

**THE MOB: A PLAY  
IN FOUR ACTS**

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The mob: a play in four acts by John Galsworthy

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**JOHN GALSWORTHY**

**THE MOB: A PLAY  
IN FOUR ACTS**



**T H E M O B**  
A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY  
**JOHN GALSWORTHY**

**NEW YORK**  
**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS**  
1914

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

STEPHEN MORE, *Member of Parliament*  
KATHERINE, *his wife*  
OLIVE, *their little daughter*  
THE DEAN OF STOUR, *Katherine's uncle*  
GENERAL SIR JOHN JULIAN, *her father*  
CAPTAIN HUBERT JULIAN, *her brother*  
HELEN, *his wife*  
EDWARD MENDIP, *editor of "The Parthenon"*  
ALAN STEEL, *More's secretary*  
JAMES HOME, *architect*  
CHARLES SHELDER, *solicitor*  
MARK WACE, *bookseller*  
WILLIAM BANNING, *manufacturer*  
NURSE WREFORD  
WREFORD (*her son*), *Hubert's orderly*  
HIS SWEETHEART  
THE FOOTMAN HENRY  
A DOORKEEPER  
SOME BLACK-COATED GENTLEMEN  
A STUDENT  
A GIRL

} A deputation of More's  
constituents

### A MOB

ACT I. *The dining-room of More's town house, evening.*  
ACT II. *The same, morning.*  
ACT III. SCENE I. *An alley at the back of a suburban theatre.*  
SCENE II. *Katherine's bedroom.*  
ACT IV. *The dining-room of More's house, late afternoon.*  
AFTERMATH. *The corner of a square, at dawn.*

*Between ACTS I and II some days elapse.*  
*Between ACTS II and III three months.*  
*Between ACT III SCENE I and ACT III SCENE II no time.*  
*Between ACTS III and IV a few hours.*  
*Between ACTS IV and AFTERMATH an indefinite period.*



## CAST OF THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

AT THE

GAIETY THEATRE, MANCHESTER, MARCH 30, 1914

Stephen More	MILTON ROSMER
Katherine	IRENE ROOKE
Olive	PHYLLIS BOURKE
The Dean of Stour	LEONARD MUDIE
General Sir John Julian	HERBERT LOMAS
Captain Hubert Julian	WILLIAM HOME
Helen	HILDA BRUCE POTYER
Edward Mendip	D. LEWIN MANNERING
Alan Steel	ERIC BARBER
James Home	ARCHIBALD McCLEAN
Charles Shelder	PERCY FOSTER
Mark Wace	NAPIER BARRY
William Banning	CHARLES BIBBY
Nurse Wreford	MRS. A. B. TAPPING
Wreford	CECIL CALVERT
His Sweetheart	HILDA DAVIES
The Footman Henry	BASIL HOLMES
A Doorkeeper	ALFRED RUSSELL
A Student	ELLIS DEE
A Girl	MURIEL POPE





## ACT I

*It is half-past nine of a July evening. In a dining-room lighted by sconces, and apparelled in wall-paper, carpet, and curtains of deep vivid blue, the large French windows between two columns are open on to a wide terrace, beyond which are seen trees in darkness, and distant shapes of lighted houses. On one side is a bay window, over which curtains are partly drawn. Opposite to this window is a door leading into the hall. At an oval rosewood table, set with silver, flowers, fruit, and wine, six people are seated after dinner. Back to the bay window is STEPHEN MORE, the host, a man of forty, with a fine-cut face, a rather charming smile, and the eyes of an idealist; to his right, SIR JOHN JULLIAN, an old soldier, with thin brown features, and grey moustaches; to SIR JOHN'S right, his brother, the DEAN OF STOUR, a tall, dark, ascetic-looking Churchman: to his right KATHERINE is leaning forward, her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands, staring across at her husband; to her right sits EDWARD MENDIP, a pale man of forty-five, very bald, with a fine forehead, and on his clear-cut lips a smile that shows his teeth; between him and MORE is HELEN JULIAN,*

a pretty dark-haired young woman, absorbed in thoughts of her own. The voices are tuned to the pitch of heated discussion, as the curtain rises.

THE DEAN. I disagree with you, Stephen; absolutely, entirely disagree.

MORE. I can't help it.

MENDIP. Remember a certain war, Stephen! Were your chivalrous notions any good, then? And, what was winked at in an obscure young Member is anathema for an Under Secretary of State. You can't afford—

MORE. To follow my conscience? That's new, Mendip.

MENDIP. Idealism can be out of place, my friend.

THE DEAN. The Government is dealing here with a wild lawless race, on whom I must say I think sentiment is rather wasted.

MORE. God made them, Dean.

MENDIP. I have my doubts.

THE DEAN. They have proved themselves faithless. We have the right to chastise.

MORE. If I hit a little man in the eye, and he hits me back, have I the right to *chastise* him?

SIR JOHN. We didn't begin this business.

MORE. What! With our missionaries and our trading?

THE DEAN. It is news indeed that the work of civilization may be justifiably met by murder. Have you forgotten Glaive and Morlinson?