

# QUOTATIONS FROM THE WORKS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

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The quotations are in two formats:

1. Small passages from the text.
2. An alphabetized list of one-liners.

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WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS of JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE FORSYTE SAGA:

VOLUME 1. THE MAN OF PROPERTY

[/gutenberg/etext01/mnprp10.txt](#)

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

The simple truth, which underlies the whole story, that where sex attraction is utterly and definitely lacking in one partner to a union, no amount of pity, or reason, or duty, or what not, can overcome a repulsion implicit in Nature.

The tragedy of whose life is the very simple, uncontrollable tragedy of being unlovable, without quite a thick enough skin to be thoroughly unconscious of the fact. Not even Fleur loves Soames as he feels he ought to be loved. But in pitying Soames, readers incline, perhaps, to animus against Irene: After all, they think, he wasn't a bad fellow, it wasn't his fault; she ought to have forgiven him, and so on!

"Let the dead Past bury its dead" would be a better saying if the Past ever died. The persistence of the Past is one of those tragi-comic blessings which each new age denies, coming cocksure on to the stage to mouth its claim to a perfect novelty.

The figure of Irene, never, as the reader may possibly have observed, present, except through the senses of other characters, is a concretion

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of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world.

She turned back into the drawing-room; but in a minute came out, and stood as if listening. Then she came stealing up the stairs, with a kitten in her arms. He could see her face bent over the little beast, which was purring against her neck. Why couldn't she look at him like that?

But though the impingement of Beauty and the claims of Freedom on a possessive world are the main prepossessions of the Forsyte Saga, it cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper-middle class.

When a Forsyte was engaged, married, or born, the Forsytes were present; when a Forsyte died—but no Forsyte had as yet died; they did not die; death being contrary to their principles, they took precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalized persons who resent encroachments on their property.

"It's my opinion," he said unexpectedly, "that it's just as well as it is."

The eldest by some years of all the Forsytes, she held a peculiar position amongst them. Opportunists and egotists one and all—though not, indeed, more so than their neighbours—they quailed before her incorruptible figure, and, when opportunities were too strong, what could they do but avoid her!

"I'm bad," he said, pouting—"been bad all the week; don't sleep at night. The doctor can't tell why. He's a clever fellow, or I shouldn't have him, but I get nothing out of him but bills."

There was little sentimentality about the Forsytes. In that great London, which they had conquered and become merged in, what time had they to be sentimental?

A moment passed, and young Jolyon, turning on his heel, marched out at the door. He could hardly see; his smile quavered. Never in all the fifteen years since he had first found out that life was no simple business, had he found it so singularly complicated.

As in all self-respecting families, an emporium had been established where family secrets were bartered, and family stock priced. It was known on Forsyte 'Change that Irene regretted her marriage. Her regret was disapproved of. She ought to have known her own mind; no dependable woman made these mistakes.

Out of his other property, out of all the things he had collected, his silver, his pictures, his houses, his investments, he got a secret and intimate feeling; out of her he got none.

Of all those whom this strange rumour about Bosinney and Mrs. Soames reached, James was the most affected. He had long forgotten how he had hovered, lanky and pale, in side whiskers of chestnut hue, round Emily, in the days of his own courtship. He had long forgotten the small house in the purlieu of Mayfair, where he had spent the early days of his married life, or rather, he had long forgotten the early days, not the small house,—a Forsyte never forgot a house—he had afterwards sold it at a clear profit of four hundred pounds.

And those countless Forsytes, who, in the course of innumerable transactions concerned with property of all sorts (from wives to water rights)....

"I now move, 'That the report and accounts for the year 1886 be received and adopted.' You second that? Those in favour signify the same in the usual way. Contrary—no. Carried. The next business, gentlemen...." Soames smiled. Certainly Uncle Jolyon had a way with him!

Forces regardless of family or class or custom were beating down his guard; impending events over which he had no control threw their shadows on his head. The irritation of one accustomed to have his way was, roused against he knew not what.

We are, of course, all of us the slaves of property, and I admit that it's a question of degree, but what I call a 'Forsyte' is a man who is decidedly more than less a slave of property. He knows a good thing, he knows a safe thing, and his grip on property—it doesn't matter whether it be wives, houses, money, or reputation—is his hall-mark."—"Ah!" murmured Bosinney. "You should patent the word."—"I should like," said young Jolyon, "to lecture on it: 'Properties and quality of a Forsyte': This little animal, disturbed by the ridicule of his own sort, is unaffected in his motions by the laughter of strange creatures (you or I). Hereditarily disposed to myopia, he recognises only the persons of his own species, amongst which he passes an existence of competitive tranquillity."

"My people," replied young Jolyon, "are not very extreme, and they have their own private peculiarities, like every other family, but they possess in a remarkable degree those two qualities which are the real tests of a Forsyte—the power of never being able to give yourself up to anything soul and body, and the 'sense of property'."

An unhappy marriage! No ill-treatment—only that indefinable malaise, that terrible blight which killed all sweetness under Heaven; and so from day to day, from night to night, from week to week, from year to year, till death should end it.

The more I see of people the more I am convinced that they are never good or bad—merely comic, or pathetic. You probably don't agree with me!

"Don't touch me!" she cried. He caught her wrist; she wrenched it away. "And where may you have been?" he asked. "In heaven—out of this house!" With those words she fled upstairs.

It seemed to young Jolyon that he could hear her saying: "But, darling, it would ruin you!" For he himself had experienced to the full the gnawing fear at the bottom of each woman's heart that she is a drag on the man she loves.

She had come back like an animal wounded to death, not knowing where to turn, not knowing what she was doing.

#### THE FORSYTE SAGA:

VOLUME 2. INDIAN SUMMER OF A FORSYTE & IN CHANCERY  
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#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

"What do you mean by God?" he said; "there are two irreconcilable ideas of God. There's the Unknowable Creative Principle—one believes in That. And there's the Sum of altruism in man naturally one believes in That.

She was such a decided mortal; knew her own mind so terribly well; wanted things so inexorably until she got them—and then, indeed, often dropped them like a hot potato. Her mother had been like that, whence had come all those tears. Not that his incompatibility with his daughter was anything like what it had been with the first Mrs. Young Jolyon. One could be amused where a daughter was concerned; in a wife's case one could not be amused.

"Thank you for that good lie.

Love has no age, no limit; and no death.

Did Nature permit a Forsyte not to make a slave of what he adored? Could beauty be confided to him? Or should she not be just a visitor, coming when she would, possessed for moments which passed, to return only at her own choosing? 'We are a breed of spoilers!' thought Jolyon, 'close and greedy; the bloom of life is not safe with us. Let her come to me as she will, when she will, not at all if she will not. Let me be just her stand-by, her perching-place; never-never her cage!'

