

**BULLETIN**  
OF THE  
**FIRST DISTRICT NORMAL SCHOOL**  
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI

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Volume XVII

Number 5

MAY, 1917

Publisht Monthly

Pageant of the Nations



# BULLETIN

OF THE

## FIRST DISTRICT NORMAL SCHOOL KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI

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FOUNDED BY JOSEPH BALDWIN

AS THE NORTH MISSOURI NORMAL SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 2, 1867

ADOPTED AS THE FIRST DISTRICT NORMAL SCHOOL, DECEMBER 29, 1870

UNDER ACT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, APPROVED MARCH 19, 1870

OPENED AS THE FIRST DISTRICT NORMAL SCHOOL, JANUARY 1, 1871

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VOLUME XVII      NUMBER 5

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**MAY, 1917**

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Published Monthly by the  
First District Normal School

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### PAGEANT OF THE NATIONS

Presented on the Campus May 18, 1917

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Entered as second class mail matter April 29, 1915, at the post office at Kirksville, Missouri.  
under the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.



*The K. S. N. S.*  
**Pageant of the Nations**

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Presented on the Campus  
May 18, 1917



# FOREWORD

The K. S. N. S. Pageant of the Nations, like the Pageant of Missouri given in May, 1916, is a production of and by the school. It has been made possible through the hearty cooperation of the teachers and the students of several different departments extending over a period of nearly nine months.

The Book of this Pageant was produced by certain students in the History and English Departments. During the fall term classes in history under Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Violette gathered the historical material needed for the book, and another class in English under Mr. Wise composed the various parts upon the basis of this material. The names of those who contributed most to the composition of these parts appear under the different titles.

The scenery was designed by Miss Lyle and Miss Patterson of the Fine Arts Department. Except for the comparatively few costumes procured for the occasion from a costumer, the costumes are home productions, having been designed by Miss Lyle and afterwards made by those taking part in the Pageant under the supervision of Miss Snowden of the Household Arts Department.

The drilling of the cast and all others participating in the performance has been largely in the hands of members of the English and Physical Education Departments. Much of the music has been orchestrated by the orchestration class under Mr. Goetze.

In a great variety of ways other members of the faculty and many students have rendered very efficient service. Special mention should be made of the work of those who assumed the responsibility of providing the properties.

The Pageant of the Nations is divided into prophecies, interludes and episodes. In the episodes there are presented certain incidents and conditions that are characteristic of the most important nations of the past and the present at their highest tide. The prophecies and the interludes (including also the division called "reverie") are symbolic. The prophecies indicate the gift that each nation has made to the sum total of the world's civilization, while the interludes attempt to symbolize the spirit of the successive ages.

Particular pains have been taken to adhere to what is historically

authentic as closely as the forms of dramatic production will permit. The costumes have been designed with exact historical accuracy and the music has been selected with special regard to its historical appropriateness.

This institution believes in pageantry because it is a means of presenting the past artistically and in dramatic form, and because it requires for its successful production the united effort of a large number of people who for the time being at least constitute a community. Pageantry is particularly adapted to educational institutions but as yet its possibilities in such communities are far from being realized. It is hoped that the pageant that is being presented by this institution this year will contribute directly to a greater interest in pageantry as a form of school dramatics throughout this part of the State than has heretofore existed.



## OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

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MASTER OF THE PAGEANT ..... Mr. E. M. Violette

DIRECTOR ..... Mr. C. M. Wise

### ASSISTANT DIRECTORS:

FOR THE PROPHECIES—Miss Ida Jewett.

FOR THE DANCING—Miss Winifred Williams.

FOR THE EPISODES—Miss Blanche Emery and Miss Alice Mann.

FOR THE CHILDREN—Miss Eudora Savage, Miss Laurie Doolittle, Miss Louise Kirkham, Miss Olin Paine, Miss Meta Gill.

FOR THE GREENSWARD—Mr. A. H. Juergensmeyer.

SCENIC ARTIST ..... Miss Lena Patterson

COSTUME DESIGNER ..... Miss Grace Lyle

MISTRESS OF THE WARDROBE ..... Miss Flora Snowden

PROPERTIES ..... Mr. C. A. Epperson and Mr. W. J. Bray

ASSISTANTS—Mr. James Ellison, Mr. Leo Petree, Mr. A. F. Elsea, Mr. Warren Jones, Mr. Otto Graham, Mr. Ed Wright, Mr. Andrew Otterson, Mr. Otis See, Mr. Jens Madsen, Mr. H. A. McKean.

LIGHTING ..... Mr. Mark Burrows, Mr. J. S. Stokes, and Mr. F. M. Durbin

MUSIC ..... Mr. R. W. Hans Seitz and Mr. Johannes Goetze

PUBLICITY ..... Mr. P. O. Selby and Mrs. Jo Walker Humphrey

HEAD USHER ..... J. L. Kingsbery

TREASURER ..... Mr. G. H. Jamison

PAGEANT COMMITTEE—Mr. E. M. Violette, Miss Thurba Fidler, Miss Meta Gill, Miss Louise Kirkham, Miss Grace Lyle, Miss Lena Patterson, Mr. R. W. Hans Seitz, Miss Flora Snowden and Mr. C. M. Wise.

# ORCHESTRA

R. W. HANS SEITZ, CONDUCTOR

## VIOLINS—

Johannes Goetze  
Velda Cochran  
Inez Perley  
Lola Straw  
Nellie Madsen Graham

## VIOLA—

Henry Stukey

## CELLO

Helen Markey

## FLUTES—

Janet Howell  
Grace Brandt

## OBOE—

Otto Graham

## CLARINETS—

J. L. Biggerstaff  
Zella Hounson  
Rena Hamilton

## CORNETS—

Ray Dillinger  
Earl Dillinger

## TROMBONE—

Glen Dillinger

## DRUM—

# THE CASTE

## PROLOG

The Dipper ..... C. N. Dye  
Pleiades ..... Ruth Howerton

## I. EGYPT

### PROPHECY

Civilization ..... Bracy Cornett  
Time ..... Roy Wheatcraft  
Egypt ..... Ermine Thompson

### EPISODE

First Vender ..... W. E. Sparks  
Second Vender ..... Harrel Hopper  
First Passerby ..... Wm. Smith  
Second Passerby ..... Harold Bohon  
Khait ..... Myra Wright  
Master of Ceremonies ..... Walter King

Purchasers—Reba Shearer, Edith Huebotter, Faith Overstreet, Pauline Cohagan.

Head Torchbearers—Velma Patton, Velma Wells, Eva Tooley, Fern Winiette.

Slaves—Elsie Deutschmann, Alice Miller, Alice Wilson, Romaine Woods, Oliver C. Perry, H. E. Bolander.

Mourners—Mrs. Everett Meals, Della A. Wzrden, Leota Burton, Frances Rice, Ruby Webber, Mary Fidler, Jean Hanks, Curtis Taylor.

Widow's Family—Melvin Hudson, Mildred Hudson.

Boatmen—Marion Hill, Charles L. Starr, John Holman, Aubrey Jones, Roy Keller.

Slaves with masks—Bernice McCampbell, Juanita McAllister, Viola M. Lovett, Carmelita Barnes.

## II. PALESTINE

### PROPHECY

Hebrew Priest ..... Franklin L. Hales

### INTERLUDE

Miriam ..... Ruth Howerton

Hebrew Maidens—Fay McCutchen, Helen Markey, Hollis Agee, Eula Hull, Grace Brandt, Bessie Babbitt, Helen Wilson.

### EPISODE

Solomon ..... A. H. Juergensmeyer

Elders—Lutie Blake, Beulah Sherwood, Nellie Mudd, Pearl Diggs, Mary Alice Gentry, Ova Sever, Edith Bradley.

Heads of Tribes—Myrtle Foster, Dora Rulon, Letha Sutherfield, Annie Mudd, Alpha May Dudley, Bonny Helen Webber.

Priests—Ruth Brown, Florence Sublette, Asal Dalzell, Ethel Merrick, Orpha Bartlett, Pelle E. Logan, Mary Lois Smith, Nellie Adams.

Princes—W. Everett Meals, Earl H. Brown, C. G. Guthrey.

Pages—Julia Hanley, Hilda Seyb.

Heralds—Bessie Ford, Anna Collett.

Children—Blanche Spangler, Opal Draper, Lois Evans, Helen Fortney, Esther Teter.

### III. GREECE

#### PROPHECY

Greece.....Verden Bealmer  
Statue.....Clare Rhodes

#### INTERLUDE

Priestess.....Texie Ryle  
Navigation.....Ogile Poe  
Bride.....Velda Cochran

Bridesmaids—Virginia Howell, Helen Markey, Louise Derby, Fay McCutchen, Eula Hull, Elizabeth Ryle, Mary Matlick, Othelia Kirk, Eunice Walker, Julia Briggs, Hallie Van Beber, Inez Callison, Grace Brandt, Mildred Irish, Phyllis Bryson.

#### EPISODE

Democrat Leader.....Arthur Camden  
Pericles.....Claud Dye

Democrats—Zelma Wells, Lenore Powell, Elizabeth Grigsby, Gertrude Delaney, Myrtle Towles, Margaret L. Woods, Marie Carroll, Eunice Jones, Mary Musseter, Erma Artz, Jennie L. Atkins, Thelma Harrison, Ione Fields, Helen Johnston.

Aristocrats—Mollie Hayse, Flora Woodson, Georgie Tatum, Ethel Roseberry, Vesta Morris, Marie Gardner, Edna Nowell, Nola Walker, Eulah Estes, Fannie Henderson, Laverta Rhodes, Vinnie Montgomery, Grace Carman, Minnie Brott.

Torch bearers—Odie Maddox, Adah Epperson, Daisy Walker, Ruby A. Lantz, Retta Burkey.

Priestesses—Margaret Kirkland, Verna Fisher, Elsie Nagel, Ora V. Palmer.

Boatmen—David Wright, Worth Lawson, M. S. Vaughn,

Dancing Warriors—Richard De Witt, O. C. Corbin, Ben Craig, Lloyd Browne.

### IV. ROME

#### PROPHECY

Roma.....Letha Van Court  
Roman Jurist.....Ertle Gulick  
Roman Soldier.....Chester Purdy  
Roman Poet.....A. H. Hayes

## INTERLUDE

Megaera	Lois Ross
Androcles	Caskey Settle
The Lion	Inez Callison
Menagerie Keeper	Jens Madsen
Ferovius	W. L. Howard
General	Lee Quintal

Christians—R. Ford, Verna Phillips, Pauline Sturgeon.

