

**THE MINGLED  
YARN. A DRAMA IN  
FIVE ACTS**

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The Mingled Yarn. A Drama in Five Acts by Robert Blatchford

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**ROBERT BLATCHFORD**

**THE MINGLED  
YARN. A DRAMA IN  
FIVE ACTS**



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THE MINGLED YARN.

A MELODRAMA WITHOUT A VILLAIN.

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# THE MINGLED YARN.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

*Life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.*—SHAKESPEARE.

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LONDON:

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WALTER SCOTT, LTD., PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.4.

1897.

*LIST OF CHARACTERS.*

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Sir JAMES GRINDROD, J.P. . . .	}	Colliery Proprietors.
Dr. WEEKS: a retired Physician . . . .		
Alderman PASKER, J.P. . . . .		
ARTHUR GRINDROD . . . . .		Son of Sir Jas. Grindrod.
CHARLIE WEEKS . . . . .		Son of Dr. Weeks.
BILL BRADSHAW, S.D.F. . . . .	}	Local Leaders of the Colliers.
GEORGE BILLAM, I.L.P. . . . .		
TOM TRUDGE . . . . .		a Tramp.
Sergeant HARDSTONE . . . . .	}	Soldiers.
Private TERENCE O'FLAHERTY . . . .		
Private BENJAMIN BOBEL . . . . .		
Private WILLIE GREEN . . . . .		
WATERS . . . . .		a Man-servant.
MRS. BLENKIRON . . . . .		a Miner's Wife.
ROSE BRADSHAW { Board School Teacher }		Daughter of Bill Bradshaw.
MARTHA BILLAM . . . . .		Wife of George Billam.
A CORPORAL, COLLIERS, MINEERS, &c., &c.		

Subject of the Play: A great Lock-out in the Coal Trade.

Period of the Play: The Winter of 1899.

Locality of the Play: Mirksbridge, West Riding of York.

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*LIST OF SCENES.*

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Act I.—A Room in Broadmaine Hall.

Act II., Sc. 1.—The Cross Roads near Mirksbridge.

Sc. 2.—A Lane near Mirksbridge.

Sc. 3.—Living-room in George Billam's Cottage.

Act III., Sc. 1.—Office at Broadmaine Pits.

Sc. 2.—Broadmaine Beck.

Act IV.—Interior of George Billam's Cottage (as in Act II.)

Act V., Sc. 1.—A Hut at Broadmaine Pits.

Sc. 2.—A Room in Broadmaine Hall (as in Act I.)

Sc. 3.—A Hut at Broadmaine Pits (as in Sc. 1, Act V.)



## THE MINGLED YARN.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE.

A ROOM IN BROADMAINE HALL, near Mirksbridge, the residence of Sir Jas. Grindrod, J.P.

*Old-fashioned oak-panelled room. Large practical casement window, right in flat. Door (practical) left in flat. Conservatory door right u.e. Fire-place right, table and three arm-chairs opposite fire. Door left l.e., with screen before it, and arm-chair in front of screen.*

*Discovered :*

SIR JAS. GRINDROD : *standing with back to fire reading "Times."*

ALDERMAN PASKER : *seated in chair in front of table.*

*A clear frosty morning in October.*

SIR JAS. : Prices are rising nicely, Alderman Pasker, considering that the lock-out is only in its third week.

PASKER : Most promising, Sir James, most promising. Do you expect anything to come of this conference with the men ?

SIR JAS. : No. The men are mulishly obdurate. So far the lock-out has been nothing more than a holiday excitement to them.

PASKER : Yes ; a kind of prolonged bank-holiday fuddle. They are not yet hungry enough to listen to reason.

SIR JAS. : Oh ! They will never listen to reason. They will have to be starved into submission.

PASKER: It's a pity they are so blind to their own interests; but when people's brains are in their stomachs, hunger is the only argument that tells. It will be hard lines for the women and children.

SIR JAS.: True. But, after all, that is no affair of ours. Their husbands and fathers should think of that. Our business is to sell coal, not to feed colliers.

PASKER: Very forcibly put. Do you think we can compel them to accept the whole twenty-five per cent. reduction?

SIR JAS.: We must stand out for it. Our stocks of coal are large; prices are rising, and—the winter promises to be severe.

[Enter ARTHUR GRINDROD and CHARLIE WEBBS,  
door in flat.]

ARTHUR: Good-morning, father. Good-morning, Alderman Pasker.

(SIR JAS. and PASKER rise. SIR JAS. shakes ARTHUR affectionately by the hand.)

SIR JAS.: Good-morning, Arthur. I hope you slept well, after the ball, my dear boy.

ARTHUR: Like a watchman, thank you, father.

SIR JAS.: Have you made a good breakfast?

ARTHUR: Why, father; of course I have.

SIR JAS.: I had Julien down from London expressly on your account. I know how you like his dishes. Were the truffles all right?

ARTHUR: They were a dream, father. But you spoil me.

SIR JAS.: My dear boy! We must make you comfortable. Don't you find the double windows an improvement to your bedroom?

ARTHUR: Yes, father; but pray don't trouble about me. You are always thinking of other people's comfort. I don't need any coddling, really. Charlie, here, will think I'm a sap.

(CHARLIE comes down left.)

CHARLIE: Good-mornin', Sir James. I wish my gov'nor were half as anxious about me. Mornin', Alderman Pasker. Awfully jolly cold weather, don't you think? Feller wants an awful lot of exercise to keep alive. If a feller isn't ridin', or golfin', or boxin', or somethin', a feller feels like a snow man.

PASKER: When I was young, Mr. Weeks, I often felt like a snow boy. I took my exercise shovelling the snow off my master's steps.

CHARLIE: How horribly jolly. I suppose that's what gave you such a figure. (*Aside, to ARTHUR*): I say, Arthur, do you think your gov'nor would make a personal matter of it if I punched his coachman's head?

ARTHUR: Don't be an ass, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Oh! all serene. But I heard the cheeky beggar call me "the little masher with the window in his eye"; and I should like to put a shutter in his eye, awfully, don't you know.

(SIR JAS. takes ARTHUR's arm. They go up right.)

CHARLIE (*to PASKER*): I say, old chappie, look here! If you want to make a bit over the Liverpool Cup, put your money on "Dandy Dick." It's a snip.

PASKER: Mr. Weeks!

(PASKER puts up pince-nez, and regards CHARLIE sternly. CHARLIE puts up eye-glass, and stares at PASKER. PASKER walks solemnly and with dignity to right. CHARLIE goes up left, shaking with laughter. SIR JAMES and ARTHUR come down centre.)