....causing the animal to wake and attack his fleas; for though he was supposed to have none, nothing could persuade him of the fact.

It's always worth while before you do anything to consider whether it's going to hurt another person more than is absolutely necessary."

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A thing slipped between him and all previous knowledge  
Afraid of being afraid  
Afraid to show emotion before his son  
Always wanted more than he could have  
Aromatic spirituality  
As she will, when she will, not at all if she will not  
Attack his fleas; for though he was supposed to have none  
Avoided expression of all unfashionable emotion  
Back of beauty was harmony  
Back of harmony was-union  
Beauty is the devil, when you're sensitive to it!  
Blessed capacity of living again in the young  
But it tired him and he was glad to sit down  
But the thistledown was still as death  
By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love  
Change-for there never was any-always upset her very much  
Charm; and the quieter it was, the more he liked it  
Compassion was checked by the tone of that close voice  
Conceived for that law a bitter distaste  
Conscious beauty  
Detached and brotherly attitude towards his own son  
Did not mean to try and get out of it by vulgar explanation  
Did not want to be told of an infirmity  
Dislike of humbug  
Dogs: with rudiments of altruism and a sense of God  
Don't care whether we're right or wrong  
Don't hurt others more than is absolutely necessary  
Early morning does not mince words  
Era which had canonised hypocrisy  
Evening not conspicuous for open-heartedness  
Everything in life he wanted-except a little more breath  
Fatigued by the insensitive, he avoided fatiguing others  
Felt nearly young  
Forgiven me; but she could never forget  
Forsytes always bat  
Free will was the strength of any tie, and not its weakness  
Get something out of everything you do  
Greater expense can be incurred for less result than anywhere  
Hard-mouthed women who laid down the law  
He could not plead with her; even an old man has his dignity  
He saw himself reflected: An old-looking chap  
Health-He did not want it at such cost  
Horses were very uncertain  
I have come to an end; if you want me, here I am  
I never stop anyone from doing anything  
I shan't marry a good man, Auntie, they're so dull!  
If not her lover in deed he was in desire  
Importance of mundane matters became increasingly grave

Intolerable to be squeezed out slowly, without a say yourself  
Ironical, which is fatal to expansiveness  
Ironically mistrustful  
Is anything more pathetic than the faith of the young?  
It was their great distraction: To wait!  
Know how not to grasp and destroy!  
Law takes a low view of human nature  
Let her come to me as she will, when she will ,  
Little notion of how to butter her bread  
Living on his capital  
Longing to escape in generalities beset him  
Love has no age, no limit; and no death  
Man had money, he was free in law and fact  
Ministered to his daughter's love of domination  
More spiritual enjoyment of his coffee and cigar  
Never give himself away  
Never seemed to have occasion for verbal confidences  
Never since had any real regard for conventional morality  
Never to see yourself as others see you  
No money! What fate could compare with that?  
None of them quite knew what she meant  
None of us—none of us can hold on for ever!  
Not going to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds  
Nothing left to do but enjoy beauty from afar off  
Nothing overmastering in his feeling  
Old men learn to forego their whims  
One cannot see the havoc oneself is working  
One could break away into irony—as indeed he often had to  
One who has never known a struggle with desperation  
One's never had enough  
Only aversion lasts  
Only Time was good for sorrow  
Own feelings were not always what mattered most  
People who don't live are wonderfully preserved  
Perching-place; never-never her cage!  
Philosophy of one on whom the world had turned its back  
Pity, they said, was akin to love!  
Preferred to concentrate on the ownership of themselves  
Putting up a brave show of being natural  
Quiet possession of his own property  
Quivering which comes when a man has received a deadly insult  
Self-consciousness is a handicap  
Selfishness of age had not set its proper grip on him  
Sense of justice stifled condemnation  
Servants knew everything, and suspected the rest  
Shall not expect this time more than I can get, or she can give  
She used to expect me to say it more often than I felt it  
Sideways look which had reduced many to silence in its time  
Smiled because he could have cried  
So difficult to be sorry for him

'So we go out!' he thought 'No more beauty! Nothing?'  
Socialists: they want our goods  
Sorrowful pleasure

Spirit of the future, with the charm of the unknown  
Striking horror of the moral attitude  
Sum of altruism in man  
Surprised that he could have had so paltry an idea  
Tenderness to the young  
Thank you for that good lie  
Thanks awfully  
That dog was a good dog  
The Queen—God bless her!  
The soundless footsteps on the grass!  
There was no one in any sort of authority to notice him  
There went the past!  
To seem to be respectable was to be  
Too afraid of committing himself in any direction  
Trees take little account of time  
Unfeeling process of legal regulation  
Unknowable Creative Principle  
Unlikely to benefit its beneficiaries  
Wanted things so inexorably until she got them  
Waves of sweetness and regret flooded his soul  
Weighing you to the ground with care and love  
Went out as if afraid of being answered  
What do you mean by God?  
When you fleece you're sorry  
When you're fleeced you're sick  
Where Beauty was, nothing ever ran quite straight  
Whole world was in conspiracy to limit freedom  
With the wisdom of a long life old JoIyon did not speak  
Witticism of which he was not the author was hardly to his taste  
Wonderful finality about a meal  
You have to buy experience

#### THE FORSYTE SAGA:

VOLUME 3. AWAKENING & TO LET  
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#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Coercion was unpopular, parents had exalted notions of giving their offspring a good time. They spoiled their rods, spared their children, and anticipated the results with enthusiasm.

And yet, in his inner tissue, there was something of the old founder of his family, a secret tenacity of soul, a dread of showing his feelings, a determination not to know when he was beaten. Sensitive, imaginative,

affectionate boys get a bad time at school, but Jon had instinctively kept his nature dark, and been but normally unhappy there