Spectators—Ethelyn Simmons, Bernice Hughes, Esther L. Givens, Virginia W. Crump, Nancy Berry, Dottie Angell, Alice Waller, Lucy L. Comer, Myrtle Harter, Bessie Rardon, Dora Babbitt, Elizabeth Jones, Alma Hopper, Erska Fullington, Jennie James, Mabel Harlan, Josie Loughead, Helen Haines, Sallie McKenny, Francis Miley, Ruth Faulhaber, Nettie Barnes.

## EPISODE

Schoolmaster	C. P. Callison
First boy	Roscoe Baker
Second boy	Raphael Miller
Butcher	Guy F. House
Emperor	Dale DeWitt

Other boys—Easton Whitton, Kenneth Everhart, Lawrence Reynolds, Sam Everett.

Senate—Lorenia Oldham, Eldorado Samuel, Goldie Hulen, Corinne Littrell, Neva Copenhaver, Ethelyn Bratton, Edith R. Payne, Edna McMurtry, Grace Sever.

City Magistrates—Hazel Mathis, Thelma Pickens, Merle Myers, Hazel Willis, Ethel Kirk, Alice Overby.

Buglers—Letha Geoghegan, Lena Peterson.

Soldier bearing standard—Glen Novinger.

Soldiers with booty and cart—Hugh J. Gwyn.

Soldiers carrying treasure—Lucile Casper, Georgia Robb, Vesta Yambert, Esther Harrison, Theodocia Griffith, Grace Faust, Vesta Mikel, Bess H. Bolander, Lyda McCune.

Fettered Princes—Lillie Hollowell, Dorothy Seckler, Mrs. Etta Andrews.

Butcher—Guy F. House.

Priests—Doris Wickizer, Rena Hamilton.

## V. MEDIEVAL EUROPE

### PROPHECY

Sir Galahad	C. V. Ford
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### INTERLUDE

Robin Hood	Mabel Crump
Maid Marian	Vesta Dunn
King	Elsie Wood

Queen.....Gladys Main  
 Fool.....Ruby Sawyer  
 Morris Men—Elizabeth Zimmerman, Isabel Howell, Mary Fortney, Elizabeth Fair, Evelyn Crow, Agnes Woodin.  
 Wood Nymphs—Elizabeth Ryle, Helen Markey, Julia Briggs, Othelia Kirk, Velda Cochran, Mildred Irish, Hallie Van Beber, Fay McCutchen.  
 Spectators—Adah M. Grimes, Jewel Rhoades, Vera Bryson, Beulah Dunn, Dorothy L. Reedy, Irene Arndt, Olga Duncan, Maisie King.

### EPISODE

Green Knight.....Nadine Brroks  
 Red Knight.....John Arnold  
 Purple Knight.....Elsie McCollum  
 Red Squire.....Bertie Bledsoe  
 Purple Squire.....John Haferkamp  
 Green Squire.....Gladys Howey  
 First Herald.....Maurine Woodruff  
 Second Herald.....Harry Jarman  
 Third Herald.....Flossie Walker  
 Fourth Herald.....H. S. Berger  
 Prince John.....D. W. Whitaker  
 Sir Cedric.....Lloyd Graham  
 Lady Marie.....Mrs. Lloyd Graham  
 Knights—Leon Norman, Bryan Powell, Kenneth Newton, Ray Hutchison, Kenneth Jones, Orel D. Glaze, John Arnold, Oren Mackie, Stanley Hayden, C. E. Singley, Herschel Thomas, Reuben Eubank.

## VI. MODERN EUROPE

### REVERIE

Brittania.....Mrs. W. Grayes  
 Laborers—Carrie B. Wills, Sarah Gunnels, Ruby Durham, Anita Haskell, Martha Durand.  
 Spirit of Poetry.....Della Wells  
 Children—Robert Anderson, Donald Bentley, Willford Bray, Sam Cavett, Adelaide Cauby, Clifford Hoag.  
 Colonials—Matilda Rhoads, Zella Houson, Ida Dyer.  
 Marines—Martha Doss, Flora Page, Josephine Losey, Gertrude Toalson.  
 Germania.....Phradie Wells  
 Girl carrying musical instrument—Elizabeth Ratherford.  
 Scientists—Irene Moore, Evelyn Terrill.  
 Soldiers—Anna Packer, Lola White, Gertrude Grisso.  
 France.....Bertha Bowen  
 Literary Character.....Sarah Thomson  
 Composer.....Flora Hartson  
 Chemist.....Marie Hearn  
 Aviator.....Maud Hearn  
 Norway.....Belle Pollard  
 Sweden.....Belle Nowells

Denmark	Dora Gall
Russia	Gillie Barnard
Belgium	Cecile Thompson
Austria	Lucille Blakemore
Serbia	Faye Brookhart
Italy	Allie Faye Crane
Spain	Daisy Eggert
Switzerland	Helen Wilson
Bulgaria	Minnie Drawe
Turkey	Nora Drawe
Romania	Ida Graves
War	Leo Petree
Poverty	Ruby Caldwell
Crime	Ida Mae Hilton
Pestilence	Corine Guiles
Death	Lucile Vanpelt

## VII. AMERICA

### PROPHECY

Columbia	Hermia Cotter
Statue of Liberty	Rebecca Megown

### INTERLUDE—PART A

Leader	O. C. Perry
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Mayflower Passengers—Lucile Nickel, Ruth L. Bryan, Stella Cook, Crystal Petree, Adah Smythe, Rena Hiatt, Hugh Vail, Glen Ingram.

### INTERLUDE—PART B

Characters in Signing Declaration of Independence—Arlys Wells, Lloyd Adams, W. L. Barnard, Jr., Vincil Cundiff, Jack Ewing, Kendrick Farrington, Joe Bigsby, Homer Violette, Clayton Cavett, Clarence Kenner, Frank Gray, Frances Curry, Zelma Dobbins, Altha Mackey, Grace Detty, Pola Cnudde, Violet Harmon, Juanita May, Perley Dowis, Ronald Miller, Edith Thieval, Lois Evans.

### EPISODE

Burgenstein	J. C. Williams
Smith	P. A. Delaney
Health Expert	Mary Agnes Brown
Agriculture Expert	Elsie Robinson

Reservists—Cecil Clark, S. E. Flinchpaugh.

Spectators—Susie Robertson, Mary Boggess, Mabel Boggess, Pearl Lockett, Bessie Babbitt, Ruth Reynolds, Bessie Davidson, Anne Berger, Bertha Cummins, Eula F. Kautz, Laurie Smith, Ruth Smith, Mabel Cole, Helen Heald, Gladys Dearing, Ianthe Cohagen, Nettie Dutton, Madge D. Hopewell, Ella Shearer, Mary Johnson, Frank May, Cloy Herschell, James Wright, Catherine Bundy, Elizabeth Bundy, Elizabeth Zeigel, Pearl Chambers, Robert McVay, John Eggert, Mike Ryan, Frances Fuller, James Walker, Gordon Rogers, August Stivers, Vance Clude, Margaret Ander-

son, Harold Williams, Virgil Harris, Henry Runkle, Joe Hyde, Margaret Biggerstaff, May Lewis, Ida B. Barnard, Susie Bentley, Fred Danbresse, Virginia Tarrant, Mary Kinner, Jack Putney, Rufus Putney, Isabelle Rich, Lelia Richeson, Millard Shryack, Joseph Little, Joseph Thieval, Ora Little, Leota Wells, Minerva Stivers, Mamie Detly, Frank Bigsby, Viola Stivers.

#### DANCERS

HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE—Marvel Ames, Susie Betson, Marie Carroll, Gladys Eagle, Frances Flowers, Esther Given, Arletta Hardister, Ruth Howerton, Marie Lewis, Flora Page, Edith Payne, Nina Pearson, Beulah Sherwood, Lois Smith, Maurine Sparks, Sarah Thomas, Marie Van Dolah, Marie Wellborn.

DUTCH DANCE—Lena Murphy, Alice Woods, Ruth Music, Lulu Williams, Winnie Wright, Nabby Hilt, Eunice Walker, Kathryn Brown.

JAPANESE DRILL—Louise Howell, Esther Glynn, Myrtle Danbresse, Edith Thieval, Vernal Barnard, Ina Benton Barnard, Edna Foster Marguerite Zeigel, Louise Biggerstaff, Sulla Hudson, Christine Cavett, Rachel Violette, Ruth Derry, Ruth Gardner, Henrietta May, Juanita May.

SWEDISH WEAVING DANCE—Nancy Berry, Winona Capps, Lucille Duncan, Grace Carman, Gertrude Thale, Elvesa Hilbert, Jewel Barnes, Jessie Rogers, Mabel Rinehart, Marcia Townsend, Gladys Morgan, Gussie Sale, Hallie Van Beber, Thelma Gullick, Mary Murdock, Vallie Lancaster, Oma Husted, Jennie Williams, Viola Lovett, Elsie Cinnamon, Olive Mudra, Sadie Robertson, Floy Downing, Ruby Yowell.

RUSSIAN COSSACKS—O. C. Corbin, Richard De Witt, Lloyd Brown, Ben Craig.

TARANTELLA—Julia Briggs, Grace Smoot, Mary Matlick, Grace Brandt, Phyllis Bryson, Louise Derby, Elizabeth Ryle, Jean Hanks, Othelia Kirk, Inez Callison, Helen Markey, Velda Cochran, Mildred Irish, Elizabeth Brandt, Virginia Howell, Eula Hull.

# Pageant of the Nations

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## INTRODUCTION

The great stage is in total darkness, symbolic of primal chaos. The orchestra plays fitfully the almost formless, half-discordant introduction to Hayden's "Creation." As the music begins to assume character, and the scarcely recognizable, yet insistent, melody begins to conquer the resisting dissonance, there begins to appear on a vast screen at the right, viewed dimly as thru a nebulous haze, a giant sphere—the regal planet earth. As the melody further masters its opponent and somewhat dominates the composition, the picture brightens apace. A powerful chorus, with voices vibrant with the strength of man, the purity of woman and the eternal youth of angels, takes up the low, full lines:

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;

And God said, "Let there be Light;"

And—there—was——LIGHT!!

And with the mighty burst of harmonious joy from choir and instrument that voices the crashing, brilliant major chord on the word "Light," the great earth glows in the full strength of new-created, unsullied glory.

