
ALAN'S WIFE Now credited to ELIZABETH ROBINS AND FLORENCE BELL
From the 1893 anonymously published London edition

Text of the play
Title Page

TERRY'S THEATRE,
STRAND, W.C.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE,
FOUNDER AND SOLE DIRECTOR, J. T. GREIN.

SECOND SEASON, TENTH PERFORMANCE.
TUESDAY, 2ND MAY, 1893,

ALAN'S WIFE

A STUDY IN THREE SCENES, FOUNDED ON A STORY BY
ELIN AMEEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<i>Jean Creyke</i>	Miss Elizabeth Robins
<i>Mrs. Holroyd</i> (Jean's Mother)	Mrs. E. H. Brooke
<i>Mrs. Ridley</i>	Mrs. Edmund Phelps
<i>1st Woman</i>	Miss Mabel Hardy
<i>2nd Woman</i>	Miss Annie Saker
<i>Jamie Warren</i>	Mr. James Welch
<i>Colonel Stewart</i>	Mr. Mervyn Herapath
<i>Roberts</i> (Chief Warder)	Mr. Waller
<i>1st Warder</i>	Mr. Charles Greeven
<i>2nd Warder</i>	Mr. E. G. Waller

The Play produced under the direction of
Mr. H. de Lange

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ALAN'S WIFE

SCENE I.

A village street runs transversely from front corner, R, to back, L. At right angles to it, starting from front corner, L, the outside of a workman's cottage. Door leading to passage: a window on each side of it, through which glimpses can be obtained of cottage interior. The central portion of the stage, in the angle between the street and the cottage, represents the cottage garden, shut off from the street by a low fence with a gate in it. A bench runs along the cottage wall: by it a table, on which are piled up plates, knives, etc., ready for the table to be laid.

(Mrs. Holroyd discovered sitting on bench outside house to the right of door, knitting. People passing along the street. Two men pass with a little child between them, then a little girl, then a woman carrying a child.)

WOMAN. *(as she passes to Mrs. Holroyd)* A fine day!

MRS. HOLROYD. (*nodding*) Ay, it's a fine day! (*The woman passes on.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. (*comes along with a basket on her arm--she stops*) Good morning, Mrs. Holroyd!

MRS. HOLROYD. Good morning to you, Mrs. Ridley: it's a warm day!

MRS. RIDLEY. And you look very comfortable there.

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes, it's nice out here--sit you down and rest a bit; you'll be tired after your marketing.

MRS. RIDLEY. (*sitting down by her on the seat*) Well, I don't say I won't be glad of a rest. It's fine to see you settled in your daughter's house for a bit, like this.

MRS. HOLROYD. It's the only place I do feel settled in, now she's married. I just feel lost in my own house without her.

MRS. RIDLEY. Ay, you will that. It's bad when lassies take up with their husbands and leave their mothers alone.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ay, you may well say so! And Jean is all I have. I never had a lad of my own, or another lass either, and it's hard to be left when one is getting into years.

MRS. RIDLEY. Still, you must be glad she has got a good husband, that can work hard and give her all she wants.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ay, Alan Creyke's a fine fellow, no doubt, and they say he'll soon be foreman. But I did think my Jean would have looked higher. I always thought she would marry a schoolmaster, as I did, or even a minister, --seeing all the book-learning she got from her poor father. She knows as much as any lady, I do believe.

MRS. RIDLEY. Ay, it's wonderful what the books 'll do. They say young Mr. Warren, that's just come to the chapel here, has got more book-learning than the schoolmaster himself, and can talk about it so as no one can understand him. Eh, but it's fine to know as much as that!

MRS. HOLROYD. (*with a sigh*) It is indeed! And, Mrs. Ridley, as sure as you see me sitting here beside you, there was a time when that young man was after our Jean, and she might have been the mistress of yon pretty house near the chapel, instead of living in a cottage like this.

MRS. RIDLEY. Dear, dear! To think of that! Ah well, it's no wonder you're put about at the way she chose.

MRS. HOLROYD. I don't say that Alan isn't a good husband, mind you, and a good worker took--only I did hope to see my girl a bit grander than she is, as mothers will.

MRS. RIDLEY. Ah well, young people will do their own way. You must just make up your mind to it, Mrs. Holroyd. I fear the book-learning doesn't go for much with the lassies, where a fine fellow like Creyke is concerned--and after all, as to the cottage, it's a nice little place, and she keeps it beautiful!

MRS. HOLROYD. She does that--and she wouldn't be her mother's daughter if she didn't. And the pleasure she takes in it, too! keeping it as bright and shining as if there were five or six pair of hands to do it! She and Allan are nobbut two children about it, and their house is just like a new toy.

MRS. RIDLEY. Well, that's right! let them be happy now, poor things; they'll leave it off soon enough.

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh, yes, I doubt they will, like other folk.

MRS. RIDLEY. Where is Jean? I should like to wish her good morning. Is she in?

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes, she's in the kitchen, I believe. *(Calls)* Jean, Jean! What are you doing, honey? Here's a neighbour come to see you.

JEAN. *(from within room to the L)* I'll come directly. I'm getting Alan's dinner ready. I can't leave the saucepan.

MRS. RIDLEY. (*smiling*) Ay, getting Alan's dinner ready! That's the way of it.

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes, it's always Alan's dinner, or Alan's tea, or Alan's supper, or Alan's pipe. There isn't another man in the North gets waited on as he does.

MRS. RIDLEY. Eh, but that's what he'll want to keep him in his home; they're bad to please, is the men, unless you spoil them. (*Bell begins to ring outside.*) There's the mid-day bell from the works. Creyke'll soon be here now--I must be getting home too.

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh, now, but Jean would have liked to shake hands with ye.
(*Calls*) Jean! Jean! Be quick, child!

JEAN. (*from within*) Just ready, mother--I'm lifting it off the fire.

MRS. RIDLEY. (*looking along the street*) And in the nick of time, too, for here are the men. (*Two or three men walk past.*) Yes, hurry up, Jean, or your man will be here before his dinner's ready.

JEAN. (*from within*) No, no, he won't. (*Appears in doorway of cottage.*) Here it is! (*Comes out carrying a large smoking dish in her hand, which she puts on the table.*) There! How are you, Mrs. Ridley? (*Shakes hands with her.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. Nicely, thank you. And are you going to get your dinner outside then?

