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WORKS OF GILBERT PARKER \*\*\*

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## **WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS**

**FROM THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EDITION OF THE COLLECTED NOVELS OF GILBERT PARKER**

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The editor may be contacted at <[widger@cecomet.net](mailto:widger@cecomet.net)> for comments, questions or suggested additions to these extracts.

**D.W.**

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## QUOTATIONS FROM THE NOVELS OF GILBERT PARKER

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#02][gp02w10.txt]6074

Awkward for your friends and gratifying to your enemies  
Carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love  
Freedom is the first essential of the artistic mind  
I was born insolent  
Knowing that his face would never be turned from me  
Likenesses between the perfectly human and the perfectly animal  
Longed to touch, oftener than they did, the hands of children  
Meditation is the enemy of action  
My excuses were making bad infernally worse  
Nothing so good as courage, nothing so base as the shifting eye  
She wasn't young, but she seemed so  
The Barracks of the Free  
The gods made last to humble the pride of men—there was rum  
The soul of goodness in things evil  
Time is the test, and Time will have its way with me  
Where I should never hear the voice of the social Thou must

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#03][gp03w10.txt]6075

Delicate revenge which hath its hour with every man  
Good is often an occasion more than a condition  
He does not love Pierre; but he does not pretend to love him  
It is not Justice that fills the gaols, but Law  
It is not much to kill or to die—that is in the game  
Men and women are unwittingly their own executioners  
Noise is not battle  
She was beginning to understand that evil is not absolute  
The Government cherish the Injin much in these days

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#04][gp04w10.txt]6076

At first—and at the last—he was kind  
Courage; without which, men are as the standing straw  
Evil is half-accidental, half-natural  
Fascinating colour which makes evil appear to be good  
Had the luck together, all kinds and all weathers  
Hunger for happiness is robbery  
If one remembers, why should the other forget  
Instinct for detecting veracity, having practised on both sides  
Mothers always forgive  
The higher we go the faster we live  
The Injin speaks the truth, perhaps—eye of red man multiplies  
The world is not so bad as is claimed for it  
Whatever has been was a dream; whatever is now is real  
You do not shout dinner till you have your knife in the loaf

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#05][gp05w10.txt]6077

Irishmen have gifts for only two things—words and women

More idle than wicked  
Reconciling the preacher and the sinner, as many another has

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by G. Parker, v5 [GP#06][gp06w10.txt]6078

An inner sorrow is a consuming fire  
Philosophy which could separate the petty from the prodigious  
Remember your own sins before you charge others

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE, by Parker, Complete [GP#07][gp07w10.txt]6079

An inner sorrow is a consuming fire  
At first—and at the last—he was kind  
Awkward for your friends and gratifying to your enemies  
Carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love  
Courage; without which, men are as the standing straw  
Delicate revenge which hath its hour with every man  
Evil is half-accidental, half-natural  
Fascinating colour which makes evil appear to be good  
Freedom is the first essential of the artistic mind  
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It is not much to kill or to die—that is in the game  
Knowing that his face would never be turned from me  
Likenesses between the perfectly human and the perfectly animal  
Longed to touch, oftener than they did, the hands of children  
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The Barracks of the Free  
The world is not so bad as is claimed for it  
Time is the test, and Time will have its way with me  
Whatever has been was a dream; whatever is now is real  
Where I should never hear the voice of the social Thou must  
You do not shout dinner till you have your knife in the loaf

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#08][gp08w10.txt]6080

A human life he held to be a trifle in the big sum of time  
Fear of one's own wife is the worst fear in the world  
He never saw an insult unless he intended to avenge it  
Liars all men may be, but that's wid wimmin or landlords  
Men are like dogs—they worship him who beats them  
She valued what others found useless  
Women are half saints, half fools

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#09][gp09w10.txt]6081

Bad turns good sometimes, when you know the how  
How can you judge the facts if you don't know the feeling?  
Put the matter on your own hearthstone

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#10][gp10w10.txt]6082

Advantage to live where nothing was required of her but truth  
Don't be too honest  
Every shot that kills ricochets  
Not good to have one thing in the head all the time  
Remember the sorrow of thine own wife  
Secret of life: to keep your own commandments  
She had not suffered that sickness, social artifice  
Some people are rough with the poor—and proud  
They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly  
Think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman  
Youth hungers for the vanities

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#11][gp11w10.txt]6083

Have you ever felt the hand of your own child in yours  
Memory is man's greatest friend and worst enemy  
Solitude fixes our hearts immovably on things  
When a man laugh in the sun and think nothing of evil

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by G. Parker, v5 [GP#12][gp12w10.txt]6084

All humour in him had a strain of the sardonic  
In her heart she never can defy the world as does a man  
Some wise men are fools, one way or another

ROMANY OF THE SNOWS, by Parker, Complete [GP#13][gp13w10.txt]6085

A human life he held to be a trifle in the big sum of time  
Advantage to live where nothing was required of her but truth  
All humour in him had a strain of the sardonic  
Bad turns good sometimes, when you know the how  
Don't be too honest  
Every shot that kills ricochets  
Fear of one's own wife is the worst fear in the world  
Have you ever felt the hand of your own child in yours  
He never saw an insult unless he intended to avenge it  
How can you judge the facts if you don't know the feeling?  
In her heart she never can defy the world as does a man  
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Secret of life: to keep your own commandments  
She valued what others found useless  
She had not suffered that sickness, social artifice  
Solitude fixes our hearts immovably on things  
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Some wise men are fools, one way or another  
They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly  
Think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman  
When a man laugh in the sun and think nothing of evil  
Women are half saints, half fools  
Youth hungers for the vanities

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#14][gp14w10.txt]6086

Even bad company's better than no company at all  
Future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer  
I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like  
It ain't for us to say what we're goin' to be, not always  
Things in life git stronger than we are  
We don't live in months and years, but just in minutes

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#15][gp15w10.txt]6087

I don't think. I'm old enough to know  
Knew when to shut his eyes, and when to keep them open  
Nothing so popular for the moment as the fall of a favourite  
That he will find the room empty where I am not  
The temerity and nonchalance of despair

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#16][gp16w10.txt]6088

Being a man of very few ideas, he cherished those he had  
Self-will, self-pride, and self-righteousness were big in him  
Tyranny of the little man, given a power

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#17][gp17w10.txt]6089

Babbling covers a lot of secrets  
Beneath it all there was a little touch of ridicule  
What'll be the differ a hundred years from now

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by G. Parker, v5 [GP#18][gp18w10.txt]6090

Don't go at a fence till you're sure of your seat  
The real business of life is trying to understand each other  
You've got blind rashness, and so you think you're bold

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by Parker, Complete [GP#19][gp19w10.txt]6091

Babbling covers a lot of secrets  
Being a man of very few ideas, he cherished those he had