Simultaneous with the new-born earth, there appears high in heaven and far to the back and right the best-loved of constellations, The Great Dipper, who shall thru all the ages be the faithful watcher over this newest planet. He speaks in solemn, sonorous tones the first stanza of the prolog. There is a swift passage of music, like the flight of doves, and high at the left and rear gleam the Pleiades, who as one voice reply with the second stanza. These eternal guardians continue thus until the prolog is done, and disappear, to reappear again whenever a "prophecy" is represented, and to speak again themselves, in the epilog, offering prophecy and benediction.

## PROLOG

BY

IRVING HESS

### The Dipper

Proud Egypt's power shall pass away;  
Her pomp shall fly on Time's swift wings;  
Her pyramids, crumbled in decay,  
Shall perish with her mummy kings;  
Her sphinx shall turn to silent dust;  
The silvery Nile shall cease to flow;  
Great Karnak's temple mould in rust—  
And the stately ages on shall go.

### The Pleiades

The tribes of Israel yet shall reach  
To paths that men have never trod;  
Their mission here shall be to teach  
The world that there is but one God.  
And brilliant Greece shall rise and fall;  
For art and literature her name  
Shall shine above the nations all  
Bright on the deathless scroll of fame.

### The Dipper

With Time's vast curtains drawn aside,  
Far hidden in a future age,  
Rome's steel-clad hosts shall write with pride  
Her name on History's golden page.  
Then come the Middle Ages grand,  
The centuries when the church holds power;  
Tall frowning castles fill the land;  
The age when knighthood is in flower.

### The Pleiades

The states of Modern Europe crowned  
For literature and art sublime  
Their culture proud, their science renowned,  
Shall live far down the eons of time.  
But see, the stars and stripes unfold!  
A part of God's eternal plan;  
Earth's races there shall meet and mould  
The great democracy of man.

# I. EGYPT

## PROPHECY

ALL PROPHECIES BY OLIVER C. PERRY

(The Scene of All Prophecies is a Small Stage to the Right of the Main Stage.)

In the foreground stands an altar, massive, rough-hewn from great blocks of porphyry. The sacrificial fire burns upon the altar, sending up a thin film of smoke.

There is a shining circular path upon the stage, with a small segment cut off by the left wing of stage to provide an exit without breaking the circle or leaving the path. In the background upon a dais stands Civilization. She is draped in flowing robes of pure white and holds aloft a torch, which sheds a clear light upon the stage.

At the segment of the circular path, Time, a hoary-bearded old man, stooped and carrying a scythe, enters leading Egypt, a stately woman whose raven hair falls in rich profusion over shapely shoulders glittering with many gems. Her eyes burn dark and luminous beneath silken lashes which almost touch the smooth-skinned, dark cheeks. They move slowly along the circular path until they reach Civilization in the background. Egypt stretches out her arms toward the screen at the rear and the pyramids appear, solitary in their massive grandeur, suggestive of a nation's dreams of power. A little apart from the pyramids sits the sphinx, veiled in mystery—symbol of the unfathomable spirit of Egypt's philosophy and life. In the background, like a silver veil—the coffer of the inexhaustible wealth of an ancient civilization, flows the Nile.

Egypt presents these, her contribution to the world's civilization, and stands by Civilization's side.

## EPISODE

### THE FUNERAL OF PSAROU, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THEBES

BY

JO WALKER HUMPHREY, WITH ADDITIONS BY LOIS ROSS AND SALLIE MCKEMY

(All the Episodes Are Presented on the Great Central Stage.)

HISTORICAL NOTE.—A remarkable belief in life after death was characteristic of all classes of the population of Egypt from the Old Kingdom until long after the country ceased to be an independent political power. Upon the death of a person, his Ka or soul passed across a spiritual Nile to the Judgment Hall of Osiris, where he was examined before entering the future life. The land of the departed was in the direction of the setting sun, and to facilitate access to the body for the Ka, tombs were situated in the land west of the Nile. A happy life after death for the soul was conceived to be entirely dependent upon the ability of the Ka to reach the body which until recently it had inhabited. This in turn made very important the preservation of the body to as remote a time as possible. In consequence, great attention was paid to the preservation of the actual body, first thru mummification, and second thru providing as secure a receptacle as possible, so that no external destruction could threaten the body. In this tomb were placed along side the casket a quantity of food for the Ka, various precious stones, clothing, implements of industry or the chase which might be useful in the land of the Hereafter. The funeral picture in this Pageant is simply a typical one of a high official in the days of the Empire.

STAGE SETTING.—A street scene in Thebes, showing venders of sacrificial offerings. One has jars of colored water, vials of perfume, flagons for the libations. Another has funeral figurines, and another flowers, fruits and cakes. A fourth has cases or chests for sale, some painted in red and white squares, some the color of gold. They have their wares on mats on the ground or on low tables. Some of the venders are squatting beside their mats, others are standing close beside them. Pedestrians are strolling past, stopping to chat about the wonderful magnificence of the funeral of Pharaoh's favorite, Psarou, governor-general of the province.

**First Vender.**—The funeral of Psarou, the Good, is today.

**Passerby.**—Yes, and it will surpass in magnificence any this generation has seen. Didst know that Pharaoh (may he enjoy life, health and strength) is bearing all the expense of the funeral; in token of his appreciation of the services of Psarou? It will be many a year before he has another governor of the worth of this one. What purchased the family of you?

**First Vender.**—Here are the flagons that seemed pleasing to them. They paid fifty outnou of gold for each of them. Hast thou seen these gold caskets? Twelve like unto these they purchased, at one thousand outnou apiece. Fifty of the figurines found favor with them. The food stuff they bought would feed half of Thebes.

**Second Vender.**—The jewels, too, were magnificent. Collars of hammered gold, strand after strand of amber, and rings with precious stones.

**Third Vender.**—Never have we sold so many arm chairs, and stools, tables and perfume chests. And if he spend all his time in pleasure alone, he cannot exhaust the articles of amusement, chariots and games, weapons for hunting, and his well chosen library.

**Second Passerby.**—There will be wealth enough in his tomb, just a few feet under ground, to buy every man in Thebes enough corn for his whole life.

**First Vender.**—Yes, but the watchmen, six in number, are from his own household, and they cared much for him. Even the thieves here had regard for him.

**Second Passerby.**—Yes, yes, he is safe from thieves. He fed too many of them when they were distressed. Look at the corn he has caused to be distributed, and the houses for the poor he has built! He furnished a warm shelter for all who were cold in Thebes. Peace to Psarou! May he have in his eternal home all he enjoyed on earth. Hark! I hear the lamentations. See, they are coming. Peace, peace to Psarou!

The venders and pedestrians peer towards the east, in the direction of the approaching procession, crying, "Peace to Psarou! Psarou the Good is dead!" etc. As the first detachment pauses in front of them, the venders fade away out of sight behind, taking their places in the third detachment, with their chests, flagons, etc.

Lamentations and wailing, with only the words "To the West" distinguishable, are heard before the procession comes in sight from the east, along the driveway. A pier has been built at edge of lake, at center front. The procession stops close to that point. With two torchbearers in the lead, the first detachment enters. It contains a group of slaves, bearing offerings, all offerings being in the nature of foodstuffs. The first six carry cakes, flowers, jars of water, bottles of liqueur, and vials of perfume. One holds birds, three in number, upon a light table, about the size of a footstool. Another

leads a calf for sacrifice; six carry painted boxes, made like small cupboards, which are supposed to contain food. Two bear between them a low table, upon which are heaped pots of fruit and branches of palms. This detachment closes with torchbearers, and immediately after them is a very noisy group of hired mourners. These mourners cry aloud their lamentations, tear their hair, and unceasingly portray the deepest despair. Several of them cry in concert, "To the West, the dwelling of Osiris; to the West, thou who wert the best of men, who always detested duplicity!" and another section answers in concert, "Oh, chief, as thou goest to the West, the gods themselves lament, as thou goest to the West!"

After a very short interval, perhaps twenty feet, the second detachment follows the first. It too is preceded by torch bearers. This group carries the chests of linen, folding stools, arm chairs, a state bed. Two slaves bend beneath the weight of a chariot, with its yoke and quiver. An equerry leads another chariot, drawn by a pair of horses. This group is followed by another noisy group of mourners, who cry, "To the West", etc. Their laments are not remarkable for originality of thought or feeling. "To the West" is the foundation of them all, and the same things were said over the poor old mummies, generation after generation.

The third detachment is more numerous than the other two put together. First flagons for the libations, then a case, painted in red and white checks, intended to hold the Canoptic jars; the jars themselves, four in number, borne by slaves.

Following these four slaves are others with huge masks of gilded cardboard, with some blue markings, each held aloft on a square tray. Other slaves carry weapons, sceptres, batons of command, collars, figurines, a human-headed hawk, etc. This group is followed by a slave, who throws a few drops of milk on the ground, as if to allay the dust; after him a master of ceremonies, who wears a panther's skin over one shoulder, and sprinkles the ground with scented water with a large golden spoon. Then follows the catafalque, shaped like a boat, and mounted upon a sledge, drawn by a team of oxen. This is the funeral bark, the bark of Osiris, with its two mourners, dressed like Isis and Nephthys, who stand at each end of the cabin, which is closed, hiding its contents, the mummy of Psarou, from view. The widow and her children walk anywhere, in front or behind or at the sides of the funeral bark. Then follow friends of the family, canes in hand, dressed in long festival cloaks; and lastly, crowds of sight-seers.

At the bank of the Nile the bearers of offerings, friends and slaves crowd into boats, each standing with his face to the funeral bark. Each boat should be flat with raised platform in center, which is draped with striped cloth in embroidered stuff or cut leather. The friends and hired mourners are on a platform, with slaves who row on the lower part of the boat. The first boats have the funeral boat in tow. The funeral bark itself is light and long, decorated at each end with a lotus flower in metal and with lights both on board and under water. A chapel stands in the center, adorned with flowers and green palms. Khait, the widow, and her children crouch lamenting at the sides of the cabin or chapel; the two goddesses at each end. The master of ceremonies places himself in front, and burns grains of incense. This bark is towed by the mourners' boat. The music is a unison chant, accompanied by harp, but it can be heard only in infrequent intervals of silence in the lamentations of mourners.

As the funeral boat moves off, the crowd left on the bank salute the departed Psarou, with their good wishes, "Mayst thou land in peace to the west of Thebes! In peace, in peace, towards Abydos! Descend in peace towards Abydos, towards the western sea!"

The dead man's particular friends are most frequently heard and are most sorrowful. (These are the ones in long cloaks who carry canes.) They say, "To the West, to the West—the land of the righteous! The place which thou hast loved, mourns and laments!" The hired mourners respond, "In peace, in peace, to the West, oh praiseworthy prince, go in peace! If it please God, when the eternal day cometh, we shall see thee again, for thou goest to the land where all men are equal!"

