

KOTAVA Tela Tamefa Golerava

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James Joyce

**YON DUBLINIK ~
LANA GADIKYA**

Berpotam
(1914)

Kalkotavaks : Élisabeth Rovall (2015)

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Dubliners ~ A Mother

Short story
(1914)

Translation : Élisabeth Rovall (2015)

Dubliners ~ A Mother

Mr. Holohan, assistant secretary of the Eire Abu Society, had been walking up and down Dublin for nearly a month, with his hands and pockets full of dirty pieces of paper, arranging about the series of concerts. He had a game leg and for this his friends called him Hoppy Holohan. He walked up and down constantly, stood by the hour at street corners arguing the point and made notes; but in the end it was Mrs. Kearney who arranged everything.

Miss Devlin had become Mrs. Kearney out of spite. She had been educated in a high-class convent, where she had learned French and music. As she was naturally pale and unbending in manner she made few friends at school. When she came to the age of marriage she was sent out to many houses, where her playing and ivory manners were much admired. She sat amid the chilly circle of her accomplishments, waiting for some suitor to brave it and offer her a brilliant life. But the young men whom she met were ordinary and she gave them no encouragement, trying to console her romantic desires by eating a great deal of Turkish Delight in secret. However, when she drew near the limit and her friends began to loosen their tongues about her, she silenced them by marrying Mr. Kearney, who was a bootmaker on Ormond Quay.

He was much older than she. His conversation, which was serious, took place at intervals in his great brown beard. After the first year of married life, Mrs. Kearney perceived that such a man would wear better than a romantic person, but she never put her own romantic ideas away. He was sober, thrifty and pious; he went to the altar every first Friday, sometimes with her, oftener by himself. But she never weakened in her religion and was a good wife to him. At some party in a strange house when she lifted her eyebrow ever so slightly he stood up to take his leave and, when his cough troubled him, she put the eider-down quilt over his feet and made a strong rum punch. For his part, he was a model father. By paying a small sum every week into a society, he ensured for both his daughters a dowry of one hundred pounds each when they came to the age of twenty-four. He sent the older daughter, Kathleen, to a good convent, where she learned French and music, and afterward paid her fees at the Academy. Every year in the month of July Mrs. Kearney found occasion to say to some friend:

"My good man is packing us off to Skerries for a few weeks."

If it was not Skerries it was Howth or

Yon dublinik ~ Lana gadikya

Darekeon. Holohan W^{ye} toleodaf suteptik ke Eire Abu gesia mali mon tanoy aksat va Dublin kotliz dun exuler, ton ucom kotraf gu zionafa eluxaxa isu nuba, djugrustason va dolpaf enk. Tir etef nume yoke batcoba nik va in gu Hoppy Holohan dayoltad. Dun lanir aze dimlanir, remi jontik bartiv alavon ice nuda tigr, keyakseson is stragason ; vexe sopron Kearney W^{ya} va kotcoba di grustar.

Devlin W^{ya} aundeson al vanpir Kearney W^{ya}. Koe oluafe xidaxe al zo gaar lize va Francava is lexa al raver. Lecen tir biakzwafa is andatritafa, dene bema va abic nik al dikir. Ba kureraklaa, den jontika yasa jonvioleteson zo stakseyer lize inafa vefara is wulaf baskeem al zo mafelapad ; vanmiea fentalafu ivamu ke intaf fitceem gidebanyeyer, keson va kontan rolureskatas az firvitis va jebesa blira. Vexe kakevene yikye tiyid entafe nume meinde bristuyur, lavinuson va intyona pestakevafa jugemera num birgon estuson va jontika botafuca. Soe poki lukruca ise viele nik va yoy icde ina toz ilgrupeged, pune tuamlitayar, kureson va Kearney W^{ye}, i va staziasik keve Ormond etol.

Ine tir lupon klaafe dam ina. Inafa prilara sotisa ekemafa va int koe beretraf lukastap walukon rundar. Arti taneafa tanda ke kurera, Kearney W^{ya} al sonker da mane ayikye titir lokiewafe dam kon pestakevik, neke va intafa pestakeva me jovleyer. Ine sotir pufafe is rabudafe is lorbafe. Ba kot taneaf teveaviel gitinefkar, dile do ina vols loviele voldoon. Wori icde intafa alka meviele al tuaxawer ise sotir kurenikany. Dene kota katanara liz sin zo ganed, moida ine woltmadar, pune ina vere ranyar ise vragur ; ise viele boba va ine dile olyaster, pune va inaf pudeem gu krinca besar ise va pofa xeyna askedar. Ine luxeon tir tezafe gadikye. Safteon kogimason va abica erba den lanu sistu, va bueleks vas decemoy *pound* talolk pu kot toloy nazbeik tori tolsanbalemdaf ilanuk ravaladar. Va Kathleen taneafa nazbeikya ko xidaxenye stakseyer lize ina va Francava is lexa mbi raveyer, azon ine va inafa yotera va Lexa Cultim dodeyer. Vieleon, bak pereaksat, Kearney W^{ya} pu tana nikya rovokalir :

— Kurenik va cin ko Skerries tori konaka safta divtunser.

Voxe konakviele batcoba me tir Skerries, pune

Greystones.

When the Irish Revival began to be appreciable Mrs. Kearney determined to take advantage of her daughter's name and brought an Irish teacher to the house. Kathleen and her sister sent Irish picture postcards to their friends and these friends sent back other Irish picture postcards. On special Sundays, when Mr. Kearney went with his family to the pro-cathedral, a little crowd of people would assemble after mass at the corner of Cathedral Street. They were all friends of the Kearneys--musical friends or Nationalist friends; and, when they had played every little counter of gossip, they shook hands with one another all together, laughing at the crossing of so many hands, and said good-bye to one another in Irish. Soon the name of Miss Kathleen Kearney began to be heard often on people's lips. People said that she was very clever at music and a very nice girl and, moreover, that she was a believer in the language movement. Mrs. Kearney was well content at this. Therefore she was not surprised when one day Mr. Holohan came to her and proposed that her daughter should be the accompanist at a series of four grand concerts which his Society was going to give in the Antient Concert Rooms. She brought him into the drawing-room, made him sit down and brought out the decanter and the silver biscuit-barrel. She entered heart and soul into the details of the enterprise, advised and dissuaded: and finally a contract was drawn up by which Kathleen was to receive eight guineas for her services as accompanist at the four grand concerts.

