# CONDENSED CLASSICS

## KENILWORTH

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensation by Rev. Dr. R. Perry Bush, Chelsea, Mass.

THERE could be no fitter setting for a story of love and tragedy than that afforded by the court of England during the reign of Elizabeth.

It was the heyday of gorgeous costuming and an age saturated with the occult. Everyone patronized the astrologers and the alchemists. The queen coupled with the dignity and strength of the monarch the foibles of the weak. It was her policy to play one favorite against another and thereby secure the working of her own strong will, but she often gave way to furious temper and she was most susceptible to flattery. She was forever undecided between her duty to her subjects and her attachment to Robert Dudley, the earl of Leicester, whom, it was commonly reported, she really intended to marry, for he was a courtier par excellence, and his ambition to share the throne overpowered every other purpose of his life. He had, however, been secretly wedded to Amy Robsart, and so, to further his chances to be king, he consorted with one Richard Varney, and plotted the murder of his wife, which was accomplished at Abingdon manor.

These threads of fact, with many others of fancy, Scott wove into the fabric of "Kenilworth."

The story opens at an inn kept by one Gosling, whose nephew, Michael Lambourne, a swaggering drunkard, returns after years of absence and finds that Tony Foster, an old crony, who lighted the fires when Latimer and Ridley were burned, is keeping guard over a beautiful woman at Cumnor mansion. Lambourne gains admission there, accompanied by Tressilian, a knight of peerless character, who is in search of her to whom he has been betrothed and who has been lured away from her father's house. Lambourne becomes an accomplice in crime with Foster, and Tressilian meets the mysterious lady, who proves to be none other than Amy Robsart, for it was she who was his promised bride.

He tries to persuade her to return to her father, but in vain, and, in attempting to escape from the premises he meets Richard Varney, master of horse to Leicester, a shrewd calculating villain, who is a constant spur to the earl's ambition to be king.

Tressilian naturally concludes that Amy is this fellow's mistress and, drawing his sword, overcomes and would have slain him but for the timely arrival of Lambourne, when he was obliged to flee, and, knowing the queen's interest in such affairs, he resolves to obtain her intervention in Amy's behalf.

And here Scott makes use of a superstitious bent of the age. Tressilian's horse loses a shoe and a blacksmith cannot be found until an imp of a boy leads the way to a mysterious farrier, named Wayland Smith, who is thought by those who know him to be an emissary of Satan and who turns out to be an alchemist with a laboratory underground, and who is persuaded to enter the employ of Tressilian and with him visits Sir Hugh Robsart, who signs a warrant of attorney to help to secure Leicester's powerful influence in persuading the queen to free Amy from Varney.

Tressilian and Wayland soon after this make a visit to Lord Sussex, and when he, for a seeming discourtesy to the queen's physician, is called to court for explanation, they accompany him.

Sussex, upon examination, is fully exonerated, and thereupon calls the queen's attention to the fact that Amy Robsart is cruelly held prisoner, and forthwith Varney and Leicester are summoned into the royal presence. And before the latter has opportunity to speak, Varney affirms that Amy is his wife; and, as everyone is cognizant of Leicester's confusion, Varney assures Elizabeth that it is due to the earl's transcendant love for her gracious self. The case is apparently settled, and Varney is ordered to appear at the coming festivities at Kenilworth, and to bring with him the woman who has been the occasion of so much trouble.

Here is a problem! Amy will never consent to be received as Varney's wife. She must somehow be detained at Cumnor!

It resolves into a battle of the alchemists.

Demetrius, in Varney's employ, prepared a drug for Amy, but Wayland, as Tressilian's servant, enters her apartments as a peddler and provides an antidote for the poison. He also apprises her of the enemies by whom she is surrounded and with him she flees from Cumnor.

The time of the great carnival at Kenilworth is near at hand. Multitudes are on their way thither. Every avenue of approach is crowded. Wayland and Amy attach themselves to a group of strolling players, and after many interesting experiences, reach the castle where she is by chance lodged in a room in Mervyn's tower, which had been assigned to Tressilian.

Here she writes a letter to Leicester, beseeching him to come to her and, after tying it with a true love knot of her hair, intrusts it to Wayland to deliver, but it is stolen from him.

