

purposes of dramatic unity, but the pageant master thought differently and perhaps rightly, depending on his own scene sequence for unity and on his musical and poetic collaborators for the varying point and emphasis required at certain strategic intervals. His shrewd choice of assistants is evident, too, in the assignment of the costume designs to Rollo Peters, for none of our coterie of native scenic artists has a keener or surer feeling for color and color combinations than he, a gift which is particularly appropriate to the marked visual demands of the pageant.

After all, though, it is Pevear with his fifteen-hundred-watt lamps and his projectors casting a beam of but seven degrees, who has not only come to the pageant master's rescue at times when these others would have been helpless, but who has also extended the potential boundaries of the pageant, of the entire open-air drama and even, by implication, of the indoor theatre. Pevear belongs to that rare type, the engineer who is also artist. Our new theatre has need for him and his like only less than for playwrights and actors and producers to answer the challenge of our designers. His logical place is with that group of pioneers in a new stagecraft which is gathering around Arthur Hopkins, including Robert Edmond Jones, Jacob Ben-Ami and Eugene G. O'Neill.

To such a group, Pevear would not be merely servant but stimulus. The Plymouth production proves that. Professor Baker set for him a definite task. He has not only encompassed it, but has surpassed his specifications. It is as if his batteries of light were reaching out for yet more difficult and exacting employment. Whatever portion of the field the pageant master wishes illuminated, he is prepared to flood just that area with any desired degree or color of light. He saves the intimate scenes from the disaster which usually befalls them by cutting out of the night a small and sharply outlined rectangle of brilliance, for the world and all like a prison cell or a ship's cabin. At the other pole, he is ready for the spectacular scenes with a volume of light, held in controlled reserve, that recreates the impression of midday. And as expert in the use of color in illumination, a field in which his reputation has lain heretofore, he gives one brief but startling hint of ultimate possibilities in the weird, unearthly green which is the only occupant of the field in the scene of the pestilence following Thomas Hunt's ill-fated expedition.

Pevear, therefore, beckons toward a new pageant, a new drama beneath the stars of night. He banishes many of the old restrictions; he introduces a new flexibility. The realistic pageant is released both to richer and more extravagant and at the same time to even more intimate effects than it has ever known. The symbolic pageant is admitted to unsuspected opportunities for appealing to the imagination. Even the indoor theatre on the vast scale that Reinhardt has conceived may find Pevear's devices applicable to its problems.

All that is for the future, though. Plymouth's present lure lies in the sense of conviction of history reborn which its pageant provides. The impact of the past upon the present and the reaction of today in the presence of vivid memories of a far yesterday are doubly emphasized by recital on the very ground where that history was made. And there is something peculiarly fitting about this tercentenary that gives it dignity beyond the average. Commemorating the birth of Shakespeare or Goethe or anyone else is a half-hearted affair in comparison. For no man wills that he shall be born. But the chief glory of the Pilgrim adventure was the triumph of will over forbidding circumstance.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

## "God's Ideal Type"

*Cecil Rhodes, by Basil Williams. New York: H. Holt & Co.*

"AFTER weighing all the pros and cons in his own mind, he concluded on a fifty per cent chance that there was a God, and on that fifty per cent chance resolved to base his beliefs and his actions. On this assumption his next step was to determine the end set before Himself by God for the evolution of the world; for, said he to himself, the proper business of man is to forward the end proposed by God. Running through various possible ends, wealth, worldly success and so on, he found that none of these were satisfactory, whereas on the broadest view of life and history, he argued, God was obviously trying to produce a type of humanity most fitted to bring peace, liberty and justice to the world and to make that type predominant. Only one race, so it seemed to him, approached God's ideal type, his own Anglo-Saxon race; God's purpose then was to make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant, and the best way to help on God's work and fulfil his purpose in the world was to contribute to the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race and so bring nearer the reign of justice, liberty and peace," p. 50.

"Many, too, have vaguely held the same creed of the divinely appointed mission of the British race; but few, like Rhodes, have made it a direct spur to action throughout their lives," p. 51.

