SCENE: "Den" in the mansion of Sir Harry Sims in Mayfair. A swagger pretentious apartment, more smoking room than library, and luxuriously furnished, rather after the 'club' manner. There is a large writing table, padded arm chairs and couches, all the ornaments in silver and gold. A fire guard with cushioned seat, some fine oil paintings, including one of Lady Sims in her wedding dress. Entrance C. Time, afternoon, 1903. Details to follow.

CURTAIN rises on the master and mistress rehearsing the ceremony of knighthood, which is about to be conferred upon him. LADY SIMS is alone on stage. She is seated R. down stage, and is wearing a magnificent "presentation" gown, but does not look very happy in it. She is a little over 50 but is timid, careworn, anxious--a woman with all the individuality crushed out of her by the force of her husband. She clasps her hands thrice as a signal, looking at door--repeats this. Then ENTER SIR HARRY, he is in ordinary dress - shirt jacket - and has a scarf round his waist from which depends a walking stick as a sword. He is 50, decidedly inclined to stoutness. The type of a hard, able business man, touched with grossness, fairly moral, ostentatiously charitable, a pillar of the church, "success" is written all over him. He is big with satisfaction in the coming knighthood, and advances in the manner he conceives to be correct for the function. Goes on one knee to his wife, kisses her hand, she touches him on shoulder with a paper knife, says 'Rise Sir Harry', he kisses again, rises, retires backward, bowing.

SIR H: (very complacent, though a man who would brow-beat if contradicted) Did that seem all right--eh?