As Mr. Holohan was a novice in such delicate matters as the wording of bills and the disposing of items for a programme, Mrs. Kearney helped him. She had tact. She knew what artistes should go into capitals and what artistes should go into small type. She knew that the first tenor would not like to come on after Mr. Meade's comic turn. To keep the audience continually diverted she slipped the doubtful items in between the old favourites. Mr. Holohan called to see her every day to have her advice on some point. She was invariably friendly and advising--homely, in fact. She pushed the decanter towards him, saying:

"Now, help yourself, Mr. Holohan!"

And while he was helping himself she said:

"Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid of it!"

Everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Kearney bought some lovely blush-pink *charmeuse* in Brown Thomas's to let into the front of Kathleen's dress. It cost a pretty penny; but there are occasions when a little expense is justifiable. She took a dozen of two-shilling tickets for the final

tir Howth ok Greystones.

Ugale Eireafa Dimblira toz tupoaweyer, Kearney W^{ya} va yolt ke nazbeikya djukurimpavantayar nume jupayar da eireavafa tavesikya di gidenlaniyir. Kathleen is berikya va eireavafa piuteliwa pu nik gistakseyed nume bantel va aryona dere eireavafa dimstakeyed. Dile ba lan taneaviel, edje Kearney W^{ye} do yasa ko wevala laniyir, lospama moi mistura alavon ice Cathedral vawila va int gikatanayar. Sin tiyid kotote nik ke Kearney yasa, dene Lexa Cultim ok vedeyevaf nik ; tere walpulvison va begardeem, pune va sint nubuzavayad, kipeson kir wison va manote nuba gamdasa is eireavon donesa. Miss Kathleen Kearney yolt bene kutceem ke kottan fure tiyir. Korik kaliyid da bata yikya tir lexunyusik is agralik is ostik folipis va avafa dimblira. Kearney W^{ya} Va kota batcoba wivepeyer. Batdume me di zo akoyeyer lanviele Holohan W^{ye} kevlaniyir aze drageyer da va dal intafa nazbeikya wetce dositik remi balemoya dolpapa soputuna gan intafa gesia koe Antient dolpaxe naratar. Kearney W^{ya} va in ko bontay kostayar, va inafa debanyara jupayar aze va tupama is dilgavafu smamuktu divplekuyur. Ina va pinteem ke tegira kofirsiyir, vanovayar ike malyopayar : tere zubi zo kizeyer kane Kathleen va anyustoy *guinea* talolk yordon gu dositara den balemoya dolpapa ikakazawatar.

Larde Holohan W^{ye} tir bodorkafe gu uga dum sutelara va truk is iksantura va talpey, pune Kearney W^{ya} kopomar. Tir wervafa. Grupecker : bat yambik wetce nelkik fu gonawid voxe ban kan eltayam fu zo gobended. Gruper da taneaf *tenor* dankasik me co albar da moi foriskura ke Meade W^{ye} buskusik co zirser. Unkasipitison va tcoesikeem, va etrakedaf otuk wal tel guazaf gelukaf walbur. Holohan W^{ye} va ina kotvielon worar, boyotetenon gu kon uum. Ina sotir notafa is pirdanyasa is okon emudesafa. Van ine va tupa giplatir, kalison :

— Va int zanolul, Holohan W^{ye}, vay ?!

Aze edje ine zanolur, ina kalir :

— Me kival, va batcoba me kival !!

Kotcoba dilizecker. Kearney W^{ya} va felbesi raltadukafi layki dene Brown Thomas luster, toleputuson va lentak ke gem ke Kathleen. Batcoba tir vas tanoy *penny* talolk, voxe mandroe gan mana katecta zo tumalyar. Ina tori bocafa dolpa va san-toloyi lipi vas olkon toloy *shilling*

concert and sent them to those friends who could not be trusted to come otherwise. She forgot nothing, and, thanks to her, everything that was to be done was done.

The concerts were to be on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. When Mrs. Kearney arrived with her daughter at the Antient Concert Rooms on Wednesday night she did not like the look of things. A few young men, wearing bright blue badges in their coats, stood idle in the vestibule; none of them wore evening dress. She passed by with her daughter and a quick glance through the open door of the hall showed her the cause of the stewards' idleness. At first she wondered had she mistaken the hour. No, it was twenty minutes to eight.

In the dressing-room behind the stage she was introduced to the secretary of the Society, Mr. Fitzpatrick. She smiled and shook his hand. He was a little man, with a white, vacant face. She noticed that he wore his soft brown hat carelessly on the side of his head and that his accent was flat. He held a programme in his hand, and, while he was talking to her, he chewed one end of it into a moist pulp. He seemed to bear disappointments lightly. Mr. Holohan came into the dressing-room every few minutes with reports from the box-office. The artistes talked among themselves nervously, glanced from time to time at the mirror and rolled and unrolled their music. When it was nearly half-past eight, the few people in the hall began to express their desire to be entertained. Mr. Fitzpatrick came in, smiled vacantly at the room, and said:

Well now, ladies and gentlemen. I suppose we'd better open the ball."

Mrs. Kearney rewarded his very flat final syllable with a quick stare of contempt, and then said to her daughter encouragingly:

"Are you ready, dear?"

When she had an opportunity, she called Mr. Holohan aside and asked him to tell her what it meant. Mr. Holohan did not know what it meant. He said that the committee had made a mistake in arranging for four concerts: four was too many.

"And the artistes!" said Mrs. Kearney. "Of course they are doing their best, but really they are not good."

Mr. Holohan admitted that the artistes were no good but the committee, he said, had decided to let the first three concerts go as they pleased and reserve all the talent for Saturday night. Mrs. Kearney said nothing, but, as the mediocre items followed one another on the platform and the few people in the hall grew fewer and fewer, she

talolk aze pu yon nik batenide rozinulan walzilir. Va mecoba vulkur, nume tuke ina, kotcoba gonaskina di zo askir.

