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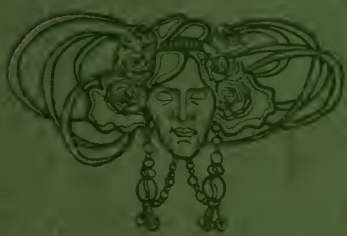
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The New Day

a masque of the future



by
Margaret Plank
Ganssle



W. B. Ewing

The New Day

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A MASQUE OF THE FUTURE



IN VERSE AND MUSIC, DESIGNED AND WRITTEN BY

Margaret Plank Gausale
of Saint Thomas

AS A

Patriotic Ritual for Pembina County, North Dakota

AND PERFORMED IN
THE VILLAGE OF SAINT THOMAS

IN

The Out-of-door Theatre

BY THREE HUNDRED COMMUNITY PLAYERS
REPRESENTING ALL PARTS OF THE
COUNTY ON JULY 4, 1918

"If community drama can stir the imagination of the people to do such things for themselves, surely cooperative liberty should flower ere long in a fairer state than any we have yet known."

—*Frederick H. Koch.*

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Dedication

To all those, who, in the yearning for that "New Day of Men's Dreams," are giving, and will continue to give, the best efforts of their hands, the clearest thoughts of their minds, the warmest love of their hearts, the loftiest visions of their souls,—till this Gray Day is done, and that Brighter Day dawns with gladsome light.

A Prophecy

"This duty do I leave you, gentle friends,
This duty deep and mighty at our parting,
To scatter love where naught but hate is growing;
To scatter peace where war's red blaze is glowing;
To raise your hearts above the wrongs of strife;
To lift your souls above the woes of life,
To serve, though what you do be unrepaid;
To face tomorrow, trustful, unafraid."

*From the Epilogue spoken by the Spirit of Prophecy in
"A Pageant of the North-West" given at the University
of North Dakota in The Bankside Theatre in 1914.*

Foreword

“Love took up the Harp of Life,
And smote on all the chords with might,—
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling,
Passed in Music out of sight.”

—Tennyson.

At this time when the world is under the hideous nightmare of a war-disrupted civilization, these words of Tennyson's must sing themselves over and over to the heart, lest faith despair, and hope fall, fainting. In their application, not only to individuals, but to states, they reveal the means of world-redemption. It was in the spirit of these words that the Masque of the New Day was woven from dreams, with the hope that others might find in them something akin to their own deep desire for that blessed New Day of Peace and Happiness for All.

Even in a small town of five hundred souls may be found enthusiasts and dreamers. Believing that the production of a masque of this nature might be a tiny factor in the building of that greater league of cooperation and brotherhood, which one day will redeem the world, these men and women labored ardently for its success. That spirit of enthusiasm, disseminated throughout the county, brought help and encouragement from every other village. No small degree of the enthusiasm was created by the fact that the proceeds of the Masque were to be devoted to the county fund for the Red Cross,—that sole redeeming agency in the turmoil that now distorts the world.

Parts One, Two, and Four, being purely symbolic, comprise the Masque. Part Three, chiefly historical, is composed of three scenes, depicting: first, the conception and early development of the idea of nursing the wounded, thru the agency of Florence Nightingale; second, the development and results of the organization of that idea in the Red Cross as revealed in the work of Clara Barton; third, the work of the International Red Cross Society today in the carnage-strewn fields of Europe. For the material in the first scene, the author is indebted to Sir Edward Cook's *Life of Florence Nightingale*, and to Mr. Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, from both of which works were gleaned not only the foundation of the action, but, with one or two exceptions, the entire dialogue. The material for the second scene was developed from suggestive phrases

in Clara Barton's own *History of the Red Cross*. The poem read by her in that scene, the description of the effect produced by her lines referring to Mrs. Logan, and the final address to Miss Barton, presented by Dr. J. B. Hubbell, are taken verbatim from her book. For the general ideas and development of the third scene, the author turned to the various periodicals and books of the hour.

Much gratitude and appreciation are due Mr. Frederick H. Koch of the English Department of the University of North Dakota, to whom the author went frequently for advice, criticism, and above all, for inspiration in a work, the desire for which was fostered by Mr. Koch in the author's student days. In the preparation of the Book, too, his aid and advice were invaluable. Mr. Koch's rare enthusiasm for the service which the Theater can render in the realization of that great Dream which will build upon this plane, a "New World, revived and purified," has lit a flame in many hearts which will burn on with never-dying ardor.

The author wishes to express, also, her appreciation of the untiring efforts of all of those who have labored in the production of the Masque, for it is through them that the Word has been made Flesh,—that the Dream has become Reality.

MARGARET PLANK GANSSLE.

The Direction of the Masque

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Margaret Plank Ganssle

THE MANAGER OF THE MASQUE

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The Direction of the Orchestra—Mr. N. E. Johnson

The Direction of the Chorus—Miss Gladys McKinnen

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IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

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THE CHERUBS ----- Donna Campbell,
Iona Elias.

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS ----- Miss Agnes O'Connor,
Miss Elaine Baldwin, Miss Marguerite O'Connor, Miss
Frances Murphy, Miss Henrietta Wilson, Miss Helen Wil-
son, Miss Ethel O'Connor, Miss Louise Wollenback, Miss
Isabel OConnor, Miss Anna Ganssle, Miss Doris Grant,
Miss Jeannette Campbell.

THE WIELDER OF YEARS ----- Honorable H. G. Vick

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THE YOUTH ----- Mr. Carleton Miller

THE MAID ----- Miss Helen O'Connor

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Miss Naomi Frazier, Mr. Richard Ganssle, Miss Jean Miller,
Mr. Earl Wynne, Miss Barbara Wroblunky, Miss Mildred
Grant, Miss Betty Hall, Miss Mary Thexton, Miss Venie
DeMars, Miss Elaine Larson, Miss Bernice Godke, Miss
Edith Oby, Miss Gudlough Wick, Miss Ruth Hagen, Mr.
Edward Thompson, Miss Frances O'Connor, Mr. Lloyd
Berg, Miss Anna Rowe, Mr. Charles Nelson, Miss Dorothy
McGriff, Miss Mary Hetherington, Miss Eliza Pethick, Mr.
Benny Nelson, Miss Marguerite Bellinger, Mr. Lloyd Van
Camp, Miss Nellie Ostrom, Miss Alice Berg, Mr. Karl
Ganssle, Miss Louise O'Connor, Miss Anna Campbell, Miss
Helen Grant, Miss Ruth Vicennes, Mr. Charles Wing, Miss
Minerva Thexton, Miss Beatrice DeMars, Miss Mary
O'Connor, Miss Hilma Anderson, Miss Olga Shultz, Miss
Josephine Garnett, Mr. Robert Thompson, Miss Lavina
Lavin, Mr. Edward Oby, Miss Agnes Anderson, Miss Mar-
garet Durick, Miss Margery Friday, Miss Mabel Strand,
Miss Madge Miller, Miss Helen Campbell.

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THE THREE SISTERS OF DESTINY -----	Miss Vera Disbrow Miss Virginia Short, Miss Irene Adams.
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THE SPIRIT OF GREED -----	Mr. Louis Whelan
THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT -----	Mr. George Hutton
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THE SPIRIT OF SUSPICION -----	Miss Nellie Young
MORPHEUS, GOD OF SLEEP -----	Mr. Clarence O'Connor
THE ANGEL OF LOVE -----	Mrs. H. G. Vick
THE REDEEMED YOUTH -----	Mr. Carleton Mliler

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THE SPIRIT OF PEACE	Miss Hazel Johnson
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 Miss Pearl Connell, Mrs. S. Johnson, Mrs. W. H. Otten,
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 Miss Rose Duffy, Miss Mary Duffy, Miss Rachael McCon-
 nell, Miss Marian O'Connor, Mr. Andrew Miller.

The New Day

A MASQUE OF THE FUTURE

THE OUTDOOR THEATER

With a semicircular sweep, the land rises gently to form a lower stage—the Earth-plane or Realm of Mortals. This lower Realm is charmingly fitted to captivate the senses. Delicate flowers are yielding their beauty and fragrance. A lovely little pool beguiles the onlooker with its depth of clear water. Shady nooks invite him to rest and be content. In every way the Realm of Mortals is designed to be a beauteous home for the race of men.

Above and behind the Earth-plane, clothed in mystic light, is visible the upper stage—The Dominion of Immortals. A broad stairway, shining and golden, leads from this sphere down to the Realm of Mortals. At the head of the stairway loom the twin pillars of the Gate of Oblivion. In the far background are masses of soft green foliage. During the interims of scene-changing, draperies of the same soft green obscure the stage from view.

The First Part

*“Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.”*

—Wordsworth.

The First Part

The Masque is announced by the trumpeting of two cherubs. In silver and white raiment they flit forward like lovely doves, and sound their tiny silver trumpets from the Dominion of the Immortals.

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

January appears in snow white, asparkle with frost; February in icy blue, with icicles hanging like fringe; March in the rich brown that suggests the warming earth and the strong spring gusts; her gown is adorned with pussy willows; April, in delicate green aglint with raindrops; May in the soft blue of violets with touches of daffodil yellow; June, rose-clad and radiant; July in the flaming red of poppies and the strong green of vigorous crops; August, in the yellow of harvest and of golden rod; September with the gold and crimson of changing leaves; October, with the smoky lavender of asters that have felt the frost, and the clear silver of the Indian summer moon; November, in the gray of mourning trees and wasted heath; December in the crimson of the holly-berry, and the olive green of the mistletoe. She carries a sceptre tipped with the golden Christmas Star.

The months perform a graceful symbolic dance. In deep, melow voices they chant, echoing in high sweet refrain.

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

Cometh he, cometh he, who wields the years of mystery.

Thus they prelude the entrance of the Wielder of Years. Slowly and silently, with impressive dignity, he enters. His robe is chiefly of gray to suggest the misty years of the Future. Behind him flows, in a long train, a cloak of black denoting the dead years of the Past. From his shoulders, in front, hangs a green stole typifying the vivid years of the Present. Thus stands he, Master of all the Years, within the Gate of Oblivion.

