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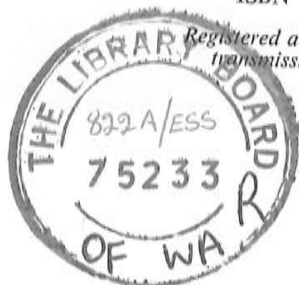
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Characters

SIR JOSEPH QUIVERTON	Prime Minister of the Commonwealth
DORIS	his daughter
AN ENGLISH BUTLER	
SIR HENRY PILLSBURY	Attorney-General
LADY PILLSBURY	
JOHN K. HILL	a Chicago drummer
SYDNEY BARRETT	
MISS PERKINS	Secretary, Anti-Socialist League
OTTO	} members of the Socialist Party
HARRY HOPKINS	
PETER JENSEN	
ARTHUR GRAY	
BERTIE WAINWRIGHT	
VIOLET FAULKNER	B.A., LL.B.
A FAT MAN	} members of the crowd
A CHEEKY YOUTH	
A WORKING WOMAN	
AN OLD MAN	

ACT ONE

Sir Joseph Quiverton's Drawing Room.

ACT TWO

Scene I: The Socialist Club
Scene II: Miss Quiverton's
 Committee Room } Two weeks later.

ACT THREE

Vacant square, at Street Corner. Night before Election.

ACT FOUR

Sir Joseph Quiverton's Drawing Room. Election Night.

ACT ONE

The Prime Minister's Drawing Room. After Dinner.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH QUIVERTON, followed by DORIS.)

SIR JOSEPH: Not another word. I refuse to give the matter further consideration. I tell you, Doris, finally, irrevocably—

DORIS: Listen a moment, father! You haven't finished your coffee.

SIR JOSEPH: I will not listen. I should have forbidden you to speak. This thing is preposterous, impossible,—

DORIS: I know it is difficult for a politician to preserve an open mind.

SIR JOSEPH: At present I am not a politician. I am your father.

DORIS: Why do you raise these technical points! We will sit down quietly and have a little chat on the subject. Shall I bring in your coffee?

SIR JOSEPH: No. And I don't want to debate with my own daughter. I am shocked, Doris, and deeply wounded.

DORIS: Wasn't I right to tell you I was engaged?

SIR JOSEPH: Yes—No! Not to a man like that. Never in all my experience have I heard of such a thing. If you have no self-respect, you might at least think of the dignity of my position.

DORIS: Father!

SIR JOSEPH: Don't answer me. Barrett is a Socialist, a revolutionary Socialist. That is sufficient.

DORIS: He has a big station in the Riverina, and goodness knows how many sheep. I love sheep.

SIR JOSEPH: He proposes to confiscate land and capital.

DORIS: Not his own, father. Sydney may be a Socialist, and an advanced Atheist, but he is not a philanthropist.

SIR JOSEPH: I thank you for the information. It deeply gratifies me to learn that my prospective son-in-law is not only a revolutionary Socialist, but also an advanced Atheist—a most promising young man, a credit to his country.

DORIS: Father, have I your consent or not?

SIR JOSEPH: My consent, never! I mean to fight the next election on this very issue of Socialism versus Private Enterprise. You know I am no Tory. I am a progressive man, and believe in a policy of progress and reform.

DORIS: Everybody says that before an election.

SIR JOSEPH: Doris, for the sake of the party, for the sake of the country, for the sake of the Empire—for my sake—you must give up this folly.

DORIS: Love is not folly. Plato says that love is the highest wisdom.

SIR JOSEPH: Plato is wrong. And that's the stuff they want to introduce into the University. Have I no authority left! No, I am the last one to be considered. Now, Doris, children must obey their parents.

DORIS: You are mistaken, father. In the natural cause of evolution parents must be sacrificed to their children, not children to their parents. It is a law of nature.

SIR JOSEPH: There is such a thing as a moral law, Doris.

DORIS: No, there isn't, father. That is a popular fallacy. People used to think there was, but there isn't.

SIR JOSEPH: I have always given you your own way, and this is my reward. Don't you realise that the country is in a critical condition? I want you to understand my aims, my policy.

DORIS: I am sorry, father, but I don't believe in your policy.

SIR JOSEPH: What!

DORIS: I would like to, but I can't.

SIR JOSEPH: You can't?

DORIS: No, father. Once I used to believe in the things you do, but I have got beyond that stage.

SIR JOSEPH: That is good, very good indeed. I have devoted thirty years of my life to formulating a progressive Liberal policy that has won the confidence of the country, and now my own daughter tells me to my face that she has got beyond it. What is the world coming to!

DORIS: Sydney says the Liberal policy is an anachronism.

SIR JOSEPH: You must put Sydney out of your thoughts. His influence is immoral.

DORIS: Listen, father!

SIR JOSEPH: Please don't interrupt me! This is a pretty situation for the leader of a great party! What will the Opposition say when it learns that my daughter is engaged to a Socialist, a revolutionary Socialist. I will retire at once. I will give up public life. My day is past. I won't be made a laughing stock by my unscrupulous opponents. And we

are on the eve of an election. The country needs my services—so much to do, so little done.

(Enter BUTLER.)

BUTLER: Sir Henry and Lady Pillsbury.

(Enter SIR HENRY and LADY PILLSBURY. Exit BUTLER.)

SIR JOSEPH: Good evening!

DORIS: Delighted you have come!

LADY PILLSBURY: I would have called before only I had a touch of neuralgia.

SIR HENRY: My wife enjoys the most extraordinary bad health.

LADY PILLSBURY: Nerves! Strikes always upset me. I loathe paid agitators.

(They take seats.)

These Salons are sure to have a great educational influence. It is so pleasant to drop in and exchange ideas on the great political problems.

SIR JOSEPH: The educated classes must be organised to protect their rights.

DORIS: What do you think of the bakers' strike, Sir Henry?

SIR HENRY: I can only trust that wise counsels will prevail.

LADY PILLSBURY: Is it going to last for ever?

SIR HENRY: One never knows. One never knows.

LADY PILLSBURY: I refuse to use cake on principle. It is encouraging the bakers.

SIR HENRY: I notice Barrett made another inflammatory speech this afternoon.

LADY PILLSBURY: That is a dangerous man, most dangerous.

SIR HENRY: And he is a Rhodes Scholar, if I remember rightly.

SIR JOSEPH: That makes his conduct all the more uncalled for.

LADY PILLSBURY: I have never met the young man.

DORIS: Mr. Barrett holds very advanced views, and that unfits him for fashionable society. He may look in to-night.

SIR JOSEPH: Surely you didn't invite him!

DORIS: I thought it would do him good.

LADY PILLSBURY: How can a squatter be a Socialist, even if he has been educated at Oxford?

SIR JOSEPH: I am not a Spiritualist, Lady Pillsbury. I do not pretend to explain the supernatural.

SIR HENRY: (*airily*) We are all Socialists now-a-days.

SIR JOSEPH: But Barrett is an extremist, a revolutionary Socialist. At the Wagga Wagga Agricultural Show dinner he said the present land tax was a farce, and should be raised to fifteen shillings in the pound.

DORIS: Yes, I know. He is inclined to exaggerate a little.

SIR JOSEPH: That is not all. He is setting class against class, and where is it going to end? If our squatters adopt such views, what can be expected from the Trades Unionists?

DORIS: Please don't worry, father. It is becoming a mannerism. We must convert Mr. Barrett.

SIR HENRY: We must always hope for the best.

SIR JOSEPH: (*ready for long speech*) The situation is grave. Great issues are at stake. What do we see around us—unrest and discontent. We are standing, as it were, at the parting of the ways.

DORIS: (*breaking in*) Bridge or music?

LADY PILLSBURY: You might play something.

DORIS: Stravinsky or Bach?

LADY PILLSBURY: I loathe classical music. Neither, dear—a little American piece. I have a slight headache.

DORIS: I am so sorry.

(*The ladies rise.*)

LADY PILLSBURY: It is always a strain listening to intellectual conversation.

(*Exeunt DORIS and LADY PILLSBURY.*)

SIR JOSEPH: How is Lady Pillsbury keeping now?

SIR HENRY: Much better, thanks. She complains only about half her time.

SIR JOSEPH: That Barrett is a violent young man.

SIR HENRY: Indeed he is. I heard a rumour he was going to stand for Parliament.

SIR JOSEPH: What! How! Why!

SIR HENRY: It was only a rumour.

SIR JOSEPH: Standing for Parliament! Ah, well, nothing surprises me now.

(Enter BUTLER, followed by JOHN K. HILL.)

BUTLER: Mr. John K. Hill.

(Exit BUTLER.)

SIR JOSEPH: Sir Henry Pillsbury—our Attorney-General—Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill is an ambassador of Commerce.

JOHN K. HILL: No, sir, I am a plain man of figures.

SIR JOSEPH: And a maker of nations.

JOHN K.: I just financed that little revolution in Uruguay.

SIR HENRY: There usually seems to be trouble in that part of the world.

SIR JOSEPH: And there will be trouble here, too, if the Socialists have their way. This country is on the eve of changes, Mr. Hill, startling changes.

JOHN K.: You don't say.

SIR JOSEPH: We are moving too fast.

JOHN K.: Well, I wouldn't have guessed that now. I am only a visitor, but I was kept waitin' in a hat store yesterday afternoon close on one minute and a half before the young man behind the counter woke up.

SIR HENRY: The new unionism.

JOHN K.: Australia's an extraordinary country.

SIR HENRY: This is a holiday trip, I presume.

JOHN K.: No, sir, I never take holidays. I have sert'n propositions to consider. Your Northern Territory interests me. It is virgin soil. I am a missionary—a missionary traveller. I represent a little Chicago syndicate that wants scope for investment. But I can't advise it to shovel money into a noo country without sert'n concessions.

SIR JOSEPH: Do you propose to establish industries, Mr Hill?

JOHN K.: Yes, sir. That is my business. I want to develop this country, bring it up to time, Americanise it. It has golden possibilities. Take your bêche-de-mer—regarded by epicures as superior to turtle—why, it's a beat—it's just crying out to be canned! All we want is freezin' works—and cheap labour—and no public banquet will be complete without it.

SIR HENRY: Our fisheries have so far been somewhat neglected.

JOHN K.: And there's your forests of cypress pine, wonderful forests, absolutely goin' to waste. Most valuable timber, sir, put to its legitimate use—specially adapted for makin' Chinese coffins—they use up quite a number over there in China—10,000 a day, I have the exact figures—unlimited market—easy transit to Hong Kong! Revolution is China's long suit now-a-days, and it's me to deliver the goods. I'm goin' to bring death within the reach of all.

SIR JOSEPH: This country can develop only with the aid of capital. Capital is as necessary as labour. One is the complement of the other.

JOHN K.: That's so. But if your Socialist party gains a majority, won't it pass Anti-Trust legislation?

SIR HENRY: It is difficult to say what it would not do.

JOHN K.: And nationalise the Chinese coffin monopoly and the canned slug monopoly?

SIR JOSEPH: You can rely on the Government, Mr. Hill, to assist you in every way.

JOHN K.: Thanks, Sir Joseph. We'll stand or fall together.

(Enter DORIS.)

DORIS: How do you do? Mr. Hill and I are old friends.

JOHN K.: I'm honoured, Miss Quiverton.

DORIS: And what do you think of Australia now?

JOHN K.: You have lots of space, I guess.

DORIS: Our sheep require it. Our population is mostly sheep.

SIR JOSEPH: You forget Mr. Hill has not yet seen the country.

DORIS: I hope you will not be disappointed. Australia is still uncultivated nature. Our scenery, of course, is not so smooth and highly finished as the English, but we can hardly expect that in such a young country. Will you make one for a small game?

SIR HENRY: Lady Pillsbury is devoted to bridge.

(Exeunt SIR HENRY and SIR JOSEPH.)

DORIS: We are all keenly interested in politics. It's the latest thing. There is a Salon almost every week.

JOHN K.: As an American it's all most fascinating to me.

(Enter SYDNEY BARRETT as DORIS shows JOHN K. HILL into card-room, and returns. BARRETT advances.)

DORIS: O, Syd! What nice rough cloth! It suits you very well.

BARRETT: I am a man of the people.

DORIS: How did you get in?

BARRETT: By what you call the tradesmen's entrance.

But Doris —

DORIS: Why are you so absurdly bashful! You are making yourself positively ridiculous . . . I told father.

BARRETT: Was he pleased?

DORIS: Pleased! He went off.

BARRETT: I am glad of that. He so seldom does.

(He goes to kiss her.)