JEAN. Yes, indeed; let's be in the air while we can--it's not often we have it as fine as this.

MRS. HOLROYD. I never saw such a lass for fresh air! and Alan is just as bad.

MRS. RIDLEY. Well, they'll take no harm with it, I daresay; fresh air is bad for nowt but cobwebs, as the saying is.

JEAN. *(laughs)* Ah, that's true enough! *(arranging table)* Now then, if that isn't a dinner fit for a king!

MRS. RIDLEY. And I'll be bound, if it is, you won't be thinking it too good for your husband.

JEAN. Too good! I should think not! Is anything too good for him? Is anything good enough?

MRS. HOLROYD. *(smiling)* Ah, Jean, Jean!

JEAN. Well, mother, you know quite well it's true! Isn't he the best husband a girl ever had? And the handsomest, and the strongest?

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, yes, he's all that, I daresay.

JEAN. (*vigorously wiping tumblers*) Well, what more do you want?

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, my dear, as I've often told you, I should like you to have looked higher.

JEAN. Looked higher! How could I have looked higher than Alan?

MRS. HOLROYD. I wanted to see you marry a scholar.

JEAN. We can't all marry scholars, mother dear--some of us prefer marrying men instead. (*Goes into house.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. The lass is right--there must be some of that sort that there may be some of all sorts, as the saying is; and, neighbour, you must just make the best of it, and be pleased with the man that's made her look so happy. (*Getting up.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. (*smiling*) Ay, she looks bright enough, in all conscience. (*Jean comes back with cheese and butter on a dish.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. (*smiling at Jean*) She does that, indeed! Well, you won't have to wait long for him now, honey. Here they come down the road, and I must get back to my two lads. Good day to you both. (*Exit through garden gate and up street, to the L, exchanging greetings with passing workmen.*)

JEAN. (*cutting bread*) Scholar, indeed! Mother, how can you say such things before folks? I know what you mean when you say scholar--yon minister, poor little Jamie Warren.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, Jean, how can you speak so! He's a man who is looked up to by everybody. Didn't he go up to the big house last Christmastide, to dinner with the gentry, just like one of themselves?

JEAN. Well, that's right enough if it pleased him, but I shouldn't care to go among folk who thought themselves my betters. (*look from Mrs. Holroyd*) No, I shouldn't. I like Jamie, and have done ever since we were boy and girl together; but it's a far cry to think of taking him for my master! no, mother, that's not my kind. (*Goes to tub under the window, wrings out tea cloths and hangs them on picket fence.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, Jean, what would your poor father have said! When you and Jamie used to play together on the village green and go to school together, and Jamie was minding his books and getting all the prizes, your father used to say, "When that lad grows up, he'll be the husband for Jean--he's a good lad, he never gets into mischief; he's never without a book in his hand."

JEAN. Ah, poor father! but what would I have done with a good boy who never got into mischief!

(laughs) No, I always knew it wasn't to be Jamie. Why, I remember as far back as when Jamie and I used to come from school, and I'd rush on before and go flying up on the moors, to find the stags-horn moss, with the heathery wind in my face, and hear the whirring summer sounds around us, I used to want to shout aloud, just for the pleasure of being alive--and Jamie, poor little creature, used to come toiling up after me, and call out, "Not so fast, Jean, I'm out of breath, wait for me!" And I used to have to help *him* up!

MRS. HOLROYD. Well, perhaps he couldn't run and jump as well as you, but he had read all about the flowers and plants in his book, and could tell you the names of every one of them.

JEAN. Ay, their names, perhaps; but he couldn't swing himself up to the steep places where they grew to pull them for me. He was afraid--afraid! while I, a girl, didn't know what it was like to be afraid. I don't know now.

MRS. HOLROYD. Maybe--but he would have been a good husband for all that!

JEAN. Not for me. I want a husband who is brave and strong, a man who is my master as well as other folks'; who loves the hills and the heather, and loves to feel the strong wind blowing in his face and the blood rushing through his veins! Ah! to be happy--to be alive!

MRS. HOLROYD. Oh, Jean, you always were a strange girl! *(Two men pass.)*

JEAN. Ah, mother, can't you see how fine it is to have life, and health, and strength! Jamie Warren, indeed! Think of the way he comes along, poor fellow, as though he were scared of coming into bits if he moved faster! And the way Alan comes striding and swinging down the street, with his head up, looking as if the world belonged to him! Ah! it's good to be as happy as I am!

MRS. HOLROYD. Well, you silly fondy! In the meantime, I wonder what Alan is doing this morning? Yon fine dinner of his will be getting cold.

JEAN. Indeed it will. I wonder where he is! *(Men pass.)* All the men seemed to have passed. *(Stands just outside the door and looks down the street to the R, sheltering her eyes from the sun. Hutton, a workman, passes, and stops to speak to her.)*

HUTTON. Good morning, Mrs. Creyke: a fine day again!

JEAN. It is indeed, Mr. Hutton. What's got my husband this morning, do you know? Why is he so long after the rest?

HUTTON. He's stayed behind to see about something that's gone wrong with the machinery. It's the new saw,

I believe--that's what happens when folks try to improve on the old ways. I don't believe in improvements myself, and in trying these new-fangled things no one can understand.

JEAN. No one? I'll be bound Alan understands them well enough.

HUTTON. Well, happen he does, more than most, and that's why the manager called him back to fettle it up--but I doubt he won't be much longer now.

JEAN. Ah, well, that's all right, as long as I know what keeps him. Good morning.
(*Hutton moves on.*) You see, mother, how they turn to Alan before all the rest!

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, well, when a lass is in love she must needs know better than her mother, I suppose.

JEAN. Ah, mother dear, wasn't there a time when you were a girl--when you knew better too?

MRS. HOLROYD. (*shaking her head*) Eh, but that's a long time ago.

JEAN. But you remember it, I'll be bound! I think I'd best be setting that dish in the oven again; it will be getting cold. (*Exit with dish.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. (*alone*) Well--(*shakes her head with a little smile as*

she goes on knitting)--there's nowt so queer as folk! (Shakes her head again.)

JEAN. *(coming back)* I wonder what makes him bide so long?

MRS. HOLROYD. You had far better give over tewing, and sit quietly down with a bit of work in your hands till he comes.