Dolpa ba balemeaviel azu alub- azu tev- azu per- sye dilizeted. Viele ba sielon balemeaviel Kearney W^{ya} is nazbeikya ko Antient Dolpaxe artlanid, bam ina va kerdela ke konakcoba me albar. Konake yikye dem jebesana faltafa sugdeya koe zeria kliwon ranyed ; meke tir vagekirafe gu sielaboz. Ina do nazbeikya kabduolanir aze kalion kodusukeson rem fenkumuyun tuvel ke dolpaxo, va grutciuca ke ramisavik gildar. Taneon nuer kase va bartiv al me roklar. Volgue, vula tickir tol-sanoya wexa abdi anyuste bartiv.

Ina koe gemxo kake kaatoexo pu Fitzpatrick W^{ye} suteptik ke gesia zo atoer. Kicer ise nubuzavar. Inye tir omik dem paokafa is memuxasa gexata. Ina katcalar da ine va tulwafi edji moe takakrilak diskir ise inafa bloska tir azekafa. Ine va buak koe nuba gir, ise pulvison va ekwa yupadar nume kurfar. Va dempa aulon fotcizar. Kotwexabaron Holohan W^{ye} va gemxo kolanir, deason va warzot male kuk. Yambik noglonton pulvid, va int dile disukeson ko situla, tanameson va lexabuak az gritanameson. Viele anyuste bartiv do acku fure tir, bam cugtan abicote tigus koe dolpaxo djuviunsutunon toz muxad. Fitzpatrick W^{ye} kolanir, trawon kicegason pu dlopaxo, aze kalir :

— Kle re, weltikeem ! Tce va sirta vode fu bokat...

Kearney W^{ya}, kan vligusa disukerama, va bata azekafa lubera ke asanka emuder, aze, gukoeson va nazbeikya, bristuson kalir :

— Kas til gadiafa, abegya ?

Ba taneafa katecta, ina va Holohan W^{ye} solstason rozar aze granser enide ine va sugdalaks ke batcoba di kalir. Holohan W^{ye} va mecoba gruper. Kalir da grustason va balemoya dolpa neda al roklar : balema tir slika.

— Vexe yambik ! ~ Kearney W^{ya} kalir. ~ Efe cugeke skutud, neke tire vodansad.

Holohan W^{ye} doster da vodansad, vexe neda va taneafa baroya dolpa dum rotison al djukujupar ise va yon fitcik tori sielon pereaviel al vider. Kearney W^{ya} va mecoba kalir, vexe darpe rotakaf nakileem moe kaatoexo num turiara va riaf tcokesik, toz batcer da va tegira ta mana disukexa al askifoapar. Koncoba ke dilizera ke

began to regret that she had put herself to any expense for such a concert. There was something she didn't like in the look of things and Mr. Fitzpatrick's vacant smile irritated her very much. However, she said nothing and waited to see how it would end. The concert expired shortly before ten, and everyone went home quickly.

The concert on Thursday night was better attended, but Mrs. Kearney saw at once that the house was filled with paper. The audience behaved indecorously, as if the concert were an informal dress rehearsal. Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed to enjoy himself; he was quite unconscious that Mrs. Kearney was taking angry note of his conduct. He stood at the edge of the screen, from time to time jutting out his head and exchanging a laugh with two friends in the corner of the balcony. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Kearney learned that the Friday concert was to be abandoned and that the committee was going to move heaven and earth to secure a bumper house on Saturday night. When she heard this, she sought out Mr. Holohan. She buttonholed him as he was limping out quickly with a glass of lemonade for a young lady and asked him was it true. Yes. it was true.

"But, of course, that doesn't alter the contract," she said. "The contract was for four concerts."

Mr. Holohan seemed to be in a hurry; he advised her to speak to Mr. Fitzpatrick. Mrs. Kearney was now beginning to be alarmed. She called Mr. Fitzpatrick away from his screen and told him that her daughter had signed for four concerts and that, of course, according to the terms of the contract, she should receive the sum originally stipulated for, whether the society gave the four concerts or not. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who did not catch the point at issue very quickly, seemed unable to resolve the difficulty and said that he would bring the matter before the committee. Mrs. Kearney's anger began to flutter in her cheek and she had all she could do to keep from asking:

"And who is the Cometty pray?"

But she knew that it would not be ladylike to do that: so she was silent.

Little boys were sent out into the principal streets of Dublin early on Friday morning with bundles of handbills. Special puffs appeared in all the evening papers, reminding the music loving public of the treat which was in store for it on the following evening. Mrs. Kearney was somewhat reassured, but she thought well to tell her husband part of her suspicions. He listened carefully and said that perhaps it would be better if he went with her on Saturday night. She agreed. She

bifeem volpuver. Vonagesa kicera ke Fitzpatrick W^{ye} zuner. Neke ina va mecoba kalir aze va tena ker. Sielcek levi sane bartiv tenuwer aze kottan govodimdenlakir.

Dolpa ba sielon alubeaviel loote zo nobar ; vexe Kearney W^{ya} vere wir da dolpaxo tir kotrafo gu ganen korik. Tcokesikeem linular volwalnaf dumede dolpa co tir abozkirafa abdirseracka. Fitzpatrick W^{ye} nususer, mejilafe da Kearney W^{ya} va inafa linulara bokson malyedar. Ine kake marwida ranyer, dile takasotcer ise do toloy nik moe soza krander. Bal sielcek, Kearney W^{ya} remraver da dolpa ke teveaviel fu zo ebgar ise kevseotatason va kotrafo dolpaxo tori sielon pereaviel neda va kelt is tamava fu tuwidlasir. Viele Kearney W^{ya} gilder, pune va Holohan W^{ye} pokolanise dapnarir, i va etedason govovanburese va vobotaxa pu jotafa ayikya, aze erur kase warzot tir garif. Gue, tickir.

— Vexe efe batcoba va zubi meinde betar, ~ ina kalir. ~ Zubi va balemoya dolpa sikapburar.

Holohan W^{ye} nutir soriafe ; pirdar da ina va Fitzpatrick W^{ye} gukoer. Kearney W^{ya} toz dwir. Va Fitzpatrick W^{ye} kaku marwida rozar aze kalir da nazbeikya ta balemoya dolpa al sugdar nume tire nope zubi va xanton gewobayana itaya di gododur kore gesia va balemoya dolpa soputur oke me. Fitzpatrick W^{ye}, megrugildase va tafaf uum, nutir volgrumaese va arge nume kalir da va arianta pu neda fu dear. Zidera ke Kearney W^{ya} va vola toz ticfir nume ina flecupur da vol roveberur :

— Vexe toktan tir neda, vay ?!

