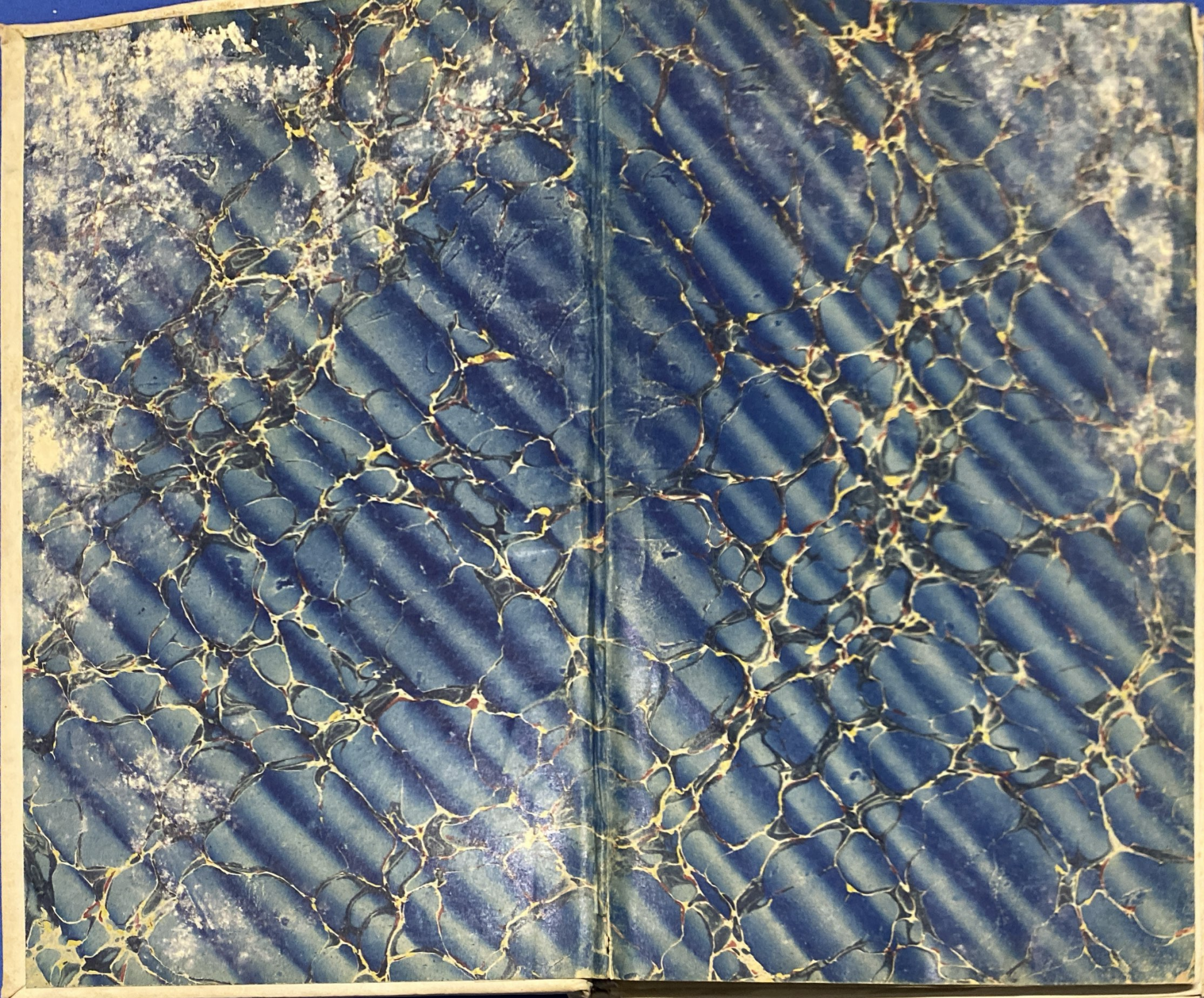




Forward

LONDON S.W.
NOV 13 09
12.15 AM

36 CHESHAM PLACE,
S.W.

Li

My dear Vita -

Many thanks

for the play - I think
we are very lucky to have

such a gift - I send
you from the bottom of
my heart - In great

steadily -

Yr. sister is



Vita

One, like a ~~flower~~ ^{hand} then little girls
like in ~~childish~~ ^{childish} word and ~~deed~~ ^{deed}.
What may lie beneath those golden curls
like brown & black

S.W.

I der Platz (the place) der Plätze die Plätze
der Nachbar (the neighbor) der Nachbarn die Nachbarn
die Haus (the house) der Häuser die Häuser
das Lager (the camp) der Lagers die Lagers
das Ort (the town) der Ortes die Ortes
der Stadtgarten (the ditch round the town) der Stadtgarten die
Stadtgarten

II. der Winter, the winter
das Gebäude, the building
die Kirche, the church
der Hof, the court
die Kindheit, the childhood
der Rauchvogel, the bird of prey

III. Bei, prepos. Auf, accusative & dative
Während, genitive. Durch, &

IV. ~~James~~ ^{James}



A PRISON OFFICER, TIME OF
THE REVOLUTION

forward.

Ample Vita

Section
Shipboard
Norfolk

LONDON
NOV 1
12

original - which is
rare in these days -
& I am really interested
in it.

I am shut up with
the most awful
cold at present.
Give my love to your
mother. I should

~~Robert~~

One, like a ^{hundred} ~~thousand~~ 41 ~~times~~

like to see her so
much-

Little best love

Spelling

Baba

Alcibiades.

Prologue.	The dealing of the people.
Chap. I.	When Greek meets Greek...
" II.	The storm.
" III.	
" IV.	Idalia.
" V.	

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I.

Prologue.

14th July 1909. Human nature has changed very little since the day when man first fell before woman's temptation, and would have turned an earthly paradise into an earthly hell but for the immense sacrifice of a conquering love which surpasses all our understanding, and remains one of the problems composing the incomprehensible whole, called Truth. Since that first drama, enacted in Eden, under God's cloudless sky, human nature still runs in the furrow ploughed out by Adam's rude share, and sown with Eve's hot tears; still follows the same track, and will do, until the inevitable Doomsday brings us face to face with our original parents, as with the millions of our unknown successors.

Our limited intellect recoils, baffled, before the task of imagining a world where absolutely no passion, no love, hatred, rivalry, ambition, should exist. We cannot picture a race living, simply living like beasts, without motive, thought, or ultimate end in view. Scoff at emotion and sentiment if you will, you cannot deny that it forms the basis of everything, of the practical as well as of the ideal. Take any event in the world's history; it will invariably trace back to one of the primitive passions. Empires have arisen from ambition and love of power, whether in the heart of one man, or in the heart of nations. The greatest inventions are due to curiosity, and to love of progress; the desire to do better than those who went before us.