JEAN. No, mother, I can't! *(smiling)*. I'm too busy--watching for him! *(Leans over railing and looks along road to the R.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. That'll be Jamie coming along. *(Looking off to the L.)*

JEAN. *(looking round)* So it is. *(Indifferently)* Well, Jamie, good morning.
(Warren, a small delicate man, wearing a wide-awake hat and carrying a stick in his hand, comes along the road from the L.)

WARREN. Good morning, Jean. Well, Mrs. Holroyd, how are you?

JEAN. *(Stands and leans against the railing to the R, looking down the road and listening to what the others are saying.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. Good morning, my lad: sit down a bit. And what have you been doing the day? You look tired.

WARREN. (*takes off his hat wearily, passing his hand over his brow*) I've been doing my work--giving the Word to those who can hear it.

MRS. HOLROYD. And yon will have been edifying, that it will! And ye'll have done them good with it, for ye always were a beautiful speaker, Jamie!

JEAN. (*from the back*) Mother, I doubt you should call him Mr. Warren now he's a minister.

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh, not I! I mind him since he was a bit of a lad running barefoot about the village at home.

JEAN. And do you mind, Jamie, that when you had a book in your hand I'd snatch it from you and throw it over the hedge? (*Laughs.*)

WARREN. Yes, you always pretended you didn't like books, Jean--but you used to learn quicker than anybody else when you chose.

MRS. HOLROYD. And so she does still, I'm sure. She likes her book as well as anyone, though she will have it that she doesn't. She'll sit and read to Alan, when he's smoking his pipe, for half an hour at a time.

WARREN. And what does he think of it?

MRS. HOLROYD (*smiling*) Between you and me, Jamie, I don't think he minds much for what she reads.

JEAN. (*hotly*) Indeed, but he does! Alan can understand what I read just as well as me.

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh, lass, it isn't the strongest in the arm that's the best at the books!

WARREN. Yes, it's rather hard upon the rest of us poor fellows if a fellow like Creyke is to have everything--if we mayn't have a little more book-learning to make up for not being a Hercules, like him.

JEAN. Why, Jamie, you wouldn't care to be a Hercules, as you call it--you never did.

WARREN. That's what you say.

JEAN. (*lightly, still watching road to the R*) Well, I say what I think, as honest folk do! (*Sheltering her eyes with her hand.*) Where can he be? His dinner will be burnt to a cinder directly.

MRS. HOLROYD. I wish he'd come and be done with it. She can't mind for anything else but yon dinner while she's waiting for him.

WARREN. Well, well, that's how it should be, I daresay.

MRS. HOLROYD. And have you got settled in your new house against the chapel?

WARREN. Pretty well, yes.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, I doubt you find it hard. A man's a poor creature at siding up, and getting things straight.

WARREN. He is indeed!

MRS. HOLROYD. (*sympathetically*) You'll be lonesome at times, my lad, isn't it so?

WARREN. (*shakes his head*) Indeed I am!

MRS. HOLROYD. Come, you must get yourself a little wife, and she'll make it nice and homely for you.

WARREN. (*shakes his head*) No, I don't think I shall be taking a wife yet a bit, somehow. (*Gets up.*) Well, I must be going. (*Looks at his watch.*) I said I would look in at the school for a bit after dinner, and the children go in again at half-past one.

JEAN. Yes, I always see them bustling past--some of them so little that if they didn't take hold of each other's hands they'd be tumbling down! (*She laughs.*)

WARREN. Yes, there are some very weeny ones in the infant school. Canny little bairns! Good-bye, Jean--good-bye, Mrs. Creyke.

JEAN. Good-bye, Jamie! (*Exit Warren to the R.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh, but he has a tender heart. I like a man that can speak about the little ones that way.

JEAN. So do I. Oh, mother, I like to watch Alan with a child--the way he looks at it and the way he speaks to it! Do you know, with those strong arms of his he can hold a baby as well you, mother? He picked up a little mite that was sobbing on the road the other day, and carried it home, and before a minute was over the bairn had left off crying, and nestled itself to sleep on his shoulder.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, yes, he'll make a good father some day!

JEAN. A good father and a happy one, too! Yes, we shall be happier then than we are now even. Oh, mother, is that possible?--shall I be happier when I have my baby in my arms?

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, my child, yes, you will that, in truth. People talk of happiness and the things that bring it, and the young people talk about it and dream of it--but there's one happiness in the world that's better and bigger when it comes than one ever thinks for

beforehand--and that is the moment when a woman's first child
lies in her arms.

JEAN. Is it, is it really? Oh, mother to think that this is coming to me! I shall have
that too, besides all the rest! Isn't it wonderful?

MRS. HOLROYD. (*moved*) God keep you, honey!

JEAN. Yes, when I think of the moment when my child will lie in my arms, how he
will look at me--

MRS. HOLROYD. (*smiling*) *He!* It's going to be a boy then, is it?

JEAN. Of course it is! Like his father. He shall be called Alan, too, and he will be
just like him. He will have the same honest blue eyes, that make
you believe in them, and the same yellow hair and a straight nose
and a firm, sweet mouth. But that's what he'll be like when he
grows up a little; at first he'll be nothing but a pink, soft, round,
little baby, and we will sit before the fire--it will be the winter,
you know, when he comes--and he'll lie across my knee, and
stretch out his little pink feet to the blaze, and all the neighbours
will come in and see his sturdy little limbs, and say, "My word,
what a fine boy!" He'll be just such another as his father. Oh,
mother, it's too good to be true!

MRS. HOLROYD. No, no, honey, it isn't! It will all come true some day.

JEAN. Oh, mother, mother, what a good world it is! *(kisses her)* Ah, I see some more people coming--he'll soon be here now! *(Goes in to R.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. *(looking along road)* Yes, there they come. *(Gets up, puts her knitting down, begins straightening table, then goes in as though to fetch something.)*

(Gradual signs of commotion, two boys rush along stage from R to L, then return with two more, and go off, R. Two children rush past; then two women enter at back, L, and stand a little to the R of cottage, shading their eyes. Mrs. Holroyd comes out of door with a brown jug in her hand.)

MRS. HOLROYD. What is it? Anything happened?

FIRST WOMAN. Ay, it's an accident, they say, at the works.

MRS. HOLROYD. *(alarmed)* An accident?

SECOND WOMAN. Yes, yes, look there! *(She points off to the R.)*

JEAN. *(leaning out of room to the L, with her arms crossed on window sill)* And, mother, I've been thinking we shall have to call him wee Alan, to tell him from his father, you know. Mother! *(looks)* Mother, what has happened?

