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A PAGRAMT
of the
LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS.

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SOUTHERN BRANCH
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A Pageant

of the

League of Free Nations

By

ESTHER WILLARD BATES

Boston

Massachusetts Joint Committee for a
League of Free Nations

September, 1919

CONTENTS

A PAGEANT OF THE LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS . . .	1
<i>By Esther Willard Bates</i>	
THE MUSIC	28
PROPERTIES	29
COSTUMES	30

AMERICAN FOUNDATION
HONORARY MEMBERS

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CHARACTERS

Men— AUTOCRACY
ANARCHY
LABOR
SERGEANT
FIRST SOLDIER
Four other SOLDIERS

Women— TRUTH
DEMOCRACY
JUSTICE
ORDER
AMERICA
BRITANNIA ✓
FRANCE
JAPAN
BELGIUM
ITALY
CHINA
POLAND
SERBIA
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA ✓
GERMANY ✓
AUSTRIA ✓
TURKEY
BULGARIA

Off-stage, a bugler, a drummer and some one to play the cymbals.
A chorus of voices to join in the singing may also be used.

Sept. 24
Dact.



LABOR

*I and my brothers have drawn up a scroll
Whereby our children may be happier,
And prosper more, and so their children's children.*

A PAGEANT OF THE LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS

The stage or platform should have entrances from left and right. If these are not available, screens should be so placed that the SOLDIERS and Enemy Nations can enter from the right, and ANARCHY from the left. All other entrances are made from the back of the hall. Three pedestals are placed equidistant along the back of the platform. They are to be occupied by JUSTICE, DEMOCRACY and ORDER, respectively. Between JUSTICE and ORDER are two four-foot standards on which the Arch is to be placed later. They are painted white and wreathed with laurel. Above them hangs the flag of the League of Free Nations, blue with a white star in the center. Off-stage, at a signal from the piano, comes a chorus of voices singing.

Chorus

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! his soul is marching on!

As the last words of the chorus die away, a low rumble of drums begins and grows louder and louder. Then follows a clear bugle call. Onto the platform rush from a side entrance, AUTOCRACY, followed by BULGARIA, TURKEY, AUSTRIA and GERMANY. They rush to the left of the stage and stand at bay, AUTOCRACY shielding them. The SERGEANT and SOLDIERS follow them about five seconds later, and stand in formation at the right, with drawn swords, as if about to advance.

Autocracy

Scornfully, folding his arms.

Ye may have done! For I, and these behind me
Cry, "Kamerad," and "Peace."

Sergeant

Peace thou shalt have,
Peace of the conquered, if that thou wilt.

Autocracy

Aye, for the present! Give us breathing time;
 We'll rest, and watch, and wait, and, in good time,
 We'll have at you again.

Soldiers

No, you shall not!

Autocracy

So? War, is it not good? Is Might not Right?
 You have it. Speak!

First Soldier

We fought to conquer wrong,
 And not for spoil.

Autocracy

Then give me back my sword!

Sergeant

And have you fight again?

Autocracy

In time, of course:
 For war is good. God will not have it pass.
 Might will be ours once more. We wait; we bide
 Our time.

First Soldier

Nay. Then, we fought in vain. My brother
 Lies dead upon the field; and yours, — and yours,
 Fall'n dead in vain, if war is not behind us.
 You and our enemies, are you not conquered?
 Then, have at you again!

Sergeant

He starts for them, but the SERGEANT holds him back.

Nay, then. No more.
 Have you not had enough of battle fury?

First Soldier

Not if the enemy is left unconquered.
Not if the dead have died in vain.

Sergeant

To Autocracy.

Is there no other answer?

Autocracy

Grimly.

None.

Sergeant

No answer?

Is that the truth?

Truth

Not so. I am The TRUTH,
And I alone can answer!

The voice of TRUTH comes from the back of the hall. She speaks clearly and with a ringing voice, and then, to the music of *Sambre et Meuse*, she moves down the aisle slowly and mounts the platform. The music stops and the FIRST SOLDIER addresses her.

First Soldier

Then tell us this.

Has all that we have fought for been in vain?

Truth

Pityingly.

No.

Sergeant

Have we only gained a breathing space
That these may fight again?

Truth

Nay, but far more.

Autocracy

Stepping forward defiantly.

Think you that we are conquered for all time?

Truth

The time shall come when ye yourselves shall say it.

The Enemy Nations

No!

Autocracy

Power hath been mine since history.

I shall not give it up to such as these!

He points scornfully to the soldiers. TRUTH smiles serenely, and looking first at the soldiers and then at AUTOCRACY, and last toward the back of the hall, beckons to DEMOCRACY.

Truth

Then shall I call on her for whom these fought:
DEMOCRACY!

Autocracy

No, no! Not she, the upstart!

The piano strikes up again the chorus of *Sambre et Meuse*, and, as in all the following instances when marches are played for characters to come down the aisle, begins very softly, increases in volume, and then dies away as the character begins to speak.

DEMOCRACY walks down the aisle, and mounts the stage, confronting AUTOCRACY fearlessly. He folds his arms, takes a step or two back, and frowns sullenly.