"With that curious mixture of child and prophet so often found in great men, this boyish document directed that a Secret Society should be endowed with the following objects: 'The extension of British rule throughout the world, . . . the colonization by British subjects of all lands where the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labor and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the Valley of the Euphrates, the islands of Cyprus and Candia, the whole of South America, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the whole of the Malay Archipelago, the seaboard of China and Japan, the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire,'" p. 51.

"The scheme appears less absurd if it is merely considered as the first sketch . . . In 1882, 1888, 1891 and 1893 he made further wills, all with the same intention . . .," p. 52.

"The Colonial Secretary in the Cape Executive had from the outset made up his mind that the Diamond Fields must be brought within the British Dominions. Robert Southey was a remarkable man," p. 21.

"There is no doubt that, had diamonds never been discovered, Waterboer would have been left to his fate with the Free State, and the policy of the British Government not to advance beyond the Orange River, laid down in 1854 and since reiterated, would have been observed," p. 23.

Lo Bengula's country. "The Transvaal Boers had long cast covetous eyes on this country . . . There seems little doubt that in July 1887 Grobler obtained a document purporting to give the Transvaal wide powers of jurisdiction over their own subjects settled in Matabeleland, and to keep a consul in residence," p. 119.

Rhodes "decided to obtain speculative concessions in the new country and protect them by a royal charter. His own main object was to preserve as much as possible of Africa for British civilization, to his mind the greatest blessing in the world; but to make converts he did not rely on this lure alone. 'Pure philanthropy is all very

well in its way,' as he said, 'but philanthropy plus 5 per cent is a good deal better.' The marvelous discovery of gold in the Rand has disposed the public to look favorably on the reports of gold to be found in Lo Bengula's dominions brought by every traveler of repute. So gold was to be the bait to attract the public to his project of northern expansion," p. 122.

"Grobler, the Transvaal emissary, was the first to fall out, for in passing through Bechuanaland he was waylaid and murdered . . . There is no ground for the suggestion made by some Boers at the time that British officials had any connection with the murder," p. 125.

"For more than a year after he had received the concession Rhodes was busy making it water-tight. His first anxiety was about Lo Bengula," p. 127.

"His policy with rivals who claimed concessions from Lo Bengula was the same as with rivals on the diamond fields: to make a deal with them if possible, and only fight them in the last resort," p. 129.

"He was an adept at winning powerful friends. It would, no doubt, have been comparatively easy for him to obtain absolution from the Unionist party then in power . . . but he had no such inclination . . . About the same time, probably, he also first made the acquaintance of Rothschild's son-in-law, Lord Rosebery, whom he came to look to as the English statesman most in harmony with his general outlook . . . Rhodes and his associates were asked to draft a Charter, and were given a private intimation that it would be advisable to include in their list of directors men of social and political standing . . . Rhodes took the hint and consulted his friend Colonel Euan Smith on likely men. Lord Balfour of Burleigh was first suggested as Chairman but his connection with the Government was a bar; thereupon Rhodes persuaded the Duke of Abercorn to accept the position; and the Prince of Wales's son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, also consented to join the Board. With his sure instinct for conciliating opponents Rhodes then approached Albert Grey . . . a signatory of the Circular directed against his concession . . . To have gained Grey, 'the Paladin of his generation,' was one of the best bits of work Rhodes ever did for himself and his great ideas," pp. 132-136.

"Portugal's extravagant claim to a continuous dominion from Angola on the west coast to Mozambique on the east. This would have entirely precluded Rhodes from securing for British enterprise the central tracts of Barotseland and Nyassaland north of the Zambesi," p. 134.

"The power granted by Charter to the British South Africa Company was, as Rhodes had said of the Rudd concession, 'gigantic,' p. 137.

"It must be admitted that the promoters took good care of their own interests," p. 138.

"The three life-directors, the Dukes of Abercorn and Fife and Mr. Albert Grey, had been insisted on for their unblemished social and political position as a guarantee against any undue preponderance of Cecil Rhodes and his South African friends on the Board . . . All three, with the rest of the Board, succumbed at once and irretrievably to Rhodes's dominating personality," p. 163-164.

"The Portuguese began to make the most extravagant claims to the interior," p. 167.

Rhodes "allowed nothing to stand in the way of his own immediate object," p. 169.