THE WIELDER OF YEARS

Children of Earth, dwellers, all of you, on mortal sphere,
Know ye that in you lie
Powers undreamt, unheralded, unseen;
Powers surpassing mightiness of Gods;
Potential forces that can swiftly change
What is, to what shall ever be.

Wielder of Years am I,
 And I do hold within the scope of these two hands
 The Yester-years, the years of Now,
 The never-ending years of far Tomorrow.
 I give you Years, unspoiled by touch of Mortal,
 Shining, new born, fresh and radiant
 As ever woke the Sun
 On that first morn, the Dawn of Earth's Creation.
 Pearly they drop into your hands
 To fill with days serene
 And nights of high and holy meditation,
 Or to distort, stultify, and strip
 Bare of purpose, meaning, glory, wonderment.
 Know ye that if ye men but will,
 This very day may usher in
 A countless host of glad Tomorrows!
 When Evil rules your hearts no more,
 When fairy-footed, o'er the Earth,
 May walk with ever-blessed tread,
 Immortals from the Realms of Love.
 Know ye that in your hearts today,
 There springs with ever-quickenning fire,
 The Power to bring unto this Plane
 The Joy, the Peace, the Truth that reign
 Among the Spirits, far-serene.
 And do ye now, as I reveal
 The Land of Those, as yet, unborn,
 Remember, that on Earth may be
 The growth of Dreams to Reality.

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

Goeth he, goeth he, who wields the Years of Mystery.

Again the cherubs enter, trumpeting. The dream-like Dominion if Immortals is revealed. The Immortals dance in, and mingle in happy concourse. Blue-robed are they, in the delicate blue of soft summer skies. A golden cord binds each round about, and a star glows golden in the forehead.

A youth and maiden are seen speaking together.

THE YOUTH

Ever-blessed One, dost know that ere long I enter the Gate of Oblivion, whither bound, I know not.

THE MAIDEN

Aye, Twice-blessed, perchance I may go too. For soon or late, all we who so desire may pass thru yonder portal. And if thou goest, I will go—to be with thee in whatsoever circumstance thou findest thyself. Is it well with thee?

THE YOUTH

Aye, aye, my Ever-blessed, it will be well with me. I crave the wisdom that doth come to all, 'tis said, who enter the Land that lies beyond that gate. And it may be that you and I may find others bent on our same quest, and render help, each unto each, in our Divine Adventure. Come thou, the Angel beckoneth, and forth we must learn the Truth that these dim portals hide. Haste we! I burn to pierce the mystery that lies beyond these gates.

As they go, they bid farewell to the others. Gradually numbers of them pass thru the gates. As they pass, the Angel of Oblivion, a lovely figure in opalescent gray and silver, kisses the forehead of each, thus blotting out all memory of a former existence. As they are descending to the Mortal Plane, the three Sisters of Destiny await their coming in the world below. In garb of mystic gray they stand, with hooded brows. Beside each is a chest of gifts for bestowal on the new-made mortals. The fateful Sisters are heard to commune.

THE FIRST SISTER OF DESTINY

Hark! From the Land of Immortals,
Sound the trumpets heralding Birth!
Prepare we our gifts for bestowal
On those who will dwell upon Earth.
I have, as my gift for the new-born,
The Mask that signifies race;
Immortals shall all be disguised
By features and color of face.
And those who have loved once
Shall know not
The One but lately adored.
Nationality stamps out all likeness,
Oft resulteth in strife and discord.
But thou,—(*Turning to the second sister*)
What hast thou for the Spirits
Who presently enter yon gate?

THE SECOND SISTER OF DESTINY

To me is entrusted the giving
 Of worldly possession, so craved.
 The thot of the troubles they foster
 Makes even me, dismayed.
 Perhaps thou, O, sister—(*Turning to the third sister*)
 Hast something with less of portentous power.
 Disclose, pray, what blessing thou seekest
 To bestow on those born at this hour.

THE THIRD SISTER OF DESTINY

Not of worldly possession, nor riches,
 Nor yet of nation or clan,
 Is my gift, the gift of the Talents,
 The measure of genius in man.
 I give to each newly-born mortal
 A mission of joy to perform;
 The power to sing—or to fashion
 Great temples, the world to adorn;
 And some, with deft hands, will discover
 Rare wonders in marble or paint;
 And others will teach words of wisdom;
 And some, too, great deeds will relate.
 But all will render some service,
 Some useful service to man;
 By using his own special talent
 In the way that only he, can.

In full rich harmony that swells gloriously into the chorus, the Heavenly Choir chants as the Immortals descend to the World below

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR

Ye who venture into life,
 Know ye that joy awaits you there,
 Days that promise blessings rare,
 If ye fall not into strife.

Chorus

Go ye unto all the world;
 Live with Truth to guide your way;
 Bring into that mortal life the Light Supernal,—
 Spend your days in peaceful service made noble by Love.

As the Immortals enter the world, they receive their gifts from the Sisters of Destiny. From above comes the far sweet echo of the Heavenly Choir singing still: "Go ye unto all the world."

Suddenly from one of the hidden nooks, Pan leaps forth and dances over the earth in estatic abandonment, expressing in every movement the Joy of Life. The newly-made Mortals look in amazed pleasure, then try to follow Pan in the dance. But that blithe Spirit vanishes as suddenly as he appeared.

At first the Mortals are all happy and friendly, enjoying together the good gifts of life. Then slyly enters a tall slender figure clad in glittering green. Round his neck is coiled a shiny snake. Taking a bauble from one, Envy holds it in the light.

ENVY

How very beautiful this is! Do you but see how it sparkles! Have you all one like it? No? What a pity!

A YOUTH

O, but I have one just as beautiful; see how lovely mine is!

Envy takes his trinket from him, and looks at it carefully.

ENVY

O, yes! It is quite fine, but not so splendid as this one.

Thereupon entereth Greed. A massive, swinish creature is he, and his pudgy paws seem forever clutching at something. His jowl falls in ugly folds, as if his excessive fat were rolling out over the top. His brick-red robe is covered with prodigious pockets, all of which are bulging with acquired properties. His ponderous yellow legs seem to have rubbed off the gold of countless coins as he has wallowed in his piles of lucre. He approaches the youth.

GREED

If yours is not so splendid as his, why not take his? Come, Might! Teach this youth how to get what he wants!

Might, a stupendous figure, in that hard blue that suggests the eyes of the Vikings and the cold depths of icy northern seas, armed with a cudgel, strides forward.

MIGHT

Would'st have treasure, Youth,—that which all men covet? Use this! (*Taking cudgel.*) Take whatsoever thou wilt! For this means might, and might makes right!

At this point Temperance enters. She is attired in the quiet drab of the Quaker, denoting utter absence of passion and excess.

TEMPERANCE

Thou who wast and art, immortal, temper thy desires! See'st thou not that thy possession is sufficient for thee? Why wish for more?

THE YOUTH

O, but yon Gorgeous One clad in shimmering green did tell me that my treasure was not so beautiful as that belonging to another. How can I be content to have a jewel less lovely than my brother's?

TEMPERANCE

Thou foolish! Heed not the advice of Envy, neither that of Greed. Beware of Might! Should'st thou heed their counsels, deep despair and misery will fall upon thee. Heed them not, I pray!

The Youth looks at his possession and that of the other, trying to decide. At the crucial moment, Envy makes a gesture toward the coveted bauble and sighs.

ENVY

Ah, I would that thou mightest possess so rich a gem! How sad that Destiny could not have given thee more!

This decides the question for the Youth and he approaches Might.

THE YOUTH

I would possess the wondrous jewel!
Wilt thou show me how it is to be won?

MIGHT

Takes up the cudgel, and smites a small stump.

Thus!

The Youth takes the cudgel, comes upon the unwitting possessor of the trinket, fells him to the ground, and runs off with the coveted prize. Thereupon the three spirits of Envy, Greed, and Might raise havoc amongst the others. They point to the victorious Youth, in triumph.

ENVY, GREED and MIGHT

See how easily anything thou would'st have is won!

SUSPICION

A small brown figure, stooped and withered. A long snout, worn to a point with too much probing into the affairs of others, is her chief adornment. Encountering one maid, Suspicion warns her.

He whom thou believ'st to love thee, covetest thy treasure. See that he achieves it not!

HER LOVER

Approaching her, pleads.

Let us away from these who seem to have no other thot of late than to have what some one else possesses!

THE MAID

Too wise to heed him.

Thinkest thou to take me whither thou wilt, that thou may'st have my fortune? Wise have I become, and Trust no longer livest in my breast. Yon Blessed One hath opened mine eyes, and I, at last, see clearly! Be gone, thou pale dissembler!

ENVY

Again takes one aside and persuadeth him.

Ah, my friend, see'st thou yon green and shady spot? Methinks 'twere joy to linger there. But this, thy place!—it is so poor and bare and void of green! Why not possess what thou hast not, and others have? Why be less happy than the rest? Poor Soul, I pity thee! I do indeed!

THE MORTAL

Envious at last, rushes to Might.

O, thou brave and brawny One, who teacheth men true wisdom, come! Raise thy mighty arm, drive out from here those who do now inhabit these rare and beauteous spots, and I'll bow down and worship thee!

Might does as requested, routs the possessor and establishes the Envious One. Whereupon that One doth kiss the cudgel and the feet of Might.

THE ENVIOUS ONE

Thanks and praise be unto Thee, thou Mighty One! Thou blesseth Earth with thy inhabittance, and from hence forth 'twill ever be that in this sign, thy cudgel, the seal of thine omnipotence, we, thy slaves, shall conquer!

Some are gathered around a tiny pool. They possess boats. Stirred up by Envy and Greed, finally one wails.

A MORTAL

My boat! My boat! I have no place to sail my boat!

Others, hearing the cry, discuss it.

ANOTHER MORTAL

What is the meaning of the cry?