Voxe gruper da batcoba co tir mexariaca ; batdume ina va int stivar.

Konak sardik dem dat truk mo yona nudapa ke Dublin ba waveon rielon teveaviel zo staksed. Aptafa daktera koe sielfela pu lexafamaf saneg va daava ickrilena ba diref siel kimbad. Kearney W^{ya} zo karavaldamar voxer givason va kurenikye gu dal intyona uculera foteginyir. Ine kalterektar nume kalir da ba sielon pereaviel vode dositatar. Ina finer. Va kurenik tarkar milinde va Piute Ristula tarkar, bro ristulapa septafa is somebetasa ; ise kore va abicote inaf fitc kagruver, neke va inafa soloksafa voda wetce

respected her husband in the same way as she respected the General Post Office, as something large, secure and fixed; and though she knew the small number of his talents she appreciated his abstract value as a male. She was glad that he had suggested coming with her. She thought her plans over.

The night of the grand concert came. Mrs. Kearney, with her husband and daughter, arrived at the Antient Concert Rooms three-quarters of an hour before the time at which the concert was to begin. By ill luck it was a rainy evening. Mrs. Kearney placed her daughter's clothes and music in charge of her husband and went all over the building looking for Mr. Holohan or Mr. Fitzpatrick. She could find neither. She asked the stewards was any member of the committee in the hall and, after a great deal of trouble, a steward brought out a little woman named Miss Beirne to whom Mrs. Kearney explained that she wanted to see one of the secretaries. Miss Beirne expected them any minute and asked could she do anything. Mrs. Kearney looked searchingly at the oldish face which was screwed into an expression of trustfulness and enthusiasm and answered:

"No, thank you!"

The little woman hoped they would have a good house. She looked out at the rain until the melancholy of the wet street effaced all the trustfulness and enthusiasm from her twisted features. Then she gave a little sigh and said:

"Ah, well! We did our best, the dear knows."

Mrs. Kearney had to go back to the dressing-room. The artistes were arriving. The bass and the second tenor had already come. The bass, Mr. Duggan, was a slender young man with a scattered black moustache. He was the son of a hall porter in an office in the city and, as a boy, he had sung prolonged bass notes in the resounding hall. From this humble state he had raised himself until he had become a first-rate artiste. He had appeared in grand opera. One night, when an operatic artiste had fallen ill, he had undertaken the part of the king in the opera of *Maritana* at the Queen's Theatre. He sang his music with great feeling and volume and was warmly welcomed by the gallery; but, unfortunately, he marred the good impression by wiping his nose in his gloved hand once or twice out of thoughtlessness. He was unassuming and spoke little. He said yours so softly that it passed unnoticed and he never drank anything stronger than milk for his voice's sake. Mr. Bell, the second tenor, was a fair-haired little man who competed every year for prizes at the *Feis Ceoil*. On his fourth trial he had been awarded a bronze medal. He was extremely nervous and extremely jealous

ayedikyé sokarolar. Wiver da ine va dositara al drager. Ina va intyona erava vilder.

Siel ke tela dolpapa artfir. Kearney W^{ya}, do kurenik is nazbeikya, ko Antient Dolpaxe abdi bartivapu artlakid. Goxe sielcek tir muvas. Kearney W^{ya} va sura va cobeem is buak ke nazbeikya pu kurenik nafer aze aneyason va Holohan W^{ye} oku Fitzpatrick va varafe xe exuler. Va metel trasir. Pu ramisavik erur kase konak nedik koe dolpaxo tigid. Arti wavdacapa omikya yoltkirafa gu Beirne W^{ya} zo vanstar aze Kearney W^{ya} pebur da va tan suteptik djukuwir. Beirne W^{ya} va fure sin ker aze erur kase va koncoba di rotaskir. Kearney W^{ya} va guazackafa gexata zemar, i va gexata apcaweyesa ton dirnusa is seramafa muxara, aze dulzer :

— Me, grewá !

Omikya pokoler da dolpaxo titir kotrackafo. Va muvara nyaser vieli kexuca divdaakena gan pumana nuda va dirnura di sular, i va seramuca ke inaf apcaweyes kolmeem. Aze ina va repalerama divplekur aze kalir :

— Ax, neix ! Cugeke al askiv, Lorik gruper.

Kearney W^{ya} ko gemxo godimlanir. Yambik artlanid. *Bass* dankasik isu toleaf *tenor* batlize ixam tigid. *Bass* Duggan W^{ye} tir tigaf yik dem ebeltafa is tcazafa nyoxa. Tir nazbeik ke tuvelik ke dotafa ristula ise remi rumeugal va skulbaca arstaksewesa koe vistalegapa dun lwiwir. Va bat dulkaf sok al jovler aze al vanpir taneemaf yambik. Ixam va kaleyna al paker. Lansielon, lecen lan yambik al akoler, pune ine va yorda vas gazik dene *Maritana* drunta koe Queen's wenyaxe al zornar. Va intafi dankki kan satolerapa is gijarotiuca al dankagar nume gan lupaxa lacon zo taxayar. Vexe goxe, ewaron tanon ok tolon bosolason va pez kan tobakirafa nuba, va bata litesira relvayar. Sometir radjafe ise abicote gipulvir. Va « *riny* » pibon gikalir eke batcoba bevular merowina ise yoke puda va vrod anton sokulir. Bell W^{ye}, i toleaf *tenor* dankasik, tir latkaf omik tandeon elices va *Feis Ceoil* gablexa. Ba balemeafa yovara iyekoton zo diemayar. Tir noglotapafe is lickapafe gu ar *tenor* dankasik nume va noglotafa lickuca kak divdomawesa nuca sopalsar. Lotir da jontiktan va inafa duxara kir dolpa gruped. Batdume wison va Duggan W^{ye}

of other tenors and he covered his nervous jealousy with an ebullient friendliness. It was his humour to have people know what an ordeal a concert was to him. Therefore when he saw Mr. Duggan he went over to him and asked:

"Are you in it too? "

"Yes," said Mr. Duggan.

Mr. Bell laughed at his fellow-sufferer, held out his hand and said:

"Shake!"

