REFLECTIONS OF MARGARET OGILVY

IN

THE HEROINES OF J. M. BARRIE'S PLAYS

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REFLECTIONS OF MARGARET OGILVY IN THE HEROINES OF J. M. BARRIE'S PLAYS.

I AM IN IT

Just as Rembrandt, Whistler, and George Bellows beautifully portrayed their mothers in their art, so J. M. Barrie vividly portrayed his mother, Margaret Ogilvy, in the heroines of his novels. Very early in his career he laughingly expressed the thought of making her his heroine, little realizing at the time the extent of her later domination in the women of his stories.

One time when he and his mother were discussing his future and recalling that they had read somewhere that a novelist is better equipped than most of his profession if he knows himself and one woman, his mother said, "You know yourself, for everybody must know himself; . . . but I doubt I'm the only woman you know well."

"Then I must make you my heroine," he answered lightly.

"A gey ault-farrant like heroine!" she replied.[1]

During the evenings when Barrie read his stories to the family, again and again his mother saw herself stepping lightly through the pages, but she was too charmingly reti-

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[1] J. M. Barrie, Margaret Ogilvy, p. 61.

cent to admit it openly. When Barrie's sister remarked that the family knew whom the stories were about, his mother replied with a twinkle in her eyes, "Maybe you can guess, but it is beyond me. . ."

Then the sister asked, "What woman is in all his books?"

"I'm sure I canna say," his mother answered determinedly. "I thought the women were different every time."

"Mother I wonder you can be so audacious! Fine you know what woman I mean."

"How can I know? What woman is it? You should bear in mind that I hinna your cleverness. . ."

"I won't give you the satisfaction of saying her name. But this I will say, it is high time he was keeping her out of his books."

Then his mother gave herself away, "That is what I tell him, . . . and he tries to keep me out, but he canna; it's more than he can do!"[2] She always chuckled at this idea.

Sometimes Barrie read the first chapters of his stories to his family as they sat in his mother's room after she had gone to bed. His sister helped make her "behave" while his father said, "H'sh" when there were interruptions. But just as surely as Barrie read "Along this path came a woman," his mother grasped the bed clothes tightly and bit her underlip

[2] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 165-166.

trying to keep quiet. Then came a gurgling sound; the next instant she let go the sheets and burst into mirthful laughter.[3]

"That's a way to behave!" his sister cried.

. . .

"It's that woman," his mother explained.

"Maybe she's not the woman you think her," Barrie interposed.

"Maybe not!" replied his mother doubtfully. "What was her name?"

"Her name," said Barrie triumphantly, "was not Margaret . . ."

Again rippling with laughter she muttered half under her breath, "I have so many names nowadays."[4]

In one story the woman who came along the path was of "tall and majestic figure". This should have shown his mother she was not in the story this time, but it did not.

"What are you laughing at now?" his sister gently scolded. "Do you not hear that she was a tall, majestic woman?"

"It's the first time I ever heard it said of her," his mother replied merrily.[5]

Again the lady appeared in a carriage in one of the chapters, or lived in a house where there were footmen.

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[3] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 167-168.

[4] Ibid., p. 168.

[5] Ibid., pp. 168-169.

When Barrie reached the pages telling of the footmen, his mother started laughing again. "This is more than I can stand." Then as she conquered her laughter sufficiently, she said to her son, "Footman, give me a drink of water."[6]

Once in a while to convince his mother that he had left her out of a story, Barrie confidently remarked to her, "You see Jess is not really you."

"Oh, no, she is another kind of woman altogether, . . . she had but two rooms and I have six."

However, she admitted there was a time when she also had but two rooms. Then she said Jess wanted more but didn't get them as she did. That, she declared, was the difference between them.

"If that is all the difference, it is little credit I can claim for having created her."

"That is far from being all the difference," she answered eagerly. "There's my silk, for instance. Though I say it mysel, there's not a better silk in the valley of Strathmore. Had Jess a silk of any kind--not to speak of a silk like that?"

"Well she had no silk, but you remember how she got that cloak with beads."

"An eleven and a bit! Hoots, what was that to boast of! I tell you, every single yard of my silk cost--"

"Mother, that is the very way Jess spoke about her cloak!"

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[6] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 170.

Then she hurried to her wardrobe to get her silk. Barrie said that too was like his heroine Jesse.

"How could it be like her when she dinna even have a wardrobe? I tell you what, if there had been a real Jess and she had boasted to me about her cloak with beads, I would have said to her in a careless sort of voice, 'Step across with me, Jess, and I'll let you see something that is hanging in my wardrobe.' That would have lowered her pride!"

But Barrie said he did not believe she would have done this.

Finally she admitted, "I'm thinking I would have called to mind that she was a poor woman, and ailing, and terrible windy about her cloak, and I would just have said it was a beauty and that I wished I had one like it."

Barrie replied that that was what Jess would have done if some poorer woman had shown her a new shawl. Then Barrie's mother said slyly that even if she hadn't boasted about her silk, she would have wanted to. Jess would too, Barrie told her.[7]

Once Barrie said to his mother, "But my new heroine is to be a child. What has madam to say of that?"

"This beats all!" she replied.

"Come, come, mother, I see what you are thinking, but I assure you that this time--"

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[7] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 172-ff.

"Of course not," she answered soothingly, "Oh, no, she canna be me;" but she revealed her real thoughts by artlessly remarking, "I doubt, though, this is a tough job you have on hand--it is so long since I was a bairn."[8]

Even though at times Barrie did not intend to make his mother his heroine, she had a way of creeping in before he had proceeded far.[9] He said he always grew tired of writing tales unless he could see her "wandering confidently through the pages".[10] On one occasion his mother said to him, "It is a queer thing that near everything you write is about this bit place . . . I wonder how it has come about?"

Barrie answered, "I suppose, mother, it was because you were most at home in your own town, and there was never much pleasure to me in writing of people who could not have known you, nor of squares and wynds you never passed through, nor of a countryside where you never carried your father's dinner in a flagon. There is scarce a house in all my books where I have not seemed to see you a thousand times, bending over the fireplace or winding up the clock."

"And yet you used to be in such a quandary because you knew nobody you could make your women-folk out of! Do

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[8] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 178.

[9] Ibid., p. 176.

[10] Ibid., p. 25.

you mind that, and how we both laughed at the notion of your having to make them out of me?"

"I remember."

"And now you've gone back to my father's time. It's more than sixty years since I carried the dinner in a flagon through the long parks of Kinnordy . . . I used to wear a magenta frock and a white pinafore. Did I ever tell you that?"

"Mother, the little girl in my story wears a magenta frock and a white pinafore."

"You minded that!"[11]

Sometimes when he read to his sister alone in the evening she assured him that she did not see his mother in the story that time. But as soon as she could slip into his mother's room without his knowing it, she announced to her mother that she was "in it again".[12] When Barrie read late at night to his father after his mother and sister had gone to bed, his father often said to him, "That lassie is very natural. Some of the ways you say she had--your mother had them just the same. Did you ever notice what an extraordinary woman your mother is?"[13]

Toward the close of her life when his mother was scarcely able to read, she sat in her chair by the window

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[11] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 178-181.

[12] Ibid., p. 171.

[13] Ibid., p. 171.

trying to utter her son's lines. Finally giving up she said with a sudden sweet smile, "I am ower far gone to read, but I'm thinking I am in it again!"[14]

Margaret Ogilvy smiled and lived as the heroine through the pages of many of Barrie's novels whether she appeared as a child, a mature woman, or an old lady. Barrie painted in elusive little miniatures, the many-sided qualities of his mother's nature just as Whistler sympathetically portrayed the depth and reality of his mother's personality.

All of the plays that Barrie wrote, except Walker London, were written after his candid admission in Margaret Ogilvy that his mother is the heroine of his novels. In some of his plays there is evidence that his mother continued to be his heroine. My problem in this paper will be to point out reflections of Margaret Ogilvy in the heroines of his plays.

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[14] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 185.

MARGARET OGILVY

An analysis of the qualities of Margaret Ogilvy reveals a complex and interesting character. She was tenderly gay, the happiest of women, yet occasionally beneath her joy she showed a seriousness akin to pathos. There was also about the little woman a quaint unreasonableness that enhanced the elusive charm she possessed. For instance, one time when she was scolded for leaving her bed when she was ill, she declared she had gone but a moment, implying she has not broken her promise to stay in bed.[15] Another time on a very cold morning she was caught barefooted in the hall carrying a screen from her room to the east one. When she was challenged for being out of bed, she stoutly denied it while she still stood in the passage.[16] At another time she had promised to rest and open the door to no one while her son took a walk. Upon his return, she directed him to the east room to see what was there. He saw a new wicker chair she had purchased from a "going-about body in a cart."

"Fifteen shillings he wanted," she cried, "but what do you think I beat him down to?"

"Seven and sixpence?"

With great glee she replied, "'Four shillings, as I'm

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15 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 2.

16 Ibid., pp. 85-86.

a living woman!' Never was there a woman fonder of a bargain . . . 'And the man said it cost himself five shillings.'"

After much cross-questioning by Barrie and his sister, she finally confessed she also gave the man an old top coat and his children some jelly but she still insisted she bought the chair for four shillings and not a penny more.[17] Even her unreasonableness had a charm about it.

She was very industrious from her youth. She was her father's housekeeper, and a mother to her small brother from the time she was eight years old. She carried water from the pump, washed, ironed, made stockings, sewed, cooked, and cleaned house. Singing gleefully to herself, she carried her father's dinner in a flagon to him where he worked. She leaped the burn and turned to measure the jump with her eyes. She never loitered except perhaps to hug some baby she happened to meet.[18]

In those days money meant a great deal to the family. She argued with the "fresher about the quarter pound of beef and penny bone that provided dinner for two days" and early learned to make money buy the most value possible.[19] Later in life when she no longer needed to be frugal, she showed the influence of this early training. When Barrie's

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[17] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 121-124.

[18] Ibid., pp. 7-ff.

[19] Ibid., pp. 28-ff.

new articles for a London newspaper arrived, she couldn't resist counting the lines before she eagerly read them, to see how much they would bring.[20] Regardless of all this, even in her poorest years she was a generous giver.[21] She made all her children's clothes except the first and much cherished christening robe. When Barrie asked her how she happened to buy it, she beamed and said the more a woman sewed, the more she wanted to rush to the shops once in a while and "be foolish."[22]

This brief and incomplete sketch gives a suggestion of Margaret Ogilvy with some of her most distinctive characteristics: her mingling of joy and seriousness, her pleasantly surprising unreasonableness, her industry and thoughtfulness, and her strict economy blended with gracious charity. In the next chapter I shall deal at greater length with four other dominant traits and shall show that they appear, not only in Margaret Ogilvy, but also in the heroines of four of Barrie's plays. These traits are comic sense, childlikeness, maternal instinct, and cleverness in dealing with the public and with individuals.