ANOTHER

Hast thou not heard? They say there is one who imperiously rules the waves, and that, of course, makes all the others jealous!

ANOTHER

What fools they be! A boat—a drop of water! What are these! But Land,—Ah, Land!—gem-ridden, green-carpeted with growing crops, productive of all good to men,—'tis Land, I say, I covet!

By this time everyone is in an uproar. Fighting, clutching at possessions, place, anything and everything, they madly scramble. Finally one, worn out by the conflict, falls prostrate. As he lies thus, Morpheus the God of Sleep, enters, singing his dream-song.

MORPHEUS

From Lands afar
Where Angels are
I bring a Dream for thee;
Celestial light
Shall joy thy sight
A Vision thou shalt see.

O, shut thine eyes,
The starry skies
Are lit with lamps of Love;
Thy Dream, so sweet,
On wings, as fleet,
Shall bear thee safe above.

When Dreams are past,
And thou, at last,
Art in the world again,
Keep Vision pure,
Thy purpose sure—
Reveal thy Dream to men.

The enchantment of the wondrous voice lulls the Youth to sleep. As Morpheus departs, the Angel of Oblivion draws back the curtains of forgetfulness, and reveals the Angel of Love on the spirit plane, surrounded by a group of the Immortals. So radiant gleams the figure of Love, so pure in the purity of the cleansing fire, that the eyes of the beholder are dazzled, and the mind quickened with memory of the verse:

"Love is a lively flame, a burning torch, and securely passeth thru all."

In raiment of flame, with halo of shimmering gold, appeareth the Heavenly Goddess.

As the Immortals play in affectionate and loving manner, the Angel of Love speaks to the sleeping Youth.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE

Child of the Past, the Present, and the Eternal Future!
 Earth-dweller now, though thou seem'st,
 Immortal thou art, forever the offspring of Heaven.
 Of late, in the world, I have seen thee
 At odds with thy kinsman and brothers,
 Forgetting, 'midst surfeit of seeming,
 Those things that are unseen, eternal.
 I charge thee by the Spirit God gavest,
 His breath that dwelleth within Thee,
 Remember thy blessed inheritance,
 Remember the kinship of Spirits,
 Remember the beauty of Kindness,
 Remember the peace of Forgiveness.
 Go thou, in this garment I give thee,
 'Mongst those whom lately thou hated,
 Bind up the wounds of the fallen,
 Speak thou sweet words of compassion,
 Impart the blessing of healing,
 Bequeath the ineffable bounty
 Of a life directed by Love.

With the completion of Love's admonition, a white cloak with a huge Red Cross falls upon the shoulders of the sleeping Youth. He wakes, and goes forth among his brethren to do all in his power to alleviate the suffering and to end discord. The first Fallen One he encounters inquires of him.

THE FALLEN ONE

And who art thou, come into our midst with strange hands
of healing?

THE YOUTH

Brother, in a blessed vision I, at last, discerned verity, and
helpfulness and love, of which this cross is the symbol.

*Others, seeing the kneeling figure who is binding up his brother's
wounds stand amazed.*

THE MORTALS

Look! He binds up the wounds that we have made! Surely
he is no earth-born being!

*As they stand thus in wonderment, the heavenly choir is heard
caroling.*

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR

Unto this mortal came heavenly vision clear;
Blest be such dreamers, to whom the voice divine is dear.
To all his brethren, his mission he then revealed,
Brought them the true light,
Too long from race of men concealed.

*The Angel of Love enters the earth-plane, removing the mask
of each. They recognize one another as Immortals—friends of the
Once Ago. As they kneel at Love's feet the heavenly choir sings,
and continues to chant as the hosts pass up the steps to the Realm
of the Immortals.*

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR

Now there abideth on Earth everlasting peace,
Love's vast dominion, beginneth, nevermore to cease.

Interlude

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

Cometh he, cometh he, who wields the years of Mystery.

THE WIELDER OF YEARS

Once, more, O Sons of Men, shall I make known
The Secrets of those watchful Sentinels, the Years;
Disclosing forms of men long since forgot,
Who thronging, in their day, to bend the knee
Before the mighty Moloch, God of War,
Did thus proclaim him King of all the Earth.
And then, at length, from out the murky depths
Of all the sordid brutishness of War,
Arose, resplendent with celestial light,
The saintly lily of a woman's sacrifice;
Taking, from out that dank and noisome waste
Bodies and souls of shattered, war-spent men—
Building them up anew, revived and purified.

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

Goeth he, goeth he, who wields the Years of Mysetry.

The Second Part

*"Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."
—The Tempest.*

*"War is the efficiency of unneighborliness,
Community drama seeks the efficiency of neighborliness."
—Percy MacKaye.*

The Second Part

Thunderings and flashes of crimson light herald the age when Moloch, God of War, reigns supreme. His hideous figure sits enthroned in the Place of Power. In the obscure background looms what seems to be, an illimitable forest of ghastly human skulls.

With a face that suggests the bloody lust of the tiger, the ferocity of the bull-dog, and the fiendishness of the wolf, Moloch sits, scowling and terrible. A robe of blood-crimson, bordered with purple, serves as a background for his gross frame. His crown fails to obscure his ugly horns. A necklace of teeth rattles around his neck, and he toys with a skull that lies in his lap. His heavy hands seem made for crushing, and his nails for tearing out beating hearts. His powerful feet are designed for the express purpose of trampling out life. When he speaks, it is as the roaring of a lion, or the bellowing of an enraged bull. His tusks crash hideously as he thunders forth his grim commands. Not a particular God or ruler of any age, but an incarnation of the Spirit of War from time immemorial is this, the figure of Moloch.

At the right of the War-God, stands, leering, a huge wolf. Moloch's courtiers—Pride, Greed, Envy, Self-aggrandizement, Might, Hate, Suspicion, and Discontent, are stationed near him.

Pride, a tall, disdainful figure, is robed in royal purple and gold lace. Self-aggrandizement is resplendent in the showy rose color suggestive of the love of power and place and praise; Hate is clad in the color of death—a heavy and dull black—for Hate is Death; Discontent, of jaundiced disposition, is suitably arrayed in gown of sickly orange.

As the scene opens, libations are being poured out to Moloch by twenty black slaves. Bloody sacrifices are being offered by the priests. These, in black and yellow robes, are old men, made frightful by their long service in the cruel courts of the War-God. As the scene proceeds the courtiers and slaves chant a hymn of praise and worship.

THE CHORUS OF WORSHIPPERS

Mighty Moloch, send thy frightful Thunder,
Cleaving Races, Nations, all asunder,
Bringing men to worship, filled with wonder,
Moloch, Monarch of All!

Mighty Moloch, give us power in warfare,
 Mighty Moloch, give us hearts of steel to dare,
 Mighty Moloch, give us arms that never spare,
 Make us true sons of Thee!

MOLOCH

Cease ye slaves! I hear the cry of warriors! Come they to worship Moloch? Bid them enter!

In burst a horde of fierce warriors armed with all the grim accoutrements of war. The rolling of drums, beating of tom-toms, wierd strains of ancient war music, accompanied continuously with the flaring of torches and incense and bursts of crimson flame, add to the horror of the scene.

First come the Barbarians in skins of animals and armed with cudgels. Next the Egyptians, with weapons of bone and stone. Then Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, Huns, Spanish, American Indians, Knights of the Middle Ages—warriors of every age and clime down to the time of the Crimean War. They all do obeisance to the War.God.

MOLOCH

Rise ye Earth-grovelers! Have ye no sacrifice for Moloch? Know ye not that without blood ye call in vain upon the name of Moloch?

THE CHORUS OF WORSHIPPERS

Aye, blood have we, the reddest,—rich, ruddy gore from throats of thousands! Ears and tongues of newborn babes—eyes and breasts of maidens—noses and hands of children, teeth and gnarled joints of men, beards and toes of the aged! Aye, sacrifice, Great Moloch,—sacrifice in plenty!"

They offer their loathsome gifts.

MOLOCH

'Tis well! I warn ye, come ye not hither to the court of Moloch, except ye be borne on rivers of blood, in hurricanes of women's screams, in tempests of infant's wails, in cavernous groanings of old men, in thunderous death-moans of young men. Pile up thy victims in gigantic holocausts and know that then, and only then, doth Moloch smile!

As he speaks thus, a plain white-robed figure enters, and approaches the Place of Power.

MOLOCH

Who enters here, without the proper sacrifice?

THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION

Ah, Terrible One, whose name is written in flaming red of hearts' blood, heed ye Religion's Message! Thou art false! Hideous and false art thou, and those poor mortals who do worship thee know thee not for thy true self!

MOLOCH

Be gone from out my sight, thou puny puppy! Here, my Slaves! Rend his prattling mouth until it swallows all of him.

Presently the slaves return, bearing aloft on a huge platter, a severed head. As the priests of Moloch present it for offering, the chours chants.

THE CHORUS OF WORSHIPPERS

Ah, sweet be blood,
Sweet be blood,
Shed for Thee!

Ah, sweet be flesh,
Sweet be flesh,
Rent for Thee!

Yet another figure, in gray, ventures forward.

MOLOCH

And who art thou, thou grave and solemn image?

THE SPIRIT OF PHILOSOPHY

Philosophy am I, and I have come to reason with thee. Thou drivest men to insane slaughter, to devastation of life and property too horrible to contemplate. Knowest thou not that men are born to live and dream and enjoy the blessings of a peaceful life, instead of falling into all the fearful madneses of war?

MOLOCH

To reason with me, comest thou? Then depart, thou silly fool! To reason! Ha! Go reason with thy brains when they lie scattered in the dust! Seize him, slaves, and teach him the reason of the parched ground for drinking up his blood! Out with him I say!

The slaves drag him out, returning presently with two flagons of his blood which they present to the priests. The priests pour out the blood as a libation. The chant repeats.

Presently enters a third figure clad in soft purple.

MOLOCH

And cometh yet another without the customary offerings of blood and severed heads! Why comest thou, pale Spectre?

