
People who are clever never think of trying to be
Philosophers are often stupid in human affairs
Philosophy which could separate the petty from the prodigious
Political virtue goes unrewarded
Prepared for a kiss this hour and a reproach the next
Preserved a marked unconsciousness
Protest that it is right when it knows that it is wrong
Put the matter on your own hearthstone
Queer that things which hurt most can't be punished by law
Rack of secrecy, the cruelest inquisition of life
Reading a lot and forgetting everything
Reconciling the preacher and the sinner, as many another has
Religion to him was a dull recreation invented chiefly for women
Remember the sorrow of thine own wife
Remember your own sins before you charge others
Rewarded for its mistakes
Romance is an incident to a man
Sacrifice to the god of the pin-hole
Sardonic pleasure in the miseries of the world
Saw how futile was much competition
Saying uncomfortable things in a deferential way
Scoundrel, too weak to face the consequences of his sin
Secret of life: to keep your own commandments
Self-will, self-pride, and self-righteousness were big in him
She lacked sense a little and sensitiveness much
She was not to be forced to answer his arguments directly
She knew what to say and what to leave unsaid
She was beginning to understand that evil is not absolute
She valued what others found useless
She wasn't young, but she seemed so
She had not suffered that sickness, social artifice
She had provoked love, but had never given it
She had never stooped to conquer
Should not make our own personal experience a law unto the world
Shure, if we could always be 'about the same,' we'd do
Simply to have death renewed every morning
Slander ever scorches where it touches
Slow-footed hours wandered by, leaving apathy in their train
Smiling was part of his equipment
So say your prayers, believe all you can, don't ask questions

Solitude fixes our hearts immovably on things
Some people are rough with the poor—and proud
Some wise men are fools, one way or another
Some are hurt in one way and some in another
Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home
Soul tortured through different degrees of misunderstanding

Spurting out little geysers of other people's cheap wisdom
 Still the end of your existence, I rejoined—to be amused?
 Strike first and heal after—"a kick and a lick"
 Struggle of conscience and expediency
 Surely she might weep a little for herself
 Suspicion, the bane of sick old age
 Sympathy, with curiousness in their eyes and as much inhumanity
 Sympathy and consolation might be much misplaced
 Thanked him in her heart for the things he had left unsaid
 That anxious civility which beauty can inspire
 That iceberg which most mourners carry in their breasts
 That he will find the room empty where I am not
 The Government cherish the Injin much in these days
 The Injin speaks the truth, perhaps—eye of red man multiplies
 The blind tyranny of the just
 The soul of goodness in things evil
 The higher we go the faster we live
 The gods made last to humble the pride of men—there was rum
 The world never welcomes its deserters
 The furious music of death and war was over
 The tender care of a woman—than many pharmacopoeias
 The beginning of the end of things was come for him
 The ravings of a sick man are not always counted ravings
 The friendship of man is like the shade of the acacia
 The sea is a great breeder of friendship
 The vague pain of suffered indifference
 The soul is a great traveller
 The happy scene of the play before the villain comes in
 The threshold of an acknowledged love
 The Barracks of the Free
 The real business of life is trying to understand each other
 The world is not so bad as is claimed for it
 The temerity and nonchalance of despair
 There is nothing so tragic as the formal
 There are things we repent of which cannot be repaired
 There is something humiliating in even an undeserved injury
 There should be written the one word, "Wait"
 There is no refuge from memory and remorse in this world
 There was never a grey wind but there's a greyer
 There is no influence like the influence of habit
 There is no habit so powerful as the habit of care of others
 There's no credit in not doing what you don't want to do
 These little pieces of art make life possible
 They think that if a vote's worth having it's worth paying for
 They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly
 Things in life get stronger than we are
 Things that once charmed charm less
 Think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman
 Think that a woman gives the heart for pleasant weather only?
 Think of our position

Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart
 Time when she should and when she should not be wooed
 Time is the test, and Time will have its way with me
 Time a woman most yearns for a man is when she has refused him
 To die without whining
 To be popular is not necessarily to be contemptible
 To sorrow may their humour be a foil
 To-morrow is no man's gift
 Touch of the fantastic, of the barbaric, in all genius
 Training in the charms of superficiality
 Tricks played by Fact to discredit the imagination
 Triumph of Oriental duplicity over Western civilisation
 Truth waits long, but whips hard
 Tyranny of the little man, given a power
 Undisciplined generosity
 Untamed by the normal restraints of a happy married life
 Uses up your misery and makes you tired (Work)
 Vanity is the bane of mankind
 Vanity of successful labour
 Vanity; and from this much feminine hatred springs
 Very severe on those who do not pretend to be good
 Visions of the artistic temperament—delight and curse
 War is cruelty, and none can make it gentle
 Was not civilisation a mistake
 We don't live in months and years, but just in minutes
 We want to get more out of life than there really is in it
 We want every land to do as we do; and we want to make 'em do it
 We grow away from people against our will
 We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life
 We care so little for real justice
 We do what we forbid ourselves to do
 We suffer the shames we damn in others
 We must live our dark hours alone
 We speak with the straight tongue; it is cowards who lie
 We'll lave the past behind us
 What fools there are in the world
 What is gone is gone. Graves are idolatry
 What is crime in one country, is virtue in another
 What a nice mob you press fellows are—wholesale scavengers
 What'll be the differ a hundred years from now
 Whatever has been was a dream; whatever is now is real
 When a child is born the mother also is born again
 When you strike your camp, put out the fires
 When God permits, shall man despair?
 When a man laugh in the sun and think nothing of evil

Where the light is darkness
 Where I should never hear the voice of the social Thou must
 Who knows!
 Who can understand a woman?

Who get a morbid enjoyment out of misery
Who say 'God bless you' in New York! They say 'Damn you!'
Who never knew self-consciousness
Wit is always at the elbow of want
Without the money brains seldom win alone
Woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort
Women only admitted to Heaven by the intercession of husbands
Women are half saints, half fools
Women may leave you in the bright days
Women don't go by evidence, but by their feelings
World was only the size of four walls to a sick person
Worth while to have lived so long and to have seen so much
Would look back and not remember that she had a childhood
You went north towards heaven and south towards hell
You have lost your illusions
You never can really overtake a newspaper lie
You can't take time as the measure of life
You cannot live long enough to atone for that impertinence
You do not shout dinner till you have your knife in the loaf
You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it
You've got blind rashness, and so you think you're bold
You've got to be ready, that's all
You—you all were so ready to suspect
Youth hungers for the vanities
Youth is the only comrade for youth
Youth's a dream, middle age a delusion, old age a mistake