**Khait.**—(The widow, carried away by her grief) Oh my husband! oh my brother oh my beloved! stay, live in thy place; do not leave this terrestrial spot where thou art! Oh, sailors, do not hurry, leave him! you will return to your homes, but he is going to the eternal land! Oh! bark of Osiris, why art thou come to take him from me, that he should now abandon me?

Those on the bank kneel and with upraised arms cry, "Psarou, the Good, is dead! He that was our father, who gave us corn when we were hungry, is no more! He was the helper of the distressed. He furnished a warm shelter for all who were cold in Thebes! He was the head of the afflicted, and never failed the people of our land!"

The outcry at the embarking closes the episode.

## II. PALESTINE

### PROPHECY

Time reappears, leading a Hebrew priest with high, furrowed brow and snowy beard, wearing the phylactery upon his forehead and left arm. His richly bordered garments sweep the ground. Upon his breast blaze the Urim and Thummin. The priest carried in his hand a parchment scroll displaying Hebrew characters with the Hebrew word Javeh—Jehovah—in large characters of gold. This scroll is delivered to Civilization, who clasps her hands and bows her head. It is Judah's gift to Civilization—monotheistic religion. Time completes his cycle and the priest stands in the group with Civilization.

### INTERLUDE

#### SONG OF MIRIAM

BY

GRACE SMOOT

(All Interludes Take Place on a Small Stage to the Left of the Central Stage.)

Miriam and a crowd of Hebrew maidens are grouped on the shore of the Red Sea. Miriam takes a timbrel in her hand. Likewise all the other maidens take timbrels in their hands and follow Miriam, dancing.

**Miriam.**—Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

The maidens continue the dance, with Miriam in the center, leading in the singing.

#### SONG

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;  
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.  
The Lord is my strength and song,  
And he is become my salvation.  
This is my God and I will praise him;  
My father's God, and I will exalt him.

The Lord is a Man of War;  
The Lord is his name.

Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea;  
And his chosen captains are sunk into the Red Sea.

The deep covers them:  
They went down into the depths like a slave.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods,  
Who is like thee, glorious in holiness,  
Peaceful in praises, doing wonders?  
The earth swallowed them.

Thou in Thy mercy hast led the people which Thou hast redeemed;  
Thou hast guided them in thy strength to Thy holy habitation.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance,  
The place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in,  
The sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.  
The Lord shall reign forever and ever.

## EPISODE

### DEDICATION OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

BY

MYRA WRIGHT, WITH ADDITIONS BY EUNICE WALKER

**HISTORICAL NOTE.**—For some time after the children of Israel had possession of the Promised Land the center of the worship of Jehovah was not fixed precisely. God might be worshipped wherever the Tabernacle was located. The experience of Saul, however, persuaded David of the advisability of securing the capital as the religious center of the Kingdom. Thus the crown would be supported by the clergy, and of course the crown would be one of the greatest supports of a State Church. As Jerusalem was the place best suited for defense, it would make the best capital for the State, and David was consequently very anxious to build at Jerusalem a temple to the God of Israel, or to “bring the Lord to Zion”, where in future worship would be most acceptable. The work of construction was actually accomplished by David's son, Solomon, who brought for the purpose gold from Spain, ivory from Nubia, cedars from Lebanon, and workmen from Tyre and Zidon. The dedication was one of the most impressive events of Solomon's reign, and Mount Zion from this time was regarded as the center of worship by the Hebrews.

**STAGE SETTING.**—Porch of Solomon's Temple. One large square pillar of dazzling whiteness at right of stage, and one at left of stage. A small beam connects the tops of the pillars. At the front of the stage a little to the right of the middle is the altar of stones upon which the incense is burned. A few feet back of the altar is a scaffold of brass.

The elders of Israel, all the heads of the tribes, the princes of Israel, the priests, slaves, and a congregation of Israelites have assembled unto King Solomon.

The high priest wears long gray beard and long flowing white robes, with golden belt. A long white shawl, with Hebrew letters in gold, is worn around the shoulders. On the head is a white pointed cap, and a phylactery is strapped upon the forehead. Sandals are worn upon the feet. The other priests wear robes, some of purple, and some of gray. They, too, have golden belts and sandals. The heads of the tribes and the congregation wear long flowing robes of rich colors. King Solomon wears a robe of purple richly embroidered in gold. The slaves wear gaudy colors. The pages are clad in white tights, with blue draperies trimmed in silver over the shoulder. The heralds are clad likewise, using red and white. Maidens are robed in filmy white robes, and are bearing garlands of flowers.

The altar boys are in black and white surplices.

While the orchestra plays “The Priests March” from Athalia, the priests are seen coming along a road strewn with flowers. They enter the porch, bringing the ark of the covenant, and place it under the wings of the cherub. The men, elders, and priests lift up their voices with trumpets, cymbals, and instruments of music and praise the Lord, saying, “For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.”

The priests come out in front of the porch, the men and elders remaining inside the porch. A thick cloud covers the stage.

**Solomon.**—The Lord hath said that he would dwell in the thick darkness. I have surely built thee an house of habitation, a place for thee to dwell in forever.

Turning about he blesses all the congregation of Israel. All the congregation stand.

**Solomon.**—Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel, which spake with his mouth unto David, my father, and hath with his hand fulfilled it. Now it was in the heart of David my father to build an house for the name of the Lord, the God of Israel. But the Lord said unto David my father, “Whereas it was in thine heart to build an house for my name, thou didst well that it was in thine heart: nevertheless, thou shalt not build the house; but thy son that shall come forth out of thy loins, he shall build the house for my name.” And the Lord hath established his word that he spake; for I am risen up in the room of David my father, and sit on the throne of Israel, as the Lord promised, and have built the house for the name of the Lord, the God of Israel. And there have I set a place for the ark, wherein is the covenant of the Lord, which he made with our fathers, when he brought them out of the land of Egypt.

Kneeling down upon the scaffold, he spreads his hands toward heaven and prays.

**Solomon.**—Lord, the God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath; who hast kept with thy servant David my father that which thou didst promise him. Now, therefore, O Lord, the God of Israel, keep with thy servant David my father that which thou hast promised him, saying, “There shall not fail thee a man in my sight to sit on the throne of Israel; if only thy children take heed to their way, to walk before me as thou hast walked before me.” But will God in very deed dwell on the earth? behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded! Yet hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place: yea, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place; and when thou hearest, forgive. When thy people Israel be smitten down before the enemy, because they have sinned against thee, if they turn again to thee, and pray, and make supplication unto thee, then hear thou in heaven, and forgive the sin of thy people Israel; for they be thy people, and thine inheritance, which thou broughtest forth out of Egypt, from the midst of the furnace of iron; hearken unto them whensoever they cry unto thee. For thou didst separate them from among all the peoples of the earth, to be thine inheritance, as thou spakest by the hand of Moses thy servant, when thou broughtest our fathers out of Egypt, O Lord God.

Amid clouds of incense and the smoke of burning sacrifice the children of Israel bow down and put their faces to the ground, worship and give thanks to the Lord saying “For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.”

Solomon arises, and blesses the congregation of Israel with a loud voice:

**Solomon.**—Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto his people Israel, according to all that he promised. The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us, nor forsake us. And let these my words, wherewith I have made supplication before the Lord, be nigh unto the Lord our God, day and night; that he maintain the cause of his people Israel: that all the peoples of the earth may know that the Lord, he is God; there is none else. Let your heart therefore be perfect with the Lord our God, to keep his commandments, as at this day.

The priests sound their trumpets and all Israel stands. The King and the people offer sacrifices while a sacred dance is being given. At the close of the dance slaves come in bringing great platters of food. A sumptuous feast is held.

Music for the feast from Mehul's opera, “Joseph.” After the feast, songs of rejoicing—traditional Hebrew music sung in Hebrew. The people go off the stage rejoicing.

### III. GREECE

#### PROPHECY

Time again appears, leading Greece, draped in classic garments, with flowing hair and wearing no adornments save a chaplet of laurel leaves upon her head. In simple, graceful movement Greece dances across stage to the accompaniment of a harp played off stage and pulls a tasseled cord which raises a curtain in graceful folds revealing a living statue of Apollo. Greece offers to Civilization the precious heritage of art and mythology. While Time completes his cycle, Greece resumes the dance and takes her place in Civilization's group.

#### INTERLUDE

##### THE DELPHIC ORACLE

BY

LOIS ROSS, JESSIE ROGERS AND MABEL RINEHART

The rocky, barren side of a mountain rises at the back of the stage. Near the center is a deep fissure in the rocks, from which arise stupefying vapors. The Priestess of Apollo is seated upon a tripod over the orifice. A Priest and attendants at the right of a stage bow before the Oracle in prayer. The figure of Navigation enters and speaks.—“O Noble One! O God Apollo! Wilt thou protect all people who shall sail upon the seas within this year?”

As Navigation finishes talking, the priestess seated upon the tripod slowly and solemnly repeats what Navigation has said. As the priestess repeats this, the vapors rising out of rocks are becoming denser and denser. She becomes overpowered by vapors. Just before she is overpowered, she delivers the message of Apollo.

**Apollo.**—You shall have the same protection as the birds which flit upon the sea. (A bride and bridesmaids come on the stage from the left in a bright, joyous, spirited dance. At the close of this dance, the bride approaches the oracles.)

**Bride.**—O most high God Apollo, I and my bridesmaids come to ask of thee if my future will happy be, and if my marriage may by thee be blest.

(The priestess is overpowered by the vapors. She utters the message of the Gods, which the Priest now tells to the bride.)

**Apollo.**—Thy future, my child, will be as a lake upon which the sun shines. (The bride and bridesmaids begin a slow dance and retire from stage.)

#### EPISODE

##### ATHENIAN ASSEMBLY AND PANATHENAIC PROCESSION

BY

IRVING HESS AND GRACE SMOOT, WITH ADDITIONS BY LOIS ROSS

**HISTORICAL NOTE.**—There were two types of government in Greek cities, the aristocratic, and democratic. In both types the government was organized into an executive board, a senate, and an assembly. The only difference between the two was that in the aristocratic governments the real power lay in the senate, composed of a select few representing the prominent families, who supervised closely and inter-

ferred constantly with the executive officers of the state; while in the democratic governments the power lay in the assembly of all male citizens. Any person of ability who could sway the assembly was quite likely to be constantly re-elected to office, and could thus dominate the political life of the city for a long time.