Beneath it all there was a little touch of ridicule  
Don't go at a fence till you're sure of your seat  
Even bad company's better than no company at all  
Future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer  
I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like  
I don't think. I'm old enough to know  
It ain't for us to say what we're goin' to be, not always  
Knew when to shut his eyes, and when to keep them open  
Nothing so popular for the moment as the fall of a favourite  
Self-will, self-pride, and self-righteousness were big in him  
That he will find the room empty where I am not  
The temerity and nonchalance of despair  
The real business of life is trying to understand each other  
Things in life git stronger than we are  
Tyranny of the little man, given a power  
We don't live in months and years, but just in minutes  
What'll be the differ a hundred years from now  
You've got blind rashness, and so you think you're bold

MRS. FALCHION, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#20][gp20w10.txt]6092

Aboriginal dispersion  
And even envy praised her  
Audience that patronisingly listens outside a room or window  
But to pay the vulgar penalty of prison—ah!  
Death is a magnificent ally; it untangles knots  
Engrossed more, it seemed, in the malady than in the man  
For a man having work to do, woman, lovely woman, is rocks  
It is difficult to be idle—and important too  
It is hard to be polite to cowards  
Jews everywhere treated worse than the Chinaman  
One always buys back the past at a tremendous price  
One doesn't choose to worry  
Saying uncomfortable things in a deferential way  
Slow-footed hours wandered by, leaving apathy in their train  
That anxious civility which beauty can inspire  
The ravings of a sick man are not always counted ravings  
The sea is a great breeder of friendship  
The tender care of a woman—than many pharmacopoeias  
Vanity; and from this much feminine hatred springs  
Very severe on those who do not pretend to be good  
What is gone is gone. Graves are idolatry  
Who get a morbid enjoyment out of misery

MRS. FALCHION, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#21][gp21w10.txt]6093

A heart-break for that kind is their salvation  
A man may be forgiven for a sin, but the effect remains  
A man you could bank on, and draw your interest reg'lar  
All he has to do is to be vague, and look prodigious (Scientist)  
Death is not the worst of evils  
Every true woman is a mother, though she have no child  
Fear a woman are when she hates, and when she loves  
He didn't always side with the majority  
He had neither self-consciousness nor fear  
Her own suffering always set her laughing at herself  
Learned what fools we mortals be  
Love can outlive slander  
Men do not steal up here: that is the unpardonable crime  
She had provoked love, but had never given it  
Still the end of your existence, I rejoined—to be amused?  
The happy scene of the play before the villain comes in



The threshold of an acknowledged love  
There are things we repent of which cannot be repaired  
There is no refuge from memory and remorse in this world  
Think that a woman gives the heart for pleasant weather only?  
Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart  
Time a woman most yearns for a man is when she has refused him  
Would look back and not remember that she had a childhood

MRS. FALCHION, by Parker, Complete [GP#22][gp22w10.txt]6094

A heart-break for that kind is their salvation  
A man may be forgiven for a sin, but the effect remains  
A man you could bank on, and draw your interest reg'lar  
Aboriginal dispersion  
All he has to do is to be vague, and look prodigious (Scientist)  
And even envy praised her  
Audience that patronisingly listens outside a room or window  
But to pay the vulgar penalty of prison—ah!  
Death is not the worst of evils  
Death is a magnificent ally; it untangles knots  
Engrossed more, it seemed, in the malady than in the man  
Every true woman is a mother, though she have no child  
Fear a woman are when she hates, and when she loves  
For a man having work to do, woman, lovely woman, is rocks  
He didn't always side with the majority  
He had neither self-consciousness nor fear  
Her own suffering always set her laughing at herself  
It is hard to be polite to cowards  
It is difficult to be idle—and important too  
Jews everywhere treated worse than the Chinaman  
Learned what fools we mortals be  
Love can outlive slander  
Men do not steal up here: that is the unpardonable crime  
One doesn't choose to worry  
One always buys back the past at a tremendous price  
Saying uncomfortable things in a deferential way  
She had provoked love, but had never given it  
Slow-footed hours wandered by, leaving apathy in their train  
Still the end of your existence, I rejoined—to be amused?  
That anxious civility which beauty can inspire  
The tender care of a woman—than many pharmacopoeias  
The sea is a great breeder of friendship  
The ravings of a sick man are not always counted ravings  
The threshold of an acknowledged love  
The happy scene of the play before the villain comes in  
There are things we repent of which cannot be repaired  
There is no refuge from memory and remorse in this world  
Think that a woman gives the heart for pleasant weather only?  
Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart  
Time a woman most yearns for a man is when she has refused him  
Vanity; and from this much feminine hatred springs  
Very severe on those who do not pretend to be good  
What is gone is gone. Graves are idolatry  
Who get a morbid enjoyment out of misery  
Would look back and not remember that she had a childhood

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#23][gp23w10.txt]6095

Ate some coffee-beans and drank some cold water  
His courtesy was not on the same expansive level as his vanity

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#24][gp24w10.txt]6096

It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do  
No, I'm not good—I'm only beautiful  
Should not make our own personal experience a law unto the world  
Undisciplined generosity  
Women don't go by evidence, but by their feelings  
You have lost your illusions  
You've got to be ready, that's all

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#25][gp25w10.txt]6097

Answered, with the indifference of despair  
Mystery is dear to a woman's heart  
Never looked to get an immense amount of happiness out of life  
There is nothing so tragic as the formal

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#26][gp26w10.txt]6098

Preserved a marked unconsciousness  
Surely she might weep a little for herself  
Time when she should and when she should not be wooed  
Where the light is darkness

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA FOLK, by G. Parker, v5 [GP#27][gp27w10.txt]6099

All is fair where all is foul  
He borrowed no trouble

CUMNER & SOUTH SEA, by Parker, Complete [GP#28][gp28w10.txt]6101

All is fair where all is foul  
Answered, with the indifference of despair  
Ate some coffee-beans and drank some cold water  
He borrowed no trouble  
His courtesy was not on the same expansive level as his vanity  
It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do  
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Undisciplined generosity  
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Women don't go by evidence, but by their feelings  
You have lost your illusions  
You've got to be ready, that's all

VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#29][gp29w10.txt]6102

Conquest not important enough to satisfy ambition  
Face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance  
Touch of the fantastic, of the barbaric, in all genius

We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life

VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#30][gp30w10.txt]6103

Her sight was bounded by the little field where she strayed  
I was never good at catechism  
The blind tyranny of the just  
Visions of the artistic temperament—delight and curse

VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#31][gp31w10.txt]6104

Vanity is the bane of mankind  
You cannot live long enough to atone for that impertinence

VALMOND TO PONTIAC, by Parker, Complete [GP#32][gp32w10.txt]6105

Conquest not important enough to satisfy ambition  
Face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance  
Her sight was bounded by the little field where she strayed  
I was never good at catechism  
The blind tyranny of the just  
Touch of the fantastic, of the barbaric, in all genius  
Vanity is the bane of mankind  
Visions of the artistic temperament—delight and curse  
We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life  
You cannot live long enough to atone for that impertinence