Democracy

I am DEMOCRACY, and in my voice,
Like whispers in the crashing of the waves,
Are heard the murmurs of the world. I am
The will of all men making for the good.
What will ye have of me?

Sergeant

Rebuild the world

Anew!

Autocracy

I shall do that without thy help,
Thou mountebank! I've overthrown thee once,
And I shall overthrow thee yet again!

Truth

Take thou thy place and see thou prove him false!

She gestures to DEMOCRACY to mount her pedestal. The SERGEANT leads her there by the hand, and she steps up and stands there throughout the Pageant.

*Democracy**To Truth:*

If others stand beside me, one on either side,
I shall not fall.

Autocracy

Others? They, too, shall fall.

Truth

Whom wilt thou have to stand beside thee there,
DEMOCRACY?

Democracy

Call JUSTICE and call ORDER.

Summon my sisters that we three may be
Together and forever, in each and every land.

Truth

JUSTICE and ORDER! Come, aid DEMOCRACY!

To the music of *Sambre et Meuse* down the aisle come two girls, exactly of a height and as similar as possible. They bear above them an Arch, colored like the rainbow, and inscribed in gold letters, THE LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS. With it, they mount the platform and stand holding the Arch at right angles to the audience. AUTOCRACY reads it and bursts into scornful laughter.

Autocracy

What have we here? Dream of a child, say I!
Built with the blocks hewn from a worthless tree,
And crashing down with the first idle wind
A breath of warfare sends!

Germany

Who, like a fool,
Would come to stand beneath an arch like that?

Sergeant

He and his men taking a step forward.
 We will come. We fought for this! We shed our blood
 For the world's sake, not ours! Read the legend there!
 THE LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS! So the world hath moved.

Truth

Stand there and hold it, ORDER, and thou, JUSTICE.

ORDER and JUSTICE place the Arch on its two standards, and, mounting their pedestals, remain throughout the Pageant at their places on either side.

Truth

Now do you see? The rainbow sign of hope,
 The promise of the Lord unto his people,
 Built upon ORDER, 'stablished like the stars,
 And JUSTICE, equal, weighed, and so fulfilled
 Of righteous law unto the sons of men.

Democracy

And I, beneath the arch, and centered there,
 Stand, as its keystone stands, forevermore.

Autocracy

And think ye, now that ye have thrust me back,
 Me and my peoples, I shall let ye stand?
 Whom have ye when I shall arise again?

Germany

And when *we* rise again?

Truth

Whom? Watch and see.

The group on the stage turn toward the back of the hall, whence comes BRITANNIA, bearing the English flag, down the aisle and onto the platform to the music of *Rule, Britannia*.

Britannia

Ye summoned me, O TRUTH?

Truth

Aye, to bear witness;
 Now that the war is o'er, and as a pledge
 For all the world to hear, what is your stand,
 That war may cease?

Britannia

Yonder. That rainbow League,
 The League of all Free Nations. By the lives
 Of my young manhood, given on the fields,
 Gallipoli, Africa, Palestine and France, —
 Built on the sacred soil of sacrifice,
 This League is my League, henceforth and forever!
 She takes her place next to JUSTICE at the left of the arch.

Autocracy

As TRUTH turns toward him, challengingly:

I bide my time — and wait.

Truth

I answer! Look!

To the music of the *Marseillaise*, comes FRANCE bearing the tricolor.

France

As she mounts the platform and takes her place:
 Glory I bring. Out of the fields of death
 All that remains is light transcendent, faith,
 Heroic fortitude, and the will to carry on: —
 These bid me stand with thee, O League!

Autocracy

I've had my way with thee ere now. I shall
 Again.

Truth

Fear not, O FRANCE, for others stand
 With thee. Look once again! She comes, that land
 Whose dauntless few once hurled themselves against
 The endless field-gray tide of German soldiery, —

Whose land lay prostrate 'neath the German heel
 To save thee, FRANCE! To save thee, BRITAIN!
 BELGIUM, all hail!

Britain and France

BELGIUM, all hail!

To the music of the *Brabanconne* down the aisle comes BELGIUM, carrying the national flag. She mounts the platform, and joins the other two.

Belgium

Far off I saw that rainbow arch of hope.
 Nay, I have dreamed it in my darkened years.
 If I have for an hour helped my Allies and friends,
 Then, by this League, help ye my land and me.
 We are a little folk; we need thy power, thy aid.

Britannia

My pledge was made in blood. Take thou my hand.
 Beneath the shelter of this League, I make
 My pledge again.

France

I, too, my neighbor land,
 I am thy friend and ever thine Ally.

Austria

Ironically.

I smile to see these temporary loves.
 I have a method. I have used it, since
 I had a hand in the partitioning
 Of the white-eagled country of the Poles.
 My motto is, "Divide; sow discord; then,
 The deed made easy conquer one by one."

Turkey

Aye, that is human nature. Think thou, England.
 Thy quondam sister France will let thee have
 All Egypt thou desirest?