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20 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 82.

21 Ibid., p. 82.

22 Ibid., p. 11.

MARGARET OGILVY IN J. M. BARRIE'S PLAYS

In Barrie's plays he leaves many of the overtones of character to be developed through the understanding, sincere appreciation, and ingenuity of his actresses and actors. Although in his stage directions he suggests some qualities that he wishes to be developed in his characters, there is much that has to be caught from the tempo and rhythm of the play, from the contrasts worked in, and from the subtlety and lightness of touch of the author. Anyone who has both read Barrie's plays and seen Maude Adams act in them realizes how much he depends upon his actresses. Therefore, since so much depends upon the pervading spirit of the whole play, it will be exceedingly difficult to select short passages that reflect the character of Margaret Ogilvy. In a few of his plays, however, it seems to me there are lines of the characters and descriptions in the stage directions of the author that very definitely and obviously show reflections of Margaret Ogilvy's humor, youthfulness, maternal instinct, and cleverness. These four traits blend into an entity. In fact they are so woven and interwoven that often it is difficult to separate them. Therefore, throughout this paper I shall be compelled to shift quite frequently from the discussion of one quality to the other.

Margaret Ogilvy's comic spirit was her sense of humor, of course; but she had a specific kind of humor which I call comic. It was a refined sort of clowning. There was no bitterness in her fun. Even when the words she uttered suggested sharp sarcasm, her manner and tone of voice evidently did not. She could not have been so tenderly appreciative of the feelings of others as she always was if she used anything but the gentlest of sarcasm. When she insisted that she could not guess who the heroines of her son's novels were and slyly remarked to her daughter, "You should bear in mind that I hinna your cleverness," she was not casting aspersions on her daughter's cleverness so much as trying to get someone to confirm her own suspicions that she was again the heroine of Barrie's novel.[23] Her ability to inspire mirthful laughter was through a native and untutored wit, free and disarming. It seemed to spring from her simple but interesting Scotch home life. Oftentimes her humor had behind it a double meaning it is true, but this arose from her keen ability to see and appreciate fine distinctions between ideas and situations. For instance, if she were asked her age, she probably would answer, "You're gey an' pert." Then if she were asked if she was seventy, she might answer, "Off and on."[24] This illustrates the play of her fun.

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23 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 166.

24 Ibid., p. 140.

Maybe she meant she sometimes would admit her age but would not at other times, or she may have meant some people accused her of being seventy when she was not.

Again her comic spirit may be illustrated by the fact that she found something droll in the words "Auld Licht."[25] She always laughed when she saw the words in print even though they sounded perfectly natural and familiar when she heard them spoken. Perhaps she laughed because it was funny to her that such simple and homely stories as those contained in such books as the Auld Licht Idylls actually sold and brought in money. At any rate, she thought the editor was "slightly soft" for publishing these stories and sometimes she chuckled so much at him, a shrewd business man, that she could scarcely scrape the potatoes.[26] One time she told her son to inform the editor for whom he was writing Scotch reminiscences, "I was fifteen when I got my first pair of elastic-sided boots. Tell him my charge for this important news is two pounds ten."[27] It was always a joke to her that stories about the little Scotch community she knew so well could be worth anything to other people.

Sometimes this comic spirit of Margaret Ogilvy was not expressed in so many words but rather was an atmosphere

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[25] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 64.

[26] Ibid., p. 67.

[27] Ibid., p. 74.

or a tone pervading a whole situation. Again and again as a person reads Barrie's account of his mother, he can imagine that her facial expression carried half of the comedy in her reactions. Otherwise, why would Barrie laugh when his mother repeated in her own father's voice the lines from "The Cameronian's Dream" that her father used to read to her when she was a little girl. He always laughed when she said,

In a dream of the night I was wafted away.[28]

It is this undertone of mock gravity that enriches the comic.

One of the most strikingly direct reflections of Margaret Ogilvy is found in the character Maggie Wylie in What Every Woman Knows.[29] These two women are particularly alike in their type of humor. Some comic situations they find themselves in are almost identical. For instance, Barrie's mother bemoans the fact she does not have a classical education. As a consequence, she improves herself by learning scraps of Horace and quotes them to "colleged men." Sometimes she breaks down with a fit of laughter in the middle of a quotation and her secret is discovered. However, when she reaches the conclusion of a quotation without stumbling, people are astonished at

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[28] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 27.

[29] J. M. Barrie, The Plays of J. M. Barrie, p. 347.

her learning.[30] Maggie Wylie also is eager to gain more education. She memorizes French so that she can display her culture and be of help to John in his contacts with the peerage of England. Then shortly before John's election to Parliament she has an opportunity to use her French phrases when the Comtesse and her young and beautiful niece, Lady Sybil, are waiting in John's committee rooms. Maggie is there also, waiting for John to finish with a meeting. When she learns that the Comtesse has a French name, she releases a number of her French sentences only to get confused in the middle of one and withdraw pitifully from the room.[31] Soon she returns, however, and reveals her reaction to her failure when she answers the Comtesse's question about the woman John is to marry.

> Maggie. There's not much to tell. She's common, and stupid. One of those who go in for self-culture; and then when the test comes they break down. (With sinister enjoyment) She'll be the ruin of him.[32]

Maggie is not trying hollowly to laugh off an embarrassing situation. She sees the genuine humor lying behind seemingly serious situations and is sincerely laughing at herself and her attempts at French. But she is undaunted and courageous, for as the guests are leaving she fires these parting remarks at the Comtesse:

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[30] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 45.

[31] Plays, p. 344.

[32] Ibid., p. 347.

Maggie. Good-bye--but I can speak French. Je parle français. Isn't that right?

Comtesse. But, yes, it is excellent. (Making things easy for her) C'est très bien.

Maggie. Je me suis embrouillée--la dernière fois.

Comtesse. Good! Shall I speak more slowly?

Maggie. No, no. Nonon, non, faster, faster.

Comtesse. J' admire votre courage!

Maggie. Je comprends chaque mot.[33]

Maggie's comic sense has saved her and her last French sentence in answer to the Comtesse's compliment shows her tact in accepting a sincere expression of admiration.

Both Maggie and Margaret Ogilvy sometimes speak with the consciousness of being very dull women. Once when Mr. Venables, a minister of the Cabinet, calls upon the Shands in London after John's various political successes, the Comtesse, who also is calling, warns Maggie that Mr. Venables is there for some crafty purpose.

Maggie. . . Surely not?

Venables. Really, Comtesse, you make conversation difficult. To show that my intentions are innocent, Mrs. Shand, I propose that you choose the subject.

Maggie (relieved). There, Comtesse.

Venables. I hope your husband is well?

Maggie. Yes, thank you. (With a happy thought) I decide we talk about him.

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[33] Plays, p. 350.

Venables. If you wish it.

Comtesse. Be careful; he has chosen the subject.

Maggie. I chose it, didn't I?[34]

And with this Venables decides that Maggie is a very dull woman. In the following speeches, in which Maggie outwits him in his attempt to discover what her husband really intends to say in his next speech, she reveals that she is much the more subtle and clever of the two. Maggie not only understands that men like to think women are much less clever than they, but she also has enough humor to see the fun there is in fooling a gullible man. However, she does not let him know it. She generally outwits men by flattering them. It is evident that she really enjoys seeing Venables admit that, although formerly he had had the suspicion that John's humorous "Shandisms" were curiously feminine, now, since he has met and found Maggie out, he is "relieved to know there are no hairpins in his speeches."[35] He is convinced that Maggie could not have helped John at all. The very moment people are thinking Maggie is stupid, she is outwitting the seemingly clever ones. All the while she retains her Scotch seriousness, which enhances her humor if people see it. Otherwise they miss the whole meaning. Maggie and Margaret both seem to be looking out upon life through a comic mask, and yet some people never

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[34] Plays, p. 363.

[35] Ibid., p. 364-ff.

see that the mask is comic. This to Maggie and Margaret is half the fun in their existence.

An example of Margaret Ogilvy's mock seriousness is given in the following incident. When Barrie was admitted to a fashionable London club that his mother scorned she told her son without a twinkle that it was grand news, and that he must "write and thank the committee, the noble critters." But Barrie saw behind her mask and kept a dignified silence. His mother continued, "And tell them . . . you were doubtful of being elected, but your auld mother had aye a mighty confidence they would snick you in." Then he heard her laughing as she went up the stairs, but he knew she was burning with the desire to tell the committee what she thought of them.[36] This comic seriousness added much to her charm.

Again Maggie reflects the comedy of Margaret Ogilvy in her quaint unreasonableness. When Maggie discovers that John is in love with Lady Sybil she asks:

> Maggie. When were you thinking of leaving me, John? . . .
>
> John . . . I think, now that it has come to a breach, the sooner the better . . . When it is convenient to you, Maggie.
>
> Maggie (making a rapid calculation). It couldn't well be before Wednesday. That's the day the laundry comes home.[37]

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[36] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 82.

[37] Plays, p. 381.

Maggie does not do the usual thing, the expected thing, such as criticize or tear her hair. Instead she sits down calmly at a very tense moment and mentions a very commonplace thing. She needs relief from the emotional battle she is waging within, and it is to comedy that she instinctively turns. Besides this, she is working for time in which to bring her husband to his senses and knows her practical John will be interested in such things as laundry days. Margaret Ogilvy reveals this same sort of comical unreasonableness by her insisting she has paid a peddler but four shillings for a chair when besides the four shillings she has given him a coat and his children food.[38]

Even to the end of the play Maggie clings to her sense of humor and shows great understanding of human nature when she says:

> Maggie. John, am I to go? Or are you to keep me on? (She is now a little bundle at his feet.) I'm willing to stay because I'm useful to you, if it can't be for a better reason. (His hand feels for her, and the bundle wiggles nearer.) It's nothing unusual I've done, John. Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that. (He stares at her in hopeless perplexity.) Oh, John, if only you could laugh at me.
>
> John. I can't laugh Maggie . . .
>
> Maggie. Laugh, John, laugh. Watch me; see how easy it is.[39]

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[38] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 121-124.

[39] Plays, p. 399.