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#33][gp33w10.txt]6106

Love, too, is a game, and needs playing  
To die without whining

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#34][gp34w10.txt]6107

Often called an invention of the devil (Violin)

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#35][gp35w10.txt]6108

Aboriginal in all of us, who must have a sign for an emotion  
Learned, as we all must learn, that we live our dark hour alone

TRAIL OF THE SWORD, by Parker, Complete [GP#37][gp37w10.txt]6110

Aboriginal in all of us, who must have a sign for an emotion  
Learned, as we all must learn, that we live our dark hour alone  
Love, too, is a game, and needs playing  
Often called an invention of the devil (Violin)  
To die without whining

TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#38][gp38w10.txt]6111

Being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event  
His duties were many, or he made them so  
Men must have their bad hours alone  
Most important lessons of life—never to quarrel with a woman  
Sympathy and consolation might be much misplaced  
These little pieces of art make life possible  
Think of our position  
Who never knew self-consciousness  
You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it

TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#39][gp39w10.txt]6112

If fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it  
Miseries of this world are caused by forcing issues  
Reading a lot and forgetting everything  
The world never welcomes its deserters  
There is no influence like the influence of habit  
There should be written the one word, "Wait"  
Training in the charms of superficiality  
We grow away from people against our will  
We speak with the straight tongue; it is cowards who lie

TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#40][gp40w10.txt]6113

Every man should have laws of his own  
Flood came which sweeps away the rust that gathers in the eyes  
How can one force one's heart? No, no! One has to wait  
Man or woman must not expect too much out of life  
May be more beautiful in uncertain England than anywhere else  
Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play  
Prepared for a kiss this hour and a reproach the next  
Romance is an incident to a man  
Simply to have death renewed every morning  
To sorrow may their humour be a foil  
We want to get more out of life than there really is in it  
Who can understand a woman?  
Worth while to have lived so long and to have seen so much

TRANSLATION OF SAVAGE, by Parker, Complete [GP#41][gp41w10.txt]6114

Being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event  
Every man should have laws of his own  
Flood came which sweeps away the rust that gathers in the eyes  
His duties were many, or he made them so  
How can one force one's heart? No, no! One has to wait  
If fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it  
Man or woman must not expect too much out of life  
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Who never knew self-consciousness  
Who can understand a woman?  
Worth while to have lived so long and to have seen so much  
You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it

POMP OF THE LAVILETTES, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#42][gp42w10.txt]6115

Illusive hopes and irresponsible deceptions  
She lacked sense a little and sensitiveness much  
To be popular is not necessarily to be contemptible  
Who say 'God bless you' in New York! They say 'Damn you!'

POMP OF THE LAVILETTES, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#43][gp43w10.txt]6116

After which comes steady happiness or the devil to pay (wedding)  
All men are worse than most women  
I always did what was wrong, and liked it—nearly always  
Men feel surer of women than women feel of men

POMP OF LAVILETTES, by Parker, Complete [GP#44][gp44w10.txt]6117

After which comes steady happiness or the devil to pay (wedding)  
All men are worse than most women  
I always did what was wrong, and liked it—nearly always  
Illusive hopes and irresponsible deceptions  
Men feel surer of women than women feel of men  
She lacked sense a little and sensitiveness much  
To be popular is not necessarily to be contemptible  
Who say 'God bless you' in New York! They say 'Damn you!'

AT SIGN OF THE EAGLE, by G. Parker, [GP#45][gp45w10.txt]6118

But I don't think it is worth doing twice  
He wishes to be rude to some one, and is disappointed  
I—couldn't help it  
Interfere with people who had a trade and didn't understand it  
Lose their heads, and be so absurdly earnest  
Scoundrel, too weak to face the consequences of his sin

THE TRESPASSER, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#46][gp46w10.txt]6119

He was strong enough to admit ignorance  
Not to show surprise at anything  
Truth waits long, but whips hard

THE TRESPASSER, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#47][gp47w10.txt]6120

Down in her heart, loves to be mastered  
I don't wish to fit in; things must fit me  
Imagination is at the root of much that passes for love  
Live and let live is doing good

THE TRESPASSER, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#48][gp48w10.txt]6121

Clever men are trying  
He had no instinct for vice in the name of amusement  
What a nice mob you press fellows are—wholesale scavengers

THE TRESPASSER, by Parker, Complete [GP#49][gp49w10.txt]6122

Clever men are trying  
Down in her heart, loves to be mastered  
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BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#57][gp57w10.txt]6130

A sort of chuckle not entirely pleasant  
Sacrifice to the god of the pin-hole  
What fools there are in the world

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#58][gp58w10.txt]6131

Adaptability was his greatest weapon in life  
He felt things, he did not study them  
If women hadn't memory, she answered, they wouldn't have much  
Lilt of existence lulling to sleep wisdom and tried experience  
Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it  
Never to be content with superficial reasons and the obvious

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#59][gp59w10.txt]6132

Egotism with which all are diseased  
Egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities  
Follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me  
It's the people who try to be clever who never are  
Knew the lie of silence to be as evil as the lie of speech  
People who are clever never think of trying to be

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#60][gp60w10.txt]6133

Being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget  
Cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered  
Futility of goodness, the futility of all  
Her voice had the steadiness of despair

Joy of a confessional which relieves the sick heart  
Often, we would rather be hurt than hurt  
Queer that things which hurt most can't be punished by law  
Rack of secrecy, the cruelest inquisition of life  
Sardonic pleasure in the miseries of the world  
Sympathy, with curiousness in their eyes and as much inhumanity  
Thanked him in her heart for the things he had left unsaid  
There is something humiliating in even an undeserved injury  
There was never a grey wind but there's a greyer  
Uses up your misery and makes you tired (Work)  
We care so little for real justice

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v5 [GP#61][gp61w10.txt]6134

It is easy to repent when our pleasures have palled  
Kissed her twice on the cheek—the first time in fifteen years  
No news—no trouble  
War is cruelty, and none can make it gentle

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by G. Parker, v6 [GP#62][gp62w10.txt]6135

It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride

BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by Parker, Complete [GP#63][gp63w10.txt]6136

A sort of chuckle not entirely pleasant  
Adaptability was his greatest weapon in life  
Being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget  
Cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered  
Egotism with which all are diseased  
Egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities  
Follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me  
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Lilt of existence lulling to sleep wisdom and tried experience  
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Never to be content with superficial reasons and the obvious  
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Often, we would rather be hurt than hurt  
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Uses up your misery and makes you tired (Work)  
War is cruelty, and none can make it gentle  
We care so little for real justice

What fools there are in the world

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#64][gp64w10.txt]6137

Ah, let it be soon! Ah, let him die soon!  
All are hurt some time  
Did not let him think that she was giving up anything for him  
Duplicity, for which she might never have to ask forgiveness  
Frenchman, slave of ideas, the victim of sentiment  
Frenchman, volatile, moody, chivalrous, unreasonable  
Her stronger soul ruled him without his knowledge  
I love that love in which I married him  
Let others ride to glory, I'll shoe their horses for the gallop  
Lighted candles in hollowed pumpkins  
Love has nothing to do with ugliness or beauty, or fortune  
Nature twists in back, or anywhere, gets a twist in's brain too  
Rewarded for its mistakes  
Some are hurt in one way and some in another  
Struggle of conscience and expediency

