

***JOHN  
GALSWORTHY***



***JUSTICE***

**John Galsworthy**

# **Justice**

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JAMES HOW, solicitor

WALTER HOW, solicitor

ROBERT COKESON, their managing clerk

WILLIAM FALDER, their junior clerk

SWEEDLE, their office-boy

WISTER, a detective

COWLEY, a cashier

MR. JUSTICE FLOYD, a judge

HAROLD CLEAVER, an old advocate

HECTOR FROME, a young advocate

CAPTAIN DANSON, V.C., a prison governor

THE REV. HUGH MILLER, a prison chaplain

EDWARD CLEMENT, a prison doctor

WOODER, a chief warder

MOANEY, convict

CLIFTON, convict

O'CLEARY, convict

RUTH HONEYWILL, a woman

A NUMBER OF BARRISTERS, SOLICITERS, SPECTATORS,

USHERS, REPORTERS,

JURYMEN, WARDERS, AND PRISONERS

TIME: The Present.

ACT I. The office of James and Walter How. Morning. July.

ACT II. Assizes. Afternoon. October.

ACT III. A prison. December.  
SCENE I. The Governor's office.  
SCENE II. A corridor.  
SCENE III. A cell.

ACT IV. The office of James and Walter How. Morning.  
March, two years later.

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CAST OF THE FIRST PRODUCTION  
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, FEBRUARY 21, 1910

James How MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE  
Walter How MR. CHARLES MAUDE  
Cokeson MR. EDMUND GWENN  
Falder MR. DENNIS EADIE  
The Office-boy MR. GEORGE HERSEE  
The Detective MR. LESLIE CARTER  
The Cashier MR. C. E. VERNON  
The Judge MR. DION BOUCICAULT  
The Old Advocate MR. OSCAR ADYE  
The Young Advocate MR. CHARLES BRYANT  
The Prison Governor MR. GRENDON BENTLEY  
The Prison Chaplain MR. HUBERT HARBEN  
The Prison Doctor MR. LEWIS CASSON  
Wooder MR. FREDERICK LLOYD  
Moaney MR. ROBERT PATEMAN  
Clypton MR. O. P. HEGGIE  
O'Cleary MR. WHITFORD KANE  
Ruth Honeywill Miss EDYTH OLIVE

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# ACT I

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The scene is the managing clerk's room, at the offices of James and Walter How, on a July morning. The room is old fashioned, furnished with well-worn mahogany and leather, and lined with tin boxes and estate plans. It has three doors. Two of them are close together in the centre of a wall. One of these two doors leads to the outer office, which is only divided from the managing clerk's room by a partition of wood and clear glass; and when the door into this outer office is opened there can be seen the wide outer door leading out on to the stone stairway of the building. The other of these two centre doors leads to the junior clerk's room. The third door is that leading to the partners' room. The managing clerk, COKESON, is sitting at his table adding up figures in a pass-book, and murmuring their numbers to himself. He is a man of sixty, wearing spectacles; rather short, with a bald head, and an honest, pugdog



face. He is dressed in a well-worn black frock-coat and pepper-and-salt trousers.

COKESON. And five's twelve, and three—fifteen, nineteen, twenty-three, thirty-two, forty-one—and carry four. [He ticks the page, and goes on murmuring] Five, seven, twelve, seventeen, twenty-four and nine, thirty-three, thirteen and carry one.

He again makes a tick. The outer office door is opened, and SWEEDLE, the office-boy, appears, closing the door behind him. He is a pale youth of sixteen, with spiky hair.

COKESON. [With grumpy expectation] And carry one.

SWEEDLE. There's a party wants to see Falder, Mr. Cokeson.

COKESON. Five, nine, sixteen, twenty-one, twenty-nine—and carry two. Send him to Morris's. What name?

SWEEDLE. Honeywill.

COKESON. What's his business?

SWEEDLE. It's a woman.

COKESON. A lady?

SWEEDLE. No, a person.

COKESON. Ask her in. Take this pass-book to Mr. James. [He closes the pass-book.]

SWEEDLE. [Reopening the door] Will you come in, please?

RUTH HONEYWILL comes in. She is a tall woman, twenty-six years old, unpretentiously dressed, with black hair and eyes, and an ivory-white, clear-cut face.

She stands very still, having a natural dignity of pose and gesture. SWEEDLE goes out into the partners' room with the pass-book.

COKESON. [Looking round at RUTH] The young man's out. [Suspiciously] State your business, please.

RUTH. [Who speaks in a matter-of-fact voice, and with a slight West-Country accent] It's a personal matter, sir.

COKESON. We don't allow private callers here. Will you leave a message?

RUTH. I'd rather see him, please.

She narrows her dark eyes and gives him a honeyed look.

COKESON. [Expanding] It's all against the rules. Suppose I had my friends here to see me! It'd never do!

RUTH. No, sir.

COKESON. [A little taken aback] Exactly! And here you are wanting to see a junior clerk!

RUTH. Yes, sir; I must see him.

COKESON. [Turning full round to her with a sort of outraged interest] But this is a lawyer's office. Go to his private address.

RUTH. He's not there.

COKESON. [Uneasy] Are you related to the party?

RUTH. No, sir.

COKESON. [In real embarrassment] I don't know what to say. It's no affair of the office.

RUTH. But what am I to do?

COKESON. Dear me! I can't tell you that.