John bursts into loud and spontaneous laughter. Maggie has loosed the laughter in the near tragic and John is saved. Margaret Ogilvy also could laugh when the tragic was very close to her. When she was very ill over the death of her son, David, James showed her the five strokes he had put down on paper as records of her few laughs during her illness. She laughed twice when she saw them, once when he explained what the marks meant and again when she saw him marking down her laugh.[40]

Another play that reflects Margaret Ogilvy's comic spirit is The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.[41] Mrs. Dowey, a dear middle aged char-woman, has a simple and quaint humor which helps keep her from offending people. When she is talking with some neighbors about the son she pretends she has, the following conversation occurs:

> Mrs. Dowey . . . Kenneth writes to me every week. (There are exclamations. The dauntless old thing holds aloft a packet of letters.) Look at this. All his.
>
> (The Haggerty woman frowns.)
>
> Mrs. Twymley. Alfred has little time for writing, being a bombardier.
>
> Mrs. Dowey (relentlessly). Do your letters begin 'Dear mother'?
>
> Mrs. Twymley. Generally.
>
> Mrs. Mickleham. Invariably.
>
> The Haggerty woman. Every time.

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40 Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 14-15.

41 Plays, p. 823.

Mrs. Dowey (delivering the knock out blow). Kenneth's begin 'Dearest mother'!

(No one can think of the right reply.)[42]

Simply but smoothly the old lady gets the better of them in her quaint little way that offends none of them. Barrie says his mother has a clever way of getting the better of those against whom she casts her humorous darts.[43] In this the two women are alike.

Mrs. Dowey is cleverly humorous also in calming those who are angry. She is skillful in getting the things she wants just as Margaret Ogilvy is. When Kenneth Dowey comes down to Mrs. Dowey's basement rooms to see why this old lady is claiming him as her son he says:

Dowey . . . What made you do it?

Mrs. Dowey. It was everybody's war, mister, except mine . . . I wanted it to be my war too.

Dowey. You'll need to be plainer. And yet I'm d-d if I care to hear you, you lying old trickster . . .

Mrs. Dowey. You're not going already, mister?

Dowey. Yes, I just came to give you an ugly piece of my mind.

Mrs. Dowey . . . You <u>haven't gave it to me yet</u>.

Dowey. You have a cheek!

Mrs. Dowey (giving further proof of it). You wouldn't drink some tea?

Dowey. Me! I tell you I came here for the one purpose of blazing away at you . . .

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[42] <u>Plays</u>, pp. 828-829.

[43] <u>Margaret Ogilvy</u>, pp. 198-199.

Mrs. Dowey. You could drink the tea while you was blazing away. There's winkles.

Dowey. Is there?[44]

With her timidity and humor she quiets his anger and arrests his departure. She so quaintly and unexpectedly agrees with him that he is completely taken off guard. Her humor is so disarming that Dowey's anger naturally cools. He can no more be angry with her for what she has said that Barrie can be angry with his mother for being out of bed when she has promised to stay there.[45]

Mrs. Dowey and Margaret Ogilvy have very different environments and social educations. Therefore, the outer expressions of their spirit of comedy often are quite different. Mrs. Dowey shows less outer refinement than Barrie's mother, but the inner spirit is the same. Both have the spirit of clowning. One time when Kenneth tells Mrs. Dowey that all ladies like to go to Paris and says he will sing a song about it, Mrs. Dowey thoroughly enjoys throwing herself into the spirit of the song.

Dowey. 'Mrs. Gill is very ill,
Nothing can improve her
But to see the Tuileries
And waddle through the Louvre.'

(No song ever had a greater success. Mrs. Dowey is doubled up with mirth. When she comes to, when they both come to, for there are a pair of them, she cries:)

Mrs. Dowey. You must learn me that (and off

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[44] Plays, pp. 834-835.

[45] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 121-124.

she goes in song also:)
'Mrs. Dowey's very ill,
Nothing can improve her.'

Dowey. 'But dressed up in a Paris gown
To waddle through the Louvre.'

(They fling back their heads, she points at him, he points at her.)

Mrs. Dowey (ecstatically). Hairy legs![46]

Although Margaret Ogilvy's fun is somewhat daintier when she and her son gleefully take an imaginary jaunt in London,[47] the spontaneous play of Mrs. Dowey and Barrie's mother is much the same.

Alice Sit-By-The-Fire reflects the comic spirit of Margaret Ogilvy through the character of Alice Gray.[48] She, like Barrie's mother, generally sparkles with gaiety unless she is playing a daintily farcical, mockingly serious, or charmingly sarcastic role. Barrie, in his description of Alice, says that she is much more given to laughter than seriousness or tears. Her daughter "will never be so pretty as her mother. Cosmo will never be so gay, and it will be years before either of them is as young." She is her husband's one joke in life and the humorous twist of his mouth has been caused by his chuckling over her.[49] In her gay, sympathetically humorous way she

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[46] Plays, p. 840.

[47] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 58.

[48] Plays, p. 249.

[49] Ibid., p. 259.

has led many a young man a merry dance,[50] just as Margaret Ogilvy has.[51]

The kindly sort of fun Alice finds in laughing at other people without their ever knowing it and without her loving them any less is shown in the lines in which she is talking with her son.

> Alice . . . Are you very studious, Cosmo?
>
> Cosmo (neatly). My favorite authors are William Shakespeare and William Milton. They are grand, don't you think?
>
> Alice. I'm only a woman, you see, and I'm afraid they sometimes bore me, especially William Milton.
>
> Cosmo (with relief). Do they? Me, too.[52]

What an interesting but unoffending turn of humor! The following lines give evidence of the same gleam of understanding humor in Margaret Ogilvy. Barrie's sister says:

"'It defies the face of clay, mother, to fathom what makes him so senseless.'

"'Oh, it's that weary writing.'

"'And the worst of it is he will talk tomorrow as if he had done wonders.'

"'That's the way with the whole clanjamfray of them.'

"'Yes, but as usual you will humor him, mother.'

"'Oh, well, it pleases him, you see . . . . And we can have our laugh when his door is shut.'"[53]

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[50] Plays, p. 261.

[51] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 31.

[52] Plays, p. 267.

[53] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 130.

Both Alice and Margaret Ogilvy humor their sons and laugh at them in a very kindly way.

Alice reflects, also, the gentle sarcasm of Margaret Ogilvy. When Alice and her daughter, Amy, are talking about the decoration of the house that Amy has planned, Amy says:

> Amy. The decoration isn't finished. I haven't quite decided what this room is to be like yet.
>
> Alice. One never can tell.[54]

Amy does not catch the humor of her mother's remark. This is a comic mask Amy probably never will see through as Barrie sees through the masks his mother wears.[55]

Alice breathes the spirit of Margaret Ogilvy's humorous evasions and mock seriousness in a conversation which she holds with Steve and Amy, in Act II of <u>Alice Sit-By-The-Fire</u>.

> Steve . . . But I want to see her alone.
>
> Amy (the dearest of little gaolers). That I am afraid, I cannot permit. It is not that I have not perfect confidence in you, mother, but you must see I am acting wisely.
>
> Alice. Yes, Amy.
>
> Steve (to his Alice). What has come over you? You don't seem to be the same woman.
>
> Amy. That is just it; she is not.
>
> Alice. I see now only through Amy's eyes.

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54 <u>Plays</u>, p. 271.

55 <u>Margaret Ogilvy</u>, p. 82.

Amy. They will not fail you, mother. Proceed, sir.

(Steve has to make the best of it.)

Steve. You told him, then, about your feelings for me?

Alice (studying the carpet). He knows now exactly what are my feelings for you.

Steve (huskily). How did he take it?

Alice. Need you ask?

Steve. Poor old boy. I suppose he wishes me to stay away from your house now.

Alice. Is it unreasonable?[56]

Such humorous evasions are comparable to some of Margaret Ogilvy's. Barrie said that once, after one of his walks, he returned and found his mother in bed as she had promised, but that he was suspicious. "The way to her detection is circuitous."

"'I'll need to be rising now', she says, with a yawn that may be genuine.

"'How long have you been in bed?'

"'You saw me go.'

"'And then I saw you at the window. Did you go straight back to bed?'

"'Surely I had that much sense.'

"'The Truth!'

"'I might have taken a look at the clock first.'"[57]

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56 Plays, p. 309.

57 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 95.

The way to detection of both of these women is humorously circuitous but their evasions are very charming. They have a great deal of fun in their comic reactions to life.

A Kiss For Cinderella throws out shafts of light every now and then that give one quick glimpses of the spirit of Margaret Ogilvy's humor in the quaint and homely but interestingly refined little person of Cinderella, the girl with the broom. In her one finds the practical and fantastic spirit of Margaret Ogilvy blended together. Cinderella's humor can scarcely be separated from her maternal instinct and her childlikeness. They are all closely bound together. The following passage will illustrate her mock seriousness in taking possession of and scolding Mr. Bodie, her employer:

> Cinderella (breathlessly). Did you rang, sir?
>
> Bodie (ashamed). Did I? I did--but--I--I don't know why. If you're a good servant, you ought to know why.
>
> (The cigarette, disgusted with him, falls from his mouth; and his little servant flings up her hands to heaven.)
>
> Cinderella (taking possession of him). There you go again! Fifty years have you been at it, and you can't hold a seegarette in your mouth yet! . . .
>
> Bodie (in sudden alarm). I won't be brushed. I will not be scraped.
>
> Cinderella (twisting him round). Just look at that tobaccy ash! And I cleaned you up so pretty before luncheon.
>
> Bodie. I will not be cleaned again.

Cinderella (in her element). Keep still.

(She brushes, scrapes, and turpentines him. In the glory of this she tosses her head at the Venus.)[58]

Cinderella is not seriously scolding; she is enjoying brushing Mr. Bodie. She is handling the situation humorously even though what she says may contain much truth. Kindly humor may convey many truths, but it is much less likely to offend than seriousness. Cinderella knows this as did Margaret Ogilvy.

After Cinderella is rescued and brought to a convalescent hospital by Mr. Bodie she continues to be gay even though she is very frail.[59] When she is wheeled in to see Mr. Bodie, who is calling, she cries from her bed:

Cinderella. Hurray! Isn't it lovely. I'm glad you've seen me in my carriage . . . .[60]

Dr. Bodie tells her brother, Mr. Bodie, that Cinderella is "always bright." So is Margaret Ogilvy. Cinderella has fun imagining herself in a carriage. Margaret Ogilvy also enjoys her games of make believe.

The simple sort of fun Cinderella finds in little things is much like Margaret Ogilvy's. When Mr. Bodie is speaking with Cinderella about Dr. Bodie, his sister, he says:

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[58] Plays, p. 413.

