

BIG DRAMATIC EVENT

Character of Ophelia
H. SOTHERN and Miss Marlowe this season have demonstrated that the American public does appreciate Shakespeare's plays when they are artistically produced.

By Julia Marlowe
To me Ophelia is one of the most interesting and moving characters that Shakespeare created.

I have been told that the general impression among actors is that she is to be portrayed as a feeble-minded ingenue. I do not see how that can be.

Her attitude toward him was always of the most extreme solicitude for his welfare. She believed him mad; she thought it was given to her to do something that might tend toward the easing of his mind.

Here is a very tragic story. Did you ever think that no one else in the play suffers so much as she? She sees the collapse and ruin of her hopes.

It does not seem to me natural that an insane person could discriminate between different kinds of flowers. The usual course is for Ophelia to hand different persons on the stage the identical flowers that she names.

tinguish rue from columbine. To her all flowers must seem alike. Then how much stronger and better to have her give the flowers to imaginary instead of real persons!

Ophelia is really the pivotal character of the play. The whole action revolves about her. Insignificant as she is sometimes made to appear, she really dominates everything.

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Now, Hamlet is thirty and a remarkably intellectual man. Ophelia would have to be a strong, well-poised woman to hold such a man, no whining and piping ingenue, no woman of ordinary attainments.

Miss Frenstad and Mr. Burgstaller in "Parsifal" proved themselves actors as well as singers of the first rank. After their wonderful characterizations which convinced even the most careless spectators that the opera of the future must be a music drama in the fullest acceptance of the term.

The Innes May musical festival should draw a big crowd. Professor Jahn is training a large chorus, a strong advisory committee has been appointed and much interest is being manifested in the smaller cities of Southern California.

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MISS MARLOWE AND MR. SOTHERN IN HAMLET, MASON

IN MUSICAL WORLD

Now that the visit of the Conried Metropolitan Grand Opera company has become a precious memory to the Los Angeles public, it will be perhaps a little difficult to take an interest in less important musical events, but there are still some good attractions on the calendar.

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come of that chap, couldn't find him high or low. Mrs. B.—It's easy to know where you've been looking for him. Beardsley—Poor girl, I'm sorry for you, having to sit through this deadly show, with nothing to cheer you!

the plans as originally outlined for this season's concerts. To the men constituting the orchestra thanks are also due for their indefatigable efforts to continue this series of concerts.

Director Hamilton has arranged an excellent program for this concert, a fitting finale to the year's Symphony work. The program is as follows: First symphony in C minor (Beethoven); two lyric pieces for strings (M. F. Madden); two Danish songs (P. Heise); "Oney Hav og Bjerg og Flod" and "Der Staar et Bryllup i Frankrig"; "Hans Heiling" overture (Marschner); "Holberg Suite" (Cregg).

The great closing event of this year's musical season will be a visit from the Kneisel quartette. This organization, composed of four leading soloists of the Boston Symphony orchestra, has been in great demand everywhere in the east this season.

Special arrangements are being made in connection with the Long Beach Chautauqua to make the twentieth session the most successful yet known in Southern California.

From the London Chronicle
The disease which threatens the Chinese coolies on their way to the Transvaal mines is known in the far east as beri-beri, and as kakke in Japan.

THE HEINRICH CONCERT
On Tuesday evening, May 3, at Simpson auditorium Max and Julia Heinrich will present a select program of solos, duets, song cycles and their well known rendition of the lyric melodrama, "Enoch Arden."

THE CHORAL SOCIETY
The third and closing concert of this season to be given by the Los Angeles Choral society under the direction of Professor Albert Jahn will take place at Simpson auditorium Friday evening, June 3, at which time a mixed program of choral numbers and orchestral numbers will be given.

MISS OLCOTT'S CONCERT
A most charming musical entertainer is Miss Ethel Lucretia Olcott, guitarist, who will present the closing concert of her season as a teacher, composer and instrumentalist Tuesday evening, April 25, at Dobinson auditorium.

