THE COURIER.

Once, a great many centuries ago dead and his mother false to his memthere was a camp in the weary wilder- ory before the play begins. As in Macness of Sinai, the camp of a people who beth, the clouds of the tempest are alwere journeying from a bad country of ready lowering when the curtain rises. plagues and fiesh pots and taskmasters. From that oath in the glimmering dawn of dark religions and horrible rites and upon the bleak turrets of Elsinore, his grim barbarism, journeying to an undis- own dark fate is upon him. It follows covered country, they hoped a better him like the ghost, completely surone. In the midst of the camp was a rounds him, and locks down upon him. tabernacle. Without that tabernacle the Wagnerian operas. Like the curse was the court of the people, where the of the Nibelung ring in fine scholmultitude came and went, and babbled arly quality that is difficult to deand worshipped; tradesmen, bondmen, fine. He emphasizes the shrinking, allepers, things unclean. Within was a most feminine delicacy of the Prince. court where only the priests came, which a more robust actor misses altowhere the Levites performed their holy gether. There are moments when his offices. And within that there was still reading is not convincing, is mechanicanother chamber, where only the high al and almost weak, like his reading of priest might enter, who carried God's "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite fire in his censer. And as it was then, so That ever I was born to set it right." it is now. There is another people which was light and melodramatic. I journeying by slow stages into some- think he will make that line deeper thing better, something dim and unde- and more prophetic in time. For in that fined, lying off yonder beyond the peaks moment, looking into the reddening of Sinal. And with us we carry all east, Hamlet saw his destiny unrolled that has been most worthy in our race, before him, laid bare by the retreating the memory and work of the great, our clouds of night; he saw his sacrifice. tabernacle, and the rest we leave to that he was to be the instrument of fate. perish by the wayside, and the sands that he was to suffer for wrongs not of blow over them and they are forgotten. his doing, live for ends not his own. And we have our Holy Thing, which no carry upon his shoulders the sins of a man may profane without swift ven- whole court. In that moment of elegeance from our hands or from heaven's. mental spiritual conflict he saw that his And this holy ground of ours in Elsi- own life and his own love were not for nore. Our civilization is not a thought- him, saw them go out forever, as the ful or a scholarly one, but in its own curtains of the tempest shut out a rough way it is loyal to Hamlet. That star. After that, no more of the fair play and the Magna Charter are the Ophelia. For him that was indeed a two most worthy things that the Anglo- momentous dawn. Saxon people has done from its beginning. Other nations have written Mr. Whiteside's Hamlet may be weak, great tragedies, tragedies of man's but he is noble. When he died Horatio heart and of his passions, but we did not say, "Good night, sweet Prince," alone have this tragedy of the soul, and but we, who watched, said it for him. of man's divinity. For Hamlet is not a As a play, it seems impertinent to write play of love or action or impulse, but of Hamlet, after all that has been writof thought, and of those deep and secret ten and said and sung of it before. But motives which deal with the soul alone, as long as every spring the primroses which fix the relations between it and blossom in the fields of Avon, and evthe man himself, which decree its doom, ery summer the wild thyme blows

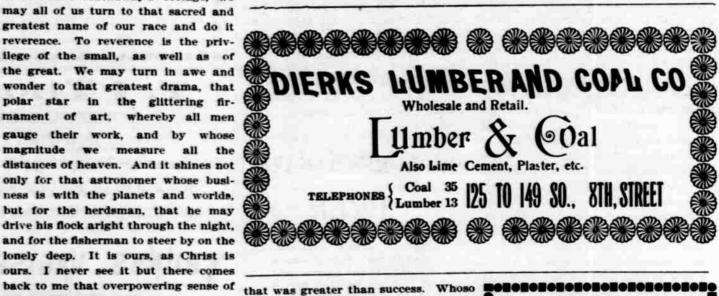
Hamlet, he is our natural enemy. We regard him as a thief and a robber until he has proved that he is mightier ilege of the small, as well as of than we. It is not for us to prove that the great. We may turn in awe and he cannot play Hamlet, but for him to wonder to that greatest drama, that prove that he can. Just how far Mr. polar star in the glittering fir-Walker Whiteside proves this it would mament of art, whereby all men be impossible to say after hearing him only once. But of so earnest, poetic and noble a work as he presented Wednesday evening. I can find little harsh to say. I have not seen all the Hamlets of history as Mr. Whiteside's New York critics seem to have done. Probably Mr. Whiteside knows a great deal more about Hamlet than I, that is his business. I can only judge him by what he makes me fell and know about it, for that also is his business. To me Mr. Whiteside's Hamlet is original and all his own, not because it is unlike Booth's or Keane's or Irving's-whom I never saw .- but because if one scene of it is stolen, it is all stolen, every look, every gesture, every breath he draws in it. It is the work of one man; it is the suffering of one man.

