

Forbes-Robertson on Shakespeare English Actor Discusses the Bard

A Word Picture of the Globe Theatre—Shakespeare's Miraculous Power and Range— Ever-Swelling Praise.

A Shakespeare commemoration service was held in Southwark (Eng.) Cathedral recently, at which Mr. Forbes-Robertson delivered an address.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson, after sketching the early history of Southwark, said that by the latter half of the sixteenth century it had become a sanctuary for the law-breaker, the unfortunate, and the persecuted. In the wake of these came most of those whose calling it was to provide entertainment for the city of London—singers, dancers, jugglers, managers of bear gardens, musicians, players, playwrights and poets. All these various callings were held in the minds of the people as one class, as outcasts, as folk without the pale of law-abiding, reputable citizens, little distinction being made between the manager of a bear garden and the manager of a playhouse, or between the player and the dancer; they were all classed under the general term of "mummer" at the back and call of king, councillor, or powerful lord, merchant or prelate, who had the means to entertain his friends with a play or a minstrelsy, the multitude with some great pageant. This was the state of Southwark, or rather that part of it known as the Bankside, in 1594, the year in which the first of the great Shakespearean plays, "The Taming of the Shrew," was first acted. It was a jingling, jangling, jangling place, a place where the end of his life he put into the mouth of a jester.

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily beat the stile, a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, a.

He soon found a modest employment at the Curtain Theatre in Shoreditch with a troop of actors eventually to be known as "The Lord Chamberlain's Company." Six years later he lodged near the bear garden in Southwark, acting as the "Rose" Theatre, and in 1594 he was at the New Theatre in Newington Butts, and from '95 to '99 at the Theatre and the Swan Theatre in Shoreditch. In the year 1599, after Burbage's death, he and his brother Cuthbert pulled down the first known permanent playhouse, probably the one called "The Theatre," and carried the timbers from Shoreditch to the most fitting spot for their purpose, the place where they needed were lodged—the Bankside at Southwark.

It is natural, then, to assume that Burbage took with him a rising young actor and dramatist who had by this time "bought golden opinions of all sorts of people." In Clint street, hard by, you may gain Bankside, where the London folk landed from boats to witness the play. Thirty or forty paces down the street you come to the side entrance of the Anchor Brewery. Enter and look to the left and there is the spot where Richard the Third, the great actor, the original Hamlet, set up in 1599 the "Globe" Theatre, which was to become the shrine, as it were, of the majority of Shakespeare's masterpieces. It was octagonal in shape, and described by Shakespeare as "his mean wooden O." It is evident that the surroundings were not pleasant. To the east of High street, Southwark, was still a reputable suburb, but to the west, where the Shakespearean playhouse stood, was a place of degradation and degradation. So we may think of Shakespeare pursuing his work under the most trying conditions. He heard the pipe and labor's squal and thud, the barking of the savage dogs that bait the bear, the shouting, bawling, tavern's hoarse, and all the distracting noises and events of that turbulent neighborhood. This must have been the atmosphere in which Shakespeare pursued the arduous calling of actor and dramatist to near the end of his life. But Shakespeare's position as actor, dramatist, and poet was assured before he came to the Globe Theatre. He had already written fourteen of his plays, of which only four were tragedies—"Romeo and Juliet," "King John," "Richard the Third," and "Richard the Second." The other ten were in the vein and all the joyous spirit of comedy. What a glorious procession of varied characters, ranging from direct tragedy to most fanciful comedy, comes forth from that young brain. Here is their order, taking only the most prominent: Romeo and Juliet, Mercutio and the Nurse, Titania, Puck, Katherine and Petruchio, Henry the Fourth, Prince Hal and Falstaff; what an array! Yet there are more to come, and greater, and that very soon. For we have now reached the period at the Globe. The incomparable Beatrice must have stepped upon the stage for the first time at the New Theatre in 1599. In the same year came Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jacques; in quick succession enter fourth Henry the Fifth, Malvolio, and Viola.