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARTS

O, thou who knowest not the beauty of the Arts, of making the world a fair and lovely place in which to dwell, but reekest bloody vengeance on all mankind, I pray thee, list unto my counsel. Renounce thy ghastly ways, forego thy grim and ugly devastation of the race of men, and leave them to build upon the Earth a beauteous blessed home!

MOLOCH

Thou gibbering clod-pate! Go sermonize unto the beasts that roar without for prey! Here, break his driveling head, and throw him to the wolves!

He is seized by the slaves and dragged out. Presently the slaves return bearing proudly a few mangled remains on a silver platter. These bloody trophies are offered to Moloch after which the chant is again sung.

With rattle of drums and hymns of praise, accompanied by warlike music, the ceremonies continue.

MOLOCH

In the supreme egoism of his nature, chants triumphantly
Who giveth man the blessings of war?

THE CHORUS OF WORSHIPPERS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who maketh heroes and prizes in battle?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who giveth plunder and rape unto men?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who demandeth the perpetual sacrifice of the choicest of the Sons of men?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who maketh the land fertile with blood of victims slain?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who maketh the tears of the Weeping to cover the face of the Earth?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who divideth Nations and giveth them to others?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who holdeth in his power all the demons of Hell and biddeth them ravage the Earth?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch!

MOLOCH

Who ruleth the World in triumph supreme?

THE CHORUS

The Mighty Moloch. King art thou over all the Earth!
Praised be thy name!

As the chorus swells, a sudden trumpet call, a flash of light, cause all to pause astonished. Slowly, portentiously, flaming across the sky, appeareth a huge Red Cross. At the same moment, Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton enter left lower plane. At the right upper plane appears a heavenly figure arrayed in shining gold and the soft green suggestive of new life. He, the Herald of the New Day, majestically proclaims.

THE HERALD OF THE NEW DAY

Aye, tremble, Moloch, in thy Place of Power,
For shattered is thy fell and cruel domain!

O Sons of Men, look up with eyes of hope,
 For lo, there breaks the long-awaited Dawn,
 That ushers in, with radiance divine,
 Eternal Day—The New Day of men's Dreams!
 The Day of Peace, of Holiness, of Truth;
 The Day of Love, when all mankind shall clasp
 The loyal hands of Brothers, round the Earth;
 When Justice, fair to rich and poor alike,
 Shall weigh the balance with impartial hand;
 When Honor walks again in mortal ways,
 And Nobleness bequeaths her heritage.
 Ah, blessed Day, the end of dreadful night,
 That blotteth from the face of all the Earth
 The foul and fearful wretchedness of War!
 And not alone of war—but all his host
 Of savage appetites, and lusts, and bestialties—
 Of gross and carnal Greed, which speedily
 Doth make of man a loathsome lump of clay;
 Of bloody vengeance, which, with baleful ire
 Doth ravage fields, and homes, and hearts of men;
 Of silly Pride, of stupid Jealousy,
 Which see, with eyes whose only lamp is night.
 Unto a woman came the dream divine
 Of building out of all that frightful mass
 Of Moloch's victims—ravaged, war-wrecked men—
 New bodies, lofty spirits lit with hope,
 Who might, at length, in some far distant day,
 Find out the way of Everlasting Peace.
 That Day, now dawning, presageth the age
 When Brotherhood shall sway the hearts of men,
 When mortals, purged and purified, shall prove
 That Earth itself may be the Realm of Love.

His proclamation ended, the Heavenly Visitant lingers yet a moment. Under the divine power of his presence, the war-music beats with feeble and finally dying wail. The figure of Moloch sinks lower and lower in the Place of Power. The courtiers, slaves, and warriors, first trembling, then crouching low before the heavenly visitation, finally fall prostrate. Dim grow the lights, flickering and ashen the torches; smoldering and dying, the altar-fires. Then in a sudden cloud of glory, the Herald of the New Day vanishes.

Interlude

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

Cometh he, Cometh he, who wields the Years of Mystery.

THE WIELDER OF YEARS

Again, O mortals, shall the misty years be swept aside,
Revealing, in their primal clarity,
Events of dim-remembered past and vivid present.
First shalt thou gaze upon a scene wherein
The ministrations of a faithful maid
Did change a haunt of frightfulness and death
Unto a haven, safe, of life and peace.
And yet another scene, disclosed will be
With yet another maid, inspired, too,
By visions, fair, of service fraught with love.
And then at last, the year of Now
Shall turn, with undeflecting course,
To show you how the Modern Moloch yields
Some share, at least, of his terrific might,
Unto a force, that soon shall potent be
To check, forever, all his ancient curse.

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

Goeth he, goeth he, who wields the Years of Mystery.



The Third Part

*"Then in such hour of need,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine!
Order, courage, return.
Ye move thru the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, reinspire the brave!"*

—Matthew Arnold.



The Third Part

THE FIRST SCENE

The trumpeting of bugles announces the opening of the third part. The scene takes place in the hospital at Scutari, in the Crimea. This hospital has been a prison, and in its rough and unfinished appearance still bears testimony to that fact. It is night. The men lie groaning and swearing. As Florence Nightingale enters, the swearing suddenly ceases. In her simple black-stuff gown, white apron and cap, she goes quietly thru the ward with her little lamp.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE FIRST COT

Give me a drink, for the love of God!

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Just a moment. The water is bad, you know. Here, Selina, will you get me some of the boiled water?

THE OCCUPANT OF THE FIRST COT

He drinks eagerly.

O thank ye, ma'm! What wad we ever do without ye?

She proceeds to the second cot. She strokes the head of the soldier lying there.

THE SOLDIER

O, is it you, the Bird? I was dreamin' of my friends at home!

VOICE FROM THE NEXT COT

I was thinkin' of them too.

She goes to the next cot. A nurse enters.

THE NURSE

Please, what can I give that will keep on his stomach? Is there any arrow-root for him?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

No, the tubes of arrow-root are for the worst cases. We can't spare him any today. Try him with eggs!

VOICE FROM THE THIRD COT

Please ma'am would you write to my mother and tell her I'm coming through all right?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Yes, my brave fellow, I'll write her tomorrow.

A NURSE

There's a soldier prayin' over there so beautiful it's like a sermon to hear him. He wants to see you.

THE SOLDIER

I am resigned, you know— but please may I hold your hand?

Just before he dies, he reaches for his Bible and gives it to Miss Nightingale.

THE SOLDIER

My Mother gave it to me. She told me when I was dying to give it to the person I loved best. I give it to you.

Going to the fourth cot, Miss Nightingale meets the doctors there in consultation. As she examines the soldier's wound, he objects. She rebukes him gently.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Never be ashamed of your wonds, my friend.

Then she turns to the surgeons.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Well, what about it?

THE SURGEONS

It can't be done.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

It must be done! I shall stay right here until it is done!

With white face and set lips she remains until the operation is completed.

AN ORDERLY

A package and a message from the Queen, Miss Nightingale!

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Will you please read it, Chaplain? I must not leave this case just now.

THE CHAPLAIN

“Windsor Castle, Dec. 14, 1854.

Madam:

The Queen has directed me to ask you to undertake the distribution and application of these articles of apparel, because Her Majesty wishes you to be made aware that your goodness and self devotion in giving yourself to the soothing attendance upon these wounded and sick soldiers has been observed by the Queen with sentiments of highest approval and admiration. Tell these poor, noble, wounded, and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, nor feels more for their sufferings, nor admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops.

Signed by the Keeper of the King's Purse.”

The men near her pass the following remarks.

A SOLDIER

It's a very feeling letter!

ANOTHER

Bursting into tears.

She thinks of us! Each man of us ought to have a copy to keep till his dying day!

ANOTHER

To think of her thinking of us! I only wish I could go and fight for her again!

ANOTHER

If the Queen came for to die, they ought to make Miss Nightingale Queen, and I think they would.

A small lad had been lingering near Miss Nightingale for some time. He goes by the name of Thomas. A surgeon encounters him.

THE SURGEON

Well, lad, what are you doing here?

THE BOY THOMAS

With great dignity.

I'm Miss Nightingale's man. I have forsaken my instruments in order to devote my civil and military career to Miss Nightingale.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Coming up just then, puts her arms around the little fellow.

Yes, indeed he has! And without him I do not know what I should do.

As she leaves the room, the sick soldiers kiss her shadow, then fall back on their pillows, content. At her departure, a heavenly voice is heard singing in benediction.

THE HEAVENLY VOICE

Your fine white hand is heaven's gift
To cure the wide world stricken sore,
Bleeding at the breast and head,
Tearing at its wounds once more.

Your fine white hand is prophecy,
A living hope that Christ shall come
To make the Nations merciful,
Hating bayonet and drum.

Each desperate burning brain you soothe,
Or ghastly broken frame you bind
Brings one day nearer our bright goal
The Love-alliance of Mankind.

(Words by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay)

The Third Part

THE SECOND SCENE

The scene changes to a spacious banquet hall in the Hotel Willard in Washington. It is Friday evening, November 18, 1898. A banquet and reception are being given by the Ladies of the Potomac Corps. In all the splendor incident to a celebration at the Nation's Capitol, this feast is being held in honor of Clara Barton.

As the banquet is concluded, President McKinley, Chairman of the occasion rises.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

Dear Friends of the American Red Cross Association:

The war, at length, is over. Many heroes have returned to claim their country's gratitude. And for those other heroes who can never more return, rich monuments will be erected, bearing testimony of a nation's grateful heart. And yet, amid all those honored brave, there stand quietly, modestly by, as if they feared detection, those heroes who have so bravely fought in that noblest battle of all—not with intent to kill, but to save. To these loyal hearts, who have gone forth with healing in their hands; to these courageous fighters in the Great Red Cross War against disease and death, let us offer our highest praise—our heartfelt tribute.

As the leader in this heroic enterprise, Miss Barton, President of the American Red Cross, will respond to the toast, "The Women Who Went to the Field." Miss Barton.