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A philosopher when he has all that he wants is different  
Accustomed to assurance in the youthful manner  
Adept at keeping things to herself  
Admiration of beauty and longing for possession are not love  
Afraid to enjoy to-day for fear he might not enjoy tomorrow  
All else, then, was but preliminary to this!  
But they could not keep his eyebrows down  
Can you stand this spiritualistic racket?  
Clear eyes and an almost depressing amount of common sense  
Could fear go with a smile?  
Delicacy became a somewhat minor consideration  
Determination not to know when he was beaten  
Difficult it is for elders to give themselves away to the young  
Dinner-consecrated to the susceptibilities of the butler  
Disliked the idea of dying  
Felt suddenly he might say things she would regret  
Fixed idea  
Guileless snobbery of youth  
How much better than men women play a waiting game  
I've got it in the neck, only the feeling is really lower down  
Inoculated against the germs of love by small doses  
Lest by some dreadful inadvertence they might drop into a tune  
Life's awful like a lot of monkeys scramblin' for empty nuts  
Like a man uninsured, with his ships at sea  
Lunch was the sort a man dreams of but seldom gets  
Malaise of one who contemplates himself as seen by another  
Men were judged in this world rather by what they were  
Nobody can spoil a life, my dear  
One does not precisely choose with whom one will fall in love  
Only sort of life that doesn't hurt anybody; except art  
Parasitically clinging on to the effortless close of a life  
Private possession underlay everything worth having  
Purpose of marriage was children, not mere sinful happiness  
Question so moot that it was not mooted  
Quiet tenacity with which he had converted a mediocre talent  
Spoiled their rods, spared their children  
Take himself seriously, yet never bore others  
Tarred with cynicism, realism, and immorality like the French  
The young have such cheap, hard judgment  
They can't have my private property and my public spirit-both  
Thought we were progressing-now we know we're only changing  
To be kind and keep your end up-there's nothing else in it  
Unless one believed there was something in a thing, there wasn't  
Victory in defeat  
Wishes father thought but they don't breed evidence

You are a giver, Jon; she is a taker  
Younger every day, till at last he had been too young to live  
Youth's eagerness to give with both hands, to take with neither

VILLA RUBEIN AND OTHER STORIES  
/gutenberg/etext01/vlrbn10.txt

Villa Rubein  
A Man of Devon  
A Knight  
Salvation of a Forsyte  
The Silence

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

I wish you would attend to your own faults, and not pry into other people's.

But I think that when we hope, we are not brave, because we are expecting something for ourselves. Chris says that hope is prayer, and if it is prayer, then all the time we are hoping, we are asking for something, and it is not brave to ask for things.

Then from in front I heard sobbing—a man's sobs; no sound is quite so dreadful.

"Ah!" muttered Mr. Treffry, "you're obstinate enough, but obstinacy isn't strength."

It has always been my belief that a man must neither beg anything of a woman, nor force anything from her. Women are generous—they will give you what they can.

Has it ever struck you that each one of us lives on the edge of a volcano? There is, I imagine, no one who has not some affection or interest so strong that he counts the rest for nothing, beside it.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

All I know is, I've got to work  
Attend to your own faults, and not pry into other people's  
Beastly as a vulgar woman's laugh  
But one's alone when it comes to the run-in  
Can we never have quite enough?  
Charming generalities  
Constitutionally averse to being pitied  
Contentment that men experience at the misfortunes of an enemy  
Could never tell exactly when to stop  
Each one of us lives on the edge of a volcano  
Every bird singing from the bottom of his heart

Fear and anger in me are very much the same  
Free from all self-consciousness  
Her imperfections were beautiful to me  
How simply he assumed that he was going to be great  
In a time of agony one finds out what are the things one can do  
It seems always rude to speak the truth  
Man can only endure about half his joy; about half his sorrow  
Man must neither beg anything of a woman, nor force anything  
Men who haven't the courage of their own ideas  
Never grossly drunk, and rarely very sober  
Not a bad rule that measures men by the balance at their banks  
Obstinate enough, but obstinacy isn't strength  
Only understand what they can see and touch  
People may become utter strangers without a word  
So sacred that they melt away at the approach of words  
Spring; it makes one want more than one has got  
Time is everything  
What is it to be brave?  
What's not enough for one is not enough for two  
When things have come to a crisis, how little one feels  
When we hope, we are not brave  
With an air of sacrificing to the public good  
Women are generous—they will give you what they can  
You can't punish unless you make to feel  
You may force a body; how can you force a soul?  
You're glad that hope is dead, it means rest

#### SAINT'S PROGRESS

/guttenberg/etext01/saint10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

The Russian proverb: "The heart of another is a dark forest."

We're used to it, you see; there's no excitement in what you're used to.

If geological time be taken as twenty-four hours, man's existence on earth so far equals just two seconds of it; after a few more seconds, when man has been frozen off the earth, geological time will stretch for as long again, before the earth bumps into something, and becomes nebula once more. God's hands haven't been particularly full, sir, have they—two seconds out of twenty-four hours—if man is His pet concern?

"People do not like you to be different. If ever in your life you act differently from others, you will find it so, mademoiselle."

She never went to meet life, but when it came, made the best of it. This was her secret, and Pierson always felt rested in her presence.

He opened the gate, uttering one of those prayers which come so glibly

from unbelievers when they want anything.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Aesthetic admiration for that old Church  
Agreed in the large, and differed in the narrow  
All life seemed suddenly a thing of forms and sham  
And I don't want to be forgiven  
At my age one expects no more than one gets!  
Avoided discussion on matters where he might hurt others  
Conquests leading to defeats, defeats to conquests  
Could not as yet disagree with suavity  
Cunning, the astute, the adaptable, will ever rule in times of peace  
Daddy's a darling; but I don't always believe what he believes  
Depressing to think that I would go on living after death  
Difficult for a good man to see the evil round him  
Efforts to eliminate instinct  
Events are the parents of the future  
Events were the children of the past  
For we are mad—nothing to speak of, but just a little  
Forget all about oneself in what one is doing  
God is the helping of man by man  
Happiness never comes when you are looking for it  
I don't believe, and I can't pray  
I shall hate God for His cruelty  
I think it's cruel that we can't take what we can while we can  
If he'd drop the habits of authority  
If you're not ashamed of yourself, no one will be ashamed of you  
In opening your hearts you feel that you lose authority  
It must be dreadful to grow old, and pass the time!  
Let the dead past bury its dead  
Life's a huge wide adaptable thing!  
Man is His pet concern?  
Marvellous speeder-up of Love is War  
Men will be just as brutal afterwards—more brutal  
My mistress, mademoiselle, is not a thing of flesh. It is art  
Needs must when the devil drives—that's all  
Oughtn't to mind us taking what we can  
People do not like you to be different  
Prayers which come so glibly from unbelievers  
Revolt against a world so murderous and uncharitable  
Seemed to know that in silence was her strength  
She never went to meet life  
Sheer pride; and I can't subdue it  
Silence was her strength  
So absorbed in his dismay and concern, that he was almost happy  
Speak, or keep silent; try to console; try to pretend?  
The heart of another is a dark forest  
The talked-about is always the last to hear the talk  
The tongue and the pen will rule them

Their loving had advanced by glance and touch alone  
There's no excitement in what you're used to  
There's no room on earth for saints in authority  
Things are; and we have just to take them  
Too long immune from criticism  
Too-consciousness that Time was after her  
Trust our reason and our senses for what they're worth  
Unself-consciousness  
Voices had a hard, half-jovial vulgarity  
Wake at night and hear the howling of all the packs of the world  
We can only find out for ourselves  
We can only help ourselves; and I can only bear it if I rebel  
We can't take things at second-hand any longer  
We do think we ought to have the run of them while we're alive  
We love you, but you are not in our secrets  
We want to own our consciences  
We want to think and decide things for ourselves  
What we do is not wrong till it's proved wrong by the result  
World will go on the same  
You really think God merciful, sir  
You think I don't know my own feelings, but I do

THE ISLAND PHARISEES  
/gutenberg/etext01/saint10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Their life seemed to accord them perfect satisfaction; they were supplied with their convictions by Society just as, when at home, they were supplied with all the other necessaries of life by some co-operative stores.

