

Your dictations. I come of a titled
Family. Your only recommendation
Is wealth.

NAPOLEON. Gladys, my ancestors were Kings and Queens.

GLADYS. Of what Court, tell me, Orrie?

NAPOLEON. I am abashed at the mighty volume
I have unswathed. Our family is lost
In tradition.

GLADYS. You vouch from the Lydian Croesus your
Family sprang, as Athene full-grown from
The brain of Zeus. Mammon favored Croesus,
And the services of his baking maid
Went by not unheeded. Her figure, in
Solid gold, three cubits high, was sent to
Delphi to assuage the God, and more, and
Millions followed.

NAPOLEON. Your judgment is aggressive. I admit
It was from that immortal man
Our family sprang; but for the favor of
The Gods, our sight would not now be fixed of
Earth. Too late Cyrus relented of his
Anger. Croesus bound on the burning pile
Was slowly being approached by the fire,
While those around him prayed. The soldiers
Battled with no avail against the flames,
Although urged on by Cyrus, who himself
Lent a hand. When the flames swept thickest round
The pile, Croesus besought Apollo to
Spare him. The God, heeding the prayers of
The pious man, gathered sable clouds in
A clear sky, and quenched the fire with rain.

GLADYS. Ancient History is abounding in quaint
And pretty tales. If I do not err
Croesus atoned for the crime of one of
His ancestors, the atonement falling