

an event is of far greater importance to the future of the race than the passing supremacy of one nation."

The study is singularly free from bias. Perhaps it is because M. Rolland can see all that others see, and sympathize; only he is able to see so much more that they do not. And he is sure enough of his own pacifist position to admit into his pages the most formidable criticisms of it by the Left Wing Communists. His thesis, from start to finish, is the supreme importance to society of protecting individual quest for truth. The society which fails in this is a suicide. It is, of course, the problem of any age how to save its saviors; but especially of ours. "There are now only two sorts of minds," says M. Rolland: "those shut up behind bars, and those open to all that is alive, to the entire race of man, even our enemies. These men, few though they may be, compose the true internationale." And the paralytic soldier who pronounces the final words on the closed career of Clerambault says: "The most dangerous adversary of society and the established order in this world of violence, falsehood, and base compromise is, and always has been, the man of peace and a free conscience. The crucifixion of Jesus was no accident. He had to be put to death. He would be executed today; for a great evangelist is a revolutionary, and the most radical of all."

Mr. H. G. Wells penned a study of a conscience in war time which he called "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Its defect was that neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Britling saw it through. The difference between that work and "Clerambault" is that M. Rolland did see it through. He is one of a meager handful of European intellectuals who have come through the war period with clean hands, and, what is more, with a clean heart. In "Liluli" he laughs. In "Clerambault" he pities. But at no time has he allowed himself to hate. His sadness he cannot conceal. But there is no shrinking from the ugliest realities of our modern chaos.

"Clerambault" is a chronicle of sanity in a lunatic age. This novel is what tomorrow will be saying of today. A time will come when men will marvel that any brain could have been so clear as to write this book between the years 1916 and 1920. During the war Romain Rolland became, in a sort, the custodian of the European conscience. When everybody else cast it out he took it in. He did not compromise. He did not flinch. And every page of this work shines with the clairvoyance which is the reward of such intellectual integrity. By virtue of it truth is revealed to him which, to other eyes, was hidden. Unlike Clerambault, luckily for us, the assassin's bullet did not find him, as it has found more than one of his stamp. He is alive and free to speak, and his speech is as the still, small voice of the collective conscience reawakening after the collective madness.

Silent at last is the roar of cannon, and, as I turn the pages of this book, I cannot but think of the prophet on the mountain. For God was not in the whirlwind, nor yet in the earthquake. But God was in the still, small voice.

LUCIEN PRICE

## Notable New Books

*Poems of the English Race.* Selected and Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden. Scribner.

A capacious anthology, for readers between fifteen and twenty years old, of poems by the race of English-speaking poets from Chaucer to Alfred Noyes. The title is narrower than the contents.

*Fifteen Years in America.* By Sudhindra Bose. Calcutta: Kar, Majumder.

A reflective examination of American life by a Hindu who has lived here as student, lecturer, and teacher, who in the main is in sympathy with the American experiment, and who intends his book largely for his own countrymen.

*The Non-Partisan League.* By Andrew A. Bruce. Macmillan.

A study of the League by a former judge and present professor who regards it as "a political movement which was promoted at first for the gratification of personal ambition and the attainment of personal ends, but which was soon captured by the American socialist hierarchy who are now seeking to make it the entering wedge for the attainment of a socialist America."

*The Horse-Stealers and Other Stories.* By Anton Chekhov.

From the Russian by Constance Garnett. Macmillan.

Vol. X of this admirable translation of a matchless collection of short stories.

*Albion W. Tourgée.* By Roy F. Dibble. Columbia University Press.

A careful, crisp biography of the once famous author of "A Fool's Errand," here interestingly set forth as "soldier, carpetbagger, politician, judge, consul, lecturer, editor and publisher, political writer, and novelist."

*Fray Luis De Leon. A Biographical Fragment.* By James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. (Hispanic Notes and Monographs.) Oxford.

An erudite and engaging essay upon one of the greatest Spanish poets, with particular attention to his trial before the Inquisition.

*Vanessa and Her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift.* Edited by A. Martin Freeman. Houghton Mifflin.

The letters edited for the first time from the originals, with a careful commentary by Mr. Freeman, which does not, however, add greatly to our knowledge of Swift's mysterious affair with Esther Vanhomrigh.

*William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement.* By J. Bruce Glasier. Longmans, Green.

An intimate account by a Scottish disciple who regarded Morris as "one of the greatest men of genius this or any other land has ever known."

*French Essays and Profiles.* By Stuart Henry. Dutton.

Attractive gossip about the France of the age just past.

*The Captives; or, The Lost Recovered.* By Thomas Heywood. Edited by Alexander Corbin Judson. Yale University Press.

A worthy edition of an Elizabethan play now for the first time made accessible to the general reader.

*Text, Type, and Style: A Compendium of Atlantic Usage.* By George B. Ives. Atlantic Monthly Press.

A thoroughly admirable and practical handbook intended "for the curious and careful in words and print."

*The Labor International Handbook.* Edited by R. Palme Dutt. London: Labor Publishing Company and George Allen and Unwin.

A much-needed book, half of which is a review of recent international affairs for labor leaders and the rest a guide to the international labor movement for the general student. The editor says in his preface: "This Handbook is the first post-war attempt to make a complete survey of the world of international labor after the tremendous transformations that have taken place. The errors and omissions that it is certain to contain, will, it is hoped, arouse so much indignant correction that something like a full and accurate picture may eventually be obtained."

*Marcus Aurelius.* By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Yale.

A biography of the Emperor, with an exposition, more sweet than strong, of the Stoic "religion."