Rhodes "had always said he would be quite content to leave the low-lying coast districts to the Portuguese, as long as he held the healthy uplands of the interior for his people. It [the treaty] also restored the ancient friendship and alliance between the two nations, while in Africa the Com-

pany ever afterwards had the most cordial relations with the Portuguese," p. 170.

"Lo Bengula, being an ignorant savage, never understood the concessions he had granted. . . . he was beginning to find confirmation of his fears expressed years before to the missionary Helm: 'Did you ever see a chameleon catch a fly? The chameleon gets behind the fly and remains motionless for some time, then he advances very slowly and gently, first putting forward one leg and then another. At last, when well within reach, he darts out his tongue and the fly disappears. England is the chameleon and I am the fly,'" p. 173.

"The savages behaved as usual—murdering, pillaging and burning round the countryside and even within the precincts of Victoria itself. Captain Lendy, the Company's officer, remonstrated, but without avail. (Captain Lendy had already acquired unenviable notoriety by his brutal treatment of N'gomo. . . . It was certainly unfortunate that the Matabele war was opened with this man in an important position)," p. 173-174.

"Every man who invaded Matabeleland was to receive a farm of 6,000 acres. . . . Lo Bengula, harried as a fugitive, did not long survive the loss of his country," p. 176-177.

Rhodes "praised the high franchise in Prussia, 'a most enormous but necessary protection against demagogues . . . a most unpleasant people,'" p. 189.

"He admitted to Labouchère in 1897 that he got between three and four hundred thousand [pounds] a year from the Gold Fields. . . . In De Beers . . . he received close on £200,000 a year. He must every year . . . have obtained enough to bring his total income at least up to the million," p. 115.

"His personal disinterestedness in Cape politics also earned their respect. After he had been in office three years it was discovered that he and his secretaries between them had cost the Colony no more than £527:5s during the whole period," p. 191.

"This friendly atmosphere in the Cape Parliament facilitated Rhodes's special methods of government," p. 191.

"The Times, which at one period had spoken somewhat sceptically and slightly of his plans, became a whole-hearted convert," p. 235.

"In the City Rhodes had the powerful Kaffir ring at his command, and, thanks to the Rothschilds' cautious and weighty approval, was fast becoming a gilt-edged security of the Empire," p. 235.

Rosebery "was a powerful friend in the Cabinet," p. 236.

"By 1895 a subtle change was coming over him: he was losing some of his powers of self-restraint and of waiting upon the occasion. His health was partly to blame," p. 251.

The Raid. "The conviction was gradually forced upon Rhodes that if the rising was not to be a fiasco he must himself take a hand in it," p. 255.

"In taking this decision judgment and the sense of honor had alike deserted Rhodes; for as Prime Minister of the Cape and managing director of the Chartered Company he had no business to interfere with the internal affairs of a friendly state. . . .," p. 255.

Jameson "obtained from the Johannesburg leaders a letter of invitation to himself, . . . danger to 'thousands of unarmed men, women and children . . . at the mercy of well-armed Boers' . . . The date of the letter was purposely left blank; Jameson was to fill it in when he started and use its appeal for the helpless women and children as a justification for invading the Boers' territory," p. 266.



"Above all, by this attempted short-cut to success, he [Rhodes] had undone his patient labor of years to unite English and Dutch and to promote the union of South Africa," p. 274.

"In April 1898 Rhodes was restored to the board of the British South Africa Company: not that it made any real difference to his power," p. 306.

"The great Colossus," p. 281.

"The great man who has aimed high, and, as with all those who aim highest, has failed in reaching the utmost height," p. 325.

Harcourt "admitted to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt that 'Rhodes was an astonishing rogue and liar,'" p. 236.

"Rhodes was indeed a faulty hero: what hero is not?" p. 329.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

## The Lonely Soul

*Clerambault, by Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*

NO man deserves better of his fellow citizens of the world than Romain Rolland. Like Bertrand Russell and Friedrich Foerster, he is an outstanding figure of a prophet who refused to bow the knee to the Baal of popular bigotry and hate. It was Romain Rolland who said of a country at war that it had to defend not only its frontiers but its reason, words that deserve a place beside those of Edith Cavell, "Patriotism is not enough."