Germany

And thou, fair France,
Thy Tripoli and Algiers, Africa, —
And have these given thee all thou desirest, too?

Bulgaria

Besides, what are ye but three countries only,
Against our noble four? We shall subdue
Thee yet. — Russia, too, — we shall not forget her.

Truth

All in good time, *we* shall remember her.
Nor are we all, for, look, another comes.

To the music of Garibaldi's hymn, and with her flag, ITALY comes down
the aisle and to the platform.

Truth

Hail, ITALY!

Britannia

Hail, ITALY!

Belgium and France

ITALY, all hail!

France

O ITALY, I greet thee. Of us all,
I welcome thee the most, for I remember,
In my dark hour, when down upon the Marne
The tide of battle rolled, Defeat was brooding,
Like a black-winged bird, wide as the sky,
Above my stricken men, and, tide upon gray tide,
The enemy surged on.

Italy

My people would not wait.
Into the streets they poured, led by my poet,
D'Annunzio. "Join the Allies!" they cried;
"To war! Save France! Save England! Save the world!"

And down they rushed, into the Campanile,
Tugged at its bell, and with tumultuous chimes,
Told Rome, told Italy from Piedmont to Messina,
That she was one at last with the Allies!

France

But most it meant to me! It freed our men, —
Snatched victory from defeat,—hurled back the foe!
Paris was saved, and, so, the heart of France.

Truth

Aye, that was glory. Now, the tumult dies;
The stricken foe broods here, waiting his due.
Even though the trumpets blow not now, this act
Redounds to greater good.

She gestures toward the Arch and ITALY takes her place among the
Allies that flank it.

Italy

My people have it so. More calm, but more elate,
They take their place within the League of Hope.

Autocracy

Aha! Thou once wert my ally. GERMANY
Thou didst ally with, too.

Austria

And I am near
Thy boundaries, and I shall fight
With thee again!

Turkey

And those domains thou claimest,
Ally with me and thou shalt have them all!

Bulgaria

Thou dreamest! Peace in the Balkans? Not while I
Shall have my dwelling there!

Autocracy

See now, ye silly folk,
 How long, 'mid rivalries and claims and greed,
 Even in the very halls of Peace, will last
 Your pasteboard house! Poof! I could blow! A touch,
 And my beleaguered few could pull it down.

He steps toward it and the Enemy Nations follow him, but the
 SERGEANT and his men dash forward, challengingly.

Sergeant

Do thou but try! I and my men who gave
 Thee but a few hours gone, a blow or two
 Until thou criedst, "Enough!" will give thee more!

Autocracy

Withdrawing in a leisurely and ironic manner.

So hot? So soon? Nay, thou young hotspur, wait.
 We wait; we bide our time.

Truth

Then shall I call another state to join.
 POLAND!

Poland

I come!

She walks down the aisle to her national air, carrying her flag, and
 mounts the platform.

Here stand I by the lands
 That raised me from the fall'n, FRANCE and ENGLAND.
 I need thee and thou me, and I shall stand
 By mine old legend that my heroes fought for, —
 "For your Freedom and Mine!" They fought for you, FRANCE,
 Following Napoleon, and, ITALY, for you, with Garibaldi.
 But now, in peace, we join our nobler forces;
 We work together, each and every one.

Britannia

For your freedom and ours!

Truth

Look! Now there comes
The undaunted and the brave, O SERBIA!

SERBIA comes down the aisle to her national anthem, and with her flag.

Serbia

First stricken, I staggered 'neath the blows of war.
My country, clinging to an edge of earth,
Held out, by grace of these, my true Allies!
Oh, SERBIA thanks thee, that, unconquered yet,
She stands erect and to her slogan true,
"Only to God shall SERBIA surrender!"
Only to God, and Peace, and to this League.

Britannia

Then enter SERBIA!

By "All" hereafter is meant all Allied Nations and SOLDIERS, together with LABOR, JUSTICE and ORDER.

All

Enter, SERBIA!

She takes her place in the line of Allies that flank the Arch to the right.

Truth

Far off, far off, beneath the rising sun,
Distant in leagues alone, draws near JAPAN.

JAPAN comes down the aisle with her flag and to her national anthem.

Britannia

All hail, JAPAN!

All

All hail, JAPAN!

Japan

Far-flung my isles, far-flung and sea-surrounded,
I stretched a hand across the world to help.
My ships upon the uttermost horizon
Like dogs of war patrolled the shining seas.

But now in peace let me ally with you,
In peace as once in war.

Democracy

So shalt thou enter,
Child of the Orient.

Truth

Enter thou shalt, JAPAN,
For see, thy sister land, whose vast domains
From far Siberia to the Pacific surf,
From lofty-peaked Himalaya to Korea,
Lie vast and wide, CHINA!

Democracy

Hail, CHINA!

All

CHINA, all hail!

To her national anthem, and with her flag, CHINA comes down the
aisle.

China

Though I am old in arts and old in years,
Yet in democracy I am but young.
New-coined my minted realm republican;
Vast are my peoples and my empire great;
That I may stand self-ruling and self-ruled,
Help me, O West; help me, O TRUTH and JUSTICE.

