

Biddy—Oh that's not the trouble. It's too good for a girl like me.

I think I'll go and do something humbler—as a house-maid, until

I can earn enough to take me back to Ireland.*

Minister—Getting homesick, Biddy?

Biddy—(dreamily) No, not exactly. But I don't know—I-I-I'm just lonely, Mr. Whyte.

Minister—And we are lonely for your sake, Biddy. This thing has been a terrible strain on us. We are very much disappointed in Hartley and we feel that we are in a certain sense to blame for your predicament.

Biddy—But I am not disappointed, Mr. Whyte. I'm confident Mr. Jim will come back and explain everything. Why did he leave his clothes behind?

Minister—I wish I could share your confidence, Biddy, but then we won't talk about it now. Don't pack your things anyway, at least not tonight, until I can find something more worthy of you. I think I can get you a good position. It's getting dark now you see and—(Enter Mrs. Whyte.)

Mrs. Whyte—Mercy, goodness, Tom, what's all the noise coming down street. They are shouting like mad men. Looks out of window.) Why here's a whole mob of people coming down the street with a man on their shoulders. Why who is it? What are they going to do with him? (Shouts from behind.) Bring a rope. Bring a rope. Here's a tree, string him up. String him up, etc., etc., etc.

Minister—(alarmed) Why, that's Jim Hartley. (Drops book and grabs hat.) They'll murder him. (Runs out.) Hold on there men, what are you going to do?

Shouts—Aw, we got him, preacher. Throw that noose around his neck. Hang the thief. He ought to be hung. Etc., Etc.

Biddy—(rushes out into crowd with horse-whip in hand brandishing it and laying it over the shoulders of men. After a desperate battle she and the minister drive them back and release Hartley.)

Biddy—There ye fiends, take that will ye. Ye blessed hypocrites. Sure I'll cut ye to the marrow if ye dare come near. I niver saw such a bunch of hood-lums.

Shouts from outside—Get him. Lynch him. Take the whole lot, etc.

Minister—Now Gentlemen, I'm going to see that Hartley gets British fair play—that's what you want when you're in trouble. If he is guilty of what you accuse him I will hand him over to the police for justice and punishment by law. But I will allow no man to molest him, unless he does it by force and he will have to kill me first if he does that. You have no right to take the law

* At this point, Biddy sits down at piano and sings and plays some old Irish melody e. g. "I left dear old Ireland because I was poor".