

games upon which sporting writers generally expend the title "classic" await a decision. These are the annual contests between the Army and the Navy and the annual attempt by Cornell to overcome the evil influence of that jinx which usually attends the Ithacan University in its warfare upon the University of Pennsylvania. Both of these controversies will be settled before this issue of *The Outlook* reaches its readers. So far Cornell has been undefeated and has rolled up a startling list of points against its adversaries.

Of the colleges in the East which have already completed their schedules, Pennsylvania State, Lafayette, and Washington and Jefferson have not been beaten, but of these four Pennsylvania State has played by far the hardest schedule.

In the South, Center College, which triumphed over Harvard in mid-season, and the Georgia Institute of Technology have had the most successful seasons. In the Middle West, Iowa University easily led the Western Conference, winning five games and losing none to its rivals. Ohio State and Chicago suffered but one defeat within the Conference. Of the teams outside this Association, Notre Dame had perhaps the most distinctive record.

On the Pacific slope the University of California heads the list. In the last two years it has scored over 800 points in the process of winning nineteen successive victories.

To return to the East again, the old-time "Big Three" fought themselves to a triangular tie. Princeton defeated Harvard, Yale defeated Princeton, and Harvard then defeated Yale. Perhaps Harvard's alumni are a little happier than the students and graduates of the other two colleges, for the Harvard team won the game which traditionally means most to Harvard adherents. Yale, which entered the game as the favorite team, outrushed its Cambridge rivals, but it failed to apply its superior force where power was most needed. Harvard won the game from the shoulders up.

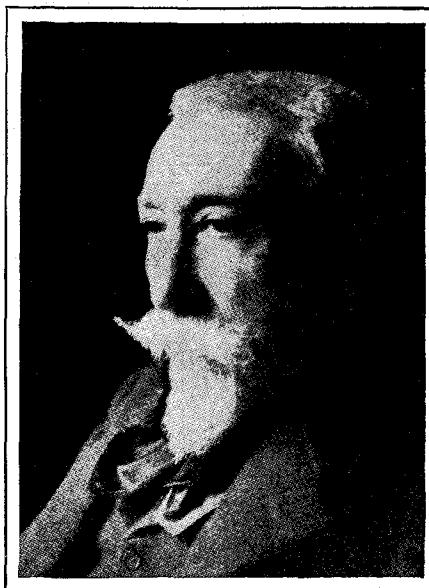
ANATOLE FRANCE HONORED

THE award of this year's Nobel Prize for literature to Anatole France, critic, poet, and romancer, must meet with universal approval. M. France (his real name is Jacques Anatole Thibault) is the fourth French writer to receive the distinction—Mistral (who divided the prize with the Spanish dramatist, Echegaray), Rolland, and Sully-Prudhomme are the others. America has yet to obtain this particular honor, although in the realms of science and world's peace activity it has had high recognition in Nobel awards.

Anatole France's charm has been

widely recognized outside his own country. Admirable English translations of his works are available, and the clarity and grace of his style are more easily adaptable to English idiom than is the case with many foreign writers; his "Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" in particular is almost a classic in its English form; it has pleased us to note that *Outlook* readers have shown decided interest in the present offer of the story as a combination with subscriptions.

Ten years ago Professor Brander Matthews wrote for *The Outlook* a discriminating paper on Anatole France. The critical verdict he found was de-



ANATOLE FRANCE

cidedly plain-spoken in its recognition of France's temperamental faults as well as in its appreciation of his quality as a literary artist. Thus he remarks that "M. France has analyzed books, and men, and society at large, and humanity itself; and he has never let the scalpel and microscope drop from his hands. . . . His criticism is incessant, dissolving, and destructive. . . . He is a frank pagan with a paganism through which Christianity has filtered, leaving only an impalpable deposit. . . . He is a pessimistic Anarchist who is master of an incomparable style, melodious and harmonious, musical and picturesque."

As to the undoubted fact that M. France's gayety sometimes exceeded the bounds of decorum, Professor Matthews remarks that "M. France seems never to have heard the proverb which declares that dirt is matter in the wrong place," but lightens the criticism by pointing out that indecorum is one thing and immorality is another and defines his remark quoted above by adding: "To say this is not to suggest that M. France is immoral; it is only to assert that he is sometimes indecent."

If all this comment by Professor

Matthews seems severe, it should be weighed with the encomiums that accompany it. He speaks of "Sylvestre Bonnard" as "a tender tale, human and humane, urban and urbane, touched with sentiment and tinged with romance," while of many other of France's short stories he says that they disclose "his gift of sympathetic comprehension, his searching insight and his faculty of pity," and of his style that it is "rich in thought and ripe in color, subtle and supple, fluid and limpid."

WANTED—A CONCERTO FOR THE KETTLE-DRUM

THE great war has made New York not only the financial center of the world but also the musical center. Musicians from every race and nationality are coming to America—in some instances, like that of the famous Russian tenor Chaliapin, because they are driven out of their own fatherland by force and violence; in other instances because of the economic conditions of Europe. At all events, this winter there are being given in New York a series of concerts and recitals unprecedented in its history.

One of the most delightful concerts of the season so far was not, however, a product of the war, except that some of the members of the American organization which gave it are from central and eastern Europe. We refer to the first concert of the New York Chamber Music Society, organized and directed by Miss Carolyn Beebe. If our recollection is right, Miss Beebe began her enterprise before the war. She herself is a pianist of technical ability and refinement, qualities which display themselves to great advantage in her ensemble playing. She has collected a small body of musicians, strings and wind, which perform compositions of chamber music, some of them as delightful as they are unfamiliar. At her first concert, on November 15, the programme included the famous Brahms quintette for piano and strings, which is a classic, and a sextette for piano and wood wind and French horn by a French composer named Thuille. One movement of this sextette, a gavotte, which cannot often be heard in the concert-room because of its unusual combinations of instruments, is delightfully tuneful as well as musically.

