

ROBERT PRINGLE – SCOTCH

Robert Pringle has denied his wife Luella pin money and she was left him. After some weeks of trying to look after himself he seeks her out and asks her to return.

“Luella, I’m just helpless without you. I’m not feeling just inclined to laugh, Luella. I havena even smiled for the last four weeks. I havena had the strength; I’m down and out. Until man has tried to keep house for himself, he doesna know what work is. I’m the first man that’s ever had housemaids knees: I think I’ve just been doing what the Prodigal Son did – I’ve been coming to maself. Yes. I’ve been finding out what a wife means to a man. Have you ever realized, Luella, that there are thousands of men walking about this world that are the merest nonentities except by their own fireside? They work in factories and office and other places, and nobody thinks anything of them. They’re just like a hundred other employees – just one of thousands of bees in a bee-skep. But they come home at the end of the day, and they’re *somebody* – because the wife makes believe that they *are* somebody. You and I havena only bairns, Luella, but if we had I know fine that you’d be crying to them. ‘Make way for your father, children. Get oot of that chair, and let your father sit doon. Away and fetch you father’s slippers. Less noise there – and let your father have his rest.’ Pay a woman for believing in you, and making out you’re somebody, and keeping you encouraged and pleased with yourself, when all the time she kens, and you ken, and ken that she kens, that you’re nobody – nobody at all? Luella, there isn’t enough money in all the world to pay a woman for doing that. And that’s what I’ve been learning during my forty days in the wilderness. Luella, could you come back to me?”