Truth

I will. Stand here with us.

Britannia

I will befriend thee.

Oh, CHINA, stand thou here.

CHINA takes her place next JAPAN.

Democracy

There is another,
O TRUTH, amid our young democracies,
The CZECHO-SLOVAK State.

Truth

She waits us yonder,
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, once Bohemia!

To the Bohemian national anthem, and carrying her flag, comes
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Czecho-Slovakia

Beneath the Austrian flag my men were massed,
Surrounded by the Magyars, spied upon.
They knew we would not fight against our friends,
ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY and BELGIUM.
We crossed the Italian lines and fought the Hun;
Into the Russian trenches swarmed as friends,
Changed sides and fought, allied with all of you!

Britannia

Your flag was raised among my forces first.
Your legions joined with my Canadians!

All

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, enter and join the League!

She takes her place with the group next to CHINA. GERMANY, creeping
forward sneeringly, inspects them one by one, and then draws
back as though satisfied.

Germany

Enter and see! Of all thy brave Allies
Not one but has his private ends to gain!

Truth

Looking off into the distance.

Is there no land, that, with no hope of gain,
Alliest thus with these? Is there no flag
That comes but for the gift of brotherhood?

The piano strikes up instantly. The chorus, cast, and all save the
Enemy Nations sing, while the SOLDIERS stand at salute until AMERICA
begins speaking.

Chorus

Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there!
 We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!
 Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there!
 Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars!
 It joins the League of all the Free,
 Columbia bears it on unfurled,
 The standard of Democracy,
 It joins the Nations of the World!
 Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there!
 We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!
 Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there!
 Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars!

During the singing, AMERICA, bearing an American flag, preferably a large heavy silk flag such as is carried in parades, comes slowly down the aisle, timing her steps so that she takes her place on the platform just as the singing ends.

Britannia

AMERICA!

All

All hail, AMERICA!

AMERICA stands near the front of the platform, about three paces ahead of the SOLDIERS, by herself. TRUTH, during the song, crosses to right stage.

Democracy

First place to thee, AMERICA, for thou
 Hast proved that TRUTH and ORDER, yea, and JUSTICE,
 In leaguéd states may prosper and endure.

America

Aye, when DEMOCRACY is in their midst.
 Not I, though, but my founders read the Truth.
 Men live by groups. First came the Family.
 They built their House and lived therein together;
 Then joined each House the Tribe and built the Town;
 Then joined the Towns and built their State,
 Co-operating, helping, harmonizing, —

Nor deemed it strange. And now that we have suffered,
 All with each and each with all, can we not, too,
 Build our great hall of government and dwell,
 As once the Family, the Town, the State,
 In One Great League, which shall in God's good time,
 Take all the world?

All

Aye!

Lifting their flags.

Autocracy

Striding forward.

I cry thee, no!

Enemy Nations

And we defy thee, too!

Democracy

What weapon have ye left, O conquered lands?

Autocracy

Wait and see!

From off-stage left, while the drums rumble and the cymbals clash, and the piano plays from Chopin's Funeral March, comes on, very slowly, the bent, lurching figure of ANARCHY, with shambling steps. He carries a bomb in one hand and a smoking torch in the other. All figures on the stage, except TRUTH, shrink and draw away, even the Enemy Nations.

Anarchy

Who called me? I am ANARCHY!

Autocracy

I called!

Anarchy

And what shall I destroy?

Autocracy

That structure,

That silly, painted, futile —

ANARCHY slinks toward the Arch. SERGEANT and his men dash forward.

Sergeant

Hold! Keep off!

If thou draw near that edifice, my men
Will run thee through!

ANARCHY shambles back, and looks at soldiery.

I do not fight that way.

And I am not thine enemy. Who bade thee fight?
Who grew rich out of this war? Who made
Thy people poor? Answer me that, will you?

He begins to shamle over toward the SOLDIERS.

Sergeant

We will not talk with thee.

Anarchy

Ye dare not, no.

I have my followers in each and every land,
With you, and you, and you, and you, and you.
Yea, thou, AMERICA! For I foment thy strikes,
Shootings and riots, bombing, the Black Hand
Hiding the red. Aha, you can not kill me, —

He turns his hand so the red palm is seen, and laughs as the SOLDIERS
lift their guns.

For ten lives grow from every one that's slain!

Again he prowls toward the SOLDIERS.

Sergeant

Keep off!

ANARCHY backs away, pauses, as if planning a new device, and then
begins to edge over to the Arch.

Democracy

Let him not enter! O, who will cast him forth?

Sergeant

I will!

Anarchy

Again retreating and shaking his head.

I will not fight with you. I work
Only beneath the surface. I will parley —
But with the People, not the Government!

Democracy

O TRUTH, call forth a champion, lest the arch
Tremble and fall, for JUSTICE, yea, and ORDER,
They can not live where this foul ANARCHY
Lifts up his lying voice!

Anarchy

To TRUTH, whom he faces.

Thou canst not.