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#65][gp65w10.txt]6138

But a wounded spirit who can bear  
Man grows old only by what he suffers, and what he forgives  
You—you all were so ready to suspect

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#66][gp66w10.txt]6139

Can't get the company I want, so what I can get I have  
Capered at the mirror, and dusted her face with oatmeal  
For everything you lose you get something  
No trouble like that which comes between parent and child  
Old clock in the corner "ticking" life, and youth, and hope away  
She had not much brains, but she had some shrewdness  
Take the honeymoon himself, and leave his wife to learn cooking  
The laughter of a ripe summer was upon the land  
Thought all as flippant as herself  
Turned the misery of the world into a game, and grinned at it  
When the heart rusts the rust shows

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#67][gp67w10.txt]6140

We'll lave the past behind us  
The furious music of death and war was over

LANE HAD NO TURNING, by Parker, Complete [GP#68][gp68w10.txt]6141

Ah, let it be soon! Ah, let him die soon!  
All are hurt some time  
But a wounded spirit who can bear  
Did not let him think that she was giving up anything for him  
Duplicity, for which she might never have to ask forgiveness  
Frenchman, slave of ideas, the victim of sentiment  
Frenchman, volatile, moody, chivalrous, unreasonable  
Her stronger soul ruled him without his knowledge  
I love that love in which I married him



Let others ride to glory, I'll shoe their horses for the gallop  
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Man grows old only by what he suffers, and what he forgives  
Nature twists in back, or anywhere, gets a twist in's brain too  
Rewarded for its mistakes  
Some are hurt in one way and some in another  
Struggle of conscience and expediency  
The furious music of death and war was over  
We'll love the past behind us  
You—you all were so ready to suspect

PARABLES OF A PROVINCE, by G. Parker, [GP#69][gp69w10.txt]6142

Counsel of the overwise to go jolting through the soul  
Love knows not distance; it hath no continent  
When a child is born the mother also is born again

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#70][gp70w10.txt]6143

He had had acquaintances, but never friendships, and never loves  
He has wheeled his nuptial bed into the street  
He left his fellow-citizens very much alone  
I am only myself when I am drunk  
I should remember to forget it  
Liquor makes me human  
Nervous legs at a gallop  
So say your prayers, believe all you can, don't ask questions  
Was not civilisation a mistake  
Who knows!

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#71][gp71w10.txt]6144

Is the habit of good living mere habit and mere acting  
Suspicion, the bane of sick old age

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#72][gp72w10.txt]6145

Always hoping the best from the worst of us  
Have not we all something to hide—with or without shame?  
In all secrets there is a kind of guilt  
Pathetically in earnest  
Things that once charmed charm less

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#73][gp73w10.txt]6146

A left-handed boy is all right in the world  
Damnably propinquity  
Hugging the chain of denial to his bosom  
I have a good memory for forgetting  
Importunity with discretion was his motto  
It is good to live, isn't it?  
Know how bad are you, and doesn't mind  
Strike first and heal after—"a kick and a lick"

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v5 [GP#74][gp74w10.txt]6147

Good fathers think they have good daughters  
Shure, if we could always be 'about the same,' we'd do

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by G. Parker, v6 [GP#75][gp75w10.txt]6148

Youth is the only comrade for youth

THE RIGHT OF WAY, by Parker, Complete [GP#76][gp76w10.txt]6149

A left-handed boy is all right in the world  
Always hoping the best from the worst of us  
Damnable propinquity  
Good fathers think they have good daughters  
Have not we all something to hide—with or without shame?  
He has wheeled his nuptial bed into the street  
He left his fellow-citizens very much alone  
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Strike first and heal after—"a kick and a lick"  
Suspicion, the bane of sick old age  
Things that once charmed charm less  
Was not civilisation a mistake  
Who knows!  
Youth is the only comrade for youth

MICHEL AND ANGELE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#77][gp77w10.txt]6150

Boldness without rashness, and hope without vain thinking  
Nothing is futile that is right  
Religion to him was a dull recreation invented chiefly for women

MICHEL AND ANGELE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#78][gp78w10.txt]6151

Each of us will prove himself a fool given perfect opportunity  
No note of praise could be pitched too high for Elizabeth  
She had never stooped to conquer

MICHEL AND ANGELE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#79][gp79w10.txt]6152

Never believed that when man or woman said no that no was meant  
Slander ever scorches where it touches

Boldness without rashness, and hope without vain thinking  
Each of us will prove himself a fool given perfect opportunity  
Never believed that when man or woman said no that no was meant  
No note of praise could be pitched too high for Elizabeth  
Nothing is futile that is right  
Religion to him was a dull recreation invented chiefly for women  
She had never stooped to conquer  
Slander ever scorches where it touches

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#83][gp83w10.txt]6156

A look too bright for joy, too intense for despair  
His gift for lying was inexpressible  
One favour is always the promise of another

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#84][gp84w10.txt]6157

All the world's mad but thee and me  
He had tasted freedom; he was near to license

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#85][gp85w10.txt]6158

As if our penalties were only paid by ourselves!  
Credulity, easily transmutable into superstition  
Paradoxes which make for laughter—and for tears  
What is crime in one country, is virtue in another  
Women only admitted to Heaven by the intercession of husbands

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#86][gp86w10.txt]6159

Anger was the least injurious of all grounds for separation  
Dangerous man, as all enthusiasts are  
Oriental would think not less of him for dissimulation  
The friendship of man is like the shade of the acacia  
Vanity of successful labour

DONOVAN PASHA &c, by Parker, Complete [GP#87][gp87w10.txt]6160

A look too bright for joy, too intense for despair  
All the world's mad but thee and me  
Anger was the least injurious of all grounds for separation  
As if our penalties were only paid by ourselves!  
Credulity, easily transmutable into superstition  
Dangerous man, as all enthusiasts are  
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Vanity of successful labour  
What is crime in one country, is virtue in another  
Women only admitted to Heaven by the intercession of husbands

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v1 [GP#88][gp88w10.txt]6161

There is no habit so powerful as the habit of care of others

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v2 [GP#89][gp89w10.txt]6162

Begin to see how near good is to evil  
But the years go on, and friends have an end  
Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation  
Heaven where wives without number awaited him  
Honesty was a thing he greatly desired—in others  
How little we can know to-day what we shall feel tomorrow  
How many conquests have been made in the name of God  
One does the work and another gets paid  
To-morrow is no man's gift  
We want every land to do as we do; and we want to make 'em do it

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v3 [GP#90][gp90w10.txt]6163

A cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind  
Antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature  
Antipathy of the man in the wrong to the man in the right  
Friendship means a giving and a getting  
He's a barber-shop philosopher  
Monotonously intelligent  
No virtue in not falling, when you're not tempted  
Of course I've hated, or I wouldn't be worth a button  
Only the supremely wise or the deeply ignorant who never alter  
Passion to forget themselves  
Political virtue goes unrewarded  
She knew what to say and what to leave unsaid  
Smiling was part of his equipment  
Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home  
Soul tortured through different degrees of misunderstanding  
The vague pain of suffered indifference  
There's no credit in not doing what you don't want to do  
Tricks played by Fact to discredit the imagination  
We must live our dark hours alone  
Woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort

THE WEAVERS, by G. Parker, v4 [GP#91][gp91w10.txt]6164

Cherish any alleviating lie  
Triumph of Oriental duplicity over Western civilisation  
When God permits, shall man despair?