Meanwhile Tressilian had occasion to return to his room, and is dumfounded to find Amy there; but as she expected Leicester would come in answer to her letter, she bound Tressilian not to speak or act in her behalf for the next twenty-four hours, and he departed to witness the coming of the queen. According to history it was a wonderful preparation that Leicester made for the reception of Elizabeth at Kenilworth.

The queen is adorned with countless jewels and attended by the ladies of the court and valiant knights magnificently attired, among whom Leicester glitters like a golden image. The procession advances over a bridge built for the occasion, and here the courtiers dismount; a floating island reaches the shore and the "Lady of the Lake" announces that this is the first time she has ever risen to pay homage, but she could not refrain from obeisance to her gracious majesty. Then, as the queen enters the castle, there is a discharge of fireworks, new and wonderful in that age, and she moves on through pageants of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity to the great hall, which is hung with gorgeous silken tapestry, where she is seated by Leicester upon a royal throne, who after kissing her hand and eulogizing her most profusely, retires and shortly reappears apparelled from head to foot in dazzling white.

The queen very shortly after sends for Varney, and asks why his wife presumes to disobey the mandate of her sovereign and absent herself from the festivities, and he replies that she is indisposed and presents certificates to that purpose. These Tressilian madly asserts are false, but remembering his promise to Amy to keep silent for twenty-four hours, he halts and stammers and the queen orders Raleigh to place him under restraint.

Then follows the banquet, served upon a most magnificent scale, and at its close Varney seeks Leicester and assures him that the stars promise that he shall marry the queen, and he also notifies him that Tressilian has a mistress in Mervyn's tower.

From here events hurry to a climax. The next morning Amy escapes from her room and is in hiding near the plaisance, when close at hand Leicester avows his love to Elizabeth, and is given great encouragement; but, as they separate, the queen discovers Amy, who declares that she is not the wife of Varney, and that "Leicester knows all."

Accordingly she is hurried to the presence of the earl, where Elizabeth rages violently, but Leicester's marriage remains still unrevealed, and Amy is thought to be insane and she is placed in custody. Moreover, Leicester is angry with Amy for coming to Kenilworth and exposing him to the resentment of the queen, and he resolves to see her and insist that for the present she must consent to be known as Varney's wife.

This proposition is scornfully refused. Amy, no longer a child, but with the strength of injured womanhood, calls upon the earl as a man and as her lawful husband to take her to Elizabeth and acknowledge that she is his wife.

Leicester yields to this masterly plea to his honor and prepares for the ordeal, but Varney, clearly perceiving that this involves his own personal ruin, concludes that "either he or Amy must die," and is not slow in deciding which it shall be. He persuades Leicester that Amy is conniving with Tressilian and so convinces him of her perfidy that the earl finally consents to her doom.

That evening Leicester and Tressilian meet. The latter still believes that Varney holds Amy in his power, and he begins to plead for her, but his words and motives are misinterpreted. Swords are drawn and they do battle, but are interrupted and meet again on the morrow in a secluded spot. Just as Leicester is about to prevail, his sword is seized by the young rascal, Dicky Smudge, who delivers to him Amy's letter, which he had stolen from Wayland. The tangle of affairs is unravelled and Amy is proclaimed as the countess of Leicester.

At this revelation, Elizabeth is beside herself with rage.

In the violence of her chagrin and anger she forgets for a while her royal dignity, and recovers command of herself only when Lord Burleigh warns her that "such weakness little becomes a queen." Meanwhile Varney fatally shoots the drunken Lambourne and conducts Amy to Cumnor, where she is confined in Foster's bedchamber, a mysterious room reached by a drawbridge, which she is admonished never to attempt to cross; but when Tressilian and Raleigh come to take her to Kenilworth, and she hears the sound of their horses' hoofs, she thinks it is the earl and rushes from her room, and Varney has so manipulated the drawbridge that she falls to her death. When, however, this villain learns how matters have developed, he commits suicide. His alchemist is found dead in his laboratory and Tony Foster disappears and his skeleton is found long afterward in a secret chamber where he hid his gold. Leicester retires from court for a season, but later is again a favorite in waiting upon the queen, and dies at last by taking poison he had designed for another.