It is for this reason that we speak of the "Age of Pericles" in Athens. Pericles, a champion of the rights of the common people against the aristocracy, gave all the people opportunity to have the same rights in the government of the State. He was therefore the idol of the mass of Athenians but the pet aversion of the aristocratic party. The scene pictured in the Pageant is of a meeting of the Athenian Assembly, before which, as the head of the government, Pericles delivers an address.

There were several religious festivals of great renown in Greece. Among these were the Olympic Games held every four years in honor of Apollo at Olympia, the Isthmian, the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Pan-Athenaic held in honor of Athena and celebrated at Athens. At these games prizes were awarded for athletic prowess, for the best poems, the best dramas, and other things. These festivals were occasion of great popular rejoicing, and brought competitors from all parts of the world where Greeks lived. A notable feature of these festivals was the procession of all contestants at the opening of the celebration, and the one pictured below is simply typical of the Pan-Athenaic Festival.

**STAGE SETTING.**—The large columns to the left and rear represent the front of the Parthenon. At the right and front is the meeting-place of the Athenian Assembly.

The Athenian Assembly files in and takes seats on the ground or other convenient place. To the right of an elevation upon which the speaker stands is half of the assembly, composed of the aristocrats or conservatives who believe in the policies of Cimon, who has been ostracized a few years previously. They are distinguished from the democrats by the purple which they wear on their robes. The democrats are dressed in the plain white robes of the Athenian. They are the followers of Pericles. They take a position to the left of the elevation. The two groups seat themselves sidewise to the audience. Many of the leaders of both groups are standing. Many are armed with spears and other warlike implements. The two groups are hostile toward each other, and show this by their general demeanor.

**Herald.**—(He rushes in very excited and breathless.) Pericles is coming, Pericles is coming. Behold ye all, the greatness of Athens' ruler.

**Aristocrats.**—Oh, if we could only have our beloved Cimon come back from his lonely exile.

**Democrats.**—(In loud chorus) All hail Pericles, the greatest statesman Athens ever saw. All hail Pericles!

A blare of trumpets is heard. Loud shouting and cheering and laughing as of a mighty multitude. Pericles with his body guard of soldiers enters. He sits down in a large chair, after being greeted by applause on the part of the democrats. An aristocrat steps forward in front of the assembly and makes a motion that Pericles be ostracized. The motion is seconded. A vote is taken, and the vote is in favor of retaining Pericles. Pericles shows great disgust toward this move.

**Democrat Leader.**—(He steps forward, faces the assembly.) Men of Greece, the proud and glorious policy of Athens shall triumph. The profound hate of all should settle upon these aristocrats who have tried to banish Pericles. His elegy in honor of the Athenian dead who have perished in these the first two years of the Pelo-

ponnesian War will be all the more welcomed. Let us hear the great statesman and orator defend himself and Greece.

Applause as Pericles rises to speak. He motions for silence.

**Pericles.**—Men of Athens, we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil. We have our regular games and sacrifices thruout the year: at home, the style of our life is refined, and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city, the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so we can enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as our own. (Aristocrats shout, "But not from Sparta.") And in the matter of education, whereas our adversaries from youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease (Applause from democrats) and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. (Objection from aristocrats) If, then, we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit, are we not greatly the gainers? (Democrats shout, "Yes;" aristocrats, "No.").

We are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without the loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace. The true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenican citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household, and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as harmless, but as a useless character.

In the hour of trial Athens alone is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains from such a city: no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of future ages. For we have compelled every land and sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. (Demonstration from Aristocrats; cheers from democrats)

To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace.

I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with a love of her (Applause from democrats), and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, and who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them.

For the whole earth is a sepulcher of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. (Democrats applaud, as the soldiers escort Pericles from the council meeting).

Music is heard in the distance. Eight torch-bearers enter from right, and take their places on each side of the temple entrance. These are dressed in purple tunics. Next four priests and four priestesses enter, dressed in long raiment and Oriental turbans. As they approach they raise their arms in prayer, remaining thus for a few seconds, and then pass to left and right of torch-bearers.

A regatta of decorated boats is seen coming in on the left. They row to the right of stage and disembark. These people fall in at the end of the procession.

The music grows louder. A group of maidens enter dressed in white robes with colored borders. These dance, then find places at one.

The music changes to a war dance. A group of young men enter, dressed as warriors, wearing helmets and bearing swords and shields. They dance the pantomimic war dance, clanging their shields and swords at intervals.

Other groups of men and women enter, each group bearing its own offering of fruit, jars of perfume, jars of wine, etc.

Last comes a dancing group of maidens dressed in white flowing tunics, and wearing wreaths of ivy on their heads. These bring a saffron-colored robe, which, at the end of the dance, they carry into the temple.

All follow them through the temple entrance.

## IV. ROME

### PROPHECY

Time enters escorting Roma, who brings a group of three, consisting of a tall, stately jurist, in Roman toga, bearing a code of laws; a poet, with downcast eyes and pensive mien, walking apart from the others; and a Roman soldier, erect, proud, bearing the eagle of the Imperial City on his crest. These are the representatives of Rome's bequest and they find places in the group.

### INTERLUDE

#### ANDROCLES AND THE LION

ADAPTED BY JO WALKER HUMPHREY AND EUNICE WALKER FROM PLAY OF THIS NAME BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1914.

(The location of this interlude is a violation of chronology, in that the period in which triumphal processions were common preceded, rather than followed, the period when Christians were persecuted. The present arrangement is used to preserve the symmetry of the Pageant; that is, to make the Roman division like the others in structure.)

Characters are Androcles, a small, skinny Greek tailor; his wife, Megeara, a pampered, handsome slattern; the lion, who roars and growls, and dances; a Roman General, fat; the Menagerie Keeper, who has only two speeches.

**Megeara.**—(Suddenly throwing down her stick) I won't go another step.

**Androcles.**—(Pleading wearily.) Oh, not again dear. What's the good of stopping every two miles and saying you won't go another step? We must get on to the next village before night. There are wild beasts in this wood; lions, they say.

**Megeara.**—I don't believe a word of it. You are always threatening me with wild beasts to make me walk the very soul out of my body when I can hardly drag one foot before another. We haven't seen a single lion yet.

**Androcles.**—Well, dear, do you want to see one?

**Megeara.**—(Tearing the bundle from his back) You beast, you don't care how tired I am, or what becomes of me (she throws the bundle on the ground); always thinking of yourself. Self! Self! Self! Always yourself! (She sits down on the bundle).

**Androcles.**—(Sitting down sadly on the ground with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.) We all of us have to think of ourselves occasionally, dear.

**Megeara.**—A man ought to think of his wife sometimes.

**Androcles.**—He can't always help it, dear. You make me think of you a great deal. Not that I blame you.

**Megeara.**—Blame me! I should think not, indeed! Is it my fault that I'm married to you?

**Androcles.**—No, dear, that is my fault.

**Megeara.**—That's not a nice thing to say to me. Just because I look a big, strong woman, and because I'm good-hearted and a bit hasty, and because you're

always driving me to do things I'm sorry for afterwards, people say, "Poor man! What a life his wife leads him!" Oh, if they only knew! And you think I don't know. But I do, I do, (screaming) I do!

**Androcles.**—Yes, my dear, I know you do.

**Megara.**—What I can't stand is your being addicted to Christianity. And what's worse again, your being addicted to animals. How is any woman going to keep her house clean when you bring in every stray cat and lost cur and lame duck in the whole countryside? You took the bread out of my mouth to feed them; you know you did; don't attempt to deny it!

**Androcles.**—Only when they were hungry and you were getting too stout, dearie.

**Megara.**—Yes, insult me, do. (Rising) Oh, I won't bear it another moment. You used to sit and talk to those dumb beasts for hours, when you hadn't a word for me.

**Androcles.**—THEY never answered back, darling. (He rises and again shoulders the bundle.)

**Megara.**—Well, if you are fonder of animals than of your own wife, you can live with them here in the jungle. I've had enough of them and enough of you. I'm going back. I'm going home.

**Androcles.**—(Barring the way back). No, dearie, don't take on like that. We can't go back. We've sold everything. We should starve; and I should be sent to Rome and thrown to the lions—

**Megara.**—Serve you right; I wish the lions joy of you. (Screaming) Are you going to get out of my way and let me go home?

**Androcles.**—No, dear.

**Megara.**—Then I shall make my way thru the forest; and when I'm eaten by the wild beasts, you'll know what a wife you've lost. (She dashes into the forest and nearly falls over the sleeping lion). Oh! Oh! Andy! Andy! (She totters back and collapses into the arms of Androcles who crushed by her weight falls on his bundle.)

**Androcles.**—(Extracting himself from beneath her and slapping her hands in great anxiety.) What is it, my precious pet? What's the matter? (He raises her head. Speechless with terror she points in the direction of the sleeping lion. He steals cautiously forward to the spot indicated by Megara. She rises with an effort and totters after him.)

**Megara.**—No, Andy. You'll be killed. Come back.

(The lion utters a long, snoring sigh. Androcles sees the lion and recoils fainting into the arms of Megara, who falls back on the bundle. The lion is heard groaning heavily in the jungle.)

**Androcles.**—(Whispering) Did you see a lion?

**Megara.**—(Dispairing) The gods have sent him to punish us because you are a Christian. Take me away, Andy. Save me.

**Androcles.**—Meggy, there's one chance for you. It'll take him pretty nigh twenty minutes to eat me (I'm rather stringy and tough), and you can escape in less time than that.