"PRINCESS PHOSA"
The fairy extravaganza, "Princess Phosa," is to be given in Mason opera house on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, May 4 and 5. The event is under the auspices of the Polinsettia lodge, Women of Woodcraft.

control has proved the diseased rice theory to be erroneous. The Chinese, Japanese and Malays seem to be particularly prone to beri-beri when they are congregated on board ships or dwelling in numbers in barracks, or in coolie quarters on plantations.

WHAT WAS HEARD BETWEEN ACTS: A DIALOGUE

Beardsley and his wife are unflinching "first nighters." Their friends speak of them as "patrons of the drama" and never decide for themselves upon a piece until they have heard the Beardsleys' opinion.

AFTER THE FIRST ACT.
BEARDSLEY—What did you think of it, my dear? Mrs. B.—The blue on her gown was a heavenly shade!

Beardsley—A few chorus girls wouldn't be a bad idea to break some of the long speeches. What the deuce were they all about, anyway? Mrs. B.—I'm sure I couldn't tell you, but I see the Maxwells looking at us, so try and look as if you knew.

Beardsley—Now, if they'd just have ragtime instead of that melancholy incidental music. Mrs. B.—Or a cakewalk, or something. Beardsley—Careful, the Cauldwells are looking.

Mrs. B.—Tell me, do you think I could wear that shade of blue, Bertie? Beardsley—I should think you might, my dear. She's older than you, so if you can—

Mrs. B.—Oh, but you must remember the footlights, and the rouge, and so forth. Beardsley—You don't need those adjuncts. I wonder if any one would notice if I took a nap.

Mrs. B.—But, Bertie, it's Shakespeare. Beardsley—That's just it, Kittle; now, if it was the minstrels I could keep awake. Mrs. B.—Are you sure that reporter got our names for tomorrow's paper? Beardsley—I gave them to him as distinctly as possible; also threw in one of the cigars your brother gave me on my birthday; that ought to do the business.

might see the reporter again and give him another cigar? If I don't read our names among the Maxwells and the Cauldwells tomorrow I shall have nervous prostration!

Beardsley—My dear Kittle, my only hope of the reporter is that he will write the name before he smokes the cigar. Another of these specimens and he would put us at the bottom of the list, if he put us in at all!

Mrs. B.—Sit up, quick, and stop yawning. Mrs. Willoughby is looking this way!

Beardsley—She didn't see me, did she? I had your fan up.

Mrs. B.—Yes, but it's gauze and you can see right through. If you must yawn put up your program.

AFTER THE SECOND ACT.
Beardsley—Four more! If you don't stick pins in me I'll snore! Mrs. B.—But, my dear, remember it's Shakespeare and the greatest cast in the country.

Beardsley—Cast? Cast iron! Never struck anything so heavy in my life. Oh, for a soubrette or two to liven things up in the friar's cell!

Mrs. B.—I know, Bertie, it's the most indigestible thing I ever sat through.

Beardsley—Of course I will, old girl, but shall I mention that they are Alaska instead of Russian sables? (He goes out, and Mrs. B. takes in the house through her opera glasses, nodding and bowing to friends and acquaintances. She notices that the Maxwells and Cauldwells are looking favorably impressed. She assumes a simple expression and nods her approval to them.)

AFTER THE THIRD ACT.
Beardsley—Both my feet are asleep, and I envy them! Mrs. B.—Oh, do be careful; the Maxwells are still looking as if they liked it!

Beardsley—Say, what do you want to bet they're fakirs? If somebody doesn't do a trapeze stunt in the next I'm done for! Billy Shakespeare got a big name for himself, but nigger minstrels for mine!

Mrs. B.—For heaven's sake, Bertie, be careful. If such a remark should get out we'd never be asked for our opinion for the papers again!

Beardsley—Well, I'm getting desperate. Mrs. B.—Think of the crab farce we shall have presently; that ought to help you.

Beardsley—Only help to make me more impatient. Mrs. B.—My dear, the Maxwells have their eye on us. For goodness sake, try to look intellectual.

Beardsley—Think I'll go out and hunt up that reporter chap again; I didn't catch him last time. Mrs. B.—Be sure not to forget the cream volles.