DORIS: Wait till I shut the door! I can give you only a few minutes alone.

(She shuts card-room door, and returns. BARRETT embraces her.)

(With head on his shoulder) O, Sydney, this is all I want. No more. (Putting him away) Sit down. Now! (Taking a seat) Do you admire me immensely?

BARRETT: I do. You are quite perfect. But Doris—

DORIS: But what?

BARRETT: You are still wearing jewellery.

DORIS: One can express oneself in jewellery.

BARRETT: Did I not tell you to discard those pearls?

DORIS: Three times.

BARRETT: Have you never thought of the Ceylon diver who held his breath, and went all naked to the hungry shark?

DORIS: Does he mind? You said once you would feel transcendently happy if I permitted you to die for me.

BARRETT: So I would, in a romantic mood. But, Doris, it is time we had a definite understanding. You must give up your jewellery and bridge and salons and other forms of fashionable frivolity.

DORIS: Does Socialism mean that?

BARRETT: Of course it does.

DORIS: I am not a Socialist, then. I don't believe in it.

BARRETT: You are pursuing an illusory existence. It must end.

DORIS: I wish, Syd, you wouldn't try to reform me. It will be much better for us both if I reform you.

BARRETT: Listen, Doris, you must do as I tell you.

DORIS: You are getting as bad as father.

BARRETT: What an atmosphere! Bridge and bad politics!

DORIS: Sydney!

BARRETT: Here am I after a four years' absence, returned to my native land, full of a fine enthusiasm, to find the country stagnant, decadent,—and the young Australian, with his bright, fresh mind, untrammelled by the traditions of the past—that is the current phrase—repeating all the popular superstitions, from beer to bishops, of his fog-bound ancestors. Australia is an outer suburb of Brixton. That explains its amazing school of architecture. That explains everything. We are unoriginal, therefore uninteresting.

DORIS: That's all so abstract, isn't it!

BARRETT: We prate of progress, and what is Australia's chief contribution to civilisation? Frozen mutton and the losing hazard. Can you wonder that I am dissatisfied!

DORIS: You always are. You're an idealist.

BARRETT: Every country must have a national ideal. We have nothing, absolutely nothing. Australia is an empty country. We produce wool and cricketers and factory butter and legislative councillors, but we do not produce ideas. Why, the national intelligence has not yet invented one new drink. Things can't go on like this. But where are our leaders? Look at your worthy father. He certainly seems troubled about many things, but he goes on uttering empty phrases, meaning nothing, suggesting nothing,—

DORIS: Yes, I know. Father is very tiresome. But what are you proposing to do?

BARRETT: Everything. I propose change, disorder, revolution. We will have to make a fresh start. I attended the Socialist Congress tonight.

DORIS: That explains your behaviour.

BARRETT: We had a stormy meeting. I was accused of being an intellectual. There was nearly a split in the party. That shows how earnest we are. We are going to do things. You must give up this empty life, Doris.

DORIS: Don't dare me, Sydney. I might do something rash.

BARRETT: I have no fear. You are not in revolt.

DORIS: Don't tempt me to prove you are wrong.

BARRETT: You don't realise my position. I haven't told you my plans yet. I have something most important to tell you. I decided to-night—

(Enter MISS PERKINS.)

Great Caesar! Who is that?

DORIS: Miss Perkins.

BARRETT: I'm off. I'll tell you my secret later.

DORIS: Mr. Barrett—Miss Perkins. Miss Perkins is the energetic secretary of the Women's Anti-Socialist League. Please sit down.

MISS PERKINS: (*taking a chair*) I have hurried round from the League. The business was most important.

BARRETT: (*escaping*) Pray, don't let me disturb you.

(Exit BARRETT.)

DORIS: (*tired and languid*) Was it a pleasant evening?

MISS PERKINS: We had a prolonged discussion. You must help us, Miss Quiverton.

DORIS: I shall be delighted.

MISS PERKINS: I don't know what the country is coming to. The domestic helps have formed a union.

DORIS: I prefer men servants. They are more docile.

MISS PERKINS: They will demand a day at home next. You must assist us, Miss Quiverton.

DORIS: Certainly.

MISS PERKINS: You will promise to stand by the League?

DORIS: I shall promise anything, with pleasure.

(Enter LADY PILLSBURY.)

MISS PERKINS: We have decided on a most momentous step.

LADY PILLSBURY: How are you, Miss Perkins?

MISS PERKINS: Well, I thank you. How are you? We have decided—

LADY PILLSBURY: Bridge is too exciting. Heart! Mr. Barrett has arrived. He is wearing a red tie.

MISS PERKINS: (*going ahead*) The matter was exhaustively discussed by all our ablest speakers. We came to the

conclusion that there was only one way to save the country.

LADY PILLSBURY: And what may that be?

MISS PERKINS: Women must take their place in the political arena.

LADY PILLSBURY: You are right, Miss Perkins. We have been kept down for centuries by a man-made law. But we are quite capable of directing the destiny of a great nation. All we need is more opportunity to display our ability. That is why I never allow my husband to make up his mind on any public question till he has first consulted me.

MISS PERKINS: I have an important announcement to make. May I see Sir Joseph?

DORIS: (*going to door*) Father! Miss Perkins has an important communication to deliver.

(*Enter SIR JOSEPH and SIR HENRY, followed later by JOHN K. HILL and SYDNEY BARRETT.*)

MISS PERKINS: The Committee of the League held its fortnightly meeting this evening, Mrs. Jasper Jones occupying the chair. After a short debate, it was decided that it was the duty of every lady in the land to take an active and intelligent interest in the coming elections. . . . The time has arrived when women's refining influence should extend over a wider sphere.

SIR HENRY: I incline to that view myself, but we must not go too far.

MISS PERKINS: We must go far enough, Sir Henry, to reach a logical conclusion. The country is in a dreadful condition. Men have not the requisite knowledge to deal adequately with the problem of social reform. That is women's special province. The morality of the nation is in our keeping. Shall we forsake our trust?

DORIS: No!

LADY PILLSBURY: Certainly not!

MISS PERKINS: I'm glad we agree on that point. Certain names were forwarded for our approval, but after due consideration we came to the conclusion that there was not one man whom we could conscientiously support. The League decided that the women of this electorate must be represented by a woman.

(*Applause.*)

SIR HENRY: It is so difficult to decide on any definite line of action.

MISS PERKINS: Therefore, in the best interests of the country I have been requested to ask Miss Quiverton to stand for Parliament.

(*Mild sensation.*)

DORIS: Me!

MISS PERKINS: The proposal was carried by acclamation, and with only one dissentient voice.

(*Loud applause.*)

DORIS: But I don't understand politics.

MISS PERKINS: It is not a question of mere politics. It is a question of morality.

DORIS: Of course, that makes a considerable difference.

LADY PILLSBURY: All the difference, my dear.

DORIS: But please tell me how I can promote the morality of the nation. I should be only too delighted.

MISS PERKINS: By defeating the Socialist candidate.

SIR HENRY: What constituency has been selected for Miss Quiverton?

MISS PERKINS: Wombat.

DORIS: Wombat! That doesn't sound particularly moral.

MISS PERKINS: O, yes, it is only the name of a local bird. There is no time for hesitation. Tomorrow is the last day for nominations. The Socialists are selecting their candidate to-night.

DORIS: Will you give me a few moments to think it over?

MISS PERKINS: Do try to persuade Miss Quiverton to save the country. It is a most anxious time for us all.

(*DORIS is surrounded.*)

LADY PILLSBURY: It is your duty, my dear, to protect our rights. I would overcome my natural feeling of modesty and contest the seat myself, only my uncertain health could not endure the strain of an election.

SIR HENRY: I opposed votes for women, when the subject was first broached, but I have been converted to the opinion that women have every right to take their place in our legislatures.

LADY PILLSBURY: I converted my husband to that opinion.

SIR JOSEPH: I do not wish to advise you in any way, but I may say that the situation is grave, very grave. We have reached a crisis.

DORIS: What is your advice, Mr. Hill? Do you think, as an American, that it is wrong for women to take part in political agitation?

JOHN K.: Well, Miss Quiverton, it is a very delicate subject. I know good American citizens negotiating dangerous propositions in order that their elegant wives and daughters might stroll through Rome and Florence, with a calm expression on their face, and the "Beauties of Ruskin" under their arm, tracin' the influence of Leonardo on Perugino. That, Miss Quiverton, is the American ideal.

DORIS: How chaste and beautiful.

LADY PILLSBURY: We couldn't trust our husbands to that extent.

DORIS: Now, Mr. Hill, would you be very shocked if I went into Parliament?

JOHN K.: On the contrary, Miss Quiverton. I would leave home at once to live in any country that had the honour of being governed by you.

DORIS: (*bringing him forward*) Mr. Barrett . . . As my father observed, we are standing at the parting of the ways.

BARRETT: That is the usual position of a politician.

MISS PERKINS: You have extraordinary personal popularity, Miss Quiverton. You will gain a large sympathetic masculine vote.

DORIS: But—

MISS PERKINS: O, you must. You must really. It is a patriotic duty. Think of the state of the country.

DORIS: What do you think of the state of the country, Mr. Barrett? Don't be so shy.

BARRETT: (*affably*) Socialism is still spreading, you know.

MISS PERKINS: You see, Miss Quiverton, Mr. Barrett agrees with me.

DORIS: I am glad Mr. Barrett agrees with somebody. What are we going to do, then? We must do something, I suppose.

MISS PERKINS: You will have a strong committee to help you.

DORIS: Thanks very much.

MISS PERKINS: I shall attend to all the secretarial work.

DORIS: But—

MISS PERKINS: That will be all right, Miss Quiverton.

Leave that entirely to me.

DORIS: Is it State or Federal?

MISS PERKINS: Federal.

BARRETT: Excuse me, are you arranging a sale of gifts?

MISS PERKINS: This is not a bazaar.

DORIS: I have been asked to stand for Parliament.

BARRETT: As a Syndicalist, I presume.

DORIS: I really couldn't say. What is our policy, Miss Perkins?

MISS PERKINS: Social reform.

DORIS: I thought so. We are going to reform Society. You believe in that, I hope.

MISS PERKINS: Purity of the home is our guiding principle. The League has drawn up a complete manifesto.

DORIS: What is the funny name of the constituency?

MISS PERKINS: Wombat.

BARRETT: Wombat!

DORIS: It is a most respectable district.

BARRETT: I trust so. For, curiously enough, I myself am standing for this eminently respectable district of Wombat.

(Sensation.)

DORIS: Are you? Why didn't you tell me before?

BARRETT: I was trying to.

DORIS: O! that was your great secret.

MISS PERKINS: Miss Quiverton is the Good Woman candidate.

BARRETT: And I am the Bad Man candidate.

DORIS: That is only a personal distinction. Have you any policy?

BARRETT: I have, but it is not so daring as yours. My policy does not propose in any way to vaccinate the community against the complaint called joy. Its tendency, indeed, is distinctly immoral.

SIR HENRY: Shame!

SIR JOSEPH: If you have no moral feelings, you might at least have the decency to—

BARRETT: Excuse me, Sir Joseph, I have no desire to listen to your opinions. I prefer to give you mine.

SIR HENRY: There are ladies present.

BARRETT: (*pleasantly*) I occupy the soap box. You say Socialism will destroy the purity of the home. Of course, it will. That will be one of the chief glories of Socialism. To the devil with the purity of the home! Purity is a disease, and the suburban home is a horror.

JOHN K.: Up and away to the woods!

SIR HENRY: I am surprised to hear a young man—

BARRETT: Be calm, Sir Henry. There is no necessity for heated argument. It is our intention simply to overthrow the present form of bourgeois society.

SIR JOSEPH: Silence!

BARRETT: Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to inform you that a Reign of Terror is at hand. But what can you expect! I am standing, you see, in the interests of revolutionary Socialism.

SIR HENRY: Who will vote for you?

MISS PERKINS: You won't get in.

BARRETT: But I shall take it as a personal matter if any here present may have the effrontery to cast one such worthless vote in my favour.

SIR JOSEPH: Leave my house, sir.

BARRETT: A new era begins tomorrow. Beware! Yours for the revolution.

(*Exit BARRETT. Uproar and babble.*)

ALL: {
 Now you see our danger.
 Disgraceful.
 This is anarchy.
 Who would have believed it!

DORIS: (*to various people*) If you really wish it. Quite a pleasure, I assure you.

MISS PERKINS: (*voice rising above din*) Our first committee meeting tomorrow afternoon, three sharp.

(*General confusion.*)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

The Socialist Club. A bar, with beer barrel, bottles, etc. Two small tables. Framed photographs of Karl Marx, Tom Mann, etc., on wall.