The Great Tragedies,
But now quite suddenly there comes

a very serious mood, and his great spirit tackles huge problems and overwhelming passions only. In the next six years from 1602, Shakespeare being then 38, he thunders forth upon the world the five mighty tragedies, "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Antony and Cleopatra." It is most interesting to observe that from 1601 to 1609 the matured mind of the man was wholly absorbed by the tragic muse. Not a single new comedy is produced during these eight years, for we cannot class the sombre, realistic "Measure for Measure" as a comedy. His greatest period opens with the Roman tragedy, "Julius Caesar," and closes with "Coriolanus." He closes his day's work with three plays of exquisite fancy and imagination, but in their own peculiar characteristics, strangely removed from his other plays—and these are "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest." Five years of peace and quiet, spent mostly in his native town, and in the year 1616, on April 23, he passes over to the majority at the age of 52. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well"; and surely it was a fevered life for him.

The Playhouse in Shakespeare's Time. Important, and indeed vital to the welfare of the community as the drama is today, it must have been of far more interest and value to the people ruled over by Elizabeth and James, in the days when there was no public press; for high and low went to the playhouse, not solely for entertainment but to glean something of the movement of the times. The playhouse was in a great measure the medium for spreading information, for enlightening the people on many things; the dramatist and the player could not then, as they may now if they choose, stand outside the strife and pressure of the hour. "They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," they must be in it and of it. This, then, was our gentle Shakespeare's state, living in the hurry-burry of Bankside, acting, conducting rehearsals, mingling with all classes of society, pouring forth in fever heat and haste his matchless works showing not only "the age and body of the times, his form and pressure," but framing the noblest thoughts in the most complete, the most powerful, and the most exquisite phrase; searching to the utmost depths all the emotions of mankind, the weakness and the strength, the joy and the pain, the hatred and the love, the humility and pride, the contempt and compassion, the faith and scepticism, the despair and hope of suffering humanity. He paints the ambitions of a tyrant, the aspirations of a king, and the meekness of the humble. The months of great ones has come the chant of his praise from generation to generation for over 300 years, ever swelling in volume and grandeur. Other poets have won their hour of triumph, their period of praise, their pedestals of honor, but he stands alone in a glorious isolation on the shining pinnacle of an unapproachable and solitary rock, for all peoples and all time.

WHERE ENGLISH HELPS.

The Massachusetts supreme court holds that an employer isn't responsible for an employee's ignorance of the English language. The action which led up to this decision is interesting. David Frieberg was hurt because a man who was wielding a sledge hammer and who was employed by the Builders' Iron and Steel Company didn't understand the King's English. Frieberg was holding something on an anvil, and he shouted to the man who was wielding the hammer, "Hold on a minute." The workman didn't understand, but let the hammer descend, with the result that Frieberg's hand was crushed.

The court's decision probably merges good law with good sense. If a man can't speak English well, he should be secured by a good deal of the rough work of the country would be retarded, and lagged. The workman didn't understand, but let the hammer descend, with the result that Frieberg's hand was crushed.

THE SUPREME GIFT.

Man has no wings, and yet he can soar above the clouds; he is not swift of foot, and yet he can outstep the fleetest bound or horse; he has but feeble weapons in his organization, and yet he can slay or master all the great beasts; his eye is not so sharp as that of the eagle or the vulture, and yet he can see into the farthest depths of sidereal space; he has only feeble powers of communication with his fellows, and yet he can talk across the world and send his voice across mountains and oceans; he has no claws or fangs, and yet he can move mountains and stay them; he has no power to pierce the secret of the future, and yet he can look up to him as to a god. He has no power to read the mind of another, and yet he has changed the face of the planet. The specialization of the lower animals—their wonderful adaptation to particular ends—their tools, their weapons, their strength, their speed, man yet makes them all his servants. His brain is more than a match for all the special advantages nature has given them. The one gift of reason makes him supreme in the world.—John Burroughs, in the Atlantic.

