

ple. But I've always maintained the right of the public to have what they want, and my right to give 'em what they want.

*Emily.* Sell—not give.

*Sir C.* Sell, then.

*Emily.* No matter what they want?

*Sir C.* Certainly, so long as it's legal! Supply must meet demand!

*Emily.* Yes, and I do believe if the sacred public wanted your wife you'd meet the demand! [*Exit, back. Sir Charles walks about and lights a cigarette. Enter Kendrick, R.*]

*Kendrick.* Oh, you are back!

*Sir C.* Yes, what is it?

*Kendrick.* Well, about this new campaign?

*Sir C.* [*sits down*]. Sit down. I'll tell you. Can you put your hand on any of those limerick clerks we had to get rid of?

*Kendrick.* I should think it's quite possible!

*Sir C.* Well, you might get hold of twenty or so.

*Kendrick.* What for?

*Sir C.* For correspondence. It's like this. There are four hundred and fifteen M.P.'s who have declared themselves in favour of Women's Suffrage. And yet nothing is done. Every damned one of those hypocritical rotters has got to be brought fairly to bay, in his own constituency, not here in London, but where he can be frightened.