

**THE HAPPY  
HYPOCRITE: A FAIRY  
TALE FOR TIRED MEN**

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The Happy Hypocrite: A Fairy Tale for Tired Men by Max Beerbohm

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## THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE

AN EDITION DE LUXE

# THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE

By MAX BEERBOHM

With 24 Illustrations in Color

By George Sheringham

*Crown Quarto. Cloth, \$7.50 net*

Mr. Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite" originally appeared in *The Yellow Book*. It was afterwards published in book form and has since been successfully produced as a play.

The colored illustrations are beautiful reproductions in facsimile on a specially made antique paper on which the text is also printed, and the book is one of the most luxurious editions of the season.

# The Happy Hypocrite

A FAIRY TALE FOR TIRED MEN

BY

MAX BEERBOHM

AUTHOR OF

"ZULIKA DOBSON," "MORE," ETC.

NEW YORK

JOHN LANE COMPANY

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## THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE

**N**ONE, it is said, of all who revelled with the Regent, was half so wicked as Lord George Hell. I will not trouble my little readers with a long recital of his great naughtiness. But it were well they should know that he was greedy, destructive, and disobedient. I am afraid there is no doubt that he often sat up at Carlton House until long after bed-time, playing at games, and that he generally ate and drank more than was good for him. His fondness for fine clothes was such that he used to dress on week-days quite as gorgeously as good people dress on Sundays. He was thirty-five years old and a great grief to his parents.

And the worst of it was that he set such a bad example to others. Never, never did he try to conceal his wrong-doing; so that, in time,

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every one knew how horrid he was. In fact, I think he was proud of being horrid. Captain Tarleton, in his account of *Contemporary Bucks*, suggested that his Lordship's great Candour was a virtue and should incline us to forgive some of his abominable faults. But, painful as it is to me to dissent from any opinion expressed by one who is now dead, I hold that Candour is good only when it reveals good actions or good sentiments, and that, when it reveals evil, itself is evil, even also.

Lord George Hell did, at last, atone for all his faults, in a way that was never revealed to the world during his life-time. The reason of his strange and sudden disappearance from that social sphere, in which he had so long moved and never moved again, I will unfold. My little readers will then, I think, acknowledge that any angry judgment they may have passed upon him must be reconsidered and, it may be, withdrawn. I will leave his lordship in their hands. But my plea for him will not be based upon that Candour of his, which some of his friends so much admired. There were,

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yes! some so weak and so wayward as to think it a fine thing to have an historic title and no scruples. "Here comes George Hell," they would say, "How wicked my lord is looking!" *Noblesse oblige*, you see, and so an aristocrat should be very careful of his good name. Anonymous naughtiness does little harm.

It is pleasant to record that many persons were inobnoxious to the magic of his title and disapproved of him so strongly that, whenever he entered a room where they happened to be, they would make straight for the door and watch him very severely through the key-hole. Every morning when he strolled up Piccadilly they crossed over to the other side in a compact body, leaving him to the companionship of his bad companions on that which is still called the "shady" side. Lord George—*οχηλος*—was quite indifferent to this demonstration. Indeed, he seemed wholly hardened, and when ladies gathered up their skirts as they passed him he would lightly appraise their ankles.

I am glad I never saw his lordship. They