"Why should Oi give up me only pleasure to keep me wretched life in? If you've anything left worth the keeping shober for, keep shober by all means; if not, the sooner you are dhrunk the better—that stands to reason."

These letters of his were the most amazing portion of that fortnight. They were remarkable for failing to express any single one of his real thoughts, but they were full of sentiments which were not what he was truly feeling; and when he set himself to analyse, he had such moments of delirium that he was scared, and shocked, and quite unable to write anything. He made the discovery that no two human beings ever tell each other what they really feel.

There was nothing in that book to startle him or make him think.

And yet they were kind—that is, fairly kind—and clean and quiet in the house, except when they laughed, which was often, and at things which made him want to howl as a dog howls at music.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A contemptuous tolerance for people who were not getting on  
Air of knowing everything, and really they knew nothing-nothing  
As if man's honour suffered when he's injured  
Autocratic manner of settling other people's business  
Avoid falling between two stools  
Bad business to be unable to take pride in anything one does  
Begging the question  
Believe without the risk of too much thinking  
Casual charity  
Christian and good Samaritan are not quite the same  
Complacency  
Contrived to throw no light on anything whatever  
Cultured intolerance  
Defying Life to make him look at her  
Denial of his right to have a separate point of view  
Discontent with the accepted  
Don't like unhealthy people  
Easy coarseness which is a mark of caste  
Fresh journey through the fields of thought  
From a position of security, to watch the sufferings of others  
Good form  
Half a century of sympathy with weddings of all sorts  
Happy as a horse is happy who never leaves his stall  
Her splendid optimism, damped him  
How fine a thing is virtue  
Hypnotised and fascinated even by her failings  
I never managed to begin a hobby  
If tongue be given to them, the flavour vanishes from ideas  
If you can't find anything to make you laugh, pretend you do  
Kissed a strange, cold, frightened look, into her eyes  
Lacked-feelers  
Like a scolded dog, he kept his troubled watch upon her face  
Man who never rebuked a servant  
Misgivings which attend on casual charity  
Moral asthma  
Moral Salesman  
Moral steam-roller had passed over it  
Morality-everybody's private instinct of self-preservation  
Morals made by men  
Never felt as yet the want of any occupation  
No two human beings ever tell each other what they really feel  
Not his fault that half the world was dark  
Nothing in that book to startle him or make him think  
Of course! The words seemed very much or very little  
One from whom the half of life must be excluded  
Overwork personified  
Potent law of hobbies controlled the upper classes

Professional intolerance  
Putting into words things that can't be put in words  
Secret that her eyes were not his eyes  
Settled down to complete the purchase of his wife.  
She had not resisted, but he had kissed the smile away  
Sign of private moral judgment was to have lost your soul  
Something new, and spiced with tragic sauce  
Supplied with their convictions by Society  
Sympathy that has no insight  
To do nothing is unworthy of a man!  
Too "smart" to keep their heads for long above the water  
Truth 's the very devil  
Unconscious that they themselves were funny to others  
Weighty dignity of attitude  
Well, I don't want to see the gloomy side  
What humbugs we all are  
What they do not understand they dread and they despise  
What's called virtue is nearly always only luck  
When we begin to be real, we only really begin to be false  
Words the Impostors

#### THE COUNTRY HOUSE

/gutenberg/etext01/chous10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

"You want to build before you've laid your foundations," said Mr. Paramor. "You let your feelings carry you away.

Next to him was Mrs. Hussell Barter, with that touching look to be seen on the faces of many English ladies, that look of women who are always doing their duty, their rather painful duty; whose eyes, above cheeks creased and withered, once rose-leaf hued, now over-coloured by strong weather, are starry and anxious; whose speech is simple, sympathetic, direct, a little shy, a little hopeless, yet always hopeful; who are ever surrounded by children, invalids, old people, all looking to them for support; who have never known the luxury of breaking down.

The Rector, who practically never suffered, disliked the thought and sight of others' suffering. Up to this day, indeed, there had been none to dislike, for in answer to inquiries his wife had always said "No, dear, no; I'm all right—really, it's nothing." And she had always said it smiling, even when her smiling lips were white. But this morning in trying to say it she had failed to smile. Her eyes had lost their hopelessly hopeful shining, and sharply between her teeth she said: "Send for Dr. Wilson, Hussell."

Man who, having turned all social problems over in his mind, had decided that there was no real safety but in the past.

#### LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Admiration: Love of admiration plays old Harry with women  
Careless pity of the young for the old  
Clothes were unostentatiously perfect  
Decreed of mothers that their birth pangs shall not cease  
Desired his emotion to be forgotten  
Did not intend to think of the future—present is bad enough  
Have never known the luxury of breaking down  
Head had been rendered somewhat bald by thought  
Hopelessly hopeful  
Imagination he distrusted  
Inborn sense that she had no need to ask for things  
Inconsistency between his theory and his dismay  
Infirmary had been growing on him ever since his marriage  
Just as well be a dog as a girl, for anything anyone tells you  
Man to whom things do not come too easily  
Nature is ironical  
No real safety but in the past  
None of them wished to be the first to speak  
Only command likely to be obeyed that came into his head  
Only just waiting till to-morrow morning—to kill something  
Pencyces never asked their way to anything  
People won't make allowances for each other  
Perceiving her to be a lady, he went away  
She had been born unconscious of her neighbours' scrutinies  
Stumbling its little way along with such blind certainty  
Taken its stand no sooner than it must, no later than it ought  
That which a well-bred woman leaves unanswered  
Things that people do get about before they've done them!  
Thrilling at the touch of each other's arms  
What does 'without prejudice' in this letter mean?  
Women who are always doing their duty, their rather painful duty  
You want to build before you've laid your foundations

#### FRATERNITY

/gutenberg/etext01/frtrn10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Hilary was no young person, like his niece or Martin, to whom everything seemed simple; nor was he an old person like their grandfather, for whom life had lost its complications.