MISS BARTON

During the fearful days so lately past, when we were spending our days and nights in the devastated fields of Cuba, trying to assuage, in some measure, the untold sufferings of those poor victims, many times our hearts were strengthened by the memory of those other women, some of whom are still with us, and who are our hostesses tonight. These are they who went to the field in that terrible crisis, the Civil War. Not as nurses of the Red Cross went they, for our American Red Cross was not then organized, but in that more difficult capacity of unorganized volunteers, they faithfully followed the army, alleviating at every step, some of the frightful suffering. To these noble women, the Women of the Potomac Corps, I beg to present the following lines, written

hastily, I confess, but carrying the never-dying gratitude and appreciation of every true American.

THE WOMEN WHO WENT TO THE FIELD

"The women who went to the field you say,
 The women who went to the field; and pray,
 What did they go for?—just to be in the way?
 They'd not know the difference betwixt work and play.
 And what did they know about war, anyway?
 What could they do?—of what use could they be?
 They would scream at the sight of a gun, don't you see?
 Imagine their skirts 'mong artillery wheels,
 And watch for their flutter as they flee 'cross the fields.
 When the charge is rammed home and the fire belches hot;
 They never will await for the answering shot.
 They would faint at the first drop of blood in their sight.
 And thus it was settled, by common consent,
 That husbands, or brothers, or whoever went,
 That the place for the women was in their own homes,
 There to patiently wait until victory comes.
 But later it chanced—just how, no one knew—
 That the lines slipped a bit, and some 'gan to crowd through;
 And they went,—where did they go? Ah! where did they not?
 Show us the battle, the field, or the spot
 Where the groans of the wounded rang out on the air
 That her ear caught it not, and her hand was not there;
 Who wiped the death sweat from the cold, clammy brow,
 And sent home the message: ' 'Tis well with him now!
 Who watched in the tents whilst the fever fires burned,
 And the pain-tossing limbs in agony turned,
 And wet the parched tongue, calmed delirium's strife,
 Till the dying lips murmured, 'My mother, 'My wife?'
 And who were they all? They were many, my men;
 Their records were kept by no tabular pen;
 They exist in traditions from father to son,
 Who recalls, in dim memory, now here and there one.
 The brave wife of Grant stood there with them then,
 And her calm stately presence gave strength to his men.
 And Marie of Logan; she went with them too;
 A bride, scarcely more than a sweetheart, 'tis true.
 Her young cheek grows pale when the bold troopers ride.

“Where the ‘black Eagle’ soars, she is close at his side,
She staunches his blood, cools the fever-burnt breath,
And the wave of her hand stays the Angel of Death;
She nurses him back, and restores once again
To both army and state the great leader of men,
Now she sits here alone, with the snow on her brow—
Your cheers for her, Comrades! Three cheers for her now!”

At this point, as by one impulse, every man in the room springs to his feet, and, led by General W. W. Dudley, gives three rousing cheers, while Mrs. Logan with her beautiful white head bent low, vainly seeks to staunch the fast falling tears; the air is white with sympathetic 'kerchiefs of the ladies, and the imposing figure of Clara Barton stands with uplifted arms, as if in signal for the cheers so grandly given.

MISS BARTON

“And these were the women who went to the war;
The women of question—what did they go for?
Because in their hearts God had planted the seed
Of pity for woe, and help for its need;
They saw, in high purpose, a duty to do,
And the armor of right broke the barriers through.

And what would they do if war came again?
The scarlet cross floats where all was blank then.
They would bind on their “brassards” and march to the fray.
And the man liveth not who could say to them nay;
They would stand with you now, as they stood with you then,—
The nurses, consolers, and saviors of men.”

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

There is one present, who, too, has been faithfully answering the cry of distress from tortured Cuba. Whatever his hands could find to do, that did he with heart and soul. None better than he, can disclose to us the meaning of the Red Cross. I call upon Mr. George Kennan, Vice-President of the American Red Cross, to speak to us on the subject, “The Meaning of the Red Cross.”

MR. KENNAN

Mr. President: Co-workers in the Cause:

It has been four and thirty years since the formation of that matchless treaty which marked the beginning of the Red Cross

Crusade against war. To quote the very words used at the convention at Geneva, "The chief aim of the Red Cross is to teach war to make war upon itself." Although we were but the thirty-second power to ratify that document, some of our delay was due, no doubt, to the fact that the treaty was in French, and that it was not sufficiently understood by the people of America. However, since that time, we have done valiantly to make up for our tardy recognition of the greatest treaty the world has ever known. Though the idea of nursing the wounded found its first impetus in Florence Nightingale, nevertheless the first conception of forming an international alliance to further such humane work was that of a man, Henri Dunant. In bringing this conception into vital form, in completing the organization, men have contributed a large share. Together, men and women have labored to bring out of that savage horror, a battlefield—something that was good.

The meaning of Red Cross! Had all the world but been with us in Cuba and heard those soldiers, mad with wounds and thirst, shout, as our Red Cross Caravan came into camp, "There's a woman! It's the Red Cross! My God, boys, it's Clara Barton!" they would then have appreciated, a little more, the real meaning of the Red Cross. God grant that, in its faithful following of the command, 'Do ye unto others as ye would have them do unto you,' the Red Cross may some day come home to the whole world with its full meaning at last understood.

DR. J. B. HUBBELL

General Field Agent of the American Red Cross.

Mr. President, we beg the favor of presenting the following address which we, the members of the Cuban Relief Expedition have drawn up, for Miss Barton.

TO MISS CLARA BARTON

"Now that our work has ceased for a time, and our party which has labored so long and so harmoniously together has returned home, we, the members of the Cuban relief expedition, desire to express to you, our leader, as delicately and fittingly as may be, our unbounded confidence and admiration, and our sincere and heartfelt gratitude and love. As we look back over the past few months, and recall the many scenes of suffering and death that we have witnessed, and remember how ceaselessly, faithfully, and tirelessly you have worked, and how much you have accomplished under the most unpromising

circumstances, our wonder grows and we cannot help but reverence and admire your wisdom, patience and industry.

“Personally, each of us wishes to express his or her acknowledgment of your unfailing kindness and interest in our comfort and general welfare, and we have to thank you for thousands of those little considerations of work and look that go so far to brighten one’s thoughts and make life a pleasure. We shall soon separate and go our several ways, and it will be with the deepest sorrow and regret that we shall say goodbye to our leader; but throughout life it will always be a pleasure to call to mind her image and remember all the happy moments we have passed with her. So in parting, it will no doubt be a satisfaction to you to have the assurance that you hold our warmest love and good will, and that at any time each and all of us will be ready to serve you in any way that lies within our power.”

A. VON SCHELLE,
Member of the National
Association of the Red Cross.

J. B. HUBBELL,
General Field Agent of the
American National Red Cross.

E. WINFIELD EGAN,
Surgeon American National Red Cross.

F. H. H. CORRTRELL,
Financial Secretary.

LUCY M. GRAVES,

J. A. McDOWELL,

CHAS. R. GILL, M.D.

C. D. COTTRELL,

ANNIE M. FOWLER,

GEO. J. HASSETT.

After a moment of profound silence, for her emotions overcome her, Miss Barton responds.

MISS BARTON

My friends, my co-workers in the Great Relief Army: You will never know how deep is my gratitude for your ever loyal support in the trying days just past. Your work has been unceasingly faithful, unceasingly brave! I shall always be most proud to claim

you as my friends. And surely, in the dark days we have known together, there has grown up a friendship surpassing ordinary friendships, for we have been welded together in a listing union of souls that have labored and suffered and hoped together. No words can fully express the deep gratitude I feel for this thoughtful memento of our comradeship, and I shall prize it more than any badge or decoration I have ever received.

The scene closes as General Wade rises and leads three cheers for Miss Barton.

The Third Part

THE THIRD SCENE

Again the scene shifts and we find ourselves "Somewhere in France." The booming of cannon, the bursting of bombs tell us that we are near the front lines. In the crimson glare that lights up the darkness we see a field hospital. It is but a tent with emergency equipment. United States flags and Red Cross Banners are much in evidence. Two surgeons, three nurses, an orderly, and two stretcher-bearers stand ready for duty. On the cots lie three Frenchmen, one African, one American, two Englishmen, one Scotchman and one Irishman. The firing of guns and bursting of bombs keeps up incessantly. After one exceptionally furious explosion, Dr. Hunt, one of the surgeons, speaks.

DR. HUNT

That will bring someone in directly. Poor devils!

DR. WILDER

Well, as far as safety goes, guess we're not much better off than they are! Did you know that Doc. Mac, that Scotch surgeon, was killed outright the other day! His head was blown off over in Base Hospital No. 12. The fellow he was operating on didn't get a scratch. Gad! It's a crime to have a prince like that blown to thunder! The Profession! Why, man, there won't be any Profession left when this hell is over!

The sound of scratching is heard at the door. As Dr. Hunt opens it, a dog's head appears.

DR. HUNT

Well, if it isn't Bing-Bang! What have you there, Bing?

In comes a Red Cross dog carrying in his mouth a German helmet. He drops it at the doctor's feet.

DR. HUNT

Well, if that isn't a lesson for the rest of us! Come on, you fellows, (*Turning to the stretcher-bearers*) go get the Hun!"

The stretcher-bearers depart.

The doctor turns to one of the nurses.

DR. HUNT

Well, what do you think of it all, anyhow, Miss Sewell? You are having your first taste of it.

MISS SEWELL

The more I see of it, the more I marvel at the something in human nature that makes them willing to endure all this unspeakable torture for the sake of an ideal. Why, when I was out yesterday looking at their dugouts, I kept wondering how men could keep on being men at all and live like that. Beasts have better lairs. And then I chanced to see over the doorways, if you can call them that, various names. One was called "Ye Rat-hole," and another, "Ye Old Curiosity Shop." Wouldn't you think they would lose their last bit of humor?

AN IRISH SOLDIER

From the bed.

Not on your life, Miss! Lord! What wad a Patrick do without his joke?

