

confess! What did you say on Sunday night? You admitted you couldn't appreciate the argument, and you asked me to stop the article just to please you. You said it was the first time you had ever asked me to do anything for you. And I gave in at once. I thought you were satisfied. Well, it seems you aren't. I offer to give in further, simply to please you, though I'm taking hundreds of pounds out of my shareholders' pockets and acting against my own judgment into the bargain, and you try to sit on me by saying that you don't want me to do anything simply to please you. What do you want? Whatever it is, you shall have it. I've no intention of bickering with you. That's not my style. But I should like to know where I stand.

*Emily.* I hate the thought of you doing anything simply to please me—I hate it!

*Sir C.* Then why did you ask me to, on Sunday?

*Emily [bursting out].* Can't you see? Because there was nothing else to be done! You must be blind! The situation was merely unspeakable. It *had* to be brought to an end. And there was only that way of bringing it to an end. You weren't open to argument. You seemed to have no notion at all of what people's feelings were. So I just had to wheedle you into it! To wheedle you into it!

*Sir C. [laughing slightly and easily].* Oh! that