Mrs. Kearney passed by these two young men and went to the edge of the screen to view the house. The seats were being filled up rapidly and a pleasant noise circulated in the auditorium. She came back and spoke to her husband privately. Their conversation was evidently about Kathleen for they both glanced at her often as she stood chatting to one of her Nationalist friends, Miss Healy, the contralto. An unknown solitary woman with a pale face walked through the room. The women followed with keen eyes the faded blue dress which was stretched upon a meagre body. Someone said that she was Madam Glynn, the soprano.

"I wonder where did they dig her up," said Kathleen to Miss Healy. "I'm sure I never heard of her."

Miss Healy had to smile. Mr. Holohan limped into the dressing-room at that moment and the two young ladies asked him who was the unknown woman. Mr. Holohan said that she was Madam Glynn from London. Madam Glynn took her stand in a corner of the room, holding a roll of music stiffly before her and from time to time changing the direction of her startled gaze. The shadow took her faded dress into shelter but fell revengefully into the little cup behind her collarbone. The noise of the hall became more audible. The first tenor and the baritone arrived together. They were both well dressed, stout and complacent and they brought a breath of opulence among the company.

Mrs. Kearney brought her daughter over to them, and talked to them amiably. She wanted to be on good terms with them but, while she strove to be polite, her eyes followed Mr. Holohan in his limping and devious courses. As soon as she could she excused herself and went out after him.

"Mr. Holohan, I want to speak to you for a moment," she said.

They went down to a discreet part of the corridor. Mrs. Kearney asked him when was her daughter going to be paid. Mr. Holohan said that Mr. Fitzpatrick had charge of that. Mrs. Kearney

kevlanir aze erur :

— Dere pakel ?

— Gue, ~ Duggan W^{ye} kalir.

Bell W^{ye} pu bat mejes dositik kipegar aze nubasotcer aze kalir :

— Nubuzaval !!

Kearney W^{ya} va bate toloye yikye kabduolanir aze kozwison va dolpaxo kak marwida va int rundar. Deba kalion zo kereled ise nisunyu vanmiea tcokesikeem pridud. Ina dimlanir aze pu kurenik odiaxon dokalir. Tel uum tire tir Kathleen lecen edje bantel va Healy W^{ya} *contralto* dankasik tana cosevafa nikya ginelar, pune sin vaon dun disuked. Antiafa megrupenikya dem zwafa gexata va bonta koolanir. Ayikya va omwenaf faltaf gem atceyen moe nilafo alto levdisuked. Kontan kalir da ina tir *soprano* dankasik Glynn W^{ya}.

— Nué : toklize ina zo trasiyir ? ~ Kathleen pu Healy W^{ya} kalir. ~ Va kona pulvira va ina me al gildé, arse.

Healy W^{ya} volins rovekicegar. Holohan W^{ye} va gemxo etedason kolanir aze toloya yikya erud : « Toktan tir megrupenikya ? » Holohan W^{ye} kalir da in tir Glynn W^{ya} male London. Glynn W^{ya} ko alava ke olkoba va int rundar, xuan gison va lexafa krafolma is dile arplekuson va intafa ciwana disukera. Izga va omwenaf gem ko brava plekur voxe ko suxomama kake meli re luber. Lorara ke dolpaxo loeke zo gilder. Taneaf *tenor* dankasik is *baritone* dankasik belcon artlanid. Nutid valeaf, tid sudaf is vagekiranyaf ise ko dosita va teca sivakafa sukera vanbured.

Kearney W^{ya} va nazbeikya van sin star aze necion pulvir. Va skedaranya djukuvider, voxe edje wan lasutir dolafa, pune va Holohan W^{ye} etedase is vriston lanise dun anamdisuker. Vielu rovodaskir, pune parar aze kadim ine divlanir.

— Holohan W^{ye}, pu rin abicedje gopulví, ~ kalir.

Sin ko tamba ke arlom lanid. Kearney W^{ya} erur : « Tokviele nazbeikya fu mbi dodder ? » Holohan W^{ye} kalir da Fitzpatrick W^{ye} tir viunsusik. Kearney W^{ya} kalir da va bantel meinde

said that she didn't know anything about Mr. Fitzpatrick. Her daughter had signed a contract for eight guineas and she would have to be paid. Mr. Holohan said that it wasn't his business.

"Why isn't it your business?" asked Mrs. Kearney. "Didn't you yourself bring her the contract? Anyway, if it's not your business it's my business and I mean to see to it."

"You'd better speak to Mr. Fitzpatrick," said Mr. Holohan distantly.

"I don't know anything about Mr. Fitzpatrick," repeated Mrs. Kearney. "I have my contract, and I intend to see that it is carried out."

When she came back to the dressing-room her cheeks were slightly suffused. The room was lively. Two men in outdoor dress had taken possession of the fireplace and were chatting familiarly with Miss Healy and the baritone. They were the Freeman man and Mr. O'Madden Burke. The Freeman man had come in to say that he could not wait for the concert as he had to report the lecture which an American priest was giving in the Mansion House. He said they were to leave the report for him at the Freeman office and he would see that it went in. He was a grey-haired man, with a plausible voice and careful manners. He held an extinguished cigar in his hand and the aroma of cigar smoke floated near him. He had not intended to stay a moment because concerts and artistes bored him considerably but he remained leaning against the mantelpiece. Miss Healy stood in front of him, talking and laughing. He was old enough to suspect one reason for her politeness but young enough in spirit to turn the moment to account. The warmth, fragrance and colour of her body appealed to his senses. He was pleasantly conscious that the bosom which he saw rise and fall slowly beneath him rose and fell at that moment for him, that the laughter and fragrance and wilful glances were his tribute. When he could stay no longer he took leave of her regretfully.

"O'Madden Burke will write the notice," he explained to Mr. Holohan, "and I'll see it in."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Hendrick," said Mr. Holohan. "You'll see it in, I know. Now, won't you have a little something before you go?"

"I don't mind," said Mr. Hendrick.

The two men went along some tortuous passages and up a dark staircase and came to a secluded room where one of the stewards was uncorking bottles for a few gentlemen. One of these gentlemen was Mr. O'Madden Burke, who had found out the room by instinct. He was a suave, elderly man who balanced his imposing

zolkomer. Nazbeikya va zubi ika anyustoy *guinea* talolk al sugdar nume mbi gododer. Holohan W^{ye} kalir da batcoba me tir dal intafa arienta.