Thou stand'st for Government, and I deal not
With such as you! I call the People, make them wild,
Filled with blood lust and wild excesses,
And then I throw down such as you, — and you —

Truth

As the SOLDIERS draw around her as a bodyguard.

But you have never overthrown the TRUTH!
Back, ANARCHY! Thou shalt be answered fair.
Thou saidst we were the government. We built
This structure. Aye, so we did. But by the hands
Of whom wrought we? Darest thou answer that?

Anarchy

Aye! LABOR at thy bidding wrought, but I
Will enter into the ranks of LABOR, and
Bid him to leave thee and thy precious League!

Truth

I challenge thee to do it!

Anarchy

I will call —

Truth

Be still! He will not answer thee! LABOR!

Labor

Speaking from the back of the hall.

Who calls?

Truth

The TRUTH!

Labor

I come!

To the music of *Sambre et Meuse* down the aisle comes LABOR, large, powerful, intelligent-looking.

Labor

What would you have?

Sergeant

Coming forward to him eagerly.

O LABOR, do not listen to that fiend!
He comes to shatter all that you have fought for!
He comes to overthrow DEMOCRACY!
And you he hopes to win!

Anarchy

Ironically.

No, do not listen to me, LABOR. No,
They do not dare to have you hark to me.

Truth

Nay, LABOR, we fear not. Hark to this voice,
And choose!

Anarchy

Insidiously.

They speak for Capital, and I
For LABOR! I'd give thee the very world!
Dost thou not earn it? I offer thee the earth,
The equal distribution of all wealth —

Labor

Sharply.

How canst thou that?

Anarchy

Thine! Thine! Only for taking!

Labor

Taking? How so?

Anarchy

Lowering his voice and creeping near him.

So simple! A riot here!

A mill put to the torch, and then,
The road made easy; arm the mob;
Machine guns at the corners, —

Labor

Drawing back.

My people do not riot!

Anarchy

Oh, there are means

Of maddening the human sense!

Democracy

O LABOR, listen not!

Anarchy

See how they fear you, every one of them!

LABOR looks about, deeply disturbed at their lack of faith in him.

Labor

Why are you all afraid?

Truth

It is not you,

But lying treachery they fear. Natheless,

O LABOR, bid thou ANARCHY speak on.

While TRUTH is here, thou needst not fear to listen.

Anarchy

And thou shalt all the earth inherit,
So thou destroy it first —

Labor

Why do you bid me

First to destroy?

Anarchy

I can not live without

Destruction.

Labor

Then go! LABOR denies thee!

It is our part to build, and thou art death
To us!

Anarchy

Nay, then; only one thing I ask.

Destroy that yonder.

Labor

What? That? The League!

Stand off! We were its friends from its foundation!

We built that shelter of Democracy!

It is our Covenant.

Autocracy

Thou fool, O LABOR! That!

No! Under my flag thou hadst protection!

Germany

I gave you pensions and your workmen's laws!

Do they?

Labor

Nay, but they will!

Autocracy

Then ask it of them!

Anarchy

Nay, threaten them!

Democracy

Ask what thou wilt, O LABOR.

Labor

Center stage.

I and my brothers have drawn up a scroll
Whereby our children may be happier,
And prosper more, and so, their children's children.

He gives his scroll to DEMOCRACY.

Democracy

Taking it and reading the title.

The Magna Charta of the World!

Labor

Read it, and give the lie to ANARCHY!

Democracy

Reading.

“Eight hour day; one day of rest in seven;
The right of workers to be organized;
A living wage, no hunger, no, nor cold;
Nor evermore shall little children toil
From dawn to dark in dismal factories;
Then equal pay for men and women, too,
For equal work, shall banish all distrust;
And foreign workmen justly dealt with always.”

Anarchy

With eager haste.

They will not sign thy charter! Follow me,
And I will make them yield the very world!

Labor

DEMOCRACY will not deny what she
Herself hath wrought.

Justice

Nor nations cast away
The Magna Charta of their artisans.

Truth

GREAT BRITAIN?

Britannia

LABOR hath saved my land and I forever
Shall stand by LABOR.

France

And I.

Italy

And I.

Belgium

And I.

America

And I shall stand by LABOR. Enter, LABOR,
Beneath the Nations' Arch that thou hast built.

Anarchy

With a terrible cry.

Thou shalt not! Over thee I will prevail!

ANARCHY lifts his bomb and is about to hurl it at the Arch, when LABOR leaps upon him and wrenches it away. The drums beat and the cymbals clash, and the piano sounds deep chords from the Funeral March. At the first sign of violence, the SERGEANT and his men drop into formation, and with fixed bayonets stand ready to charge upon ANARCHY, but he creeps backward, while all draw away from him, slinks behind AUTOCRACY, behind the Enemy Nations, and off-stage while the drums and the music die away. LABOR hands the bomb to a soldier who takes it off-stage and returns.

SERGEANT fronts AUTOCRACY defiantly.

Sergeant

Now, thou AUTOCRACY, thy direst weapon
Is taken from thee. Art thou conquered yet?

Autocracy

With sinister sidelong looks.