AN ENGLISHMAN

I ain't got no humor left, I tell ye! When ye see your comrade, the one right against you, all of a sudden go up in the air with a flame where his head should have been, I tell ye, ye lose what little fun ye had in ye. Seems as if I can't never smile again.

Just then the bearers return with their burden, a mutilated German.

THE SAMMY

Say boys, look who's here! A Boche, by gum! Looks quite human doesn't he? Watch me get acquainted!

The German is placed in the cot next to him.

THE SAMMY

Pretty hard won, those last few inches you Huns got,—hey, Boche? O, tell him what I say, Doc! He doesn't savey English!

The doctor translates the question into German for the boche. Only a groan and a turn of the head answer him. Then the German mumbles something.

THE SAMMY

What's that he says, Doc?

THE DOCTOR

He says that they had to have it! He says that they need all the land they gain to bury their dead.

The dog has gone to the corner of the African who is moaning. The dog licks his hand. The Scotchman confides to the Sammy.

THE SCOTCHMAN

Do ye ken, laddie, that the chap over yonder is breathin' his last? He no carry on a conversation wi' us, or methinks he'd be a payin' his respects and sayin' "Farewell."

THE SAMMY

But doesn't it beat the Dutch, how those blacks can fight! They're always the first! Ya can't keep them back!

THE SCOTCHMAN

Aye, they're brawny lads, they are, an' they've got a mighty speerit in them!

The Doctor, working at the German, discovers the Iron Cross. The Sammy sees it. He turns to the nurse.

THE SAMMY

Well, wouldn't that beat you! The boche drew a prize from Old Bill. Dainty little trinket, to reward you for gettin' a bayonet thru' your belly. It's so nice to think of when you're dead.

THE NURSE

Did you ever know that the Kaiser decorated Clara Barton with the Iron Cross for her services in the Franco-Prussian War?

THE SCOTCHMAN

Weel—it may be a decoration if ye want to think of it in that licht, but, ye canna decorate me wi' one, nae,—ye canna do that! All the decoration that I want when I get out o' this Devil's mess, is the decoration o' me lassie's kiss! That'll do for me.

THE SAMMY

And me, too, by gum!

The German dies, with a groan and a word on his lips. The doctor catches it.

THE SAMMY

What's that he said, Doc? Translate it, won't you?

THE DOCTOR

He said that there must be no more war after this. "Kein Kreig mehr!" No more war!

THE SAMMY

Say, do you suppose those boches are thinkin' too,—back there in their trenches?

THE DOCTOR

Looks like it, Sammy. This isn't the first one who has let it out! Gad! Won't there be a bloody mess when they all wake up!

The door opens and two French Troubadours enter singing, "The Marsellaise." The men all rouse themselves.

THE FRENCHMEN

The Troubadours! Mon Dieu! Now we will all be gay!

THE SCOTCHMAN

I wish ye might gie me a bit o' hame. Could ye sing "A Wee Hoose Mang the Heather?"

THE TROUBADOURS

We surely will.

They sing it with such feeling that the Scotchman sobs.

THE SAMMY

Say boys, can you give us Yankee Doodle?

THE TROUBADOURS

No sir. We're sorry but we don't know it.

THE SAMMY

Then I'll sing a snatch of it myself.

This he does, in a boisterous fashion.

THE TROUBADOURS

We have a new American Song. It was written by one of the fellows in the Ambulance Corps. Want to hear it?

THE SAMMY

Bet your life!

So they sing in a rollicking manner.

HUNKA TIN

From American Field Service Bulletin

You may talk about your voitures
When you're sitting round the quarters,
But when it comes to getting blesses in
Take a little tip from me,
Let those heavy motors be,
Pin your faith to Henry F's old Hunka Tin
Give her essence and l'eau
Crank her up and let her go,
You back firin', spark-plug foul'in'
Hunka Tin!

The paint is not so good,
And no doubt you'll find the hood
Will rattle like a boiler shop en route;
And when the night is black,
And there's blesses to take back,
And they hardly give you time to take a smoke,
It's mighty good to feel,
When you're sitting at the wheel,
She'll be running when the bigger cars are broke

After all the wars are past,
And we're taken home at last
To our reward of which the preacher sings,
When the kaiser is in hell
With the furnace drawing well,
Paying for his million different kinds of sin;
If they're running short of coal,
Show me how to reach the hole,
And I'll cast a few loads down with
Hunka Tin.

Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You, exasperating puzzle, Hunka Tin;
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But, by Henry Ford who made you,
You are better than a Packard, Hunka Tin.

THE TROUBADOURS

Let's sing a song for the nurses! (*And they sing these words.*)

How gentle are your hands,
That care for us today,
They heal the butchery
They take the pain away.

And oftentimes our boys,
Our boys of many lands,
Will fall asleep in peace
Holding your mother-hands.

On the upper stage is slowly revealed the figure of the "Greatest Mother in the World."

Interlude

THE CHORUS OF MONTHS

In beauteous, symbolic figures, they interpret a dance of praise and glorification.

Cometh, he, cometh he, who Wiields the Years of Mystery.

THE WIELDER OF YEARS

Once more the ponderous gates of Time swing out,
And issue forth the myriad thronging years
That you, immortal souls in finite guise,
May see, perfected, in the Future's sphere
The dreams for which today men bravely die.
Beyond, on fearful fields of carnage, cruel,
With suffering, that doth wring the heart of Heaven,
Are slaughtered, mangled, driven to mad distress,
Not several armies, each against the other,
But one vast host—the army of mankind—
Annihilating swift—its very self!
I pray you, Sons of men, to look with Faith
Unto the only safety for the world,
An Empire founded not on craft and guile,
But builded on the everlasting rock
Of equal rights for all, the proud, the low;
When Freedom flings at last around the earth
Her matchless banner, cleansed from spot and stain;
When righteous shouts of victory may rise
From every slave-rid clime beneath the sun;
When every man, a king in his own heart,
Believes his brother equally a king;
When Earth shall be one vast, harmonious realm
With but one Monarch, Love, The Light of Life!



The Fourth Part

*"Heaven opened wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving."*

—Milton.



The Fourth Part

The Herald of the New Day announces the vast international assemblage. In come the representatives of all the nations and gather around the Place of Power. Each, with the flag of his country, takes his place proudly at the council.

There, where Moloch sat, is now enthroned the Goddess of Love, surrounded by her court—the Spirits of Justice, Liberty, Peace, Faith and Truth. Justice, in the unchangeable gray of steel, holds the balance. Liberty, in the scarlet of blood shed for Freedom's cause, holds aloft her flaming torch. Peace, white-robed and benign, caresses her Dove. Faith, in the true blue of loyal hearts, floats the white plume of her spotless Honour. Truth, in that living green that is the symbol of never-ending being, cherishes her golden key.

The Goddess of Love, haloed and radiant, doth hold a sphere of purest gold—the symbol of a world of perfect harmony.

The Herald of the New Day, from the Dominion of the Immortals, inquires into the affairs of men.

THE HERALD OF THE NEW DAY

O, Earth-born Spirits, hark ye unto me—
Why do ye meet in concourse so complete?
What new-devised plan hath seemed good
That those of every nation gather thus?

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE

We come, O Holy One, to ratify the blessed covenants of an enduring Peace.

THE CHORUS OF NATIONS

Of an enduring Peace?

Two Messengers enter and approach the Spirit of Liberty.

THE HERALD OF THE NEW DAY

And who are they,—these new arrived messengers? Why enter they the council-hall of Nations?

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

They come, O Heavenly Herald, with the news
 That Kingdoms, thrones and Empires, are no more,—
 The day of Kings is past, and Freedom's rule
 Embraces every land upon the Earth.
 And not alone the lands, but all the seas
 Are open wide to any who desire.
 The world around, both sea and land are one
 Beneath the spacious flag of Liberty.

THE CHORUS OF NATIONS

Beneath the spacious flag of Liberty.

*Some of those assembled are seen piling up their battleships and
 setting them afire.*

THE HERALD OF THE NEW DAY

Why burnest thou, with ruthless zeal, those ships
 That armored, gunned and full equipped are?
 Doth man but build that soon he may destroy? —

THE SPIRIT OF FAITH

With fervent trust in honour's pledged word,
 With faith that Nations true will ever be
 Unto confederates bound by loyalty,
 We trust no more in arms and battleships
 But arbitrate in peaceful colloquy
 Whate'er important questions may arise.

THE CHORUS OF NATIONS

What'er important questions may arise.

THE HERALD OF THE NEW DAY

But how upon your huge terrestrial sphere
 Are men so governed that the smaller states
 No wrong do suffer at the greedy hands
 Of Nations having vaster lands and power!

THE SPIRIT OF JUSTICE

O Messenger of Heaven, the day has come,
 When Might no longer rules with rod of steel;

The Strong no longer crush the suppliant Weak,
There are no Slaves unto Autocracy;
But each with equal right before the law,
Is free to live his life as he doth choose,
Remembering only this—that wrong can never
Bring out of wrong, one pearl of right.

THE CHORUS OF NATIONS

Bring out of wrong, one pearl of right.

The eyes of all are now turned toward the Goddess of Truth.

THE HERALD OF THE NEW DAY

Whom see ye, as with enraptured gaze
Ye fix your eyes upon some glorious sight?

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH

Ah, Herald, men at last have seen the light—
The beauteous light of world-redeeming Truth,
The Truth that looks within the hearts of men
Searching them through and through for one dark spot;
The Truth that makes the blind at last to see
How wonderful is Life, the gift of God;
How pure is Spirit, though in mortal frame;
How holy is the bond of Brotherhood;
How boundless is the great, warm heart of Love!

THE CHORUS OF NATIONS

How boundless is the great, warm heart of Love!

THE HERALD OF THE NEW DAY

Sing, O Mortals, sing ye songs of praise
Unto that Shining Power that sways your hearts!
Resound ye trumpets thru the universe
With never-ending notes of praise to Love, the Life of All!

The hosts kneel at the feet of the Goddess of Love. At the sound of the Herald's trumpet they rise, then follow the Goddess from the Realm of Mortals unto that blessed plane, the Dominion of Immortals. They chant triumphantly as they go—their voices echoing far in the distance as they disappear from mortal vision.