— Tokdume batcoba me tir rinafa arienta ? ~ Kearney W^{ya} erur. ~ Kas me rin va zubi miv al vanburel ? Kottode, ede batcoba me tir rinaca battode volson tir jinaca nume en goverubá !!

— Va Fitzpatrick W^{ye} vode gogukoel !! ~ Holohan W^{ye} fentalon kalir.

— Va Fitzpatrick W^{ye} somezolkomé, ~ Kearney W^{ya} tolkalir. Va zubi dadí nume va inafa tarkara diné.

Viele ko gemxo dimlanir inaf tcoreem tir tuckerawemeyes. Olkoba al blizer. Toloye liozakirafe ayikye gegise va keldega pu Healy W^{ya} yaston is *baritone* dankasik prilad. Felikye ke *Freeman* fela is O'Madden Burke W^{ye} tid. Battan su artlanir aze kalir da va dolpa me di roker kire va laxa ke lan amerikaf gertik koe dotaxe gomunester. Kalir da ede kontan va munesteks den *Freeman* felaxe daykatar, pune va sanegara di rubatar. Tir tulukoptawemes ayik prospusaf is proyabaskaf. Va volrunkafe ruse dem mogi anameon ezasi gir. Me djuker kire gan kota dolpa isu yambik zo ginyaterser, neke va keldega wan altogir. Healy W^{ya} lenteon ranyesa ginelar ise kipedar. In tir klaackaf nume va nekira ke bata neciura grudiepiler, vox ware swavajotackaf nume rodefimpavantar. Idul is kofiga is uka ke alto ke yikya pu inaf pesteem pulvid. Wison va larida levmadawesa az vion kalubesa, tce tir nekisik nume puvegur ise trakur da kipera is kofiga is itumara tid culiek mu dal int. Artion viele mea rozavzagir pune va ina batceson bulur.

— O'Madden Burke stragelatar, ~ pu Holohan W^{ye} pebur, ~ ise va sanegara viunsutú.

— Va Hendrick W^{ye} grewapá, ~ Holohan W^{ye} kalir. ~ Arse viunsutul. Kas djuzergemel levida fu mallanil ?

— Djuprogaskí, ~ Hendrick W^{ye} kalir.

Toloye ayikye va konak vristaf plor exuled aze va tapedaf fogelom ticlanid aze va bumafa olkoba kallanid lize tan ramisavik va inoc tori abic weltik griaretlar. Tan weltik tir O'Madden Burke W^{ye} aptadason kosmayase va xo. Tir bursiik guazamaf is gricueson gisespas va intafa granafa ilka altogison va lesofa kevumuvapa. Inaf gairtaf

body, when at rest, upon a large silk umbrella. His magniloquent western name was the moral umbrella upon which he balanced the fine problem of his finances. He was widely respected.

While Mr. Holohan was entertaining the Freeman man Mrs. Kearney was speaking so animatedly to her husband that he had to ask her to lower her voice. The conversation of the others in the dressing-room had become strained. Mr. Bell, the first item, stood ready with his music but the accompanist made no sign. Evidently something was wrong. Mr. Kearney looked straight before him, stroking his beard, while Mrs. Kearney spoke into Kathleen's ear with subdued emphasis. From the hall came sounds of encouragement, clapping and stamping of feet. The first tenor and the baritone and Miss Healy stood together, waiting tranquilly, but Mr. Bell's nerves were greatly agitated because he was afraid the audience would think that he had come late.

Mr. Holohan and Mr. O'Madden Burke came into the room. In a moment Mr. Holohan perceived the hush. He went over to Mrs. Kearney and spoke with her earnestly. While they were speaking the noise in the hall grew louder. Mr. Holohan became very red and excited. He spoke volubly, but Mrs. Kearney said curtly at intervals:

"She won't go on. She must get her eight guineas."

Mr. Holohan pointed desperately towards the hall where the audience was clapping and stamping. He appealed to Mr. Kearney and to Kathleen. But Mr. Kearney continued to stroke his beard and Kathleen looked down, moving the point of her new shoe: it was not her fault. Mrs. Kearney repeated:

"She won't go on without her money."

After a swift struggle of tongues Mr. Holohan hobbled out in haste. The room was silent. When the strain of the silence had become somewhat painful Miss Healy said to the baritone:

"Have you seen Mrs. Pat Campbell this week?"

The baritone had not seen her but he had been told that she was very fine. The conversation went no further. The first tenor bent his head and began to count the links of the gold chain which was extended across his waist, smiling and humming random notes to observe the effect on the frontal sinus. From time to time everyone glanced at Mrs. Kearney.

The noise in the auditorium had risen to a clamour when Mr. Fitzpatrick burst into the room, followed by Mr. Holohan who was panting. The clapping and stamping in the hall were punctuated

lente kaf yolt sotir lidafa kevumuva kane in va intaf gedelaf erbuum milbavar. Anameon zo sotarkar.

Edje Holohan W^{ye} va ayik ke *Freeman* fela prilar, pune Kearney W^{ya} pu kurenik blizepeson pulvir eke bantel goveblikar enide ina di pudomar. Jadifa prilara koe gemxo atcewer. Bell W^{ye}, i taneaf zirsesik dem intaf buak egadar. Vexe dositik men sugdadar. Tire koncoba tijir. Kearney W^{ye} ronton disuker, santason va lukast, edje Kearney W^{ya} ko oblaka ke Kathleen wonteson pulvir. Mal dolpaxo braldesa lorara is nubaliera is luojara artstid. Taneaf *tenor* dankasik is *baritone* dankasik is Healy W^{ya} ranyeson aulon ked, vexe nogleem ke Bell W^{ye} gan kivara zo tegulapar, kivason da tcokesikeem co folir da ine gaver.

Holohan W^{ye} is O'Madden Burke W^{ye} va olkoba kolanid. Vere disukeson Holohan W^{ye} va dilizera gildar. Va Kearney W^{ya} vanlanir aze kirepton pulvir. Edje sin prilad, pune lorara koe dolpaxo ticstir. Holohan W^{ya} tuckeraweper ise tegulawer. Lujon pulvir, vexe Kearney W^{ya} wexawexon madjon dun kalir :

— Ina me askitir. Va anyustoy *guinea* talolk mbi gozilir.