This tragedy of a woman, who wanted to be loved, slowly killing the power of loving her in the man, had gone on year after year.

The sentiment that men call honour is of doubtful value.

Hilary, who, it has been seen, lived in thoughts about events rather than

in events themselves.

By love I mean the forgetfulness of self. Unions are frequent in which only the sexual instincts, or the remembrance of self, are roused.

Little things are all big with the past, of whose chain they are the latest links, they frequently produce what apparently are great results.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Aches to construct something ere he die  
By love I mean the forgetfulness of self  
Cheapness of this verbiage  
Delighting in the present moment  
Distrust of her own feelings to give way to them completely  
"Each of us," he said, "has a shadow in those places."  
Fear of meddling too much, of not meddling enough  
Governed by ungovernable pride  
Habit of thinking for himself  
Human heart," he murmured, "is the tomb of many feelings."  
I never suspected him of goin' to live  
I will not consent to be a drag on anyone  
"If I practise hard," he murmured, "I shall master it."  
Immoral to hurt anybody but himself.  
Little things are all big with the past  
Lived in thoughts about events rather than in events themselves  
Love for open air and facts  
Low opinion of human nature  
Man abstracted, faintly contemptuous of other forms of life  
One's got to draw the line." "Ah!" said Cecilia; "where?"  
Pabulum of varying theories of future life  
Pass out of the country of the understanding of the young  
People do miss things when they are old!  
Perversity which she found so conspicuous in her servants  
Placed beyond the realms of want, who speculated in ideas  
Primeval love of stalking  
She struggled loyally with her emotion  
Simple unspiritual natures of delighting in the present moment  
That other mistress with whom he spent so many evening hours  
The Old—for whom life had lost its complications  
The sentiment that men call honour is of doubtful value  
They'll soon have no ankles to reveal  
Thinker meditating upon action  
Ungovernable itch to be appreciated  
Unless—unless they closed their ears, and eyes, and noses  
Wanted to be loved, slowly killing the power of loving  
When alive, have been served with careless parsimony  
You must not laugh at life—that is blasphemy  
"You're worth more," muttered Hilary, "than I can ever give you."  
Young—to whom everything seemed simple

## THE PATRICIAN

/gutenberg/etext01/ptrcn10.txt

### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Bertie was standing, more inscrutable and neat than ever, in a perfectly tied cravat, perfectly cut riding breeches, and boots worn and polished till a sooty glow shone through their natural russet. Not specially dandified in his usual dress, Bertie Caradoc would almost sooner have died than disgrace a horse.

Or was it some glimmering perception of the old Greek saying—'Character is Fate;' some sudden sense of the universal truth that all are in bond to their own natures, and what a man has most desired shall in the end enslave him?

And then, of all the awful feelings man or woman can know, she experienced the worst: She could not cry!

"A man who gives advice," he said at last, "is always something of a fool."

And in queer, cheery-looking apathy—not far removed perhaps from despair—he sat, watching the leaves turn over and fall.

"That's the trouble. He suffers from swollen principles—only wish he could keep them out of his speeches."

### LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Asked no better fate than to have every minute occupied  
Awe-inspiring thing, the power of scandal  
Better, sir, it should run a risk than have no risk to run  
Cheery-looking apathy—not far removed perhaps from despair  
Contrivances that hold even the best of women together  
Could not cry!  
Detached, and perhaps sarcastic face  
Electors, who, finding uncertainty distasteful  
Excellent manners that have no mannerisms  
Faculty of not being bored with his own society  
Feeling of irritation which so rapidly attacks the old  
Few things that matter, but they matter very much  
Having that passion for work requiring no initiation  
He suffers from swollen principles  
Horse could ever so far forget himself in such a place  
I won't ever want what you can't give  
If only there were no chains, no walls  
Impossible to get him to look at things in a complicated way  
Insinuations about the private affairs of others

Insolent poise of those who are above doubts and cares  
 Lest they should lose belief in their own strength  
 Man who gives advice is a fool  
 Man who knows his own mind and is contented with that knowledge  
 Mayn't they love each other, if they want?  
 Never talked of women, and none talked of women in his presence  
 Not being a crying woman, she suffered quietly  
 Not going to cry, she wanted time to get over the feeling  
 Not necessary to speak in order to sustain a conversation  
 Not the man to see what was not intended for him  
 Occasionally employing irony, she detested it in others  
 Old age was pathetically trying  
 People who wanted to meddle with everything  
 Royal Family if they were allowed to marry as they liked?  
 Scandal.: Simple statements of simple facts  
 Secrecy is strength  
 Secret spring of certainty  
 She experienced the worst: She could not cry!  
 Solemn delicious creatures, all front and no behind  
 Speech seemed but desecration  
 Temperamentally unable to beg anything of anybody  
 The boy—for what else was thirty to seventy-six?  
 They forgot everything but happiness  
 To a woman the preciousness of her reputation was a fiction  
 To shut one's eyes, and be happy—was it possible!  
 Touching evidences of man's desire to persist for ever  
 Trouble of youth lasted on almost to old age  
 Unbound as yet by the fascination of fame or fees  
 What a man has most desired shall in the end enslave him?  
 Withdrawing room  
 Would almost sooner have died than disgrace a horse

#### THE BURNING SPEAR

/gutenberg/etext01/bsper10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

It was, in fact, that hour of dawn when a shiver goes through the world.

But there are many things we public men would never do if we could see them being done. Fortunately, as a rule we cannot.

I don't want to sacrifice nobody to satisfy my aspirations. Why? Because I've got none. That's priceless. Take the Press, take Parlyment, take Mayors—all mad on aspirations. Now it's Free Trade, now it's Imperialism; now it's Liberty in Europe; now it's Slavery in Ireland; now it's sacrifice of the last man an' the last dollar. You never can tell what aspiration'll get 'em next. And the 'ole point of an aspiration is the sacrifice of someone else.

"All these fellers 'ave got two weaknesses—one's ideas, and the other's their own importance. They've got to be conspicuous, and without ideas they can't, so it's a vicious circle. When I see a man bein' conspicuous, I says to meself: 'Gawd 'elp us, we shall want it!' And sooner or later we always do. I'll tell you what's the curse of the world, sir; it's the gift of expressin' what ain't your real feeling. And—Lord! what a lot of us 'ave got it!"

#### LINES FROM THE TEXT:

"'adn't an aitch in their eads."  
Curious existences sometimes to be met with, in doing no harm  
Gift of expressin' what ain't your real feeling  
Half-realized insults  
Look at the things they say, and at what really is  
Looked his fellows in the face without seeing what was in it.  
Never ought to take it on 'earsay from the papers  
Point of an aspiration is the sacrifice of somone else  
Would never do if we could see them being done

#### FIVE SHORT TALES

/gutenberg/etext01/5tale10.txt

The First and Last  
A Stoic  
The Apple Tree  
The Juryman  
Indian Summer of a Forsyte

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

We've got to be kind, and help one another, and not expect too much, and not think too much. That's—all!