The League has conquered me. The League is strong.
Is it for all?

Sergeant

For all!

Democracy

For all *Free Nations*,

O AUTOCRACY!

Autocracy

Then would I join with these.

He indicates the Free Nations.

Democracy

These nations all have followed TRUTH, canst thou?

Autocracy

Surlily and suspiciously.

What dost thou mean?

Truth

Look thou into my shield.

If thou canst bear to look on thine own face,

Then follow me.

TRUTH turns, center stage, profile to audience, facing AUTOCRACY. She bears her shield aloft like a mirror.

Autocracy

And if — and if I can —

Democracy

Thou shalt be one of us!

AUTOCRACY comes nearer the shield warily, looking down and side-wise until he is where he can see his full face reflected in the shield. Then he cries out and leaps backward.

Autocracy

That! That! O never!

That is not I! That is the face of Death!

No, no, keep off!

He moves backward toward the left of the stage, near the audience.

Truth

It is the TRUTH, for thou,
And those that follow thee shall utterly
Perish from off the earth!

Autocracy

Finding himself abandoned as the Enemy Nations move away from
him and toward the back of the stage.

GERMANY and AUSTRIA! With me here!
Nay, do not cast me out!

But the Four Nations will have nothing to do with him, and he backs
off-stage left, to the drums and Funeral March, played much lower
and slower than for ANARCHY'S exit. When he has gone, GERMANY
lifts her head, and looks long at the Arch, and then at TRUTH.

Germany

What shall I do, now I have cast behind
AUTOCRACY, that I so long have followed?
Is the League meant for people such as mine?

Truth

Lo, these, and these, and these, have followed me;
Canst thou do likewise?

Germany

And if I do, what then?
Am I an outcast always?

Truth

O ye Nations,
What answer shall ye make?

America

What answer, LABOR?

Labor

Follow the TRUTH, and in good time, return,
And ask again!

Truth

Look in my shield and follow me!

The piano begins to play the Pilgrim Chorus from *Tannhauser*, as GERMANY haughtily steps toward the mirroring shield. Looking into it, she sees herself as she really is, and her face changes. She starts and draws back, her head sinks in shame and she puts her hands to her face. For a moment she stands there, and behind her, AUSTRIA, BULGARIA and TURKEY realize, and slowly hang their heads. TRUTH lowers her shield pitifully, and, clasping it against her breast, she leaves the platform, and walks down the main aisle, the others following, and so out of the hall.

After the last Enemy Nation has stepped from the platform, half or more of the Free Nations begin to move slowly across the platform to the left, timing it so that they are in their new places as the last Enemy Nation leaves the hall. The music stops. They now are standing in a semi-circle, occupying the whole stage with DEMOCRACY, ORDER and JUSTICE in the middle, the SOLDIERS lined up at the right, and AMERICA standing at the right, slightly in advance of the SOLDIERS and close to the front of the stage.

Sergeant

Taking a step forward.

And now the world is safe, aye, safe for thee,
DEMOCRACY!

Democracy

And what shall be our motto?

All

Our motto, AMERICA! Give us our motto!

America

Moving forward as she speaks, and taking center stage.

Once, when we fought together, I with you
And ye with me, and LABOR with us all,
My country had a watchword: "Each for all
And all for each."

All

Each for all and all for each.

America

Stand in our midst, DEMOCRACY!

AMERICA, still keeping to the front of the stage, now passes to the extreme left, while DEMOCRACY, holding her torch aloft, comes down center front with ORDER and JUSTICE moving beside her.

Democracy

Once a great poet, through the mists of time,
Foresaw and prophesied this great World League:

“For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonder that would be;
“Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
“Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were
furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

“Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us
range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of
change!”

As she ceases speaking the bugle sounds. AMERICA leads half the cast off the platform and down through the hall, and LABOR, followed by the SOLDIERS and a portion of the Free Nations, leads the other half, down on his side and out through the hall. The two may join and march down a center aisle, or down two side aisles as desired.

The moment that the bugle ceases, the piano strikes up with the music of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and the cast, chorus, and, if desired, the audience join in the following verse:

Chorus

“He is sounding forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat.
O be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.”

E N D

THE MUSIC

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

French Poilu Marching Song, *Sambre et Meuse*, published by Carl Fischer, New York.

Chopin's *Funeral March*.

Pilgrim Chorus from *Tannhauser*, Wagner.

Our Flag is There, published in the Corona Song Book, Ginn & Co.

National anthems of France, Belgium, Italy, Poland, Serbia, Japan, in *The National Anthems of the Allies*, published by Schirmer.

Chinese and Bohemian national music in *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*, published by Bayley and Ferguson, London.

Note: If it seems desirable to shorten this Pageant, the characters of SERBIA, POLAND, CHINA, JAPAN and CZECHO-SLOVAKIA may be omitted and all the text that accompanies their lines, so that AUTOCRACY'S lines,

So hot, so soon? Nay, thou young hotspur, wait.

We wait. We bide our time (Page 11).

are directly followed by

GERMANY'S speech,

Of all thy brave Allies

Not one but has his private ends to gain (Page 14).