Extreme Case of Exhausted Nerves

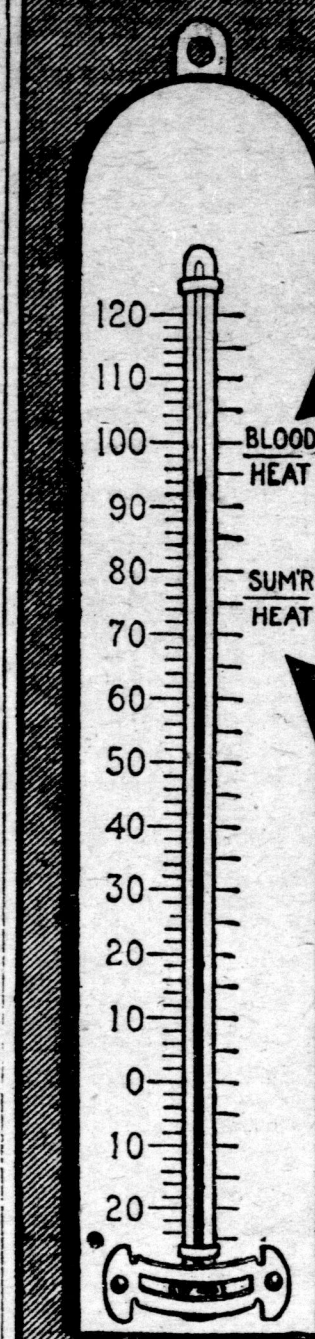
Marvelous Cure of Mrs. Stella Doane Effected by Use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

This is the kind of cure that gives some idea of the extraordinary influence which Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food exercises over the nervous system. You will find this letter of interest and if you only have warning symptoms such as nervous headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability and loss of energy you will be able to put your whole confidence in a treatment which effects cure in such extreme cases of nervous exhaustion.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food cures in Nature's way by forming new, rich red blood and on this account its benefits are thorough and lasting. No treatment has such a splendid record in the cure of nervous prostration and exhaustion and all symptoms telling of the approach of paralysis or locomotor ataxia. Mrs. Stella Doane of No. 18 Gifford Block, Jamestown, N. Y., says—"I desire to give you a merited—and I may add—unsolicited testimonial for your wonderful Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, although I never quite approved of patent medicines until after I doctored with four of the best physicians in this city for nearly a year with little or no benefit. After almost complete paralysis, my health has been completely restored by your wonderful Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. The result may seem almost a miracle. I write you this because I feel it my duty that others should learn of the real merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. You may use this as you wish, that others may learn of my remarkable recovery by the use of your medicine alone."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ontario. The genuine bears the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author.



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You will feel cooler and more comfortable in Pen-Angle Two-Thread Egyptian Balbriggan than in ordinary balbriggan underwear. Pen-Angle is made by an altogether different process than any other balbriggan made in Canada. Pen-Angle fits better—wears longer.

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BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR



TRIBUTES TO MOTHERS

A Collection of Well-Known
Lines Appropriate to Mothers' Day—Pretty Idea That
Has Taken Root.

Mother's Day is a pretty idea which has taken root in many parts of the United States and Canada, and seems destined to grow. It was Miss Anna Jarvis, of 2681 North Twelfth street, Philadelphia, who suggested, two or three years ago, that the second Sunday in May be so designated, and that a white carnation be worn in honor of Mother. Its observance on Sunday attracts not at all from business, religious observance or pleasure.

All I am or can be I owe to my angel Mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

God could not be everywhere; therefore He made Mothers.—Low Wallace.

What matter if the cheek show not the rose,
Nor eyes give evidence of gloom?
The mother's glory lights the homely face.—Sir Lewis Morris.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright
fair tales did tell.—Samuel Lover.

Womanliness means only Motherhood,
All love begins and ends there.—Robert Browning.

My Mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Saw, vast unconscious of the tears I shed,
Hovered her spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretched even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt,
A kiss.—Kies.

Perhaps a tear, if souls may weep in love,
Ah, that maternal smile—it answers best
—Cowper.

A Mother is a Mother still,
The holiest thing alive.—Coleridge.

Who can to help me when I fell,
And would some angel take my part,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
—My Jane Taylor.

Youth fades; love droops; the heavens of
friendship fall.
A Mother's secret hope outlives them all.
—O. W. Holmes.

A woman's love is mighty; but a Mother's
heart is weak;
And his weakness overcomes.—Lowell.

In the Heavens above,
The angels whispering to one another
Can find among them burning terms of love.
None so devotional as that of Mother.
—Edgar Allan Poe.

