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body's fault. I'm certain we shouldn't do ourselves any good by discussing it. So let's leave it at that.

Sir C. No! I'm damned if I'll leave it at that! I've always played the game with you, and I expect you to play the game with me. I say I *expect*. I've done nothing that I'm ashamed of.

Emily. I don't think you have. That's just the trouble.

Sir C. What's just the trouble?

Emily. We differ as to the precise point where shame ought to begin.

Sir C. I don't see—— [*Stops.*]

Emily [*hotly*]. Of course you don't. You needn't tell me that! Do you imagine that if I thought you saw, I should be talking to you like this? Not exactly! I should simply have returned your ring with my compliments.

Sir C. [*sarcastically*]. I've no doubt I'm a very odd person, but——

Emily [*approaches him*]. You *are*, Charlie! A man that could hold out as you did against your brother on Sunday night must be—well, as you say, odd. I ought to have guessed it earlier. But I didn't. You see, I'm being frank with you.

Sir C. Oh, I see *that!* . . . [*disgustedly*]. Of course it's no use talking a lot of rot to you about reconsidering your decision and all that. . . . I suppose it occurred to you that you're making a fearful mess of my affairs.