And he thought 'Young beggar—wish I were his age!' The utter injustice of having an old and helpless body, when your desire for enjoyment was as great as ever! They said a man was as old as he felt! Fools! A man was as old as his legs and arms, and not a day younger.

"I don't believe in believing things because one wants to."

Though she had been told that he was not to come, instinct had kept her there; or the pathetic, aching hope against hope which lovers never part with.

Full of who knows what contempt of age for youth; and youth for age; the old man resenting this young pup's aspiration to his granddaughter; the young man annoyed that this old image had dragged him away before he wished to go.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

"Are you sure you ought, sir?"—"No, but I'm going to."  
Aromatic spirituality  
Attacked his fleas—though he was supposed to have none  
Awaken in one a desire to get up and leave the room  
Be kind, and help one another, and not expect too much  
Blessed capacity of living again in the young  
But it tired him and he was glad to sit down  
But the thistledown was still as death  
By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love  
Charm; and the quieter it was, the more he liked it  
Contempt of age for youth; and youth for age  
Did not mean to try and get out of it by vulgar explanation  
Did not want to be told of an infirmity  
Dislike of humbug  
Don't believe in believing things because one wants to.  
Early morning does not mince words  
Fatigued by the insensitive, he instinctively avoided fatiguing  
Felt nearly young  
Forgiven me; but she could never forget  
Forsytes always bat  
Had learned not to be a philosopher in the bosom of his family  
Hard-mouthed women who laid down the law  
He could not plead with her; even an old man has his dignity  
He had not wavered in the usual assumption of omniscience  
He saw himself reflected. An old-looking chap  
Health—He did not want it at such cost  
How long a starving man could go without losing his self-respect  
If only she weren't quite so self-contained  
Injustice of having an old and helpless body  
Instinctive rejection of all but the essential  
Intolerable to be squeezed out slowly, without a say yourself  
Keep a stiff lip until you crashed, and then go clean!  
Life wears you out—wears you out.  
Little notion of how to butter her bread  
Living on his capital  
Longing to escape in generalities beset him.  
Love has no age, no limit; and no death  
More spiritual enjoyment of his coffee and cigar  
No money! What fate could compare with that?  
Nothing left to do but enjoy beauty from afar off  
"Oh! Isn't money horrible, Guardy?"—"The want of it."  
Old men learn to forego their whims  
One cannot see the havoc oneself is working  
One who has never known a struggle with desperation  
One's never had enough  
Only Time was good for sorrow  
Pathetic, aching hope against hope which lovers never part with  
Piety which was just sexual disappointment

Poor old man, let um have his pleasure.  
Poor shaky chap. All to pieces at the first shot!  
Reward—what you can get for being good  
Selfishness of age had not set its proper grip on him  
Sense of justice stifled condemnation  
Servants knew everything, and suspected the rest  
She used to expect me to say it more often than I felt it  
'So we go out!' he thought. 'No more beauty! Nothing?'  
Sorrowful pleasure  
Spirit of the future, with the charm of the unknown  
Surprised that he could have had so paltry an idea  
Swivel chairs which give one an advantage  
That dog was a good dog.  
The soundless footsteps on the grass!  
There was no one in any sort of authority to notice him  
Waves of sweetness and regret flooded his soul.  
Weighing you to the ground with care and love  
What he wanted, though much, was not quite all that mattered  
Whole world was in conspiracy to limit freedom  
With the wisdom of a long life old JoIyon did not speak  
Wonderful finality about a meal

#### ESSAYS AND STUDIES:

#### INN OF TRANQUILITY

/gutenberg/etext01/innr10.txt

Inn of Tranquillity  
Magpie over the Hill  
Sheep-shearing  
Evolution  
Riding in the Mist  
The Procession  
A Christian  
Wind in the Rocks  
My Distant Relative  
The Black Godmother

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

This air so crystal clear, so far above incense and the narcotics of set creeds, and the fevered breath of prayers and protestations.

Those whose temperaments and religions show them all things so plainly that they know they are right and others wrong?

For if they do not find it ridiculous to feel contempt, they are perfectly right to feel contempt, it being natural to them; and you have no business to be sorry for them, for that is, after all, only your euphemism for contempt.

The cause of atrocities is generally the violence of Fear. Panic's at the back of most crimes and follies.

Civilisation, so possessed by a new toy each day that she has no time to master its use—naive creature lost amid her own discoveries!

For there was in his smile the glamour of adventure just for the sake of danger; all that high instinct which takes a man out of his chair to brave what he need not.

#### LINES FROM THE TEXT:

A little bit of continuity  
Above incense and the narcotics of set creeds  
Adventure just for the sake of danger  
Affairs of the nation moved him so much more strongly than his  
And we, too, some day would no longer love  
Discovery that we were not yet dead  
Dog that swam when it did not bark  
Ecstasy of hot recklessness to the clutching of chill fear  
Elation of those who set out before the sun has risen  
Fear! It's the black godmother of all damnable things  
It's the thing comin' on you, and no way out of it  
Not one little "I" breathed here, and loved!  
O God, what things man sees when he goes out without a gun  
Panic's at the back of most crimes and follies,  
Passion is atrophied from never having been in use  
Perfect marvel of disharmony  
Quality of silence  
Sorrow don't buy bread  
Sorry—euphemism for contempt  
Temperaments and religions show them all things so plainly,  
To and fro with their usual sad energy  
Watching over her with eyes that seemed to see something else  
What Earth had been through in her time  
You think it's worse, then, than it used to be?

#### QUALITY

/gutenberg/etext01/qualt10.txt

Quality  
The Grand Jury  
Gone  
Threshing  
That Old-Time Place  
Romance—Three Gleams  
Memories  
Felicity

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

"Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"— And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

And his working coat so ragged that it would never cling to him but for pure affection. — To watch him even now makes one feel how terrible is that dumb grief which has never learned to moan.

Words—those poor husks of sentiment!

For work in the country does not wait on illness—even death claims from its onlookers but a few hours, birth none at all, and it is as well; for what must be must, and in work alone man rests from grief.

A private grudge against Time and a personal pleasure in finishing this job.

Full day has come again. But the face of it is a little strange, it is not like yesterday. Queer—to think, no day is like to a day that's past and no night like a night that's coming! Why, then, fear death, which is but night? Why care, if next day have different face and spirit?

#### LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Blindfolded by its own history  
Comfortable reassurance that one was still his client  
Dumb grief which has never learned to moan  
Gilt-edged orthodoxy  
Glib assurances that naive souls make so easily to others  
He have all the pleasure, I have all the work  
He was asleep, for he knew not remorse  
In work alone man rests from grief  
Kind of sporting energy, a defiant spurt  
Meaning what one says, so necessary to keep dogs virtuous  
Private grudge against Time  
Rhythmic nothingness  
Such were only embroideries of Fate  
Suddenly he sat down to make sure of his own legs  
Unholy interest in thus dealing with the lives of my fellow men  
Why, then, fear death, which is but night?  
Words—those poor husks of sentiment!

#### CONCERNING LETTERS

/gutenberg/etext01/cnlet10.txt

Concerning Letters  
A Novelist's Allegory  
Some Platitudes Concerning Drama

Meditation on Finality  
Wanted-Schooling  
On Our Dislike of Things as They Are  
The Windlestraw

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

The dreamer spoke to her: "Who are you, standing there in the darkness with those eyes that I can hardly bear to look at? Who are you?"— And the woman answered: "Friend, I am your Conscience; I am the Truth as best it may be seen by you. I am she whom you exist to serve."

A gleam of light, like a faint moonbeam, stole out into the garden of his despair.

Nothing, however, is more dubious than the way in which these two words "pessimist" and "optimist" are used; for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be, and the pessimist one who cannot only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Conscience; I am the Truth as best it may be seen by you  
Garden of his despair  
I am myself the Public  
Often turned it from a picture into a caricature  
"Pessimist" and "optimist"  
Told, and therefore must believe

ABOUT CENSORSHIP AND VAGUE THOUGHTS ON ART  
/gutenberg/etext01/cnart10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

And I agree that this rhythmic relation of part to part, and part to whole—in short, vitality—is the one quality inseparable from a work of Art. For nothing which does not seem to a man possessed of this rhythmic vitality, can ever steal him out of himself.

The active amusements and relaxations of life can only rest certain of our faculties, by indulging others; the whole self is never rested save through that unconsciousness of self, which comes through rapt contemplation of Nature or of Art.

And, here and there, amid the disasters and wreckage of their voyages of discovery, they will find something new, some fresh way of embellishing life, or of revealing the heart of things.

Beauty! An awkward word—a perpetual begging of the question; too current in use, too ambiguous altogether; now too narrow, now too wide—a word, in fact, too glib to know at all what it means.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

An age must always decry itself and extol its forbears  
Art is greater than Life  
Art that does not distract them without causing them to think  
Beauty! An awkward word—a perpetual begging of the question  
Certainty  
Death may be the end of man, or Death may be nothing  
Everything is worth the doing well  
Freedom from the dull tedium of responsibility  
Introspection causes discomfort  
It is not my profession to know things for certain  
Itch to get outside ourselves  
Know things for certain  
Lost all the good of the old, and given us nothing in its place  
Replaces within me interest in myself by interest in itself  
Rhythmic relation of part to part, and part to whole,  
Spurious glamour is inclined to gather around what is new  
Superlative, instead of a comparative, clarity of vision  
Those whose sacred suns and moons are ever in the past  
Time is essential to the proper placing and estimate of all Art  
Tomorrow only can tell us which is which  
Truth admits but the one rule: No deficiency, and no excess  
Turgenev a realist? No greater poet ever wrote in prose  
Unconsciousness of self  
Vitality—the one quality inseparable from a work of Art  
When a thing is new how shall it be judged?

PLAYS: FIRST SERIES:

THE SILVER BOX

/gutenberg/etext01/silbx10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

I've no patience with your talk of reform—all that nonsense about social policy. We know perfectly well what it is they want; they want things for themselves. Those Socialists and Labour men are an absolutely selfish set of people. They have no sense of patriotism, like the upper classes; they simply want what we've got.

I quite agree with what this man says: Education is simply ruining the lower classes. It unsettles them, and that's the worst thing for us all. I see an enormous difference in the manner of servants.

He 's not a bad man really. Sometimes he'll speak quite kind to me, but

I've stood so much from him, I don't feel it in me to speak kind back, but just keep myself to myself.

JOY

/gutenberg/etext01/gljoy10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

If only I could believe I was necessary to you!

Ah, my dear! We're all the same; we're all as hollow as that tree! When it's ourselves it's always a special case!

Positive cool voice of a young man who knows that he knows everything. He is perfectly calm.

They must go their own ways, poor things! She can't put herself in the child's place, and the child can't put herself in Molly's. A woman and a girl—there's the tree of life between them!

Ashamed? Am I to live all my life like a dead woman because you're ashamed? Am I to live like the dead because you're a child that knows nothing of life? Listen, Joy, you'd better understand this once for all. Your Father has no right over me and he knows it. We've been hateful to each other for years. Can you understand that? Don't cover your face like a child—look at me.

STRIFE

/gutenberg/etext01/strif10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

ENID. [In a changed voice, stroking his sleeve.] Father, you know you oughtn't to have this strain on you—you know what Dr. Fisher said! ANTHONY. No old man can afford to listen to old women.

I am not aware that if my adversary suffer in a fair fight not sought by me, it is my fault. If I fall under his feet—as fall I may—I shall not complain. That will be my look-out—and this is—his. I cannot separate, as I would, these men from their women and children. A fair fight is a fair fight! Let them learn to think before they pick a quarrel!

These are the words of my own son. They are the words of a generation that I don't understand; the words of a soft breed.

It seems the fashion nowadays for men to take their enemy's side. I have not learnt that art.

PLAYS: SECOND SERIES:

THE ELDEST SON

/gutenberg/etext01/eldsn10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

...whose choleric autocracy is veiled by a thin urbanity.

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

Yes, I know. Women always get the worst of these things. That's natural.

Because I'm a rotter in one way, I'm not necessarily a rotter in all.

THE LITTLE DREAM

/gutenberg/etext01/ldrem10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

"You have all the world; and I have nothing."—"Except Felsman, and the mountains."—"It is not good to eat only bread."

The life of men in crowds is mine—of lamplight in the streets at dawn. [Softly] I have a thousand loves, and never one too long.

There is religion so deep that no man knows what it means. There is religion so shallow, you may have it by turning a handle. We have everything.

JUSTICE

/gutenberg/etext01/justc10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

According to you, no one would ever prosecute.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he was tempted."—"Life's one long temptation...."

But is a man to be lost because he is bred and born with a weak character? Gentlemen, men like the prisoner are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals. If the prisoner be found guilty, and treated as though he were a criminal type, he will, as all experience shows, in all probability become one.