[59] Ibid., p. 457.

[60] Ibid., p. 457.

Bodie. Are you afraid of her, Cinderella? I am.

Cinderella. No! She sometimes dashes me, but she is a fearful kind lady. (She pulls him down again for further important revelations.) She's very particular about her feet.

Bodie (staggered). Is she! In a feminine way?

Cinderella. Yes.

Bodie. Hurray! Then I have her. The Achilles Heel! (He is once more jerked down.)

Cinderella. I have a spring bed.[61]

Cinderella never has had more fun in her life. She is now nearer the princess than she has ever been. However, she makes this confession to Bodie:

Cinderella . . . I know now I'm not the real Cinderella.

Bodie . . . How did you find out?

Cinderella (gravely). It's come to me. The more I eat the clearer I see things. I think it was just an idea of mine; being lonely-like I needed to have something to hang on to.

Bodie. That was it. Are you sorry you are not the other one?

Cinderella. I'm glad to be just myself. It's a pity, though, about the glass slippers. That's a lovely idea.[62]

It is this sanity with an underlying sense of humor that saves Cinderella from disagreeable disillusionment when her fantastic dreams are broken. It is always Margaret Ogilvy's common sense with a strong under-

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61 Plays, p. 458.

62 Ibid., p. 459.

current of humor that saves her sparkling personality to the end of her days.

Very closely related to Margaret Ogilvy's comic spirit is her childlikeness, a youthful, artless and simple quality she never wholly lost. One aspect of this childlikeness is shown in her imaginative fantasy. A glimpse into her colorful imagination is given by Barrie when he tells of his father's purchase of the six hairbottomed second hand chairs his mother had been yearning for a long, long time. Barrie's father brought them to Margaret Ogilvy the very day James Matthew arrived. Barrie was too small to observe his mother's joy when she received them, but he says that when he was old enough to remember, he often heard of that day. He says he can imagine her going, as soon as she was able, to the west room and sitting regally upon the chairs or "withdrawing and reopening the door suddenly to take the six by surprise."[63]

On occasion Maggie Wylie also lets her imagination have free play. For instance, when John is elected to the House of Commons, Maggie can scarcely believe the good news. When she finally realizes the truth, she rises ecstatically and impersonates John before the House of Commons delivering his "maiden speech." Then she quickly becomes Mrs. Shand receiving guests at her first

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[63] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 2.

reception in London.

> Maggie . . . Have I told you, darling, who are coming tonight. There's that dear Sir Peregrine. (To Alick) Sir Peregrine, this _is_ a pleasure. Avez-vous . . . So sorry we beat you at the poll.
>
> John. I'm doubting the baronet would sit on you, Maggie.
>
> Maggie. I've invited a lord to sit on the baronet. Voilà!
>
> David (delighted). You thing! You'll find the lords expensive.
>
> Maggie. Just a little cheap lord. (James enters importantly.) My dear Lord Cheap, this is kind of you.
>
> (James hopes that Maggie's reason is not unbalanced.)
>
> David . . . How de doo, Cheap?
>
> James (bewildered). Maggie--
>
> Maggie. Yes, do call me Maggie.
>
> Alick (grinning). She's practicing her first party, James. The swells are at the door.[64]

Maggie is enthusiastically and humorously practicing for her first party as a child plays at having a tea party. The chief difference is that a child plays his party seriously while Maggie plays hers humorously. However, she does not always play her games humorously. Sometimes she is intensely earnest. When she imagines John beaten for Parliament she says softly to herself as if she were speaking to John:

> Maggie. Did you say you had lost, John? Of course you would lose the first time, dear John.

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[64] _Plays_, pp. 341-342.

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Six years. Very well, we'll begin another six to-night. You'll win yet. (Fiercely) Never give in, John, never give in![65]

The undaunted hope of youth bursts from Maggie's lips. She is playing the game of youth most seriously and sincerely.

Barrie once said of his mother: "I have heard no such laugh as hers save from merry children; the laughter of most of us ages, and wears out with the body, but hers remained gleeful to the last, as if it were born afresh every morning. There was always something of the child in her, and her laugh was its voice, as eloquent of the past to me as was the christening robe to her."[66]

Maggie, too, has this same youthful freshness. When James, David and Alick present her with a lace shawl she receives it with little cries of joy. She rushes from one donor to the other and kisses each of them "just as if she were a pretty woman."[67] The childlike enthusiasm of the little woman is made more poignant when one recalls that only a moment before this she discovered her husband's unfaithfulness. Only a child would even momentarily forget her recent wounds and be joyful over a new present. Their joy, simplicity, and imaginative spontaneity make Maggie Wylie and Margaret Ogilvy very much alike

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[65] Plays, pp. 339-340.

[66] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 18.

[67] Plays, p. 375.

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in their childlikeness.

Mrs. Dowey in The Old Lady Shows Her Medals also reflects the youthful spirit of Margaret Ogilvy. The artless, simple way in which she wins Kenneth Dowey to have deep regard for her is as naïve as the ways of a child. Her methods of persuading him to stay with her during his leave in London are similar to those a child uses when he offers his best toys to his angered playmate to keep him from going home. Mrs. Dowey offers Kenneth all the conveniences she possesses, the spring bed and even the bath made out of the dresser in the pantry. All the time she is quivering with excitement and wonder, alternating with fear and trembling.[68]

Again Mrs. Dowey is like Margaret Ogilvy in her imaginative fantasy. When Kenneth asks the old lady how she knew the K. of K. Dowey stood for Kenneth, she says:

> Mrs. Dowey. Does it?
>
> Dowey. Umpha!
>
> Mrs. Dowey. An Angel whispered it to me in my sleep.[69]

Mrs. Dowey is serious. She has an imagination both fruitful and superstitious. She makes the explanation of her guessing his name charmingly fanciful. It is such a touching and tender expression of imagination that it can-

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[68] Plays, pp. 841-843.

[69] Ibid., p. 836.

not be analyzed without distorting it. Childlike superstition, sweet and quaint, is expressed by Margaret Ogilvy when she considers the ministry as the fairest prospect for her son and adds that some ministers have become professors but it is "not canny to think of such things."[70] She is afraid it is bad luck to think such things as a child thinks it is bad luck to step on a crack in the pavement.

Even Margaret Ogilvy's little vanities are naïve and simple. She shows off her Mizpah ring by carrying her finger so that everyone can see it.[71] Mrs. Dowey has the same chilklike vanities. A good description of her is given in the following passages from The Old Lady Shows Her Medals when her friends discuss her wardrobe:

> The Haggerty Woman. What is she in?
>
> Mrs. Micklehan. A new astrakhan jacket he gave her, with Venus sleeves.
>
> The Haggerty Woman. Has she sold her gabardine coat?
>
> Mrs. Micklehan. Not her! She has them both at the theatre, warm night though it is. She's wearing the astrakhan, and carrying the gabardine, flung careless-like over her arm.
>
> The Haggerty Woman. I saw her strutting about with him yesterday, looking as if she thought the two of them made a procession.
>
> Mrs. Twymley. H'sh! (peeping) Strike me dead, if she's not coming mincing down the stair, hooked on his arm!

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[70] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 52.

[71] Ibid., p. 31.

(Indeed it is thus that Mrs. Dowey enters. Perhaps she had seen shadows lurking on the blind, and at once hooked on to Kenneth to impress the visitors. She is quite capable of it.
Now we see what Kenneth saw that afternoon five days ago when he emerged from the bathroom and found the old trembler awaiting his inspection. Here are the muff and the gloves and the chiffon, and such a kind old bonnet that it makes you laugh at once; I don't know how to describe it, but it is trimmed with a kiss, as bonnets should be when the wearer is old and frail . . . She is dressed up to the nines, there is no doubt about it. Yes, but is her face less homely? Above all has she style? The answer is in a stout affirmative. Ask Kenneth. He knows. Many a time he has had to go behind a door to roar hilariously at the old lady. He has thought of her as a lark to tell his mates about by and by; but for some reason he cannot fathom, he knows now that he will never do that.)[73]

Mrs. Dowey inspires a tenderness that only one with childlike simplicity is able to inspire. We feel the same spirit in Margaret Ogilvy dressed in her snowy white mutch.[74]

Again Margaret Ogilvy and Mrs. Dowey are peculiarly alike in the childlike spirit of their boasting. One time when Barrie was talking with his mother about the heroines of his books he said:

"You see Jess is not really you . . . "

"Oh, no, she is another kind of woman altogether . . . She had but two rooms and I have six . . . Without counting the pantry, and it's a great big pantry . . ."[75]

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[73] Plays, pp. 845-846.

[74] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 89-90.

[75] Ibid., p. 172.

Mrs. Dowey also boasts in a simple, naïve sort of way when she says:

> Mrs. Dowey. Hey! hey! hey! hey! He just pampers me (waggling her fists). The Lord forgive us, but this being the last night, we had a sit-down supper at a restaurant! (Vehemently) I swear by God that we had champagny wine. (There is a dead stillness, and she knows very well what it means, she has even prepared for it.) And to them as doubts my words--here's the cork.[76]

Mrs. Dowey and Margaret Ogilvy are much alike in their childlikeness in virtue of their artless, superstitious, highly imaginative, charmingly vain, and boastful qualities.

From the beginning of the play A Kiss For Cinderella to the close, one of the dominant notes is the simplicity of Cinderella. She finds romance and dreams even in the most destitute surroundings. Circumstances that to most people would be drudgery are all a part of the beauty of her dreams. Cinderella, who believes she is the true Cinderella of story books, works and dreams until the time when she believes her fairy godmother will come to take her to the ball where she will win her fairy prince. Finally, Cinderella decides the night for the appearance of her godmother has arrived. She is now ready for her.

> (. . . Cinderella makes a conceited entrance. . . She is now wearing the traditional short brown dress of Cinderella, and her hair hangs loose. She tries to look modest.)

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[76] Plays, p. 847.

> Cinderella (displaying herself). What do you think?
>
> Policeman . . . Great! Turn around. And I suppose you made it yourself out of a shop window?
>
> Cinderella. No, we didn't need no shop window; we all know exactly what I wear when the knock comes.[77]

In her dreams that night, her godmother does come to her. Cinderella, in her lovely white dress, is whisked away by tiny white ponies in the grandest ball she can imagine. Toward the end of the play, however, she reluctantly gives up much of her fanciful dream just as Margaret Ogilvy reluctantly gives up her games of childhood.[78] However, neither loses her childlike freshness, perhaps becasuse they both have their lapses. Margaret Ogilvy joyously goes on imaginary jaunts with her son[79] just as Cinderella plays at her fairy story. Margaret Ogilvy, as well as Cinderella, lives as if her simple life were a fairy tale.[80]

Although Alice in Alice Sit-By-The-Fire has a more sophisticated youthfulness, she also reflects the spirit underlying the character of Margaret Ogilvy. Barrie's own description of Alice soon after her entrance on the

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77 Plays, p. 435.