Beardsley—And sables! He goes, and she studies the Maxwells' and Cauldwells' faces again through the glass. They are still improving. Her own becomes ecstatic. Beardsley returns. Beardsley—Can't think what's be-

IDEALS

BY E. H. SOTHERN

I sat beneath the roses on a day,
And I was lonely, for the day was fair,
So I made myself a god—a god of fate—
And sculptured every grace I thought most rare
Into the senseless mud, then knelt in prayer
Crying, "I want! I want!" Vaguely, untaught,
Seeking the noble, beautiful and good,
As from the earth my nimble fingers wrought,
Not lips that spake nor eyes that understood,
But eyes and lips that answered as I would!
The image mirrored all the best in me,
All things I craved to worship and adore;
Beauty and youth, hope, love and chastity,
Honor and truth, and these and something more
That men cry out, and kill, and hunger for.
That dearer self, that sweet companionship,
Which gaining, gladly from all Edens hurled,
Man sees a thousand beauties eye nor lip
Hath ever spoken, ever seen unfurled,
Lending a new found glory to the world.
Kneeling, I prayed, "Give me from all the earth
One woman, but one woman, who shall be
All that my starving soul would bring to birth
From this dead loam!" As though to answer me
The leaves fell wide, and one said "I am she."
'Twas thus she came, and morrows waxed and waned,
And for a moon I dreamed all dreams were true,
And saw I both what I had lost and gained;
And one I prayed for and the one I knew,
And my soul died within at the views!
I sat beneath the cypress on a day,
And I was weary, for the day was bare,
So I cried, "O, give me back my god of clay,
Whereon my fancy sculptured all things fair!"
Then spake a voice that said, "Behold it there!"
There lay my broken image neath the yew,
Shattered past mending, all its beauties flown,
And my numbered fingers cannot build anew
As on that day when youth's bright summer shone
O'er the poor fragments I now weep alone.

DISEASES THE CHINESE CARRY INTO SOUTH AFRICA

From the London Chronicle
The disease which threatens the Chinese coolies on their way to the Transvaal mines is known in the far east as beri-beri, and as kakke in Japan.

No disease presents so many diverse symptoms as beri-beri. Not only may it assume an acute, a sub-acute or chronic form, not only may it exist in an endemic or local center, and then become epidemic, but the persons attacked may present signs and symptoms of general dropsy; or on the other hand, the tissues of the body may atrophy and shrink until almost a mummified aspect obtains.

The essence of the ailment lies in an affection of the nerves of a paralytic nature, especially of the lower limbs, causing weakness, numbness and stiffening of the extremities, with alterations in and lessening of the sensibility of the skin. The nerves of motion and of sensation, supplying respectively the muscles of the skin, and therefore seriously affected by a form of more or less pronounced paralysis.

On board ships it has been long looked upon as one of the most serious scourges, and markedly so in the Japanese navy. To so alarming an extent did beri-beri prevail among the Japanese sailors at one time that one-fourth of the entire force was incapacitated; this led to a scientific inquiry into the means of combating the disease.

The result of the investigation seemed to point to the fact that a deficiency in certain elements of food was the cause of the disease, a belief that seemed to be substantiated by the disappearance of the disease when the diet was improved.

Again, many other general sanitary improvements were inaugurated synchronously with improvement in diet, so that the belief that food had directly to do with the causation of the ailment has not been proved either in Japan or any other part of the world.

control has proved the diseased rice theory to be erroneous. The Chinese, Japanese and Malays seem to be particularly prone to beri-beri when they are congregated on board ships or dwelling in numbers in barracks, or in coolie quarters on plantations.

What, then, do we know of the cause of beri-beri? 1. The disease is apt to occur when people, especially in the Malay and Mongolian races, are dwelling in overcrowded habitations.

2. It is a disease that affects persons dwelling at low levels, more particularly near the sea.

3. It is connected with sameness of diet—with food calculated to produce scurvy, although in no way directly connected with scurvy.

4. It is a disease of cities rather than of country districts.

5. Beri-beri is a "place" disease, clinging to certain houses or rooms in a house, and to certain cabins on ships. The means of preventing beri-beri is to be gathered from what we know of the probable causes.

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