MRS. HOLROYD. *(hurriedly)* Nothing, honey, nothing. *(Jean comes hurriedly out of room and down passage.)*

JEAN. No, mother, I am sure there is something! What is it. (*To woman.*) Do you know?

FIRST WOMAN. It will be an accident, they say, at the works.

JEAN. At the works! Any one hurt?

SECOND WOMAN. Eh, with yon machines, ye never know but there'll be something.

JEAN. With the machines? (*Sees Warren coming hurriedly past, R.*) Jamie, Jamie, what is it? What has happened?

WARREN. Jean, dear Jean, you must be prepared.

JEAN. Prepared? For what?

WARREN. There has been an accident.

JEAN. Not to Alan? Ah, do you mean he has been hurt? (*Warren is silent.*) But he's so strong it will be nothing! I'll make him well again. Where is he? We must bring him back!

WARREN. No, no! (*He looks back at something approaching.*)

JEAN. What is that? (*Pause.*)

WARREN. God's will be done, Jean; His hand is heavy on ye. (*A moment of silence. Jean is seen to look aghast at something coming. Hutton and two more, carrying a covered litter, come to the gate, followed by a little crowd of men, women and children.*)

JEAN. Oh, they're coming here! (*Rushes to them.*) Hutton, tell me what has happened?

HUTTON. Best not look, missis--it's a sore sight! (*Mrs. Holroyd holds Jean back.*)

JEAN. Let me be, mother--I *must* go to him!

FIRST WOMAN. Na, na, my lass--best keep back!

MRS. HOLROYD. Keep back, honey! you're not the one to bear the sight!

JEAN. I *must*--let me go! (*Struggles, breaks away, and rushes forward--lifts up cover*)
Alan! (*She falls back with a cry into Mrs. Holroyd's arms.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

A room in Jean's cottage. Fireplace to the R, with chimneypiece on which are candlesticks, tapers, etc.; door at back, L.C. Window to L with curtains; kitchen dresser to L with plates, jugs, and a bowl with green spray in it. A mahogany bookcase on back wall, a table back C, chairs, etc.; a cradle half way down the stage to the L of C.

(Jean discovered sitting listlessly by the fire. She is in a white gown with a black shawl over it. Mrs. Holroyd and Mrs. Ridley are standing one on each side of the cradle, Mrs. Holroyd bending over it, smoothing the clothes, etc., Mrs. Ridley standing by admiringly.)

MRS. HOLROYD. *(L of cradle, finishing tucking it up)* There now, he looks the picture of comfort, the dear! and so sound asleep, it's a pleasure to see him.

MRS. RIDLEY. *(right of cradle, looking at him)* It is indeed; but I doubt you've got him too hot, Mrs. Holroyd.

MRS. HOLROYD. (*doubtfully*) Too hot, do you think so? Well, perhaps we might put off this quilt. (*Takes it off and stands with it in her hand*) And yet, I don't know, I am all for weeny babies being kept warm enough. (*Puts the quilt on again.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. Warm enough! Yes, but not stifled--ye'll fair smother the bairn with all yon clothes! (*Takes off quilt.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. Ay, now it's difficult to know what one should do for the best! (*Stands looking doubtfully at cradle.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. Well, I always say with a baby, you can't do better than take a neighbour's advice, and one that's had eleven too. My bairns used just to lie in the cot with a patchwork counterpane over them--it's a grand thing for a baby is the patchwork--and they grew up fine, sturdy lads as you'd wish to see.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, fine and sturdy--that's just it! But it's very different with this poor little mite.

MRS. RIDLEY. (*her arms folded as she holds the quilt, shaking her head and looking compassionately at the baby*) Ay, poor wee thing, indeed! well, the Lord's will be done! He must have His own way with the bairns, as with everything else.

MRS. HOLROYD. Do you know, I think I'll leave the quilt on.

(takes it) I am fearful of the draughts down the chimney coming to him.

MRS. RIDLEY. Eh, yes--every chimney 'll blow both hot and cold, as the saying is. I'm all for keeping the fresh air from a baby till he's turned the twelvemonth. Eh, but his mother should see him now, looking so fine and comfortable! *(looking round at Jean. Jean pays no attention.)* Jean, he's looking as happy as a prince, the dear! *(Jean is absorbed in thought.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. *(shakes her head. Half aside to Mrs. Ridley)* Ah, it's not much his mother wants to see him, I'm afraid. Jean!

JEAN. *(as though waking out of a reverie)* Yes, mother, what is it? *(Sits up.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. The baby has gone to sleep--he's quite comfortable now.

JEAN. Asleep, is he? Yes. *(Leans forward, her head on her right hand, her elbow on her knee. Mrs. Holroyd puts her hand down to the ground near the cradle.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. I thought I felt a bit of a draught here, near the cradle head.

MRS. RIDLEY. *(putting her hand to the ground with an anxious look)* No, no! There's no draught; it's just yourself that's made it, whisking round with your petticoats.

MRS. HOLROYD. Well, happen you're right. (*Holds her skirts carefully together, then feels for the draught again.*) Na, na, there's no draught here. He'll sleep now, right enough.

MRS. RIDLEY. If he does it'll be more by good luck than good management, with all yon clothes on the top of him.

MRS. HOLROYD. He should--he's not had much sleep this day, nor last night either.

MRS. RIDLEY. And you look tired with it, Mrs. Holroyd.

MRS. HOLROYD. We've had a restless day with him, haven't we, Jean?

JEAN. (*indifferently*) Yes, he's cried.

MRS. RIDLEY. It's too much for you, Mrs. Holroyd, to have been after that bairn ever since daylight.

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh well! It's my Jean's bairn, you know.

MRS. RIDLEY. Yes, that's just it! It's Jean's bairn, and it's Jean ought to be tewing with it--it would do her good, Mrs. Holroyd.

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh, I doubt she's not strong enough yet! But you are right: she should take an interest in it, all the

same. I can't get her to seem as though she minded for it, do what I will.

MRS. RIDLEY. You should rouse her a bit, and not let her sit mouning that way.
(*Cheerily*) Come, Jean, do you think the cradle is out of the draught there, or shall we get it moved a bit?

JEAN. (*half looking round, then subsides again*) Oh, I think it will do very well where it is.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, honey, I don't like to see you sitting there as though you had nothing to do with the bairn.