78 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 30.

79 Ibid., pp. 57-58.

80 Ibid., p. 83.

stage gives a vivid picture of her. She has rushed home from India eager for her baby, Molly, her seventeen-year-old daughter, Amy, and her thirteen-year-old son, Cosmo, but they are not present to greet her.

> (The poor mother, who had entered the house like a whirlwind, subsides into a chair. Her arms fall empty by her side: a moment ago she had six of them, a pair for each child. She cries a little, and when Alice cries, which is not often for she is more given to laughter, her face screws up like Molly's rather than like Amy's. . . Amy will never be so pretty as her mother, Cosmo will never be so gay, and it will be years before either of them is as young . . .)[81]

That Alice has not yet grown up, she and her husband both admit when they say:

> Alice . . . not settled down yet with a girl nearly grown up. And yet it's true; it's the tragedy of Alice Grey. (She pulls his hair.) Oh, husband, when shall I settle down?
>
> Colonel. I can tell you exactly--in a year from today. Alice, when I took you away to that humdrummy India station I was already quite a middle-aged bloke. I chuckled over your gaiety, but it gave me lumbago to try to be gay with you. Poor old girl, you were like an only child who has to play alone.[82]

However, Alice Grey does grow up somewhat when she discovers that the business of managing her children is the most fun of all, just as Margaret Ogilvy gives up her games when she discovers work is the best fun of all. Margaret Ogilvy has her lapses.[83] Since most of us hold

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[81] Plays, p. 259.

[82] Ibid., pp. 261-262.

[83] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 30.

with Barrie that very few people change radically overnight, we may presume that Alice Grey also has her lapses.

Regardless of how arduous the duties of life may become, no doubt, Alice Grey, Maggie Wylie, Cinderella, and Mrs. Dowey will never lose their youthful freshness just as Margaret Ogilvy retained hers to the last.

Another characteristic that is dominant in Margaret Ogilvy is her maternal instinct. Her life expresses the beauty, the tragedy, and the sweetness of motherhood. Always to her the christening robe was the symbol of her babies. It was the one baby that never grew up. During the last days of her life when she was very ill, it seemed she wanted something. Finally, the christening robe was brought to her. ". . . she unfolded it with trembling exultant hands, and when she had made sure that it was still of virgin fairness her old arms went round it adoringly, and upon her face there was the ineffable mysterious glow of motherhood."[84] Alice Grey shows this same sort of tenderness when, her husband hearing her cry out, rapturously asks the reason:

> Colonel. What is it?
>
> Alice. Oh, Robert, a baby's shoe! My baby. (She pressed it to her as if it were a dove. . .)[85]

She, like Margaret Ogilvy, is sweetly tender and sentimental.

[84] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 204-205.

[85] Plays, pp. 260-261.

Margaret Ogilvy is considerate of the welfare of her children. It is she who heats Barrie's boots in preparation for his going walking even though she believes walking for the good of one's health is an "absurdity introduced by a new generation with too much time on their hands."[86] However, there is something about the little woman that causes her children to do things for her in return. She is not scheming or designing in arousing their thoughtfulness, but is so sweetly dependent upon them that they feel responsible for her. One time after a long night of strenuous writing, Barrie is awakened by his mother's coming to his room early in the morning. He hears her speaking as if to herself.

"I'm sweer to waken him--I doubt he was working late--oh, that weary writing--no, I manna waken him."

Barrie discovers that his sister is ill with a headache and needs a cup of tea.

"'I will soon make the tea, mother.'

"'Will you?' she says eagerly. It is what she has come to me for, but 'It is a pity to rouse you,' she says."[87]

The art of winning kindly consideration from her children is somewhat instinctive with Margaret Ogilvy. Alice Grey, a highly sentimental and emotional mother,

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86 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 93.

87 Ibid., pp. 109-110.

also pours forth her love for her children, and she soon learns that they will receive it and return it if they feel they are doing big and important things for her. She is quite calculating, then, in making it appear to Amy that she is saving her mother from a compromising "assignation" with Steve. And humorously tantalizing her husband, she allows Cosmo to believe he is rescuing her from his father's cruelty. Both Margaret Ogilvy and Alice Grey let their children serve them. Margaret Ogilvy does it unconsciously, while Alice Grey does it deliberately. Both do it humorously and charmingly.

Again these women are similar in the pride they show in their children's accomplishments, even though at times they have misgivings concerning the excellence of their work. For instance when Alice Grey returns home and surveys the objects in the room which Amy, her daughter, has decorated, she says to her husband:

> Alice. Look, these pictures! I'm sure they are all Amy's work. They are splendid. (With perhaps a moment's misgiving) Aren't they?
>
> Colonel (guardedly). I couldn't have done them. (He considers the hand painted curtains.) She seems to have stopped everything in the middle. Still, I couldn't have done them.[88]

Barrie's mother also is proud of her son's literary achievements but is uncertain about the extent of his ability. One time she says about his writing, "'Ay, I like the article brawley, . . . but I'm doubting it's

88 Plays, p. 260.

the last--I always have a sort of terror the new one may be the last,' and if many days elapse before the arrival of another article her face says mournfully, 'The blow has fallen--he can think of nothing more to write about.'" Barrie says these articles were all carefully preserved by her: "they were the only thing in the house that, having served one purpose, she did not convert into something else, yet they could give her uneasy moments."[69]

Alice Grey utters a charmingly touching expression of mother love and understanding in these lines:

> Alice. Robert, dear, Amy has come to a time in her life when she is neither quite girl nor quite a woman. There are dark places before us at that age through which we have to pick our way without much help. I can conceive dead mothers haunting those places to watch how their child is to fare in them. Very frightened ghosts, Robert. I have thought so long of how I was to be within hail of my girl at this time, holding her hand--my Amy, my child.

Margaret Ogilvy and Alice Grey are very much alike in their quality of mother love even though Alice is much more calculating in her methods of showing it.

Mrs. Dowey, even though she never had a child of her own, expresses the motherly quality of Margaret Ogilvy. She has an individual way of winning the affections and tender regard of Kenneth Dowey that is peculiarly like Margaret Ogilvy's manner of keeping the devotion of her children. She does it by first serving Kenneth's needs and wants and then by gently leading him to do things for

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[69] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 72.

her. She serves him tea and cakes, and then, after he is refreshed by food, she reveals her last inducements to win him.

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, I've heard that the thing a man on leave longs for more than anything else is a bed with sheets and a bath.

Dowey. You never heard anything truer.

Mrs. Dowey. Go into that pantry, Kenneth Dowey, and lift the dresser-top, and tell me what you see.

(He goes. There is an awful stillness. He returns, impressed.)

Dowey. It's a kind of a bath!

Mrs. Dowey. You could do yourself there pretty, half at a time.

Dowey. Me?

Mrs. Dowey. There's a woman through the wall that would be very willing to give me a shake-down till your leave is up.

(He snorts.)

Dowey. Oh, is there!

(She has not got him yet, but there is still one more gun.)

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, look!

(With these simple words she lets down the bed. She says no more; an effect like this would be spoilt by language. Fortunately he is not made of stone. He thrills.)

Dowey. Gosh! That's the dodge we need in the trenches.

Mrs. Dowey. That's your bed, Kenneth.

Dowey. Mine? (He grins at her.) You queer old divert. What can make you so keen to be

burdened by a lump like me?[90]

Soon Kenneth Dowey is asking her to attend the theatre with him, is buying her pretty things to make her happy, and is proposing to her to be his mother.

> Mrs. Dowey. Propose for a mother?
>
> Dowey. What for no? (In grand style) Mrs. Dowey, you queer carl, you spunky tiddy, have I your permission to ask you the most important question a neglected orphan can ask of an old lady?
>
> (She bubbles with mirth. Who could help it, the man has such a way with him.)
>
> Mrs. Dowey. None of your sauce, Kenneth.
>
> Dowey. For a long time, Mrs. Dowey, you cannot have been unaware of my sonnish feelings for you.
>
> Mrs. Dowey. Wait till I get my mop to you!
>
> Dowey. And if you're not willing to be my mother, I swear I'll never ask another. (The old divert pulls him down to her and strokes his hair.) Was I a well-behaved infant, mother?
>
> Mrs. Dowey. Not you, sonny, you were a rampaging rogue.
>
> Dowey. Was I slow in learning to walk?
>
> Mrs. Dowey. The quickest in our street. He! he! he![91]

Mother love, deep and tender yet youthfully gay, is an expression in these lines. It is a direct reflection of one quality of Margaret Ogilvy.

Mrs. Dowey shows a maternal and chilklike interest in Kenneth's success in the war just as Margaret Ogilvy

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90 Plays, p. 841.

91 Ibid., p. 849.

is interested in her son's success.

> Mrs. Dowey . . . How many Germans have you killed?
>
> Dowey. Just two for certain, and there was no glory in it. It was just because they wanted my shirt.
>
> Mrs. Dowey. Your shirt?
>
> Dowey. Well, they said it was their shirt.
>
> Mrs. Dowey. Have you took prisoners?
>
> Dowey. I once took a half a dozen, but that was a poor affair too.
>
> Mrs. Dowey. How could one man take half a dozen?
>
> Dowey. Just in the usual way. I surrounded them.
>
> Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, you're just my ideal.[92]

Here Mrs. Dowey shows maternal pride and childlike enthusiasm in Kenneth's adventures. Margaret Ogilvy is similar in her childlike love of adventure and expression of a mother's pride. Barrie says his mother likes to read biography and stories of exploration best and she likes for the explorers to be alive so that she can shudder at the thought of their adventuring forth again. Sometimes, she says she hopes they will have sense enough to stay at home in the future, but she always beams with pride when they disappoint her. She is interested also in explorers' mothers. Upon the return of an explorer, the newspaper reports are all about the son but Margaret Ogilvy's first comment is about the

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[92] Plays, p. 842.

mother: "She's a proud woman this night."[93] Margaret Ogilvy, however, would rather the other woman's son would do the adventuring.[94] It might be that Mrs. Dowey would too if she really had a son, but it doesn't seem so. This is the difference between them.