THE WEAVERS, by Parker, Complete [GP#94][gp94w10.txt]6167

A cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind  
Antipathy of the man in the wrong to the man in the right  
Antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature  
Begin to see how near good is to evil  
But the years go on, and friends have an end  
Cherish any alleviating lie  
Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation  
Friendship means a giving and a getting  
He's a barber-shop philosopher  
Heaven where wives without number awaited him

Honesty was a thing he greatly desired—in others  
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Only the supremely wise or the deeply ignorant who never alter  
Passion to forget themselves  
Political virtue goes unrewarded  
She knew what to say and what to leave unsaid  
Smiling was part of his equipment  
Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home  
Soul tortured through different degrees of misunderstanding  
The vague pain of suffered indifference  
There is no habit so powerful as the habit of care of others  
There's no credit in not doing what you don't want to do  
To-morrow is no man's gift  
Tricks played by Fact to discredit the imagination  
Triumph of Oriental duplicity over Western civilisation  
We want every land to do as we do; and we want to make 'em do it  
We must live our dark hours alone  
When God permits, shall man despair?  
Woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v1 [GP102][gp10210.txt]6175

Air of certainty and universal comprehension  
Always calling to something, for something outside ourselves  
Came of a race who set great store by mothers and grandmothers  
Grove of pines to give a sense of warmth in winter  
Grow more intense, more convinced, more thorough, as they talk  
He admired, yet he wished to be admired  
Inclined to resent his own insignificance  
Lyrical in his enthusiasms  
No man so simply sincere, or so extraordinarily prejudiced  
Of those who hypnotize themselves, who glow with self-creation  
Spurting out little geysers of other people's cheap wisdom  
Untamed by the normal restraints of a happy married life

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v2 [GP103][gp10310.txt]6176

Confidence in a weak world gets unearned profit often  
Enjoy his own generosity  
Had the slight flavour of the superior and the paternal  
He had only made of his wife an incident in his life  
He was in fact not a philosopher, but a sentimentalist  
He was not always sorry when his teasing hurt  
Lacks a balance-wheel. He has brains, but not enough  
Man who tells the story in a new way, that is genius  
Missed being a genius by an inch  
Not content to do even the smallest thing ill  
You went north towards heaven and south towards hell

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v3 [GP104][gp10410.txt]6177

He hated irony in anyone else  
I said I was not falling in love—I am in love  
If you have a good thought, act on it

Philosophers are often stupid in human affairs  
The beginning of the end of things was come for him

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v4 [GP105][gp10510.txt]6178

Being generous with other people's money  
I had to listen to him, and he had to pay me for listening  
Law. It is expensive whether you win or lose  
Protest that it is right when it knows that it is wrong

THE MONEY MASTER, by G. Parker, v5 [GP106][gp10610.txt]6179

Courage which awaits the worst the world can do  
Good thing for a man himself to be owed kindness  
I can't pay you for your kindness to me, and I don't want to  
No past that is hidden has ever been a happy past  
She was not to be forced to answer his arguments directly  
That iceberg which most mourners carry in their breasts  
The soul is a great traveller  
You can't take time as the measure of life

THE MONEY MASTER, by Parker, Complete [GP107][gp10710.txt]6180

Air of certainty and universal comprehension  
Always calling to something, for something outside ourselves  
Being generous with other people's money  
Came of a race who set great store by mothers and grandmothers  
Confidence in a weak world gets unearned profit often  
Courage which awaits the worst the world can do  
Enjoy his own generosity  
Good thing for a man himself to be owed kindness  
Grove of pines to give a sense of warmth in winter  
Grow more intense, more convinced, more thorough, as they talk  
Had the slight flavour of the superior and the paternal  
He had only made of his wife an incident in his life  
He was in fact not a philosopher, but a sentimentalist  
He was not always sorry when his teasing hurt  
He admired, yet he wished to be admired  
He hated irony in anyone else  
I had to listen to him, and he had to pay me for listening  
I can't pay you for your kindness to me, and I don't want to  
I said I was not falling in love—I am in love  
If you have a good thought, act on it  
Inclined to resent his own insignificance  
Lacks a balance-wheel. He has brains, but not enough  
Law. It is expensive whether you win or lose  
Lyrical in his enthusiasms  
Man who tells the story in a new way, that is genius  
Missed being a genius by an inch  
No past that is hidden has ever been a happy past  
No man so simply sincere, or so extraordinarily prejudiced  
Not content to do even the smallest thing ill  
Of those who hypnotize themselves, who glow with self-creation  
Philosophers are often stupid in human affairs  
Protest that it is right when it knows that it is wrong  
She was not to be forced to answer his arguments directly  
Spurting out little geysers of other people's cheap wisdom  
That iceberg which most mourners carry in their breasts  
The beginning of the end of things was come for him

The soul is a great traveller  
Untamed by the normal restraints of a happy married life  
You can't take time as the measure of life  
You went north towards heaven and south towards hell

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP108][gp10810.txt]6181

Saw how futile was much competition  
When you strike your camp, put out the fires

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by G. Parker, v2 [GP109][gp10910.txt]6182

They think that if a vote's worth having it's worth paying for  
You never can really overtake a newspaper lie

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP110][gp11010.txt]6183

Agony in thinking about the things we're never going to do  
I don't believe in walking just for the sake of walking  
It's no good simply going—you've got to go somewhere  
Most honest thing I ever heard, but it's not the most truthful  
Women may leave you in the bright days

THE WORLD FOR SALE, by Parker, Complete [GP111][gp11110.txt]6184

Agony in thinking about the things we're never going to do  
I don't believe in walking just for the sake of walking  
It's no good simply going—you've got to go somewhere  
Most honest thing I ever heard, but it's not the most truthful  
Saw how futile was much competition  
They think that if a vote's worth having it's worth paying for  
When you strike your camp, put out the fires  
Women may leave you in the bright days  
You never can really overtake a newspaper lie

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by G. Parker, v1 [GP112][gp11210.txt]6185

Anny man as is a man has to have one vice  
Her moral standard had not a multitude of delicate punctilios  
Law's delays outlasted even the memory of the crime committed  
She looked too gay to be good  
They had seen the world through the bottom of a tumbler

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by G. Parker, v2 [GP113][gp11310.txt]6186

