

Pershore: Then don't pour cold water on an institution that saves England frok. the stigma of prudishness.

Nostell: Good Lord! I'm not.

Pershore: Look round! Look at all the wit and intellect of the day prancin' about like madmen! Look at the double firsts and senior wranglers who have blossomed into leading juveniles and heavy leads givin' way to the abandonment of gaiety. Look at the men of promise who are far oo gloriously Bohemian to fulfil it imitatin' West African niggers and Californian log pilers! Look at the dramatists who would write Pinero off the stage if they cared to undergo the humiliation of work. Look at the musicians who regard Wagner as an overrated dullard, but who can't be bothered to sit down and compose. Look at the poets whose feet Keats and Byron ain't fit to kiss, who, if they chose to fag, would be as blazin' beacons in the land.

Nostell (timidly): I see a lot of fellas of all kinds. Are they . . .

Pershore: 'Course they are!

Nostell: How do you know?

Pershore: I've been to Bohemian clubs, and I've heard them say so. Surely, they ought to know.

Nostell: O, Good Lord, yes. None better.

Pershore: Don't it do one's heart good to

see them in worn out pumps, and weary shirts and biase clothes, castin' all thoughts of mere discretion and self respect to the winds? They are the men who know the meanin' of life, dear old lad.

Nostell: They look as though a little monev might come in useful sometimes, poor beggars!

Pershore: Money. What's money to them? Your true Bohemian never wants for money.

Nostell: How's that, if he never earns it

Pershore: He borrows, dear lad, like a gentleman.

Nostell: Does he ever pay back?

Pershore: Good Lord! I say: didn't you hear me tell you that he's a Bohemian. Come, I'm full of renewed energy. Let us plunge into the giddy vortex.

Nostell: What's the time, dear old boy?

Pershore (getting up a trifle unsteadily): Time: why bother about time. We are in the world, my son. Nobody bothers about time in the world. Besides, that beastly watch of mine's developed four hands. Come, I'm going to dance with "All is vanity."

Nostell: O, all right then. I'll dance with "The day hath a thousand writs."

(And they do.)

COSMO HAMILTON.



The only girl he ever loved.