JEAN. Nay, mother, I know it's well cared for with you looking after it--and Mrs. Ridley.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, but that's not enough. Ah, Jean, how little I thought when you used to talk of your baby, and long to have it in your arms, that you would be so hard to the little fatherless child when it came, and not bear to look at it, just because it isn't the fine lusty lad you wanted! (*Jean shudders as she sits and looks into the fire. Mrs. Holroyd is bustling about, arranging the room as she talks.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. Yes, poor wee thing! He can't help being a cripple; you should care for him all the more because he won't walk and run like other boys. What's a mother for, if it's not to care for the bairn that needs it most?

JEAN. (*looks into the fire*) Yes, yes, I suppose so! that is what's left--there'll be nothing else in my life.

MRS. HOLROYD. Nothing else! You ought to be thankful for having the child!

JEAN. (*bitterly*) Thankful!

MRS. RIDLEY. Ah, Jean, I doubt you have a hard heart! You don't know the blessings you have.

JEAN. (*covers her face, then goes on after a minute*) No, maybe I don't. Do you remember, mother, that last afternoon that we talked about the child that was to come? You told me how beautiful everything would be, and that I should be happier than ever I'd been before. Happier--ah!

MRS. HOLROYD. It's not ours to tell the future, and it's very wicked to repine when things are not as we hoped.

JEAN. (*half to herself--looking into the fire*) I used to hope, all those happy weeks before that day, and then afterwards, when my only hope was in the bairn--and now I have no hope left . . . only horrible certainty!

MRS. HOLROYD. Eh, Jean, yours is sinful talk--you must just be a good mother to the bairn now that it is here (*arranging room*).

MRS. RIDLEY. (*Kneeling in front of fire, takes up fire-irons in her hand, and sweeps hearth.*) Ah, there's many a mother with a family of fine boys and girls has thought more of her one deformed child than all the rest!

JEAN. (*covering her face*) Deformed! Yes, that's what they'll call him. (*Pause.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. Why, there's Meg Dowden who used to live beside the Green at home--how she used to go about with the little Tommy of hers, who could only sling along the road instead of walking! and she was as proud of him as you please. Then there's Kate Lockerby, when one of her bairns wasn't right in her head--

JEAN. Don't! Don't! I can't bear it!

MRS. RIDLEY. Ah well, child, you must try to bear it, and to put up with things that can't be mended.

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes, honey, you must put off that hard, rebellious spirit, and put on a meek and submissive one, else you will be punished for your pride some day. (*Goes on dusting and arranging room, etc.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. Ah, but a young thing like that will feel it! I mind when my Johnnie was born, that only lived a week--

JEAN. Don't tell me about it, I say, don't tell me about any other woman's child!

MRS. RIDLEY. My word, Jean, but you've got your saucy tongue in your head still! I'll tell you what, Mrs. Holroyd, you ought to have the minister to her when she speaks that way; he would bring her to a better way of thinking.

MRS. HOLROYD. (*aside to Mrs. Ridley*) I've told him to-day just to step in and see her. Ye see, Mrs. Ridley, when the lass has been about a bit longer, she'll be better; she hasn't got her strength yet.

MRS. RIDLEY. Ay, that's true--any one can see that to look at her. She's as white as a sheet to-night.

MRS. HOLROYD. Indeed, she is that! Come, dearie, get to bed with you, and you'll feel better in the morning.

JEAN. (*wearily*) To bed--very well!

MRS. HOLROYD. Everything is ready for you in the next room--and Mrs. Ridley will sit here and be a bit of company for you while I go back home to see how things are going on.

MRS. RIDLEY. Eh, that I will. I'll sit here as long as you please. (*Sits by table to the L. Gets out her knitting.*)

JEAN. No, no! I don't want any one to stay with me.

MRS. RIDLEY. Eh, I can knit just as well here as at home. My boys are on the night shift this week, and won't be in for supper.

MRS. HOLROYD. (*to Mrs. Ridley*) And if the baby cries you can just put it over again.

MRS. RIDLEY. No need to tell me what to do with a baby, that's had eleven to look after; and I can do for Jean too, if she wants anything.

JEAN. No, no; I can quite well fend for myself. I sha'n't want anything.

MRS. HOLROYD. (*anxiously*) But what about the baby? I doubt you won't be able to manage him, Jean?

JEAN. Yes, yes, I shall! Didn't you say that's what a mother's for? (*Mrs. Ridley gets up.*)

MRS. RIDLEY. (*to Mrs. Holroyd*) Well, neighbour, I believe the lass is right; and if you take my advice, you'll do as she says, and leave her to tew with the baby; she'll soonest get to care for him that way.

MRS. HOLROYD. Maybe you are right after all.

MRS. RIDLEY. Well, if I'm not wanted then, I'd best be getting

home. Good night to you! (*Shakes her head to herself as she goes out*) Eh, but some folks are bad to do with when they're in trouble! (*Exit.*)

JEAN. You go too, mother; I shall be all right.

MRS. HOLROYD. Suppose you wanted anything, or the baby wasn't well?

JEAN. Well, if the worst came to the worst, I could step up so far and fetch you: it's only a few doors off.

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes; you could do that after all. Good night, then, honey! Go to bed, say your prayers, and wake up stronger and better in the morning. All that comes to us is for the best, you know, if we can but see it.

JEAN. Good night! (*Her mother kisses her. Mrs. Holroyd goes out, after giving a last look at the baby, and a general straightening touch to things as she passes.*) At last! Oh, if they would only give over telling me it's for the best! (*Looks at cradle*) For the best! *That* for the best! (*Bends over cradle*) But he has got a darling little face all the same! Poor little bairn--my poor little bairn! They say I don't love you--I don't care for you at all! Yes, yes, I do, dear, yes, I do! (*Buries her face and sobs. Knock heard at the door. Gets up, drying her eyes, and stands at foot of cradle, looking at child. Jean looks round, crosses to fire--another knock.*) Yes? who is it? (*Warren on the threshold.*)

WARREN. Good evening, Jean! (*Pause--Jean still looking into fire--Warren stands hesitating, and a little embarrassed at her inhospitality*) Your mother asked me to look in, and--

JEAN. And tell me of my sinful ways--yes, I know! Come in, Jamie!

WARREN. (*comes forward*) Jean, how ill you look! You're fretting; you mustn't rebel so against the visitation o' God! His laws are--

JEAN. Good and merciful. Yes, I've heard that!

