

Marie Antoinette

ADAPTED FROM THE
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Chapter One

MADAME LE DAUPHINE

Marie Antoinette ran to the window and banged it closed. She clapped her hands to her ears to shut out the hateful sound of the bells which joyously celebrated the second anniversary of her marriage to Louis August, Dauphin of France. Tears of chagrin and rage sprang to her eyes.

"You're crying, 'Toinette!'" protested the Princesse de Lambelle, her only friend and companion.

The Dauphine dabbed her eyes furiously. "It's — it's just temper! I'm so bored. I could scream. Cooped up here day after day — going to prayers — reading dull books — dressing for people who aren't come because they're afraid of Du Barry —

Her tears fell afresh. The whole world feared Du Barry, and therefor neglected her. If only her husband had the courage to plead her cause with the King. At the thought of the Dauphin, Marie Antoinette lapsed into grim silence. He did more than neglect her. From their very bridal night, he had brutally informed her that he didn't love her, didn't want to marry her and meant to keep her his wife in name only. For two years she had kept this secret, bearing the heartache and humiliation of her position with a gravity that had won her from a gay, vivacious girl to the sad and forlorn Dauphine of France. There was no one in the whole court who would dare Du Barry's displeasure by befriending her.

As the King's favorite, Du Barry was the power behind the throne. She hated Marie Antoinette with a frenzy born of the knowledge that her day would be done when the Dauphine became Queen. For the present, however, it required no deep plan of action to keep the King in her place. By reason of her Palace spies, Du Barry knew full well the situation between Marie Antoinette and her husband. By whispered campaign she turned the Dauphine into an object of ridicule because of her childlessness. She made Marie Antoinette the laughing stock of Court, and thus disarmed her as an enemy.

But Du Barry could not laugh away the enmity of the Duke D'Orleans. He was her match. His daring for his own career squaled her own; his popularity with the people of France matched his daring; and his unscrupulousness and treachery were greater than either.

As for the Duke, he was content to bide his time. His patience was eventually rewarded. Du Barry furnished him with a direct weapon against herself the day she carried her campaign against Marie Antoinette into the open by sending her an empty cradle and an insulting doggerel. He banked on the certainty that no woman would refuse the opportunity to avenge such humiliation. He was the brilliant idea of playing the one against the other.

With this in mind, he made his way to the Dauphine's apartment on her second anniversary and arrived at the very moment when she was crying her heart out to the sympathetic Princesse. The news of his arrival electrified Marie Antoinette. He was her first visitor in the two years she had been at Court!

She dried her eyes hastily and welcomed him with gracious charm. They sat happily together, making polite conversation, the Duke managing to mention sadly that Madame La Dauphine attended no Court functions.

"I don't care a great deal for balls and banquets," she faltered. "My husband has simple tastes and I am content with my books and my music."

"And I come blundering into your little oasis!" he exclaimed. "The least I can do is to take myself off quickly."

"Oh, no!" she cried in dismay. "Please don't go —"

The duke eyed her sharply. "You know perfectly well how

things are," she murmured, dropping her head. "No one comes to see me. No one dares." Her lip trembled. "Why does Du Barry hate me so?"

A quick smile lighted his face. The Dauphine herself had brought him to the point of his visit. "Because," he answered easily, "in motion you are grace itself. In repose, a statue of beauty. You should become alive, little Cousin. How quickly you could depose the milliner!"

"I am content to ignore her," she replied. She looked at him with sudden, youthful frankness. "That's not true," she exclaimed. "I'm afraid of her. She has the King."

"And you have birth and place," he countered. "You have charm and beauty. Have the courage to rebel — decisively, violently, victoriously —"

She shook her head. "Du Barry has every advantage. She can make men or degrade them. Who would dare offend her and be my friend?"

Her eyes sought his. "Would you?"

"Will you permit me to give a ball in honor of the Dauphine of France?" he asked softly. "If her Royal Highness will honor me I venture to predict all Paris will find courage to be there. Paris is



"For a moment you had me fooled, Madame."

waiting for you!" he cried eagerly. "Conquer Paris — and you conquer Du Barry —"

But before she accepted his offer, Marie Antoinette made one last attempt to plead her cause with her husband. She showed him the empty cradle and the verse Du Barry had sent her. The Dauphin all but expired with rage.

"Louis!" she begged. "This woman only dares to insult me because you seem to despise me. Help me. Please! I need you!"

His fury ebbed in sudden futility. "It would do no good," he murmured. "It would only make trouble. I can't do anything. The King is the King."

Marie Antoinette felt her tears dry up within her and her heart grow stony. When she spoke again, her voice was cold with determination. "I'm sorry you don't see it my way, Louis. I mean to be Dauphine of France. I hoped to be Dauphine with your help. I had have been, if we'd stood together. But I shall be Dauphine — shall be the brightest, highest figure in this Court!"

From that day, Marie Antoinette, triumphantly beautiful, gorgeously gowned and jeweled, her hand resting lightly on the arm of her constant escort, the Duke D'Orleans, made herself the center of interest and attention at Court.

