

**APPLETONS' NEW
HANDY-VOLUME
SERIES. LITTLE COMEDIES**

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Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. Little Comedies by Julian Sturgis

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JULIAN STURGIS

**APPLETONS' NEW
HANDY-VOLUME
SERIES. LITTLE COMEDIES**

APPLETONS' NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES.

LITTLE COMEDIES.

BY

JULIAN STURGIS,

AUTHOR OF

"JOHN-A-DREAMS," AND "AN ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN."

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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"This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorne brake
our tiring house."

"Like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*"

APPLES.

CHARACTERS.

CLAUD HUNTLEY, *Artist.*

LADY ROEDALE.

BETTY TYRREL.

APPLES.

It is spring-time in Rome, and one of the first hot days. In the veiled light of his studio CLAUD HUNTLEY is painting LADY ROEDALE's picture. He likes to talk as he works.

CLAUD.

Then why did you offer to sit to me ?

LADY ROEDALE.

Why ? Why ? It's too hot to give reasons. Perhaps because your studio is the coolest place in Rome. Or shall I merely say that I sit to you because I choose ?

CLAUD.

That's better. You always did what you chose. And now you are free. You delight in your liberty.

LADY ROEDALE.

"Delight" is a strong word. It is suggestive of violent emotion. I detest violence.

CLAUD.

You say with Hamlet, "Man delights me not."

LADY ROEDALE.

I say nothing with Hamlet. Heaven defend me from such presumption! and besides, Hamlet was a bore, and thought too much of himself.

CLAUD.

Heaven defend you from presumption! But any way you agree. You don't like man, and you do like liberty?

LADY ROEDALE.

I prefer liberty of the two. A widow can do what she pleases, and—and this is far better, she need not do anything which bores her.

CLAUD.

Ah, there you are wrong. Your liberty is a sham. You are bound by a thousand silk threads of society. Your conduct is modified by the criticism of a dozen tea-tables. Trippet takes your cup, and sees that your eyes are red. By the way, they are red—