*A History of the Association Psychology.* By Howard C. Warren. Scribner.

A keen and sympathetic study of the idea of the association of ideas in consciousness from Aristotle to the most recent schools.

*Who's Who and Why in After-War Education.* Institute for Public Service.

A somewhat erratic and miscellaneous compilation which nevertheless contains a great deal of useful matter.

*Narrative of a Tour from the State of Indiana to the Oregon Territory in the Years 1841-2.* By Joseph Williams. The Cadmus Book Shop.

A limited edition of a curious and interesting document which was printed in 1843 but of which only two copies are known to exist.

## Drama

### The Plymouth Pageant

PLYMOUTH was cheaply gay with hunting. Motor-cars crept or stagnated in the dust and a dispirited-looking, tawdry crowd seemed chiefly bent on consuming ice-cream cones and buying badges. Nothing that is venerable or serene appeared unsought. The obvious picture was that of Fair week on Main Street. Food was dear and bad; the whole atmosphere was both eager and listless. To have come straight to Plymouth to see the pageant must have been an experience equally disastrous to one's temper and one's appreciative faculties.

Such was, happily, not our approach. Along the North Shore—"North of Boston"—lies the frugal, spare, cool loveliness that is New England. There are the rude stone walls, the hardy little orchards; there lies Marblehead with old mariners' houses turning their faces away from the harsh rocks and the hungry sea toward small sunny gardens full of iris and

larkspur and tall hollyhocks; there you may still, in Gloucester harbor, wander in and out among fishing schooners and in Salem pass through the secret passage in the House of the Seven Gables and view, in the exquisite collections of the Peabody Museum, the treasures of the fabled Orient which the masters of long lost ships brought to this rock-bound coast. Everywhere, too, especially in Salem, you meet the strong, visible evidences that the colonists who fled for freedom's sake meant by freedom only their own particular kind of it and perpetuated in its name the very tyrannies from which they had escaped. But in this they were only like most other people throughout history; and among their descendants, who are very gentle and a little weary, you recall, standing on their burial hills or visiting their white, gabled houses, only their hardihood and strength.

Coming from that North Shore it was possible to brush aside the intrusions that made Plymouth noisy and ugly and take one's seat at the pageant with a feeling of untroubled sympathy for the men and histories that were here to be symbolized and commemorated. The scene was one of great beauty. The tiers of seats bounded a triangle the base of which was the sea. A replica of the Mayflower was anchored off shore. There were still streaks of orange and red in the west. The place itself and its memories and a quiet contemplation of them was perhaps more impressive than anything that followed. For here the impressiveness was effortless. And there is no doubt that the pageant itself was characterized, primarily, by a gigantic and highly intelligent effort that always hovered on the edge of overcoming the obstacles of its aim and never for more than a moment succeeded. No sooner had the darkness fallen and Mr. M. R. Pevear begun to let his lighting sweep the triangular pageant-field, than one became aware of the simple fact that art needs isolation. Searchlights from the fleet in Plymouth harbor spread their silver fans across the sky and locomotives in the neighborhood barked and clanked. The dark sky was too vast, the breeze blew now in one direction, now in another, and the strains of the orchestra were controlled not by its conductor but by the winds. The trouble is inherent. Nature, too, achieves an isolation parallel to that of art. The satellites of Jupiter do not drop in on the spectacles she arranges; no Martian storms spoil her effects. Despite the marvelous lighting, despite the misleading analogies of the Greek and medieval theaters, the pageant was, at every other moment, lost somewhere between earth and sky and one strained terribly to hold or recover its unquestionable beauty of significant color and motion.

The intrusion of speech and the attempt to create the illusion of indoor scenes—a prison, a ship's cabin—through luminous spots on the dark field completed one's sense of the helplessness of art except upon its proper ground. Now and then, when the wind blew from the right quarter, a voice became articulate. But articulate only. The mere vocal effort made modulation, made any sort of dramatic expressiveness quite impossible. Heavily rhymed verse might have helped. But the dialogues are written in artificial and rather toneless prose. Structurally the scenes that are to illustrate the progress of the Pilgrim spirit are skilful and intelligent. Their speech is jejune. The interludes in verse were sung and neither Mr. E. A. Robinson nor Mr. Robert Frost can be said to have warmed to the occasion.

What remained, then, was the visibly symbolical. And that was, at many moments, notably beautiful, vivid, impressive. The very first scene, the landing of Thorvald and his Norsemen, had both brightness and remoteness; the figures were both men and memories. The ship, the shields and spears, the scarlet cloak of Thorvald, the dun and stealthy Indians, all combined to form a vision of concrete reality blended with dream-like beauty. Equally effective through the play of softer colors but the rhythm of larger masses was the march of the Dutch cities. The success of these massive and largely rhythmic scenes illustrated at once the limitations and the one possible function of

pageantry. That function was most perfectly and, indeed, splendidly exercised in the second scene of the second episode called The Opposition. A royal progress winds across the field—King James and his nobles and prelates, ambassadors and pages and ladies, soldiers and magistrates. All the pomp and glitter and power of the world appear in solid ranks. The procession stops. Suddenly within the gold and scarlet, yellow and silver, emerges a little, forlorn group in gray. They are the Puritan Petitioners—the outcasts, rebels, revolutionaries whose conscience resists the existing order even to martyrdom and death. There they stand in their one memorable and immortal gesture. A child could grasp the symbolism. The spoken words intruded dully. The scene was great pictorially. It was more than that. It justified to every mind the honor paid to the Pilgrims, the celebration itself, and one's own pilgrimage to Plymouth.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN



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