**Megeara.**—Oh, don't talk about eating. (The lion rises with a great groans and limps toward them) Oh! (She faints.)

**Androcles.**—(Quaking, but keeping between the lion and Megeara.) Don't you come near my wife, do you hear? (The lion groans. Androcles can hardly stand for trembling.) Meggy run! Run for your life! If I take my eye off him it's all up. (The lion holds up his wounded paw and flaps it piteously before him.) Oh he's lame, poor chap. He's got a thorn in his paw. A frightfully big thorn. (Full of sympathy) Oh poor old man. Did um's get an awful thorn in um's tootsom wootsomes? Has it made um too sick to eat a nice little Christian man for um's breakfast? Oh a nice little Christian man will get um's thorn out for um, and then um shall eat the nice little Christian man and the nice little Christian's man's nice tender big wifey pifey. (The lion responds by moans of self pity.) Yes, yes, yes, yes, now um is not to bite or to scratch not even if it hurts a very, very little. Now make velvet paws. That's right. (He pulls the thorn gingerly. The lion with an angry yell of pain, jerks his paw so abruptly that Androcles is thrown on his back) Steadee! Oh! Did the nasty cruel little Christian man hurt the sore paw? (The lion nods assentingly but apologetically.) Well, one little pull and it will be all over. Just one leetle pull and then um will live happy ever after. (He gives the thorn another pull. The lion roars and snaps his jaws terrifyingly.) Oh, mustn't frighten um's good kind doctor, um's affectionate nursy. That didn't hurt at all; not a bit. Just one more. Just to show how the big brave lion can bear pain, not like the little cry baby Christian man. Oopsh! (The thorn comes out. The lion yells with pain, and shakes his paw wildly.) That's it! (Holding up the thorn) Now lick um's paw to take away the nasty inflammation. See? (He licks his own hand. The lion nods intelligently and licks his paw industriously.) Clever little liony piony! Understands his Andy Wandy. (The lion licks his face.) Yes, kissums um's Andy Wandy. (The lion wags his tail violently, rises on his hind legs and embraces Androcles who makes a wry face and cries.) Velvet paws! velvet paws! (The lion draws in his claws.) That's right. (He embraces the lion, who finally takes his tail in one paw and places that tight around Androcles' waist, resting it on his hip. Androcles takes the other paw in his hand and the two waltz rapturously around and off into the jungle, followed by the amazed Megeara, who revives in time to see the strange spectacle.

## ANDROCLES AND THE LION—SECOND SCENE

Arena in Antioch, with box of General in foreground. This box has a flight of steps leading up to it on each side.

**The Menagerie Keeper.**—I must have one Christian for the lion. The people have been promised it, and they will tear the decorations to bits if they are disappointed.

**The General.**—True, true. We must have somebody for the new lion.

**Ferrovius.**—(He is one of the Christians who has attracted favorable notice of the General because of his big physique.) Throw me to him. Let the apostate perish.

**The General.**—No, no; you would tear him to pieces, my friend; and we cannot afford to throw away lions as if they were mere slaves. But we must have somebody. This is really extremely awkward.

**The Menagerie Keeper.**—Why not that little Greek chap? He's not a Christian; he's a sorcerer.

**The General.**—The very thing; he will do very well.

**Androcles.**—(Rising and pulling himself sadly together) Well, it was to be, after all. On the faith of a Christian and the honor of a tailor, I accept the lot that has fallen on me. If my wife turns up, give her my love and say that my wish was that she should be happy with her next, poor fellow! General, go to your box and see how a tailor can die. (He marches out along the passage.)

The vast audience in the amphitheater now sees the General reenter his box and take his place, as Androcles, desperately frightened, but still marching with piteous devotion, emerges from the other end of the passage and finds himself at the focus of thousands of eager eyes. The lion's cage, with a heavy portcullis grating, is on his left. The General gives a signal. A gong sounds. Androcles shivers at the sound, then falls on his knees and prays. The grating rises with a clash. The lion bounds into the arena. He rushes around, frisking in his freedom. He sees Androcles. He stops; rises stiffly by straightening his legs; stretches out his nose and tail in a horizontal line behind, like a pointer, and utters an appalling roar. Androcles crouches and hides his face in his hands. The lion gathers himself for a spring, swishing his tail to and fro in the dust in an ecstasy of anticipation. Androcles throws up his hands in supplication to heaven. The lion checks at the sight of Androcles' face. He then steals toward him; smells him; arches his back; purrs like a motor car; finally rubs himself against Androcles, knocking him over. Androcles, supporting himself on his wrist, looks affrightedly at the lion. The lion limps on three paws, holding up the other as if it were wounded. A flash of recognition lights up the face of Androcles. He flaps his hand as if it had a thorn in it, and pretends to pull the thorn out and to hurt himself. The lion nods repeatedly. Androcles holds out his hand to the lion, who gives him both paws, which he shakes with enthusiasm. They embrace rapturously, finally waltz around the arena AMID A BURST OF DEAFENING APPLAUSE and out thru the passage, the General watching them in breathless astonishment until they disappear, when he rushes from his box and descends the steps in frantic excitement.

**The General.**—My friends, an incredible, an amazing thing has happened. I can no longer doubt the truth of Christianity. (The Christians press to him joyfully.) This Christian sorcerer—(With a yell he breaks off as he sees Androcles and the lion emerge from the passage, waltzing. He bolts wildly up the steps into his box, and slams the door. All, Christians and gladiators alike, fly for their lives, the gladiators bolting into the arena, the others in all directions. The place is emptied with magical suddenness.)

**Androcles.**—(Naively) Now I wonder why they all run away from us like that. (The lion, combining a series of yawns, purrs, and roars, achieves something very like a laugh.)

**The General.**—(Standing on a chair inside his box, and looking over the wall.) Sorcerer, I command you to put that lion to death instantly. It is guilty of high treason. You conduct is most disgra- (The lion charges at him up the stairs.) Help! (He disappears. The lion rears against the box; looks over the partition at him and roars. The General darts out thru the door and down to Androcles, pursued by the lion.)

**Androcles.**—Don't run away, sir. He can't help springing if you run. (He seizes the General and gets between him and the lion, who stops at once.) Don't be afraid of him.

**The General.**—I am not afraid of him. (The lion crouches, growling. The General clutches Androcles.) Keep between us.

**Androcles.**—Never be afraid of animals, your worship; that's the great secret. He'll be as gentle as a lamb when he knows that you are his friend. Stand quite still and smile; and let him smell you all over just to reassure him; for, you see, he's afraid of you; and he must examine you thoroly before he gives you his confidence. (To the lion) Come, now Tommy, and speak nicely to the General; the great, good General who has power to have all our heads cut off if we don't behave very, VERY respectfully to him. (The lion utters a fearful roar. The General bolts madly up the steps, across the landing and down again on the other side, with the lion in hot pursuit. Androcles rushes after the lion; overtakes him as he is descending and throws himself on his back, trying to use his toes as a brake. Before he can stop him, the lion gets hold of the trailing end of the General's robe.)

**Androcles.**—Oh bad, wicked Tommy, to chase the General like that! Let go the General's robe at once, sir; where's your manners? The lion growls and worries the robe.) I'll tell you what it is, sir, he thinks you and I are not friends.

**The General.**—(Trying to undo the clasp of his brooch.) Friends! You infernal scoundrel! (The lion growls) Don't let him go! Curse this brooch! I can't get it loose!

**Androcles.**—We mustn't let him lash himself into a rage. You must show him that you are my particular friend.—if you will have the condescension. (He seizes the General's hands and shakes them cordially.) Look, Tommy; the nice General is the dearest friend Andy Wandy has in the whole world. He loves him like a brother.

**The General.**—You little brute; you filthy little dog of a Greek tailor! I'll have you burnt alive for daring to touch the divine person of the General! (The lion growls.)

**Androcles.**—Oh don't talk like that, sir. He understands every word you say. All animals do; they take it from the tone of your voice. (The lion growls and lashes his tail.) I think he is going to spring at your Worship. If you wouldn't mind saying something affectionate. (The lion roars.)

**The General.**—(Shaking Androcles hands frantically) My dearest Mr. Androcles, my sweetest friend, my long-lost brother, come to my arms! (He embraces Androcles.) Oh, what an abominable smell of garlic! (The lion gets go the robe and rolls over on his back, clasping his forepaws over one another coquettishly above his nose.)

**Androcles.**—There! You see, your Worship, a child might play with him now. See! (He tickles the lion's belly. The lion wriggles ecstatically.) Come and pet him.

**The General.**—I must conquer these unkingly terrors. Mind you don't go away from him, tho. (He pats the lion's chest.)

**Androcles.**—Oh sir, how few men would have the courage to do that!

**The General.**—Yes, it takes a bit of nerve. Let us have the Court in and frighten them. Is he safe, do you think?

**Androcles.**—Quite safe, now, sir.

**The General.**—(Majestically) What, ho, there! All who are within hearing, return without fear. I have tamed the lion. (All the fugitives steal cautiously in. The Menagerie Keeper comes from the passage with iron bars and tridents.) Take those things away. I have subdued the beast. (He places his foot on it.) And now, my friends, tho I do not, as you see, fear this beast, yet the strain of his presence is considerable; for none of us can feel quite sure what he will do next.

**Menagerie Keeper.**—Give us this Greek sorcerer to be a slave in the menagerie. He has a way with the beasts.

**Androcles.**—(Distressed) Not if they are in cages. They should not be kept in cages. They must all be let out.

**The General.**—I give this sorcerer to be a slave to the first man who lays hands on him. (The menagerie keepers and the gladiators rush for Androcles. The lion starts up and faces them. They surge back.) You see how magnanimous we Romans are, Androcles. We suffer you to go in peace.

**Androcles.**—I thank your Worship. I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen. Come, Tommy. Whilst we stand together, no cage for you; no slavery for me. (He goes out with the lion, everybody crowding away, to give him as wide a berth as possible.)

## EPISODE

### THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

BY

JESSIE ROGERS AND SALLIE MCKEMY

**HISTORICAL NOTE.**—At the close of a successful military campaign the Romans were accustomed to welcome the return of the army and its successful commander to the capital. Arches of stone were erected in the Forum, upon which were carved inscriptions detailing the lands acquired by the State, a partial list of the spoils, and other facts of importance. When the conquering host reached the city, the inhabitants went forth, led by the officers of the municipality, and welcomed him to the city. The procession then swept into the Forum, and dedicated a portion of the spoils to the gods whose favor had resulted so happily for the extension of the power of Rome. Chained to the triumphal chariot of the commander of the army would be found the kings who had been captured, while the common soldiery marched thru the streets carrying their individual portions of there spoils of war.

**STAGE SETTING.**—A street in the city of Rome. The background is the Roman forum. To the right stands the triumphal arch, designed for the triumphal entrance of the victor and his army. In the center is a tablet bearing inscriptions.

On farther side of street are festive crowds bustling about. Nearer the principal scene is a school-house, which is a shed-like affair attached to a public building. The room has a roof, but is open at the sides. In a chair, with a round back, on a raised platform, sits the head master. On a sella, which is placed on the floor and has no back, sits the assistant master. Each master holds in his hand a scepter or ferrule. In corner of the room is a large whip with one or more thongs of leather. On the wall

are tablets containing pictures from mythology or history. The pupils, all boys, ranging from the ages of seven to twelve, sit on wooden benches. There are no tables or desks. The assistant master is helping younger boys to write. They hold on their knees wax tablets and each has a stylus in his hand. The master takes the hand of the child and guides it in forming the letters.

A group of larger boys are gathered around the head master, who holds a large board on his knees. On this board lines are marked, one line representing units, one tens, one fifties, one hundreds, etc. Pebbles are used on the board to teach arithmetic.