Her escapades became the byword of Paris. Her reputation spread beyond the borders of France. Du Barry all but died of envy! Madame La Dauphine lost fortunes at the races and at cards.

Paris like a waltzer in the company of jockeys, gamblers and libertines! Madame La Dauphine was a painted, mincing doll, flaunting her frivolity and extravagance

in the face of all France! What would her Royal Highness do next? One night, Marie Antoinette escaped her companions at a notorious gambling house, and ran out into the street. Her eyes danced with mischief as she espied two men advancing. The one was middle-aged, the other, a dashing gallant. Both were most evidently not Frenchmen. She sped toward them and seized the arm of the younger man. He stopped short and searched the face of the bewitching, magnificently gowned woman who accosted him.

"Monsieur," she smiled, "are you by any chance a Russian?"

"It's a Russian? Unfortunately no, Madame."

"Oh don't say that," she pleaded. "I need a Russian so badly."

He laughed. "I don't suppose you could use a native of Sweden?"

She looked dubious. "Perhaps. At any rate — follow me —" she disappeared through a small door.

The elderly man clutched the other's arm. "Count Fersen!" he exclaimed. "We must get away from here. Do you know you were speaking to the Dauphine of France?"

"Impossible!" cried Fersen. He swung toward the door though

which she had gone. "What is this place?"

"A gaming house. If you are wise, Fersen, you will walk out with me."

Fersen laughed. "I'm not that wise — really — after all — a royal command —" he laughed again, and with a quick nod, entered the gambling house.

Marie Antoinette awaited him. "Come quickly," she whispered and led him to a small, brightly lighted room. She examined his face intently. Their eyes met. She dropped hers, disconcerted by the strange intensity of his gaze.

"How perfect," she smiled nervously. "Who are you?"

"I am Count Axel de Fersen of Sweden, Madame. And you?"

"Can you speak Russian?" she demanded, ignoring his question. He shook his head. "Well — speak Swedish then," she said. "They won't know the difference. You must help me. You see, we were playing forfeits and I had the most appalling luck. I lost my allowance — my coach and horses — and I shall lose my necklace if I can't produce a Russian! And my time is nearly up. So come quickly!"

Before he could protest, she seized his hand and thrust him into the large, brilliantly lighted, gaming room. "Victory! Victory!" she shouted. "Here's my forfeit! Ivan Ivanovitch. Genuine Russian!"

Her companions broke into wild applause. They examined Fersen, some appraisingly, others disparagingly, all laughing at him openly. His amiability gave way to gradual resentment.

The Duke D'Orleans advanced toward him, his jeweled lorgnette elegantly poised. "I didn't catch your barbaric name," he commented.

"Nor I yours, Sir," Fersen answered coldly.

"Hear him?" demanded the other. "I flatter myself that only a stranger would ask my name." He smiled slyly at the others. "Permit me sir, to present myself and company. We are the troupe from the Opera Comique — his most Christian Majesty's own favorite mummerys." He bowed toward the Dauphine. "And she is our bright and glorious star — the toast of Paris." Mademoiselle Gabrielle Ducros.

The courtiers crowded closer, delighted with the joke.

Fersen's eyes glittered. "I've heard much of Mademoiselle Ducros," he said evenly. "Paris talks of no one else."

Marie Antoinette raised her eyebrows. "What do they say?"

Fersen moved toward her with familiar insolence. "They say she is not unkind — that a man may ask her to supper in a place not too discreet."

The Duke stepped quickly between them. "You presume, Monsieur," he warned.

"One may speak of supper with a little actress, sir!"

Marie Antoinette separated them. "The joke is a poor one," she said. "Cousin, will you inform this person who I am?" She placed her hand lightly on the Duke's arm in the gesture known to all Paris.

"Her Royal Highness, the Dauphine of France," cried the Duke. Fersen eyed her sternly. "The Duke is sour. Mademoiselle is charming and I have no doubt talented. I imagine Mademoiselle excels in the role of soubrette. She has the appearance, the manners and the temperament."

A shocked gasp greeted his words. The courtiers slowly reached for their swords. "Gentlemen!" cried the Dauphine and signalled them to sheathe their swords. She turned to Fersen with royal condescension. "My apologies, Monsieur she said with dignity. "The Dauphine of France is unable to accept Count Fersen's kind invitation to supper tonight, but suggests he attend her party at the home of Madame de Lambelle."

"Count Fersen regrets, Madame, but he is expected elsewhere," he replied, and bowing low, he left.

"Flouted, Madame!" shouted one courtier.

"I'll fetch him back!" Marie Antoinette answered furiously. "Your diamond necklace that you can't —"

"A wager!" she exclaimed and rushed out the door, overtaking Fersen in the lower hall.

"Wait, Monsieur," she cried. "I beg of you. I deserve the snub. She eyed him softly. "You know me from the beginning, then?" He nodded. "And if I forgive you for treating me so disrespectfully, will you forgive me? And will you come to supper? I'm asking you to come because I want you to be my friend."