The sequence will be found to be uninterrupted, and the Pageant may go on exactly the same.

PROPERTIES

A large silk American flag.

The flags of the following nations in a uniform size:

Great Britain	Serbia
France	China
Belgium	Japan
Italy	Czecho-Slovakia
Poland	

A bomb.

A scroll with LABOR's Magna Charta on it.

A shield for TRUTH.

Scales to hang from the girdle of JUSTICE.

Either swords or guns for the soldiers.

Three low pedestals for DEMOCRACY, JUSTICE and ORDER to stand upon.

An arch about three and one-half feet wide, eight inches thick and high enough for JUSTICE and ORDER to carry down the aisle and set later on its pedestals.

Two pedestals four and one-half feet high for the arch.

A large flag of the League of Free Nations to hang above the arch.

The arch should be painted with the colors of the spectrum and be lettered THE LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS.

COSTUMES*

AUTOCRACY wears a suit of armor, such as may be had from a costumer. It should be suggestive rather of the Roman period than the medieval, and worn with tunic and cape.

ANARCHY wears a tattered gray suit, badly worn shoes, a red handkerchief knotted about his neck, a black wig and beard. His hands are gray and lined, and the inside painted red. He carries a bomb in his hand.

LABOR wears overalls, his sleeves rolled up above the elbow, and his shirt open at the throat, and a square paper cap, such as is worn by LABOR in newspaper cartoons, on his head. His clothes should be somewhat worn, but well-fitting and he should look manly and well set-up. He carries a paper scroll in his hand.

The SOLDIERS all wear khaki. The regimental drill uniforms worn by high school students would also be suitable. They carry guns.

The material for the costumes of DEMOCRACY, ORDER, JUSTICE, TRUTH and the FREE NATIONS, except CHINA and JAPAN, are cheesecloth or cotton crêpe. For each of these characters, the foundation is a sleeveless, low-necked nightgown, falling to within an inch of the floor. The skirts of each are also similar and consist of two breadths of the goods, presumably a yard wide, gathered into a band at the waist and falling to within an inch of the floor. The color of each, except the skirt of TRUTH, is white.

DEMOCRACY is modeled after the Statue of Liberty. She wears a spiked gold crown and carries a gold torch, the flame of which is made by red, orange and yellow crêpe paper twisted into shape. She also carries a large book, covered with gold paper. She holds the torch high until she takes her place beneath the arch, when, taking advantage of some action on the stage which will conceal her, she may put it in a projection provided for it behind the arch. She will take it up again while the nations are passing in front of her just before the end, and so have it uplifted when she steps forward to give the lines from Tennyson.

*Grateful acknowledgment is due Miss Bertha M. Dennis for her help in designing the majority of these costumes.

Her tunic is two breadths wide. Each breadth is folded and cut diagonally across the ends so that one breadth has as its entire length 8 feet on one side and $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet on the other. The other breadth, cut also diagonally at the ends, measures at one edge $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet; the other edge, 5 feet. The two $6\frac{1}{2}$ foot edges are sewn together, and in the exact center of the double piece is cut a circle for the neck. The edges and the sides are tacked together, leaving 9 inches for the armhole. Each sleeve is a straight piece, 18 by 25 inches. The tunic is laid in deep plaits on the shoulder.

TRUTH'S costume is entirely pale blue. The skirt is made like the others. The tunic is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards square with a circular place for the neck cut in the middle and the goods laid in plaits on the shoulder, leaving the arm bare. A breadth 10 feet long is cut lengthwise down the middle. One of these strips is placed across the shoulders in front, the other in the back; on each shoulder, they are caught together with a gold buckle, while the four ends fall at the sides. The selvage is the lower edge, and that and the lower edge of the skirt are stenciled in gold in a Roman border. Gold armlets are worn high on the arm, near the shoulder, and a headdress consisting of a 3-inch gold star placed on a narrow gold circlet is so worn that the star is on the forehead. Buckles, armlets and headdress are made of pasteboard covered with gold paper.

ORDER and JUSTICE are exactly alike. The tunic is a single breadth folded on a cross-wise fold with a circular hole cut for the neck, and the end cut diagonally so that the length of one edge is $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the other 5 feet. Deep plaits on the shoulders leave the arms bare. A cape 4 feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide has the two upper corners caught beneath a buckle at the center of the front, and from there hangs back over the shoulders, leaving the arms bare. The two lower corners are rounded off. The bottom of the skirt and the tunic are stenciled in five straight gold lines. The headdresses are circular Greek bands, meeting in back under the Psyche knot. That of ORDER is white with gold stars: that of JUSTICE a plain gold band. Each costume is girdled with cord and tassel, originally white, but gilded with gold paint. JUSTICE wears at her belt a pair of scales—the light brass ones used in chemical laboratories will do very well.