**Master.**—(To one of boys) How much will be left if five X are taken from CCC?

**Boy.**—(After hesitating and looking about) CC. (two hundred).

**Master.**—No, sir, five tens from three hundreds do not leave two hundreds. Next boy, you may tell me.

**Boy.**—Five tens from three hundreds leaves five tens and two hundreds.

**Master.**—Good! Shame on you other fellow! (To another boy) You may tell me how much—(There is the sound of a trumpet. The boys all look eagerly at head master.) The Triumph is coming. You children may be dismissed for the day, but you must not get lost in the crowd.

Festive crowds fill the streets, all shouting, "Io Triumphe!" All are dressed in the national dress, the toga. Some wear the plain white toga, some the plain white with purple borders, according to their positions in society. The senate, the city magistrates, and all the city dignitaries, dressed in the white toga with the purple border, are seen making their way thru the crowd to the triumphal arch. They meet the triumphal procession at the entrance. The three buglers, playing a marching tune, open the procession. Next comes a soldier dressed in the skin of an animal, bearing the standard, a golden eagle with extended wings on a vexillum. Then come the crowned soldiers with the trophies and plunder of the conquered soil; one warrior bears a trophy from the theatre of Orange; next comes a soldier walking beside a cart of booty, driven by two horses. Another cart follows with two soldiers walking beside it; then fifteen soldiers carrying the treasure of a plundered temple on their lances. All these soldiers use walking sticks. Three magistrates accompany them. Now come three soldiers, one carrying a model ship taken from the enemy, another pictures of the battle, another the tablet upon which are inscribed the deeds of the victor. Others follow with products of the conquered country, such as vases, valuable plate, silver and gold coins. Three fettered princes come next, doomed to a life in prison. They are guarded by two warriors. Then comes the sacrificial ox with gilt horns, led by a butcher and accompanied by two priests. Following this come the singers, musicians and jesters. Lastly comes the emperor, clad in royal purple robes, with scepter in his right hand in his triumphal chariot drawn by four horses. The corona triumphalis (a laurel crown of gold leaves) is held over his head of the Goddess of Victory. A great rejoicing goes up. With great splendor and beautiful music, as the triumph disappears, the crowd on the street shout and move about crying out, "Io Triumphe; Io Triumphe. Our great general, on to the Capitoline; Io triumphe, Io triumphe."

## V. MEDIEVAL EUROPE

### PROPHECY

Time enters, accompanied by a knight mounted on a white steed. The knight is clad in mail. The visor of his white-plumed helmet is up, revealing a strong, beautiful face, radiating the strength of pure thought. He is of the type of Sir Galahad. Time presents the Knight, Chivalry, a flower of light that bloomed in the darkness of the Middle Ages.

### INTERLUDE

#### MORRIS DANCES

BY

MABEL RINEHART AND GRACE SMOOT

The scene is a village street. A fiddler is standing at one end of the street. He solemnly plays air to summon Morris men. The music that he plays is called "The Morris Call." A great many villages are grouped along the street.

Morris dancers enter followed by Robin Hood's band. Sword-bearer walks in front of Morris men, holding before him a sword covered with ribbons and flowers, upon which is impaled a round tin, similarly decorated and containing a currant cake. Following the sword-bearer come Robin Hood and his sweetheart, Maid Marian. Robin Hood, who is king of the festival, walks a little in front of queen, waving his sword in time with the music. Maid Marian, besides being sweetheart of Robin Hood, is queen of the festival. After king and queen, enters the fool. The fool is one of the best dancers. Following the fool are six dancers, followed by Robin Hood's band. All people make way for dancers and king and queen. As the dancers stand in middle of street ready to commence dance, the fool exclaims: "Here we be, masters; six fools and"—pointing to himself—"one dancer." Fool mimics dancers and does many funny things for amusement of people.

Dance begins. During the dance king and queen walk about arm in arm and help fool keep the crowd in order. The sword-bearer, while dance is going on, takes small pieces of the currant cake from his tin and gives them to the bystanders. These pieces of cake are supposed to bring good luck. As the dance ends a large float comes in and stops in center of stage for a few seconds and then passes out. The float is beautifully decorated. A dozen beautiful women are upon it. When the float stops, they descend and give a short dance, then mount again and start on. When they finish the dance they receive hearty applause from the villagers.

### EPISODE

#### THE TOURNAMENT

BY

MYRA WRIGHT AND EUNICE WALKER, WITH ADDITIONS BY JESSIE ROGERS

**HISTORICAL NOTE.**—The most popular forms of public amusement during the Middle Ages were the joust and the tournament. They both took the place of actual warfare in times of peace, and consisted of military exercises carried on for practice and display rather than in any spirit of hostility. When there were only two contestants, the contest was called a joust; when there were several contestants on each side, the encounter was called a tournament. Only those of noble birth were allowed

to participate in these contests, and each competitor had to satisfy the heralds, who acted as masters of ceremonies, that they were eligible.

Tournaments were usually held in some open place near a castle or a town, altho they were sometimes held within the enclosing walls of a castle or a town.

**STAGE SETTING.**—A rectangular space called the lists, which is fenced in by a rope or a railing and surrounded with rows of seats and covered galleries. There is a castle in the background. At the middle of one of the longer sides of the lists is the gallery or tower of the ladies. In the middle of the ladies' gallery is a seat of honor for the queen of love and beauty, who acts as judge of the tournament. At either end are pitched pavilions of challengers, each with his shield of arms hung at his tent door. A barrier draped with cloth or silk is across the center.

Enter a green-clad squire. He sneaks across to the right and at the gate separating the lists places a stone over which a horse will stumble. A knight in green enters and after the squire salutes him they have a conversation. The squire points frequently toward the stone, and imitates the fall of a horse. The knight slaps his thigh and laughs heartily. Nodding his head, he cries: "Ho! but thou art a good youth." Exeunt. A purple-clad squire slips from his hiding place, and with a finger to his lips, he runs and gazes after the disappearing knight and squire.

**Purple Squire.**—'Tis well I loitered on my way, else my Lord Cedric might have fared ill. (He examines the stone very carefully. Enter a squire dressed in red.)

**Red Squire.**—What now, Waldemar?

**Purple Squire.**—Enough. See (Holding up the stone). 'Tis the work of Albert and his lord, Sir Gilbert. They bear watching. My Lord Cedric sent me with a message to the Lady Marie, and as I lingered on my return, I spied Albert approaching. Thou knowest of the love (?) we feel for him, so rather than speak, I hid myself; and it was well. No sooner had he entered than he did with slinking steps place this where my lord's horse must have fallen over it. Then Sir Gilbert came and walked away with him saying, "Truly thou art a good lad." 'Tis plain Sir Gilbert bears ill will toward the good Sir Cedric, tho why, I know not.

**Red Squire.**—'Tis as plain as truth itself. Why, Waldemar, art thine eyes unopened? Sir Gilbert loves the Lady Marie, but 'tis Sir Cedric that hath won her favor. 'Tis a most unchivalrous action, but also hath Sir Gilbert spoken evilly of Cedric, trying to smirch the name of our beloved.

**Purple Squire.**—Ah, then 'twill be a contest for love and honor in this tournament. 'Tis well I go to warn Sir Cedric of foul play. (Exeunt arm in arm.)

Then come in the queen of the tournament, numerous ladies, all classes of citizens, jugglers, musicians, idlers, the nobility, the clergy, the Lord High Constable, his deputy the Lord Marshal, princes, challengers, knights, kings-at-arms, heralds, Prince John and his servant Waldemar, and the prior of Jorvaulx, a free, jovial priest.

The barrier is opened, and five knights advance slowly into the area, a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. As they enter, the sound of wild, barbaric music is heard from behind the pavilions of the challengers, and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seems to bid welcome and defiance to the knights. Each of the five knights advances to the pavilion of a challenger and touches lightly, with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wishes to oppose himself. The knights now retreat to the extremities of the area and draw up in a

line. The challengers, each mounted upon a horse, dash in and oppose themselves to the knights who have touched their respective shields. The music ceases and a hum of voices is heard.

**Walther.**—Silence, sirs, and let the prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sport should commence.

**Prince John.**—By my holidom, we have neglected, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the crown is to be presented.

**Sir Prior.**—Nay, nay. Let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction.

The prince takes his seat and gives a signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament.

**First Herald.**—The five challengers are to undertake all comers.

**Second Herald.**—Any knight proposing to combat may, if he pleases, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he does so with the reverse of his lance, the combat is made with arms of courtesy. But if the shield is touched with the sharp end of the lance, the knights fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

**Third Herald.**—When the knights present accomplish their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the prince will declare the victor, who shall receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength. In addition to this reward of valor, he shall have the peculiar honor of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize is given.

**Fourth Herald.**—The knights fight it out manfully until the signal is given by Prince John to cease the combat. Then the victorious knight selects the queen of the tournament. A general tournament is then held in which all knights present who are desirous to win praise may take part. They fight until Prince John signals for the combat to cease. Then the Queen of Love and Beauty crowns the knight who has borne himself best in this tournament.

**All Heralds.**—Largesse, largesse, gallant knights.

Gold and silver pieces are showered on the knights by the spectators in the galleries.

The knights acknowledge the bounty by all shouting, "Love of ladies—Death of champions—Honor to the generous—Glory to the brave!"

The spectators cheer, and a numerous band of trumpeters flourish their martial instruments.

When these sounds cease, the heralds withdraw from the list, and two marshals sit on horseback at either end of the list. The knights combat. Prince John gives a signal for the combat to cease. It ceases.

**Prince John.**—By the bald scalp of Abraham, St. Mark, my prince of supplies is the winner, and will now select the lovely Jewess, who shall have the seat of honor in the gallery.

**St. Mark.**—By the Temple of the all-wise king, there is a daughter I would lock under my arm, as thou wouldst thy treasure-casket. Yonder Jewess is the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived. For the fair sovereign of Love and Beauty, I choose the fair Rebecca.

Rebecca, in the ladies' gallery, arises, and amid much cheering takes the seat reserved for the Queen of the tournament.

All the knights present now assemble in the list for the general tournament. They divide into two bands of equal number.

**Herald.**—Sirs Gilbert and Dubois. (Gilbert is dressed in green, Dubois in purple.)

After a short struggle Sir Guy retires victorious amid the acclamations of the people. A short breathing stop, and much music, and all the knights rush out into the fray. After a fierce struggle one after another is unhorsed, till only Gilbert and Cedric are left. After many skilful passes on both sides, Cedric dodges the trick plays of Gilbert and unhorses him. The crowd cheers madly and Gilbert with a few followers departs sullenly. Trumpets and clarions make much music.