Her womanly suppliancy disarmed him; but noise on the stairway caught his attention. He looked up into the hall. He was going, then. But she must win her wager! She drew him to her with sudden swiftness and threw her arms about him. She kissed him ardently, then stepped back, confident expectation in her eyes. Her hopes died in the face of his cold disinterest.

"For a moment you had me fooled," he said flatly. "The words were the words of Madame La Dauphine — but the lips were the lips of Mademoiselle Ducros."

"He put on his hat with a flourish!" Many thanks, little soubrette, and good evening — and with further word, he turned quickly of the door.

or profanity adds the necessary emphasis to their speech, which is an inner corruption. In his illustration of the tree and its fruit, he brought to the lesson that the fruit is borne of the tree. Our words are the "fruits of the lips," as Isaiah declared in Isaiah 57:10. If a man's life is evil at the center, you can expect nothing else but evil words as the fruit of his lips. And vice versa.

It is a thought-provoking statement which Jesus utters when he reminds us that we should guard our speech, for in the day of judgment we shall have to give an account for every idle word that we speak. Only when we wholly consecrate ourselves unto Him will we be able to control our speech, for a God-filled life will be a life full of love and reverence for Him.

BELVIDERE ROUTE 1

Miss Juanita Lane, of Ryland, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Nurney Chappell, during the week-end.

Mrs. Purvis Chappell visited her mother, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Ida Edwards, of Greenville, is spending some time with Mrs. W. P. Chappell.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Chappell were

in Norfolk, Va., Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Layton, of Rocky Hock, spent the week-end as guests of Mrs. Layton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Chappell.

Mrs. Anna Lare spent Thursday night with her sister, Mrs. W. P. Chappell.

Mrs. Nurney Chappell and Mrs. McCoy Phthisic visited Mrs. Herbert Lane, at Ryland, Wednesday.

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Saturday, October 15—
Jack Randall in "MEXICALI KID"
"FIGHTING DEVIL DOGS" No. 9 — SALLY SWING CARTOON

Sunday, October 16—DOUBLE FEATURE PROGRAM—
JOE PENNER in "I'M FROM THE CITY"
SECOND FEATURE
June Lang and Lynn Bari in "Meet the Girls"
MATINEE—3:30 NIGHT—9:15

Monday and Tuesday, October 17-18—
Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery in "STABLEMATES"

Wednesday, October 19—
Jackie Cooper and Maureen O'Connor in "BOY OF THE STREETS"

COMING THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20-21—
Errol Flynn and Bette Davis in "The Sisters"

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

REVERENCE FOR GOD

International Sunday School Lesson for October 16, 1938

Golden Text: "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."—Matthew 6:9.

Lesson Text: Exodus 20:7, Matthew 5:33-37; 12:33-37

It seems to the writer, as we progress further into the present series of lessons, that the selection of the Ten commandments for study at this time is most fitting. Anyone who has given conditions the world over much thought realizes that the foundation cause ultimately goes back to the individuals who make up this world and their apparent need for the practical application of these divinely-given laws in each heart and life.

The First Commandment sets forth the absolute oneness of God and requires the worship of Jehovah, the true and only God. The Second Commandment explains the manner of worship that was acceptable to God and prohibits the worship of any kind of image. The Third Commandment is like the preceding two in many ways, dwelling upon the sacredness of the relationship between man and God, insisting that man shall hold the name of God in reverence, never using it in vain; that is, for any "idle, frivolous, or insincere purpose."

Just why do men take the name of God in vain? Ask that question of those who are guilty of profanity and you will get many varied answers. Some insist that "swearing"

admission of an inferiority complex because they infer that without the profanity, what they are saying would not be important enough for others to listen to.

There are those who believe that an oath adds the necessary support to a false statement. They break this Commandment, therefore, when they use God's name to make a lie appear to be true or when they try to make emphatic a statement of very little importance by attaching God's name to it. This we call perjury, or false swearing.

Another way in which we may break this Commandment is by lightly, carelessly and jokingly using the name of God, or his Son, Jesus Christ in dirty stories and jokes. Some men, and, sad to say, women, too, have become so degraded in their sense of humor that they permit themselves to think of sacred things in a ridiculous, frivolous light. They don't debase or degrade God by such behaviour, they only rob themselves of that sense of the finer values of life which expresses itself in a sacred sense of veneration and reverence for God and things holy. Such irreverence is a sign of moral laxity, mental laziness, shallow egotism, vulgar discourtesy and selfish unconcern for the sensibilities and rights of others.

The sin of profanity, or vain swearing is probably only a sin of carelessness with most people, but it is a sin, nevertheless. It is a habit into which many people grow, without thinking much about it until it is hard to break. Many young people make

37, that the cause of irreverence is inner corruption. In his illustration of the tree and its fruit, he brought to the lesson that the fruit is borne of the tree. Our words are the "fruits of the lips," as Isaiah declared in Isaiah 57:10. If a man's life is evil at the center, you can expect nothing else but evil words as the fruit of his lips. And vice versa.

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