This is the burden of the book in which Romain Rolland puts before us an experience of the war, not his own but that of a free spirit like himself who feels his way, "uncertain, sensitive and impressionable, but sincere and ardent in the cause of truth." Clerambault is a successful author, a man of distinction, an intellectual whom the war utterly surprises. His first instinct is "to rejoin the flock, rub himself against the human animals, his brothers, feel with them, act with them." He has his weeks of sheer intoxication when the flag and the Marseillaise are enough. Then comes the need of the emotional boost of idealism. He constructs his thesis "War against War, War for Peace, for Eternal Peace." His first disillusionment comes through his son, Maxime, returning from the front on leave, who can respond to none of Clerambault's slogans "The Crushing of the Huns," "The Triumph of the Right." Then comes the news of Maxime's death, and Clerambault awakens. He steps out of the herd and stands alone, without illusions.

"Even if you were twenty thousand times more right in this struggle, is your justification worth the disasters it costs? Does justice demand that millions of innocents should fall, a ransom for the sins and errors of others? Is crime to be washed out by crime? or murder by murder? And must your sons be not only victims but accomplices, assassinated and assassins?"

"I do not know the gods of Justice and Liberty; I only know my brother-man, and his acts, sometimes just, sometimes unjust; and I also know of peoples, all aspiring to real liberty but all deprived of it."

Thus Clerambault becomes an internationalist, in the common phrase, a defeatist. For a time the sorrow of those who have suffered and lost restrains his utterance. He dares not shake the faith of these mourners in the necessity of their sacrifices, or breathe a doubt "that the cause was sacred for which these dear ones fell." There comes a time when he can no longer remain silent. He

publishes an apologia in a Socialist paper, and these pages, "Forgive us, ye dead," are the noblest in the book. At first the articles awaken no response. Then suddenly there is a storm about him. His brother-in-law assails him in private, and his old school-fellow, Octave Bertin, in public. The press is out in full cry. Clerambault tries to conceal his position from his wife, but she learns of it through the insults of the neighbors. His daughter is separated from her lover. Yet in being thus cast out by public opinion Clerambault has a singular sense of freedom and power. "He was, as it were, new-born. . . . He learned to taste a joy of which he had never before had an idea—the giddy joy of the free lance in a fight." Into his loneliness come other friends drawn by his writings, wounded soldiers, younger men, and through them Clerambault is brought into contact with the revolution. By urging peace he contributes to the stirring up of social struggle, "for true pacifism is a condemnation of the present." He is pursued by the secret service, examined at length, mobbed, beaten, assassinated.

Clerambault is thus the record of a man's thought and of his action, a spiritual and a temporal drama. In the first aspect it is finest and truest, for Clerambault's thought is the author's own. Of his external life the dramatization is rather feeble. Many characters are introduced to represent the different points of view which Clerambault encounters, the cynical professor Perrotin who sees the war as a phase in a universal cycle, in which individual duty is merely to do "what is right and reasonable," and make no vain sacrifices; Theuron, the journalist, who, "a sort of pacifist from time to time," is the more useful as a spy; the little group of defeatists, who like a band of early Christians, gather about the bedside of Edmé Froment, brought back from the front paralyzed in body but prophetically clear in mind. It is unfortunate that these characters are merely mouthpieces for ideas; the very attempt to individualize them in form and speech serves only to reveal their mechanical quality. And Clerambault himself, when he is outside the realm of thought has something of the evangelical character traditional to French propaganda. In his cheerful running to and fro to keep the story moving along the intellectual lines prescribed for it he reminds us of the hero of Zola's *Fécondité*.

In respect to dramatic force and reality Clerambault falls below Mr. Britling Sees It Through and Barbusse's *Clarté*, with which it will naturally be compared. But in intellectual power it rises above them—and in the emotional appeal of the single situation, in which Clerambault realizes; "I have given all, even what was not my own."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

## Strikes in War-Time

*War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment, by Alexander M. Bing. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.*

THE war is now sufficiently far behind to enable us to reflect more or less calmly on the war-time relations of capital and labor. It was a period characterized by a truce between the employers and the unions. A good deal of arbitration replaced industrial warfare. Many employers became more liberal and workers seemed more tolerant. Various plans for better industrial relations were proposed. There was much idealization, and high