WARREN. Eh! I hope you're not doubting His loving-kindness, Jean!

JEAN. I'm not thinking about God, nor about loving-kindness.

WARREN. But you must, child. It'll steady and strengthen ye. Ye'll find His mercy everywhere.

JEAN. Do you think I'll find it in the cradle, yon?

WARREN. Eh? (*shaking his head*) Yes, I know what you mean. I've heard--

JEAN. (*with smothered anguish, breaking in*) Then you forgot, Jamie Warren, or you wouldn't talk of loving--

kindness. You forgot God couldn't even take Alan away
without--without--(covers her face and shudders.)

WARREN. Jean! You're tempting the Almighty!

JEAN. Ye hadn't heard, maybe, that a little child was sent, hideous and maimed, to
stumble through this terrible world--eh?

WARREN. Hush, hush, my girl! You're ill, or you wouldn't talk that wild and
wicked way! (*As Jean is about to break in*) When you're
stronger you'll see how the child'll comfort you.

JEAN. (*slowly*) But how shall I comfort the child?

WARREN. He'll grow up to be a scholar and a God-fearing man yet, Jean. It's no ill
fate.

JEAN. He'll grow up, you think?

WARREN. (*cheerily*) Aye, why not? He may quite well live to be old.

JEAN. You don't think that? (*seizes Warren by the arm.*)

WARREN. Of course. Why not? He's not rightly formed, poor bairn, else he's
sturdy enough, they say. He may outlive us all, yet!

JEAN. You think he'll live longer than any of us? (*hoarsely*).

WARREN. Well, in the course of nature and if God wills it (*Jean turns away*); but if it's the will of God that the child should be taken, Jean, you must bow to His will.

JEAN. You're sure the bairn would go to heaven, Jamie?

WARREN. How can you doubt it? Ye'll be having him baptised?

JEAN. Baptised! (*listlessly*) Yes, I suppose so.

WARREN. Ah, Jean, take care lest it be too late! The innocent bairn mustn't suffer for the sinful neglect of others. Unless he be baptised, who can be sure? Jean, see to it that the child is saved.

JEAN. Saved! Why was he not saved from *that*?

WARREN. We are not here to ask that. It is enough for us to know that it is the will of God.

JEAN. (*passionately*) The will of God! I won't believe it!

WARREN. Jean!

JEAN. Or if you're right, so much the worse, then! If

God were full of mercy and loving-kindness as you say, how could He be so cruel to a little harmless child? (*crosses to cradle, and drops on her knees beside it*).

WARREN. Jean, Jean, ye tempt the Almighty by your wicked words. But I doubt you're sore at heart. His mercy endureth for ever; He will forgive you, and He'll have pity on you.

JEAN. (*with a burst of agony*) Pity on *me*, man! It's the child! It's the *child*! Don't you think I'd be glad to give up my health and strength to my baby? If God was angry at *me*, why didn't He strike *me* down? If I'd been doing wrong, He should have cursed *me*, and not hurt Alan's little bairn! I could have borne it. This minute I could stand up and let them hack me all to pieces if they'd make my baby straight and strong. (*Jean walks unsteadily back towards fireplace.*)

WARREN. Hush! hush! You'll come to better reason as the time goes on, (*Jean absorbed in her grief*) if you'll but strive in prayer to be given a meek spirit, and strength to bear your burden bravely, Jean. There's many a one has had to go through the world before bearing a cross as heavy as yours.

JEAN. And does it make it any better for me to think of those other wretched women?

WARREN. Ah, Jean, seek for strength where alone it can be

found--pray for it, only pray, and it shall be given you! (*Jean stands looking at the fire trying to control herself.*) (*Moved*) Jean, my poor Jean, good-bye! I'll pray for you and for the bairn--I'll pray that God may bring you peace. (*Exit.*)

JEAN. (*alone--wildly*) Pray for the bairn--pray, pray! (*she falls on her knees*) Oh God! If I've been wicked, don't make it worse for the child--punish me some other way--don't hurt him any more--he's so little, dear God--so helpless, and he never did any wrong! *He* hasn't been drunk with life and strength and love--he hasn't walked through the world exulting and fearless and forgetting You. That was I, oh, Father in heaven! Punish *me*--and take the baby away. This is a hard place--this world down here. Take him away! Take him away! (*She staggers to her feet--listens*) He is stirring. (*Goes and looks in cradle--leans over it*) Ah, how little you must know to be smiling in your sleep! (*Drops on her knees by the cradle*) Dear little face! Ah! It's brave of you to smile when God has laid such heavy burdens on you! Do you think you will be able to smile later on when you see other boys running and leaping and being glad--when you're a man, dear, and see how good it is to be strong and fair? Can you bear it, little one? (*She rocks the cradle as if to hush him, though the child sleeps on--she croons drearily*) Never mind, never mind! Mother'll be always at your side--always--always. (*She stops, horror-stricken*) Always? Who can say so? I might die! It's natural I should go first and leave

him to the mercy of--Oh, I cannot, I cannot! I dare not! (*Bows her head over the cradle's edge--then half recovering, and yet with suppressed wildness, whispers*) Baby, I'm frightened! Listen, I don't know what to do. Do you want to live? Tell me, shall you ever hate me for this horrible gift of life? (*With wide vacant eyes*) Oh, I seem to see you in some far-off time, your face distorted like you body, but with bitterness and loathing, saying, "Mother, how could you be so cruel as to let me live and suffer? You could have eased my pain; you could have saved me this long martyrdom; when I was little and lay in your arms. Why didn't you save me. You were a coward--a coward!" (*She bows her head over the cradle again, overcome--then she lifts a drawn white face*) It would be quite easy--only to cover the dear face a little while--only to shut out the air and light for a little while, and remember I'm fighting for his release. Yes, it would be quite easy--if only one's heart didn't sink and one's brain grow numb! (*Leans against the cradle, faint--her eyes fall on the child*) Are your lips moving, dear? (*Pause*) Are you asking for life? No, you don't want to live, do you? No, no, you cannot! Darling, it will be so easy--you'll never know--it will only be that you'll go on sleeping--sleeping, until you wake up in heaven! (*Clutches quilt together quickly, then stops*) In heaven! No--what did Jamie say? "Unless he be baptised"--(*stands a minute--repeats to herself*) He said, "See to it that the child is saved." Yes, darling, that's what I'm trying to do to save you! (*Lets quilt fall--stands staring into space--moves like a woman in a dream; brings two candles; returns,*

brings a bowl of water, and a big book with silver clasps; puts all on table by cradle--lights candles--lifts the great book, and goes to the cradle and looks at the child--turns away with a sob, and, standing by the candle-light, opens the book and tries to find the place--passes her hand across her eyes.) Where is the place? I can't find it! I can't find it! (Tries again--then falls on her knees between the table and the cradle--she closes the great book and whispers) Have pity on us, Lord--show us the way! (Still on her knees, she lets the book fall to the floor, dips her hand in the water and sprinkles the child) I baptise thee, Alan! (Prays a moment--then stands looking yearningly at him) Alan, my little Alan!