The New Day

THE ASSEMBLED HOSTS

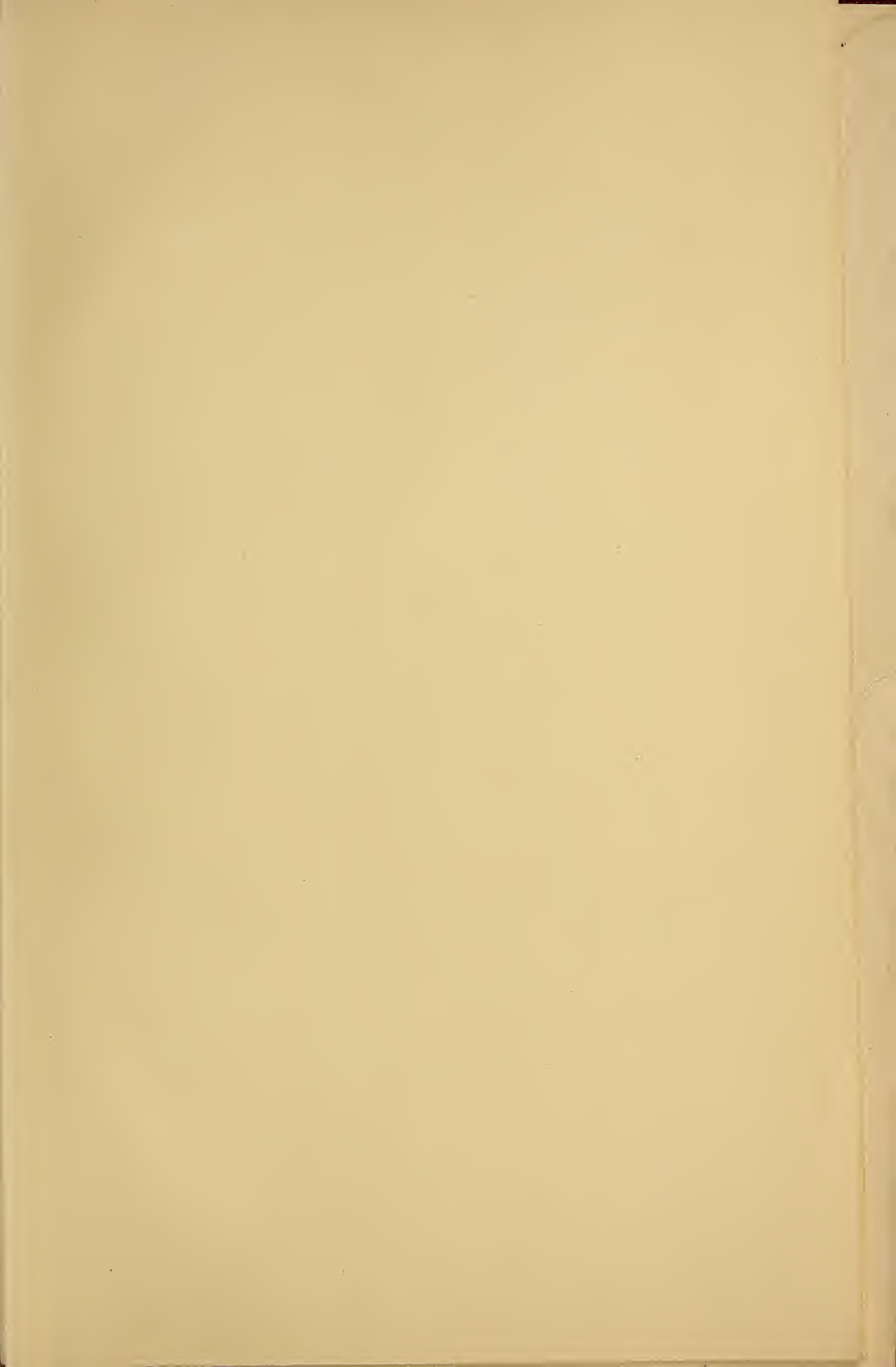
Now appeareth radiant gleams
Bringing end of night,
Dawning splendid, glorious,
Comes the New Day's light.

Love shall reign forever
Within the hearts of men
Peace abideth evermore,
Hope looks up again.

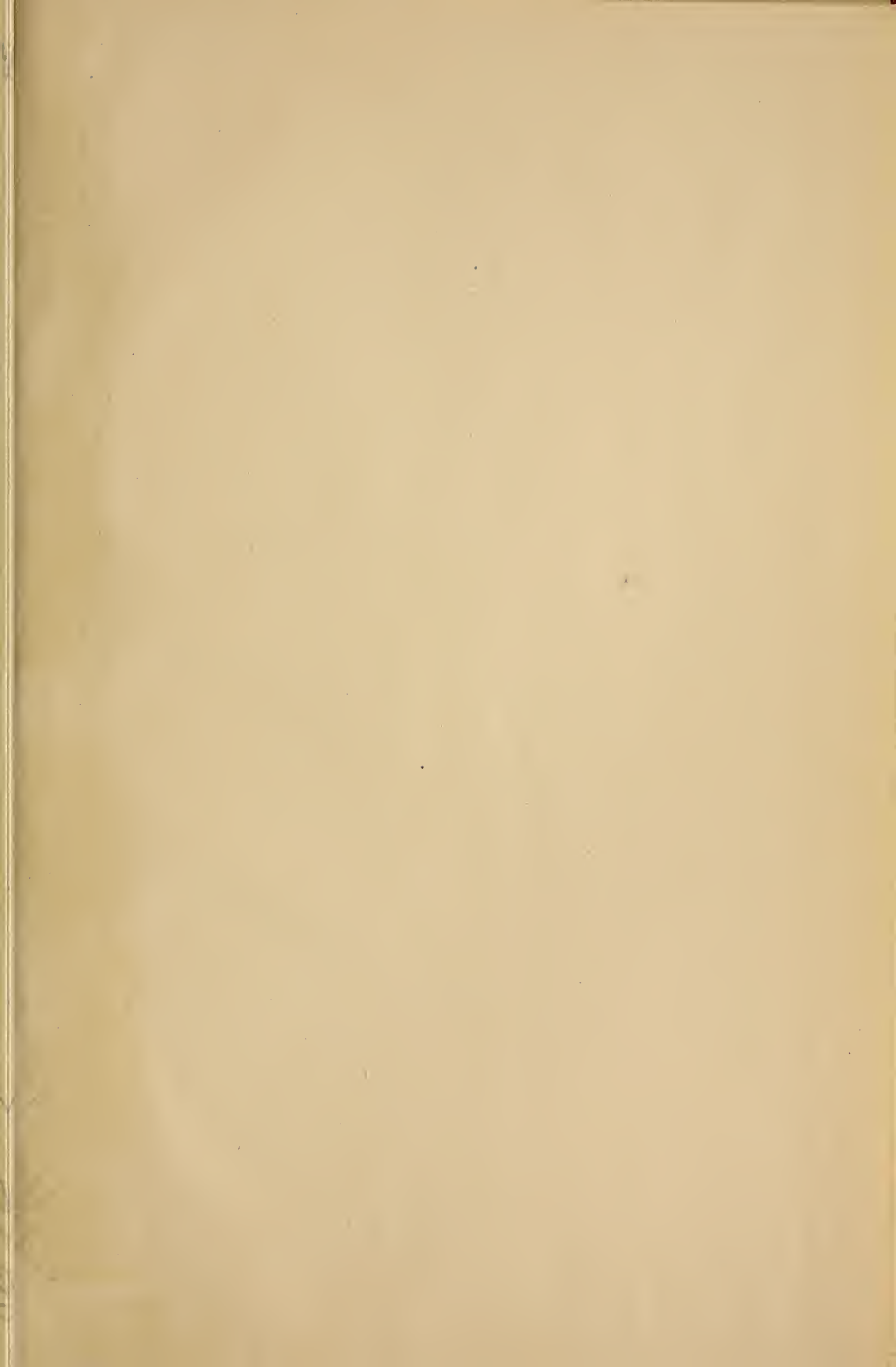
Brotherhood makes all lands one
Faith holds all men true
Wisdom yields her richest stores
Vision gleams anew.

