

women householders; you maintain, and some things you tolerate—you will tolerate the intolerable when it is established. For you are an Englishman; you want to be neither too unhappy, for that is unpleasant, nor too happy, for that is sinful; you want to earn enough money, play your games, peacefully love your wife, educate your children as yourself, work just hard enough to want to play just hard enough and to sleep well, not too heavily, until you surrender your soul for the eternal rest.

You are in the middle; you are not among the very good, not among the very bad; you and your million brothers, you are always in the middle, and England—is it because England is always in the middle that England is the centre of the world?

Yet, all of you, you are not like that. Here is Edward Kent, an elegant figure, a Regency wit in a morning coat. Are you England? or only donnish Cambridge? What are these affectations of yours? What makes you say "What race?" when, on the greatest occasion of the year, some girl decked out in light or dark blue ribbons tells you that it's a fine day for the race? Kent, your revolt against England is allegiance to England; your French novels, your unashamed desire to shine in public, your trim hands, your dislike of sport, all these are revolts you are trying to engineer against the England that has got you, that will never loose you, that will force you to do the decent thing on a battlefield if you are dragged there, or in the Divorce Court, if you get so far. I do not think you will ever get into Court, for you will never want any woman badly enough to suffer because you take her. Love cannot touch you; like birth and religion it is not the kind of thing a gentleman should meddle with, for it involves complications, you know, the problem-play complications, which are so sordid, unnecessary, so unpleasant, as you say. Luxurious Kent, you would ring for your pyjamas in Portland gaol, but you wouldn't be