And I was very lucky—worse luck!  
God help the man that's afraid of his own wife!  
Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by G. Parker, v3 [GP114][gp11410.txt]6187

He saw what he wished to see, which is the way of man  
Searchers after excuses for ungoverned instincts and acts

Telling the unnecessary truth  
What isn't never was to those that never knew

NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, by Parker, Complete [GP115][gp11510.txt]6188

And I was very lucky—worse luck!  
Anny man as is a man has to have one vice  
God help the man that's afraid of his own wife!  
He saw what he wished to see, which is the way of man  
Her moral standard had not a multitude of delicate punctilios  
Law's delays outlasted even the memory of the crime committed  
Searchers after excuses for ungoverned instincts and acts  
Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other  
She looked too gay to be good  
Telling the unnecessary truth  
They had seen the world through the bottom of a tumbler  
What isn't never was to those that never knew And I was very lucky—worse luck!  
Anny man as is a man has to have one vice  
God help the man that's afraid of his own wife!  
He saw what he wished to see, which is the way of man  
Her moral standard had not a multitude of delicate punctilios  
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Searchers after excuses for ungoverned instincts and acts  
Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other  
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What isn't never was to those that never knew  
And I was very lucky—worse luck!  
Anny man as is a man has to have one vice  
God help the man that's afraid of his own wife!  
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Her moral standard had not a multitude of delicate punctilios  
Law's delays outlasted even the memory of the crime committed  
Searchers after excuses for ungoverned instincts and acts  
Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other  
She looked too gay to be good  
Telling the unnecessary truth  
They had seen the world through the bottom of a tumbler  
What isn't never was to those that never knew

WILD YOUTH, by Parker, Complete [GP118][gp11810.txt]6191

Highsterics, they call it  
World was only the size of four walls to a sick person

NO DEFENSE, by G. Parker, v1 [GP119][gp11910.txt]6192

Beginning of a lifetime of experience, comedy, and tragedy  
Wit is always at the elbow of want

NO DEFENSE, by G. Parker, v3 [GP121][gp12110.txt]6194

Without the money brains seldom win alone



NO DEFENSE, by Parker, Complete [GP122][gp12210.txt]6195

Beginning of a lifetime of experience, comedy, and tragedy  
Wit is always at the elbow of want  
Without the money brains seldom win alone

CARNAC'S FOLLY, by G. Parker, v1 [GP123][gp12310.txt]6196

All genius is at once a blessing or a curse  
Do what you feel you've got to do, and never mind what happens  
Had got unreasonably old  
How many sons have ever added to their father's fame?  
Never give up your soul to things only, keep it for people  
We do what we forbid ourselves to do  
We suffer the shames we damn in others

CARNAC'S FOLLY, by G. Parker, v3 [GP125][gp12510.txt]6198

Don't be a bigger fool than there's any need to be  
Life is only futile to the futile  
Youth's a dream, middle age a delusion, old age a mistake

CARNAC'S FOLLY, by Parker, Complete [GP126][gp12610.txt]6199

All genius is at once a blessing or a curse  
Do what you feel you've got to do, and never mind what happens  
Don't be a bigger fool than there's any need to be  
Had got unreasonably old  
How many sons have ever added to their father's fame?  
Life is only futile to the futile  
Never give up your soul to things only, keep it for people  
We suffer the shames we damn in others  
We do what we forbid ourselves to do  
Youth's a dream, middle age a delusion, old age a mistake

THE PG WORKS OF GILBERT PARKER, COMPLETE [GP127][gp12710.txt]6200

A human life he held to be a trifle in the big sum of time  
A heart-break for that kind is their salvation  
A man may be forgiven for a sin, but the effect remains  
A look too bright for joy, too intense for despair  
A sort of chuckle not entirely pleasant  
A man you could bank on, and draw your interest reg'lar  
A left-handed boy is all right in the world  
A cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind  
Aboriginal in all of us, who must have a sign for an emotion  
Aboriginal dispersion  
Adaptability was his greatest weapon in life  
Advantage to live where nothing was required of her but truth  
After which comes steady happiness or the devil to pay (wedding)  
Agony in thinking about the things we're never going to do  
Ah, let it be soon! Ah, let him die soon!  
Air of certainty and universal comprehension  
All humour in him had a strain of the sardonic  
All genius is at once a blessing or a curse  
All the world's mad but thee and me  
All men are worse than most women  
All is fair where all is foul

All he has to do is to be vague, and look prodigious (Scientist)  
All are hurt some time  
Always hoping the best from the worst of us  
Always calling to something, for something outside ourselves  
An inner sorrow is a consuming fire  
And even envy praised her  
Anger was the least injurious of all grounds for separation  
Answered, with the indifference of despair  
Antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature  
Antipathy of the man in the wrong to the man in the right  
As if our penalties were only paid by ourselves!  
At first—and at the last—he was kind  
Ate some coffee-beans and drank some cold water  
Audience that patronisingly listens outside a room or window  
Awkward for your friends and gratifying to your enemies  
Babbling covers a lot of secrets  
Bad turns good sometimes, when you know the how  
Begin to see how near good is to evil  
Beginning of a lifetime of experience, comedy, and tragedy  
Being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget  
Being generous with other people's money  
Being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event  
Being a man of very few ideas, he cherished those he had  
Beneath it all there was a little touch of ridicule  
Boldness without rashness, and hope without vain thinking  
But I don't think it is worth doing twice  
But to pay the vulgar penalty of prison—ah!  
But a wounded spirit who can bear  
But the years go on, and friends have an end  
Came of a race who set great store by mothers and grandmothers  
Carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love  
Cherish any alleviating lie  
Clever men are trying  
Cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered  
Confidence in a weak world gets unearned profit often  
Conquest not important enough to satisfy ambition  
Counsel of the overwise to go jolting through the soul  
Courage which awaits the worst the world can do  
Courage; without which, men are as the standing straw  
Credulity, easily transmutable into superstition  
Damnable propinquity  
Dangerous man, as all enthusiasts are  
Death is not the worst of evils  
Death is a magnificent ally; it untangles knots  
Delicate revenge which hath its hour with every man  
Did not let him think that she was giving up anything for him  
Do what you feel you've got to do, and never mind what happens  
Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation  
Don't go at a fence till you're sure of your seat  
Don't be a bigger fool than there's any need to be  
Don't be too honest  
Down in her heart, loves to be mastered  
Duplicity, for which she might never have to ask forgiveness  
Each of us will prove himself a fool given perfect opportunity  
Egotism with which all are diseased  
Egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities  
Engrossed more, it seemed, in the malady than in the man  
Enjoy his own generosity  
Even bad company's better than no company at all  
Every true woman is a mother, though she have no child  
Every man should have laws of his own  
Every shot that kills ricochets  
Evil is half-accidental, half-natural  
Face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance

Fascinating colour which makes evil appear to be good  
Fear a woman are when she hates, and when she loves  
Fear of one's own wife is the worst fear in the world  
Flood came which sweeps away the rust that gathers in the eyes  
Follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me  
For a man having work to do, woman, lovely woman, is rocks  
Freedom is the first essential of the artistic mind  
Frenchman, volatile, moody, chivalrous, unreasonable  
Frenchman, slave of ideas, the victim of sentiment  
Friendship means a giving and a getting  
Futility of goodness, the futility of all  
Future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer  
Good fathers think they have good daughters  
Good is often an occasion more than a condition  
Good thing for a man himself to be owed kindness  
Grove of pines to give a sense of warmth in winter  
Grow more intense, more convinced, more thorough, as they talk  
Had the luck together, all kinds and all weathers  
Had the slight flavour of the superior and the paternal  
Had got unreasonably old  
Have not we all something to hide—with or without shame?  
Have you ever felt the hand of your own child in yours  
He had neither self-consciousness nor fear  
He admired, yet he wished to be admired  
He hated irony in anyone else  
He was not always sorry when his teasing hurt  
He felt things, he did not study them  
He was in fact not a philosopher, but a sentimentalist  
He had only made of his wife an incident in his life  
He didn't always side with the majority  
He does not love Pierre; but he does not pretend to love him  
He was strong enough to admit ignorance  
He has wheeled his nuptial bed into the street  
He had had acquaintances, but never friendships, and never loves  
He had no instinct for vice in the name of amusement  
He left his fellow-citizens very much alone  
He never saw an insult unless he intended to avenge it  
He had tasted freedom; he was near to license  
He borrowed no trouble  
He wishes to be rude to some one, and is disappointed  
He's a barber-shop philosopher  
Heaven where wives without number awaited him  
Her sight was bounded by the little field where she strayed  
Her voice had the steadiness of despair  
Her stronger soul ruled him without his knowledge  
Her own suffering always set her laughing at herself  
Highsterics, they call it  
His courtesy was not on the same expansive level as his vanity  
His duties were many, or he made them so  
His gift for lying was inexpressible  
Honesty was a thing he greatly desired—in others  
How little we can know to-day what we shall feel tomorrow  
How can one force one's heart? No, no! One has to wait  
How many sons have ever added to their father's fame?  
How many conquests have been made in the name of God  
How can you judge the facts if you don't know the feeling?  
Hugging the chain of denial to his bosom  
Hunger for happiness is robbery  
I love that love in which I married him  
I was never good at catechism  
I said I was not falling in love—I am in love  
I am only myself when I am drunk  
I have a good memory for forgetting  
I don't wish to fit in; things must fit me

I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like  
I always did what was wrong, and liked it—nearly always  
I should remember to forget it  
I don't believe in walking just for the sake of walking  
I don't think. I'm old enough to know  
I can't pay you for your kindness to me, and I don't want to  
I had to listen to him, and he had to pay me for listening  
I was born insolent  
I—couldn't help it  
If you have a good thought, act on it  
If one remembers, why should the other forget  
If women hadn't memory, she answered, they wouldn't have much  
If fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it  
Illusive hopes and irresponsible deceptions  
Imagination is at the root of much that passes for love  
Importunity with discretion was his motto  
In all secrets there is a kind of guilt  
In her heart she never can defy the world as does a man  
Inclined to resent his own insignificance  
Instinct for detecting veracity, having practised on both sides  
Interfere with people who had a trade and didn't understand it  
Irishmen have gifts for only two things—words and women  
Is the habit of good living mere habit and mere acting  
It is hard to be polite to cowards  
It is not Justice that fills the gaols, but Law  
It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride  
It is good to live, isn't it?  
It is difficult to be idle—and important too  
It is not much to kill or to die—that is in the game  
It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do  
It ain't for us to say what we're goin' to be, not always  
It is easy to repent when our pleasures have palled  
It's the people who try to be clever who never are  
It's no good simply going—you've got to go somewhere  
Jews everywhere treated worse than the Chinaman  
Joy of a confessional which relieves the sick heart  
Kissed her twice on the cheek—the first time in fifteen years  
Knew the lie of silence to be as evil as the lie of speech  
Knew when to shut his eyes, and when to keep them open  
Know how bad are you, and doesn't mind  
Knowing that his face would never be turned from me  
Lacks a balance-wheel. He has brains, but not enough  
Law. It is expensive whether you win or lose  
Learned what fools we mortals be  
Learned, as we all must learn, that we live our dark hour alone  
Let others ride to glory, I'll shoe their horses for the gallop  
Liars all men may be, but that's wid wimmin or landlords  
Life is only futile to the futile  
Lighted candles in hollowed pumpkins  
Likenesses between the perfectly human and the perfectly animal  
Lilt of existence lulling to sleep wisdom and tried experience  
Liquor makes me human  
Live and let live is doing good  
Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it  
Longed to touch, oftener than they did, the hands of children  
Lose their heads, and be so absurdly earnest  
Love can outlive slander  
Love, too, is a game, and needs playing  
Love knows not distance; it hath no continent  
Love has nothing to do with ugliness or beauty, or fortune  
Lyrical in his enthusiasms  
Man who tells the story in a new way, that is genius  
Man grows old only by what he suffers, and what he forgives  
Man or woman must not expect too much out of life

May be more beautiful in uncertain England than anywhere else  
Meditation is the enemy of action  
Memory is man's greatest friend and worst enemy  
Men and women are unwittingly their own executioners  
Men feel surer of women than women feel of men  
Men do not steal up here: that is the unpardonable crime  
Men must have their bad hours alone  
Men are like dogs—they worship him who beats them  
Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play  
Miseries of this world are caused by forcing issues  
Missed being a genius by an inch  
Monotonously intelligent  
More idle than wicked  
Most honest thing I ever heard, but it's not the most truthful  
Most important lessons of life—never to quarrel with a woman  
Mothers always forgive  
My excuses were making bad infernally worse  
Mystery is dear to a woman's heart  
Nature twists in back, or anywhere, gets a twist in's brain too  
Nervous legs at a gallop  
Never believed that when man or woman said no that no was meant  
Never looked to get an immense amount of happiness out of life  
Never to be content with superficial reasons and the obvious  
Never give up your soul to things only, keep it for people  
No note of praise could be pitched too high for Elizabeth  
No, I'm not good—I'm only beautiful  
No news—no trouble  
No virtue in not falling, when you're not tempted  
No past that is hidden has ever been a happy past  
No man so simply sincere, or so extraordinarily prejudiced  
Noise is not battle  
Not good to have one thing in the head all the time  
Not content to do even the smallest thing ill  
Not to show surprise at anything  
Nothing so good as courage, nothing so base as the shifting eye  
Nothing is futile that is right  
Nothing so popular for the moment as the fall of a favourite  
Of those who hypnotize themselves, who glow with self-creation  
Of course I've hated, or I wouldn't be worth a button  
Often called an invention of the devil (Violin)  
Often, we would rather be hurt than hurt  
One does the work and another gets paid  
One always buys back the past at a tremendous price  
One doesn't choose to worry  
One favour is always the promise of another  
Only the supremely wise or the deeply ignorant who never alter  
Oriental would think not less of him for dissimulation  
Paradoxes which make for laughter—and for tears  
Passion to forget themselves  
Pathetically in earnest  
People who are clever never think of trying to be  
Philosophers are often stupid in human affairs  
Philosophy which could separate the petty from the prodigious  
Political virtue goes unrewarded  
Prepared for a kiss this hour and a reproach the next  
Preserved a marked unconsciousness  
Protest that it is right when it knows that it is wrong  
Put the matter on your own hearthstone  
Queer that things which hurt most can't be punished by law  
Rack of secrecy, the cruelest inquisition of life  
Reading a lot and forgetting everything  
Reconciling the preacher and the sinner, as many another has  
Religion to him was a dull recreation invented chiefly for women  
Remember the sorrow of thine own wife