OTTO, a fat, good-natured German, smoking a big pipe, stands behind bar, talking to HARRY HOPKINS, a little dark man bitterly in earnest.

OTTO: Der strike is gut. It vill spread.

HOPKINS: (*bitterly*) No. They'll go back to work. They always do.

OTTO: Der vorkers are little children, little children.

HOPKINS: How many know what they are striking for? They would sneak back tomorrow if they dared. Some of them are frightened of being called scabs and blacklegs—that's all. They're not fighting for principles.

OTTO: We need more propaganda—pamphlets, speeches.

HOPKINS: Yes, a million pamphlets, and about 10,000 speakers.

OTTO: Ach, dey not know. Dey not educated to Socialism.

HOPKINS: The people can't be educated. They must be coerced.

OTTO: Ach! my friend!

HOPKINS: They won't become Socialists until their backs are driven against the wall. They must be starved into Socialism. A long drought, and industrial depression—that's what Australia needs. Let the workers feel the pinch. *Then* they'll begin to think, not before. *Then* they'll listen to us, and we'll gather them in, organise them—

OTTO: You have right—right.

HOPKINS: Look here, Otto. This is the country of the satisfied working man. What can you do with people who are satisfied. Do they want the revolution? No, they believe in sane unionism—a fair day's work for a fair day's wages—and amicable relations between labour and capital—amicable relations between employer and employee—amicable relations between the bullock and the whip. What is the doctrine of the Labour party? Arbitration and Conciliation—Compromise—Oppportunism.

OTTO: You are too bitter. Der Labour Party much gut does.

HOPKINS: Does Labour attend the International Socialist Congress? No. It sends representatives to Imperial Conferences and Coronations.

OTTO: You should learn to drink. You will be more cheerful.

HOPKINS: You are too soft, Otto. You would beam benevolently over the guillotine.

OTTO: We must do vot we can do. Propaganda—more propaganda.

HOPKINS: Starvation—more starvation!

OTTO: My friend, vy von't you take one glass beer?

(Enter PETER JENSEN, a big Dane.)

Ach, Peter, vill take one glass beer.

PETER: Hasn't Barrett dropped in yet?

OTTO: Not yet.

PETER: He wants to see me. We're beginning to move.

OTTO: Lager?

PETER: Yes. You won't be tempted, Hopkins?

HOPKINS: Beer! Ugh! We're dull and sleepy enough without that.

(HOPKINS and PETER sit at table. OTTO brings beer.)

PETER: Here's luck, all the same . . . Well, what's the latest?

HOPKINS: Barrett's another lost leader.

OTTO: No. It is not so.

PETER: I don't think so.

(OTTO returns to back of bar.)

HOPKINS: What does it matter. We trust too much to leaders. Think of Hyde, Jackson, McCallum, they began with Socialism and ended in the Cabinet. They didn't desert us, oh no! They evolved. Ugh! Who would trust Barrett?

PETER: I would. He would go to the stake for his principles. You have no faith in humanity.

HOPKINS: Not too much. I believe in Nature. Nature is the greatest revolutionary. Socialism will come, whether we want it or not. It has to come.

PETER: Barrett is young, enthusiastic. He will preach Socialism to the master-class.

HOPKINS: What good will that do? The people must learn to emancipate themselves.

PETER: So. Every man can do his share.

HOPKINS: Barrett's only an intellectual. His enthusiasm will soon burn out.

PETER: What makes you think that?

HOPKINS: There are fifty reasons—his social position, his sheep station, his money, his class training. He's not one of us.

PETER: Some of our best men came from the capitalist class, Marx, Lassalle, Morris, Liebnecht—

HOPKINS: Barrett has no character.

(Enter ARTHUR GRAY, a tall, dreamy-looking young man.)

He is going to be married.

PETER: That is no secret.

HOPKINS: To the Prime Minister's daughter—that is a good joke—a society butterfly—a leader of fashion.

PETER: He will convert her.

HOPKINS: Don't you think she will convert him?

PETER: What do you say, Gray?

GRAY: I do not believe that love is degrading. I think love ennobles, spiritualises.

HOPKINS: Is that theosophic?

GRAY: It is the truth.

HOPKINS: And she is standing against him, contesting the same seat. Splendid—He will make us look ridiculous.

PETER: Drop that, Hopkins. We must all support him. It will be a big fight, but we have a chance, yes, we have a chance at last.

HOPKINS: He won't stand. You'll see, he'll draw out at the end.

GRAY: No, no. He will not forsake his ideal.

HOPKINS: My theosophic friend, you care too much for ideals. We must face the facts, the brutal facts. Socialism is a bread and butter problem. We don't want ideals. We want economics. We want—

GRAY: You are wrong, Hopkins. Rationalists are always wrong. Ideals build the future.

HOPKINS: *(bitterly)* Let us get rid of supersition. Evolution, Science, Machinery—that is the materialist trinity.

GRAY: (*arguing*) Matter does not exist. It is an illusion. Only spirit exists.

HOPKINS: Don't we stand for the materialist conception?

GRAY: I don't. Marx was wrong.

HOPKINS: Socialism is founded on science.

GRAY: Who said so? I don't believe that man is a machine, that Nature is a machine, and that God Almighty is a mechanical engineer.

HOPKINS: Who cares what you believe? You're a traitor.

GRAY: You're a dogmatist.

HOPKINS: What right have you to be a member of the S.F.A. or the I.W.W. The P.L.C.'s the place for you. You should be expelled.

GRAY: There are many schools of Socialist thought. Why should we chain the party to a narrow body of dogma! We should find room and welcome for everybody—Marxists, Syndicalists, De Leonites, Labourites, Christian Socialists, Socialists of the Chair, Fabians, Communists, Revisionists, Reformists,—

HOPKINS: Go on, go on—everybody except class-conscious Socialists.

PETER: That will do. Socialism is as wide as life. We must not get narrow and dogmatic. We can all do our share.

HOPKINS: Yes—but what do we do! Nothing—You with your ideals and palliatives—you're trying to kill the movement. I'm getting full up of all of you. You're all Moderates. Damn your reforms and damn your parliaments. What's the good of them! We want direct action—propaganda by deeds. Let us blow the system to Hell!

(*Exit HOPKINS.*)

PETER: Why are little men so bitter?

GRAY: Hopkins has a logical, but very material mind.

PETER: What are you doing there, Otto?

OTTO: I am writing article on der strike. Ach, my English is not gut.

(*Enter SYDNEY BARRETT.*)

BARRETT: Good day, Comrades . . . The revolutionists at home.

PETER: Yes. We're always fighting among ourselves.

GRAY: That's a good sign. The campaign promises well.

BARRETT: I am wondering if it is worth while.

GRAY: Don't say that. Everything is worth while. Every good thought, every right action, is assisting the scheme of the universe.

BARRETT: That sounds very well. Otto, see what's in the barrel. Do you drink beer, Gray? We ought to drink wine, of course. Beer is too Teutonic.

GRAY: No thanks. I must be off. I'm getting some facts for you.

BARRETT: Thanks. Three lagers—long—you'll join us, Otto?

OTTO: Ja, my friend.

(BARRETT sits at table with PETER. OTTO brings beer.)

PETER: Good luck.

(They drink.)

We must organise an active campaign. We have enough speakers. We'll send them all over the electorate. If we do nothing else, we'll spread our propaganda.

OTTO: Ja, dat is so—propaganda.

(OTTO returns to bar and his article.)

PETER: The Labour Party has missed its opportunity. We must teach the people what Socialism means.

BARRETT: Yes—Something ought to be done. Are you off, Gray?

GRAY: I'll be in the library. You need coaching in economics.

BARRETT: That's true. I'll trust you to supply me with the facts.

PETER: We'll keep the red flag flying.

GRAY: Yes—the flag of the future.

(Exit GRAY.)

BARRETT: (suddenly) Peter, I can't go through with this.

PETER: Why?

BARRETT: I've lost heart. She has failed me.

PETER: She does not understand. How can you expect it?

BARRETT: You understand. You are an aristocrat. Don't deny it. I know.

PETER: Ah, I have forgotten my past. I am a lumper.

BARRETT: I want your advice. You have taught me more than my professors. You know life from both sides.

PETER: Not that. I know society is bad—bad on both sides—and man is bad—but they will become better. I live for the future, not for the past. Socialism is my religion, the only one I have.

BARRETT: What do you think I should do! Hadn't I better give up! I've made a mess of things!

PETER: No! You must go on now. That is the only way.

BARRETT: I can't, Peter. I have lost energy.

PETER: You must. Hopkins says you are an intellectual who will desert us. I know better.

BARRETT: I will not desert. The Socialists are right. Sometimes I am troubled with scepticism, but no—the present system can't be palliated—it must be destroyed. What a miserable thing we have made of life! And how splendid life would be, if we were not so prudent.

PETER: You must go on. It will be a good fight.

BARRETT: She'll be in her committee-room this afternoon. I can hardly believe it. And her friends and supporters. Scandal and afternoon tea, and advanced views on surf-bathing. Shall I ever convert her?

PETER: Not till you get married. You must take up a firm position.

BARRETT: Do you think so! It's a quaint conflict, isn't it? Why, we're engaged. It's too absurd. But what am I going to do?

PETER: It will all come right. We trust you. You must expound the Socialist philosophy. All other parties have failed—Conservatives, Liberals, Laborites, there is no difference between them—because they only play the political game. They have no principles, not any. They do not want to lose a steady job, that is all. You would speak for the workers of the world, as a revolutionary, an extremist.

BARRETT: Yes, we want extremists. I'm ready for anything at present. People must believe in Socialism, must desire it—if only they could see it! Why are they so blind!

PETER: We will make a campaign this country has not yet seen.

BARRETT: What can I do, Peter! I am driven both ways, and I don't seem to have any will power.

(Enter HOPKINS.)

HOPKINS: Hullo, Barrett! Have you retired yet?

PETER: He is going to stand.

HOPKINS: I hope you won't get in, then.

BARRETT: Why?

HOPKINS: There is something in the political atmosphere that is unhealthy. I trust no politician. I wouldn't trust myself if I went into Parliament.

BARRETT: Perhaps I will retire.

HOPKINS: Ah, what did I tell you! I knew he wouldn't stand.

BARRETT: What is that?

HOPKINS: I knew you would desert.

BARRETT: Why?

HOPKINS: You are not one of us. You are a rich man.

PETER: Rot.

BARRETT: I can't help that.

HOPKINS: And you don't want to offend the lady. You put sex before Socialism.

PETER: Shut up, Hopkins.

HOPKINS: You're all the same, you intellectuals. You amuse yourself with Socialism—that's all. You have no real sympathy with the working class. When it comes to the point you throw us over. I knew how it would be.

PETER: You're wrong, Hopkins, Barrett is going to stand.

HOPKINS: Is that true?

BARRETT: Yes. I want to prove, Hopkins, that it isn't the workers who are the greatest revolutionaries. I'll go through this election to the bitter end.

HOPKINS: Do you really mean it!

BARRETT: My campaign begins in earnest now.

HOPKINS: I had doubts.

BARRETT: I want to get into Parliament—to criticise it, to demonstrate its futility.

(Enter ARTHUR GRAY.)

GRAY: What's the row?

BARRETT: We're getting up steam.

GRAY: Here are some figures.

BARRETT: We'll forget the facts.

PETER: Parliament is a good thumping board for propaganda.

BARRETT: (*with enthusiasm*) And I mean to thump hard.

OTTO: (*behind bar*) Dat is so.

BARRETT: How can anyone oppose Socialism when once it is understood! Everybody must be dissatisfied—the rich as well as the poor. People must desire change—any kind of change.

HOPKINS: And we needn't wait for a majority. Give us a strong fighting minority, and we'll shake capitalism to its rotten foundations.

BARRETT: That is the way to talk. We may be ready now. Nobody can predict precisely when a revolution is at hand.

GRAY: Socialism in our time!

PETER: We'll stir things up!

BARRETT: Yes. This is a No-compromise Campaign. We want only Socialist votes.

PETER: No Non-unionists here.

HOPKINS: We'll give 'em hell upon earth.

BARRETT: You have given me hope and enthusiasm.

OTTO: (*filling glasses*) We vill drink your ver' gut health.

HOPKINS: Rely on me. I'll talk, or canvass, or stick bills—anything you like.

BARRETT: Thanks.

PETER: It moves—it moves.

(OTTO brings round drinks.)

HOPKINS: We'll have the barricades up yet.

BARRETT: The people may be with us, they've never had a chance yet. We must trust the people.