But the striking feature of the programme was a composition played by the Australian, now, we think, an American citizen, Percy Grainger. This novel and fascinating work, based upon an old English folk song called "Green Bushes," ought to confuse if it does not confute those who insist that "jazz" has no place in the field of respectable music. Mr. Grainger has taken this simple folk tune

and has made out of it what he calls a passacaglia. The passacaglia is an old dance of Italian or Spanish origin and the music for it was "regularly constructed," as the Century Dictionary says, "upon a perpetually recurring theme." Miss Beebe's small group of players was augmented for the occasion by the organ which Mr. Grainger himself played, a double bass, saxophones, a trumpet, kettle-drums, snare-drum, bass drum, cymbals, and xylophone. Mr. Grainger is a master of orchestration, and he used this orchestra, small in numbers but large in variety, in both a masterly and engaging fashion. We should like to hear "Green Bushes" played again by a full symphony orchestra. Music does not necessarily have to be always serious or intellectual. It may vary its profounder side with gayety and even humor. In this particular composition Mr. Grainger is most successful in introducing the elements of gayety, surprise, and humor, qualities for which his work is becoming distinguished.

We do not know whether Miss Beebe takes her organization about the country, but if she does, we hope many communities may have the opportunity of hearing it. She is performing a real service of education in the field of music, although we suppose she would be the last one to assume any didactic or pedagogic motive.

As we listened the other evening to Mr. Grainger's happy "Green Bushes" it occurred to us that he might write a concerto for the kettle-drum. We wish he would undertake it. There is a kettle-drum player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra who is an extraordinary artist. It is a delight to watch him. Mr. Grainger is a master of rhythm. If he could put this Boston player at the front of the stage, like a violin virtuoso, with his kettle-drums in front of him and give to his rhythmic playing an orchestral background, we guarantee that it would be an interesting, if novel, experiment. Perhaps Miss Beebe will let him try this experiment some time with her augmented orchestra.

BIRTH CONTROL AND FREE SPEECH

WHAT Don Marquis, the delightful humorist of the New York "Sun," would playfully call "a little group of serious thinkers" has been carrying on a not altogether wisely directed agitation in favor of birth control. The law now forbids the dissemination of information regarding the means of preventing conception. The leader of the movement, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, would not only abolish the law, but would establish clinics at which

medical information and instruction regarding birth control could be obtained by married women whose health might be endangered by child-bearing. As a part of her public agitation Mrs. Sanger arranged to hold a meeting in the Town Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, November 13, and a number of ladies and gentlemen of unimpeachable respectability acted as a committee endorsing the meeting. The purpose of the meeting was not, Mrs. Sanger pro-



Photograph by N. Muray

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE AS THE WAYWARD GIRL IN "AMBUSH"

tests, to discuss what we may perhaps be permitted to call bluntly the technique of birth control, but to debate the question whether it is moral to discuss the subject in general terms and to urge the abolition of the prohibitory law. The chief speaker was Mr. Harold Cox, editor of the "Edinburgh Review," one of the oldest and formerly most conservative periodicals in the English-speaking world.

But before the meeting was even called to order or a word was uttered the audience was forcibly ejected by the police, the speakers prevented from making their addresses, Mrs. Sanger was arrested, and the meeting was broken up in great disorder. This action of the police was taken, as is now practically acknowledged, on the instigation of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of New York City.

The Outlook is not in sympathy with Mrs. Sanger's methods and it is very doubtful about the good taste and wisdom of discussing the subject of birth control, which is properly a medical and scientific subject, in a public hall before a popular audience. But it cannot let the violent interference of the police on such an occasion pass without a protest. It was clearly a dangerous and, we

think, illegal violation by the police of the fundamental right of free speech guaranteed by the United States Constitution, and, moreover, it was carried out in a very brutal fashion. The remedy to be pursued, if any remedy was needed, was to invoke the statutory law. The police might have had representatives present, or Archbishop Hayes of the Roman Catholic Church might have had a representative present, and if any of the speakers had uttered words or advocated acts which are contrary to the statutes they then might have been arrested on a criminal charge. To suppress a public meeting by force, as was done in this case, is simply to pursue the methods of Philip II of Spain or of the Government of the Romanoffs in Russia.

Archbishop Hayes regards birth control as a sin against the divine law and destructive of society. The Methodist Church denounces round dancing as a sin against the divine law and destructive of society. Let us suppose that the Mayor of the City of New York were a Methodist, that the Chief of Police were a Methodist, and that the Methodist hierarchy had a very potent if not controlling influence in the city administration. Let us suppose that an association of dancing masters called a public meeting in the Town Hall to discuss the question, Is Round Dancing Moral? If the police interfered, broke up the meeting, drove the speakers from the stage, and arrested the chairman, it is easy to imagine the protest that would go up all over the city, not less in the City Hall than anywhere else, over such puritanical despotism, and such a violation of the Constitutional liberties of American citizens. We do not think the analogy is far-fetched.

AMBUSH

THERE are some good plays on the boards this season in New York City. But so far the season has lacked the distinction of achievement which made last winter so notable. Those who come to New York for a glimpse of its drama will run less risk of disappointment if they make their first visit to the theater to some of the holdovers from the past year.

There is one of this season's plays, however, which deserves very much more attention than it has received from the metropolitan reviewers. It is "Ambush," a Theater Guild play by Arthur Richman. The Theater Guild has on many occasions placed the drama-loving public of New York heavily in its debt. "Ambush" is another notable example of the Guild's skill in selection and power in presentation.

It is the story of a middle-aged and