# CONDENSED CLASSICS

## THE TURMOIL

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Condensation by Clarence W. Bonser

THE Sheridan building was the biggest skyscraper, the Sheridan Trust company, the biggest bank, and Sheridan himself, the biggest builder and broker, and truster and buster under the smoke of a dirty and wonderful midland city that piled tower on tower and spread itself out over the plain of a fair country.

Bibbs Sheridan was his "odd one;" the family failure. He grew up only lengthwise, and at twenty-two was the dry scaffolding of a man. Six months in his father's pump works made necessary two years in a sanitarium. He returned to the "new house" on the outskirts of the city in time for the house-warming party. To this came Mary Vertrees, whose family next door maintained the highest air of respectability upon a vanishing fortune. She came under home promptings that led her to dazzle with her wit and beauty both Sheridan and James Sheridan, Jr.

When young Jim had proposed, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, his sister-in-law, offered to help Mary in return for help in an affair of her own. Mary saw that in bartering, she was to be bartered with. Her soul rebelled and she declined to marry young Jim Sheridan. He never got the letter.

Sheridan demanded of Bibbs if he would quit dreaming of poetry and follow with Roscoe and Jim to make the business and the city bigger. Bibbs could not understand why anybody wanted to make things bigger.

"Damnation!" roared Sheridan. "Did you ever hear the word 'prosperity!' You ninny! Did you ever hear the word 'ambition!' Did you ever hear the word 'progress!' Look at Jim, just completing two more big warehouses at the pump works in half the time the contractors wanted. Jim took the contract himself, found a fellow with a new cement process and we begin using them next week. Now, I'm goin' to make a man of you. By God! I am!" And Bibbs was given two months to get his mental attitude right for the pump works.

Miss Vertrees' note went to the senior Sheridan, as that afternoon one of the new warehouse walls collapsed sending the inventor and James Sheridan, Jr., to their eternity.

Bibbs had to manage the funeral and ride from the cemetery with Mary Vertrees, but neither spoke. "He's not insane," said Mary to her mother. "He looks dreadfully ill, but has pleasant eyes."

Later Bibbs and Mary met as he was passing her gate. He apologized: "I—I hate a frozen fish myself, and that three miles was too long for you to put up with one. I've never been able to speak quickly, because if I tried I'd stammer."

Instantly, Mary saw his nature and suffering. They walked on and she invited him into the church to hear some Handel music. It meant, she said, one thing above all others to her—courage.

Thereafter Bibbs went often to the home of Mary Vertrees. "You see," he confided to her, "it is all so simple. I am to feed long strips of zinc into steel jaws that bite it into little circles, 68 a minute. I used to flinch and the workmen laughed."

"It sha'n't hurt you," exclaimed Mary. "All day long, I'll send my thoughts to you; and you must remember that a friend stands beside you."

Trouble grew in the Sheridan household. Roscoe took to drink; then quit. He had enough—a few thousand a year.

Sheridan sent for Bibbs, his only hope, offered him vice presidencies, salaries and shares; but Bibbs preferred happiness and nine dollars a week. "What's the use," he said, "of being just bigger, dirtier and noisier?"

That evening Bibbs and Mary read Maeterlinck together and he told her: "Tomorrow, I'm one of the hands of the pump works and going to stay one, unless I am thrown out and decide to study plumbing."

"Why not give Bibbs a chance to live?" said the family doctor. "There's something finer in Bibbs than his physical body. You're half mad with a consuming fury against the very self of law. But you want to beat the law! So Ajax defied the lightning!"

"Yes! And, by God, I will!" cried Sheridan. "Ajax was a jackass. If he'd been half a man he'd 'a' got away with it; hitched it up and made it work for him like a black steer. I'll have my way with that stubborn fool, Bibbs." But Bibbs still said, "No."

Sunday afternoon Bibbs was working over a poem. He might venture it upon an editor and perhaps—

Then paper and pencil dropped as he stood up paralyzed. Through his half-open door he heard Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan confiding to Mother Sheridan: "The Vertrees' house has been sold on foreclosure; they are allowed to live there a little longer." "Mr. Vertrees has been trying to get a 'position.' They have been doing their own cooking." "Those people were so hard up that Miss Vertrees started after Bibbs before they knew whether he was insane or not." "She had to get him." "If he'd stop to think, he'd know he wasn't the kind of a man any girl would be apt to fall in love with."