OTTO: Dat is gut—ver' gut.

PETER: (*lifting glass*) Comrade Barrett!

GRAY: Comrade Barrett!

HOPKINS: The revolution!

OTTO: (*beaming*) Der revolution.

(*They drink and thump the table.*)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO
SCENE TWO

MISS QUIVERTON's *Committee Room*. Table spread with electoral rolls, books, newspapers, etc. A telephone. Placards on wall.

BERTIE WAINWRIGHT, an athletic young man, and VIOLET FAULKNER, a serious young lady, are working at table. MISS PERKINS has assumed command.

MISS PERKINS: (at 'phone) Will you see about the printing at once! We'll never get through. Yes? It should have been finished yesterday. The Polynesian Mission can wait. And send another thousand cards immediately—the 'Purity of the Home' cards. Very well then, no mistakes. (Putting down tube) A most unbusinesslike firm. (Arranging papers, etc., at table) We must get those letters away at once.

BERTIE: What a pile!

MISS PERKINS: Success depends on system.

BERTIE: How you remember things, Miss Perkins.

MISS PERKINS: Business is simply a matter of detail. It is a masculine superstition to suppose that women lose their heads at moments of excitement. There are 250 letters to post. And I require three typewritten copies of our address to factory girls.

BERTIE: Is that my job?

VIOLET: I'll attend to that, Miss Perkins.

BERTIE: I don't know much about these things, honor bright.

MISS PERKINS: It is not necessary to emphasise the obvious, Mr. Wainwright. Your duties will be clearly defined.

BERTIE: Thanks. I'm awfully glad to be of service, but I don't get much time for cricket.

VIOLET: You are still interested in cricket, Mr. Wainwright?

BERTIE: Rather. I've just been selected for the Victorian Eleven.

VIOLET: The Australian ideal of technical education.

MISS PERKINS: (bustling round) I think that finishes the correspondence. I forgot. Please write out an advertisement for our Town Hall Meeting. I am talking on Ideal Domestic Service among our farmers' daughters.

BERTIE: Certainly. What have I got to say?

MISS PERKINS: I do not expect a literary composition, Mr. Wainwright. A plain statement that I am going to speak will suffice.

BERTIE: O yes, of course. Are you going now?

MISS PERKINS: I shall return shortly. I must run round to the League to look over our manifesto.

BERTIE: Is there any message for Miss Quiverton?

MISS PERKINS: Tell Miss Quiverton we are doing splendidly. There is no need for her to worry. I shall attend to all the details. I'll take those letters myself. (*Picking up pile*) Men always forget to post letters. Good day.

VIOLET: Good afternoon.

BERTIE: Good afternoon.

(*Exit* MISS PERKINS.)

Isn't an election good sport. It will be jolly fine if Miss Quiverton wins.

VIOLET: I am greatly perturbed. Doris is so wilful.

BERTIE: By jove, it is funny for people who are engaged to oppose each other on political principles.

VIOLET: I am afraid I do not possess your subtle sense of humour, Mr. Wainwright. I must inform you that the engagement is going to be broken off.

BERTIE: I thought it would. I went to school with Syd.

VIOLET: So I have heard.

BERTIE: He was eccentric then, always reading and studying. He won all the prizes.

VIOLET: Indeed! There are even graver charges against Mr. Barrett than that.

BERTIE: I suppose you are interested in law and politics.

The pater wanted me to do law. He said it was a training for the mind. But I never had much time for study.

VIOLET: I had time for nothing else.

BERTIE: I never learned anything at school.

VIOLET: Your frankness is very engaging, Mr. Wainwright.

BERTIE: Cricket is the only subject I can talk intelligently about. They say I have the makings of a good left-hand bowler. I can swerve two and a half inches from the leg.

VIOLET: After all, physical culture was the Greek ideal.

BERTIE: I don't know, Miss Faulkner. I didn't do Greek. I did Latin instead. Latin was compulsory.

(*Enter* DORIS.)

DORIS: Good day! Been having an interesting chat?

VIOLET: Very. Mr. Wainwright has been telling me all about his studies.

BERTIE: Miss Perkins said to tell you we were all doing splendidly.

DORIS: Thanks, Bertie. I was sure you would. It's so good of you to help us like this. What in the world have you got there!

BERTIE: The new cards—'Purity of the Home.'

DORIS: Miss Perkins is an ideal secretary. I don't know what I would do without her. I haven't to think at all.

BERTIE: (*rising*) I'll have to hurry round with this ad. Will you want me again this afternoon?

VIOLET: No, thank you.

BERTIE: I want half an hour at the nets. We're playing New South Wales next week.

DORIS: I'll be there to watch your famous swerve.

BERTIE: I mightn't come off, you know. I can only do it with a new ball. I'll put a card in my hat for luck. Good-bye!

(*Exit BERTIE.*)

VIOLET: I like Mr. Wainwright very much. He has a child soul.

DORIS: (*suddenly*) I won't, Vi. I can't go on.

VIOLET: You must.

DORIS: I was forced into it. I didn't mean to stand against Sydney. What will he think of me! He hasn't written for a whole week.

VIOLET: Mr Barrett is a Socialist. He has no sense whatever of either his moral or political responsibility.

DORIS: Politics mean more to him than they do to me.

VIOLET: No, no, darling.

DORIS: They do. He has ideals. He told me he had. He wants to destroy everything.

VIOLET: Yes—that is too true. That is the difference between you. He will only destroy, while you will build up.

DORIS: No, I won't. I don't want to.

VIOLET: Socialism may be a beautiful dream, but it is contrary to human nature. History and Biology both teach us that men are not equal.

DORIS: I don't care. You haven't been in love, Vi.

VIOLET: I don't believe in love. It is the frailest and most fleeting of all human emotions.

DORIS: I won't give Sydney up. I can't live without him.

VIOLET: You must, darling. A suffragette said that man was only a biological necessity.

DORIS: O Vi, I don't want argument. I want sympathy.

VIOLET: You are in love only because for centuries that was woman's sole occupation. Now she realises that she has a mission and an individual life of her own. You must break off the engagement at once.

DORIS: O Vi!

VIOLET: You must dearest. Think of your life work.

DORIS: How can I tell Sydney! He will be so angry.

VIOLET: You must be brave, Doris.

DORIS: Everything is so confused. I don't know what to do.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH QUIVERTON.)

SIR JOSEPH: The strike is spreading. Never in the history of the Commonwealth have we experienced such a condition of industrial unrest.

DORIS: You are a confirmed pessimist, father.

SIR JOSEPH: Not at all. That is a popular illusion regarding my true character. I am really a cheerful man. I always try to look on the bright side of things, but when there is no bright side how can I be expected to look on it.

VIOLET: We are making progress, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: I hope you have a good grip of the situation.

DORIS: I find the technical terms rather confusing. What is the real meaning of the Referendum.

SIR JOSEPH: A vote of the whole people.

DORIS: I thought that was all arranged by the Caucus.

VIOLET: No, no, Doris. You must get clear ideas on those subjects.

DORIS: It's no use. You are a lawyer, but I could never understand Political Economy.

VIOLET: You must read *Hansard*.

DORIS: I was told it would spoil my style.

(Enter LADY PILLSBURY.)

LADY PILLSBURY: Good afternoon. I can only stay a few moments.

DORIS: Please sit down. You must be tired.

LADY PILLSBURY: Yes, dear. I am always tired.

DORIS: You need a change in the country.

LADY PILLSBURY: I loathe the country. The food is so monotonous. I have some important news.

SIR JOSEPH: Yes?

LADY PILLSBURY: That man Johnson's retiring, so Sir Henry has secured a walk-over.

SIR JOSEPH: That makes our prospects look brighter.

LADY PILLSBURY: I don't know what he can do, but he may be able to help you on the platform. I shall see that he is very brief. My husband is such a tedious speaker.

(Enter JOHN K. HILL.)

JOHN K.: I hope I don't intrude.

DORIS: Rolls may be inspected within.

LADY PILLSBURY: We are sowing the seed.

DORIS: (*giving card*) My card, Mr. Hill.

JOHN K.: Miss Quiverton, you are an Australian Joan of Arc.

DORIS: O thank you.

JOHN K.: I saw your photo in the *Australasian*. I have sent it abroad to my friends.

DORIS: That is what one usually does with the *Australasian*.

SIR JOSEPH: Must you really go, Lady Pillsbury.

LADY PILLSBURY: Yes, really. I have such a lot to do.

I am arranging that we shall all wear white rosettes to defy the blood red banners of the Socialists. Politics absorb so much attention that I have no time to attend to mere domestic details. For the last week I have left Sir Henry entirely in the hands of the maids.

DORIS: Poor Sir Henry.

LADY PILLSBURY: I am the one to be studied, my dear.

(*Rising*) No, I must go. Being President of four Leagues, I am fighting Socialism in many quarters. Good afternoon.

JOHN K.: Warmest congratulations to Sir Henry.

(Exit LADY PILLSBURY.)

I received a wire from Chicago to-day. 'Go ahead with the coffins,' it said.

DORIS: And will you?

JOHN K.: We are depending on you, Miss Quiverton, to

save the industry. That is the only solution of the Chinese question. Here is the latest *Socialist*.

VIOLET: A wicked paper.

JOHN K.: 'Organ of revolution.' 'Voice of discontent.'

SIR JOSEPH: It is the employers now-a-days who have most cause for discontent. The word of a reputable merchant is no longer accepted.

JOHN K.: It contains an article by that young man, Sydney Barrett. He is blowin' out more hot air.

DORIS: Do tell me what he has been saying.

JOHN K.: (*reading*) I have marked sert'n passages. Listen to this: 'Chinese proverb on the Class War:— I am the rice; thou art the eater; how can there be peace between us? Every strike is right. Every strike is morally justifiable. There is no immorality save defeat. There can be no amicable relations between Labor and Capital, between Right and Wrong, till every employer is eliminated'— eliminated.

SIR JOSEPH: Haven't I passed Wages Boards for the settlement of industrial disputes!

DORIS: The Boards reduce the men's wages, do they not, and Arbitration is resorted to to imprison those who raise objections.

SIR JOSEPH: Who said that?

DORIS: Mr. Barrett.

SIR JOSEPH: The man's an agitator, a red-flagger, a Yarra-banker.

JOHN K.: (*impressively*) That is not the finish. He goes on to propose, what do you think?

VIOLET: What?

JOHN K.: Repudiation of the National Debt.

VIOLET: Repudiation!

SIR JOSEPH: Confiscation! The issue, in every sense of the word, is a vital one. May I see the paper for a moment?

(*He examines the article.*)

VIOLET: Speaking as a lawyer, Mr. Hill, I should say that article was seditious.

JOHN K.: I guess it is. And we're up against it, good and hard. What are we goin' to do about it?

SIR JOSEPH: If things come to the worst steps will be taken to enforce the Strikes Coercion Act. I will abolish

Trial by Jury to expedite justice. I will prohibit demonstrations on the Yarra bank. What more can a moderate man do?

JOHN K.: Can't Barrett be arrested?

DORIS: Arrested!

SIR JOSEPH: Desperate cases require desperate remedies.

VIOLET: I think we should use diplomacy. There are more women than men in the electorate. If we work conscientiously, Mr. Barrett will be defeated.

JOHN K.: I want to help. What can I do? Gee, you'll need conveyances for your supporters. I'll hire every car in the town.

VIOLET: What a bright idea!

JOHN K.: Motors, taxis, cabs, lorries, perambulators—every vehicle that runs on wheels. We'll make our opponents walk.

VIOLET: Splendid!

JOHN K.: I'll beat it to the battlefield, and remember in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail.

SIR JOSEPH: I'll go with you, Mr. Hill. I must interview the Commissioner of Police.

(Exeunt SIR JOSEPH QUIVERTON and JOHN K. HILL, talking earnestly.)

DORIS: Father threatens to put Sydney in prison. It's an outrage.

VIOLET: That is not your father's intention.

DORIS: If he attempts to, I'll join the Socialists.

VIOLET: You can't retire now if you wanted to. Think of the scandal.

DORIS: Things are worse than ever, much worse.

VIOLET: You are still attracted towards that man.

DORIS: Why must I give Sydney up?

VIOLET: Mr. Barrett wants to provoke what is described as the Class War. He would abolish the rights of property. O Doris, think of the poor people he would ruin. He would take away their hard-earned savings, and divide them among the unemployed. It is terrible to think of the consequences. There might be bloodshed.

DORIS: Why don't you help me, Vi!

VIOLET: It is a noble mission you have undertaken. I'm proud of you. We'll have a quiet talk, dear.