**Herald.**—(Stepping out) Her grace, the Lady Marie, Queen of Love and Beauty!

She comes out on small platform in front of the judges' stand and summons Sir Cedric. He comes and kneels at her feet. She touches his head with a scepter, saying: "Arise, Sir Knight, my Lord of Love and Chivalry."

As he kisses her hand shouts are heard and Sir Gilbert, accompanied by an enemy, attacks the people. The ladies are hustled into the castle at the rear and the loyal knights return the besiegers' blows vigorously. The attack is made upon the castle by battering rams. These rams are long hollow pieces of wood, carried by several men on their shoulders. Several groups of men carrying battering rams attack the castle one after the other. The great mangonels hurl the stones thru the air. The balistas throw the javelin at the windows. The knights in the towers shoot their arrows, throw battle axes and spears.

Soon the attack begins to succeed. As the wall begins to fall, great shouts go up from the soldiers in the rear. While the soldiers are storming the wall, a machine is throwing Greek fire over the wall into the court. The soldiers enter the court, then the castle, and seem about to take the inhabitants prisoners. Sir Cedric and a few of the bravest rout the enemy. The people come from all directions, crying, "Hail to Cedric." The Lady Marie comes out with her ladies and puts her hands in Sir Cedric's. The people form a circle about them and cheer lustily.

## VI. MODERN EUROPE

### REVERIE

On the stage is marked off a giant map of Europe. On the territory of each nation stands a symbolic figure representing that nation. Each of these figures has grouped about her other figures, typifying her greatest industries, arts, sciences, etc. All are engaged in their normal occupations. The orchestra plays a quiet, pastoral selection.

Brittannia symbolizes England. With her are numerous men in laborers' garb, bearing banners on which are the names of various staple articles of commerce. Another group is headed by a female figure, the Spirit of Poetry. Around the Spirit of Poetry are many children, bearing book-shaped banners inscribed with the names of famous literary Englishmen. Still another group of children are costumed in the native dress of England's many colonies. The laborers bustle to and fro, engaging in friendly exchange of commodities; the literary group listen to a learned discourse, read from a scroll borne by the Spirit of Poetry; the colonials dance in a merry circle; standing at guard duty, protecting all, is a squad of British Marines.

Germania stands in her empire, dressed in long straight robes, wearing a helmet, and carrying a shield and spear. Dancing attendance on her are eight girls in old Greek costume, carrying harps, lyres, flutes, etc. At her right hand are six capped and gowned figures representing learning. At her left are six men wearing leather aprons; some carry large books, others laboratory apparatus, others models of famous German inventions. The borders of the country are guarded by German soldiers.

France stands robed in the tri-color. With her is a literary man with quill and scroll, a composer with music manuscript, a chemist with apparatus, an aviator with a model of an airship.

Norway, Sweden and Denmark are each represented by girls in peasant costume; Russia by a Cossack; Belgium by a flower girl; Austria by a German, a Hungarian and a Slav; Serbia by a group of peasants; Italy by a figure of Italia; Spain by a dancing girl; Switzerland by an alpine guide; Bulgaria, Turkey and Roumania by peasants.

The figure of War appears heralded by a change of music from the orchestra, and causes a disturbance in Serbia; Austria threatens Serbia; the other nations abandon their peaceful pursuits and line up in opposing ranks, moving in the order in which they entered the Great War. There is a crash of harsh tones from the orchestra, a gradual dimming of the light, a din of great confusion and uproar on the stage, a rolling cloud of all-enveloping smoke, total darkness.

When the light again dawns, some nations are stricken, others weakening, others at bay, while the terrible figure of War, now attended by swarming menials, poverty, crime, pestilence and death, surveys the scene with fiendish triumph.

## VII. AMERICA

### PROPHECY

Enter Father Time with Columbia. She has a very youthful appearance, and is draped in flowing robes of white with a bodice of alternate red and blue. On her shield is displayed the national insignia. She takes her place in Civilization's group with Germania and Britannia. While the orchestra plays softly a measure from "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," a curtain rises at rear revealing a living statue of Liberty enlightening the World. The torch from Liberty's uplifted hand illumines the face of Civilization, who stretches out her hands to Liberty.

### INTERLUDE—PART A.

#### THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

BY

NABBY HILT AND JESSIE ROGERS

Scene: Bay with a rockbound coast, fringed with ice and trees shrouded in deep snow. The Mayflower is seen slowly approaching. All the passengers are standing, eagerly scanning the shore, and softly singing an old English hymn.

The ship stops some distance from the shore and the pilgrims come to the shore in row boats. Plymouth Rock, a small granite boulder lying on the beach, is used as a landing. The men, women and children form in a line along the shore. One of the members, a tall dignified gentleman, steps forward, raises his right hand and the people kneel. He prays: "Dear Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for a safe voyage. May we have prosperity in this, our new home. Help us to appreciate our freedom here, and rear our children to worship Thee. Again we ask Thee, our Father, to care for us thru the long winter, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

They sing another hymn softly, (they are formed in tableau) and the curtain falls.

### INTERLUDE—PART B.

#### DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY

MABEL RINEHART

The scene is Independence Hall in Philadelphia at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The signers are costumed and grouped as in Trumbull's famous painting.

### EPISODE

#### THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN 2017

BY

JO WALKER HUMPHREY, WITH ADDITIONS BY PEARL MAIZE

A young man, John Henry Smith, hypnotized in 1917, is left in a profound sleep because the hypnotist who was to waken him was killed in an automobile accident. A hundred years later, he is wakened during a violent electric storm. The scene begins with Smith discussing what has occurred during his sleep with Burgenstein, a health expert, who has been watching his case, and waiting for years for him to waken. The stage is filled with varied groups of many nationalities.

**Burgenstein.**—This is Americanization Day.

**Smith.**—What makes everyone look so happy?

**Burgenstein.**—Work—fulfillment of ambition—without worry about the necessities of life. Vocational guidance has been perfected until everyone can choose his work with foresight. Consequently he is happy.

**Smith.**—But doesn't a man have to work at uncongenial tasks to support his family?

**Burgenstein.**—No. It costs much less to live much better than in your extravagant, thriftless generation. The government has charge of all food stuffs, from wheat to eggs. We buy our food exactly at the cost of producing it. Government experts—there is one now (a man in semi-uniform passes by)—supervise farms, exactly as they once supervised packing houses. Coal mines are under government control and it is no longer possible for coal to be sold above cost.

**Smith.**—But how did this all come about? Was there a social revolution?

**Burgenstein.**—No. It came about gradually. When women were given the right of suffrage, they began plans to reduce the cost of food. They bought farms in rich agricultural regions, and put agricultural experts in charge of them. When these were proved good beyond a doubt, the states bought these farms, placed them under government experts, and gradually the plan broadened until it reached its present proportions.

**Smith.**—We used to hope for leisure. Do you still have to work?

**Burgenstein.**—Yes. We work more hours than ever because in addition to a man's own work, he must work a certain number of hours for the government. Each man is paid for this work. But we do not have the nervous disorders of your day, which were caused not by too much work, but by too rapid living and too much worry. This co-operative government work has done much to solve the social unrest of your age, because when men work together, they get well enough acquainted to see each other's point of view.

**Smith.**—How has the question of preparedness been met?

**Burgenstein.**—By military training in the public schools, and compulsory military training for men in every line of business. See the reservist uniforms yonder. (A squad files by in quick-step.) Besides making our country the policeman of the world, with power enough to prevent all wars, military preparedness has wiped tuberculosis out. A man cannot train in the open air thirty minutes every day without keeping his health in good condition. We have a large corps of health experts, too. You used to call them "doctors."

**Smith.**—Prohibition was one of our big questions. How have you solved that?

**Burgenstein.**—Prohibition is not only nation-wide, but world-wide. That was one of the good effects of the big war. Playgrounds for children are more numerous from Maine to California than saloons used to be. But there are many problems yet to solve. For instance, there is still great inequality of wealth. There is still preventable sickness. Other nations need our help. But we think that our own United States at last is beginning to be a nation of contented homes with happy children.

**Smith.**—What wonderful music I hear!

**Burgenstein.**—The program is beginning.

They go to one side, watching the procession of children each with banners showing the nationality of their ancestors.

Different groups appear and give their national dance. First the German, Chinese, Japanese, French, Scotch, Italian, Dutch, Negro, etc. National music must be used to accompany each of these dances, and proper costumes. After each group has given a dance, the whole crowd unites in a typically American dance.

They are dressed in the costumes of the twentieth century, that had been worn in the different countries. The children gather in a three-sided square, the stage is darkened, and the figure of the Statue of Liberty appears in the center of the children.

One child steps out to one side of Liberty, with these words of Zangwill's: "Oh, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labour and look forward! Peace, peace, the God of happy children give you peace!

All lights gradually fade out except that held as a torch by the Goddess of Liberty. From below comes the softened sound of voices and instruments joining in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in which the audience joins. At the end of one stanza the light flashes on full and bright, revealing a gigantic American flag, formed of great pieces of bunting in the hands of the children. When the cheering which greets the flag wanes, the mighty voices of the constellations pronounce the epilog.

## EPILOG

BY

IRVING HESS

### The Dipper

The war drum throbs, the bugle blows,  
With the nation's battle flags unfurled,  
While the life blood red of the people flows  
As the cannons roar around the world.  
The kings now rule in their pride and power,  
But their cheeks grow pale at the dawning day  
When the hand of time proclaims the hour  
For the common man to rise and sway.

### The Pleiades

The empires, tottering to their fall  
With trembling thrones ('mid Time's swift race),  
Shall crumble in oblivion all  
While great republics take their place.  
The reign of endless peace shall dawn  
While the orphan soul dark sorrow wrings,  
And the widows weep as the fight goes on  
Between democracy and kings.

### The Dipper

In gilded dream the future vast  
Like a mighty vision greets my eyes.  
Behind, the dead, forgotten past;  
Beyond, the unborn centuries rise.  
This war-scarred world shall be at peace,  
The cannons stilled, the trumpets dumb,  
And our gaze at the present hour must cease,  
And turn to ages yet to come.

### The Pleiades

For then the parliament of man  
Shall form, with kings no longer known,  
When future ages rise to scan  
Their faded names on crumbling stone.  
When earth is free from battle storm  
With bugles dumb and war flags furled.  
The nations then shall meet and form  
The federation of the world.





