

THEM, HAMLET AND HAMMOLETT

ALDORA, BROTHER OF HAMMOLES  
SPANISH BLOOD AND GOLD.

Shakespeare's Sublime Tragedy Given Here With an Appropriate Etc.—Original Readings of the Lines That Fall to Edith Over the Footlights.

In the wake of a phalanx of press agents under the redoubtable leadership of the son of the craft, Jerome Eddy—Aldora Shem, a histrionic genius of the West and her nature, yesterday afternoon called the friends of Broadway in the character of Hamlet. The utmost that Mr. Eddy and his mercurials were able to achieve was one finger of publicity. Judging by the comments of those who foregathered yesterday afternoon at the New York Theatre, Aldora Shem herself has filled the cup to overflowing. Here's hoping that the draught will be as sweet as copious.

It is idle to accuse Aldora Shem of underestimating the magnitude of his task. In the first place, assuming all temptations of the baptismal font to belong to any other set, Aldora is a man—a slight consideration nowadays in this matter of Hamlets. And he openly expresses the conviction, on the cover of his programme, that this tragedy of Shakespeare's is "sublime." Furthermore he assures the intending spectator that it is presented "with appropriate scenery, accessories, &c." By all means, let us have our Shakespeare with an appropriate set.

Shem is as dark of visage as his own brother, the second son of Noah. Once for all those critics are routed who maintain that the melancholy Prince was a blond. Here is a theatrical tradition dating back to the ark, and supported by etymology to boot, for who was Hamlet if not the diminutive son of Ham? A local amateur actor of fame, it is true, espousing the belief in a contrary of what Shem is a Spaniard, and the Hamlet of Shem a Spanish Hamlet. But he is much nearer than that to the kinship of etymology and of blood. Aldora has, in fact, made the part his own. The Hamlet of Shem is a Shemite, individual and authentic, his own independent creation, the only really Shemite Hamlet the world has ever known.

Descending from the sublime to the particular, it must be said that the ordinary simile of the discerning amateur is not ill advised. There is something undulant, soft and rufly about the Shem-Hamlet that cannot otherwise be adequately described. It slopes on the stage and off it with the celebrity and precision of molten eggs on a rafter. On Mr. Shem's lips the speed and mazy content of the part become an inarticulate coze that could not be projected beyond the footlights with anything short of a soup spoon. Those in the fifth row can see a record of its sunset colors of fluent blood and gold.

That was a pity, for the pronunciation of Mr. Aldora Shem was no less remarkable than his enunciation. There are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy—something like that, at least, is the usual remark of the press. Mr. Shem pronounced the final word *lovely*. No after and more discerning addition has been made to Shakespeare's vocabulary. It is true that Mr. Shem interpreted the same part two years ago appearing with a rip in his bag, and that he exposed the pink—as the French actor would read it—of the French actor's red. It is true that Mr. Shem read for the first time illustrate what *Opheila* tells us, that Hamlet's nose and ears were in no normal condition? And what if he were a ghost, in the ghostly philosophy of Mr. Shem?

Mr. Shem's reading was distinguished by fine clarity and balance. He read the lines of Anna Susser, Mrs. Carr, Phillimore Society under Emil Paar, to celebrate the completion of the sixtieth year of the organization. The soloists were the soprano of Anna Susser, Mrs. Carr, Hamlin and Ericsson Bushnell, and there was a chorus from the Rubinstein and Apollo clubs. Yesterday afternoon the solo singers were Anna Susser, Mrs. Carr, Miss Edvard Barrow and Julian Walker. The chorus was a selected one, rehearsed by the conductor of the clubs before mentioned.

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PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

BERLIOZ AND BEETHOVEN IN AN EXTRA PROGRAMME.

Mr. Weingartner Conducts a Performance of the "Harold in Italy," and the Ninth Symphony—Interesting Readings by an Authoritative Interpreter.

The Philharmonic Society gave the first of a pair of extra concerts yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The presence of Felix Weingartner was the occasion of a departure of this kind last season, and he again was the conductor of yesterday's entertainment, which will be repeated to-night. The programme consisted of two works, the conducting of which has for some time been a specialty of Mr. Weingartner. These were Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony and Beethoven's Ninth symphony. France has recognized Mr. Weingartner's achievements in the interpretation of Berlioz, and Germany has long honored him as an exponent of Beethoven.

It would be idle at this day to discuss the Berlioz symphony. Paganini's extravagant estimate of the importance of the French composer can only make us smile, yet when this composition is read as it was yesterday afternoon the skill of Berlioz in mood painting becomes so apparent that it cannot be ignored.

The want of impression is undoubtedly due to the failure of many minds to discover the disparity between the apparatus of the orchestra and the painter. Berlioz uses the symphonic outline and the whole orchestra, together with a solo voice, to tell what could have been told better with a small body of instruments and in less pretentious form.