DORIS: I'm so tired and miserable.

(Ring at 'phone.)

Bother! *(Going to 'phone)* Hullo, hullo. Yes. O Sydney! Why haven't you written? What do you say? Am I going on? I'm fighting for the home I haven't got. Yes, yes. You may call if you are good. I'll be here, in the Committee Room. Violet won't mind. At once? Now? Are you coming now? Of course. Nobody will be here. Good-bye—yours, for the established order. *(Putting down 'phone)* It's Syd. He's at the Socialist Club. He's coming round here.

VIOLET: You should refuse to see him.

DORIS: I want a few minutes alone.

VIOLET: You must be firm, Doris. Remember, all is over between you.

DORIS: You are too intellectual. It's not fair.

VIOLET: Your duty is clear. You must not listen to his excuses or be beguiled by specious arguments. Now is your opportunity. Tell him the truth.

DORIS: How can I hurt him like that?

VIOLET: Duty first, Doris. Promise you will give him up.

DORIS: O Violet.

VIOLET: You are setting an example to the English-speaking race. You are an instrument in the hands of a higher power.

DORIS: Miss Perkins seems to be the higher power.

VIOLET: Doris!

(Enter MISS PERKINS.)

MISS PERKINS: Do you know we are going to have a band for our Town Hall Meeting! The 'White Rose Troubadours' have offered to play without remuneration. Here is a copy of our manifesto.

DORIS: It looks very nice, indeed. But haven't we sent out enough?

MISS PERKINS: We must flood the electorate with instructive literature. Has Mr Wainwright taken round the advertisement?

VIOLET: Yes.

MISS PERKINS: We expect an immense crowd. Our series

of addresses to business women has made our good work widely known.

DORIS: I can't speak in public.

MISS PERKINS: I shall address the meeting. You may be indisposed.

DORIS: Thanks. I shall be.

MISS PERKINS: 'The Good Woman's Rally'—Do you like that heading?

VIOLET: It is effective.

DORIS: (*looking over manifesto*) What is this? Curfew Bell—do I believe in that?

MISS PERKINS: Certainly.

DORIS: What are these clauses? 'Anti-Cigarette Crusade!' 'Abolition of mixed bathing!' 'The proper lighting of our parks and gardens!' I don't think we should spoil our gardens with unromantic illuminations.

MISS PERKINS: It is all part of our general crusade against vice. We are concentrating all our energies on Social Reform.

DORIS: Are we opposed to all forms of pleasure?

MISS PERKINS: That is what the public demands.

DORIS: I seem to be frightfully strict. Don't you think things will be a little dull if I am returned?

MISS PERKINS: That is the Liberal objective. I hope I have forgotten nothing.

VIOLET: So far everything is most satisfactory. Will you have afternoon tea with me, Miss Perkins?

MISS PERKINS: I think we'll have time for a fruit salad.

DORIS: Excuse me, I will rest a little.

VIOLET: Remember what I told you, Doris. Promise!

DORIS: I promise, Vi. I want a few minutes to study the manifesto.

MISS PERKINS: Don't worry, Miss Quiverton. I feel confident you will achieve a triumphant victory.

VIOLET: (*kissing DORIS*) It is all for the best, Doris.

(*Exeunt VIOLET and MISS PERKINS. Doris throws down manifesto, and sits in reflective attitude. Enter SYDNEY BARRETT.*)

DORIS: O! Come in Syd. Nobody is here.

(*BARRETT walks round nervously.*)

What is the matter, Syd? You are pale.

BARRETT: Why did God create the world?

DORIS: How do I know?

BARRETT: I have something to say to you.

DORIS: Sydney!

BARRETT: Yes!

DORIS: Aren't you going to kiss me?

BARRETT: No.

DORIS: Everybody is away.

BARRETT: I am not ashamed of kissing you before people.

It is for higher reasons I refrain.

DORIS: Don't be so restless. What is the matter with you?

BARRETT: This country, if you wish to know, is on the verge of a revolution.

DORIS: (*languidly*) So I have heard.

BARRETT: This is no time for idle gossip. This is no time for political platitudes. I am forgetting my duty. When

I am with you, Doris, I usually forget my duty.

DORIS: Why do you wear those perpetual red ties? They don't suit you a bit.

BARRETT: Why are you opposing me? I suppose you have some motive.

DORIS: If you only knew, Sydney! Why won't you give up this political dissipation?

BARRETT: You cannot rise to my ideal.

DORIS: (*anxiously*) You will be put in prison.

BARRETT: Why not?

DORIS: What is the good of being a martyr for nothing!

BARRETT: What do you propose?

DORIS: I don't know. I don't want to hurt you. I can't tell you.

BARRETT: I want to explain, Doris. Promise you will be brave.

DORIS: Yes. Syd! What is it?

BARRETT: This is not a hasty decision. I have not trusted to the inspiration of the moment.

DORIS: Don't look so serious! I can't bear any more. I have been worried all morning with people calling, and telephoning, and manifestoes. Mr. Hill has talked about coffins. Lady Pillsbury had another sick headache. Miss Perkins has made me approve of a Curfew Bell in the interests of morality. Violet has said I am setting an

example to the English-speaking race. And father has assured me, three times at least, that the issue in every sense of the word is a vital one. I can't go on like this. I want a little peace.

BARRETT: Not peace, but a sword. Won't you realise the importance of the position? What do you think all these strikes are for? In a period like this one must be on one side or the other. Doris, Doris, this is a cause that demands all sacrifices. The people are with us. We must trust the people. Why have you so little faith?

DORIS: Violet says, O—I can't tell you the truth.

BARRETT: I have something to say to you.

DORIS: You said that before.

BARRETT: I know I have a habit of repeating myself—one of my qualifications for a political career. Doris, will you give up this frivolous opposition and work for the Cause?

DORIS: Violet says I am working for a cause.

BARRETT: I hope I have been fair to you. O Doris, I love you—but I cannot marry you. Forgive me!

DORIS: You know, Sydney, I have a generous nature. I have been thinking of you. How can you possibly live without me?

BARRETT: This action is imperative. You do not understand my mission. Considering your environment it is hardly to be expected that you would. I do not blame you. I am before my time.

DORIS: Everything is very satisfactory then.

BARRETT: Satisfactory? Why? How?

DORIS: I had just decided that I could not possibly marry you.

BARRETT: Do you mean that?

DORIS: Yes. I didn't know how to tell you. I hope I have not spoiled your life.

BARRETT: This is an extraordinary situation.

DORIS: Henceforth it is a duel between us.

BARRETT: Australia must choose between your ideal and mine.

DORIS: You are sure to lose.

BARRETT: I am not on trial. It is Australia that is on trial.

DORIS: I am sure you will be disappointed. People don't

believe in poets and martyrs and heroes and prophets.
They belong to the past.

BARRETT: Doris, do you imagine that anybody will vote for you?

DORIS: Of course they will. They are so stupid. Why, people even vote for father.

BARRETT: I forgot that.

DORIS: We must not judge him too harshly. He bears the burden of Empire.

BARRETT: There is no more to be said. Good-bye.

DORIS: Good-bye, Sydney. One kiss.

(He kisses her.)

Don't say it is to be our last.

(She holds him.)

BARRETT: *(breaking away)* I am in earnest. People are waiting for a man like me.

(He makes for door.)

DORIS: Sydney!

(He returns.)

One more kiss!

BARRETT: No, no. I dare not.

DORIS: Just one.

BARRETT: No. You are the Good Woman candidate.
Good-bye.

(Exit BARRETT, hastily.)

DORIS: *(rushing after him)* Sydney, come back. I don't want to be a good woman.

(She breaks down.)

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

Vacant square, at street corner. Night before election.

A Liberal rally. Motor car used as platform.

The usual election crowd.

FAT MAN: Speak up.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Get a move on!

MISS PERKINS: (*concluding her address*) We are fighting for Social Reform and the Purity of the Home. There are our banners.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Are you in favor of hobble skirts?

MISS PERKINS: I am not in favor of small boys smoking cigarettes.

(*Laughter.*)

The prohibition of tobacco and alcohol would make you a better man . . . It is time women took their proper place in our National Assembly.

(*Cheers.*)

In Finland and Norway women have asserted their right to legislate as well as vote. I am informed that in Denmark, women act in the capacity of police constables.

(*Laughter.*)

Why should Australia lag behind Europe? We will show to-morrow what we can do. I ask every man and woman who values home life to vote for and support Miss Quiverton—the Good Woman candidate.

(*Cheers.*)

SIR HENRY: Lady Pillsbury will now address the meeting.

(*MISS PERKINS sits down. LADY PILLSBURY steps forward.*)

FAT MAN: What price the hat?

CHEEKY YOUTH: Are you going down the Bay on Sunday?

BERTIE: Give the lady a chance.

CHEEKY YOUTH: That's Bertie Wainwright.

FAT MAN: What ho! Bertie.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Who got one for ninety-seven?

BERTIE: Have a bit of sense.

(Laughter.)

FAT MAN: Played, Bertie. Hit him to leg.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Don't be like the googlies.

SIR HENRY: I appeal to the British sense of fair play.

FAT MAN: Sit down, you loafer.

WORKING WOMAN: That's her 'usband.

FAT MAN: He looks like it.

BERTIE: Be sports now, be sports!

FAT MAN: Give the old lady a chance!

(Cheers.)

LADY PILLSBURY: Ladies and gentlemen—

FAT MAN: There ain't none here.

LADY PILLSBURY: I made a mistake. Some of you are not gentlemen—

(Hurrah! hurrah!)

It is indeed time women took their proper place in the government of the country.

WORKING WOMAN: Go home and mind the baby.

FAT MAN: She hasn't got one.

LADY PILLSBURY: Women have been kept down in the past and have had no opportunity—

WORKING WOMAN: Fancy listenin' to that all day.

CHEEKY YOUTH: And she's never been kissed.

(Laughter.)

LADY PILLSBURY: *(excitedly)* You are afraid to listen to me. You are cowards. You don't want to hear the truth.

FAT MAN: Are you in favor of a tax on bachelors?

(Laughter.)

LADY PILLSBURY: The Socialists will destroy the home. They will take your children away.

WORKING WOMAN: I wish they would take mine.

(Laughter.)

LADY PILLSBURY: They will divide everything among themselves. They won't leave a roof to our heads.

CHEEKY YOUTH: We'll sleep in the park.

LADY PILLSBURY: *(losing her head)* We will carry this

election in spite of the hooligans. That's what you are—hooligans.

WORKING WOMAN: Who are you? Don't talk to me. I'm as good as you. Have you ever worked for your livin'?

FAT MAN: Keep goin', old woman.

CHEEKY YOUTH: You're doin' well.

LADY PILLSBURY: Have you no sense of chivalry? Have you no respect for your wives?

CHEEKY YOUTH: You ain't my wife, Fanny.

WORKING WOMAN: Speak to your 'usband. 'E's used to it.

FAT MAN: Sit down! Sit down!

LADY PILLSBURY: Your conduct is disgraceful—disgraceful. I am ashamed of you—hooligans.

FAT MAN: Where's the candidate?

(LADY PILLSBURY *retires, exhausted. Cheers and laughter.*)

MISS PERKINS: There are other speakers to follow.

FAT MAN: Bring on the candidate.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Come on, Doris.

FAT MAN: Doris, Doris. That's a pretty name.

MISS PERKINS: (*businesslike*) As the Prime Minister has to leave us to address his supporters in the Town Hall, I will call on him now to make a few remarks. No doubt you are all anxious to hear him.

CHEEKY YOUTH: No, no.

FAT MAN: Bring Doris on.

MISS PERKINS: At great personal inconvenience Sir Joseph Quiverton consented to be present at our meeting to-night. I ask you to give him a patient hearing.

(SIR JOSEPH *rises, bows to ladies, and faces the crowd.*)

The Prime Minister.

(*Cheers and groans.*)

SIR JOSEPH: Lady Pillsbury, ladies and gentlemen—when I look round on this great gathering, representing all classes of the community—

FAT MAN: Loafer! Loafer! Git work!

SIR JOSEPH: When I look round on such a gathering as is assembled here to-night I feel that it is the duty of all patriotic parties to sink minor differences—to forget past

grievances, parochial jealousies—and, standing shoulder to shoulder, to take a broad national outlook.

(Hear! Hear!)

Our policy—the policy of the Great Liberal Party—

(Cheers and groans.)

It took a great deal to bring us together, but now we are together it will take a great deal to separate us—

FAT MAN: Traitor! Judas! Judas!