PLAYS: THIRD SERIES:

THE FUGITIVE

/gutenberg/etext01/fugtv10.txt

An upright, well-groomed, grey-moustached, red-faced man of sixty-seven, with a keen eye for molehills, and none at all for mountains.

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

Besides, I oughtn't to have married if I wasn't going to be happy. You see, I'm not a bit misunderstood or ill-treated. It's only....

Very likely-the first birds do. But if she drops half-way it's better than if she'd never flown. Your sister, sir, is trying the wings of her spirit, out of the old slave market. For women as for men, there's more than one kind of dishonour, Captain Huntingdon, and worse things than being dead.

Do you know, Clare, I think it's awful about you! You're too fine, and not fine enough, to put up with things; you're too sensitive to take help, and you're not strong enough to do without it. It's simply tragic.

I've often noticed parsons' daughters grow up queer. Get too much morality and rice puddin'.

LINES FROM THE TEXT:

¿From exchanging ideas to something else, isn't very far  
It isn't to be manufactured, is it?  
Keen eye for molehills, and none at all for mountains  
Love liberty in those who don't belong to us  
Made up my mind to go back to my owner  
May they perish of a surfeit of-good form!  
Never apologize  
Out of the old slave market  
Thorough-bred mongrel  
Too fine, and not fine enough

THE PIGEON

/gutenberg/etext01/pigon10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Monsieur, you have there the greatest comedy of life! How anxious are the tame birds to do the wild birds good. [His voice changes.] For the wild birds it is not funny. There is in some human souls, Monsieur, what cannot be made tame.

If she is dead! What fortune!

I am not good for her—it is not good for simple souls to be with those who see things clear. For the great part of mankind, to see anything—is fatal.

To be so near to death has done me good; I shall not lack courage any more till the wind blows on my grave.

We wild ones—we know a thousand times more of life than ever will those sirs. They waste their time trying to make rooks white. Be kind to us if you will, or let us alone like Mees Ann, but do not try to change our skins.

#### LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Drink certainly changing thine to mine  
How anxious are the tame birds to do the wild birds good  
If she is dead! What fortune!  
La mort—le grand ami  
Not good for simple souls to be with those who see things clear  
Nothing that gives more courage than to see the irony  
Quiet delight of an English artist actually understood  
Tame birds pluck wild birds naked  
Waste their time trying to make rooks white  
We all have our discrepancies, Vicar  
When all is done, there are always us hopeless ones  
Without that, Monsieur, all is dry as a parched skin of orange

#### THE MOB

/gutenberg/etext01/glmob10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

”There are very excellent reasons for the Government’s policy.”—”There are always excellent reasons for having your way with the weak.”

”Nations can’t let each other alone.”—”Big ones could let little ones alone.”—”If they could there’d be no big ones.”

Half-shy, half-bold manners, alternately rude and over polite.

Is a man only to hold beliefs when they’re popular?

Mob is just conglomerate essence of simple men.

My country, right or wrong! Guilty—still my country!

#### LINES FROM THE TEXT:

Conglomerate excrescence  
Contradictious eyebrows  
If they could there'd be no big ones  
Law that governs the action of all mobs—the law of Force  
Let no man stand to his guns in face of popular attack  
Nations are bad judges of their honour  
People so wide apart don't love  
Popular opinion is to control the utterances of her politicians  
To fight to a finish; knowing you must be beaten  
We must show Impudence at last that Dignity is not asleep

PLAYS: FOURTH SERIES:

A BIT O' LOVE

/gutenberg/etext01/bolov10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

But 'tes no yuse espectin' tu much o' this world. 'Tis a funny place.

I never thought to luse 'er. She never told me 'ow bad she was, afore she tuk to 'er bed. 'Tis a dreadful thing to luse a wife, zurr.

A faint smile hovers about his lips that Nature has made rather full and he has made thin, as though keeping a hard secret; but his bright grey eyes, dark round the rim, look out and upwards almost as if he were being crucified. There is something about the whole of him that makes him seem not quite present. A gentle creature, burnt within.

It isn't enough to love people because they're good to you, or because in some way or other you're going to get something by it. We have to love because we love loving.

THE FOUNDATIONS

/gutenberg/etext01/fndat10.txt

PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

You send 'er the ten bob a week wivaht syin' anyfink, an' she'll fink it comes from Gawd or the Gover'ment yer cawn't tell one from t'other in Befnal Green.

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

THE PRESS shakes his head. Still—it's an easy life! I've regretted sometimes that I didn't have a shot at it myself; influencin' other people without disclosin' your identity—something very attractive about that.

If I'd bin Prime Minister I'd 'ave 'ad the Press's gas cut 'orf at the meter. Puffect liberty, of course, nao Censorship; just sy wot yer like-an' never be 'eard of no more.

#### THE SKIN GAME

/gutenberg/etext01/skgam10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

It takes generations to learn to live and let live.

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

When we began this fight, we had clean hands—are they clean now? What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?

When I deceived him, I'd have deceived God Himself—I was so desperate. You've never been right down in the mud. You can't understand what I've been through.

Ye talk about good form and all that sort o' thing. It's just the comfortable doctrine of the man in the saddle; sentimental varnish.

#### SIX SHORT PLAYS:

##### THE FIRST AND THE LAST

/gutenberg/etext01/flast10.txt

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXT:

Perhaps he was hungry. I have been hungry: you do things then that you would not.

Millions suffer for no mortal reason.

Poor child! When we die, Wanda, let's go together. We should keep each other warm out in the dark.

I tell you she's devoted. Did you ever pick up a lost dog? Well, she has the lost dog's love for me. And I for her; we picked each other up.

We shall be free in the dark; free of their cursed inhumanities. I hate this world—I loathe it! I hate its God-forsaken savagery; its pride and smugness! Keith's world—all righteous will-power and success.

#### THE LITTLE MAN

/gutenberg/etext01/ltman10.txt

We allow more freedom to the individual soul. Where there's something little and weak, we feel it kind of noble to give up to it. That way we feel elevated.

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

I guess you've got to pinch those waiters some to make 'em skip.

I guess you don't know how good you are.

You are typical, sir, of the sentiments of modern Christianity.

#### FOUR OF THE SIX SHORT PLAYS

/gutenberg/etext01/shply10.txt

Hall-Marked

Defeat

The Sun

Punch and Go

#### PASSAGES FROM THE TEXTS:

Why don't we live, instead of writing of it? [She points out unto the moonlight] What do we get out of life? Money, fame, fashion, talk, learning? Yes. And what good are they? I want to live!

I don't hate even the English—I despise them. I despise my people too; even more, because they began this war. Oh! I know that. I despise all the peoples. Why haf they made the world so miserable—why haf they killed all our lives—hundreds and thousands and millions of lives—all for noting?