

PERCY.

Where should I go ?

VAUGHAN.

Your father—

PERCY.

Has shown me the door.

VAUGHAN.

How have you quarrelled ?

PERCY.

Because I must write.

VAUGHAN.

What do you write about that he dislikes ?

PERCY.

He calls it waste of time.

VAUGHAN.

He may be right. What do you write about ?

PERCY.

I write about all the horrible things I see, and try to find beauty in them, or to make beauty ; and I write about all the beautiful things I only dream of. I love them all ; yes, even that woman yonder.