SIR JOSEPH: The Liberals and Conservatives fused without the sacrifice of a single principle—

FAT MAN: You never had any—Judas!

SIR JOSEPH: Our policy is to keep in full step with the progress of the country. I am a progressive man, and a warm friend of all legitimate reform.

FAT MAN: You turned your coat, Joe.

OLD MAN: Hear! Hear!

SIR JOSEPH: But I have no sympathy with visionary ideals—chasing rainbows or the Aurora Borealis—

CHEEKY YOUTH: Why don't you spell it?

SIR JOSEPH: You should attend a night school, young man.

(Laughter.)

I am a plain practical man—

CHEEKY YOUTH: You're a wowser.

FAT MAN: Wowser! Wowser!

CHEEKY YOUTH: Who tried to stop Tatt's?

FAT MAN: Joseph the Wowser.

(Laughter.)

SIR JOSEPH: Wowser, my friends, I am proud of the title. What you call Wowserism stands for all that is highest and noblest in the life of the community.

(Laughter and cheers.)

We must solve in a practical manner the problems of to-day. The next generation will have its own problems to solve. Of course, the Liberal proposals will evolve and expand—

FAT MAN: Talk politics.

CHEEKY YOUTH: You're a wowser.

FAT MAN: Talk politics.

SIR JOSEPH: Yes. I will talk politics, and in the teeth of opposition, I repeat that as long as I am entrusted with the leadership of this great party, I mean to continue in the sphere of practical legislation.

(Cheers.)

OLD MAN: He's an orator. You can't deny that.

SIR JOSEPH: Practical legislation—that is our motto. But we must be careful not to do harm. We are a debtor, not a creditor nation, and cannot afford to do anything that would penalise us in regard to our loans. The financial problem—

CHEEKY YOUTH: Why don't you pay your butcher's bill?

(Laughter.)

SIR JOSEPH: The situation is grave, and we must act in a statesmanlike manner. Confidence—confidence, that is what we seek to inspire both at home and abroad.

OLD MAN: He ain't beat yet. Go in, Joe, give it to 'em.

SIR JOSEPH: For twenty-six years I have held my seat in Parliament, and during that period I have never broken a single pledge.

OLD MAN: Hear! Hear!

SIR JOSEPH: I stand before the electors pointing confidently to my past career as the fearless champion of progress and reform—the Farmer's Friend—the unswerving advocate of democratic legislation.

FAT MAN: Are you in favor of a barbed wire fence round Port Philip to keep out the barracouta?

SIR JOSEPH: Who are our opponents? Men of straw.

(Laughter.)

What have they ever done for Labour?

FAT MAN: You never done a day's work in your life.

SIR JOSEPH: I have fought for more work for all—higher wages for all—and general prosperity to Australian men and women.

(Cheers.)

OLD MAN: You're a statesman, Joe. They don't like it.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Shut up.

SIR JOSEPH: This election is a turning point in the history of the Commonwealth. We are standing, as it were, at the parting of the ways. Will this great country make for progress or re-action? That is the question before us. The answer depends on *you*.

FAT MAN: Yes—No. No—Yes.

CHEEKY YOUTH: What are you talking about, Joe?

(Enter HARRY HOPKINS and ARTHUR GRAY. They take prominent positions near car.)

SIR JOSEPH: If the Socialists gain a majority—

HOPKINS: They will.

SIR JOSEPH: I have no fear of the results—I trust the people—I said *if*—

(Laughter.)

Confidence in Australia will be shaken. No prudent man would dare to invest. What would be the result of such an election? I will tell you. Capital will be driven out of the country.

HOPKINS: You've said that before.

FAT MAN: Give your daughter a show.

(Laughter.)

WORKING WOMAN: Come on, Doris. Don't be bashful!

BERTIE: Don't you know how to be sports?

CHEEKY YOUTH: Bertie made a blob. Clean bowled.

SIR JOSEPH: As I stand before you to-night in the proud position of leader of a great party—

CHEEKY YOUTH: Turn it up, Joe.

FAT MAN: You're gettin' stale.

SIR JOSEPH: Regarding our Imperial responsibilities—

FAT MAN: Now, boys, all together.

CROWD: *(To the tune of 'Old John Brown.')*

Old Joe's body lies a-mouldering,

Old Joe's body lies a-mouldering,

Old Joe's body lies a-mouldering in the grave

But his talk goes marching on.

(Cheers and laughter.)

His talk goes marching on.

SIR JOSEPH: Regarding our Imperial responsibilities—

CROWD: (*shouting*)

Old Joe's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his talk goes marching on.

FAT MAN: Poor old Joe.

CHEEKY YOUTH: You're a has-been.

LADY PILLSBURY: (*coming forward*) Shame on you! Do
you call yourselves men?

CHEEKY YOUTH: 'Ow is it, birdie?

WORKING WOMAN: Go 'ome to your 'usband.

FAT MAN: Put Doris on. Come on, Doris. We've bin
waitin' all night for you.

BERTIE: Play the game there. Be sports.

SIR JOSEPH: I urge on the electors the necessity of casting
an intelligent vote to-morrow. The eyes of the Empire
are upon us.

HOPKINS: I want to ask the speaker a question.

FAT MAN: Get on the car.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Play us a tune, Bertie.

SIR JOSEPH: Certainly, I will answer any intelligent
question.

(*Cheers.*)

HOPKINS: There are 2,000 men on strike—

SIR JOSEPH: I can't hear you. Come up here.

(*Cheers as HOPKINS steps on to the car.*)

HOPKINS: (*on car*) There are 2,000 bakers on strike.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Who told you?

HOPKINS: Do you propose to nationalise the bread industry?

SIR JOSEPH: My policy is to carry out the wishes of the
people.

(*Cheers.*)

HOPKINS: Will you nationalise bread?

SIR JOSEPH: Man does not live by bread alone.

(*Cheers.*)

GRAY: That's no answer. That's no answer.

SIR JOSEPH: It is a big subject, my young friend. I would
not like to commit myself to a positive answer. That is a
question for sociologists.

HOPKINS: You can't. You don't know how.

SIR JOSEPH: I didn't say I was against it.

HOPKINS: Bosh!

SIR JOSEPH: When you are twenty years older—

HOPKINS: Will you give us Government bread?

FAT MAN: And free beer!

(Laughter.)

SIR JOSEPH: You are a Socialist, I believe.

HOPKINS: I am.

SIR JOSEPH: So am I—but a safe Socialist.

(Cheers.)

HOPKINS: *(getting down from car)* I don't want to hear any more flap-doodle.

FAT MAN: You're right there.

HOPKINS: You're only a bluff. You know nothing about Socialism.

SIR JOSEPH: Your question is irrelevant. The nationalisation of bread does not come within the sphere of practical politics.

(Cheers.)

OLD MAN: You had him there, Joe.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Put your head in a bag.

SIR JOSEPH: Does any other gentleman wish to ask a question?

(GRAY goes up to car.)

If not, we will now pass on to more practical matters. History teaches us that we must beware of hasty legislation—

GRAY: *(on car)* I would like to ask a question.

(Cheers.)

SIR JOSEPH: I refuse to be harassed by frivolous interruptions.

GRAY: If you don't know how to answer it—

SIR JOSEPH: What is it?

GRAY: Will you support a National Theatre?

SIR JOSEPH: I have no time to go into that matter to-night. I have another important meeting to address.

HOPKINS: You don't know anything about it.

FAT MAN: Loafer!

SIR JOSEPH: We should teach our children to be self-reliant, to depend on themselves, not on the State.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Throw in your marble, Joe.

SIR JOSEPH: The time is not yet ripe for the full consideration of such subjects. We must deal in a sound practical manner with questions affecting the welfare of the people. The Liberal Party represents all classes without fear or favor, and exists for the equal benefit of all.

(Cheers.)

GRAY: *(retiring from car)* He knows no better.

SIR JOSEPH: Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your patient hearing, and, in conclusion, urge on you the necessity of casting an intelligent vote to-morrow in favor of the Liberal and Progressive candidates.

(Cheers. SIR JOSEPH sits down. SIR HENRY steps forward.)

SIR HENRY: I have much pleasure in proposing a vote of confidence in Miss Quiverton—the Good Woman candidate.

BERTIE: I second that. Miss Quiverton's a good sport.

MISS PERKINS: All in favour signify the same in the usual manner.

(Hands go up.)

Against. Carried.

BERTIE: Three cheers for Miss Quiverton.

(Three cheers are given.)

Tiger.

(Another cheer.)

MISS PERKINS: I thank you on behalf of the candidate for your attendance here to-night.

FAT MAN: Where's Doris?

CHEEKY YOUTH: We want to hear Doris.

WORKING WOMAN: Is Doris deaf and dumb?

FAT MAN: Come on Doris.

MISS PERKINS: (*sharply*) Miss Quiverton is indisposed. The meeting is now closed. Be sure to vote for the Good Woman candidate.

(*Cheers. BERTIE winds up car. JOHN K. toots on horn. The CHEEKY YOUTH gives advice. At last the car moves off amid cheers.*)

CHEEKY YOUTH: They're off.

FAT MAN: Good-bye, Dorry. Why don't yer raffle ther car!

CHEEKY YOUTH: Good-bye, Fanny. See you later.

WORKING WOMAN: Go 'ome to yer 'usband.

BERTIE: (*waving banner*) Vote for the Good Woman candidate.

(*As the party drives away, there is a fight in the crowd. A Policeman interferes and takes off one of the men. The crowd follows him. When the band is heard, the people return.*)

OLD MAN: Old Joe ain't done yet. He's an old war horse, 'e is, you can't deny that.

FAT MAN: He's a gas bag.

OLD MAN: They've left a flag behind.

HOPKINS: Tear it down.

GRAY: Don't go yet. Barrett is going to speak here. He'll give you some straight talk. He's a Socialist.

WORKING WOMAN: This 'ere Socialry may be all right for them wot 'as nuthin', but it ain't no use for the likes of us.

OLD MAN: I ain't no Socialist.

HOPKINS: You're an old blitherer. (*To crowd*) Hold on there.

OLD MAN: Don't talk to me like that, young feller.

WORKING WOMAN: What's all this about the time not bein' ripe—I never 'erd sich tork in all me life. It makes me tired.

HOPKINS: Don't go yet. The fun's going to begin.

(*A band is heard approaching.*)

Hallo! Here they come.

GRAY: Barrett's coming.

WORKING WOMAN: Who are they?

GRAY: The Socialists.

FAT MAN: What is it? The Salvation Army.

(A straggling Socialist procession, headed by BARRETT, PETER JENSEN, and OTTO appears, with band and banners—'Workers of the world unite!' 'Revolution!' 'Industrial unionism!' They enter singing 'Raise your standard, Brother'.)

SOCIALISTS:

Raise your standard, brother, higher, still, and
higher.

Let the thought of justice all your deeds
inspire.

Let your eyes be kindled with a love-lit fire.

(Chorus)

Virtue for our armour, justice for our sword,
Human love our master, human love our lord—
So shall we be marching, fighting in accord.

(Cheers. Socialists take up position and put up flags.)

PETER: Where's the soap box? You can speak here.

OTTO: Vorkers of the world unite!

PETER: Comrade Barrett will now address the meeting.

HOPKINS: We haven't got motor cars, but the soap box
will do for us.

PETER: Go on Syd! Comrade Barrett!

OTTO: Comrade Barrett!

(BARRETT gets on soap box. Cheers from Socialists.)

BARRETT: Comrades, I didn't hear the Prime Minister,
but I'm sure he talked platitudes.

OLD MAN: He's a better man than you. He talks politics.

BARRETT: It is not my intention to talk politics. I don't
believe in politics.

FAT MAN: Give us your programme.

BARRETT: I haven't got one. I believe in all the things
you are too stupid to understand.

OLD MAN: Do you believe in Immigration?

BARRETT: No, why bring in agricultural laborers. Haven't
we sufficient dullness of our own! Australia doesn't need
workers—it needs idlers—it needs Egyptologists, and
biblical critics, metaphysicians and Italian tenors, and it
needs them very badly.

FAT MAN: Talk sense.

OLD MAN: You don't represent the working men.

BARRETT: Of course I don't. That's why they should vote for me. Remember it is not your business to teach me—the proletariat is always the most Conservative element in Society—it is my business to teach you.

FAT MAN: Are you in favor of free beer?

(Laughter.)

BARRETT: I've told you till I'm tired that nothing matters except the fundamental reconstruction of Society.

OLD MAN: Talk practical politics.

