

bloody lady probably was. Perhaps so. Only Rizzio, Darnley or Bothwell could answer adequately for the warmth of her passion—and they will not tell. It seems to me that in this very restraint of emotion Drinkwater has succeeded in giving us a character strong and subtle enough to be worth discussing; simple, yet with enough underlying complexities to give Miss Eames one of the finest rôles of the season. It was not penned for Bertha Kalich!

Drinkwater has compressed his study of Mary into one act of an hour and a half, the setting in the Queen's chambers at Holyrood on the night of Rizzio's murder. With a modern prologue and epilogue, he has attempted to make the royal lady's search for a great passion argue to a jealous husband that his wife can love two men at the same time. Had I been a jealous husband, Mr. Drinkwater's play would scarcely have sent me home with a forgiving heart. However, the prologue does serve a purpose which is not generally recognized. It points the play, and sets the mind running along psychological lines; it is partly due to its atmosphere that the almost completely successful effect of the rest of the play is secured. From the time when Mary Stuart drifts on through the moonlight to the final curtain, there is scarcely a moment without its consciousness of terrific suspense, without its absorbing interest in this brilliant piece of character drawing and acting. Like "Abraham Lincoln", "Mary Stuart" is a play to see. To read the text is only to realize, if you have seen the performance, that a masterful dramatist can give the most vital acting material in the simplest phrasing. Mr. Drinkwater has again broken traditions of the stage, and has succeeded in giving us a more moving drama than his "Lincoln".

THE outstanding criticism of John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart"\* seems to be that his Queen Mary, abetted by the interpretation of Clare Eames, is a colder person than the

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