If Mr. Weingartner's reading made anything clearer than it has hitherto been it was just this disparity. He reduced the whole thing to its proper level, found the right technical values and set other down places where many other conductors have striven in vain to find great things which were not there. At any rate it was a delightful, simple, clear and transparent reading, in which the instrumental balance was perfect, the solo voice of the soprano played with a solo voice, and he at least might have provided a little more tone.

Beethoven's ninth symphony was given in its entirety on April 4 and 5, 1892, by the Philharmonic Society under Emil Paar, to celebrate the completion of the sixtieth year of the organization. The soloists were the soprano of Anna Susser, Mrs. Carr, Hamlin and Ericsson Bushnell, and there was a chorus from the Rubinstein and Apollo clubs. Yesterday afternoon the solo singers were Anna Susser, Mrs. Carr, Miss Edvard Barrow and Julian Walker. The chorus was a selected one, rehearsed by the conductor of the clubs before mentioned.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday to-day. He is still active in literary work, his latest and perhaps his strongest book being now in press for publication in March. Past 40 years of age before he began writing for publication, Dr. Mitchell during the past thirty years has produced a series of books remarkable in its range of subjects as well as quality of excellence. Beginning with strictly medical treatises, writing as one always should about the thing best known and most familiar, the author evidently recognized his gift of expression and gave it rein in poetry, historical sketches and fiction, culminating finally in that curious combination of fact and fancy incorporated in "The Youth of Washington." Between the author's first two books there is an interval of some seven years. For the past decade every year has been marked by the publication of a book of fiction or a volume of poems, besides a large number of medical papers on various themes. And the remarkable thing about his literary production has been the fact that Dr. Mitchell was educated for the medical profession, has been president of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia and still is an honorary member of the British Medical Association and an honorary Fellow of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society.

President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" has just been printed for the eleventh time. His "Hero Tales" (written with Senator Lodge) has been printed thirteen times, and since "Ranch Life" was put into a less expensive edition seven impressions have been called for to fill the demand. Evidently the President-author's name stands high in the list of popular American writers.

Katherine Cecil Thurston's husband has dramatized his wife's successful novel "The Masquerader," and the dramatization will be produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, by George Alexander. There has been much difficulty in finding a suitable actor for the part of the artist, and it is now in the hands of Frederick the Great, who so delighted the Kaiser that he invited the artist to dinner. Before the feast began the royal host entertained the artist with some verses of his own composing, which translated read:

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Mr. London is a young man on the right side of 30, and the development of his career promises to be pregnant with interest. A new book called "The House Party" is announced for spring publication, which should make pleasant summer reading. It is a story of the smartest, which opens in the style of Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth," with a small set of gay people who are assembled with their dogs and various paraphernalia for luxurious frolicking at a house party. An intense and up to date love story with clever delineations of character is enacted against a very modish background. The book is written by sisters, the Misses Esther and Lucia Chamberlain, who have published some short stories, but offer this as their first book. The Chamberlain sisters have lived in California, but their home is now in New York, the city in which writers complain they cannot work, but where books are printed and bought and sold and where authors surely come sooner or later until New York is what Boston thinks it is—the literary centre of America.

Mme. Zénaïde Ragozin, author of the story of Chalda, the story of Assyria, &c., has met with a severe affliction in the death of her Russian publisher, Mr. Marcks. Mme. Ragozin is in Russia, writing.

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"People write books about the beauty of Venice," the bookseller said to the book writer. "Why don't they write of its mystery? It is the mystery of Venice after that it climaxes the world like opera, is once the veritable museum of rare and beautiful things. Where are those treasures of the Renaissance now? I never hear of a building being torn down but I expect some of them to come to light. Why don't the novelists write a stirring story of love and adventure in modern Venice on those lines?"

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The eighteenth edition of "Nancy Stair" has been exhausted. The story has been dramatized by Paul M. Potter in collaboration with the author and will be put on the stage in March, with Mary Manning in the title role. "Nancy" has many admirers, and numerous applications for her photograph are received. Recently an actor with a bad memory presented himself at the publishers' and demanded a large, handsome photograph of the author for publication. He represented himself as a literary editor and promised to return the photograph. All the promises were made but he had been carefully watched, but his particular photograph has not been reproduced, nor has it been returned. The publishers are wondering why they didn't take the man's name and address that they might add other contributions to his collection.

PUBLICATIONS.

HURRICANE ISLAND. A narrative of adventures about the "Sea Queen," breathless with excitement. Ill. by Anderson. \$1.50. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. 133-137 East 10th St., New York.