Bibbs quickly burned papers and notebooks, descended and told his father: "I'll take the job you offered me," and went straight to Mary Vertrees and said: "Will you marry me?"

Mary drew it all out of Bibbs; then sank down kneeling, tears overwhelming her. "I can't make it plain," said Bibbs, "I never dreamed I could do anything for you! I knew you never thought of me except generously—to give."

"We were poor, and I think I did mean to marry your brother. But something stopped me from such a sacrilege. I posted the letter, but he never got it."

"You kept me alive and I've hurt you like this," said Bibbs. "Could you forgive me, Mary?"

"Oh, a thousand times! But there's nothing to forgive and you mustn't come to see me any more," she cried in a passion of tears. "Never, never, never!"

He returned in time to tell his sister-in-law in the presence of the family: "I proved what you said to me and disproved what you said of Miss Vertrees. I asked her to marry me and she refused."

Bibbs went with his father and sat in the porch of the temple with the money-changers; worked and talked of nothing but work.

He delved into the ways of the city and its political influence, and began to buy Intertraction shares where the Vertrees' fortune had vanished.

Soon the Vertrees were able to pay the butcher, hire a cook, and follow the broker's advice to keep the balance of their stock. Sheridan boasted that his plan for Bibbs was working out all right. Still there was something wrong and the doctor and Sheridan agreed that it might be a good thing if Miss Vertrees would permit Bibbs to see her—sometimes.

"I had to make Bibbs go my way," Sheridan explained to Miss Vertrees, "but there isn't anything in it to him. He gave up everything he wanted and took the job he never would just for you. There's only one girl he could feel that sorry for. Can't you let him come back?"

When Mary responded: "I can't! He was only sorry for me": the truth was out. "Don't—don't—" she cried. "You mustn't——"

"I won't tell him. I won't tell anybody anything," said Sheridan.

On a crowded downtown thoroughfare Mary saw Sheridan, at the risk of his life, spring before a moving trolley car and with the whole force of his big body shunt Bibbs from impending danger. The crowd had shrieked warnings, but Bibbs had looked the wrong way.

High up in the Sheridan building, Bibbs sat down, shaking and sore. He realized that his father held his own life of no account compared to that of his son. Bibbs perceived what he had never perceived before—the shadowing of something enormous, indomitable, lawless, irresistible and blindly noble.

He looked out into the vast foggy heart of the smoke.

The roar of the city beat upon Bibbs' ear until he began to distinguish a pulsation; the voice of the god, Bigness. "Come and work for me, all men! By your youth and your hope, I summon you! By your age and your despair! By your love of home and woman and children! You shall be blind slaves. For reward you shall gaze only upon my ugliness."

Then, the voice came as sonic music struggling to be born of the Turmoil. "It is man who makes me ugly by his worship of me. If man would let me serve him I should be beautiful."

From the vague contortions of smoke and fog, Bibbs sculptured a gigantic figure with feet pedestalled upon the great buildings and shoulders disappearing in the clouds, a colossus of steel, wholly blackened with soot. He thought up over the clouds unseen from below the giant labored with his hands in the clean sunshine; and Bibbs imaged what he made there—perhaps for a fellowship of the children of the children that were children now—a noble and joyous city, unbelievably white.

The telephone fiercely summoned him. A startlingly beautiful voice caused him to tremble violently. "Yes, Bibbs, I was near the accident. They said you hadn't been hurt, but I wanted to know."

"Mary—would you—would you have minded?" There was a long pause and a soft, "Yes."

"Then why, oh, why, won't you let me see you? I've been like a man chained in a cave."

"But, Bibbs dear, you don't understand why."

"Mary," he called, even more tremulous than before, "you can't mean it was because—you care. If you mean that you would let me see you, wouldn't you?"

And now the voice was so low he couldn't be sure it spoke at all, and if it did, the words were, "Yes, Bibbs—dear."

But the voice was not in the instrument, it was so gentle and so light, so almost nothing, it seemed to be made of air and to fall from heaven.

Slowly and incredulously he turned and looked up—and glory fell upon his shining eyes. Mary stood upon the threshold.



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The fellow who loses his temper and calls another a fool often convinces bystanders that he is himself deficient in mental attainments.

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Some people spend half of their time in praising themselves and the other half in angling for praise from others.

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Fish is said to be an excellent food for the brain—but first one must have the brains.