Remember your own sins before you charge others  
Rewarded for its mistakes  
Romance is an incident to a man  
Sacrifice to the god of the pin-hole  
Sardonic pleasure in the miseries of the world  
Saw how futile was much competition  
Saying uncomfortable things in a deferential way  
Scoundrel, too weak to face the consequences of his sin  
Secret of life: to keep your own commandments  
Self-will, self-pride, and self-righteousness were big in him  
She lacked sense a little and sensitiveness much  
She was not to be forced to answer his arguments directly  
She knew what to say and what to leave unsaid  
She was beginning to understand that evil is not absolute  
She valued what others found useless  
She wasn't young, but she seemed so  
She had not suffered that sickness, social artifice  
She had provoked love, but had never given it  
She had never stooped to conquer  
Should not make our own personal experience a law unto the world  
Shure, if we could always be 'about the same,' we'd do  
Simply to have death renewed every morning  
Slander ever scorches where it touches  
Slow-footed hours wandered by, leaving apathy in their train  
Smiling was part of his equipment  
So say your prayers, believe all you can, don't ask questions  
Solitude fixes our hearts immovably on things  
Some people are rough with the poor—and proud  
Some wise men are fools, one way or another  
Some are hurt in one way and some in another  
Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home  
Soul tortured through different degrees of misunderstanding  
Spurting out little geysers of other people's cheap wisdom  
Still the end of your existence, I rejoined—to be amused?  
Strike first and heal after—"a kick and a lick"  
Struggle of conscience and expediency  
Surely she might weep a little for herself  
Suspicion, the bane of sick old age  
Sympathy, with curiousness in their eyes and as much inhumanity  
Sympathy and consolation might be much misplaced  
Thanked him in her heart for the things he had left unsaid  
That anxious civility which beauty can inspire  
That iceberg which most mourners carry in their breasts  
That he will find the room empty where I am not  
The Government cherish the Injin much in these days  
The Injin speaks the truth, perhaps—eye of red man multiplies  
The blind tyranny of the just  
The soul of goodness in things evil  
The higher we go the faster we live  
The gods made last to humble the pride of men—there was rum  
The world never welcomes its deserters  
The furious music of death and war was over  
The tender care of a woman—than many pharmacopoeias  
The beginning of the end of things was come for him  
The ravings of a sick man are not always counted ravings  
The friendship of man is like the shade of the acacia  
The sea is a great breeder of friendship  
The vague pain of suffered indifference  
The soul is a great traveller  
The happy scene of the play before the villain comes in  
The threshold of an acknowledged love  
The Barracks of the Free  
The real business of life is trying to understand each other  
The world is not so bad as is claimed for it

The temerity and nonchalance of despair  
There is nothing so tragic as the formal  
There are things we repent of which cannot be repaired  
There is something humiliating in even an undeserved injury  
There should be written the one word, "Wait"  
There is no refuge from memory and remorse in this world  
There was never a grey wind but there's a greyer  
There is no influence like the influence of habit  
There is no habit so powerful as the habit of care of others  
There's no credit in not doing what you don't want to do  
These little pieces of art make life possible  
They think that if a vote's worth having it's worth paying for  
They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly  
Things in life get stronger than we are  
Things that once charmed charm less  
Think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman  
Think that a woman gives the heart for pleasant weather only?  
Think of our position  
Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart  
Time when she should and when she should not be wooed  
Time is the test, and Time will have its way with me  
Time a woman most yearns for a man is when she has refused him  
To die without whining  
To be popular is not necessarily to be contemptible  
To sorrow may their humour be a foil  
To-morrow is no man's gift  
Touch of the fantastic, of the barbaric, in all genius  
Training in the charms of superficiality  
Tricks played by Fact to discredit the imagination  
Triumph of Oriental duplicity over Western civilisation  
Truth waits long, but whips hard  
Tyranny of the little man, given a power  
Undisciplined generosity  
Untamed by the normal restraints of a happy married life  
Uses up your misery and makes you tired (Work)  
Vanity is the bane of mankind  
Vanity of successful labour  
Vanity; and from this much feminine hatred springs  
Very severe on those who do not pretend to be good  
Visions of the artistic temperament—delight and curse  
War is cruelty, and none can make it gentle  
Was not civilisation a mistake  
We don't live in months and years, but just in minutes  
We want to get more out of life than there really is in it  
We want every land to do as we do; and we want to make 'em do it  
We grow away from people against our will  
We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life  
We care so little for real justice  
We do what we forbid ourselves to do  
We suffer the shames we damn in others  
We must live our dark hours alone  
We speak with the straight tongue; it is cowards who lie  
We'll lave the past behind us  
What fools there are in the world  
What is gone is gone. Graves are idolatry  
What is crime in one country, is virtue in another  
What a nice mob you press fellows are—wholesale scavengers  
What'll be the differ a hundred years from now  
Whatever has been was a dream; whatever is now is real  
When a child is born the mother also is born again  
When you strike your camp, put out the fires  
When God permits, shall man despair?  
When a man laugh in the sun and think nothing of evil  
Where the light is darkness

Where I should never hear the voice of the social Thou must  
Who knows!  
Who can understand a woman?  
Who get a morbid enjoyment out of misery  
Who say 'God bless you' in New York! They say 'Damn you!'  
Who never knew self-consciousness  
Wit is always at the elbow of want  
Without the money brains seldom win alone  
Woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort  
Women only admitted to Heaven by the intercession of husbands  
Women are half saints, half fools  
Women may leave you in the bright days  
Women don't go by evidence, but by their feelings  
World was only the size of four walls to a sick person  
Worth while to have lived so long and to have seen so much  
Would look back and not remember that she had a childhood  
You went north towards heaven and south towards hell  
You have lost your illusions  
You never can really overtake a newspaper lie  
You can't take time as the measure of life  
You cannot live long enough to atone for that impertinence  
You do not shout dinner till you have your knife in the loaf  
You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it  
You've got blind rashness, and so you think you're bold  
You've got to be ready, that's all  
You—you all were so ready to suspect  
Youth hungers for the vanities  
Youth is the only comrade for youth  
Youth's a dream, middle age a delusion, old age a mistake

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