Barrie's last description of Mrs. Dowey's maternal sentiment shown a month or two after Kenneth's death in action compares strikingly with his description of his own mother's sentiment toward the christening robe. Barrie says of the christening robe: "My mother made much of it, smoothed it out, petted it, smiled to it before putting it into the arms of those to whom it was being lent . . . And when it was brought back to her she took it in her arms as softly as if it might be asleep, and unconsciously pressed it to her breast."[95] Barrie says of the Old Lady: "It would be rosemary to us to see her in her black dress, of which she is very proud . . . It is early morning, and she is having a look at her medals before setting off on the daily round. They are in a drawer, with the scarf covering them, and on the scarf a piece of lavender. First, the black frock, which she carries in her arms like a baby. Then her War Savings Certificates, Kenneth's bonnet, a thin packet of

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93 Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 46-47.

94 Ibid., p. 46.

95 Ibid., pp. 8-9.

real letters, and the famous champagne cork. She kisses the letters, but she does not blub over them. She strokes the dress and waggles her head over the certificates and presses the bonnet to her cheeks, and rubs the tinsel of the cork carefully with her apron."[96] A charming expression of maternal sentiment blended with quaint humor and steadying common sense!

Maggie Wylie also shows a maternal attitude, but it is upon her husband that she lavishes her motherly affection. Even before she and John are well acquainted but after they are unexpectedly betrothed, she begins looking after his health.

> (Maggie helps him into his topcoat.)
>
> Maggie. Have you a muffler, John?
>
> John. I have. (He gets it from his pocket.)
>
> Maggie. You had better put it twice round. (She does this for him.)[97]

Margaret Ogilvy expresses a mother's hopes in her ambition for her son. Even though she seems to agree with others that a college education for James will be impossible, she knows he will receive that education.[98] Maggie Wylie also is deeply ambitious for John. She waits six years for him to finish his college and prepare for Parliament before she marries him. On election night she says:

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[96] Plays, p. 850.

[97] Ibid., p. 336.

[98] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 34.

Maggie. Six brave years has John toiled for this night.

James. And you could have had him, Maggie, at the end of five.

Maggie. Do you think I grudge not being married to him yet? Was I to hamper him till the fight was won?

James. But if it's lost?

(She can't answer.)[99]

However, later she declares that, if he should lose, they will start over again. Such is her loyalty and devotion.

When Barrie begins writing articles for a London newspaper, his mother also goes in for literature. She racks her brain for reminiscences that he can convert into articles. These she dictates to his sisters, who send them to him in letters. His mother is unusually skillful in supplying the right details. For instance Barrie says that if he writes "that the row of stockings were hung on a string by the fire", it is his mother who can tell him whether they were hung upside down.[100] Sometimes when his mother quotes Cowley:

What can I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?

Barrie says jestingly, "That is the kind you would like to be yourself!" His mother replies almost passionately, "No, but I would be windy of being his mother."[101] This seems

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[99] Plays, p. 339.

[100] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 66-74.

[101] Ibid., p. 55.

to be her one passion in working to help James. She wants her son to attain fame. It is she who encourages him to write books to which he may attach his name. If Barrie, after her death, had not written Margaret Ogilvy, very few people would have known of Margaret Ogilvy's contribution to his success.

Maggie Wylie is ambitious for John in much the same way in which Margaret Ogilvy is ambitious for her son. It is she who, in an indirect way, suggests John's humorous and epigrammatic Shandisms, though no one, not even John himself, is aware of it. Maggie's influence finally is revealed to John when the Comtesse gives Venables a copy of one of John's speeches that Maggie has secretly revised. Venables comes in reading John's speech.

> Venables. You have improved it out of knowledge. It is the same speech, but those new touches make all the difference. Mrs. Shand, be proud of him.
>
> Maggie. I am. I am, John.
>
> Comtesse. You always said his second thoughts were best, Charles.
>
> Venables (pleased to be reminded of it). Didn't I, didn't I? Those delicious little touches! How good that is, Shand, about the flowing tide.
>
> Comtesse. The flowing tide?
>
> Venables. In the first speech it was something like this--'Gentlemen, the Opposition are calling to you to vote for them and the flowing tide, but I solemnly warn you to beware lest the flowing tide does not engulf you.' The second way is much better.
>
> Comtesse. What is the second way, Mr. Shand?

(John does not tell her.)

Venables. This is how he puts it now. (John cannot help raising his head to listen.) 'Gentlemen, the Opposition are calling to you to vote for them, and the flowing tide, but I ask you cheerfully to vote for us and dam the flowing tide.'[102]

Such virile expressions as this last one are the kind Venables is certain have no hairpins in them.

Maggie Wylie doesn't seek credit for herself. She merely wisely leads John toward his goal so that he may succeed. Margaret Ogilvy does the same for her son James.

Cinderella also has a deep maternal instinct. She expresses it by caring for little war orphans. She shows the depth of her devotion to them when she is ill. She says to Mr. Bodie,

Cinderella. Tell me about Them.

Bodie. The Children? They are still with me, of course. I am keeping my promise, and they will be with me till you are able to take care of them again. I have them a great deal in the studio in the day-time.

Cinderella (cogitating). I wonder if that's wise.

Bodie. Oh, they don't disturb me much.

Cinderella. I was meaning perhaps the smell of the paint would be bad for them.

Bodie. I see! Of course I could give up painting.

Cinderella (innocently). I think that would be safest.

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[102] Plays, p. 397.

(Mr. Bodie kicks.)

Are you kind to Gretchen?

Bodie. I hope so. I feel it's my duty.

Cinderella (troubled). It'll not be no use for Gretchen if that's how you do it. I'm sure I should get up. (She attempts to rise.)

Bodie. Now, now!

Cinderella. Are you fond of her, especially when she's bad?

Bodie (hurriedly). Yes, I am, I am! But she is never bad! They are all good, they are like angels.

Cinderella. Then they're cheating you . . .[103]

She shows the solicitude and understanding a wise mother feels for her children. In the solicitude and motherly understanding of the children she has temporarily adopted, she shows a striking similiarity to Margaret Ogilvy. She even makes the policeman think of his mother when he first approaches her for investigation.

Policeman . . . Stand up.

Cinderella (a quaking figure, who has not sat down.) I'm standing up.

Policeman. Now, no sauce.

(He produces his note-book. He is about to make a powerful beginning when he finds her eyes regarding the middle of his person.)

Now then, what are you staring at?

Cinderella (hotly). That's a poor way to polish a belt. If I was a officer I would think shame of having my belt in that condition.

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[103] Plays, p. 459.

Policeman (undoubtedly affected by her homeliness though unconscious of it.) It's easy to speak; it's a miserable polish I admit, but mind you, I'm pretty done when my job's over; and I have the polishing to do myself.

Cinderella. You have no woman person?

Policeman. Not me.

Cinderella (with passionate arms). If I had that belt for an hour!

Policeman. What would you use?

Cinderella. Spit.

Policeman. Spit? That's like what my mother would have said . . .[104]

Before long Cinderella has won him and he is doing little nameless acts of kindness for her. She has the same simple power of winning people that Margaret Ogilvy has.

In their strong maternal instinct Alice Grey, Mrs. Dowey, Maggie Wylie, and Cinderella are very much like Margaret Ogilvy.

Another striking characteristic of Margaret Ogilvy is her cleverness. By her cleverness I mean her quickness of insight, her skillful manipulation of people and things, her quick resourcefulness and her politic ways of dealing with people. She is such an interestingly complex person that one can scarcely say how much of this cleverness is intuitive and how much is due to reasoning and observation. She seems, however, to be a person possessing both natural

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[104] Plays, p. 417.

insight and keen powers of observation. Besides this she has the happy faculty of ready invention and execution in literary matters.

This clever insight of Margaret Ogilvy is illustrated by the fact that when her son finally decides upon a literary career, despite the fact that she had always dreamed of his being a minister, she immediately changes her ambitions for him and hopes he will succeed in the literary world. She realizes the value of a person's making his own decisions and does not further urge him to be a minister. In fact she eagerly encourages her son; "And flinging the bundle of undarned socks from her lap," she goes in for literature herself by supplying memories he can use for his stories. She does not know what "leaders" are when her son first starts writing them for a London newspaper, but she quickly finds out and later learns to help him. Because of her keen observation and native wit she suggests many of the appealing details and incidents that Barrie uses in his stories. Her understanding of her son and her resourcefulness in helping him may be more deeply appreciated when we realize that although he was only twenty-four years old when Mr. Frederick Greenwood, editor of the St. James's Gazette accepted his first article, his mother was about sixty-six years old. Her adaptability and unprejudiced insight is remarkable.

Maggie Wylie shows a cleverness comparable with Margaret Ogilvy's when she destroys the legal document binding

John and allows him to make his own choice between freedom and marrying her.[105] She too knows the value of a man's making his own decisions even though she uses very forceful persuasion to help him make the right decision. He eagerly chooses Maggie. That Maggie quickly adapts herself to John's career is shown when she starts studying the books John reads. When her brother questions her about her reason for doing it, she says, "I don't want him to know things I don't know myself." Later she is able to give John suggestions for his speeches that make them humorous and epigramatic. Her experiences have been too limited to teach her things that would appeal to the general public. Yet she adds to his speeches the very turns and phrases that make a broad appeal. She communicates to him ideas that her intuitions and emotions seem to produce. Her wisdom in assisting John politically is further illustrated when she skillfully saves him from a political blunder. John has just quoted the peroration of one of his speeches to the Comtesse which follows:

> John . . . 'In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, these are the reasonable demands of every intelligent Englishwoman . . . and I am proud to nail them to my flag--
>
> . . .
>
> So long as I can do so without embarrassing the Government . . . I call upon the Front Bench, sir, loyally but firmly . . . either to accept my Bill, or to promise without delay to bring in one of their own; and if they decline to do

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105 Plays, p. 354.

> so I solemnly warn them that though I will not press the matter to a division just now . . . I will bring it forward again in the near future."
>
> . . .
>
> Maggie . . . But not to go to a division is hedging, isn't it? Is that strong?
>
> John. To make the speech at all, Maggie, is stronger than most would dare. They would do for me if I went to a division.
>
> Maggie. Bark but not bite?
>
> John. Now, now, Maggie, you're out of your depth.