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It is always interesting to find out how the "wheels go round" in an author's head and to know the system which he considers most satisfactory to work under. Elmore Elliott Peake, author of "The House of Hawley" published by Appletons last week, is one of the literary workers who observe

PUBLICATIONS.

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Since Ellen Thornycroft Fowler has confessed to the world that "Kate of Kate Hall" was really a joint production composed by her husband and herself, "share and share alike, in the early days of their married life, some one has jeered at the story as a "honeymoon attempt." To which the author replied "that though there might be wiser ways of writing a novel, there were certainly no foolish ones of spending a honeymoon."

The eighteenth edition of "Nancy Stair" has been exhausted. The story has been dramatized by Paul M. Potter in collaboration with the author and will be put on the stage in March, with Mary Manning in the title role. "Nancy" has many admirers, and numerous applications for her photograph are received. Recently an actor with a bad memory presented himself at the publishers' and demanded a large, handsome photograph of the author for publication. He represented himself as a literary editor and promised to return the photograph. All the promises were made but he had been carefully watched, but his particular photograph has not been reproduced, nor has it been returned. The publishers are wondering why they didn't take the man's name and address that they might add other contributions to his collection.

It is always interesting to find out how the "wheels go round" in an author's head and to know the system which he considers most satisfactory to work under. Elmore Elliott Peake, author of "The House of Hawley" published by Appletons last week, is one of the literary workers who observe

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The House of Hawley. LOVE, and its conflicts, is the theme of this novel, the love of an iron-willed old man for his grand-daughter, and her love in turn for Norman Colfax, to whom her grandchild objects. Young love triumphs, and the girl elopes with her lover. Then, for a year, big, erect Major Hawley, proud alike of his broad shoulders and broad acres, stoops beneath the weight of an estrangement. At last comes a more than joyful reconciliation. D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York

regular hours. Half past eight or nine o'clock finds him at his desk, where he remains until one, when his labors for the day are over. For the encouragement of his fellow workers it is good to read his confession that he cannot work every day. "There are days," he says, "when I sit at my desk for three hours without being able to get a thought launched. But I have frequently spent several listless hours at the desk and then in the one final hour have done a good day's work, which would not have happened if I had gone a-fishing."

Henri de Noussans in "The Kaiser as He Is" gives an amusing anecdote of Adolf von Menzel, the famous German artist who died last week. Menzel composed a canvas representing William II, and his court in costumes contemporaneous with Frederick the Great, who so delighted the Kaiser that he invited the artist to dinner. Before the feast began the royal host entertained the artist with some verses of his own composing, which translated read:

The painter Menzel has arrived. The man On guard makes noise of his lips, and after fifty lines conclude with Behold you, venerated Master Menzel. For thus thy King his honor would bestow. The dome and nothing more have I to say. Save that thy King sits honor here to-day.

After the dinner and the concert which followed the imperial poet bestowed upon the painter an autograph copy of the verses. History does not relate whether Menzel, who always sold his pictures at the highest possible price, was satisfied to take his payment in imperial doggerel with a royal signature.

Now that Jack London, author of "The Sea Wolf," has been nominated for Mayor of Oakland by the Socialist convention increased interest is aroused in the personality and philosophy of this young author of stirring tales of adventure. To quote Mr. London's own words:

I had lived my childhood on California ranches, my boyhood hunting newspapers on the streets of a local Western city, and my youth on the open laden waters of San Francisco Bay. I lived in the open and I toiled in the open at the hardest work I could find, and I drifted along from job to job. I looked on and drifted along in a daze. Let me repeat, this optimism was because I was healthy and strong, bothered with neither poverty nor sickness, never turned down by a boss because I did not look it. Further, the optimism bred of a stomach which could digest roast iron and a body which flourished on hardships did not permit me to consider accidents as even remotely related to my gaudy personality. I could only see myself racing through life without end and one of Nietzsche's boundless, justifying raving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength.

Mr. London is a young man on the right side of 30, and the development of his career promises to be pregnant with interest. A new book called "The House Party" is announced for spring publication, which should make pleasant summer reading. It is a story of the smartest, which opens in the style of Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth," with a small set of gay people who are assembled with their dogs and various paraphernalia for luxurious frolicking at a house party. An intense and up to date love story with clever delineations of character is enacted against a very modish background. The book is written by sisters, the Misses Esther and Lucia Chamberlain, who have published some short stories, but offer this as their first book. The Chamberlain sisters have lived in California, but their home is now in New York, the city in which writers complain they cannot work, but where books are printed and bought and sold and where authors surely come sooner or later until New York is what Boston thinks it is—the literary centre of America.

Mme. Zénaïde Ragozin, author of the story of Chalda, the story of Assyria, &c., has met with a severe affliction in the death of her Russian publisher, Mr. Marcks. Mme. Ragozin is in Russia, writing.

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