Holohan W^{ye} va dolpaxo gripokoleson dasugdar lize tcokesikeem nubalier ise luojar. Va Kearney W^{ye} is Kathleen rozer. Vexe Kearney W^{ya} va lukast wan santar ise Kathleen va otsa ke warzaf perfejul kalizir : mekane kevon rotaskir. Kearney W^{ya} dun kalir :

— Ina arbe erba me askitir.

Moi bliedafa atatcera Holohan W^{ye} etedason divlanir. Olkoba tir stivawesa. Viele amlit tere tufigawerser pune Healy W^{ya} pu *baritone* dankasik kalir :

— Kas va Pat Campbell W^{ya} resafton al wil ?

Baritone dankasik me al wir voxe al mbi kalir da ina ribiegon al zirseyer. Prilara ten tir. Taneaf *tenor* dankasik takomar aze va rodolk ke moavafa roda bene intaf nesuk toz patar. Kicer ise va abic gluyiskaf mamolk vayatason va keska moe intafa josuxoma dankagar. Dile kontan va Kearney W^{ya} kodisuker.

Lorara koe dolpaxo vanpir iyeptara viele Fitzpatrick W^{ye} do kadimon Holohan W^{ye} cepitese ko olkoba iper. Nubaliera is luojara koe dolpaxo gan azdara zo tcalad. Fitzpatrick W^{ye} va

by whistling. Mr. Fitzpatrick held a few banknotes in his hand. He counted out four into Mrs. Kearney's hand and said she would get the other half at the interval. Mrs. Kearney said:

"This is four shillings short."

But Kathleen gathered in her skirt and said: "Now. Mr. Bell," to the first item, who was shaking like an aspen. The singer and the accompanist went out together. The noise in hall died away. There was a pause of a few seconds: and then the piano was heard.

The first part of the concert was very successful except for Madam Glynn's item. The poor lady sang Killarney in a bodiless gasping voice, with all the old-fashioned mannerisms of intonation and pronunciation which she believed lent elegance to her singing. She looked as if she had been resurrected from an old stage-wardrobe and the cheaper parts of the hall made fun of her high wailing notes. The first tenor and the contralto, however, brought down the house. Kathleen played a selection of Irish airs which was generously applauded. The first part closed with a stirring patriotic recitation delivered by a young lady who arranged amateur theatricals. It was deservedly applauded; and, when it was ended, the men went out for the interval, content.

All this time the dressing-room was a hive of excitement. In one corner were Mr. Holohan, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Miss Beirne, two of the stewards, the baritone, the bass, and Mr. O'Madden Burke. Mr. O'Madden Burke said it was the most scandalous exhibition he had ever witnessed. Miss Kathleen Kearney's musical career was ended in Dublin after that, he said. The baritone was asked what did he think of Mrs. Kearney's conduct. He did not like to say anything. He had been paid his money and wished to be at peace with men. However, he said that Mrs. Kearney might have taken the artistes into consideration. The stewards and the secretaries debated hotly as to what should be done when the interval came.

"I agree with Miss Beirne," said Mr. O'Madden Burke. "Pay her nothing."

In another corner of the room were Mrs. Kearney and he: husband, Mr. Bell, Miss Healy and the young lady who had to recite the patriotic piece. Mrs. Kearney said that the Committee had treated her scandalously. She had spared neither trouble nor expense and this was how she was repaid.

They thought they had only a girl to deal with and that therefore, they could ride roughshod over her. But she would show them their mistake. They wouldn't have dared to have treated her like that if she had been a man. But she would see

abic omeltfizud. Va balemoy koe nuba ke Kearney W^{ya} patar ise kalir da toleaf lik ba walunecta zo zilitir. Kearney W^{ya} kalir :

— Balemoy *shilling* talolk tid gracaf.

Vexe Kathleen va gratca kabelcar ise pu taneaf zirsesik sustes dum waniba kalir : « Tetce, Bell W^{ye} !» Dankasik is dositik belcon divlanid. Lorara ke dolpaxo di titstir. Arti abic amlitaf verast klawa toz zo gilder.

Taneafi dolpaki zo kiewaskinyir, vaxe zirsera ke Glynn W^{ya}. Kimtikya va *Killarney* lexaxa kan suxafa is ristana puda al dankagar, i kan gumimafa wifruca nidesa is tiyana nek tuglabasa va dank sedme int. Nutir dimblisiyina male guazaf wenyaf gemak nume lupaxa va inyona temedara wetce vucaf mamolk tukipear. Soe taneaf *tenor* dankasik isu *contralto* va dolpaxo di vecad. Kathleen va belca dem konaka eireafa evluba permupuna zirser. Taneaf dolpalik tici gugafamafa tandewitca celesina gan jotafa yikya gigrustasa va aribafa zirsera tenuwer. Bata tandewitca zo permuckur, aze moion ba walunecta ayikye keldaskiyine divlanid.

Batedje gemxo tir lembiekafo. Koe alava Holohan W^{ye} is Fitzpatrick W^{ye} is Beirne W^{ya} is toloy ramisavik is *baritone* dankasik isu *bass* is O'Madden Burke W^{ye} tigid. O'Madden Burke W^{ye} kalir da va mana bilita meviele al wir. *Baritone* dankasik mbi erur va coba icde linulara ke Kearney W^{ya}. Me djuboyar. Al mbi doder ise do tamava diliodon djublir. Soe kalir da Kearney W^{ya} va yambik co al krafaiyar. Ramisavik is suteptik va sabegara skutuna ba walunecta lujon walpulvid.

— Va Beirne W^{ya} dotrakú, ~ O'Madden Burke W^{ye} kalir. ~ Va mecoba dodec !!

Koe ara alava Kearney W^{ya} is kurenik is Bell W^{ye} is Healy W^{ya} is yikya gugafamon tandewitcayasa tigid. Kearney W^{ya} kalir da neda va ina kinokon al askiper. Ina va meka zegara isu oyak al megar neke maneke roton zo gabler.