But later, after John has gone and Venables arrives, she feels convinced that his whole political future will be lost if he hedges. When Venables asks to see his speech that Maggie has just typed for him, she quotes it instead of handing him the copy. Maggie says:

> Maggie: I know it by heart. (She plays a bold game.) 'These are the demands of all intelligent British women, and I am proud to nail them to my flag'--
>
> Comtesse. The very words Mrs. Shand.
>
> Maggie (looking at her imploringly). 'And I don't care how they may embarrass the Government.' (The Comtesse is bereft of speech, so suddenly has she been introduced to the real Maggie Shand.) 'If the right honorable gentleman will give us his pledge to introduce a similar Bill this session I will willingly withdraw mine; but otherwise I solemnly warn him that I will press the matter now to a division . . .'
>
> Venables . . . Capital.
>
> . . .
>
> Comtesse . . . Then you are pleased to know that he means to, as you say, go to a division?

Venables. Delighted. The courage of it will be the making of him.

Comtesse. I see.

Venables. Had he been to hedge we should have known that he was a pasteboard knight and have disregarded him.[106]

Maggie has skillfully saved John from a great political blunder. Both Maggie Wylie and Margaret Ogilvy are very resourceful women.

Margaret Ogilvy and Maggie Wylie are similarly politic in their use of flattery in dealing with people. One time Margaret Ogilvy tells her son she is afraid for him to go to London to meet his editor. She is afraid for the editor to see him. He tells her this is a reflection on his appearance or his manner. His sister breaks in: "The short and the long of it is just this, she thinks nobody has such manners as herself. Can you deny it, you vain woman?"

His mother denies it vigorously.

"'You stand there . . . and tell me you don't think you could get the better of that man quicker than any of us?'

"'Sal, I'm thinking I could manage him, . . .'

"'How would you set about it?'

. . .

"'I would say what great men editors are.'

"'He would see through you.'

106 Plays, pp. 359-366.

"'Not he!'

"'You don't understand that what imposes on common folk would never hood-wink an editor.'

"'That's where you are wrong. Gentle or simple, stupid or clever, the men are all alike in the hands of a woman that flatters them.'

"'Ah, I'm sure there are better ways of getting round an editor than that.'

"'I daresay there are . . . but if you try that plan you will never need to try another.'

"'How artful you are, mother--you with your soft face! Do you not think shame?'

"'Pooh!' . . .

"'I can see the reason why you are so popular with men.'

"'Ay, you can see it, but they never will.'[107]

Again and again Maggie flatters John in much the same way that Margaret Ogilvy would flatter the editor. After Lady Sybil has revealed that she is not in love with John and he feels greatly relieved that his affair with her is over, he says to Maggie:

> John . . . But how could I have made such a mistake? It's not like a strong man. (Evidently he has an inspiration.)
>
> Maggie. What is it?
>
> John (the inspiration). Am I a strong man?

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[107] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 67-71.

Maggie. You? Of course you are. And self-made. Has anybody ever helped you in the smallest way?

John (thinking it out again). No, nobody.

Maggie. Not even Lady Sybil?

John. I'm beginning to doubt it. It's very curious, though, Maggie, that this speech should be disappointing.

Maggie. It's just that Mr. Venables hasn't the brains to see how good it is.

John. That must be it.[108]

It is Maggie's clever diplomacy that keeps John from realizing there are "hairpins" in his speeches. Maybe he would never have seen through her if the Comtesse had not discovered her secret and revealed it. Even then Maggie's praise and understanding of her husband helps win him back to her. She does not give up to Venables when he says the humor of Shand's speeches makes them. She says:

Maggie. Surely the important thing about the speech is its strength and knowledge and eloquence, the things that were in the first speech as well as in the second.

Venables admits that what she says is largely true but that it is the combination that makes the speech irresistible.[109] Maggie then skillfully shows John that it is only in little ways that she has helped him.

Again Maggie shows quickness of wit when she appeals to her husband not to leave her before the laundry comes

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108 Plays, p. 395.

109 Ibid., p. 398.

home. He is so practical that she knows it will influence him. Later she succeeds in getting him to wait until after he makes his speech at Leeds. She diplomatically devises the plan of throwing John and Lady Sybil together daily for a month, during which she believes he will have a chance to test the sincerity of his love for Lady Sybil. Besides this he will be able to work on his speech and see if Sybil is the great inspiration that he thinks she is. Maggie suspects that he does not even know what true love is.[110] She has analyzed him correctly and acted very wisely. She skillfully brings him back to the path that is best for him, but, no doubt, he soon will be feeling he has done it all his own royal self. Margaret Ogilvy shows a similar skill in handling her son when she influences him not to leave her to visit Stevenson at Vailima. She says she would like for him to go sometime but wants him to wait until she is laid away.[111] She cleverly keeps him with her, and he never resents it.

Maggie Wylie reflects Margaret Ogilvy's cleverness also in realizing the value of humor in handling people. She sees humor in everything just as Margaret Ogilvy does. Margaret Ogilvy laughs when Barrie uses one of her good new table-napkins for a dish rag; she laughs when he is admitted into a club of which she does not approve; and

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110 Plays, p. 394.

111 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 149.

she laughs at his articles even though she always laughs in the wrong place. Maggie Wylie also laughs often during the short time we see her. At the close of the play when she pleads for John's laughter, she reveals her philosophy of life, that laughter often saves people from heartaches and shattering disillusionment. It helps make people fond of those they cannot understand.

Both Maggie Wylie and Margaret Ogilvy show wit many times in concealing their cleverness. They often speak like very dull women, yet both are remarkable women. Perhaps they act dull because they know men are "nervous of remarkable women". At any rate, they are sufficiently clever to attain their purpose in seeming dull, yet they both have keen insight in analyzing other people's reactions. Margaret Ogilvy says that Babbie in The Little Minister would not have fooled her. She would have been quicker in finding out about Babbie than Margaret Dishart was.[112] Maggie shows the same kind of keen understanding when John says he does not know how long he has cared for Lady Sybil. Maggie replies,

> Maggie. . . I think it wasn't till about six months ago, John, that she began to be very dear to you. At first you liked to bring in her name when talking to me, so that I could tell you of any little things I might have heard she was doing. But afterwards, as she became more and more to you, you avoided mentioning her name.[113]

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112 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 177.

113 Plays, p. 378.

She knows him even better than he knows himself, yet once he says to her, "I'm an extraordinary queer character and I suppose nobody knows me well except myself; but I know you, Maggie, to the very roots of you. (She magnanimously lets this remark alone.)"[114]

Maggie Wylie, like Margaret Ogilvy, is unusually clever in her analysis and manipulation of people. She has keenness of judgment and resourcefulness in helping John just as Margaret Ogilvy has in helping her son.

Cinderella also is similar to Margaret Ogilvy in her skillful handling of people. When the policeman very sternly begins to cross question her, she unexpectedly reminds him that his belt buckle needs polishing and suggests to him that she could give it a fine polish with spit if she had the belt for only a half of an hour.[115] When she reminds him of his mother he becomes much less severe with her. She has an art of making people forget to be stern just as Margaret Ogilvy has.

Cinderella is clever also in dealing with the public. She helps feed her children by running a penny emporium after work hours. She sews, diagnoses simple ailments, launders shirts, gives ordinary shaves, sells her prepared ointments for the hair, and renders numerous other services all for one penny each. She selects the most appealing

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114 Plays, p. 351.

115 Ibid., p. 417.

thing for a particular customer and is artful in avoiding giving prescriptions or services that would cause her to get into trouble. She manages to send each customer away satisfied. An example of her skillful manipulation of customers is shown when she works with a client for whom she is altering a coat.

> Cinderella (pinning up the tails of his coat). Keep still.
>
> Gentleman (with unexpected spirit). I warns you, Missy, I won't have it cut.
>
> Cinderella (an artist). I'll give you the bits.
>
> Gentleman. I prefers to wear them.
>
> (She compares the coat with the picture of an elegant dummy.)
>
> Were you going to make me like that picture?
>
> Cinderella. I had just set my heart on copying this one. It's the Volupty.
>
> Gentleman (fainthearted). I'm thinkin' I couldn't stand like that man.
>
> Cinderella (eagerly). Fine you could--with just a little practice. I'll let you see the effect.
>
> (She bends one of his knees, extends an arm and curves the other till he looks like a graceful teapot. She puts his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, and he is now coquetishly saluting a lady.)
>
> Gentleman (carried away as he looks at himself in a glass). By Gosh! Cut away, Missy![116]

Cinderella, like Margaret Ogilvy again, cleverly uses teasing evasions to intrigue people. One time the police-

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[116] Plays, pp. 425-429.

man, visiting her in the house by the sea where she is taking a rest cure, says:

Policeman . . . Things to eat have very little interest to me now.

Cinderella. Oh?

Policeman. I've gone completely off my feed.

Cinderella (artfully). I wonder how that can be!

Policeman. Did you get my letter, Jane?

Cinderella (calmly). I got it.

Policeman. Did you--did you think it was a peculiar sort of letter?

Cinderella (mercilessly). I don't mind nothing peculiar in it.

Policeman. There was no word in it that took you aback, was there?

Cinderella. Not that I mind of.

Policeman (worried). Maybe you didn't read it very careful?

Cinderella. I may have missed something. What was the word, David?

He does not answer her question but later says he has something that will be a staggering surprise to tell her. He wishes he had the language to use to make it pretty but he has not. He merely says:

Policeman . . . Will you, Jane?

Cinderella (doggedly). Will I what?

Policeman. Do you not see what I'm driving at?

Cinderella. Fine I see what you're driving at!

Policeman. Then won't you help me out?

Cinderella. No.

Policeman. If you could just give me a shove.

Cinderella (sympathetically). Try Badgery.[117]

With these words she releases the little bit of the poetic and the romantic that is in him and she receives a proposal fitting to her dreams. She knows how to lead him to romance. She, like Margaret Ogilvy, adroitly leads people to the thing she desires.

Mrs. Dowey also is peculiarly similar to Margaret Ogilvy in her dealing with people. How cleverly she cools Kenneth's anger when she appeals to his desire for good food! Margaret Ogilvy also knows the appeal of food. It is she who wants to send the editor some "lippie-shortbread which was to be her clever way of getting round him."[118] She, as well as Margaret Ogilvy, knows the value of humor in the lives of people. In the examples quoted previously in this paper, we have already seen how effectively she uses her humor in gaining her ends.

Again like Margaret Ogilvy she is skillful in using flattery to influence men. Dowey asks her:

> Dowey . . . But what in the name of Old Nick made you choose me out of the whole British Army?
>
> Mrs. Dowey (giggling). Maybe, mister, it was because I liked you best.
>
> Dowey. Now, now, woman.

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[117] Plays, pp. 468-470.

[118] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 66.