For the hand that rocks the cradle
rules the world.—William Wallace.

A kiss from my Mother made me
a painter.—Benjamin West.

I have not wept these forty years; but
now.—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

My Mother comes afresh into my eyes.
—Dryden.

The only love which on this teeming
earth
Asks no return for passion's wayward
birth.—Hon. Mrs. Norton.

A Mother's love—how sweet the name!
What is a Mother's love?
A noble, pure and tender flame,
Embraked from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love that can grow old.
—J. Montgomery.

I had not so much of man in me
But all my Mother came into mine eyes,
In May he so designated, and that a
white carnation be worn in honor of
Mother. Its observance on Sunday de-

There is none, in all this cold and hollow
world,
No fount of deep, strong, deathless love,
I have that within.—Mrs. Hemans.

The Mother with her needle and her
shear,
Gars (makes) and class look amais at
her's the new.—Robert Burns.

To a Mother a child is everything; but
to a child a parent is only a link in the
chain of her existence.—Lord Beaconsfield.

My Mother! Manhood's anxious brow
And stern care have long been mine;
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
When upon thy bosom I find
My infant griefs were gently brushed to
rest.
And my low whispered prayers my
slumber blessed.—George W. Bethune.

Absent many a year—
Far o'er the sea, his sweetest dreams were
Of that dear voice that soothed his
fancy.—Southey.

I miss thee, dear Mother, when young
And I sink in the languor of pain!
Where, where is the arm that once pil-
lowed my head?
And the ear that once heard me com-
plain?

Other hands may support me, gentle
—Edgar Allan Poe.

For the fond and the true are still mine,
I've a feeling for each; I am grateful
to all.
But whose care can be soothing as
mine?—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

The tie which links Mother and child is
of such pure and immaculate strength
as to be never violated, except by those
whose feelings are withered by vicious
society.—Washington Irving.

One tear of a Mother can blot out a
thousand complaints against her.
—Alexander.

Can the fond Mother from herself de-
part?
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and
nursed on her knee, and at her bosom
fed?—Churchill.

The Mother's love—there's none so pure,
So constant and so kind, as hers
No human passion doth endure
Like this within the mind.—Mrs. Hale.

Backward, turn backward, O time in thy
flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight
When I can be a mother once more.
Take me again in thine arms as of yore.
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a Mother's eye.

There are teachings in earth, and sky,
And air,
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice, beneath above,
He is heard to speak through a Mother's
love.—Emily Taylor.

The loss of a Mother is always felt,
Even though her health may incapacitate
her from taking any active part in the
care of her family, still she is a sweet
reproach, around which affection and
obedience and a thousand tender endear-
ments please, concentrate—and, dreary is
the blank when such a potent is with-
drawn.—Lamarine.

I see my Mother's calm, and face
Look through the mist of bygone years,
So constant and so kind, as hers
No human passion doth endure
Like this within the mind.—Mrs. Hale.

The Mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the
coin.
Of character, and makes the being, who
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen of the World.—Old Play.

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just).
They have a merry, simple, tender knack
Of tying sashes, biting baby shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make
no sense.
And kissing full sense into empty words—

While things are orals to cut life upon.
Although such trifles.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

As life's dedallan paths my footsteps
lead,
And sorrow trails its pall about my head,
Entwining in its purple shades my feet,
Sometimes think—and, O, the thought
is sweet!—That though to women men may not be
brothers,
We still have left a few old-fashioned
Mothers.—Elaine Darling.

Mother's love is ever in its spring.
Mother's truth keeps constant youth.
—From the French.

An old Mother in the house is a hedge.
—Dutch.

A Mother's love the best love;
God's love the highest love.—German.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother of mine, Oh Mother of mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother of mine, Oh Mother of mine!
—Kipling.

O, you who have a Mother dear,
Let not your word or act give pain;
But cherish, love her, with your life—
You never can have her like again!—Aron.

THE SMALL BOYS' IDOL HAS GONE

Cow Puncher, Wonderful Hero
of Boys, No Longer
Exists.