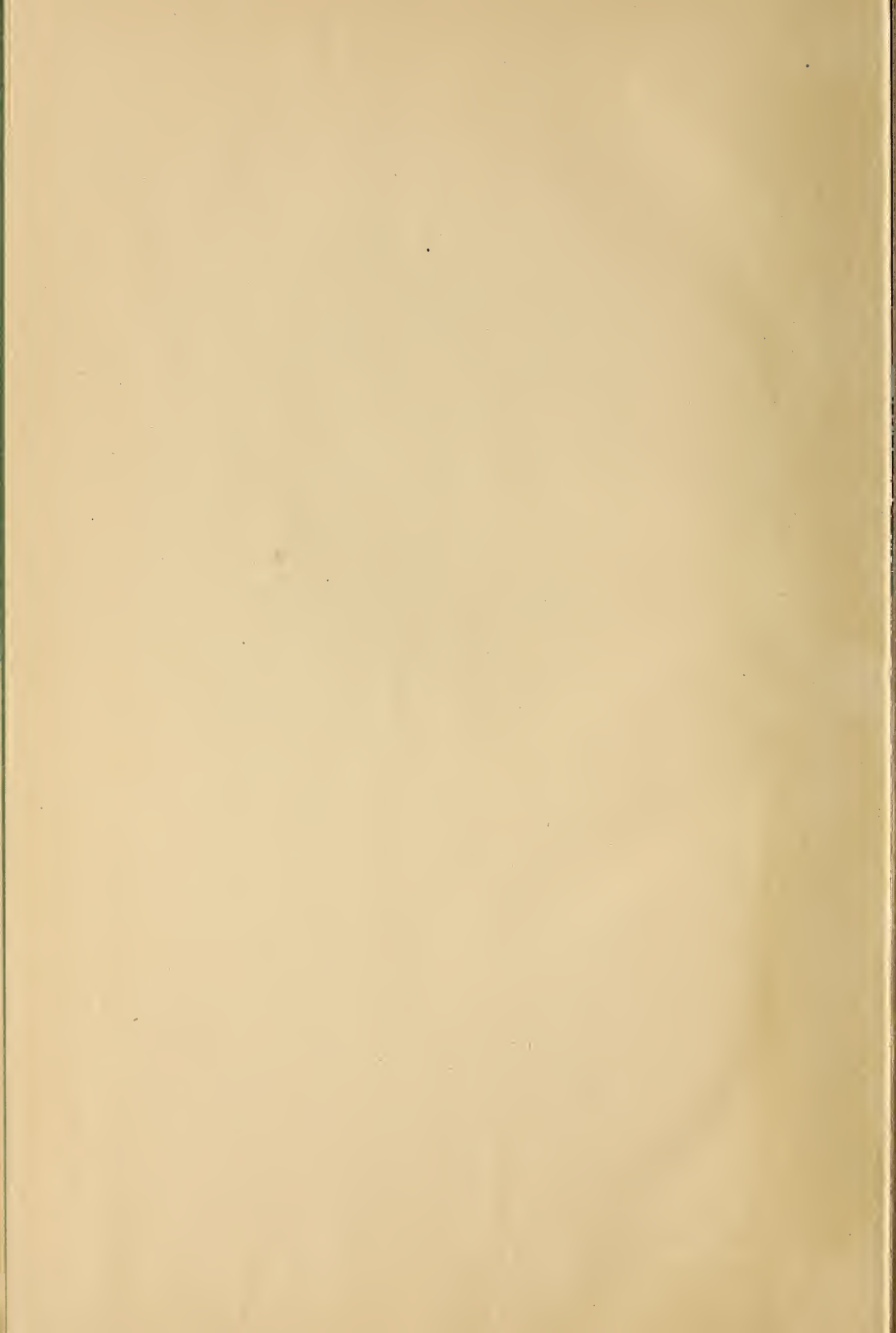
On we go together,
All nations purged and free
Bound by Love and Justice
In lasting harmony.

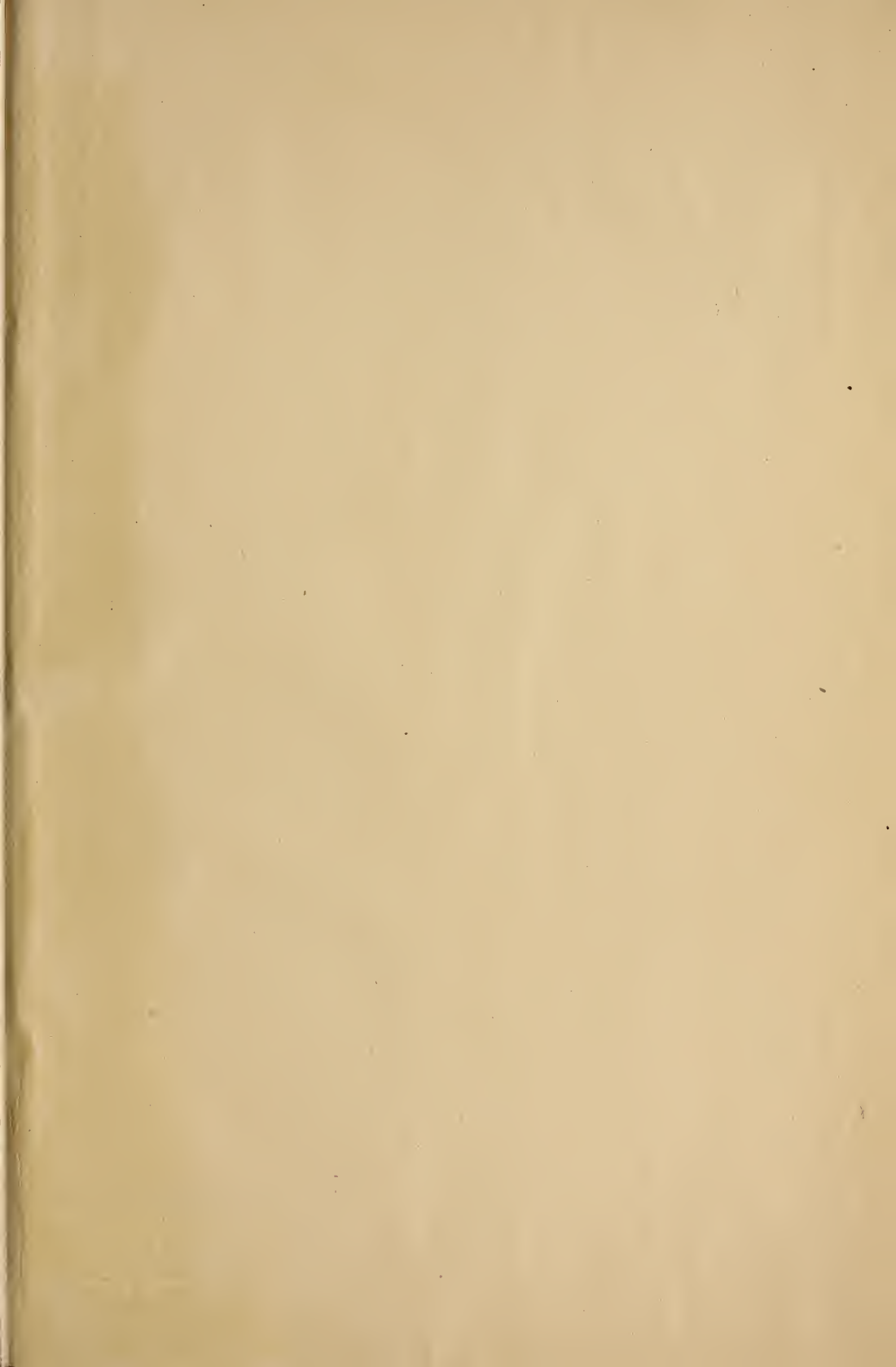
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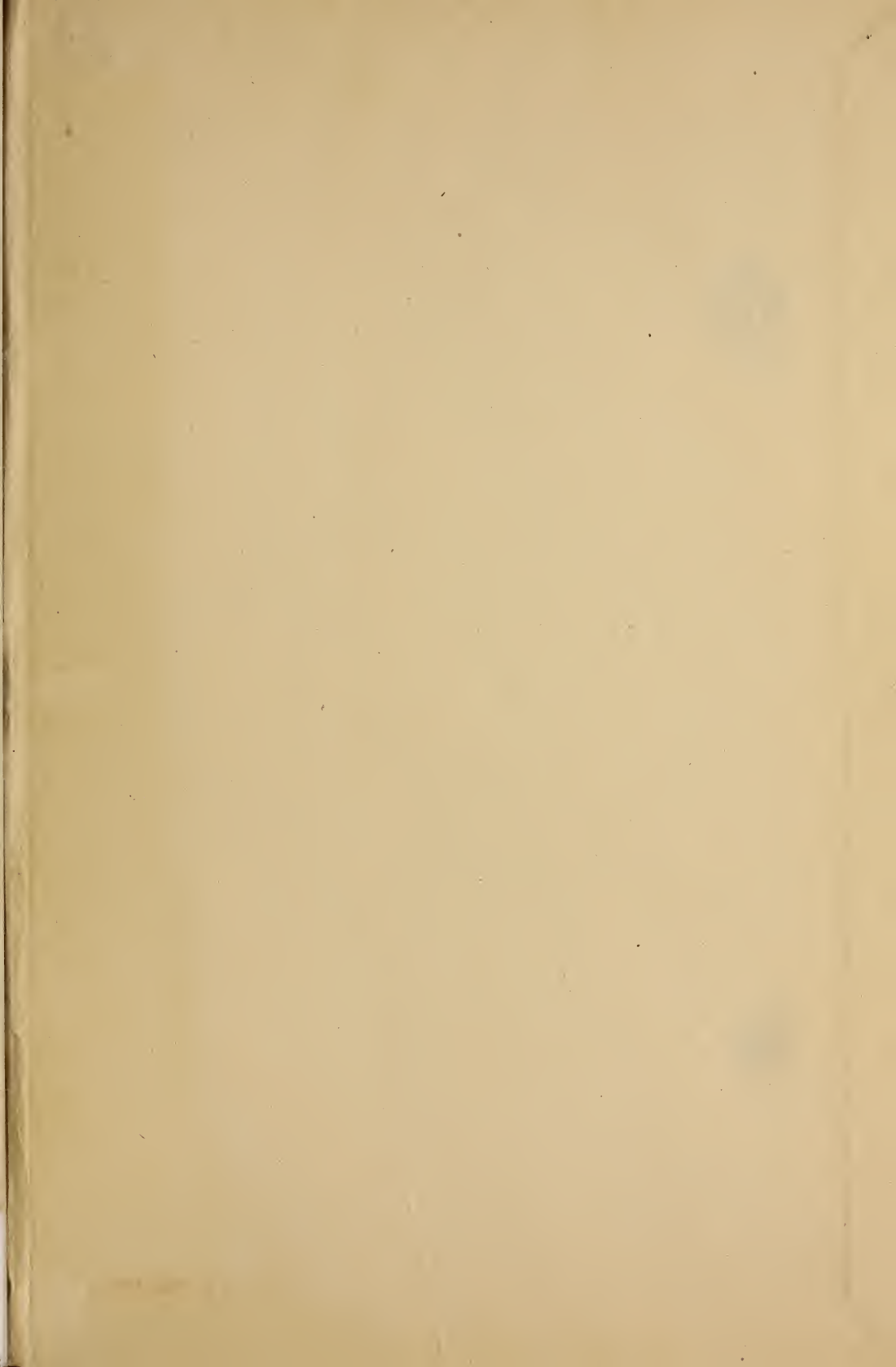




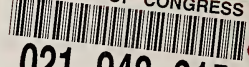
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