AMERICA'S tunic is made of a strip of deep blue cheesecloth $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards long. Measure off 27 inches, and then in the center of a lengthwise fold, cut out the circle for the neck. This 27 inches is the front and should be stenciled with

silver stars. The remaining 2 yards form a cape, hanging down the back, and faced on either side with strips of red 18 inches wide. Deep plaits on the shoulder leave the arms bare. Tack the front and back together lightly under each arm. This cape and all the other capes that touch the ground are weighted.

BRITANNIA wears a white tunic 1 yard square, with the neck cut open in the center. Her cape is purple, 2 yards long and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. Her headdress is a gold crown, cut with a very wide flare and with circular pieces coming down below and covering the ears.

FRANCE has a white tunic, 3 yards long, with the large circle for the neck cut out in the exact center. A rosette of tricolor is placed on the breast and from it a sash, made of strips of white cheesecloth bordered by red and blue, twisted closely, is passed about the waist, crossed and hangs down loosely in front. From her shoulders falls a long cape of blue, 2 yards long, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide, with a deep facing of red the entire length, 18 inches wide. On her head she wears a helmet made of silver paper with tricolor rosettes on either side.

ITALY wears a red tunic 1 yard square. Her cape, folded upon the shoulders and decorated with gold buckles, is green, and lined lengthwise to the depth of 18 inches with white. The dimensions are the same, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide to 2 yards long. She has a gold crown, cut to a high peak in front.

BELGIUM's tunic is made of three strips, each $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wide, the middle one 1 yard long and orange yellow in color, and the two outside strips, 1 yard at the inner length, where they are sewed to either side of the yellow strip, and then each cut diagonally so that the outer length of each is 2 yards long. These two outer strips are red lined with black. In the center of the yellow is cut the circular opening for the neck, and then the tunic is laid in plaits on the shoulder, leaving the arm bare. The headdress is a red chiffon veil held in place by a gold band. It is folded on the head like the Red Cross headdress.

POLAND has a white tunic, 1 yard square, made like the others. Her cape is 1 yard wide and 2 yards long, differing from the others in that the neck opening is in the exact center, and the cape hangs to an equal length in front and back, and is gathered across the shoulders. Blue bands 2 inches wide decorate it lengthwise on either side, and a white eagle with outspread wings is cut from heavy white cloth and appliquéd across the shoulders of the cape in back. Her crown is gold.

SERBIA wears a tunic made of a strip of pale blue 1 yard wide,

18 inches long, with orange at either side, 18 inches long, 1 yard wide, so that it forms a piece $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards long, 1 yard wide, with an opening for the neck in the center and this, too, is plaited on the shoulders. Her cape is orange, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards long and 2 yards wide. The opening for the neck is cut $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard from the front end, which is curved at either point, and the remaining 2 yards hang down behind. Her orange headdress, 1 yard square, is folded like the Red Cross white headdress, held in place by a gold band, and hangs down behind.

JAPAN wears a scarlet kimono and sash, with sandals on her feet and little decorative pins thrust through her hair.

CHINA wears a full-length Chinese coat, of dark blue, with colored embroidery, and on her feet sandals. Her hair is braided and wound about her ears.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA wears a white tunic 1 yard square with opening in the center for the neck, a cape 2 yards long of bright blue, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide, and faced on either side to a depth of 18 inches with yellow. She wears a yellow fringed headdress, like that of SERBIA, held in place with a gold band.

GERMANY has a waist cut surplice fashion of figured chintz in buff color with red figures. Above this is a double stiff ruff that can be made of white crêpe paper and fastened tightly around the neck. Her skirt is green, ankle length, cut full with a large white embroidered apron covering it in front. On her head is a black velvet pointed headdress with streamers hanging down behind, like those seen in the pictures of Prussian peasantry.

AUSTRIA has a garnet petticoat, a black velvet bodice opening over a white under waist with long white sleeves. Her headdress is a red veil bound by a black ribbon and folded and hanging down in back. A white kerchief is folded and worn about the neck, and fastened beneath the bodice.

BULGARIA also wears an embroidered white waist with long full sleeves gathered into a cuff. Heavy hamburg can be used. Her skirt is also white and heavily embroidered and over skirt and waist is worn a three-quarter length, dark, sleeveless tunic reaching just below the knees. This also should appear figured or preferably embroidered. From underneath the tunic comes a brightly colored striped apron. Her headdress is white, and fringed at the ends, folded close about the brow, and hangs down the back to below the waist.

TURKEY wears full Turkish trousers to the ankle, pointed heelless slippers, black velvet bodice, but these can be partly omitted if the enveloping dark-gray burnoose is wide and full

enough. The yashmak covering head, face and chin should go under the burnoose.

For one production of the foregoing pageant, the quantities of cheesecloth necessary for the costumes of all women save the four enemy nations were as follows: white, 56 yards; pale blue, 8 yards; bright red, 8 yards; dark blue, 5 yards; bright blue, 2 yards; black, 2 yards; orange, 6 yards; yellow, 6 yards; emerald green, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards; greenish blue, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The whole expense of the women's costumes was a little over \$15.00. The Chinese and Japanese costumes were borrowed.

59401

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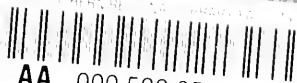
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