The dashing swashbuckler, with his
leggings, his swaggering sombrero,
his belt, revolvers and lariat will soon be
no more. He is vanishing from the
plains, a victim of a more modern way
of doing things. The knell of the cow-
boy's passing is sounded in the de-
cision to abandon the reunion of cow
punchers, for many years an annual
event at Seymour, Texas. Cowboys
from half a dozen states used to make
long trips in the saddle in order to
be on hand for this reunion. It had
been planned to hold the reunion as
usual this spring, but those in charge
found so little interest that they
started an investigation to find out
what had become of all the cowboys.

Their discoveries were depressing
from the point of view of the small
boy, who in dime novel and pictures
has worshipped the deeds of the sharp-
shooting, broncho-busting, fearless
men of the plains. No more than a
few hundred cowboys could be by any
possibility have been brought to Sey-
mour, and as this would have been as
far short of true reunion, as a
swallow is from composing a summer,
it was reluctantly decided to have no
conclave.

Seymour, now the centre of a culti-
vated and agricultural section, was a
dozen years ago given over to graz-
ing. In 1897 it was the scene of the
largest gathering of cowboys ever
seen in this country. The men from
ranches in Texas, Indian Territory
and Oklahoma rode to the gathering
and more than 20,000 cowboys and
300 Indians rallied to the camp.

One man bore the assignment of
keeping this army of visitors in order.
Capt. W. J. L. Sullivan, recently elected
doorkeeper of the Texas House of Re-
presentatives. His proved courage and
knowledge of the men of the plains led
him to be picked as the man who
could best be relied on to keep them
in check, and he did not shrink the re-
sponsibilities of being named as grand
marshal.

Sullivan was the only peace officer
in Seymour, and everything was up to
him. But so skillfully did he discharge
his duties that during the four days
that the conclave lasted, he found it
necessary to make only two arrests,
and these were for minor offences,
which shows that the cowboy was
never as needlessly quick on the trig-
ger as the eastern public had been led
to believe.

Seymour had admirable advantages
for a gathering of this kind. The road
to the town, which had had a popu-
lation of 300, was wide and flat, and
gave a fine course for the furious
races between the cowboys on their
swift ranch horses.

On the second night of the reunion
Seymour saw the remarkable spectacle
of 20,000 cowboys riding back into
town, at breakneck speed, each man
with his six-shooter out, and firing in
to the air.

The bombardment lasted for more
than an hour, and the spitting of the
flashes made a most thrilling effect.
Prohibition was another visitor that
had not yet made its way into the far
west, and in order to take care of the
thirst needs of the guests, thirty tem-
porary saloons were instituted. These
were crowded night and day.

Occasionally there were fights. Two
big cowboys had a round, the winner
of which was a matter of some impor-
tance. The fight for an hour before one was
forced to give up, but there was no
shooting in the affray, for each man
turned over his pistol to friends be-
fore the combat started.

But the modern encroachments were
not to be delayed. Real estate opera-
tors found that a lot of the land used
for grazing could be turned into the
most fertile farmland and yield a far
greater profit.

The life of Texas underwent a
change. The farmer began to take the
place of the cattleman, and even where
the latter managed to maintain his
way, he began to apply new methods
to the care of his herd. The cowboy
began to be seen in the west. At
first the cowboy laughed. What could
the motor car do to push him out of
his calling? couldn't tame a broncho?
It couldn't shoot and certainly it
couldn't throw a lariat.

But the auto got over the road fast.
It could make a round trip of the
country at a far greater speed. It wasn't like
a horse. It never tired out, for an
automobile of fair size could take
around a dozen under the primitive
condition of the west.

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Shirt Waists, Silk Shirt Waist
Suits, Skirts, Kimonos, Dress-
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condition of the west.

The life of Texas underwent a
change. The farmer began to take the
place of the cattleman, and even where
the latter managed to maintain his
way, he began to apply new methods
to the care of his herd. The cowboy
began to be seen in the west. At
first the cowboy laughed. What could
the motor car do to push him out of
his calling? couldn't tame a broncho?
It couldn't shoot and certainly it
couldn't throw a lariat.

But the auto got over the road fast.
It could make a round trip of the
country at a far greater speed. It wasn't like
a horse. It never tired out, for an
automobile of fair size could take
around a dozen under the primitive
condition of the west.