which "summons it to heaven or to hell." about Anne Hathaway's cottage, we When a young player appears in may all of us turn to that sacred and greatest name of our race and do it reverence. To reverence is the privgauge their work, and by whose magnitude we measure all the distances of heaven. And it shines not only for that astronomer whose business is with the planets and worlds, but for the herdsman, that he may drive his flock aright through the night. and for the fisherman to steer by on the lonely deep. It is ours, as Christ is ours. I never see it but there comes its gigantic moral and artistic scope. loseth his life shall find it. So did te that one scene in which Ophelia metes out to Laertes and the burned in Italy, so did Huss fail when king and queen their destiny in flow- he was burned in Switzerland, so did ers, where else is there anything so Christ fail when he was crucified in delicate? And then that complete im- Judea. Their kingdoms were not of molument of Hamlet's personal life and this world, their lives did not save this passion to the great demands of his world, but their memories have. They soul, of ethical justice, that great struggel with the Titanic powers of fate. Beside that all the finished dramas of the French seems the hollow work of clever pigmies. It took the Saxon mind to recognize soul needs like that. ness of his arm. After all good is good, The French write cleverer plays, the Italians more impassioned ones, but all that is greatest and highest in Anglo-Saxon character is there, in Elsinore, It is the same power, the same over soul that builded the Gothic cathedrals. Someway the artists of the north seem to get so much nearer God. They are not craftsmen, they have no law but inspiration, they are priests in verse and prophets in stone.

ONE HALF PRICE Great Sale Continued Clothing

We still bave a good assortment of suits, overcoats and ulsters at 1-2 price and have added some more lots. Plenty to pick from for a few days longer.

Browning King & Co. 1013 to 1019 (9 St.



Several people asked me Wednesday evening if I did not think that there was a gloomy monotony about this particular Hamlet. There certainly was, but I think that gloom is necessary to Mr. Whiteside's conception of the part, and that if he varied it he would be false to the best artistic instincts within him. To me, personally, it is the only true way of playing Hamlet. I cannot see in Hamlet the sportive wit that Mr. Lowell saw. There is wit, certainly, but it is more gloomy than the spoken pathos; it is the terrible ghastly sort of wit that masks suffering. It is a gloomy play. In most plays the inciting circumstances of the tragedy occur after And yet they say that Hamlet is a

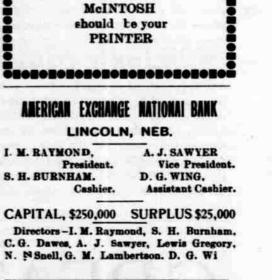
the play opens, but Hamlet's father was study in failure. Well, it was failure

Giordano Bruno fail when he gave the world the ideals, by which we live, for which we die. For sometimes even in this world where "good is oft interred with our bones," the greatness of a man's soul may outline the weaketernal, triumphant over weakness, defeat, failure. The "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin" is not the end. "Other heights in other lives, God willing."

Go to Woempner's for drugs, 139 S. 10

Miss Ferguson's dancing classes at the Lansing ball. Classes both afternoon and evening. The Lansing hall for rent for parties. Residence 1640 G street.

Woempner for paints and oils, 139 S.10





TO 2:30 P M. ADD BY APPOINTMENT