Rises--looks anxiously over her shoulder to door and window, blows out the candles one by one, and goes stealthily towards cradle with a long wailing cry, the eider quilt hugged to her breast as the

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE III.

Room in the prison.

(Colonel Stuart sitting at writing-table with papers to the R. Chief warder standing by him. Door C. Door to the L.)

COL. STUART. You have nothing more to report, Roberts?

ROBERTS. No, sir; nothing.

COL. STUART. And Jean Creyke?

ROBERTS. Just the same, sir. Can get nothing out of her.

COL. STUART. *(shaking his head)* Ah! Well, you can take these. *(Gives him papers. Roberts gathers up papers and is turning away. Enter a Warder at C.)*

WARDER. Please, sir, there is some one to see the woman Creyke.

COL. STUART. Who is it?

WARDER. An old woman, sir, of the name of Holroyd. She is Creyke's mother, I believe.

COL. STUART. Her mother? Bring her in here. (*Exit Warder.*) I can't help feeling that there must be some extenuating circumstance if only we could get at it.

ROBERTS. Well, sir, maybe there is. It's a bad business, anyway! (*Salutes, and goes out with papers at door L. Enter Mrs. Holroyd with Warder. Exit Warder.*)

COL. STUART. Mrs. Holroyd?

MRS. HOLROYD. (*with her handkerchief to her eyes*) Ay, yes, your worship, my name is Holroyd.

COL. STUART. (*kindly*) I am very sorry for you; it must be a hard trial.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, it's hard indeed to think that a girl of mine should have taken her own child's life.

COL. STUART. Yes, it's a very terrible story. (*Pause.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. (*anxiously*) What will they do to her, your worship? (*Col. Stuart is silent.*) They won't take her life, will they? There must be a chance for her yet.

COL. STUART. I fear not much; a reprieve has been asked for, but--

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes, I know--Jamie Warren said he would bring the news this morning, the moment it was known.

COL. STUART. Jamie Warren?

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes; he's the minister down at our place; he's always been a good friend to our Jean, and if she would have listened to him, and not taken up with Creyke, things would have been very different.

COL. STUART. Well, there seems to be very little here to found an appeal for mercy on. We know so little of the whole thing. What could have made her kill the child? Do you think her mind was at all affected at the time?

MRS. HOLROYD. Her mind! My Jean's? No, indeed! Why did she kill the little baby? Well, it was a poor wreckling, the lamb, and it well-nigh broke her heart that it wasn't fine and sturdy like the father--she wanted a boy like the husband she lost--she never seemed to take to the baby, never from the first, and she never would tew with it as mothers do.

COL. STUART. Do you mean that that's why she killed the poor little helpless child--that she could find it in her heart to kill it because it wasn't strong and sturdy?

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, yes, your worship, it's hard my Jean should have done it. I well-nigh can't believe it of my own bairn.

COL. STUART. It's hard to believe of any mother.

MRS. HOLROYD. And if they spare her life what will become of her? Can I have her back with me to her home again.

COL. STUART. No, my poor woman, she can't go back to you again. The best will be that her sentence will be commuted to penal servitude for life.

MRS. HOLROYD. *(crying out)* For life! My Jean? Oh Lord, oh Lord, Your hand is heavy on us!

COL. STUART. You shall see her. *(Rings bell.) (A Warder comes in.)* Jean Creyke is to come here. *(Exit Warder.) (To Mrs. Holroyd.)* Perhaps you can bring her to a better frame of mind. She seems strangely hardened.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, your worship, I am afraid she won't mind for me; she always knew I hadn't the wits to be up to her, or find the words to say to her. Oh, my poor girl, she always was too proud, I always told her she was. The Lord has punished her. *(Enter Jean with two Warders.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. Oh, Jean, Jean! *(Jean's sentences are given as a stage direction of what she is silently to convey, but she does not speak until nearly the end of the Act.)*

JEAN. *(silent)* Mother!

MRS. HOLROYD. Honey, tell his worship how you came to do it. Tell him you hadn't your wits right; that you didn't know what you were doing to the little bairn!

JEAN. *(silent)* I knew well enough.

MRS. HOLROYD. Oh, my dear, if you could tell him something that would make them let you off--now think, Jean, think, honey! it may be you could tell them something that would save you.

JEAN. *(silent--stares vacantly into space)* I can tell him nothing.

COL. STUART. Nothing, you can say, of course, will clear you now; but, for the sake of the memory you will leave behind you, can you give no sort of reason, no explanation of the impulse that led to your terrible crime? *(Jean shakes her head.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. Oh, you worship, your worship!

COL. STUART. *(to Mrs. Holroyd)* No, it's no use, I'm afraid; she hasn't opened her lips from the beginning. *(Looks at watch)* You have twenty minutes together. *(Exit.)* *(The two Warders stand at the back, apparently not listening.)*

MRS. HOLROYD. *(in tears)* Oh, my Jean, my bonny Jean! That it should have come to this! *(Jean stands motionless.)*

Mrs. Holroyd turns away, distractedly wringing her hands.)

MRS. HOLROYD. *(coming back to the girl)* Jean, Jean, do you know they will have the life of ye?

JEAN. *(silent. Makes motion of assent)* Yes, I know.

MRS. HOLROYD. How could you do it, my lass? Can't you remember? If you could have told them all about it and asked for mercy you could have got it.

JEAN. *(silent--smiles strangely)* I don't want mercy.

MRS. HOLROYD. You're not afraid to die with your sins about ye?

JEAN. *(silent--shakes her head)* No, I am not afraid.