BARRETT: Haven't you had enough of practical politics? What does your practical man do? He establishes a jam factory or opens a coal mine. What is the good of that? We can do without coal, and nobody wants jam. Or he irrigates a splendid desert for the production of lucerne and dried apricots. And you applaud him for it—fools! Why, the curse of this country, and every other country, is the plain practical common sense man with his low standards and narrow outlook. We want poets, dreamers, builders of ideals. The national need is a thoroughly unpractical man.

OLD MAN: You're mad.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Get your head read!

BARRETT: Take the Prime Minister—Australia's noblest son.

(Laughter.)

He alleges he is bursting to reform things—the tote, the tariff—bible reading in State Schools—the regulation of the sale of matches—anything, everything, nothing—when the time is ripe. He would promise to reform the Kingdom of Heaven when the time is ripe. But it never is.

(Cheers.)

The practical man assures us, with enthusiasm, that the time is not yet ripe for any kind of change. I tell you the time is ripe. It has been ripe for centuries. And our politicians are ripe too—not to say rotten.

(Laughter.)

FAT MAN: Why don't you join the Labour Party?

BARRETT: I am an extremist. All your leaders have failed because they have tried to please you by useless palliation instead of preparing you for co-operative action. I don't want to please you. Therefore, I am the man you should support . . . All things flow, said Heraclitus of old, and our party stands for the philosophy of change.

CHEEKY YOUTH: Get your hair cut.

WORKING WOMAN: Go home to your mother, Sonny.

FAT MAN: Do you believe in a State Bank?

BARRETT: No. I don't believe in anything. It's a waste of time talking to you people. If you are too ignorant to understand the new philosophy, don't vote for me. I don't want your votes. And I tell you now, I will never open a bazaar for you. I'll never send a subscription to your local cricket club. I won't find your foolish sons jobs. I won't do anything for you at all. That is my policy.

(Cheers.)

I believe in bread and the circus, especially the circus. That is why I advocate a National Theatre for the production of unpopular plays. But I don't suppose you are interested in my views.

FAT MAN: No! No!

CHEEKY YOUTH: Go on, Willy.

BARRETT: Well, then, I believe in compulsory Greek in schools and universities. I believe in open-air cafes, where one could drink wine and meet one's friends, and listen to stringed quartettes. I believe in picnics and festivals, a two-hours' working day, and in the abolition of all useless machinery . . . I believe a million a year should be expended on Art . . . And I favor the suppression of daily newspapers, picture-shows, A.N.A. debates, feminine fiction, pony-racing, pleasant Sunday afternoons, and all other forms of popular amusement. Does that touch the great heart of the people?

FAT MAN: No. You won't get in.

BARRETT: I've talked for a month to large and unintelligent audiences, but agitation wearies me. However, if you believe in change, vote for me to-morrow—but if you are contented with things as they are—don't.

(BARRETT sits down. Cheers.)

PETER: I move a vote of confidence in Comrade Sydney Barrett—the only revolutionary Socialist.

GRAY: I second that.

HOPKINS: All in favor of the Socialist candidate raise their hands?

(Hands go up.)

The black-livered scoundrels against him put up their hands! The motion is carried.

(Cheers. The Socialists make a demonstration. The red flag is waved. Cheers, etc.)

HOPKINS: 'The Red Flag'.

PETER: 'The Red Flag'.

BARRETT: Don't sing that damned thing again.

SOCIALISTS: *(singing lustily)*

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff or cold
Their heart's blood dyed its ev'ry fold.

HOPKINS: Let her go. All together.

SOCIALISTS: *(singing the chorus)*

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

CURTAIN

ACT FOUR

SIR JOSEPH QUIVERTON's *Drawing Room. Election Night.*

SIR JOSEPH: (*at 'phone*) What is that? Don't shout. Articulate more distinctly. The Prime Minister's speaking. Any further returns? What is causing the delay? Have I won? W-o-n. Done. Who is done? Doubtful. Everything is doubtful. I am doubtful. You are doubtful. The immortality of the soul is doubtful.

(*Enter BUTLER.*)

Curse these Swedish machines! Why can't we have British! Hillo. I can't hear you. Ring up at once, if you hear anything. Very well, then—(*Throwing down the tube*) The results are still delayed. This suspense is frightful.

BUTLER: Are you safe, Sir Joseph?

SIR JOSEPH: Not yet. It is a close contest.

BUTLER: After all you've done for them, Sir. You have given the people too much already, and yet they're not satisfied.

SIR JOSEPH: This is the first time I have been seriously opposed for twenty-three years. The people are certainly forgetting their best friends.

BUTLER: This could never happen in England, Sir. The lower orders know their place.

SIR JOSEPH: I have done my best. It is unbecoming a public man to do more. What an election night! Momentous issues are at stake. The eyes of the Empire are upon us. (*Sitting down exhausted*) What will they say in England?

BUTLER: England is strong enough to be sympathetic. Look at our good work in India, in Egypt, in Ireland. It speaks for itself. We have the knack of government, of administration—just a knack, Sir. It is largely a matter of birth.

SIR JOSEPH: You are a true Britisher, Percy.

BUTLER: Yes, sir. I was born and bred in Birmingham. (*With superiority*) Australia is a young country. It has no hereditary aristocracy. We should assist you, sir, with more of our best public men. Australia needs more English advisers, more officers, more clergymen, more governors.

SIR JOSEPH: You might arrange the supper room, some of my friends will arrive soon.

BUTLER: Yes, sir. I have iced the champagne.

(Cheers outside.)

SIR JOSEPH: What is that?

BUTLER: Vox populi.

(They go to window.)

There are some people in the street. They are cheering Miss Quiverton. I see her car.

SIR JOSEPH: I am restless to-night. Keep the car! I will go round to the newspaper office. There must be some results through.

BUTLER: Yes, sir. You are a statesman, Sir Joseph. If there were more men of your stamp in public life, democratic legislation would never have been heard of.

(Exit BUTLER, enter DORIS.)

DORIS: Who's winning, father?

SIR JOSEPH: The returns are incomplete. Have you any news?

DORIS: Crowds are waiting round the newspaper offices, cheering and hooting. It is like a Test Match. The Socialists must be doing well. There are red flags everywhere, and noisy processions with bands playing the *Marseillaise*. It is quite thrilling.

SIR JOSEPH: I must know how we stand. I will return as quickly as possible.

(Exit SIR JOSEPH. Enter BUTLER.)

DORIS: Are we going to win, Percy?

BUTLER: I don't know, miss. The lower orders vote in this country.

DORIS: Yes, that causes the delay; it wastes such a lot of time counting their votes.

BUTLER: They don't deserve to vote. If I had the authority I would take it away from them.

DORIS: Yes, indeed.

BUTLER: Australia is the only country in the world where the peasantry make the laws. Won't you sit down, miss?

DORIS: I'm too excited. An election is just thrilling. I had

every car in the city painted red, white and blue with dear little Union Jacks, rushing my supporters to the poll.

BUTLER: I voted this morning, miss. I am opposed to every form of Socialism.

DORIS: We are opposed to everything—that is the reason of our success.

(Enter BERTIE WAINWRIGHT.)

BUTLER: I am decorating the supper table, miss.

(Exit BUTLER.)

DORIS: Isn't an election too thrilling!

BERTIE: By Jove, this is a hummer. I think we're going strong. There's a crowd collecting outside.

(Cheers and groans outside.)

DORIS: What is that?

(They rush to window.)

BERTIE: It looks like a riot.

DORIS: The Socialists must be somewhere about.

BERTIE: Hullo! here's a bit of fun. They're chasing somebody. It's a fight. I must be in this . . . There he goes . . . He's jumping the fence—well done—why, it's Syd.

DORIS: *(screaming)* Quick, Bertie, don't let him get hurt.

BERTIE: *(rushing to rescue)* Hold on, there, I'm coming.

(Exit BERTIE. Cheers, groans, etc., outside. Enter BARRETT through window, with coat torn, etc.)

BARRETT: Pardon my haste. I climbed the wall.

DORIS: O, Syd!

BARRETT: I was recognised—there's fame. Bertie rescued me from the patriots.

DORIS: There is blood on you—O, Syd! are you hurt?

BARRETT: The secret of a happy life is to live dangerously.

(He staggers a little. DORIS holds him and puts him on lounge. Enter BERTIE.)

BERTIE: How is it, Syd?

BARRETT: Thanks, Bertie. You are not a philosopher, but you are a man of action.

DORIS: Tell me what happened. No—no—don't talk. You mustn't talk.

BARRETT: It is always a pleasure to me to talk . . . I was attacked by a very sanguinary body of men, in high collars—it looked like a soft-goods' brigade. They were flapping flags and playing *Rule Britannia*. It displeased me.

DORIS: Get some bandages. Please be quick.

BERTIE: I'll fix him. I've played football before today.

(Exit BERTIE.)

DORIS: I am sorry, Syd.

BARRETT: There is no cause for anxiety. It seems as if responsible government is going to be restored.

(Enter BUTLER.)

BUTLER: There's a Socialist here, miss.

DORIS: Never mind. He is still a man.

(Enter BERTIE, with cloth.)

BARRETT: Is that toga for me?

DORIS: Hush!

BUTLER: Is there anything I can do, miss?

DORIS: No, thanks, Percy.

(Exit BUTLER. DORIS and BERTIE bandage BARRETT.)

BARRETT: It's nothing at all.

BERTIE: Who's in the lead?

DORIS: There's some delay—will you run down to the city and find out what's going on?

BERTIE: With pleasure. I have six cars outside—are you sure you will be all right, Syd?

BARRETT: Yes, thanks.

BERTIE: I won't be long.

DORIS: Don't hurry, Bertie.

(Exit BERTIE.)

O, Syd!

(He draws her to him and kisses her.)

BARRETT: The fate of all reformers. St. John was right. The world hates everything that is good.

DORIS: Are you comfortable there?

BARRETT: Perfectly.

DORIS: I have missed you a lot.

BARRETT: I had to see you to-night. I had to tell you this election won't make any difference. The world of politics is well lost for love.

DORIS: Men are nobler than women, I think.

BARRETT: I am not noble. I have deceived you. You thought I was a strong man. Women love strength, even brute strength—a Neolithic taste. But I am not strong, I am weak.

DORIS: You mustn't say that.

BARRETT: I admit it. In the old days, when we lived in caves, did not the hunters go forth and slay the bear! That was man's work. It is still man's work. Women demand that he shall go forth and conquer—even on the Stock Exchange. I am not a conqueror. I cannot slay the bear.

DORIS: I don't want you to.

BARRETT: Yes, you do. You want to love a strong man. You want to be ruled, dominated.

DORIS: No, I don't. You forget I am emancipated.

BARRETT: You do. All women do. They love men of action, conquerors, heroes.

DORIS: You always had absurd notions regarding women.

BARRETT: Why did you love me? Wasn't it for my ideas, my brilliant ideas?

DORIS: No. I don't care for your ideas, not apart from you. Ideas are like fashions—they soon change. Men change their ideas as women change their hats. I don't love you because you are a communist, or a pragmatist, or an Atheist, or a Post-Impressionist. I don't love your ideas. I love you, Sydney.

BARRETT: That is all I wanted to know.

(They embrace. Enter SIR JOSEPH QUIVERTON.)

SIR JOSEPH: No news. The wires have been cut . . . To whom do I owe the honour of this visit?

BARRETT: To your supporters. They chased me over the back wall.

SIR JOSEPH: It is Mr. Barrett.—Leave my house, sir.

BARRETT: (*trying to rise*) I am afraid I can't. And it is not your house, Sir Joseph. I am abolishing private property.

DORIS: Mr. Barrett is my guest.

SIR JOSEPH: The crowd has gone away. You will be safe, comparatively.

DORIS: Mr. Barrett is wounded. Don't rise, Syd. You need rest.

BARRETT: I don't need rest. I need action. We all do.

DORIS: I thought you were giving up politics to devote all your attention to me.

SIR JOSEPH: What could Mr. Barrett do in Parliament?

BARRETT: Destroy it. What else is there to do with Parliament? To create one must destroy.

SIR JOSEPH: (*huskily*) We have universal suffrage. I opposed it, but we have it. Parliament represents the people.

BARRETT: Pardon me, Sir Joseph. Parliament does not represent the people. Parliament represents the stupidity of the people. That is the foundation of representative government.

SIR JOSEPH: I am a progressive man. I have always believed in a policy of progress and reform, but Utopian Socialism does not come within the sphere of practical politics. When the time is ripe—

DORIS: But it never is, is it, father?

SIR JOSEPH: I am a safe Socialist. History, my young friend, has a habit of repeating itself.