Mrs. Dowey. I read one day in the papers, "In which he was assisted by Private K. Dowey, 5th Battalion, Black Watch."

Dowey (flattered). Did you now! Well, I expect that's the only time I was ever in the papers.

Mrs. Dowey (trying it on again). I didn't choose you for that alone. I read a history of the Black Watch first, to make sure it was the best regiment in the world.[119]

And later when she tells him "Kenneth, you're just my ideal," she completely wins him and he promises to "bide" with her if she really wants him.[120]

In some respects Alice Grey's use of flattery in dealing with people is comparable with Margaret Ogilvy's. She knows that flattery wins men and she uses it. Although we may not agree with Barrie that Steve, the present object of her flattery, would be so gullible as Barrie makes him, yet if he were not so easily taken in, no doubt, she could have used more subtle flattery. Steve says to Alice:

Steve. And you'll come to me after dinner tonight, Alice? Here, I'll leave my card, I'm not half a mile from this street.

Alice. I mayn't be able to get away. It will depend on whether my silly husband wants to stay with his wretch of a baby. I'll see you the door. Steve, you're <u>much</u> nicer than Robert.[121]

He foolishly believes she thinks he <u>is</u> nicer than her husband.

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[119] <u>Plays</u>, pp. 835-836.

[120] <u>Ibid</u>., p. 842.

[121] <u>Ibid</u>., p. 275.

Alice Grey also shows cleverness in dealing with her children when she uses her intellect instead of her emotions and allows them to believe they are being noble in rescuing her from herself and from her husband. By this scheme she quickly wins their love and devotion. In her quick understanding of them, she is similar to Margaret Ogilvy, although Barrie's mother probably would use other methods of handling them.

Alice Grey, Maggie Wylie, Cinderella, and Mrs. Dowey are all very individual women; yet they suggest some of the most dominant qualities of Barrie's mother. They are whimsically gay and comic, deeply maternal, artlessly youthful, and clever. Margaret Ogilvy truly has many different names nowadays.

CONCLUSION.

J. M. Barrie's mother has a very great and very lasting influence upon him and his work. She has furnished him with much of the background and many of the characters about whom he writes. The significance of this influence cannot be easily established, but many interesting conjectures do arise in my mind when I consider the depth and breadth of her influence.

It seems that her influence is responsible for the frequent recurrence of the maternal motif found in many of his plays. This feature appears in many other plays besides those already mentioned. We find it running all the way through the play Mary Rose. It underlies Peter Pan, appearing in Mrs. Darling and also in her daughter Wendy. Wendy plays mother to Peter Pan and the lost boys and each spring goes back to Peter in the Neverland at spring--cleaning time. At the close of the play Barrie says, "She flies so badly now that she has to use a broomstick . . . Another thing, one he (Peter) has scarcely noticed, though it disturbs her, is that she does not see him quite so clearly now as she used to do."[122] This leads to the belief she soon will be a child no longer and will not be going back to be Peter's mother and tell him stories about himself. But that the mother theme

[122] Plays, p. 93.

never ends is suggested by the close of the story, Peter and Wendy.

> As you look at Wendy you may see her hair becoming white, and her figure little again, for all this happened long ago. Jane is now a common grown-up with a daughter called Margaret; and every spring-cleaning time, except when he forgets, Peter comes for Margaret and takes her to the Neverland, where she tells him stories about himself, to which he listens eagerly. When Margaret grows up she will have a daughter, who is to be Peter's mother in turn; and thus it will go on, so long as children are gay and innocent and heartless.[123]

The maternal theme occurs in A Well Remembered Voice. The mother is trying to reach her son through the medium of spiritualism.[124] The maternal theme again appears in Seven Women, Old Friends, Rosalind, The New Word, and Barbara's Wedding. In Dear Brutus, moreover, one finds a frustrated fatherhood. The "might-have-been" father seems to take on a strange feminity in his play and conversation with his "might-have-been" daughter, Margaret. At the same time in her gaity and sweetness she suggests Margaret Ogilvy as a child. Would Margaret Ogilvy, if she had seen all these plays, have chuckled and said, "I am in it again"? At any rate, she must have been pleased to know that her hold on her son and his love for her was stronger than death.

Another conjecture I am led to make is that his love for childlike simplicity must be connected with his love

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[123] James A. Roy, James Matthew Barrie, pp. 186-187.

[124] Plays, p. 781.

for his mother. It seems that he believes that only those whose lives are very simple and those who have a child's outlook upon life understand the eternal verities of life. Again and again he returns to this theme of childlikeness. We see it in Peter Pan, in Mary Rose, in Dear Brutus, in A Kiss For Cinderella, and to a less marked degree in many other of his plays. At first we may feel how absurd some of the situations are, but if we continue to listen to Barrie a while, he has us, and we go with him as he says his mother goes with Stevenson when she is reading him. We go skipping with him, "this masterful child at the rope," and soon give him our hand as we set off with him for the meadow.[125]

The people with a childlike attitude and those simple ones from the lower ranks of life, he portrays sympathetically and accurately. But does he portray the sophisticated person accurately or sympathetically? Whenever he represents a sophisticated woman, satire and dislike creep in, however subtle it may be. Lady Sybil in What Every Woman Knows, is a shallow, light-headed snob. She does not appreciate values in herself or in others. She has no stability and is altogether an unlovely person. Lady Mary, in The Admirable Crichton, a "cold haughty, insolent" girl, is of the same class. While Crichton is loyal to a social system and to Lady Mary in his determination to play the

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[125] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 146.

game, Lady Mary, who has her chance to be loyal to Crichton, follows the line of least resistance and goes back to her engagement with Lord Brocklehurst. There is nothing in the play that would lead us to believe she ever was in love with him, but she has shown some affection for Crichton. She could not stand anything that would cause a severe strain on her and her conventions. Tweeny really fares better than Lady Mary, but, of course, she was the only woman on the island who wore a skirt. Perhaps Barrie felt she was the only one who deserved to wear a skirt. Lady Lillian in Half an Hour begins to win our admiration when she stands firm in her determination to leave her husband, but when a severe test comes, she slips back to her unaware husband. Although we may say to ourselves, "Well, she has served him right", we feel, "How could she go back to him!" She is another woman of sophistication who is not able to stand by her convictions and be true to the man she loves when he is not there to help her. Of course there is Kate, formerly Lady Sims, in The Twelve Pound Look, who has a sense of humor, keen understanding of people, and stability enough to follow her own convictions, but she has risen to her position as Lady Sims from quite simple and poor people. The Comtesse in What Every Woman Knows appears in a more favorable light also. She exhibits a sincere appreciation and understanding of true values. But she is one of the few worldly wise women that Barrie mentions who fare so well. Perhaps, because of an

indirect influence of his mother, if not a direct one, he did not understand sophisticated women so well as he understood women of his own mother's station. Again maybe he understood them only too well. It seems he believed wealth and position bring out weaknesses in character while the stronger forces of character diminish or do not develop.

At any rate, we do know of his seclusion and of his close ties with his home and his mother from what he himself says. In Margaret Ogilvy he says that he has read in his mother's mute blue eyes all he knows and would ever care to write.[126] He also says of the closeness of his family ties, "A Scotch family are probably better acquainted with each other, and more ignorant of the life outside their circle, than any other family in the world. And as knowledge is sympathy, the affection existing between them is almost painful in its intensity; . . . they are reputed niggardly, but for family affection at least they pay in gold."[127] The family ties in Barrie's home remained unusually close. His sister never married but remained at home with her mother. It was with difficulty that Barrie's mother summoned up courage to let him go to London to meet the editor.[128] Even then he remained at home writing about half of the year.

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[126] Margaret Ogilvy, p. 5.

[127] Ibid., p. 157.

[128] Ibid., p. 5.

When Barrie and Stevenson became great friends through their correspondence, Stevenson often invited Barrie to visit him at Vailima. Barrie says:

"Well, Vailima was the one spot on earth I had any great craving to visit, but I think she always knew I would never leave her. Sometime, she said, she would like me to go, but not until she was laid away. 'And how small I have grown this winter. Look at my wrists. It canna be long now.' No, I never thought of going, was never absent for a day from her without reluctance, and never walked so quickly as when going back."[129] Stevenson died in 1894. They never met. No doubt it would have been a joyous meeting if they had. Something of what it would have meant to Barrie can be imagined when we read,

"I shall never go up the Road of Loving Hearts now . . . on 'a wonderful clear night of stars,' to meet the man coming towards me on a horse. It is still a wonderful clear night of stars, but the road is empty. But before he had written books he was in my part of the country with a fishing wand in his hand, and I like to think that I was the boy who met him that day by Queen Margaret's burn, where the rowans are, and busked a fly for him, and stood watching, while his lithe figure rose and fell as he cast and hinted back from the crystal waters of Noranside."[130]

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[129] Margaret Ogilvy, pp. 148-149.

[130] Ibid., p. 149.

He must have wanted to meet Stevenson very badly; yet because of the influence of his mother he never did.

Barrie also says he had a friend, an African explorer, about whom his mother was in two minds. "He was the most engrossing of mortals to her" until she was afraid he wanted to take Barrie with him, and "then she thought he should be put down by law."[131] Barrie's mother seemed to fear anyone's taking him away from her even for a short while.

Margaret Ogilvy says that Margaret Dishart is like her in many ways. Margaret Dishart dreaded the day when her son would marry and there would be another to take her place. Was Margaret Ogilvy jealous of her son as Margaret Dishart was? We probably will not ever know, but we do know he did not marry until 1894 when he was thirty-four years old and that the marriage was dissolved in 1909. He married a young actress, Mary Ansell.[132] Once he said the woman he married would have to be like his mother.

Margaret Ogilvy's strong hold on her son kept him from traveling far before she died except to take a brief trip to Switzerland, from which he was called home a few days before her death. Perhaps wider travel and greater study of life outside his own family circle would

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131 Margaret Ogilvy, p. 46.

132 James Matthew Barrie, p. 149.

have given his plays greater depth, less sentimentalism and sympathetic understanding of sophisticated characters. While his plays are delightful and charmingly whimsical, the plots in many instances are so slight and the characters are so naive that there are not many actors and actresses that can play them well. It seems to me travel and broader contacts would have added greater depth and variety to his portrayal of people unlike his mother and the people she knew. Regardless of the fact that his mother's influence may not have been highly beneficial to him in every respect, she gave much more to him than she ever kept him from attaining for himself. And even if he may have had a highly developed mother complex, he attained beauty and sincerity in his literary work that I believe will make it live.

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