MRS. HOLROYD. Ah, Jean, but I am afraid for ye. No, I cannot bear it. Jean!
(with a fresh outburst) Are ye not thinking of your mother at all?

JEAN. *(silent--puts out her hand to her mother)* Poor mother!

MRS. HOLROYD. Oh, Jean, you're very hard. You don't think of those who are left when you won't ask for mercy. And Jamie Warren, poor lad--his heart is broken as well as mine. *(Pause--Jean stands erect seeming not to hear.)* But there is still a chance, Jean--honey

--there is indeed. Maybe Jamie'll come back here this morning with the blessed news. He should be here soon, very soon. (*In an agony*) Jean, Jean, if only I could get you to speak! His worship's been asking me about you. What can I tell him? Try to recollect, lassie--try to think on that night, when I left ye with the baby--try to think just how it all was. I left ye sitting by the fire, just after Mrs. Ridley had gone out; ye'll mind she was a bit vexed, poor body, at the way ye'd spoken--and the baby was asleep in the cradle, I'd just covered him up warm with the quilt. (*Jean gives a sharp cry, and makes a motion to stop her mother.*)

JEAN. (*silent*) Ah! (*The door opens, and James Warren comes in hastily with a Warder, who points to Jean and goes out again.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. Jamie! Well, Jamie--what news do you bring? Speak, lad, tell us!

WARREN. (*looks at Mrs. Holroyd and shakes his head, and then looks at Jean.*) The news I bring is--bad.

JEAN. (*silent--unmoved*)

WARREN. No, Jean, they won't grant it; they say the sentence must be carried out. (*Jean clasps her hands with a look of relief, almost of gladness.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. Oh, Jean, honey, it will kill me too! (*Jean seems*

not to hear.) Jamie, Jamie, she doesn't seem to mind for me one little bit! Speak to her, my lad, try to soften her hard heart! (*Re-enter Col. Stuart.*)

COL. STUART. (*to Jean*) You have heard the result of the appeal?

JEAN. (*silent--bows.*) Yes.

MRS. HOLROYD. Oh, your worship, is there no hope?

COL. STUART. None--absolutely none.

WARREN. Jean, your only hope is in Him who alone can pardon your sin: turn to Him before it is too late. Do not die unforgiven.

JEAN. (*silent*) I shall not die unforgiven.

COL. STUART. Take care, Jean Creyke; remember your time is running short--the end is very near.

JEAN. (*aloud*) When?

COL. STUART. To-morrow morning at eight.

JEAN. To-morrow! (*Her lips form the word.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. (*crying out*) To-morrow morning!

WARREN. Yes, the time is short, indeed! Jean, confess! Confess, and turn you to the Lord your God.

MRS. HOLROYD. To-morrow! To-morrow! Ah, but it's too soon for her to die! Jean, Jean, my honey, my little lass! Oh, my Jean! (*Jean, as if in a dream, turns to go.*)

COL. STUART. My poor woman, all you can do for her now is to pray for her, and say good-bye. You won't see her again.

MRS. HOLROYD. (*horror-stricken and bewildered*) Not see her again! What do you mean? You'll let me come to-night, and to-morrow? (*Looks round--reads answer in faces of bystanders.*)

COL. STUART. No, this is the last time.

MRS. HOLROYD. The last time! No, no! You can't take her from me like that! Your worship, she's the only child I've ever had--the only thing I have in the world! Eh, but ye'll let me bide with her the day, till to-night, only till to-night! Just these few hours longer! Think, your worship--I must do without her all the rest of my life!

COL. STUART. (*compassionately*) My poor woman! (*He makes a sign to the warders.*)

MRS. HOLROYD. (*rushing forward as Warders are going to take Jean out*) Oh, wait, only wait! Jamie, don't let her go! Tell them they mustn't take her to die yet. She isn't ready to die, ye know she isn't ready. (*To Jean*) Oh, my honey! Speak, speak, before it is too late. Tell them why you did it. Put away your rebellious heart! (*To Stuart*) You think she's bad and wicked, but she's not wicked--she's not indeed! Jean, Jean, why did ye kill the poor little bairn?

WARREN. Jean, listen to me--to-morrow you are to appear before your Maker. Confess your crime, and lay down your burden before the throne of God.

JEAN. (*aloud*) Crime!

COL. STUART. Not a crime, that you in cold blood took the life of a poor, helpless, little baby, because you hadn't the courage to bear the sight of its misfortunes?

JEAN. I hadn't courage? I've had courage just once in my life--just once in my life I've been strong and kind--and it was the night I killed my child! (*She turns away to door.*)

WARREN. Jean! (*Mrs. Holroyd cries something inarticulate as she tries in despair to hold Jean back.*)

JEAN. Don't, mother, don't! You don't think I could live after this, do you? I had to do what I did,

ALAN'S WIFE Now credited to ELIZABETH ROBINS AND FLORENCE BELL
From the 1893 anonymously published London edition

Text of the play,
page 48

and they have to take my life for it. I showed him the only true
mercy, and that is what the law showed me! Maybe I shall find
him up yonder made straight and fair and happy--find him in
Alan's arms. Good-bye--mother--goodbye!

(She goes out as)

CURTAIN FALLS.

TERRY'S THEATRE,
STRAND, W.C.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

FOUNDER AND SOLE DIRECTOR, J. T. GREIN.

SECOND SEASON, TENTH PERFORMANCE.

TUESDAY, 2nd May, 1893,

ALAN'S WIFE,

A STUDY IN THREE SCENES, FOUNDED ON A STORY BY
ELIN AMEEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Jean Creyke</i>	MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS.
<i>Mrs. Holroyd</i> (Jean's Mother)	MRS. E. H. BROOKE.
<i>Mrs. Ridley</i>	MRS. EDMUND PHELPS.
<i>1st Woman</i>	MISS MABEL HARDY.
<i>2nd Woman</i>	MISS ANNIE SAKER.
<i>Jamie Warren</i>	MR. JAMES WELCH.
<i>Colonel Stewart</i>	MR. MERVYN HERAPATH.
<i>Roberts</i> (Chief Warder)	MR. WALLER.
<i>1st Warder</i>	MR. CHARLES GREEVEN.
<i>2nd Warder</i>	MR. E. G. WALLER.

The Play produced under the direction of
MR. H. DE LANGE.

The ACTION of the Play takes place in a Village in
the North of England, at the PRESENT DAY.