

spirers of noble deeds. The reality a shock! Jealous re-
crimination, stinging venom, artificial heroics for idle days.

Felix. Phew! A choice addition to philosophic rucks!

Mary. Charlemagne's sword is sheathed and venerated as
a relic; Otho's deeds remembered only by those able to read
and fortunate enough to possess a manuscript; the ancient
glory of Franconia lies in an attic of oblivion within a casket
of dust.

Felix. Romance flees the contagion that kills ideals.
When a gleam in lady's eyes prompts not courage, when un-
protected innocence appeals in vain to knightly honor, when
chivalry has no ear for orphan's wail; then, you must look
for heroism in a china shop and seek poetry in the prattle of
a Turkish bazaar.

Mary. I'll not believe it ever dies! You may change the
scene, situation and actors, but the play goes on.

Felix. In a modified form. Conviction, Love, Justice, are
eternal truths. The fortitude of poverty has no historian; the
courage of the lowly no herald.

Mary. If lawful worshippers desert its temple, the
humble take their place, eulogic hymes of praise, and keep the
red light burning before the tabernacle!

Felix. All of which leads to——?

Mary. The Queen!

Felix. Has she heard?

Mary. Yes; and in her great love for Henry pities him.
But where were the swords that should have shielded her from
wrong, tyranny, desertion?

Felix. Rusting in their scabbards. Her cause invoked not
arms; it sought and found the shelter of a great Mother's
breast.

Mary. Clodel rages, defies, curses, weeps and swears she'll
die of a broken heart.

Felix. Wives may die of that complaint; for, they are
chained to galley benches; favorites, never! Social pirates
who scuttle the ship when it is looted.

Mary. Her Majesty is too good for her husband; too
saintly for a court, and too tolerant with that hussy. Oh;
I'd tear out her eyes!

Felix. And mar her beauty? Will you talk in the garden,
mistress—

Mary. Mary! What a name to associate with Bertha's,
Ethelind's, Mildred's, Veronica's and Alberta's?

Felix. (*Leading her to D. R. 2*). The most euphonious of
names. The ideal name of the ideal of womanhood. (*Stops
at door and looks at her*). So; they said I was a woman
hater? Mary, there is one woman that I could love. Come,
and I will tell you of her. (*Exeunt D. R. 2*).