BARRETT: History may be a record of crimes and blunders, but I am not cynical enough to believe that History will ever repeat *you*, Sir Joseph.

(*Enter BUTLER.*)

BUTLER: Mr John K. Hill.

(*Enter JOHN K. HILL. Exit BUTLER.*)

JOHN K.: Good evening. Are the numbers up?

SIR JOSEPH: We expect word every minute.

JOHN K.: This country is swifter than I thought. Reminds me of Uruguay.

DORIS: You know Mr. Barrett?

JOHN K.: I have heard of him.

(*Enter BUTLER with torn Union Jack.*)

BUTLER: The grand old flag, sir. It was just brought round.
It must have blown over.

SIR JOSEPH: Thanks, Percy.

BUTLER: It was torn during a discussion, sir.

(SIR JOSEPH *takes it up reverently.*)

It was a common hawker who brought the flag.

BARRETT: The Bottle Accumulators' Union—loyal to the flag.

(*Exit BUTLER.*)

SIR JOSEPH: 'Tis only a bit of bunting—

BARRETT: Made in Germany, probably.

(SIR JOSEPH *hangs up flag. Enter BUTLER.*)

BUTLER: Sir Henry and Lady Pillsbury.

(*Enter SIR HENRY and LADY PILLSBURY.*)

LADY PILLSBURY: How are you, Doris? I can't breathe for excitement. I have been ill all day.

JOHN K.: How do we stand now?

SIR JOSEPH: It is impossible to obtain reliable information.

This morning I felt certain of victory. Now my confidence is shaken.

SIR HENRY: Elections are always uncertain.

(*Enter BUTLER, with wire.*)

BUTLER: Wire, sir.

(*Blare of trumpets.*)

LADY PILLSBURY: What is that hideous noise? I loathe the cornet.

BUTLER: Some of our supporters have returned with a band.

(*Exit BUTLER.*)

SIR JOSEPH: (*reading telegram*) Returned. Immense majority . . . Thank God, I have done my duty.

(*He sits down. He is warmly congratulated.*)

Thank you.

(*Enter BUTLER.*)

BUTLER: More wires, sir . . . Congratulations, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: Thanks, thanks.

BUTLER: Now, sir, you have 'em in your power. You must be firm, sir. In my opinion, speaking as an Englishman, you should call out the military and shoot the paid agitators. May I take the liberty of inviting the servants to a glass of wine—I seldom touch Australian wine myself, we will drink your health, Sir Joseph. You have risen from the ranks—estate agent to Prime Minister.

(Exit BUTLER.)

SIR JOSEPH: *(reading telegrams)* The Liberals are winning—winning all along the line.

(They crowd round. SIR JOSEPH tears one open after another.)

Crabbe returned—easy victory . . . He will checkmate the extremists. Smith . . . Muddle . . . level headed man. Victoria—big Liberal majority. New South Wales—Liberal victory assured. The people have returned to their senses. There has been some mistake. Where are the Socialists now?

(Shouts, cheers, trumpets, etc.)

BARRETT: *(rushing to window)* In revolt—the proletariat in revolt.

(‘Rule Britannia’ is played. BARRETT stops and addresses company.)

The masses still think Imperially.

SIR JOSEPH: The people don't want changes.

BARRETT: *(dramatically)* No, the people fail, but the Cause goes on.

(He returns to lounge.)

DORIS: Isn't it time I was returned?

SIR JOSEPH: Yes, yes. I will have to return thanks at the Town Hall.

DORIS: You must see, father, this delay never occurs again.

(The company is talking excitedly.)

SIR JOSEPH: The patriotism of the great dailies is most

commendable. I shall recommend the editors for birthday honours.

JOHN K.: This election will be historic. It has profound significance.

SIR HENRY: 'Tis not in mortals to command success.

LADY PILLSBURY: Our homes are safe.

JOHN K.: Australia's a most extraordinary country.

DORIS: Do you like Australia now, Mr. Hill?

JOHN K.: We're goin' right ahead.

DORIS: You finance in continents, I know.

JOHN K.: (*spreading himself*) Early business trainin'. When I was a strugglin' young man in Chicago—my own home town, where pleasant faced cows stand in silvery streams—I turned over a thousand dollars every consecutive mornin', just to give me an appetite for lunch.

LADY PILLSBURY: You seem to live a fast life, Mr. Hill.

JOHN K.: The doctor's orders, Lady Pillsbury.

(*Enter VIOLET.*)

VIOLET: Doris . . . darling . . . returned . . . returned at the head of the poll.

(*She falls into DORIS's arms, breathless. People crowd round DORIS with congratulations. All excited.*)

I can't speak.

DORIS: There must be some mistake.

BARRETT: Not at all. The public never makes a mistake.

DORIS: Are you quite sure, Violet?

VIOLET: Yes, an overwhelming victory.

DORIS: Responsible government will now be restored.

LADY PILLSBURY: I cannot condole with you, Mr. Barrett. I think your defeat will be the salvation of the country.

BARRETT: Thank you, Lady Pillsbury.

LADY PILLSBURY: It shows what women can do if they are only given the opportunity.

JOHN K.: (*stepping forward*) I think the influence of women should permeate every phase of political life, and purify, and elevate it. Australia—this virgin continent—is now represented by a refined young lady like Miss Quiverton. I congratulate you. As an American, I can only say I hope

and trust my country will soon take its place in this forward movement.

(Enter BERTIE.)

BERTIE: (*shouting*) We're in—hurrah! Three cheers for Miss Quiverton.

(*Cheers are given.*)

(*Exuberantly*) I feel I could step out and hit the googlies clean out of the ground.

DORIS: Thank you, Bertie.

JOHN K.: I'll send a marconigram to Chicago right off. I'll have to get busy right here, or it's time Little Willie came off the roads.

BERTIE: Can you stand a shock, Syd?

BARRETT: That is what I need. It would be a new sensation in this city.

BERTIE: (*to company*) Mr. Barrett has lost his deposit.

LADY PILLSBURY: What a veritable triumph!

BERTIE: And serves you jolly well right. Miss Quiverton wins by an 8000 majority. You only got 107 votes.

BARRETT: A hundred intelligent people in one electorate! —there is hope for the country still.

(*Enter MISS PERKINS, unemotional and businesslike.*)

MISS PERKINS: Congratulations, Miss Quiverton. Everything has been most satisfactory.

DORIS: Our success is almost entirely due to the Woman's League.

MISS PERKINS: All parties have worked well.

DORIS: It is very wonderful, but I think I shall have to resign my seat.

MISS PERKINS: Good gracious, why?

DORIS: I don't think I would care for politics every day. I prefer to keep it as a hobby.

LADY PILLSBURY: You mustn't think of it, my dear.

VIOLET: You are too emotional, Doris. You have an impetuous nature.

DORIS: (*sweetly*) I mean I could not do the position justice.

LADY PILLSBURY: But Mr. Barrett might stand again and bring on the Class War.

BARRETT: I am tired of politics, too. Who can lead, if there is nobody to follow?

DORIS: I have no intention of resigning in favour of Mr. Barrett. I do not think Mr. Barrett is a fit and proper person to represent this constituency. I hope rather you will take my place, Miss Perkins.

MISS PERKINS: Thank you, Miss Quiverton, if you desire it. It may be difficult to arrange.

(Enter BUTLER.)

BUTLER: Supper is served, sir.

SIR JOSEPH: Ladies and gentlemen, may I ask you to take a glass of wine in honour of the occasion?

DORIS: I am sure you are all dying for supper. It has been a most nerve-racking day.

SIR JOSEPH: I am proud of Australia to-night.

(*Exeunt* JOHN K. and LADY PILLSBURY, SIR HENRY and MISS PERKINS, BERTIE and VIOLET.)

Will you join us, Mr. Barrett? On such a night as this, political antagonisms are forgotten.

BARRETT: (*rising*) Thank you, Sir Joseph.

DORIS: In a few moments, father. I have something to say to Mr. Barrett.

SIR JOSEPH: We await your pleasure.

(*Exit* SIR JOSEPH, followed by BUTLER.)

BARRETT: My dreams and reality have not harmonised.

DORIS: Never mind, Sydney.

BARRETT: I am tired of the proletariat, tired of Australia, Australia is too British, the proletariat is too conservative.

DORIS: I told you people would not vote for you. You are too clever.

BARRETT: It is quite impossible to create a revolution in this country. The people don't desire it. They wouldn't recognise it if they saw it.

DORIS: Of course not. Didn't I tell you that all along?

BARRETT: Our people are contented with things as they are. They have no ideas, no aspirations. South America is a more interesting country to live in than Australia. Less Saxon, more Spanish. The blood is hotter there, things happen. Nothing will ever happen here.

DORIS: Do you always want to stir up strife, Syd?

BARRETT: Life is conflict. (*Embracing her*) Love is conflict.

DORIS: They will hear you inside.

BARRETT: (*releasing her*) Do you think the masses desire freedom, joy, splendour? Do you think they want to overthrow society?

DORIS: (*firmly*) I do not. They don't want anything. They want to be left alone. People don't like being disturbed.

BARRETT: An election is held. Politicians babble. Newspapers warn. The nation votes. What happens? Nothing. Things remain exactly the same as they were. And are the people—the enlightened democracy—disgusted with that? No, they cheer, they actually cheer. They wave penny flags, and some blow through a cheap cornet. Why, they rejoice at stagnation, they revel in it.

DORIS: We won't bother about them any more.

BARRETT: Damn the Democracy! I am happy to-night. I am free. I can laugh and love and live.

(*He embraces her again.*)

DORIS: I prefer you like that . . . Syd. I have you now. You are all mine . . . Tell me!

BARRETT: Yes, we are alone in the world.

(*Great uproar, trumpets, cheers, etc.*)

They are cheering the revolution that wasn't.

(*Enter BERTIE, followed by VIOLET, MISS PERKINS, LADY PILLSBURY, and JOHN K. at short intervals. A little later, SIR HENRY and SIR JOSEPH.*)

BERTIE: (*running to window*) What a crowd outside!

VIOLET: And the flags!

LADY PILLSBURY: It's like a French fête.

(*Cries of 'Liberalism!' 'Quiverton!' 'Pillsbury!' 'The Good Woman candidate!'*)

DORIS: The band is out of tune.

BARRETT: Democracy is always out of tune.

(*Enter BUTLER.*)

BUTLER: There's a big crowd below, sir. They are trying to get into the gardening. Shall I let them in? It's a special occasion.

SIR JOSEPH: Certainly, Percy, certainly.

JOHN K.: It's me for the swamps—me for the tall timber.

BUTLER: It has been a most satisfactory election after all.

As you eloquently expressed it, Sir Joseph, we have escaped from the arms of the vultures. The crisis is past. I shall sleep to-night, sir.

(Exit BUTLER.)

DORIS: Father, Sydney and I are engaged again.

SIR JOSEPH: (*excitedly*) I congratulate you both on your choice.

(*He goes away.*)

DORIS: Where shall we go for our honeymoon?

BARRETT: Somewhere abroad.

DORIS: I know, Japan.

BARRETT: I want to see a democratic country, a free country.

JOHN K.: The United States, sir.

VIOLET: France, I suppose.

BARRETT: No. A revolutionary country.

JOHN K.: I recommend Uruguay. That's rapid.

BARRETT: No. Let us go to England.

(*Cheers, etc., grow louder. Enter BUTLER.*)

BUTLER: The people want a few words from you, sir.

BARRETT: I'll speak first.

DORIS: No, Syd. You will speak afterwards on my behalf.

(SIR JOSEPH *makes slowly for window.*)

SIR JOSEPH: The people expect a few words from me. I have nothing prepared.

(*Great cheering, as he goes to window, and stands on chair. The people group round him. BUTLER stands at his side with flag. SIR JOSEPH addresses crowd below in oratorical style.*)

Ladies and gentlemen,—This is the proudest moment of my life. The Great Liberal Party has succeeded in restoring responsible government on the broad platform of progress and reform. (*Loafer! Wowser!*) I thank the people of this great Commonwealth—and the public spirited Press (*Smoodger!*) for their patriotic support

during this great battle for political liberty (*Cheers*) and in placing us in the proud position we occupy to-night.

(*Cheers—then a slight lull.*)

BARRETT: (*cheerfully*) Are these the sleeping lions I was trying to arouse?

DORIS: The time is not yet ripe, Sydney.

SIR JOSEPH: I mean to continue in the future as I have in the past. The time is not yet ripe—the time is not yet ripe—

(*Great cheering, trumpets, uproar, etc.* BUTLER waves flag. BARRETT holds head in his hands.)

CURTAIN