Sin trakuyud da va kona yikya anton di zolkomeyed nume acum co askid inde djumed. Vexe Kearney W^{ya} nedickir da en roklad. Batinde co me rovebaskiped ede co tir ayikye ; vexe banlize fu zavzagir, va roka ke nazbeikya fu

that her daughter got her rights: she wouldn't be fooled. If they didn't pay her to the last farthing she would make Dublin ring. Of course she was sorry for the sake of the artistes. But what else could she do? She appealed to the second tenor who said he thought she had not been well treated. Then she appealed to Miss Healy. Miss Healy wanted to join the other group but she did not like to do so because she was a great friend of Kathleen's and the Kearneys had often invited her to their house.

As soon as the first part was ended Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Holohan went over to Mrs. Kearney and told her that the other four guineas would be paid after the committee meeting on the following Tuesday and that, in case her daughter did not play for the second part, the committee would consider the contract broken and would pay nothing.

"I haven't seen any committee," said Mrs. Kearney angrily. "My daughter has her contract. She will get four pounds eight into her hand or a foot she won't put on that platform."

"I'm surprised at you, Mrs. Kearney," said Mr. Holohan. "I never thought you would treat us this way."

"And what way did you treat me?" asked Mrs. Kearney.

Her face was inundated with an angry colour and she looked as if she would attack someone with her hands.

"I'm asking for my rights," she said.

"You might have some sense of decency," said Mr. Holohan.

"Might I, indeed?... And when I ask when my daughter is going to be paid I can't get a civil answer."

She tossed her head and assumed a haughty voice:

"You must speak to the secretary. It's not my business. I'm a great fellow fol-the-diddle-I-do."

"I thought you were a lady," said Mr. Holohan, walking away from her abruptly.

After that Mrs. Kearney's conduct was condemned on all hands: everyone approved of what the committee had done. She stood at the door, haggard with rage, arguing with her husband and daughter, gesticulating with them. She waited until it was time for the second part to begin in the hope that the secretaries would approach her. But Miss Healy had kindly consented to play one or two accompaniments. Mrs. Kearney had to stand aside to allow the

rubackar ; me fu zo rester. Ede va bocaf talolk me co mbi dodet, pune koe Dublin di lorasipir. Efe va bata regala tove yambikeem batcer ; voxo va mecoba rotaskir. Va toleaf *tenor* dankasik rozer nume bantel sedmeon kalir da ina al zo askipejer. Aze va Healy W^{ya} rozer. Healy W^{ya} va bata lospa co djukavangluyar voxo wegayer kire tir napik ke Kathleen ise gan denon Kearney yasa jontikviele al zo ganer.

Moi tena ke taneafi dolpaki Fitzpatrick W^{ye} is Holohan W^{ye} va Kearney W^{ya} vanlanid aze kalid da ark ke viroyara vani katanara ke neda ba diref alubeaviel zo dodeter, vexe ede inafa nazbeikya bal toleaf lik me co zirseter, pune neda va joara va zubi kruperteter nume va mecoba dodeter.

— Va meka neda al wí, ~ Kearney W^{ya} kalir. ~ Nazbeikya va zubi dadir. Va balemoy *guinea* talolk ko nuba kazawatar oke va nuga mo bato kaatoexo me plekuter.

— Va jin geval, Kearney W^{ya}, ~ Holohan W^{ye} kalir. ~ Someguzeká da maninde zo askipev.

— Vexe tokinde va jin al askipec ? ~ Kearney W^{ya} erur.

Dratcesa kseva va inafa vola mopler nume ina nutir djukurelingasa va kontan.

— Va intaf danuks imaxú, ~ kalir.

— Co rotil xariackaf, ~ Holohan W^{ye} kalir.

— Ax ! Anye ? Vexe viele erú viele nazbeik mbi doteter, pune meka dolafa dulzera zo dafur.

Ina takakadir aze wafivon kalir :

— Pu suteptik gokalil. Batcoba me tir jinafa arianta. Tí fraltapik, ise tca-tca-tca...

— Trakuyú da til weltikany, ~ Holohan W^{ye} kalir, laizon jovleson.

Moi bata regala linulara ke Kearney W^{ya} kotinde zo lanzar. Kottan va tegira ke neda vanovar. Ina poke tuvel tigrir, riyomepesa, flidesa do kurenik is nazbeik, zatcapasa. Ker vieli toleafi dolpaki fu tozuwer, pokoleson da tan suteptik fu kevlanir. Vexe Healy W^{ya} va tanoya ok toloya dositasa evluba necion su djuprozirser. Kearney W^{ya} gomangir inde *baritone* dankasik is dositasik mo kaatoexo rolanid. Abicedje zavzar yalestafa, bro zidesa raporewava, aze ba taneaf mamolk ke danka kal intafa oblaka, va lioza ke nazbeikya

<p>baritone and his accompanist to pass up to the platform. She stood still for an instant like an angry stone image and, when the first notes of the song struck her ear, she caught up her daughter's cloak and said to her husband:</p> <p>"Get a cab!"</p> <p>He went out at once. Mrs. Kearney wrapped the cloak round her daughter and followed him. As she passed through the doorway she stopped and glared into Mr. Holohan's face.</p> <p>"I'm not done with you yet," she said.</p> <p>"But I'm done with you," said Mr. Holohan.</p> <p>Kathleen followed her mother meekly. Mr. Holohan began to pace up and down the room, in order to cool himself for he his skin on fire.</p> <p>"That's a nice lady!" he said. "O, she's a nice lady!"</p> <p>"You did the proper thing, Holohan," said Mr. O'Madden Burke, poised upon his umbrella in approval.</p>	<p>vangir aze pu kurenikye kalir :</p> <p>— Va direm rozal !!</p> <p>Ine vere divlanir. Kearney W^{-ya} va nazbeikya ko lioza anamplekur aze radimelanir. Viele va tuvel remlanir, pune vukir, ise oribason va Holohan W^{-ye} :</p> <p>— Va rin me al tenutcé, ~ kalir.</p> <p>— Volse jin, arse, ~ Holohan W^{-ye} kalir.</p> <p>Kathleen va gadikya vazon radimelanir. Holohan W^{-ye} koe olkoba toz avlemodar, gire wonteteson kir ziadgesipiyinon.</p> <p>— Ax ! mana weltikya ! ~ kalir. ~ Ox, tire mantan !</p> <p>— Al askil inde gonaskiyil, Holohan, ~ O'Madden Burke W^{-ye} vanovason kalir, altogise va kevumuva.</p>
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